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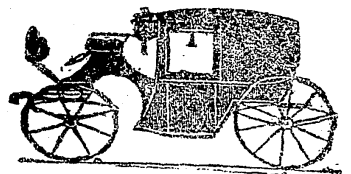
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THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 113.]

LONDON, JULY 3, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

GAMBLERS AND THE LAW.

THE subject of our Cartoon this week is one that will suggest very serious thoughts to those who are capable of such a mental exercise. The glaring inequality of the laws against gambling, if not in intention, at least in the practical working of them, must have caused those, who know of what importance it is to maintain respect for the law, very grave anxiety. Our picture is no exaggeration; the publican who allows card-playing for money in his house is easily indicted and punished; the man who attempts to win money by his skill at cards in the public ways can be summarily arrested as a rogue and vagabond; but the so-called Club, where night after night hundreds and thousands change hands over the whist table, where the foolish inexperienced youth buys wisdom and experience, too often at the price of his whole fortune, if he buys it at all, where the ruin of a whole family is an easy night's work,—this private gambling house is, if not countenanced by the law, entirely out of its jurisdiction. It is the same with betting; while small commission agents and shopkeepers with sporting propensities are vigorously seized by the police, and the "hossy" clerk, who has risked his five pounds, is in person impounded without mercy, the grand Betting Rooms of the Club, where tens of thousands are risked by men with not so many hundreds, where the flower of the highborn youth of England is engaged in hopelessly impoverishing, not its own fortunes only, but those of all dear to them; where Dukes, and Marquises, and young owners of half a county, are recklessly squandering the wealth which should diffuse comfort and happiness around them,—there no officer of the law dare intrude; there, unchecked, the fearful mania of gambling works ruin and misery to thousands, and while the poorer and humbler imitators of these privileged persons are fined and imprisoned, the titled fools and the rogues that prey on them laugh all authority to scorn.

We do not shut our eyes to the great difficulties which beset this question. Supposing that a law were passed which limited the stakes and bets at cards or on racing, there are a thousand ways of evading the law. To give the police the right of entry into the Clubs would be a monstrous violation of personal liberty to which the upper classes would never submit. All that the law can do seems to have been done; but the very act of rendering gambling debts irrecoverable at law has only had this effect, that a man will make any sacrifice to pay a gambling debt; and, not only that, but the necessity of paying immediately drives the loser into the

hands of those who avail themselves of the pressing nature of the debt to extort the most exorbitant interest. Hence arises the terrible mischief of gambling; in the first case, the transaction being an illegal one, a false feeling of honour binds all gamblers to pay their losings at cards, or on the turf, before they pay any of their legal debts; a man who thinks nothing of keeping a tradesman waiting years for his money, and of putting him off with false promises from day to day, would sooner commit suicide, almost, than be a defaulter in the Club, or at Tattersall's. All losses at cards have to be paid the next day, all bets on the next Monday after the day of the race. Say a man worth £10,000 a-year, which is invested in good securities, loses to the extent of £15,000; his capital, at five per cent. would be £200,000; so that it may be said that he can well afford to lose £15,000 if he is foolish enough to do so. But persons with £10,000 a-year have generally a yearly expenditure of at least £8,000 a-year, so that they are not likely to have more available capital than £5,000, if they have that. £10,000 has to be raised between Friday night and Monday morning, in the case of racing debts, or, if lost at the card table, in twenty-four hours. Can this be done without considerable sacrifice, or having resort to usurers? And is not the withdrawal of such a sum an injury to the money market, which, if repeated, must become serious? The money lost in gambling is no gain to the community at large. It changes hands too quickly, and no gambler who risks the enormous sums now-a-days risked at race meetings, is able to invest his winnings for any time, however great they be. For it is the very nature of his business, that being entirely illegitimate and not recognized by the law, he can have no assets but the money absolutely in his bank; no "good debts" can exist in such a profession, for were he to die to-morrow, his heirs and executors cannot recover a farthing of the money owing to him at law. They have nothing but the honour of the debtors to rely upon; and, however far that may be strained, it is not such a valuable commodity that it can be changed into gold or bank notes at a moment's notice. The mere spendthrift is a fool, and very often a rogue; but the money he squanders in extravagance at least goes into the pockets of legitimate traders, for the most part; the mere gambler's goes into the pockets of others who may lose it all the next week to others who, in their turn, may lose it the next; so that a large amount of capital is practically withdrawn from the resources of the country.

It may be said that betting-men and other gamblers must live. True; but they live generally on credit, and, for the most part, they are obliged to keep all their ready money to meet their gaming liabilities; and if they "go smash," the tradesman is

the greatest loser: every penny that can be screwed out of their estate has gone to the Ring and to the usurers.

The meaning of this long disquisition on the financial aspect of the question is, that herein lies the ground on which the Government of the country has a right to interfere with the mad excesses of gamblers. It is not an injury to themselves only, or to their helpless wives and children, that these villains do: it is an injury to the State; and on that ground we most decidedly advocate the interference of the law with madmen whose insanity takes the form of squandering their wealth, and their good name, in card-playing and horse-racing; with the rogues, whose roguery takes the form of inciting young men to this madness, of encouraging them in it, and of giving them means of continuing it.

We do not consider interference with individual liberty a desirable thing, but here it is decidedly necessary; and we trust that a law will soon be passed similar to that which exists in some of the American States, whereby the authorities or next of kin are able to intervene in cases of reckless extravagance, and secure the property of the young fool from the depredations which he, and rogues, are making on it.

As to the immunity of Clubs,—that is a more difficult question; but we would like to ask, if any Club were to set up an opposition to the night-houses, whether the police could not interfere? On the grounds of common sense and justice, they ought to be able to interfere with these private gambling-hells which now exist openly in our midst, and defy alike the law and decency.

To appeal to the good sense of the aristocracy themselves to set their faces against a monster which is mainly of their own creation, and by whose devastating hand many of their most wealthy and high-born members are daily falling, is, we fear, useless. The co-operative principle has been much developed lately; but it never has, and, we fear, never will, be employed in this Christian country as an agent in the cause of morality; as a means of fighting against those gigantic evils which, bred and fostered by the internal corruption of society, are, we trust, gradually eating away that fabric; for on its ruins there will be erected some institution under which the simple and pure principles of right and wrong will be honestly recognized and practised.

CHRISTO IN PAUPERIBUS.

WE wish to direct the attention of those very confident Englishmen, who devoutly believe that this is a blessed land, flowing with milk and honey, to the following fact. Last week an old man, described in the police report as "over seventy years of age," was brought up before one of the metropolitan magistrates on a charge of begging. It was elicited from him in the course of examination that he had for some time been an inmate of a workhouse, but that being too old to labour, and yet brutally forced to do so, he had changed such shelter and food as the humane institution afforded him for the streets. When recommended by the magistrate to again resort to the union for support, the "prisoner" replied, that sooner than undergo the savage bullying he had met with while a recipient of parochial charity, he would rather die. The magistrate, after rebuking him properly for being in great misery and distress, sent him to prison for seven days, as a punishment for attempting their illegal alleviation. So the case ended, and we suppose, very possibly, that the public will never hear anything of it again.

Now, we would like to ask the smug, self-righteous, goody-goody people, who are always canting about our sole prerogative to the title of "God's people upon earth," what they have to say to a state of society that interprets the Gospel in this fashion? Of course, practical men will meet the comment by urging that the old man had relief at hand if he chose to apply for it, and

that when so much poverty is about it becomes a mere refinement of sentimentalism to cavil at an occasional case of this sort.

Our only reply is, that as long as such a case is possible, we have literally no charity whatever in our midst. What would not have been said by manly and generous Englishmen, as represented by a penny, or even a threepenny press, had this particular begging case been disposed of in a similar fashion in Spain or France? Indeed, the whole thing reads like an account of some Pagan savagery. We might go through the details, names and places being changed, and expect to see them headed "Barbarous Method of Treating the Aged Poor in China." At least, we ought scarcely to recognise them as affording the materials for a common every-day story in the first and "most Christian country" in the world! But what is the use of words? Over and over again have we pointed out the one great significant fact of England's brutality to her poor,—but without the slightest stir of a result in any quarter whatsoever. We may persuade ourselves we are a righteous people—we may preach it from the pulpit till we are hoarse—but we shall not be able to prove as much to our neighbours, who watch us, and weigh us not by what we boast but by what we do. Continental Europe may not be without her faults, but we question whether anywhere has she sunk to our miserable level in this matter of treatment of the poor. Things might be better on the other side of the water, but as yet they have not reached the last height of civilization. They do not send men of seventy to prison because they are too old to work!

VERBUM SAPIENTI.

FRIEND John, I have observed you much of late.
Come closer, for methinks thine ear is deaf
To any words of wisdom but thine own.
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, take for glass
The steel of TOMAHAWK'S well-polished blade,
And in that mirror stoop to read yourself,
Not as yourself would paint the picture, but
In your true habit as you live and are.

Why, friend, *you* would outshine all other stars
And dim the sky of politics (as seen
Through glasses focussed to the owner's sight)
To the faint twinkle of a farthing dip,
When *you*, the central sun, art pleased to shine!
You speak, the world must listen to *your* voice:
Big threats, and over-hasty sentences
Of statesmanlike intolerance may flow
In wild profusion from *your* honeyed tongue;
Yet all the world must cheer *your* utterance
And vow 'twas Innocence that drove *your* pen!
(A *magnum bonum* *you* would call it, friend,
Though born of goose's wing.) *Your* sounding brass
Needs more than "childish tinkering." *You*, John Bull,
Are licensed to run riot as you please
Within the china shop of prejudice;
The crock'ry of good taste may smash at will,
Or pound the plate glass of propriety
Beneath the cloven foot of arrogance,
As is *your* noble nature! Like old Jove,
Throned on th' Olympus of your self-esteem,
You frown, and th' Upper House must grin, and bear
Their sad hereditary lack of brains,
And smoothe their ruffled ermine at *your* nod!—

Lik'st thou the picture? Wer't thy first offence,
This blowing off objectionable steam
We well might pardon thee. But have a care:
Err not a third time, lest thou fall, and find
No hand to set thee on thy legs again.
"Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this!"

NEW VULGARISM.—"Tite as a knight" will be used in future instead of "drunk as a lord," in commemoration of the recent honour paid to the Member for Bath.



THE DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

THE Council of the Royal Dramatic College appears to have wisely decided that there shall be no Fancy Fair at the Crystal Palace this year, as the usual entertainment, which was last year quite a failure, has not been advertised, and we suppose that the Royal Dramatic College Benefit which took place at Drury Lane Theatre at the commencement of last week, is to be considered a substitute for the fête and revels at Sydenham. As showing a concourse of actors the bill of fare at Drury Lane may perhaps to some have proved attractive, but it is impossible to conceive how people, possessing average intelligence, can find any pleasure in witnessing half-a-dozen or more fragments of second and third rate plays put on the stage and acted in an unguine and slovenly manner. If the Dramatic College benefits are really to be made attractive, we would advise the authorities of the institution to provide more substantial entertainments for their patrons, such, for instance, as a complete performance of the *Rivals*, or *The School for Scandal*, which, with the histrionic resources at their command, could easily be arranged. At all events, even if the "amusements" are to be given piecemeal, there is no occasion to advertise accepted failures such as one, if not more, of the plays given on Monday week, by allowing them to creep their way into the programme.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

IT is not our custom to insert letters addressed to us; indeed, from the many thousand communications received in the course of each week, it would be invidious, not to say impossible, to select those best worthy of publication; so, as a rule, we consign them, one and all, to our Mammoth waste-paper basket. As, however, we have recently been literally inundated with bushels of appeals from all classes of the public on the subject of the atrocious conduct of the metropolitan water-carts, we, for once, depart from our principle, and publish three of the 9,821 letters sent us on this momentous question.

(LETTER NO. 19.)

Belgrave Square, Friday.

MY DEAR TOMAHAWK,—Why are you silent when (I enclose my photograph) ladies—I mean young ladies—are in the case? Those horrid water-carts are worse than ever. They water every crossing three times over, and we poor girls who wear those pretty new shoes with satin rosettes (see photograph) get them spoilt every time we go out of doors. Why, I actually got *up to my heels* in a pool of muddy water one of the finest days last week in crossing over to play croquet in our square. It's not the least use thinking of saying anything to the water-cart men, for my friend, Bella, once asked one of them not to water the crossing, when he said something so *dreadful* that *I couldn't get Bella to tell me what it was*. Do, TOMAHAWK, dear, have pity on us, and speak to Mr. Gladstone, or some sort of person like that, about it.

Yours affectionately,

EMILY.

P.S. Could you not get some of the horrid men put in prison? I know Sir Thomas Henry, and he is *such* a nice man. I'm sure he would do it to oblige me.

(LETTER NO. 1061.)

25th June, South Kensington.

A ratepayer presents his compliments to TOMAHAWK, and begs to inform him that he pays 1½d. in the pound for street watering. This he does not consider includes watering the crossings, nor does he think it absolutely necessary to souce the streets with an extra supply of water on rainy afternoons. A ratepayer has spoken to the police, written to the vestry, petitioned the Board of Works, and memorialized the House of Commons, but, failing redress, he now addresses the highest tribunal of the realm, and summons TOMAHAWK to his aid.

(LETTER NO. 7499.)

Scotland Yard.

SIR,—Wot's the use of reporting of them water-carts for watering the crossings when the inspector says, says he, "It's all bosh;" but I know better, and I says it's agin the law.

Numbers as is the ladies, young and 'old, who have spoke to me about 'em; but I never says nothing now, for last time I said to one of these water-carters who was a-standing alongside the pavement, "Now, move on, my man, and let the crossing dry," he pulls the string, a-watering of my legs, and goes down the street a-covering all the crossings with floods of water, before my very eyes. So I have wrote to you, sir, who, I'm sure, will see that the law is righted.

Your obedient servant,

POLICEMAN A A I I.

If further excuse were needed for putting the above letters into type, we might plead the remarkable fact of the public and police being for once of one mind on any subject; but beyond this, the nuisance of wet streets in all weathers is really becoming unbearable, and the time has arrived for some action being taken in the matter.

A HORSE MARINE.

IT is at length officially announced that Mr. Lushington has accepted the appointment of Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty recently held by Mr. Romaine. It is not often that places as good as this go begging, and the delay that has occurred in appointing Mr. Romaine's successor is now satisfactorily explained—for it appears, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that prior to the departure of Colonel Clarke in his mission to Jabde, Mr. Childers felt himself justified in offering to this officer the vacant post. It seems, however, that the offer was declined on the plea that its acceptance would have involved the necessity of Colonel Clarke abandoning the further pursuit of his profession.

Mr. Childers really seems bent on rendering his administration at Whitehall in every respect remarkable. After having originated more grievances than half-a-dozen of his successors will have time to redress, he now ignores all claims of the Navy for civil employment at head-quarters, and by selecting Colonel Clarke to be Mr. Romaine's successor, not only picks out a gentleman of all others, who, as a military man, can have no knowledge of the duties of the place, but gives mortal offence to every officer of the service he has the honour to control. If this is retrenchment and reform, the sooner Ministers practise extravagance and conservatism, the better.

"OUT OF EVIL COMETH GOOD."

As this is the height of the London Season, and the period usually chosen by country cousins for a "fortnight in town," it may be useful to many of our readers afflicted with such visitors, to be in possession of the following programme, which, provided the weather continues as hot as it has recently been, can never fail in reducing the originally proposed two weeks to a period of two days:—

FIRST DAY.

Morning.—From South Kensington to Baker Street and back by the Underground Railway (1st class) for shopping in Oxford Street.

Afternoon.—A chair in the newly-formed walk, by the carriage drive (no shade), in Hyde Park from 4.30 to 6.

Evening.—A visit to the Opera in the Amphitheatre Stalls; the back rows, which are above the level of the chandelier, are preferable. The opera chosen should be *Guglielmo Tell* or *Les Huguenots*.

SECOND DAY.

Morning.—A visit to the Royal Academy.

Afternoon.—A concert at the Crystal Palace.

Evening.—An "evening party" in any small house at Bayswater or Brompton, provided the invitations sent out are not less than 150.

If the above entertainments are carefully administered, on the morning of the third day the visitor will usually fail to appear at breakfast, and start for home *via* Euston Square, King's Cross, or Paddington Station, as the case may be, in the course of the afternoon.

Now Ready,
BRITANNIA for June.

Price 1s.



LONDON, JULY 3, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE plaintiff gained his cause in the libel case of Cadogan *versus* Piper. The defendant will lose nothing, because, of course, some one will have "to pay the Piper."

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has been reduced to a penny! Well, it was worth twopence—a few people (who had good reason for disliking it) said, even twopence-halfpenny!

LOYAUTE NA HONTE (Loyalty knows not shame) is the motto of the rather illustrious Duke of Newcastle. Well—looking at the recent proceedings at Carlton Terrace, we are bound to confess there is something in a motto after all!

POOR Dr. Thom will have to bear the expense of the Overend, Gurney, and Co. prosecution. He should not be surprised—one cannot touch a joint-stock company without finding it nothing but (as the French would say) *chère* (share?)

THE senior Member for Bath must literally have been getting himself into hot water. They are going to make a knight of him! *Plaisanterie* apart, what has unfortunate Mr. Tite ever done that he should be consigned to that ridiculous limbo of ex-Lord Mayors, tradesmen, and Colonial grandees,—the knight-age of England?

THE uniform of the English army is to be changed—soldiers in future are to wear the "Norfolk jacket," instead of the "Regulation tunic." We understand that H.R.H. the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief has ordered the new garment to be made of the plainest and simplest materials, on the score that Shakespeare, "or one of those fellows," observed in his lifetime "Jacket of Norfolk, be not so bold." We are delighted to find H.R.H. so "well up" in his "British Poets."

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

EVERYONE will be glad to hear that Nelson's flagship, the *Victory*, is to be maintained *en permanence* at Portsmouth; but we think that the Admiralty Circular just issued with regard to the men who are to hold the ship is framed in somewhat of a sentimental spirit. Orders have been issued that men from each of the light infantry divisions of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, together with a proportion of gunners from the Royal Marine Artillery, shall be selected for service on board the ship with the following qualifications:—

"The men selected to have three years time to complete for pension, to have the largest number of good conduct badges that is granted, and, if practicable, to have been distinguished in active service."

Far be it from us to suggest that a short visit of a few hours' duration, on the payment of a small fee, is not sufficient to surfeit the most enthusiastic marine with the good ship *Victory*; but we really think that three years' service on board a very old and inconvenient hulk in Portsmouth Harbour is scarcely the recompense for good conduct which old and tried soldiers might expect. We shall be sorry to see the *Victory* turned into a convict prison, but if this must be the case, it would be fairer that its prisoners should have done something to merit their incarceration.

THE BAGSMAN ABROAD.

NO one can accuse the French Government of extravagance in its administration. The most expensive department of the State in France, as it is here, is the Foreign Office, and even there retrenchment is the order of the day. It is now announced by the *Journal Officiel* that the Foreign Office messengers are to be abolished, and their duties are in future to be performed by the various railway companies of the Empire. In France, however, a Foreign Office messenger is an overworked veteran, with a small salary, occupying a position something better than a *gendarme*, and something worse than an ordinary courier, and with nothing whatever in common with our extravagantly-remunerated British Queen's messenger, who does a quarter the work for four times the pay of his fellow-craftsman across the Channel. If, then, there is room for retrenchment in the messenger staff of the French Foreign Office, what a field for wholesale reductions must not there be in ours? We trust that the authorities at Whitehall may profit by the example set them, and that arrangements may be entered into under which the conveyance of despatches may be henceforth entrusted, not to gentlemen who have taken to railway travelling late in life, but to the less expensive, but none the less secure, capabilities of the Parcels Delivery Companies.

AN EXTRACT CAREFULLY TAKEN FROM "DE-BETT'S PEERAGE."

Newcastle, Duke of (Pelham Clinton.)

HENRY PELHAM ALEXANDER PELHAM CLINTON, sixth duke. Born January 25th, 1834; succeeded his father in 1864; was educated at Eton, and Christ Church, Oxford; was M.P. for Newark 1857-9; is a Deputy-Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire; late Lieutenant in the Sherwood Rangers; was appointed Grand Master of the Freemasons of Nottinghamshire, 1865; married 1861, and has issue, living, &c., &c. Did nothing particular in the House of Lords, but a good deal peculiar on the turf, 1864-69. Figured in the Bankruptcy Court June, 1869, in connection with various enormous claims upon his estate. Owed over £90,000 to a Mr. Padwick, and was further charged by a Mr. Robert Morris, of Carlton Chambers, Regent Street, of having borrowed, on a joint and promissory note with another peer, £10,000, at the soundly financial and ducal rate of thirty per cent. per annum.

SEAT—*Chumber, Worksop, Nottinghamshire.*

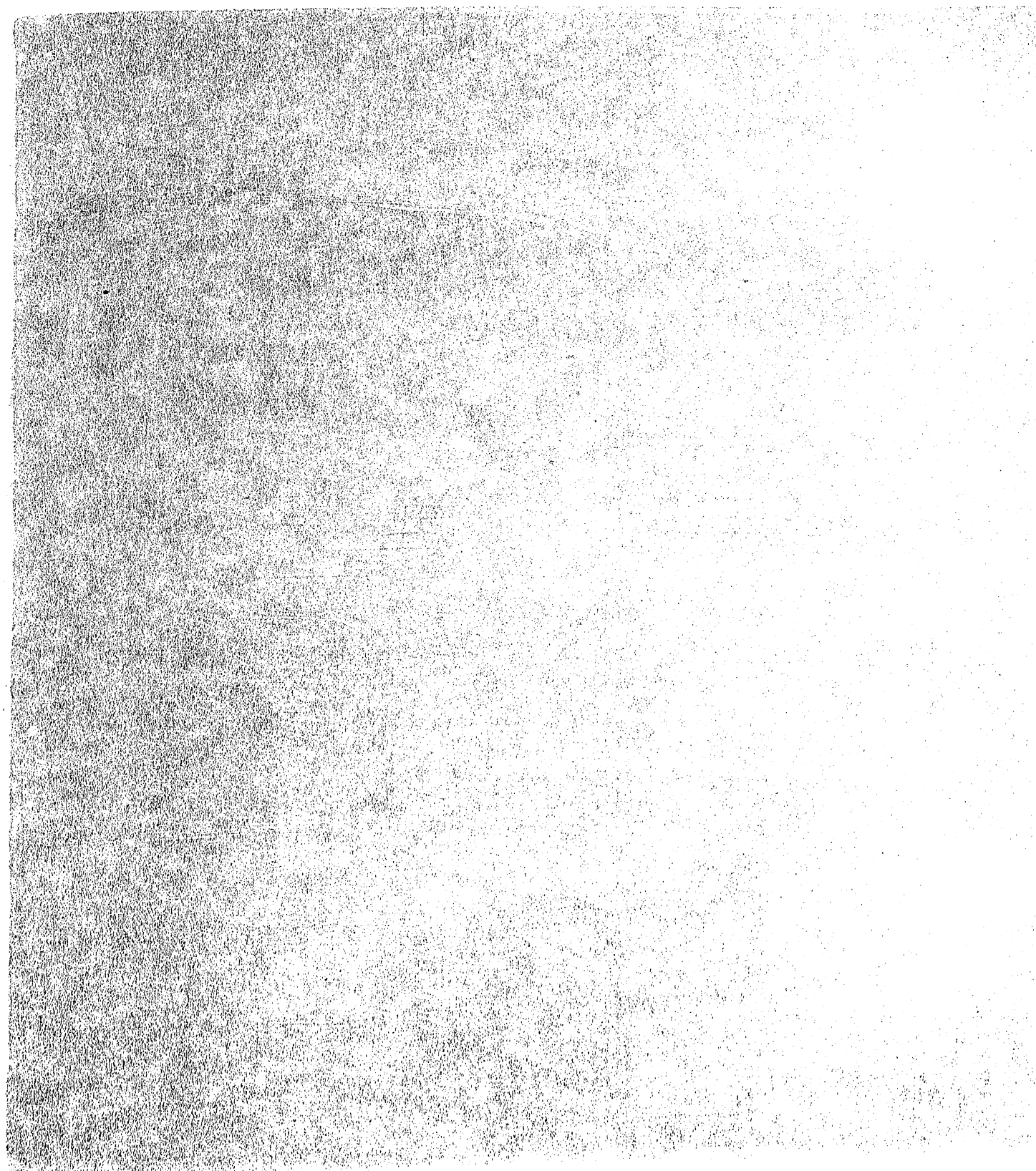
TOWN RESIDENCE (at present optional).

PATRON OF ELEVEN LIVINGS.—Shire Oak Chapel, &c., &c.

CREATIONS.—Earl of Lincoln, 1572. Duke of Newcastle, of Newcastle-under-Lyne, Stafford, in the Peerage of Great Britain, 1756. The ancient baronies of Basinghall and Whitecross Street annexed, by process of civil law, 1869.

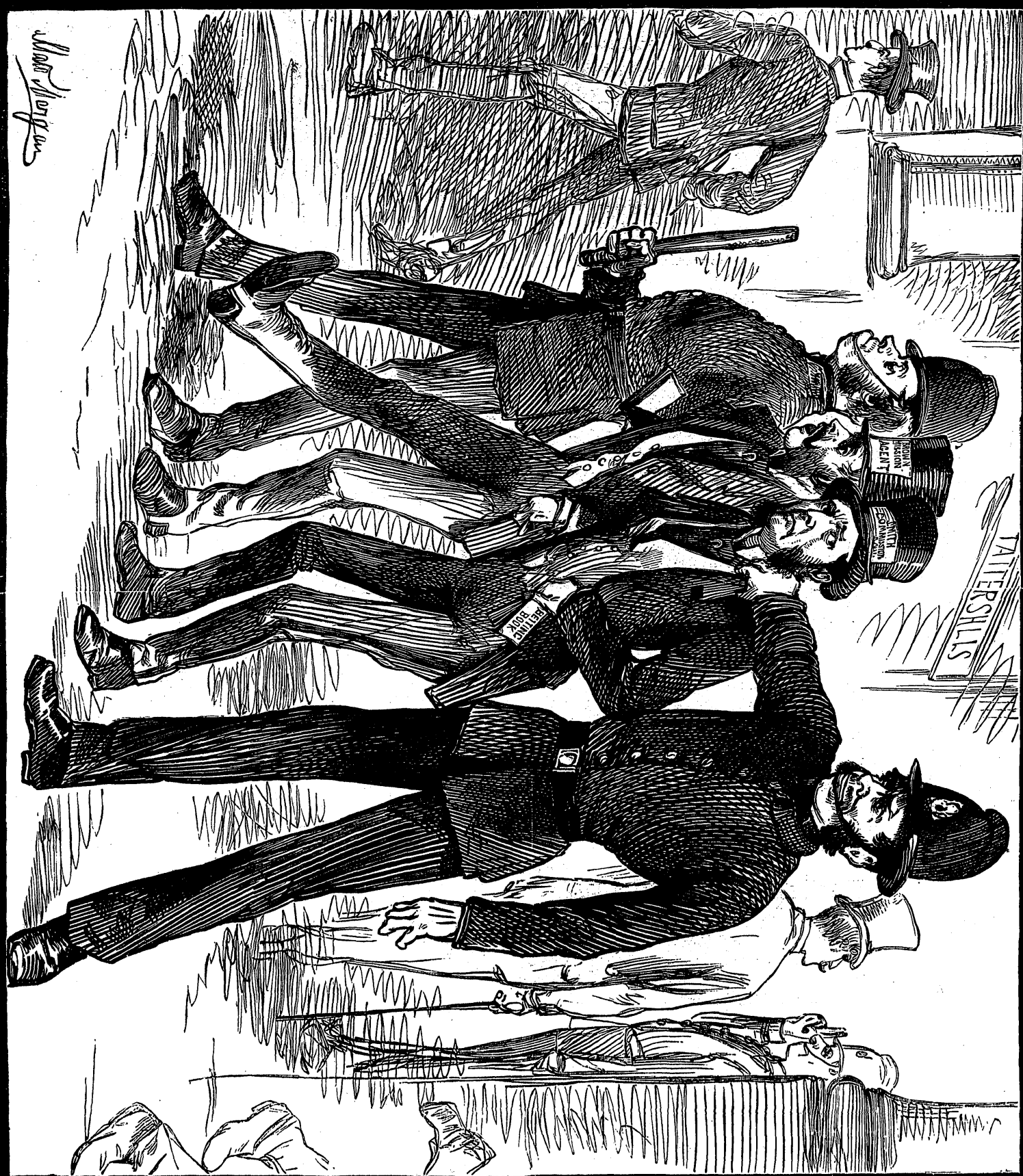
CREST (Pelham).—A peacock in pride, proper.

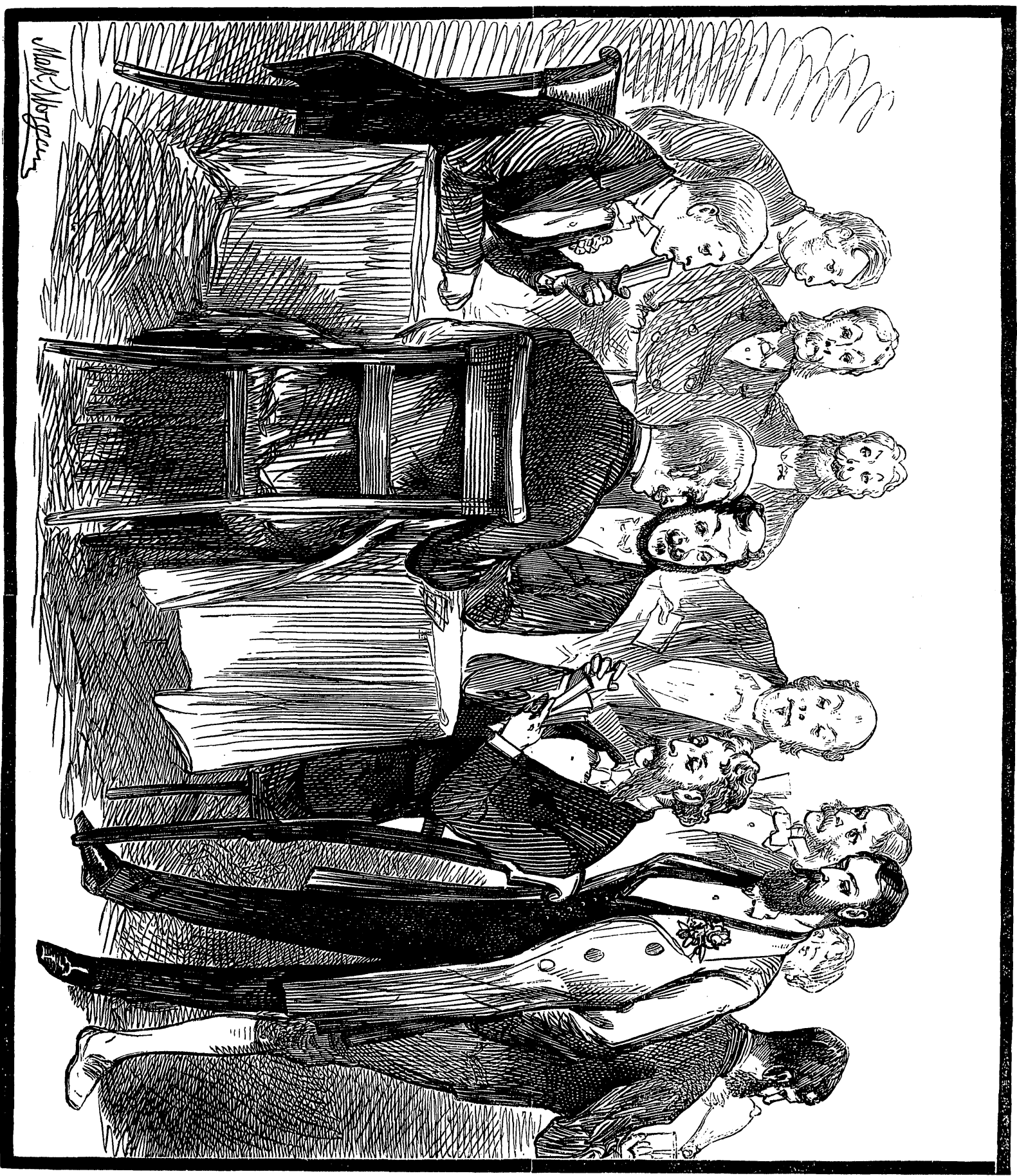
MOTTO.—*Loyalty knows not shame!*



REAL CRIME.

SEE THE POLICE REPORTS.





MEKE PLAY.

Vide THE VERDICT OF SOCIETY.



"MARY WARNER."

(A "NEW and original drama, by Tom Taylor, Esq." (*vide* the playbill), taken from William Gilbert's story of "Margaret Meadows, a Tale for the Pharisees," without (*very much* without) the author's permission).

TOMAHAWK has not read Mr. Gilbert's novel (which is said to be excellent by the best judges), but he *has* seen Mr. Taylor's piece at the Haymarket. From said piece TOMAHAWK will attempt to construct a story—bearing no great resemblance to *The Tale for the Pharisees*, of course, but sufficiently like here and there to the "new and original drama" at the Haymarket to be recognisable.

Chapter I.—At the Works.

The works of Dutton and Downes were peculiar. They consisted of a parlour furnished chiefly with cash-boxes and doors, and an apartment enclosing pasteboard wheels and painted wood cranks—neither wheels nor cranks being of the smallest use to anybody or anything. Dutton was fussy and obtrusive, and bore a strong resemblance to Mr. Clark (a comedian at the Haymarket, who seems to be the same man in every piece in which he appears), and Downes was remarkable for nothing but his wig, which had a false forehead attached to it. They were both on terms of easy familiarity with Tollit, a vulgar and uneducated sergeant of police. In their employ were two engineers—George Warner and Bob Levitt. George was fat, elderly, and honest. Levitt lean, young, and crafty. One of the many cash boxes left lying about the room was stolen, and suspicion pointed to Warner. Suspicion, as usual, was wrong!

Chapter II.—George Warner's Lodging.

"I am so glad to see you," angrily murmured Mrs. Warner, the wife of George, to Milly Rigg, a young girl who wore a blue dress with three flounces, to denote that she was going rapidly to the bad.

Mary Warner was a stern woman, with a harsh spasmodic voice, who looked as if her whole life were spent in committing murder, except the moments set apart for recreation and manslaughter. She scowled horribly at Milly as she made the above remark.

"You are very kind, but I had far sooner go to Cremorne with Bob Levitt," said Milly, with a shudder.

"Ha! ha ha! Cremorne! Listen to my cur-r-se!" She stopped short, and continued more calmly, "This is not *Leah*, and I must not cur-r-r-se—at least, as yet! Come (ha! ha! how I hate her! would that she were dead!), look at my baby, and get quickly (ha! ha! how I hate it! would that it were poison!) the pigeon pie! See (ha! ha! how I hate this mockery! would that I could scream with rage!), I wish to be genial."

Milly would have replied, but that Dutton, Downes, and Tollit broke into the room at this moment. They were immediately followed by Warner.

"What! ye break into my room!" cried the fat and elderly engineer, "why, con—"

"Stop!" shouted Mary Warner, "if bad language *is* to be used, let *me* cur-r-r-se them!"

"Who stole the money box?" asked Tollit.

"Why, I did!" replied Mary, with an awful yell.

"We thought so," said everybody; and she was carted off (cursing horribly the while) to prison. Quite right too.

Chapter III.—In Prison.

MARY WARNER soon got used to prison. There was one thing surprised her—her husband did not come to see her, but then it didn't surprise any one else. Not at all strange, but very true. However, one day the poor man made up his mind to visit his vixen of a wife.

"How are you, my dear?" said the fat and elderly engineer.

"Didn't I do a clever thing stealing that box?"

"Well, you know I can't quite say that, my dear—people have prejudices."

"Then you don't praise me!" she screamed, with her eyes starting out of her head.

"Hum! Well, I can't say *exactly* that I do!"

"Ingrate!" shouted his wife with a strong American accent. "May my cur-r-r-r-se rest upon you for ever!"

And she used bad language for an hour and a half. It wasn't pretty of her.

Chapter IV.—The Westminster Police Court.

AFTER leaving his wife, Warner, the fat and elderly engineer, became very prosperous. He invented lots of things, among the rest a hat of peculiar construction, which he wore frequently about his own house, especially in the drawing-room. He became very rich, and indulged in costly luxuries, such as lounging about the purlieus of Westminster on winter nights, making friends of the metropolitan police magistrates, &c., &c. In fact, to quote the words of a certain duchess (one of his acquaintances), "he really was an awful 'and at going it.'" One night he was prowling, as usual, about the worst haunts in Westminster, when Milly Rigg accosted him and stole his watch. The police, of course, took up another woman in lieu of the real culprit—in fact, they arrested Mary Warner, who had served her time, and was now given to bad language more than ever. Mary had become so accustomed to swearing, that she even cursed and swore in her dreams!

Warner called upon Mr. Scriven, a stipendiary magistrate, and tried to bribe him to give a decision in his favour by asking him to dinner. The worthy magistrate jumped at the offer, and promised to do the best for him, and then the pair went into court. The moment Mr. Scriven appeared at his desk his demeanour changed; he no longer was a courtly gentleman, but turned into a buffoon, cutting jokes, and indulging in practical facetiæ.

"When is a door not a door?" asked the worthy magistrate, with an idiotic grin. "Now, you sar, do you gib it up? Golly, golly!"

"When it's a jar, your wash-up!" replied Sergeant Tollit, with a wink; and the answer was greeted with roars of laughter.

"Wash-up for worship, you know," said Mr. Scriven, turning to Warner, who was seated on the bench, "really, very good indeed."

Then the magistrate, looking round the court with a merry twinkle in his eye, saw an old woman coughing. He ordered her "to be carried out," and the waggish manœuvre was managed with yells of merriment.

"We now really *must* be serious," said Mr. Scriven, wiping his eyes—he had been laughing heartily—"what is that woman charged with?"

He pointed to Mary, who now filled the prisoner's dock.

"With accosting that gentleman," replied Tollit; "and it will accost her very dear" (roars of laughter).

"Accost for cost, you know," said Mr. Scriven to Warner, as before; "really, very quaint—very quaint indeed!" he continued in a louder tone;—"but there, a truce to wild waggery. What have you to say, woman?"

"—!! —!! —!!!" was the startling reply.

"That voice!" cried Warner. "It is my wife!!!"

"Your wife!" exclaimed the magistrate; "well, really, that excuses everything. Set the poor woman free!"

Chapter .—Warner's House.

A NUMBER of guests were assembled at Warner's waiting for dinner. They were in full evening dress, with the exception of Mr. Scriven, who, being very hungry, was only in half-full evening dress. Suddenly a little girl of six years old bounded into the room and began to bore everybody. She said she had been sent by her father, who would soon arrive in the drawing-room.

"Very annoying," said Scriven, "to have to wait. But see how extravagant Warner is. It is winter, and yet he has summer flowers in his conservatory, a limelight, and a pasteboard fountain!"

At this moment Warner hurried into the room in morning dress.

"My dear friends," he said, "I am sure you will excuse me when I tell you that I feel rather bored."

"We have come to dinner," cried Mr. Scriven.

"I know you have," admitted Warner, "but there—I know you will go—now do, that's a dear!" There was no movement. "What! my words are useless. Know then, ye haughty ones, that the cook has always a policeman in readiness in the kitchen."

They went away murmuring, he defied them to the last, and the little girl was left alone. Not for long, though. Soon Mary crept into the room, and began to kiss her and cry over her.

"Is this the last act of *Leah*?" asked the little innocent.

"Very like it, darling, very like it," replied Mary, with a gurgling sob, and then she began to curse. Warner rushed in and clasped her to his portly breast.

"My love!" he cried. They kissed copiously, and then he said, "What has become of Bob Levitt and Milly Rigg?"

"The first stole the cash-box, and the second abstracted your watch. Cur-r-r-rse them!"

"Nay, loved one, was it not the consequence of going in blue flounces and velvet coats to Cremorne?"

"It was! Cur-r-r-r-r-rse Cre—"

"Nay, darling!" said Warner, looking into her black, black eyes, "Curse not Cremorne, for fear lest Mr. E. T. Smith (to whom the place belongs), should summon us. Yes, loved one, summon us for libel."

She swallowed her curse, it made her very ill, and she died in awful agonies!

THE END.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

Shakespeareana Genealogica. Compiled by GEORGE RUSSELL FRENCH. Macmillan and Co., 1869.

A most excellent work and a very useful one this, a fit companion to the best edition of Shakespeare (the Cambridge one), for it is the best, spite of its faults. This work is quite indispensable to the student of Shakespeare: it gives an account of the historical characters introduced, as well as some very probable speculations on the origin of some of the characters in "Hamlet," and some very interesting notes on Shakespeare's own family. This may read like an advertisement; but we beg to say we bought the book, have paid for it, and intend to keep it; therefore we have a right to praise it. If we may venture to add that we have made Shakespeare our most delightful and constant study, our praise may seem less presumptuous than it otherwise might, if not so impartial.

The Annals of our Time. By JOSEPH IRVING. London: Macmillan and Co.

Another most valuable book. Really, Messrs. Macmillan and Co., you have not perhaps the best magazine, but you certainly bring out some books which atone for your monthly cradle of "Tom Brown in Oxford" and "Realmah." The journalist owes to Mr. Irving a debt of gratitude which he will find it hard to pay. Fewer omissions and inaccuracies we never detected in any work of this class. By the aid of this book the writer may at once get a clear and correct account of any facts to which it refers, while it serves as an index to any file of newspapers which one may be happy enough to possess. Inaccuracy after the publication of this work is inexcusable in those who discuss the topics of the day. Compilers are like accomplices—they get very little praise in return for a great deal of labour and judgment. Mr. Joseph Irving, accept our thanks and commendations, and, in the words of Arnold's first Latin Prose Book, "*Macte virtute esto*"—give us more "Annals."

Thoughts on Men and Things. By ANGELINA GUSHINGTON. Rivingtons: London, Oxford, and Cambridge.

To say that this little work was not readable would be to make a statement open to contradiction. There is a certain class of people always glad to devour all tattle relating to high church, parsons, croquet, bishops, and girls just out; but we think Miss Gushington has spun out her reflections to a somewhat overwhelming extent. In the Preface to her Third Edition, Miss Gushington declares:—

"Mamma will have it that I have injured my prospects by writing a book. She says it is universally admitted that every one who writes is either clever, or wishes to be thought clever."

We quite agree with mamma that Miss Gushington's prospects have been injured by rushing into print, although we cannot endorse her latter assertion. No one after reading *Thoughts on Men and Things* will either think the fair authoress clever, or do her the injustice to suppose that she expects to be thought so.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall are publishing a Library Edition of the works of Thomas Carlyle—the great philosopher—we

cannot say the great historian. Spite of the wilful obscurities which encumber the gems of thought in his works, no one who loves truth and hates humbug but must delight in Carlyle's writings. As the third great expounder of German literature after Coleridge and De Quincey, all the educated portion of England owes him much; his noble simplicity of character, combined as it is with moral dignity and fearless unworldliness, must endear him to every heart. This is an edition which is worthy of the author—a remark which we cannot utter concerning an edition of Dickens, lately issued by the same firm.

TO THE RESCUE!

So the great Overend, Gurney, and Co. scandal is to come off in the Court of Queen's Bench, in Guildhall, before the Lord Chief Justice, on the 2nd proximo. This is a refreshing bit of news. Not so, however, is the following, which we take as it stands, from the columns of a reliable contemporary:—

"The prosecutor, Dr. Thom, applied a day or two since to the Home Office, that the Government would instruct counsel for the prosecution. This being declined, Dr. Thom said he should conduct the case in person, as he could not undertake the enormous cost which would be incurred if he instructed counsel. It is understood that the Lord Chief Justice refuses to allow Dr. Thom to appear, and the latter writes to the papers that he will be constrained, on the day of trial, to raise a preliminary question as to his duties and his rights, which may prove to be more important than even the main point at issue."

Now, does this, or does this not, amount to something more than a broad hint that the whole scandal is going to be hushed up? The course of a few days may possibly shed a more satisfactory light on the proceedings; yet still, while there is the remotest chance that the ends of justice in this notorious case may be defeated by the gross iniquities that clog up the administration of English law, no honest man ought to hold his peace. It is to the interest of every man of us—who may leave a widow or children to be cruelly ruined by some such concern as was Messrs. Overend, Gurney, and Co.'s—to come forward in aid of Dr. Thom. More, it is the absolute duty of every member of the community to do his best to assist him. Dr. Thom in this matter represents every Englishman who has a penny of which he may be robbed under the protection of outrageous legal fictions. Before these words are in print the idea may possibly have been well developed; but if it has not been, by all means let subscriptions for the purpose of defraying Dr. Thom's costs be opened on all sides. TOMAHAWK will not be backward himself in a cause like this, and he will be bound that every one who feels the magnitude of the issue at stake will follow his example. English justice boasts of a good many glaring anomalies; but if such a scandal as the failure of Messrs. Overend, Gurney, and Co., is to escape judgment through some court technicalities, the sooner we have a legal revolution the better. For twenty years there has not been a case before the public that has merited more completely the rigours—whatever they may be—of the criminal law.

COMMON SENSE ABOUT COMMON THINGS.

WE hear that practice on velocipedes will in future be allowed in Hyde Park, on the carriage road on the north side of the Serpentine, from the time of opening the gates until ten a.m. Surely this is but a small concession. If bicycles are to be permitted at all it is ridiculous to insist that their riders should turn night into day by having to parade the park at sunrise. Of course it would be very wrong to permit these dangerous nonentities to whisk in and out the carriages in the drive at the most crowded hour of the afternoon; but there can be no reason that within certain reasonable limits velocipedes should not be tolerated. It is not for the want of resistance on the part of the police (who, by the way, can have little interest in the matter) or the opposition of carriage owners (with whom we are ready to sympathize, to a certain extent), that the velocipede movement has not been stamped out; but bicycles have become "a great fact," and as such will declare themselves—though at present under certain restrictions—even within the sacred limits of Hyde Park.

July, 3, 1869.]

THE TOMAHAWK.

Amusements.

THEATRE ROYAL,
HOLBORN.

BARRY SULLIVAN,
SOLE LESSEE AND MANAGER.

EVERY EVENING until FURTHER NOTICE,
The Performances will commence at 7:30 with
the Laughable Farce of

THE SMOKED MISER.
To be followed, at 8 o'clock, by Sheridan's
Inimitable Comedy of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Supported by the following celebrated Artists, viz.:

Barry Sullivan, J. C. Cowper, Geo. Honey,
W. H. Stephens, Chas. Coghlan, David Evans,
Lin Rayne, A. Bernard, W. Arthur,
F. Marland, E. Dyas, &c.;

Mrs. Herman Vezin, Miss Louisa Thorne,
Miss Jane Reynolds, Miss Amy Fawcett, and
Mrs. Charles Horsman.

ACTING MANAGER—AMORY SULLIVAN.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT STREET.

Mr. GEORGE LEYBOURNE will give his
ANNUAL COMIC CONCERT
ON THURSDAY, JULY 1,

Assisted by the elite of the Music-hall Profession.

The following Talented Artists will appear:
Mr. Arthur Lloyd, Jolly Nash, Mr. H. Rickards,
Mr. W. Randall, Mr. F. French,
Mr. J. H. Stead, Miss Louie Sherrington,
Miss Emma Alford,
And One Hundred other (Stars) too numerous to
mention.

2,000 Seats at 1s.

Manager—Mr. CHARLES ROBERTS,
5 York road, Lambeth.

THE ONLY ORIGINAL

CHRISTY MINSTRELS, St. James's Hall,
Piccadilly.—All the year round. Every evening at 8;
Wednesday, and Saturday, 3 and 8. The company
now comprises thirty-five performers, including all the
surviving members who originally created the reputation
of the troupe when it first appeared here in 1857.
No other company of Minstrels in existence possesses
a single individual member of the original company.

The Christy Minstrels never perform
out of London.

Proprietors—MOORE & CROCKER.

FREDERICK BURGESS, General Manager.

NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

ROOMS, 21, High Holborn. The Most
Spacious and Brilliantly Decorated Ball Room, and
the Best Band in London—Open for Concert and
Dancing Every Evening. Musical Director, Mr.
W. M. Packer. Open at Half-past Eight; Close at
Twelve. Admission throughout, One shilling.

CANTERBURY HALL.

Sole Proprietor, Mr. W. HOLLAND.—
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS of the new Grand
Ballet, in which Miss Nelly Power will appear, at this
Hall only. A novel and extraordinary Entertainment,
entitled, DES DEU DIABLE; OR, THE
MERRY JESTER'S NIGHTMARE, introducing
M. and Madlle. Majilton; new and original Music by
Jesse Williams. Mr. W. Hamilton, Mr. Sydney
Franklin, the Brothers Barnard on the double Trapeze,
Madlle. Amelia.

Manager, Mr. J. Ellis.—Open at Seven. Balcony,
6d.; stalls, 1s.; reserved stalls, 1s. 6d.

ROYAL MUSIC HALL,

HOLBORN. Proprietor, Mr. J. S. SWINNEY.
Continued success of the most versatile comic in the
world, Macdougall. The Sisters Gilbee Gifford, Emma
Alford, Kate Bella, Four-Part Songs, George Ley-
bourne, Fred. Coyne on his Velocipede; Liskard, the
Musical Monks; Mr. Guy Linton, his first appear-
ance; and the largest company in London.
Private Boxes 2s. 6d., Orchestra Stalls 2s., Stalls
1s., Balcony 6d.

Mr. P. CORRI, Musical Director.

THE LONDON PAVILION.

MADAME WHEELER, and COMPANY of
MALE and FEMALE ARTISTS, will appear
every evening at the LONDON PAVILION, in their
Classical Entertainment illustrative of subjects taken
from Roman and Grecian History and Ancient
Statues; and PROFESSOR MARK WHEELER has
also been engaged to exhibit his GRAND FOUNTAIN
DIAMONDS, OR CASCADE OF GEMS, which for
30 consecutive nights attracted thousands to the
extraordinary attractions. In addition to the above
Fords, Harry Rickards, Louie Sherrington, Mr. A.
St. Albans, and Miss Barrie, Miss Kate Hartley, the
Sisters Gilbee Gifford, Mr. Frederick, and Miss
Julien, the Leopolds and Geraldine, the Brothers
Pitts, and d'Albarte Family, will appear.

New Books, &c.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE,
No. 117, for JULY.
Price 1s.

Contents of the Number:

1. Professor Seeley on "The Great Roman Revolution."
2. "A Brave Lady." By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Chapters III. and IV.
3. Miss Octavia Hill on "Organised Work Among the Poor."
4. "The Story of an Afternoon." By B. B. B.
5. Miss Yonge on "Children's Literature of the Last Century."
6. "Estelle Russell." Chapters XXVII.—XXIX.
7. Mr. Frederick Napier Broome's "Sunset Off the Azores."
8. Mr. Bennett on "The Condition of Opera in England."
9. Mr. Richard Holt Hutton on "A Questionable Parentage for Morals."
10. "The Pope's Posture in the Communion." By A. P. S.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

THE
PALL MALL GAZETTE.

REDUCTION OF PRICE.

Extract from the PALL MALL GAZETTE of
Thursday, June 24th.

WHEN the Publication of
the PALL MALL GAZETTE was resolved
upon, no very large circulation was expected for
such a journal. At the same time it was obvious
that the enterprise could only be maintained at a
considerable expenditure. Naturally these considera-
tions determined the price of the paper to its readers.
A low price promised financial failure; while it ap-
peared likely that those who cared to read a journal
the merits of which (as we humbly hoped) would not
be estimated by the number of its columns, would be
content to pay for it a price comparatively high. And
for a little while these considerations seemed well-
grounded; but only for a little while. At the end of
the first year of its existence, the circulation of the
PALL MALL GAZETTE had become as great as we
had hoped it would ever be; at the end of another
year its sale was twice as great; at the end of the
third year the printer was called upon to produce
nearly three times as many copies as satisfied our first
expectations. And then, after the fourth year—
though in a statement like this we are bound to con-
fess to a very small and temporary decline of sale,
consequent upon the shattering of thousands of in-
comes in the interval—the circulation of the paper
is still steadily increasing.

These being the facts of the case, it occurred to
us long ago that we should have been wiser men of
business if we had sold the journal from the beginning
at a lower price. It was a mistake to suppose that
only a few men and women would care to read such
a paper as we projected; that we have proved
abundantly. We know by many and frequent re-
presentations that though two-pence a-day for an
evening paper is readily paid by thousands of people,
thousands of people would willingly buy it who can-
not afford two-pence a-day for the gratification. There-
fore we have resolved to reduce the price, believing
that in a merely commercial point of view we shall be
mind the satisfaction of obtaining a wider field for
labours which we dare to say have never been regu-
lated by a hankering for "profits." Another con-
sideration, and one that weighs with us very much,
is this:—In the probability of our carrying on
newspapers through the post will soon be reduced
from a penny to a half-penny. Now it is not of
much importance to people resident in the suburbs,
and in the country beyond, whether they have to pay
three halfpence or two-pence halfpenny for the news-
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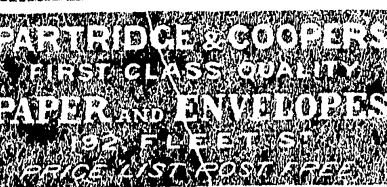
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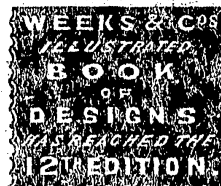


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