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Advertisements.

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EXTRA.
AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT
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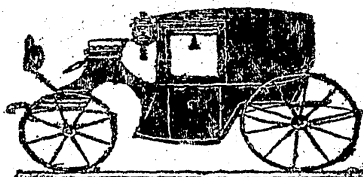
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London (late of Bucklersbury),
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Wines and Spirits, and whilst
they refrain from offering Wines
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prove unsatisfactory to the con-
sumer, they offer to guarantee
their Wines and Spirits to be of unequalled excellence.
They have every confidence in the quality of their
Wines will invariably produce a repetition of orders.
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gallon. IRISH and SCOTCH WHISKY, 22s. per
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Guineas per annum, after which it becomes the pro-
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THE DENMARK PHAETON—as built for
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.—Price
22 Guineas. This Phaeton is unsurpassed for its ease
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ILLUMINATIONS
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AND CONSERVATORIES
Lighted and Illuminated with GAS or
OIL, upon the most approved principles.
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Never fails to restore Grey or Faded Hair to its Original Color.
Produces luxuriant growth. Stops the Hair from falling off.
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—They received a Medal at the last exhibition. For
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The
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Cocoa Extract,
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for horses, cows, &c., cocoa
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Admitted to the equal
steed shall bear
250 feeds as
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COCOA EXTRACT,
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nutritious
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is every wit as nutritious
is a novel idea, that of feeding
of the horse may soon find
breakfast, his faithful
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OETZMANN & CO.,

FURNITURE, BEDDING, CARPETS, DRAPERY,
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A Descriptive Catalogue, containing Prices of every Household Requisite, post free.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 88.]

LONDON, JANUARY 9, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

POLICE! POLICE!

POLICE! Police! Such is the instinctive cry of the Britisher when attacked either in purse or person. But we doubt very much whether, in many cases, the cry is a very wise one. It would seem that not unfrequently it would be better to suffer the gentle mercy of the garotters than of the Police. The most violence can do is to kill you; and if lawless brutality stops short of that dread consummation, it is somewhat better than the legal cruelty and ignorance of official authority. It is all very well for those who have money in their pockets and beer in their cellars to place implicit confidence in the Police, though to do so is a proof of their generosity in more senses than one; but for the poor, the wretched, and the helpless, the Policeman can hardly be a haven of refuge; to these poor cranky vessels he must be much more like a sunken rock, or a dangerous quicksand.

Sir Richard Mayne has passed away, after a long life of toil in the service of his country. We have been accused of harshness and cruelty towards him. That he did much for the London Police we do not deny, but that to him belongs the merit of the improvements which he organised we must dispute. Public opinion called the Police into existence, and made them—not what they are—but what they are meant to be. The Police are better than the old watchmen; very true, but that is not saying much for them. In all that relates to the regulation of traffic, and other matters which affect commercial interests, the Police are not much amiss; public opinion, even in this apathetic age, enforces some efficiency in this respect; but for the prevention of crime, for the punishment of the guilty, and the defence of the weak, and for the aid of the wretched, the Police are about as bad as they can be. We know these are trivial matters compared with such an important object as the protection of our purses. We cannot expect a large body of men, like the Police, who are indifferently paid considering the duties which they are supposed to discharge, to be all intelligent or humane; but we may fairly demand that ignorance and brutality on their part should not receive the negative encouragement of nearly complete impunity. We have often expressed our opinion on the defects in our present system of Police, and all the panegyrics, which respect for Sir Richard Mayne's, however well deserved, has called forth in the papers, cannot alter that opinion. Our Police are charged with duties of the greatest responsibility, and to make them, or their chief, anything approaching to irresponsible agents, is a most pernicious error.

The recent case of a poor woman, who was rescued from drowning by a Policeman, only to be slowly murdered by the most brutal neglect in the cell of the station-house, has prompted these observations. It is a case which illustrates two of the most frequent blunders of our Police. Nothing can be more—ridiculous we were going to say, but the consequences are often too terrible for such an epithet—nothing can be more mischievously foolish, than to allow a Policeman to pronounce on the diagnosis of any case of insensibility. He has only one idea—the man, or woman is drunk—his treatment is equally simple; to knock the insensible person about till he or she is roused, if possible; if not, to take the poor creature to the station-house and fling him or her into a damp unwholesome cell, and there leave him or her to recover by the aid of Providence. The most monstrous cases of what we can call nothing else than murder, have occurred through this brilliant faculty for diagnosis in our Police, and have, as far as the world knows, never been punished. In the mystic recesses of Scotland Yard, the blundering brute who caused a fellow creature's death by his cruel stupidity and callousness may have been censured, perhaps degraded in the force, by some irresponsible authority, but the effect of the punishment, such as it is, is not seen by the public, if it is felt by the Policemen themselves, which we take leave to doubt. Everybody will remember the case known as the "murder in the Green Park," which exactly illustrates this monstrous abuse, the irresponsibility of our Police force. A respectable mechanic died of wounds inflicted on his head with a blunt instrument, on his way from the police-station to the hospital; the authorities of St. George's Hospital had a rigid enquiry into the matter, the result of which was made public; though there was very little doubt of the guilt of one of the force, the Police had no enquiry at all, or if they did, kept both it and its result a profound secret. All cases in which either the incompetence or cruelty of any member of the Police has occasioned the injury or death of any human being should be rigorously investigated before a public and impartial tribunal. We believe that Sir Richard Mayne had shortly before his death yielded somewhat on this point, and that the inquisition which used to sit in Scotland Yard on offending members of the Police has been abolished. But much requires to be done by the force of public opinion before the regulations of the Police Force are compatible with humanity or justice. The recent case to which we have alluded appears to us one of undoubted manslaughter. A woman just dragged out of the water is taken on a stretcher, with nothing on but a wet chemise, through the cold night air to the police-station, and then placed

in a cell described by one of the witnesses as being "cold and damp, and in a filthy state," at a little past nine o'clock on Saturday night; and though her husband and others of her family repeatedly applied for permission to remove the poor woman to a proper place, the Police refused to allow her removal. At seven o'clock on Sunday evening she died "from the effects of the shock," and the divisional surgeon was called in to look at the dead body. No medical assistance was called in during those twenty-two hours which the poor half-drowned woman passed on a hard bench in a cold, damp cell. If this is not manslaughter, what is it? It is a very good imitation of murder. "But it was only carelessness, it was not intentional." Only carelessness! A man walks into a powder magazine and flings lighted matches about. If the gunpowder explodes, is that only carelessness? Yet it is not more certain that a lighted match will cause powder to explode, than that such brutal neglect would kill a woman in the condition of the deceased.

Had the unfortunate Mrs. Saunders committed any crime, there might have been some reason for such harsh treatment. But at the worst, she was only suspected of suicide; suspected by a Policeman, it is true, and we know they are wonderful phenomena of penetration, almost clairvoyants; suspicion with them amounts to certainty. But grant that she did intend to commit suicide, the Police seem to have determined that the intention should be carried out. They helped the woman to complete the crime from which they professed to save her. Is it conceivable that in such a case the censure of a jury should be all the punishment that falls upon the guilty persons? To a civil action they are exposed, but from a criminal one they are pretty nearly safe. Yet if they had been cabmen caught in the act of driving a lame or sick horse there would have been no difficulty about punishing them. Oh, glorious old England! what a delightful country you are for the poor and the wretched to inhabit! Everybody is equal in the eye of the Law; in the eye, not the eyes, for from the other half-closed eye the Law leers at the gold which it hopes to clutch. If that is wanting, the poor suitor had better wait for justice till the day when that great Tribunal shall sit, where no fees are taken, and where no special pleading will be heard.

It will be a long time, of course, before such a case occurs again; or rather, before we hear of such a case. There are no statistics of the persons whom the irresponsible brutality of the Police drives to death every year. There are plenty of details as to the number of criminals whom they succeed in catching. Vigilant, humane, even intelligent, some may be; but until there is a public prosecutor to take up such cases as those of Mrs. Saunders, no individual merit will blind the eyes of the people to the vicious defects of the Force. Protect the Police by all means in the execution of their duty; arm them, if you like; teach them common sense—common humanity, if you can; but do not try and make them absolute judges of the treatment proper for half-drowned persons. Their intellects will not bear such a heavy demand. In all such cases, instant medical aid should be called in, and at the nearest hospital, not at the Police-station, till these places are very differently constructed to what they are now. A Police-station is not a place for the confinement of criminals, but only of suspected persons, and the cells should not be infinitely more loathsome than the condemned cell in which the guilty murderer passes his last hours.

JOKE FOR THE NEW YEAR.—Why was Mahomet like a man in church with a bad cold?—Why—because his coughing (*coffin*) had to be suspended!

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT AND FASHION.

OUR contemporary, *The Echo*, the other evening commenced a leader with an announcement to the effect that Sir Eardley Gideon Culling Eardley, Bart., had just left England with a view to spending the worst portion of the winter months in the island of Madeira. It further expressed some surprise, as well it might, at being in a position to furnish the public with a piece of information of the kind, inasmuch as the worthy baronet in question, having been found guilty on a charge of bigamy, and sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour in January last, ought at this present moment to be taking his meals in an English gaol and alternating them with an occasional turn at the treadmill. The moral it deduced from these facts was of course the obvious one. England has one law for the rich, another for the poor, and opens prison doors to well-born ruffians. Health was the plea put forward in defence of this indulgence, but as Smith or Sykes would have been despatched to the admirable establishment at Woking and not suffered to take a continental tour, the plea falls to the ground. The case then is one of back-stair influence and ought to be investigated. Possibly, those in authority will meet the charge by an indignant statement that a like remission of sentence would have been entertained in a similar case, no matter what were the station and antecedents of the culprit. If they should do this such a humorous combination of crime and court circular suggests itself that we cannot refrain from trying a little in print. How would this look for instance?

The HON. BEWDLY FLASHOVER (at present undergoing his sentence for fraudulent bankruptcy), will pass the winter at Nice.

A marriage has been arranged between SIR HAMILTON AUBREY VARVASOUR DE PONTEFORT, BART. (sentenced in 1863 to ten years' penal servitude on his being found guilty of forgery), and Miss Lydia Percy (at present on a visit to the Governor of the House of Correction), daughter of the late Mr. Sykes Percy, hung at Maidstone for the murder of his wife, Mrs. Mary Percy, in the year 1849.

Mr. Jeremy Thrush, Mr. Thomas Yelp, and Mr. James Jowlpin have had some fine shooting over the Greenwater estates. The greatest feat accomplished by these enthusiastic sportsmen, was the bringing down of Lord Greenwater's head gamekeeper at a distance of five-and-thirty yards. The admirable style of the shooting may be gathered from the fact that the sport was conducted by moonlight.

The following receptions have occurred in the course of the present week. Mrs. Timothy received, on Monday last, a severe blow in her eye from her husband. On Tuesday Mrs. Foulker received a couple of summonses from the Westminster police court in connection with a recent assault, and on Thursday and Saturday Mrs. Jabez Budd held her usual receptions of stolen goods. Both the latter were well attended.

But it is unnecessary to spin out this list. It must be seen at a glance that really an announcement to the effect that a worthy sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour for bigamy has been let off more than a third of the punishment for the purpose of passing it on the Continent, would not read as if it were so very much out of place among such criminal court news as the above. The matter, therefore, ought to be investigated, and the sooner the better.

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM!

WE believe that a certain seaside clergyman has opened a Rag and Bone Shop, to the shutters of which he has affixed the following placard:—

NOTICE TO THE BEREAVED!

THE ORIGINAL BONES!!

Best price given for old Grand Mothers.

Full price offered for all sorts of Nieces.

Ancestors removed at a moment's notice.

An allowance made for New Coffins.

Vivat Regina.

No Money returned.

THE OLD NEW YEAR.

THE bells have ceased. Another year
Succumbed hath to the great decree.
And so you bid us Christmas cheer,
And in the new one happy be.
You did the same when came the last ;
The same will do to greet the next,
Nor stop to think if, like the past,
The future will with woes be vexed.

Yet surely 'tis no wrongful time,
When such fine wishes flutter round,
To ask ourselves, in prose or rhyme,
If happiness be gaining ground :
To see a moment if in truth
It be a merrier world than erst ;
If brighter glows the soul of youth,
And age with fewer aches be cursed.

I ask not, have you bridged the seas,
Or linked far continents with wire ?
These things may be, yet ill at ease
Remain the immortal part's desire.
Nor would I know if gayer tints
And softer cushions line your homes ;
But rather if you clearer hints
Have got of sempiternal domes.

What is't to me that science draws
A wider sweep, a further range ?
Do you obey the eternal laws
Which science can nor cause nor change ?
Off with your peddling vain displays
Of how to sever, how to mix ;
And tell me why in Christian days
You worship Venus Meretrix.

Go where I will, the same sore sights
And sounds affront my ears and eyes ;
The simulation of delights,
And misery without disguise.
I still encounter naked imps,
The harlot's lure, the pauper's whine ;
But where, oh ! where, the promised glimpse
Of better days and things divine ?

The politician fumes and frets
To seize on power, or else to keep ;
The ranter coarse and coarser gets,
The parson sends his flock to sleep.
Pert journals strain to lure the crowd ;
The artist paints to please the lewd ;
Success and all that prompts the proud
With conscience is at open feud.

The treacherous nations lie in wait
To snatch a river, gain a gorge,
Till every big and petty state
Is one gigantic warlike forge.
With empty prate they first attack,
Of nationality and votes ;
Whilst fear alone doth hold them back
From flying at each other's throats.

A hard fast line throughout the land
Divideth classes, severs ranks ;
The suppliant sees no giver's hand,
And so he grabs, nor renders thanks.
He as a right accepts the dole,
Grateful to neither heaven nor earth ;
And thus we kill the very soul
Of Charity before its birth.

For eighteen hundred years and more
These annual wishes have been sped ;
But are we nobler than before,
And really wiser than the dead ?
It seems to me that, ages gone,
Man unto man was less a stranger ;
And that we travel on and on
Still further from the sacred Manger.

I grieve I cannot tune my lyre
To some oblivion-bringing strain ;
But whilst you huddle round your fire,
I stand outside in wind and rain.
I am a sober singer, nor
Can I, time-tutored, merry be.
Vain New Year wishes I abhor,
And weep beneath your Christmas tree.

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

Cigars, Coffee, Brandy, Pall Mall, and Smoke.

FIRST VOICE.—Been to any theatres ?

SECOND VOICE.—Yes, the *Globe*—bad, *St. James's*—good writing, tol-lol acting, Miss Rushton would be good in another part. Madlle. de la Fuente can't speak English, but graceful. *Gaiety*—good. *Covent Garden*—splendid. *Drury Lane*—stupid—especially Blanchard's lines—not a bit of fun in him, very bad. *Haymarket*—very fair. Smith at *Lyceum*—dead failure.

FIRST VOICE.—Where shall we go ?

SECOND VOICE.—What do you say to the *Queen's* ?

FIRST VOICE.—All right ! Call a hearse ! *Exeunt.*

TIME AND THE SWELL.

HERE is another bud opening on the bank of Time ; a bud which will bloom, and withers before we well know where we are.

At least for the working bees the year rolls but too rapidly by, though the modern Posthumus may find it hang heavily on his hands and cling wearily about his legs. Another year is come and on the roll, and our friend, the Swell, has no better notion than last year of turning it to account. Perhaps he thinks it may bring some rich relation nearer to the grave, and be productive of some good at least to himself in that way, but your Swell has no prospects before him. No vista of ideas is opened up by the change of cyphers, which is the only note of recognition he finds time to accord to time as he passes. The Swell has no intentions ; he has no share in the infernal pavement, and if he had the share would bring him no interest. He knows the usual routine will bring him his dinners with the Madeira at a guinea at the Baron's, his port of 1801 at Methusalem's, and his Château-Boyard of the comet year at Charlie Guzzler's. He knows he will not have to ask whether Lady Simperdyke's ball will come off, or if the Honourable Mrs. Rover's croquet party will want his presence. All these things come off as regularly as the seasons come round, and there is no shadow of a necessity to think about them. If they didn't give the parties somebody else would, and the Swell would be required to join the assemblage of his like.

It does not come into the Swell's head, therefore, to think, propose, or invent thoughts, propositions, or ideas for the coming year. But would it not be an immense triumph if any Swell at the end of the year could say, "I have done something within the last twelve months which has done good to somebody besides myself" ? You may give a casual fiver to a charity ; but if you have thrown it to importunity you have no satisfaction in knowing how it has been disposed of : but go for yourself to one of the ragged homes of which there are so many in London, and find your inmate yourself and provide for him, and you will find yourself taking such an interest in the use of your charity, that it will persuade you of your affluence to think of spreading the good you have done for an individual.

You need never be ashamed of it, supposing your swell friends found you out, and might even persuade other Swells, who had never thought of others than themselves all their lives, to take some little interest in the horrid dirty creatures, who would be still more horrid and dirty did not some rich people exist who believe that it is their duty to assist their poorest neighbours, be they ever so horrid or ever so dirty.

We have already made an appeal. Don't think us a bore because we ask again, but do let the year be productive of some good in your career through it.

Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. III. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.

Now Ready,
BRITANNIA for January,
Price 1s.



** 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, JANUARY 9, 1869.

THE WEEK.

"THE Right Honourable John Bright had the honour of dining with Her Majesty," so says the *Court Newsmen* of Friday last. Perhaps the great minister and his Sovereign were engaged in seeing the Old Year out and the New Year in. But the event belongs to the Old Year, and we may well wonder what greater phenomenon 1869 will bring forth.

THE newspapers are still making capital out of poor Lord Hastings' monetary difficulties. Last week some books belonging to his estate were sold by auction somewhere in London, and every morning paper from the *Times* downwards inserted a paragraph the next morning headed "Sale of the Library of the Marquis of Hastings." The press have already interfered too deeply in the private affairs of this unfortunate young nobleman. It is time now, in the interests of the commonest decency, to have done with the scandal.

WHO is Dr. Thornton? At a coroner's inquest in a case alluded to in our leading article, we see that the policeman deposed that he called in Dr. Thornton, and that he said "She is all right for removal." A woman fished out with the drags from the Regent's canal nearly naked, and more nearly dead, was "all right for removal" in Dr. Thornton's eyes. Perhaps this great medical genius is a cynic, and meant removal to another world. Let us hope so, though the jest was ill-timed; it would be better than the callous brutality which such an answer, if meant seriously, would betoken.

THE Lords of the Treasury have issued an edict against bankrupt Civil Servants. For a man in the Treasury to be bankrupt is not easy; for a clerk in the Customs not to be so is

very difficult. Would not a little fairer distribution of the loaves and fishes make pecuniary embarrassment less common among the lower Civil Servants? It is difficult to live and dress as a "gentleman" on eighty pounds a-year in 1869. But we all know that Her Majesty's Lords of the Treasury are themselves masters of the art of making a little money go a very long way—and not a little go further—in fact out of sight.

WANTED, A COMMISSIONER.

THE vacancy in the Chief Commissionership of the Metropolitan Police caused by the death of Sir Richard Mayne, which we all deplore—(a conscientious discharge of one's duty commands respect though it may provoke criticism),—has given the signal for a perfect avalanche of applications to the Home Secretary. As their name is legion, it is impracticable to reproduce all the bids for the post which have been received from all classes of the community. We, therefore, only append those offers which we understand that Mr. Bruce has put on one side for further consideration.

ALDERMAN SIR ROBERT CARDEN.—Sir Robert bases his claim on the fact of the great success with which he has administered the law since his commercial success placed him on the bench of the Mansion House. He pledges himself to the demolition of orange girls and the total annihilation of the organ-grinding interest.

MR. BEALES, M.A.—This gentleman thinks himself just the man for the place, as his long connexion with the Reform League has afforded him a considerable knowledge of the manners and customs of the classes with whom he would have to deal. He also thinks that Government is bound to do something for him, and that it is a great concession on his part to be satisfied with two thousand a-year.

THE MARQUIS TOWNSEND.—His Lordship considers that his long service as an amateur detective gives him a right to the post. He does not want any salary, provided he receives an assurance that he will be let alone.

CAPTAIN COWPER COLES, R.N.—Captain Coles would undertake to make the force really effective by arming every constable with his last new invention, a pocket piece, which will carry a shell of 5 lbs. weight upwards of a mile and a half. His experience as an officer in the Royal Navy, and his unpopularity in that service, are guarantees of the strictness of the discipline which Captain Coles would maintain in the Police Force. He only requires fifteen thousand pounds for the patent of the little invention above alluded to.

HENRY COLE, ESQ., C.B.—This gentleman is willing to permit himself to be nominated as he hates idleness, and latterly has had a little leisure time on his hands; besides he rather fancies himself in a cocked hat, which he understands forms a part of the Chief Commissioner's undress uniform. He would, however, require that the present salary should be doubled, and that he should be responsible to nobody for the performance of his duties. Should he succeed to the office, Mr. Cole, C.B., pledges himself to put a proper control on the public press.

MR. POLLAKY.—This gentleman thinks that he is now sufficiently well known—(thanks to the large sums he has expended in sensational advertisements)—to entitle him to the confidence and respect of the community. He would undertake to conduct his business on reasonable terms.

Of course it is impossible to guess who the fortunate recipient of the vacant appointment may be, but no doubt the Home Secretary in making his selection will not allow himself to be influenced by any other consideration than that of his duty to the public. There seems to be a very general impression abroad that Mr. Knox, the excellent police magistrate, is just the man for the place; but with such a choice before him we should be surprised if Mr. Bruce gives away a place worth £2,000 a-year in obedience to the clamour of popular caprice.



THE TOMAHAWK, January 9, 1869



WANTED—A STRONG MASTER.

(DEDICATED TO THE CURSE OF LONDON.)



THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

THE AUTHOR AMATEUR.—MACAULEY FITZ-MUDDLE.

The Death and Burial of "The Hercules."

I ARRIVED at the newspaper office and found the publisher in a state of spirituous excitement. He was (I'm sorry to say) very "toxicated," and in answer to my questions could only mutter something about it being "alrightsh"—he said he'd "seen—Misht Muddle—allrightsh."

My curiosity was piqued by his mysterious announcement, and I hastened into the Editor's room. There I found Cawley engaged in smoking a Manilla cheroot, and paring his finger-nails. He received me with a nod, and said—

"How do, old man? Sorry to trouble you to come heaw today. Fact is, don't want anybody. Turned 'The Hercules' into a weekly. Deucid good ideaw, isn't it?"

I sat down and stared at Cawley in blank astonishment! Turn a daily paper into a weekly at a moment's notice! The thought was too preposterous!

"Ya'as," he continued, puffing away at his Manilla, "think the public have got bored at the ideaw of a daily papaw. Yesterday only sold three of 'Th' Hercules,' and one of the fellows who bought it was my cousin, who said he'd like to buy a penny papaw if th'were only a new one. And he said it was beastly! Worse than the othaws! But that's just like him! I cut him for two years once. He can be awfully nasty sometimes, and he was awfully nasty about 'Th' Hercules.'"

"But, my dear fellow," I remonstrated, "do you think you can turn a daily into a weekly at a moment's notice?"

"I don't know," said he, coolly, "but I'm going to try."

"Well, but come, be business-like. Here, tell me what's your idea of a weekly paper?"

"My ideaw of a weekly papaw?" he drawled, and stroked his moustache. "Well, it ought to be a nice sort of a papaw. Yes, I think that's about the ideaw—a nice sort of a papaw."

"What do you mean by a nice sort of a paper?"

"Oh, much the same as other fellows mean—nice, you know."

"Come, old fellow, if you really are to carry out this idea, do be a little plainer."

"Well, then," said Cawley desperately, feeling himself forced into a corner by my importunity, "I'd have all sorts of things in it. I'd have a lot about the weather, and I'd have a lot about West Diddlesex Extension Stock (I've got some money in the concern), and, in fact, I'd have lots of things in it—lots of things!"

I was obliged to content myself with this very vague order of the day, as at this moment a gentleman in a long moustache and a dashing hat hurried into the room, and deposited on the table a large MS. book.

"The Editor of 'The Hercules,' I believe," he said, looking towards me.

"I'm the Editor of 'Th' Hercules,'" observed Cawley, with much pride.

"Pardon me, I beg," cried he of the long moustache. "My name's Binks—Captain Binks—and I bring a letter of introduction."

He handed Cawley a note couched in the following terms:

"Farthing Earthquake" Office.

SIR,—In answer to your letter containing a riddle commencing "When is a door not a door," I beg to inform you that the *Farthing Earthquake* is not a comic paper, and that therefore your joke is unsuited to its pages. I regret very much that I am not Editor of *Punch* or the *Tomahawk*, that I might be in a position to unfold the beauties of your witticism to an admiring public.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

J. C. GUTTERINK,
Editor.

Captain Binks.

"Well," said Cawley.

"Oh, I went to the Editor of *Punch*, and he regretted very much for my sake that his paper was comic and not satirical. And when I called upon the Editor of the *Tomahawk*, he

told me that he was awfully sorry for my sake that his paper was satirical and not comic. He gave me a letter to the Editor of '*Jack-o'-Lantern*,' however, and he put it in and said it was the best thing he had ever heard in his life!"

"Really," said Cawley, gradually becoming bored, "what can I do for you?"

"Well," said Binks, seizing his MS. book and opening it, "I've come to make you laugh!"

"Pray don't trouble yourself," replied Cawley, with a yawn, "I'm sure you will pardon me when I tell you I'm rathaw busy now—"

"Oh, but you *must* let me read this—it will make you *laugh* so! Now listen. When was Napoleon most impoverished?"

We both shook our heads to imply that we were ignorant of the proper answer. Binks, his face overflowing with smiles, cried—

"When he was out at Elbow."

Hawker roared, but stopped suddenly when he found we were neither of us smiling, and explained, "Out at Elba, you know, where they sent the first Napoleon before the Battle of Waterloo."

He looked so piteously at us that out of compliment to him we were obliged to summon up a faint attempt at a simper. This courtesy pleased him amazingly, so much so that he cried out on leaving the place,

"Ah, I *knew* I should make you laugh!"

Cawley showed the tact on this occasion not to engage him at twenty guineas a-week to write riddles; much to my surprise, I must admit.

After he had gone, my friend, having finished his cigar, took me by the arm and walked me out.

On the day appointed for the appearance of the new weekly, I was at the office attempting to draw up a contents bill from most disheartening materials. To explain my difficulties clearly I will give you the *affiche* as it appeared, with my private notes now affixed thereto for the first time:—

One Shilling.¹

THE HERCULES MERCURY.²

Saturday, 30th December.

MADE IN HEAVEN.³

Among the Ice!⁴

Stranger than Fiction!⁵

DEAD! DEAD!! DEAD!!!⁶

Tied to the Horse!⁷

Purple and Fine Linen in Excelsis!⁸

LITTLE STRANGERS!⁹

Office, 1869 Strand, W.C.

(1.) Cawley insisted upon charging one shilling for "*The Hercules*," as he said that it didn't pay at a penny.

(2.) Change of name an idea of Cawley's. He said the people were bored with the name of "*The Hercules*."

(3.) This was really only a list of the marriages that appeared in "*The Times*" of Tuesday. We put them in as they had already been set up. The title, "Made in Heaven," was mine.

(4.) Really the advertisement of Cawley's mama's pastrycook. The title, "Among the Ice!" was mine.

(5.) This was composed of a few paragraphs cut from respectable papers, and therefore *true*. I thought I might call truth "*Stranger than Fiction*."

(6.) The "Deaths" from "*The Times*" of Tuesday. My title.

(7.) This was Cawley's notion. He *would* have a cab fare list in the paper. The expense was great, and the matter filled about six pages of our space. He said that "he'd heard a fellow say he'd buy a papaw with a cab fare list in it." I gave the title.

(8.) The other advertisement—that of a Jew tailor. My title.

(9.) The "Births" of Tuesday's "*Times*." Once more—my title.

I very much regret to say that the weekly was a failure. So was the monthly, when "*The Hercules*" became a magazine. It didn't do well even as a cheap rival to "*Bradshaw*," and quite languished when it became incorporated with "*The Penny Christian*." It soon left Cawley's hands, and when I last heard of it it was appearing in the shape of a comic song book, edited by "The Monstrous Dance."

As for Cawley he is still as "perky" as ever; he is conceited and bumptious, but he has not started another paper. From what his father told me I don't think he ever will.

Bidding you adieu until I present the "Amateur Clerk" to your notice, I write

HERE ENDETH THE STORY OF THE AMATEUR AUTHOR.

A MINUTE TOO FAST.

IT is a well-known fact that London tradesmen find the Civil Servants of the Crown the best paying class of their customers, although, as a rule, for their position in society they are as poor as so many church mice. My Lords of the Treasury are evidently staunch supporters of the credit system, for instead of discouraging shopkeepers in inveigling needy clerks into the toils, my Lords have just published in the columns of the *London Gazette* a "Treasury Minute," which will have the effect of adding new strength to the iron grip in which the creditor still holds the unfortunate Government Official.

It is now laid down that as a matter of course when a Civil Servant finds himself in monetary difficulties, whether caused by his own indiscretion or circumstances which he has been unable to control, he loses his pay and his chance of promotion, in other words, he is to be deprived of his money at the very hour in which he most needs it. But this is not all; the Minute goes on to state that if the Civil Servant cannot give a satisfactory explanation of his difficulties he is to be turned out of the service altogether.

Some few years ago this subject was ventilated in two of the principal Government Departments—the aristocratic War Office and the plebeian Post Office. In the War Office it was ruled by Earl De Grey, the then Secretary of State, that any clerk incurring a debt, or 'doing a bill,' or contracting a loan, should at once forfeit his appointment. In the Post Office it was enacted by Lord Stanley of Alderley, the then Postmaster-General, that every assistance should be afforded to clerks in difficulties to relieve themselves by passing through the Bankruptcy Court, and the Post Office solicitor was even authorised to give the insolvents the benefit of his professional advice to free them from their liabilities. The result of these decrees was that a gentleman in the War Office could stroll into any West-end shop and contract debts to his heart's content, while nothing short of payment "on or before delivery" would satisfy the tradesman who supplied the 'person' in the Post Office.

It is because the tradesman knows quite well that he holds his customer's appointment as security for the debt, that he allows him credit, and that while Departmental rules against Bankruptcy are strict and uncompromising bills may be allowed to run.

We suppose it is in consequence of cases of Bankruptcy amongst Civil Servants having become of ordinary occurrence that it has been judged necessary to do something to put a stop to the growing scandal. "My Lords of the Treasury," however, seem to have been running their noble heads against the post, for in their laudable efforts to protect the service from discredit they have done nothing but strengthen the position of their worst enemy, "the tradesman." It is perfectly safe for a tradesman to give credit when he knows that he must be paid—and so long as credit is given there will be bankruptcy in its train—it is only when there is no security for the payment of a debt that the tradesman begins to prefer ready-money transactions. To judge from the certain effect of the Treasury Minute, one would almost be inclined to believe that "my Lords" had entered into a compact with Bond street and Piccadilly to encompass the ruin of the whole Civil Service.

MILITARY REFORM.

STRANGE diseases require strange remedies. On this theory Ministers must think the state of the War Department most exceptional, if we may judge from the very exceptional arrangement which they have made to grapple with the disease.

In one respect this arrangement is not at all exceptional. On the contrary, it is quite normal; for always the first step in the course of affected retrenchment and economy is the creation of a new and well-paid appointment.

But what an arrangement it is that has now been made! A Lord of the Treasury has been appointed, and "potted out," as the gardeners say, into the delightful garden—not of Eden, but of that other Paradise, the War Office! And this Lord of the Treasury, this member of a Board which, by the Constitution, is *supreme* in matters of finance, which sits in judgment, in the last resort, on the proposals of the several departments, this

joint king over Secretaries of State, tells his constituents that he is going to work heartily under "HIS CHIEF, the Secretary of State for War!" Well, we all know who at present rules financially over the Secretary of State; so we have now the financial edifice completely reversed and upset, conically quivering on its apex, instead of being firmly seated on its base! The Controller-in-Chief rules despotically over the Secretary of State, in virtue of his direct appointment under the Royal Speech; the Secretary of State, in revenge, rules over the Treasury Board; and Parliament may look in vain for any possible check over army expenditure, when all the supreme power and all the actual control are vested in an officer, not only of the purest military instincts, but also irresponsible to Parliament, or anyone else—a subordinate, yet supreme—a controller, and truly uncontrolled.

The new "War Lord of the Treasury," as he calls himself, is a member of the House of Commons, and is there to assist "his chief," the overlaid Minister of War. This would be an excellent arrangement, if the Minister of War were really his chief; but he is not. We have pointed out long since how greatly the War Department needed increased representation in the Lower House, and how that increased representation might be obtained without any increased expense—without the creation of any new appointment—merely by having the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War a Commoner instead of a Lord. If this arrangement had been adopted by Ministers, then Captain Vivian, as Under-Secretary of State for War, would have been in his proper place, both in Pall Mall and in the House. But when Lord Northbrook, with most commendable sacrifice of personal claims to higher employment in the Government, accepted the post of Parliamentary Under-Secretary, this arrangement became impossible. And will the public ever guess why Ministers insisted upon retaining a War-Office representative in the Upper House, even though their Lord President of the Council, a *ci-devant* Minister of War, could have answered all the purposes of such representation? No; nobody in their senses could ever guess the reason—so we will tell it. It has been done because Ministers were afraid that unless there were a recognised *ex-officio* representative of the War-Office in the House of Lords, the Royal Duke at the head of the Horse Guards would be constantly taking upon himself to answer on military points on behalf of the Government. We venture to think that whoever urged this plea in the Cabinet, knew very little of the character of His Royal Highness, and of his constant and ready adhesion to the principle of always regulating his proceedings in accordance with the views of Her Majesty's responsible advisers. No one would have been more ready to accept the ministerial arrangement for the Lord President to undertake in the House of Lords the representation of the Government in military matters than the Duke of Cambridge; and we still hope that further reflection may induce the Government to put an early end to the present anomalous and expensive arrangements—to remove the Under-Secretary for War from the Upper to the Lower House—to put the "War Lord" into his legitimate position as "War Commoner No. 2," where he is well able to do good and efficient service as the assistant, subordinate, and adviser of "War Commoner No. 1," and where his employment will not lead to the present increased expenditure of £1,200 a-year—£1,200 a-year wantonly wrung from the British tax-payer merely to save Ministers from coming to an understanding with a Royal Duke.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.—Overloading.

ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Surfeit, K. D. R. George Olgie, Tommy and Joey, F. M., A Dundas, Alice A., Frances, Midas, Rataplan, Eugénie, Two Malvernites, The Prophet (Worcester), W. Moore, H. English, J. Crawford, A. Austin, W. Spencer, F. Davis, D. Russell, C. Cooke, J. Murray, E. F. Hall, Charles Roberts, V. Brewin, Richard Netten, James Pollock, Joseph Cooper, Henry Johnson, Benjamin Waudley, A. Bernerd, R. Richardson, L. C. Rees, H. Collett, George Derham, J. Levack, J. Glynn, J. Robertson, A. E. Wood, P. Raynor, D. Leeson, J. Pether, R. Ritchie, J. Lonergan, J. S. Common, R. Morrison, Paul Keenan, J. P. Ramsden, V. A. B., C. Greaves, J. O. Reynolds, H. May, William M'Leman, Samuel E. Baugh, John Laurie, George Craig, Alexander Chalmes, R. Davis, Samuel Penrose, Michael Connor, John Corbett, Andrew Hannan, J. Barker, John Lynes, &c

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SOWING TARES!

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"THE EMPIRE IS WAR!"

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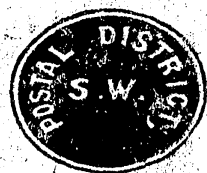
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