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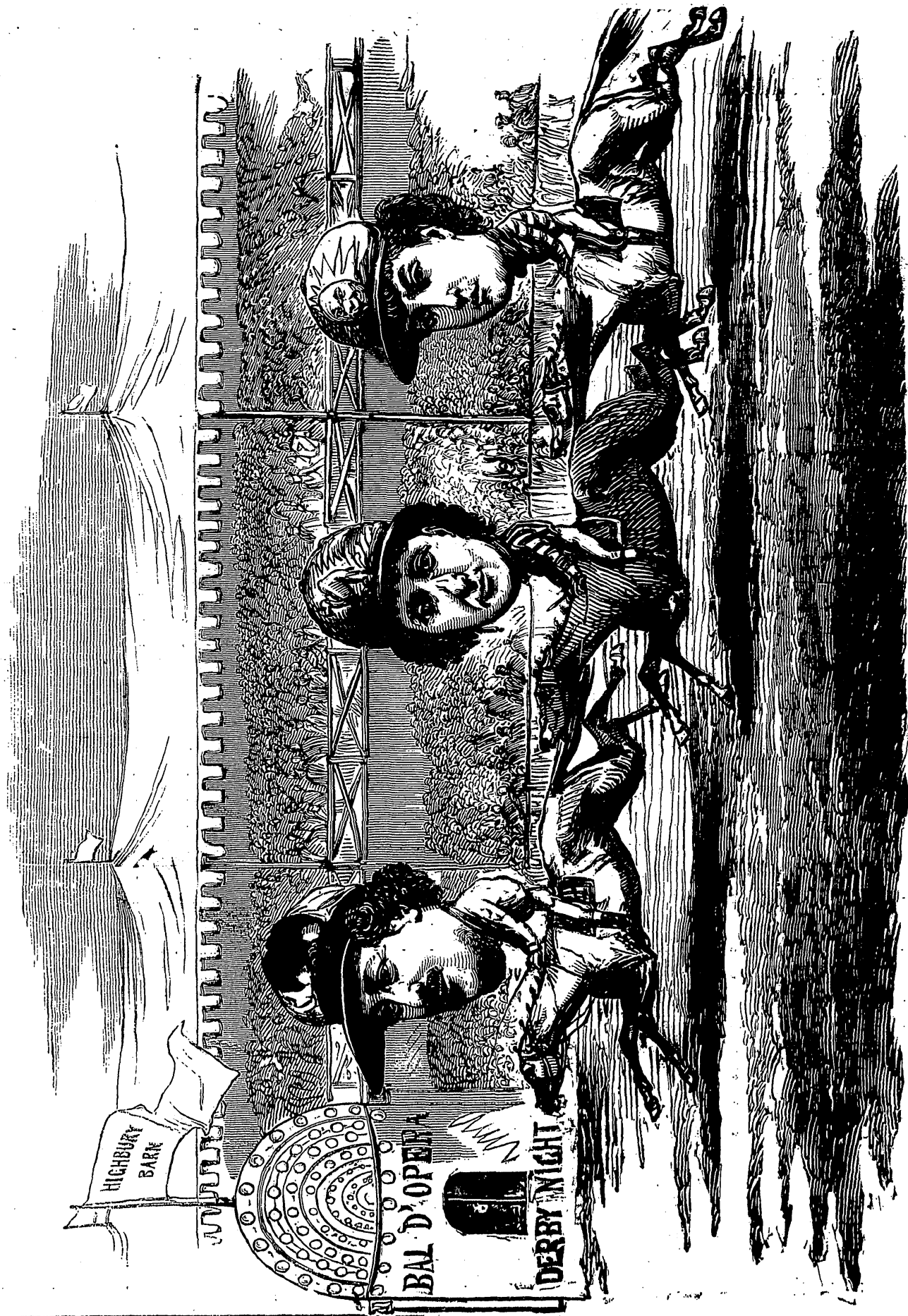


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EARRINGS, EGYPTIAN	3	5
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GOLD WATCHES, HUNTING	11	11
GOLD WATCHES	13	13
GOLD WATCHES (¾ plate)	16	16
GOLD WATCHES	18	10
GOLD WATCHES	20	0
GOLD WATCHES, KEYLESS (O.F.)	15	10
GOLD WATCHES	19	0
GOLD WATCHES	22	0
GOLD WATCHES	25	0
GOLD WATCHES	31	10
GOLD WATCHES, HUNTING	18	18
GOLD WATCHES	20	0
GOLD WATCHES	22	10
GOLD WATCHES	25	0
GOLD WATCHES	28	0
GOLD WATCHES	35	0
GOLD WATCHES, GENTLEMENS' (O.F.)	10	10
GOLD WATCHES	12	12
GOLD WATCHES (¾ plate)	13	10
GOLD WATCHES	16	16
GOLD WATCHES	18	18
GOLD WATCHES, EXPLORERS'	26	0
GOLD WATCHES, HUNTING	13	10
GOLD WATCHES	15	10
GOLD WATCHES (¾ plate)	15	16
GOLD WATCHES	19	19
GOLD WATCHES	21	10
GOLD WATCHES	24	0
GOLD WATCHES, KEYLESS, O.F.	21	0
GOLD WATCHES	23	0
GOLD WATCHES	25	0
GOLD WATCHES	20	0
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CLOCKS, " " Repetition	9	9
CLOCKS, " " Alarm	11	0
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CLOCKS, " " Repetition	13	13
CLOCKS, " " Repetition Alarm	15	15
CLOCKS, LIBRARY, Marble	9	0
CLOCKS, " " " "	12	12
CLOCKS, " " " "	14	14
CLOCKS, " " Ormolu	10	0
CLOCKS, " " " "	15	0
CLOCKS, " " " "	21	10
CLOCKS, DINING-ROOM	4	10
CLOCKS, " " " "	6	0
CLOCKS, " " " "	9	9
CLOCKS, " " " "	11	0
CLOCKS, " " " "	13	13
CLOCKS, " " " "	16	0
CLOCKS, " " " "	20	0
CLOCKS, " " " "	25	0
CLOCKS, " " " "	31	10
CLOCKS, DRAWING-ROOM	12	12
CLOCKS, " " " "	15	15
CLOCKS, " " " "	18	18
CLOCKS, " " " "	21	0
CLOCKS, " " " "	25	0
CLOCKS, " " " "	31	10
CLOCKS, " " " "	50	0
CLOCKS, " " " "	65	0
CLOCKS, HALL	10	0
CLOCKS, " " " "	15	0
CLOCKS, " " " "	25	0
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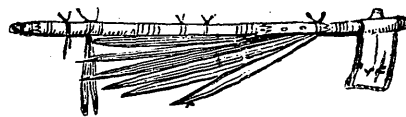


# THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

DERBY



NUMBER.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 161.]

LONDON, JUNE 4, 1870.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

## THE DERBY.

THE annual holiday! *Par excellence*, the national holiday of the year. In fact, the Derby!

It's not a particular pleasant theme, for the simple reason that it is difficult to treat it with anything much more serious than—levity! Moralizing upon the Derby is nearly as absurd as taking PUNCH as the text of a sermon. The wooden-headed tyrant of the Puppet Show is dreadfully wicked and immoral. We all know this, and yet we gather round the green baize curtains and admire—admire very much. We laugh at felony, and grow deliriously mirthful at the sight of murder. At least, so do we when we are children, and childhood is the purest, most guileless portion of our existence. In like manner, whatever we may say about the Derby, we all go to see it. All with a few exceptions. The men who don't go to the Derby are those wretched individuals who are too *blazé* to enjoy anything, men who having done everything, try at length to do themselves. But sinners and saints flock to the course in spite of "used up" guardsmen and "dead beat" country squires.

Having come to this conclusion, it seems rather absurd to attempt to preach a sermon upon the wickedness of the Derby, and yet it is our annual custom, and as an annual custom must be observed.

We must accept our destiny, and so commence to "get up our steam" (as our American Cousins would elegantly term it) for the ceremony. Perhaps before putting down our deep satire and exquisite sarcasm in black and white, it would be just as well to consider what we have to be angry about, what we have to deride, and what we have to laugh to scorn.

Of course, betting is *the* crying evil. So we turn our attention to the bookmaker, and to make our words more impressive, beg to give them a "heading" in small capitals, thus:

### INDIGNATION ABOUT BETTING!

Is it not disgraceful that in this nineteenth century—an age providing us with the Telegraph, both wiry and daily, the steam engine, the cigars of the Poultry Roberts, the International Exhibition of 1862, and the advertisements of the Derby Number of the TOMAHAWK—that such an age should be blemished by betting—mean, low betting. We do not object to the high-minded wagers of the Clubs, of Tattersalls, of the Corner—if a gentleman may not ruin himself, his family, and relations, things have come to a pretty pass—but we *cannot* put up with the vices of the people—the common, low-born people. We call upon every right-minded policeman to put down the scandal with the strong hand of the law; in the meanwhile

we shall be happy to put a few thousands upon Sunshine for a "place."

### INDIGNATION ABOUT WINE DRINKING!!

We blush with shame, we shudder with disgust, when we think of this loathsome, this degrading vice. What more miserable sight in the world is there than a man drunken with beer or gin? The staggering wretch advertises his own shame, he is the lime-light of his own dishonour! Let us not be misunderstood. We would not for a moment condemn the playful imbibor of the dry champagne and the gladsome claret. So long as the brand is good, and the seal unexceptionable, we have no objection to vinous merriment, but we draw the line, we must draw the line at sherry! Be joyful, and dance with genteel excitement on the top of drags among *Mayonnaise* and *meringues*, and we will hail ye with delight and friendship! But stay, no farther. The man who drinks beer till he is drunken is a soulless brute—the fellow who knows not the taste of aught else but gin is unworthy the name of a man—much less an Englishman. We cannot sufficiently express our disgust, our great disgust, at the conduct of the ill-bred creature who reels from the public-house into the tavern—staggers from the tavern to the public-house, and finds his couch in the gutter. For him the prison—if possible, the gallows. In the meanwhile, we beg to open our fifth bottle of champagne, and, with a toast on our lips in honour of our readers, we beg to quaff therefrom!

### INDIGNATION ABOUT CLOTHING!!!

One of the greatest eyesores at the Derby—an eyesore telling of squalid ignorance and diabolical vice—is the dress of the beggars. Rags and tatters, open to every puff of air, every cloud of dust. Go where you will and the same sight meets your eyes. The wretches seem to take a pleasure in their misery—the clothing of the Derby is a disgrace to man, a burlesque upon civilization. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not wish to reflect upon those fair creatures who, robed in silks and satins, lounge in their carriages, and eat *paté de fois gras*. No, far be it from us to find fault with *them*. If a woman may not dress, what else can she do? It is absurd to think that she came solely and simply into this wicked world to torture and persecute poor hopeless man. She must have had another mission—to wear gorgeous apparel, and to paint her face. No, we find no fault with "woman, lovely woman" in satin—it is only "woman, ugly woman" in rags with whom we wish to quarrel. A female who knows not how to dress deserves a nunnery; a female who is too poor to purchase necessary garments is worthy of Bridewell and the whipping post; out upon the hussey! Let rags and tatters be driven from the earth, and in their place let the West

And people revel in their peerless Parfitt and their peculiar Poole, while the Wise Men of the East go their ways to their learned Lynes and their matchless Moses.

We conclude. Above have we given a few headings to show how very eloquent we might have been upon that racing carnival, the Derby,—that Carnival of Death and the Wicked One.

Had we the time we would denounce the miserable day in the choicest language and in the most forcible style. We would show (as we do every year in our cartoon) that Epsom and Hades have one and the same meaning, that Satan is the chief patron of, Death the most constant visitor to, the Derby. We would do all this, as we have done before, but for one sufficient reason—we have not the time. "Why?" may be asked; and we answer concisely, we have not the time to denounce the Epsom Meeting because—*We and all our Staff are off to the Derby ourselves!*

### BEYOND A JOKE.

AMERICAN fun, in its fastness and fury, is running clear ahead of British comprehension. Here is a scrap which is quoted by the *Echo* from an "American Paper," of which we frankly avow we cannot see the point:—

"An Indiana editor deprecates the prevalent habit of killing and eating robins, and says he would as soon eat a slice of Parepa-Rosa on toast as to eat a robin."

Beyond the knowledge that Madame Parepa-Rosa, our popular and accomplished songstress, is now making a professional tour in the United States, and the ignorance that robin redbreasts are a favourite dish in the New World, the paragraph to us carries no meaning with it, unless, indeed, the American editor means simply to be wantonly offensive to an English lady. Perhaps in America this may be the very height of wagery.

### INDEED, A MIRACLE.

A WORKER of miracles has just set up in the neighbourhood of Oxford street. He stands upon a platform in his shirt-sleeves, and professes to cure people instantly of all diseases. Not having tried his peculiar method of healing, which would appear to combine the attributes of the mountebank's art and a maniac's ravings, we will not say we doubt his power. In fact, if he would only perform *one* miracle, we would put the deepest faith in his assertions. If he could only infuse a sufficient amount of common sense into our present Legislature to enable it to give us a Home Secretary with the usual amount of common sense and unafflicted by "cabmen on the brain," we would believe in him for ever. But, alas! we fear this miracle is indeed beyond the compass of man.

### OUT OF ALL BOUNDS.

LAST Thursday being Ascension Day, the school children of the various London parishes, marshalled by their respective clergymen, and their parish beades, robed in all the majesty of their office, paraded the streets to the inconvenience of the traffic, and to their own imminent danger, for the purpose of beating the bounds. Not only were the various thoroughfares crowded with these urchins, with their senseless conductors, but alleys, passages, and even private houses were invaded by the herd of nummers, who supposed themselves to be entrusted with the mission of clearly defining their parish boundaries. Certainly it is time in 1870 to put an end to such balderdash. Tradition is all very well in its way, but when it resolves itself into impudence and trespass, it should be over-ridden. However, until a whole school, parish beadle and parson complete, has been run over and totally annihilated by some discriminating omnibus, we suppose the bounds will be beaten as before. Let us hope that the consummation so devoutly to be wished for may soon arrive,—as without doubt sooner or later it surely must.

THIS YEAR'S DERBY TIP.—Ten to one on Matrimony.

## MARK LEMON.

MARK LEMON is no more. Verily the heart of TOMAHAWK is sad—very sad. Ah friends! friends!! TOMAHAWK weeps with you, mourns with you, for your loss is his also, therefore is his heart full, and his eyes bedimmed. Kind, true, valiant Mark Lemon, is no more!

### AN OPPOSITION ACQUISITION.

PERHAPS the most practical speech which has been made in the House of Commons this year was that of Mr. Gerard Sturt in support of the Game Laws. If ever mere talk had any effect whatever, on men with their minds made up, we should think that Mr. Sturt's sensible remarks (delivered as they were with a naïve honesty of purpose, and with an evident thorough conviction as to the soundness of the principles he was upholding) must have converted a host of Borough members, to whom the Game Laws are the bugbear of our criminal code, to at least view the matter as a question with two sides to it. It is a pity that Mr. Sturt's party—for he is a staunch Conservative—do not make a better use of his talents. "Silence is golden" we know, and Mr. Sturt is possibly a firm believer in Mr. Thomas Carlyle; but if the honourable gentleman considers that he owes any allegiance to his Party he should tear himself from the respectable array of silent members to which he seems to wish to attach himself, and give the Party, the House, and, indeed, the Country the benefit of the expression of opinions which come of a clear head, a well-regulated mind, and an honest heart. Mr. Gerard Sturt belongs to a body which requires increased representation in the House of Commons—the British Squirearchy.

### VERY SCOTCH.

A MAN is seldom a prophet in his own country, and therefore the vote of thanks which has reached Mr. Baxter, the Secretary of the Admiralty, from an association of working men at Arbroath, thanking him for the reforms which have been enacted in the Department with which he is connected, must have been quite a relief to the right honourable gentleman in the atmosphere of hearty execration and abuse in which he has existed for the past eighteen months. In fact, Mr. Baxter has already most gratefully acknowledged the compliment paid him, and, in declaring such spontaneous expressions of confidence most encouraging to public men, has expressed his conviction that in time the Naval Service itself will be sensible of the beneficial nature of the recent changes. Now the working men of Arbroath have not only every right to form an opinion, but even to express one, but still remembering that they are neither, as a body, Admirals, Captains, or Lieutenants, Naval Surgeons, or even Admiralty Clerks, their opinions cannot be taken as expressive of very much more than a very natural desire, especially as Scotch men, to encourage economy at other people's expense. If the Navy List were to congratulate the employers of Arbroath on reducing the scale of wages, the working men, who are now satisfied with Admiralty retrenchment, would scarcely take kindly of the Service to interfere in other people's business. In point of fact, the congratulatory address of the Arbroath working men is a very small matter, and the prominence of publicity which, thanks to Mr. Baxter, it has obtained, is only one more proof of the weakness of an Admiralty Administration which is founded on a system of personal injustice to officers, and dangerous reduction of the Naval Force of the country.

THE LIMITED LIA(B)ILITY.—General Garibaldi's "novel" "The Rule of the Monk."



## THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[CONTINUED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]  
THE CHIEF AT THE DERBY.

June 1st, 1870.

I AM sure you will be glad to hear that I am able to head my letter with the above announcement, telling you as it does, that the Chief has not only been acquitted of the terrible charge of murder, but also has been able to make arrangements to witness the greatest of all English sights. A few words as to his trial. I think I told you that the defence was *permanent insanity*, but this entirely fell through, owing to the crushing evidence of his Pokyar relations. It came out in cross-examination, that every single thing the Chief has done since his arrival in England, has, after all, been only consistent with the conduct of a thoroughbred gentleman in South Central Africa. Fortunately, however, for him, a flaw was discovered in the indictment, and at the last moment the whole case collapsed. The Chief himself, however, was bitterly disappointed, as ever since I had, with a view to comforting him, told him that on the morning of his execution *he would be allowed to choose his own breakfast*, he had been looking forward eagerly to a verdict of *guilty*. It was striking to notice the *intense* interest he manifested in every particle of evidence that seemed to strengthen the case against him, and, when he finally ascertained the upshot of the trial, and learned that, after all, he would not be hanged, he fairly broke down, and was carried from the dock in a foaming fit. I, however, managed to quiet him by allowing him to wear the black cap for several hours, and assuring him that he should go to the Derby in it, and *perhaps* (I was *obliged* to throw this in, he made such a point of it) ride on one of the horses. Spagmore says I am a great fool not to have "worked" the idea, and entered the Chief on the back of *something*—even a cab horse. He insists that the Chief would have a very good chance, and be, as likely as not to hold on to the tail of the winner, and I *really* think there is something in what he says. Nevertheless, our present arrangements are these: We are to go down four-in-hand. Spagmore, and one or two of his Indians are to be of the party, and so are my aunt, and Lady Toffy, *if I can get them*. The Chief is to drive.

Everything quite ready. My aunt and Lady Toffy have consented to come, the former, I know, meaning it to be a graceful hint that the past disagreeables are forgiven and forgotten. We have several hamperers from Fortnum and Mason's, and, at Spagmore's suggestion, two large clothes-baskets full of tripe and wheelks for the Chief and his relatives. We have also got some train oil done up in champagne bottles, with seidlitz powders, so that the effervescence may deceive any bystander, who would, regarding the train oil as champagne, pronounce it "too creamy." I ought not to omit mentioning that we have at the Chief's request got a bushel of false noses, and one thousand Dutch dolls of all sizes. Indeed, the *inside* is half full of them. We have also one largish hamper with a policeman in it, as we might find it desirable to bring him on with the dessert.

The coach is here. The Chief is down, and is wonderfully well dressed—for him. The whole get up is perfectly correct, excepting his war-paint, and the number of dolls in his hat. It is utterly covered with them, and a large one-and-ninepenny one is stuck by the legs into the centre of the crown. He has also on a very large false nose. I *must* speak to him.

No use. His only reply is "Derbi," and a yell. I have told him it is *coming back* that we sometimes have some fun with these things, but he is utterly indifferent to my protests, and has mounted the box, where he has been greeted with a roar of laughter from a large crowd waiting outside Lady Toffy's house. The Chief has replied by horse-whipping everybody right and left, and, as he has tied a Dutch doll to the end of the whip, a tremendous row is getting up. Spagmore says I had better let him alone, and that it will be all right when we are off, and that as to getting him to reserve his false nose for the return, that the idea's absurd. In Pokyar they never return from the races at all, but after having eaten all the starters, any members of the Jockey Club present, and each other, they emigrate. He says I may depend upon it the Chief is looking out for "some fun" of this sort, and that we must "keep a sharpish eye on him" as we get near the course. I wish we were not going at all!

Off on the road. We certainly *are* going at a tremendous rate, but on the whole the Chief is driving well. We have killed a few men near the *Elephant and Castle*, and run over the vicar and five school children, the oldest inhabitant, and a cow, at some pretty little rural village beginning with T, but Spagmore truly says it looked a slow sort of place, and that "a bit of a stir-up" will do them all good. We shall, however, come back another way in the evening.

This is really glorious. We have had lots of champagne: Lady Toffy is on the box with the Chief. We are going at about twenty miles an hour, and passing everything in a whirl of dust and excitement. Spagmore's Indians, whom, I forgot to tell you, he had had all got up as *mutes*, "to give a quiet sort of look" to our turn out, and tone down any superfluous outrage the Chief might commit, are *all*, I am afraid, getting drunk. They are pelting every respectable carriage with Dutch dolls and empty champagne bottles. Still, it *is* jolly, and the Chief drives like a trump. Hulloah! out of the way you fool—over him! I thought so. Another costermonger!

Have tried to remonstrate with the Chief. No use; he only replies savagely, "*Deerbi*," and lashes the leaders. There we go again. Hulloah! Woahoa—woa—woa—out of the way you fool—woa—a—where are you driving to—? Hi—woa—smash!

We have gone right over a drag, with fifteen people in it. Spagmore's Indians have flung themselves wildly on the struggling occupants, and are trying to scalp them with dessert spoons! Both our leaders are thrown on their backs on to Lady Toffy's lap. My aunt and the rumble have come off and gone clean through the top of a *demi-monde* brougham. Spagmore has given the driver of the drag into custody. The Chief is yelling and cutting all the traces with a carving knife. What *is* he up to now! I thought so! He has seized a hamper, and rushed at a fine black mare.

A frightful struggle. He has dragged off the owner, a thorough gentleman of the old school, saddle and all, and whirled them into the window of an educational establishment for young ladies. He has mounted! He is off for the Downs!

I am in very low spirits. Shortly after jotting down my last notes I was myself given into custody for inciting to riot. I have been brought up at the Wandsworth Police Court, but fortunately bailed out. But I am very poorly, and badly bruised. What has become of the Chief, goodness only knows!

Great row outside. It is the Chief; I know his yell. I have looked over the stairs. He has come in charge of a dozen policemen! But he is forcing his way up with something in his arms!

It is the winning post!

## THE CYNIC WHO PAYS.

HAYMARKET.—*Barwise's Book*. Barring the moral, not so bad, but as it stands, penny wise and pound foolish.

STRAND.—*Sir George* and, in all probability, a determined *drag* on to Christmas.

VAUDEVILLE.—*For love or money?* What does the treasury say?

GAIETY.—*Quality?* No! *quantity*; but one doesn't mind a long journey to get to *Trebizonde*.

GLOBE.—Apparently settled down, after a good deal of *turning*, with the *Road-side Inn* turned *inside out*. *The thing*, however, to *turn* at a theatre is the money away from the doors.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Doing a good business to *M. Pty.* houses,

LYCEUM.—A *little Faust* goes a long way, *if*, like *M. Herod*, you only knew how to manage it.

Now ready, price 7s. 6d.,

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LONDON, JUNE 4, 1870.

*THE WEEK.*

THE St. James's advertises itself as the "coolest" house in London. Is this the result of its spirited independence in the matter of *Frou Frou*? Scarcely so, because *La Belle Sauvage* is the best burlesque in London.

CHEAP literature, of a certain character, has recently received another addition to its ranks in the shape of a penny illustrated serial, called the—never mind, we have no wish to advertise the disgraceful publication. This is a very disgusting fact; but perhaps, from one point of view, it may be regarded as a matter for congratulation, inasmuch as Holywell street has, for once, boldly acknowledged its origin. We, however, recommend the matter to the attention of those philanthropists who suppose that the increase of printing means the spread of good, though, doubtless, in this age of Iconoclasm, there will be a vast and highly respectable minority who will not be in the least shocked at it. We have referred the inspiration, perhaps without sufficiently turning the matter over, to Holywell street, yet the new paper might possibly turn out, after all, to be only the comic organ of the Broad Church party.

*A MINISTERIAL DIFFICULTY.*

THE Government have to thank Mr. Ayrton, and Mr. Ayrton alone, for their defeat on the Kensington Road question. The right honourable gentleman's unpopularity in the House of Commons is really becoming such a serious inconvenience to the Ministry, that we wonder Mr. Gladstone does not make some permanent provision for him. True, he has been got rid of at the Treasury by means of the banishment of poor Mr. Layard to Madrid, but even in the quiet precincts of Whitehall place he is making himself dangerously obtrusive. Evidently the Cabinet can find no place which now exists, and is vacant, that is worthy of Mr. Ayrton's acceptance; but under the circumstances it might almost be justifiable to create a new office. Any of the following would meet the exigences of the case admirably:—

Surveyor-General of the Arctic Ocean.

Resident Commissioner in Central Australia.

Special Emissary to the Unfriendly Tribes of New Zealand.

Ambassador of England at Jericho.

If there should be any difficulty about the salary, the additional expense might easily be met by a penny subscription of the public generally.

*THE DERBY JOKES.*

A TREMENDOUS prize having been offered for *the* very worst and most laboured joke on the Derby that it was possible to make, the following has been the result:—

FIRST PRIZE.

Q.—If a potboy were to take a gallon of beer and distribute the contents to the jockeys the moment before the start at the Derby, what Asiatic monarch's name would be on the lips of the man with the keenest sense of humour who happened to be watching the scene?

A.—The Khan of S-tartary!!!!

HONOURABLY MENTIONED.

Q.—If a favourite horse on which the betting had hitherto been 3 to 1 (taken) were, at the last moment, by an unlooked-for accident, to fall over a precipice and, as a matter of consequent necessity, lose both its hind legs by amputation, what domestic animal would it be wise that its backers should wish it to represent, and why?

A.—The cat. Because it could scratch!!!

EXTRA PRIZE.

Q.—If the sea could flow as far as Epsom Downs, and, in consequence, a small fishing town were to grow up in the neighbourhood of the railway station, and *thern*, if the railway officials were to take occasional trips on the ocean, not for business *but for pleasure*, to what domestic medicine might a confirmed cynic, to whom their friendship or society was of no great value, disagreeably liken them?

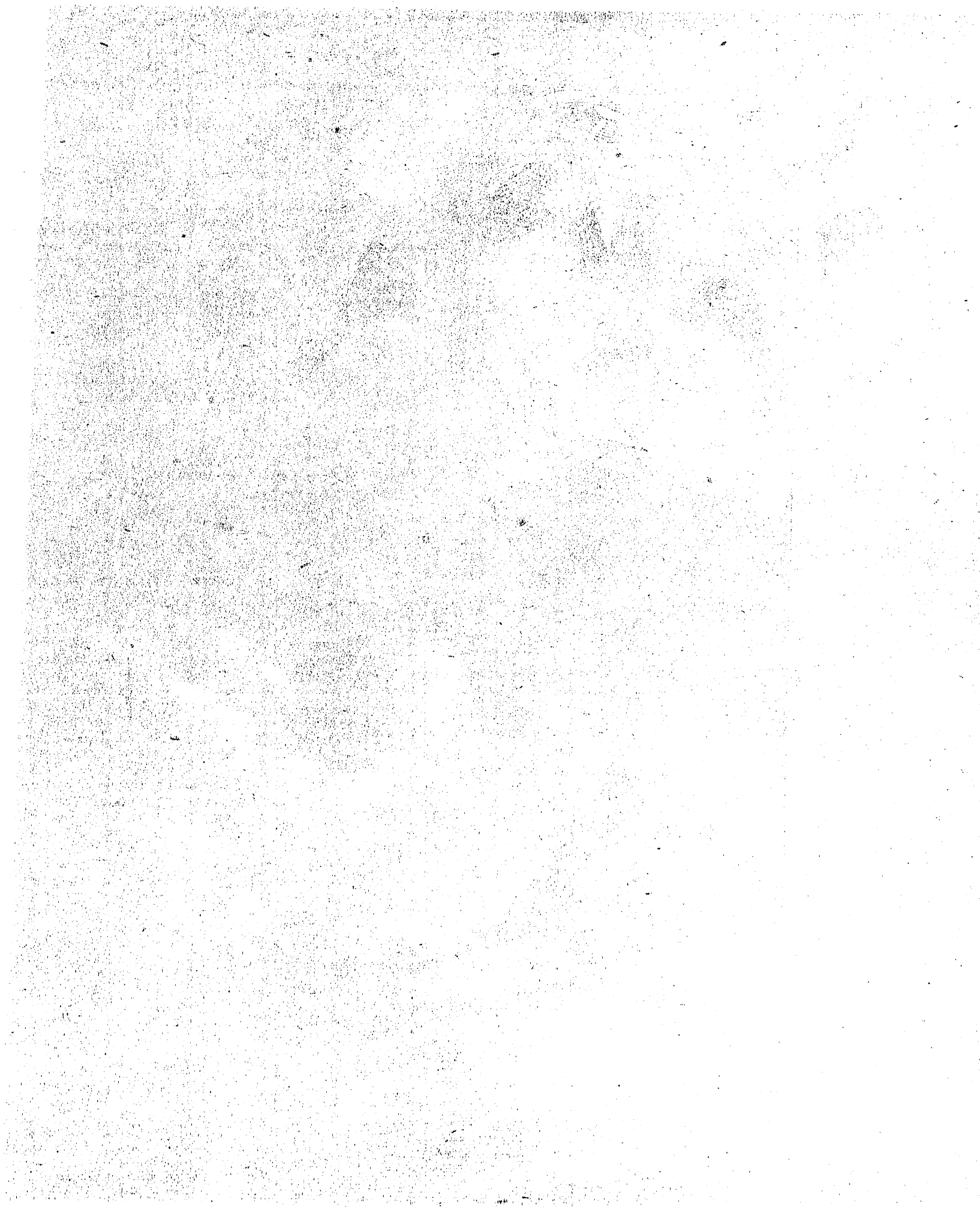
A.—Epsom *Salts*!!!

*THE CHIP AND THE BLOCK.*

WHEN the Post Office, in its all absorbing greediness, took upon itself the responsibility of the Telegraphs it probably did not appreciate the difficulties of the task it had set itself. Besides the keeping in motion of the huge machinery of *employés* which is necessary for the due performance of the Telegraphic Services, the authorities are always at the mercy of the elements—which at the outset were decidedly obstructive—and now they find themselves in difficulties in consequence of the depredations of the boys. It seems that it is a favourite Sunday amusement of these urchins throughout the whole country to throw stones at the insulators, and the consequence is that there is scarcely a line in the Kingdom which can be said to be in thorough repair. For instance, in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, although the whole of the lines had been gone over by a repairing gang, and every chipped insulator had been replaced, 500 insulators have been wantonly broken in the course of six weeks. This is but one case in a dozen which the irrepressible Mr. Scudamore cites in a letter, which he has semi-officially addressed to the newspapers, begging the Editors to use their best influence to keep the naughty and mischievous boys in order. An appeal, *ad misericordiam*, to the Press, we suppose is meant to enlist the public sympathy on the side of the Post Office, when messages are delayed in transmission, and the telegraphs are generally in an unsatisfactory condition, but we think that the more practical course would have been for Mr. Scudamore to have put himself in communication with the Police. Of course, it is not quite possible that each telegraph post can be guarded day and night by a policeman specially detailed for the duty, but some sort of surveillance might surely be organized which would have the effect of bringing the offenders to justice when they attempted to damage Government property. In any case, in writing to the newspapers, Mr. Scudamore has done nothing towards lessening the evil, and has, moreover, brought no credit on his department by descending to clap trap, to court popularity. The public, however, are by this time too wide awake to be taken in, and if their messages do not reach their destination in proper time and in proper condition, they will require some more direct explanation of the circumstances than that contained in the recent manifesto against naughty lads who spend their Sundays in stone throwing.

THE ORDER OF THE DAY.—A ticket for a Morning Performance.









AFTER THE DERBY!

[See THE DERBY AND THE D—L!





## THE DERBY AND THE D—L!

PLUTO was smoking a cigar, and dozing over the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Since its recent changes the periodical in question has regularly gone to Hades, where its perusal has become a very favourite torture.

His Infernal Majesty gradually fell into a deep slumber, from which he was awakened by the shrill voice of Proserpine. "What are you doing my dear?" cried the Queen of Hell. "How many times must I tell you that it is most dangerous to sleep over a cigar. You might set the place on fire!"

"Well, what of it?" grunted Pluto, "I am sure this place would be all the better for a little light. It's dreadfully dull now that we have exhausted all our coal, and can't burn any more!"

"Don't talk nonsense Mr. P." exclaimed his Majesty's better half. "I am sure in the old days the place was simply unbearable—especially in the summer! If the thing had continued my complexion would have been utterly ruined!"

"Well, you would have only to have waited for Madame Rachel and she would have set you all right! I must say I miss my own fireside dreadfully. The place is now-a-days simply beastly!"

How much longer this amiable conversation would have continued it is impossible to say (for Proserpine had a long tongue in her head, and knew how to use it) when a young imp rushed into the infernal apartment, and, prostrating himself at the feet of Pluto, bellowed with dismay.

"What now you young devil," cried the King of Hell, "learn manners and be silent."

"Oh, Sire!" blubbered the diabolical youth, "we have been and forgot it."

"Forgot what?" roared Pluto, forgetting in his anger Lindlay Murray upon the Grammar of the English language.

"Why your Majesty, we've forgotten that to-morrow's the Derby Day!"

"What's to be done?" said the King, turning to his wife, with a face full of dismay; "We shan't have any room for them—what's to be done?"

"Don't ask me," said Proserpine sulkily, and she walked away.

"Why the place will be swamped!" sobbed the distressed monarch, bursting into tears; "Last year we hadn't room for half the betting men they sent to us just after the Derby!"

He bellowed for a few moments, then sobbed, and at last became comparatively calm.

"I know what I will do!" he said, after a pause; "I will just go up to Earth and see if I can't persuade them to keep quiet; perhaps they may listen to me."

With this he kicked the imp out of the room, and calling for a can of brimstone, sulphur, and water, began to make his toilet for Epsom. In less than an hour he was prepared for the Downs. He hailed Charon and soon crossed the Styx.

## The Derby Day at Epsom!

Five words with a world of meaning in them. If the writer of this article were fond of romancing, he would at once fall into ecstasies about green *crêpe* bonnets, and blue eyes, and rosy lips, and golden hair. Being somewhat matter of fact, he prefers to describe the Derby in one word, which (as it is only in one word) he will print in capitals. The Derby may be summed up in one word—

## DRINK!

Champagne, brandy, sherry, gin, and beer. Who really cares a fig for the race itself? Like a charitable object among amateur actors, it serves as an excuse for excess. The amateur actor is guilty of gross conceit and dreadful cruelty; he struts about the stage to air his vanity and torment his friends. He does both these things in aid of the Home for Incurables, or the Asylum for Decayed Cats. In like manner the Derby reveller goes to Epsom, to drink until he is drunk, to eat until he is gorged, and he does both these things in the name of support given to a righteous object! Both types are shams. Alas! that we should live in an age of shams, but so it is!

Pluto walked about the ground, got up as a sporting man, in a white hat, green veil, and a Derby Dust-ha! He had been careful to disguise himself for fear of meeting Sir Joseph Hawley, a reformer as likely as not to order him—Pluto, King of Hell—off the Course! As his Infernal Majesty passed by the carriages, nearly all the ladies looked after him and exclaimed, "What a fine man!" "What a pet!" "What a duck!" "Who is he?"

"Its awfully absurd," murmured Pluto, "but I have noticed that I am very popular with women. Every bridegroom is named after me—a poor devil! and from what I know of Proserpine, I have no doubt he is!"

He walked on, and met the glances of the fair females with contempt and disgust.

"Ah!" he said, "you are a nice set of people! I wish I could do without you; but that is impossible; I must have you; Hades wouldn't be Hell if you weren't in it."

Rather unpolite! Yes; but then Pluto was in a bad temper, and, moreover, had carefully perused "FALLEN AMONG THIEVES," a novel showing up rather ruthlessly the perfidy of "woman—lovely woman."

By-and-bye His Infernal Majesty neared a group of thimble-rig men. They were busily plying their trade. He approached them, and addressing their leader, said:

"Gentlemen, without breaking in upon your privacy, will you permit me to remark, that your present employment is illegal—more—wrong! You will greatly oblige me by desisting."

"You ain't a peeler," was the surly reply.

"Certainly not; a policeman is not to be expected to be seen on a day such as this. Were the occasion a fashionable marriage at St. George's, Hanover square, or a garden dance at Twickenham, you might find plenty. No, I merely spoke to you as a well-wisher."

"Be hanged to you."

"Thanks, very much. I shall expect to see you at my place in the course of a day or so."

He walked on. He came to a brawling, itinerant preacher. This fellow was blasphemous and scurrilous. He yelled out as Pluto approached.

"I tell you what—I've been an awful blackguard myself. I am an awful cad. There's not a sin I haven't been guilty of—and I would do them all again, every one of 'em! For all that I'm all right. Look at my 'at. Ain't it a bad one? Look at my coat; it's out at elbow! I ain't bloated. I ain't an aristocrat, and that's why I'm booked for 'eaven!"

Pluto walked up to the man, and, touching him on the shoulder, whispered fiercely into his ear.

"Leave off, you fool. We are quite full, and we don't want any of your help."

"Who are you?"

"Your Master."

"What the devil—"

"Quite so. Shut up."

The preacher quailed before the fiery glance of Pluto, and sank into silence.

At this moment there was a loud shout, and his Infernal Majesty noticed that he was close to the Betting Ring.

He walked quickly up to the spot where crowds of people were staking their money, and begged them to desist. As they paid no attention to his words, he addressed a policeman, and begged him to use his influence with the motley crowd.

"Wot, interfere with gents?" cried the official in disgust and amazement. "Not if I knows it. No, I'm quite game to 'run in' a poor devil of a thimble-rigger if you like; but for a gentleman!—why, wot do you take me for?"

"For a policeman. I can't find a worse word in the English language."

This might have led to a row had not the services of X 22 been required for the taking into custody of a poor girl accused of the great crime of attempting to sell an orange!

Pluto walked away, and in spite of all his endeavours could not persuade many people to moderate their behaviour. After a few hours of fruitless toil, he gave up the whole affair as a bad job.

"It can't be helped, so I must make the best of it."

With this he joined in the wild merriment of the hour, and as the sun sank to rest returned home. He carried with him some of his most favoured guests.

Much exhilarated with the champagne he had drunk, he insisted upon drawing a drag himself—a drag filled with revellers, and minus horses.

It was a strange sight that wild weird carriage. The shouts of the drunkards were as terrible as the smiles of their guide and protector. The drag rolled easily along the dusty road. As they neared a toll-gate, a gaunt figure appeared.

"All right," cried Pluto.

The gaunt figure said nothing, but looked upon the revellers, with sightless eyes.



"Ho, Charon!" shouted His Infernal Majesty, "bring your boat, we are quite ready for Hades."

They passed out of sight, and Death waited once more at the gate leading from Life to the Grave!

### PUNISHED FOR BEING PUNISHED.

A RICHMOND magistrate has just given an interesting decision, according to which a militia man absent from training through imprisonment may be punished as a deserter. A young man, named Richardson, was charged with being absent from last year's training. He denied that he was a deserter, having been sentenced for some offence, not specified, to a year's imprisonment. He offered to pay the expenses of anyone who would verify his story by going to Coldbath-fields Prison. The magistrate, after some hesitation, convicted him as a deserter, and sentenced him to 40s. fine, or two months' imprisonment with hard labour. Was there ever a more just and sapient magistrate. He expected this young man to have been ubiquitous—in prison and at drill. Quite right too: why should he not? But there, perhaps this worthy judge can best explain. We sincerely trust some day to see him on the woolsack.

### UGLY FIGURES.

WE hear a good deal of Liverpool as a model city, after which the Metropolis might, with advantage, fashion itself. We are told that the streets are wider, and better paved, that the hotels are more convenient, that cabs and omnibuses are superior in a degree, and that even theatres are better than those in London; but, unfortunately for Liverpool statistics, a return has just reached us from the city of the Mersey that, on a given day last week, no fewer than 258 persons were charged at the Police Court with being drunk, and as of these only 87 had money in their possession, it must be inferred that the remainder spent their last halfpennies in drink. We do not mean to say that this is not in keeping with advancement and progress; but it is a speciality, and as such deserves to be noted. Nor do we mean to infer that the sobriety of London is anything to boast about. But we doubt much whether any city in England, or out of it, could produce such an enormous roll of "drunkenness" police cases in one day. Next time Liverpool builds a new dock, starts a new playhouse, or opens a new set of baths and washhouses, and taunts us—as is its wont—with being behindhand with the times, we shall be able to answer that, ugly and wicked as London is, it is, comparatively speaking, a city of thrift compared with what its aspiring North Country rival appears to be, its "advancement" notwithstanding.

### A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

A YOUNG woman was brought up at the Worship street Police Court on Tuesday charged with trying to kill herself. It seemed from the evidence of a policeman that she had twice thrown herself in the way of cabs in order to be run over. The magistrate fined her £2, but being unable to pay the money she was sent to prison for a fortnight. We do not wish to cast the least imputation on anyone concerned in the transaction—either the magistrate, the policeman, or the cabman—but we cannot help thinking it just possible that the "wilful attempt" on the part of the young woman might not have been actually altogether her own doing. It is an uncontroverted fact that never did a cabman nearly run over a foot passenger without calling them a "stoopid," and declaring that they would have had themselves alone to blame if they had chanced to have been killed; and it may have been that in this instance the cabmen carried their pet theory into the Police Court. At all events, whatever the circumstances of this particular case may have been, it is a dangerous precedent on the part of the magistrate to have founded, that nearly being run over by a cab brings with it a week's imprisonment. If this new system were thoroughly carried out, in a short time the cabmen would have the streets, pavements, crossings and all, entirely to themselves.

SETTLING DAY.—Of course, ladies only "make their book" for gloves—who then can be better to settle for them than Wheeler. Kids must come from *weal*, or rather, *wealer*! See the joke? Yes. Then laugh!

### WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

WE suppose the Fenian Conspiracy is next to crushed out, or we should not find our contemporaries bidding the police be kind to "poor Fenians." It is stated that the police have the fullest knowledge of all the conspirators and their doings; that the purchases of guns are watched and noted, and that they are at the mercy of the detectives whenever it suits Colonel Henderson to give the word and have the whole band arrested. Hence they are "poor Fenians." It is an English tradition to be considerate to a weak and sickly enemy, and so we too endorse the expression, but if the police are so unerring and active in the pursuit and suppression of Fenianism, how comes it that burglars ply their trade with impunity in the very heart of London, and in the lightest hours of the day. Surely it would be advisable if the police were to employ some of their super-abundant activity in looking after these mid-day brigands, instead of indulging in a moral annihilation of the Fenians. We say moral annihilation, for from the showing of the authorities themselves, Fenianism is rife and healthy, although it is stated to be thoroughly under surveillance. The policy of the Scotland-yard dignitaries shows a preference for enduring the ills we have, rather than letting ourselves in for others, for the extent of which, if let loose, we cannot vouch. For our part, we would put a stop to burglary at any rate, and discuss the question of hidden political danger afterwards. At any rate, it is trying to people who pay police-rates to be robbed with impunity, and yet to be assured that the police force is efficiency itself.

### BILL STICKERS BEWARE!

WE are glad to see that it has been decided that the South Kensington Museum is not to be allowed to resolve itself into a mere showroom for London tradesmen. In a recent case, in which an article "lent" to the Museum was advertised in the papers as for sale, and on view at South Kensington, prompt action seems to have been taken, and we believe that within twenty-four hours of the little irregularity on the part of the exhibitor having come to light, the article in question was once more safe and sound in its owner's possession, having been politely "returned with thanks." Although at first sight the question of allowing exhibitors in the South Kensington Museum to advertise their property for sale seems a small matter, and scarcely worthy of forming the subject of a Parliamentary question, this is not really the case. The South Kensington Museum has its mission, which hitherto it has successfully fulfilled, but a still greater future is in store for it, and the public look with placid satisfaction on the excellence that the South Kensington Museum is fast attaining. To compromise the institution by allowing itself to resolve itself into "an excellent medium for advertising" would be a grave mistake, and we therefore congratulate the authorities on their recent spirited action. Were it not for this in a few months' time the Museum catalogue would probably have been made up of such entries as the following:—

No. 14,734. Class X 97.—A linen sheet, 19th century. Lent by Mr. —, of Regent street. Price 7s. 6d., or half-a-dozen for two guineas.

No. 1,438. Class A B C 572.—A lump of coal from the neighbourhood of Newcastle. Value three farthings, or £1 3s. a ton. Give them a trial. Address, the Manager, Penny Wise Coal Company, &c.

No. 92. Class I O U 40,000.—Carpets! Carpets!! Carpets!!! Carpets!!!! Kindly lent by Mr. —, of — Oxford street. Only 2s. 11d. a yard.

We doubt not that a certain batch of the public would hail the innovation with delight, as saving them the trouble of reading the advertising columns of the newspapers—but the majority of those who take in the *Times* or *Telegraph* would at once condemn the South Kensington Museum as commanding neither confidence nor respect if it lent itself to an imposition so derogatory to its dignity.

NIL(E) DESPERANDUM.—Messrs. McNiven and Cameron have manufactured a new pen, which they entitle the *Nile Pen*, we suppose on account of the *source of ink that flows from it*; but from experience we can say that it utterly annihilates all other pens in *point of excellence*.

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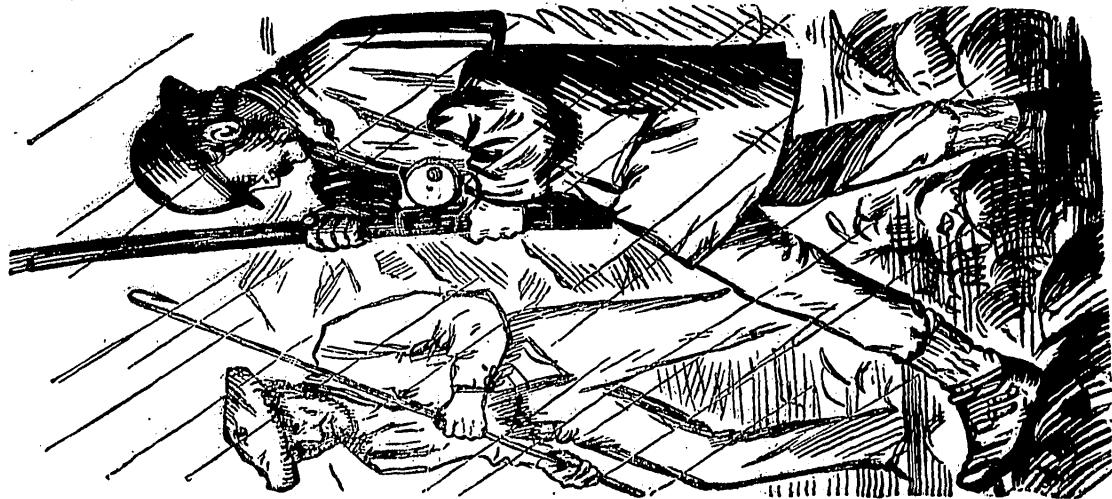
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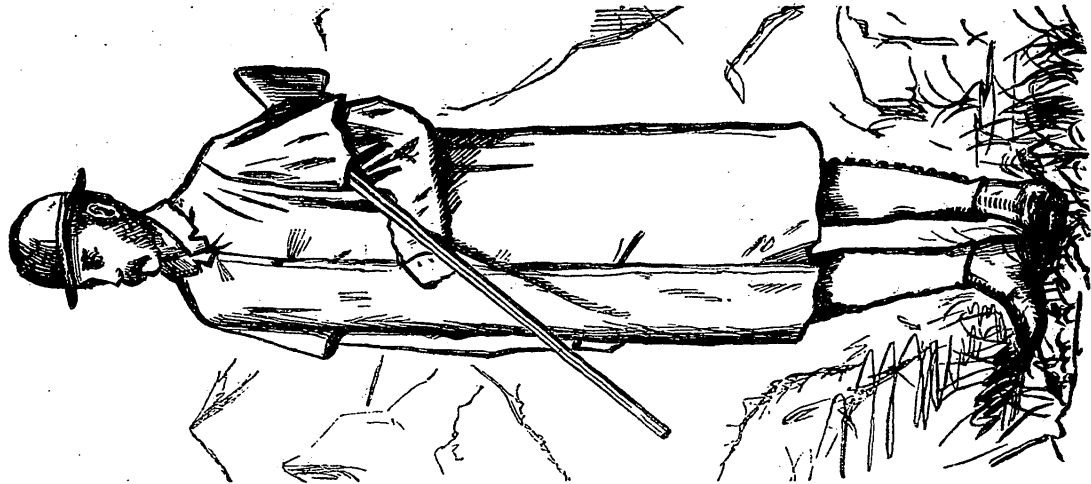
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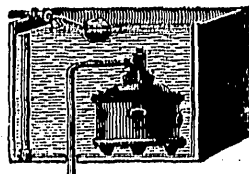
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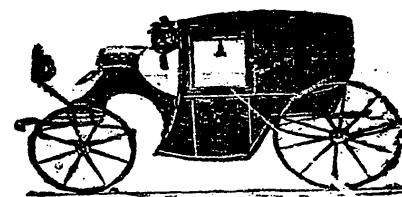
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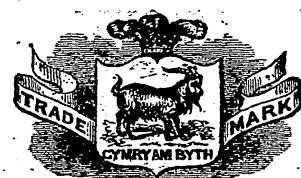
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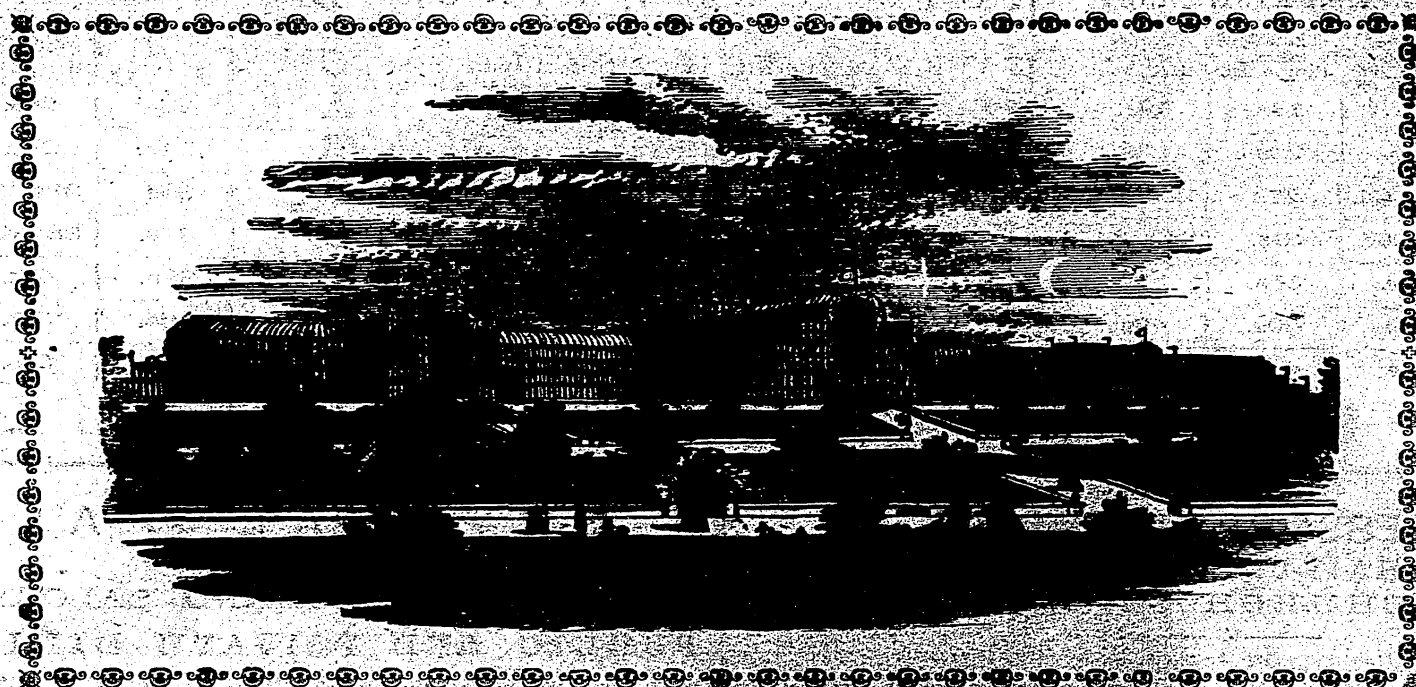
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