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## A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 166.]

LONDON, JULY 9, 1870.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

### "DEATH IN WAITING."

THERE is a dismal den somewhere east of Temple Bar, where the nation keeps an account of the savings of the Working Classes. It is a particularly miserable den, and is as unlike the popular notion of what should be a Government Office as an Anglican Bishop is unlike the late St. Peter. The rooms are unhealthily crowded with gasping clerks, the floor creaks under the tread of Heads of Departments, who work every letter of the alphabet to death, save that very awkward letter "H," and the stairs are worn by the hurried footsteps of greasy shopmen and beery artizans. It is not a nice place this dismal den, and we should not have noticed it had we not wished to allude to a fact that can only be established by a perusal of its ledgers.

The savings of the dram-drinking public are usually expended in "outings" in the country. In the winter the poor saves, in the summer they buy excursion tickets.

If we had the pen of the *Daily Telegraph* we should be prepared to gush to the extent of at least twopence. Those of our columns not devoted to the advertisements of Baby-Farmers and Quacks, we would willingly give over to yards of twaddle and miles of trash. Were we, we repeat the *Daily Telegraph*, no subject under the sun would better please us than "Death in Waiting." We should divide our article into two parts, thus —

#### PART I.

We should commence our article with a description of a Court Pageant. We should talk of Nobles, Knights, Ladies, and last, though not least (for this is the way we should get to our subject) Lords in Waiting. From Lords in Waiting we should naturally come to Death in Waiting. We should be able to draw a dismal picture of decaying robes, worm-eaten velvet, and coronets reeking with the mouldy atmosphere of the solemn grave. Having done this to the extent of half a column, we should hurry Death away from his lodgings in Fleet street to a Railway Cutting, where we should leave him shining grimly in the mournful moonlight.

End of Part One of our Leader; five minutes allowed for refreshments.

(*Appearance of the Spirits of the Mighty Public-House.*)

#### PART II.

HAVING left Death comfortably located in a railway cutting, it would next be our duty to provide him with his prey. We should sketch a cheerful English home of impossible cleanliness, of impossible morality, of impossible geniality. As a writer of a *Telegraph* leader, it would be our duty to drop in while the family were at tea. We should depict the steam-

ing Bohea, the luscious butter, the scarlet shrimps (and here we should pause, inspired by the word shrimps to describe a storm at sea), we should gloat over the happy family, the father's philosophical discussion, the mother's cap, and the children's precocious cheerfulness. One of the infants would suggest a trip to the country (a word that would assist us to the composition of twenty lines of flowery rigmarole about trees, sky, corn, butterflies, sparrows, scarecrows, cowslips, and anything else remotely connected with the country that might enter our head at the moment), the suggestion would be eagerly taken up, and with a lively picture of the starting of an excursion train, we should cleverly contrive to cart off the happy family from London, *en route* for Death, in waiting in the railway cutting.

Having thus managed to mingle well the ingredients of our literary salad, we should flavour the whole with a grand description of what the Americans term "tarnal smash," and serve up hot, with a little spurious religion, and about two pints and a half of sticky sentimentality. All this would we do had we the pen of *The Telegraph*, but as we do not possess that valuable instrument, we can only weep and make up for our sorrow by charging twopence instead of a penny for our pages.

To be serious, if there is anything serious under God's sun, surely it is a Railway Accident. We may comment upon the recent disasters that have lately occurred without laying ourselves open to a charge of Sensationalism. Granting that excursionists are not so clean and moral as the penny press would declare them to be, admitting that Brown occasionally darkens the bright blue eyes of his wife, and has not a rooted objection to hammering in the head of his first-born with the gentle pressure of a pewter pot, still we have no right to allow Brown and his interesting family to be murdered with impunity. Secretaries of Railway Companies may call "murder" an ugly word. So it is, and yet only these two syllables will fitly describe the negligence or economy that leaves the fate of thousands to fortune—yea, even life and death to chance. Our laws are not strict enough. After a Railway Accident the dead have gold poured upon their graves, the wounded receive silver that, perhaps, will be used for the purchase of their coffins. It is a mere affair of money—a question of *L. s. d.* What matters it if women are made widows, and children orphans? Cannot they obtain five pounds in lieu of their husband's smiles, and fifty pounds in consideration of the loss of their father's business? Railway Companies have become so accustomed to regard accidents from this point of view, that they merely consider their occurrence a matter of expense. Why it was only the other day that a Railway Company haggled about paying

the fines expected to be awarded by Jurymen as payment for their carelessness, and attempted to obtain an acquittal from their passengers previous to their journey of all claims accruing from anticipated accidents. This is a long sentence, but the more it is considered the clearer will its sense become! This little fact is pregnant with meaning. "Mishaps" have become a recognised part of Railway travelling, and until we punish the careless in these matters as we should a condemned prisoner, we shall never make travelling by Rail as safe as it is expeditious.

In the matter of the Newark accident no one seems particularly to blame, still this is an isolated case; for, as a rule, accidents are caused by gross and criminal carelessness. We ask, then, that criminal carelessness may be punished as crime. We hang the murderer who deliberately kills his victim: surely then, we can spare a little rope for the scraggy neck of the poor pointsman who falls asleep on his post, and even perhaps a little—say a yard or so—for the fat throat of the well-paid secretary who bungles over the time table!

### THE WEATHER BOOK.

"WHERE SHALL I GO?"

ARRANGED FOR THE BRITISH.

THE THERMOMETER.		
DAY OF WEEK.	GLASS.	
SUNDAY .....	80	To church once. Catacombs if there are any.
MONDAY ...	90	Diving bell, with a penny-ice proprietor.
TUESDAY ...	90	Refuse to come up unless they ring me out.
WEDNESDAY	50	( <i>Sudden fall</i> ). Ask the authorities to let me out, or else warm the water.
THURSDAY...	40	Start for South of France, and, <i>pro tem.</i> , take up residence in a Turkish Bath.
FRIDAY .....	95	( <i>Up again</i> ). Awful! Don't know where to go. Resign any appointment I hold. Look out the North-pole in <i>Bradshaw</i> ! Go to Woolwich and get an order to be " <i>chilled</i> " with the shot.
SATURDAY...	30	Put on skates, and go to bed. N.B. Have an ice handy in case of another rise. Believe in nothing!

### LICENSED THIEVES.

If words could express our opinion of those persons who were privy to the seizure of the furniture at Nazareth House, the property of certain Little Sisters of the Poor—whom God bless!—we should stigmatise their conduct as—no, we cannot find words! With no fear of the libel court before us—for anything we could write could not be libel when condemning the revolting act—we simply break down for the want of a continuous string of hard words, which could at the most only reflect in a small degree the disgust which the Hammersmith authorities have inspired amongst all Englishmen by their doings of the past few days. The good—nay, holy—work of the Sisters of Nazareth is too well known and appreciated in London to need any disquisition in these columns. All that remains for us to do is to hold up to public execration and contempt the men—if the term is not too good for them—who, in a Christian land, have dared to thwart a work which Providence itself has blessed.

### OXFORD WIT.

THOUGH strongly opposed to the bolstering up of ancient institutions, simply because they can boast of antiquity, we have never joined the vulgar popular outcry against the pleasant and harmless follies which time and old association have consecrated; and which, if possessing little attraction for the world outside, are strongly cherished at least by certain circles in which they centre.

On this principle, Oxford has always been treated with consideration in these pages. Its heroic opposition to the inevitable advance of reform has commanded our sympathy, and its classic weaknesses have drawn from us but very mild reproach. But it is one thing not to over-measure a man's failings, another, to elevate them into virtues; a truth, which blind partisans will always do well to bear in mind.

The other day, when two sets of mischievous, and not very æsthetically-disposed youths, independently assisted each other to accomplish the destruction of several valuable works of art, we stated with sufficient precision and force our opinion of the case. We did not, however, consider it a mere harmless freak, and, in the true-blue spirit of blind-class interest, defend it as a bit of passing frolic, on a par with the nailing up of a don's oak. On the other hand, we did not descend to that vulgar level of democratic rectitude, the maintenance of which appears to be the special work of the penny-a-lining press. Only an Oxford man, really indifferent to the true interests of his Alma Mater, could have urged pleas in extenuation of the Christ-Church scandal; only a smart non-university literary gentleman could denounce it as a deliberate and felonious outrage, meriting the ruin and disgrace attaching to a public trial, and the subsequent penalties inflicted by the law.

Impartially therefore, and we trust without one iota of penny-popular high feeling, we can comment upon the recent annual ovation in the Sheldonian Theatre. We allude, of course, to the recognised licence afforded to the undergraduates on that occasion, to interrupt with insignificant remarks a not altogether insignificant ceremonial. Of late years this *licentia loquendi*, so it is said, has been greatly abused, and indeed, if we remember rightly, things came on a recent occasion to such a pass, that it was expected the authorities would, once and for all, put a stop to the custom. Oxford, however, has proved itself still Oxford, and the Commemoration of 1870 has seen no material change. The reporter of a Conservative journal, always ready to come to the front, when the manners of the old University are called into question, informed us not a single word fell from the undergraduates' gallery, inconsistent with the character of gentlemen. We were not present ourselves, but unless several other reporters have gone out of their way to deceive the public, we can only suppose an Oxford opinion on the characteristics of an Oxford gentleman's wit is peculiar.

To cheer "the ladies" in "blue," "black," "pink," and "green," may not indicate any extraordinary heights of humour, but still it is harmless foolery enough. Indeed, a cheer or two for anyone or anything, can scarcely be objected to, when everybody, deans, dons, masters, bachelors, and undergraduates, are all going home for the holidays. But to yell and to hoot at any unlucky individual, whom some error in taste has already made sufficiently conspicuous, is really not fun. One allusion perhaps to a white coat, or a green tie, might be admitted in the shape of social retribution, and the laugh that follows it would be punishment enough. Stupid persisting hooting that can only utterly spoil the enjoyment of the unhappy individual who is the object of it, is extremely in bad form. The fun, if fun it can be called, is the fun of cowards. It is the numbers that bring it about. Professor Darwin's apology for his absence on the score of the excitement the reception of an honorary degree would occasion him, had a certain significance about it. Young Oxford might have greeted the great name with due respect, but Young Oxford does not always behave itself, and we can conceive nothing more discreditable to Oxford, old and young, authorities and subordinates, than the not uncommon scene of a distinguished University honour being received in the midst of vociferous University hisses. We can appreciate Oxford and its ways, and have no wish to see them materially altered. It is therefore in a most friendly spirit we express a hope that next year may witness a Commemoration at which, if the undergraduates are allowed the license of comment, they will use it in the true kindly spirit of English gentlemen.



### GOLD WATER AT A PREMIUM.

THE Windsor Garden Party, although an event of the past, has a moral which, even a fortnight after, is worth noting. Her Majesty had evidently counted on having "Queen's weather" for her *fête*, and the grounds were arranged in accordance with the requirements of a clear sky and, probably, a beating sun. So much was it taken as a matter of course that it would be fine, that even open waggonettes were sent down to the station to bring up the guests which the special trains deposited from London. The result is a matter of history. It pelted, and, as the open carriages, filled with be-muslined young ladies, wended their way to the Castle gates, the young ladies got saturated, while their crisp costumes became limp and flabby under the steady and relentless downpour. As for Her Majesty, as the true and Royal Hostess she undoubtedly is, she was more engaged with providing her guests with dry garments than entertaining them, and the Garden Party was an undoubted, unredeemed, and stupendous failure. And yet everyone, at least, those people who were not asked to Windsor, were glad that it rained. The fact was, that the rain was so urgently needed in the country, that the spoiling of gay toilettes and the possible catching of colds became mere bagatelles beside the great and weighty interests at stake. Under these circumstances, when it was impossible not to hope, and even pray, that the rain might come, the Garden Party was a little out of date; but if it had the effect of bringing about a consummation so devoutly to be wished for, as seemingly was the case, it had its mission, and it was satisfactorily fulfilled.

### A PRINCELY IMPERFECTION.

HIS Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has many excellent qualities, ubiquity amongst them, and if ever Royal personage understood the art of making himself agreeable he possesses it. But at the risk of opening ourselves to attack on a charge of disloyalty, we must unhesitatingly declare that the Prince of Wales is a dreadfully bad shot. The other day, at Hurlingham, his august patronage of the sport secured a victory for his opponents when he shot with the Lords against the Commons, and no doubt the latter body fully appreciated the condescension of a Prince of the Blood in taking part in the contest; but if the Peers felt and expressed the same sentiment, their loyalty must have been tried to its fullest limit. We do not mean to say that the Prince of Wales, with malice aforethought, actually lost the match for his side; but he must have known that there were better men than he in the House of Peers from a pigeon-shooting point of view, and it is probable that in his good nature alone he was prevailed upon to take a gun. But the match was a public one, and His Royal Highness scored—nothing. When we write our History of England, as some time in the next century we contemplate doing, we shall have to record that, possessed of prepossessing manners, a handsome appearance, and a genial and kindly disposition, Albert Edward, when Prince of Wales, was condemned by a large and influential party, termed at the time "betting men," as a shocking bad shot.

### THE ADELPHI PROGRAMME.

WE do not know what those champions of justice, the dramatic critics, have said about the two pieces at the present moment being played at the Adelphi, but we presume that, as they are both in their respective lines very much above the ordinary level of works of their respective classes, that they have not met with any cordial reception from Grub street. We can, however, most strongly recommend all those playgoers who really seek an intellectual and amusing evening's entertainment to try Mr. Charles Reade's *Free Labour* and Molière's *Robust Invalid*. Such faults as are in the former are more than atoned for by the powerfully dramatic situations, the perfect individualities of character, and the brilliance of the dialogue, for which the author of *Never Too Late to Mend* is so justly renowned. No more telling onslaught on to trades' unionists and their principles has been made for many a day; and if the not over-crowded pit and gallery and vacant stalls testify respectively to the facts that Mr. Reade has both hit the *mob* hard

and home, and dealt with a subject too vast and important for the sympathies of fashionable souls, he can at least have the satisfaction of knowing that his political object has been gained and his ideal goal reached. No trades' unionist could relish *Free Labour*; no stall lounger "take it in." It is above both the gallery and the stalls. But it is a very able work, and one that, had it been less true to its purpose, must have filled the treasury of any theatre. If Mr. Reade had defended the unions instead of running them down, and saved his heroine from the degradation of being united to a *working* gentleman, he would have run his piece till Christmas. As to the *Molière*, it is capitally acted by all concerned, and only serves to show how much room there is yet on the stage for an author who will be comic and yet satirical. It is genuine farce, of a school now-a-days dead to us. But to conclude. We advise those who are tired of *modern* comedy and *modern* drama to try the Adelphi.

### "WANTED TO KNOW."

WE cannot congratulate Mr. Cardwell on his reply to the interrogatories put to him in the House of Commons last week in the matter of the "Fatal March." To say that the result was perfectly in accordance with the provisions of a certain article of the Queen's Regulations for the Army was a bold explanation enough—but this applied to one case only; to the other the right honourable gentleman openly asserted that the unfortunate private had been drinking, and he might have expected what followed. If this man, as Mr. Cardwell affirmed, was known to be drunk at the outset, surely some person is responsible for having allowed him to fall in with his company. Putting him into a cell at the first police station passed *en route* would have been a sufficient punishment, without marching him, in heavy order, and "full of drink," as Mr. Cardwell affirmed, from his billet to his grave. A scandal like this should not be allowed to pass with a casual excuse. We do not mean to say that either the Secretary of State for War, or the Commander-in-Chief, is either directly or indirectly responsible for what has happened; but it is clearly the duty of both of them to unite in thoroughly sifting the circumstances of a gross dereliction of duty on the part of some third person, and in bringing the offender to justice. It is unworthy of Mr. Cardwell to make use of his personal influence and weight in the House of Commons to burk a question which entails almost a national disgrace.

### AN OPERATIC RETROSPECT.

Now that the Season is far advanced it is time, perhaps, to say a few words regarding the claims of the rival Opera Houses to the thanks and confidence of the musical public. It is scarcely necessary, however, to specify which house bears the palm. While Covent Garden, with its strong company, has been serving up only the stalest and oldest works, with but one novelty, *Esmeralda* (the worst Italian opera, perhaps, of modern times), Drury Lane has given us as novelties not only Thomas's *Mignon*, a work of Mozart's, and a work of Weber's, but all the operas produced have been carefully chosen, and all have had some special interest attached to them. *Otello*, for instance, has proved a feature, while it has served as something more than a foil to the wretched performances of *Hamlet* at the other House, with both *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* left out. The greediness displayed by Messrs. Gye and Mapleson in asserting their rights to an opera which, whatever the law of the case may have been, was indisputably Madlle. Nilsson's own, has brought its own punishment with it; for, while no one has missed *Hamlet* at Drury Lane, it has established itself as a "bore" at Covent Garden. However, the Season is not yet over, and Covent Garden has still time to make the running and win the race. Where is the *Etoile du Nord* that we were promised, with Madame Patti once again as Catarina. This would surely be a trump card to play now that success is waning; but we suppose that prospectus promises are but paper and printing ink. However, as the position is at present, Drury Lane, we assert, has gained the greater success of the two establishments, and has, moreover, deserved it.

QUERY FOR PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.—May a blue-bottle fly be described as a "Stingless coward."

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LONDON, JULY 9, 1870.

**THE WEEK.**

THE *Echo* in a recent article on Fashionable London *apropos* of the Guards marching through Belgravia Square at nine o'clock in the morning, speaks of "the rudely sonorous notes of the fifes and drums." We shall be told of "the harmony of the bagpipes" next we suppose.

THE Orleanists have once more protested against the exile from France. We suppose they think there is "no place like home." Remembering this, however, we would advise them to stay where they are. Twickenham as yet has known no barricades beyond the obstruction caused by an erratic gas-pipe, and this we all know is bad enough; but we would remind their Royal Highnesses that if they go further, they may only too probably fare worse.

THE Protestant Association held its Annual Meeting in the Freemasons' Hall the other day. The principal business transacted, however, was an unanimous vote of lament over the passing of the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill of last session. Well, we suppose, regrets are useless; but the proceedings possessed some negative advantage. Want of occupation is a source of mischief even amongst Protestant Associations.

THE Metropolitan Railway Company has rallied from the state of lethargy into which it was thrown by the rejection of its Bill in the House of Lords, and has set itself to work again. The City Extension, it seems, is to be immediately proceeded with, and the station will be at the junction of Queen Victoria street and Cannon street, and in view of the Mansion House and the Royal Exchange. Indeed, the Directors have decided on calling the station "Mansion House," so after all, their scheme of the Spring has not, the House of Lords notwithstanding, gone so very wide of the mark. A new feature in the railway programme is, that when the line is so far completed, there will be trains each way, "at least every three minutes." If we were not assured that the block system was adopted on the Metro-

politan lines, we should be inclined to augur evil from] the profuse generosity of the Directors; but as we know that the line is managed on the principle we have named, there need be no cause for alarm. In fact, it seems that the public have every reason to be satisfied with their railway prospects for next year. Let us hope that the shareholders may have equal cause to congratulate themselves.

**BLOOD-MONEY.**

THERE is something grimly ridiculous about the Greek capital sentence, which condemns a prisoner to death, *and to pay his costs as well*—and it appeared additionally absurd in the recent trial of the Greek Brigands, the pecuniary cost of whose crime must probably have by this time amounted to some thousands and thousands of pounds. But Greece, however, seems still to be alive to the main chance, and its foreign difficulties notwithstanding, does its best to recoup itself the money out of pocket by the performance of the horrible tragedy of the spring. Whether the brigands possessed private fortunes, or were taken with their pockets full of gold, does not appear; but we should think it unlikely to have been the case. The principle, however, is the same, and the Greek code is evidently in full accord with the money-making policy of the Greek as understood in London and Liverpool. In this matter, however, King George's Government might well have backed the publication of the apparent attempt of the State to let the consideration of money enter into the last phase of a catastrophe for which they are more than semi-responsible.

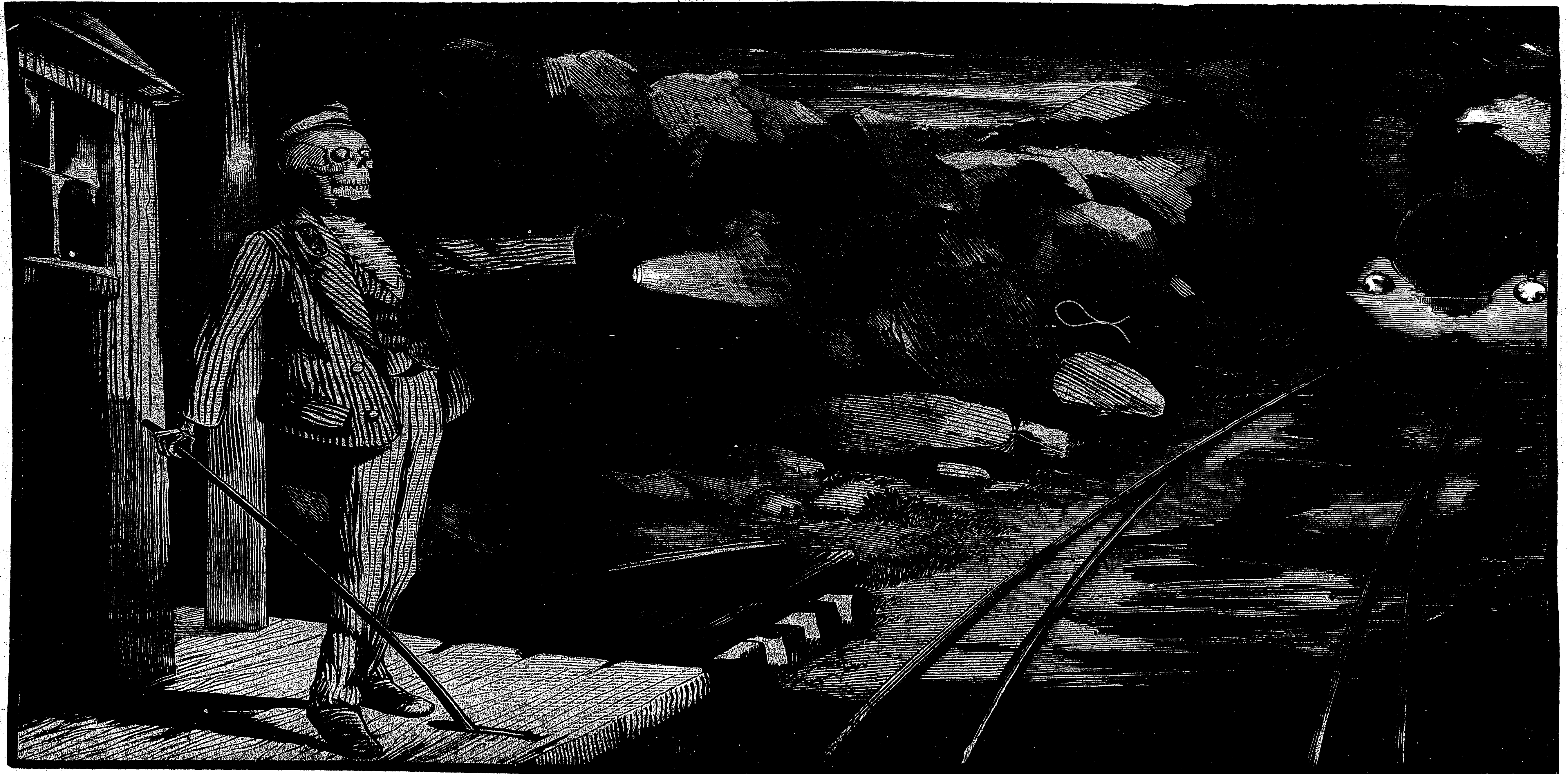
**A BAS LES RUSSES.**

A STORY is given in the *Eastern Budget* (which, as it deals with proper names, we can only take to be true) showing certain Russian officers quartered at Warsaw, to be cowardly scoundrels. We can write with greater indignation on the subject too, because the popular Herr Strauss, who was with us at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts a few years back, and to whom we are indebted for the choicest of our present dance music, was the victim of a brutal and disgraceful outrage. It seems that these officers went to the Swiss Garden at Warsaw, as it was closing its doors for the night. Notwithstanding that they were told by the landlord that the cook was in bed, and there was nothing for them to eat, they created such a disturbance that they were at last served with supper. Full of drink, they cried for music, but the orchestra was dark, and the only notes the musicians were sounding were the snores which emanated from their bed-rooms. At last one of the "gentlemen" hit on a happy device. Being Deputy-Director of Police, he was well known to Herr Strauss, so he wrote a pressing note to the musician, begging him to come to him at once. The note was despatched to Herr Strauss's lodgings, and the Viennese, in obedience to the summons, soon made his appearance. Instead however, of finding he was needed in some urgent matter, he was simply asked to give the company "a tune." Whereupon the Viennese maestro was naturally indignant, and, of course, refused to play. Then the "officers and gentlemen" beat him black and blue, knocked him down, and trampled on him, and by the latest accounts, he is still in a dangerous condition, and confined to his room. The facts do not need comment. They speak for themselves. But two points are worth noticing. The one is that, fortunately for European civilization, Herr Strauss happens to be an Austrian, not a Pole, and the matter will therefore not be allowed to rest; and the other is that it is evidently a silly mistake to give the Russians credit for being the gentlemen *par excellence* which it has been recently the fashion to believe them. No drunken private soldiers could in England have been capable of such an atrocity, and as for English officers, with all their absurdities, being named in the same breath as these ruffians, the doing so would be now a wanton insult. Herr Strauss has our best sympathy, but, if owing to his popularity, he is the means of bringing about the disgrace of his cowardly assailants, he will not have been beaten black and blue in vain.









WAITING FOR THE EXCURSION!







## THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[CONTINUED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

OFF GRAVESEND, July 4th, 1870.

YOU see from *where* I date my letter. Little did I think when I posted my last that circumstances would conspire to bring me to such a locality as this! Possibly, however, your readers may have by this time grown somewhat accustomed to the rapid changes that have marked my existence during the past few months. I date this communication from "*Off Gravesend*," and another week may find me at the Antipodes! This comes of my association with the Chief, and I see no termination now to life but despair. His restless sanguine, and rather unprincipled spirit, will be the death of me.

But you will wonder how I got *here*. I will tell you, for the story is simple enough. The Chief's marriage having fallen through, in consequence of his having mentioned to the bride's brother, by way of an after-dinner joke, the evening before the day fixed for the ceremony, that he had fifty-two wives already in Pokyar, we found it more agreeable to "get him away for a change," as Spagmore put it, as soon as possible. Naturally afraid, after our recent experiences, of venturing *anywhere* with him, especially in an irritable and disappointed state, a *yacht* occurred to us as *the very thing*. A party was soon made up, and Lord Bolchester, who, ever since that attack of internal lumbar paralysis, that, you may remember, resulted from the Chief's shot, has been mad upon the subject of sea air, has lent us a beautiful little craft of about 250 tons. His *only* condition was that he was to come with us, and that Spagmore and I were to manage the whole concern. This we have hitherto done, even down to the engaging a crew. It is a very raw crew, and I believe when we get out beyond the Nore we shall find it out. Fortunately there is *one* disagreeable-looking fellow who has always got a mouthful of something, and wears a tarpaulin hat, on whom we can thoroughly rely. I do not know exactly *how far* he has been out to sea, but Spagmore says we may depend upon it he knows what he is about, and that he thinks he remembers him in command on board a pleasure boat at South-end fifteen years ago. To see him look along the horizon, and take a turn *fore* and *aft*, *without holding on to anything*, is quite enough to satisfy you that Spagmore doesn't exaggerate. We call him the *mate*, but we have not spoken to him yet. Spagmore says I must do *that* the moment we lose sight of Gravesend. I ought to add that I am the Captain, Spagmore the Post Captain, and the Chief Honorary Admiral.

The rest of our crew (Spagmore calls them "the hands") are not worth much, though nautically inclined. We have four regular sailors that we picked up at a low salary from an East-end theatre, where they have been playing twenty nights, in *The Pirates of the Archipelago*. They can all dance a hornpipe, and go through little bits of appropriate business, such as saying, "*Aye! aye! your honour*," "*Avast there*," and other thoroughly maritime phrases. As guests, we have my aunt, Lady Toffy, Lord Bolchester, and a scientific friend of Spagmore's, who has got some patent storm life-preserving apparatus on board, and has joined us on the distinct understanding that if it is too calm to try it, we are to throw him overboard, off the North Foreland, and leave him. The Chief is well on the whole. He seems to take to the sea. He has, however, repeatedly kicked the compass, and hidden the life-buoys. I am afraid, too, he is up to some mischief with Lord Bolchester's hammock. We have left Gravesend about five minutes, and are being towed out by a tug. Wind N. W. N. by E.

Steaming along beautifully. Not a doubt of it, yachting is splendid fun. We have got a chart of the river on a table before us, and see exactly where to go after the tug leaves us. It is evidently over these little stars *between* the numbers. I must say with a chart like this I do not see the good of the compass. It's all very well for the needle to point to the north, but that does not show us the way *we* want to go. If it pointed to Margate there would be some sense in it.

A little disagreeable with Spagmore about the matter. *He* says the compass *is* of use, and that the way to use it is to get *south* of Margate first, and then steer north till you get there. We have agreed to refer it to the *mate*.

Have explained our respective views of the matter to the *mate*, but he evidently does not mean to give *his* opinion without well weighing what he is going to say. He is looking at the compass as if it was something quite new to him, and turning the whatever he has got in his mouth about a good deal. He has given a look at the "offing," then at the main-mast, then at nothing. Yes, he is going to speak. I will take it down *verbatim*, as I daresay it will be worth remembering if anything goes wrong. Nothing like picking up practical knowledge from practical men. Ah! here it comes.

## OPINION OF THE MATE.

"Look you here, gents. No offence to you, sir, or, for the matter of that, to any of the lot of you aboard this here craft,—from his Lordship's self below down to the foreign gent as isn't quite right and tight in his top gallant (the Chief),—*but*, what's to come of it if that 'ere tug drops behind of you? *That's* what I ask, meaning no offence, as a party as has seen as much of the s'rimping trade, from the *bay* (Herne Bay) all along down to the Reach yonder, come twenty-two year next November, as any of 'em, not to mention as much barge life from '32 to '39 as would send old hands clean sick of the whole concern into dock business and such like,—though it comes a touch of one and five a month cheaper, and ain't much to boast of in the way of "fresh hair." *But* that ain't what I'm a-driving at, which is—no offence to you, gents—*what's* the upshot of it? as the nob says in the play. Say you leaves the tug Sou-E-by-Sou, and gets a bit of a breeze, and makes a dozen knots afore them clouds comes to much. *Say* you does,—though I'd like to have a pot on it that them clouds *busts* afore you've done half of it. But that ain't my affair. Well, then, gents, asking your pardon, look here. Say you does it; well, I'll stand by you whatever *do* come, as a party ought who hails aboard of you. Still, it ain't dooty as will keep you off the *Gull*. Take my word for it, gents, there's a dirty bit over there, right aheads of us, and if you don't want to see how the Goodwins tastes for supper, you'd best throw them lubbers (the crew) overboard, and let me take her up agin the wind, and land you at the gardens (Rosherville?). Still, if you wants *dooty*, I ain't a-going to sheer off. So say your say, gents, and if you say 'Bill Choppers, *we means the Goodwins*,' well, I'll put her about, and ask no questions."

Of course, after such a decided opinion, *I* am for Rosherville. Spagmore says, however, he doesn't see the fun of turning back. *The Mate* merely scans the leeward offing. We have explained it to the Chief, and he, of course, is for going on, having been attracted at once by the idea of tasting the Goodwins for supper. I can't explain to him they are dangerous sands, and I'm sure he thinks they are some quiet unprotected family out of reach of a policeman.

No help for it! We are to go on!

8 p.m.

The tug has just left us. We are now at the mercy of wind and tide. There seems, too, to be a lot of both that I never noticed before, and, there is not a question about it, the *Yacht* is lively. Hullooah! there's a splash!

The Chief has thrown the compass overboard!

## CREAM FOR CREMORNE!

GEN. BOOM, was wont to overcome great difficulties with still greater perseverance. He lived in the past; but there is a commander alive at this very moment who resembles the great deceased as much in perseverance as he does in name. Mr. Baum has emphatically revived Cremorne. This Season (his first) has been remarkable for good management in the fullest possible acceptance of the words. Ballets, Dinners, Music, Fireworks, and a score of other things to be desired are all excellent. Not only this, as order is now the rule of the day, Cremorne can challenge other places of amusement, so far as respectability is concerned, as easily as it has long since been able to distance them in popularity. As the modern Cremorne of 1870 is equal to Vauxhall in its palmiest days, will classical scholars blame us if we describe it as "Vox (hall) populi!"



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## Scoundrels in Railway Carriages.

To the Editor of the TOMAHAWK.

SIR,—I am a literary man of some twenty years' standing. I have been thrashed about half-a-dozen times in my life, and generally am comfortably drunk by ten o'clock. So much for myself.

The other day I hunted a young woman, of modest appearance, down Fleet Street, from the office of one of the numerous papers to which I contribute. After a run of five minutes' duration, she took refuge in one of the Metropolitan Railway Stations. I waited to see where she would go, and ultimately was rewarded by noticing that she had taken a first-class ticket for one of the Kensington stations. My funds would not allow of my purchasing anything more aristocratic than a third-class ticket. Armed with this I quickly followed her.

I entered into conversation with her in the easy and genial manner commended so warmly in a leader of the *Telegraph* of the 24th ult. I can assure you I did not insult her. I did not even attempt to kiss her. If you doubt my word I can refer you to a gentleman carrying a thick and heavy stick at the further end of the compartment. And now for the sequel.

Would you believe it, Sir, this young woman actually gave me into custody for travelling with a third-class ticket in a first-class carriage!

Surely something can be said on the side of the so-called "scoundrel." As I shall only charge you (contrary to my custom) but one-halfpenny a-line for this communication, perhaps you will kindly find a spare corner for its insertion.

Yours obediently,

THE HIGH-PRESSURE GUSHER.

To the Editor of the TOMAHAWK.

SIR,—I am sixty-five according to the last census paper, but only number thirty summers. The other day I was travelling in the Underground Railway, and raising my eyes caught the glance of a young man of fourteen. On arriving at the next station I called the Guard, and wished to give the scoundrel in charge. The Guard refused to obey my wishes!

The outrage will speak for itself.

Yours respectfully,

A MODEST MAIDEN.

To the Editor of the TOMAHAWK.

SIR,—My wife the other day was travelling with me in a first-class carriage on one of our principal lines. A scoundrel asked her, in my presence, before my very face, "Whether she minded the window open?"

Of course (and with the full permission of my wife) I struck him, or rather attempted to strike him, to the ground. Would you believe it?—he returned the blow and nearly killed me!

I write this from my bed.

Yours faithfully,

INDIGNANT.

## The Police and their Grievances.

To the Editor of the TOMAHAWK.

SIR,—The grievances of the Police are only known to themselves. Years ago we were given the paltry holiday of one day in seven, that is to say, little more than a miserable seven week holiday in the year! Why, many a City clerk is allowed a fortnight! The other day our holidays were reduced to an even smaller number. It has been urged by despots that our pay has been increased to meet the charge of the additional work—but such a plea is mere sophistry.

Another cruel grievance is the closing of the public-houses at one o'clock. If this is not robbing a poor policeman of his beer, may I never again eat cold mutton in the kitchens of the bloated aristocracy.

Yours severely,

A VERY "BLUE" MAN.

To the Editor of the TOMAHAWK.

SIR,—One does not expect to find one's little secrets pub-

lished by one of ourselves to all the world. I was reading, the other day, a penny paper which I had bought to search out for Baby-Farmers, &c., when I noticed a letter which actually alluded to the fact that a policeman escapes day duty when in attendance at the Courts. This letter was written by a policeman! The injudicious officer actually asks if that fact isn't a premium upon taking up innocent people to escape the bother of attending inspections, &c.

Really, the folly of some of "ours" is only equalled by their capability for lying!

I am, Sir,

ONE WHO KNOWS HIS BUSINESS THOROUGHLY.

To the Editor of the TOMAHAWK.

SIR,—Some of the civilians have been making a fuss about the drilling of the Force. Although I am not accustomed to explain anything to the public, I cannot, on this occasion, refrain from expressing my indignation. Why, the objection is monstrous, cruel—[The rest of this sentence has been cut out editorially.]

I would only ask,—what would our officers do if they had no drill to attend to? It's absurd to ask them to take up burglars or stop felony. They can't do it—it isn't in their line. If the Force hadn't a little occupation now and then they would go melancholy mad.

I tell you what the public are—[Rest of this sentence editorially cut out.]

Yours indignantly,

A POLICEMAN OF TEN YEARS' STANDING.

## THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

A GREAT deal of excitement has been wasted over the education question. The opponents of denominationalism, the Secularists, the broad Christians, and even the bulk of English churchmen, are fighting literally about nothing. The whole question is very simple, and yet it is not in the least understood. It seems to be taken for granted that mere Bible reading, with the addition, perhaps, of a short dogmatic catechism, will give a "religious education" to young children. This is the mistake. Such things give them a sort of acquaintance with Scriptural facts, and with the dry outlines of Christian dogma, but there is little or no training of the heart in the business. The mind merely receives one impression the more, namely, a religious impression. The only way to make religious education a *fact*, is to bring up children to live practically Christian lives, and so ground them in the spirit of Christianity, that they may grow up into dutiful sons and daughters, sober and thrifty husbands and wives, comporting themselves like moral, decent, charitable men and women, in after life, in the presence of all men. Mere text reading cannot accomplish this, nor either will knowledge of the history of the Jews accomplish it. The only hope lies in the supply of a class of earnest, gentle, and devoted teachers. As there is not the remotest chance, that under the present system, these desirable leaders are forthcoming, the solution of the problem does not seem very near at hand. Obviously, the reflection points in the direction of religious training, but of religious training of the highest kind. No one, it is to be presumed, will dispute the fact, that it is better a man should respect himself and prove a good father of his family, and know little of double rule of three, than be able to extract cube root and occasionally fling a chair at his wife's head. Self-control and regard for one's neighbour are better fruits of education than book-keeping by double entry and the history of the Bill of Rights. Indeed, most men, saving the pure Secularists, for whom it is difficult to feel anything but pity, grant thus much. The splitting point, however, is the way to bring this Utopia about. Once more, mere Bible reading, Scripture history, catechism, and ordinary school teachers' enthusiasm will not do it. The question may be fairly asked, "What will then?" but it is a question that, we fear, no future generation will ever see practically answered. This is a materialistic age, which cares little for these things, and we may be tolerably well sure that before fifty years are over our heads, England will be highly educated and ambitious, but highly godless and immoral.

July 9, 1870.]

# THE TOMAHAWK.



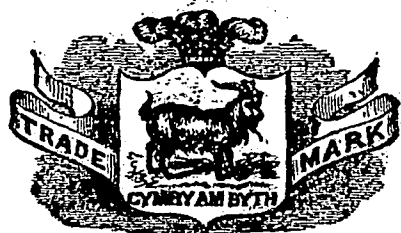
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MOST THINGS ARE PROCURABLE FOR MONEY, even a good dinner; but strange to say, no matter what one pays it is most difficult to get really good food well dressed away from home. Numerous as are our restaurants, at the West end how many of their proprietors understand the art of catering well for the hungry public. Very few. The discovery then of a place where even connoisseurs and gourmands may satiate themselves is worth noting. That discovery we have made by finding the English Restaurant, Pantion street, Haymarket, conducted by Messrs. Welch, Brothers, whose catering for the London Scottish Volunteers last year at Wimbledon, gained them so much credit. Yes! The English Restaurant is the place to dine. Without attempting to excel Buckingham Palace in size Messrs. Welch have equalled, if not surpassed in completeness the Queen's kitchen. The stove is capable of anything the culinary art may require, and the appointments of the kitchen neat and cleanly in the extreme. Indeed, everything is so excellently arranged, that upon the shortest notice, Messrs. Welch can put upon the table in a private or public room, a perfect dinner of any number of courses, while they also supply from a deliciously cool cellar, wines of the finest quality. Even the celebrated Count Rumford could hardly have fitted up a kitchen more completely. But not only is excellence studied; economy is also secured, and while Messrs. Welch can vie with any rival house for excellence, they surpass all in cheapness. A visit would repay any person, as would also an inspection of the culinary regions.—VIDE PRESS.

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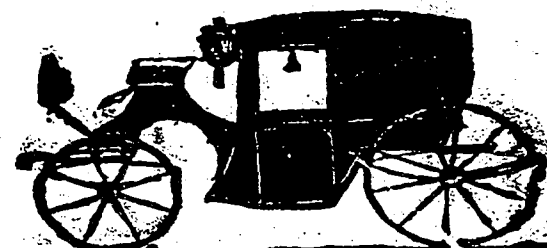


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THE TOMAHAWK.

[July 9, 1870.]

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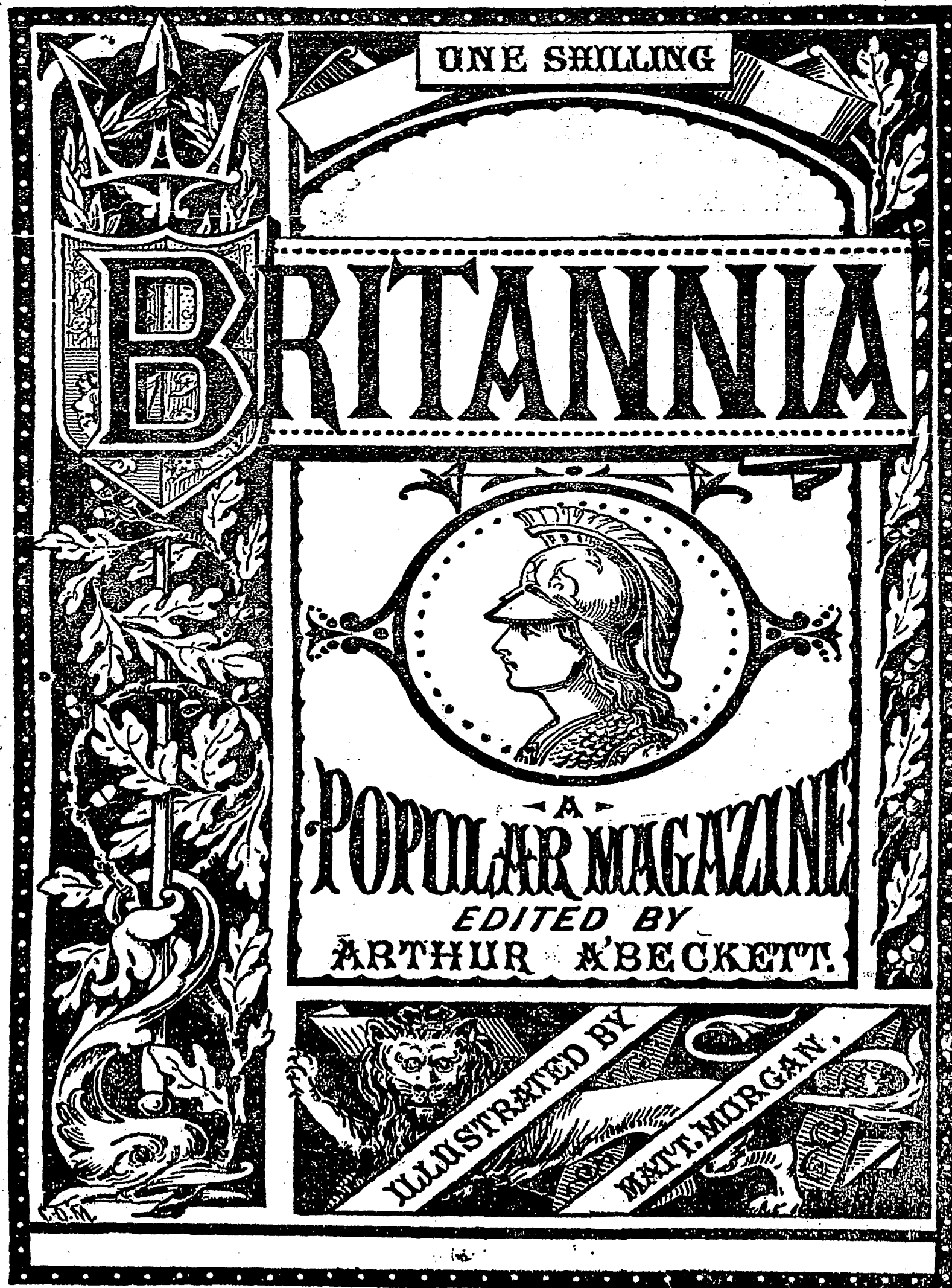
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July 9, 1870.]

## THE TOMAHAWK.

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CLASS.	Zouave Suits. Height 3ft.	Zouave Suits. Hgt. 3ft. 4in.	Zouave Suits. Hgt. 3ft. 8in.	Zouave Suits. Height 4ft.
A	16s.	17s.	18s.	19s.
B	20s.	21s.	22s.	23s.
C	24s.	25s. 6d.	27s.	28s. 6d.
D	28s.	29s. 6d.	31s.	32s. 6d.
E	31s.	33s.	35s.	37s.
F	34s.	37s.	40s.	43s.
G	38s.	41s.	44s.	47s.

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B	24s.	28s.	29s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
C	30s.	33s. 6d.	35s. 9d.	20s.
D	34s.	38s. 6d.	40s. 9d.	24s.
E	39s.	43s.	46s.	28s.
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