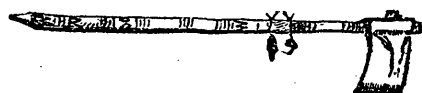


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 26.]

LONDON, NOVEMBER 2, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

SCENE I.—*Biarritz.*

The EMPEROR, studying a map of Europe.—Yes, our armaments are nearly ready. The nation is chafing itself into a fury about Papa Bismarck, and it only requires a little combination. England is in her usual state of coma; Russia doubtful, but a long way off; Austria in the best dispositions, and will even help if I call; then Italy is grateful at present, and though it may not remain so very long with Rome in her eye, she must look to her finances, and improve her fleet and her army before she can move. After, Mexico, Luxembourg and the Rhine Provinces, if I let Rome go, I shall become ridiculous, and the French people never endure that. They turned out Louis Philippe because he had a head shaped like a pear, and they'd turn me out if they thought they knew how mine was shaped.

(*Enter AIDE-DE-CAMP with telegram.*)

Ha! what's this: "Garibaldian bands assembling for invasion of the Pontifical States."—That fool Rattazzi. I thought his wife would keep him quiet, but I suppose he'll say the Italian aspirations were too much for him. However, he must keep them in check. I don't care any more for treaties myself than I do for oaths, but I can't afford to have those that secure me torn up, whatever the fools may endure who spoilt so much good paper in 1815.

(*Enter SECRETARY.*)

SECRETARY.—Sire, the Draft of a Peaceful Speech to the Mayor of Bordeaux.

EMPEROR.—Throw it into the fire. I shall not stop at Bordeaux. Ha! ha! "L'Empire c'est la Paix" must be read in future, "Le pire c'est la Paix."

SCENE II.—*The Tuileries.*

EMPEROR.—Peste! The Garibaldians in Nerola, and advancing on Rome. (*Rings. Enter SECRETARY.*) Send this telegram "To H. E. M. Rattazzi: 'You must enter the Pontifical States, and turn out the Garibaldians;'" and tell the *Moniteur* people to say that I shall not allow the September Convention to be violated. Dupanloup is howling already; Eugenie is crying all day over the wickedness of the times, and the French peasantry, who are my best friends, and the Pope's only allies here, are beginning to grumble. Where's the Berlin despatch. Ha! "Memorandum of a Secret Treaty between Prussia and Italy." I shall have to take those Piedmontese in hand yet. Have they so soon forgotten what my uncle and I have done for them,—and yet I don't like tempting fortune too much.

(*Enter SECRETARY.*)

An answer from Rattazzi! "We have done all we can, and shall only interfere in case matters come to a crisis." Ah, brigand! I see: You'll let the Garibaldians do the dirty work, and then step in to reap the fruits of it. I was a fool to let it go so far. Send this telegram: "What do you say to a joint intervention by France and Italy?" That will commit them, and strengthen me in every way.

SCENE III.—*The Council Chamber at St. Cloud. The Council assembled.*

EMPEROR.—Gentlemen, the Italian Government has failed to fulfil its engagements as I understand them. I have sent to Toulon 10,000 troops, who are now being embarked, and the question is what is to be done with them?

(*Enter SECRETARY with Telegram.*)

A message from M. Rattazzi—"Cannot, in the present state of Italian feeling, agree to joint intervention. The insurgents are in sight of Rome." Then the last chance has failed, the Pope must fall unless he is helped, and if I help him I must undo the whole work of the Italian campaign.

PRINCE NAPOLEON.—That of course you won't do.

EMPEROR.—And if I don't help him Rome will fall into the hands of the Garibaldians.

EMPRESS.—That of course you will not permit.

EMPEROR.—All very well, but the situation is an *impasse*, and there is no way out of it that will bring any credit to France or any glory to me.

EMPRESS.—Unless Providence blessed the Pontifical arms.

EMPEROR.—Bah! Providence does not meddle with these matters.

(*Enter SECRETARY.*)

A telegram—"The Garibaldians are expelled from Nerola, the other hands have retired, and there remain no more on Papal territory."

EMPRESS.—Ciel!

EMPEROR.—Pardon my dear, I do believe in Providence. This clears away all our difficulties. Order the troops to disembark, write to Cialdini that the Italians must have Rome sooner or later, and tell the *Moniteur* to say that I have bullied Italy into submission. We can always re-embark the troops if necessary.

PROVERBS.

All is not Gold that Glitters.—Of course not; who ever thought it was? But, because the glittering substance does not happen to be unalloyed ore, there is no reason why it should not be an extremely serviceable and even a valuable metal. Thus it is in art criticism; for whereas there are some critics who are willing to accept the ephemeral mediocrity of to-day in substitution for the immortal excellence of times gone by, there are others who, ignoring a general standard of merit whereby all degrees of worthiness may be accurately measured, will persist in placing a new-comer side by side with some of the great masters of Art, and in rejecting him because he is not up to that point of comparison to which they have been pleased to subject him. The composer, Schumann, is a fair illustration of our meaning; Schumann was a great writer, and a profound thinker; the opposition to him in this country, was conducted with great asperity during his lifetime, and ceased not even with his death. Learned critics compared him with Beethoven, and as they deemed Schumann's symphonies inferior to the works of that great master, they turned their backs on the modern composer, and would have him at no price.

Union is Strength.—Well, that depends a good deal upon what sort of a union it is. It appears to us that the decision of one able man would be more likely to hit the mark than would the result of a deliberation carried on by the same man in conjunction with a couple of fools, who, from their numerical strength (and there are more fools than wise men in the world), will injure the cause which would have received benefit from the unaided judgment of the one clever man. In a Ministerial Cabinet, for instance, we incline to think that it has frequently been found, not only that "union" is very far from "strength," but that much of weakness and indecision must be sent forth to the world in order that the "union" may be preserved.

In order that the principle which this proverb inculcates may be apparent, it should be provided that the union must consist of those whose aim and whose purpose are in all respects the same; the union, moreover, must not be too large, otherwise it will become split up into sections from its very magnitude. Political experience shows the danger which arises when any single party has grown predominantly powerful. The last general election resulted in the assemblage of as fine a party to the Liberal ranks as the most anxious "whip" of the House of Commons could desire. All these politicians were ranged under the same broad banner, all professed the same creed; it will be urged that if they had remained united they would have been strong, but we can only answer that, short of the most perfect and complete identification of principle and practice, of purpose and the means whereby such purpose is to be attained, union cannot be strength. These provisions, however, are not contemplated in the three words which compose the proverb; hence the reason which prevents us from accepting it.

A GREAT CHRISTIAN LAND.

WHAT a charming room! Room! do you call it? Observe the dimensions. From that massive oaken sideboard, rich and respectable with its load of well leathered plate, to that fine French window that touches the margin of the smooth lawn beyond, we have exactly eight and thirty feet, Sir! Measure for yourself. And look you at the height. It is some six good English yards from the Turkey carpet, on which (I trust you have wiped your shoes) you are now standing, to that fine old Gothic blazoning above you. Comfort and splendour! Of course, sir, what would you have? You are in a Bishop's palace. *Palace!* mark you that; and oh! what a goodly sight this—this bright morning sun breaking on this peaceful scene! See how it floods the brilliant breakfast table! Yes, *this* is breakfast. You wonder at the magnificence of the entertainment! My dear Sir, you are a child at these things. Entertainment? Merely four silver *entrée* dishes, a raised pie, and the ordinary etceteras of the most ordinary breakfast! "Too much," did you say? Too much? Wait till you have seen the Bishop's dinner! You object to superfluous luxuries. Surely you do not mean to tell me that you call such everyday things as *paté de foie gras* and *caviare* "luxuries?" *Caviare* is not for the multitude. Of course not. No more are Bishops, Sir. You are quite right. *They* are for such company as we have here. Let us look at it. Yes, here it sweeps in to its mouthful of breakfast! The Bishop, God bless him, his family, and his guests. Most influential guests, I can tell you. That old gentleman, with the yellow wig, is Lord Yawton. Yes, he is the good Bishop's dear father-in-law. Next to him, with his lady, comes a Cabinet Minister, whom I think you recognise. See with what a Christian grace the venerable prelate motions him to that arm chair. Who are these two dashing girls? You do not know? Why, they are famous from one end of Blessingshire to the other. They are the Bishop's daughters. You think they look "*fast*?" Of course they are fast—why shouldn't they be? Then there is young Sir Luke, and old Cursom, of the Blues. You have heard that the latter is "wicked," and the former "wild." Nonsense, my dear Sir. Good society does not trouble itself with anything *de profundis*. It has to do merely with the surface. Besides, Cursom has great influence at the Horse Guards, and Sir Luke is no common catch. Then, that fine fashionable-looking woman—What? you do not care to know? And did I hear you mutter something about "*Dives*?" How could you be so ill-bred?—but hush—I beg of you. Here comes the silver coffee urn, the devilled chicken, and the hot dishes. Can you not see that this is the signal for prayers—Softly. Let us quit this pious scene in thankful awe, and turn to another picture.

Ah! this is touching, but not quite so beautiful.

You wonder where you are? Yes, you are right; this place is a dungeon, and these people are criminals! Criminals, too, of the worst sort; for their crime is poverty. Look at these aged men, huddled together on a broken bench, in this damp, ill-lighted, miserable room. What do they deserve—but this—paupers, beggars—that they are? What! you would alleviate the sorrows of their declining years? Stuff, Sir; they are the recipients of the public charity—old as they are, the old sinners are not too old to learn that "charity is not puffed up," and this is the Gospel way in which they shall take a salutary lesson in humility. Besides charity is "long suffering" and "envieth not," and they know it. Let them practise patience and contentment, and thank their "guardian" angels that they exist, and are fed as regularly, and nearly as well, as the pig wallowing in the dung-hill hard by. But let us move on. "Is this another dungeon?" Yes it is another dungeon—and meant to hold more criminals. These are children. "Are they happy?" No! why should they be? They are the offspring of paupers, and they must learn the healthy truth right early. Oh! Sir, don't quote scripture to me. We know what you are going to say about "Little children." Sentimentality and nonsense! I tell you these brats are paupers—miserable paupers—to be branded and degraded, starved and ill-used—taught what it *means* to eat the bread of beggary. Bread! Sir, its too good. Let them be thankful they don't get their due—a stone. And the sick—you ask me about them? Why they are worse than the rest! They are not only beggars but burthens—and they are made to feel it. Look you here—that easy bed is of chopped straw—and that look?—well, it means death. But it is dark, and there is no one by! That's where we are equal with them. You see we know how to teach the paupers what it means to die in the night. Did I hear you murmur something about *Lazarus*? Oh! come Sir, we are sick of the comparison—tell the story to Sunday school children if you like—or to those workhouse beggars, but not to us. In the Bible? of course it is; every Englishman knows that. Is not England the land of the Bible, and doesn't she spread it and preach it—and—what do you mean by "practise it?" I know nothing of that, Sir. I tell you this is a Christian and a Godly land, and that what you see is—*charity*! You doubt it? Ask anyone. Ah! the Bishop of course. Let us see if he has finished his prayers.

WHAT BAKERS' LOAVES REALLY ARE.—*Short-bread.*

PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER!

THE LORD MAYOR elect has declared his intention of driving to Westminster in state. It will please our readers to learn that his coming lordship's trade as a bookseller has enabled him to secure the services of the entire "literary world," who have most generously consented to lend him their support. The procession of the 9th November, therefore will be remarkable for several novel features, and will start (we believe) in the following order:—

A HOWLING MOB

Rushing away in fright from

FOUR POLICEMEN

Reading aloud the Works of

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER,

(To clear the way.)

THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH,"

On horseback. A Squadron of Hussars to hold him on.

SQUIRE

Carrying the Representative's

Copy of

"L'Empriere."

SQUIRE

Carrying the Representative's

"Dictionary of Quotations."

A BRASS BAND

(Composed of Advertisers),

Playing upon their own Trumpets.

MR. BABINGTON WHITE

In Male attire!

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY HORSES

Attached to

FOUR POWERFUL STEAM ENGINES

Attached to

A WAGGON containing Twenty Lines of "Copy" from

THE "CENSOR" OF THE "STAR,"

(Weighing more than 40,000 Tons!)

BAND OF PENNY-A-LINERS

Whistling "God Save the Queen"

(Conductor—The Hon. Secretary of the Savage Club.)

FOUR ANCIENT AND USED-UP TRANSLATORS

Carrying a Banner bearing the inscription

"JUSTICE FOR FRENCH PLAY-WRIGHTS."

SQUIRES

SQUIRES

Carrying the

Carrying the

Translators' French Dictionaries.

Translators' French Grammars.

THE "EVENING STANDARD"

Supported by

"THE LARGEST PAPER IN THE WORLD,"

Carrying a "Contents Bill" bearing the inscription

"CHURCH, STATE, AND THE LATEST SPORTING."

A DOZEN-AND-A-HALF OF SUPERIOR GOVERNMENT CLERKS

Riding on an Owl.

SIXTY BOHEMIANS (two and two)

(Who *have* passed the Bankruptcy Court.)

FOUR BOHEMIANS (two and two)

(Who have *not* passed the Bankruptcy Court.)

THE LORD MAYOR.

THE REST OF THE PRESS.

BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WITT.—A Mr. Witt is sending round by way of inducement to subscribe to the restoration of an unknown church, an offering of a small black cat in velvet, which he is pleased to call "a little wiper." It smacks much more of the "old sarpint."

COMPARISONS ARE ODIUS.—A fortnight ago there was a talk of a French occupation of Rome. Ten thousand troops were moved down to Toulon in a dozen hours, and might have been half way to Civita Vecchia in a dozen hours more. Also a fortnight ago a Fenian rising in the north of England was thought to be imminent. A regiment of seven hundred men was ordered from Aldershot to Manchester, and took eleven days to get there. We don't manage these things better in England.

TO-MORROW.

A murmur runs along the walls,
And by the kerb-stone border ;
It whispers round the railway stalls.
"The Epidemic on us falls !
The Annual Disorder !"

Sensation now the hoarding sticks
With Enigmatic Poster—
Without a Bill ten feet by six,
Which takes at least three men to fix,
A magazine makes no stir.

So when these riddles stop the way,
Some Christmas Number, *crede*,
Is coming out for Messrs. A. ;
Some extra volume's going to pay
The firm of B. and C.D.

Here "*On the Cards*" is full of pith ;
There "*Snow*" as full of leaven ;
While "*Nine of us with Mr. Smith*"
To "*Five-Alls*" must be kin and kith,
If not to "*Number Seven*."

The precious ores, what else they do,
Put readers on their mettle ;
"*Old Salt*" is probably true blue ;
But which is which, or who is who,
Is difficult to settle.

Some people say its time enough
At Christmas-tide to pay bills,
Without reminding one (such stuff)
That debts are due, with green and buff,
Pink, blue, or yellow play-bills.

But should the thoughts of what's to pay
Your prospects tinge with sorrow,
Forget the posters of to-day,
And wait, if you'd drive care away,
For the letters of To-morrow.

CUB-HUNTING.

THE country season for this elegant and useful amusement has now begun in earnest, and the mistresses of packs are straining every nerve to show good sport. Cubs are unusually plentiful this year, a circumstance which it is hoped will counteract the disposition there is in some counties to lay down French and other foreign foxes which show no sport, and are not worth the killing. The home-bred cub has about him qualities which can only be produced by the air which blows across the "scented fields and breezy cliffs" of old England. He is larger in bone, better furnished with muscle, has more lasting powers, and though not always so knowing, will show a better pace across a straight line of country and a gamier finish than any foreign animal—"Caveat Emptor" as the old Romans used to say to each other, and the mistresses who palm off bag-foxes for native produce must remember that the take-in can no more be concealed from the field than a prize-fight can from the fancy. We find this warning all the more necessary, because some of the most promising young patronesses of sport have lately fallen victims to a mania for foreign animals, and some Russian and Italian cubs have gained the honour by no means due to them, of being hunted by a full pack, and finally run into and finished with all the honours of English sport. But after all, as the "Little Corporal" said, "*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*," and those who wish to see a real good thing should do their cub-hunting in the old country instead of wandering to "fresh fields and pastures new." What can be more delightful than a day with the — ? You go down to the meet with dreams and visions in your head, and find the field assembled. There they are of all sizes, colours, characters, and dispositions. Some haughty and full of corn, scarcely deigning so much as a nod in return for the morning salutation, some genial and hearty, melting into smiles if you but offer them the muffins, some wrapt in silent expectation of the day's sport, and planning out in their heads the line of country they will take, others ready to accept everything as it comes, and prepared to dare a ducking or a collar-boner rather than look for a gate. They have donned their smartest hunting togs, their most fascinating manners, and, as with a winning elegance they settle themselves in their seats, it is easy to see that every one of them means work and no mistake. The cub, it appears, is late up this morning, having disregarded the first "breezy call of incense-breathing morn," and some time being lost in waiting about the covers, a little weariness soon shows itself by the gradual cessation of the chatter with which the field met. Soon however a boot is heard on the stairs, the door opens, the cub is sighted, and with the

usual view-hallo by the mistress of the pack, the real business begins : "Good morning ! Tally-ho ! Afraid I am late." Gone away ! Then the pack gives tongue. Hey ! forward Jessie. Pass the shrimps ! Have at him, Julia. Please give me some sugar ! Tally-ho ! Yoick's ! The cub is one of the right sort and lays himself down to his work like a hero. He runs right through the pack with the whole of them yelping and snapping at him, and clearing the marmalade and the dry toast, takes a straight line for the cold beef. Twenty minutes through this unfavourable country is too much for some of the field, and several of them tail off in despair, but the rest who stick to him are rewarded, for after swimming a cup of tea and skirting the ham, he doubles and comes back right past the field towards the top of the table. He is observed to slacken here as though he has had enough, but after the breakfast room has been cleared, he picks up again and goes away with greater vigour than ever towards some ruins a mile or two distant. There he is followed well and bravely by many of the field, who, however, find themselves suddenly stopped by a large Mama which they have to get round, so that the cub gets another start and doubles back again to the original cover. The run has now lasted for six hours without a check, the pace has held, and the field are beginning to look for their second horses. When these are gained the day is falling, but none think of giving in, and at last the cub is run into in Drawing-room copse after the most extraordinary day's hunting ever recorded.

Where but in England will you find such sport, where, indeed, the materials for it ? Nowhere, I confidently assert ; snares are being introduced, poison has even been heard of, but may it be long before the degeneracy of modern times substitutes any other means of catching cubs for that old English and truly noble method of running after them in the open.

UNSAVOURY INCENSE.

IT is always a very unpleasant thing to a well-regulated mind to discover that one's rooms are infested with cockroaches or some other equally attractive vermin. But the necessity to crush the cockroaches is as instant and urgent as it is disagreeable. The loathsome creatures are there, and you cannot shut your eyes to their presence. To leave them alone is only to suffer them to increase, till from an insignificant nuisance they become a formidable pest.

It is just so with the same aversion and shuddering disgust that one is compelled to contradict some lies, though the nature and sources of them are so contemptible that it is not without a great struggle that one can bring one's self to notice them. Such a lie has been, not boldly uttered, but meanly insinuated by a writer in the *Morning Star*. And as we know that a whole nation once worshipped beetles, so it is possible that some misguided creatures may accept "the Censor" for a teacher. A certain low pamphlet is being hawked about the streets, which has partly copied, in the most unscrupulous manner, one of our Cartoons. "The Censor" thinks these sufficient grounds for directly implying that the staff of this journal are "the authors of that pamphlet," and the Editor of that Morning Journal which is the Inspired Pentateuch of Radicals, thinks it consistent with truth and honour to insert such a disgraceful calumny.

We no longer wonder at the miserable ingenuity displayed by certain writers in attaching meanings of their own to our Cartoons and articles. They are not so ignorant as we thought them ; on one point their knowledge is as perfect as it is peculiar, they know themselves. We do not envy them the research which must have led to such an enviable result. But their knowledge goes no further, and we fear there is little hope of their ever reaching the next stage of enlightenment,—to despise themselves.

The abuse of such critics is the incense of praise, but it is, indeed, unsavoury incense.

A HINT TO THE FENIANS.—"Summonses have been issued for a Cabinet Council on the 5th proximo." Here is a chance for an Irish Yankee Guy Faux ! Perhaps he had better spare his powder, for leave Ministers alone, and they will soon blow up one another.

ROUSSEAU'S DREAM.—An ingenious gentleman, bearing the honoured name of the immortal Jean Jacques, has "invented" a new species of oak which has the peculiar property of fostering truffles under its parental shade. We all remember the German fairy story of the two lovers who were turned into two trees. Probably this is another case of "dendromorphous transformation ;" some old gourmet has been turned into an oak, from whose acorns have sprung this glorious race of truffle-breeding trees, of which Mr. Rousseau exhibited a plantation in the gardens of the Paris Exhibition, and for which the Commissioners have awarded him a gold medal. We wonder that the genius of this great man did not carry him one step further, and help him to discover trees on whose branches grew "*poulardes farcies aux truffes*," all complete and ready for cooking. We fear he did not estimate the appetite of the Commissioners for the *hoax*, so correctly as he did their partiality to truffles.

THE TOMAHAWK ALMANACK.

Early in DECEMBER.

FIVE CARTOONS IN COLOURS.

Full of Engravings. Threepence.



LONDON, NOVEMBER 2, 1867.

It is said that the *Globe* and the *Sun* are shortly to become one. In spite of this alarming rumour, from what we know of the two papers in question, we do not expect a conflagration of the Thames to result from the connection!

A CORRESPONDENT, who dates from the Athenæum Club, calls our attention to the fact that in the preface to "*White Lies*," the original author declares his intention of teaching the "Mill horses of the Boulevards" how to write a French novel! This is simply charming when we remember the source from which the plot of the story was derived. However, Englishmen should remember the proverb that tells them of the fate of those who "put their trust in a Reade."

THE staff of officers sent out to the Mediterranean to buy mules for the Abyssinian expedition have not turned out so great a failure as anticipated. Knowing people wrote to the newspapers to say that with the exception of a dozen or two animals which we ourselves had taken to Constantinople during the Russian war, not a beast was to be had at any of the ports to which our agents had been despatched. This is not the case. Mules, though perhaps a little expensive, are not scarce on the Mediterranean, for we hear that we have already bought 20,000 of them at an average price of £50 a-piece. A million pounds' worth of mules! War is an expensive luxury.

THE London police are more zealous than particular. Last week when a man gave himself up as the murderer of the bandsman, he was placed with fifteen others for identification by Furber who was with McDonnell when the fatal shot was fired. As the self-accused murderer was a man who had been a teacher of languages, and was altogether of a very different stamp to the gaol birds with whom he was placed, it was not difficult for the witness to pick him out as the man to be identified; but Furber stated at the time that with the exception of being about the same height he was not in the least like the man who shot McDonnell. The next morning, when the case came on before the magistrate, the police-inspector stated in evidence that Furber had recognised the prisoner as one of the assassins. Fortunately, Furber was at hand to contradict the police-officer, but it was scarcely a creditable mistake. When a murder is committed, let somebody be hung, by all means, but if possible, let it be the right man.

MOVE ON!

(See CARTOON.)

CHASED through the storm and the rain, the mud and the gutter, the sleet and the snow. Hounded on into the river, the prison, the union, and the churchyard. Driven through want, illness, and death!

Move on!

Away, past the shops and the stores, followed and hunted, foot-sore and weary. Away, past the doors of the glad and the wealthy, the rich and the poor, crying, shivering, limping, starving, dying!

Move on!

Down by the river, under the bridges, near to the water, up by the alleys. Hurrying, hopping, sneaking, cringing, panting, sobbing, starving, dying!

Move on!

Passing the bake shop, passing the kitchen, looking backward, stopping a moment. Hurrying forward, chased and cursed, bullied and driven, barked at and bitten. Crawling, creeping, hopping and limping, gasping and dying!

Move on!

Hungry and thirsty, pale and weary, tattered and sore. Asking for alms, crying for alms, praying for alms,—raving for alms! Startled and sworn at, hunted and hustled, racing, running, stumbling, limping, crawling, panting creeping,—fainting!

Move on!

At last in the park, icy and bloodless, crying and sobbing, weary and dying. Out in the darkness, under the tree boughs. Tottering and stumbling, resting and falling, still calm, and nerveless! Pale and cold, body no soul, stiff—stark—dead!

Move on?

MARRIAGE À LA MODE.

AT a recent "theatrical" marriage the clergyman performing the service was obliged to remonstrate with his congregation (we should say audience) for behaving in a manner better suited to a transpontine pit than to a church situated in the West End of London. He had to hint to them that opera glasses should not, as a general rule, be substituted for prayer books during the celebration of Divine Service, that silence is never so golden as when observed in a place of worship, that applause is never mentioned in the rubric. Of course we have nothing to do with the matter. We are not the guardians of the Temple. We do not wear the cocked hat of Bumbledom. All we have to think about is the necessity of making immediate arrangements for the despatch of reporters to marriages of the kind to which we have alluded. Henceforth then, when any celebrity from the world of literature and art is drifted into matrimony, our readers may confidently expect to find in our columns of the succeeding week some such account of the event (under the usual heading "Accidents and Offences") as the following:

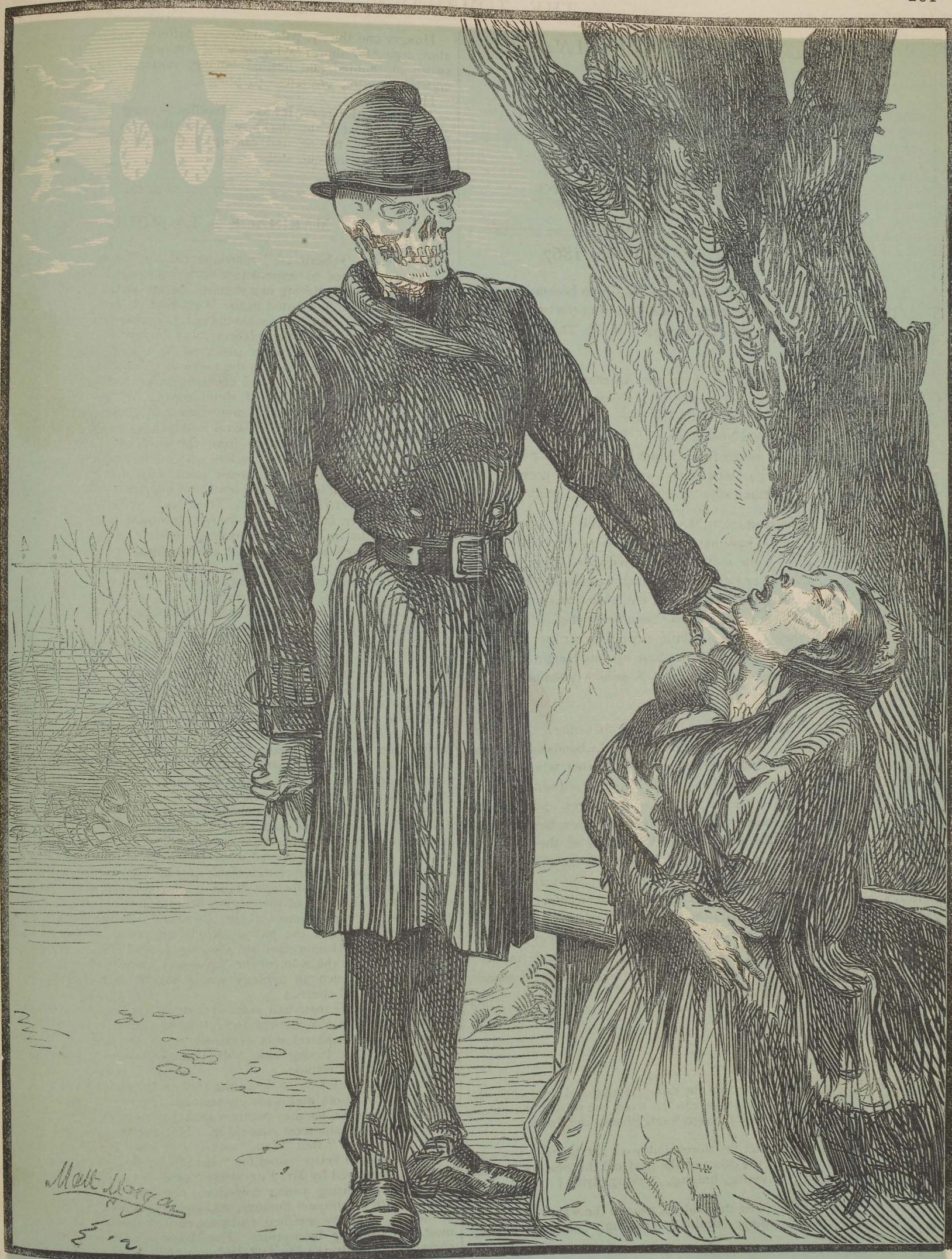
ST. CUPID'S WITHOUT, TOOTINGTON TOWN, E.W.

ON Thursday last, the well-known spectacle which has been for several months in active preparation, entitled, *A Marriage in High Life*, was revived at this place of entertainment with perfect success. From ten o'clock in the morning, pews, free seats, and gallery, were filled with an enthusiastic audience, who filled up the hour preceding the commencement of the performances, with a conversation apparently (to judge from the peals of merry laughter by which it was frequently interrupted) at once gay, brilliant, and interesting. At a little before eleven, Mr. Smith made his appearance in the organ-loft, and after acknowledging the complimentary cheers that as usual greeted his appearance, seated himself before his instrument. Soon the grand tones of the *Wedding March* were heard pealing through the church, exciting the audience to the highest point of enthusiasm, and at the conclusion of the grand *morceau*, the applause was absolutely deafening. Complying with a loud cry of *encore*, Mr. Smith repeated the performance with even greater effect, and on a second demand for a repetition of the stirring melody, indulged the audience with the *Advent Hymn*, (with Brown's Variations) executed in his most brilliant style. This piece was also well received.

By this time, although the hour fixed for the appearance of Miss Juliet Fitz-Shakespeare and Mr. Tayme Lion-Hunter had arrived, neither had as yet made their bow before the altar. For twenty minutes the audience behaved with the most exemplary good-nature; but as the hand of the church clock approached the half-hour, some slight signs of disapprobation began to be manifested in several parts of the auditorium. The hisses soon became general, but immediately ceased on the appearance of the Reverend George Buskin (Stage Curate), who begged the public's kind indulgence. An accident had happened: Mr. Hunter had lost the ring (laughter); the performance would commence the moment the "property" was recovered. (Hear, hear.) Surely such an apology would satisfy an indulgent British audience. (Loud cheers.)

The Rev. gentleman had scarcely retired ere the bridal procession made its appearance amidst a perfect hurricane of applause. The "Bride" (Miss Fitz-Shakespeare) was evidently much gratified by the hearty greeting, and the "Bridegroom" (Mr. Hunter) bowed again and again to the enthusiastic multitude.

It is unnecessary here to detail the plot of the piece which is of the flimsiest description, and is merely useful as a framework for spectacular effects. However, we may mention that the principal performers acted their respective parts most admirably. Mr. Toady, who filled the insignificant role of "Best Man," was just a trifle too "heavy." He would have been better suited for "Bride's Father," a character rather flippantly rendered by Mr. Fitz-Shakespeare, sen. The Rev. Richard Redfire, a promising young comedian, acted the part of "Officiating Priest" with much quiet humour, making a great point in the ceremony of the ring, which he enriched with some entirely new "business" of the most mirth-moving description. The Misses Fitz-Shakespeare, in the characters of "Bride's Maids," had only to look pretty; it is scarcely necessary to say that they performed this task to admiration. The "get-up" of Mrs. Fitz-Shakespeare as the "Bride's Mother" was exceedingly grotesque. Mr. Bumble, as "Beadle," was funny, but rather too broad for a West End Church. The *mise-en-scène* and dresses by Madame Traychare, of Bond Street, were deserving of the highest praise.



MOVE ON!

[(DEDICATED TO THE COMMISSIONERS OF POLICE.)

[See Sketch.]



THE "QUEEN'S" HOUSE-WARMING.

St. Martin's Hall has risen like a phoenix from its ashes ; but in such an altered shape, and in such glorious plumage, that it would hardly know itself again. The Queen's Theatre has been opened. Certainly, the inside of the house is very beautiful, so are the company, when they are singing "God Save the Queen"—to our mind the best part of the performance on the opening night. We might have expected that Mr. Wigan, after his somewhat grandiloquent prospectus, would have encouraged original native talent ; and we were not disappointed. Both the pieces had that French flavour about them which seems an inseparable companion of the British drama. The first piece is the work of a gentleman, whose education and talents might really have been expected to have produced something more worthy the name of a "Comedietta." The plot is, if we mistake not, from over the water, and has not improved with the voyage ; an indifferent Farce, with a little bit of Melo-drama dragged in by the neck and heels, is hardly what we should call a Comedietta. Mr. Clayton had the piece pretty well to himself, and it was lucky he had, for the other characters, neither in the design, nor in the representation of them could possibly have interested the audience for ten minutes. Mr. Clayton played very well, but he might lend a greater air of probability to the plot by making love more as if he meant it ; his lunacy was more earnest than his passion ; perhaps this was in some measure the fault of the lady who played the fascinating widow for love of whom he is supposed to have feigned madness ; for certainly she did little and said less to inspire such a vehement affection. *He's a Lunatic* is not a good piece in conception, dialogue, or construction ; and we do not see the humour of calling all the characters after various lunatic asylums, and other symbols of insanity, and not making them in any way act up to their titles ; the introduction of a melo-dramatic burglar with a pistol was a mistake ; but still we hope for something better from the same author, when he shall have learned to spend a little more labour and thought on his writing.

And now we come to the great Romantic Drama, by Mr. Charles Reade—*The Double Marriage*, of which so much has already been said in our columns. We looked in vain for any acknowledgment of the source whence this *chef d'œuvre* was borrowed, but we are happy to say, for the sake of our national character for honesty, which does not stand very high at present, that Mr. Wigan announced that the piece was the joint work of M. Maquet and Mr. Charles Reade. This is a step in the right direction, and we hope M. Maquet will reap some of the pecuniary profit, as well as some of the praise.

It is not our duty to tell the story. It is very little different from the sketch previously given by us of the French piece. The scenery was very good, and it was admirably put on the stage, but we are afraid that the new Romantic Drama will not go down with the British public. Miss Addison is in no way up to the leading part—in fact, she is quite eclipsed by Miss Ellen Terry, who, having subdued her restless impulse to skip about the stage, and smack her hands on the slightest provocation, acted, we must confess, very charmingly. She has certainly made great progress in the art of self-restraint, and there is no fear of her ever being tame, unless she is called upon for a display of very strong passion. Mrs. Saville was not happy as the mother : it was an unhappy part, but she lacked 'presence.' Mr. Wigan himself played what he had to do admirably, but we think he might have found something worthier of his talents. He is an actor whom all true lovers of the art must welcome back to the stage, whence petty jealousies on the part of others, and we fear his own ill-health have too long excluded him. Mr. Wyndham, as the other husband, astonished those who only remembered him by his wig in *Meg's Diversion*. In the first act he was very effective.

The great fault of the 'Romantic Drama' is, that it loses interest as it proceeds, and that the plot is not clearly explained in the action. Besides, it is evident, from the hostile reception which both this piece and Mr. Robertson's *Medley* at the Holborn encountered, that an English audience does not like pieces which turn on the sacrifice by one lover, or husband of his betrothed, or wife to another. They obstinately sympathise with the wrong man, and resent, as an insult to their sense of justice, the act of self-sacrifice. This was most markedly the case the other night, though the character of the fortunate husband was far from uninteresting.

Allowing for the confusion of a first night, the dialogue is eminently weak and slipshod ; anti-climaxes abound, and the ridiculous and the sentimental are too often blended together unintentionally. There is a monotony in the incidents ; everybody seems to be getting killed by the newspapers and coming to life again. The morbid anxiety displayed by nearly all the characters in turn to kill Mr. Wigan and Mr. Wyndham, coupled with their total want of success, was very amusing. In fact, the serious part of the drama afforded more laughter than the comic, in spite of Mr. Lionel Brough's very clever imitation of Mr. Toole. It is quite unnecessary to engage the latter gentleman now, as Mr. Brough can make up the part very well. We must say a word for Miss Henrietta Hodson, who played a servant girl very prettily in every way. The appearance of the baby excited much laughter ; which was a pity, for this merriment marred the best situation in the piece. But

the British people cannot fight against their wonderful sense of humour ; the very mention of a baby at once suggests the clown sitting on a dummy infant, and making it into sausages afterwards.

We don't often indulge in regular theatrical notices, but the opening of this theatre ought to be an event in the dramatic world. We think we might have looked for a piece of somewhat higher character from such a manager ; and we hope that Mr. Wigan will learn that the public in London are getting somewhat tired of mutilated versions of French dramas, in which the most reckless sacrifices are made to that Moloch of the stage, British Morality. When those who pilfer their brains from others without acknowledging the theft, are no longer classed as original authors ; and when managers learn to treat authors with as much consideration and liberality as they do the gas men and the machinists, the honest love of fame may inspire men of talent to labour carefully and *con amore* at original dramas. The genius of the French will not bear transplanting to England ; we have a genius of our own, which authors who tax their own brains for their plots will find no difficulty in catching. The system of two men working at a play together, which is so successful in France, we hope will soon be adopted on a wider scale in England, when writers for the stage are paid as well as novelists, and cease to hold their own petty selfish interests higher than love of their art.

LADY GRUNDY ON THE CLOSE OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

* * * Well, now, I do think of all humbugs, this has been the biggest I ever saw. Why, my dear, everything pretends to be something which it isn't. We heard, if you remember, that the Paris Exhibition would be the most serious, the most intellectual, the most edifying of all the Vanity Fairs that have yet appeared. I wish I could say that I had learnt nothing, but I can not conscientiously do that, for I have come away with my ideas of tricking and imposition considerably augmented. But I really believe the public like to be cheated, or they would not stand the wholesale humbug of the Show in the *Champs de Mars*.

Do you know, I was reminded, as I approached, of those days when I used to be taken as a great treat to see the canvas circus which paid an annual visit to the village. What, to my childish eyes, appeared a splendid hippodrome, while all around were multitudes of small shows Albinos, Circassian ladies, and the like.

Well, there they were ; Circassian ladies, fire-eating Arabs, and all, down to the very camel that went round with his keeper, and which I was told came from the stables of the Vice Roy of Egypt, but which I am firmly persuaded had been lent by Mr. Wombwell for the season.

On each side of the entrance conducting from the Bridge of Jéna, are painted poles, from which float streamers of the true circus type. These poles support ropes, on which no doubt trapèze performers risked their wretched lives every evening ; but I could not stay for that performance, I had too much to see elsewhere.

I need scarcely say that, at my time of life, I was not going to refuse a Bath chair, which was proposed to me as quite a novel sensation by a Parisian friend. Away we went then on our voyage of discovery, and though I never came across anything like a *coup d'œil*, I risked many a blow in the eye from the red umbrellas which formed a prominent feature among the provincials who flocked up to the show.

It seemed to me, I may be wrong (we are all liable to make mistakes), that except a few pieces of furniture, some costumes from Roumania, Sweden, and Russia, and the Gallery of Antiquities, pompously called the "History of Labour," there was nothing I had not seen before, and better too, for when I saw the Bronzes of Barbédienne, for instance, in '62, they had the advantage of novelty which they have now lost.

I soon got tired (my eyes are getting very bad) of going round and round like a squirrel in a cage, so dismissing my chair and attendant, who looked as if he neither knew where nor what Bath was, I hastened with some friends to refresh. Now, the hungry or thirsty soul (and I verily believe that no one bound for the Exposition ever thinks of touching food until he arrives) may eat or drink his fill according to his nationality, and should a Pongo Islander demand his national restaurant, some enterprising *chevalier* would be able to point out the required article.

We were to try them all. Oh, my dear, if you knew the nastiness I had had to taste, could you imagine the filthy compounds which were set before me, you would not eat your dinner for the next week to come.

Drinks—pink, black, green, and dirty white ; dishes—thick, doubtful, greasy, and repulsive, were all brought and had to be tried. My poor old soul had a bad time of it ; but I did my duty, or I could not give an opinion. And my opinion is that Munich beer, Strasbourg pie, Danish dollops, Russian quass, Styrian Stynkomalee, Chinese Dragon tears (the only liqueur touched by the Emperor of China), Swallow-nest soup, and Otaheitan hotch-pot, were one and all made in Paris, and Spiers and Roberts could probably tell us where.

Then as to nationalities, the Turkish waiters who decorated their

stupid heads with fezzes, had never been farther than Montmartre out of Paris. The merry Swiss maid was a native of Strasbourg; the Scotch lassie who served out Edinburgh ale came from near Cork; and I am sure I caught sight of that old "Injian" who tickles the oyster-barrel in the streets of London, as an accompaniment to his Sepoy love ditty, doing duty with other atrocious blacks who (de)composed a band of musicians in the Algerian coffee house.

I have not quite forgot my girlhood's accomplishment, so I addressed a black-eyed mantilla-wearing Señorita at the Spanish café in what I imagined was good Castilian. "*Plait-il*" was the only answer I could get. By the way, I really believe the coffee was made of Spanish juice.

In the cannibal cabin we were received by the proprietor in full paint and nose-ring, and found cold missionary much more digestible than we expected, but I recognized in our host an old courier, who begged I would not divulge his secret until after the close of the Exhibition.

At the Japanese Joss-house we were informed that the Tycoon's own "Beatific Beverage, or Liqueurs of the Moon," was the most heavenly nectar that could be drunk. Unfortunately they were out of it since yesterday, but the waiter offered to send us a bottle of it, with the original seal, if we would wait till the following day. It is really astonishing the rapidity with which commercial transactions are accomplished now-a-days! We finished a wearying visit with a theatrical representation at the Pekin Palace, where the only thing that reminded one of China was the crockery bowl twirled on the end of a stick by Professor Somebody, of Seven Dials.

Pah! my dear, I hope I shall not live to see any more Expositions!

THE COMING SENSATION

ZADKIEL was seated on his only chair in his Necromantic Laboratory, absorbed in contemplation of a Crystal Ball which he held in his right hand. The nervous twitches in his face indicated something more than usually exciting to his mental faculties. So isolated were his senses, so concentrated on the revelations of the archangelic crystal that the coming seer was unaware of the entrance of his rival Raphael, —Raphael the Rosicrucian the Gnostic Necrologer was behind him and looking over the shoulder of the unconscious gazer. More absorbed if possible was the contemplation of the new comer—more nervous if possible the twitches in his face—more eager to obtain the revelations disclosed in the magic orb.

So careless of each other's presence were they, that is was only when their two noses touched over the translucid sphere, that their eyes met—you may have seen two thundering clouds hiss with a flash and a roar, you may perchance have witnessed a collision between two express trains—you may been the awe-struck audience to a tiger's duel—you may stranger, but you don't get a notion of what the shock was when their eyes met.

"Thief!" shouted Zadkiel, pocketing his talisman. "You have stolen into my abode like a burglar, but you are foiled—my secret is here! patting his coat pocket." "Hi despise yer Marine—you call yerself a hastrologer! Why! Hi should 'ave been warned of yer hap-proach if you'd tried that game on me."

"Tailor; thrice-doomed tailor that you are," hissed Zadkiel; "call yourself Raphael? Why shiver my timbers!—as we used to say in the navy—it would take nine of you to make the commonest conjurer. Avaunt—I defy you. You have *not* my secret."

"Hincredulous Himpostur! Question me."

"What have you seen?" faltered Zadkiel; and the pearl drops stood on his brow.

"Hin that Mystake Horb which hi seed in your 'and, hi saw, has it were, the Hangel Hagrabel. He knows me, bless yer. The hangel 'eld a flag on 'igh."

"No more! Don't tell me you read the mighty import thereon."

"Hi did, and no mistake. What are you—to have all the secrets to yourself? Who is Zadkiel—to be the only prophet of good or evil?"

"Stay, brother—let us forget our anamosities; for I confess I could not decipher the words."

"Ha! Own that I am your equal—your superior."

"Anything you please; but, by Algebra and Abracadabra! By the alcohol imbibed in the Alambra!! Divulge, divulge!"

"The Hangel 'eld a flag on 'igh, and hon it were these words, repeated thousands and thousands of times,—The Tomahawk is a going to be published on a Toosday instead of a Wednesday, as 'eretofore."

A PERTINENT QUESTION.—When some very strong complaints were made about the diet in Irish prisons last session, the authorities indignantly asked, "What is all this stir about?" Little enough it would seem, to judge from the following statement:—"At Naas Gaol the diet is about a pint of 'stirabout' for breakfast, some more stirabout about ten o'clock in the evening and a pound of bread, and then nothing more till breakfast next morning." We do not want to pamper prisoners, but we have no right to starve them.

LOGOGRIPE.

To the Ninth of November I carry the fame

Of the Fifth, for the difference really is small,

Whatever the difference be in the name

Between Guys of Gunpowder and Guys of Guildhall.

Double-barrelled I am, and I cover the fleet;

I bear unto Westminster Hall,

Or to victory those who will trust to my strength,

And the glories of old I reconquer at length;

Each barrel has just the same number of feet,

And your fingers will carry them all.

These barrels I wot have no more to do

With each other than I have, my reader, with you,

But if you would see where the join is made

The postal district your task will aid.

If two-fifths are cut off from each barrel, and laid

End to end, they will give you the sum that was paid

For my making; and if, of the parts that remain,

You leave out one of two that are twins, you will gain,

By a new combination, the title that's due

To the whole of the structure you wish to pursue.

But besides these, you'll see that I carry within me

Many others, if only you'll bone me and skin me.

A domestic furred animal; also another

As like to a weasel as man to his brother;

A garment; a shrub which will make an infusion,

And the state of affairs which belongs to confusion.

He who tries and who guesses them all, if he gains

But the least sight of me, will be paid for his pains.

ANSWER TO LAST DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

F Fuseli I

A Ararat T

I Idea A

T Tail L

H Hurry Y

ERRATUM.—In stanza (2) for *stormy* bosom read *stony*.

THE correct answers to last week's Acrostic received up to Saturday last, will be given in our next.

WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE.

ESTABLISHED BY THE CUSTOMS (OF THE POLICE).

1 constable's oath makes... A bad case.

2 constables' oaths equal... 20 other peoples'.

40 other peoples' don't equal... 1 inspector's.

1 inspector's oath makes... A conviction.

THE DANCE IN ABYSSINIA, OR THE BALL AND THE BUFFET.—It will be refreshing, after the *sand which is* in the desert, to have the Negus handed to our tried troops.

MR. WEBSTER has again shut up his admirable Penholder, and now the Adelphi attractions are Miss Herbert and Mr. Belmore. We sadly miss "One Touch of Nature" here.

"NO POPERY."—CAN *Punch* find no more witty, or refined, or novel notion for his cartoon than that threadbare jest of dressing up the Pope as an old woman? Surely, Mr. Tenniel might leave such subjects to his plagiarists.

STUFF!—The Tower Hamlets Volunteers have volunteered their services for the campaign in Abyssinia. The commanding officer says this will show "what stuff the volunteers are made of." We hope that most of the volunteers know better where their real duty lies.

EPIGRAM

ON A RECENT CHANGE IN THE ITALIAN MINISTRY.

Victor resigns himself to eat

Imperial threats or rebel *lazzi*;

But selfishly objects to meet

The resignation of Ratazzi.