

# THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 39.]

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[PRICE TWOPENCE.

## THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

WE trust that we are not doomed to disappointment when we venture to express a hope that the excellent example set by our gracious Queen may be followed by those ladies whom the fond tie of marriage has bound to the most illustrious men of our age. We feel sure that when Lady Palmerston, Lady Russell, Mrs. Disraeli, Mrs. Gladstone, Mrs. Beales (if our great tribune is blessed in a helpmeet) consider what infinite benefit they will confer on posterity, what rich treasures of knowledge they can add to the history of their country if they will fling aside that reserve which shrouds the domestic hearth from the eyes of the public, and, following in the steps of their Sovereign, will not scruple to sacrifice their own selfish prejudices for the good of mankind, and will show to us those great men who have swayed the destinies of their country in the simple dressing gown (if we may use the expression) of domestic life, and teach us how, side by side, with keen intellects and dauntless hearts, there existed in these, our rulers, a child-like innocence and tender affection which, in the society of the wives of their bosoms, ever found its most congenial atmosphere. So when the history of these eventful times comes to be explored by the searching eye, and recorded by the relentless pen of posterity, not only will the sweet and simple pleasures which served to beguile the leisure hours of one of the busiest Sovereigns that ever sat on a throne be revealed to the enquirers' gaze, but the innermost recesses in the hearts of those whom their contemporaries knew for the most part but as statesmen, will be lighted up, and mankind will know the great fact that prime ministers are human.

We confess that this theme excites us. Conceive how we should rejoice could we know to-morrow the exact place in which Lord Palmerston's great enemy the gout attacked him most frequently; whether it was in the hand or the foot, the elbow or the knee? With what devotion should we trace the fluctuations of that happy temper which might be disturbed, but could never be irritated. If there ever was a public man whose manners made you long to number him among your private friends it was Lord Palmerston. Then we might learn that the coldness of Lord Russell, which repels so many of his would-be admirers, was but a superficial cloak that he wore before the world. We might learn how he relaxed in the bosom of his family, and, abandoning himself to frivolous amusements, played draughts, and perhaps even dominoes, with his youthful son and heir. Let us trust that we should not have our souls harrowed by the relation of some terrible catastrophe which had cast a temporary shadow over the childish merriment of that exemplary young nobleman, such for instance as his having been bitten by gnats when wandering with his nurse beside the murmuring stream. We thirst for details of the inner life of that great Asian Enigma, the author of the Reform Bill of 1867. What jokes may he not have made over his second cup of tea at the expense of the raw youths whom he was educating as reformers? What valuable psychological deductions might be drawn from a knowledge of whether he preferred buttered to dry toast. And last, not least, conceive the blessing which would be conferred on society could we, reading by the light of the simple home life, trace the wonderful meanderings of that giant brain which failed to rule the Whigs because it was too clever, and the heart which nourished it with blood was too

honest. We might be told how he prepared his speeches; on what diet he performed those wonderful feats of oratory which extorted admiration from his bitterest foes. We might hear with reverent silence, whether the irritation into which the unjust taunts of his assailants sometimes stung him, was ever vented on the servants or the china. We must not continue our speculations. Should our hopes be blessed with fulfilment, the natures of the great men of our age will be laid bare before us, and a series of brilliant "At Homes" will be opened for our enjoyment, compared to which the dull and colourless entertainments of society must fade into deserved obscurity. Once more let us trust that a good example may be well and wisely followed.

## "THE MAYNE DIFFICULTY."

IT is a common thing to say of the Police that they are civil, if not cringing, to those who have a decent coat to their backs, and who look as if they had a spare half-crown in their pockets, while they are uniformly harsh, if not brutal, to those who are dressed in rags and manifestly guiltless of being capitalists. But the rich and respectable are by no means so safe from the tyranny of these helmeted guardians of the peace as is generally believed. A case occurred very recently in which a respectable young man, returning home at a trot on a cold night, was set on by two policemen and shamefully maltreated. He was charged with drunkenness, blasphemous language, and violence; but the magistrate very properly dismissed the case after hearing the evidence of the two policemen, and of the defendant and his friend. Sir Richard Mayne's pets never exhibit much ingenuity in these cases; they arrest a man without any cause, and when they have discovered their mistake, they knock him about, try to provoke him to violence of arm or of tongue, and if they don't succeed, take their will for the deed and charge him with such. Now this seems to us to be very gross perjury added to stupidity and brutality. But we scarcely ever hear in these cases that the policemen are punished. No doubt, terrible penalties are inflicted by the Powers of Scotland Yard, but the public does not have the satisfaction of knowing it. The expiation for the offence is done in secret. It seems to us that this is a very serious error. Many of the Police are respectable, patient, kind-hearted, if not very intelligent men. Every case like the one alluded to (and they are not uncommon) must weaken their authority and tend to bring the whole body into contempt and hatred with all lovers of truth and justice. But if the offenders in these cases were promptly prosecuted by some public officer, the bad effect of their offences would be very much diminished. An action if brought by an individual under such circumstances entails great trouble and expense, and the trial commonly takes place so long after the offence, that the effect of the punishment, if the policemen should be condemned, is much weakened. Every week the power of the Police in England is increasing; it is a power capable of terrible abuse; and however free the institutions of this country professedly be, unless there is some speedy and effective machinery for punishing policemen who thus shamefully abuse their position—a machinery of which the poor can avail themselves as easily as the rich, we may, in attempting to preserve our public safety, jeopardise our private liberty, and become only in a less degree, than the French, the slaves of those who should be our protectors.

## UNDER THE MOON.

## PROLOGUE.

1.

The hackneyed Invocation to the Muses  
Which usually prefaces the modest verse,  
The author here, on principle, refuses ;  
For all the Nine are out of tune, or worse :  
And Phœbus, if the mildest term one uses,  
Hasn't a daughter living worth a curse.

2.

Melpomene for instance condescends  
To sing the ballads published by her Editor ;  
And all her talent to the first trash lends  
Which makes her (twopence royalty) it's creditor ;  
While classic harmonies she throws aside  
For variations on the opicicleide !

3.

Or if her Tragic functions she assumes,  
(Euripides and Æschylus despised)  
She lays out all her mind on the costumes,  
Or some sensation recently devised  
To rouse a horror in the sternest heart,  
Or strike one dumb by the machinist's art.

4.

Where is Terpsichore's enchanting grace  
Which some one calls "the Poetry of Motion ?"  
All gone, to cultivate a "break down" pace  
Without of elegance or art a notion—  
Immodesty now shows her lack of brains ;  
And really little else to show remains.

5.

No ! leave the Muses to the early Poets ;  
Who treated them to storms of votive "Hail !"  
Though they prefer the silver-throated Moët's—  
Which stands seductive in the icy pail—  
We know the tenth Muse never did exist  
Who could the foaming charms of Ay resist.

6.

They needn't fear that I shall call them down—  
I'm sceptical and don't believe in Helicon ;  
More than in Unicorns or Troy's old town,  
Or the old fable of the bleeding Pelican—  
Not that I wish to hurt their mythic feelings,  
Only the firm's too old for our dealings.

7.

This must be taken gentle Aphrodité,  
As something in the nature of Libation :  
(For never was there Goddess e'er so mighty  
But revelled in a rival's castigation)  
So having sacrificed, we, if you please,  
Will plunge, without delay, *in medias res*.

8.

"Beneath the Moon ! How small we men must look  
"To any eye, with magnifying powers,  
"Gazing from that bright planet on the nook  
"Of which we boast as *This Great Land of Ours !*  
"Men ! small ? The Mites upon the biggest cheese  
"Are giants in comparison with these !"

9.

Such was the theme on which my mind was bent ;  
And certainly the view was calculated  
To humble pride ; for on the Monument  
I stood reflecting ; slightly elevated ;  
But only with the air, the place, the sight,  
Below, the earth ; above, the star-lit night.

10.

My lips had scarcely had the time to form  
The thought of what *sub lund* might be doing ;  
When suddenly a rushing sound like storm  
Of Aquilo or Auster mischief-brewing,  
Made me look up : out from behind the moon  
A meteor blazed a momentary noon ;

11.

Then fell :—and I could feel the column shake  
As though some bolt had struck the shaft's foundation.  
Or fear or numbness seemed at once to take  
From eyes and limbs their powers of sensation :  
But when I did recover, I was startled more :  
By me a stranger stood ; not there before.

(To be continued.)

## A WORD TO THE POLICE.

THOMAS ALLEN, a brother of William O'Meara Allen, who was executed at Manchester for the murder of the policeman Brett, was arrested at Cork a few days ago on suspicion of having been concerned in the attack on the Martello Tower, at Foaty Island, and also in the robbery of revolvers from Mr. Alport's shop. As there was not the slightest evidence against him on either charge, and no one identified him as having been in the neighbourhood of either occurrence, he was released. It would be satisfactory to know why he was arrested, for from the few published facts it looks rather as if Thomas Allen had been hunted down for the sole reason that he happens to be a brother of the wretched man who expiated his crime at Manchester a couple of months ago.

The police cannot be too cautious, vigilant, and energetic, at the present crisis, but caution, vigilance, and energy do not mean wholesale arrest. It is not at all clear why George Francis Train was seized upon on his arrival at Queenstown. He may be a lunatic ; at the most, not a very dangerous one, and this is all that appears against him. It would have a salutary effect on over zealous superintendents of police, if some one were to take proceedings against the Government for false imprisonment, and get substantial damages.

There are numberless cases which never find their way into the newspapers, in which quietly-disposed persons have been dragged off to the station-house and subjected to the roughest treatment by mistake. It has even happened that detectives have arrested each other, and the movements of people in high official positions have over and over again been dogged by over zealous constables.

At the present time, when everyone has been rendered suspicious and uneasy by the startling occurrences which have burst over us like thunder clouds, it behoves us all cheerfully to accept the position, and make the best of all reasonable inconvenience to which we may be subjected. But the clumsy activity of the police is now running beyond the limits of common sense, and it is time to protest against it.

## SOMETHING THAT DESERVES PUFFING.

TOMAHAWK, in his rambles, found his way, the other night, into St. George's Opera House ; not for the first time, however, for the opening performance took place in his presence. He felt, on the occasion of his first visit, that matters had been pressed forward with too much precipitation, and that a week of additional rehearsal would manifestly have been desirable.

A few nights since, however, he paid a second visit, and was gratified to notice that a palpable improvement had taken place ; the execution of the music is now bright and tripping. Mr. Sullivan's opera, *La Contrabandista*, is tuneful, sparkling, and well constructed ; it is not Offenbach and water, but genuine musical comedy, and, in speaking thus of the young composer, TOMAHAWK trusts that the good word of one who, alas ! can give praise but rarely, will stimulate and encourage him whilst he is journeying on the thorny road which leads to true art.

A NEW NAME FOR GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S RIFLE REGIMENT (*suggested by the late extraordinary movements of that corps*).—The Have-a-dead-lock Volunteers.

C'EST UN COÛTE.—The Emperor has been pleased to allow the Duc de Persigny, in compliment to the power exhibited in his letter on the Liberty of the Press, to add to his other titles that of "*Le Comte de Persiflage*."

## WAITS AND MEASURES IN ABYSSINIA.

## MULE MEASURE.

50 mules make 1 muleteer to look after them.  
 2 muleteers to look after them make 1 good thing of it.  
 100 good things of it make 1 penny on to the income-tax.  
 1 penny on to the income-tax makes 10,000,000 Englishmen swear.

## BRITISH WAITS.

2 visits to the Horse Guards make 1 six months' delay.  
 2 six months' delays make 1 bit of Bombay management.  
 12 bits of Bombay management make 1 Annesley Bay.  
 100 Annesley Bays make 1 Abyssinian Expedition.  
 The bare idea of two Abyssinian Expeditions makes one Mad.

## SHO-HO, OR NATIVE MONEY TABLE.

2 bushels of corn make 1 penny clay pipe.  
 2 penny clay pipes make 1 British Sovereign.  
 3 British Sovereigns make 1 postage stamp.  
 3 postage stamps make 1 Gorrawoo province.  
 12 Gorrawoo provinces make 1 epaulet.  
 2 epaulets make 1 Emperor of Abyssinia.  
 5 Emperors of Abyssinia make 1 bottle of rum.

## THE ALABAMA CLAIMS;

or,

## WHICH IS IT TO BE?

LORD HOBART.—Wall you old cuss! Tarnation and slick-shaving, but I guess you're in for a greasing. Look you here, Sir: Jonathan air a mighty big chap, that would just as soon swaller down the British Lion, Constitution, tail, and other fixings, as look at him. That beast 'ave riled me; oh yas! and if that beast don't stump up, pumpkins if I don't gollop him down like so much 'iled molasses!

HISTORICUS.—I know all about it, for I am *Historicus*. The man that differs with me is a fool. I like being international on paper. One lays down the law for the world, and it's so safe, for one has nothing to do with the consequences. It's a great thing to be *Historicus*, and express opinions roundly.

THE 'TIMES'.—This is not a question of right or justice, but one simply of a popular catch-penny character. What on earth does the country want? Personally, I am terribly afraid of an American war; but being at best only a poor commercial speculation, obliged to live by my wits, I must find out which way the wind is setting, and then set my bellows to help.

## KING BEALES THE MARTYR.

AT a special meeting of the council of the Reform League held a few days ago, at which Mr. Beales, M.A., was in the chair, a resolution was passed to the effect that the President be requested to limit the deliberations of the society to the proper programme. Mr. Beales in reply, admitted that he has been a little lax in conducting the discussions of the League—and added that if the meetings had been composed of gentlemen, like himself he parenthetically observed, he should not have allowed many things that had occurred, but he pleaded as his excuse that as the meetings were composed entirely of working men, he thought it wiser not to interfere with the freedom of their discussion.

When Mr. Beales finds a distinction between the working man and "a gentleman" like himself, and proclaims himself afraid to control the creatures of his own creation, we wonder that he does not think it time to retire from (or rather back out of is the more appropriate term), a position for which he publicly admits himself unequal.

Perhaps Mr. Beales wishes he could. There have been kings in the history of Christendom, who were willing to give anything short of their heads, to be allowed to abdicate if their subjects would only let them, and after all have had to advance on their reserve price for their liberty. The Majestic M.A. cannot be said to stand in danger of losing what he never possessed, but if his subjects would only decide on trimming his ears, which must be of immoderate growth, it would be a permanent service to the community in general.

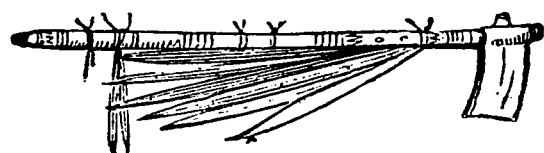
## FROM GAY TO GRAVE!

WE beg to refer all those "whom it may concern" to the official account of the improvements that have been effected in Paris in the course of the past year. The list is imposing and lengthy enough, and shows on paper an amount of work, architectural and otherwise, that on this side of the Channel would do credit to half a century. We do not know who are the London CEdiles. We have, in common with the rest of the bewildered devotees of metropolitan improvement, a vague idea that the Board of Works, Mr. Cole, some underground railway company, and possibly Mr. Tite, M.P., represent the architectural future of London. How they act together, or, perhaps, whether they act at all, are questions we never have solved to our satisfaction. However, there must be, we suppose, somebody who is responsible for the expanding beauty of the metropolis, and it is to this ill-fated gentleman we are about to appeal. Will he have the goodness to give the widest publicity to the following list of "improvements" effected in London during the course of the year 1867? The oppressed Parisians have been enlightened; and it is only an act of common justice to independent Londoners to supply them with as much information as is accorded to their less free and enlightened neighbours:—

- Jan. 1.—Arrival of a fresh hod of bricks at the Albert Memorial.  
 Jan. 3.—Re-propping up of the Statue in Leicester square.  
 Jan. 7.—Re-arranging a few paving stones in Long Acre.  
 March 9.—Scrubbing the faces of London statues generally. Removing stones from the hat of George III. saucepan from his stirrup, and erasing ribald epigrams in chalk from the basement of George IV.  
 April 1.—Putting another prop to the Statue in Leicester square, filing down leg of same, replanking broken railings, and official removal of dead cats.  
 April 9.—Removal of paper hat and false nose from the Statue in Leicester square, and addition of several new props to horse's tail.  
 June 5.—Laying foundation-stone of new gas works in Eaton place; destruction of a small portion of the refreshment-room of the South Kensington Museum.  
 June 27.—Passing of New West-end Metropolitan Railway Bill, and sanction for proposed line up Piccadilly, through St. George's Hospital, twice round Belgrave square, across Hyde Park, over the Marble Arch, and grand central terminus on the first-floor of the Langham Hotel.  
 Aug. 1.—Addition of another inch to Thames Embankment.  
 Sept. 9.—Re-oiling of weather-cock on St. Clement's Danes.  
 Sept. 15.—Pulling down (by mistake) of 372 houses occupied by the poor, before they are wanted.  
 Oct. 24.—Continuation of war on the subject of the New Law Courts.  
 Oct. 29.—Rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament, St. Paul's, the Thames Tunnel, and St. Martin's Baths, by Messrs. Barry and Pugin.  
 Nov. 1.—Planting of a lamp-post in Upper Camberwell.  
 Nov. 2.—Removal of a paving flag from Long Acre.  
 Nov. 3.—Fixing another prop to the wig of the Statue in Leicester square.  
 Nov. 5.—General letting loose of "London Statues" in paper hats and arm chairs. Jubilee of National Art until nightfall.  
 Nov. 29.—Arrival of scaffolding poles at South Kensington.  
 Dec. 1.—Preparations for a great national undertaking.  
 Dec. 3.—Last rope fastened previous to commencement of work.  
 Dec. 5.—Arrival of engineers with apparatus.  
 Dec. 7.—Arrival of blasting powder and 400-pounders.  
 Dec. 29.—General arrival of civil, uncivil, and military authorities.  
 Dec. 30.—Arrival of Mr. Cole and Staff on horseback. Official pronouncement of doom.  
 Dec. 31.—DESTRUCTION OF THE BROMPTON BOILERS, and immediate collapse of 1867!



Now ready,  
HANDSOMELY BOUND, WITH GILT EDGES,  
VOLUME ONE (DOUBLE VOLUME),  
OF  
*THE TOMAHAWK*,  
PRICE NINE SHILLINGS.



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LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1868.

THE obstinacy of the mule is proverbial ; but an instance of his besetting sin is reported by the Special Correspondent of that Nestor of the Press, the *Standard*, which exceeds belief. We learn from this authority that the mule is "a delicate animal ;" that "if well fed he will do wonders," but "without food he falls away rapidly." In other words, he gets thin if starved. We hardly know which to wonder at most, the dogged obstinacy of the mule, or the surprising intelligence of his half-brother, who has pointed out this serious defect in his character.

WE have often heard of the large appetite for news possessed by Special Correspondents ; but we never knew before how terrible their voracity was in other respects, till we read that Colonel Merewether actually refused to take two Special Correspondents with him on an expedition into the interior (in which he was accompanied by "a troop of cavalry, a large stock of mules, &c."), because such an addition "would probably break down the whole party. Starvation might ensue, and he could not guarantee that we should be fed." One of the correspondents in question confesses to eating nine pounds of meat a day at Senafe, so perhaps the gallant Colonel's precaution was more reasonable than at first sight it appears.

#### OUT OF THE GUTTER.

OUR readers may remember a certain Mr. Gutteridge, of Birmingham, who made a very serious accusation against a certain Roman Catholic Nunnery. We need not reproduce the ingenious details of this fiction, suffice it to say that the chastity of three of the nuns and of their father-confessor was involved in the charge. Mr. Gutteridge was challenged to produce his proof. He declined, from modesty ; but at last he submitted, with reluctance, to the arbitrament of a tribunal, composed of Mr. Kynnersley (Stipendiary Magistrate), and three other Justices of the borough. From their report it appears that the whole statement is without the slightest foundation ; that Mr. Gutteridge's sole authority was a young girl of nineteen years of age, employed in his house as a seamstress. This immaculate denouncer of Papistical iniquity said, "that he never crossed the threshold to make an inquiry." We should think not ! Could such an upright, honest member of the Reformed Church be guilty of "crossing" anything ? No ! such a practice savoured too much of Popery. Some have been content to be martyrs for the Truth's sake ; but Gutteridge (we would call him Saint, but it would be offensive to his pure Protestant conscience) goes beyond these—he is content to be martyr for a Lie's sake. He will, we fear, be subject to persecution ; to cruel aspersions on his veracity ; nay, even to the unjust accusation of a lack of charity from profligate Popish priests,

and from scoffing unbelievers. But let him not be cast down. His friend, Murphy, will comfort him. Yes ! he has a higher consolation still—the proud sense that through evil, if not through good, report, he has done his duty (as he understands it) ; he has done his best to revile a large section of his fellow-Christians who differ from him ; and it is his misfortune, not his fault, if he has not succeeded in blasting the character of three innocent girls and one holy man ; in staining the fair fame of an institution whose usefulness is as far beyond the grasp of his comprehension as its purity is beyond the reach of his heart.

#### THE LAST VENTURE.

There were three men in British city,  
There were three men in British city,  
They took a boat and put to sea,  
They took a boat and put to sea.

There was Gathorne Hardy, Secretary  
Of Home Affairs, so cool and wary,  
And the second it was reconstructing J. P.  
And the third it was my Lord Stanley.

Now they'd scarcely talked all round the equator,  
While the food grew less and the hour grew later,  
When somebody thought how fine a story  
If Bristol would vote for a good Tory.

Says the Reconstructor to the Secretary,  
"Of votes like that they're somewhat chary,  
"But it's clear that if the thing's to be  
"It can only be brought about by me.

"I'll tell them of Army reconstruction,  
"You talk of the Fenian plot's destruction ;  
"And that will last two hours and three,  
"Well through the coffee and the eau de vie.

"There's my Lord Stanley, he's young and tender,  
"And he's used by the F. O. men as a fender ;  
"The best thing to be done I see  
"Is to let him talk of Annesley B.

So he talked of Army reconstruction,  
And Hardy of Fenian plot's destruction,  
All with becoming modesty,  
Till sleep had set their audience free.

"My Lord Stanley we're going to kill and eat you,  
"And that is why we've come to meet you ;  
"So tell us what's your policy,  
"And give us to public things the key."

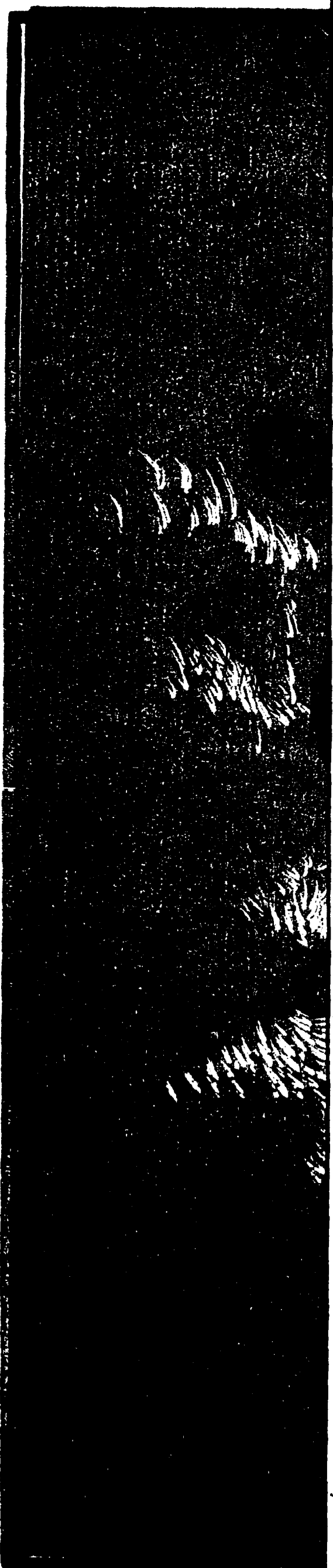
Says Lord Stanley "I'll be eaten,  
"Sooner than Tories should be beaten ;  
"So I will say my catechee,  
"Which my papa has taught to me.

"I believe in the Abyssinian Expedition.  
"I devote the Fenians to perdition.  
"And think Reform a necessity,  
"And the Compound Householder a mystery."

But he'd scarcely got to the declaration  
That Ireland shall not be a separate nation,  
When all the supporters of Berkeley  
Cried out this is the man for me.

So they sent young Bowring to other places,  
And told their mayor to go to blazes ;  
And declared that they for ages were free  
From all the Liberal party.

But as for Lord Stanley, they made him,  
But as for Lord Stanley, they made him  
The member for Bristol city,  
The member for Bristol city!



# *THE FENIAN FAUST !*

IRELAND.—He loves me, he loves me not,  
He loves me, *he loves me not !*



THE TOMAHAWK, FEBRUARY 1, 1868.



*THE FENIAN FAUST!*

IRELAND.—He loves me, he loves me not,  
He loves me, *he loves me not!*





"THE MOST SHAMEFUL SIGHT IN THE WORLD."

WATER IN THE DESERT!

THIS is an age of charity, and we are all of us *very* charitable! We give of our abundance to the poor and the suffering, we help the sick, and succour those who call upon us for aid. We ask nothing in return for these good services save the insertion of our names in newspaper advertisements, and the publication of our Christian deeds in the printed reports of benevolent societies. For you see we know perfectly well that it is *very* wrong to hide our candles under bushels, and *very* wicked to keep secret in our own bosoms facts calculated to create on their divulgence universal satisfaction. Example is everything in these degenerate days; and leaving example out of the question, it is very pleasant to read one's name in print!

And here my pen drops from my fingers, and I feel myself unequal to the task. I frankly admit it. I *cannot* laugh and I *cannot* sneer, for I have before me a little book which has turned my merriment into melancholy, and my sneers into downright honest tears! Thank the gods my pen is anonymous, and so I can indulge in the sweet pain of sorrow without provoking ribald laughter. It is ridiculous that a man should weep, but it is something more than ridiculous that a man should have cause for his wailings!

I purpose this week leaving for a moment the glaring, noisy, joyless, wicked place which I have styled (not without truth I trust) "the most shameful sight in the world," with its supper rooms, casinos, and taverns, to follow the wavering steps of one of its *habitués*. Not to the river this time, but to a haven of rest and peace, to a land populated with prodigal daughters, to a fold filled with sheep that have been lost, but being lost have still been found. Oh! it is pleasant, very pleasant to know that there exist in this great town of ours good men and great men, who willingly have measured swords with Satan, and daringly have striven to save the brands from the burning. Thank Heaven we poor people did not lose *all* our virtues when Eve tasted of the fatal apple; true, at that moment the world was introduced to thorns, briars, and weeds, but we were saved a few of our good points, and assuredly love towards our fellow-creatures was one of the many blessings then bestowed upon us. A man must be *very* bad who will ill-treat a dog; a woman must be *very* ripe for a wicked world than even the one we inhabit who has no compassion for the unfortunate. And of all the noble charities which have sprung out of this heaven-born sympathy for the poor and the suffering, I contend that by far the grandest and most deserving of our prayers for its success is the Rescue Society, of 85 Queen street, Cheapside.

After lifting up my humble pen, a few weeks since, in the cause of purity, I was greatly encouraged in my Herculean and almost hopeless task of "writing down" an abuse which for years has defied with impunity the efforts of our most energetic philanthropists, by receiving a kindly letter from a very influential member of the Managing Committee of the Institution to which I have just referred. The writer of this letter begged me to persevere in my work, and enclosed for my perusal "The Fourteenth Annual Report of the Rescue Society." I don't want to lay myself open to a charge of sentimentalism, and yet I cannot but declare that this little volume affected me more than any book I have ever read. The works of Dickens and Thackeray now and again bring the tears to the eyes of their readers, but I say that every page of this report was full of sorrowful reflections. It opened my eyes to such a frightful vision of human depravity that I became more certain than ever that I had done right in calling the last subject of my "Peep-Show" the "Most Shameful Sight in the World." Perhaps I can scarcely do better than print a letter I have received from the gentleman to whom I've already made allusion. As it is written by a good man in a good cause, it cannot be read by too many:—

Rescue Society,  
85 Queen street, Cheapside,  
20th January, 1860.

It is encouraging to us, who are working in a blessed work, the recovery of the lost, and yet all the while going on with a hopeless feeling that we are not checking the flow of public profligacy, much less "damming-up" any of its many sources—to learn that others can strike, and are willing to do so at the other end of the subject.

Though you will never be able effectually to "write down" this monstrous evil, yet you may scathe to the death many of its accessories, and blight with satire and denunciation those cruel social theories and

maxims which go far, in the first place, to produce the evil, and then operate to prevent its diminution. As to the number of "Unfortunates" in London I am unable to give you any reliable statistics, but it is thought among those most conversant with the subject that they may number from 40,000 to 60,000! Paris, it is known, has about 20,000 registered loose women, and its police estimate that at least 30,000 more evade their restrictions!

I am afraid our estimates are below the actual number—because apart from the greater size of London I find *vast numbers* of young women are *occasional* prostitutes only—working at the numberless light trades which afford employment for young females, and "turning out" when the work is slack or their profits from labour small. I am constantly about the streets, visiting the hospitals, &c., speaking to these unfortunates, and seeking to redeem them, and I find that I speak to *quite an equal number* of those who state that they usually work at some trade or other, as those who more avowedly state themselves to be "gay." I have frequently visited the Haymarket at intervals of three or four months, and found the majority of the women there each time to be different to those I have seen before. Beyond doubt you may *safely* conclude that 50,000 will be *far below* the mark! All the institutions in London receive about 1,000 yearly.

The vast majority of fallen women are from the humblest social station, *female domestics* affording the greatest supply. There is something terribly suggestive in this fact of the hollow "artificialism" of the modern social and female life, and of the chasm in the sympathy which should connect class and class. I hardly know how to indicate to you those causes, above others, which eventuate in the open vice of the streets. They are so rife, so multifarious, so involved, that you may venture almost to take any part of our social organism, and when you examine it, find it a feeder to the social evil. Mongrel laws, bad education (or rather the entire absence of it), bad "housing," the low moral state of the poor, the growing luxury and effeminacy of the rich, the extravagance and ostentation of our times, the affectation for "gentility," and the growing contempt for humble position and employment in the lower middle class, the spreading vanity and mania for dress among our women, the unjust social distinctions drawn between impure conduct in the one sex and the other, the insufficient legislative protection given to young females, the iniquitous bastardy laws, the intemperate habits of the people, the enforced celibacy of large classes of men in all ranks—some by law, others by the social habits and ideas which place the thought of marriage at a discount,—all these and *hundreds of other* causes conduce (and might be *demonstrated* and *illustrated* as doing so) in augmenting the social evil. They all need "Tomahawking," and I shall watch your efforts in scalping them.

Yours sincerely,

\* \* \*

I thought it would not be out of place, before I attacked the abuses abounding in the spot with which I am dealing in detail, to say here a few words about this most admirable of charities, the Rescue Society. I will leave for future discussion the contents of the sad little volume lying before me, and merely follow the faltering steps of the figure I see in my mind's eye.

It is broad daylight, and the gas lamps are being cleaned, and last night's revelry has given way to sober, respectable business. Shop-keepers of high standing have exposed their wares for sale, and are waiting upon their carriage-possessing customers. And here let me pause and ask why do these shop-keepers of high standing permit the nightly conversion of the street in which their houses are situated into a very hell? It lies in their power to do much, *very* much, towards "putting down" the scenes of which I complain; and it is their duty, as honest men and good citizens, to give their utmost aid to the Christian work. And yet, what is the fact? They are disgracefully disregardless of the scandal, and refuse to interfere. It would be well if some of their customers would take the matter up—a little falling off in the amount of their daily transactions would soon convert them into social reformers. To return. It is broad daylight, and I see a figure which seems to belong to quite a different class to those who throng the street. This figure standing on this spot would not have been out of place last night—but here this morning, in the broad daylight, in the glare of the rising sun, it seems inexpressibly strange and contemptible. Let me follow it.

It threads its way through the busy streets, past Charing Cross and its squirting fountains, past the Strand with its lazy clerks lounging to Somerset House, past Temple Bar with its placards headed "Murder," past Fleet street with its batch of newspaper offices, past St. Paul's Churchyard with its horrible den y'clept the Post office Savings' Bank, past Cheapside with its crowd of city men, until Queen street is reached. With a step more faltering than ever, the figure passes through a door, and—is saved! Saved from death and worse than death, saved from misery and utter contempt! Turned from a pest and a



plague into an honest useful creature ! And all this is done without cant or impertinent preaching, without submission to degrading rules or "goody" regulations. All this is done, and has been done thousands of times by that blessed work of a Christian country the Rescue Society !

It is wrong to be envious, and yet I cannot help looking greedily towards the pen of Tennyson when I write of this good work. I feel how miserably poor—how wretchedly unsatisfactory the results of my efforts have been in attempting to depict this loving charity in its proper colours. Enough, nothing I can say will ever sufficiently express my feelings on the subject. It seems to me almost profanation for a mortal man to write of so holy an undertaking. While the Rescue Society has its being I cannot be quite a cynic !

### SALADE DE LA SAISON.

CHRISTMAS has passed, and with it have vanished its delicacies. The merry time of gorged plenty—of starving—but no ; let us stop. Why look back when there is always good food to tickle the moral palate ? Come my friends, we are all happy and hungry, let us try this salad.

"Lady Blankshire gave her first ball yesterday evening. The *tout ensemble* was of the most brilliant character, and *on dit* that the exotics with which her ladyship's salons were *parfaitement remplis* cost *une petite fortune*."—*Snobs' Circular*.

"A woman, who up to the time of our going to press, had not been identified, was this morning found dead on a door-step in Lambeth. From the emaciated condition of the deceased, it is probable that she had not tasted food for several days."—*Local Paper*.

"The Peri's Soap.—The only one suitable for the toilette of ladies of rank. 15 shillings the cake. Also the *Haut ton* shaving cream (registered). Can be used alike by Prince or Peer. In pots at 19s. 6d., £1 17s. 6d., or £7 7s."—*Advertisement*.

"The prisoner in defence stated that he had not tasted meat for five months, and latterly, owing to the state of the weather, he had been thrown out of work. He was starving."—*Police Report*.

"The bride was magnificently dressed, and it is said that her *trousseau* cost upwards of £1,200."—*Court and Fashion*.

"The child was very scantily clothed ; in short, its only covering consisted of a few rags. In his, witness's opinion, death had resulted from exposure to the cold."—*Evidence at a Coroner's Inquest*.

"The Reverend Chairman said the conversions among the *Gewhackers* had been comforting and numerous. He was glad to state that the Mission house was all that could be desired. In the words of his reverend friend, their missionary, whose letter he held, 'it was quite a snug little English parsonage.' He would ask for larger donations. It was indeed a glorious work. (*Cheers*)."—*Report in the Swallowford Mercury*.

"The boy, who stated his age to be sixteen, said he had been born in London. He had lived there the greater part of the time. He had never heard of Christ."—*Religious condition of the Poor*.

"It is computed that the new Opera House will cost £250,000. The money, however, will shortly be raised."—*Daily Paper*.

"The hospital was already crowded to excess. But what could be done when funds were not forthcoming."—*Half-yearly Report to the Directors*.

"*On dit* that a certain Marquis of elegant proclivities reposes in satin sheets."—*Snob Talk*.

"Fifty thousand people rise every morning in London not knowing where they shall get a night's rest."—*Statistics of Suffering*.

And so on, my dear friends, did I not fear your digestion might be scarcely strong enough. Do you ask the recipe ? You shall have it. Take the history of twenty-four hours in Christian England. Is that all—? *Voilà tout !*

A TRIBUNAL THAT NEVER YET BRIDGED OVER A DIFFICULTY.—The Court of Arches.

NEW BOOK—TRUE TO THE CORPS.—New edition, illustrated by George Cruikshank, *with Cuts !*

### LOGOGRIPE.

I am a name of high renown,  
I wander through the wildest lands ;  
Wherever there's a spot unknown—  
Wherever science light demands—  
You'll find me there—  
In fact, I only come  
From jungle, desert sands, and fierce  
Inhospitable shores—I pierce  
The black impenetrable groves  
Or mountains the hyena loves ;  
In short, for street geography I cater,  
Where Africa's sun strikes hot on the equator.

Three feet unequal bear me on,  
Through desert hill, and dale ;  
Tho' late there came a tale  
That of the three there was but one  
Left to me—in short, all men have heard,  
I was not my first two, but my third.  
Such tales as these are often said  
From travellers to come,  
For wanderers are not afraid  
To lie away from home.  
But take you little letters two,  
From each of my two ends ;  
And you will see what, if you do  
But give it to such friends ;  
To hang themselves they straight will go,  
And thus will make amends.

Now look again  
My letters through,  
You'll see 'tis plain  
There's something new,  
Something to sing for instance, and may be  
Something in which it's sung—no, not the key—  
For that you have in your intelligence  
To find, or if you've none in common-sense ;  
But never seek by death the word to learn  
From others, nor the key at holes to earn.  
By doing that,  
Which yet you'll find within my breast,  
Latent, concealed, nor e'er confessed,  
But still most pat.

Nay, trust for all you have and gain,  
To that which also I contain ;  
And which what e'er we do or say,  
Is to all ends the shortest way.  
Then set you forth, and never fear the wrath  
Of any animal that's in your path,  
Towards or through me ; and if you should still  
Lack courage the redoubted beast to kill,  
Take what young David held,  
When he Goliath quelled.—  
But take it with a straw to ease the chill.  
Yet when you've done the task unto the end,  
Triumph not o'er your less successful friend ;  
But cheer and comfort him, and modest be,  
Like the sweet flower you will in me.  
Now seek me out by any means you may,  
Or if you'd know the proper means I'd say—  
By expedition I've been nearly found,  
On haste, therefore, your best hopes you should ground,  
And in this case  
You well may place  
Your trust much less in staying than in pace,  
For it may be that when you're close behind me,  
You'll turn and see  
That there must be,  
More expedition still before you find me.

ANSWER TO THE LAST ENIGMA.—First Love. (No one guessed it.)

A CRITICISM *à la* COCKNEY.—*Dearer than Life* is bad, but *La Vivandière* is verse ! By-the-bye, the music in the Cast from the *bow* of Mr. Wallenstein is frightfully *Hackney'd !* (Savage, but pleasing !)