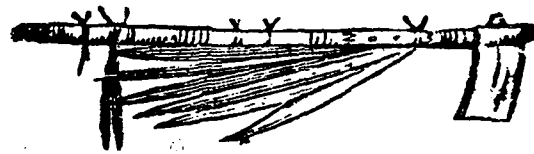


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

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[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

THERE is no longer any doubt that Mr. Gladstone will have in the next Parliament a majority numerically stronger than any political chief, since Pitt, has ever commanded. He will be carried into office, as it were, on the shoulders of the nation, and will be confronted by an Opposition as weak, if as bitter, as the small band of Jacobins which the eccentric Fox led to constant defeat. No man, not even his original master, Peel, has, since the time of Pitt, ever had such vast political power as Mr. Gladstone now enjoys. It is not unnatural that those who are privileged to hold themselves aloof from party politics, and who may assure themselves that they are free from party prejudices, should ask anxiously, now Mr. Gladstone has got this vast power, What will he do with it?

We are not at all inclined to underrate Mr. Gladstone's great talents and high purposes; nor are we inclined to abandon ourselves body and soul, as too many seem inclined to do, to his absolute guidance. It seems to us that it is not a healthy sign when men are ready to surrender on the hustings all true independence, and to promise and vow implicit obedience to one man, although that man is for the present, doubtless, identified with one measure, and that a very necessary and just one. But for this political unitarianism Mr. Disraeli is mainly responsible; it is the natural reaction against that utter abuse of personal influence of which he has been guilty. Party allegiance has been degraded, and it is only by raising it out of the mire through which Mr. Disraeli has dragged it, that it can be reinstated in the approbation of men; and having been purified of the ill odour which the very name has contracted, be made fit for use again, as, what it undoubtedly is, a most important means of carrying good measures. Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Gladstone is accepted as the Bayard of politics "*sans peur et sans reproche*," a man of unselfish spirit whose aims are high and pure, and who strains every nerve in the honest endeavour to discover what is the right course, and having discovered it, pursues that course undeterred by any abuse, and undaunted by any obstacle. Therefore, to make him the object of a strict and unquestioning party allegiance, seems to many the best protest against such prostitution of personal power in high places as has distinguished the career of Mr. Disraeli.

Notwithstanding all the good qualities of Mr. Gladstone, it is impossible not to feel the gravest anxiety as to the future, when the government of the country will be delivered over to him. This is not the time or the place to cavil at the many changes which his opinions, we may almost say his principles,

have undergone. In office, first under the Tory Sir Robert Peel; next under the semi-Liberal Sir Robert Peel; next under the semi-Conservative Lord Aberdeen; next under the Liberal-Conservative-Whig, Lord Palmerston, the high priest of expediency; finally, the leader of the House of Commons, and practically Premier under the Whig-Radical, Earl Russell; and soon about to be absolute Prime Minister of England, committed only to one sweeping measure of Reform, with a submissive crowd of followers, the idol of the people; the hope of the Democrats; the great man, clinging to whose skirts what Whigs have taught themselves to ape Radicalism hope to creep into office—hated by the Tories, as the Romans hated Coriolanus, their greatest general, whom their ingratitude had made their greatest foe,—such is the position, such the prestige, and such the power, of Mr. Gladstone; and the happiness, the very life, of England, depends upon how he uses this power.

In all the above changes there has been a kind of progress. Mr. Gladstone has fulfilled Macaulay's prophecy, written in 1839—"Whether he will or not, he must be a man of the nineteenth century." And now Mr. Gladstone is the man of the nineteenth century. To change one's opinions, or even one's principles, cannot be in itself wrong. There is one ruling principle, indeed, which we must never change; and that is, whatever the consequences to oneself, good or bad—whether disgrace or honour—to do that which is just and right, as far as our consciences can guide us. If we have hitherto acted on certain principles, and the growth of our knowledge teaches us that those principles are wrong, it is better to leave them, even if pursued with accusations of treachery, than obstinately to cling to them, knowing them to be wrong. But it is also the duty of a public man on whom all eyes are fixed, and whose example many will blindly follow, not to make any change of this sort in a doubtful or hesitating way, or with any sidelong glance at the profits to be reached by it; but to pursue the earnest humble inquiries, and fight the difficult conflict, in the privacy of his own study, and to come forth to the world not till he is certain that right has conquered, and that he can give his reasons for his conversion. This is Mr. Gladstone's weakest point: with a passionate yearning for the truth, he combines a singularly casuistic habit of thought; he balances the pro and con, and inclines to the one or the other, before all people; he is so anxious to believe that every question has two sides, that he often does not make up his mind on which to declare till it is too late: on the other hand, he often rushes impetuously to the aid of the weaker side without considering if,

morally, it is the stronger one. Impatient of contradiction, more impatient of control, he commits himself to extreme courses before he is able to justify them; he is so eager to be original and independent, that he is in great danger of being crotchety and tyrannical. Judging him from his past history, he is more than likely to fight with all his skill of oratory, and his passionate zeal, for the abolition of entail and primogeniture, not because he is convinced that they ought to be abolished, but because he sees that those who advocate their abolition have some right on their side, and that prudence and mediocrity are ranged against them. Because prudence and mediocrity are often on the side of rank abuses, Mr. Gladstone will show them no quarter, even when they are decidedly in the right. It is not necessary here to argue the question as to whether the sub-division of the land into small freeholds is desirable; the system has failed everywhere, except where large tracts of unoccupied land capable of improvement afforded a practical remedy for the paralysis of all energy and enterprise which such a system produces. A community of persons hovering on the verge of pauperism may be better than a community of wealthy persons and hopeless paupers; but we doubt it: at any rate, the true remedy is to abolish the pauperism, not to reduce the wealthy to something as near pauperism as is possible. We have opened up a wide field of discussion, which may be tilled some other time. At present let us hope that Mr. Gladstone will not throw away all moderation, because he needs much zeal. Let him boldly face the great social difficulties which embarrass the real moral progress of this country. Let him, having disposed of the one political question on which the elections have turned, nobly resist the temptation to pursue the ultra-Radical programme against his better convictions. Let him consolidate the political liberty of this country by a social Reform Bill, which shall abolish those noxious abuses which now poison the happiness of our poorer fellow-subjects. Let him fight against the tyranny of money, against the religion of Mammon. That is the real established creed, the overthrow of which truth, justice, and morality demand. Let education unfettered spread its blessings over the land, and teach all the people to use their political power aright. The liberty we require is not the liberty to speak or vote as we please, but liberty from that social tyranny which debases and enslaves body, mind, and soul alike.

TWEEDLEDUM AND TUILERIES.

SCENE.—*The Emperor's Smoking-room.*

Enter TOMAHAWK.

LOUIS NAP.—*Tiens! c'est toi! comment ça va?*

TOM.—*Ne vous dérangez pas, Sire!* We're getting on uncommonly well. I expect you would like to say the same.

LOUIS NAP.—I! I get on like the house which is on the fire. Have you seen the new streets, the new uniforms, the new—

TOM.—*Régime.* We'll talk about the beauties of Paris another time. I want to know where the fire is that causes so much smoke.

LOUIS NAP.—You mean the stupid reports in the *Gaulois*. Bah! *ce sont des canards*—

TOM.—*Des navets!* There is some truth in them, or you wouldn't have given yourself so much trouble to deny them.

LOUIS NAP.—Well, the fact is, there was a row, but of course I have taken my precautions ever since the famous Second of December, and they will find it quite another affair now.

TOM.—Why! what makes better barricades than omnibuses thrown on their sides across the street?

LOUIS NAP.—*Bigre!* But you know something about barricades.

TOM.—Pray don't mind me. I shall not assist at demolishing your throne.

LOUIS NAP.—Demolish my throne. Why! *mon cher*, the people hasn't got a chance now. All my boulevards diverge from points where there are barracks or dépôts. I can have 50,000 men in Paris under arms in half-an-hour, and one dose of Chassepot *les chassera hors de leurs peaux*, will make them jump through their skins.

TOM.—I have no doubt you are ready to check-mate on any square, but there's that new street which leads from the Palais Royal to the New Opera House. It seems to me there are barricades already made, to look at the stones and bricks lying about.

LOUIS NAP.—That didn't escape your eye. I have often thought of that myself, and have not forgotten it. Take the word of the Cæsar of France that a revolution is next to impossible.

TOM.—Nothing is impossible to unity. But take a bit of advice and don't tease your public. What did it signify to you whether *feu* Monsieur Baudin had a statue or not? Do you suppose any one would have thought of Baudin or his statue a week after the erection of the monument? It is puerilities such as this which do your prestige more harm than a dozen Mexican wars.

LOUIS NAP.—I believe you are right. I ought to have left Rochefort alone, or given him a place somewhere or other about the back staircases when he was in the *Figaro*. That *Lanterne* has thrown out more shadows across my path by its small flashes than any amount of brilliant opposition articles.

TOM.—Make the people love you.

LOUIS NAP.—They won't; that is the long and the short. And if they won't love me they must fear me.

TOM.—There must be fear on one side or the other, and in that case it is best for the fear to be on the people's side—best for you, that is to say.

LOUIS NAP.—It is very easy to talk like that, but I should like to see you in my place—a usurper; no legal right to anything I possess; not particular to a T as to keeping oaths with an army that always wants *gloire, victoire*, and all the rest of it; a priesthood I have the utmost difficulty in conciliating; and a people who, every fifteen or twenty years, feel an irresistible itching to oust King Log for King Stork, and King Stork again for King Lucifer—anything for a change, and the throne well shaken; until the glut of smoke and civil war satisfied they settle down for another twenty years to general frivolity and the fashions of the future.

TOM.—That's about it; and I confess I don't want to be in your place; but should fate will that we should be the King Stork chosen next, we certainly would not waste our energies on miserable attacks on the small press or personal sympathies and antipathies. If a few of the opposition wish to desecrate the ground where Baudin's remains lie with some ugly chapel, or more hideous obelisk, if not in Liberty's name, in the name of Common-sense let them do it. Meet the *Lanterne* with the bright sun of honesty. Drown the noise of the opposition with the clear bell of patriotism; and let your guiding star be no longer self, but—

LOUIS NAP.—*Nom d'un chien*, but I believe you are reading me a lecture. Be good enough to take yourself off, or—

TOM.—That is the least I can do; for our artist is tired of taking you off. So, *sans adieu*. Love to the Empress and the little boy. By the way, shall I get him into the Treasury when I get back? It might be as well, you know; you really don't know what may happen.

LOUIS NAP.—I know what will happen if you don't leave the Tuileries; and that in double quick time.

TOM.—So do I. I shall first receive a *communiqué*, then an *avertissement*, and finally, be fined for the benefit of your Exchequer. No, thank you; I arrived by the Telegraph; I return by the same. Perhaps you would kindly hold the Lantern up as I go down stairs.

[*Exit.*]

MOTTO FOR MR. ESKELL, THE AUTHOR-DENTIST.—“*Arm to the teeth!*”

ELECTION RING.—There was no great fight for Westminster. But Smith effectually stopped a Mill.

HUNGER KNOWS NO LAW.

CAMBRIDGE is in revolt. The undergraduates have arisen in open mutiny, and have set the authority of the Dons at defiance. It is not that the young men have refused any longer to submit themselves to the ignominy and inconvenience of being gated or sent to extra chapels; the cause of disagreement is one far more serious—in fact, the undergraduates have quarrelled with their food. It appears that at Sidney College the Bachelors and Commoners have for some time past absented themselves from Hall, and have expressed their determination to keep away until the whole system of College dinner provision should be supervised. At a great many other colleges the example of the Sidney men is now being followed. At some of the colleges the objection is to the price, at others to the quality, of the provisions, and at several to both. The practice of the objectors is to assemble, hear grace, so as not to subject themselves to penalties for absence, and then to leave *en masse* and proceed to dine at their lodgings or the various hotels. At Sidney College, however, the Reverend Master intimated that he considered this proceeding a breach of discipline, and that until the young men returned to their dinner tables he would not interfere in the question or consider their statements. On this the undergraduates held a meeting, at which it was unanimously decided that they would dine in Hall no more during the present term.

It does very little credit to the discretion of the university authorities that squabbles such as these should be allowed to find their way into the newspapers. When an abuse exists, and in this instance there is no doubt but that an abuse *does* exist, it should be remedied in a sensible and straightforward manner. If the undergraduates evinced a spirit of mild insubordination in the course they at first adopted in the matter, so much the worse for the system which controls them, but it is really too monstrous that the pigheadedness of Dons should be permitted to develop what in the first instance was little more than a reasonable protest into a serious revolt. It is to be hoped that some higher university authority than a mere head of a college may intervene while there is yet time, and by taking the proper steps to provide for the undergraduates "a capital dinner for eighteenpence," stop their mouths and their breaches of discipline at one and the same time. If something is not done, and at once too, the Cambridge "Dinner Question" will become an epoch of disaster in the university history of the nineteenth century.

SONG OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE.

My labour has been thrown away,
My money spent in vain,
And I, alas! have lost the day
I fondly hoped to gain.
To win, I scrupled not to rat,
Equivocate, cajole;
And now, despite it all, I'm at
The bottom of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll.
I stand and stare, and rend my hair,
At the bottom of the poll!

A man more quiet never was;
I dreaded party rows;
But what can husband do that has
A most unquiet spouse?
She taunted me with having not
The spirit of a mole.
She made me stand; and this my lot—
The bottom of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll!
'Twas all my wife. But such is life,
At the bottom of the poll!

I urged I was not sure to win,
That modest lives are sweet;
She said she did not care a pin
For life without a Seat.

She always meant that I should play
A most distinguished rôle;
And so I occupy to-day
The bottom of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll!
They've drunk my beer, and I am here
At the bottom of the poll!

I was in such a dreadful fix;
They would not let me be;
Mother and daughters longed to mix
In the best society.
My modesty alone, they said,
Still kept them from the goal;
But they were thinking of the head,
Not bottom, of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll!
My daughters weep, and my wife can't
sleep
For the bottom of the poll!

They little know what I've endured,
Through what I've had to pass;
And how their vanity has lured
Me on to be an ass.
How I have had a part to act
Undignified and droll,
Only to find my poor self tacked
To the bottom of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll!
'Tis an urchin's joke, "There goes the
bloke
At the bottom of the poll!"

How many thousands I have spent
I dare not yet inquire;
But soon will come my punishment
And retribution dire.
For now election charges will
Be coming in a shoal,
And I must pay the little bill
For the bottom of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll!
To lavish pelf, and find oneself
At the bottom of the poll!

O were I but a Barristère
Or county magnate eke,
Me could my Party make a Peer,
Or else a London Beak.
But as it is, a mere C.B.,
Like to the mighty Cole,
I fear they'll not e'en make of me
At the bottom of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll!
I'd as lief be drowned or hanged as found
At the bottom of the poll!

ALL WE HEARD OF HIS SPEECH.

FREE and enlightened voters, let me state
To you my humble rights to (*stop his jaws*);
Thus qualified, I boldly leave my fate
Within your hands (*ironical applause*).

My colleague tells you with his well-known force
(*Hisses and groans*), his steps I follow after;
Let me then beg you'll Church and State divorce,
And be respondent to my (*cheers and laughter*).

AN ACETATE in which there is no poison.—A. C. Tait, Arch-
bishop of Canterbury.

KCANAMLA KWAHAMOT
ecnepeerhT ecirP

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK,
Price Threepence.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 28, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has not yet resigned!

MR. LAYARD is returned again for Southwark, and evidently in first-rate order. His language is coarse and virulent as ever. The Conservative Press is "a sink into which all the lies and the calumnies and the filth is drained over the face of the land, not to enrich it, but to dirty it." Bravo! Bully Layard! It is evident that you don't write for the Liberal Press, or it would be much in the same condition as that which you so elegantly attribute to the journals of your opponents.

WHAT a mighty power is respectability! The *Times*, which reviled the Marquis of Hastings in its largest type, had a column and a half in equally large type dedicated to the praise of Baron James de Rothschild. The Baron was a prudent speculator, not a rash gambler. He died with a million or so more than he came into the world with—not poorer by several thousands. He was not a profligate, with no sense of decency! Well! if the Baron was "a man made old to teach the worth of age," we would prefer dying young, even should the *Times* scrawl "damnatus" on our tombstone.

FROM PILLAR TO POST.

THE ex-Queen of Spain has not yet decided where to take up her abode. Her Majesty is at present in Paris, but it is stated that she intends shortly to quit that city, as her reception at the French Court has not been so cordial as her previous experience of the hospitality and urbanity of the Emperor of the French had led her to expect. This, after all, is not very surprising, as however delighted the Emperor may have been to entertain right royally the reigning Queen of Spain, now that the luckless Isabella presents herself at the Tuileries simply in the character of a lady at large, the position assumes a somewhat awkward aspect.

In consequence of the marked coldness shown to the ex-Queen in Paris, which in the first instance was selected for her Majesty's permanent residence, her advisers have put themselves into communication with several other Courts, with the view of ascertaining on what terms Isabella would be taken in elsewhere. The answers to these letters will not, of course,

be made public, but we believe ourselves to be in a position to publish as authentic the following conditions understood to be imposed by the various Governments which have been applied to on the subject.

ENGLAND.—No Royal palace would be placed at the ex-Queen's disposal, but a lease of the Pavilion at Brighton would be granted to her Majesty on reasonable terms. The ex-Queen would not be received at Windsor, but she might expect an occasional invitation to Marlborough House or the Mansion House. Her Majesty would not be recognised by the Archbishop of Westminster.

AUSTRIA.—On the ex-Queen's taking the oath of allegiance to the Emperor, and transferring to him her interest in the Spanish throne, a palace at Trieste (unfurnished) would be presented to her by Government.

PRUSSIA.—There would be no objection to her Majesty taking up her residence at Berlin, provided she deposited in the Treasury a sum of twenty millions of money as a guarantee against embroiling Prussia in any misunderstanding with a foreign Power.

ITALY.—The ex-Queen would be received by the Royal Family, and a residence at Milan would be placed at her disposal, on the understanding that her Majesty would consent to be hooted by the populace whenever it might suit the convenience of the Government to encourage a demonstration against the Romish priesthood. Broken windows would be mended by the authorities, and a liberal compensation would be granted for the bruises and contusions of her Majesty's suite.

SWITZERLAND.—The Pension Wallace is now vacant, and has been left in good condition by its last occupant. Undeniable references would be required, and the first quarter's rent would be payable in advance.

DENMARK.—Being a free country, the ex-Queen may live in any part of it she pleases; but as the Government is perfectly aware that there is nothing to be got out of her, the ex-Queen would not be recognised at Court. No project for a matrimonial alliance between a member of her Majesty's family and that of the King of Denmark would for a moment be entertained.

DAHOMY.—The King would feel highly honoured if the ex-Queen would accept his hospitality, and he would promise to invent entertainments for her edification and amusement which should entirely dispel the memories of the bull-fights of her native land. The King of Dahomey would also be prepared to offer her Majesty half his throne, if agreeable. Should this offer be accepted, the ex-King Consort would be provided for.

On the whole, we are inclined to counsel her Majesty to quit the Continent where she is so little appreciated, and by accepting the terms of the great African potentate (which, it may be observed, are far more liberal than those of any European Government), reassume the exalted position for which nature intended her.

SHAME! SHAME!

A WOMAN or two bayoneted, a few children trodden under foot to death; a handful of electors shot down here and there in the streets; some good English blood spilt freely and royally, with the Riot Act read twice or thrice, and the thoroughfares cleared by the charging soldiery. What more could be desired to prove to the world that this is an honest, hearty, free, and enlightened nation? We may well thank God that things have not been even worse than they have; that our devilish political savagery has borne no more bloody fruit than this. And yet, after all, what a disgusting spectacle!

Talk of England being the centre of civilisation, and her institutions the finest the world has seen! Stuff, sheer impudent stuff! There is not a people in Europe that cannot point to us with scorn, and show us nobler aims and more generous rivalries than our own. Had the scenes that have, during the past ten days, been enacted throughout the length and breadth of this country, taken place upon the Continent, there would have been a universal self-righteous howl wherever penny papers flare, or pulpits thunder. The story of a British general election is a disgraceful story, and one on which every true Englishman must cry shame, shame, utter shame!





"D O N T D E S E R T M E."

TALKING IT OVER.

MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI AND MR. JOHN BULL.

MR. JOHN BULL.—Well, Sir, and what do you mean to do now?

MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.—“Mean” to do, my dear friend—?

MR. J. B.—Don’t call me your “dear friend,” Sir; I don’t like it.

MR. B. D. (*smiling softly*).—Not? Ah, you do not understand me!MR. J. B. (*growling*).—No, nor does anybody else. But come, Sir, don’t waste my time. Just say, in plain English, if you can possibly get yourself to be straightforward for two minutes together, what you are going to be up to now?MR. B. D.—Still suspicious? But never mind. (*Smiling more softly, and as if he had not heard him.*) You were saying—I beg your pardon—?

MR. J. B.—You know what I was saying. Confound it all, Sir, what’s your policy? That’s what I ask you.

MR. B. D.—Policy? Ah! yes, to be sure. Why, honesty, of course. That is the best policy, as the poet—

MR. J. B. (*very angry*).—The poet be—MR. B. D. (*interrupting him*).—Oh fie! But come, let us be calm, my dear friend. (*Movement on the part of Mr. John Bull.*) Let us be calm, and I will state, briefly as I can, and plainly, honestly, and categorically, as I always do—(*smiles*)—what line of conduct I have proposed to myself as most fitting in the present condition of affairs.

MR. J. B.—Exactly. Out with it, Sir; that’s what I want to hear.

MR. B. D.—Of course it is; and very natural that you should. Well, then, in the first place, I think it is the duty of a Prime Minister to consider the interests of his country above all other interests; and as I do consider this, I cannot feel respect for the statesman in that position who would not fling his own personal reputation to the winds when a great imperial crisis demands the sacrifice. (*Takes breath.*)MR. J. B. (*impatiently*).—Come, Sir, come; none of this froth for me.MR. B. D. (*quieting him*).—“Froth,” my dear Sir? You just listen. Having, therefore, submitted to you that philosophical proposition, I will now go on to say that, as far as I am concerned myself, I should regard myself as a traitor to my Queen, my country, and my—

MR. J. B.—Pocket—go on, sir.

MR. B. D. (*smiling sweetly*).—Pocket, were I to abandon the helm of the State under any combination of circumstances whatever. You see—(*watching the effect of his words*)—that is, I cannot think it the duty of a true patriot to give over the control of the vessel to incompetent hands. Gladstone does not know what he is about. I do. So, you see, thinking it better that anything should happen rather than that I should—should—

MR. J. B.—Let go of the public purse-strings.

MR. B. D.—Thank you, yes; that is the idea—let go of the public purse-strings—I mean to stay in myself, and—and—

MR. J. B.—Pitch your old colleagues all overboard together?

MR. B. D.—The idea again; yes, overboard together. I shall then, through what call a just appreciation of the political necessities of the day, make up a new Cabinet. Let me see. We will have Bright for Foreign Affairs, Potter in the Home Office, get Beales in for Greenwich, and push him somehow on to the woollack. Then as to Odger and Mill I dare say they would be useful in the Upper House. With regard to the rest, I—

MR. J. B.—Gladstone, for instance?

MR. B. D.—You are quite right. Of course we would not forget him. A—a—(*smiling very sweetly*)—colonial governorship—say St. Helena?MR. J. B. (*suppressing his indignation*).—And your measures?

MR. B. D.—To suit the necessities of the age of course. We should abolish the Irish Church, and the English Church, and the House of Lords, and the Constitution, and the Excise duties, and the standing army, and—

MR. J. B.—Anything else?

MR. B. D.—Yes, we should establish universal suffrage, and

the ballot, and equal division of landed property, and woman’s rights, and the people’s charter, and—in fact, anything that might be agreeable to all parties.

MR. J. B.—In short, Sir, you mean to tell me you will pay any price, however low it be, for power?

MR. B. D.—My dear friend, you have hit it exactly. I do.

MR. J. B. (*indignantly*).—Then know, Sir, that I *won’t* have you at any price. I’ve had quite enough of you already, and mean to kick you out. There, Sir, that’s what I’ve got to say to you, and now you may go.

BY AUTHORITY.

OUR contemporary, the *Daily News*, is becoming quite remarkable for the exclusiveness of its information. One day last week, when its pages were inconveniently crowded by the reports of the borough elections, the place of honour immediately below the last leading article was reserved for the following interesting announcement:—

“The Queen, who, since the lamented death of the Prince Consort, has used plain note paper in her correspondence, has adopted a monogram consisting of the regal R under an imperial crown, with the legend Victoria across the letter. The design, which has received its last improvements from her Majesty’s own hand, is being executed in black and silver.”

The paragraph does not end here, but we are even made acquainted with the name and address of the highly-honoured individual who has been entrusted with the execution of the design.

We notice the announcement, as we fear that badly-disposed people who do not entertain a proper respect for the exalted character of the Penny Press, may take it into their mischievous heads to suggest that this tit-bit of “exclusive information” is nothing more nor less than a paid-for advertisement. Not a bit of it. We are happy to be able to assure our readers that the paragraph in question headed the most important items of the day’s news, and bore no sign of being anything but what it pretended to be. Is it likely that a respectable paper, even in reduced circumstances, would stoop so low as to palm off on the public a paid-for advertisement for a bit of the latest news? Impossible. Such a subterfuge would be unprecedented in the annals of British journalism.

THE NEXT ELECTION.

IT really would seem, from the outrages that occurred before the hustings last week, that we are, indeed, becoming the “barbarous” nation alluded to so frequently by “our lively neighbours,” the French. The newspapers, at the time of the Election, absolutely teemed with tales of murder and blood. “Shooting dead” and bayoneting were both resorted to by the free and independent electors as means for attaining their ends. Talk about “French cruelty” and “Spanish brutality,” why neither can compare with English murder! Yes, “murder” is the word. The Irish Church question has nothing in common with leaden bullets—the problem of Reform may be worked to a solution without the aid of cold steel. But there, the matter is over for the present: let us hope that the next election may be no worse. Still, a sensible man cannot shut his eyes to the fact that from bad we seldom grow by our own accord to better. It’s not impossible that we may see something like the following if we live to welcome in the year 1890.

DULBOROUGH ELECTION.

November 16, 1890.

To-day being the day appointed for the polling at this borough, the Hustings were thronged from a very early hour in the morning. The Clerks of the Returning Officer were clad in mail, a costume which saved them from many a sabre cut, and not a few bullets. It was feared that the Liberals had undermined a part of the booth, with the intention of blowing the Register to atoms. Happily the rumour turned out to be false. At about noon the Conservatives, who had mounted some heavy guns on the roof of the Town Hall, opened fire on the voters. At the request of the police (who explained that the guns were

old and likely to burst), and after some ten or a dozen shots had been fired, the amateur artillerymen desisted from their dangerous employment. It will be remembered that Messrs. Brown (L.), Smith (C.), and Jones (C.) are now the only candidates, as Mr. Robinson (L.) retired (shot through the stomach) on the day of nomination.

NOON.

State of the Poll.

Brown (L)	114
Smith (C)	94
Jones (C)	27

Prices.—Liberal votes, £5 a-piece. Conservative votes, £7 10s. Trade brisk.

We regret to say that party feeling still runs very high—Mrs. Brown and the Misses Brown (2) were murdered by some *persons*!—we won't call them *gentlemen*—while engaged in shopping. It is feared that the Liberals will retaliate by slaughtering Mr. Smith's mother-in-law.

TWO P.M.

State of the Poll.

Brown (L)	.	.	.	323
Smith (C)	.	.	.	247
Jones (C)	.	.	.	Retired (shot through the head).

Prices.—Liberal votes, £3 a-piece, or 2 for £5. Conservative votes, £5 a-piece. Trade dull.

Most of the churches have been pulled down. The scholars at the Ragged Schools have been liberated, and have fraternised with the prisoners set free from the Town Gaol. A few women were killed in the last charge of the Military. The Volunteers are giving no quarter.

FOUR P.M.

Close of the Poll.

Brown (L)	.	.	.	400.
Smith (C)	.	.	.	Retired (mortally wounded).

Prices.—Liberal votes, 5s. a dozen. Conservative votes, 6s. a gross. Scarcely any business doing.

It will be seen that Mr. Brown headed the poll. This gentleman certainly deserves the success which has attended his efforts to secure a seat in Parliament. He is most fortunate to have passed through the ordeal of election with only the loss of an eye and the fracture of an arm.

Mr. Brown, on his appearance on the Hustings, was received with loud cheers and much hissing. After a while it was judged expedient to look after the Returning Officer. It is with deep regret that we announce that this worthy gentleman was discovered lying dead under the Reporter's table. It is supposed that a random shot (fired by the Conservatives) killed him earlier in the day.

WHAT IT HAS COME TO!

APROPOS of the contemplated absence of Royalty from the metropolis in the coming season, we publish the following items of intelligence, which may have a special interest for those among our readers who subscribe to the *Court Journal* :—

There will be no season at Paris this Christmas, as it is reported that the Emperor has determined on passing the winter at Bath, his advisers having considered it inevitable that he must soon get into hot water. Guided by this opinion he has made his selection of this still fashionable watering-place for his temporary domicile.

Her ex-Majesty, the Queen of Spain, will continue to occupy her present residence in Coventry. There will be no Court at Madrid.

The Sultan of Turkey and suite will make a short stay at Margate, where they will appear (for a limited number of nights only) at the Hall by the Sea (admission one shilling). There will be no Court at Constantinople.

The King of Prussia has taken the whole of the Lord Warden

Hotel, at Dover, for six months. It is said that his Majesty, who has suffered of late years from a great deal of feverish excitement, has been urgently advised to pursue a lowering regimen for a short period, and that he purposes, therefore, taking a course of the celebrated powders named after the sea-port he is about to visit. There will be no Court at Berlin.

The Emperor of Russia has started for Naples. It is reported that he is about to descend the crater of Vesuvius with a view to protesting strongly against the continual use of explosive material by the authorities in that volcano. The mission is scientific and humane, but we regret to say that in consequence there will be no Court at St. Petersburg this winter.

The King of Denmark will be occupied next season in an advertising tour, having several ageing relations to marry off while there is any market for them. He will, however, be willing to put a substitute in his place, with use of the crown, and a salary (payable in advance) of £100 a year. He will be glad to hear from Prince Christian, or any other walking talent, as, in [the event of no one turning up, there will be no Court held at Copenhagen next year.

ENIGMA.

HE breathed it in my glowing ear,
Down 'neath the willows by the mere.

Oh! how I treasured it within my heart!
And when relentless Time brought round the hour,
When these sad words were spoken "we must part,"
I knew that o'er my life he held this power,—
If he broke this, that he would break my heart.

His letters came, warm from his passionate soul;
Each loving word assumed his much-loved form.
To read them o'er whole nights from sleep I stole,
Nor dreamed the calm so sweet presaged a storm.

At last it came, no outward semblance bearing
Of that dread poisoned dart that lay within,
And I the envelope was madly tearing
To reach the loving words I deemed no sin.
And then in hard and cruel lines displayed,
I read the truth, and knew myself betrayed.

Knew that this man whom I had deemed so pure,
Had trampled on all honour and all truth;
E'en in the deadening trance of grief, full sure
Was I that he could never show me ruth;
He who, though wed, had stole my virgin love,
And lies to witness called his God above.

So this I took—since nought for me was left
But in the world to wear my load of shame;
Of every hope, of every joy bereft,
Fain was I to forget my very name.
Religion mocks me with a phantom peace,
I cannot hate—to love I cannot cease.

ANSWER TO THE LAST DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

P ill S
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INCORRECT answers by Slodger and Tiney, Ruby's Ghost, Charley and Owl (Lower Norwood), E. C. Dering, F. Thomas (Liverpool), Happy Jack, J. D. (Bristol), Dot-and-carry-one, Elvira Podgers, George Sydney Russell Jackson (Coleford), Castlebar Terrier, William O'Hara, O. Jumping Moses, The Rattling Skull and Cross-bones of Kensal Green, The Howling Maniac of Harrow and the Parson's Daughter, A Groan from the Cobden Statue Dyrba Deyol, The Wendover Wonder, Samuel E. Thomas, and Hero and Leander.

ERRATUM.—The first word in the answer last week should have been Cuss, not Cluss.