

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 102.]

LONDON, APRIL 17, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

IMPERFECT EXPIATION.

IN speaking last week with just severity of the Fenians and their leaders, we must not be supposed to have intended to aid or abet those who would turn a deaf ear to Ireland's cry for justice, because some of her children are leagued together for purposes of injustice. It is because we are fully sensible how much remains to be done, and how difficult it is to do, that we are anxious to guard against any mistake on the part of the Government which may alienate the loyal and true lovers of their country, just when their hearty aid is so much needed.

Two dangers now beset Ireland—one, that those who, professing to be her devoted friends, are in reality her worst enemies, may drive her into hasty rebellion, and urge her to demand what can never be granted. The other is, that having done away with the great grievance of the Irish Church, those persons—always numerous—whose indolence makes them dread the hard work of Reform—may be ready to rest from labour, and fancy that because they have done one thing which has been very long a-doing, nothing else remains to be done. In fact, those persons would make a scapegoat, as it were, of the Irish Church, which might bear all the sins of England against Ireland on its back, and whose expulsion into the wilderness of Voluntarism from the pleasant pastures of State-Endowment, might expiate all the wrongs which Ireland has suffered. A very easy way, doubtless, of getting rid of much trouble, but none the less dangerous, and none the less wicked.

If the professors of the great let-alone philosophy should prevail, those who have been guilty of the late outrages, and those who are planning or threatening others will be mainly responsible. But we would entreat those who hold justice above vindictiveness to reflect what these outrages really mean. Are they not begot of that moral corruption which injustice has engendered? Are they not the tardy fruits of a pestilent seed sown years and years gone by? Foul and cruel they are as the men who sowed them were foul and cruel; and we shall ever war against the noxious monsters with crippled arms, till all traces of the iniquity that begot them are destroyed; we may cut down the poisonous weed, but till we root up the seed it will grow and grow again. No more fearful example of the undying injury which selfishness and injustice work has ever been given in the world's history. Other nations have oppressed their subjects more than England ever did; in some cases brute strength has ostensibly triumphed, and a whole nation has been crushed out by ruthless extermination.

The sword, the dungeon, and starvation have done their

work in Poland. Long-continued insults have broken the hearts of the few natives that now remain; even their language is being silenced for ever, and all features of their nationality erased; but does anyone believe that the wrong done to Poland will not yet bear its proper fruit? No; long after the name of Pole shall have been forgotten, generations yet unborn shall reap the terrible harvest that has been tilled with swords and watered with blood—thousands of innocent creatures will suffer the terrible retribution which national injustice and cruelty have never yet escaped, and never will.

In Ireland it is different; there is an earnest wish to recreate, not to destroy; to preserve the nationality, not to mutilate it. But this can only be done by persevering in the work of justice which we have begun. Let a strict and free inquiry be opened at once into the question of Tenant-right, and let delegates be chosen by the *tenants themselves* to set their view of the case before the Commissioners. It is no use selecting for examination a few model tenants, who have nothing to complain of.

Both sides, both extremes must be heard, for the errors of each are no doubt founded on some statement of truth. If action be taken in this matter at once, the practical assurance thus given of the genuine intention of the Government to do justice to Ireland will do much to destroy the influence of Fenians and Ribbonmen alike. It may be said that Ireland has had enough of commissions, but the disestablishment of the obnoxious Church is a more solid proof of good faith than she has ever before received from England, and may encourage her to hope for more.

The Irish Church is not ill chosen as a scape-goat. It is unclean, less from its own individual misdeeds, than for the injustice and tyranny of which it is the visible token. It is unclean, for it is redolent of the days of tyranny and oppression, when Ireland was first enslaved by a dominant faction. But the banishment of the scape-goat leaves the expiation far from complete. There are other sacrifices to be made; there are many evidences of old wrongs to be burnt in the purifying fire, before we can sit down and say that we have finished our labour—that we have at last done "Justice to Ireland."

THE LATE REVIEW.—A General Officer (of the "regulars," be it understood) refused on Easter Monday to take his place at the head of the column he was appointed to command—he preferred breakfast to duty. In spite of the snow, he evidently did not think the muster had anything to do with *parade-ice*!

MOTTO FOR PRINCE CHRISTIAN.—"I have done the State no service, and *they know it*!"

LONDON ASSURANCE (over the water).—Taking a Theatre without a farthing to pay the expenses with.

STANZAS FOR STONES:
Being a Collection of
 POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

SUNDAY SAM.

1.

WHITECHAPEL is my neighbourhood,
 And, if the truth I tell,
 It's not at all the sort of place
 To entertain a swell,—
 Nor anyone who, now and then,
 Enjoys a bit of art,
 And has a soul that soars beyond
 A costermonger's cart.

2.

Well, bad or good, no matter what,—
 I don't complain of that,
 Nor envy nobs in Belgrave Square :
 No, I'm not such a flat.
 My grievance is,—when Sundays come
 And I expect my treats,
 The only ones I get, are up
 And down them dirty streets !

3.

You blessed saints, who fuss yourselves
 With deputation schemes,
 And badger ministers to death
 With all your selfish themes,
 Who, of *your* recreation take
 In week days, precious care,
 I wonder how you'd like to spend
 Your one day's outing there.

4.

Here's Lord Blocknoodle heads the list
 And swears that it's a sin
 To look at pictures,—though he *knows*
 Their substitute is gin.
 For when a man, who's worked six days,
 Can't get his Sunday sight,
 He has his bit of chat, his drink,—
 And 'pon my word he's right.

5.

What ! when his one free day comes round,
 May'nt he throw off the strain ?
 D'you think then that a working man
 Has got no sort of brain ?
 He don't want pleasures by the score,
 Like nobs, it's true, but then
 He does expect to have his share
 Of rest with other men.

6.

What's your idea of rest ? arise
 At eight with naught to do,
 Two hours of church, just one too much,
 Your dinner ; then at two,
 A read at some insensate trash,—
 Your Sunday reading stuff,—
 And then another go at church,
 As if one's not enough.

7.

Then top all that with tea and prayers,
 More church, more reading, then
 Expect us to turn into bed
 Contented pious men !
 Well, I'm no saint, I owns, but if
 That's what you mean by rest,
 You'd better curse us on the spot,—
 We'd rather not be blest !

8.

That's right, howl out against us all,
 Dig up your ugly names,
 Then comfort your unchristian selves
 With sweet smug thoughts of flames !

Keep up your witches Sabbath, pull
 Your faces lean and long,
 And when you've drawled your hymns enough,
 Hear how I close my song.

9.

Six days' hard work, the seventh ought,
 I think it's pretty clear,
 To bring religion if you like, but
 Bring, as well, its cheer.
 And does it ? Well, it don't, and what's
 The upshot ! Nothing more
 Than pretty crowds at one and five
 About the gin shop door.

10.

'Tis you who with your canting cry
 Collect these crowds ! 'Tis you
 Who rob the poor of pleasure, change,
 Health, life ! Oh ! yes, it's true.
 For in their face each palace door,
 Each country gate you slam !
 And if you could you'd close Heaven's too—
 To shut out Sunday Sam.

LORD LAWRENCE AND HIS DESERTS !

IN these days of social idolatry and rank toadyism, we should like to ask a few pertinent questions as to all the inane stir that is being made with a view to glorification of the late Governor-General of India. Already he has been thrust into the society of the peers, and the public have evidently not done with him yet. Lord Lawrence furnishes, and will continue to furnish for some time, about as many small paragraphs to the daily papers as Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Indeed, every wretched penny-a-liner seems rabid to say something good of him. It is only reasonable, therefore, to ask "What has he done ?" True, he has been some forty years at his work in India, work for which he has been well paid, as are all Englishmen who do not mind bartering health and the mother country for unquestionable pecuniary advantages. But, if he has done this, what of it ? He has made, and any influential Indian will corroborate the fact, a very poor Governor-General indeed. Raised, and a great mistake too as it turned out,—from the Indian Civil Service to a position, the dignity of which he was utterly unable to support, and the moral influence of which he materially damaged, he could not be expected either to win the esteem of the native population, or deserve the confidence of his European subordinates. We believe we are only speaking the truth when we say that as Governor-General he was, in the strict application of the term, most unpopular. A coterie swore by the undignified and tactless representative of the crown, for there are few men who run tilt against the general taste who have not a body of their own peculiar way of thinking to support them. With the vast majority of the Indians, however, the reign of "Sir John Lawrence" in Government House, will be associated with a sort of imperial shabbiness, if not, of something worse. Already it turns out that Lord Mayo, the much abused, has, in three months given more promising signs of his fitness to fill the post, than his predecessor managed to afford in five years. What then does all this fussing and testimonial whispering mean ? If the mere fact, that a man has passed his life abroad at his work, is to entitle him to an ovation and a peerage, popular enthusiasm will never go to sleep and the House of Lords will be gifted with immortality, but as neither alternative seems very desirable it is to be hoped this indiscriminate dishing up of spoon-meat will cease. Englishmen are, it is true, miserable snobs, but if they must catch hold of somebody's coat-tails, they may as well select those of the worthiest. Of Lord Lawrence personally, we know little or nothing. Looking at him, however, as a public man, we most unhesitatingly insist that his merits are not of that order that call for a popular ovation. For to day then, we dismiss him with the promise that we shall keep our eye on him, and the toadies who are hunting him, and discuss both very freely if on a future occasion, they force themselves upon us.

SPAIN'S *real* WANT.—Money.

NO THOROUGHFARE.

FOR some months past the foot-passenger traffic of Piccadilly has been driven from that part of the pavement between the Burlington Arcade and the Albany, by the hoarding thrown out into the road, even beyond the limits of the old curbstone, for the purpose of hiding the works in progress for pulling down, patching up, or reconstructing (it is not clear which it is of the three) Old Burlington House. These hoardings jutting out into the street, and thereby forcing foot-passengers into the mud and amongst the carriages, have lately become one of the leading London nuisances, but the public have put up with the inconvenience, to say nothing of danger to life and limb, they occasion partly because they consider that something is going on behind which will ultimately do credit to the metropolis, and partly because the evil is, after all, but a temporary one, and will not last for ever.

In the case of Burlington House, however, this latter plea for patience and consideration cannot be urged, for, to the surprise of everyone who is in the habit of passing down Piccadilly, a permanent brick building, apparently acting as an entrance hall to a long wooden passage leading to the central window of the old house, has been erected *in* the street, the lines of the foundation extending even beyond the limits of the hoarding. The front door of this hideous erection opens directly into the road, and there appears to be no intention of throwing out the pavement to enable foot-passengers to pass it in safety. In fact, such a design would be out of the question, as the roadway, already narrow enough, would be thereby so compressed as to interfere with the carriage traffic most seriously. The result of this last "Metropolitan Improvement" is simply that the pavement on the north side of Piccadilly is rendered perfectly useless, and that the crowds who throng the thoroughfare at all hours of the day will be accumulated and muddled together on the south side of the street.

May we ask the Chief Commissioner of the Board of Works what this all means? Is there any object whatever in extending a temporary passage, leading to nowhere in particular, half across Piccadilly? Have the Commissioners any right to do it, or, having the legal right, are they justified in creating such an unprecedented nuisance as has just been completed? Pending any explanation of the proceeding, and a satisfactory explanation appears to be impossible, we can only protest against the bungle as one of the most barefaced and pigheaded errors ever committed, even by that highly respectable body of gentlemen who are responsible for the aggression.

NOT WORTH IT!

MR. TITE has been informing the House of Commons that the public would gladly pay £120,000, or double that sum to see a proper debating room built to hold them. Disgraceful as is the sort of steamboat cabin which does service for the nation in that capacity at present, we much doubt Mr. Tite's sanguine estimate of the public liberality. M.P's. may be divided roughly into three classes: (1.) Those who speak and are worth listening to. (2.) Those who talk and to whom nobody listens. (3.) Those who know better than to open their mouths, and merely turn up at a division. Class 3 then obviously need not be taken into account. Silent members might read the speeches and divide "by post" the next morning. Class 2 ought either to be abolished by act of Parliament or suffered to throw a little elocutionary blood into the Lords, and then there would remain but class 1. For these there is room enough. Soberly, it is the number of members that is too large. The country might be equally well represented by half the quantity, in which case a whole cargo of noodies and nobodies would be carted away, and in time, the dummy member would become extinct. Compared with the members of other great national assemblies our figure reads absurdly high. That is the real solution of the difficulty, and compared with an outlay of £240,000, the suggestion ought to receive a warm welcome.

CO-OPERATIVE STORES: Beehives. OPERATIVE STORES: Pawnbrokers' shops.

PATRIOTS AND THE PEERAGE.

AS it seems to be a generally accepted conclusion that Mr. Gladstone is about to create a sufficient number of new Liberal peers to ensure the safe passage of the Irish Church Bill through the Upper House, it is not to be wondered at that the right honourable gentleman should be inundated with claims for coronets. Whether Mr. Gladstone will confine himself to utilizing the eldest sons of existing peers, who, on their respective father's deaths, would have their second title absorbed in the higher dignities, remains to be seen, but certain it is that there are several commoners whose claims to the honour of a seat in the Upper House must receive due consideration.

Of the many pressing appeals from "likely people" which Mr. Gladstone has recently received, we understand that he has put aside for further consideration those of the following gentlemen, the *précis* of whose communications the Premier's private secretary has obligingly placed at our disposal:—

MR. HENRY COLE, C.B., considers that Mr. Gladstone must be too well aware of his claims on the country to necessitate his detailing them. He could not, however, in justice to himself, accept any lower dignity than an Earldom, and selects as his title EARL OF SOUTH KENSINGTON, with the second title, to be borne by his eldest son, of BARON BROMPTON ROAD.

SIR ROBERT CARDEN.—Was a Conservative once, but is disgusted with the party, having been disgracefully treated in several borough elections, which he has unsuccessfully contested. Is quite sure that his proper sphere of action is the House of Lords, and not the House of Commons. Has now no political opinions, and will vote for anything or anybody Mr. Gladstone likes. Has lots of money. Suggests that he might be called to the Upper House as LORD CARDAMUMS, a title by which he is already known by a large proportion of the public.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN.—Thinks it too good a joke that he should not be a real Peer, and will be obliged if Mr. Gladstone will give him a Dukedom. Assures Mr. Gladstone that it would be the most popular measure he ever introduced. His Royal Highness has no politics in particular. Would like to know if any salary is attached to a Peerage, or, if not, if something of the kind could be managed as a special case. Wishes an answer by return of post.

MR. FINLEN wants to be called to the Upper House in his own family name as VISCOUNT FINLEN, of ST. GILES'S, in the county of Middlesex. If Mr. Gladstone hesitates as to the advisability of appointing him, will be glad to look Mr. Gladstone up at Carlton Terrace to talk the matter over; but no doubt the right honourable gentleman will consider this unnecessary.

MR. COSTA.—Having retired from the Covent Garden Opera, and being desirous of entering private life, he will now accept a peerage, which may be offered to him without fear of giving him offence. Mr. Costa will not, however, pledge himself to any political party, but as he has no particular opinion regarding the rights and wrongs of the Irish Church question, he will be willing to lend Mr. Gladstone a helping hand in his present difficulty. Will assume the title of DUKE OF BEDFORD. He is well aware that there is a Duke of Bedford already, but that person must take another name.

MR. BEALES, M.A.—Does not expect to get much justice or anything else out of Mr. Gladstone; but if the Premier feels inclined to do the right thing for once in his life, Mr. Beales will not object to be called to the Upper House as LORD CHARING CROSS, M.A.

Beyond having expressed his gratitude to these gentlemen for their generous conduct in coming forward to assist him in his difficult task we have not heard that Mr. Gladstone has taken any steps towards submitting their names to the Queen for Her Majesty's approval.

BITTER FOR THE TORIES.—A-Lowe!

THE SONG OF THE IRASCIBLE VOLUNTEER.—"Blow, gentle gales."

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BRITANNIA for April,
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Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
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LONDON, APRIL 17, 1869.

THE WEEK.

SO we are going to build more iron clads! Surely, Mr. Childers doesn't mean to destroy John Bull with the shirt of *Sheer-nessus*.

LORD MAYO, as a move against Russian influence, has paid the Monarch of the Affghans £120,000. This is a pretty good sum to dispose of for the services of *A-meer Ally!*

A LARGE class of Englishmen have hitherto treated the "Alabama Claims" as a joke. They ought to feel specially re-assured now, that the United States Ambassador is about to present himself in *Motley*.

MR. LOWE's additional tax upon those who care to display their *arms* is wise and politic. What a pity, though, he did not extend the impost to other extremities. In these days of burlesque the national debt might be paid off in no time.

THE BISHOP OF CORK seems to be of a light and airy temperament. Perhaps a little too light. He is reported to have used language about Mr. Gladstone's Bill which savoured more of the fishmarket than the pulpit. Perhaps the right reverend gentleman thinks that because some of the Apostles were fishermen, a bishop cannot do better than talk Billingsgate.

PEOPLE who rail about the immorality of the French stage should have gone to see *Won by a Head*, which, though by Mr. Tom Taylor was, strange to say, *not* a foreign production. The Duchy of Pumpernickel, according to that spirited comedy, was a very pleasant community, a sort of Agapemone, with a grand Duke and Duchess as presiding elders. Mr. Taylor borrowed his morality from Congreve, but being a modest man did not borrow the wit at the same time.

CAPTAIN ARCHDALL seems to have made himself quite a hero by his slashing proposition to extend the principle of the Irish Church Bill to England and Scotland. We find, on reference to *Debrett*, that Captain Archdall is a man arrived at maturity, having been born in 1812, and that he is a Conser-

vative, a "firm supporter of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland." He is also an Irishman, which explains his peculiar method of supporting his principles. We suppose that he goes upon the principle which governed his countryman, who insisted on firing at his own comrades in a battle—viz., "that it must be more pleasant to be killed by your friends than your enemies." We certainly prefer to look upon the gallant Captain as an arch wag rather than an arch traitor.

A CASE FOR GAOL.

IT would seem that ruffianism and treason in Ireland are not the special property of the Fenians. Let us quote a few words uttered at a recent anti-disestablishment meeting, by a minister of the "gospel." Apropos of the passing of the Government Bill, this precious herald of peace howls out

"That the Protestants of the country would not submit to be trampled upon. Would the sons of the men who would not suffer a tyrant king to deprive them of their rights allow a tyrant Parliament to do so? The Protestants of Ireland were ready to do just as their ancestors did," &c., &c.

In plain words, if, by the will of the nation constitutionally exercised, the Bill passes into law, these loyal subjects of Her Majesty will take up arms and commence a bloody civil war. If the Rev. Mr. Flanagan, of Monaghan, does not mean this, what on earth does he mean? His "cloth" will, of course, stand in the way of his raising his own hand against his fellow countrymen, but still he can hound on others, and work up a set of rabid bigots into blood-thirsty frenzy.

With equal taste spoke a Mr. Madden, a Justice of the Peace. This gentleman, who ought at once to be removed from his responsible position, and kept under the eye of the police, closed the meeting by observing, that

"They were ready to stand by their Queen as long as she was prepared to stand by them, but no longer. They would stand by the Queen and Government as long as they maintained inviolate the national contract, but not one day beyond that."

Surely if words have any significance at all this means nothing but rebellion under certain very probable contingencies. However, whatever may be the meaning that this reverend orator and curious magistrate attach to their own words, there is no question about their inevitable effect on ignorant masses. They can only incite in them a feeling of contempt for law and order, and suggest the sword as the best argument with which to meet the overwhelming logic of the Government.

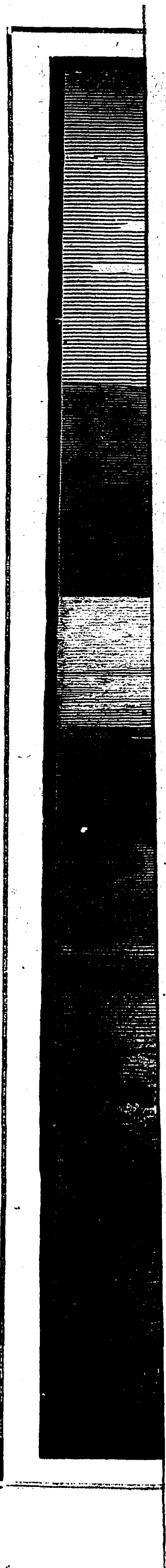
While we hear so much about the frothy insolence of liberated Fenians, it is wise to bear in mind that the seeds of sedition are not all of their sowing.

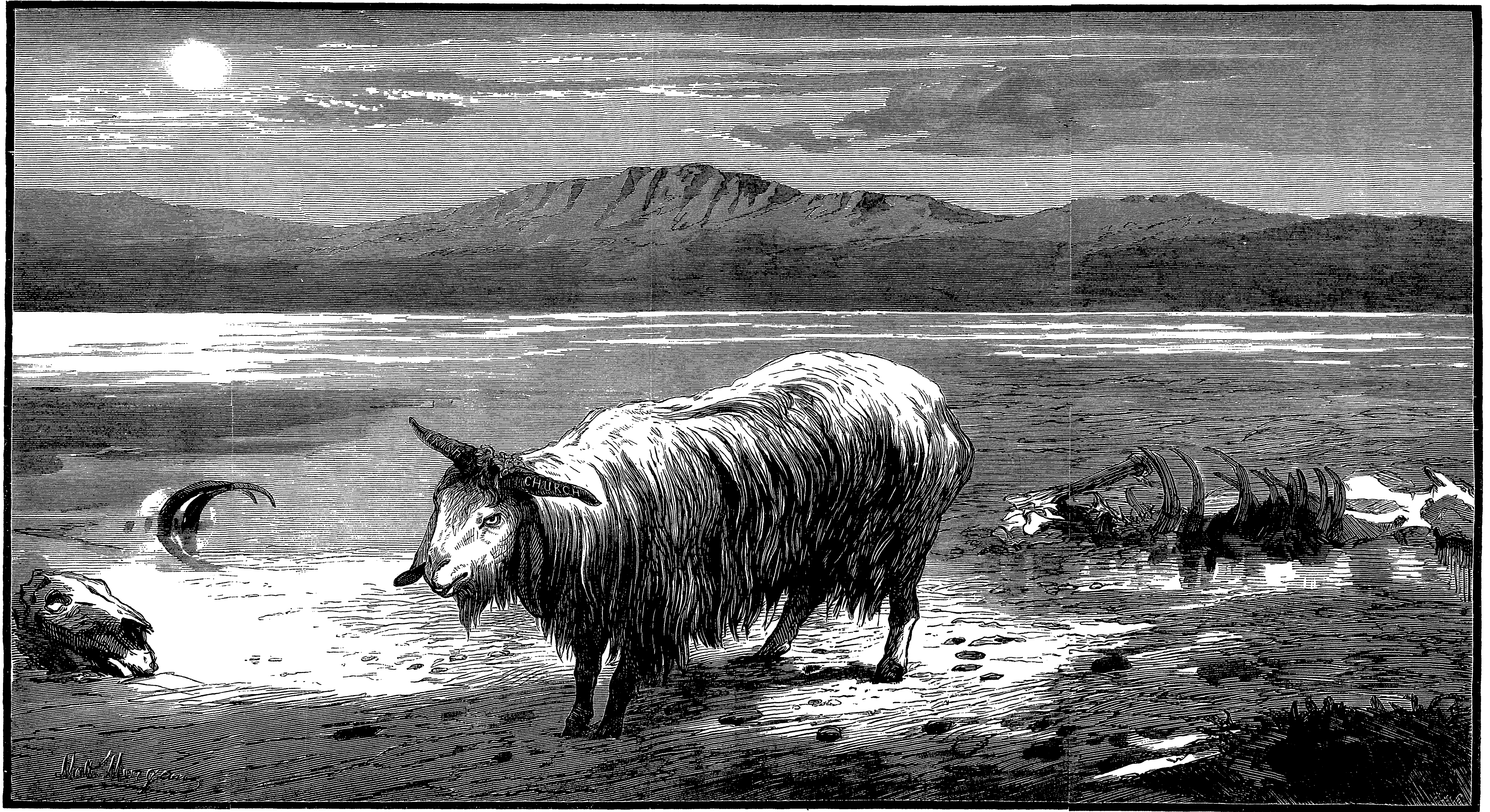
METEOROLOGICAL MEMS.

JANUARY	Spring Flowers.
FEBRUARY	April Showers.
MARCH	November Fogs.
APRIL	Principally Mud.

ANECDOTE OF PRINCE CHRISTIAN.

HIS Royal Highness, the other day, when discussing with a distinguished prelate the rite of baptism as administered in the English Church, very adroitly twisted the conversation into a direct allusion to the recent strange ceremonial observed by the Poles, in their chapel in Gower street, on Easter Sunday last. It may be remembered that they eat hard-boiled eggs together in commemoration of their brotherhood, expressing at the same time a hope that the next time they partook of the common meal it might be in the midst of Poland itself. "It is a strange custom, your Royal Highness," remarked the prelate already referred to, "and one that leads us to believe that Polish patriotism is not yet extinct. Freedom may yet be hatched from that shell." "Ah," immediately rejoined the Prince, in his old, original, quaint, dry, and affable manner, "instead of eating the egg, why don't they throw off the yoke (*yolk*)!"





THE SCAPE-GOAT OF IRELAND;

OR,
THE SHADOW OF A HUNDRED WRONGS.

"The Irish Church is not ill-chosen as a scape-goat. It is unclean, less from its own individual misdeeds than for the injustice and tyranny of which it is the visible token. It is unclean, for it is redolent of the days of tyranny and oppression, when Ireland was first enslaved by a dominant faction. But the banishment of the scape-goat leaves the expiation far from complete. [SEE IMPERFECT EXPIATION.]



LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

SEVERAL of our contemporaries, more especially the cheap evening papers, have lately been indulging in exciting paragraphs of "Scandal in High Life," which for some reason or other, either because the scandals had no foundation in fact, or because actions for libel were threatened, have been contradicted "by authoritative request" in the next impression of the journals giving them publicity; while the editors of the several newspapers have solaced themselves with the reflection that no harm has been done by their little mistakes. How true and how false the scandals have been matters very little now, for they have fulfilled their mission of adding an exciting line to the "Contents Bill," and of increasing the circulation of the papers to which we are referring. In fact, so complete has been the success of these new sensational advertisements, and so inexpensive has been their cost (only one penny a line), that we understand that a certain recently established cheap (very cheap—not to say nasty) evening journal, has already in type the following scandals, specially invented by its versatile editor, with ready made contradictions for the next number, for insertion in its columns when the supply of the ordinary latest intelligence is meagre and unattractive.

SCANDAL NO. I.

Astounding conduct of the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P.—This Day.

We regret to learn that the President of the Board of Trade left London last night for Liverpool, *en route* to America, accompanied by ninety-two ladies of his acquaintance, on his way to the Salt Lakes. We hear that for some months past Mr. Bright has shown signs of a strong bias in favour of Mormonism, and it is understood that on his arrival at the Mormon settlement he will make each of the ninety-two ladies his wife. Mr. Bright's sudden departure has caused considerable consternation in the Cabinet.

DENIAL NO. I.

We are requested to state that there is not the slightest foundation for the report we published last night regarding the Right Honourable President of the Board of Trade. We understand that the mistake arose from the fact of Mr. Bright having been seen in a carriage with some ladies, whom he accompanied to the Opera.

SCANDAL NO. II.

A Royal Duel.

We hear that a certain august personage, who is now traveling in the East, while at Cairo, fought a duel with a near relative of his viceregal host, whom he shot through his left leg. The quarrel arose out of a discussion regarding the height of the Pyramids, which the P—e of W—s affirmed were lower than the cross at the top of St. Paul's, an assertion which was contradicted with such flatness that a hostile meeting was at once rendered a necessity.

DENIAL NO. II.

A telegram has just been received at our office contradicting the facts we published regarding a duel in Egypt in which the P—e of W—s was a principal, and calling upon us to retract and apologise for having given currency to such a wanton invention—a request with which we humbly hasten to comply. The whole affair, we regret to say, appears to have been a practical joke on the part of an occasional correspondent.

SCANDAL NO. III.

Attempted Assassination of the Premier—This Morning.

At half-past ten o'clock this morning, as Mr. Gladstone was passing through Charles Street into St. James's Square, on his way to his residence in Carlton Terrace, the front door of the mansion of the Earl of Derby flew open and his Lordship rushed

upon the right honourable gentleman, armed with a table knife. After a short struggle Lord Derby stabbed Mr. Gladstone to the heart. The latter was picked up by a passer-by, who carried him into the house of the Bishop of London, who lives next door. Lord Derby was immediately secured and carried by the clerks of the London and Westminster Bank (who had witnessed the occurrence from the opposite side of the way) into the strong room of the establishment, where he now remains. It appears that his Lordship was at breakfast when he saw Mr. Gladstone pass the window with a jaunty air and with his hands in his pockets, which so irritated the ex-Premier that he rushed out of the room, through the hall, into the street, and had committed the murderous assault before Mr. Gladstone could complete the ejaculation of "Jack Robinson." The right honourable gentleman is, we are glad to hear, as well as can be expected under the painful circumstances.

DENIAL NO. III.

We have received an authoritative request to withdraw every word of the paragraph which we published last night, and we humbly apologise for the error into which we unfortunately fell. We can in no way account for the mistake, for we now learn that Mr. Gladstone was out of town at the time of the reported occurrence, and Lord Derby always breakfasts in the back parlour.

With materials such as these to work upon, there can, in future, be no occasion to fall back upon social scandals which have just enough foundation in fact to make them wickedly mischievous. A little truth, like learning, is a dangerous thing, and our contemporaries will be wiser if they publish paragraphs only such as those we have quoted, and stick to fiction altogether.

FASHIONABLE POISON.

WHAT would a lady of nervous temperament and delicate constitution say if, after sending for her doctor in the hopes of rapidly arresting signs of consumption or the particular ill to which her flesh finds itself heir, she were to receive the startling announcement from the lips of her private Æsculapius,—

"MADAM,—I have no other course—you must allow me to poison you."

The lady of nerves and delicacy would probably reply with a shriek and a rush to the bell or a bound behind the nearest sofa, and we are not quite sure that she would be calmed by the assurance that the poison would be administered only to save her for many happy days to come.

The fact is it is now fashionable among the great ladies of Paris—and what great ladies do in Paris is soon caught up, like measles, by the great ladies in London—to eat arsenic: neither more nor less than ARSENIC. And they thrive uncommonly well on it to all appearances.

Of course, from time immemorial poisons have been given as cures—in fact, it is impossible to say what is not a poison in a chemist's shop if you only took the right quantity. The followers of Hahnemann have taken aconite—a most powerful poison—for the last fifty years in infinitesimal quantities.

Anyhow, it is the fashion among the duchesses, Russian princesses, and Polish countesses, who swarm in Paris, and are always looking out for something to do, say, or imagine, unlike their common neighbours, to take a dose of arsenic by way of preparing themselves for the immoralities they may unintentionally imbibe during the day.

Arsenic is a tonic, and tonics are in requisition among the ladies!

But don't suppose for a moment that any tonic would become fashionable without some other virtue of overwhelming attraction to recommend it.

Ladies don't take tonics very regularly when their health only is in question, but in this case their personal vanity is interested. It is a question of beauty more than health.

Three drops of solution of arsenic taken regularly every morning at the same hour brings down too great a tendency to fat, corrects an unfortunate predisposition to skinniness, and has such an effect on the skin as no outside washes or creams

can ever approach. A lovely tint, transparent and ivory-like in colour and polish, spreads over the skin. My lady the countess can get up a brilliant coat at no great sacrifice, either of health or time. We say "coat" because arsenic has been used before now by cunning grooms who wished to produce brilliancy on their master's horses.

Pray, ladies, poison yourselves if it is for your health and beauty: but don't go too far. We can't do without you.

HENDERSON AND HAIR.

ONCE all through the midnight dreary Bobbies wandered weak and weary,

Doomed to shiver in the frost, to influenza in the thaw:
Long and wearisome the night is, to a Peeler with bronchitis,
Sad and pitiful his plight is, sneezing, wheezing at the door,
Sneezing, wheezing through the area railings, barking at the door,

Closely shaven as of yore!

But the Colonel's wise decision give new health to the division,
'Tis the Bobby's best physician, can his usefulness restore,—
Now the old and hateful days are past and gone, and, every razor

Thrown aside, each chin displays a beauty never seen before!
"Duty, beauty, why not let them go together?" quoth the law,
"Chins be shaven nevermore!"

Any man must be a silly'un not to imitate the million:
For there's no grade of civilian in bank, counting-house, or store,
Who would grudge his chin *some* trouble (though perchance it gave him double)
For the sake of even stubble, if he can't grow any more:
Spreading, sprouting, there's no doubting we'll do honour to the corps,

If we're shaven nevermore!

Maiden hearts we'll set a-whirlin' with big beards all around 'em curlin'—
They're the things to take a gurl in when her love you would implore—
Grow your hair—you'll find a kiss 'll come the sweeter from the bristle,
'Mongst the gurls there's not a Miss 'll fail to give you an *encore*—
Female chorus must adore us, cannot fail to cry *encore*,
If we're shaven nevermore!

Thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, down from underneath your nose Sir
Let your hirsute honours grow Sir thickly, prickly, on your jaw!
Charms of powder now are failing, plush and calves are unavailing,
You can grin through area railing at the smooth face at the door,—
Maned like lions, grin defiance at John Thomas at the door,—
And be shaven nevermore!

SCANDALUM MAGNATUM.

WE have never enshrined in our columns those gobbets of scandal which the scavengers of society fish up on their rounds. We leave such a congenial and noble task to those honourable journals which make a living out of eavesdropping. But there has been lately discussed in the papers a scandal of a very painful nature, affecting a family of high position, and chiefly a lady whose beauty, at least, might have ensured her more gentle treatment at the hands of men; and in the discussion of it there has been such a gross violation of the sanctity of private life that we cannot help noticing it. We do not know which is the more shocking consideration of the two, that such a story may be true, or the way in which, whether true or false, it has been made public. That a man should be surrounded by persons who could be mean enough to repeat the frantic utterances of a

woman in an agony of pain is horrible to think of—but that such utterances should be accepted as a proof of guilt, and as a sufficient basis for the most persistent accusation of one who should be the first gentleman in the land, is absolutely incredible. It is no good sign of our age that such a thing should be talked of in public journals, or that such a story should be probable enough to be believed, for surely men would never repeat such a thing if they did not believe it. It is still a worse sign that the name of one, whom we could fain believe to remember the precepts and example of his father, should be associated with such a scandal, not for the first time, and no surprise or indignation expressed at the association. If the scandal is true it is certainly not a matter to be dismissed with the cynical laugh of Society's gossip-mongers—if it is false such a lie reflects disgrace not only to them who originated it, but to them who idly repeat it. The whole of this painful matter, from beginning to end, whatever may be the ultimate issue of it, presents a striking proof of the thorough corruption of Society in this virtuous age.

LATEST FROM LUTETIA.

"WRITING last night," as the *Pall Mall* says, "our Paris correspondent says,"—There is no doubt that the prime secret of Sardou's success in *Patrie* is the outlet it gives for public opinion. The work itself is undeniably founded on a piece entitled *La Bataille de Toulouse*, by Méry, and is, after all said and done, little superior, if at all, to the historical dramas of Alex. Dumas. The scenery and costumes are superb, the acting is what melodramatic acting generally is in Paris, effective but exaggerated, though Berton plays as usual with a distinction we could wish to see emulated in London.

Sardou has had the wit to bring it out just at the right moment. Public opinion is burked in spite of the plausible pretensions vented by Napoleon III. about liberty and free thinking. Public opinion wanted a safety valve, and it has been found at the Porte St. Martin. Every night the theatre overflows,—there is a compact crowd from ceiling to pit, and between the acts the noise produced by public opinion opening the valve, reminds one only of Drury Lane on Boxing Night before the pantomime begins. But there is a great deal of loud talk outside in the daily press regarding this same *Patrie*, and splendid as some of the situations are, and powerful as is a great deal of the dialogue, it is not purely literary worth which has ensured an average fortune to M. Raphael Felix, the director. It is perhaps not purely patriotism either: it is the necessity for a sensation which always exists in the French people. Patriotism crops up in the new drama, and the public seized the opportunity with avidity to express, second-hand, its hatred of tyranny. M. Felix talks of bringing it over—costumes, accessories, and all, but actors—to be played in London at some period no doubt far removed, when the success in Paris shall have come to an end.

We have no hesitation in saying it could not have the same success, however poetically rendered into English, however well acted, for the simple reason that the motive is wanting in the heart of the British public which pushes crowds every night on to the boulevard in front of the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin.

We have seen the *Diva*. Offenbach's last link is Schneider's impersonations. The piece was more or less hissed at its first performance, and, in spite of a factitious rehabilitation of the original verdict, still remains as poor a piece as we would desire not to see. Schneider looks particularly charming, and there is one very pretty waltz among the musical number, but story, none to tell: fun, absent: and spectacle badly mounted.

After that Offenbach should—but really it is not so much Maitre Jacque's fault, for with such a libretto composition must have been a task almost hopeless.

Fashion is gradually going mad—you may think perhaps she has been quite mad enough already. Bless your heart, my dear lady, you should see the head-dresses a good foot high—twelve inches I give you my word. You should see the *mode* first exhibited by nature in the Hottentot Venus, and known to our ancestors as the *vertugadin*. There is one consolation for the lovers of the line of beauty, the discarded cachemire is coming in again. Long may cachemire reign!