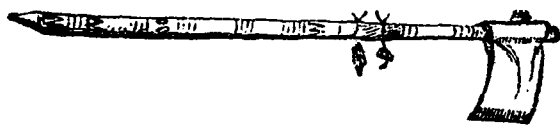


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 16.]

LONDON, AUGUST 24, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE TYRANNY OF MAJORITIES.

WE, of course, like the greater part of our fellow-citizens, do not presume to have either political or any other principles and opinions of our own, but get them, hot and fresh every morning, from the columns of the leading journals. Accordingly we have done our best to feel that wise delight at the triumph of "pure reason" with which the *Times* has crowned the success of the limited voting clause introduced into the Reform Bill by the Lords. Our only doubt about the plan is, that it seems to have somewhat the character of a misrepresentation of minorities—that is to say, a representation of them as majorities, which is the greatest injury that could possibly be done to them. We want the minority principle fairly carried out, and we shall not be satisfied until the blow that has now been struck at the grinding monopoly of majorities in everything has been followed up by its utter overthrow, and the complete emancipation of those who are now oppressed by it, and we shall not have done enough until we have struck one more blow, and achieved perfect liberty from our chains.

The monstrous belief that, when two opinions are offered, that which is held by the greater number of men should be adopted, is apparent throughout all our institutions, manners, and customs. Let us consider a few of the instances in which the tyranny and intolerance of the majority is most strongly shewn. Take the Arts for instance. The majority has taken upon itself to say that blue is one colour and red another, and that they are not the same—and when a minority asserts that they are the same, that minority is accused of being colour-blind, and it is only after infinite labour and sacrifices that even a Tory Government has obtained the admission that black and white are interchangeable terms. In Literature again, the majority will not allow that truth is artistic, and when a minority dares to utter it that minority is denounced as "low." Or take Science. The assertions that two and two make four, and that the earth is round, depend upon no other foundation whatever than the support of the greater number of noses, and if to-morrow the majority were to decide that two and two make fourteen, or that the earth is extinguisher-shaped, the minority which should refuse to accept the new opinion would be stigmatized as fools and madmen, and very likely shut up in a lunatic asylum, as many now are, for denying the views on these subjects which now happen to be prevalent.

The cruelty of this tyranny is shewn most strongly by the ruthless way in which it has been reduced to a system, and dignified with the name of "institutions" throughout the world. Here in England it is especially apparent. The acquisition of goods by informal transfer or "robbery," the gratification of passion by what is called "murder," and a whole catalogue of similar acts, for instance, have been stigmatized as crimes by the authority, and by that only of the majority, and they are constantly visited with a scale of punishments fixed by that majority. The minority who indulge in these acts, however, denies that there is inherent in any number of men the right to carry out the views of a majority by imposing a penalty for their non-adoption. The murderer and burglar in the dock have over and over again tried to induce judges and juries to adopt their opinions, but pure reason has never prevailed, and because the murderer and burglar are in a minority—and for no other reason—they are strangled, deported, im-

prisoned, or otherwise disposed of, without the slightest weight being given to their views. Then in religion, it is as bad; and if some stand has been made here, it is only because the minorities have shewn a tendency to change relative positions with their opponents, and to become themselves the stronger in noses. But at present, we are required to accept any dogmas, and practise all rites and ceremonies (and no others) which the majority holds to be of divine institution, and any attempt to resist is met by means of coercion, varying from the infliction of the names of "heretic," "infidel," "pagan," and so on to the prophecy of a final abode in a place, the very existence of which is only supported by the same opinions.

There is therefore the strongest reasons for a rebellion against majorities. The step which has already been taken is scarcely a full assertion of the liberty which should exist, for the *representation of minorities was carried by a majority*. We should have preferred to see it carried by a minority, but as it is, we accept it with profound thankfulness as an instalment of progress, and we now consider ourselves warranted in looking forward to the time when artists shall no longer be criticized, eclectic men of science condemned, burglars imprisoned, murderers hanged, or schismatics condemned to flames solely because they happen to be in a minority.

TO DIZZY.

BY A COUNTRY SQUIRE.

When time hath bereft thee
Of votes now divine;
When the boroughs have left thee,
Nor counties be thine.
When the faces shall vanish,
That circle thee now;
And the groans thou wouldst banish,
Shall grow to a row.
In the hour of thy sadness,
Then think upon me.
And that thought shall be madness,
Deceiver to thee.

When Bright who could turn thee,
From virtue and fame,
Shall spurn thee and leave thee,
To sorrow and shame.
When by Gladstone requited,
Thy brain shall be stung;
When thy name shall be blighted,
And linked with "unhung."
In the depth of thy sadness,
Then think upon me.
And that thought shall be madness,
Deceiver to thee.

WOOD FOR WOODEN HEADS.—Our dear (in every sense of the word) contemporary, the *Westminster Gazette*, suggests an application of the cudgel to the "talent" of the TOMAHAWK! If we were to return the compliment, we fear our labour would be in vain. If we wished to thrash the "talent" of the *Westminster Gazette*, we should have to *stick at nothing*!

THE MANSFIELD TESTIMONIAL.

NOTICE.—We beg to announce that a very wide-spread sympathy having been found to exist in favour of Sir William Mansfield, who has, in the opinion of many, been very unjustly censured for doing an unpleasant duty, a committee of gentlemen has been formed to give some practical effect to this feeling in favour of a brave and kind-hearted officer. We have consented to receive subscriptions towards a fund for the purpose of compensating this maligned hero for the severe losses, which he has incurred through the mal-administration of his store-room by his extravagant aide-de-camp. We beg to inform our readers that we shall be happy to receive subscriptions, either in money or in kind, at our office. Pickles (mixed or West Indian), Jam, or Marmalade, Tapioca, and Betts' British Brandy, thankfully received. Loaf-sugar and Yarmouth bloaters taken for purposes of exchange. No dripping can be accepted. We shall publish from time to time a list of subscriptions.



LONDON, AUGUST 24, 1867.

WE find the following in a theatrical playbill, "Miss Kate Terry's Farewell Performances—Much Ado About Nothing."

THE Conservatives always boasted that they were the true economists, and not the Whigs. They have proved it this session, for immediately the tailors' strike began they lost no time in learning how to turn their coats!

GARIBALDI'S Roman committee, and some French workmen resident in London, have, by deputy, congratulated *Juarez* on the murder of the *Emperor Maximilian*. The latter worthies express the heartiest satisfaction at the event, and place their Mexican ideal on a par with *Cromwell* and *Robespierre*. How does *Mr. Carlyle* take to this?

CAN nothing be done, short of murder, to suppress that nuisance, Whalley? He is as impervious to ridicule and contempt as he is incapable of courtesy and propriety. In his last performance, on Thursday night, he quite surpassed himself. Let us hope that one result of the Reform Bill will be, that no constituency will be found foolish enough to return such a Member. The representative of Peterborough has missed his vocation: as a comic singer at a music hall he would be—well, never mind.

THE Saw-grinders' Union have passed a vote of confidence in Broadhead and Crookes, expressing the highest approbation of their conduct. They seem to think that it is only fair to gain their end by hook or by Crookes. We hope to see published shortly a collection of "Moral Saws, by a Sawgrinder;" such a volume would be a curiosity. We should like to know whether the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge has a mission in Sheffield. We know they have in many places where they are *not* wanted.

OF THE OFFICIAL FISHY.—The Ministerial White-Bait Dinner.

NEEDLESS PRECAUTION.—A "leader" in a Sunday contemporary this week, commenting in no measured terms upon our policy, has been *double-leaded* by the editor. Surely such a proceeding was unwise. The article, as it stood originally, must have been quite *heavy* enough to have suited the most fastidious taste.

A CHEAP MILLENIUM.

The *Morning Star* informs us that an "International Congress of Peace is about to hold its first session in Geneva, on the 9th of September, and that the most energetic preparations are being made to render it an important event."

If this be the case, it really becomes a religious duty to give it all the publicity we can, and therefore, without apology, we proceed with the paragraph, and are delighted to find that "M. Merille de Colleville, whose address in London is 5 Percy-circus, Pentonville, is the representative of the Congress here, and is ready to receive the names of gentlemen anxious to enrol themselves among its members."

Here then is a chance for any one bold enough to hunt up "Percy-circus, Pentonville," and beard "M. Merille de Colleville" in his first floor. A gentleman with such a euphonious name would alone demand a gratuitous attention, for even Pentonville cannot much damage his lustre. "Percy-circus" once found—it is satisfactory to know *he* at least can be seen for twopence halfpenny; for the *Star* tells us that "Twenty-five centimes—or say three English pence or postage stamps—is the subscription the Congress demands of every one anxious to be enrolled on its lists."—But this by the way.

The amount, says the *Star*, is not a "very severe test of earnestness," and the *Star* is right. Still, it is very devoutly to be hoped, in the present state of Continental politics, that this enterprising and economical effort may bear some sort of fruit, and perhaps M. Merille de Colleville could not do a better stroke of business than at once get twopence halfpenny out of the French Emperor and Count de Bismarck. Banter apart, can a more idiotic piece of nonsense than this be conceived? The thing would have been beneath notice had not a decently conducted London journal advertised it in big type in its leading page. What amount of peace does the *Star* think is to be secured to the world by a debating Society at Geneva and a twopenny halfpenny subscription at Percy-circus? Not so long ago, Dr. Cumming had the impertinence to draw up a species of official programme for the opening day of the Millennium—a programme which, for obvious reasons, has not yet been carried out. Mr. Carlyle, on the other hand, has just told us we are all going as fast as we can—well,—down Niagara. Perhaps then, there is some excuse for Pentonville. It is, in one respect, wiser in its generation than the prophets; it promises nothing, and demands twopence halfpenny down!

ECHO ANSWERS WHERE?

A CERTAIN high-priced journal, the production of which, to judge from its contents, must severely tax the leisure hours and intellectual powers of the long-memoried hall-porters, and the large-calved waiters at the various clubs, has deigned to abuse us in no measured language. We should be sorry to quote this refined censure, as it conveys an imputation against one whom we honour and respect (none the less because we dare to tell her the truth), which we should disgrace ourselves by repeating. The atmosphere of the clubs is, at the best, not a wholesome one; but we would remind our critic that nothing is so likely to show the innate corruption of a degraded mind as any attempt to assign a meaning to what it does not understand. If the problem, by any process of torturing, be capable of a foul interpretation, such a creature is sure to hit on it. We do not wish to rob our contemporary of his undoubted prerogative of maligning private characters. The Men and Women whom the hangers-on of club servants meet, may be of a very exceptional character, but it is hard they should be exposed to such rancorous personality as they have met with in the pages of our polite contemporary. We cannot call those articles to which we allude prostitutions of art, as there is no art in them to prostitute; but if we want snobbish insolence and cowardly scurrility, we need scarcely ask where to find it. Echo answers where?

A PAPER NOT WORTH A FIG.—The *Edinburgh Courant* (Current?).

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "DRAMATIC CRITICS CRITICISED."—"The Philosophy of the Ballet." By "A Music Hall Clerk." Messrs. — and Co., near the Alhambra, Leicester Square.



PICTURES IN THE FIRE!
A
REVIEW OF THE SEASON.



PICTURES IN THE FIRE :

A

REVIEW OF THE SEASON!

(See Cartoon.)

QUITE quiet ! Only the wood burning in the watch fire. The fever'd votaries of pleasure have hurried to the pleasant waves of the Salt Lake, the great and treacherous Salt Lake, and Tomahawk is left alone. The damsels and the young men, the medicine men and the warriors are far away chasing the nimble snipe, or hunting the quick winged grouse bird. Only "X 4," the great man, "X 4" the policeman, he of the truncheon and the bull's-eye, he of the area and the larder is left behind.

The young braves of St. James, they of the bearskins that are rough and shaggy, and the moccasins that glimmer and shine like the sun at noon-day, like the light of Child's his night light,—they of the purple scarves and red coats, they of the straight knives and whiskers have left the land of cooks and white beards, the resting place of books and napkins, the one long home of Thomas—Thomas, surnamed the Great Club Waiter, for the town of white-stone, the place of pleasure ; Paris the brimfull ; Paris, the dear one ! Pale faces that are painted, painted faces that are pale beneath the pigment, hearts that are cold and stony, stones that are red and heart-shaped, hair that is false yet living, tongues that are soft yet lying, words that are base yet soothing, have come and gone, and lived and died, and Tomahawk's left alone !

He gazeth on the red fire, he sigheth at the visions, his eyes are filled with water, his soul is steeped in sorrow ! He mourneth for the lost hopes, he mourneth for the good words, he mourneth for the true words, the words of love and virtue, the words of truth and childhood, the words of youths and maidens, lost in the season's spring !

He looketh in the red fire for beauty and for goodness, for honour and for greatness, but nought he findeth there ! Where are the gentle maidens, they of the pure and holy, they of the true and goodly ? Where have they gone ? Where is their simple beauty, where are their holy love words ? Where are their good deeds, where are their true deeds, where are their great deeds ? Why in their lawyer's box ! He seeth nought but falseness, but faces that are painted, but hearts that are truthless, but souls that are lost ones, but souls that are greedy, greedy for gain not love words, for gold and not for fair fame, for all that's false not truthful, for all that's base and lying, for all that's base and killing ! He seeth for the last time, in the place of resting, in the place of ending, in the fire that's red and burneth—the proper place for falseness, the ternal home of lying, the ternal home of screaming ; of screaming and of crying and of living that is dying !

He looketh for the great deeds, the great deeds of the great ones, the sage acts of the grey beards, the guiders of the people, the talkers at the council, the steerers of the state ship, and findeth nought but—smoke !

Then he seeth in the fire-light, a vision that is painful, a vision that is awful—awful to the good and holy—dreadful to the foul and wicked ; to th' assassin and the murd'rer, a cause of woe and shiv'ring ; at the feast of the great ones—at the board of the crown'd heads, at the table of the schemer, the shrewd and wily plotter, amid the wine-cups of the palace, the throng of lords, and heros, stands a ghost that's pale and bleeding ! A shade that's cold and threat'ning ! Woe to the wily schemer, to the all-but-childless sovereign ; to him that's called usurper ; to him that's feared and friendless ! The ghost shall ever haunt him : in the summer and the winter ; in the autumn and the spring time ; till his soul has left his body ; till Paris knows another ; till his people hail another !

Once more he gazeth in the fire-light, among the red and burning embers, among the wreaths of smoke-work—of smoke-work and of flame-form,—and seeketh yet, once more. A gay and youthful chieftain, one wedded to a lady ; a lady good and suffering, a woman loved and cherished, cherished by the people, by the rough and churlish people, by those that scoff at crowns, and read the *Morning Star*. This gay and youthful chieftain is following in the footsteps of those that go before him—before him—long before him—like spirits, yes, of evil—like spirits that would lead him, away and far from goodness, and very far from greatness, far from his father's fame. "Stay, O gay and youth-

ful chieftain," saith the sad and weary Indian, "forget not that thy people—thy honored father's people, thy mournful mother's children—have fixed their hopes on thee. That they ask thee to befriend them, by lessons worth the learning, that will purge their youths of falseness ; their maidens, yes, of fastness ; and leave them good and pure. A fine and noble pattern, is all that now is wanted, to set our people free—free from the vice of small sins, free from the sins of great crimes, free from the prison of the Slang King, from the high and mighty Fashion, with her dresses that are low-necked, with her wine-cup never empty, with her gait that's far from steady."

Again he looketh on the red light—the red light of the wood fire, and seeth something more. A crown that should be resting on a brow that's more than queenly, of a Queen that is a mother—a mother loved and lonely,—who is sad and very lonely,—yes, in her children's midst. "Oh, lady !" saith the Indian, "forgive me for my murmurs ; forgive me if I tell thee the truth so plain and homely—the truth that's more than whispered in the wigwams of the mighty, the hovels of the lowly, with smiles that not are kindly, with nods that carry meaning. Oh, lady, we've known thee—and known thee, yes, to love thee ; the fairest of the maidens, the gentlest of the matrons ; with thy husband's love to cheer thee, with thy children's voice to praise thee ! We are longing now to see thee—to see thee and to greet thee ; with hearts that still are yearning towards their sovereign's name. We've welcomed thee in gladness, we've mourned with thee in sorrow. Oh ! come to us, we pray thee, and our love shall still be thine !"

From the ever changing cloud-rings, and the quickly fading pictures that live among the flamelets and disappear in smoke, cometh forth the roar of cracking—of cracking and of burning, and Pluto stands triumphant, surrounded by his dupes. Death, the bony horseman, is riding on his charger—his charger white and dying ; the horse that still is striving to drag the car along ; the car that's ever crushing—for ever, ever crushing, those who stand beside it, those who clamber o'er it ; those who, in their gold-search, have found the jaws of Hell !

But see, the fire grows dimmer, and the red-light now is deeper, deeper and yet is fainter, fainter, and dies away. And the dawn comes o'er the mountain, and the birds begin their anthems, and all is life and joy—for man is still asleep. And the sun shines in the heavens, and the fire has left its ashes, and the smoke, with all its visions—with its sad and solemn visions, with its many mournful warnings, is lost beyond the skies !

"A SHADE TOO SEVERE."

THE following letter was communicated at a spiritual Séance the other night by the spirit of a most distinguished lady, the Duchess of ——. Alas ! like the writer, it was "late." It was simply addressed "To my daughter" :—

"You ask my advice, dearest, as to whether you shall publish a certain memoir which you have compiled from your own journal, and recollections of dear Ernest. You think that such a publication cannot fail to exalt him in the opinion of all your people, and at the same time to prove to them what good reason you have for remaining in retirement and devoting yourself to his memory.

"Now, my dear, you must not be angry with me if I tell you frankly that I think neither of your proposed ends will be gained by the publication of this book. When first your great sorrow came upon you like an avalanche, every one of your subjects grieved with you as if they had lost one of their own dear family. Though they are spoken by a woman whose character we cannot admire, there is much truth in those words—

Some grief shows much of love :

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

And, especially in this practical age, people are impatient of a sorrow which enervates the mourner for too long a space of time ; and still more impatient are all men of any fellow-mortal being perpetually held up to them as a model of perfection ; for we know, from sad experience, that all human excellence is at the best very imperfect, and that often those whose virtues are too much extolled, were only too successful in concealing their faults. I do not say but what there is much of envy and lack of charity in this feeling ; yet there is some truth and reason ; and remember that however perfect dear Ernest's character may seem to

you, who knew all the secret tendernesses of his disposition ; however faultless you may deem him, seeing only with the eyes of love, yet his character was not an attractive one to ordinary people ; he was too free from the common weakness of mankind, and what he gained in integrity and purity, he lost in sympathy and geniality ; his very goodness made him cold and austere to others, except those of whom he was very fond. His was a nature which excited respect, even fear, but not enthusiasm or love in most minds ; so that you must not wonder if, while admitting his many excellent qualities, the world in general declines to follow you in your reverential love for him. In fact, I am afraid my dear, that here is your very danger ; your love is too near worship ; and nothing is justly more distasteful to mankind than idolatry of any human creature. The great common link between us all, is a sense of our universal imperfection ; to arrogate to any one individual of the children of Adam an exemption from this imperfection, is to invite the envy, if not the hatred, of his or her brothers and sisters. Nor can it fail to do harm to our own moral nature, if we allow ourselves insensibly to set up before us the image of some fellow-creature as a god to be worshipped. The best of mortals, as I said before, are very far from perfect, and the higher our standard of excellence, the higher will be the point of excellence to which we ourselves attain. We always fall below our aim. Our aim, therefore, cannot be too high.

"I need not say anything to you, who must have profited by Ernest's very noble ideas of education, as to the debilitating effect which dwelling on one subject, whatever it be, has on our nature physically, intellectually, and morally. The paralysis which excesses produce on the body, is not more terrible than the mental palsy which intemperance in sorrow produces on the mind.

"I would say something to you, dearest, as your mother, on the effect which the publication of such a book in your lifetime would produce with regard to yourself. That it would evoke much sympathy for you, I have no doubt ; but whether such sympathy will be very genuine, or very long-lived, I doubt ; and if it were so, whether it would be productive of anything but harm to yourself.

Try and divest yourself for one moment, my dear child, of the intense love which you have for Ernest's memory, and look at this matter in a calm, dispassionate spirit. You are publishing circumstances in your own private life, records of your deepest and most sacred feelings, extracts from your private journal, which should be read by no eye but your own while you are living—would not this, in an insignificant person, be rather a dangerous thing ? How much more so, then, for one in your position ? You invite criticism on your book, just the same as on any other book published to the world. What can that criticism be ? Do you think persons will speak the truth to a woman and a queen ? Do you not think that they are sure to flatter you ? And while they may honestly express admiration for the character of him, to honour whom you have thus sacrificed your natural reserve, can they avoid expressions of something more than sympathy with you ? Can they avoid praising your affection, your fidelity to the memory of your dear husband, your humility, your tenderness—and a thousand other qualities which I know you possess, but which you should be careful as a Christian not to parade before the world ?

"Do you not think, my dear daughter, that you fall into very great danger of encouraging in yourself a self-satisfaction and self-righteousness which cannot be wholesome to your moral nature ? To say nothing of the loss of dignity which you incur, do you not risk the loss of that influence which such excellent qualities must possess when exercised in the proper place and at the proper time, and with due modesty ? I fear very much that you do, and that however valuable this book may be as an illustration of the history of your reign, and however dear it may become to all who love and honour you, that it will be much more so if it be published after your death.

"I believe that you have allowed your excessive affection for Ernest to mislead you in this matter, and I trust that you will see the wisdom of my advice. Every good end which you propose to yourself will be answered by the publication of the work after your lifetime, and every danger which I have hinted at will be avoided.

"I am, dearest,
"Your ever loving mother,
"—— ———."

MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE.

AT the request of several influential members of the Anthropological Society, we have drawn up the following table to point out the relative positions held by the inhabitants of the globe in their respective "Places in Nature" :—

The Staff of the TOMAHAWK.
Their dogs and horses.
The rest of their families, with the exception of their mothers-in-law.
The Chameleon lately captured in Holborn.
The Editor of the *Times*.
The rest of the chameleon family.
Performing mice that let off cannons.
Horses that have won the Derby.
Dogs that give entertainments.
Sensible people generally.
Good dogs.
White mice that do *not* let off cannons.
Mr. Cole, C.B.
Parrots that use bad language.
Mr. Beales, M.A.
The rest of the parrot family.
The elephant at the Zoo.
Dolls that can say "papa, mama."
Slow young ladies.
The rest of the doll family.
Geese.
English dramatists who translate from the French.
Donkeys.
English dramatists who write original pieces.
Horses that draw bathing machines at Herne Bay.
Journalists.
The rest of the hack family.
Lions and tigers that prefer niggers to white men.
Lions and tigers that prefer white men to niggers.
Tin soldiers (best quality.)
The "working man."
Gregarines.
Tailors who expect to be paid.
The King of Abyssinia.
Lap dogs fond of biting shins.
Wooden soldiers (1s. 6d. the box.)
Mad dogs.
Niggers.
Sharks.
People who send unsolicited contributions to the TOMAHAWK.
Rattle snakes.
Wasps.
Mothers-in-law to the Staff of the TOMAHAWK.
Mr. Whalley.

"OPERA BOUFFE" IN ENGLAND.

WHAT a pity it is that a well-organised endeavour is not made, whereby a firm footing could be secured in our country for this class of entertainment. It is true that abortive efforts have from time to time been made to adapt and modify some popular work of Offenbach's, in order that it might be rendered suitable for performance on the English stage ; but when the music had been slashed about, and the libretto "purified," what a washed-out and colourless result was presented to the public ! The representations of *Orphée aux Enfers* at the Haymarket, of *La Belle Hélène* at the Adelphi, and of *Barbe Bleue* at the Olympic, will probably be fresh in the memory of those amongst our readers who were so unfortunate as to witness them. Nothing more pitiable can be imagined than were these abject attempts to transplant in England that which flourishes so merrily in France. One exception may be made to the catalogue of managers, who, by shortsightedness or general incapacity, have done such grievous injury to the cause which they professed a desire to assist : the exception referred to is Mr. German Reed, who, in his *Opera di Camera* performances at the Gallery of Illustration, gave the public a better idea of what this species of entertainment should be than has been known before or since.

The latest and most Quixotic notion of all was to bring to

gether a company of English artists, in order that they should perform an adaptation of the *Grande Duchesse*; but, just fancy at what theatre it was to be mounted—why, at Covent Garden! Assuredly nothing could have been more ill-advised, and it is difficult to believe that so rare a piece of folly can ever have been in the serious contemplation of anybody—even a London manager. The absurdity of the idea lies in the fact that Covent Garden is no theatre for comedy of any kind; and if *Opera Bouffe* is to find a home in England, a residence must be selected, if possible, not larger than the Adelphi Theatre.

It may not be profitless to trace the causes which have led to the repeated failures in this branch of theatrical enterprise. In the first, and most important place, must be ranked the undeniable fact, that the *libretti* of Offenbach's most successful operas are not to the taste of the British public at large. It would be but a nonsensical waste of time to go into the question as to whether our public is right or wrong; but it will probably be conceded that, were an English author to set to work at a book for a comic operetta, he would produce a result, not one half as witty as the works of Offenbach's *collaborateurs*, but twice as acceptable to an English audience. In the second place, it must be borne in mind that a piece of this sort, in Paris, is written for the resources of a particular theatre, and the vocal infirmities of each member of the troupe are consulted. How much more necessary, then, that our actors, who have not half the intelligence of the French, should receive similar consideration. In support of this last remark, we may allude to certain performances by amateurs, of Mr. Frederic Clay's *Out of Sight* (in aid of the Guards' Industrial Schools and the Cambridge Hospital), also of Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Gox and Box* (in aid of the "Bennett Fund"); in both cases the musical work had been specially designed to meet the means of the executants, and the result was a complete and uniformly excellent performance—such, indeed, as to make one regret the level mediocrity of amateur efforts in general.

If then, by a little care and attention, a good representation of light opera can be obtained from those who have not been professionally trained to their work, it seems rather hard to explain how it happens that managers cannot, or will not, bestir themselves to supply a want which is now generally felt.

Let us hope that somebody, with a head on his shoulders, may soon be found to take this matter seriously in hand. It is by no means so difficult as might be supposed; and we feel satisfied, if a fitting-sized theatre were opened to-morrow for the performance of light opera in a worthy manner, that the enterprise would meet with ready and lasting support on the part of the public.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE BETTER OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY.

WE have been favoured with a prospectus embodying the views of this society, and are only too glad to give it publicity:—

"This society has observed with pain and regret the increasing tendency of modern men to act as if they were of opinion that Sunday was made for them, and not they for Sunday, and to regard it as a day of rest and enjoyment, instead of a day of stagnation and mortification.

We consider that we may lay it down as a law, that the only proper employments for an English Sunday are,—

1. Going to church.
2. Going to sleep.

The first of these two employments is, of course, that in which the whole day should, strictly speaking, be spent; but the indifference of the present age is such, that it is all but completely neglected as a means of paralyzing the judgment and obfuscating the intellect, and thus, of producing the proper Sunday state.

The second admits of some amplification, and may be taken to include such employments as standing against a dead-wall (provided there is no conversation), walking about without an object (provided no fresh air is imbibed, and no thinking is carried on), and in extreme cases (if it can be done without servants), getting drunk.

Instead of this, however, the spectacle which the English people present on that day is most afflicting to every right-minded person. As to the upper classes, not only are the great majority of them awoken by their servants, or an alarm, on that morning, but

we are informed that they perform their ablutions, brush their hair, and generally begin the day by a criminal indulgence in all the onerous labours of the toilet. They then indulge in breakfast—often even a hot one!—and then misspend a half-hour in devising reasons for not going to church, or in the inhalation of tobacco-smoke. Then in the afternoon they pay what are called visits, which may be allowable so long as they are only used for the creation or propagation of scandal, since that is scarcely to be called an exertion, but which notoriously and continually degenerate into political meetings, social discussions, or an arena for the conflict of toilets. The lower classes are even worse. They are to be seen walking about the parks admiring flowers, and even going to Brighton and back for 3s. 6d. How often too we are shocked by seeing them buy the degrading pipe-light, the immoral apple, or the luxurious orange; while the soothing public-house, the quiet lamp-post, and the edifying four-poster are neglected and abandoned.

We have made many efforts to improve this state of things. Mr. Tom Hughes has introduced a bill imposing absolute silence upon the orange and apple vendors, which we trusted would have had the effect of absolutely suppressing these immoral and irreligious old women, and perhaps of sending them home to sleep instead of earning an honest livelihood by disregarding our principles. We regret that this bill has not met with the fate it deserved, but we intend bringing in another next Session to make sleep compulsory on Sunday, with a provision for compounding for four hours of the day by attendance at any church where the preacher can produce a satisfactory certificate of the somnolent quality of his discourses. Subscriptions will be thankfully received, and in case you do not subscribe we shall be obliged if you will return this application with a stamped envelope to defray expenses."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

So like, and yet so unlike—could they feel
The one who in the other largely deal;
We might have hope that Truth would triumph yet,
And what we ask for we might really get.

1.
Our blood and wealth we freely spent,
To set these wretches free;
We gave them what we never had,
And what we ne'er shall see.

2.
Some say the Infidels came here,
To have us on the hip;
We must confess that what they sought
They had—but on the lip.

3.
This word, we know, contains a spell—
And yet we cannot spell it—
Nor can we write it—guess it, then,
For never may we tell it.

4.
This little word is oft addressed
To those who would be better;
If they could be this always, not
By name alone, but letter.

5.
By name!—I dare not name this thing,
But call it what you will;
However fair the name you choose,
'Twill be the same thing still.

* * Those who were puzzled by the word "Argal," in our last Double Acrostic, had better read the Gravedigger's scene in *Hamlet*.

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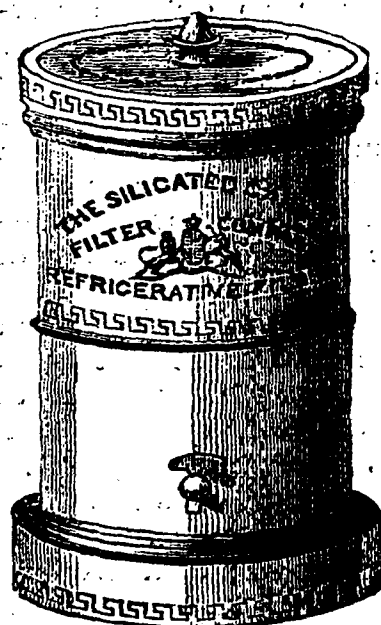
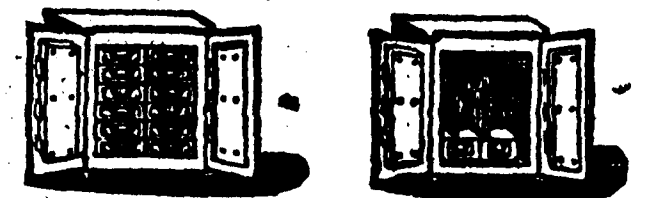
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