

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 43.]

LONDON, FEBRUARY 29, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

YESTERDAY morning both houses of the Convocation of the province of Canterbury assembled at Westminster for the despatch of their ordinary business, and, in consequence of the serious agitation now going on in reference to the condition of the See of Natal, and the latest aspect of Ritualism, the attendance of members was, as might have been expected, unusually large.

In the Upper House the BISHOP OF LONDON, on rising, said he had been deputed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to move some resolutions on a matter of grave importance. Need he say he referred to the daily increasing diversity of practice in regard to Ritual observances, so much calculated to cause disquiet and contention among the faithful? He himself did not care much about these things, and he did not, he owned it, exactly see what could be done. But the Archbishop's request was imperative, and he begged therefore to move the following resolutions:

- 1.—That there ought to be some limit to everything; and that something ought to be done, somehow, by somebody, in some way, as soon as possible.
- 2.—That this House, while feeling keenly and acknowledging humbly, its own utter incapacity to do anything but talk, and while, at the same time, admitting the undeniable futility of talking, yet feels it its bounden duty to meet, and resolve, and divide, and *do* nothing for the wholesome purpose of cheating itself and its respectable dupes into the belief that it means to do, or is doing, something.
- 3.—That even if it could *do* anything, this House is of opinion that it would be highly dangerous and undesirable to try it; and so that, while it largely sympathises with everybody, and deeply deplores everything, it thinks it "more consistent with the course of Christian wisdom" to look on and make the best of it.
- 4.—That it thinks it may go as far as to cry, and say that really it is *too* bad of High Churchmen generally to go on in this fashion, and that they ought to know better—they really ought—and it is too bad of them, and can't they be quiet?

His Lordship expressed his opinion that the passing of these resolutions could, of course, lead to no practical result, but regarding them as likely to lessen still more the declining respect of the public for both houses of Convocation, he certainly thought them worthy of attention. (*This remark was followed by a smothered and pious merriment, which was not easily suppressed.*)

The BISHOP OF WINCHESTER said that as the resolutions proposed seemed entirely devoid of any practical tendencies, and worded carefully with a view to their leading to absolutely nothing, he had very much pleasure in seconding them.

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY then rose. His Lordship was understood to say that he did not mean to be in any way bound by anything he or anybody else might say, or already had said. The Pan Anglican Synod, or conference, or council, or anything else anybody liked to call it (*laughter*), had taught him discretion. He did *not* wish to be understood.

In using the word "Pan-Anglican," he did not mean Pan-Anglican. In short, all he could say was that his position was a very difficult one to fill, and he trusted that in authorising the Bishop of London to move the above resolutions he had shewn an appreciation of that difficulty. He might say he meant everything and nothing. In conclusion, he would add that the stability of the English Church depended upon convocation,—not that he meant it depended upon anything; on the contrary, it was, in a sense, quite independent of dependence. He trusted he had sufficiently confused himself and everybody else. He was Archbishop of Canterbury, and taking all things into consideration, he was very glad of it. (*Much approbation.*)

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD liked the tone of the last very reverend speaker. It conveyed very much what he would (in public) feel disposed to say himself. He had been called a "humbug." (*Cries of question.*) He trusted he was keeping to the question. He had been called a "humbug" by his opponents. This was a righteous error, for he had no opponents. (*Much laughter.*) He felt a large-hearted sympathy with everybody, and, if necessary, would hold out the hand of fellowship and goodly understanding to the Grand Turk himself. (*Marked approbation.*) He referred the house to his speech at a recent Church Congress. He was for amity and serenity with everybody, especially with the beloved "Nonconforming Churchmen." If the house wished to be large-hearted and generous, it must be by that beautiful spirit of compromising, temporising, and soft-soaping (*stifled laughter*) which he trusted he had faithfully manifested with much determination and abundant fruit. He thought the safest plan would be to commit themselves to nothing; and so, though cordially agreeing with his very reverend brethren, he thought he might, in a certain reserved sense, be disposed to vote against the resolutions.

THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S said if luck had not given him a bishoprick he might possibly have expressed himself rather strongly; as it was he was, of course, chained to the existing state of things, and so should say just nothing. (*Laughter.*)

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY said he could not speak *ex officio*, as his crosier had been taken away at the door by the man who had charge of the umbrellas. What he did wish to say was this—Why did not the Upper House meet respectably? Were they real Bishops or not? If they were real Bishops why did they not walk about in copes and mitres? (*Uproar.*) Yes—he meant it, and would repeat it—"copes" and "mitres."

A VOICE.—Roman?

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.—Or Greek if they liked—(*laughter*)—but they ought to wear one or the other at once. That was the business of convocation. He had brought a book, a bell, and a candle in his pocket, and he wished that they should either jointly or severally excommunicate and anathematise Dr. Colenso, and the Rev. S. G. O. (*Renewed uproar.*)

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD thought the very reverend prelate had better talk these matters over quite privately. He, himself, never found it wise to say what he thought, it was not large hearted.

At this stage of the proceedings the BISHOP OF LINCOLN begged to adjourn the discussion. His lordship urged that there was a great deal more time to waste, and he, himself, had some most unimportant communications to make. The motion was immediately agreed to, and the discussion adjourned *sine die*.

TOTAL ANNIHILATION OF AN ALDERMAN.

THAT most irrepressible of city magistrates, Sir Robert Carden, whose sayings and doings in the Justice Room of the Mansion House have thrown into the shade the vagaries of Sir Peter Laurie himself, has once more forced his way into the newspapers. This time, however, he has soared above rendering himself illustrious by imprisoning young girls and helpless children for the heinous crimes of destitution and starvation, and has been foolish enough to direct his attack against somebody capable of defending himself. In fact, he has hit one rather larger than his own size, and has been chastised accordingly.

A few days ago a foreigner, named Louis Blanc, was brought before Sir Robert Carden, charged with smuggling two pounds of manufactured tobacco, and in imposing a fine of 30s. the alderman said to the prisoner that he was very sorry to see a man bearing so distinguished a name as Louis Blanc charged with smuggling tobacco.

M. Louis Blanc thereon wrote to Sir Robert a very characteristic letter, which, oddly enough, found its way into the newspapers. The letter concluded thus:—

“I am not vainglorious enough to suppose that the allusion is pointed at me; but my friends will have it that it is. If so, it really puzzles me to decide whether I ought to thank you, or may consider myself free from gratitude.

“Was your remark meant as a mere compliment? In that case, I cannot help regretting that the sentence should be so ambiguous as to spoil the effect of your good intentions.

“Did you think—which seems to me hardly credible—that I was the person it was your painful duty to fine 30s.? Then allow me to put you on your guard, in the event of some other Louis Blanc being henceforth found in possession of foreign manufactured tobacco, by informing you that I do not smoke.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
“LOUIS BLANC.”

What Sir Robert Carden thought is of little importance enough. Whether he really believed that the prisoner at the bar was actually the much-respected gentleman who bears the same name, or whether it was Sir Robert's intention to pay M. Louis Blanc the passing compliment which the occasion offered, or whether Sir Robert had but a vague idea who and what M. Louis Blanc was (which is more than likely) and did not know what he was talking about (which is again more than likely) matters very little. But evidently M. Louis Blanc knew who and what Sir Robert Carden was, and this is a more serious business. What must an enlightened foreigner think of us for permitting such exhibitions of inane buffoonery as are continually being enacted in the Justice Room of the Mansion House. M. Louis Blanc very properly crushed Sir Robert Carden when he happened to fall foul of him, but it is scarcely fair that we Englishmen should be saddled with a nuisance which threatens to increase rather than diminish. The civic chair should not be disgraced at all events before our foreign neighbours, for Frenchmen evince a high, though mistaken, respect for the person and office of “*Mi Lor Maire*.”

So long as Sir Robert Carden confined his exertion to rendering himself the laughing stock of his own countrymen the public have been willing to put up with him, but now that he threatens to earn for himself an European reputation, it is high time that he should be put a stop to.

BROUGHT TO THE BLOCK.

WHAT can we say of this?

“The King of the Belgians has just sent a handsome gold watch to M. de Block, Burgomaster of Zele, on the occasion of his 102nd birthday.”

Is this royal craft or royal tactlessness? Is the present intended to be playful or suggestive? Is it to remind M. de Block that he has really forgotten what time it is—that he is playing the rôle of Burgomaster too long—that he attends to his Zele more than to his discretion—that he had better be off? If so it is a very handsome way of giving a hint, though probably to the recipient, who must of course be the original “old Block,” to judge from his present age, seems likely to be in no hurry to take it.

A PLAGUE SHIP.

THE success of the training ship *Britannia* as a school for naval cadets has for years past been well known and remarkable, considering that it is a Government institution. But by all accounts the Lords of the Admiralty are exerting themselves to put an end to this anomaly, and to make the training ship a bye-word for the future for disaster and failure.

Moored in the beautiful waters of the Dart, in one of the healthiest districts of England, freedom from disease or epidemics has marked the institution for years past. It has,—shall we say, *therefore*,—been determined to change the ship. The *Britannia* is to be returned into ordinary, and the training school transferred to Her Majesty's ship *Bristol*.

Now Her Majesty's ship *Bristol* has but recently returned from a disastrous service on the West Coast of Africa. So great was the sickness on board of her, and so repeated the outbreaks of the dreadful African fever among her crew, that the belief became established that the fever *had got into the ship*. And there is little doubt, in spite of the theories of the non-contagionists, that the fever poison will, and does, take possession of wooden buildings and timbers. Secreted in the pores of the wood, it lurks awaiting favourable conditions of atmosphere to burst out again and again, asserting its fearful power over every human being that comes within its influence.

Incredible as it may appear, this is the ship which “My Lords” at Whitehall have selected as the future home of the 400 naval cadets now enjoying a healthy sojourn on board the “*Britannia*.” At a time of life when the malaria of fever will exert its most violent effects, these youths will be cooped up in this plague ship, until some catastrophe occurs which will make men's ears tingle, and will reassert the right of “My Lords” always to do wrong, and always to fail except in disaster.

CHEAP AT THE PRICE.

THE Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society, at the recommendation of Admiral Schomberg, Queen's Harbour-Master, has presented a silver medal, together with a splendid illumined written testimony on parchment, to William Rowlands, aged seventy-six, coxswain of the Holyhead life-boat, who by his heroic actions during the last half century has been the means of saving 250 lives.

Now there is nothing to be said against the gift of a silver medal to the veteran seaman (except perhaps that the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society might reasonably have made it a gold one), but to reward a man of seventy-six, who by his still holding the humble position of coxswain cannot be presumed to have amassed any considerable fortune, with a parchment picture of his own name savours rather of a practical joke. No doubt, honest William Rowlands has been highly flattered at the honour done him, and has had the splendid illumination framed, glazed, and hung up on his parlour wall; but he cannot find it any very substantial addition to the comfort of his home. The periodical presentation of a less weighty document than a burlesque mortgage deed—in fact a bank-note administered every three months—would have been much more to the purpose, and could not have proved a very serious drain on the resources of a wealthy society.

THE CUSTOMS OF THE COUNTRY.

THE recent conflagration at the Charing Cross Railway Station, breaking out where it did, can be a matter of not the slightest surprise to anyone. Indeed, considering the long-smouldering fire of public indignation daily accumulating under the barbarities of the Customs Department, the only matter for wonder is that the flames have not broken out before. As it is, thousands of aggrieved and tormented travellers would rejoice from the bottom of their hearts to hear that every other Customs Department in the Kingdom had met with a similar fate.

EPIGRAM ON ROBERTSON'S NEW PIECE.

It's called “Play,” because it's just like cricket,
One (roulette) ball cast among the “*wicket*!”

"PLAY!"

ACT 5.* *Der Hombog!*—A WEEK LATER.*Dramatis Personæ.*

FRANK PRICE (*composed chiefly of twaddle and toffee*) MR. MONTAGU.
 ROSIE PRICE (*composed chiefly of Miss Marie Wilton*) MISS WILTON.
 SOMEBODY PLAYED BY MR. BLAKELEY (*composed chiefly of — but, no! this character is too horrible for description*) MR. BLAKELEY.
 THE HON. BRUCE FANQUHERE (*composed chiefly of slang, blue blood, burglary, and fine sentiments*) MR. HARE.
 MRS. KINPECK (*composed chiefly of — again too horrible for description*) MRS. L. MURRAY.
 AMANDA (*composed chiefly of humbug, mixed with a little twaddle*) MISS L. FOOTE.
 MR. BANCROFT (*composed chiefly of Mr. Bancroft*) MR. BANCROFT.
 A PRUSSIAN OFFICER (*composed chiefly of uniform*) MR. MONTGOMERY.
 TOMAHAWK (*composed wholly of truth*) MR. TOM. A. HAWK.

SCENE.—*A drawing-room in the mansion of Frank Price, Esq.*
Time: The evening fixed for "Mrs. Frank Price's at Home."
Present: Frank Price and his romantic wife.

FRANK (*taking out some lollipops from his tail-coat pocket*).—At last we are alone! And now my dear before any of the company arrive I want to ask you a few questions. Believe me the happiness of our lives depends upon your answers! But first may I offer you a lollipop? It is but homely fare, but—

ROSIE (*interrupting him impulsively*).—Beware Frank, beware! Although I'm a light-hearted child of Nature—if you will, a boarding-school angel, you may yet touch a hidden chord, a chord I repeat, not totally unconnected with melodramatic hysterics! Do you remember the joyous row I made in "*Caste*" when I discovered that my sister's husband had *not* been murdered in India?

FRANK.—To be sure! It was beautiful, true to Nature, divine! If I remember right it was something to this effect—ha ha ha—gugglegugglegish!

ROSIE.—Ah dear Frank, the joyous row pleased you? Listen then while I repeat it. Ha! ha—

FRANK (*interrupting her*).—Nay Rosie I beg of you forbear. Think me not unkind if I say "we can have too much even of the best of things." Chide me not if I add—"melodramatic hysterics included." Yes darling, believe me the harmonious howl which is heartily welcomed in one piece, when repeated in a second becomes stupid and a bore!

ROSIE.—Your words have cut me to the very soul! But you said you wished to question me. See, I am ready to answer you. What would you?

FRANK.—What would I, Rosie? Oh Rosie, believe me I am not *all* frivolity! I may spend many a voluptuous hour with the toothsome lollipop, many a merry moment with the pleasant peppermint drop, but still I have the feelings of a gentleman! I ask you dearest, on my knees, why, oh why did you suddenly turn gambler in the second scene of the third act?

ROSIE (*seriously*).—Frank, there is only one man in this wide wide world who can answer the question you have put to me!

FRANK.—And he is?

ROSIE (*bursting into tears*).—Mr. Tom Robertson!

FRANK.—Nay, I meant not this! Rosie, cheer up my sweetest. Come, dry those pretty eyes, and share with me this blushing bonbon! See, it is a succulent sugar-stick!

ROSIE.—Thanks, darling, but what more would you ask of me?

FRANK.—But little. Tell me, angel, why did you believe for one act and a half that I was flirting with Mrs. Brown, when two words of explanation would have set everything to-rights? To say the least, you were obstinately blind to the facts of the case. Answer, dearest, say why did you?

ROSIE.—Frank, these doubts are cruel! Can you think for a moment that left to myself I'd behave so? No, Frank, believe me that I speak from my heart when I say, although I may admire the gadfly for its wings, I shall never seek for its society! (*Pouting.*) Nay, sir, you should know better, indeed you should! (*Earnestly.*) Oh, Frank, my actions were pointless, improbable, impossible, if you will—but remember, darling, yes and remember it when I'm dead and gone,—the finest dialogue requires a plot—not all the acting in the world

* This act is omitted at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. This is a pity, as it is most important to the story, and contains rather more action than the other four acts put together.

will carry through a piece which has no story! "Play" without my vagaries would have been actionless. Robertson's drama gave plenty of evidences of the *head*—what it failed in was the *tale*!

FRANK.—True! But see, who have we here? Can he be a ninth-rate circus clown that he walks so strangely?

Enter Somebody Played by Mr. Blakeley.

ROSIE.—Why the man must be practising for the next Christmas pantomime!

FRANK (*to Somebody Played by Mr. Blakeley, sternly*).—Begone thou irritating buffoon! Thy services may, perhaps, be required on Boxing night, *but not before*!

(*Exit Somebody Played by Mr. Blakeley, grotesquely.*)

ROSIE.—The fellow was simply unbearable! But look, who is this?

Enter Mrs. Kinpeck, vulgarly.

FRANK.—Why this woman is bad, far, far too bad! What are you doing here, woman?

MRS. KINPECK.—Why, I'm practising for next year's pantomime too. You know they sometimes have a harlequina, then why shouldn't they introduce a female pantaloone?

(*Exit Mrs. Kinpeck, vulgarly.*)

ROSIE.—Well, thank heaven those two bores are disposed of! But see, here comes papa, Amanda, and Mr. Bancroft!

(*Enter the Hon. Bruce Fanquhere, Amanda, and Mr. Bancroft.*)

FRANK (*seizing the Hon. Bruce's hand*).—My dear sir, I know you to be a thorough scoundrel! I know that you are a blackleg and a gambler—that you assist in the poisoning of race-horses, and are not ashamed of dabbling in the dirtiest of dirty work. For all this you are a gentleman at heart, and I'm proud to have you for a father-in-law. Great heavens, Bancroft! is that you, and just the same as ever?

MR. BANCROFT (*gloomily*).—As you say, I'm just the same as ever! Would it were not so!

(*Gloomy silence for ten minutes after this avowal.*)

AMANDA (*plucking up courage*).—I'm an actress, and actresses are scorned bitterly by the cruel world! That was the conventional thing to say, and now I've said it! I will give the world the idea that actresses are a *very* intellectual set of people. It's a kindly thing to do, and I'll do it. What a pity it is that actresses are in reality so *very* commonplace! I do so wish they would forget occasionally the jealousies and intrigues of the green-room. Theatrical "shop" must be awfully dull work to the outside world! However, I'm of good birth—like all the metropolitan actresses!

(*A heavy step is heard on the staircase, and TOMAHAWK enters the room—the other characters look alarmed.*)

TOMAHAWK.—I know that you are not at all pleased to see me, because you are perfectly well aware that I purpose telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. You would love me much better if I belonged to this clique or that coterie.

OMNES.—Oh no, we like good criticism!

TOMAHAWK.—Of course you do! I never mind talking about theatrical people, because I know they are *never* oversensitive! This being the case, I beg to inform Miss Marie Wilton that although she acts very well in "*Play*," she is to be preferred in "*Caste*" and "*Ours*." I beg to inform Mr. Hare that he is (I'm sorry to say, for we have few good actors) inimitable, and Mr. Blakeley that he is (I'm happy to believe) inimitable also! I beg to inform Miss Foote that she has secured my heartiest esteem by her excellent acting in the part of *Amanda*. Lastly, I beg to inform Mr. Tom Robertson that I don't like "*Play*" nearly so well as "*Ours*" or "*Caste*," that I consider "*Play*" sadly weak in plot and purpose, that I consider some of the dialogue in "*Play*" extremely good, and some of it atrociously stupid; that, on the whole, I would not mind seeing "*Play*" *once* more! Mind you, I said *once* more, and let it be clearly understood I did not mean *twice*!

Enter a Prussian officer.

PRUSSIAN OFFICER.—How-do-you-do, *Illustrated London News*?

TOMAHAWK.—Ah now I understand why Mr. Tom Robertson called his piece "*Play*!" Let me hope that the public have been equally lucky! (*Tableau.*)

CURTAIN.

Now ready,
VOLUME ONE
OF
THE TOMAHAWK,
PRICE NINE SHILLINGS.



* * 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, FEBRUARY 29, 1868.

WE should much like to see the brougham which E. T. Smith has ordered for Mr. Bandmann. There are probably gilt Narcissuses at all available corners, and a musical box for the coachman to sit upon. Where will advertisers go to?

THE *Daily Telegraph*, that dragon of virtue, is highly indignant that Lord Arthur Clinton should be entrusted with such an important motion as that on the state of Ireland, which stands on the Notice paper in his lordship's name. Lord Arthur, says the organ of Baby-farming, has hitherto only distinguished himself by his dancing in vulgar burlesques. Surely, the noble lord has here a splendid opportunity of betraying his accomplishments; it will not be the first time that a "breakdown" has been witnessed on the floor of the House of Commons.

We feel sure that we do but express a general wish in suggesting, that some opportunity should be given to the people of expressing their sincere joy at the complete recovery and re-appearance amongst us of the Princess of Wales. When we look back at all the suffering, physical and mental, which she has had to endure; when we remember that passage in our history, which would to Heaven we could blot out, when for the first time treachery and cowardice were allowed to soil with an indelible stain the honour of our country; when we remember how all through that period of agony and shame, agony for her own land and kin, shame for the land she had adopted, her sweet face, though its colour might fade, never lost its gentleness and sweetness; when we recal the perfect courtesy and amiability with which forgetful of her own sorrows, she fulfilled the tedious duties of a vicarious Queen, we cannot but think that all of us must yearn to express that love which she has won from all hearts in this country, and to welcome her back to health and gaiety with ringing cheers. Deputations are an infliction from which Royalty is glad to escape, but we suggest that one of the first days of the season after Lent should be fixed, on which the Princess of Wales might drive through Hyde Park with some state, and receive, along with the Prince, the heartfelt congratulations of the people on her happy recovery. We have imported many princes and princesses from foreign land into our own Royal Family; but we mistake our countrymen, if while they respect the German metal very much, they do not love the jewel, which Denmark has given us, more.

LITERARY.—We may expect shortly a new poem, by the author of "Unchastelard," entitled "Adalanta in California," in which we hear there is a description of Adalanta in her silver-plated chariot, which rivals the well-known lines by Shakespeare on Cleopatra's barge.

FORE-ARMED IS FORE-WARNED.

IN these troublous times it is satisfactory to learn that the government have determined upon taking precautionary measures for the defence of the public buildings in London. The uneasiness and alarm which the unprotected state of government establishments has occasioned, have, at last, taken their effect, and the various police stations have already been put in a state of defence. The head office in Scotland yard has been fitted with bullet-proof shutters for its windows, and the smaller stations have been supplied with an ample stock of arms and ammunition. As yet the police stations are the only public establishments which have been put on a war footing, but we are glad to be in a position to publish the following scheme for the defence of the undermentioned buildings, which will, we understand, be carried out with the least possible delay:—

The Government Offices.—An earthwork will be thrown up in the road opposite the principal entrances, and a couple of field-pieces will be placed in the hall of each establishment.

The Bank.—The doors will be closed and backed with iron plates securely rivetted to them, so that ingress or egress will be rendered impossible. All business must be transacted by letter, addressed to "Manager," Post Office, Cornhill. To be left till called for.

South Kensington Museum.—A two hundred pounder Armstrong will be put in position on the roof of the Bell and Horns to command the principal entrance, and a few masked batteries will be thrown up in the enclosure of Thurloe square and Brompton churchyard.

Somerset House.—The archway will be barricaded with the desks of the clerks, who will be armed with breech loaders and boarding pikes.

St. James's Palace.—The residents in the various suites of apartments will be enjoined to keep the chain up on their front doors, and to answer no knock nor ring without having previously observed the character of the visitor from an upstairs window.

St. Paul's Cathedral.—Sermons will be preached at stated hours daily by the officiating chaplains to the cemeteries in the neighbourhood of London.

The Duke of York's Column.—This staircase will be used as a powder magazine.

The British Museum.—Five shillings will be charged for admission. It is confidently believed that this arrangement will have the effect of excluding all evilly-disposed persons and others, from the building.

When these arrangements have been carried out, the number of sentinels has been doubled, the Police Force trebled, and the Fire Brigade quadrupled, the public mind may begin to compose itself; and we may congratulate ourselves on being prepared for any emergency that may arise.

ALWAYS AT IT!

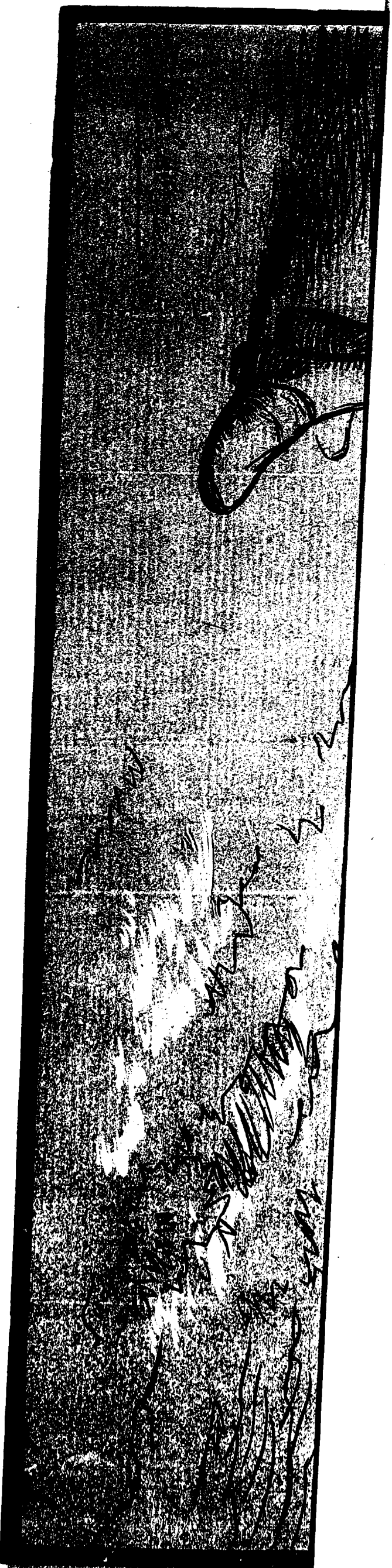
LORD BROUGHAM is a great man, and has attained to a remarkable age. This being the case, his health is really a matter of public interest, and we are, therefore, glad to glean from the columns of a contemporary that—

"A Cumberland paper is 'authorized to state' that Lord Brougham has not enjoyed better health in every respect during the last eighteen months than he is enjoying now."

But it is with feelings of a different kind we turn to the concluding paragraph:—

"He rises every morning punctually at eight o'clock, makes a hearty breakfast at nine, drives from eleven to one, and then has lunch. He again takes carriage exercise from two to half-past five, and at six sits down to dinner, and eats with evident appetite and relish. At eight o'clock he retires to bed, and will sleep ten hours, or even more, uninterruptedly."

Were his Lordship some rare reptile, newly imported to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, instead of the owner of one of the finest and sturdiest of English intellects, he could scarcely be alluded to in more offensive terms. If *Snob-market* must be supplied, why do not respectable journals at least refuse to trade thereat. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, from which we took the above, ought to know better.



"FOUL PLAY!"

OR,

A VALENTINE TO THE RESCUE!

(A COMPANION PICTURE TO THE "FENIAN FAUST")



"FOUL PLAY!"

OR,

A VALENTINE TO THE RESCUE!

(A COMPANION PICTURE TO THE "FENIAN FISTS")



CLOSE REASONING.

Carlisle, Feb. 22.

MY DEAR JANE,—What fearful times we do live in! I really believe we shall soon have to burn martyrs at the stake to bring back sinners to the right path. What with Colensos and backsliders it made me shudder to think that scoffers were beginning to sit in the house of the powerful, and now to hear that Dean Stanley, whom I look on much as a Rationalist, those wicked people who think for themselves, has been visiting a Muscovite Metropolitan, who must be something underhand if not a mole-eyed underground, as his title suggests—visiting him, not as I fervently hoped to supply the poor man with a collection of tracts, such as "*Is the Metropolitan Safe?*" a truly edifying pamphlet, only lately published by the Tract Society;—not for any such purpose, but to receive his blessing, and perhaps to give it too, in monkish Latin.

How different would have been the conduct of our dear Dean! He knows we live in a world of woe, and he tells us that there is but one place foreordered for those who do not think as he does. He knows how few of the many mansions in heaven will be occupied, for, my dear Jane, there will be no room for any who think of anything with pleasure. All who sing secular music, that bane of society; all who indulge in dancing, that arm of the Evil One; all who speak of the stage, that cave of iniquity; all who play at cricket, that scourge of boyhood; all who open novels, those diseases of the mind; all who enter clubs, those hotbeds of iniquity; all who take up newspapers on a Sunday, the day our dear Dean sets apart for more woe and most lamentation; all these, and many more, will go you know where.

If this benighted freethinking Dean of Westminster imagines travelling is good for his soul, why not go to Abyssinia or to the Gorilla Islands and convert the heathen? But to cross the threshold of an Archbishop of the Greek Church is profaning his holy position. Our dear Dean tells us the Greek Church is "*debased, degraded, and superstitious in her worship.*" Truly is she, my dear Jane, if she still believes in Minerva and Mercury, or whatever their names are in the Grecian tongue! And Westminster has shaken hands with this Pagan—will it not wither his hand? Will not the Abbey fall about his ears? I am happy I live in Carlisle, for I am under no fear in the shadow of the Church, and I can send in confidence my jellies to the dear sufferer here whose gout makes a martyr of him before his time. Heaven grant Dean Stanley may travel another time with a purpose! I have just met a most edifying example of what may be done by pilgrims, for are not missionaries ever on a pilgrimage? A sainted man who had been in the Gorilla Islands for more than five years, brings back the best news of the poor heathen in that moral desert: he had only spent fifteen thousand pounds in beads and pocket-knives, and was thankful to say that the king had promised that his first daughter (his wives have brought him only sons as yet) shall be christened to the new faith! Is not this reward for labours? Is not this a return for our capital? The babe unborn will bless the day I subscribed to the Society for the Propagation of Beads in Foreign Parts.

Hoping to hear soon from you, my dear Jane, with a happy remembrance of your great goodness in old school days, which will, I'm sure, corroborate what I say, I remain

Your affectionate friend,

LUCRETIA OWLCREED.

LADY JANE TO MISS OWLCREED.

MY DEAR LUCRETIA,—If you really have any confidence in my common intelligence—which is what you flatteringly call my great good sense—you will not take umbrage at what I am going to say. I had just received a visit from Dean Stanley when I got your letter, and you will forgive me if I laughed a little on reading it, if you had heard the Dean as I had, describe in his charming manner his visit to Moscow. I almost adore Philarete, and I am sure, if he met me, I should feel better for his blessing. I have no doubt the errors of his church are great; very great if you wish it. I don't remember that Paul wished his hand might wither after his interview with King Agrippa; nor are we led to believe that the good Samaritan's oil turned to vitriol because he was a non-conformist.

Had your dear Dean, supposing he possessed an acquaintance with foreign languages, paid the visit to the Metropolitan, would he not have had coals of fire heaped on his head by the blessing of this Archbishop, who sees as many errors in Dean Close's creed as we see in his—perhaps more; and yet the good old man, with that true charity which sees a place in God's love for all his creatures, blesses the parting guest and his non-conforming religion. Your close-fisted dignitary would rather be racked than give his blessing, such as it is worth, to any patriarch of another denomination. What, my dear, would happen if he met my dear Philarete at Heaven's gate? And would the blessing or the curser be the first received within?

You dear old Lucretia,—I believe all your serious remarks are satirical at bottom; you can't mean what you say about missionaries and heathen converts; or you can't have read or heard of the hordes of savages who have not even superstitions to check them in the slums of dear old England.

No more at present, from yours affectionately,

JANE.

Feb. 24th.

THE AMBASSADRESS.

AFTER a long period of repose—too long, indeed, for those who love bright and graceful music—Auber's *Ambassadrice* has been again performed in England, and is now to be heard at St. George's Opera House. The work is but a fair average example of its composer's genius; nevertheless, whilst listening to the enchanting melodies, and brilliant writing which it contains, the musician cannot but marvel at the distance which separates Auber from other composers of comic opera. In fact his name, and the class of music which he, more than all others, has enriched, appear to be indissolubly connected together. Many there are who have contributed to the repertory of the *Opéra Comique*—the names of Gounod, Meyerbeer, David and others, being amongst the number, but none can disturb Auber's supremacy, or dispute his right to be held as the greatest composer of light music that has ever lived. Although he entered late in life upon a public career, and his early efforts met with unqualified disapproval, he has attained to such an advanced age—no less than eighty-five years, that this fact, in conjunction with his ready fertility, has enabled him to produce music remarkable in its quantity as it is admirable in its quality.

L'Ambassadrice was written when Auber was in the zenith of his fame, and although ten or a dozen works from the same pen of equal, or superior beauty, might be named, it is, without doubt, a most enchanting little piece, and we thank you Mr. German Reed, for having given us an opportunity of hearing it again in this country. Moreover, the representation is, on the whole, deserving of great commendation, and is probably, the nearest approach to what a performance of *Opéra Comique* should be that has ever been given in England. Madlle. Liebhart makes her first appearances on the English stage, and albeit her pronunciation of our language leaves room for improvement, she may console herself in the knowledge that others have found favour with the British public who spoke the mother tongue in no degree better than she does herself. But even were she less efficient in the delivery of the dialogue allotted to her, she must still be hailed as a valuable acquisition to our lyric stage, for she understands her work thoroughly, and her singing is bright and intelligent, whilst her acting is both easy and spirited.

Mr. Wilford Morgan has re-appeared on the English stage, after a sojourn in Italy—a country which is, alas! no longer the land of song. We do not know what might have been his object in seeking the South, but, so far as regards singing, we are inclined to think that Mr. Morgan has returned to England in much about the same condition as that in which he left it. He has much to learn as a singer, and everything as an actor, but he has a voice of level quality and agreeable tone, and if he will take his art in earnest, and give to it that amount of study which is absolutely indispensable, there is no reason why he should not hold a good place amongst English tenors. The tenor part in the *Ambassadrice* is not a strong one, and is in some respects an ungrateful one, still there is much more to be done with it than Mr. Morgan succeeds in doing.

To return to the ladies in the piece, we shall find that Madame D'Este Finlayson sings and acts the part of Charlotte

efficiently, and that Mrs. Aynsley Cook is amusing as Madame Barneck. The small part of the Countess is allotted to Miss Arabella Smythe, who looks ladylike, and sings such music as falls to her share charmingly. Indeed it is with pleasure that we notice the steady and unmistakeable improvement which has taken place in this young lady since her first appearance in Mr. Sullivan's *Contrabandista*. She has a delightful voice, and her singing gives evidence of admirable training; she has but to acquire more stage-trick, and a greater amount of self-possession, to become, that which we have no doubt she will be, namely, a really good artist.

The part of the Duke is well acted and sung by Mr. Lyall, whilst that of the perturbed and perplexed *impressario* is undertaken by Mr. Aynsley Cook. The last-named gentleman is entitled to a word of commendation for his amusing impersonation of the character; moreover he sings his music well.

The band is excellent, and the piece is well dressed and has been admirably rehearsed; small wonder, then, that it should have achieved success. It will, no doubt, continue to appear in the bills for some time to come, in conjunction with the *Contrabandista*, and *Ching-Chow-Hi*, which are to be played alternately. And now we come to our first objection, namely, that the public will experience some difficulty in knowing when the performances at St. George's Opera House take place. Sometimes they are in the evening, sometimes in the morning; three times a week Mr. Sullivan's opera is played, and three times a week M. Offenbach's is to be heard. It is probable that the previous arrangements in connection with St. George's Hall rendered this state of things unavoidable; but the fact is to be regretted, all the same—the more so as Mr. Reed has made a good beginning, and bids fair to effect the permanent establishment of light opera in this country.

THE "JENKINS" OF "JUPITER JUNIOR."

A PARAGRAPH has been going the round of the daily papers to the effect that in Paris last week a persevering individual actually worked his way into the palace of the Tuileries, in spite of the sentries, and could not be overtaken and stopped until he got as far as the ante-room of the Emperor's study. After a few more particulars the paragraph concludes by stating that it is at present unknown whether the man is a maniac or an assassin. We would offer a suggestion on this last point: May not this intruder more probably have been one of the glorious band of "Paris correspondents," perhaps, and now likely "*the*" *par excellence* "Paris Correspondent"—the slinker about backstairs—who yet can tell you the pattern of every square inch of the Empress' Boudoir—the purveyor of garbage, thrown to him by a gossiping flunkey, who yet frequently professes to know from personal observation how many grains of salt the Emperor took on his plate at breakfast, the correspondent who has lied himself into the positive belief that he is what he represents himself to be, and that he has what he represents himself to have—free *entrée* into the private apartments of the Palace. We merely offer this as a suggestion, but we should feel not the least surprise to find it to be sober fact.

LOGOGRIPE.

I AM a curious creature,
I've not a single feature
That age has not distorted—all my joints
Are dry and crackling, and my weakness points
Full many a story's moral,
Although I, too, can quarrel
In my own cause, and bring to my own bar,
If one in speaking of me go too far.

My origin is of a doubtful kind;
For though the duly regulated mind
Give patriotism and the public voice
As my two parents;—wicked ones rejoice

In telling me,
Most perseveringly,
That I was really born of Gold and Beer,
Or else of Humbug and of slavish Fear.

But that's no matter—for at least, I'm here,
And what is more, it certainly is clear
That I am very powerful for good,
Or else for evil, as it suits my mood.
I can do any mortal thing you please,
Can make roads, gas-lamps, railings, war, and peace,
All with the same facility; yet I
Am a strange monster made most frightfully.

Upon four feet I stand, or when I'm tost
About in verse sometimes a foot gets lost.
Two heads I bear—one born of a step-mother,
Is always being swallowed by the other;
But if at once my name at length you'd see,
It's anagram will show it easily:
That anagram is—well, it's rather rude,
It's words are two and one;—if I intrude
Into my verse you certainly would rap
My knuckles—but three letters—verbum sap:
The other is a term of heraldry—
The British Lion thus, in fact, you see.
I'm sure from that the anagram you'll make—
Try it, for truth, if not for kindness' sake.

But now more closely scan
My letters those who can,
And see if you can find enclosed in me
That which our belles rely on (if there be
But fire below much smoke) to better charms
Which else might never know a lover's arms.
Within the other letters you may find
The creature Art and Nature are combined
To catch—
In fact, to watch,
And in me you will also clearly view
What that poor being always must go through,
If he should fall before the tempting snare,—
Of which let all who read these lines, beware.

You'll see a precious gem which fashion gains
By murdering its maker for his pains;
A postal term—a fishy bird, but good,
Also a larger word for vulgar food;
And you will see the name romancers take,
Unless three volumes of romance they make.
If you can guess all these you yet may be
Rewarded well by being sent to me.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN OUR LAST NUMBER.—BARK.

ANSWERS have been received from the following:—W. H. H. (Islington), C. F. Brace, Penfold, Ruby, Gumbo, No. 13, Rustic (Cheltenham), Ykcel, Sancho and Gyp, William Mosses, Orpheus, Your Loving Flute, Samuel E. Thomas, Calumet, Miss C., G. W. C. (Wansey street), Choker, Old Dog Tray, H. W. R. (Hammersmith), Annie and George, Aquila, Pollie (Kentish Town), W. C. H. B. Ives, Relampago, Cross-deep, Colville Browne, H. C. G., Cublington, Dobinson, sen., Pat (Tonbridge), Trop facile (Slapton Lea) Pot, Miss Lollops, H. Leverett, T. L. (Ashford), Cinderella, Macduff, S. J. H., Anti-Teapot, Roman-nosed Monkey, Dick Whittington, Tongo, and L. J. C.