

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 66.]

LONDON, AUGUST 8, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE RESULTS OF ENQUIRING WITHIN.

A GOOD deal of natural curiosity was excited at the time of Her Majesty's recent garden party at Buckingham Palace, as to the source from which the Lord Chamberlain had obtained his views of the proper costume on such an occasion for the real gentleman of the period; and the public interest in the question has been gradually subsiding only because everybody has begun to despair of finding the solution of so peculiar and perplexing an enigma. We think we have solved it. We really flatter ourselves that we have discovered the source of this second Nile. The Lord Chamberlain has been diligently studying the "three hundred and sixty-second thousand" of *Enquire Within Upon Everything*. Afraid of discovery, that sensitive magnate did not adhere literally to the instructions there given under the head of "Visiting Dress," but just slightly deviated from them, in order to elude detection. It is clear, however, to the critical mind where he got the hint for the famous evening coat and waistcoat and morning trousers. *Enquire Within* lays it down that "a black coat and trousers are indispensable for a visit of ceremony or entertainment." Now a visit to Her Majesty must always be one more or less of ceremony; but about the particular entertainment in question there was a novelty, which made some people—wretched old Tories, no doubt—pronounce it not only far from ceremonious, but positively free-and-easy. Of course we do not take that view ourselves; but we can quite believe that it had come under the cognisance of the Lord Chamberlain, and that he was a little perplexed how to combine a certain amount of ceremony with the expectation of a certain absence of it. At that moment he received his copy of the new edition of *Enquire Within*. He did enquire within, found the paragraph we have quoted, and thereupon framed his sartorial edict. Very likely we shall have some more Court regulations from the same source. One of them, however, we do devoutly hope, will be overlooked. It is that "a gentleman walking should always wear gloves, this being one of the characteristics of good breeding." The late Mr. Thackeray never wore them; but perhaps *Enquire Within* would retort that he was only an author, and that nothing better could be expected from him. We are willing to waive that point; but in the interest of all the young gentlemen of the very highest breeding who, we hear, are going to get married on £300 a-year, we must pray that gloves be not considered quite as "indispensable" in the streets, as "black trousers at a visit of ceremony."

FLASHES IN THE PAN.

WITH telegraph wires over the whole of Europe, and through a good half of the rest of the world, it is strange that we should receive such a meagre amount of daily news. The telegrams in the morning papers seldom occupy more than half a column of space, and a great portion of these are only inserted as make-weights. For instance, almost every other day there are half-a-dozen messages in the largest type, telling us of the proceedings of the ships that carry the Indian mails. Now as these ships sail twice a week, and make their journeys as regularly as clockwork (or if they sometimes do not, we don't hear of it),

such information cannot be either useful or interesting to anybody. It would be just as sensible to announce the safe arrival at Edinburgh of the limited mail in the second edition of the *Times*, or to reproduce the way-bills of the Brompton and Islington omnibuses in the evening papers.

Now that the subject of telegraph monopolies is under discussion, it is a pity that some influential person does not come forward as the champion of the public interest. Hitherto the question has only been ventilated from a purely selfish and personal point of view—what it will cost to telegraph to Brown at Brighton, or if cook will get her message in time to prepare dinner for Jones on his unexpected return home.

Such details as these should doubtless not be overlooked; but at the same time it should be remembered that the electric telegraph has a mission far nobler than that of ministering to the comforts of the upper classes. Its mission is to let the world know what the world thinks and does; and it is a bad sign of the times that while so many great men are interesting themselves in the reorganisation of the telegraphic systems, it has occurred to no one to still further develop the real value of this magnificent innovation of modern days. The tree bears fruit it is true, but it requires cultivation to supply those multifarious benefits which all nations may claim as a right to cull from its branches.

PEARLS AMONG SWINE.

MR. RONALD THOMPSON, the Secretary to the British Legation at Teheran, has rendered to the Foreign Office a most interesting report of the trade and resources of Persia. The country, we regret to see, appears to be in a terribly bankrupt condition, owing to the repeated failures of the silk produce. The report states that the whole amount of money in the Imperial coffers and in circulation amounts only to the insignificant sum of £1,500,000. In addition to this are the Crown jewels, which are valued at two millions; but unfortunately it is useless to offer them for sale, as the whole riches of the land could not purchase them.

Under these circumstances it is a pity that some one does not advise the Shah to despatch an ambassador to the Court of King Attenborough, of Piccadilly. This simple course would certainly dispel the deadlock at which the affairs of the Persian Treasury have arrived; and we can assure His Eastern Majesty that there would be nothing unusual or *infra dig.* in the proceeding, as he would be by no means the first Royal personage who, within the last hundred years, has pledged all, save honour (which, after all, may not be considered by pawn-brokers as a marketable commodity), beneath the sign of the golden orbs.

GOOD NEWS FOR A DISTINGUISHED VOLUNTEER REGIMENT.—Several demagogues have written to us to say that they intend joining the "Burnham Scrubs R.V.C." They give as a reason for their preference, that they think the Volunteer Movement should be as *public* as possible, and add that from what they have heard they imagine that there must be very little that is *private* about the "B.S.R.V.C."

AS THE TWIG IS BENT.

IN this age of social enlightenment, when so much is expected from youth and so little allowance is made for inexperience, the subject of female education has become a question of paramount importance. The utter failure of the ordinary run of "Establishments for Young Ladies" to educate children of the upper classes to assume the position in society to which they are called immediately on leaving school, has lately become so painfully apparent, that it is with no surprise that we hear that an effort is about to be made by those interested to do something towards remedying the evil. We understand that it is proposed to establish an institution on a system which, breaking free from the ordinary routine course of a boarding school education, shall secure that its pupils on leaving school shall at once find themselves mistresses of those arts and accomplishments which now-a-days it behoves all young ladies to possess, and which, alas! when the mind is once formed with other ideas require the study and perseverance of years to acquire. We have much pleasure, therefore, in publishing the prospectus of a Ladies' College, the foundation of which is on the *tapis*, but, as the engagements of the professors are in most cases still pending, we insert their names under every reserve.

TRAINING COLLEGE

FOR THE

DAUGHTERS OF NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN.

Patrons.

THE PRINCES OF THE BLOOD.

Visitors.

The ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY, YORK, and ARMAGH
(*ex officio*). With power to add to their number.

Note.—Any nobleman or gentleman presenting two thousand guineas to the Foundation Fund of the Institution will become a Life Visitor.

Principal.

This office will be thrown open to public competition. Ladies of title and others are invited to send in their testimonials. The salary will be £1,000 a year and a private residence.

Professors.

<i>Theology</i>	Mr. Bradlaugh.
<i>Poetry</i>	Mr. Algernon Swinburne.
<i>Composition</i>	Mr. Linklater.
<i>Moral Philosophy</i>	Lord Ranelagh.
<i>Physical Science</i>	M. Leotard.
<i>Arithmetic and Book-</i> <i>making by Double</i>	Mr. Padwick.
<i>Entry</i>	
<i>French</i>	Mdlle. Theresa.
<i>German</i>	Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.
<i>Italian</i>	Signor Francatelli.
<i>Painting</i>	Madame Rachel.
<i>Drawing</i>	Mr. Moses. (Terms, 60 per cent.)
<i>Dancing</i>	Mdlle. Finette.
<i>Music</i>	Messrs. Offenbach and Godfrey.
<i>Singing</i>	Mr. A. Lloyd and Miss Annie Adams.
<i>Domestic Economy</i>	Mrs. Wyndham.
<i>Deportment</i>	Madame Schneider.
<i>Elocution</i>	Mr. Fordham (of Newmarket).
<i>Floriculture</i>	Mr. E. T. Smith.
<i>Jurisprudence</i>	Baron Nicholson.
<i>Riding and Driving</i>	Miss Anonyma.
<i>Billiards</i>	A Cavalry Officer.
<i>Whist</i>	A Member of the Arlington Club.

The college is solely for the education of the children of those persons moving in the select circles of society. To ensure exclusiveness, the terms will be high—viz., £250 a year for each girl.

Children will be received at any age under twelve, but in no case will a young lady who has passed her twelfth birthday be accepted, it being the opinion of the promoters that after this age the impressions and prejudices of youth are in a degree already formed; and a pupil joining the college with any of the ordinary ideas indigenous to English girlhood cannot do justice to the system.

The course of education will be complete at the age of sixteen years.

The term will commence in August of each year, and terminate at the end of March, thereby giving the pupils the advantage of being with their parents during the whole of the London season.

The college is already handsomely endowed. A nobleman has undertaken to provide annually an "Honorable" who will make an offer of marriage to the pupil who obtains the highest number of marks in her general studies, and several gentlemen have promised broughams, opera boxes, and bracelets to those young ladies taking the first place in certain of the classes. A lady interested in the undertaking has munificently presented her freehold villa in St. John's wood for the residence of the lady principal.

The excellence of the design of the institution speaks for itself. An undertaking which meets so fully the requirements of the age cannot fail to be financially a success, and its promoters deserve the gratitude, as they must command the sympathy, of fashionable England of the present day.

RHYME AND TREASON.

NOTWITHSTANDING the attempt we made the other day to stay the torrent, snobbery has swept everything before it, and the immense success of that screaming comic song, "God bless our Sailor Prince," has already borne its fruits. The whole Royal Family is now on the eve of being handed over to the music-halls, for snobbery is a thirsty thing in its way, and is not inclined to stop short after so fine a crawl as it has recently indulged in at the expense of the youthful Duke. When an enthusiastic crowd, composed of seventeen thousand snobs, relish and re-demand such sickening twaddle as that "effectively given" by poor Mr. Cummings a few weeks back at the Crystal Palace Blue Fire and All-alive Royalty Gala, what on earth must become of the real vulgar taste? Talk of lampoons on the august,—did any "chaff"—no other word will express it—ever come up to that directed against the unoffending young Duke by the poet who, doubtless never meaning to hit so hard, penned the cruel lines to which we again refer? We will be bound to say that for sly, yet gashing and withering severity of humour they are unmatched. Indeed, should the series be continued, we quite tremble for the fate of Royalty. Fancy, for instance, a national hymn to Prince Christian! Why, "Champagne Charlie" and the "Gallop Snob" would pale before it! Indeed, the thing is serious when we dwell on the opportunities open to its indulgence. Young Prince Arthur has just got his commission, and is working for the Engineers. True, the Engineers do not suggest dash, and are not so useful for poetical purposes as the Artillery. "God save our Engineer" sounds tame, and would not read well; but a change, *elegantiae gratia*, might be made, and the cannon's mouth itself easily introduced. Imagine a military edition of our "Sailor Prince," under the title of "God save our Bombardier!"

How apologetically it might go off, thus:—

We've cried "God bless the Prince of Wales,"

And "done" our "Sailor Prince;"

But when your snob his ear regales,

Matters what use to mince?

He wants to gush and crawl and shout;

At some one he must cheer,—

Ah, see, he's found Prince Arthur out!

"God bless our Bombardier!"

Then the poet might get bolder:—

Napoleon he lost Waterloo,

And Wellington he won;

But I'd name one to lick the two!

I mean it—not my fun.

The man to drive the foe away,

When he's en-camp-ed here,

Is he, of whom I, Gents, must say,

"God bless our Bombardier!"

And at last, not entrammelled by the ordinary conventionalities of accent, time, space, or fact, he might really close very effectively:—

When London in the dust is laid,
And England no more free
(Her very dividends unpaid),
Sinks deep beneath the sea ;
When countless foes about her roar,
Annihilation near,
Expiring nature still shall snore,
" God bless our Bombardier !"

En somme, we might be treated to gush *ad infinitum*. Talk of *La Lanterne* and the *Court Newsmen*; why, their gibbets are made of rosewood compared to this. Heaven preserve Royalty from popular enthusiasm excited by an admission of half-a-crown a head, and stimulated by a two-shilling Crystal Palace dinner !

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON IN SEARCH OF A SEAT.

A PERSON who, by dint of irrepressible effrontery, timely servility, and publications bordering on the indecent, has made himself known to the indiscriminating curiosity of the vulgar as Mr. Hepworth Dixon, has just been endeavouring to purchase what calls itself "the richest borough in England," by the sale of himself. Having instructed some of his hangers-on—of whom, we are sorry to say, he has, as editor of an utterly worthless but still somewhat influential critical journal, no small number at his disposal—to concoct a letter affecting to proceed from the electors of Marylebone, and inviting him to give an account of his principles, he has responded to the enquiry by what he evidently imagined would be the profitable confession that he has none. He informs these electors in buckram that he considers a member of Parliament a mere delegate of those who elect him ; one whose business it is to do simply what he is told, and—to be paid handsomely for doing it. If these views meet the approbation of any constituency he shall be delighted to be their obedient and—N.B.—salaried servant. He adds that, personally, he believes "very strongly" in manhood suffrage, the ballot, and compulsory education ; but nobody can say that we are uncharitable if we express our opinion that Mr. Hepworth Dixon affects to believe in these things because he suspects that the constituency of Marylebone does. In any case, however, there could be no difficulty, inasmuch as he had already laid it down that he should consider himself bound, to abandon all these opinions if they ordered him to do so—and gave him money for complying. To cap it all, an attempt is made to cloak this gross venality by an ignorant pretence that it is in strict conformity with the theory and ancient practice of the English Constitution. Mr. Dixon must have forgotten the terrible dressing he once got from the *Edinburgh Review* for his *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, which he had the astounding impudence to attempt to write. The nasty doings, real or imaginary, of Mormons and Spiritualists, may possibly not be beyond the tether of his mind ; but for such a one as he to prate about Bacon or the English Constitution, is as though a greengrocer were to give us a discourse on botany.

A few days later, Mr. John Stuart Mill addressed the electors of Westminster, and we are led to think from what he said on the occasion, that he must have seen or heard of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's bold bid for a metropolitan constituency. At any rate he gave expression to sentiments which are a direct and complete condemnation of that adventurous individual's policy. Mr. Mill hoped that the electors would be wiser than to choose men of whom they had no opinion, whom they dared not trust to examine or think for themselves, and whom, therefore, they would send to the House with tied hands, under the promise to do exactly as they were bidden. For his part he was not ashamed to say that he desired to be represented by somebody who could tell him what ought to be done, instead of him telling his representative. This is Mr. John Stuart Mill's theory of the Constitution, and likewise his particular practice of it. It would be strange indeed if that high-minded and illustrious if sometimes crotchety gentleman's theory and practice, in every imaginable department of life, were not in flat contradiction with those of Mr. Hepworth Dixon. Still, unhappily it will be equally strange if, "in these last days, the dregs of time," the effrontery which has led the ignorant to suppose that the author of *Spiritual Wives* is a literary man, should not lead some rich Radical borough to buy him even at his own figure and send

him into Parliament. We almost hope it will ; for we believe that this ambitious frog would then be so inflated with his already grotesque sense of his own importance that, like his prototype in the fable, he would "bust up," and we should so get rid of him for ever.

AFTER DARK.

WE had been foolish enough to imagine that this title belonged more or less to its author, Mr. Wilkie Collins, who used it some years ago for a collection of his tales from *Household Words* if we remember rightly. "*After Dark!*" And yet we see that original manufacturer, Mr. Dion Boucicault, announcing a drama (original, of course) of his own under this heading.

Perhaps Mr. Collins has allowed the dramatic brigand to take the words for his own use ; but has the French author also given Mr. Boucicault the right to produce his piece again without some acknowledgment of the parentage ?

Foul Play has already been exposed by one of the magazines, and now we are to have another original drama from the hand of the translator of *Le Portefeuille Rouge*. What is the new piece to be ? A translation of *Paris qui dort* or *Paris qui s'éveille*, or an amalgamation of the two ? We shall see.

Apropos of *Foul Play*, it is not generally known that one translation of the same piece was brought out by Geo. Conquest at the Grecian Theatre some four years back called *The Rescue on the Raft*, and another at the Surrey, entitled *The Fight with Fate*.

This must be of some interest to publishers who may be entrapped into giving enormous sums (say £45,000, eh ! Mr. Boucicault ?) for sensational works of undoubtedly original minds acquainted with the market value of other people's brains.

A THUMPING LEGACY.

POOR Rajah Brooke, whose death we have lately had to deplore, has made a bequest which promises to be almost as unacceptable a legacy as the Moonstone itself. By his will, dated April, 1867, Sir James Brooke devised his sovereignty of Sarawak to his nephew, Charles Johnson Brooke, and the heirs male of his body ; and, in default of issue, the Rajah devised his said sovereignty unto Her Majesty the Queen of England, her heirs and assigns for ever ; and the Rajah appointed Miss Angela Georgina Burdett Coutts, Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, and Mr. John Abel Smith, M.P., trustees of his will, to see the purposes aforesaid carried into effect.

The responsibility imposed on the executors is rather heavier than a lady and a couple of quietly-disposed gentlemen can be expected tacitly to accept. To place young Mr. Brooke on the throne of his ancestor supposing his subjects offered any resistance, would be an undertaking, in comparison with which the Abyssinian campaign would be dwarfed into insignificance. To call on Miss Burdett Coutts to outrival Lord Napier of Magdala is rather an unreasonable demand, however high the late Rajah's opinion of that excellent lady's talents and accomplishments may have been. Besides, a private war might prove even a more expensive luxury than a Chancery suit ; and Sir James's residuary legatee might find himself a dozen millions or so out of pocket by the transaction.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER.

THE FRENCH PLAYS CLOSED.—Several personages of exalted rank have lost their evening occupation.

CREMORNE OPEN.—Lord Napier prevented by the heat from attending. The cabman who took his Lordship to the Crystal Palace will attend from 9 till 11.

THEATRES OPEN EVERY NIGHT FOR VENTILATION.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Supposed to be cool. Inquire within.

ALHAMBRA.—An Ice Ballet—Real Soda-water Cataracts.

LONDONERS who can afford it, going out of town. Those who can't, going out of their mind.

EVENING DRESS.—For ladies.—Neck or nothing. For gentlemen.—Abyssinian. For policemen.—Muslin.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

LETTER II.

Cousin Willie to his Friend.

My dear old boy ! prepare for a surprise.
 I shall arrive in town on Friday week.
 Find me some rooms of modest cost and size,
 Not far from yours ; you've lots of time to seek.
 My coming's cause you vainly will surmise,
 So spare your sneers. 'Tis neither whim nor freak.
 My cousin Florence—that's the simple reason—
 Is to be up in London for the season.

Now, Algy, do you wonder any more ?
 You know the one great purpose of my life,
 Which is to make the being I adore
 My wife, and yet a something more than wife.
 For this I long have tarried on the shore,
 And shrunk from plunging on the sea of strife.
 Love and ambition woo me : I prefer
 Fame to forego and live alone for her.

I know you think the two can be combined,
 And we have wrangled oft about the question ;
 But I am firm, and of a settled mind
 Which I had best select, and which had best shun.
 Either is good for life, but both you'll find
 Excite a sort of vital indigestion.
 Blend them you cannot. One is sweet and placid,
 The other tart and turbulent and acid.

I know not if Flo guesses that I love her,
 For I continue, patient, still to wait
 Till womanhood, which round the girl doth hover
 Long ere it settles, her initiate
 In truths it only should to her discover.
 I hold it wrong to steal a march on Fate,
 And with surprises definite and rude
 Ruffle a virgin's brooding solitude.

Yet now—plague on them all !—they drag her thence,
 From song of birds, from sward, flow'r, hedgerow, field,
 Silence, and all that to the growing sense
 Of maidenhood affords a needed shield,
 To where each sight and sound are an offence ;
 A forcing-house to make the nature yield
 Premature bloom which never comes to fruit,
 Or, if it does, exhausts the heart, its root.

Half of my dream is gone. I nursed the hope
 The vulgar doom would never her befall,
 Nor that her simple soul would have to cope
 With that fell foe whom women Fashion call,
 Once swayed by whom they maddened are or mope,
 Alternately, till the grave ends it all.
 No longer do they to themselves belong ;
 Woman is weak, and Fashion is so strong.

And it expels their moral sense, and makes
 Itself the only conscience. Nought seems wrong
 It under its supreme protection takes.
 And, as it favours none and nothing long,
 But still its thirst on novel bubbles slakes,
 Its lead they follow and condemn the old ;
 Not heeding vice or virtue, false or true,
 But crying ever, Give us of the new !

Whereby the passion for excitement grows
 To such mad heights that nothing pleases more,
 Save ostentation, rivalry, and shows.
 E'en these soon please not as they pleased before.
 Dejection then demands a double dose,
 Again, again, to make life bubble o'er,
 Till maidens led by matrons scarcely shrink
 From drinking poison rather than not drink.

You know it, Algy, just as well as I.
 You know the end, the tricks, of that false mart,
 Where human beings all that is human buy,
 Save that which never can be bought—the heart ;
 Where all things are inverted, low is high,
 And high is low, and each one plays a part ;
 In whose exchange money is all, mind nought,
 And what is worthless most is keenest sought.

Better the flash of savage hate and lust
 (Though that were to put back celestial work),
 Than that our nature should corrode and rust !
 Better some ruinous volcanic jerk
 To crack the false superincumbent crust
 'Neath which accurst insidious poisons lurk !
 Then would the innocent be warned. But now,
 The demon Fashion wears an angel's brow.

And so my guileless Florence they allure,
 Who thinks an Eden opens on her view,
 And just because she is so frank and pure,
 She for a time will deem the false the true.
 Who knows what first will this delusion cure ?
 Oh ! if it be an antidote to rue !
 Perhaps I seem ridiculous, romantic ?
 Love in its moods of fear perforce is frantic.

Had I but known that they would play this turn,
 This ugly, unkind turn, on my pet aim,
 I would have seen Florence did slowly learn
 Something beforehand of the worldly game,
 Its scope, its shifts. But how could I discern ?
 Now she must go as stubble into flame,
 All unaware ! My curses on them all !
 Curse on them ever, if aught foul befall !

For it is foul to sell the body for gold,
 And throw the soul in with 't, as though this last
 Counted for nought when solid flesh was sold !
 Foul—though the altar bind the barter fast !
 Oh would some timely goddess, as of old,
 Descend, and bear her off upon the blast,
 Invisible, to some unthought-of shore,
 Where I alone should ever see her more !

An empty wish—eh, Algy ? So, you see,
 I need must play the god myself, and leave
 Mountain and stream, and all that are to me
 Natural haunts to which I cling and cleave,
 And in the crowd of the world's votaries be
 A sort of fashionable make-believe.
 Do *you* but help, I'll cease to be a railer,
 And first I know you'll take me to your tailor.

Quite right, my boy ! The tailor makes the man.
 (We used to say that nought from nought is made ;
 But it is clear a tailor furnish can
 Nine times himself, when properly arrayed.)
 And as it is the essence of our plan
 To make a man out of my honoured shade,
 I swear to yield, with absolute composure,
 To tailor, hatter, barber, glover, hosier.

I will be kempt, and curled, and oiled, and scented,
 And not a soul in Bond street more particular ;
 And wax so wroth, you'll think me quite demented,
 Should not my trousers keep the perpendicular ;
 And will I wear, as though by Love presented,
 In my coat's buttonhole a pale auricula.
 Thus shall you work on me, your sov'reign will ;
 And what is more—by Jove ! I'll pay the bill !

But if by this fantastic fool's-disguise,
 I from your ranks can only snatch away
 The fairest spoil, the very sweetest prize
 That your foul field has seen for many a day,
 And bear her safe from profligate, bold eyes,
 To where a chaste Simplicity hath sway,
 You will be welcome, Algy, as before ;
 But World and worldlings ne'er shall see me more.

AT THE COUNCIL.

(BEFORE MR. JUSTICE TOM A HAWK.)

Savage Assault—A Burlesquer in Trouble—Severe Sentence.

H. J. BYRON (who described himself as a dramatic author, a *London Journal* novelist, &c.) surrendered to take his trial on July the 24th, at the "Queen's" Court. The prisoner, who was detained in a box during the proceedings, was charged with having wilfully, and with malicious aforethought, attempted to kill an elderly lady of the name of Melodrama. It was further alleged that he had attempted to kill the said old lady by turning her into ridicule.

The case attracted considerable attention, and the court, during the trial, was crowded with notabilities in the literary and journalistic world. Among others we noticed Messrs. Tom Adapter, Christian Cancan, Envy Snivel, &c.

The first witness called was NED CLAYTON, who deposed that he was a servant of the prosecutrix. He was under the orders of the prisoner, and his (the prisoner's) instructions to him (the witness) were to make himself as ridiculous as possible. He was engaged to appear in a piece called *The Lancashire Lass*. He was ashamed to say that he had to make quite an exhibition of himself. First of all, he had to use a dialect of which he knew nothing, and which dialect, hadn't it been called by the prisoner Lancashire, might have been Welsh or gibberish. Secondly, he had, at the end of the first act, to copy a situation from an old piece called *The Merry Widow*. Thirdly, he had (as a working man) to wear a moustache, which made him look exceedingly ridiculous.

Cross-examined by the Prisoner.—Wearing a moustache was not the fault of the prisoner; it was the fault of Mr. Wyndham, who would make him wear it.

Examination continued.—Then he had to talk high-flown language, quite out of keeping with his supposed station. Altogether, he would far sooner have appeared in the columns of the *London Journal*—he would have felt more at home there.

The next witness called was ROBERT REDBURN, who complained of being described by prisoner as "an adventurer." Emphatically, he was *not* an adventurer—he was a steady-going man of property with a very large acquaintance, as he had appeared in nearly every melodrama that had been produced during the last three centuries. He was absolutely bored to death by having to tempt so many village beauties, and was weary of smiling sardonically, and sitting on the edges of tables. His "iron will" was so rusty that he never alluded to it in company without causing a roar of laughter. But not only this, as if he was not sufficiently ridiculous already, Mr. Byron must suddenly arrest him at the end of the third act, for nothing in particular, except, perhaps, to gratify the gross vanity of an obtrusive Irish serjeant, or to bring the curtain down upon a clumsily-contrived and thoroughly-ineffective tableau.

The PRISONER.—You made yourself more ridiculous than you need have been. Why did you talk all the time from the soles of your boots?

WITNESS (*smiling grimly*).—For that information—must refer you—Mr. Henry Irving!

The next witness called was RUTH KIRBY, who entered the court laughing heartily. Knew it was a serious matter, but really the thing was *too* absurd! The Judge ought to have seen her flirting with honest yeomen, and scorning gold, and breaking open prisons, and withering libertines, and fighting with murderers! And she was so virtuous and so poor, and yet wore *such* handsome dresses. And her old father was such a dear old idiot. He was perfect; he couldn't read, and he couldn't write. Oh, he was perfect!

The JUDGE.—I saw the gentleman (a Mr. Mellon, I think), and he certainly was very nearly perfect; in fact, I noticed but one trifling fault.

WITNESS.—And that?

The JUDGE.—Unhappily the poor gentleman could speak! (*Sensation in court.*)

Mr. DANVILLE was next called. He certainly was made to appear very ridiculous. His duty consisted chiefly in cowering before accusations of murder, forgery, &c. He was made to look particularly comical by having to push a man on to some canvas under the wheels of an impossible steamboat—a steamboat which would have been a disgrace to its builders, even had it been made in the toy establishment of Mr. Cremer. His part would have been effective in broad farce, but nowhere else.

The next witness called was KATE GARSTONE, who deposed that she was dreadfully commonplace. Her frowns, &c., were *so* old and so untrue to real life. Of course, because her lover jilted her she died of a broken heart, just in time to assist in the production of a good tableau. The idea! As if in the world anyone would be so exceedingly foolish as to die for a man! In her opinion this incident proved that the prisoner wished to bring Mrs. Melodrama into ridicule.

This was the case for the prosecution.

For the defence the prisoner called

JELICK, who said that he was very bad indeed. He certainly assisted in spoiling the piece.

PRISONER.—Was it *my* fault that you were so bad?

JELICK.—Certainly not, sir. There's no one to blame but Mr. W. H. Stephens.

The Prisoner then summed up in his defence. He had a great deal to contend with. In early youth he had written several burlesques, and now everyone thought that he meant to be funny. He was sure that he hadn't done so much harm to Melodrama as Mr. Andrew Halliday. He threw himself upon the mercy of the Court.

The Judge summed up briefly, and the Jury immediately returned a verdict of "Guilty." A former conviction for the same offence at Liverpool having been proved against him,

The JUDGE (*who was suffering from intense emotion*) said that the case must be treated with the greatest possible severity; he sentenced the prisoner to a season of hard labour upon the columns of *Punch*. (*Great sensation, loud murmuring, and much weeping in court.*)

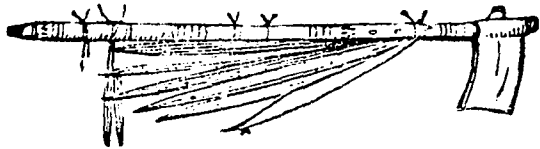
The Prisoner was removed in an agony of grief from the box.

REVISORS WANTING REVISING.

THERE is a rumour on the Home Circuit—TOMAHAWK believes and hopes it to be without foundation—that among the six extra revising barristers to be appointed by Mr. Baron Martin, pursuant to the power given him by a recent Act of Parliament, the three following gentlemen, who are far from needing anything of the sort, have been selected:—Mr. George Francis, Recorder of Faversham, a gentleman enjoying an extensive and lucrative junior business; Mr. Arthur Moseley Channell, son of Sir William Fry Channell, one of the Barons of Her Majesty's Court of Exchequer, who has only been called five years; and Mr. Roland Vaughan Williams, son of the ex-Justice of the Common Pleas of that name, whose standing only dates back to November, 1864. Now, as it has always been understood that these revisorships are intended either for needy men of long standing, or young and struggling ones with large families and small incomes, a selection such as has been hinted at can only breed ill feeling and unpleasant comment. The Home Circuit numbers more members than any other, and among them are very many able men upon whom attorneys have not smiled, and who have not had the good fortune either to get into practice, or to be born judges' sons, or to marry rich wives. To them the paltry remuneration of five guineas a day for some six weeks would be a perfect godsend; and it is of men such as these that notice should be taken in making appointments of this kind, and not of those who, financially speaking, require nothing. Mr. Francis TOMAHAWK can hardly forgive for applying for anything of the sort; the other two gentlemen, from their connections, very reasonably expected they would get anything they asked for. TOMAHAWK does not want to say anything disrespectful of Her Majesty's Judges, but it would be well if one or two of them remembered that in the present state of the public mind jobbery is dangerous, and might lead to their being deprived of their power of patronage altogether.

A BROWN STUDY.—The grass.

"PATTI AND CAUX."—Mdlle. Adelina Patti is at last married to the Marquis de Caux. Caux is a rhyme (to the eye at least) to Faux; and no doubt the happy Marquis will, in many envious hearts, rival that great conspirator as an odious monster. Let us hope that if he *must* be burnt in effigy, the perpetrators of the outrage will content themselves with the sacrifice of burnt Corks.



*** 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. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, AUGUST 8, 1868.

THE WEEK.

THE idea of shutting up M. Rochefort by forcing him to publish a *communiqué*, which would take up nearly the whole of his little journal, is a brilliant idea worthy of the French Government. But in this attempt to put out *the Lantern* with an extinguisher of foolscap, the Minister may burn his fingers.

REALLY something ought to be done to restore the Liberals to office. When Mr. Milner Gibson begins to lose his temper, things must have come to a pretty pass. But there is a limit to the endurance of even the most patient and amiable of men; and it is cruel to condemn such a statesman as the right honourable member for Ashton, who so fully appreciates the "*dolce far niente*" of office, to the onerous labour of opposition for nearly two years.

AMONGST the many disastrous effects of the hot weather may be noticed the fearful state of weakness to which that great genius, Sir John Pakington, has been reduced. The other night, on being asked a question about some alleged blunder on the part of the authorities, he actually could not answer for want of information! Considering the usual nature of Sir John's answers, the strength of his imagination must have been indeed melted away, if he had to wait for information before he could reply to a charge against his immaculate department.

THE Marquis of Bute, whose infant mind has hitherto been chiefly occupied by the Beautiful, has been compelled to devote his energies to a search after the True. He has decided to abandon his Liberal cousin, who does not represent his guardian's opinions, in favour of a Conservative stranger who does. This has drawn upon the young Marquis the indignation of the Liberal Press. Well, it is certainly very hard that Tory Lords should not throw all their influence into the Whig scale, for we know there never was such a phenomenon as a Whig Peer who tried to influence the electors in favour of his own party.

ETON has refused to play Westminster at cricket—most likely on account of the signal defeat that Charterhouse has sustained at the hands of the latter school. We cannot believe a rumour that has reached us to the effect that Eton has declined to meet her sister Public School on the ground "that she must preserve her dignity." In days long gone by, Eton was wont to receive an annual thrashing on the river from

Westminster. In those days, Eton, Westminster, and Winchester were the only recognised public schools; we had no Cheltenham; and Rugby and Harrow were conscious of the inferiority of their founders. But now we live in a "shoddy" age. Royal Westminster bows before commoner Charterhouse, and Eton forgets that her kingly benefactor did not intend her to be a comfortable retreat for flunkies.

POOR MR. HUBBARD.

From the *St. Albans Primer*.

POOR Mr. Hubbard,
He went to his cupboard,
To build a good priest a church,
Who was no sooner there
But he left (hardly fair)
His most excellent friend in the lurch!

"However," said he,
"I have found you a home;"
"Thank you much," said the priest,
"But there's no place like Rome."

Then he went to the tailor's,
To buy him a cope;
But when he came back—
He was playing at Pope!

Said he then to the priest,
"Come get out, make your bow;"
Who replied, as the dog did,
With "Get out! Bow-wow!"

HEATED FANCIES.

DEAR SIR,—In this unusually tropical weather, any hints that conduce to the comfort of our suffering fellow-creatures must be very acceptable. I venture to send you a few ingenious devices by means of which I have experienced great relief during the intense heat of the last few weeks:—

Diet.—This is a very important point. All sweet things should be avoided, as tending to heat and acidity. By taking a teaspoonful of common salt in a large cup of hot tea every two hours, the whole system will be refreshed, and the stomach kept cool. Meat should be avoided. West India pickles, and capsicums, are an excellent prophylactic.

Dress.—This should be light and porous. Thin sponges sown together, and kept moist, form a very comfortable garment. I have tried as a head-dress a square helmet of light wicker-work covered with green gauze curtains to keep off the flies; it should be lined with cabbage-leaves at the top: or a few branches of the sycamore tree, arranged like a wigwam, will be found to shade the eyes and keep the head cool.

Bathing.—This should be carefully avoided, except in very hot water. I have found it very useful to have my bath fitted with a large spirit-lamp, and I stay in till the water boils; I find, on coming out, that the air feels comparatively cool, even in the hottest part of the day.

As for general directions, I strongly advise the avoidance of all excitement or emotion of any sort. For instance, if you should happen to fall head foremost into a wasps' nest, as I did the other day, you will find it much better to lie still, and allow the busy little insects to amuse themselves by stinging you, than, by trying to escape, to heat and flurry yourself.

Above all, avoid politics, unripe fruit, duns, strong spirits, fatal accidents, and high animal food; you will then find that the heat is by no means so unbearable as some would lead us to think.

I remain, Sir,
Yours coolly,
ISIDORE ISIR.

NEW PROVERB FOR SIR JOHN PAKINGTON.—Spare the Rod (man) and spoil the chill'd (shot).



"AT REST!"

(UNTIL NEXT SESSION.

EDITOR TOLIAHIVK.)

Mm
No 22



"THE BURNHAM SCRUBS R.V.C."

CHAPTER III.—*Passages in the History of an ex-prosperous Town. The Mysterious Statue!*

BEFORE I proceed to describe the Regimental Supper, I think I will just tell you a little about Burnham Scrubs itself. You see, as one of its defenders, it is only natural that I should wish to impress you with its importance—so pray pardon me if you find me at any time degenerating from a frolicsome, if not wag-gish companion, into a downright bore.

Burnham Scrubs a few years since was one of the most dismal spots in the world, a short time after it suddenly freshened up and became comparatively lively, and now as I write the reign of gloom has set in with tenfold severity. You would like to know what caused the sunshine to which I have alluded? "Yes." Very well then, why not say so at once, instead of hesitating about the matter? "You are afraid of making a suggestion to so august a person as a Lieutenant in the Burnham Scrubs R.V.C." Well, there's something in that. I don't wish to be too hard upon you! Let's say no more about it.

I have observed that Burnham Scrubs was a very dismal spot. I will now add, with your kind permission, until the arrival of Mr. Charles H. Parafine. Parafine came from the United States, and was what is termed in America "a smart man," and in England, when successful, a "Merchant Prince;" or, when foul weather has set in, a "miserable thief." After this description of Parafine it is scarcely necessary to add that our amiable American came down to Burnham Scrubs to "financere," that is to say, to swindle.

On his arrival at the Green Lion Inn he noticed in the yard the ugly-looking statue of an ill-favoured man, got up in Roman armour, and a truncheon. Moss had grown over the legs and the lower part of the lody, and the weather had disfigured the head piece.

"Hi! waiter," cried Parafine, when he had carefully examined this work of art, "just come here a bit."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, coming up quickly (it was not often that a traveller found his way to Burnham Scrubs, so when they got hold of one they made the most of him). "Yes, sir. Anything I can do, sir? Thank you, sir."

"Who's this?" asked Parafine, tapping the statue with his cane.

"Well, sir, it's unbeknown, sir. That there statue has laid here a many years, and not one in the town knows anything about it. He was an ugly-looking gent whoever he was; and as for his dress, why it must 'ave been quite ridicklus!"

"Very much so," said Parafine. "And now waiter tell me who your Mayor is, and where he lives."

"Mr. Coke, sir. He's our lawyer, sir. Been Mayor this twelve years. Re-elected every year, sir."

"He must be a popular man then?"

"Well, not exactly popular, sir. But the fact of the matter is," and the waiter assumed a manner half-confidential half-servile, "I think people in these parts rather fear him. Everybody owes everybody something, and as the lawyer is up to all the ways of the County Court, and knows the Judge quite pleasantly, he's a great man in his way. He'd as soon issue a writ as look at you, if not sooner."

"Where does he live?"

"At Blackstone Lodge, sir."

Mr. Parafine marched off through the dreary High street with its Chemist shop (with linendraper's department attached), and its Grocer's shop (with a hosiery business in the back parlour), and its Butcher's shop (thriving so wonderfully on boots, shoes, and joints), until he arrived at the Mayor's residence. He knocked, and was shown in by a red-headed servant, who kept him waiting in the hall among the umbrellas while she went in search of her master. After five minutes' delay Parafine was ushered into the Lawyer's Sanctum.

"Now then," said Coke (a very small man, all red face and blue spectacles), savagely, "What may *you* want? If you've come about Jones's affair I may tell you at once that we sold up his widow the day before yesterday, and got his eldest son comfortably in gaol on Monday night."

"I don't know Jones and never did," replied Parafine.

"So much the better. Well, then, I s'pose you've come about Mrs. Allen's little all, eh? Well, you can't have it because I've spent it. And there's an end to *that* matter."

"Hang Mrs. Allen *and* her little all!"

"By all means. Then you want me to help you out of your difficulties?"

"*You* help me!" exclaimed Parafine with supreme contempt. "Why, man alive, do you know who you are talking to? I have compounded with my creditors four times in three months, received eight hundred writs in a single season, and have (for years) gone regularly through the Bankruptcy Court every Monday morning before luncheon."

"Well, what *do* you want?"

"To make your fortune!" And then the American explained his plan. The lawyer listened, stared, and smiled.

* * * * *

A few days later and Burnham Scrubs was absolutely frantic with excitement. Flags were flying, bells ringing, guns firing, and boys shouting. Additional trains had been put on by the local station master, to bring visitors from neighbouring towns to the joyous spot. Bottles of ginger beer sold by the score, and there never had been *such* a demand for sherbet. The Chemist, always equal to the occasion, filled his shop window with false noses, made of card-board, and comic bonnets, fashioned out of coloured paper. The Butcher got in a barrel of beer, and the Grocer openly invited the public to partake of "Tea, bread and butter, and watercresses, 6d." There never had been such a time for Burnham Scrubs. Everybody looked happy and (later in the day, after the Butcher's barrel had become empty) glorious. The great attraction of the hour was a ceremony advertised to come off in the market place, the "Inauguration of the Statue by His Worshipful the Mayor" (to quote from one of the numerous placards that had been sown broadcast by Mr. Parafine).

It was a beautiful sight. In the centre of a number of reserved seats (only half-a-crown a piece) stood Coke and the American. Between the two heroes was planted the Statue, covered by a white table-cloth. On the right was the Burnham Scrubs policeman, conversing affably with the Burnham Scrubs beadle; to the left sat the little girls attached to the Burnham Scrubs Charity School, ready at a moment's notice to lift up their youthful voices in (partially) sweet melody, and the rest of the company was composed of visitors from neighbouring towns.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Mayor, "this imposing ceremony is about to commence. I now beg to inaugurate this Statue. May it remain here in our midst long and prosperous; may our children reverence its memory, and may it never know what it is to bask in the sun of adversity. Statue, be free!" and Coke pulled away the table-cloth, amidst great cheering of the bystanders. At a sign from Parafine the Charity Children struck up the "Evening Hymn," and soon their voices were drowned by the deep tones of the church bells and the constant explosions of the village gun.

Thus, with great joy and some profit, did the inhabitants of Burnham Scrubs erect a Statue

TO

NOBODY IN PARTICULAR!*

* * * * *

Parafine and the Mayor after this little matter became firm friends, and entered into a speculation which had for its object the regeneration of Burnham Scrubs and the pockets of its promoters. Among other things, this scheme was to give the place boulevards, a theatre, several churches (creeds assorted), some public baths, two or three streets of magnificent mansions, three monster hotels, a new town hall, a couple of clubs or so, and a rural Crystal Palace. Great preparations were made, and a good deal was done to some of the foundations; but unhappily the scheme fell through. One fine day Mr. Parafine started for the U-nited States, and one wet afternoon the Mayor absconded with all the available cash he could lay his hands upon.

Burnham Scrubs never recovered the blow. The place became more dismal than ever. The inhabitants languished, and most of the houses fell into decay. The resident gentry quarrelled amongst themselves, and the Parson took to incense in the Parish Church. The incense was pretty but unpopular, and hadn't been in use a month before the congregation left the Parish Church *en masse*, and refused to occupy the pews any longer. On the next Sunday the lax and reckless went to the

* This narrative is founded upon fact. Not a thousand miles from one of the Channel Islands stands a statue without a name under it. But hush!—no matter, we must dissemble!

Dissenting Chapel, while the conscientious and holy remained at home. And all was desolation when some one thought of the happy idea of starting a Volunteer Rifle Corps, and you know (some of) the rest.

Hallo! Didn't I promise to give you an account of our Regimental Supper last week in the current number? To be sure I did! Pray, let me apologise. Well, now that you have waited so long, you may as well curb your curiosity until next week!

There I promise, if everything goes well and it's not too hot or too cold (as the case may be), I will assuredly tell you all about it on the next day of publication. Mind, the coming Tuesday—only seven days, or one hundred and sixty-eight hours, hence! Don't become *too* excited about the matter! Pray don't, or you'll make me feel quite uncomfortable!

(To be continued.)

DEAR AT ANY PRICE.

As the "Autumn Season" at the Theatres seems to flourish on a sort of negative principle, and temporary managers appear to delight in giving their audiences entertainments the very reverse of those they have been accustomed to witness at their respective houses, why not let the public know really what is in store for them? *Mossoo*, who goes to the "Haymarket" to relish English comedy proper, that is to say, comedy as now understood at that establishment under the auspices of Messrs. Buckstone and Sothern, is astounded at finding himself in the presence of the immortal *Sha-kes-pare*! "*Ma foi*, but your Shakespeare he is comic then? Ha, ha, *que c'est drôle* your *Kingjohnne* with Mr. Anderson!" and *Mossoo* goes home and says it will not do after the Palais Royal. Then Mr. Thickhead escapes from Hanwell, and comes up from the country to see *Daddy Gray*, and goodness only knows what he gets instead of it at the little Soho Theatre. Better therefore to publish an authorised list. With the experience of previous seasons before one the task is easy enough. Here it is:—

THE THEATRES.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—*Box and Cox*. (At a quarter to eight), *THE BLOOD-STAINED ATTORNEY OF LINCOLN'S INN*; OR, *THE CRYSTAL PALACE WAITER'S REVENGE*. (At ten), *The wonderful Galavanti Family and their CARVING KNIFE ENTERTAINMENT*. (Half-past ten), *The Miller and his Men*. Seven.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—Swinger's Oriental South Australian Circus. (Nine), Signor Josephini's Daring Eyelid Feat. Eight.

HAYMARKET.—*Othello*. (Nine), *King John*. (A quarter-past eleven), *Antony and Cleopatra*. (Ten minutes to one a.m.), *Macbeth*. To conclude with a new and original Comedy never before produced. Five.—N.B. Money payment entirely suspended.

ADELPHI.—*She Stoops to Conquer*. *The School for Scandal*. *Used Up*. *Cool as a Cucumber*, and other regular "Adelphi hits," till further notice. Seven.

PRINCESS'S.—*Macbeth* (with a new tragedian). (At a quarter to ten), *Nebuchadnezzar the Ninth*. Original tragedy in SEVEN ACTS (with several new tragedians). At a quarter to one), *Paul Pry* (with another new tragedian). Seven.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, *L'Africaine*, with full chorus, band, and all the magnificent scenery, dresses, appointments, &c., &c. (At a quarter to eleven), A new comedy, not by Mr. T. W. Robertson.

OLYMPIC.—*A Grand Christmas Pantomime*, in which Mrs. Howard Paul will introduce "her funny little king" at Eleven forty-five precisely. Seven.

LYCEUM.—Everything (free list alone excepted) entirely suspended.

ST. JAMES'S.—*Double Entendre*, or, *Menken Outdone*. Every Evening at Eight. Stalls, One Guinea. N.B. Ladies admitted.

THE NEW ROYALTY. TWO ITALIAN OPERAS, and Grand Ballet—and *Macbeth*.

And so on. In short, only at the Queen's, the Strand, and

about two other theatres, can one count on something approaching a respectable adherence to the traditions of the house. Why cannot the unhappy speculators let the public alone for a couple of months? Indeed, both would be much better off for the forbearance.

THE MANIAC'S COLUMN; or, PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

My first one does who's an inflicter of blows,
And a round the policeman or sentinel goes;
My second comes out of the earth, and is good
At dinner or lunch-time for part of our food;
The two form a product from which may be made
An article well known in commerce and trade.

2.

My first is what all wish to be,
My second you may often see
In certain letters graved on stones
That cover human flesh and bones,
My whole occasions many a martyr,
Though some are base enough to barter,
And the world's noblest men and laws
Has waked to action in its cause.

3.

My first without much trouble will declare
A Christian name that English women bear,
First syllable my second brings to view
Of that which Claude Lorraine so sweetly drew,
My whole from time not very ancient dates,
And may be found in the United States.

4.

My first, propelled by steam and gas,
Through earth and air makes way;
My second's a united mass,
Whom one or many sway;
My whole's a flower which, like the rose,
Is grateful both to eye and nose.

5.

My first in made dishes will often be found;
My second for sauce is cut out of the ground,
When money falls out of the pocket or purse;
My third will describe its descent. Now my verse
Must give, as 'tis usual in riddles, a line
Which my whole may suggest, if not clearly define.
Well,—chemists and grocers and pastrycooks sell it,
And fruiterers sometimes, but enough—lest I tell it.

6.

An edible relish in general use,
A Christian name rarely selected by any,
Will give you the name of a popular tale
Or novel which years ago gratified many.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

History of Caricature. Hotten, London.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Measure for Measure. 2. Welsh Rare-bit. 3. Shrubbbery.

ANSWERS have been received from Jack Solved It, Winterbourne, C. R. R., 100 W. T., The Binfield Road Wonders, Three Stray Buzwings, Ruby's Ghost, Annie (Tooting), Linda Princess, Frank and Pollie, Old Brum, La Perfeccion, Ghost of Old Jewry, Baker's Bills, L. Kneller, The Lively Flea, Gertrude Phoebe, Towhit, Rosebud, Mad Whilk, Ein werrückter Kerl, Samuel E. Thomas, W. I. A., W. McD., Slodger and Tiney, Galatea, and Renyarf.