

# THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 28.]

LONDON, NOVEMBER 16, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

## TO THE EARL OF DEVON, PRESIDENT OF THE POOR-LAW BOARD.

MY LORD,—The many changes which have taken place in the Ministry since their accession to office, have occasioned your promotion from the inglorious sinecure of the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster to the onerous and responsible duties of the Presidency of the Poor-law Board. There is no office in the Government which gives the holder greater opportunities of distinguishing himself, and of leaving behind him a monument of his administration far more glorious than the memory of a bloody, if victorious, war, and far more durable than a treaty, which the first unprincipled adventurer, whom the waves of revolution may fling on to a throne, can and will certainly tear to pieces.

I have no desire, my Lord, to exalt you to any conspicuous height of incompetency, or wilful negligence, above your fellows. I readily admit, that while few men have been appointed to the office which you hold with so much experience of the department as you have enjoyed, so there are few who have undertaken it with a deeper sense of responsibility, and with a more earnest desire to remedy the abuses—there are, I believe, such things as abuses in the Poor-law Board—but in saying this, My Lord, I am afraid I bestow but little praise upon you; for to judge by what they have accomplished, no President of this Board has ever thought it worth his while to wage other than a most gentle warfare with the evils to which he can hardly, however much he endeavoured it, have been perfectly blind.

If, in this letter, I seem to assume that the Minister who is placed at the head of such a department as yours, can, if he choose, be the head in something more than name, I hope I am making no unwarrantable assumption; but, at the same time, I would be the last to undervalue the enormous power for the obstruction of good, and the maintenance of evil, which lies in the hands of the permanent Staff of the Poor-law Board. There is a heavy reckoning placed to the credit of our War Office, in the shape of misery, privation, and death, inflicted by stubborn sloth and ingenious neglect; which, let me observe, are little, if any, better than deliberate cruelty; but I believe that the Inspectors of Workhouses have such a bill to answer for in regard of these items, as must need a very large private balance of earnestness and humanity to meet.

Your predecessor, my Lord, gained some praise by being the vehicle for the introduction of a bill, the chief points in which had been urged by an influential portion of the public press, with a persistency which could not be denied. That such a bill would ever have been spontaneously produced by any President of the Poor-law Board, even though several years of office had given him the opportunity of obtaining some information on the subject, is what no one but a person of the most vivid imagination would ever believe. Excuse me, my Lord, if, though you have shown signs of yielding to the sober and just demands of the public, I cannot be so sanguine as to hope that, were not the agitation of the Press on the subject of Workhouse Reform to be kept up with untiring energy next Session—aye, or the next after that, or the next again after that (supposing that Providence preserves to us the inestimable blessing of an enlightened Government

like the present), would see any measure introduced for the remedy of the frightful abuses, which have been shown to exist in some of our country Workhouses by those zealous Inspectors, who are handsomely paid by the country to find out such abuses—No! I humbly beg pardon—by certain obscure, sensational writers employed by mischievous and prejudiced journals. Oh! my Lord, the Poor-law Board will not be allowed to serve for ever as a text for caustic paragraphs, as a grim jest for those in whom the principles of *laissez aller*, and *poco curante-ism*, when carried to their utmost development, excite a strange species of sarcastic admiration. Slowly, but surely, through the thick crust of indolence and selfishness, which has grown round the souls of this money-getting people, the stings of conscience awakened from her long sleep by the persevering din of those who will not sit by and hold their tongues while evil is being done, are making themselves felt; and ere long, when the lingering suffering, and revolting tortures which have been inflicted on the weak, the helpless, and the diseased, under the mocking name of Relief, shall come home to every hale and strong heart, such a storm will arise, as shall sweep away all that noxious cloud of pitiful pretences, and contemptible shifts, under which the masterly neglect of officials has attempted to conceal their degrading insensibility; and then the parrot cry of "We did what others did before us" will avail no more; then Justice, let us hope, and not Vengeance, will demand that punishment which the ægis of Government now averts, though it cannot, as long as men's thoughts and tongues and pens are free, avert the disgrace.

My Lord, you may possibly say "What is all this to me? I am not the incarnation of the Poor Law; I am not responsible for all these evils, the growth of years." True, my Lord, but you unfortunately happen to have come into power at a time when these abuses have gained a publicity which entitles them to official notice; and when the outspoken voices of earnest and thinking men demand some action on the part of the department which is responsible for such abuses. What has been your course my Lord? When the medical officer of Cheltenham Workhouse, whose complaints, though listened to were still disregarded, indulged in rather violent and disrespectful language to his official superior, his resignation was demanded with a praiseworthy promptitude. An enquiry took place shortly afterwards into the abuses complained of, at which the late medical officer was not even allowed to introduce a single friend to be his witness, or to protect his interests; an enquiry so secret, of so inquisitorial a nature, that no representative of the press, nor even of the ratepayers, was allowed to be present. Did you, my Lord, know of this? Had you read the statements of Dr. Fleischmann? Surely, the officials of the Poor-law Board could not have deprived you of every newspaper, they could not have concealed every document from your eager enquiring gaze. If a groom were found habitually giving foul and unwholesome water to the horses in some racing stable, no secret committee of his superiors would be deemed necessary previous to his dismissal; but paupers are not racehorses, paupers are expensive animals that minister to no pleasure; still, my Lord, there are some people who would like to know what measures, if any, were taken at once, on receipt of Dr. Fleischmann's report, to ascertain whether his statement that the nurses of the sick wards in Cheltenham Workhouse subdued the immoderate thirst of their

patients by draughts of water taken from a dirty tank were true, and if true what measures were taken to check such a practice?

But surely there must be some wonderful hidden virtue in a secret enquiry, to appreciate which requires a course of instruction at the Poor-law Board. The Revelations of Farnham Workhouse still sicken the memory of those who have not been for a long time officially cognizant of such amenities of pauper life. The report published by the *Lancet* on October 19, has been widely circulated; it has been confirmed in all its horrible and revolting details by an independent medical officer, and by the admissions of one of the guardians at least in the columns of the *Times*. Perhaps, mylord, the Poor-law Board shares that aversion to the *Times* which distinguished the late Mr. Cobden—they certainly have a better reason—so I will only note the fact that no official inquiry takes place till the 12th of November, and then that would have been a strictly private one, conducted by the person most culpable, had not the guardians themselves, with a tardy sense of right, requested that the inquiry should be full and public, a concession which was demanded by the unanimous voice of public opinion. No shame at the hideous abuses, which had been fostered for fourteen years under the inspectorship of one of their own officers, could move the Poor-law Board to originate this simple act of justice. To the guardians, to the man who had so infamously parodied his solemn duty they could show consideration; but they had to be goaded by popular indignation into what was, I repeat, a simple act of justice towards the medical officer, the inmates of the workhouse, and the public. One question more, and I have done with the subject: when the inquiries took place, which resulted in the dismissal of Sargent, the late master, did no facts come out which might induce the official who held the inquiry, to think that all was not right at Farnham Workhouse? I will not ask whether the inquest previously held on the obstinate epileptic patient who died of falling into a cesspool, which he was made to clean out when scarcely recovered from a fit, I will not ask whether such a hole and corner, such an unofficial inquiry as that could have urged on the Poor-law Board the necessity for any action. Truly, such sublime indifference is more than philosophical. When you enter the door-way of the Poor-law Office, you must feel, my lord, that you are once more within the Porch of the Stoics.

This enquiry will now take place in public—this is something gained. Let us hope with your sanguine Secretary, Mr. Sclater Booth, "That it may be satisfactory to all parties," though as he modestly and humorously adds, "he can't see how that can be." Pauperism is, as the same excellent gentleman says, "a disgrace;" if it is not, my Lord, it seems the Poor-law Board are determined to take one step towards such a result by making it a crime. It may be a disgrace that men who earn uncertain wages, who have in many cases to pay high rents for indifferent houses which nourish every sort of sickness among them, should, when out of work, be reduced to find shelter in a workhouse, to the support of which (in some cases) they have for a long time paid rates. This surely is a great disgrace, but that when they are there they should be treated with a revolting barbarity which, if practised towards brute beasts, would ensure a speedy punishment—this my Lord, is no disgrace. It is the proud boast and glory of a Christian country, where Mammon is never worshipped, but a God of mercy and perfect charity to all men, in whose sight poor and rich are alike equal. I am a savage, my Lord, or I should feel at home in such a blessed country.

Looking forward anxiously, my Lord, to that excellent and liberal measure of Poor-law Reform which I am sure, like a true Conservative, you are preparing for the coming session, I have the honour to remain your Lordship's obedient servant,

TOMAHAWK.

A GOOD SHOT.—What's in an aim? Tell.

THE CUT DIRECT.—"The police are being instructed in the use of the cutlass." Heaven knows that the police need employment of some kind, if alone to withdraw their attention from our area belles and well filled larders. Let their future patriotic cry be "Down with the Fenians," instead of "Down with the cooks." The introduction of the cutlass drill will have done some good if its occupation of the leisure hours of the police force leads to their cutting, not only the Fenians, but the lasses of our households.

## THE MAKING OF HAY.

ART has no sex, and therefore, criticism is not obliged to ask whether a novel or a picture is by a man or a woman before passing an opinion.

A great deal of twaddle is printed, and much more thrown to the winds, about attacking ladies, and respecting the sex's weakness. Once they appear in the lists of Art they have no more right to expect quarter than had Joan of Arc on the battle-field, and extenuating circumstances must not be added to a verdict against Art on the score of sex. Mr. Wallis is now exhibiting a large picture, representing a procession in Florence during the Carnival of 1497, for the burning of vanities at the instigation of Savonarola. This large canvass is by a lady Mrs. Benham Hay, and there is so much that is not only clever, but studied, not only firm, but manly in the treatment that we are quite sorry to have to point out its fault. We are all the more sorry that the faults are more through carelessness than ignorance, and for this very reason more reprehensible in an artist who shows so many proofs of her capacity.

The penny critics who have had little lately in the way of Art more elevated than the class of pictures, alas so broadcast, rejoicing in such titles as *Going for the Beer*, or *Ma's Pet*, go into raptures about the "intense æsthetic study," and "complex manipulation" necessary to produce such a work. There is no royal road to Art, and of course Mrs. Benham Hay has studied as any other artist, but there is nothing in her picture which suggests that that study has been intensely æsthetic, and much to show that it has been anything but devoted to perspective—of that anon. We will point out the beauties (to copy the P. C.'s), by giving a detailed inventory of the objects on the canvas.

There are some twenty figures of men, women, and children. The composition is harmonious, the grouping easy and refined. In some of the faces, more especially in those of the old men closing the procession, and in that of a rich matron looking on, there is a great deal of careful drawing and efficient modelling. There is nothing glaring in the general colours as a whole, but a crudeness of tints, and an objection to broken colours is evident on careful inspection.

There seems too great a desire to paint like someone else, and a consequent restriction and *gêne* to the real talent that breaks out here and there, as in the head of the dark-haired boy in blue and orange, in spite of rules laid down for the artist's own guidance.

Of course, the picture will recall, on first sight, the works of Mr. F. Leighton, but without suggesting that Mrs. Benham Hay has been inspired by that gentleman's works, it is most probable that both artists go for their nursing to the old Italian masters, whose signatures abound in the neighbourhood of Florence. Of course we do not compare the two. Mr. Leighton has "arrived," and is, perhaps, the first of England's artists in artistic feeling; but he appeals only and always to the senses. Mrs. Benham Hay, without æsthetic studies, does not worship only the beautiful, for there is much thought in this really ambitious picture, and we hold that the intention of a picture often counterbalances manipulation.

But Mrs. Benham Hay we must scold you. You may have spent weeks of pleasurable occupation, or years of downright hard work, but if you had spent a week or two more it would have been better for you and your picture.

The truer a picture is to Nature in its beauty the greater the pleasure given, and this is true in all parts of the whole. If your fair-haired violinist were made to squint the fault would be scouted by all. Yourself the first. Why should your perspective squint? It does. For instance, of the poles supporting the canopy one is fixed in the ground behind your grand dame, whose arm and hand nevertheless are at the back of it; another is fixed nowhere, we mean the pole, part of which is hidden by the young painter. Quite in the background are some scoffers on a doorstep who are the same size on the canvas as a pedlar who is standing under an archway not half their distance from the procession. But since pre-Raphaelitism and æsthetic study came into fashion linear and aerial perspective have been thrown over as worthless. We will now ask you Madam when you ever went out under an Italian sky without some slight shadow being thrown by any awning you may happen to have passed under? Are sunlight and shadow vanities to be burnt with perspective? We hope not, and recommend them much

to your notice, merely observing that the female model requires more study perhaps than the male, and is conspicuous by its absence beneath the draperies of your musical damsels; also that the type of boy might be more varied. We will terminate our strictures, begging you to take them as they are meant, in the hope of leading you, by a little more technical care, to take a high position among artists. We don't say British artists, designedly, for the Exposition showed how far behind other countries we are still in art-conception and art-execution. Go on Mrs. Benham Hay on your road rejoicing. You are on the right scent, and if there are gates you may go through with a little trouble of opening; don't endanger your neck by flying at the fences. A fall in Art is seldom got over. Take warning by that awful example, for instance, Mr. Solomon Hart! Penny criticism swallows the camel on account of its size, but had only one of Mrs. Benham Hay's figures been exhibited it would have strained at it and called it a gnat, which has perhaps more marvels in its structure than the camel.

### MR. PAUL BEDFORD.

AND has it come to this?

Is it really true that Paul Bedford, whose name has been for many years past, so intimately connected with the "screaming farces" for which the Adelphi has earned a reputation—the same Paul Bedford who has acted with Reeve, with Wright, and with Toole—is it true that now, in his old age, he is reduced to making a nightly appearance before the audience of Weston's Music Hall? Indeed, we fear that it *is* true, and he who has, for some thirty years, done his best to entertain the *habitués* of the Adelphi Theatre, has been compelled to seek the sympathy of another public, at a time of life when the good fortune of securing new friends comes to a man but rarely.

We will not tell our readers that Paul Bedford was a great comedian, but we will tell them that he was a very faithful servant of the public. He was possessed of no remarkable amount either of *vis comica* or histrionic ability, but he had something about him which was hearty and genial; the public liked him, and would not have forsaken him so long as he remained at the Adelphi: at his new home, however, we fear that he may chance to meet with folks who know him not.

With regard to the nature of the mishaps which have rendered it impossible for him, as yet, to lay aside the cap and bells, we can scarcely speak, further than that we have it on trustworthy authority, that his misfortunes are not of his own making. It is no concern of ours, either, to enter into the circumstances which resulted in the severing of his connection with a Theatre which he had, doubtless, learnt to look on as a second home; this much, however, we may assume—namely, that his departure was not of his own free will.

Be this as it may, we cannot but lament that, in the winter of his life, this aged actor should find himself no longer connected with the Theatre where his name was a household word, and where, for years past, he had striven his hardest to enlist the sympathy, and secure the good-will of his public.

### LAZARUS TO-DAY.

MR. TOMAHAWK.—Sir,—I am one of the Old School, and I should like to know, along with other honest men, what all this *Farnham* business means. Yes, Sir, I say it again,—what it all means. What is all this new-fangled nonsense about "charity," "the poor man's friend," and "commissions?" Poor man's friend, indeed! What right has the vagabond to a friend at all? Let him be thankful he gets fed nearly as well as my sow; for, mind you, my sow *is* worth her feed; but he, Sir,—well, you know he is worth just nothing, and is a drag on honest men's pockets into the bargain. If that isn't good English logic, I should like to know what is, that's all. Howsoever, that is neither here nor there. What I want of you, Mr. TOMAHAWK,—between ourselves—I've heard say you are a savage sort of fellow—is to put in this bit of paper. It is a set of questions—a sort of examination as you call it, for those who puts themselves up to be guardians. It is my ideas, but a friend has set them ship-shape. I would not trouble you, you see, but I feel I do duty for a great many who don't exactly care to speak out their minds like a true-bred John Bull ought to do. But I'm

never ashamed of my colours, and so here is my card; but in print just please call me any blessed thing you like. What do you say to

### A GOOD SAMARITAN?

#### PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION PAPER FOR POOR-LAW GUARDIANS.

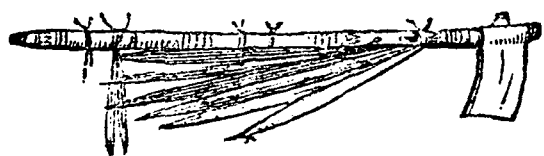
- (1.)—State briefly any circumstances that you consider likely to fit you for the post, making special reference to
  - (a.) The brutality, irritability, savage sulkiness, or other favourable peculiarities of your own temper.
  - (b.) The ditto ditto of that of your wife.
  - (c.) The amount of annoyance you have either severally or jointly caused your neighbours by their judicious exercise.
- (2.)—Give an outline of your childhood, and if possible, the dates at which you
  - (a.) First laughed heartily at a beggar.
  - (b.) Put a stone into a blind man's hat.
  - (c.) Made some poor person wince, by pointed allusion to his or her condition.
- (3.)—Henry VIII. put 38,000 beggars to death. Show the economy of this, and compare the system of burning letters into the backs of paupers with red-hot irons, as practised in the reign of Edward VI. with the more refined method of moral branding, as practised in the present day.
- (4.)—Write a humorous essay on "Death in a Dog Kennel."
- (5.)—Given a care worn, decrepid, neglected dying old man. State how much misery may be crammed into the last six months of his life at the least possible cost.
- (6.)—Write out the history of "Dives and Lazarus," and show, if you can, how entirely the position of the latter differed from that of the helpless poor man at your gate to-day.
- (7.)—A child is born in a workhouse. Give the successive steps by which you would propose to degrade it, body and soul, in taking sunshine from its childhood, hope from its youth, self-respect from its manhood, and all that makes life worth the living—from every stage of its life.
- (8.)—Examine the national axiom "Poverty is crime," and draw a rough sketch of a country Union modelled on this assumption, giving suggestions with a view to impressing the salutary truth on its inmates.
- (9.)—Show, as well as you may be able, that a minister is justified in addressing a workhouse congregation from the pulpit, as "Beloved paupers," and discuss the advisability of preparing an edition of the Bible, that may safely be read by the "beloved" referred to, without fear of their putting ugly questions afterwards.
- (10.)—According to the theory of the Poor Laws, there is a beautiful effort of charity known as *Out-door Relief*. Shew how you can kill off parochial burthens by this simple instrument, and give a bill of fare such as an aged woman may relish, at the rate of three half-pence a day.
- (11.)—Dante wrote his celebrated line, rendered in English, *Abandon Hope*, &c., with a view to a certain place. Prove that Dante can never have heard of a British workhouse.
- (12.)—Over the gateway of numerous Continental charitable institutions, devoted to the care of the aged poor, is inscribed the legend *Christo in Pauperibus*. Name, at random, a few Unions where you think you would like to write up these words!

MOTTO FOR THE NEW QUEEN'S THEATRE.—"Run," and not Reade.

DANGEROUS BATHING IN ITALY.—General Garibaldi took a sudden plunge into the Holy See, but being unable to swim out of his depth, very narrowly escaped with his life. He has been removed to Spezzia, sadly upset by his late ducking.



*The TOMAHAWK ALMANACK.—Early in December.  
Five Cartoons in Colours. Full of Engravings. Threepence.*



\* \* Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 16, 1867.

### HER MAJESTY.

AMONG the many virtues which have distinguished the long and prosperous reign of the Queen, few have been more marked than her personal courage, and the unshaken confidence which she has always shown in the loyalty of all classes of her subjects—never allowing herself to be surrounded with any armed escort beyond what was necessary for the pageantry of state processions or was required by court etiquette.

It is therefore, with no surprise, but with much gratification that we have learnt that on the recent occasion of Her Majesty's return from Balmoral to Windsor, the Queen refused to consent to the arrangements proposed to her by her responsible advisers "for a large armed escort to accompany her on her journey by rail from Scotland."

Arrangements had been made by the ministers for an entire company of one of the Scotch regiments to accompany the royal train under arms from Ballater to Carlisle, and for an equal number of the Foot Guards to proceed from London to Carlisle, there to take over the escort and guard Her Majesty to Windsor.

On these arrangements being communicated to the Queen, she at once refused her consent—declaring that she felt the fullest confidence in the loyalty of her people, and would not approve of any measure that might have even the semblance of distrust towards them.

We feel assured that the announcement which we have been able to communicate to the public, will be received with gratitude and satisfaction by Her Majesty's loyal subjects, and will add to the warmth of that respectful welcome with which all classes will mark the return now shortly to take place, of Her Majesty to her former place in the ceremonials and festivities of her Court, when she shall have emerged finally from the shadow of that dread eclipse which has so long darkened alike the throne and the nation at large.

### OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW NAMES.

WE have ventured, in deference to the popular taste, to register the following elegant titles for Burlesques :

*Mealy-faced Moll; or, the Murderin Magsman, and the Muly Mug.*

(Founded on Fielding's *Amelia*.)

*Fuzzy Felia; or, the Drowned Daughter and the Dizzy Dane.*

(A Travestie of *Hamlet*.)

*Boozy Banquo; or, the Wice Won't Wash.*

(A New Version of *Macbeth*.)

*Betsy Moaner; or, the Nagging Nigger.*

(Being another *Othello*.)

*Tommy Gin; or, the "Cheesy Cove" and the Crummy Chest.*

(A Refined Version of *Cymbeline*.)

*Jooley Jones; or, the Goloptious Gal and her Gallant Gull.*

(An Expurgated Edition of *Romeo and Juliet*.)

### LIVE AND LEARN.

A CONTEMPORARY tells us that the "Birmingham Town Council" has adopted a resolution in favour of compulsory education. Whether the excellent tradesmen who go to make up the back-bone of this august body have been induced to take such a step from motives of large philanthropy, or from a deep-rooted conviction of their own necessities in this respect, matters little. The fact remains, and it must be obvious, that after the action (to repeat ourselves) of this august body, education "forced," as a judicious pamphleteer has described it, "down the throats of millions for the benefit of billions," is now merely a question of time. We have not the resolution of the Birmingham philosophers before us, so cannot say what is the precise meaning they attach to the word "education." It is possible, that taking purely a local and domestic view of the matter, they may limit the definition to a proper appreciation of the letter H. They may go further than this. They may mean the term to include that exquisite finish which culminates in a knowledge of vulgar fractions. They may go even further still. They may not shrink from aiming at that lofty standard which implies an intellectual resignation to the omnipotence of the penny press. But let them aim as high as they like, they cannot over-shoot the mark. Compulsory education is required—universally, but it does not end with A. B. C. We therefore suggest, that at the next meeting of the Birmingham Town Council, the following resolutions should be put and carried *nem. con.* :—

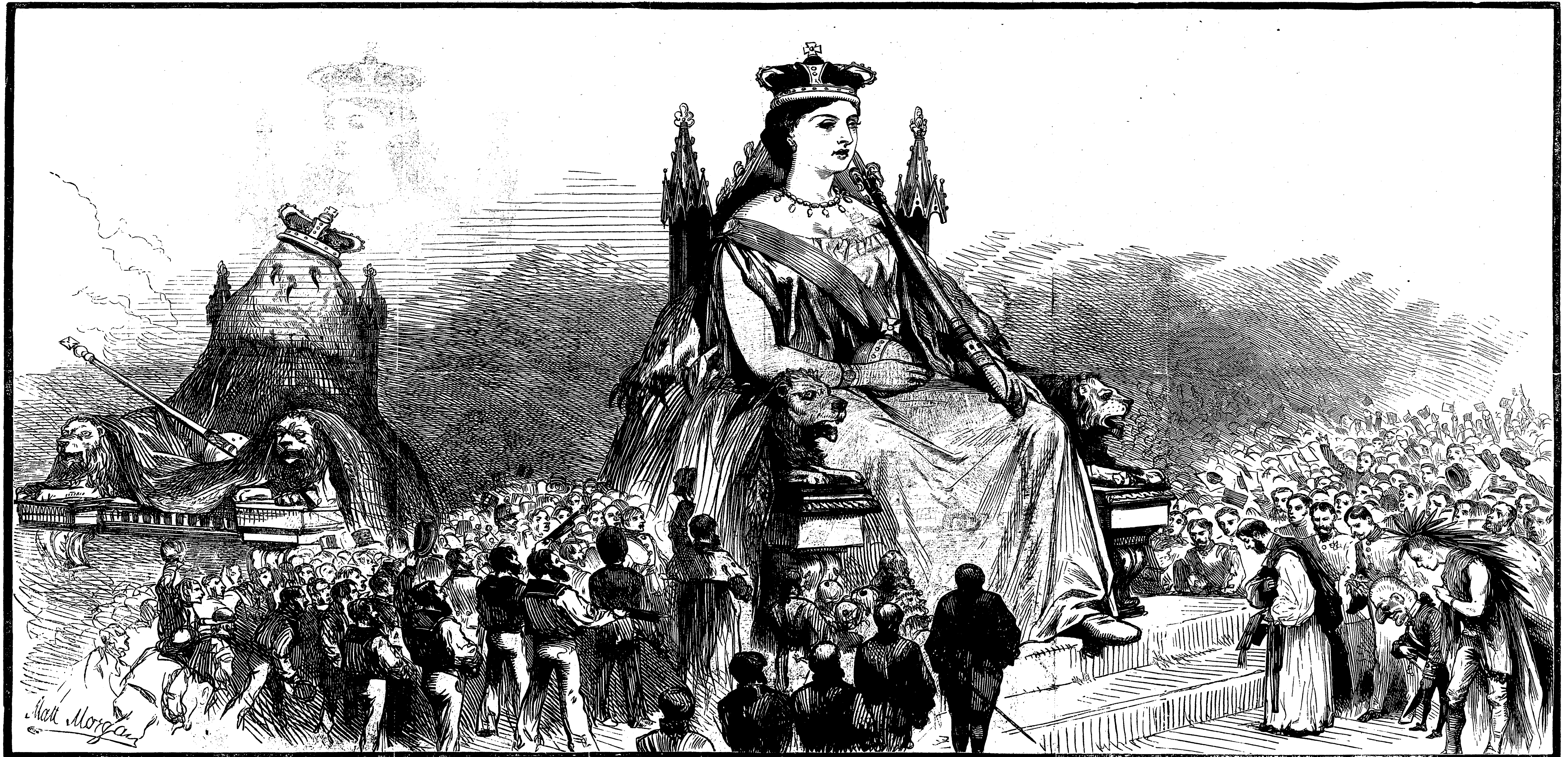
That with a view to their education, to a better discharge of their duties—

- (1.)—*Country Justices* commit—to memory, twenty lines from the *Merchant of Venice*, commencing at the line, "The quality of mercy is not strained," &c.
- (2.)—*Poor-law Guardians* pass an occasional night in a dog-kennel, for the purpose of meditating upon the parable of the good Samaritan.
- (3.)—*Railway directors* write a short essay upon "Fraud," and invest their own capital in their own preference shares.
- (4.)—*Bishops* explain the gospel meaning of "purple and fine linen," and illustrate it by reference to the 38th Article.
- (5.)—*Lords of Admiralty* compare the respective merits of iron-ships and wooden-heads.
- (6.)—*Tradesmen who conduct their business with false weights* translate into pleasing commercial English, the word "larceny," and say what they know about robbing the poor.
- (7.)—*Burlesque writers* point a moral as well as adorn (?) a tale.
- (8.)—*Butchers* express their opinions strongly on the difference that exists between "swindling" and "high profits," with a view to vindicating the ratio that at present exists between the price of meat and the value of cattle.
- (9.)—*Literarymen* forswear cliques and trades' union principles as a preliminary step towards petitioning Government for a commission of inquiry into their condition.
- (10.)—*Friends of the Reform League* give nine good reasons to show why the letter H should not be banished from the English language, and one to justify Mr. Beales in his attachment to the letters M.A.
- (11.)—*The Mules for the Abyssinian Expedition* make the best of a bad bargain, and promise never to give as many kicks as they cost halfpence.
- (12.)—*The Readers of the TOMAHAWK*, judge of that journal themselves, and not take its character second-hand from its literary—friends.

OBITUARY.—It would appear that the orders recently given by the leading *Mourning* journal for the funeral of General Garibaldi, have been countermanded, that distinguished, but misguided patriot having been consigned to "a living tomb" at Spezzia by the Italian Government. Friends at a distance are requested to accept this intimation.







G O D   S A V E   T H E   Q U E E N !  
OR,  
T H E   P A S T   A N D   T H E   F U T U R E .

"There is reason to believe that Her Majesty has resolved to emerge from the comparative seclusion in which she has lived for so long a period, and that the next Season will be one of the most brilliant on record during her long and beneficent reign."—*Daily Paper*.





## AT THE COUNCIL.

(BEFORE MR. TOM-A-HAWK, THE PRESIDING  
MAGISTRATE.)

*Unfounded Charge. Perjury in the Witness-Box. The Tables  
turned. A Severe Sentence.*

THE Beautiful Menken, an actress now performing at the Theatre Royal Astley's, was brought before the Magistrate, charged with defrauding the British Public.

*Policeman XX* said, that from information received, he understood that the "Beautiful Menken" appeared nightly as *Mazeppa*, at Astley's, in a dress admirably adapted for summer wear. As an old play-goer, with a refined taste, he naturally felt desirous of seeing this "classical" reading of the part. He paid for admission to the pit, and upon taking his seat, was disgusted to find that the Beautiful Menken wore a dress that, to say the very least, was presentable, if not decent. Now, as he had paid to see something "classical," he considered that he had been defrauded.

*The Magistrate.*—You say, that as an old play-goer, you wished to see Miss Menken. Explain yourself.

*Witness.*—Well your Worship, in the olden days you could go to the theatre with a certainty of hearing something funny. But in these times of the drama's decline *double entendres* are never heard except in revived comedies at the Haymarket. As a lover of "breadth" I naturally wished to see an excellent substitute for it—the "classical" drama.

*The Magistrate.*—You objected to Miss Menken's dress. Why?

*Witness.*—Because it was not nearly "summery" enough. She'd got on a heap of jewels and yards of muslin in the "Wild Steed" Act. Now the pictures of her on the posters represent her as very "summery" indeed.

*The Magistrate.*—You say a "heap of jewels." Now Sir, remember you are on your oath. Will you swear that the actress had more than one small star attached to her dress?

*Witness (hesitating).*—N-no.

*The Magistrate (severely).*—I thought so. And now Sir, mind what you are about. You say "yards of calico"—do you think Miss Menken's dress could have consumed more than three yards of calico?

*Witness (hesitating).*—N-no.

*The Magistrate (very severely).*—And are you not ashamed of yourself, Sir! Here you come to this court with a trumped-up charge, and upon the shallowest examination break down utterly. I find you guilty of perjury after a couple of minutes' conversation with you. I'm ashamed of you Sir. On my soul I am.

*Witness (in tears).*—I'm sure I didn't mean to do any harm, your worship. When I went to Astley's, I did expect to see something for my money, and then, when I got there, I found nothing. The piece itself was, I *must* say, quite beneath contempt. It was shamefully acted, and badly put upon the stage. So, to make up for this, I did expect to see something "summery;" and there, on my word, Miss Menken's dress was not a bit more "summery" than many of the costumes in a "classical" burlesque.

*The Magistrate.*—Your defence is shamefully weak. Let the prisoner change places with the prosecutor.

This was done, with a good deal of attitudinizing on the part of Miss Menken, and a good deal of weeping on the part of the policeman.

*The Magistrate.*—Prisoner,—I find you guilty of gross perjury. It is a grave offence, and must be punished with the utmost rigour of the law. I shall pass upon you the severest sentence permissible by the Act. You will be taken from this Court and kept until seven, in solitary confinement: at that hour you will be removed to the St. James's Theatre, where you will be made to sit out Mr. J. S. Clarke, in *Major de Boots*! (Loud murmurs in Court, which were with difficulty suppressed by the officials.)

The prisoner uttered a dreadful yell on hearing the sentence, and has since been removed to the Dangerous Ward in the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum.

NEW YORK, OCT. 24.—General Canby has released all military prisoners in his district, with the remark, no doubt, "Can be trusted."

## GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

Bury the past—hush! Softly tread,  
O'er the green grave where now it lies.  
The past is numbered with the dead!  
A brighter morrow waits—Arise!

Arise—for a whole nation wakes:  
There's welcome music in the air.  
Once more the Queen her sceptre takes,  
And wears the robes a Queen should wear.

Should wear—and will, through coming years,  
Finding her people still her own,  
As 'mid a thousand ringing cheers,  
Once more she mounts her ancient throne!

Throne—round whose base, through good, through ill;  
Through all the changes time has seen,  
A voice that never has been still,  
Will shout once more, "God Save the Queen!"

## A BON CHAT, MURAT.

MESSIEURS LES TOMAHAWKS,—Le duel, cette folie générale est toujours de mode chez nous, or, il y a duels et duels.

En Octobre dernier, M. Ch . . . , avocat, fut condamné par le Tribunal Correctionnel de Paris à 15 jours de prison, et 100 francs d'amende pour avoir donné un coup d'épée à un particulier quelconque.

Il y a quelques jours à peine voici que M. Achille Murat, un prince s'il vous plaît, a donné à M. de Rouget lui aussi, un coup d'épée, puis encouragé par ce succès, il donne sa démission de Sous-Lieutenant de Chasseurs (car il daignait être Sous-Lieutenant de Chasseurs de Prince!) et provoque M. de Gallifet. Le colonel est blessé à la jambe, et maintenant voilà qu'on annonce que M. de Rouget n'attend que sa guérison pour s'aligner de nouveau avec M. Achille Murat.

Evidemment il y a un Dieu pour les Sous-Lieutenants démissionnaires.

Inutile de demander la cause de tout cela: "La femme toujours la femme," car il est certain qu'il y a du Poulet là-dessus.

Ces Messieurs seront-ils poursuivis comme M. de Ch . . . . Auront-ils comme lui 15 jours à passer dans un lieu bien clos pour y méditer sur la gloire des armes et la jurisprudence des tribunaux? On ne sait; la question demeure entière. Pour moi, si elle est résolue par l'abstention, et le silence du parquet, je ne me battrai plus dorénavant qu'avec qui pourra me prouver, pièces à la main, qu'il est prince et de maison régnante.

JARNAC.

## DUELLING À LA FRANCAISE.

1. ON Thursday last, Prince Jules de L'Empire Mononcle met General Boom in the Forêt de Fontainebleau. The cause of quarrel is said to have arisen out of some highly abusive language addressed by the General in a crowded ball-room to the Prince's mother. The duellists fought with small swords. After an encounter of nearly three minutes' duration, the General's little finger (left hand) received a slight scratch. Upon the discovery of the wound by one of the seconds, the Prince dropped the point of his sword and expressed himself perfectly satisfied. The General's finger has since been dressed with sticking-plaister.

2. On Saturday, another encounter took place on the same spot between M. Charles Canard, sub-editor of *Le Mauvais Quart d'heure*, and M. Emile Biftik, sub-editor of *La Gazette des Deux Mondes et Amiers*. As it has been no secret in journalistic circles lately that the nose of M. Canard has been frequently pulled by M. Biftik, the duel caused little astonishment among the friends of the principals. They fought with revolvers at two paces distance. With the first shot, M. Biftik's second received a bullet through his hat, upon which the combatants were separated. It is said that they subsequently expressed themselves mutually satisfied with the results attendant upon their encounter.



## OUR BOOK MARKER.

*A Visit to the Island of Pretencia.* By J. G. STRAIGHTMAN. Castle, Eyre, and Co. 1867.

THIS is a very remarkable book of travels, which though not about Abyssinia, nor compiled at the British Museum, is interesting as containing a sketch of one of the most civilized but least known tribes of the human race.

The Island of Pretencia is situated about latitude 29.02, and longitude 7.5 in a retired portion of the Pacific Ocean. It contains about 300 square miles, and is densely populated. The inhabitants are highly civilized, and very ingenious in manufactures, but Mr. Straightman relates some curious instances of their simple disposition. He says:—

“It is a very remarkable thing that the chief city of the Island, which is called Brobdignag, from its enormous size, is built upon a number of extinct volcanoes, over which a dome-shaped crust of about 100 feet in thickness has been formed, which is beginning to crack now in many places, and to such an extent as to cause serious anxiety for the ultimate fate of the city. Hardly a single inhabitant however will acknowledge this, and whenever their attention is drawn to the fact they say they cannot see the cracks. I was walking with one of the cleverest men in the Island, and I drew his attention to a very large crack through which a very unpleasant sulphurous odour was ascending; ‘There now,’ said I, ‘do you not think that very dangerous?’ ‘What?’ he replied. ‘Why that crack.’ ‘I don’t see it,’ he said. ‘Why you just stepped on one side to avoid it,’ I replied. ‘No such thing, I stepped aside for quite a different reason.’ I was rather taken aback, however I led him to the very edge of the fissure, and asked him whether he did not see it then. ‘No I don’t,’ he replied, shutting his eyes as close as he could. ‘How can you expect to see,’ I said, ‘when you shut your eyes?’ At this he got very angry, and declared his eyes were not shut, so I discontinued the conversation. I observed this peculiarity about all the inhabitants with whom I conversed, except one, and he confessed I was quite right, and that he shared my fears, but he added ‘I dare not say so;’ ‘some writers in this country,’ he said, ‘have drawn the people’s attention to the existence of these cracks and the great danger of the city, but they have been so abused and persecuted that though they made some converts in secret, no one now ventures to call them anything better than liars or idiots.’”

With reference to this curious affectation of blindness Mr. Straightman says in another part of his book:—

“I really began to think that the whole nation was blind, only that they were so sensitive that they wished to conceal it from strangers. For instance, one day I found the city of Brobdignag in a great state of excitement, when I enquired the cause I found that one of their great heroes was expected, a man who had several times held one of the highest posts in the Government, whose name was Mirando. I enquired about this wonderful person, what he was like. ‘Oh, one of the handsomest and tallest men in the country;’ ‘A most powerful orator;’ ‘A wonderful statesman;’ ‘A most upright man, so honest and so fond of his country.’ I anxiously expected the arrival of this second Crichton. I got a window whence I could command an admirable view of his triumphal entry. At last he arrived. The excitement knew no bounds, the people shrieked and waved their hats. Where is he? Where is he? I asked eagerly of the people around me. Imagine my astonishment when they pointed to a little insignificant ugly creature on whose countenance impudence and ignorance were written in brazen characters. ‘Is not he handsome?’ said an enthusiastic lady to me, ‘such a grand figure!’ I was too much astonished to reply.

“Later in the day I heard him speak. Such a combination of glaring falsehoods, ignorant misstatements, all clothed in the most inelegant language, and in the vilest grammar I never heard. And as for his honesty—I saw him picking the pockets of the very deputation which presented an address to him, in which he was called ‘A Miracle of Integrity,’ and yet he could not open his mouth without being cheered again and again, and the earnest sincerity of the admiration which his speech excited, it was impossible to doubt. And yet, if there is one thing the people of Pretencia pride themselves on, it is their hard common sense, and their immaculate purity. Nor would it produce the slightest effect on them if they were to discover their egregious error to-morrow, for the next day they would be kneeling at the feet of some other Mirando, quite as worthy of their admiration. They have had very few ‘public’ men of high character and great talent combined; these they have invariably reviled and persecuted when alive, but when dead, have worshipped as saints and martyrs.”

One more extract and we have done, being on the subject of art. Mr. Straightman says:—

“I believe that if you had only impudence enough, you could make the people of Pretencia believe that a goose was an ostrich; and if you were to put a real ostrich beside the goose, they would declare the

latter the bigger of the two. I went to see some of the works of one of their great painters, exhibited by himself. I found the artist in a lofty room, the walls of which were covered with his pictures (!). Such fearful daubs, and such vile drawing, were never seen even in our own Royal Academy. The artist, however, had given them all grand titles, and was descanting on their merits, pointing out the ‘splendid sunset’ in one, and the ‘magnificent power of the sea’ in another; while the wretched dupes below were singing a chorus of praise, and buying the daubs at the rate of about 300 guineas the square inch. I was really quite sickened by the insufferable egotism and presumption of the painter. ‘There now,’ said a great critic; ‘what do you think of him?’ ‘Think!’ I answered, forgetting how sensitive this simple people are. ‘Why, I think if I wanted my area railings painted, I could not find a better artist.’”

It was owing to such remarks as these, that our author was obliged to leave Pretencia.

He attributes great blame to former travellers who have visited the island, because they have flattered the foibles of the inhabitants, and so confirmed them in their folly. Mr. Straightman is certainly not liable to this imputation.

## MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

THE present age is fertile in periodicals; scarcely six months passes by without the attention of the public being drawn to some fresh weekly or fortnightly or monthly magazine, and, last of all, music has preferred a claim to be represented amongst the periodical publications of the day.

*Hanover Square* is the title of a Musical Magazine (price one shilling), which has been brought out by a well-known publishing firm, and which is (under favour) to put in a monthly appearance for the future; it contains four new pieces of music. No. 1 is a piece for the piano, by M. Benedict; No. 2 is a song, by Mr. Arthur Sullivan; No. 3 is a piece for the piano, by Mr. Sydney Smith; No. 4 is a ballad, by Mr. Henry Smart. With the exception of one of the foregoing, we cannot congratulate the conductors of the new enterprise upon the strength of the materials with which they have armed themselves for the opening of their campaign. M. Benedict’s piece is of a most erratic nature; it wanders from subject to subject, without purpose or object; the ideas are not striking, and the whole affair is deficient in form or meaning. It is, truly, a strange piece of work for the composer of *St. Cecilia* to have sent before the public; M. Benedict must compensate us by writing one of his own graceful and artistic songs (and no one more capable than he) in an early number of *Hanover Square*.

The other pianoforte piece, by Mr. Sydney Smith, is facile and playable; we should praise it more highly were it not that the principal theme bears a somewhat too strong resemblance to the chief motive in a well-known piece for the piano, by Mendelssohn. But if Mr. Sydney Smith’s piece is not remarkable in the matter of originality it is, at least, pleasant to play and agreeable to listen to.

In Mr. Sullivan’s song will be found the exception to which we have alluded: it is a setting of Tennyson’s words, “What does little Birdie Say,” and, in its unpretentious grace, it is as charming a song as we have heard for a long time. The accompaniment, by the way, is not quite so simple as some amateurs might wish, but the vocal part is as easy and as pretty as it can be.

The song, by Mr. Smart, entitled “Bessie Bell,” will not add to the reputation of its composer—in truth we can scarcely understand how it has happened that a musician of Mr. Smart’s acknowledged skill should have placed his name to such a tame and mawkish affair.

*En somme*, although we cannot praise the contents of the new publication as much as we should wish, we shall be glad to learn that the venture proves successful, inasmuch as we applaud the principle on which it is started, namely, the production of new music in a compendious form, and at such a price as will bring it within the means of the many. The managers of *Hanover Square* have only to exercise a careful surveillance over the music which they accept, and they need be under no apprehension that the support of the public will be wanting.

GARIBALDI’S LAST COMPLAINT.—Dis Spezzia (Dyspepsia?)

BIRDS OF ILL OMEN.—The Wrens of the Curragh.

## HANDBOOK TO THE LIBERTIES OF FRANCE.

AS many of our countrymen are in the habit of visiting Paris and particularly France generally, and taking up their residence there for some time, we think it right to publish a few useful hints as to their conduct in that land of liberty where universal suffrage, that *panacée* for all human ills, is enjoyed; in order that they may not unintentionally offend the prejudice of the governing powers.

1.—Be careful to ascertain from the Minister of Police that your hotel-keeper or landlord is thoroughly loyal to the present dynasty, and never incurred the displeasure of the police. You will then find it a pleasure and not a hardship to pay the eccentric charges he may demand of you.

2.—Before going to rest, ascertain as accurately as possible, on which side of the bed the Government prefers that you should get out in the morning.

3.—Before leaving your apartments, or holding any converse with anybody, read the *Moniteur* carefully through, committing to memory, if you can, the political articles, so that you may be able to regulate your conversation with a due regard to the delicate sensibilities of H.I.M.'s Government.

4.—If any person shall, in conversation with you, allude to any monarch, general, statesman, historian, diplomatist, poet, sculptor, or actor, in terms of praise, be careful to observe at once, "Ah! he was not half such a great monarch, general, statesman, historian, diplomatist, poet, sculptor, or actor, as H.I.M. Napoleon III."

5.—If any person shall, in conversation with you, allude to any cheat, forger, robber, traitor, tyrant, or assassin, be careful not to mention, in any way, the name of H.I.M. Napoleon III.

6.—Whenever anyone alludes, in your presence, to any other country than France, or to any other political constitution than that of France, be careful to say, "There is no country at once so free, so happy, so prosperous, and so powerful, as France, under His present Imperial Majesty;" or "There is no constitution at once so fatherly, so liberal, so perfect, as the constitution of France, under H.I.M. Napoleon III."

7.—Should you go to visit the tomb of any dear relative or friend, who in any way, directly or indirectly, was connected with anyone professing opinions other than those *at present* professed by H.I.M. Napoleon III. and his Ministers, you shall be careful to shed no tear of sorrow or sympathy there, but to spit upon and insult that grave, and kneeling at a proper distance, pray that the erring spirit of your lost relative or friend may be brought to see the wickedness of its ways, and fall down and worship, with due reticence, reverence, and honour, H.I.M. Napoleon III.

8.—Should you, in the reckless licentiousness of your nature, and in your woeful ignorance of true political liberty, feel tempted to ask, say five or six of your friends, to dinner, be careful to procure first the consent of all the Ministers, and of H.I.M. Napoleon III., lest you should be most justly accused of gathering in your apartment a meeting of more than twenty persons for political purposes.

9.—Before going to bed every night, devote at least half an hour, to a rigorous and impartial self-examination, and if you shall find, after searching your heart diligently, that you have nourished any thought, or spoken any word against H.I.M. Napoleon III. and his Government, clothe yourself in deep mourning, and go to the Minister of Police, or some other fit and proper person, and confess your fault humbly, and ask forgiveness. So will you be able to sleep with a clear conscience, and the secret police will be able to say nothing against you.

10.—Should you unhappily light, in the course of the day, as perhaps you may, on some ribald and malicious paper expressing opinions other than those at present held by H.I.M. Napoleon III., avoid that paper as you would a poisonous reptile: and should you meet any-one of those monsters of iniquity, who have dared, at any time, to oppose, in speech or writing, the paternal Government of H.I.M. Napoleon III., flee from them as you would from H.S.M. the D—l, and pray (at your leisure) for their conversion.

11.—Always kneel and uncover your head when you meet any of the *gensd'armes*, or of the police, or any other official.

By carefully and conscientiously observing these Rules, you may live in perfect unshackled freedom of thought and action under the blessed Government of H.I.M. Napoleon III.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A—  
FLUNKY.

WHO is the flunkey who supplies the *Illustrated London News* weekly with a cheery article full of a grim, genial, *post mortem* kind of humour under the title of "Wills and Bequests?" Ah! who *is* he—this resurrectionist of the press, this literary scavenger of the sick man's bedroom? Does he, when midnight tolls, glide on tiptoe like an evil spirit from Hades into the chamber of death? Does he gently, noiselessly steal behind the heavy folds of the drooping curtains as they hang around the dying man, with note-book in hand, eager to jot down the interesting particulars relating to the distribution of the testator's property? Inquisitive fellow! How, in his thirst for information, in his absorbing desire to satiate the morbid taste of his morbid readers, does he—no doubt sorely against his own sensitive feelings—intrude into the weeping sorrow-stricken family circle, to catch the last, hoarse, guttural sounds of the dying man as he directs the family lawyer as to the distribution of his property! We repeat who *is* this flunkey on death? We suppose he must have a public, or his occupation would be gone. We can quite imagine when Dives dying—and being unable to carry his wealth away with him—leaves his thousands to institutions of charity, that his liberal bequests should be widely recorded as a noble example to Dives living. But when we are informed that Lord A— has left £300 to his housekeeper, and an annuity of £60 a year to his valet, and the residue of his estate to his widow, or son, or brother, we stand aghast, and wonder who the deuce our penny-a-liner can be who prys into wills and insults decency by publishing their contents. Perhaps, after all, we have been too severe. If any one will satisfy us that we have been too hard, we will withdraw our strictures and cheerfully subscribe our mite towards a testimonial in token of the delicacy, good taste, and honourable feeling of this scribbler. But then the testimonial must assume the appropriate shape of—a coffin.

## THINGAMISM.

THE intelligent observer who passes through life with his eyes in any degree open cannot fail to notice that in every inquiry, undertaking, discussion, conversation, amusement—in short, in every single phase of activity upon which the national mind ever ventures, it can run smoothly but a very little way indeed before it is brought up all standing by that imperfection, slovenliness and inexactness, which characterises the knowledge of most Englishmen upon any subject whatever, which leads them to deal in inflated generalities and pompous verbiage, where minute particularity and a studied brevity are most required; which forces them to overlook many a notable property, quality, and beauty, which encourages them to daub without drawing or colour hazy pictures of the world and its contents, and which makes them, in short, class all the products of God, nature, or man under one word, which means that the particular thing in question is more than the speaker can describe, but that he will try to remember and explain something more about it shortly—a promise no sooner made than forgotten—the word "Thingamy."

This we call Thingamism, and lest there should be any who may not even yet have recognized this canker-worm which is gradually eating away the vitals of our strength and knowledge. We will give an example or two of what we mean, from which our readers will not fail to derive the conviction that whatever else may be done, Thingamism must be covered up, flattened down, and stamped out for ever if we are to go on much longer at all.

When a man tells you that he "didn't think much" of some one of the plays with which the British stage has recently been cursed, or that it "wasn't any good" that is rank Thingamism, for he has not formed, or tried to form, the least opinion as to why it wasn't good, or where or how, but has contented himself with a general impression—if indeed he hasn't stolen even that from somebody else—that something or other didn't altogether please him.



When the *Times* tells us that "all those who are most competent to form an opinion on the subject" think so and so, that is a Thingamistic phrase intended to convey the incapacity of the writer to weigh the exact value of the reasons for or against the opinion in question, and to coax his readers into some view of which he can't for his life tell how or by what it is capable of being supported.

When Mr. Disraeli says that he has been "educating" his party for seven years, he is knowingly and intentionally Thingamistical, and he trusts to the influence of Thingamism or his audience to prevent them from routing out their "Hansard's" or their files of newspapers and discovering of what that education has exactly consisted, what exact pledges have been given and broken, what actual promises are waiting to be redeemed, and what is therefore the precise moral or political merit due to this same educational process.

When the bishops talk of "maintaining the doctrines and teaching of our church" that is flat Thingamism, for it doesn't help us a morsel to understand whether they mean to maintain that the hare chews the cud, or that the sun really stood still in the valley of Ajalon, and leaves us, in fact, just where we were, unless we are disposed to accept the declaration as it was made, that is without any exact sense or meaning at all. In short, not to multiply examples, we are pestered with Thingamism in one shape or another, at the lowest computation, every five minutes of our lives; instead of being brought by speech into actual contact with things, we are worried, harassed, misled, and abused by changing and confusing shadows of things; and when, as happens every now and then, we come across a reality that won't be conjured away, and must be dealt with somehow, we are utterly at a loss how to take it, or what to do with it. Hence arises that moving cloud and fog of Shams and Humbugs in which we live, and from which we need never hope to emerge till we are content to give up the indolent and wretched habit of walking around and about the actual hard phenomena of life, craning at them, sniffing at them, occasionally perhaps poking at them fearfully, but ever renouncing the task of actually handling, measuring, and appreciating their exact sides, corners, cavities, colour, and capacities for a pale, colourless, bloodless, and lifeless Thingamism.

### THE DAY AFTER THE DOGE.

SCENE.—*The Manager's Room, Drury Lane. Present, Mr. Tatterton, Mr. Whelps, and Mr. Everley, seated.*

EVERLEY.—Well boys! twice called before the curtain again! When I used to fag myself at this kind of thing in the old Lyceum days, if I got a call once, it was an honour to dream of; but now that I never touch a brush—well, of course I mean—

TATTERTON.—Of course you mean what you say. You never have touched canvass, I suppose, since you lent your name and pupils to the theatre; but what would Ravens be without you!

EVERLEY.—Well, between you and me, he would do still better, for he knows very well that he doesn't get any of the credit for his scenery, so he doesn't give himself so much pains as he might.

WHELPS.—I—I shouldn't wish the scenery to be m-uch b-etter; it might take the public attenti-ern off me-ee.

EVERLEY.—Don't you fret yourself, Whelps—the public accepts anything. Why even the great critics, whose judgment about my own scenes I wouldn't give twopence for, the great critics have failed to remark that the best scenes at Drury Lane are spoilt by using old blue rags for sky borders. Why in the place before the church of Saint Pay-ow-lo, as the supers call it, there's a blue cloth falling half way down the statue, which looks about as much like sky as trees; but bless you, I don't say anything. Why, if you put up a mackarel and a broken plate, or a cloth signed William Everley, the critics will cover it with a rose medium of their own through which the public stares in raptures.

WHELPS (*interrupting*).—To hear you talk, one might think the finest of London actors did no-o-ot exist. That reminds me-ee, M-i-i-ster Tatterton, you m-u-ust find an-o-ther man for the pa-a-art of "the Painter"—that young man, Hampton-court is far too go-o-o-od. Edmund do-o-oesn't like it.

TATTERTON.—Let them change places, the play would gain by it.

WHELPS.—Tha-a-at wouldn't do-o-oo at all. But perhaps the public didn't notice him.

EVERLEY.—Not they. Why, Whelps, do you suppose any critic remarked the fact that you laid your head on a block for a two-handed sword.

TATTERTON.—Well! and why not?

EVERLEY.—Why not! How the deuce could the headsman swing that two-handed sword unless the head he was to lop off was in the right place. There are plenty of old pictures.

WHELPS.—O-o-old pictures. There you are with your pictures. As if the public would understand it if I only knelt down with a bared neck.

TATTERTON.—Poor Whelps. Why, my dear Sir, I heard a great many of the audience breathe a hope that your head might roll down the giant staircase.

WHELPS.—Do-o-ont be so-o-o fo-o-oolish. I heard voices call for Ravens and Barn Baylard, but Messrs. Everley and Tatterton went on instead. The public is just as happy, and do-o-oesn't kno-o-ow the difference.

TATTERTON.—By the way, I must be off and look after the critic of the *Times*. He ought to have recovered by this time from the effects of Dr. Marigold's dinner.

EVERLEY.—A good idea; we'll go and tell him what he ought to say about my scenery.

WHELPS.—And my Do-o-o-oge.

*Enter MR. ALMACK and MR. DICK TINKER.*

ALMACK.—We've just left him, gents, and he sees how the cat jumps.

EVERLEY.—Of course, you've been cramming him with Carnival variations.

DICK TINKER.—And costumes. I have persuaded him they are all correct.

TATTERTON.—Well! But they are,—arn't they?

TINKER.—Correct? What's the use of a head if one is to copy from others? Not if I know it. I couldn't well help the Doge's dress, because the public knows it more or less; but you won't find any one other costume in the piece of the period, I flatter myself, any more than is Mr. Everley's architecture.

EVERLEY.—It's not mine, my dear fellow. It's Raven's.

ALMACK.—Besides, how could we have got Music Hall characters into my dance if he'd been correct?

PUBLIC (*opening its eyes*).—How, indeed?

### CHARADE.

Beneath the friendly shade of my First,  
A lean young beggar sat;  
He had come to the stream for a fresh cool draught,  
But the water tasted flat.  
For he'd nothing to eat, and he wished like a bear,  
He could feed on his own rich fat.  
A traveller came by, with a jovial face,  
As the beggar was cursing his fate;  
"Come be my Second," he said with a laugh,  
"To mend it's never too late;  
To the resolute heart, and the strong right hand,  
Dame Fortune bars no gate."  
A score of years have passed, and behold,  
The beggar's become my Whole—  
He has learnt the tricks of an honest trade,  
And repented that ever he stole;  
For he finds that by respectable means  
He can gain the golden goal.

### ANSWER TO THE LAST DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

T	Tapioca	A
O	Owl	L
M	Mesmerism	M
A	Ada	A
H	Heron	N
A	Aga	A
W		C (postal district.)
K	Kick	K

CORRECT answers to the above have been received from Alf Read, W. T. C., Long Firm, Engineers Out of Work, Dog Tray, Ahn and Tatters, An Artist, Trissie, Hampshire to Wit, Tom-a-Hawk, November the Fifth, Nobody's Child, The Earl, Huz Fuz and Buz, Philip of Horncastle, Ruby, and Torment.