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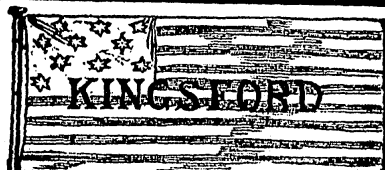
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### CONTENT.

1. Through the Fire. By Arthur A'Beckett and Sydney Daryl. P. ge Illustration.
2. Major Blake. By F. C. Burnand.
3. The Girl with the Torn Riding Habit.
4. S. S. D.; or, How the World Wags. By F. A. Marshall. Page Illustration.
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# THE TOMAHAWK.

## A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 147.]

LONDON, FEBRUARY 26, 1870.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

### GOLD WORSHIPPERS.

SOME trades require culture, tact, and imagination. The art of cheese selling is not a difficult one to acquire. And there are many who can dispose of butchers' meat with rapidity and success, but to be an auctioneer one must have the soul of a poet, the tongue of a liar! Swindles should change into profitable investments, shams into realities at the magic eloquence of the hammerman—even as harlequin's bat turns shopfronts into palaces, and omnibuses into coaches made of gold. Oh, it's a grand art this science of the auctioneer, and all men are more or less disciples of the craft—all men, great and small, rich and poor, handsome and plain.

For instance, see how the proprietors of newspapers hawk their wares. One journal is the "largest in the world," it is not, and everybody knows it is not, still the fiction tells, and the public are gulled by the startling announcement. Then another declares its circulation to be the "largest in the world." Why or wherefore only the advertisement agents know. All the magazines are individually more popular, more successful, and more readable than their competitors.

Then the theatres, too, put their trust in the auctioneer's art. No piece can obtain a run without resorting to a column of startling advertisements in the most conspicuous pages of the daily press. No author is secure of a success without bribing praise and paying for flattery. No actor and actress can obtain a hearing unless they push, advertise, struggle, and force themselves into the front ranks. Ages ago a man acted for years before he came to town. Acted for years in town before he took a theatre, but now-a-days all this is changed. A man begins as a manager in London, and appears as a star in the provinces—for all that he never quite succeeds in becoming an artist. The London theatre is his auction room, the hoardings supply his flowery periods, and printing ink his hammer. A hammer brought down upon wood—the heads of the British public!

We might ring the changes upon a score of other professions—the advertising barrister who takes briefs for nothing, in order that he may see his name in print—the parson who starts charities and goes in heavily for penny readings—the doctor who keeps a carriage to wait before his door, a footman to attend upon nobody, and a consulting room for nothing to be done in it. But of all the professions in which the auctioneer's hammer plays a part, that of the match maker is most degrading.

Mothers barter their daughter's charms as a ragman sells old bones. A painful sight indeed is it to see the smile of approval

with which bejewelled hags and gorgeous harpies view *decolleté* dresses and immodest graces. What matters it to them what becomes of their children's souls so long as they can find a fat market for their bodies? Decrepid *diablerie* is preferred by them to ingenious youth, rich fools to poor men—nay, Death itself is preferable to Life, so long as Death hides its bones in gold and covers its dart with diamonds!

Go into a modern ball room and listen to the cranking auctioneers, as, covered with rouge and plastered with *blanc de perle*, they sing the poor songs of their daughter's virtues. They marry their children to men old enough to be their grandfathers, and wicked enough to dispute the Kingdom of Hell with Pluto himself!

And why is all this done? Why are newspapers dishonest, and actors untrue to themselves, and mothers a disgrace to their sex? On account of the great religion of England, the religion that has made us a nation of shopkeepers, a land of cheesemonsters; the religion that is not Protestant, unless it be Protestant to protest against charity; that is not holy, unless it be holy to live without faith and to die without hope; is not Catholic, unless it be Catholic to hate one's neighbours as one loves oneself. The mighty religion of England—the worship of Gold!

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, the other day, cried out upon the "weekly satirist" turning preacher. Probably few of our readers saw the article (who does see the *Pall Mall* now that it is the size of a lady's train, and as dull as the Coliseum in its worst days?) on the score that it was beyond our province. "Who wants," exclaimed the moribund giant of Northumberland street, "to be lectured by a cartoon?" We answer—the whole world. That great world that runs and never reads; that is the world to be touched by our lessons; that is the world that even the *Pall Mall* can never civilize. Why, our fallen contemporary has attempted 'ere now to reform the world himself. Has he not striven to teach us that journalism is only to be approached in white kid gloves, and after a champagne supper; that his paper is written by gentlemen for gentlemen to read? In carrying out this idea, he has certainly taken a great deal of trouble. As pleasant food for "gentlemen," he has published racy articles on "The Wrens of the Curragh," &c., &c. Of course this has been done on the highest possible grounds of morality. Well, then, if he utters his twopenny shriek, we may surely breathe our equally inexpensive sigh? It is only common justice!

Apologising for our digression, we return to our starting point, the divinity of gold. A hackneyed subject enough, and yet one that never becomes stale. We are on the eve of the London season; soon waltzing will be the order of the day in Belgrave

Square, and the *cotillon* the chief occupation of Tyburnia and South Kensington. Gold is not likely to lose any of its worshippers. Where folly leads, wealth pursues. Sacrifices to the yellow god are made every moment without a sigh of regret, a tear of sorrow. In the world's law, to be rich is to be good, to be rich is to be clever, to be rich is to be petted.

It is scarcely worth our while to make the suggestion, but cannot the rich give a little of their god to the poor? Mr. Auctioneer will tell you the value of advertising; surely then the social auctioneers should know the profit of a good action? Of course, we would not counsel for a moment indiscriminate charity; but making a donation to a well advertised charity here and there, would pay admirably. It would look well among the rich, and might find its way through the pockets of matrons, doctors, and nurses, into the hands of the poor. Surely the idea is "worth a trial"—like somebody's marmalade.

Our artist has depicted in our cartoon this week the gold worshippers. We have left politics for a while to those who love them—the thought has been suggested by the hard, bitter frost we have recently experienced. The *Pall Mall* says our preaching is useless. So it may be; but what care we so long as we honestly are striving to do good by an "occasional" leader, written on moral principles?

It is very cold just now; for all that let the rich take their hands from their pockets and succour the houseless with a little of that gold they have worshipped so long, and so devoutly.

### RATHER WORDS THAN WORKS.

THE leading feature of Mr. Cardwell's Army Reform Bill which was introduced on Tuesday week is the amalgamation, under one roof, of the War Office and Horse Guards. Mr. Cardwell, of course, in his speech stated that until arrangements were made for the housing of the two departments the desired amalgamation could not take place, but he assured the House that he had communicated with the Chief Commissioner of Her Majesty's Works, and the matter was in train. The morning papers were enthusiastic over the War Secretary's announcement, and assumed at once that the whole matter was definitely settled, but our contemporaries must have forgotten that the amalgamation depends now not on Mr. Cardwell, but on the Office of Works, and that the nation must wait Mr. Ayerton's pleasure. In point of fact, taking into consideration that the drawings and plans for the new War Office do not yet exist, that the site has not been chosen, and that the Commissioners of Works are not given to hurrying themselves, at the lowest computation it must be two years before the new building is commenced, and probably ten, aye, perhaps twenty, before it is finished. If Mr. Cardwell is therefore in earnest with his Military Reform (and who doubts this?) it would be better for the interests of the Service if some temporary arrangement were made—the transfer of the War Office to the Admiralty buildings and Dover House, or the appropriation of the Carlton Club for the Commander-in-Chief and his staff for instance—but under any circumstances Mr. Cardwell must not put his faith in the Works Department—and so we warn him. The warning too is the more necessary, because directly it becomes apparent that it must be some time before the War Minister's fair promises can be made good, the very papers which are just now so loud in their praises of the scheme, will be the first to turn round and accuse the right honourable gentleman of all the political crimes under the sun—from conspiracy downwards. We admit that it is very desirable that there should be a new War Office with some sort of creditable appearance, but to stay the tide of Military Reform until it is built is simply out of the question. The premises in Pall Mall are sufficiently well adapted for all the present requirements of the amalgamated offices, and the Duke of Cambridge should at once, and without further protest, resign himself to the most comfortable room he can find in the Old Ordnance building. We do not for a moment doubt but that

both Mr. Cardwell and his Royal subordinate are in earnest, but any throwing of the responsibility of delay on a third Department will excite, if it does not deserve, suspicion. Now that Mr. Cardwell has commenced his labour, Herculean as it is, his course must be straight, and stumbling blocks must be kicked aside.

### THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[CONTINUED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

MARSEILLES IN SIGHT, Feb. 14, 1870.

I NEED scarcely remind you *where* my last notes were written. The horrors of those three days on the raft, and *such a raft*, are still freshly painful to me, and what was the most terrible part of it, is that we had—what I must really call the *misfortune*—to save the funny man, and he for three nights and days tried, as he put it, "to keep our peckers up a bit." All I can say is, *if ever you are shipwrecked*, never under any circumstances try to rescue a funny man. Let him go down. It is bad enough to be clinging, shivering, to broken spars and bits of rope, and eating odds and ends of biscuit and shoe-leather, without having to listen to perpetual and *stale* jokes about a "cold-water *gurg-ge-ley* grave," and hearing over and over again some wretched comic song, beginning with—"If I were only a mermaid wouldn't I waggle my tail? Oh, no!" and ending in a chorus of "Then waggle all together boys," in which we were at last forced to join. But this is not the only annoyance this fellow subjected us to. He began playing *practical* jokes in the dark! The second night we were out, he threw the last biscuit, all the food we had to support us for possibly the next three months, at the lantern, and knocked it into the sea. He also put some anchovy sauce into our last pint of water, and rendered it undrinkable, and after having been gently remonstrated with for this by the other famished and parched-throated passengers, I found him trying to cut the bottom out of one of the double basses, and detaching large portions of the raft when no one was looking. His only excuse for this was, that he was "*so fond of a lark*." However, at the close of the third day, just as he was trying to trip up an old crippled man into the water with a bit of rope, a vessel came in sight, and we managed to hail it. It turned out to be one of the P. and O. steamers, and we are now all on board, and tolerably comfortable. I am glad to say that the funny man, having attempted some tomfoolery with butter on the cuddy stairs, is now in custody on a charge of manslaughter.

To my astonishment I have met Spagmore. He is at last on his way home, having again changed his mind about an entertainment, and has absolutely on board, booked to Marseilles, a tribe of Pokyar Indians. There are twelve of them, and he says, considering the price he paid for them, they are wonderfully savage, being the very last season's importation from the South Eastern interior of Africa, and quite fresh. They are a near branch of the Kayackti tribe, who are famous for their reckless savagery, and live on nothing but cocoa-nut matting and their grandmothers. These last they curry, and serve cold with blacking, which they get in large quantities in exchange for gold nuggets, from the merchant ships trading along the coast. Spagmore seems in high spirits about the whole thing, and wants me to write an entertainment for them, and suggests that the moment he got to Marseilles, I should write to Mr. German Reed, to ask him if he could see any way of bringing them into *Cox and Box*.

Have been to look at the Indians, and have been introduced to the chief. As he was in a cage the interview, though animated, passed off very pleasantly. Spagmore can't speak their language, but addressed them in a sort of familiar English which they seem to understand. He introduced me very nicely, with "Here you ugly beggar," giving the cage a rap, "this is penny-a-liner medicine man," pointing to me, "he write you entertainment; regular slap up one, with lots of hokey pokey in it, eh?" The chief, I do not think quite followed him, but took it pretty well, and merely replied by a few sharp yells, which were taken up by the rest of his party in the hold. Spagmore says, that though he is "a bit rough when he gets loose," he is a very



religious fellow at bottom, and that ever since he has been on board, he has said his prayers regularly, sometimes three times a day. The only thing is he worships the funnel, and seems most devotional when they put coal on.

10 a.m., 15th Feb., 1870.

Here we are at last at *Marseilles*! My luggage is comparatively limited, all that is left me from the wreck, being a hair-brush and the hyæna. Somehow I seem unable to rid myself of the hyæna. Whether it is that it has a great tenacity of life, or is a very faithful sort of brute, or whether it is *really* that nobody will take it off my hands at any price, I can't say; but the fact remains, that I cannot get rid of it! Spagmore says I am sure to get an offer for it in London, possibly from a Music Hall proprietor, or a pastry-cook, but that my *best plan* on arrival will be to send it *as a loan* to the South Kensington Museum, where they are sure to take it in and label it till I want it. He means, if he can't open with them at once, to do the same thing with his Indians, for he says they might find plenty of room for them among the ferns, and that "Cole likes something new, and that there's an idea for him."

In the Custom House. They speak wretched French here at Marseilles, and can't understand half I say, though I learnt French thoroughly of a real Parisian professor in Islington some years ago, who charged only eighteenpence a lesson, but would undertake to make you master of the language in four lessons for a guinea, *paid in advance*. I tried the last, but it seems no good here. The people talk as fast as if they were talking English, and don't go through the verbs when they come to them.

Spagmore is in a great state about "passing" his Indians. He says he is sure the duty will be heavy, and wants me to help him get them on shore without their being noticed. I do not think it will be easy, but he insists he has so often "done" the Custom House at Folkestone with cigars and *eau de Cologne*, that he will undertake to manage it, if I will only lend him a hand. He wants to know whether I could get the Chief round my waist. I have told him, I don't think I can, but I will try. He is to lend me his over-coat, and is jokingly to say to the *Douanier* at the top of the ladder, "*Ce Monsieur est un peu gross, ha! ha! mais que voulez vous avec le sea air?*" I am then to hurry through, and sit down till he gets a *course*. But this only a small portion of his plan, and, of course, only lands *one*. The others will have to be packed away somehow. Two, Spagmore thinks, might be got into a linen chest and put at the bottom with the pillow cases; but there is an obvious risk about this. As to the remaining nine, the best idea as yet is, that they should take an opportunity of jumping overboard, and then swim out of the port, rounding the pier head, and make for some point half a dozen miles down the coast, where Spagmore will meet them with a towel and a one-horse omnibus. It appears that they are quite accustomed to the water, and that in the South-East centre of Africa they live in the river half the day. Spagmore says there is one of them of a rather surly disposition, who always goes to bed in a cataract. They ought, therefore, to manage the six miles easily.

I am about to land the chief being round my waist at last. It was a *very* troublesome business, and it was only by Spagmore assuring him that it was the European way of showing respect to royalty (represented by the ticket collector at the top), and giving him a rap or two over the ears with a bludgeon that we could get him to double up. I am afraid my appearance is attracting attention; but I only hope the chief will not come undone. More by my next.

### WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

POOR Archbishop Lycurgus has been presented at Manchester with a Polyglot Bible in eight languages. Of course this is meant for a cheap and delicate attention; but why the Archbishop should be treated as a sort of Ecclesiastical Ollendorf we cannot see. Since he has been in England he has been beset by people who have insisted on making him a target at which their smattering of Eastern languages may safely be aimed. We believe the Archbishop takes it pretty kindly; but we would rather see him made a subject for true British hospitality than Billingsgate Greek.

### A KEY TO THE "COURT CIRCULAR."

LORD A. purposes remaining at his Seat in Loamshire till after the Easter recess.

*Explanation.*—His lordship's account at his bankers is overdrawn.

THE EARL OF B. has arrived in town for the season.

*Explanation.*—The noble Earl has taken a furnished house in Brompton at 3½ guineas a week, and has had an interview with a second-rate pastrycook in the neighbourhood, with a view to a couple of contract dinner-parties.

VISCOUNT C is still on the Continent. His Lordship's mansion in Mayfair is undergoing a complete repair.

*Explanation.*—The Viscount is hanging about Boulogne, waiting for a letter from a confidential friend to let him know that it is safe to come back. There is an execution in his house.

And so on to the end of the alphabet.

### LEGISLATIVE LUMBER.

IMAGINE a modern metropolitan police magistrate making a conviction under an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Charles the Second; yet, at the Marylebone Police Court, three tradesmen were fined five shillings each for having their shops open on Sunday. The public, it seems, are indebted for this curious and interesting event to a parcel of people styling themselves "The Society for Promoting the Better Observance of the Lord's Day," who make it their business to spend their Sundays in loitering about the streets in church time, getting up charges against harmless shopkeepers. The magistrate at the Marylebone Police Court, of course, had no alternative, the cases having been brought before him, but to carry out the law as it stood. But it sets one reflecting as to how it comes that such antediluvian enactments should exist unrepealed. It probably is that it is not thought worth while to upset old Acts of Parliament, which are too outrageous and absurd now-a-days to be taken advantage of. It seems, though, that the Legislature has counted too much on the common sense of the public. So long as bad laws exist, we suppose there will be found fools to utilise them for their own purposes; so, failing any legislation to rid the country of this latter race, we advise Mr. Gladstone to take an early opportunity of clearing off a number of ridiculous and should-be obsolete Acts, the existence of which we only become aware of when they are proving themselves, if not dangerous, at least perplexing.

### SAVE HIM FROM HIS FRIENDS.

THE French Government last week made its first mistake in its dealings with M. Rochefort and his friends. It seems that M. Ulric de Fonvielle was imprisoned with his *confrères* of the staff of *The Marseillaise*, but was shortly afterwards released without any assigned reason. It would appear that M. de Fonvielle is far more indignant at his liberation than his arrest, for, he argues, reasonably enough, if he was innocent, why was he arrested? and if he was guilty, why was he released? The true facts of the case probably are, that some over-officious police officer took upon himself the responsibility of M. de Fonvielle's detention, and by this time has probably met with the reward of his over-zealous interference. Of course, not the smallest doubt exists that the liberation of the prisoner was entirely on account of his connexion with the Pierre Bonaparte affair; and the Rochefort party have made capital out of the apparent weakness of the Government in being swayed by such considerations. The attitude of the French Cabinet (it is pleasant to write of a French Cabinet with a really responsible existence) has been so dignified in its late trouble that it is a pity that a slip should have been made, which opens out a point of attack. However, by this time the Emperor must be accustomed to finding his most implacable enemies in the ranks of his friends; so we will not further waste our sympathy.

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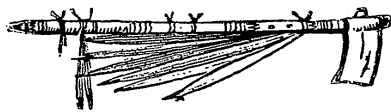
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LONDON, FEBRUARY 26, 1870.

### THE WEEK.

THE Horse Marines are soon to know their fate. Mr. Childers was asked the other evening by Colonel French if the Generals of that distinguished corps were to be treated and retired in the same manner as Admirals; but the first Lord was reticent, and begged to be excused giving an answer on the spot. He, however, promised the House that he had something in store for the officers in question. Mr. Childers is no respecter of persons.

APROPOS of the visit of Prince Arthur to the United States, the Americans, in their desire to avoid the reproach of flunkeyism, have lately rather over-shot the mark. The Continental jargon about the Prince being "a decent sort of fellow" and a "well-behaved quietly-dressed youth" smacks strongly of Jeames. The best thing, however, is reported of General Somebody,—we think of General Sherman,—who is said to have alluded to His Royal Highness as "a cute young chap." Whatever may be the real value of republican sentiment, *this* is a little slangy. However, it is only the old story.

WE must congratulate the Conservatives on their success at Southwark. They fully deserve, when met by such sort of opposition, to come in on the top of the tide. Indeed, if there is a level in election affairs, the Liberals of the Borough may be regarded as utterly beneath *low-water* mark. As for Mr. Odger, he is really to be congratulated on having escaped a seat in Parliament. Such an honour would have been the sure half-way to obscurity, whereas in his present position he exercises a wholesome and respectable influence on his brother working men, which we should be sorry to see him lose.

IF those who are continually preaching against press license are in search of a good text, they cannot do better than take "Mordaunt v. Mordaunt, Johnstone, and Cole." Nothing can possibly argue more strongly in favour of some decent control over newspaper reports than the disgusting prolixity with which *all* the journals, respectable as well as disreputable, have furnished the details of this now celebrated case. For what good

or useful end should all England be furnished with a quantity of painful medical evidence such, for instance, as appeared in the papers of Thursday last? There is no reason why, because a man happens to be a baronet, and is subjected to a grievous domestic affliction, all the ins and outs of his existence should be dished up as a savoury meal for newspaper readers. The ends of justice may require the production of certain evidence in a court of law, but they do in no way necessitate a flood of prurient light literature. Whatever may be the termination of this divorce cause, there cannot be two opinions as to the effect it has had in showing the bent of popular taste. A nasty press pandering to a filthy public, though no novelty, is not an edifying or consoling fate.

### MORE MATCH MAKING.

MDLLE. NILSSON is again to be married. This time it is announced that "a rich young man, well known in the financial world," is to be the happy man. Rumour has certainly provided a long array of husbands for Mdle. Nilsson to choose from. If we had a voice in the matter, we should consider the new nominee of public chatter certainly an eligible opportunity.

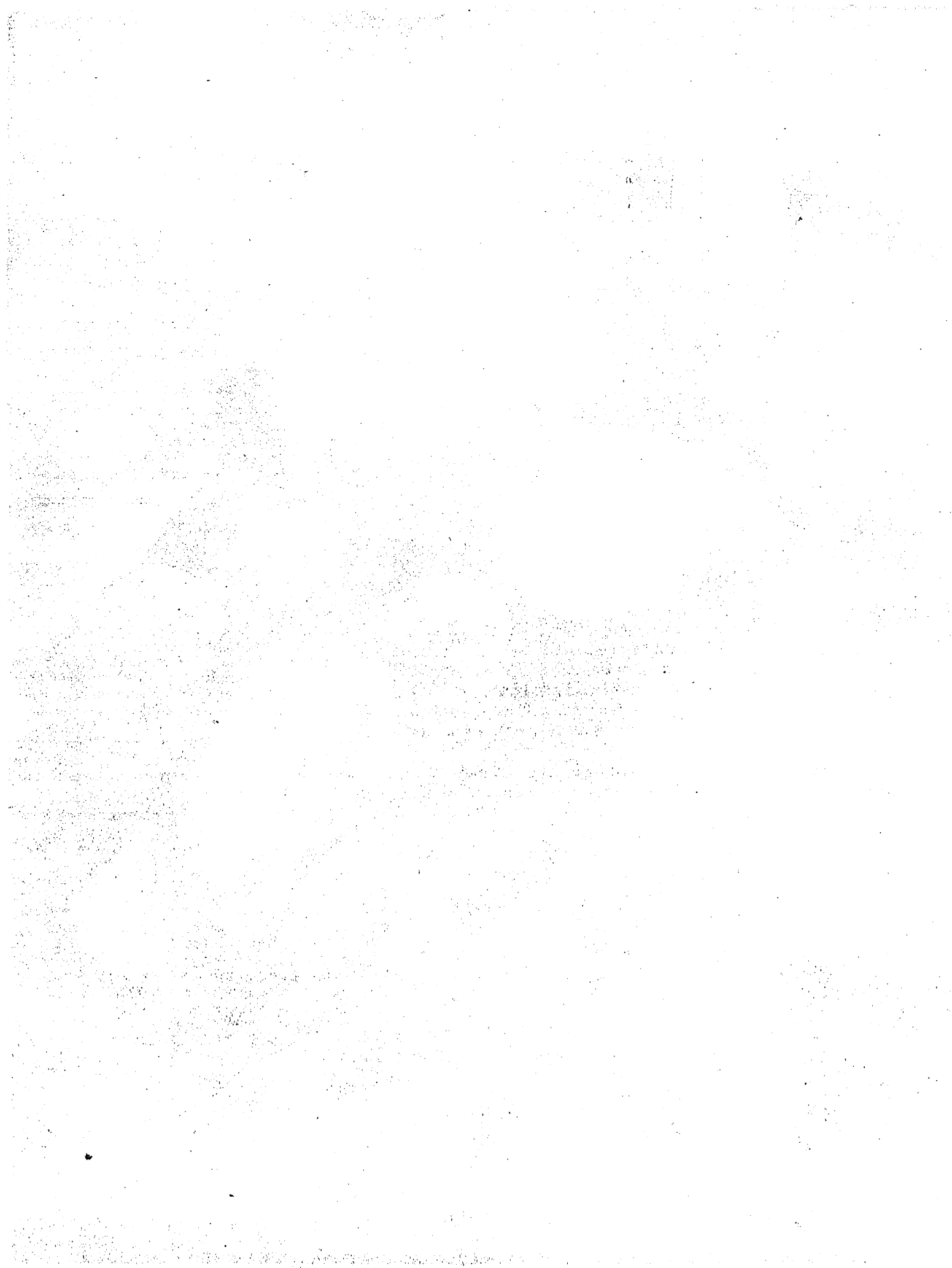
### RED NOT RAD.

WE are afraid that French names have a peculiarly pleasing ring in English ears. Otherwise, it would be impossible that the set of illiterate nobodies who are plotting bloodshed and spouting balderdash in Paris *could* command the sympathy or respect of a single sober Englishman. These sword-stick carrying, revolver-brandishing penny-a-liners who are just now giving the Imperial police so much extra work, are rather of a lower type, politically, than the lowest Fenian agitators. We should be down on them in London with a policeman's truncheon in half-an-hour; and yet we gloat over the brawl they are able to stir up in Paris. In the presence of such small fry as Rochefort, and lo, our terrible Beales becomes a Conservative of the rankest kind! Why will Englishmen pat on the back every species of Continental rowdyism when they are so justly afraid of the nuisance at home?

### PAUL PRY IN PARIS.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS is nothing if he is not irrepressible. Failing himself to have a hand in the Prince Pierre Bonaparte affair, *Galignani* informs us that *Madame* Marie Alexandre Dumas, daughter of the celebrated author, was one of the witnesses heard at the preliminary inquiry held last week. What *Madame* (by the way, if a daughter, why *Madame*?) Dumas can have had to say we cannot guess. She certainly comes of too clever a family to have been associated with the *Rochefort* party; and, unless she was making a morning call on the Princess when the homicide occurred, and, moreover, happened to be in the next room at the time, she cannot possibly have anything to narrate. Certainly, in French courts of justice the proceedings are somewhat desultory, and people's opinions and hearsay evidence are accepted and listened to with a patience which would strike astonishment to any London police magistrate. So it may be that *Madame* Dumas has taken advantage of her papa's position to insist on having her say in the matter. However, whatever the fact may be, we cannot object to the shedding of some literary light on a very dark and dreary business.

PITY THE PITT-ED.—Under the Pitt *régime* one of the best pantomimes of the season at the Surrey has been produced, and a new low comedian introduced. Mr. Murry, in the pantomime, is most humorous, without being vulgar; but in a new and smartly written domestic sketch, by Mr. Harry Pitt, called *How We Spent Christmas Day in '69*, so fairly convulses the audience with laughter that they really deserved their fate—that is to say, to be *pitted*.







"L. S. D.!"  
OR,  
THE ACCEPTED RELIGION OF ENGLAND





## TELEGRAPH TRUTHS.

WE have reason for believing that Mr. Scudamore will shortly issue the following key to the mishaps of the Telegraphic Department over which he presides—oh! so ably! No one has ever *quite* known why the ex-Controller of the Post Office Savings' Banks was appointed to the command of the telegraph wires; and certainly his doings of the last fortnight have not thrown any new light upon the subject. Never has the principle of "how not to do it" been more fully recognized than in this *exceedingly* wise appointment. Surely the public may now proudly boast that in Mr. Scudamore at the Telegraph Office they have at length got the wrong man in the wrong place? But to our key:—

TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENT, GENERAL POST OFFICE,  
ST. MARTIN'S LE GRAND.

"Slow, but not sure."

## EXPLANATION OF MISHAP.

## KEY TO EXPLANATION.

Atmospheric changes at Margate caused a rupture of communication between London and Paris.

A boy played the fool with the wire at one of the intermediate offices and broke it. Application to the proper authorities for a new wire will be made in due course.

An electric current passed down Fleet street to the Bank, causing an interruption in the business between London and Bombay.

The official in charge of the Bombay needles left the key of the case in his Sunday trousers. It was deemed unnecessary to send him home to get it, as the public could surely wait a couple of days or so.

A thunderstorm caused a rupture in the communication between London and New York.

The official in charge of the New York cable had a week's leave to bury his aunt, from whom he had expectations.

The intense cold of Monday interrupted communications with Vienna until the 14th March next.

Mr. Brown on leave (*vide* Office Minute 1,473<sup>B</sup>).

An earthquake in South America caused a rupture in the communication between London and the whole of Scotland.

The charwoman of the establishment upset a pail of soap and water into the galvanic battery, and it has never been quite itself since the accident. Orders will be given (most likely) to see to it in the course of next year.

The expected tidal wave produced an interruption in the communication between High Tooting and Middle Clapham.

By some mistake, although ten wires have been supplied, some one forgot to send a proper battery to these stations.

After the publication of this key, which is hourly expected, will it be too much to say that the only true *couleur de rose* about the Telegraph Department of the Post Office is the pink paper upon which are printed the telegrams?

## A POLITICAL MALINGERER.

LORD RUSSELL seems at last to have accepted his position as a nonentity, for the *Court Journal* has it:—

"Earl Russell does not intend to return to town until after Easter."

Time was when no session could be considered fairly inaugurated without the presence of "Lord John," and even since his elevation to the Upper House, his absence from his seat would have been remarkable. In 1870, however, no one seems to take the least interest in his doings, and it is left to a fashionable newspaper to discover that he is out of the way. Has Earl

Russell really retired into private, or is it that his Lordship has arrived at an age when even politics become a secondary consideration to personal convenience?

## JULES CANARD ON FRENCH AFFAIRS.

LETTER II.—*Canard in a Mess.—The "Gamin de Paris."—How to get into Prison.—An Interview with Rochefort.—Timidity and Bravery.—A Stern Order.*

The Prison of St. Pelagie, near Paris,  
February 18, 1870.

MON CHER REDACTEUR,—You will see by the address at the head of this letter that I am languishing in a prison! It is too true. And yet, my sweet Editor, it is bearable—very bearable. The fact is, my last home, au 5me Rue du Pauvre Diable 24½, Quartier Latin, was a little too well ventilated. It was all very well in the summer, when it didn't rain—but in winter! Ah! I am afflicted now at the thought of it.

My removal to St. Pelagie was very easily managed. I think I have told you that I am one of the *Redacteurs* of that promising paper, "*Le Gamin de Paris*," which sells at a sou and circulates among the masses. Encouraged by the success of my friend, Henri de Rochefort, I determined upon writing a little treason in my organ. Taking up a goose pen I wrote the following paragraphs in a style which you will recognize as founded upon that of the Editor of the now defunct *Lanterne*. You will observe that between each paragraph I have put \* \*. This is the fashion in France; when we can't secure points in the writing, we find them supplied in the printing:—

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

The Emperor Napoleon the Third is an ass!

The Empress is another!

So is the Prince Imperial.

The great Napoleon (not the dirty little fellow chez les was a bad case of cad.

All the Imperial Family of France are liars, thieves, black-Tuileries) guards, murderers, and forgers.

Of course, the Empress is included.

On the contrary, she is the worst of the lot.

JULES CANARD.

They didn't like this at the Tuileries, and so carted me off to a dismal prison, where I am cruelly ill-treated. I send you a little article that was printed last week in the "*Gamin*."

## CANARD AT ST. PELAGIE.

Yes, my friends, I am here—a poor prisoner.

Little birds cry for their liberty! Tigers demand their freedom!! Canard asks for release!!!

Will he get it?

Poor Canard, so young, so brave, so good. He languishes for light, for food. He is covered with chains, and has nothing. Will no one help him?

The very smallest contributions most thankfully received.

JULES CANARD.

I am happy to say that this pathetic appeal produced lots of money, and that now I am living like what your compatriots call "a fighting cock."

Rochefort and I get on admirably. We feed together, and converse together. He was much started the other day by the appearance of a black beetle. When I explained to him that if he armed himself with a carving-knife and fork, he would be quite safe from attack, he regained his composure. The colour soon returned to his cheeks. Rochefort a coward!—bah, the idea is too absurd!

But I must conclude, as I have just been ordered to go to bed by the Governor. Receive the distinguished consideration of your imprisoned correspondent,

JULES CANARD.

### SOMETHING IN A NAME.

ACCORDING to the accounts published in the Dublin newspapers of the strike at the Bessborough Mills, affairs are still in a very unpromising condition. A house had been attacked by an armed party, windows had been broken, and shots fired; in fact, adds our contemporary, "the 'roughers' are still on strike." We do not pretend to be aware how the word "rougher" is derived; but, failing any better solution, it seems to be particularly appropriate to the rascally workmen of Bessborough Mills as the comparative of our English "rough." Our English rough certainly has his weakness for window-breaking, and hurling brickbats is one of his natural weaknesses; but he stops short at cold lead. Across the Channel the "rougher" is less scrupulous. However he got his name, he deserves it.

### A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THE Junior Carlton, one of the newest of the bran new clubs, has set a good example to such establishments in having commissioned the eminent sculptor, Mr. Theed, to execute a statue in marble of the late Lord Derby, to place in the large hall of the building. Profusely as the new clubs have been, for the most part, ornamented, it must strike anyone who enters them that there exists a sad lack of the solid and substantial. Indeed, as mere shows—and it has become the fashion to make clubs show-places which are, at fixed times, available for inspection—they are scarcely superior to any first-class café on the Paris Boulevards. Mr. Theed's statue, if it is on a par with his recent works, will certainly make the hall of the Junior Carlton Club worth visiting on higher grounds than heretofore. We congratulate the committee on having souls above red Utrecht velvet and gold mouldings.

### SOMETHING LIKE AN EXHIBITION.

THERE is a contest going on at Coventry between certain persons who are anxious to revive the Godiva show in that town and certain persons who, in the interests of decency, religion, morality, and education, are attempting to put a stop to it. Which side will win we do not know, nor, in real truth, neither do we care, but we must express a hope, as a lady is in the case, that if the procession is to come off it may be delayed until the weather is warmer. Imagine poor Lady Godiva even swathed in modern tresses—which are something more substantial than tresses of yore were wont to be—parading the town with the thermometer at 25°, and the wind in the North-East—one thing is certain, not even Peeping Tom would care to look at her.

### A MEAGRE REWARD OF MERIT.

As we believe is usual at this time of the year, the Civil List pensions granted between June, 1868, and June, 1869, have been published. We will not define them; but it may be sufficient to say that they are some twenty in number, and that the grand total to which they amount is actually £1,200. It is difficult, really, to speak with patience of this miserably insufficient grant. Although in these hard times there are many learned and gentle people, who are glad enough to accept a pittance of £100 or £50, it is a degradation to the Government to offer such miserable pensions. If the recipients of Civil List bounty are entitled to any consideration at the hands of the State, as undoubtedly they are, their money value is something better than ten times what My Lords of the Treasury set upon them. We are ready enough to endorse every economy on the part of the Government; but they have evidently yet to learn that economy and parsimony are two different things. In the waste of hundreds of thousands—while retrenchment, notwithstanding, still goes on—surely there should be some official at the Treasury possessed of a more kindly spirit than the *rest*, who would point out that without any danger of opening the door to any serious outlay, the Civil List might well—aye, and profitably—be extended from £1,200 to £12,000 a year: we should have no more services to literature to reward than we have now—and even if we had, it would be much the better.

### HOW THE MONEY GOES.

How can we be surprised that Russian Loans are just now the fashion, when the *Official Journal* of St. Petersburg itself unblushingly admits that last year the expenditure was fourteen and-a-half millions of roubles above the average, and that four millions of this amount was spent in needle guns. It is all very well to speak of Russia as a rich country, which must and will pay its debts; but, looking at the matter from a commercial point of view, unless our Eastern creditor mends his ways, and practises economy, something will happen. What that something will be—whether the whole country will be sold by auction, foreclosed for, or thrown into a sort of Continental Chancery, we are not sufficiently well up in International law to be able to decide; but something even worse than this may happen—the interest on the loan may not be forthcoming, and then—but this is too horrible an idea to dwell upon.

### LET ILL ALONE.

BROADHEAD, who has returned to Sheffield, has sent in a statement of his accounts to the committee of management who got up a limited liability company, with a capital apparently of five and twenty pounds, with the laudable object of getting rid of him. Of this sum, which was handed over to him on his departure for the new world, Broadhead has brought ten pounds back in triumph to the land of his birth. One of the committee on hearing this, proposed that, as the money could not now be appropriated as it was intended it should be, Broadhead should hand the balance over to a local charity, but the motion, we suppose, from its very futility, found no seconder. But have we not heard enough of this man? The fuss that was made when he went away might have been excusable, for it was certainly something to rid the land of such a member of society, but now that, like a bad shilling, we have him back, it is time to let him drop, even with ten pounds in his pocket, into his proper place—wherever that may be. Oblivion is the *best* fate that we can wish him.

### AT THE WRONG END.

THE *Pall Mall* of Wednesday last says:—

"When we read that great consternation was occasioned on Monday morning at the Devonport Dockyard by orders from the Admiralty expediting the discharge of workmen, and that forty-one were discharged on Saturday last without a day's notice, before the arrival of their pension papers, we can hardly be surprised at the extreme bitterness with which these off-hand measures are regarded."

We should think not, indeed! Of course, it is a matter of slight moment that some forty odd poor working men are suddenly deprived of all means of subsistence, and we can understand a penny-scraping Ministry trusting that the depth of the suffering will prevent any notice of its existence on the surface. How would it be, however, to apply the same rule in higher places? It would be worth while trying the experiment—and lucrative, too, for there must be a good many more than forty-one officials in snug posts, drawing large salaries from the public money, and doing nothing on earth in return for it. A set of frozen out "swells" would be a novelty in its way, and they would have one advantage over their fustian rivals. The dismally jocular chorus of

"We've got no work to do-oo-oo"

would at least come to them quite naturally.

LOVE AND (G)LOVE.—A wonderful invention has just been made in the shape of a seamless glove! This, indeed, will be a boon to party goers who love the lively dance and gay flirtation. Nothing is more embarrassing than to find one's gloves splitting as one takes "*the*" darling of one's choice into the ball-room to join in the soul-entrancing "round," or the sentimental "square," and with seamless gloves one will easily avoid the dire calamity. As may be imagined the inventor is a very man—if not a conjuror, he is at least a *Jugla*!



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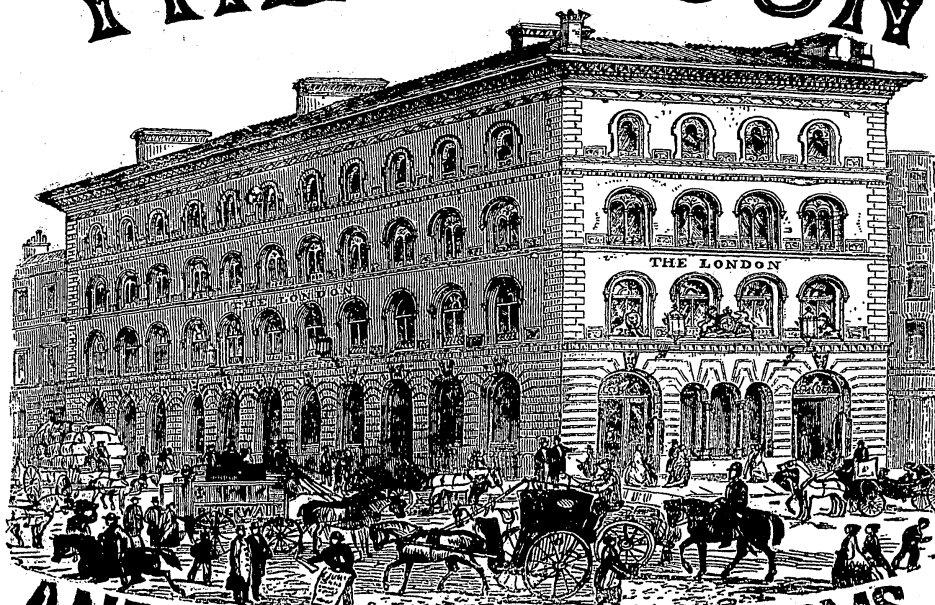
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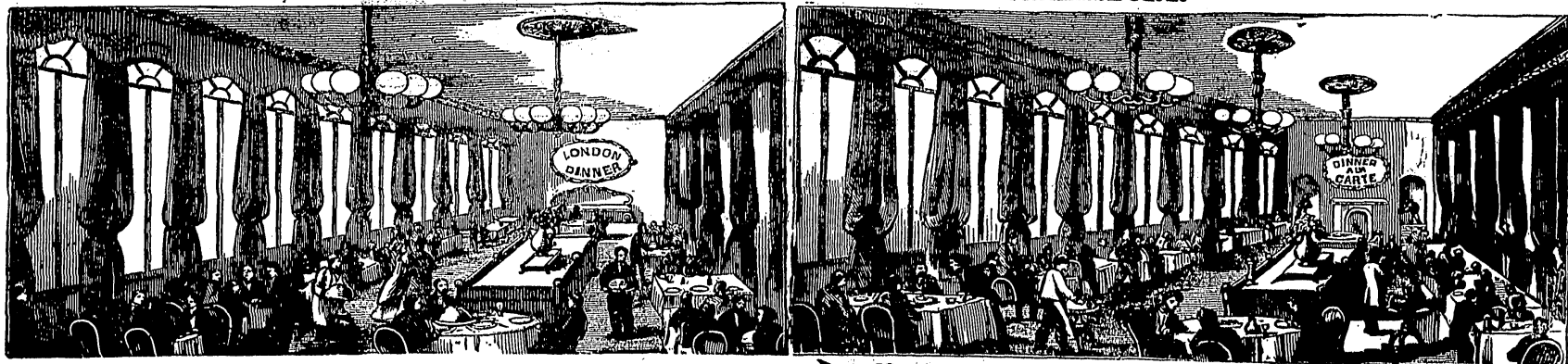
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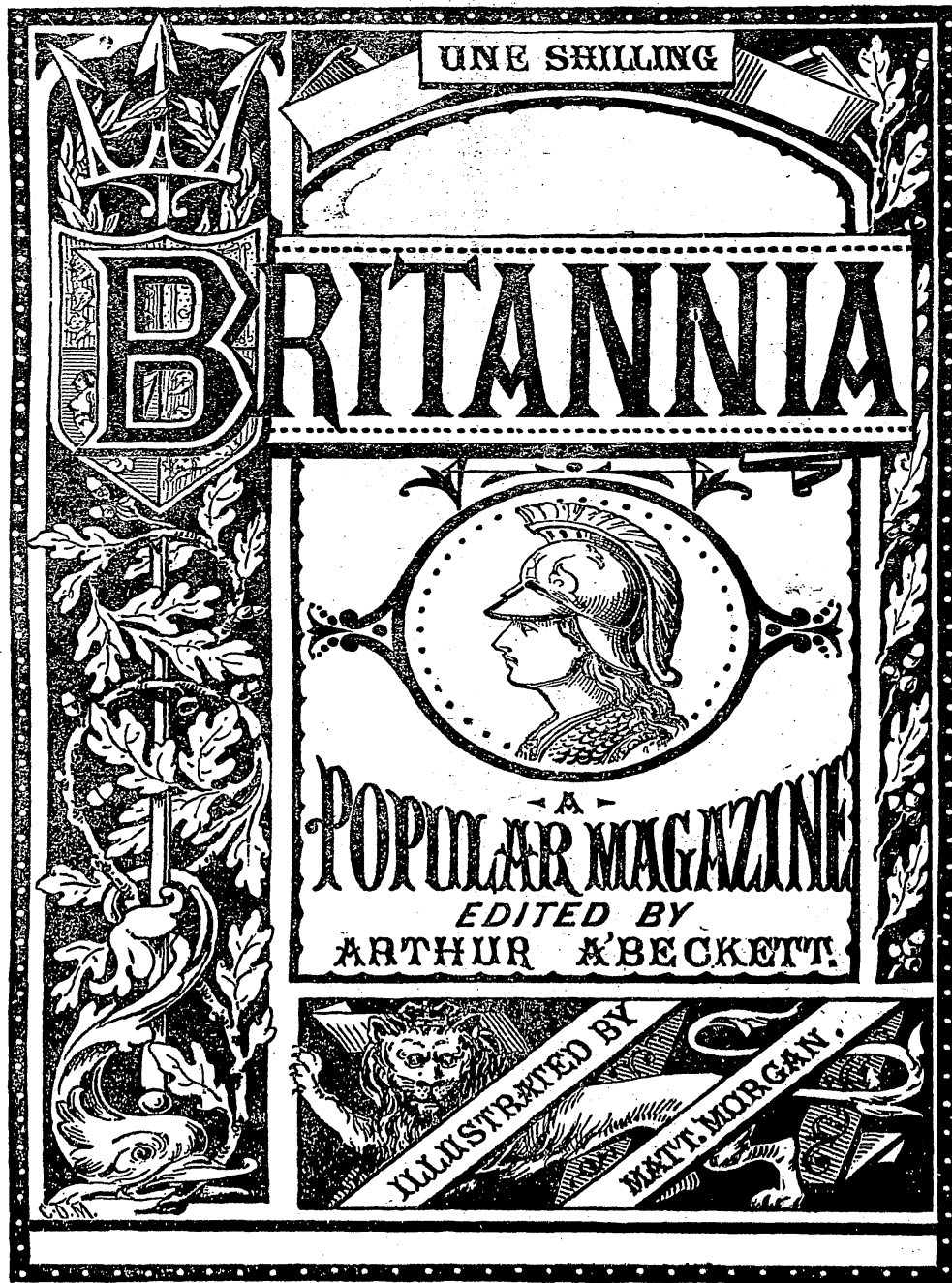
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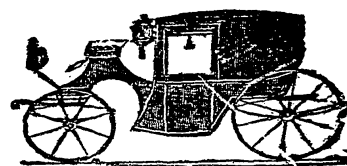
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