

# THE TOMAHAWK:

## A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 78.]

LONDON, OCTOBER 31, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

### UN SOUND MINDS.

"When all the blandishments of life are gone,  
The coward slinks to death, the brave live on."

WHAT is an unsound mind? Can coroners' juries tell us? What is a sound mind? Can doctors tell us? What is the provocation which is held to make self-murder justifiable, at least so far justifiable that man shrinks from insulting the body which self-inflicted death has rescued from all other earthly punishment. A man is in debt; his creditors are pressing; they are always so when all the juice has been pressed out of the fruit, and nothing but the rind is left; the debtor cannot see his way to satisfying just or unjust claims; the law gives him ten days to pay his debts, but he cheats the law by paying one debt, the one that he owed since his birth, first; and his creditors may lay their writs on his coffin as a pall. He "cut his throat when in an unsound state of mind," say the jury; and he adds one more to his never-to-be-paid debts by being buried at the expense of the parish. But another man, who has many debts, and sees not, nor ever did see, or wished to see, any chance of paying them, applies the razor to his chin instead of his throat, and smug, closely shaved, and respectable, goes—bankrupt; he is of sound mind. He passes the court, which is not difficult to pass, instead of appealing to the highest Court, which is difficult to pass, as that foolish fellow did, and so proves that he is of sound mind.

Take another case. A young girl, unmindful of the advice of the Psalmist, "putteth her trust in man," and finds the man as unworthy of the trust as of the love she has lavished on him. She cannot get the trust back, nor the love; she had arranged a certain future, but she had mistaken the past and the present on which she had based her calculations, so she gives up life as a mistake which she had fallen into, not all of her own fault, but which she had all the power to fall out of when she chose, so she murmurs many prayers for him and one for herself, and then buries the troubles she dare not endure in the nearest river—she drowned herself "when in an unsound state of mind,"—so the coroner's jury says. But her wiser sister patiently abides the issue of her troubles, and taking the child in her arms, appears before another and a very different jury. She recites the history of her wrongs, and of the little mistake as to the trustee she had chosen; she adorns with tearful touches the rude incidents of her story; she gives an inventory of the sighs and the sobs which the little mistake had cost her; she tots up, in fact, the sad expenses to which her feelings had been put; and the jury audit the account, and compare the valuation which the counsel of the poor victim put on his client's sufferings, and that which their own generous hearts put on it; they strike the balance, and make the girl, who of course is of sound mind, a handsome present in the shape of damages.

Ah! what a wonderful thing, what a fortunate thing it is, to have a sound mind! That foolish girl, of unsound mind, could not restore her damaged virtue with the water of the river; but the other one, of sound mind, has got a nice little sum towards the needful repairs, and no doubt, in a year or two, the article will be as good as ever!

It is not an easy problem to solve, this one we have set ourselves. It is the *pons asinorum* that many philosophers stick

at. It is a pity that some people were given minds at all, if they prove to be unsound as soon as they are required for use. We once heard of a man who went mad from thinking that he could not think: he had better have left it alone, and sat down and whistled till fortune, or death, came—it would not have mattered which. If he had the first, he would not have wanted brains; the latter would not have cared if he had brains or not.

These people of unsound mind should be kept out of trouble's way; and as for thinking, why that is so dangerous to them that the Law ought to protect them from it. Is it sad, or is it not sad, to see poor creatures jump out of Life as these two girls did the other day, taking off their hats and coats as the only preparation for Eternity? It is very hard to say, had they lived what would have come to them? Probably evil, or they would have gone to it. Death put it out of their power to degrade themselves further in this world: they had their womanhood still,—it was all the treasure they had, and they buried it in the water rather than lose it. The case was plain enough to them: others had been deceived, they had been deceived; others had never had justice done them, they would never have justice done them; others had given it up, and drifted down into infamy; they would have to give it up, and drift down into infamy. Not very close or subtle reasoning, and yet close enough for persons of unsound mind. It is a cowardly escape, surely; and yet to be brave is so difficult. To face ruin, misery, starvation is brave; but how are these to face it? Were they ever taught how? Does this bravery come of instinct? No: they want sound minds.

"Of unsound mind." The words ring in our ears. Will that be the verdict when we who make laws for these poor creatures stand face to face with them and the Great Judge? May it be so, and not, "Of unsound heart!"

### AT HIM, BOYS!

THAT very irritating though senile Jack in office, the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police (about whom something more will be found in another of these pages), has at last succeeded in arousing the British Lion. The continued oppression of the canine race has led to the foundation of a "Dog Protection Society," which, the prospectus states, has been formed with the following objects:—

- 1st. To legally obtain the abrogation of Sir Richard Mayne's last order, now in force.
- 2nd. To legally obtain an alteration in the Act of Parliament which enables any one man, "if he think fit," to cause such an order to be made.

We cordially concur in the scheme of the Dog Protection Society, so far as it goes, but it is a pity it does not go a little farther. Will not the Council or Board, or whatever the governing body of the Society may be styled, add one more clause to its prospectus—some such as the following?—

- 3rd. To compel the Treasury to pension, superannuate, or otherwise dismiss Sir Richard Mayne, whose brutal decrees and pig-headed obstinacy, being more than flesh or blood can endure, are becoming dangerous to the peace of the metropolis.

We began by calling Sir Richard Mayne a very irritating person. So he is. Even TOMAHAWK is losing his temper over him

## CROSSING THE MAYNE.

A SCENE IN THE SANCTUM OF SIR RICHARD.

TIME—NIGHT.

TOMAHAWK (*suddenly entering upon Sir Richard, who is snoozing by the fire in an arm-chair*).—Asleep, of course!

SIR R. M.—Eh! What! Who are you? How have you made your entrance?

TOM.—Don't make a noise; you'll disturb the neighbourhood, and that might be disagreeable, as there are no police about.

SIR R. M.—Dictate to me, the Dictator of this—

TOM.—Metropolis, of course you are going to say. I told you I should not leave you; not long ago. If you suppose that I don't make my appearance where and when I like, you don't know as much as I thought you did.

SIR R. M.—This is strange impertinence. I demand to know why this—

TOM.—Offensive intrusion, you are about to say. All right, old gentleman. Don't precipitate your necessary breaking up by getting into a passion. I am here for a little private conversation.

SIR R. M.—If I were only younger, Sir—

TOM.—I sincerely sympathise with you, and wish you were; as it is, you know you are far too elderly. But I did not come here to bandy compliments.

SIR R. M.—Compliments be—

TOM.—No, no; don't forget yourself, Sir Richard; you are only Dictator, you know, as yet. What I want to say I am going to say in as few words as possible, but don't interrupt me, for I won't stand it.

SIR R. M.—I should very much like to—

TOM.—Muzzle me. Yes, we all know that. But you see, Sir Richard, you are not in Austria. But to business. I have observed that the name of "police" is becoming a jest and a jibe in the mouths of the public.

SIR R. M.—A what, Sir?

TOM.—Don't interrupt. You have to carry out certain laws to protect the public against vice and crime. How do you do it?

SIR R. M.—How?

TOM.—Don't argue. There is a law to protect the person against assault and crime in the streets or public highway:—what happens? When a garotter is loose, the policeman is not to be found; when a quarter is infested with birds of prey, your falcons are asleep. There is a law to check the scandal of houses open at all hours as a resort of the infamous of both sexes:—what happens? The police, if they descend on these haunts, be they in Jermyn street or Seven Dials, enter with their eyes closed by palm oil and their lips made smiling with libations to the goddess of the place. There is a law to protect the virtuous gaze from corruption through disgraceful prints and publications:—what happens? No notice is taken of shops now at the back of a newly-built theatre in a street which forms a thoroughfare from Covent garden to Temple Bar. Are you and your police bribed to seize some and let others go, or are you ignorant of these facts? In the first case, you are aiding and abetting those who break the laws of the land; in the second, your inefficiency is a disgrace to the largest and most immoral capital of Europe. What! you can find time to make paltry attacks on the liberty of the subject by worrying his dog, and, what is worse, rendering yourselves liable to fine by positive cruelty to animals, testified to by dozens of reliable witnesses; and day by day, hour by hour, the daily journals fill with complaints against the men you pretend to have formed, your Mayne-myrmidons—complaints which must make your founder, Sir Robert Peel, tremble with indignation in his tomb.

SIR R. M.—By the powers! But I believe you are reading me—

TOM.—A lecture. Exactly; and I do sincerely hope you will listen to the lesson it inculcates. If you don't I shall appear again, and with all the information you may re-

ceive and act upon, you'll not prevent my presence here. Good night. Don't give yourself the trouble to see me to the door. My brougham is waiting below. (*Exit.*)

## CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

MEN are said to dress "within an inch of their lives." Women may be said to undress within an inch of their knees.

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Abuse is not criticism. Arrows of wit are not to be found for the asking, but any one can fling mud by stooping for it.

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The world is a stage; but how few of us who are given a first part escape making fearful exhibitions of ourselves.

\*\*

Charity in London seems to pay more attention to covering sins than to clothing the multitude whose name is "casual." What a blessing for some of those unhappy beggars if they could only be Secretaries or Treasurers to Relief Funds for one week in the year!

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"How I loathe the modern system of advertising everything!" said Lady Mackles to us. Her ladyship was expanding her person in the midst of a profusion of silk, jewels, and *poudre de riz*. Her ladyship's two daughters had just stood up to sing a German, French, and Italian song one after the other, young Cormac, their tame cat, had been all over the room singing their virtues, and I had seen the name of every member of the family that morning in the *Times* as subscribers to the Pharisees' Mutual Aid Society, and she loathes advertisements!

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I never heard of a Pharisee keeping a public in a blind alley, but I know a journal which supplies cheap indignation by the column, and yet retains a dirty corner where the million make appointments "*for a consideration.*"

## "OVER HEAD AND EARS."

THERE is no greater pleasure after passing weeks of turbulent gaiety and excitement, when your days are taken up with theatres, balls, and parties of all kinds, than that of going quietly to some pleasant country retreat where one or two pleasant men and three or four charming women are passing their simple existence without a thought of London society, or a wish for other sensation than what their country pleasures can give.

Such a change is much what a reader may feel on taking up Mr. Dutton Cook's last novel, entitled "Over Head and Ears," after feeding for so long on the romances of the sensational school and the realistic dramas of the stage.

Nothing can be more truthful and touching than the discovery of the *Mouse* mystery, its elucidation, and final solution. We will not give the plot of the novel, which, after all, is not particularly new, but none the less charming for that; but we will advise every one to read it, and we are sure that only *blasé* readers who require the spice of one writer and the Cayenne pepper of another to excite their mental palates to an appetite, will leave the book before they arrive at the end of the third volume.

PICKED UP AT CARLISLE.—*Close reasoning*—The Inquisition. MOTTO FOR ISABELLA OF BOURBON.—What's one woman's pleasure is a country Spain.

CHURCH-MILITARY.—The weak point of the Brighton service—The *Purchase* system.

A VERY ORIGINAL RAILWAY MOTTO FOR M.P.'S.—*Nulla dies sine linea*.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—Mr. Mark Lemon's real staff in Fleet street is not nearly so good as his Falstaffe! at the Gallery of Illustration.

## ON TRIAL.

## A PRIME MINISTER.

SINCE the opening of the TOMAHAWK Commission, many very disgraceful facts have been brought to light. Our readers have discovered the existence of many social sores—many miserable shams. Still, we imagine what follows immediately will give them greater pain than anything as yet published. That any man in the State should be bad is sad; but that the first power of the land should be given over into unprincipled hands is worse than sad—it is lamentable! But we proceed with our report, leaving our readers to comment upon its details.

The Commissioners assembled this morning at a little after ten o'clock. The room was densely crowded, and shortly after the examination commenced it was almost impossible to obtain even standing room. The first witness being summoned, he said:—

I am what is called a Prime Minister.—(*Laughter.*) I consider the position a fine one. I am not prepared to say what would be the *ideal* duties of the Prime Minister of a great empire, but I know pretty well what are the actual advantages to be gathered from filling such a post. In England, where the road has been thrown open to the highest offices by the unceasing efforts of Tory Administrations, very humble men may soar above their initial circumstances. I was myself, in my youth, articulated to an attorney, and now I flatter myself—(*the witness, who was proceeding with a contemptuous smile at the Chairman and his brother Commissioners, was here sternly rebuked and reminded that he was called to give evidence as a witness, and not to sing his own praises, as if he were delivering a political manifesto. The examination was then proceeded with.*) The witness went on:—

I never had any principles. It is to the absence of these encumbrances that I attribute my success. I consider the one great end and aim of a Parliamentary career to be power. By power, if you require me to give you a less enigmatical term, I simply mean—a hand in the public purse. This “power”—(*laughter*)—should be secured at any cost. As to consistency, the statesman who entered the arena of public life with a moral weakness of that sort might be said, politically, to be in arms. The duties of a Prime Minister are simple in the extreme. Yes, I can give them if you wish it. The first, then, is that which he owes to his own pocket. The second is, naturally enough, an equally solemn one; it is a consideration for the pocket of his relations. As to the third, it has no abstract beauty of its own, but may be regarded as a sort of “contingent” responsibility: I refer to the necessity of an occasional bribe to political friends, whose support enables one to discharge the other two conscientiously and completely. As to any duty due to one's country—that is, in other words, to the mass of the nation—I would ask the Chairman if one can be supposed to be interested in people one does not know?—(*Laughter.*) No; I take no higher view of my position than that. How can I take a higher view? As to the terms, *Radical, Liberal, Conservative, and Tory*, they are but the different dresses in which a clever actor plays the same part. I am proud to say I have worn them all.—(*Laughter.*) I do not consider this a place in which I should be justified in giving any hint of my coming programme, but as I am pressed on the point, I can say confidently that whatever happens I shall stay in power. If necessary, of course I shall throw over the Irish Church. I would as readily throw the English Church after it.—(*Laughter.*) This is only the result of advanced “political education,” and it is quite sound. At the present moment, for instance, I despise the followers who are rallying round me in the country with a loathing that may be faintly gathered from my early literary efforts. I regard their support, however, as useful to my pocket, and therefore avail myself of it. Yes; if necessary I should bring about a revolution in England. As it is, I intend to give the country an exceedingly “merry” Christmas, and there will probably be plenty of bloodshed; but the Government, I flatter myself, know the use of dragoons, if there should be any occasion to introduce *them* into the political question of the hour. My ideas on many things are expansive. I have been, I think aptly, termed by a penny paper, “the man of the day.” The man of the day should, in my opinion, move on with it, and one day, naturally enough, differs from another. (*The Chair-*

man here handed a paper to the witness, and asked him if it was in his handwriting, and he, in a jocular tone, readily admitted that it was. Its contents, which consisted of a few rough notes jotted down, and which were read out by the order of the Commissioners, were as follows:—)

## My Private Notes.

## THE CROWN.

Work up its High Prerogatives. See Blackstone, &c. The Martyr King and the principles of the Cavaliers. Rub them up. Appeal to innate snobbery of the Anglo-Saxon race. Useful “estate” this on either side of the question.

“The King can do no wrong.” Can't he? Good idea for Radical speech. Get up Cromwell and principles of '92.

N.B.—The Crown ought to be the weapon, not the standard of the Prime Minister. A Prime Minister should advise the Crown. Rather!

## THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

“Thank God we have one!” (when the Opposition get a majority of 65). Get up usual clap-trap here. Blood, Normans, hoary-headed Senators, Rome of old, &c., &c. Look over *Alarcos*.

Often in the way, but a useful set of fools on the whole. If likely to prove antagonistic, to be smothered by the creation of a new dozen or two. Fine drag on the Constitution. Must look out that they don't upset it next session.

N.B.—Think it would be a good popular move to abolish the Upper House. If things don't go well next session, certainly shall.

## THE COMMONS.

Sick of the subject from this point of view. Used up. Perhaps may pick up some novelties as to their dignity from the new Radical members. Wonder, if we get a majority, how a “Large Borough Disenfranchisement” Bill would do? Half a mind to try it. Good sell for Bright.

The pith, marrow, backbone of the nation—and all that sort of thing.

*Private Note A.*—A wretched, beggarly, ill-conditioned team, to be bought by the score, if there were only secret service money enough to pay them.

*Private Note B.*—Find out which way the elections are going. Do Gladstone at any price. Draw up a whole bill of abolitions. Church, State, Lords, Commons, anything!

N.B.—Head the majority *whatever* it's made of.

## THE PRESS.

Flatter it and pay it. Stupid, and does more damage than good. Wonder why a Conservative paper never can be light and telling.

*Note.*—Try and buy up a Radical one.

Liberal papers, some of them, vulgar. Respect my genius all the same. Flatter them too. Say I'm one of them. Always pitching into me as a man of no principle.

N.B.—Liberal Press is pretty sharp. *Times*, though, very thick-headed just now. They talk as if I were going to stick to my colours! Stick to my colours? I'll beat them at their own game.

The above notes having been read, the examination was again continued. The witness said:—I certainly jotted down these notes. They were not originally meant for the public eye, but as they have come under it, I decidedly do not repudiate them. I flatter myself I know how to catch the spirit of the hour and turn it to account. I am at this present moment intently watching the spirit of the hour, and I mean to turn it to the very best account. As long as I fill the office of Prime Minister I am not likely to forget my duty to my country, my connections, and myself, and they will best be subserved by my “keeping in.” I shall therefore keep in. It may be necessary to deluge the country in blood, stir up civil strife, pitch the Constitution into the Channel, go to war with Europe, abolish the income-tax, or admit Fenians into Parliament. I am happy to say I shall be prepared for any issue—in short, eager to carry any measure. I mean to be Prime Minister in perpetuity, and this determination does credit to me as a Churchman, a Radical, a Christian, a Conservative, a Patriot, a Poet, a Liberal, a Diplomatist, a Gladstonite, a Tory, a Nonconformist, and an Englishman. (*The witness here stood down, and retired convulsed with laughter.*)

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LONDON, OCTOBER 31, 1868.

### THE WEEK.

A TORY paper has likened the Premier to Luther. Surely this must have been a misprint. "Lucre" was evidently the word in its editor's thoughts!

We understand that, owing to the asinine conduct of some of the extreme Conservatives in the University, the chief political cry at Oxford is "Nae mo' Bray."

A new distinction has been gradually growing up in High Society. Formerly a person was spoken of either as *bon ton* or *mauvais ton*. But now there is a degree beyond both these, which is known as *Clin-ton*.

Wrapping ourselves for one moment in the mantle of Dr. Cumming, we are enabled to prophecy that Archdeacon Denison will preach a powerful sermon shortly at Oxford on the Irish Church question, his text being from the book of Joel.

"That which the *palmer*-worm hath left, hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left, hath the canker worm eaten; and that which the canker worm hath left, hath the caterpillar eaten."

The application is obvious. The palmer worm is Sir Roundell; the locust, Mr. Gladstone; the canker worm, Dissenters; and the caterpillar, Rome! The sermon will do *great* good!

### DURA NECESSITAS.

WE have admired very heartily the creditable efforts made by one of our contemporaries in the cause of the British drama. Devoting a large space in its columns to theatrical matters, it has always fought hard against the degrading tyranny of sensation and burlesque. It has also taken very high ground on the subject of music halls, pointing out the extremely low nature of the amusement provided for the public by these places, both in singing and dancing. Thoroughly sympathising with our contemporary in their laudable efforts to purify and elevate the

character of our national amusements, we were pained to read in the *Sunday Times* of October 18, a laudatory notice of Vance. Considering the character of the songs which this musical(?) buffoon shouts out to his admirers nightly, songs vulgar without fun, and prurient without wit, we cannot imagine any paper, which wishes to advance the cause of public morality, treating of such a person in any other terms than those of contempt and aversion. In another part of the paper we find the dancing of Miss Austin favourably noticed, and that young person spoken of as "nightly receiving well-earned compliments." Now, fortunately for ourselves, we have not seen Miss Austin, but we have heard those who have seen her allude to her dancing as being of the very coarsest and grossest nature, in fact, a vulgar exaggeration of the French *can-can*. It seems to us that our contemporary should be careful to award any encouragement in a performance which degrades the performer and audience alike.

Now the moral that we wish to point is this. No one will for one moment question the high character of the *Sunday Times*; no one can doubt in which direction its sympathies lie. There are few Conservative journals which have done so much in the cause of true social reform. We say this without any prejudice, for very undeservedly we have been the subject of severe strictures in its columns. What we would ask is, how is it that an editor is obliged to admit such notices as those we have referred to—written in a spirit diametrically opposed to the professions and practice of the paper which he edits? Is it not the case that too often the proprietors of a journal force upon their editor, at what cost to political or moral consistency they care not, certain matter which they suppose to be advantageous to their pecuniary interests? Now is this fair upon the Editor of a journal? Is it wise? If by inserting puffs of certain individuals they curry favour with a few, do they not lose it with the many? We would earnestly advise all proprietors of newspapers to lay this fact to heart, that it is far better policy to forego the questionable pleasure of pandering to the vanity of any clique, than to offend the body of their general readers. And that such palpable inconsistency does offend them is certain. Honesty in this case is decidedly, in the long run, the best policy.

### ON RECEIVING A PORTRAIT FROM A GOLDEN LILY.

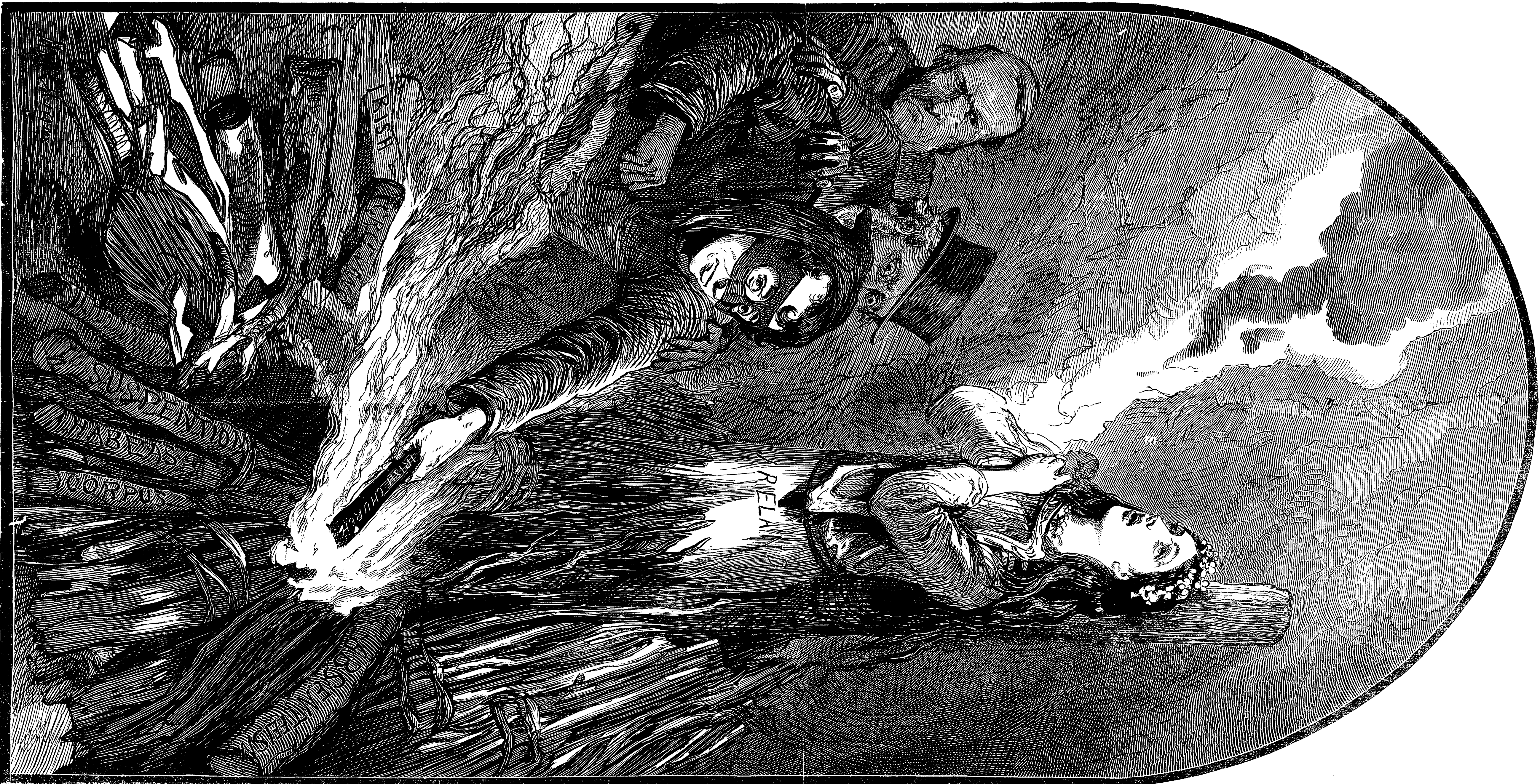
WHEN they whom will this portrait strike  
Shall ask with eager word of  
The giver, and if it be like  
The Lily they have heard of;  
If in complexion, feature, it  
Be faithful and sufficient,  
Perplexed, I shall perforce admit  
It is, and yet it isn't.

Is that her hair? Is that her eye?  
It is, without their lustre.  
Is that her cheek? I can't deny,  
No outlines could be juster.  
Is it her form? It is, without  
Its nameless grace and motion.  
Is it her look? Why, just about  
The very faintest notion.

But is it like her on the whole—  
Her attitude, her presence?  
Undoubtedly; without her soul,  
Her wit, her self, her essence.  
But female beauty scarce could be  
More lofty, yet serenest.  
Well, as you like; but then, agree,  
You haven't—I have—seen her.

NOT FROM THE DEY OF TUNIS.—We understand that a certain horse-trainer, fond of legal proceedings and favourite-scratchings, was heard to observe, a short time ago, that "The Admiral had roused the British Lion within him!"





## BOUND TO THE STAKE!

CHARACTERS IN THE TRAGEDY:

EXECUTIONER (in the pay of "Mother (Irish Church)" - - - by - - - B. DISRAELI  
REFORMERS (men who hate "execution for conscience sake") by W. F. DE ALSTON and J. D. D. D. D.

Mr. Mr. Geo 27  
—

## MILITARY REFORM.

It requires some little courage to discuss, nay, even to reflect upon any measurement of Military Reform after the alarming statement recently made by the "leading journal" to the effect, that men's minds are now agitated by schemes for army "democratization" and "nationalization."

There is an ancient Joe Miller story of the coaching days in which a stout, but highly nervous old lady having made it somewhat difficult for the two gentlemen beside her to find their seats, one of them blandly observed that it didn't signify they should soon shake down and amalgamate. "Lor Sir," the old lady exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that! and is it likely to be fatal?"

It would seem as well to ask the *Times* the same question, for if the processes referred to in those two alarming words mean that the army is to be altogether smashed up and destroyed by any schemes for its reform, then it would be as well to drop the subject altogether. If, however, all those syllables merely mean that the service is to be made popular and its government put on a plain simple footing—then those who wish well, very well, to the service may still persevere quietly and in words of less than six syllables to discuss schemes for Military Reform.

And one measure to make the army more popular—more suited to the feelings of our home-loving people would undoubtedly be to shorten considerably the periods of foreign service.

At present a regiment goes to India or to one of the colonies, there to serve for twelve years. That is, in fact, for the longest period during which the law allows any man to be engaged for the army. Twelve years' banishment from friends and family! For the officer this is mitigated by the power of obtaining a furlough—an expensive luxury, it is true, but yet a luxury. But there are no furloughs from India for the private or non-commissioned officer; no breaking in half of this long period of banishment.

This is "hard lines" for the soldiers, and it is contrasted among the recruit-giving ranks most unfavourably with the constant change of scene and climate which Jack Tar enjoys in his triennial trips across the world. Three years east, three years west, three years north, and three years south, goes Jack the sailor in just the same period of service that Tommy Atkins the soldier has passed in the dull monotony of twelve weary twelve months in burning India.

And a still more important consideration urges strongly the adoption of a system of shorter periods of service abroad—viz., the great saving of human life that would undoubtedly ensue. When, when will it be possible to induce the military authorities to recognise the policy—to say nothing of the duty—of *saving life*! This was the policy of Lord Napier in his glorious campaign in Abyssinia. There the fighting machine, man, was recognised as worth taking the utmost care of. There he was wanted. His enormous value was admitted, and he was most jealously preserved. And this excellent policy should prevail in the long years of peace, as well as in the hour of war.

Let the authorities at the War Office then take up this subject of a long and short period of service in India, and its effects on the health of the troops. Let it be diligently inquired into by a competent tribunal, and on the result of these inquiries let the question stand or fall. All inquiries hitherto made, not with this view especially, but in the general investigation of the health of the troops abroad, point to but one result—viz., that in a body of men proceeding from Europe to India, for the first four or five years the bracing effects of our northern climate serve to protect them against the enervating influences of the climate of India. But after that time the effect wears off, and the protection is gone. In the sixth, seventh, and eighth years of Indian service the sickness, invaliding, and deaths rise to a frightful height, and all, except men of the strongest constitution, succumb and come home,—or die.

If a careful, unprejudiced inquiry serves to establish the truth of this view, then let the period of immunity from disease, and preservation of good health, be adopted as the period for service abroad—viz., five years; and let no consideration of the increased cost of more frequently moving the regiments be allowed to decide the question; for what is that increased cost, in fact, but the price of bringing our men home alive instead of leaving their dead bodies in the sands of India.

## "MONTE CRISTO."

TOMAHAWK begs most respectfully to set defiance to the world, the flesh, and—the London Press. With his hand to his heart and his eyes towards the Adelphi Theatre, he begs to declare solemnly and sincerely (in small capitals too) that

"MONTE CRISTO" IS A GOOD PIECE,  
WELL ACTED,  
WELL PUT UPON THE STAGE.

TOMAHAWK has heard of the *fiasco* of the first night. He has been told how the public took it into their heads to laugh and to jeer. He has been informed that there was great cheering when Mr. Stuart, the eminent comic tragedian, died—loud applause when Mr. Phillips, the well-known stage manager, was run through the heart. He has read, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, how the piece was "*damned*," how amusing was the "*damning*."

Having assisted at the first performance of the colossal comic tragic melodrama, y'clept *Oona*, produced some years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre, TOMAHAWK knows perfectly well that the public can sometimes be very cruel—very unmerciful. He knows that when once the people laugh, they allow no consideration on earth to stand in the way of their merriment. No thought of the manager's disaster, the actor's grief, ever crosses their minds or interferes with the full enjoyment of their joyous "waggery." Failure means the loss of thousands to the lessee,—still they laugh at him; derision means cruel heartburning to the actor—still they grossly insult him! So TOMAHAWK does not *always* endorse the Pit's opinion of a piece's worth or the Gallery's estimate of a player's acting.

TOMAHAWK knew that "*Monte Cristo*" was a good novel, that Messrs. Webster and Fechter were excellent actors, that Mr. Hawes Craven was a clever scene-painter. Knowing this, he would not believe that the performance at the Adelphi Theatre was utterly worthless. So TOMAHAWK, in spite of the warning of the *Pall Mall* and the sneers of the *Times*, took his seat on the third night of *Monte Cristo* in the Stalls of the Adelphi Theatre.

He does not regret that visit.

From first to last he enjoyed the piece immensely. He was delighted with

Mr. Webster's finished comedy,  
Mr. Fechter's charming love-making,  
Mrs. Mellon's noble bearing,  
Mr. Belmore's admirable drunkenness,  
Mrs. Leigh Murray's effective "intensity,"  
Miss Carlotta Leclercq's heart-rendering pathos,  
and

Mr. Hawes Craven's beautiful scenery.

So well pleased was he that he said to himself, "How came it that this excellent piece was damned on the first night?" And then it struck him that the drama must have been too long—that the public, finding nothing at which to hiss, were obliged, from very weariness, to laugh. Let *Hamlet* be played through from beginning to end, and then see what your audience will do. Why the tragedy would be laughed off the stage! Ophelia's singing would be accompanied by the voices of the Gallery. Hamlet's duel would be interrupted by the jeers and insults of the Pit. Certainly on the first night *Monte Cristo* must have been too long.

Was it too long on the third night? No. Mr. Webster, like an experienced manager, had cut it down, after the *fiasco*, to its proper proportions. And the result? Why, a crowded house cheered the play to the echo.

And now why does TOMAHAWK defend *Monte Cristo*—a piece in which appears an attack upon himself and his order? Why (he repeats) does he defend it? Simply because he loves justice, and hates to see good acting laughed to scorn by the illiterate and the Great Unwashed. *Monte Cristo* is an excellent play, and an excellent play should not be driven from the stage by the jeers of fools or the superficial criticism of prejudiced reviewers.

WHAT ALL MUST COME TO (SOME DAY OR OTHER, LET US HOPE).—Their Senses.

## ON THE BENCH.

THE Middlesex magistrates want a little looking after every now and then. The august body is slowly but surely getting itself into trouble with the public. It was only the other day that the magistrates distinguished themselves by voting dancing licences for Cremorne and the Argyll Rooms with such obtrusive unanimity that it almost looked as if their worships considered that in so doing they were fulfilling one of the highest duties of their office. Certain it is that the Bench took something more than a judicial interest in the granting of these licences, a fact which has given an opening for the waggishly disposed to suggest motives for the proceeding scarcely compatible with the dignity and respectability of justice.

The public, however, need not be alarmed on the score of the lax morality of the Middlesex magistrates, for though they are occasionally ready to license a little vice and wickedness in a quiet way (it must always be in a quiet way), they are Churchmen almost to a man, and when a question arises affecting in any way the interests of the Church of England, they are ready to battle and squabble till the danger is averted. An instance of this occurred but a few days ago, when Mr. Northall Laurie moved that, in consideration of the large number of Roman Catholic prisoners usually confined in the Middlesex House of Correction and Westminster Bridewell, whose religious instruction according to their own persuasion is dependent at present on gratuitous and voluntary services of Roman Catholic ministers it be referred to the visiting justices to consider and report their opinions as to the amount and mode of appropriation of a reasonable remuneration to be paid to the Roman Catholic ministers officiating in those prisons. Mr. Laurie, in bringing forward the motion, disclaimed all sympathy with the religion of Roman Catholics, but he made the proposal he said as a matter of equity—Catholics paid their share of the expense of Protestant chaplains in prisons, and why, therefore should the Protestants refuse to share the expense of the Catholic chaplains?

A Mr. Kemshead seconded the motion in a few reasonable words, but a storm of opposition arose on every side. Mr. Woodward objected that under Roman Catholic rule there was no toleration whatever, and argued that, therefore, Roman Catholics should not be tolerated in a Protestant land,—a logical deduction in which Mr. Rashleigh and Colonel Jeakes both fully concurred. The motion found one or two supporters, but when put to the vote it was negatived by a substantial majority of fourteen, and the Roman Catholic prisoners are, therefore, to be left without any religious instruction whatever if their priests are not ready to render their services gratuitously and without reward.

It is difficult to deal with men who are dead to every sense of reason and justice. The Government employs a large number of Roman Catholic chaplains both for the army and navy, and why should a batch of Middlesex magistrates take it upon themselves to uphold a principle which the State has long since abandoned as unconstitutional and unjust? The sooner the Bench is brought to its senses the better. The duties the magistrates are called upon to perform are responsible and important, and they disgrace their office as much by exhibiting a spirit of bigotry and intolerance on the one hand, as they do by pandering to licentiousness and vice on the other.

Who are these worthies who have so much power for good or evil? The names we have quoted are one and all unknown to us. This should not be the case. The Bench should be composed of gentlemen of known probity and discretion, in whom the public can repose confidence: not of nobodies, who command only derision and contempt.

GO TO BATH.—Mr. Bright has recently visited Bath. This was rather an unwise proceeding. The Bathites have a nasty way of pelting their Parliamentary representatives with rotten eggs—a few days ago two of the Liberal candidates were literally deluged with these unsavory missiles at a public demonstration. To judge from this autumn's doings, it would appear that it is not only in the *spring* that politicians find themselves in *hot water* at Bath!

## BIRDS OF KNOWLEDGE.

EVERY possible publicity has been given to the various offers that have been so handsomely made right and left by the Spanish Government of its not very popular crown. We are not, however, aware that any of the numerous replies that they elicited have as yet found their way into print, and as some of them may have a special interest for our readers, we take this opportunity of presenting them to their notice.

(1.)

*From H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.*

MY DEAR GENERAL,

Thank you very much for your kind offer, but I regret that I cannot avail myself of it, at least at the present moment. The fact is, they have just opened a theatre in the neighbourhood of the Edgware road under my patronage, and, moreover, the *Field of the Cloth of Gold* is still running at the Strand. I am sure, therefore, my dear General, you will understand my unwillingness to undertake any further responsibilities upon my shoulders at present. I might add that I am shortly going to sea. Why do you not write to Christian?

Believe me, &c.,  
EDINBURGH.

To General Prim.

(2.)

*From H.I.M. the Emperor of the French.*

DEAR GENERAL,

Revolution is the logic of the people, and the cannon is the argument of Emperors. I cannot, therefore, so far sympathise with the events that have recently taken place in Madrid as to allow our "cousin" to mount the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella. He is young in politics, and youth in politics is the destruction of empires. He moreover resembles too nearly my respected uncle, whom, you are aware, the imperial diadem never thoroughly became, at least, my dear General, not so well as it becomes

Yours devotedly,  
NAPOLEON.

To General Prim.

(3.)

*From H.R.H. Prince Christian.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I should be very happy to avail myself of your generous offer, were it not for the gratification I experience at my residence in this generously hearted country. Ovations, as I dare say you have heard, follow me wheresoever I move, and I can assure you I would not give up the enjoyments, domestic and public, of this dear England not for the Spanish crown—no, not for a Spanish Princess (were my hand free) and seven thousand a year! There.

I am, my dear Sir,  
Yours respectfully,  
CHRISTIAN.

To General Prim.

(4.)

*From H.M. the King of Denmark.*

Offices of the General European Throne and  
Marriage Company, Copenhagen.

SIR,

Please send all particulars at once. I know of several parties in my own family that would be willing to undertake the job. Let me have a line by return. I beg to enclose one of my usual forms, which will you kindly fill up and post forthwith?

Yours faithfully,  
CHRISTIAN IX. REX.

P.S.—Please be careful to give full particulars as to income, when paid, &c., and also state what religion is required. Is there any marriage business on hand yet? Please drop a line if there is, as I should be happy to assist you in the matter, and am confident of giving every satisfaction.

(5.)

*From H.R.H. the King of Portugal to General Prim.*

Declined with thanks.

And depend upon it His Majesty is right.

## FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH.

By

JULES CANARD.

LETTER VIII.—*Canard's Illness. Disloyalty of "Sportin-man-jockés." The "Welshère." Ma mère. "Sir Paddivick." The "Marquis." The "Earl." The "Admiral-rows." The Duel. The Spider and the Fly!*

To the Editor of the "*Gamin de Paris.*"

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,  
Oct. 24, 1868.

MY DEARLY-BELOVED AND VERY MUCH  
RESPECTED REDACTEUR,—

You must not expect me to be very lively or very instructive this week. My dear friend, I have been very ill. If you will remember the last time I wrote to you it was to describe the "Gentlemen - Jockés - Cæsarewitch - Steeple - Chase Race" at "Nu-markét." Ah! I did not finish the account of my adventures—I did not tell you of my dreadful torture at the hands of a brutal mob! My last letter was gay as a glass of "gingère bierre;" this one must be sombre as a burlesque by Sir Halliday—dreadful as the fun of a Tory comic paper! Yes, my dear friend, I was nearly killed at "Nu-market." Pity me.

Before the great race, which has already been described by me, a man came up to me and said:—

"It has arrived for you to take the odds about a horse?"

I replied, "My friend, it is useless for me to bet; it will be disloyal! I know that Nélusko *must* win."

"Nay, then," replied the "bacca" (a species of "sportin-gentleman-jocké"), "I will take you—200 to 1. What say you?"

"That Nélusko *must* win!" and I turned my back upon him, with a haughty smile.

Last week I described the race to you, and you then learned why the French horse did *not* win! I told you how these brutal islanders stopped him within ten miles of home, until his rivals had gone past him! Well, you know of the perfidy of these English—was that not enough? One would think so.

But no—no sooner was the race over, when the "bacca" came up to me, and said:—

"If you please, sare, you owe me a sovereign."

I turned my back upon him, with a haughty smile.

"Will you not pay?" he cried savagely. "Why, then, you are an apostate! You are a radical! You are a tuft-hunter! You are a subject of the Prince of Wales—a 'welshère!'"

At this denunciation there was a loud shout from the crowd. Cries of "Down with the aristocrat, with the subject of the Prince of Wales—with the 'welshère,'" was heard on every side! The mob tore me to pieces because they believed I was loyal to the heir-apparent to the British throne—because I was a "welshère!"

And yet there are some who say that England is loyal!

I fought as well as I could, but what could I do against so many? No, I was soon overpowered—soon thrust to the ground. Perhaps, that you may understand how badly I was treated, I had better give you a list of the clothes I wore, and the damage done to them. I always make it a point of attending the various "meetings," "unting-foxes," exhibitions, &c., of England in the costume worn by the natives. You will now be able to see what is worn at the "meeting" of "Nu-markét."

*Coat.*—A beautiful light blue tail-coat with golden buttons; cypher "Royal Thames Yacht Club." Utterly torn to shreds by the mob!

*Breeches.*—The usual yellow "gentleman-jockés-breeches." Covered with mud and hopelessly ruined!

*Hat.*—The "Forestère." As worn by the "Ordère of ancient Forestère" at the Palace of Crystal. Brim torn off.

*Boots.*—The "hors-gars-top." Cut about in the most cruel manner!

*Implements.*—Fishing-rod broken! Butterfly-net torn!! New French-horn beaten out of shape!!!

*Epaulets.*—Gold, and—

But there I have not the heart to proceed with the list. Enough to say the damage done to me was something terrible.

I had to pay Nathan ten shillings! Why even the "fals-nose" (no one is admitted to the races without a "fals-nose") was crushed!

I write this letter to you from bed, so you must forgive the tone of sadness which runs through it. And I think of *ma mère*! If she were here, would she not pity her little one? But enough—I am a Frenchman. *Vive la gloire! Ma mère, adieu! Adieu, ma mère! Adieu!*

That my letter may not be altogether uninteresting, I wish to tell you a little story about a late turf scandal. You will possibly remember that I mentioned the existence of an official in my last, known as the "Admiral-rows" (on account of his many quarrels). Well, this great "gentleman-jocké" has recently had an altercation with a "sportin-man," known as "Sir Paddivick."

It has been sent to all the English papers, so I am divulging no confidence in telling you the truth of the matter.

Some few years ago William the Conqueror left Normandy to invade England. He took the regular boat from "Folk-es-tone" to Boulogne. It was a very bad passage, and William (who was on the paddle-box) quite lost his head, and instead of giving the command "E's'er'ed," observed, "Tarn'er arstarn." The result of this order to the crew was most disastrous to the expedition. Instead of going to Boulogne, the steamer suddenly started off for Hastings, where it arrived on the 23rd of February, 1743.

From this date we lose all trace of William the Conqueror until the present summer, when we hear of him keeping race-horses and running them for the "Derbé," under the name and colours of the "Marquis of Hastings." And here we come to the tragic part of the story. The Marquis had a younger brother called "The Earl," who was a very firm friend of "Sir Paddivick." This "Earl" had trusted most implicitly in his friend's sincerity—so much so, that he actually got his brother, the Marquis, to create him "Major-General of the Commissioners." The duty of "Sir Paddivick" was now to take the command of the race-horses of the House of Hastings. All went well for a while, until the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade, the "Right Reverend Weatherby, Esquire," got mixed up in the matter. I don't know exactly how, but it vexed the "Earl" immensely.

Naturally "the Earl" was very angry. He called upon "Sir Paddivick," and complained bitterly of his conduct.

"What have I done?" asked "Sir Paddivick."

"What have you done?" echoes "the Earl"—he pulled his quondam friend near him, and whispered into his ear.

"Who told you this?" cried "Sir Paddivick," turning very white.

"The Right Rev. Weatherby, Esq.," answered the young nobleman.

Of course, not another word was said on either side. The next morning they met at "Putné-heath." Swords were the weapons. After a quarter-of-an-hour's fierce fighting "the Earl" fell.

"A mere scratch," observed "Sir Paddivick," wiping his sword.

Upon this the "Admiral-Rows," who had been watching from a hay-rick, exclaimed under his breath, "Ah! this 'Sir Paddivick' will not travel back by the omnibus. *No, the spider prefers the fly!*"

Alas! the exclamation was overheard, and that is the reason why John Day has brought an action against the "Admiral Rows." Now you know all.

And yet there are some people who hint that I haven't the smallest comprehension of sporting matters!

This may be so, but haven't we heard of envy!

Receive, dear Redacteur,

The most distinguished considerations of

JULES CANARD

## CANVASSING THE LADIES.

DEAR MR. TOMAHAWK,—It is with an unwilling hand I take up the pen to execute the promise I made to you last week. I entertain so profound a reverence for women, that I would sooner forswear ink for ever than turn them into gratuitous ridicule. But, Mr. TOMAHAWK, when some of them—Heaven be blest! as yet, but a very few—travesty their own sacred sex

by more fantastic tricks than the most ill-natured maligner of it could imagine, I feel that I have a duty to perform, and I will not shrink from the obnoxious task.

I have already informed you of the ill success I had with all those "Persons" whose homes betrayed at every glance of the eye a scrupulous female supervision. Single or married, they had at least these two features in common: they were admirable housekeepers, and they would not hear of the electoral franchise being thrust upon them. But the sixth Person on whom I called was of a very different stamp from the first five, of whom, you will remember, I have already given you a faithful account. I believe this Person would be extremely gratified to see her name in your pages, even if it figured there somewhat ingloriously; but I shall not indulge her itch for being conspicuous, nor expose you to a rejoinder such as I am quite sure she would be delighted to have a pretext for inflicting on you. No: she was the sixth Person I called on, and by the obscure name of the Sixth Person she shall appear in this narrative.

There was a small strip of garden attached to her dwelling, but it contained not a single flower; neither were the walks in it easily distinguishable from the grass, near which nor scythe nor lawn-mower had ever come during her occupation. I will not trouble you with a description of the exterior of the house; I will only say that the window-panes had evidently not been washed for months, for anything I know not for years; the knocker of the front door was missing altogether; and the bell-handle came off into my hand without performing the office for which bell-handles are intended. I suppose I stood on the door-step—and such a door-step!—for the better part of ten minutes, knocking periodically with the hooked end of my walking-stick, before I was admitted. The janitor was a dirty, dishevelled youth of fifteen or sixteen years of age, who seemed so utterly cowed by some malign influence, the nature of which I could not as yet divine, that I had much difficulty in making him understand that I wanted to see his mistress. Whilst I was still occupied in endeavouring to convey to his mind this simple proposition, there suddenly appeared in the passage—

Oh! Mr. TOMAHAWK! I assure you I am as brave as most men, and no one would do wisely to hint, to my face, at least, that I am a coward. Yet I confess the sight of an ugly woman—there are very few ugly women, I beg to remark—does somewhat unnerve me; and the sight of one, at once ugly, dirty, slatternly, and of repellent manners, makes me quake in my shoes. The woman I now saw before me was simply—Terrible. I was of half a mind to run away there and then; and I almost think I should have done so had she given me time. But she did not.

"Well, Sir!" she exclaimed, examining me mercilessly from head to foot, "what may be your pleasure? You want to see *me*, I suppose; and this stupid boy does not understand you. The male sex are so dull. I fear I shall have to hire a girl after all, though inferior employments are not fit for us. There!" she added, glancing at the shivering janitor, "get along with you! You're no use. I might just as well open the door myself."

Herewith she banged it to, and pointed to a room she meant me to enter. I waited for her to precede me; and I appeal to you, Mr. TOMAHAWK, whether, considering her sex and mine, I was not right in my manners.

"Forward! Mr. Smalltalk!" she said, glancing at the superscription on my card. "Forward! if you please. No ceremony, I beg. I suppose you are one of those men who think that the slavery of women can be perpetuated by maintaining outward signs of deference. But allow me to tell you, Sir, that the time for that sort of thing has gone by. We are no longer in the Middle Ages, and George III. has ceased to be King. Go in, and sit down and make yourself comfortable, without waiting to see whether I am sitting or standing; and be good enough to consider me, through the whole of our interview, as neither your inferior nor your superior, but, Mr. Smalltalk!"—and as she said this, she drew herself up to her full height, and, metaphorically speaking, overtopped me by several inches—"as your equal!"

I crouched down in a chair, and looked, I dare say, as crushed as I really felt. Perhaps she perceived my condition, and wished to put me more at my ease; for the next thing she said to me was:

"Do you smoke? If you do, light a cigar at once. Never mind me. I sometimes smoke myself."

I was about to protest against my smoking in the presence of a lady, but I checked myself in time; and assuring her that I would have availed myself of her kind permission had I wanted a cigar, I took courage to stammer her out the cause of my visit.

From that moment to the end of our interview, which seemed to me to last an interminable time, I never got in another word. She assumed that I was in favour of women having the franchise, but she was evidently of opinion that I required enlightening on several other points. I can only say that she did enlighten me most amazingly; but you would scarcely thank me for repeating the string of monstrosities that poured perpetually from her mouth.

"You are canvassing for the Conservative candidates," she said, at length returning to the subject of my visit. "I presume, therefore, they are in favour of the Female Suffrage. No one has, as yet, called on me from the other side, and, therefore, I conclude they are opposed to it."

I felt bound to explain that I could not answer for the opinions of the Conservative candidates on this particular point. I was only commissioned to solicit votes for them. This exposed me to a fresh lecture and a fresh torrent of eloquence, the upshot of which was that nobody should have her vote who did not agree with her in the matter—"and, indeed, Mr. Smalltalk, upon all matters."

How I got away from her I cannot distinctly remember; I only recollect nearly tumbling on my nose, in consequence of being tripped up by a hole in the carpet, and of all but losing my balance after slipping on a piece of orange-peel by the door-step, that had evidently been flung out of one of the windows. I did not secure her vote for my party, as you can well understand, and, whether or not I am a Person in the parliamentary sense of the word, I thank God, Mr. TOMAHAWK, that I am man enough to be highly gratified that I did not.

I do not love the Whigs and I abhor the Radicals, but the perpetual reign of King Log or King Stork, or a bad mixture of both, would be to me infinitely preferable to an outrage upon nature such as would transform women from the holy and useful thing they are, to what I will not trust myself to characterise. Shortly before the downfall of the Roman Empire, women, I believe, wrestled in the circus. I forbear from drawing a parallel or an augury, which must be only too apparent to every intelligent individual.

Always, dear Mr. TOMAHAWK,

Your faithful servant and admirer,

RHADAMANTHUS SMALLTALK.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A PROPERTY which sheep and geese partake;  
A liquid used our consonants to make.

Before the dazzling door she stood!  
Her task accomplished; her reward she would—  
So bends it gracefully to show she's good.

### ANSWER TO TREBLE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

Canvass. Blarney. Return.

INCORRECT answers have been received from Dyrba Deyol, The Two Dearest Girls in Lichfield, Irish Christopher, and Slodger and Tiney, Charles Lewis, No Railway Monopoly, Charles Chivers and Johnny Rumbold, Pianissimo, Hampson, B. H. (Hampton Court), Pikehurst, jun., Four Rumping Gazelles, Roanmcefisdhutuvryfphbfirfi, Charles Edward Monk, O. D., O. D. E., R. E. (Rochester), John Mereweather, Fast Girl of the Period, Ceylon Planter (Kensington), Charles Rhales, Henry James, Captain de Boots, Andy Clark, L. L. M. O. N., Louisa Crawshaw, Hurston Point, Thomas Nobbs, Kiss-me-Quick and F. D.