

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 90.]

LONDON, JANUARY 23, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

TO THE YOUNG MAN OF THE PRESENT DAY.

MY DEAR GOOD YOUNG MAN,—Because my name is TOMAHAWK, and because it is known that I wield a hatchet with a very sharp edge, you must not imagine that I am always employed in slashing and crushing. True it is that I am very fond of exposing shams and waging war to the knife with all that I consider unfair, cruel, or ridiculous. But then if I delight in this conduct, it pleases me no less to be able to praise whatever I may consider deserving of commendation.

Now I am not going into ecstasies about your many virtues—you would laugh at me if I did, as you possess a keen sense of the ridiculous—but I *am* going to express my conviction that, taken as a whole, you (I am addressing "men," not "cads") are a very respectable set of human beings. You have voted swearing low, and excessive slang "bad form," you dress quietly, and can join in a sensible conversation. In fact, you are worthy of your public-school training, and are no disgrace to your university. So much to the good.

If I wished to find fault with you I should begin a lecture about the sin of extravagance and the misery of debt. To some of you I might recommend an early marriage, and the abandonment of establishments at the other side of the Park. To others I could hint that cynicism is a proof of an empty head, and blasphemy a sign of a shallow mind. When I have said this I need add nothing to my lecture.

You are certainly much better than your —. No, I will not abuse your father, as I know very well that you would possibly repay such disrespect by administering a dignified snubbing. I prefer to write "uncle." You are very much better, I say, than your uncle, then. Twenty years ago the young man of the day was the most offensive of cads, the biggest of blackguards. Now, I am happy to think, he is (without being "goody goody") a very fair specimen of an honest English gentleman—fond of athletics, simple and true. His uncle was a snob *par excellence*. His greatest idea of fun was the destruction of a knocker; his loftiest notion of happiness a drunken revel in the Haymarket. His nephew, on the contrary, regards bell-ringing as "caddish," and the Haymarket as a place for low shop boys and beery city clerks. Indeed, the last twenty years has seen a great change for the better.

In spite of this happy alteration, our certainly clever contemporary the *Daily Telegraph* has thought it advisable to throw open its columns to the crude ideas and questionable grammar of correspondents evidently belonging to the lower ten million. "Toms," and "Franks," and "Sams," have been allowed to air their grievances and to strut about in borrowed

plumes. If I had only looked at the perorations of these epistles, I should have imagined at once that they emanated from the salons of the aristocracy—that they had been written by Dukes' sons for the delight of Marquises! Unfortunately for the writers, I was lured into reading the whole of their notes, and then, indeed, were my eyes opened. Instead of nobility I only found vulgarity—in the place of gentlemanly candour and sense—I discovered "caddism," fraud, and tomfoolery. Need I say, my very dear good young man, I was disgusted?

You see I have no objection to Bloggs, the butcher, as a man—I believe he is a most excellent fellow in his own house—but still, I have no particular wish to introduce him to my daughters. You can imagine, then, my disgust at finding Bloggs, jun. (a butcher, too, but *not* an excellent fellow in his own house), daring to claim for himself the title of English Gentleman! In years gone by there were sumptuary laws to keep class divided from class. We don't want that kind of thing now-a-days, but we do require some weapon with which to meet and conquer rampant "snobbism." Thackeray fought a noble fight, and gained a grand victory, ten years ago; but the great Master has passed away, and the "snobs" are once more plucking up courage and showing to the front. I can paint to myself Thackeray's scornful mirth at reading such letters as those that appeared in the *Telegraphs* of last week. I can fancy his smile at "Tom's" "slang" and boast of gentle blood, at "Sam's" horrid vulgarity and claim to education—at Harrow!

Who are these men, you will say, who thus dare to claim your title? I will tell you. Most probably the sons of small green-grocers who have crept into a city office, and, blinded by the brilliant prospect of £150 a-year, have wandered into extravagance and debauchery. These wretched cads dress "at" Vance, and take their notion of the "perfect gentleman" from the "Great" Somebody else. But there, if you want to see portraits of the fellows who have been writing to the *Telegraph*, look at my Cartoon this week, and your curiosity will be gratified. On one side the "Music-hall Snob"—the slangy, low-born, ill-bred cad, who haunts the Alhambra, and the London Pavilion. On the other, the "Goody good sneak," quite as disgusting (with his unhealthy face and dirty hands) as his half brother. And these two fellows have the audacity to claim the title of "The Young Gentlemen of the Day."

Laugh, my dear young friend. I pray you laugh! As I have said before, the thing is *too* ridiculous. You may be extravagant and foolish, but, hang it all, you are an English gentleman, and not a Cockney cad!

Believe me, yours sincerely,

TOMAHAWK.

SOMETHING ROTTEN IN FRANCE.

WE publish a series of letters emanating from distinguished Frenchmen who have taken courage after the brilliant example of the ex-Procureur Impérial of Toulouse, and, fatigued with the glaring disorders reigning in all the official departments of the existing Government, have sent in their resignations without further delay.

To His Excellency —, *Ministre de la Guerre.*

SIR,—Having received orders to prosecute a court-martial against the Lieutenant —, known to be brother of M. —, editor of the opposition journal *L'Idée du Jour*, lately condemned to six months' imprisonment and 4,000 francs fine for exciting hatred against the Government, I beg leave to reply, that, as an officer and gentleman, I find it totally contrary to my ideas of honour to trump up a charge against any member of my regiment, be his opinions what they may; and must therefore, at the risk of incurring the anger of the Emperor I love to serve in all honour and fidelity, refuse to preside at any such court while I am able to sign myself, with respectful consideration,

—, Colonel of the 500th Regiment of the Line.

To Monsieur le Comte de Nieuwerkerke, *Guardian of the Country's Treasures.*

SIR,—As principal custodian, under yourself, of the various galleries of art treasures in France, I can no longer be a passive spectator of the offensive disrespect for your trust, which is at present playing havoc with the fine collections placed in our charge. You, Sir, appeared at the Duchesse de Châhut's ball last week disguised in one of the most valuable suits of Damascened armours which exists. That suit was taken from a case in the Louvre, and may have been more or less damaged in the cotillon at the end of the evening. But, whether deteriorated or not, it was no more your's to make use of for your own private caprice than it was *Jacques Bonhomme's* from the *quartier St. Antoine*. Such a proceeding was a breach of trust, and you must be aware that were I to give my adherence to such a disorderly use of the national collections, I should be unworthy of my post of confidence.

But this is not all. Many pictures, by old masters, pictures which are perhaps worth their weight in gold, perhaps invaluable from the impossibility of finding their equal, are at present missing from their accustomed places in the Gallery of the Louvre. I have every reason for knowing whose walls these treasures are at present adorning, and, without mentioning name, I must endorse my urgent protest against such insolent disregard for the people of France, whose children are the inheritors of all her artistic wealth as much, nay more, than the descendants of any Royal house whatever. I have therefore the honour to apply for the acceptance of my resignation as custodian of the Imperial galleries, owing to the above-mentioned abuses being totally contrary to my notions of order and management.

I have the honour to remain, &c., &c.,

—, Custodian of Imperial Treasures.

To His Excellence the Minister of the Interior.

SIR,—It is true I am editor of the most influential Government journal at present conducted in the French capital. It is true that I have great respect for the intelligence and power exhibited on all occasions by His Majesty the Emperor, whom Heaven preserve. It is, perhaps, also true that I have been gifted with a mind which can prove that I advance in writing with a force of logic and energy of expression not always found among literary men. But, Sir, my education was so nurtured, or perhaps, you will suggest so neglected, that I was brought up to look upon a lie as the most repulsive reptile that immorality could breed, or diplomacy pamper. A lie has been to my childish reasoning what a serpent is to a woman, a thing to loathe and to avoid, even if it forced me to leave the road which led to fame and luxury, and take the side path which only kept honour in view without regard for ease or promotion. You have asked me to put my name to a series of articles, attributing some of the most abhorrent vices and detestable motives possible, to Monsieur —, the popular writer of

the favourite brochure entitled "*La Moustique*;" a writer who, however bitter his hatred for the Government, and regrettable his revolutionary instinct, is a man of the purest conduct and most irreproachable character. Rather than asperse the name of that man, I would lose my own reputation as editor of the —, but not as a lover of truth and honesty. I beg to forward my demission.

Receive my consideration, the most distinguished.

—, Editor-in-Chief of the —.

SONG OF THE DYEING WRECK.

YOUNG ladies of the period,
Pray listen all to me,
Who old am and a cripple
At the age of thirty-three;
With a once strong constitution,
And only ten years wed,
Have been ruined prematurely
By acetate of lead.

I once was very lovely—
At least so folks averred—
And as free from ache or ailment
As any bee or bird;
But now I shrink and quiver
In every nerve and limb;
My sense of smell is vanished,
And my eyes are sore and dim.

For I would not rest contented
With the graces Nature gave,
But to Fashion's last enactments
Became a thorough slave;
I would not think that beauty
From the hand of Heaven drops,
But believed it must be purchased
In boxes at the shops.

My hair in gloss and colour
Was like the raven's wing,
When suddenly fair tresses
Became the proper thing.
At once I bought a bottle,
Like everybody owned,
And before a week was over
I was a pleasing blonde.

But scarcely had a twelvemonth
Or so departed, ere
It no longer was the fashion
As Saxons to be fair.
It was all the rage in London
To have one's tresses gold,
And soon I learned the place where
Was Auricomus sold.

A pink and white complexion
Was o'er my features shed;
But like a country cousin
I looked, the people said.
I lacked the air *distingué*
That urban pallor shows—
So I bought some paste and brushes,
And blotted out the rose.

I tinted, too, my eyebrows,
And painted o'er my lips;
I also dyed my lashes,
And touched my finger-tips.
I wore false ears and something
I better had not name;
But, in a word, I carried
A very curious frame.

And now my lips are blistered,
My cheeks are deadly white,

And I can see too plainly
I am a shocking fright.
That I can see, but other
Things can I see no more ;
For, as I said at starting,
My eyes are dim and sore.

My teeth are loose or aching,
And everything tastes queer ;
I have a constant rumble
And singing in my ear.
My eyebrows and my lashes
Are dying at the root,
And on my head, once glossy,
I'm bald as any coot.

The doctors say I'm poisoned
In every pore and vein,
And that, indeed, I never
Shall be myself again.
My bottles they have broken,
And now, from brow to neck,
To speak of nothing further,
I am a perfect wreck.

This is my dismal story,
Which I have truly told,
That you may know that beauty
Is neither bought nor sold ;
That comeliness and graces
Doth only Nature give ;
And that perpetual dyeing
Is not the way to live.

A CASE FOR THE SNUFFERS.

WE are hearing on all sides just now a good deal about Greece, so much, in fact, that we, probably in common with hundreds of others of an enquiring turn of mind, have referred to our volume of statistics with the view of "getting it up." With the Conference before us and the recent bombast of the classically-named gentleman who was to have represented the Athenian Government fresh in our memory, we confess to having given way to a feeling of relief and surprise on coming across a few actual facts about this new disturber of European peace.

Let us go through one or two methodically, and, if we can, seriously. Let us take the population first. Greece, then, is a "maritime country and kingdom in the east of Europe, &c., &c., &c., containing, including the Ionian Islands, a population of"—now for it—

"1,343,293 inhabitants,"

or not quite half the population of London. Proceeding to the revenue, we find that it amounts to the enormous figure of £1,153,295, or about twice the sum raised in this country annually by the snuff and tobacco duties.

With regard to the estimated expenditure we would rather not commit ourselves ; but as it is set down at a trifle under the above modest figure, we may conclude, judging from our past experience of Greek financial matters, that £2,000,000 might cover it. As to the imports and exports, their total value is less than that shown by Portugal ; while, if we come to the figures connected with the military and naval departments, the whole thing reads more like an official list of the time-honoured Astley's forces than anything else. In short, Greece, as a power in Europe, is merely, if it is anything, a burlesque *pur et simple* of what it apes. It is, therefore, a most reasonable thing to express surprise at the tremendous bluster that has recently reached us through telegraphic messages and foreign correspondence from the east of Europe. The Greek question, associated as it is with what is Attic, may be said not so much to be a storm in a tea-cup, as a whirlwind in a salt-cellar. Now it is supposed to be a liberal thing to cry up the Greek in his quarrel with the Turk, but there is no popular supposition that is based on a more radical error or on a greater misconception of the real facts of the case. Hitherto, in almost every point, the gingerbread and insolvent Government, that, under

the mismanagement of a boy king, swaggers about, and talks big things of Crete, has been entirely in the wrong. The Turk is the man who ought to feel aggrieved, and, feeling so, command the sympathies of liberal and enlightened Europe. Not only is the Sultan in the right, but he rules a powerful Empire of 37,000,000 souls, commands an army of over 500,000 well equipped troops, and has resources at his back that well might make even an influential Western power pause before it made its choice for war. It is in the face of such odds as these that the most insignificant of European States is allowed to get on stilts, make use of threatening and offensive epithets, violate all international law, and jeopardize the public peace. If we can conceive the Isle of Wight invading Hampshire, and declaring war against the British empire, we have some sort of picture of what is now in progress in the East. Things look black when any mischievous and incorrigible boy gets hold of gunpowder and half blows up his nursery. But, there is a method of stopping fun like this, a method which, unfortunately, has been as yet neglected in this case. Still occasion may arise, and then we hope it may be used unsparingly. Little and bad Governments, like little and bad boys, require the birch.

THE NIGGER IN THE ABSTRACT.

EVERYBODY has heard of the Scotch young lady who was acquainted with love "in the abstract." The love of American northerners for the negro appears to be of that limited character. Louisiana has just chosen a black man, called Menard, as one of its representatives in Congress, and we are told that his appearance is "most elegant." In spite of these personal advantages, however, he does not appear to be much in favour with the other legislators. He complains bitterly of the "contempt" with which he is treated by his fellow Congressmen. It is plain that it is one thing to declare negroes equal with white men, when doing so will ruin millions of people whom you hate—not that we at all approve of slavery, we are now treating only of motives—but quite another to make a practical acknowledgment of that equality when Sambo nudges your elbow and breathes the atmosphere of the same room. It would be impossible to have a more complete and suggestive illustration of the fact how very much the vague sentiment of our age has outrun its genuine and definite good feeling, and how very little the buncombe of the platform represents the private feelings of the hearth. To harangue about a man being your equal and then to cut him as an inferior at the very earliest opportunity, is the mark, not only of a supercilious despot, but of a canting hypocrite as well. Nor are these remarks intended exclusively for our American cousins. They will do equally well for home consumption. We should like to know how many of the fine "Liberal" gentlemen who have wormed their way into Parliament by dint of money and fulsome adulation of the "honest mechanic," and the "brave working man," would show any appreciation of this honesty and bravery if they were submitted to a practical test. For our part, if men do think each other unequal, we would infinitely prefer their saying so to their indulging in lies, which disappoint others, disgrace themselves, and make thoughtful spectators uncomfortably cynical.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE AND INCONSISTENCY.

A STATUE is to be erected at Miramar to commemorate the virtues, gallantry, and fate of Maximilian of Mexico. Five thousand francs have been subscribed towards it by—Napoleon III. Nothing like audacity. When you have ruined and murdered a man for your own convenience, all you have to do, it would seem, in order to clear, and, indeed, exalt, yourself, is to exalt your victim. But surely it is strangely inconsistent for the Emperor of the French to subscribe to a statue of Maximilian, one of his victims, and yet not to permit himself, or even anybody else, to subscribe to that of Baudin, another of them.

ONE FOR PLANCHE.—Since the beautiful collection of armour has been located at Kensington, the cabbies know the museum as "South Meyricka."

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LONDON, JANUARY 23, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THERE is no Court news of any importance this week, except that the Right Honourable John Bright has visited Darlington. The Town Council wanted to serenade him with a beautiful refrain,

He is the darling of our hearts,
 And he lives in Downing alley.

But the Right Honourable gentleman declined the honour, saying that he wished his visit to be private. Alas! a man cannot be an officer and private too.

Two important discoveries have been made during the last week: one, that the French will not allow of any play being acted in which there is not a perfectly virtuous young lady, on whose reputation there never rests any stain; the other, that the English stage is not the home even of ideal virtue, and that the shorter the dresses the larger the profits. Many people are asking, what we once asked, why well-disposed managers and manageresses will continue to receive money from notorious courtesans, who are utterly innocent of any power of acting, even propriety, to appear on the stage and advertise their attractions.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

THE Greek members of Parliament, having been convened to vote the Athenian Treasury a forced loan of a hundred million drachmas, or about four million sterling, have voted themselves fifteen hundred drachmas each out of it. The resemblance between this admirable stroke of patriotic business and the doings of Congressional legislators in the United States, to say nothing of the pecuniary scandals surrounding our would-be Reformers at home, points to the coming millennium, when, with universal suffrage and paid M.P.'s, nobody need steal or starve who condescends to be a politician.

AN ILL-CONDITIONED JENKINS.

THE greed for chatter regarding the affairs of poor Lord Hastings is still as rampant as ever. Perhaps there was some sort of excuse for the insertion of paragraphs in the newspapers while the sale of his Lordship's library was progressing, for the collection contained some scarce works, the whereabouts of which might have been matters of public interest. But what can be urged in justification of the insertion of the following sentences which appear in the columns of a contemporary under the heading of "Sale of the late Marquis of Hastings's Property"?

Lots: 373-86. Twenty-eight large and very fine damask tablecloths, and fifteen smaller ditto; £270 (Garbonetti and others). 397-408. Twenty-six pairs of fine large linen sheets; £196 (Colonel Bulke and others). 409-12. Twenty pairs of twill sheets; £28 (Smith). 413-14. Ten pairs linen and twill sheets; £16 (Garbonetti). 415-29. Fifty pairs of linen sheets; £100 (Smith and others).

What abominably uninteresting rubbish to put into a newspaper! If towels, and table-cloths, and linen sheets have been brought to the hammer, of what interest can it be to anyone? All the world knows that the affairs of the late Lord Hastings were very much involved; but no one cares to hear the details of the crisis which has come at last. The insertion of such twaddle is in execrable taste, and disgraces the columns of the journal in which it appears.

THE MUSICAL PITCH.

BREAK, break, break,
 O voice!—let me urge thy plea!—
 O lower the Pitch, lest utter
 Despair be the end of me!

'Tis well for the fiddles to squeak,
 The bassoon to grunt in its play:
 'Twere well had I lungs of brass,
 Or that nothing but strings gave way!

Break, break, break,
 O voice! I must urge thy plea,
 For the tender skin of my larynx is torn,
 And I fail in my upper G!

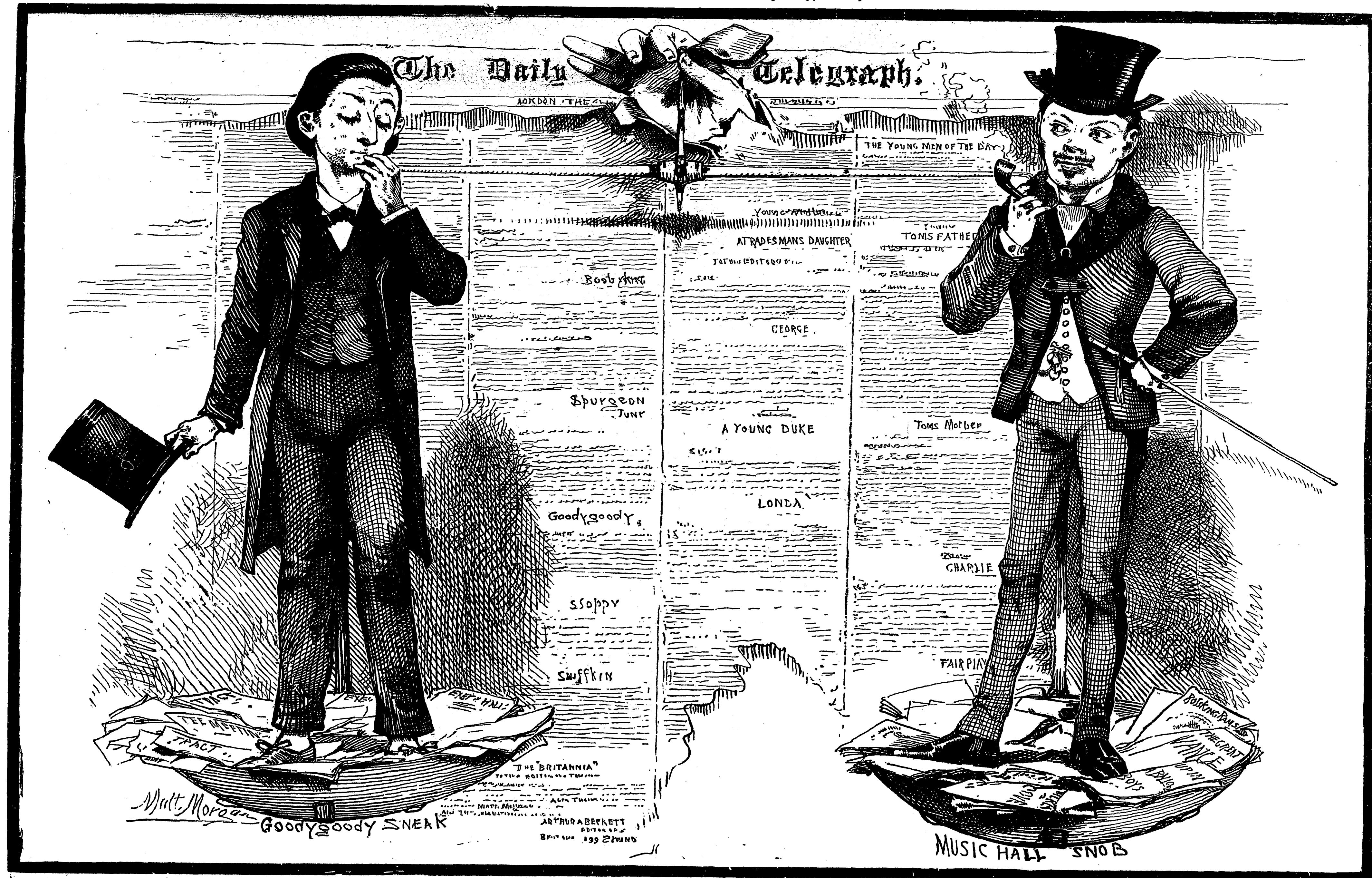
GENERAL BOOM ON HIS TRAVELS.

MR. CARDWELL has entered into the spirit of his office with unwonted energy. Not content to transact his business in a quiet room in Pall Mall, he has made a semi-military tour of inspection of the stations within easy distance of town. The other day he found his way to Woolwich, where he personally inspected everything and everybody in the place; and last week his military ardour actually carried him off to Aldershot, when, mounted on horseback, and attended by as many generals and staff officers as could be got together on a short notice, he held a regular review of the troops in camp.

We fear that Mr. Cardwell's patriotism is taking him a little out of his line. Mr. Childers might as well take up the command of the Channel Fleet, or Mr. Lowe might quite as reasonably spend his days in superintending the coinage of money at the Mint. Surely the Secretary of State for War can find sufficient employment within the four walls of his "office," without wasting his time in gadding about the country in the character of an amateur Field-Marshal, to the irritation of real soldiers, who feel the absurdity of a civilian aping the cocked hat simply on the strength of his having the power as Secretary of State to do what he likes.

WORTH AND WORTHY.—The worth of a dress now-a-days is settled to a lady's mind by the question, Is the dress of Worth? or of a merely ordinary dressmaker's? In the latter case it is certainly worthless.





"THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN (!) OF THE DAY"
(AS PAINTED BY THE CADS IN THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH").

[See TOMAHAWK'S Letter.]



"DROPPED AMONG THE PRIGS."

A NOVEL OF PRINCIPLE.

By AUTHOR O' "PICQUET."

[NOTE.—The author of this very original and striking tale begs to offer his hand to the young writer of the remarkable (!) novel now publishing in *Britannia*, and to assure him that he forgives him from his heart for having so rudely anticipated him. However, since Mr. à Beckett (so he calls himself) can only publish his novel monthly, the author of the original feels that he has the advantage, as he can publish his weekly. If Mr. à Beckett chooses to feel offended at the plain spokenness of the Author o' "Picquet," this is a free country, and he can. If he chooses to bring an action for libel against the genius who pens these lines, let him! The genius keeps a declaration of bankruptcy all ready copied out, and immediately Mr. à Beckett commences his action the genius will forward that declaration to the proper quarter. A harmless career of litigation lies before Mr. à B. if he chooses to pursue it; but, considering the above facts, it is not likely to be a very profitable one; the genius, &c., stands undaunted on his rights, and defies the odious power of comparisons. If the public don't think the original far better than Mr. Arthur à Beckett's servile copy of it, why the public must be a bigger fool than those who cater for its amusement consider it. *Verbum personale* is enough for a lame horse.]

The Prologue.

A LEGACY WITH A VENGEANCE.

CHAPTER I.

IN OR NEAR THE UNDERTAKER'S.

Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
How jolly are we!

OLD SONG (may be had of the Author).

THE morning of a cold winter's day! The flakes of snow have pattered down on many a league of pavement; they have fallen on the area railing which afford but a scanty support to the tender and slightly torpid policeman; they have palpitated on the warm uncovered head of the blucher boy; have whitened the black face of many an honest old chimney; have played pitch and toss with many a shady character in the quiet slums of Whitechapel.

With your kind permission, ladies and gentlemen (for this occasion only), we will attend upon the snow flakes in capacity of moralist in general, and maunderer in particular.

Mr. Craper Mute is an undertaker. Mr. Craper Mute furnishes and attends funerals, with his satellites. Very like Saturn is Mr. Craper Mute, for he is grim—saturnine—and he has rings too—flashy big rings. Very prosperous is Mr. Craper Mute, and proud, ay! proud of the sable plumes that, on solemn occasions nod sadly from the heads of the sable horses and from the summit of the sable hearse, but now repose in various receptacles. Proud is he of the grim escutcheons that hang above his head, waiting for the summons of Death to be hung out in front of the house, where the auctioneer with the scythe, and the skull and the hour glass has knocked down one more human lot. Proud is he of the festoons of crape which hang like mourning groves around him. Mr. Craper Mute is a prosperous man, a respectable man, a proud man. And well he may be proud. Reader, humble reader, would not you be proud, if you had a flourishing business, some four thousand pounds of good debts on your books, and some five thousand more pounds in the bank, to say nothing of a portly comfortable wife, who knows how to cook a dinner, only one child, and a grey venerable head? Ah! my humble reader, you would be proud.

Mr. Craper Mute had one of his books open before him, not a work of romance or poetry (he never read anything but a dirge or two, and Congreve's "Mourning Bride"), but a work of facts and figures, a large account book, bound in green and red!

Ah! happy you, reader, if at the end of every year your name does not appear too frequently in such books—at least, on the debtor side.

The large book, bound in green and red, lay open before the undertaker. The page was headed, "Sir Rupert Roderick Ruth Rizzio, Baronet, in account with Craper Mute!"

Ah, me! what a number of entries on the debtor side (Sir Rupert's debtor side), and none on the creditor side (at least, only on Craper Mute's creditor side).

Such a long, long bill! Only one funeral, but an expensive one! a costly one! a handsome one!

Oh, reader, shall you and I ride to our grave behind six horses, or crawl there on the backs of four men?

A very long bill! A very costly funeral, quite regardless of expense.

Craper Mute even now recalls each part of the ghastly pageant, each item in the paraphernalia of the undertaking.

"Sixteen coal black horses! such beauties! twenty mutes! three hundred yards of black silk! six hundred yards of best crape! all to drag a poor little boy to the family vault!"

Turn over the page, and there is one item: "To decent walking funeral of —, (but we must not read the name,) £3."

Yes, so it is. The heir of the Ruth Rizzios must ride in a grand nodding hearse to the tomb; but that poor woman, ah! Society, Society (I don't mean Mr. Robertson's play), do you think that Cerberus asks you how much your undertaker's bill is? I don't: no! smug, beautiful, painted Society, I do not.

"That was a strange affair, a very strange affair!" muttered Craper Mute. The baronet paid the bill too, and that was stranger.

Who was she, ah! inquisitive but amiable reader, who was she?

CHAPTER II.

THE BARONET AND THE COBBLER.

He raised aloft his bloody hand,
And he cried, "Oh proud my race!"
Then the cobbler said, "I mend your shoes,
But I cannot mend your pace."

THE BALLAD OF BOOTS.

SIR RUPERT RODERICK RUTH RIZZIO, Baronet, of Rizzio Hall, was a Baronet, and no mistake.

He had not always been a Baronet, oh no! he had once been a baby. Ah! we are all babies sometime or other,—just as we are all in love sometime or other!

Rupert Rizzio had been a student, not at Christ Church, but at Christ's Hospital. Ah! he was only plain Rupert Rizzio then—very plain.

The Rizzios had all worshipped the great Buddha, but Rupert was a convert; in fact, he had distant hopes one day of being a parish clerk. But it was not to be.

The fifty-seven cousins who stood in various removes between him and fortune were at last removed altogether by cholera morbus, and Rupert Rizzio was Sir Rupert. He added Roderick Ruth to his name to give himself dignity.

It is a very remarkable thing, and much to Sir Rupert's credit; but when he came in to the Baronetcy and the fine property of Rizzio Hall, he still remained a Protestant, and did not revert to the religion of Buddha.

You see Polygamy has its disadvantages, especially in this age of *fichus* and *chignons*, of Marie Antoinette and Madame Rachel.

Polygamy is expensive.

It is also dangerous; at least to some. Wives sometimes scratch their husbands' eyes out, especially when they are three to one.

Sir Rupert knew some of the disadvantages of his old religion, so having changed once, he changed for good and all, or for bad and all,—which of us knows, reader? Yet he had no chance of being a parish clerk now, so his conversion was disinterested—very disinterested.

Sir Rupert married a rich wife; not very beautiful, but still passing fair—at least she passed for fair when she was made up for the part.

Lady Rizzio did not paint; oh no! She did not enamel (except her teeth); oh no!

But, don't tell anyone, please, dear reader, she was like all women—a very good piece of canvas to put colour on.

But I must not be so very cynical, I really must not, else I know the dear reader will be afraid of me.

You know the child died—the only one they ever had; and you know who else died—the woman whose funeral was not very expensive. But you don't know who the Cobbler was.

And, what's more, you shan't.

(To be continued in our next.)

LICENSE AND LICENSES.

WE have to thank the *Daily Telegraph* for a straightforward article on the disgrace to a capital which professes to repress vice in such a degrading exhibition as that known as the Judge and Jury.

We ourselves called attention to this blot in London Life some months back, and we should have been better pleased to see the article in the *Telegraph* before the fact than after. A warning is always more valuable than a reproof. But still the reproof has its value.

It certainly is a disgrace to London that such an establishment should have existed and found admirers enough to make the speculation profitable, but this is one of the many abuses which the new Police Commissioner will have to put down. Mr. Knox is doing good service against the Haymarket Hydra, but there are Augean stables as well which have to be cleaned out. The quack doctors are still allowed with impunity to put any poison into their livery for the destruction of weak or cowardly victims. The anatomical museums are still in existence, and are nightly dragging into the webs of their proprietors the foolish flies whose nerves are upset by incipient vice, and worked upon by imposture and lies. The dirty old ruffian who sells "the Confessional" pamphlet is still plying his trade in front of the Royal Academy. Holywell street is very slightly altered in its character from what it was some years ago, and no attempt seems to be made to make the top of the Haymarket practicable for the respectable foot-passenger, male or female.

If there must be a place where vice must open her safety-valve and sin flaunt in all its wickedness, why should one of the principal thoroughfares be chosen, a thoroughfare which conducts to the most respectable theatre (respectable even in its dullness) in London, and to Her Majesty's own Opera House? We remember, not so long ago, coming out of Her Majesty's before the opera was over, and passing the long line of carriages waiting to take up. In one was a young lady, who was evidently expecting her friends, who would leave their box in a few minutes, and join her at some ball at midnight. It made me shudder as a troop of awful looking women went by, in the flaring gas-light of a supper-room, shouting their coarse humour to their coarser companions. The young girl in the carriage seemed to crouch up into one corner, but she could not stop her ears sufficiently or shut her eyes on everything, and what a step she must have made in the social knowledge of her sex! Cannot the police turn the current, if they cannot stem the torrent? Must our eyes and ears be polluted with the sight of this devil's market whenever we return from any respectable place of entertainment after a certain hour at night? Whoever is the head of the police will be worthy of the post if he will do something to cleanse this Augean stall.

But that is not all. It was suggested that the songs sung in Music Halls, if silly, were perfectly harmless. That may be true as regards the published words, which are generally (with few exceptions) so ineffably weak that it is difficult to understand how anyone can be found to write them capable of stringing the requisite rhymes together; but the singers,—and we speak of the two or three individuals who are supposed to be Music Hall stars by their salaries, though their talents scarcely render them up to the mark of provincial clowns,—are in the habit of making running comments on their own verses in such terms that the most unsophisticated must detect the double meaning, while the regular audience seems positively to enjoy with intense relish the filthy inuendo which is thrown out to them. They probably plead *in extenso* that it is delicately wrapt up—about as much as the lady gymnast who is about to take her turn afterwards on the trapeze.

We recommend this again to the attention of our new licitor, whoever he may be, and we may take the opportunity of congratulating at least one Music Hall which has completely eliminated the comic singer from its programme.

EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE FOR A SHILLING.—The *Britannia*. (This is not an advertisement!—ED. TOM.)

DOT AND GO ONE—There is a romping dance called "*La Boulangerie*," the dance indulged in by the joint company of the Queen's Theatre at the end of the drama of "*Dot*" ought to be called "*La Bouchère*."

"OH WOULD THAT HE'D RETURN!"

WE have been favoured with the following telegrams. As we have not received them direct from the India Office, and moreover as they have not appeared in the newspapers, we cannot vouch for their authenticity, but we think we may safely assert that should they be forgeries they are excellent imitations of the communications which have been flying through the wires between Her Majesty's Government and the Governor-General of India elect:—

No. 1.

Duke of Argyll, India Office, to Earl of Mayo, Bombay.

London, 18th December, 1868.

Would your lordship be good enough to remain in Bombay pending my further instructions?

No. 2.

Earl of Mayo, Bombay, to Duke of Argyll, India Office.

Bombay, 20th December, 1868.

I have much pleasure in obeying your grace's instructions. I shall be glad to have an opportunity of making myself acquainted with the organization of the public departments in this Presidency. I am not due at Calcutta for three weeks yet.

No. 3.

Duke of Argyll, India Office, to Earl of Mayo, Bombay.

London, 23rd December, 1868.

I am glad that your lordship has made arrangements to delay the date of your arrival at the seat of government. Pending the commands of Her Majesty's Government no doubt your lordship will find ample and profitable employment in visiting the beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood of the city of Bombay.

No. 4.

Earl of Mayo, Bombay, to Duke of Argyll, India Office.

Bombay, 29th December, 1868.

Your grace has misunderstood me. My reason for delaying my arrival in Calcutta is that I have arranged to visit Madras before entering on the duties of my new office, in order that I may make myself personally acquainted with the administration of each Presidency placed under my government. I leave for Madras at once.

No. 5.

Duke of Argyll, India Office, to Earl of Mayo, Madras.

London, 1st January, 1869.

It was my intention that your lordship should have awaited the further instruction of Her Majesty's Government at Bombay. I am now to request that you will be good enough not to unpack, and that you will let me know immediately if there is a steam vessel at the disposal of the Madras Government in which your lordship can go home.

No. 6.

Earl of Mayo, Madras, to Duke of Argyll, India Office.

Madras, 6th January, 1869.

I have not unpacked, for all my heavy baggage is awaiting me at Calcutta, as are the members of my staff and household, who are making every preparation for my reception. There is a government vessel here which can proceed with me to my new home. I shall leave for Calcutta to-morrow, unless I receive counter instructions from your grace.

No. 7.

Duke of Argyll, India Office, to Earl of Mayo, Madras.

London, 8th January, 1869.

I suppose there is no help for it. Go to Calcutta when you like, and be —.*

THE QUESTION OF THE WEEK.—ONCE MORE.

WHY is the present House of Commons like a lobster?

1st Prize.—£1,000,000,000,000.

2nd " —4s.

3rd " —A new song, entitled *The Maniac's Doom*.

4th " —A ticket to the St. George's Theatre.

* Here occurs a word of apparently six letters, which it is impossible to decipher. We should assume the word to be "Viceroy" (a word of seven letters), if it did not unmistakably begin and end with a "D." Probably it is a Sanscrit term for Governor-General.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

THE witnesses in this interesting enquiry having all been examined, Mr. T. W. Robertson said he wished, before the Tomahawks retired for the purpose of drawing up their report, to make a statement. He had heard that another version of his new Haymarket piece had been freely circulated. This version was not from his pen, and he thought it only fair that it should be read out in the Office, that he might be afforded an opportunity of thus publicly repudiating it in the most emphatic manner possible.—After a slight deliberation with his confrères, the Editor ordered that the version in question be read forthwith. It ran as follows:—

HOME.

THE SUPPRESSED EDITION.

SCENE.—A modern stage drawing-room. Upholstery C. Upholstery L. Upholstery R. Upholstery winding away in distance L, C, and R. In foreground Upholstery discovered L C, and R C.

Enter LUCY and a Very Young Gentleman.

LUCY.—It seems odd, I daresay, that we are going to get married, but never mind what people say.

VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—I won't—but look at the upholstery. Isn't that like real life?

LUCY.—Nature itself! but we must be true to it as well. Go and tumble off a garden wall again at once. (Enter COLONEL WHITE.) Good gracious!

COLONEL WHITE.—Don't you know me? I'm your long lost eccentric brother, fond of practical jokes, and—don't tell my father—(dropping his voice) I'm a great liar! You can't think how I enjoy a good lie.

LUCY.—Do you? So do we.

COL. W.—Well, then, let's fire away. (Enter OLD DONISON.) The very man! (Addresses him.) I am a Colonel in the American army; I came here yesterday, I never saw you in my life, and (tells lies for ten minutes).

OLD DONISON.—Sir, stay in this house for months. You evidently are not particular about truth, but what of that? We have all sorts of queer people here. I am an old idiot. I allow a ruffian, named Captain Mountraffe, to smoke in my drawing-room, get drunk whenever he likes, order about my servants, walk into my wine cellar, dress himself like a Victoria villain, associate with my daughter, talk vile slang—and disgrace my name in the neighbourhood. What can I say more? This is "Home," a home for incurables. You are welcome. But stay, you are very much like my long lost son, Mr. Sothern!

COL. W.—I am not Mr. Sothern. (Tells lies for ten minutes.)

OLD D.—Ah! However, as this is "Home," and we have rather a heavy set, what do you say to a private lunch here in the drawing-room with Mountraffe, just before dinner, too?

(Enter MOUNTRAFFE.)

MOUNTRAFFE.—The very thing! I can now put on my cracksman's pot-house manners, blackguard the old father, say such things about the sister and her friend that no flesh and blood could stand it, smoke, get drunk, and show my cards generally as the veriest ruffian out of Newgate. And all this to the son. Fortunately, he's such a liar he won't mind it, but suffer me to stay in the house at least three months longer. If that isn't like every day life I'd like to know what is.

COL. W.—I'd tell you if I were not such a liar. By the way, your get up's the sort of thing one meets in nine drawing-rooms out of ten. But this is getting slow. Let's have a situation. I'll cut my father out. (Does it.) And now to bring the second act to an effective close. (Goes through two scenes with two ladies—one excellent one, over piano, one indifferent one, overdone. Is caught by OLD D., locked up in the drawing-room with a thunder storm, visited by the whole household through the window. Tells more lies, is compromised, when —)

(Re-enter OLD D., with a rifle.)

OLD D.—I have not seen "Tame Cats," but as this is every-day life, I sleep with a loaded rifle under my pillow, and I have brought down that very young gentleman off the wall again. And now, sir, as I am a plain Englishman, with no nonsense whatever about me, and as I am beginning to fancy you are not over truthful, I'll —

COL. W.—Don't, I'm Mr. Sothern!

OLD D. (mentally, to himself).—He's told me twenty good ones, but I'll believe that, and we'll have a quick drop. (Quick drop.)

MRS. PINCHBECK.—I'll go in for damages.

MR. SOTHERN.—Do.

MRS. P.—No, I won't. I have been a very dangerous woman hitherto, but now I'll show you what circumstances and Mr. Robertson can effect together. I'll reform, shew the finest qualities of character in the piece, and, to leave the audience perfectly satisfied and happy, make my exit, followed by my brother. There! (Does so.)

EVERYBODY SITTING DOWN.—How nice to have lots of upholstery; it's so natural!

OLD D.—Now, Mr. Sothern, my boy, no more lies.

MR. SOTHERN.—Just one.

LUCY.—Oh, yes! Just one little one, do.

OLD D.—Well, out with it.

MR. SOTHERN.—Home!

CURTAIN.

The TOMAHAWKERS having listened attentively to the above, the reading of which appeared to create a profound sensation in that portion of the room devoted to the public, retired for deliberation. Their report is to the following effect:—

The part of Mrs. Pinchbeck, rather thankless in the earlier scenes by reason of its excessively "stagey" character, admirably played towards the close by Miss Ada Cavendish. Mr. Sothern as usual Mr. Sothern, but in this instance not too prominent, and therefore responsible for a most intelligent and agreeable performance. Uphill work for Mr. Chippendale laudably attempted, and downhill work for Mr. Compton conscientiously floored. Miss Ione Burke, though her strong point is drama, pleasing and lively. Miss Caroline Hill, lady-like and natural. Mr. Robert Astley, painstaking and promising. A gentleman in a dressing gown and candlestick, conscientious. Mr. O'Connor's scene, one of the best interiors ever put on the stage.

General Summary.—A clever piece well written, but fighting against a most questionable plot.

PROOF POSITIVE!!

THE other day, when the Minute of the Lords of the Treasury for the suppression of bankruptcy in the Civil Service was exciting some attention, we had the temerity to disagree not only with their Lordships, but with the whole press. We argued that the best method of preventing bankruptcy amongst Civil Servants was by loosening instead of tightening the iron grip in which the money-lender or tradesman holds the unhappy clerk. In defiance of what everybody else said, we held that the only way of putting a stop to the growing scandal was not by giving the creditor the clerk's appointment as security for the loans he contracts, which is virtually the effect of the Treasury Minute, but, by leaving the creditor out in the cold, to give credit at his own risk, without reference to the official position of the customer, and by making him look to the clerk's income and resources before he opens an account, and balance his chances of payment as he would in the case of a professional man or a private individual.

We are going to own ourselves in the wrong. Facts speak for themselves, and since the Minute came into force the following cases have been brought before the Treasury, and have been disposed of in the manner below specified. We congratulate their Lordships on the eminently practical working of their new decree.

It will be remembered that the regulation enacts that in every instance in which a clerk finds himself involved in monetary difficulties, he is bound, under pain of instant dismissal, to bring the facts of his case before the chief of his department with a view to his being dealt with in accordance with the provisions of the Minute. Were it not for this wise provision it is not improbable that in more than one of the following inexcusable examples of reckless profligacy, some arrangement would have been come to between the clerk and his creditor, by which the authorities would have been robbed of the opportunity of administering a wholesome check on the growing extravagance of Civil servants.

CASE 1.

Mr Smith—3rd Class Clerk in the Admiralty. Length of service—Four years. Salary, £120 a-year; increasing £10 a-year.

Owes £280 to tradesmen.

Extenuating circumstances.—Insufficiency of income. Extortion of tradesmen.

Decision of My Lords.—Annual increment of pay stopped for five years.

CASE 2.

Mr. Brown—3rd Class Clerk, Red Tape Office, Somerset House. Length of service—Ten years. Salary, £200 a-year.

No personal debts; but involved to the extent of £600, in consequence of having assisted a friend.

Extenuating circumstances.—High character, and the facts of the case.

Decision of My Lords.—Pay stopped for six months.

CASE 3.

Mr. Jones—2nd Class Clerk, Post Office. Length of service—Fourteen years. Salary, £310 a-year.

Amount of debts £840, principally due on account of loans from professed money lenders.

Extenuating circumstances.—Debts contracted with a view of satisfying the demands of clamorous tradesmen. About to enter into an arrangement to set aside £160 of salary annually for the satisfaction of creditors.

Decision of My Lords.—Appointment suspended for three years.

CASE 4.

Mr. Robinson—1st Class Clerk, Custom House. Length of service—Twenty-four years. Salary, £300 a-year.

Amount of debts £310, due to doctors, tradesmen, and others, principally in the neighbourhood of Hoxton.

Extenuating circumstances.—Married. Nine children. Scarlet fever expensive in a large family.

Decision of My Lords.—Dismissed without any claim to a retiring allowance.

It must be observed that in the above instances the exigencies of each case are fully met and provided for by the provisions of the new Minute. We were quite wrong to condemn so just and excellent a decree.

NOBODY'S FAULT.

THEY are evidently very hard worked in the Audit and Exchequer Department. On Saturday, January 2nd, a letter appeared in the *Times* from Dr. Yeo, giving an account of a *post-mortem* examination which he had held on the body of a clerk in that department, who had died suddenly of heart disease in his room at the office. The body had been removed to a dirty shed at the back of St. Mary's Church, Strand, where Dr. Yeo was obliged to carry on his examination, putting the lungs and heart, &c., through a little trap-door into the churchyard, for the edification of sundry little boys and others of the British public. The place is described, and justly so, as not quite good enough for a pigshed. Yet it is to such a place that the body of a gentleman, who dies in his room at a public office, is removed, and left to lie for two days. We can well imagine that a mere clerk in Somerset House might seem to gentlemen, transferred from the palaces of Downing street, as scarcely worth the slight trouble which would have secured his body from outrage. On Saturday, the 9th of January, the *Lancet* drew attention to this scandal; and, *mirabile dictu!* on Friday, January 15th, or fourteen days after the letter of Dr. Yeo had appeared, the Secretary of the Office writes to the *Times* to explain that it was nobody's fault! Certainly the authorities of the Exchequer and Audit Office must be terribly overworked to allow such a scandal to rest on them so long. Of course they were not to blame; but we think they might have been a little less dilatory in publicly expressing their regret that the body of a gentleman, who had spent thirty years in her Majesty's service, in an office of such importance, should have been treated as no man of any feeling or decency would treat that of a faithful dog.

THE PEACEMAKERS;

or,
AT THE "CONFERENCE."

FRANCE.—My dear brothers, we have met in this city, where the Goddess Peace holds her—

PRUSSIA (*sotto voce*).—Tongue.

FRANCE.—Holds her chief court, in order that we may—

GREECE.—I am sorry to interrupt, but—

AUSTRIA.—Will you be quiet? You are not to speak.

RUSSIA.—If he is not to speak, I shall.

FRANCE.—Really, gentlemen, dear friends—let us remember.

TURKEY.—If the conversation takes this turn I must leave the room.

FRANCE.—Now, really, my dear, dear friends, remember where you are.

RUSSIA.—Yes; no fear of forgetting that. It is now some thirteen years since—

TURKEY.—If the conversation takes this turn—

GREECE.—I vote—

AUSTRIA.—You are not allowed to vote.

GREECE.—Then I must withdraw—

AUSTRIA.—Your observation—certainly you may.

RUSSIA.—If my friend, Greece, is to be treated in this way, I—

ENGLAND.—Take a cigar.

RUSSIA.—No, thank you, but I'll take a light.

AUSTRIA.—What! another Sinope?

TURKEY.—Gentlemen, if the conversation takes this turn—

FRANCE.—My dear friend, I assure you on the honour of my Imperial master.

PRUSSIA.—Hem! Hem!

FRANCE.—Do not let us have any hostile interruptions. I assure you, gentlemen—

GREECE.—Am I to vote, or am I not?

TURKEY.—No! Women are not yet enfranchised.

FRANCE.—My dear young friend, the Conference has decided that as Greece—

TURKEY.—Is in the wrong.

RUSSIA.—You will condemn her without hearing her defence. The last Treaty of Paris—

TURKEY.—I am very sorry, but if the conversation—(*to GREECE, who has got up to go*)—Ah! you little beast, you trod on my corn.

ENGLAND (*to AUSTRIA, sotto voce*).—Chalkstone, he means. You understand; *creta* is the sore point.

FRANCE.—Gentlemen, is this conduct right? Is it fair to my august master?

GREECE.—Oh, your august master be—Decembered. I am not going to stay here to be insulted. If I am not to vote I go. My instructions from Athens—

ENGLAND (*vacantly*).—Athens is the seat of learning.

TURKEY.—It's a den of thieves.

FRANCE.—My very dear brothers—

AUSTRIA (*to GREECE*).—Your conduct is barefaced.

TURKEY.—Yes, because he's got the Bear at his back.

FRANCE.—My sublime friend (*turns round and sees GREECE has gone*). Oh! our young gentleman has gone off; but, no matter, we can settle it all without him.

ENGLAND.—Certainly; but nothing we settle is to bind anybody.

ALL.—Certainly not; certainly not.

INDIGNANT EUROPE.—Then why, in the sacred name of Humbug, did you meet at all?

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

T u G
U nde R
R ifl E
K ib E
E pi C
Y ok E

ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Sydenham Belle, J. S. Common, R. Morrison, Paul Keenan, J. P. Ramsden, V. A. B., C. Greaves, and J. O. Reynolds.