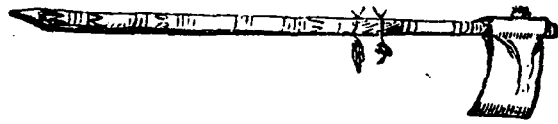


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 22.]

LONDON, OCTOBER 5, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

A KNOTTY POINT.

WE should very much like to know the grounds on which Mr. Gathorne Hardy remitted the sentence of Mr. Kennard Knott, a wealthy farmer, of Lyde, near Yeovil, who was sentenced by Alderman Lusk, on the 5th of September, to a month's imprisonment for having sent four cows, which were unfit for human food, to the London market. Knott had been a butcher, and therefore there was no excuse for him; the cows had died of over-feeding, and the meat was therefore inflamed and no better than poison. Every attempt was made to have the case settled on payment of a fine; but the Alderman was firm: whether he knew from his civic experiences the fearful results of over-feeding; or whether he had really determined to punish with a real punishment, as the law happily allowed him, an offender who was knowingly trying to infect innocent persons with disease, for the sake of a paltry sum of money (for this is what the offence really amounted to), we do not know; but certain it is that the respectability of Mr. Knott availed him nothing, and he received a most just sentence for his disgraceful conduct. We need scarcely say, that such an unusual exhibition of firmness on the bench astonished everybody, including the prisoner, who exclaimed, "You had better transport me at once," and for once we agree with the prisoner.

On Thursday, Sept. 19th, Mr. Kennard Knott, late butcher, and later purveyor of diseased meat to the London markets, was released, "a delay having arisen through her Majesty's absence at Balmoral." It is not often that we can rejoice at her Majesty's absence at Balmoral, but in this case we can most sincerely, as it was the cause of Mr. Kennard Knott undergoing a few more days' imprisonment than he would have otherwise. But what we wish to ask the Home-Secretary is—On what grounds did he remit any part of this sentence, which, on the face of the facts, appears a most just one, and one likely to act as a most effective warning to criminals of this class?

If Mr. Kennard Knott (forgive us the cruel supposition), had been a poor, ragged, starving wretch, who had in a moment of gnawing hunger, stolen a handful of oats from a well-to-do farmer would Mr. Hardy have remitted his sentence? We think not: for the agricultural interest must be protected. Respectable farmers must not be thrown into gaol for merely endeavouring to recoup some of their losses in stock by selling diseased carcasses as food for the poor. What does it matter if one or two families in the slums of Soho or Rotherhithe are half-poisoned, so long as Mr. Kennard Knott does not lose the whole value of his dead cows.

The matter is one of the utmost importance, and we trust that it will not be allowed to rest till Mr. Hardy has made some excuse for this practical reversion of the magistrate's sentence. We should like to know who signed the memorial, and what were the new facts brought forward which could be supposed to extenuate the culprit's conduct. It seems to us that this offence so much practised by farmers and cattle-dealers, is a most cowardly and cruel crime. The man who poisons his victim with some chemical, the traces of which cannot be effaced after death, shows a certain amount of courage; but the wretch who in order to save himself from some trifling loss, knowingly endangers the health, if not the lives of many of his fellow creatures, exhibits the most dastardly depravity. To punish such an one by fine is a mockery of justice; it encourages unprincipled dealers to speculate by sending up for sale diseased meat, and running the risk of detection; a speculation, from which nothing short of such wholesome severity as shown by Mr. Alderman Lusk, will deter them. If such men as Knott are to be made martyrs of, and to be rescued from the hands of justice by the fiat of the Home Secretary, we had better abandon any pretence of attempting to restrain offenders of his class; and had better confess at once that our laws are only a barrier, raised by the rich in defence of the glorious privileges of property; and that the fiction of their being based on morality or justice is one the truth of which it is necessary to be poor, to discover in all its immensity.

JUSTICE AND HER SCALES.

It appears that three-and-forty tradesmen of Newington have been fined £67 10s. (about £1 12s. each) for an offence which the law smilingly regards as a commercial indiscretion. At a Special Sessions held the other day they were convicted of "making use of false weights and measures," that is to say, of robbing their customers systematically. "Larceny," or "theft," is defined to be "the taking or the carrying away of the personal goods of another, with intent to deprive the owner of them," and it must be obvious that to plunder a man across a counter is nothing of the kind. If this does not strike the law student at once, possibly the following brief table will help him to elucidate the matter, as it evolves that recognised principle of English law, that justice ought always to be blindfold when she has hold of the scales.

CRIMES

INDISCRETIONS

To be followed by imprisonment, hard labour, and utter social ruin.

To result in a slight fine, and as flourishing a business as ever.

(1.)

Taking away from any one a square yard of linen, in the shape of a pocket handkerchief.

(1.)

Robbing anyone of same by selling him fourteen yards for fifteen.

(2.)

Taking one halfpennyworth of milk.

(2.)

Defrauding one of twelve halfpennyworth's in succession, and supplying its place with pump water, horses' brains, and chalk.

(3.)

Stealing a penny loaf.

(3.)

Stealing enough bread to make a dozen quarter loaves, by a series of periodical thefts.

(4.)

Passing bad money.

(4.)

Disposing of bad, adulterated, and poisoned food.

(5.)

All open thefts easily to be detected, and likely to be committed on the rich or those in decent circumstances.

(5.)

All secret thefts to be detected with the greatest difficulty, and committed almost entirely on the poor and those who can least afford to be robbed.

LAYING A PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

THE services rendered by Mr. Tupper to "literature and religion" are to be rewarded. He is to have a testimonial. Among the numerous suggestions that have been made as to the character the proposed memorial should assume, one appears to be pre-eminently happy. What could be more agreeable to the well-known simple tastes of our greatest proverbial philosopher, than "a colossal institution for lunatics, to be called 'Tupper Hall;' over the entrance the touching legend, 'Si monumentum aueris, circumspece?'"

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—The latest flash in the pan—according to the *Times*. The Pan-Anglican Synod.

THE PATRIOTISM OF WAGS.—Some considerable discussion is going on amongst those learned in such matters, as to the importance of providing the Abyssinian expedition with Rockets. We are sorry not to be able to go all lengths with the officials on this subject, but we shall be happy to accept a contract for Squibs.



LONDON, OCTOBER 5, 1867.

GARIBALDI is to be requested to keep himself a prisoner at *Caprera*. His friends consider that he will there find *Elba-room*.

THE Pan-Anglican Synod will, after its meritorious attempts to settle existing theological difficulties, be re-christened the Pan-Anglicannot Synod.

THE Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, whose honorary title as "King of the Rats" nobody would venture to dispute, has been just unanimously elected "Prince of Bucks."

A NEW department is going to be added to the Inland Revenue Office. Licenses to maim and murder will be issued thence to all members of Trades Unions, in order to protect them in the exercise of their sacred duties.

WE understand that Miss Braddon has attempted to palliate the publication of the original novel "Circe," in her magazine, as being only a "White" lie. It is a very colourable excuse, but we are afraid, to use a vulgar expression, that it won't wash.

THE Barry-Pugin controversy still rages. This is only to be expected, inasmuch as, seeing that the "Houses of Parliament" are the matter under dispute, it must be admitted that both claimants have no slight "foundation" for their respective proceedings.

"BISMUTH communicates a most delicate pallor to the complexion," the cheap hand-books to chemistry tell us, "but it is very poisonous." The French, who are always the pioneers in the path of Fashionable Reform, have found a most innocent substitute in Bismarck.

MR. JOHN HARDY, the Member for Dartmouth, is determined to distinguish himself. His speeches in the House are only equalled by his conduct out of it. Really he ought to be appointed to some office in the Government in connection with the War Department. He has shown his thorough fitness for it, for he evidently has a passion for throwing guns away.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE is about to resign his appointment in the Post Office. The self-sacrifice that Mr. Trollope has displayed in devoting himself to his country's service—to the neglect of his literary pursuits, should be rewarded by a substantial pension. No doubt it will be. To make a time-honoured joke—although he resigns his position in the Post Office, he will not cease to be a Man of Letters!

MENTOR ONCE MORE:

OR,

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.

II.—POLITICS.

MY DEAR TELEMACHUS,—As politics are manifestly becoming fashionable and therefore will deserve a certain amount of your attention, I deem it necessary to give you a few principles by which you will be able to guide your conduct in this respect, and to maintain your credit and reputation. You must not imagine that the machinery of politics in itself is worthy of your interest, for it is composed of precisely the same old shafts, cogwheels, valves, and stopcocks by which the world regulates the rest of its affairs—even the most insignificant; the motive powers are exactly the same, the engineers are no more worthy of respect, the results are not one whit greater; and you must not suppose that they and their works are any more worthy of your homage than the rest of the exhibitions of worn-out engines to which you are about to be introduced, and which you are to utilize for your own profit. Sir John Herschel tells us that the Sun is the ultimate source of every physical motion which takes place on the surface of the earth, and that to it may finally be traced the maintenance and action of all

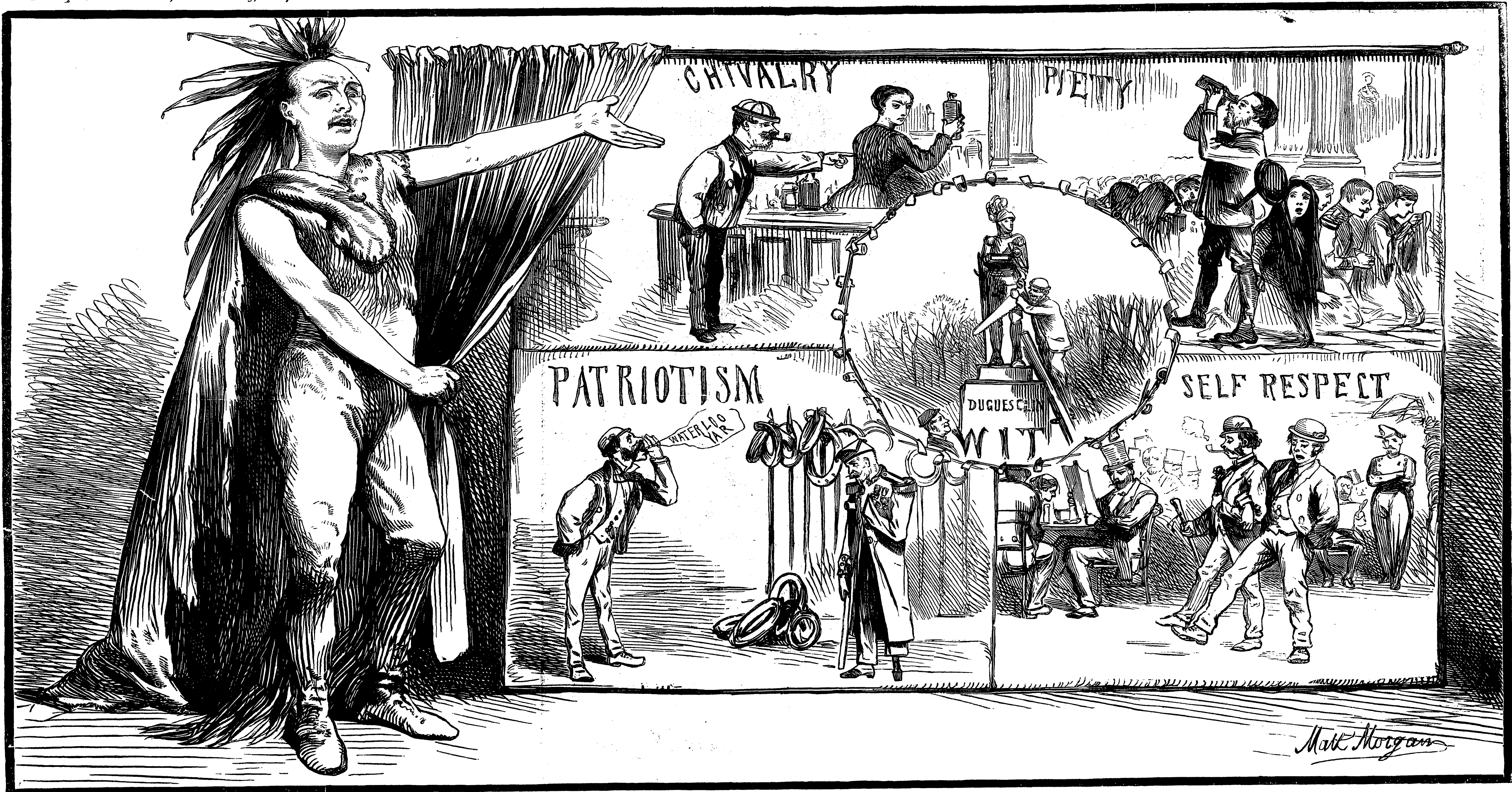
animal and vegetable life, and the production of all the terrestrial phenomena of which we disguise our ignorance by giving them long names. So you may assume as an axiom that the Sun of Self is the ultimate source of every moral and intellectual motion on the earth, and however remote it may appear you may safely attribute to the action of its rays all the hopes, desires, aims, ambitions, passions, virtues, and vices which you will see march in procession before you. The Minister who accepts the "arduous task" of assuming the Queen's Government under "a deep sense of responsibility," is moved by it no less than the new tailor who makes your clothes on long credit in the place of the old tailor who has just sent in his bill; the First Lord of the Admiralty, who reconstructs the navy, and the crossing-sweeper at the bottom of the Haymarket, who passes her life in asking you to "give a copper to a poor old woman," both of them reconstruct and sweep from exactly the same ultimate motive; and even the Patriot who resigns for the good of his country (if there were any) lays down his post in a glow generated by the same great source of heat and motion, and with the hope that at no very distant period he may be invited to take it up again. Thus you see you must not be led away into supposing that greater respect is due to politicians than to any other of the engineers who utilize and direct the one grand motive-power of Self; you will indeed easily conclude that they are entitled to less consideration, for since they are constantly pretending to be entitled to more they add to their original humbug, and make it the very greatest of those which exist in this our native land of Shams. You, at any rate, will not be led away by the fictitious atmosphere of respect and admiration with which politicians are surrounded by those who do not know them, and having thus settled the position in which to place them and the means by which to judge them, you will not be misled as the vulgar are who worship everything that has impudence enough to call itself a divinity.

But it matters little to you what politicians are, by what means they work their engines, or what results they gain from them; for it is not for an instant to be supposed that the welfare and dignity of your country are worthy to interest you, or that they are of the slightest importance to you. Unless, therefore, you should take up politics as a trade (which, from your intelligence and integrity, I do not suppose you will do), you might, strictly speaking, leave all such matters to those who, from family connections or chance opportunities, may see their way to making a good thing out of them. Nevertheless, as I have already told you, politics are becoming fashionable—which is to say, that a large number of the fools you meet will expect to talk, and to be talked to about them—and you should, therefore, not be unprovided with a few plain directions as to the part you should take in them. And here let me earnestly warn you against trying to understand politics. This is, perhaps, the most fatal error into which a young man can fall, for he runs the most appalling risk of forming opinions which would be dangerous, and convictions which would be fatal to him, and, perhaps, may lose for ever the invaluable power of changing both his opinions and his convictions as time and expediency may direct. Take up, then, a dignified attitude of armed neutrality, and be careful to impress upon all you meet, that you neither know nor care anything whatever about the affairs of the nation. Thus you will be enabled to adopt the current view, whatever it is, and as it is always a violent view, you need only to pick up some strong forms of expression, and a few of the clap-trap arguments of the day, to form a strong, respectable, and elastic political position for yourself. In Foreign politics, the parade of a laudable disdain for all other nations and their practices, and a splendid contempt for all systems, aristocracies, armies, navies, and policies which have not been tried in the land of Shams, trumped and modified according to circumstances, will always be well received; while for home politics you need do no more than deplore the tendencies of the age, proclaim the greatest detestation of any attempt to improve the political condition of those classes whom Nature herself has evidently put at the bottom in order that they may support the top, and hand about the gallows as the proper reward of all those who may propose or support such an attempt. This programme, if you can add to it a few personal anecdotes of the backstairs kind, will suffice to keep you in all the political credit you will require, and will, at any rate, prevent your making any fatal mistakes. Your rule of conduct, in fact, may be summed up thus—to know nothing, to believe anything, and to talk about everything in the sense which happens to be in favour. You will thus contribute to the force by which inconvenient truths are avoided, and dangerous justice is postponed; and when, in their inevitable course, truth and justice attain such proportions as render their continued avoidance and postponement impossible, you will be free to claim that you have contributed to their triumph.

MENTOR.

"GLORIOUS NEWS—ARRIVAL OF ANOTHER LAMP-POST (*This Day*)."—A paragraph has gone the round of the newspapers to the effect that the Board of Works have it in contemplation to erect a large and ornamental column on the summit of Primrose Hill. The description concludes by stating that the column will be ornamented by four lamps—a new lamp-post, in fact! Hurray!





SNOB ON HIS TRAVELS !
OR,
WHY WE ARE **SO** RESPECTED IN FRANCE.

OCTOBER 5, 1867.



THE PEEP-SHOW.

SCHOLARS AND GENTLEMEN!

SCENE.—A dingy tavern parlour, reeking with the fumes of rank tobacco. A large deal table in the centre of the room, ornamented with glasses of whiskey, pewter-pots of porter, tumblers of gin, &c. A roar of voices heard, composed of one-half tomfoolery, to one-eighth blasphemy, and three-eighths obscenity. A good deal of mutual admiration going on in corners.

It is scarcely necessary to inform you, that here you behold the talent and genius of literary London. You can see at a glance that you are assisting at the revels of scholars and gentlemen. Please to examine the pewter-pot in the hands of the gentleman to the right there, with the dirty finger-nails—it is very choice. The conversation of the scholar lighting his pipe with a County Court summons, and seated at the centre of the table, will also repay attention. His fresh and vigorous style of blasphemy may prove a most interesting study to the theologian. You will also perceive that with that extravagance so thoroughly associated with literary genius, several of the gentlemen have thrown carelessly some of their property on to the floor—(pull the string)—you now perceive that the goods they have all dropped are their “h’s.” If you look closely, you will soon learn that the gentlemen you see before you, are most charitable. Over there by that little table, three of the principal members of the Club—(you’ve found out by this time, of course, from the air of respectability and comfort pervading the place, that you are standing in a Club)—are arranging some amateur theatricals on behalf of a deceased member’s grandmother’s cousin german’s youngest boy’s godfather. You now observe, that the whole of the Members, in their excessive charity, have not only consented to take part in the proposed piece, but are actually giving permission to the Secretary to have their names—(pull the string)—advertised at length in all the principal papers of the Metropolis. As it may be interesting to you to learn a little more about the talent and genius of literary London, I will just say a few words about some of the finished gentlemen and learned scholars peopling the room. Look to the left there, at that intelligent man with the fine massive forehead, and the sharp, clear eye. Yes; he appears so clever, that you are quite sorry to find him so dirty. Well, listen to him, for he is just about to reveal the name of his profession to that mild young man seated beside him. With an expression of honest, but slightly snobbish pride lighting up his features, he tells his companion that it is he—the man seated beside him; the man who has actually deigned to address him—who writes—(pull the string)—the Brompton-Islington police reports for the *Morning Thunderbolt*. Not very far from this distinguished *litterateur*, you will observe a cheery, happy-looking man, smoking the usual “church-warden,” and drinking the customary whiskey-toddy. You will notice that he is evidently showering flowery *bon mots* on all those round about him. With your permission, we will listen to what he is saying. Now, (pull the string) but no, as a lady may be looking into the Peepshow, we will permit the light-hearted bacchanalian to keep his evidently amusing conversation all to himself. You can see at a glance that this man is a humorist, a wit, a scholar, and a gentleman. See how heartily his friends shake hands with him as he rises to leave the room *en route* for the establishment that has secured his valuable services; he mentions the name of his destination—(pull the string)—you now hear that it is one of the Metropolitan Music Halls. See how those he has left behind him roar with merriment at some caustic remark dropped by the man who clasped his hand most warmly. Are they laughing with the absentee? Not a bit of it, dear, brotherly, kindly fellows that they are, they are laughing at him. The man who has just left the room, has a hump upon his back, and his friends are laughing at that!

Ah! don’t look in that corner. That member over there is in sad disgrace. Poor fellow! You must know that in an unguarded moment he wrote something or other against one of the members of the Club. I believe he said that the upholstery sold in a shop kept by one of the committee was not quite up to the mark. His punishment speedily followed upon his offence—he was thrown into Coventry. And in this little incident you may see a something that is very touching indeed. These dear people live together like brothers, like children. When one offends the main body what do they do? Why, they gibbet the culprit in the column of exceedingly scholarly writing, which they despatch weekly to the “*Pentonville Patriot*,” the “*Ramsgate Roman*,” or the “*Hern Bay Advertiser*,” they say something severe about his unpaid butchers’ bills, about the parentage of his grandfather, and send him into Coventry! No manly, hard, worldly conduct, but the fine noble instinct of children—pretty little children. The chances are that he never hears of the attacks made upon him in the “weekly letters” to the provincial press, but then his enemies have had their fling at him, have given vent to their wrath. Say that the “severe things” are repeated to him by some kind friend—well then he has been justly punished for breaking the bond of brotherhood knitting the club together. What right has he to doubt the merits of his committeeman’s furniture, is it for him to turn traitor, does he not know that unity is strength, that cliques govern criticism? You may, perhaps, ask what a furniture-

dealer has to do with literature? In reply, I can only say that the views in my “Peep-show” are sketched from nature; that I do not say “these things *should* be,” but simply, “these things *are*.” Shall I go on describing the appearance of the scholars and gentlemen? No; for if I did I should only have to repeat what I have already spoken. You do not need my poor words to discover that the gentlemen are scholars—that the scholars are gentlemen. However let me pause for a moment here—there *are* members of this club (few and far between I am sorry to say) who are unlike the people we are looking at now—men that are not only gentlemen but scholars. Good men and true, but not here to-night, and when here forming but a miserable minority. But see, the Club is about to break up for the evening. Listen to them as they praise one another—as they warmly wish one another good night. Listen to them as they repeat the joyous “Joe Miller,” and tell in accents, muffled in laughter, the *piquante* “after-dinner stories” of an age gone-by. Regard them as they part so happily, so merrily, so affectionately. The last “good-bye” is spoken, and—(pull the string)—see them now, how bitterly they hate one another—how they walk two and two, conversing disparagingly of one another’s performances. See how like a set of disappointed men they dawdle away. Look well at them and answer this: Would it not appear that these men are so conscious of their own pitiful weakness—are so fearful of their own small powers, that they dare not meet and brave the world singly and unaided?—that although hating one another in their heart of hearts, they *must* band themselves together for their own protection—for their own existence? Would it not seem that we live in a degenerate age, when it is necessary for “scholars” and “gentlemen” to enter a Trade Union to protect themselves from the attacks of gentlemen and scholars, attacks that, were it not for the shielding combination, would be annihilating? And (pull the string) is it not strange, that with all the accomplished essayists now in London, with all the *real* scholars and *real* gentlemen connected with English journalism living among us, it has been left to a young paper like the TOMAHAWK to strike the first blow at that system of intimidation that has made deep thinkers and great writers accept penny-a-liners as authors, and consent to regard in the light of a literary club, an establishment that by its right name would be known merely as the House-of-Call for Grub Street?

MUSIC.

WE hail with sincere satisfaction the recommencement of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, albeit it betokens the sad truth that summer is waning, and autumn at hand; but we do not care for the music which takes place at the Palace during the summer months, consisting, as it does for the most part, of Operatic Concerts, and bearing, as is not unfrequently the case, traces of insufficient rehearsal. The multitude is, however, attracted by the halo which encompasses the names of the great Operatic Stars, and inasmuch as we have a real sympathy with the Crystal Palace, and as we approve, in general terms, of the principles by which its interests are governed, we will not murmur at these entertainments, which, let us hope, enrich the coffers of the Directors, if they do not effect any sensible advancement to the art of music.

When the season is over, however, and the sons and daughters of fashion have left London in the hands of those who, perchance, would be away themselves were it possible for them to leave home, it is then that Mr. Manns is in all his glory, and furnishes, on each succeeding Saturday, a musical dish fit to be set “before a king.” We have no hesitation in saying that better music, better executed, is not to be heard in England. Mr. Manns is a thoughtful and earnest musician, his band consists of first-rate artists, who have the advantage (which can scarce be over-rated) of playing together all the year round, under the same *bâton*, and it is pleasant to add that the audiences, who flock to these thoroughly worthy Concerts are, as a rule, appreciative, and invariably attentive.

The advantages, which have been wrought by Mr. Manns, are not confined to the formation of one of the best orchestras in Europe, although this alone would give him a just title to the gratitude of musicians; but he has also been the means of making known in this country much music of which, through the conservatism of our Professors, and the asperity of some of our critics, we might still have remained in ignorance. Mr. Arthur Sullivan’s charming music to Shakespeare’s *Tempest* met with a ready acceptance at the Crystal Palace only a few months after it had been completed: works by Gade have been performed, the Danish writer, who, although results do not appear to have borne out his early promise, has composed music which cannot fail to interest the thoughtful listener. Schumann, also, has found at the Crystal Palace a home where the spirit of his lovely music may rest in peace and honour, after having been hunted from place to place by critics whose remorselessness excels their ignorance.

On Saturday, the 21st, the series of “Winter Concerts” (*absit omen* so far as regards the weather) was inaugurated by a varied and excellent entertainment, consisting of Mendelssohn’s Scotch Symphony, Weber’s Overture to the *Freischütz*, the ballet music from Schubert’s *Rosamunde*, and a chorus of Schumann’s; we may mention by the way,

that the Palace choir is their weak point. One of the noteworthy features in the vocal music was, the performance (we believe, for the first time in public), of an unusually graceful song from Mr. Sullivan's MS. Opera, entitled the *Sapphire Necklace*; the song which was sung with delicacy by Miss Edith Wynne, would seem to promise well for the remainder of the work, were it made known to the world. The ways of publishers are, however, inscrutable, and we will not ask how it happens that the work has not been heard in its integrity. The *Libretto* is from the pen of Mr. H. F. Chorley, whose dramatic efforts have not been invariably greeted with unqualified success; we will hope however, that in this case, the exception and not the rule will be placed before the public.

On Saturday last, the programme of the Palace concert contained the symphony in B flat of Beethoven, the Overture *Meerestille*, by Mendelssohn, Weber's *Concert Stück*, for the piano, executed by Miss Agnes Zimmermann, &c., &c., good enough music, truly, and sufficiently varied in its character to satisfy the most exacting.

It is not often that we have an opportunity of praising any public entertainment without many reservations; thus it is a pleasure, and, we may add, almost a duty to bear tribute to the manner in which music is understood and executed at the Crystal Palace.

NURSERIES OF CRIME.

MRS. JAGGER, of Wood lane grove, Tottenham, bids fair to reach a higher pinnacle of fame than her finger-gnawing namesake in "Great Expectations." She has furnished a text for many sermons in this last week's journals, which ought to be productive of some good effect. But one of the delightful peculiarities of this Christian people, whose supremacy in virtue and on the sea is undisputed, is, that they do all their moral indignation by deputy. Some time-honoured abuse, common because easily concealed, is dragged to-light; the moral Englishman or Englishwoman sits down and reads two or three stirring leading articles on the question, and conceives his or her duty done; the next day they practice or encourage the same abuse. We have little hope, though the inquest on Mrs. Jagger's nurse-child happily occurred in the dull season, that these bursts of virtuous indignation which followed this "revelation of a social mystery" will prove worth more than the paper on which they were written.

We are not going to pour our scathing wrath on the head of Mrs. Jagger. She, and such as she, are but the creations of others. It is the parents of these children who seem to us to deserve the blame. "The young lady of wealth and position," who gave her illegitimate child into the charge of a woman, who only required six shillings a week to clothe and feed it, may have saved her honour, but she has not repaired her damaged virtue. It may be a very wicked thing to have an illegitimate child, but having given birth to it, we do not see how the mother's duties can be less towards that child than if it were born in wedlock; we should say they ought to be greater. The concealment of the mother's and father's names would hardly have been possible had they not been persons of wealth and position; that it was justified by that circumstance we cannot admit. The young lady threatened to commit suicide were her disgrace known; but if she could overcome her maternal instinct so far as to send her child more than a hundred miles away from her to a woman, who, she must have known, could not have attended to it properly, or given it sufficient food, she surely might have overcome her sense of shame sufficiently to have stopped short of this desperate resort. It is the mothers who send their children to these Mrs. Jaggers, on whose heads the guilt of the children's deaths lies, and it is mere hypocrisy to propose to punish the woman who takes a nurse-child for a weekly stipend, on which it is impossible she can afford to feed it properly, and to leave unnoticed the mother, who, possessing the means to provide for her child, but lacking the courage at once to murder it, submits it wilfully to a process of slow starvation.

But a far wider question is involved in this matter. The system of morality which exists in this country, which practically teaches that concealment of vice is better than virtue, pretending to derive itself from a religion, which, if rightly understood, or practised, should inculcate the noblest and purest system of morals ever known, is a species of organized hypocrisy which cannot exist much longer. Either we must abandon ourselves to the open, and so far preferable, profligacy of the seventeenth century, or we must remould our religion, on the basis of natural morality. The state of society, which takes no note of unchastity, as long as the consequences of it are concealed, is rotten at the core. Better by far an avowed infidelity, than that spurious religion which enforces no virtue but that which consists in appearance. We may plume ourselves on the purity of our Court—on the elevated, moral tone (God save the mark!) of our family life; but the time must come when we shall be no longer able to impose upon ourselves, as we have long ceased to be able to impose upon others. That it may come soon must be the earnest wish of those who, allowing themselves to drift with the stream, yet despise themselves for their weakness, and yearn for something like sincerity, whether in Vice or Virtue.

PAYNELESS DENTISTRY.—Drawing a certain Ass.-Judge's teeth by depriving him of his post.

"JULIET NO. II."

THE pen still wet with tears of real regret for the clumsy devotion which has daubed its vulgar varnish over the natural colours to which Miss Terry can lay claim, is again dipped to chronicle the appearance of a second Juliet in this year of Expositions 1867.

To launch out into Taylorisms and rave about the brilliancy of Mrs. Scott Siddons's performance would be to do what we have already stigmatised as ridiculous and would indeed be quite as unjustifiable as the folly of Terriolatry; and yet there were moments in the performance, at the Haymarket, which would have tempted one to cry "Eureka," had we arrived at the beginning, and left at the end of a phrase. There were bursts of girlish *naïveté*, of winning grace which sent the true thrill through one's startled blood, taken aback by the unstudied truth of her artless art. In such scenes as the fifth for instance, in the second act, it surely must be genius which flashes out in that irresistible cajolery that childish tenderness which conquers the tedious egotism of her complaining nurse. It is these sparks of genius which make us hope that time and study will give us an actress worthy of the Shakespeare of whom we are all so proud.

If Mrs. Scott Siddons loves her art, and we are led to believe she does so, she will follow advice given her in all honesty and kindness. It is perhaps an exaggeration of this sentiment which leads her astray in the tragic scenes of the play. We sincerely trust it is not a vain impression that her readings are the only correct which pushes her into an unpleasant stress on the points which she has to deliver. She allows herself to emphasize the lines delivered with an expressed punctuation which smacks more of the reader than the actress. Her attitudes are evidently moved by the same impulse as her delivery. Instead of throwing herself heart and soul into the all-absorbing emotions of her young love (in the balcony scene), there is an appeal to the audience, which, without being stacy, makes the actress more prominent than *Juliet*, and lays bare the art which she would conceal. Throughout the entire performance there are evidences of earnest study, in the earlier scenes there are renderings of some phrases which amount almost to inspiration; but the charm of these early scenes bids us to expect more abandon in the love scenes, more passion in the tragedy—we don't get it. In the balcony scene she is so trammelled by her mission to instruct the public in the meaning of her out-pourings of love that we think more of her posturing than her attractions, and the only impression on *Romeo's* mind must be that he has been hearing a charming preacher hold forth on a never-wearying text. She seems to check the impulse of her genius (is it genius?) to adopt the guidance of her own or perhaps another's talent, and this cannot be too carefully avoided, for genius may be maltreated, hampered by conventionality, and finally snuffed out by too much care. Talent is the fruit forced in the hot-house, educated by the gardener, and elaborated into a splendid imitation of the real thing. Genius wants plenty of light and fresh air, and on its own soil flourishes triumphantly superior to its more expensive rival, while it possesses a flavour which no gardening can approach. It is not genius which prompts the ravings Mrs. Scott-Siddons indulges in before swallowing the potion given by *Friar Rogers*. But a *Juliet* who suddenly finds herself in a boudoir which seems to have been furnished for some Phryne of the first empire, has some right to rave as an accompaniment to the eccentricities of the Haymarket scenic managers. At the same time the misconception of the tragic character of *Juliet* may in some measure be corrected when the actress shall have become more familiar with the part. Mrs. Scott-Siddons, we should imagine, is timid: indeed, her manner on being recalled before the curtain, fully admits it, and this timidity will stand her in good stead, for it will lead her to listen to criticism, and will help her to look into herself, for timidity and great vanity seldom go hand-in-hand.

Certainly in this lady's case some little vanity is allowable; for nothing is more charming than her face when under the influence of that same timidity. You have before you the living type of those lovely heads Sir Joshua Reynolds seems to have kept exclusively for himself. And when she first appears in her simple dress of peach-satin, but for evidence of indisposition to which *Juliet* must necessarily have been a stranger, one feels nothing incongruous in the idea that she would be fourteen "come Lammas eve at night," a statement which would have been received as eminently preposterous with any other lady in the part. It is too, this extreme youth in appearance combined with the southern brilliancy of her dark eyes and curling mouth, which cause her love at first sight to be accepted by the audience without that slight chill which a colder and more calculating temperament would be apt to engender as suggesting conduct at once forward and improbable, so that the natural sympathy raised by the actress in her favour makes all the more disappointing the falling off in the last acts, and the marvellous resemblance in features to the Siddons brings more prominently into notice the absence of that intellect which is so prominent in the portraits left of our great *tragédienne*.

To criticise the Haymarket company would take up too much space. We might say that the *Prince of Verona* looked more like Mr. Coe than ever, that the splendour of the embroidery on *Benvolio's* doublet could not conceal the Braid beneath; but we have only room to suggest to Mrs. Chippendale that a few wrinkles painted on her comely face

would have produced a success which would have compensated for the pain of pre-natural age ; also, that we don't go to see you, my dear madam, play the late Miss Snowdon ; we go to see you play the nurse, and as you have a good notion of the nurse's part, why, in heaven's name, don't you put personal vanity out of the question, and try to *look* the part you are playing. But if actors love themselves more than their art, it is hopeless to give advice.

When Mr. Kendal shall have forgotten Mr. Charles Matthews, and shall cease to stuff his mouth with voice-lozenges while speaking, we shall be able to say something of his performance : at present he is no *Romeo*.

PERFIDE ALBION.

THE following may be accepted as the view to be adopted by the Abyssinian Expedition, and of the real objects which it is intended to promote. It is derived from the very best authority—no other, in fact, than that of the principal French papers, which, not being allowed to treat of matters which concern themselves, are, of course, all the more free and competent to concern themselves with the affairs of other people, and to instruct their readers as to their signification and bearing. To our translation then :—

"So the old England is about to send an Expedition to Abyssinia, in order to liberate three or four prisoners.

"She is going to send an army and a fleet to punish King Theodore, and to prove that the words *Civis sum Romanus* have not lost their effect.

"Ah bah !

"She knows very well that she cannot, and will not, liberate them—that, as far as they are concerned, the greater her success, the worse will be their fate.

"She knows that she can never catch, much less punish, King Theodore.

"Why, then, the Expedition? We are going to say, Have you never looked at a map of Europe? You have ; and you have noticed that that Mediterranean which Napoleon I. said he would make a French Lake, is dotted with English Forts and Colonies, and bristles at all its entrances with English cannon.

"The Mediterranean instead of being a French lake is an English canal. It was bought with intrigue, with blood, with gold, with any means in short which could be employed.

"It was bought as a road to India ; but to complete this road another sea is required—the Red Sea.

"Once established there, the highway to India would be for ever in the hands of England.

"The Turk might then live or die as he pleased, and our engineer might be encouraged to make his canal. For when made it would be English.

"She will fortify Massowah, Perim, and Aden, as she has fortified Gibraltar and Malta.

"And if that is not enough she will make herself the ally and supporter of Arabia, as she has made herself the ally and supporter of Turkey.

"And she will reign for ever in the Red Sea, as she reigns in the Mediterranean.

"Now do you understand why England sends a fleet and an army to Abyssinia?"

Of course the entire French people does immediately understand it, and as we should not like the English people to be in the dark about it, we give them the news.

A WORD WITH OUR CRITICS.

IT is no use disguising the fact ; we have few friends in the literary world. We are reviled and spat upon for speaking the truth ; we are called contemptible for not truckling to the conventionalities which are the yoke under which others are content to grind. Well, we shall not be the first martyrs for the truth, and we must accept the perils of our mission. We may be misconceived, our principles may be entirely misconstrued by a public only too ready to be led by the sensational press, but we must still nail our colours to the mast and trust to good seamanship to weather the storm. We must confess, although it may sound fatuitous, that the winds are not blown by the educated classes, whose good opinion we desire. This it is which makes us all the more eager to hold straight on ; and we think that we may honestly say that the public will never attempt to take the wind out of our sails.

RIHME AND REASON.

"Here's genius," says Bismarck, "an illumination,
'Gainst which lesser lights shed their lustre in vain !"

"So true," says Napoleon, "that to stop conflagration,
We've determined to cut it all off at the *Main*."

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

GENERAL MUDDLE has been despatching four artillery officers to Constantinople to buy up mules, and the only mules to be bought are not fit for any use but the knacker's. It has been, however, proposed to submit the interesting animals to the beneficial effects of the Turkish Bath, and there is every prospect of a satisfactory result before the winter of '68. In the meanwhile, a large staff has been sent into the interior of Australia, in search of the long-tailed porcupine, which is to be found in herds in that country ; and these intelligent creatures will be trained to spread in skirmishing order through the Abyssinian jungles, in order to aid in wounding the feet of any predatory savage who may chance to be sent on King Theodore's service. Trustworthy scientific men have also proceeded into South America, to discover whether, at a similar latitude, there are jungles or not in Abyssinia. Should the researches of these *savants* lead the Government to suppose that jungles do not exist in the Negus's country, those officers who may have been misguided enough to obey instructions regarding the porcupine corps, will be recalled with ignominy, and requested to retire by the sale of their commission.

CHARADE.

"Laura, my dear, how ill you look !"

The anxious mother said ;

For day by day on her cheek she had seen

The white steal sickly o'er the red ;

And her heart was filled with a strange wild dread.

But Laura answered with ready smile,

"I feel quite well—for a little while

Let me go and stay with my friends by the sea ;

Nay, fear not, mother, nought ails with me."

And her mother believed the artless tale,

Nor marked the blush on that cheek so pale.

My first she sought, and some quiet nook

She found where her name could ne'er be known ;

And there with pain, and anguish, and shame,

She was given a treasure she ne'er must own ;

To her home again soon Laura sped,

Her honour saved, though she ne'er was wed.

And what of my second ? alone he lay

Yearning in vain the livelong day,

Yearning in vain for the god-like love

Which his soul should have brought from the angels above

To that callous heart, whose dread of shame

Bade her care for nought, so she saved her name.

A few weeks pass, and my whole now lies

In a wretched garret cold and dead ;

Too late ! too late ! o'er that wee wan face

The sobbing Laura bows her head ;

Though the breast on which that face should have lain,

That should have hushed his cries of pain,

Is torn now by a fierce remorse,

No sobs can call to life that corse :

Too late she learns, as she kneels by his grave,

There was something more dear than her name to save.

ANSWER TO THE LAST DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

T Tom M (Christ Church, Oxford.)

R Richelieu U

A Abner R

D Dodd D (Dr. Dodd, hung for forgery.)

E Edge E

S Sinner R

CORRECT answers received from T. R. F. G., Ruby, C. B. P. F., Towhit, and several incorrect.

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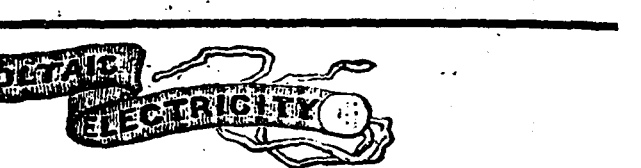
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