

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 57.]

LONDON, JUNE 6, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE NEW INQUISITION.

SOME people, more sanguine than wise, ventured to hope that the Jamaica Committee had at last been shamed into justice, and had abandoned their paltry persecution of Mr. Eyre. But such persons knew very little of the nature of your true negrophilist, if they thought that he was capable of forgiving any man who had dared to interfere with the gentle, childlike negro when pursuing the harmless amusement of murdering and mutilating white men. Had Mr. Eyre blundered and hesitated, had he humoured the rebellious negroes, cringed to their demands, pampered their appetites, wept over their grievances, and finally, in an ecstasy of philanthropy and a transport of benevolence, sat idly looking on whilst the men were being massacred and the women outraged whom it was his solemn duty to protect, he would have been received by Exeter Hall with showers of applause and testimonials, and Mr. Mill, Mr. Bright, Mr. Peter Taylor, Mr. Charles Buxton, and Co. would have blessed him as a man and a brother, and loaded him with caresses and subscriptions. Mr. Eyre has fortunately escaped such infamy; but he will have to pay dear for it, and these dilettante amateurs of insurrection and massacre will at any rate have succeeded in rendering it nearly impossible for any governor in future to save the lives of those placed under his care during the horrors of a rebellion, if the rebels are fortunate enough to wear the sacred form of niggers.

As there are many weak-minded persons who may be deceived by the impudent assumption of philanthropy by this band of bigots and bullies, we will (having indulged in the luxury of calling them by their real names) examine the excuses put forward by the Jamaica Committee and their sympathisers.

This is not the place to enter into a detailed recapitulation of the evidence given before the Jamaica Commission. We shall assume what was distinctly proved, that there was a rebellion of the blacks, that several of the colonists were killed, and that the rebellion was rapidly and completely suppressed at the cost of comparatively few lives. We shall admit that some of the trials were very irregularly conducted, that the language and demeanour of some of the officers were extremely unbecoming, and that civil liberty was for a time completely overridden by military law. For much of this irregularity Mr. Eyre was in no way to blame, and though he was more prompt than cautious, more firm than gentle, he did his duty as few men in such a difficult position have ever done it, and he acted throughout with the most pure conscientiousness, and without a trace of that deliberate tyranny and cruelty which the Jamaica Committee would attribute to him. And finally, we maintain that the Commission issued by order of the Imperial Parliament was a thoroughly just and impartial tribunal; that all the facts were most carefully sifted; that blame was apportioned where it was due; and that those who would attempt to contravene the decisions of that tribunal, to condemn those whom it acquitted, to blame those whom it praised, to impute malice and cruelty and blood-thirstiness to those whom it distinctly absolved of the slightest shadow of such crimes,—that those men are the real enemies of justice, the real friends of oppression, the real violators of the law, and degraders of humanity.

The professed object of these lovers of blacks is to see if a man in the position which Mr. Eyre occupied, cannot be brought to trial for acts committed under his jurisdiction, whe-

ther by the military, naval, or civil authorities; and at the same time to obtain justice for their injured clients. Now we maintain that Mr. Eyre was virtually brought to trial before the Jamaica Royal Commission, and that he was honourably acquitted; if he deserves to be tried as a criminal, then the Commissioners deserve to be impeached for gross neglect of their duty; and the Government, and the whole Parliament, are equally culpable for having refused to institute a State prosecution. Surely, one of the greatest safeguards of liberty consists in the law that a man cannot be tried twice for the same offence—Mr. Eyre has been tried three times—for unless the prosecutors can maintain the truth of the accusations which they have only hitherto ventured to insinuate privately, and have disowned publicly,—the accusations of having taken a shameful advantage of his position to wreak a private vengeance against a political enemy, and of having authorised acts of deliberate and wanton cruelty; if they admit, as now they hypocritically profess to admit, that Mr. Eyre acted throughout with perfect good faith, and that his errors were errors of judgment, then we maintain that, whatever be the indictment, he is being practically tried for the third time for the same offence. Is this the conduct of disinterested lovers of justice? What can shake the authority of law more utterly than the belief that, after a solemn enquiry by delegates of the highest authority in the State, their deliberate decision, based on the most ample evidence in the case, is to be not only questioned, but set at defiance by a knot of crotchety agitators, who are to be allowed to harass by every device that the law admits of or attorneys can hit on, to persecute with the most relentless animosity, and to put to an enormous cost, the public servant whom the State has already acquitted of any crime or misdemeanour? Is not the benevolent animosity of these philanthropists content with the punishment that has already been inflicted upon one whom the unanimous voice of those whom he saved from the horrors of a murderous insurrection has greeted with grateful acclamations, one whose whole life has shown that he was as incapable of cruelty as of cowardice?

What benefit can these implacable angels of mercy hope to confer on their negro clients? Having failed to hang General Nelson and Lieutenant Brand, how can the imprisonment of Mr. Eyre help these injured creatures? Why are not the enormous sums now being wasted in persistent and profitless litigation employed in procuring for the negroes happy homes and good education? If Messrs. Bright, Taylor, Mill, & Co. have such an inexhaustible love for the negro race, why do they not try and teach them self-reliance, perseverance, industry, integrity, and, above all, respect for the truth? Surely this is a much nobler course, and more likely to elevate the character and enhance the happiness of the poor blacks, than the flattering their vanity, encouraging their laziness, and munificently rewarding their mendacity. We never yet failed to raise our voice against cruelty inflicted on any of God's creatures, human or brute; we sincerely deplore the loss of life during the Jamaica insurrection and the Abyssinian war alike; but we solemnly believe that more enduring misery, more real cruelty has been inflicted on the negro race by their professed friends than even by the most heartless slaveowner. Never till a negro is taught to be a man, will mankind own him as a brother.

There is nothing more repulsive to the philanthropist than the eccentric and fastidious benevolence of these negrophilists.

Men and women of our own nation and blood die, inch by inch, the cruellest deaths under our very noses, the victims of organised cruelty and neglect, and these holy men stand on the elevation of their own self-righteousness sniffing the air for some negro grievance. Let a black man in some distant continent receive a flogging for his laziness, and they are up in arms at once; let scores of helpless women and children be maimed and mutilated by some hellish political assassins close to their very doors, and their resignation is divine: they move not hand, nor tongue, nor pen—no, we wrong them; they do move all, but in defence of the assassins, in palliation of their crime. They are as keen to find a flaw in the indictment against *them*, as they are to discover any legal trick by which they can bring ex-Governor Eyre to a felon's gaol.

What is the honour which these men gain? What praise, what fame rewards them for their untiring energy in the good cause? Why, this—and they are welcome to it—that if at any future time, in some of our distant colonies, the flames of revolution are kindled by reckless agitators, and half-tamed savage natives forget the few lessons of civilisation that they have learned at the first taste of blood; when strong-hearted men, whose crime is that they are of our own race and colour, tremble before the horrors of massacre—when delicate women fight with inspired strength in defence of their children's lives, and of their own honour, against the demons of lust and blood-thirstiness—then, when those in power look back to the history of Mr. Eyre and remember how he was rewarded, and the arm of might is paralysed by hesitation, the sword of justice blunted by cold and calculating caution; when coward inertness is blindly mistaken for mercy, and dastardly inactivity is hailed as noble gentleness,—then shall the blood shed cry loud for vengeance on those who, under the plea of justice, and the mask of philanthropy, sapped the strength of power and defaced the majesty of the law by the shameless persecution of him who had once dared by firmness and presence of mind to save those under his charge from the like horrors. Such is the glory which the Jamaica Committee, and those who aid them, may expect to inherit from posterity.

MILITARY REFORM.

THERE seems only too much reason to fear that the "Authorities" at Pall Mall have come to a final decision in the matter of the organisation of the War Department, which in effect crushes, *for the time*, the whole civil check over military expenditure, which has existed in the British constitution from the first institution of a standing army.

The extravagant demands of the new Controller-in-Chief that his arrangements, his estimates, his expenditure should not be checked or questioned by any financial co-ordinate authority have been most unwisely, most fatally, acceded to by the Government; and the whole financial functions of the nominally responsible Minister have been abdicated by him in favour of an irresponsible, subordinate officer,—subordinate at least in name, but in reality paramount in authority, and not responsible to any one.

The gradual decadence of the financial control over the army may be traced in a very few sentences; and parallel with such decay of control may be very clearly seen, in figures that cannot deceive, and that cannot be explained away by any other cause, the enormous increase of the annual army expenditure.

Before the amalgamation of the various army offices under a Minister of War, the Secretary at War was the financial officer who, preparing the army estimates, and moving and explaining them in the House of Commons, was personally responsible to the House and to the country for due economy and correct expenditure in army matters. This was an actual, real responsibility; and constantly lowered estimates were the actual and natural result.

When the amalgamation took place, and function after function was heaped upon the new Minister, the special duties of financial control—the internal portion of the old Secretary at War's financial duties—were vested in an Under Secretary of State for War. His position on an equal platform with the Military Under Secretary gave him, of course, a counterbalancing power against the natural tendency of the military official to spend excessive sums on military services. The two officers stood equally near to the Minister: from the one he heard the military and professional arguments for this or that

proposed service—from the other he heard the financial objections or modifications that could be urged in the interest of economy.

Here was some glimmering of organisation, check, and counterpoise.

The civil Under Secretary died in 1862. "*Le Roi est mort, Vive le Roi!*" a true saying under many circumstances, but not when there are two *Rois* side by side. Then the living *Roi* is apt to discover that he does not require any successor to the other *Roi*, any rival or counterpoise. And so it came to pass, when Sir Benjamin Hawes, the Civil Under Secretary, died in 1862, the then Minister of War was told by the Military Under Secretary that he would really be very economical, that by increasing his salary from £1,500 to £2,000 a year he would feel all the responsibility of saving money in everything else, and that no successor to Sir Benjamin Hawes need be appointed, but that his financial duties might be allotted to an *Assistant Under Secretary*.

In an evil hour the Minister of War consented to this arrangement. Instantly the whole balance of power was gone! The civil element was degraded a step—the military element was left in sole possession of the field.

The new financial officer strove "with all his might and main" to make his financial control effective and real, but in vain; all his talents, which are admitted even by military men, were crippled for want of position. He was the inferior, and could only be heard *through* his superior; and, of course, all his efforts at economy were counteracted; all his endeavours to serve the public faithfully were attributed to "bad temper," "disagreeable interference," and so on, and thus the financial light was dimmed and concealed, and could only make itself visible in occasional cases, when the military proceedings became "really too bad."

Broken, degraded, inferior in position, now for the *coup de grâce* in the true military style! Nor was it long before it was deemed by the military powers that the time was come when an effort might be made for a final destruction of the civil financial check altogether; and this has been done. The Controller-in-Chief has been appointed to absorb all the heads of the executive and supply branches—the heads of the Store Branch, the Barrack Branch, the Contract Branch, the Commissariat Branch, the Purveyor's Branch—to absorb them and, of course, to take the place and position thus rendered vacant? No, not so; that would have left some slight counterpoise from the yet existing, though decayed functions of civil finance. Therefore the military officer who has been substituted for these different heads has been put into a position far higher than they held—he has been put into a position second only to the Minister himself; he has been put on to the same platform with the Military Under Secretary. And now, British Public, behold your counterpoise! See the two weights of equal amount! Surely they must balance beautifully! But what is this? They are both in the same scale—both pulling the same way, both general officers! and against the double strain, financial control and the interests of the unhappy tax-payer "kick the beam."

But what of that? Who cares for the Tax-payer? Are not things now made pleasant in Pall Mall? Do not the two Kings now agree in every point? Does not the military "sword" fraternise most amicably with the military "supplies?" and will not all "friction" now be at an end? And as for the Purse-bearer, who cares for him? There! Order him to bring us another million. He must do it! He is our insubordinate; and if he growls or appeals to the Minister, we are two to one against him, and can soon twist him down!

Such is an accurate and exact picture of the state of affairs now existing in Pall Mall. The new Controller-in-Chief has made it a *sine quâ non* of his giving his services to the public, that his plans, his estimates, his expenditure shall not be subject to any financial check of any officer of the same or even of the next inferior rank. "They may be looked at by a still smaller subordinate—the Accountant-General—but they shall not be even canvassed by the Assistant Under Secretary. He is the representative of the old Secretary at War, the last remaining shadow of the civil check; therefore he shall not throw that blighting shadow on our new arrangements. He has hitherto done his duty to the public strictly and fearlessly; therefore he has been disagreeable, and I will have nothing to say to him. I won't be controlled. Am I not a Controller?"

And to this the Secretary of State for War and the powerful permanent "administrative" Government under which we have the happiness now to be, have consented.

PICKING UP YOUR SPIRITS.

SCENE.—*The Athenæum, Sloane street.*

The Master-Spirit sits alone in his sanctum. Derision in his home! All around may be seen the traces of despair, passionated despair—Tables are upset, disclosing many little peculiarities to the unpractised eye (which happily is not present); papers cover the floor; while a helpless-looking galvanic battery is lying in one corner paralysed.

THE MASTER-SPIRIT:—

Was it for this I grovelled week by week?
 For this I kissed the beldame's wrinkled cheek?
 Have I been licking, like a household cur,
 The foot that now would like to use the spur,
 Or kick me to perdition?—Not a rap!
 And all must go these cursed costs to pay!
 My new spring-table; bought but yesterday;
 My battery too,—*quorum magna pars*,
 That trough containing twenty Leyden jars;
 My faithful tambourine; the jewelled hand
 Of gutta-percha at the Czar's command;
 The plaintive concertina, which has been
 So much admired by a King and Queen;
 My indian-rubber double which, inflated,
 Floats to the ceiling, as has been related;—
 All these my little treasures I must leave
 (Myself it's no use trying to deceive):
 There's no help now—what's that? The Post?

(*Knock. A Familiar resembling a charwoman enters and delivers letters.*)

The Post.

Courage! Dan Home will not give up the ghost!
 Nor yield the spirits (*reads letters*), nor an inch of ground!
 My noble subjects swear to rally round.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR MR. HOME,—What a noble martyr you are! and to think there are wicked unimaginative people about who profess to think you mercenary—you who don't even accept contributions to the Athenæum—you who can only be persuaded to take a matchless brilliant or two as a *souvenir*—you who would scorn to replace them with Paris imitations, or indeed to profit in any way by the credulity of your fellow-creatures. Ah! I sympathise with you indeed Mr. Home, and when I think of the elevated position you can take at will when amongst us, when I remember the sudden rise you took in our estimation at our last *séance*, I feel that you are the only being now on earth fit to wear the mantle of the prophets. My dear Mr. Home, I have just received a lovely satin-wood table from one of the Leeds exhibitors, come and inaugurate its arrival with a spirit-baptism. It is in a high state of *polish*. Perhaps Kosciusko will condescend.—Ever yours,

S. C. HALL.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR HOME,—Beautiful, indeed, is the idea of one's mundane body "*lifting to eternal summer*" as yours does: but there is a sad reality, my friend, in the verdict of the judge and the craving of the ravenous Lyons. The Ideal is not in the law, the Real is not in spiritualism; and when the dweller on the threshold of the Sloane Athenæum shall feel weary of the shallow scepticism of the nineteenth century, let him come and write "The Last of the Seers" under the hospitable roof of Friendship and Appreciation.

E. L. BULWER LYTTON.

LETTER III.

OH! SIR,—You have been ignobly treated, and by a woman too! you who are honesty—self-sacrificing honesty—itself. But if a purblind old woman has not known the unutterable bliss, the distinguished honour of your confidence, there are others who have sympathies with the unseen world who would give all they possess to inspire you with the sentiment of friendship. I, who write to you, have long corresponded with the spirits of Confucius, John Bunyan, and Joan of Arc, but gratifying as their communications are and must be to a sensitive mind, there is a craving for further mysteries in this bosom: a craving which you can assuage. I have heard that Lady Ada Vivid and Mrs. Simon Stylites meet on Wednesdays

at your Oratory of horoscopes. I have never seen Lady Ada, and I hear she is a medium of no common type. Oh! Sir, let me join you at these meetings and be blessed. If you should find a cheque for fifty in this envelope, believe me, I know nothing whatever of it, so it would be useless to return it to your obedient believer and zealous follower,

ANNA MARIA SWALLOWTAIL.

LETTER IV.

SIR,—Finding my bottle trick is getting dried up, and the Japanese butterfly being palpable to everybody, I propose to enter into partnership for the exploitation of your little lot—make it a limited company of twenty shares—I and my eighteen daughters to take nineteen of them, and leave the other one to you.—Yours, &c.,

PROFESSOR ANDERSON,
Wizard of the North.

LETTER V.

DANIEL,—These cussed Britishers are too spry. We air about to make tracks. Air yew along with us? The next Cunard and Hail Columbia!

IRA. Q. DAVENPORT.

THE MASTER-SPIRIT (*sneering*)—

I must, indeed, have fallen low, if thus
 The jugglers treat me like a common cuss;
 My last card's not yet played! I know my worth
 While gaping fools are to be found on earth.

The Master arranges his tables, repairs his battery, and tells his Familiar to let his dear friends know he is at Home.

COURT BUMBLEDOM.

WHO is it that loosens and draws the purse strings of Royalty? It is impossible to believe that the Queen herself can have any knowledge of the vagaries of charity that are perpetrated in her name.

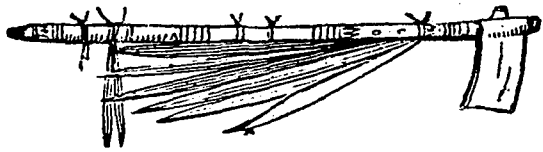
Not long ago, a paragraph appeared in the newspapers (like many other paragraphs that have appeared before and will appear again), stating that a poor woman in ———shire had presented her husband with three sons or daughters, at a birth. It is usual in such cases for the newspapers to inform us that "Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to direct that three pounds should be forwarded to Mrs. ———, who, it is believed, is progressing favourably." On the last occasion that so highly interesting an incident was chronicled by the press, the Queen's gift was reduced from the time-honoured three pounds (the ordinary fee in such cases) to two pounds only, because, we read, "one of the children had since died." Surely, if there is any meaning in the Queen's bounty, if it is anything more than an aimless and wanton caprice of Royalty, the fact of a dead child lying in the house should not be accepted as a sound and proper reason for withholding a portion of a charitable donation. Her Majesty personally is too well understood and appreciated by her people to be considered for a moment capable of giving her sanction to such a proceeding; indeed, it is only a few days back that a story crept into publicity that the Queen had sent £10 to two Cornish girls who had written to her for money to complete their outfits to enable them to emigrate to Australia—an appeal which might well have been intercepted by some responsible officer of the household, and by him might reasonably have been refused. But, in this instance, the letter of the Cornish girls found its way into the Queen's own hands, and at once their request was granted. Such a story as this proves to the public, what they have long believed, that Her Majesty possesses the most liberal and generous ideas regarding the manner in which deserving appeals for her aid and assistance should be met. It is a pity, therefore, that the blundering folly of Sir Somebody This, or General That, should cast a reflection on the Queen's charity.

An incident like that of withholding a guinea of the usual donation in cases of "three at a birth," because Death had done his work full early, does not in the least degree show that Her Majesty is wanting in consideration for the misfortunes of her subjects, but only proves that she has around her certain men, in offices of responsibility, who have neither discretion, common sense, nor common kindness.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

As soon as the extensive alterations are completed the OFFICE of THE TOMAHAWK will be removed to

199 STRAND.



LONDON, JUNE 6, 1868.

THE WEEK.

ITALY requires our ascent to cross the frontiers since the fell (Fell) system has been applied so successfully to the Mont Cenis Pass.

MR. BOUVERIE has applied for leave to change his name and adopt that of *Bouleverserie* in its stead—English translation, Mr. Turnover.

A GENERAL in the days of Hannibal would have received a mural crown for the taking of Magdala. Surely England might find a coronet for Sir Robert. We can well afford half-a-crown for such a "Bob."

WE are requested to contradict the report that the eleven of Australian Aborigines, being one day full of pastime and prodigality, roasted one of their number, by name Twopenny, and instead of grace, uttered, in chorus, the sublime sentiment "Tuck in your Twopenny!"

A NUMBER of Colonial Bishoprics are vacant. No Church of England priests can be found to accept them. Surely here is a fine chance for the spoliated Irish Clergy; they must be yearning for work—let a competitive examination be at once established among them for the vacant Bishoprics. They ought to vote us an address of thanks for this suggestion.

THE DERBY.

BY OUR OWN OMNISCIENT.

ONCE more has the Caucasian Olympiad run its fevered course; once more has the violet-robed Artemis of Surrey veiled her stag-like eyes before the glory of the Cappadocian Atalanta.

Sesostris gasping on her Lemnian architrave, or Miltiades sobbing out despair on Irconium's gilded peristyle knew no greater pangs than the Arbaces of yesterday, the Timoleon of to-morrow! Just as Aphrodite, waking from the arms of her nurse Oceanus, lulled her infant convulsions at the sound of the Cyprian colocynth, so does Londina, the nymph with creamy "chignon" and zephyrine odoriferous laminous ecstasies of *crêpe blonde* soothe the adust membrane of her epiglottis with the Halicarnassian effervescence of the vintage of Minternum. But if we pass Themistocles lolling on his cushioned chariot the Phidian outline of his Thessalian brow, shall we pause to wipe away the lachrymose distillation of memory as she recalls the Leucadian wails of Harmodius and Aristogeiton? No! once more we stand clothed in the imagine robe of Pallas of

the glancing eye, where the Marmorean columns of Lacedemon's lonely lamp gleam fitfully between the jaws of Charibdis, on the "*saxa irrefragibile rupem*" of Dodonas's lurid Onomasticon. Here Hellas, drooping low, bowed before the glories of Tarentine Telemachus; here Eleutheris, hand in hand with Aldeboran (far gleaming star of Iphicles' forsaken bride), nursed on the bosom of Menander, the Arcadian ambition of Aristides; Alexander strangled the Gargentine Gurgoyle as he quaffed the Seleucian cratera, and the precepts of Solon the sage, while Socrates, with Platonic platitudes, tossed down the "*venenum vas nefasque*" draught of Heliconian henbane. But we are overpowered by the gigantic associations of the past, and forget the claims of the present; forget how Hippius—"Cratinus Aristophanes que lacerta"—entice reluctant music from the cornua of "coy consenting" Cornopeans. Not less did Ossian, or even Apollodorus, yielding to the advice of Apollonius (of Perga) when with the agile Arbogastes, aided by Arcesilaus and Archytas, agitate the Archaic alarms of Argyropylus! Boadicea, "Queen of Pain," and Bocaccio, Beroallos's "blessed babe," with Berzelius and Bethlem-gabor in fact, Blue Gown won the Derby of 1868.

[NOTE BY EDITOR.—We have been obliged to terminate the article rather abruptly, as our Correspondent's fund of allusions and associations is so inexhaustible that it took him five pages and-a-half to get half way through the alphabet. We dare say we shall be able to use the rest of this article some time between this and 1898—a little at a time].

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

Position.—Nine points of woman's law.

Posterity.—A grandson who blushes for the ignorance of his ancestor who slaved to such little effect.

Powder.—What woman loads herself with to make a ball go off well.

Press.—The genie of the lamp that burns the midnight oil.

Pretty.—Comparative beauty: neither positive nor superlative.

Proverbs.—Logic in lozenges.

Purse.—A net out of which the gold fishes are always slipping.

Quack.—A duck of a doctor!

Quarter.—What no man gets from a better-half.

Queen.—Woman raised to the nth. Enthroned she can reach no higher power.

Question.—A pump-handle.

Quotation.—A line borrowed to hang a subject on.

Rag.—What all silks and satins must come to. N.B. No compliment to the Army and Navy.

Rattle.—Useful to stop children's tears and the gaps at dinner parties.

Reason.—A goddess only recognised during the temporary insanity of the Revolution.

Red.—A primary colour, but of secondary consideration to woman when not of uniform tint.

Reflection.—That for which glasses were invented. Woman really could not do it for herself.

THE DERBY TIP!

GLORIOUS SUCCESS!!

MAGNIFICENT TRIUMPH!!!

SPLENDID PROPHECY!!!!

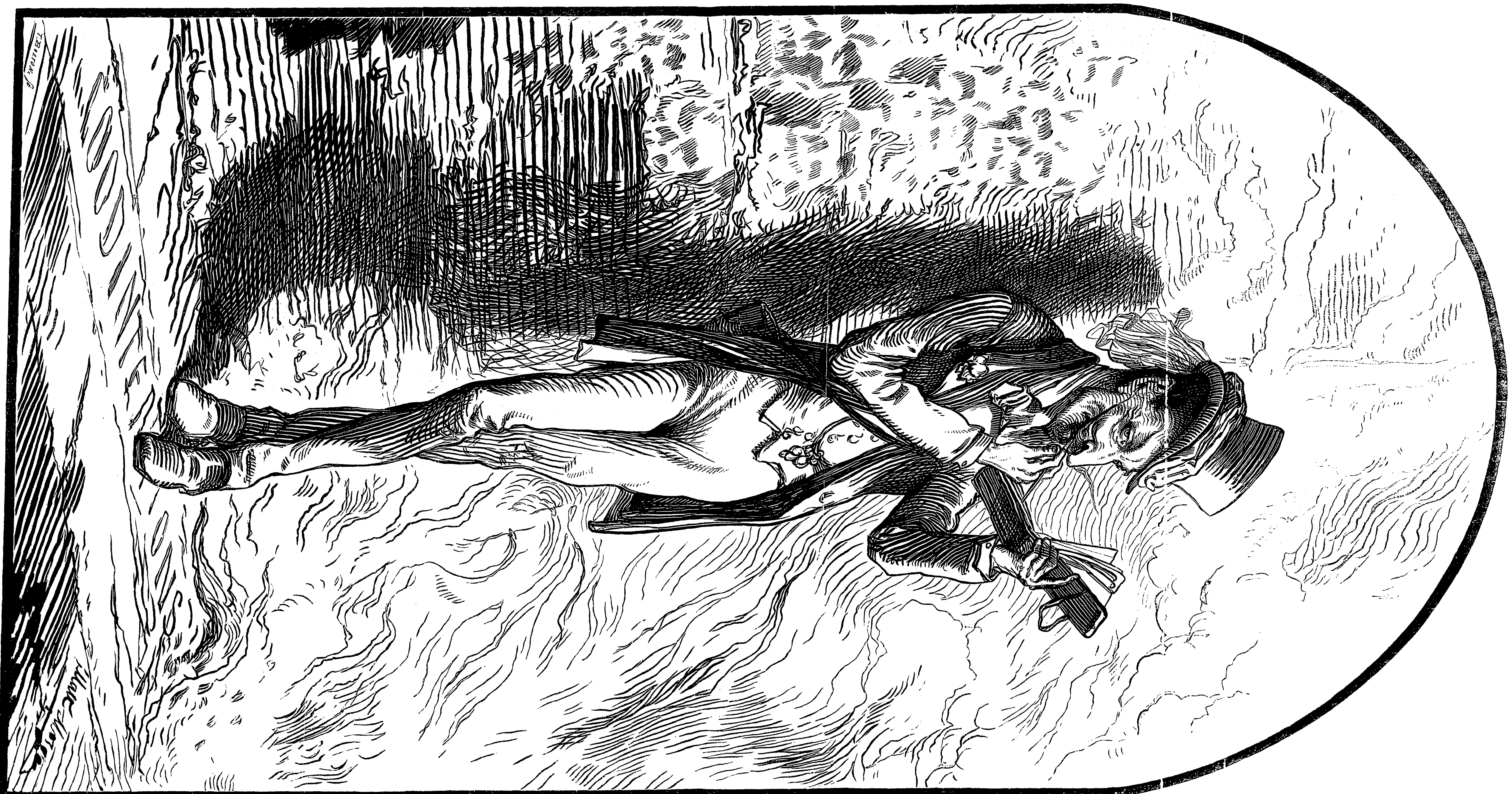
ALL THE SPORTING PROPHETS DISTANCED!!!!

TOMAHAWK gave Blue Gown as the Winner of the Derby, and Blue Gown won the Derby to TOMAHAWK's intense astonishment.

SETTLING DAY!

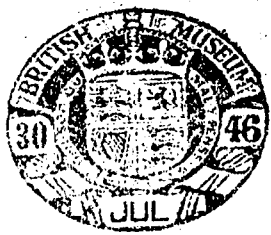
[A SEQUEL TO "HOME FROM THE DERBY"]

THE TOMAHAWK, JULY 6, 1878



SETTLING DAY!

[A SCOTCH TO "HOME FROM THE DERRY"]



THE PEEP-SHOW.

UNDER THE SCAFFOLD!

SCENE.—*Dawn—The tower of a church, the wall of a prison, and a crowd of heads dimly visible in the faint light of early morning. A hoarse murmur, strengthened occasionally by a shout of drunken laughter.*

BEFORE I invite you, ladies and gentlemen, to apply your eyes to the holes in my Peep-show, I wish to make an explanation. The scenes I frequently have had the honour of presenting to your notice have had, until now, some reference to living abuses. I am happy to say that the original of the picture set on the mimic boards of my establishment at the present moment, is a thing of the past. However, I have elected to paint the *tableau* in question as "an example of good manners." Public executions no longer exist, but the crowds that used to attend them are still living in our very midst. As there are breathing among us those who believe that the crime of murder will increase tenfold with the abolition of Jack Ketch's official appearance outside the "Debtor's Door" at Newgate, it may not be altogether wrong to attempt to depict the faces of the hangman's pupils. However, as I do not wish to shock my lady patronesses, I beg to inform them I have judiciously omitted the introduction of the gallows. Ladies, you may examine my scene with the closest scrutiny, and you will find nothing but the faces of living men and women. And now let me say a word for myself. Heaven knows that the ordeal was most painful—that the study of the model from which I have been able to paint my picture was indeed a trial—that my whole nature revolted at the notion of seeing a fellow-sinner launched into Eternity—that my heart was full to breaking as the hour approached for the final scene of the tragedy. Remember that the medical student *must* attend at the *post-mortem* examination, that the gravedigger *must* shovel the earth on to the lid of the coffin; remember this and believe me when I declare that only a strong sense of duty could have led me to the doors of Newgate on such a day at such an hour. Shame! a thousand times shame! upon those who attend such scenes for cruel excitement, for savage "sensations." But surely the journalist and the author deserve praise rather than censure for their self-sacrifice? In conclusion, let me say that the accounts in the papers of the execution, with but one exception, were utterly absurd. The *Times* report must have been indited by some one writing from the dictates of his "inner consciousness," and the descriptions furnished by nearly all the penny papers were equally false. As far as I have seen, the only trustworthy statement appeared in the pages of the *Express*. So much for explanation; and now to my task.

A crowd. Caps, hats, and bonnets. Shawls, coats, and rags. A great many paper caps; a great many silken hats, but a very few bonnets. A great many coats—many good, a few quite new, a few well-worn, and a few (not many) rags. A shako here and a sailor's hat there, and plenty of helmets. Corderoy trousers, and good cloth trousers. A few bare feet and thousands of boots. Umbrellas, canes, and bludgeons. So much for the dress of the crowd.

And now I will divide my picture into classes. First I will take the pure criminal class—that which is said to patronise the gallows nearly exclusively, but which, in matter of fact, was but sparingly represented the other day—was decidedly in the minority. Then I will take the largest class—the mechanics and workmen, the labourers and small tradesmen. Last, I will deal with the "swells"—the dissipated government clerks and fast young attorneys, the whiskerless subalterns seeing the first of "life," and the wig-wearing fogies watching the last of it!

Come then, let us look at the roughs! Great heavens! did you ever see such a sight? Look at that creature over there covered with rags, and reeking with the fumes of stale tobacco and bad gin. Look at the hideous leer on his pock-marked face—look at his hair-cropped, bullet-shaped head, and his thick-set neck! Look at his face when he is out of temper and you will shudder—glance at his face when he smiles, and the shudder will be increased tenfold—horrible in his rage and loathsome in his mirth the creature is a very libel on humanity! And see by the morning light the half-erased rouge on the cheeks of the creature's companion. See the crushed bonnet and the ragged shawl, the dishevelled hair, and the bloated features. Worthy mate of so worthy a master! Surely, these are the hangman's pupils, these are they who will use the knife and raise the

death-dealing bludgeon! Quite so. And what are they saying? Why, they are discussing the probability of the doomed man dying "game." Will they be impressed by witnessing the performance of the last dread sentence of the law? Not a bit of it—on the contrary, they have come to the conclusion that a "bloak" can die but once. If you don't believe me go up to them and listen to them. Yes, there they stand laughing a little, and romping a little, and swearing a great deal. There they stand the pupils of the hangman, listening to the sermon of Jack Ketch. And what do they learn? Why, this "That a bloak *must* 'op 'off the 'ooks one of these 'ere days, and vy shouldn't 'e 'op 'off the 'ooks on a nice summer's morning like this 'ere before such a 'ighly respectable kumpanee?—Eh Bill?" This is what I heard said with a wink over and over again. *These* creatures impressed with the dignity of the law! The idea is *too* absurd! However, they take a great deal of pleasure in the performance they have come to witness, and will be intensely disgusted, not to say rebellious, if their man is saved from the rope of the gallows by the arrival of a pardon or a reprieve! Why dog-torturing and cat-killing (and they might go farther and fare worse in search of a little innocent fun) is nothing to the excitement of a real execution!

Surely you have seen enough of them; and now let us take the largest class—(class number two) the labourers and mechanics. Intelligent people these—men who, from their conversation, have evidently been "constant subscribers" to the Penny Press for years—perhaps "from the first." Listen to them and hear what *they* say. "Look 'e Bob, waiting here is rather slow work, aint it? Better, though, coming here than stewing in the room. I 'ope they will be punctual, though, for I've got to be back by ten past eight. I say, won't the '*Daily Detonator*' come out strong about this 'ere 'demoralizing scene!' Oh I do love that 'ere paper dearly!" And the man actually laughs! Mentor mocked by Telemachus, the Idol jeered at by the High priest of his devotion! Could you conceive such a possibility? And now you may ask me what brings these people here? I believe, honestly, pure idleness and the full-flavoured denunciations of the Cheap Press. As a quack advertises his disgusting wares under the cloak of philanthropy, so does the unscrupulous leader-writer make use of morality as a peg upon which to hang pictures, at once unhealthy, false, and sensational. Of a verity, the penny papers have much to answer for!

And now for the last class—the dawdling, slangily-dressed snobs—the men in the Government Offices, the fast attorneys and the "bad form" Guards. What can one say sufficiently strong of such creatures? There is some excuse for the uneducated God-forsaken rough,—the poor wretch has been reared in the gutter and nursed in the prison—there is some excuse for *him*. Some excuse is there, too, for the mechanic—the man for whom refinement has done nothing, and a vicious press only too much. But for these snobs (who would be disgusted, by the bye, if you hinted at their snobbishness), what excuse *can* be found for them? Did their training at Eton lead them to this, or their residence at the University? Shame upon them; their very conduct proves them to be unworthy of the title they have assumed so lightly, that holiest of titles—*gentleman*. Would Colonel Newcome, brave, chivalrous, noble Newcome have attended an execution? Is the sight one to delight a Christian—the heart of an honest man? Shame! a thousand times, shame!

And now you have seen my poor painting. In the scene set before you, you have discovered nothing sensational? Well, I never expected that you would. An execution is *not* sensational: it consists of a dull vigil and a dreary tragedy—it is not half so exciting as a third-rate melodrama. But it is bad and worthless as an example; and this being the case, I thank God most earnestly and from the bottom of my heart that it is never to be repeated.

MOTTOES FOR SPORTSMEN.

MR. C—PL—IN.—Leave (St. Ronan's) well alone!

M—RQ—S OF H—ST—NGS.—"No scandal about Elizabeth."

SIR J—H H—V.—More Blue* than Green.†

* Gown?

† Sleeve?

A LEAP BEFORE A FALL.

WILL nothing happen to turn Mr. Sothern away from his fatal determination to assume romantic characters? Will no kind friend show him his real value on the stage as a lover, and our real loss at his refusal to continue eccentric comedy? Will no gentleman of education and dramatic talent appear on the stage as *facile princeps* in the tender line, and by sheer cause of envy make Mr. Sothern return to the creation of types rather than sentiment?

His *Dundreary*, before the actor had been spoilt by the incense which made him dizzy, was a *chef d'œuvre* for Londoners who knew the type and appreciated the imitation; but his sentiment does not exist—there—simply does not exist.

In Mr. Sothern's assumptions in the *Favourite of Fortune* and the *Hero of Romance*, we do not hesitate to maintain that he never shows a spark of sentiment, nor does he seem to know or feel the passion which he proclaims. In the *Favourite of Fortune* he was absolutely rude to the woman he was supposed to love, cramming his hat on his head long before he left the room in one scene where there was a lively discussion as to his merits.

In the *Hero of Romance* there is less feeling exhibited than in the *Favourite*, and any serious spectator must feel that the lover is far too cold and common-place ever to risk his life by the fatal leap without having seen to the security of the ivy beforehand.

But we are not going to criticise these pieces, nor discuss the propriety of interpolating gymnastic performances in comedies; but we sincerely hope, for the credit of our stage, that it is not true that Doctor Westland Marston is about to "adapt" *Les Filles de Marbre* for this actor.

There was an adaptation once performed at the Adelphi Theatre, when Madame Celeste was there, called *The Marble Heart*, which would most certainly have been damned had it not been for the graceful performance of Mr. Leigh Murray as Raphael. We have had no one since Leigh Murray who had the power of making the heart of his audience vibrate to his emotions, and the polished ease of a gentleman in all his movements. Those who have seen *Two Loves and a Life* and *The Marble Heart* played by him will acknowledge that it was difficult to criticise where so much was excellent, and impossible to find a substitute from the actors now on the boards of the metropolis.

It would be invidious for us to mention any names among such as might be selected for the parts, for in all cases we should bring forward more than one reason why the performance would be unsatisfactory.

We have no doubt that if *Les Filles de Marbre* appears, the principal attraction will be the group of statues illumined by the lime light from above, in the middle of a fair model of an atrium by Mr. O'Connor. Mr. Sothern will wear four or five elegant velvet studious jackets, beside the tunic and sandals in the prologue, and will probably look about as much like an artist as he does like *Othello*. At any rate, if he does not get up the necessary business better than he does in *The Hero of Romance*, where he sketches out of doors without once looking at Nature before him, he will not appear in his element.

Of course the piece may be adapted to such a point of English view that the original idea, as in *The Marble Heart*, becomes unintelligible, and with care all sentiment may be "adapted" out of the whole play; but unless Mr. Sothern introduces real suicide or the butterfly trick, we don't see how the piece is to succeed.

As we feel sure that the Lord Chamberlain will not allow the original plot to come bare-faced on to the boards, and as the play loses all its force without, we shall state what the moral is deduced from the original drama.

The Marble Heart, to which Mr. Charles Selby puts his name as author, which means in this case "bald translator," could not be comprehended, for the simple reason that the heroines were supposed to be *dames honnêtes*, which was a proposition simply absurd.

The drama of *Les Filles de Marbre* begins with a scene in Phidias's atelier in Athens. Phidias is in love with his own creations, being statues of three celebrated *hetairæ*—Aspasia, Laïs, and Phryne. A rich citizen of Athens is about to purchase them when Phidias repents of his agreement, and conjures the loved images to remain with him, the author of their

beauty. Gorgias, on the other hand, offers them gold and jewels, upon which the statues open their eyes, and turn their heads in response to the rich buyer, after which the critic Diogenes exclaims: "Marble maidens, marble maidens, woe to him who gives his heart to you!"

In the play which follows, all the characters of the prologue appear in modern guise: Phidias becomes Raphael; Diogenes, Desgénéais; and *ainsi de suite*,—while the statues are imbued with flesh and blood, and answer to the names of Marco, Clementine, &c. Were these women, as represented in the translation, *coquettes*, there would be no moral to point, and the satire would be blunted.

But the whole point of the story comes out of the fact that the young artist falls, unfortunately, in serious love with a woman who has sold everything she can sell—honour, virtue, and reputation, if she ever had either—to any man who offered sufficient compensation in gold or gold's worth.

There is a charming innocent girl ready to take him with all his faults—and love him too; but his infatuation keeps him flitting round and round the flame which has burnt so many, and at last he falls a victim, and dies insane, the cause of his foolish passion going off with the rich fool who allows himself to be plucked alive.

The moral is that gold makes love kick the beam, and that pure love is not to be found among impure women.

Now, just imagine the piece as it will be probably when adapted! Mr. Buckstone as the philosopher Diogenes, who permeates the whole drama with his satire and his sermons; Miss Robertson accepting a part which either has no meaning, or requires the experience of a Doche to reproduce without humiliation; and Mr. Sothern winding up a dreary parody of emotional scenes with a fit of insanity, which will remind one, without fail, of the three-cornered cow and the "other fellah" to a certainty.

If dramas are to draw simply by the introduction of one telling tableau, or one daring feat, in the name of common sense let us have that tableau or that feat without the *ennui* of bad acting and stilted phraseology!

Put in the bills honestly—"Between such and such pieces the Leap from the Tower of Elfin!" "After the farce, the *tableau vivant* of The Three Graces." "N.B. Mr. Sothern will light the lime-light with his finger!" And so on. We shall be saved a vast deal of trash, and Mr. Sothern will have his success undashed with the absinthe of the critical press.

We cannot see a man jumping headlong into danger without trying, at least, to save him. He may not accept our hand held out for that purpose, but he will not have us to accuse if he comes to grief; and Mr. Sothern must not be astonished, if he persists in making love with an organ arranged for eccentric comedy, that his finances should fluctuate and his great *prestige* disappear.

ANSWER TO LAST ACROSTIC.

D Dress S
E Enow W
R Race E
B Brogue E
Y Yelp P

ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Bravo Ned, Annie (Tooting), Your Loving Flute, John Jones, Lappell, L. S., Systematic Acrostic Solver, The Crowndale Spaniel, Pygmalion, Charles Forrester, John Go-head, Dizzy, Printer's Devil, Stage Struck Hero, One who has lost in a Derby Sweep, Lady Coventry, Camden Town Tadpole, Rikey R—e, Attwood, M. Edwards, E. Davis, Woffendale (Exeter Hall), Lozenge, M. D., Dick Wilkie, The Hampstead Steed, Charles Thornhill, Henry Wyld (Southampton), Vox Populi, An Irish Churchman, Porcupine, Up a Tree, Sangster, Peter W., Sairey Gamp, Charles Stewardson (Epping Forest), The Malden Road Greyhound, Charles Meldrum, George Easy, Annie (Southend), and Rory O'More.

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