

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by *Arthur a'Beckett.*



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

NO. 110.]

LONDON, JUNE 12, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

JONATHAN'S FALSE MOVE.

WE are very glad to see that our Yankee friends and relations seem to be inclined to behave with more moderation, and that they have not misinterpreted the attitude of England towards them as regards the question of War or Peace. There is a laudable anxiety on the part of the American press to soften down the foolish and mischievous speech of Mr. Sumner, and to disavow the insolent tone of that manifesto. So far, so good; Jonathan has made a false move, and the sooner he tries to retrieve it the better.

The great Motley has arrived, and has spoken the usual commonplaces about the anxiety of America to preserve friendly relations with this country, the community of our interests, &c., &c., our common addition to commerce and the arts of peace—a curious expression, by the way, as if commerce meant whiskey, and the "arts of peace" taking drains together. It is to be hoped that Mr. Motley will be kept in his place, and that there will be no attempt to entertain him at banquets where, warmed by British hospitality and British wine, he may be led into the ridiculous assumption of any position as the accredited envoy of a Government which speaks through him, instead of being what he really is, a sort of superior clerk sent on behalf of a country which would not have the slightest scruple in repudiating every obligation to which he might bind them, even though that obligation had to all appearances and interests received the consent of the executive. We shall have reaped one advantage, at any rate, from Mr. Reverdy Johnson's convivial starring expedition about this country, if we learn not to waste our time and money in talking meaningless platitudes about "brotherly" peace and "cousinly affection." We do not despair of peace. America has begun to pay its debts, and that is a greater step towards respectability as a nation than she has taken for a long time. Whether honour and truth will ever obtain across the Atlantic even the professed respect and titular honours which they obtain in England is a very open question. When to have done an honest or a generous action is looked upon in America as more creditable to a man than having done a sharp or a mean thing, public opinion in that country will have undergone such a wholesome reformation, that we may look forward with perfect confidence to our future relations with our Yankee cousins.

It is somewhat a striking coincidence, that just as Mr. Motley is arriving in England, having been looked upon by many, perhaps unjustly, as the representative of an aggressive policy on the part of America towards this country, there should be leaving our shores one who has done more than any man living to make the name of America—to make humanity

itself, revered and loved—we mean the greatest hero of our day—the noblest Christian of our day—George Peabody. If any one man can attain or deserve the glory of allaying the irritation now existing between the two countries, of paralysing the efforts of agitation, of bringing America and England the blessing of peace, founded on mutual good-will, and not on mere self-interest, George Peabody is that man. We can forgive America if she sends us back her noble-hearted countryman with renewed health and vigour; his energy in doing good nothing can strengthen. There are many rich men, who are charitable, liberal of their money in relieving distress, and personally thoughtful for the happiness of their poorer fellow creatures, but there is no man so grandly unselfish in disposition, there is no man who has made a large fortune, and who holds it so purely as a trust from God, who is as wise as he is generous, as prudent as he is bountiful, who has made this noble use of the power which wealth gave him, namely, to fight in the most effective manner, and with the most untiring perseverance the hosts of evil and of misery which war against the weak and the poor. It is an honour to America to have begot him, it is an honour to England to have so long numbered him among her people; both countries owe him much, and both countries look up to no higher human example by which to guide their conduct. The thought of his never-ceasing industry in well-doing, of his wide-spreading, far-comforting sympathy, of the spotless purity and perfect gentleness of his life, of his perfect freedom from all taint of arrogance or intolerance, of his single-hearted simplicity of goodness might surely do something to check the overbearing self-conceit, the grasping avarice, the reckless dishonesty, the malignant envy, the virulent malice, the muffled anger which have been so freely indulged in by persons—well, we will say on both sides of the Atlantic. The remembrance of George Peabody has brought us naturally to speak of peace, let us stop now, with the earnest expression of a hope that his return to his native land, unpretending and retiring though his spirit be, averse to stain itself by mixing in political intrigue, may bring with it to America some accession of moderation and gentleness, something of the higher and more divine part of our nature, and that the resolute expression of preparation against insult or outrage which now characterizes the face of John Bull as he looks at the cunning and vindictive countenance of the American who threatens to be his foe, may yield to a smile of hearty friendship as their hands in the grasp of reconciliation, and the jealousies and animosities of the past are forgotten, in the common resolve to live in peace and good-will for the future.

NOT VERY ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE APPROACHING DIVISION IN THE LORDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TOMAHAWK.

SIR,—I am not an alarmist, but as an Englishman, a Christian, and, above all, as one who has three near relatives expecting preferment in the Irish Church, I think I may be allowed, at the present crisis, to ask you to give your powerful aid to the support of that popular, heavenly, and lucrative institution. The august assembly of the Lords is about to immortalise itself by a unanimous, or almost unanimous, rejection of that lying, iniquitous, diabolical bill, which a knavish pack of traitors to their Queen, their constitution, their religion, and their pockets framed for the immediate satisfaction of their own lust, for power, and for the ultimate immolation of their country, their gods, and the Three-and-a-half per Cents.!

But I need not continue in this strain. You have said all this, and much more, with far greater eloquence a hundred times yourself. I only beg to point out in your pages at this moment the nature of the inevitable chaos that awaits us, should the arch-radical Gladstone throw, as he has threatened to do, the opposition peers into the Tower dungeons until the division be taken. It must be obvious to all that if the Bill be suffered to pass—

- (1) That within six months there will be left not one atom of Christian truth (as expounded in the xxxix. Articles) through the length and breadth of England.
- (2) That in this frightful condition of affairs, there will of course be no snug berths in the church for scions of the aristocracy, and no incomes of £5,000 a year for ordinary divines who have married into titled families!
- (3) That St. Paul's will be desecrated by the presence of the Rev. Newman Hall one day in the week, and devoted to lectures on popular atheism the other six.
- (4) That there will be found at least 2,000,000 souls in London who never enter a place of worship at all!!!
- (5) That the golden calf will be bowed down to publicly—on the Stock Exchange.
- (6) And lastly—that, in the final crash of things, the Court of Arches will collapse!

You are a staunch Conservative, Sir. Pray then listen to the voice of one who subscribes himself humbly

A MONEYED BUT EARNEST CHRISTIAN.

(2)

SIR,—I'll tell you what will happen if the Lords throw out the bill.

- (1) In three days they will be carted away like so much rubbish, together with the crown and all the rest of it. And Gladstone will be dictator, and then he'll go it—rather.
- (2) In a week Peers will be seen driving Hansoms and teaching deportment at dancing academies.
- (3) In a month the right man will be in the right place, and I shall be getting £3,000 a year payable in advance.

Yours truly,

THE TOTTENHAM BRUTUS.

(3)

BROTHER,—You of the red handed fraternity of literary peoples must be true and noble in this destruction of plutocrats. Italy looks to you. The emancipated of the eternal brotherhood of the peoples looks to you! Welcome. Hail. Your Peers are the enemies of divinity, and what is greater—man! Then let your sons dip their pens into the red blood of your earls, your counts, and your vi-counts, and let your Lord Derby be given as a feed to the vultures of humanity. Brother! Welcome! Prosper, and may your peoples grow fat and red in the gore of your Norman city-knights!

Yours till eternity,

GARIBALDI.

(4)

EDITOR,—Wal—yu old cuss! How ere yu? Now look yu here! Yu're goin to tickle up them tarnation peers. Wal, send the darned lot (pre-paid) out here, and we won't give yu that ere whippin as I guess in a ruminating over which yu and yu're

aristocrats ere a shiverin in yur boots from morning to night! There, that's fixed hansom! Them peers of yu's will be planted out slick as they come, here and there, and so import good breedin' in to the States. Darn them.

Yu's unriled,

ORESTES B. SQUISH.

THE CHURCH AND THE HAMMER.

A LINCOLNSHIRE MORAL.

"No other bidder? no advance?
Come, gentlemen, here is a chance!
Two Churches I admit; but pray
Don't let that fact stand in your way—
Four thousand offered for a start?
The churches *not* two miles apart,
And services alternate—Come,
Of duty 'tis the minimum!
What trouble in parochial labours
When soothed by fashionable neighbours?
Society here bids you shirk
Sick-rooms, death-beds, as *dirty work*,
Which here you have a right to think 'em,
By virtue of sufficient income—
No offer, gentlemen? Of course
You'll keep a curate, and a horse,
Of profit but a paltry slice
For wages will the one suffice;
The other you can well afford,
And ride a-hunting like a lord!
What more to common sense would urge ye,
Young, zealous, enterprising clergy?
These great advantages consider
All going to the highest bidder!"

Romance, you say? No! Truth is here;
I paraphrase the auctioneer,
Who scattered some such subtle words
Of chaff, to catch religious birds,
With argument, that at its best meant
God's service is a sound investment,
That men of letters need but be
Men of three letters *£ s. d.*—
That faith and zeal we overlook
For figures of the banker's book,
That now a *cure of souls* we treat,
As if that term were obsolete—
Bid freely, gentlemen, without misgiving,
A *cure*? we call *that* now-a-days a *living*!

THE ANTI-TOBACCO PLOT.

THE Divisions which took place in the House of Commons a few weeks back on the question of the permission and prohibition of smoking on the Underground Railway have altogether missed fire. It will be remembered that while the House consented to smoking being carried on on the Metropolitan Extension Line, it was sapiently decided that the practice was not to be indulged in on the Line of the Metropolitan Railway proper. It appears, however, that the Board of Trade have now taken the matter in hand, and by granting a special certificate to the Metropolitan Extension Line have enabled that Company to institute a bye-law, under which smoking is prohibited under a penalty of forty shillings for each offence. Thus the vote of the House of Commons has been entirely overridden; and when we remember the part played in the last of the Divisions by Mr. Bright—who on the occasion entirely forgot the minister in the partizan—the publication of this new edict is the more indecent. We trust that some Honorable member, addicted to the pernicious custom, will once more take the smoking question up, and induce the House of Commons to deliver a decision which cannot be gainsaid, on the caprice, of any Jack (whether his surname be Bright or otherwise) in office.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

NOTICE.—Under this head, books, pamphlets, &c., sent to the Office, 199 Strand, will be reviewed every fortnight. The reviews will be written in a fair and independent spirit, and will be of the nature of comments rather than of epitomes; references to the work being given in place of extracts.

Realities of Irish Life. By W. Stuart Trench, &c., &c. New Edition. (London: Longmans, Green, and Co.)

THIS book has attracted a great deal of attention, and deservedly: for it contains an artfully-spiced collection of facts and romances, accompanied by pictures feebly executed, but aiming at sensation, and sometimes succeeding, at least in their title. "The Young Murderer," "Trial by Blood," "The Defiance," "The Broken Heart," would all "look well in the bills" for a Surrey melodrama. "The Cormorant" is one of the best pictures, judged by the sensational standard. It could not have occurred to anyone but a genius to get so much excitement out of that bird, who has hitherto been regarded as more addicted to fish, than human flesh, as an article of diet. Those who thought that the seal's nature was as soft as his skin, when they have read Mr. Trench's description of that animal, will find themselves mistaken. But these are trifles, save that they serve to illustrate the amiable spirit of exaggeration which runs through the whole book.

Of "the facts" of the work we cannot speak with any special knowledge. The impression left on our minds by the book is, that there is only one remedy for all Ireland's wrongs and evils, and that is "Trench" taken *ad libitum*. We wonder the Government has not, especially considering the number "of noble proprietors" whom he has had the honour to serve, made Mr. Trench Viceroy of Ireland, or, at any rate, permanent Under-Secretary in the room of the late Sir Edward Wetherall.

However stupendous the difficulty or danger, Mr. Trench always seems to have overcome it; and the only puzzle is, that such things as agrarian murders should have happened at all under the regency of this omnipotent land-agent, this gifted *employé* of so many "noble proprietors."

Mr. Trench is evidently a man with a marvellous power of self-restraint; and if we are to believe his own testimony—and who would venture to dispute such an authority?—he is as impervious to the darts of Beauty's eye, as he is to the bullets of the assassin.

There is one curious feature about this veracious work which we may mention. In our ignorance we supposed that the majority of the people in Ireland were Roman Catholics; and that in the times of distress and peril in which that unfortunate country has been involved, something—only a little, it might be, but still, something—was done by the Roman Catholic gentry and priesthood towards alleviating the distress and averting the peril. But we were entirely mistaken; the Roman Catholics are a minority too insignificant to be mentioned, and all that was ever done to relieve Ireland and comfort its suffering people was done by Mr. Trench and his noble employers.

Mr. Trench aspires to be a farmer as well as a political economist, and he appears to have got more out of the potato crop than any one else. This is only natural, considering the talent which he evinces for making capital out of much less productive materials.

We always wondered how it was that any one of position could accept the position of a land-agent in Ireland, especially if he set any value on his life—and no one will accuse Mr. Trench of under-estimating that personal property; but our wonder is entirely converted in the other direction by this excellent book. We cannot conceive any one not being eager to enter on a career which can be turned to such superb advantage. It is generally the case, that aspiring persons have to pay for an advertisement in proportion to the extent of its circulation; but Mr. Trench has hit upon a means of advertising his own merits, and making the advertisement absolutely pay its own expenses ever so many times over; to say nothing of the immense advantages which this revelation of his tact, his ingenuousness, his courage, and his administrative ability, must procure for him, if the Imperial Government is not utterly blind to its own interests.

The old cry of the English Radicals was "Reform and Retrenchment;" the cry of the Irish Radicals now will be "Reform and Trench."

But do not let us say anything which may tend, ever so little, to diminish the circulation of Mr. Trench's advertisement. It will fully repay the trouble of reading it, for it is quite as exciting as one of Miss Braddon's novels, and quite as well written as any of E. Moses and Son's manifestoes to the public.

THE MODERN TRAVELLER.

"To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn, and France displays her bright domain."
Impelled by evil Fate, the route I hit on
Of fairest promise to the bilious Briton;
What, though my baggage is beyond control,
No bag, or box, lies heavy on my soul.
Delusive ease of mind! the promised care,
It seems, is not included in the fare.
Myself at Paris safe and sound I find,
And all my traps, et ceteras, left behind!
What charms can sunny France to me disclose
In change of scene, without a change of clothes?
Curse on all travelling, and Short Sea Routes!
What is a foreign soil without one's boots?
A fortnight's pleasure here across the Channel
With one shirt only, though that be of flannel?
Remote, unfriended, can I beg or borrow
The linen due, at any rate, to-morrow?
Propriety, that bids my soul aspire
From my proud bosom drive such low desire!
Nay, rather let me put back in distress,
And, in the darkness of the Night Express,
The wreck of yesterday, yet free from blame,
Uncombed, unwashed, unshaven, hide my shame!

Home! fast as steam can take me! there to press
The Railway for immediate redress!
But shall I get it? that's the point. I've heard
They treat such claims for losses as absurd.
To pity seediness no law you'll find,
When Justice is proverbially blind.
Though plaintiff's property be gone astray,
What court has power to make defendant pay?
In vain you clamour for the reason why:
The only course that's left you is—to buy!

AN EMPTY COMPLIMENT.

THE celebration of the Queen's Birthday, now that London is deprived of the Royal presence, and more especially as the date fixed for "keeping the birthday" is always so lamentably delayed as to dis-associate the occasion with anything personal to Her Majesty, is becoming more meaningless and unsatisfactory every year. So far as we can make out, the following was the programme of Wednesday last:—

MORNING.

Parade at the Horse Guards, at an inconveniently early hour, in the presence of the Prince of Wales and a few miscellaneous princes.

Holiday at some of the Government Offices.
Discontent at the rest.

EVENING.

Formal dinners in ridiculous and inconvenient costumes for people of position.

Crowded streets; gassy atmosphere; plenty of pickpockets; and no omnibuses for people without position.

We trust that some administrative genius, such as Mr. Cole, C.B., or Mr. E. T. Smith, may be permitted to take the matter in hand next year, with a view to the inauguration of a more lively recognition of the auspicious occasion.

VOLUME IV.
OF
THE "TOMAHAWK,"

Edited by
ARTHUR A'BECKETT,
CARTOONS by MATT MORGAN,
Will shortly be published.

Now Ready,
BRITANNIA for June,
Price 1s.



LONDON, JUNE 12, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WE see by the advertisements that *Britannia's* Magazine has completed its volume. We trust for the sake of the Americans that *Britannia's* next volume will not be a volume of sound—the sound of artillery!

WE hear a good deal about scientific improvements in the equipment of the British soldier. This may be true, but the last *Mold* in which British bullets have been cast is a bad one, and the process a disgrace to a civilized country.

THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY has declared that he wishes to "see the Queen, not the Pope 'cock' of this country," and has added that he trusted the Lords, "please God," would save it by throwing out the Irish Church Bill. If this vulgar and tasteless ribaldry is not an argument in favour of life peerages, we should like to know what is!

LORD SOUTHWELL has done good service to his country by calling attention to the sham election of the Irish representative peers. This young nobleman (late of the army) has begun so well, that we may prophecy that although he has long since left the Hussars, he will always find himself at home among the "bravos" of the people.

"AYE AYE, YOUR HONOUR!"

WHY should the Duke of Edinburgh be re-elected Master of the Trinity House year after year? It cannot be that His Royal Highness's naval experience fits him for the discharge of the duties of the office, for, in point of fact, the Duke is nearly always out of the country, and is consequently incapable of doing anything but entirely neglecting the trust imposed in him. Nor can it be that the Trinity House is a sort of maritime establishment, and the Duke of Edinburgh is a sort of sailor, for if this were the case on the same principle we should have long since heard that Prince Teck (who looks so well in his hussar uniform), had been appointed to the command of all the light dragoon regiments in the service, and that Prince Christian had been nominated to the curacy of the German Chapel, or set up in a toy stall at the German Bazaar. It is

quite certain that there is a hidden meaning in the re-election of the Royal Duke to the Mastership of the Trinity House year after year which the public have not yet discovered, and which the Elder Brethren alone are cognisant of. Cannot some of the old salts be induced to let us into the secret of the peculiar capability of their Royal Master?

"OF YOUR CHARITY."

IT is scarcely creditable to the almsgiving community that so excellent an establishment as the Cancer Hospital in the Brompton road should be compelled to descend to sensational advertisements to gather sufficient funds for its support. During the last few days, however, several workmen have been employed in disfiguring the frontage of the building by inscribing on its face, in pantomimic characters of some red substance, the legend "SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS." Surely, a charity like the Cancer Hospital cannot be forgotten by those who have money to dispense, but this urgent appeal to dwellers in Brompton looks very much as if the resources of the hospital were running short. If this be the case we trust that TOMAHAWK's gentle reminder that the Cancer Hospital still exists, and is daily ministering relief to hopeless and helpless suffering, may not be without its effect on the funds of an institution, the mission of which is so kindly and unselfish.

"ECHO" ANSWERS NO.

THE *Echo* the other evening commenced one of its leading articles thus:—"A coach is now running every day from London to Tunbridge Wells, through some of the loveliest districts in Kent, and another from London to Windsor. The 'teams' are splendid, the appointments perfect, and as the equipages roll in and out of town crowds stand to admire them, and old gentlemen, who remember the 'good old times,' nod a tender though mournful approval." And ended it thus:—"When we mean business, we go by rail. When we mean pleasure, we go by coach."

If it were not quite beyond the province of possibilities that even half-penny journals could descend to the appropriation of their leading articles as mediums for advertisements, we should be inclined to suspect that the proprietor of the Tunbridge Wells Coach was the author of the above. Fortunately, however, such is the integrity of even the humblest of London newspapers, that this was the case, is quite out of the question.

A DYER WANT.

IT would be well if some one of the new members who have pledged themselves to Military Reform were to leave alone for the present the great questions of the Purchase System and the Army of Reserve, and descend to matters of less magnitude: such, for instance, as the manner in which the army is at present clothed. It is popularly supposed that the national colour for the tunics of our troops is scarlet, but, in point of fact, the following is the correct statement of the colour of the material, supplied to the Army:—

Bandsmen and Commissioned	}	Red.
Officers	...	
Guardsmen and Non-commissioned	}	Ditto,
Officers of the Line	...	Brickdust.
Linesmen	...	Brickdust.
Militiamen	...	Dirty ditto.

It is difficult to conceive that there can be the remotest reason for the unsightliness of the material contracted for by the War Office; for everyone knows that the scarlet flannel which all linen-draper's sell, at a shilling a yard, is as brilliant a colour as could be desired, and that to enable the tradesmen to sell it at the price they do, the simple dye must be very inexpensive. There can be no reason, then, that the colouring matter used for military cloth should be of the dingy hue which makes the name of "red coats," as applied to the main body of our troops, a grim satirism.

A DANGEROUS GAME!

OR

PEACE ON THE WING.



A DANGEROUS GAME!
OR THE WINGED
PAGE ON THE WING.



THE TIDY TURN;

or,

THE BALMORALS OF MAYFAIR.

A NOVEL IN FOUR BOOKS, TEN CHAPTERS, AND FOUR SITUATIONS, BY MRS. EDWARDS AND MR. F. C. BURNAND.

The fashionable dresses alluded to in this Novel designed by Mrs. J. Thompson, 19 Old Cavendish street.

[NOTE.—We have not read the "Morals of Mayfair," but we have seen Mr. Burnand's piece of "*Follet*," at the Queen's. Out of the data furnished by Mr. Burnand, we attempt to rewrite the novel.]

Book I.—Spring (=side Boots).

CHAPTER I.—THE MANOIR DE KERSAINT.

THE sun was setting rather unsteadily in the west on the ruins of an effective but inconveniently-built castle on the coast of Brittany. In front of the hall-door sat three persons. The first in an invalid chair and fur dressing-gown (for was it not a broiling day?) was none other than Mr. Assheton, a dying millionaire. The second, a sinister-looking man, calling himself Dr. Mortimer, had been known in London theatres for years as a villain of the deepest dye. He had figured in many a tragedy, assisted in numerous murders—in fact, the theatrical intelligence of the *Era* had rung with the stories of his many diabolical crimes. The third was an old French woman, who spoke her own language with a strong English accent.

"Jer swee onshontay der voo vwore," said the lady to the rascally Dr. Mortimer.

"She little knows me in my true colours," murmured the man of medicine to himself. "The time *may* come when I shall have to murder her!"

"Doctor," feebly muttered the millionaire, "grant me one request ere I die."

"Ah!" again murmured Mortimer, with a fiendish chuckle, "My poison works bravely!" he added aloud. "Well, my friend, what wilt thou?"

"I have lived all my life in an atmosphere of fashion," faintly cried the patient. "We all of us owe much to Mrs. J. Thompson, of 19 Old Cavendish street. You yourself have on the 'Professional Negligé,' young Earnscliffe (living in the village yonder) is garbed in the 'Oxford Student As Advertised,' my daughter Marguerite wears the 'Alexandra Costume,' Nanon the 'Masquerade Dress—Breton Peasant,' and even I the 'Invalid's Lounging Coat.' To the end let me persevere in the course mapped out by the 'Gazette des Modes'—bury me in a fashionable coffin!"

Mortimer pressed his victim's hand within his own, wept, and whispered hoarsely, "your wish shall be complied with."

At that moment Marguerite and Philip Earnscliffe bounded on to the lawn.

"Jer swee onshontay der voo vwore," again cried the old Frenchwoman. Seeing the young people together, the villainous doctor murmured, "Ah! Earnscliffe is a married man. I will entice my victim Assheton and Nanon away—it will give Earnscliffe a chance of urging his suit, and then hi ho and away to the Divorce Court!" He enticed the millionaire and the nurse away, and Philip and Marguerite were left alone.

They flirted copiously. By-and-bye, Edgar Neville, A.R.A., walked on to the lawn. He soon recognised Philip as a rich and young literary man (all literary men are *very* rich, especially when they are *very* young), and hailed him as follows:—

"Ah, Phil, my boy, not a bit changed—and I—am I changed?"

"Not at all," replied Earnscliffe, in a measured melo-dramatic tone, "except that you now wear that cheap but serviceable costume, 'the German College Suit,' instead of the expensive but aristocratic clothing known at Mrs. J. Thompson's establishment in Old Cavendish street, as the 'Bond street Lounge.'"

"Quite so; have you told the young lady who is now leaving us—" (Marguerite walked away)—"that you are a married man?"

"I have not."

"Oh!" replied his friend, and the subject dropped.

CHAPTER II.—THE GABRIER'S HUT.

It was a hut, and an old man was singing a song. Philip and Marguerite entered arm in arm.

"Come," said Marguerite, "let us pass the evening in the Cave of Morgane."

"Willingly, and I will there tell you the story of my life."

"Stop," murmured Marguerite, "you must permit me then to put on my new dress, 'the Sea-side Morning Gown,' it has just arrived from the establishment of Mrs. J. Thompson, 19 Old Cavendish street."

"It is a duty you owe to society?"

"It is."

"Then I consent to your proposal."

SITUATION I.—The Cave of Morgane.

It was a magnificent scene, and the tide was rising rapidly. The sands outside the cave were nearly covered. Philip and Marguerite were looking into one another's eyes.

"I love you!" said he. "I am a married man."

"I love you!" said she. "Are you really?"

The tide rose rapidly. At length they noticed it.

"Look," said Philip, "the water approaches; what shall we do?"

"Why, put on bathing dresses, to be sure; those supplied by Mrs. J. Thompson, of 19 Old Cavendish street, are the best."

At that moment a boat appeared, manned by a fisherman and Edgar Neville. Philip and Marguerite were soon rescued. When they were safe on board, Edgar said to them—

"I have come prepared for the worst. Descend into the cabin, both of you, and you will there find two yachting suits."

"Supplied by—?" they began eagerly.

"Mrs. J. Thompson, of 19 Old Cavendish street!" was the reply.

Book II.—Summer (Dresses).

CHAPTER I.—EARNSCLIFFE'S HOUSE, BELGRAVIA.

IT was a fashionable apartment in Belgravia. Lady Clara and Lady Templemore sat over their five o'clock tea, discussing the Paris fashions. By-and-bye Philip entered.

"My love," he said to his wife, and tried to kiss her.

"I hate you, and would leave you, but that your money enables me to employ Mrs. J. Thompson to make my dresses," almost screamed the impulsive woman.

Philip sighed, and regarded his new "Park Lane Suit" in the looking-glass.

At this moment, Sir George Lorrimore, M.P., Major Podmore, and Lady Lorrimore entered.

"Who are these?" asked Philip, in a stern whisper; "tell me, woman, at once," and he seized Lady Templemore by the wrist.

She shrunk from him in an agony of terror, and murmured in a fainting voice, "Dummies for the display of the costumes furnished by Mrs. J. Thompson, of 19 Old Cavendish street!"

"Where are you going, my dear Lady Lorrimore?" said Lady Clara.

"To the Opera," was the reply.

"And yet," murmured the haughty wife of Philip, "your costumes are better suited to Cremorne!"

CHAPTER II.—MR. DANBY'S, HARLEY STREET.

Mr. and Mrs. Danby were together—rich and vulgar. They had a daughter, Georgy, whom they wished to foist upon Dr. Mortimer.

"So Marguerite is living with us?" said Mr. Danby.

We regret to say that the reply of his wife was unfit for publication.

"Georgy *must* catch Dr. Mortimer now that she wears the dresses furnished by Mrs. J. Thompson, of 19 Old Cavendish street!"

We regret to say that the reply of his wife was unfit for publication.

At this moment Dr. Mortimer arrived, and carried off Marguerite (who took two minutes dressing—they do not "tub" in France, where she was educated) to the Opera.

SITUATION II.—The Opera House, Covent Garden.

"A queer set of people in the house to-night," murmured the cheque-taker at the Stall door; "only eight! I don't know if I did right to admit one gentleman who, I'm sure, wore a false

pair of whiskers and a moustache; the ladies with him, I think, however, must have been attended to by some of Mrs. J. Thompson's assistants. They were not badly got up."

At this moment Lady Clara and Lady Lorrimore entered. They met Philip coming down the grand staircase with Marguerite on his arm.

"Let me see you to your carriage, Miss Assheton," he said, and went out.

"See her to her carriage!" screamed Lady Clara, "it is a public insult!"

"Don't faint, my love," cried Lady Lorrimore.

"Why not?" asked Lady Clara, rather roughly.

"Because, darling, in your fall you will damage your dress—the dress provided by Mrs. J. Thompson, of 19 Old Cavendish street!"

SITUATION III.—*Lady Clara's Boudoir.*

Philip, after kissing Marguerite, returned to his wife, and told her that he was ruined.

"Then you can no longer pay Mrs. J. Thompson's account?"

"No, darling, but will you not fondle me? Come give me a sweet embrace!"

"Never!"

Book III.—Autumn (Suits).

CHAPTER I.—DANBY'S STUDY.

DR. MORTIMER, as villainous as ever, proposed to make Marguerite his wife.

"I will never marry her," he murmured to himself with a horrid chuckle, "I will carry her off, however, to the Manoir de Kersaint!"

What Mrs. Danby said when she heard that the treacherous doctor had jilted Georgy is quite unfit for publication. In her rage she even abused the dresses provided by Mrs. J. Thompson, of 19 Old Cavendish street!

SITUATION IV.—*The Village of Trachsel.*

Philip Earncliffe, Edgar Neville, Major Podmore, Mr. and Mrs. Danby, and Georgy, were all enjoying the beautiful scene from the garden of a picturesque restaurant.

Their tourist costumes had all been designed by Mrs. J. Thompson, of 19 Old Cavendish street.

After awhile a carriage ran away with Lady Clara (who was travelling in the neighbourhood), and upset her. The haughty bride of Earncliffe was carried dying into the court-yard of the picturesque restaurant.

"Forgive me," said the sinking woman (covered with blood) to her weeping husband.

"What for?" he asked, in an agony of grief.

"For," she gasped out, "for spoiling with—my—blood—the—the—the—costumes furnished by—." She nearly fainted with the exertion. They listened eagerly.

There was a pause, and then a broken, weary, faltering voice murmured,

"Costumes,"—a sigh, "furnished by"—a gasp, "Mrs. J. Thompson"—a shiver, "of 19 Old Cavendish street!"

And Lady Clara was dead!

Book IV.—Winter (Clothing).

CHAPTER I.—THE MANOIR DE KERSAINT.

THE wicked Dr. Mortimer had tired of his victim, poor Marguerite, and was now anxious to marry her to Philip Earncliffe. So he sent for the young man and made over the girl to him.

The young couple were very happy.

"Dear Philip," said Marguerite, sweetly, "You are a thoroughly heartless man; you talk like an actor and look like a doll, but you dress well. There is only one thing needed now to complete our happiness—"

"The applause of our friends in front?"

"No," said Marguerite, with a smile; "say rather a trousseau."

"Furnished by—"

"Of course—by Mrs. J. Thompson."

"Of 19 Old Cavendish street?"

"Yes, of 19 Old Cavendish street, Cavendish square!"

The End.

THE BURLINGTON HOUSE CATECHISM.

Q.—Have you ever heard of a Lord Ribblesdale?

A.—Yes. I heard of a person of that name for the first time, the other day. He wrote a very sensible letter to the *Times* on the subject of the Royal Academy Exhibition. He corroborated what has been said in regard to its being a closed borough, and drew forth an insipid rejoinder from the President.

Q.—You think perhaps that people are beginning to understand this catechism?

A.—I do.

Q.—And what is it meant to instruct you in? Can you tell me?

A.—I can. In the sham and humbug of these sort of institutions (peculiar to Great Britain) in general, and of the Royal Academy in particular. To enlighten me as to the gross selfishness of a privileged body of men who turn the distinction they are supposed to have attained to in art, into a commercial advantage, to the exclusion of better work, and not unfrequently to the ruin of rising genius. To impress, moreover, on my mind, the fact that somehow or other only about six of the Royal Academicians are worthy of their position, while at least a dozen artists, who are at present mere outsiders, could replace that number of the select with credit to themselves and advantage to the interest of British art.

Q.—You answer correctly. Tell me now what remedy is proper to such a condition of things?

A.—An increase in the number of Royal Academicians. A total reconstruction of that body. A division of it into three grades (mere portrait and fruit painters being admissible only to the lowest of the three). A great enlargement of the Exhibition, and a ratio for the admission of Academicians' pictures to be regulated by the number of works sent in and adjudged worthy of a place.

Q.—You are right. Do you think one or any of these rules will ever be carried out?

A.—No. I do not.

Q.—Can you tell me why?

A.—Yes. Because this is a country where we howl ourselves hoarse over abuses, and then quietly sit down and submit to them.

Q.—Then things will remain as they are?

A.—Precisely.

Q.—And where will British art go to eventually?

A.—The dogs.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

P	uf	F
R	atafi	A
E	au-di-	V
T	rincul	O
E	m	U
N	ebuchadnezza	R
D	illitant	I
E	mmet	T
R	evok	E

ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Slodger and Tiney, W. H. T., Tommy and Joey, Rataplan, Midas, The Belle of Scarborough, and J. H. (Isle of Man), and 1,645 incorrect.

SCION-TIFIC.—We understand that a *light(e)ning conductor*, specially suitable to *New castles*, is likely to be patented. It is called the *latromyxa*,¹ and is chiefly of service in "clearing the heir."

¹ Anglice, Padwick.