

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 149.]

LONDON, MARCH 12, 1870.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

FASHIONABLE AUCTIONS.

NO one really loves the *Saturday Review*. This lively publication is the very Mephistopheles of the press. It is cynical, clever, sharp, everything but amiable. People fond of gall and wormwood can purchase those pleasant articles in sixpenny doses at the close of every week. It suits the taste of everybody, more or less. An attack upon the Pope will please Mr. Whalley early in the month, while a slashing charge upon Mr. Spurgeon will warm the heart of Sir George Bowyer before the twenty-eight days are over. Men are held up to execration for the benefit of women, while women, in their turn, are libelled for the edification of men. The motto of this publication seems to consist in the following:—"There is but one *Saturday Review*, and sixpence is its profit!"

True to his principles a year since, Mephistopheles took to abusing the fair sex. In an article entitled "The Girl of the Period," woman (to quote the song), "lovely woman," was held up to the execration of the world. There was nothing bad enough for her. She was bold, heartless—as a girl a Phryne, as a mother a fiend. People read the article with pleasure. It was very "dreadful," and "improper," but pleasant. It was satisfactory for women to compare themselves with the Seduceres; it was delightful for men to find a cause for the irksomeness of their marriage chain, or an excuse for their bachelor selfishness. So people bought the number containing the article by thousands; and the *Saturday Review*, taking advantage of the shower of gold, raised its price to a shilling. So everybody was pleased—the women, the men, and the proprietors.

However, everybody more or less agreed that the statements in the article savoured of falsehood. "Women were certainly bad, and Miss Dash infamous, but then it was a little too strong." So said the virtuous females, who had never had an opportunity of being found out, for the simple reason that their virtue, from circumstances over which they had no control (an ugly face and a bad figure, for instance), had never been put to the test. "It was overdone, altho' the little Threestars certainly had been guilty of this and that indiscretion last season," said the men, puffing at their cigars in the smoking-room and drinking their brandy and sodas. So both women and men condemned, but smiled, and took in the *Saturday Review* with charming (to the proprietors) regularity, in the hope of coming across articles equally as "improper" in tone, equally as true in matter. "Girl of the Period" coats, dresses, shirts appeared, and were successful, even a "Girl of the Period" Magazine (which was

to literature what the ballet is to the British drama), came out, and prospered (so it is rumoured) for a month or so on pictures of fast women and inane men.

A reaction followed, and then we all of us came to the conclusion that there was not a scrap of truth in the article. It was proved without a doubt, that in spite of Madame Rachel, no one enamelled—in the face of advertising perruquiers, no one used golden hair dye or *blanc de perle*. This was rather pleasant and satisfactory. It was, therefore, a pity, that in the midst of the pious rejoicing, such a case as the Mordaunt Trial should have come into court. The *Saturday Review*, gradually embracing the goody-goody code, plucked up courage, threw off its bondage, and last week actually bristled all over with "improper" articles and leaders, usually alluded to by men by the savoury term of "spicy."

We must admit that, indignant at the outrage upon decency, and seeing our way to a very effective cartoon, we took up the popular side. With an eloquence scathing in its noble appeal to the good and the beautiful, we denounced the *Saturday Review* in large type, and pictures as highly coloured in tint as they were chivalrous in signification. Our contemporary we called a prurient old woman. For the moment we worshipped at the shrine of Eve. Venus had given up Mars—had never known the warlike god—and was all that was pure and angelic. We are sure that many of our readers must have absolutely wept over our heartfelt essays. It is unpleasant—particularly unpleasant—to have to own ourselves in the wrong; but there is no help for it. This is a great season for mortification, and penance is a good thing for the soul. So, taking advantage of the recommendation of the Church, to confess our faults during Lent (see the Communion Service—Prayer Book, page 29), we own that we made a great mistake when we cried up women to the skies, forgetting, for the moment, that the clouds are the exclusive property of those (we are sure) *manly* creatures, the angels. We proceed to make reparation.

The doings of the ladies recently have opened our eyes to their faults. Emphatically, ladies are fallible—very fallible—so fallible that we are not surprised that the Clubs are filled with confirmed young bachelors, and the Church of St. George's, Hanover square, almost destitute of marriage parties. With the Mordaunt case staring us in the face—with the proceedings of those creatures who "go in" for the Contagious Diseases Question filling the papers, how can we counsel young St. John to take to himself a wife?—middle-aged Portlington to look out for a partner?

Always willing to improve the world, in spite of the stinging

censure of the moribund *Pall Mall* (circulation since the enlargement guaranteed to be—ah! but no matter!—poor paper, poor *dear* paper!), we have this week presented our readers with an auction in high life. Our artist, in a very ecstasy of satirical piety, has depicted a girl being sold to titled fools, or coarse, brutal *parvenus*, with gold for manners, and in lieu of education—why, gold! The fools are very foolish, and the *parvenus* particularly coarse. As we glance at the cartoon, we cannot but experience some pity for the unhappy maiden so cruelly held up as an article of barter. This is one side of the picture. Now for the other.

Our readers will notice that the auctioneer is a titled hag, who is evidently doing her very best to find a purchaser for the flesh and blood she is offering to competition. Let us suppose the hag, instead of praising her living merchandise, is telling the plain unvarnished truth. Then let us report her Hagship's words as they fall from her painted lips. Let us listen. See, she is speaking.

"The article I have to offer you, my noble numbskulls and my Hebrew millionaires, is my daughter. She has been taught how to dance, and how to lie. From the age of infancy to the time of girlhood she has been left to gather together as much evil as she possibly could. I know nothing of her early life, save that she has picked up enough French to read 'improper' novels, has learnt enough Italian to flirt with her singing master. She rides well—as her first confidant, the groom, would have told you; and understands the rudiments of swearing—as her lady's-maid has long since discovered. If you purchase her I advise you strongly to lock up the spirit case, as she is fond of brandy, and has been known to drink her bottle of Eau de Cologne when denied her tumbler of Maraschino. She paints charmingly—as her cheeks will testify; and knows something of sculpture—as you would find out if you could see her corsette. She has no heart, no modesty, no feelings. You will find her dog more faithful, and her cat infinitely more affectionate. Her only hope is a rich marriage, her sole faith lies in the belief she has in her own beauty, her one act of charity consists in her personal presented gift of self-indulgence. She will smile at you and deceive you—but there, gentlemen, marry her, and you will learn the rest I have to tell you about her in the presence of that able judge—Lord Penzance!"

Yes, of a verity, the "Girl of the Period" is not such an impossible character as we wished to imagine her to be. Of course there are virtuous women as there are virtuous men, but the spirit of the age is vicious. Sermons are not of much use, but a word now and then keeps up appearances, and may do a little, possibly a very little, good. We began by mentioning Mephistopheles. We will end by alluding to his Satanic Majesty. The aristocratic auctioneer cries, "Going, going, gone!" We can well believe that Mephistopheles remarks "Coming, coming," until he sees a death in the first column of the *Times*, and then he doubtless adds,—“Come!”

MORE ADMIRALTY REFORM.

OUR highly intelligent contemporary the *Globe*, which holds itself up as an authority on Admiralty matters, the other day made an announcement, which had it not been the *Globe* that made it, we should have been inclined to have disbelieved. In describing the trial of the Royal Engineers' Shield at Shoeburyness last week, the paper stated that "the Secretary of State for the Navy and other notabilities" attended the experiments. We have long since ceased to be surprised at the vagaries of Mr. Childers; but we were scarcely prepared for the creation of this new office. But where does the *Globe* get its exclusive information from?

MAD, MY POST MASTERS, MAD!

THE Post Office authorities are at last awakening to a sense of their responsibility. They have not hesitated to take upon their shoulders not only the mere postal service, but have added telegraphy, tax collecting, and banking to their ordinary duties. We cannot, therefore, be surprised that lately there should have been signs of a breakdown. It is scarcely possible that a small department can, with credit to itself, transact several immense businesses. The ordinary official intellect would certainly give way under the pressure; but from the following Circular, which we believe is about to be published, the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand seem to have their wits about them. It has been hinted that this is a preparatory measure to their wits altogether taking their departure, but the Circular speaks for itself.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE GUIDANCE OF PERSONS IN THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

As it has been represented that some confusion just now exists in the post offices in London, as well as in the country, in consequence of the multifarious duties which are now entrusted to Post Office servants, in order to put a stop to any future inconvenience, it is hereby ordained that the following simple instructions shall be from this date strictly adhered to:—

1. All registered letters should be immediately forwarded to the Savings' Bank Department in Cannon street, and there retained pending application.
2. Telegraphic despatches should be allowed to accumulate until at least one hundred have been received at the several offices, and these should be forwarded, in sealed bundles, to Somerset House, for the purpose of being noted in the Dog Tax Department.
3. All applications for Post-office Orders, Government Annuities, and Assurances should immediately be telegraphed to the Head Office, and instructions awaited thereon.
4. Postage stamps and receipt stamps should, under no circumstances, be accumulated on the premises of the Branch Post Offices. All demands for such articles, on the part of the public, should be made on the Savings' Bank withdrawal forms. Silence to be taken as a respectful negative.
5. Payments on account of Dog Licences and Post-office Orders should be invested in the Savings' Bank in the usual manner.
6. Tenders for strait waistcoats will be received from and after this date, until further notice. Keepers will be supplied to Postmasters, Postmasters' Assistants, and Letter Carriers, on application.

By order of the Secretary.

General Post Office, London,
March 6, 1870.

We believe that it is in contemplation to immediately remove the Administrative Department of the Post Office from St. Martin's-le-Grand to suitable premises at Colney Hatch.

OXFORD INTELLIGENCE.

Furnished specially for our columns by Mr. Tom Burrows (Formosa).

OXFORD, March 6, 1870.

THE University Eight turned out for a "canter" over the course yesterday evening. The "stroke oar" fell into his work much more easily, showing how much good he has derived from the lessons in "the swing" he has been recently taking from Sam Growler, the rat-catcher at Sanford. The old don was on the bank with his two daughters, and was loudly cheered by the darkies, all the gallant fellows (when the old don was not looking) kissing their hands to his fair charges in real true blue style.

The crew are at present regular at their studies, and the dark blue boating coat and white flannels afford a pleasing relief to the eye as they dot here and there about the sombre white neckties and black cloth suits (the dress worn by the undergraduates of Oxford who do not belong to the Eight) that

crowd the don's lecture upon Plato's Tragedies at the Sheldonian.

The training is progressing as well as could be expected ; but as several of the crew are known to belong to an East End betting club, of a not very satisfactory notoriety, and to have laid heavily against their own boat, a good many disagreeable rumours are afloat. The Oxford public, therefore, are not so willing to come down with their money as in previous years, a fact which has annoyed "the Eight" very much. Several of the men, however, ran up to London last week to have a look at the Cambridge training quarters in Leicester square, and seem satisfied that 6 to 4 on the "darkies" are about the proper odds.

The following is *the* correct account of the crew, those occasionally published in the *Times* and elsewhere being invariably spurious, and put forward by the O. V. B. C. (*who have put all their money and their barge on the race*) for the purpose of throwing as much dust as possible into the eyes of the public :—

THE DARK BLUE FOR 1870.

PLACE.	NAME.	COLLEGE.	WGHT.	GENERAL REMARKS.
THE BOW	Jack Podgers	Christ Church	st. lb. 16 5	In rooms on Shotover
The first man on the other side	The Hon. Belmont Meville	Wadham	17 1	Took a fifth in Smalls
The man next to him	Tom Tavish	Corpus	17 3	Eats too much pastry
Ditto, ditto, the other side	Lord Junkerton	Worcester	8 5	Ditto, ditto
The man in the middle	Mr. Vernon Percy	Unattached	19 11	Ditto, ditto
Stroke but two	Fd. Dashby	Wadham	9 3	Has a good deal of money on the race : too much flesh
Stroke but one	The Marquis of Buckley	Wadham	8 5	Dangerous. Too loose in the crab
STROKE	Harry Smithers	All Souls	21 11	In splendid condition, but has several writs out against him from the Buttery
	and			
COX (steerer)	Sir Arthur Hash	Queen's	19 13	Also in splendid condition ; a safe man.

The above crew will be up in London for a spin along the Strand shortly.

Beyond a slight street row yesterday evening, when the gallant crew, returning from the meadows a little fresh, met the Proctor and Vice-Chancellor and put them both under the pump, there is no other news of interest this week. More next.

N.B.—We again call the attention of our readers to the fact that the above information is thoroughly reliable, being derived from authentic sources. If the ring is purely local Oxford men will at least know where to look for something exactly in their line.

COMPANION TO THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.—The wife of the (Peer)age.

BOUNTY OUT OF BOUNDS.

THE annual statement of Queen Anne's Bounty Fund has just been published, and there is the usual monstrous item of £5,125 9s. 8d. for the salaries of the secretary and his clerks. What amount of business the secretary has to transact we do not pretend to know,—indeed, we are not a little vague as to the nature of the business to be transacted—but we may safely pledge ourselves to the opinion that the charge of £5,000 or more for clerkage is excessive, and if it is anybody's duty to check the expenditure of the Fund—which, in a highly respectable and old-established concern as this is most probably it is not—there is ample room for retrenchment. Surely a moderately active City man, with a boy to help him, would find the executive duties not a whit too irksome ; and such a person would certainly contract for the job at something under £5,125 9s. 8d. In any case it behoves the Archbishops and Bishops, who we believe form the stock Committee of Queen Anne's Bounty, to see that the money they have charge of is applied in the service for which it was intended, and we are quite sure that this service does not include the support and maintenance of a dozen or so of London clerks.

WHAT COMES OF CRITICISM.

THE statues seem to have agreed, and not unreasonably, that open-air positions in this country are to be avoided. A statue of the late Earl of Derby, by Mr. Theed, has made arrangements for a snug berth in the hall of the Junior Carlton Club, in Pall Mall ; and a colossal figure of Mr. Gladstone, which has been subscribed for in Liverpool, is to have a place of honour in St. George's Hall, in that city. We cannot wonder, when we remember the rude criticism to which, for years past, the majority of the marble or bronze effigies which have been stuck up in public places have been subjected, that modern statues should seek refuge within doors ; but still, it is to be regretted that such legitimate ornaments as statues unquestionably are, especially in open spaces, should be forced to place themselves in out-of-the-way nooks and corners. We do not know who the artist employed on Mr. Gladstone at Liverpool may be, but Mr. Theed is engaged on the statue of Lord Derby, and any work from such accomplished hands as his deserves a better fate than to be immured in the company of hat stands and wet umbrellas in a Club hall. We Englishmen should talk of discouraging rather than of encouraging the Arts, for, notwithstanding our boast to the contrary, the former is the policy we now adopt.

A NEW POINT FOR MR. MILLS.

THE unfortunate Queen of Spain, for the want of a better grievance, we presume—for Her Majesty has never been completely out of trouble—has now taken to quarrelling with her husband. Indeed, the royal couple have gone to law with each other on the subject of their money matters. It seems that the Queen maintains, that although driven from her country by a rebellion, she is still Queen *de jure*, and, as Queen, still remains mistress of her fortune. Under the old system the Queen was chief of the community, and her husband had to submit to her will ; but Don Francisco, having accepted the present political position, declares the theory to be nonsensical, and, alarmed apparently at a very large sale of Spanish stock that has been lately effected, has put in his claim to his wife's property, and maintains that he may deal with it as he thinks best. As the first legal step in the matter, the Paris Court has ruled that the ex-Queen, or her major-domo, must be prohibited from appropriating the Royal funds pending its decision, and, as the first social step, the ex-King Consort has left the house, and has put up with a bachelor friend in the Champs Elysées. The question is certainly a new and interesting point for the lawyers, but it is a pity that it was not settled in the Royal parlour, instead of being thrown upon the scandalizing and gossiping world of Paris for discussion and pre-judgment. Family rows should never see the light of day. They are objectionable under any circumstances, but when they turn upon a question of money, they become additionally uninteresting and vulgar.

Now ready, price 7s. 6d.,

VOL. II. OF

B R I T A N N I A,

Edited by A. A'BECKETT,]

Illustrated in Colours by MATT MORGAN.

VOL. V., price 8s., of

T H E T O M A H A W K,

EDITED BY ARTHUR A'BECKETT;

ILLUSTRATED BY MATT MORGAN.

Office: 199 Strand.



LONDON, MARCH 12, 1870.

THE WEEK.

THE French troops are now fed (by order of the Emperor) on *peas* (peace) soup. This should please Lord Clarendon.

WE understand that the veteran Dean of Winchester (now in his ninety-fifth year) intends to keep the emoluments of his office until he has finished another century of service.

THE successor to Earl Zetland in the Grand Mastership of the English Freemasons has an unlucky name. His Lordship's enemies will declare that his appointment is de Grey-ding to the Order?

A GREAT fuss has been made from time to time about the Game laws. If a Royal Commission is ever held upon the subject, members of the Turf (late Arlington) and Portland should be examined, and then the public would hear of other game loss!

SO hospitable and kindly has been the Pope to his clerical guests, that it has lately been the remark of the more waggish of the Cardinals that the "foreign Bishops must find Rome just like their 'ome." This saying, we understand, has greatly offended Mr. Whalley.

LAST week some one proposed in Parliament that the railways should supply foot-warmers to third-class passengers. The idea was laughed to scorn, the warm-water scheme being deluged with cold water. This is rather surprising, as the House, as a rule, is rather fond of getting people into hot water.

MR. CARDWELL is still bent upon reforms. We understand that, on the score of economy, violet—instead of gun—powder

will be served out to our Army. By this arrangement the Government will save enough to pay another official—say Master Cardwell, or young Mr. Gladstone.

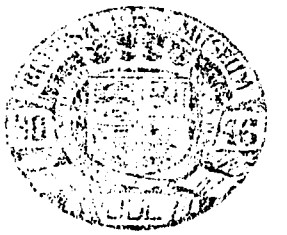
WE have reasons for believing that Garibaldi has been engaged by an eminent publishing firm in Holywell street to write a companion novel to *The Rule of the Monk*. It is said that the forthcoming work will fill up the place in English literature left void by the suppression of *The Confessional Unmasked*.

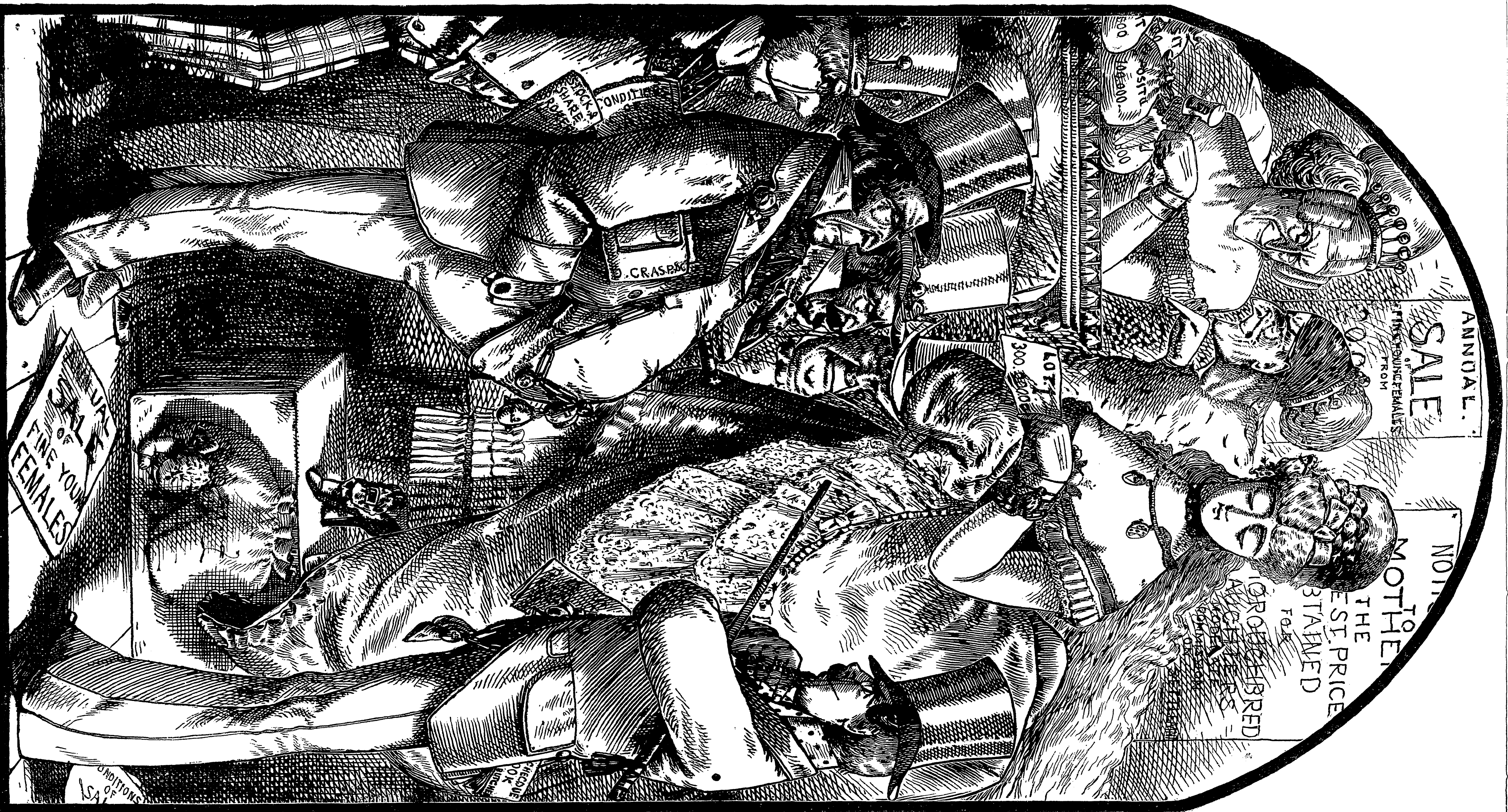
TO return to a subject already noticed by us. The member who referred to the measure introduced last week to oblige Railway Companies to supply foot-warmers to second and third class passengers as a frivolous one, and designated its introduction into the House as a waste of valuable time, had some plea for his view of the matter. Still there was a good deal in the "spirit" of the motion. It will not do for Parliament to interfere too much with the profits of shareholders, yet, at the same time, there are circumstances under which its interference would be a great blessing to all classes of the community. Nothing can be more vile than the treatment second and third class passengers receive at the hands of the Railway Companies, whose sole business seems to be to punish the latter because they are poor, and to bully the former because they refuse to travel first class. As to the foot-warmer question, perhaps a journey, with the glass at 26, from Manchester to London, in a third-class carriage, might have softened the heart even of the indignant member in question. As to the general aspect of railway matters, they have so long been regarded as *the* scandal of the country, that it becomes almost an absurdity to comment upon them. If the Government here interfered, as it does on the continent, to prevent jobbing contractors and their friends constructing useless lines in all directions, for the sole purpose of filling their own pockets at the defenceless shareholders' expense, there would be an end of railway miseries. Lines would then pay a good dividend, and it would not only be to their advantage but also in their power to improve their accommodation in every respect.

A RAIL CONVENIENCE.

IT seems probable that Parliament will at last sanction the introduction of tramways in the metropolis. We are glad to see, however, that there is to be no reckless legislation on the subject, and that the question will be carefully considered. One of the chief features in the new Act will be the prevention of competition, and this, in this instance, we cannot but regard as a wise decision. Rivalry between omnibuses is always a most uncomfortable state of affairs for the unwary traveller; but what would this be to a race between opposition tramway cars? Certainly the number of deaths from street accidents would be much increased, and the danger to life and limb, which is already a sufficiently serious consideration, would be enhanced beyond all bounds. We are quite in accord with the House of Commons, and declare that tramways will be a very good thing in their way; but that they may become a very bad thing in other people's way, and should, therefore, be carefully organized. The present Parliament is actually becoming practical in its matured age.

A NOTE FOR THE NATURALISTS.—Mr. Cook, the eminent naturalist, in his *Note-Book* this month has a most interesting article upon "the Home of the Water Fly"—in the next number he may possibly favour us with "The Top Attic of the Black Beetle," to be followed by the "Shooting Box of the Bumble Bee."





AN ARISTOCRATIC AUCTION!

1ST LOT—MARRIAGE!
2ND LOT—PITOCHE!
3RD LOT—?

3RD LOT.— ?
(DEDICATED TO THE ARRANGERS OF FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.)

THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[CONTINUED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

MARSEILLES, 4 March, 1870.

I AM writing to you in much trouble and perplexity. The fact is, I do not see how, situated as I am in charge of this Indian Chief, I am ever to get home! What has become of Spagmore and the other eleven of the tribe, goodness only knows; but if he has left me with this intractable savage as a practical joke, it is certainly one of the most unjustifiable and really most cruel on record. I can do nothing. Morning, noon, and night I am worried and startled, each hour bringing some special catastrophe more disastrous than the last. I told you that on the day of our arrival at the first hotel I went to (for I have been turned out of twenty-two) the landlord suggested my bringing him to the *table d'hôte*, hoping that he would have conducted himself in at least a decent manner, and so have proved rather an attraction at the dinner. The sequel to this ill-advised suggestion you have yet to hear. However, I send you my notes, and you may judge for yourself how, with such experience in the past, I begin to dread the future!

The landlord thinks I had better give the Chief a hint about the dining, and says it would be as well to show him the room and the table, so as to accustom him a little to it first. We are going to tell him it is a religious ceremony, as perhaps that may appeal to his nobler instincts, and keep him quiet.

Have got him down-stairs tolerably well. He seems impressed with the room. I have pointed to the gold vases of artificial flowers and plates of plums, and said "*you feast*," to him several times. I *think*, but I am not quite sure, he understands what I mean. Beyond making a dash here and there at a carving knife, he has behaved very well. The thing is settled. He is to dine with us at five.

A good deal of discussion as to how he is to be dressed. The landlord inclines to a fancy dress, or for leaving him "as he is;" but as a fancy dress is vulgar, and his present clothing consists merely of the cuddly tablecloth, trimmed with Bradshaw, and fastened round the hips with a toasting fork, I think it would be wiser to take him to some ready-made clothes establishment, and get him a modern fashionable suit. The landlord has given me the address of his tailor, and we are going there at once.

After several war dances, in which the head of the firm, who is over seventy, and suffering from the gout, had to join, we have induced the Chief to put on a shirt and a pair of blue trousers. At one time I feared very serious consequences, for having seized a pair of large shears that had been foolishly left on the counter, he attacked a wax figure of a footman with such fury that it required the whole establishment, consisting of twenty-seven able-bodied men, to carry him up-stairs into the show-room. By again appealing to his religious convictions, we here induced him to be clothed in what I had selected. The choice of a waistcoat I left entirely to him, the pattern-book being turned over before him, and a yell announcing his choice, which, strange to say, was exceedingly quiet. I have ordered one like it myself. The rest of the business passed off nicely enough. Beyond his having selected a *cent gardes* tunic, jumped right through a cheval glass, and made a sort of scarf of the pattern roll, there was nothing in his manner to denote that he was a stranger to European ideas.

We have walked down the Boulevard attracting a good deal of attention, I fancy because the Chief has absolutely refused to wear any boots. I have, however, just had mine blacked at the corner of the street, and he has cheerfully had his *feet* done as well. Indeed, so much did he seem to take to the operation, that I had the greatest trouble to prevent him from being blacked all over. As it is, I could not get him away until he had had his neck, the backs of both his hands, his right cheek, his hair, and the front of his shirt done. He also wanted me to buy the brushes and bottle, but I again quieted him, by a religious allusion, and an assurance that we should have them all for dinner.

Just dinner time. I must go and see if the Chief is ready.

Have found him in a furious state. His trousers are entirely gone beneath the knee, their place being supplied by bunches of brass curtain rings, that he has torn recklessly from the window tapestry. Round his waist he has a foot-bath, of which he has kicked out the bottom, and, what I most feared, all the crockery in the room broken to atoms, jangling at his waist in an empty pillow-case. His pockets, his waistcoat, and his back are stuffed with feathers, he having ripped open all the bedding, and utterly destroyed every vestige of the bed. The clock, a very expensive one, with an *or moulu* group on the top of it, he has dragging after him, attached to his leg by a bell-rope, while the *candelabras* to match he has flung so violently through the looking-glass, that they have stuck in the wall beyond. He seems to imply that he is dressed for dinner.

We are at table. By previous arrangement, the moment the Chief took his place, a rope was dexterously passed round his legs and waist, and so he is now quite secure. I am on his right; on his left is an English swell, who, I do not think, as yet, has noticed him. He has drunk his soup in a tumbler, and put the sardines in his waistcoat pocket; but, on the whole, he is conducting himself admirably. I am afraid, however, a French family opposite take him for my brother, and regard us as a couple of vulgar Englishmen who do not know better.

The Chief has suddenly emptied the contents of a five-franc mustard pot on his head, and swallowed the spoon. I must say something to the French family. Have smiled and hazarded something about, "*Ah! ces Mounsiere, les Chefs Africains, ils sont si drôle!*" and have tried to laugh it off, with a good-natured wink at the young ladies of the party, but their brother, an officer in the dragoons, seems very much annoyed, and has sent me a written challenge by the waiter. I have given it to the Chief, because, really, after all, it is his quarrel, and not mine; but he has dipped it in salad oil, and eaten it.

I feared as much! The officer has regarded this as a deadly insult, and is coming round.

He has pulled the Chief's nose.

The Chief has given a horrible war-whoop, seized him by the chest, and flung him, the whole length of the table, *into the face of the maître d'hôtel!*

The English swell has put his glass in his eye, and said "by Jove;" and the Chief has bonneted him with the salad bowl.

A PLEA FOR THE POOR FEET.

FIVE members of the House of Commons, whose names are worth recording (they are Messrs. Plimsoll, Carter, Richard Shaw, Rylands, and Candlish), have united in bringing in a bill for forcing Railway Companies to supply all classes of travellers, provided they travel for a distance exceeding 20 miles, with foot-warmers. The bill is very short, but to the point. While the preamble sets forth that—"Whereas the health and comfort of railway travellers is greatly promoted by a gratuitous supply of foot-warmers upon some of the principal railways of the United Kingdom, and inasmuch as the cost of supplying the same is comparatively small, it is expedient that all railway companies, owning a railway exceeding twenty miles in length, should be required to supply such foot-warmers, or some other means of heating railway carriages in cold weather, for the benefit of the public free of charge," the Bill itself provides that a fine of forty shillings shall be inflicted as a penalty for each act of disobedience to its order—and this is all. That so simple and beneficial a measure should have been thrown out on its second reading we much regret, for it is time that Railway Companies should be brought to reason, and taught that the public, who use their lines, pay not only for conveyance, but for reasonable comfort, and are now bent on asserting their rights.

NEW AND APPROPRIATE WAY OF SPELLING "MATRIMONY"—"Matter-o'-money."

THE "WORKING-MAN"—HIS SENTIMENTS.

"One man is as good as another—and better."

ORATOR STUBBINGS ON THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

I THOUGHT as 'ow you wouldn't be able to get on without me—not but what I think writing jolly rubbish. I don't know much about scribbling, but I think the paper I should 'ave like to 'ave edited would 'ave been the *Queen's Messenger*. Plenty of bad language yer know, and no end of blackguardism—what I may call literary hob-nailed boots! Ah, that *would* 'ave been jolly.

And now for a few words to yourself. You ain't 'alf a paper—I'm quite disgusted with you! Where was your patriotism when that there Prince of Wales got 'imself into a mess? Why didn't you pitch into 'im?—eh? that's what I want to know. It's all very well to say that he denied upon oath the slanders made agin 'im. But who would believe 'im? If 'e was an honest working man, like me, who got 'is living by the 'orny 'and of industry, it would 'ave been different. But for a prince to tell the truth—a gentleman! Pshaw! you're a flunkey—I'm ashamed of you! Yah!

I went the other night to the Olympic, to see the *Princess*, and werry pleasant it was—just the kind of fun I like—just what I can understand. For instance, ain't this good? The scene's a huniversity, and Blanche is a female professor who objects to the connubial state:—

BLANCHE.—Phyllis will lose three terms, for yesterday,
When looking through her drawing-book, I found
A sketch of a perambulator!

ALL (*shocked*).— Oh!

BLANCHE.—*Double* perambulator, shameless girl!

Haw! haw! haw! Ain't it spicy? And 'ere's another tit-bit which I liked werry much.

HILDE.— But pray reflect—
If you enlist all women in your cause,
And make them all abjure tyrannic man,
The obvious question then arises, "How
Is this Posterity to be provided?"

PRINCESS.—I never thought of that, my Lady Blanche!
How do you solve this riddle?

BLANCHE.—Don't ask me!

Haw! haw! haw! That *is* good—it's spicy—just the kind of thing I like!

I ain't sorry Odger didn't get in for Southwark. 'E ain't what I call a working-man—'e don't drink enough, and as for 'is language! why I don't believe as 'ow 'e knows the rudiments of swearing! Now, what I likes in a working-man is a flow of oaths, capability in beer guzzling, and a knowledge of the use of 'obnailed boots in connection with women's 'eads. Yer catch my meaning?

I went into the park the other day, and, although it was early in the season, law bless me! there was a crowd. It was as much as I could do to keep my 'and from 'eaving many a 'alf brick at the 'eads of the nobs. I can't a-bear a clean shirt; dirt is our birthright, and that's what riles me so when I 'ear of "noble lords" a rolling their coronets in the dirt—our property, yer know. But there was one person in that there crowd of nobs who pleased me amazingly; he was very fat, and 'ad a big Jew nose and a black moustache, and wore a Champagne-Charley 'at, and rode a wooden-looking cob. I 'eard it said as 'ow 'e was a man of (sixty per) sense, and from that I think he couldn't 'ave been the Archbishop of Canterbury.

As there is no news nowhere, I must conclude, as I ain't got nothing more to write about. One item more—old Bright 'as retired to the bosom of 'is family. So much the better, for 'e 'as been a dreadful duffer since 'e's been in office, wanting to limit the compensation for a workman's life to £100. About them workmen's trains, yer know. £100! Why I'm a working man (I goes out regularly to the public-house, and works away at my beer), and what am I worth? What not worth more than eight 'undred 'alf-crowns! I, a man with the 'orny 'and of industry! I, a man who 'as, perhaps, the largest gaol experience in London, not worth more than £100? I tell you what it is, I'm disgusted with Bright. 'E ought to be kicked out of 'is place, and if some one would 'old 'im tight, and my boots were a *leetle* 'cavier than they are, law bless my soul! I'd do it myself.

VERSES FOR THE CLUBS.

WHITE'S.

CHATTING daily to the males,
Playing nightly with the Wales!

ARTHUR'S.

Fashions and fogies in glory are seen,
Scotchmen by hundreds, and Scotchmen are mean.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Some are good, some are bad,
Some are wise, some are mad.
Vice rampant, see the list,
Cues, horses, bets, and whist!

THE THATCHED HOUSE.

A change of name,
No change of fame;
The Rooms are good,
So is the food;
Not for sinners
Are the Dinners!
For vulgar Bill
The homely "pill."
For courtly "mes,"*
The friendly squeeze!

THE CARLTON.

Plenty of silver, plenty of gold,
Awfully dreary, awfully cold!

THE JUNIOR GARRICK.

Of every man within the rāch (reach?)
Brandy plenteous, not so "H."

BEARS AND BULLIES.

WE are glad to see that the Russian Government has withdrawn its demand made on the Swiss authorities for the extradition of M. Netschajeff. It is neither a brave nor a creditable proceeding on the part of a great and powerful Country to attempt to bully a little neighbour into conceding what, as a matter of justice, it has no right to demand; so, in the interests of Continental political decency, we are glad that the point has been given up. While they were about it, however, the Russians might have done the thing graciously, and not have based the withdrawal of their demand on the ground that they believed M. Netschajeff to have left Switzerland. The excuse is lame and ridiculous, and only proves once more that the greatest bullies are, as a rule, the greatest moral cowards. However, we congratulate Switzerland on having got out of a very awkward dilemma.

SILENCE GIVES DISSENT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the rumour that, on the occasion of the first Levée of the Season, held by the Prince of Wales on behalf of the Queen, His Royal Highness would have St. James's Palace entirely to himself, the Levée last week was fully attended, even beyond the average, and the unusually large number of 120 presentations were made. The rumoured demonstration has, therefore, turned out a false alarm. It would have been idle folly, as well as mischievous, if the classes who usually attend Levées had attempted to play the censor on Royalty, especially as Levées possess so little significance, either of a political or social nature. If demonstration were needed, however, the silence with which the state coach was received as it clattered out of Marlborough House on the occasion must quite have answered the purpose that the promoters of the demonstration had in view. But is it not time to let the Mor-daunt matter rest—at all events, until further notice?

* Plural of "me"—for people like the writer.