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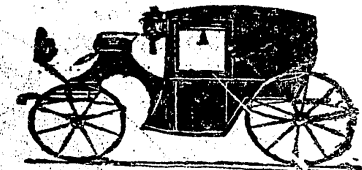
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THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



“INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT.”

No. 115.]

LONDON, JULY 17, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

PERSONALITIES.—A PROTEST.

THE publication of the correspondence relating to the fracas between Mr. Grenville Murray and Lord Carington has drawn public attention to the question of how far a writer may legitimately go in attacking the personal character of any public or quasi-public character. As there seems to be a very unwholesome tone prevalent in the mind of the public on this subject, it may be well to endeavour to get at the rights of the question.

The influence of the Press is doubtless very great in social as well as in political matters. It is true that the “unwritten code” of society, of which we hear so much, is more powerful than any written one, inasmuch as it is based upon the most unintelligible caprice, and rests upon no principle of morality, or truth, or justice; it admits too of so many exceptions that it can hardly be said to have any rules, while its machinery for punishing is very unequally employed, the rank and wealth of the offender being much more considered than the rankness or degree of his offence. Against the sentences of this secret tribunal there is no appeal except again to itself; an appeal which must be backed by a good legacy, or by the succession to some title. No evidence is received or sifted before the judges, except that of their own senses, on which it is impossible always to rely. The Press furnishes a social court of justice, in which the accused can nearly always obtain a fair hearing, and it is very important that the code of morals which governs the writers for the Press should be based upon considerations of strict justice and truth, and the purest morality, without any regard to the influence of rank or wealth.

No one has ventured to dispute the right and duty of the Press to deal with the public life of men; the utmost freedom of speech, we may almost say, the widest license of abuse, is permitted to writers when dealing with the political conduct of any man. The reckless imputation of motives; the putting forward of surmises as facts, and suspicions as evidence; the utter disregard of any delicate sense of honour, of any tender sensitiveness that the object of the attack may be unfortunate enough to possess, are practically allowed to political writers. It may be this liberty conceded to the pen with regard to politics is considered as a compensation for the restrictions imposed upon it in dealing with social topics. We regard it as a very healthy sign that men are to be found now who are not afraid to speak out their minds in print, and who do not spare an abuse because it is countenanced or cherished by those in high rank, nor an offender against the laws of morality because he happens to sit in high places.

The only power that can keep nine out of ten men or women from wrong is the power of public opinion. As long as they can break the laws of God and man without incurring the censure or the scorn of their fellow creatures, they will continue to do so without the slightest scruple; and it is not sufficient that the censure and scorn should be implied or felt, it must be openly expressed. There is hardly any evil, however gigantic in its proportions, however generally practised, which cannot be done away with by the force of public opinion. It is needless to say that the Press is at once the organ and the director of public opinion. It appears to us that any one who undertakes to write for the Press undertakes a responsibility most grave, a duty most solemn, which cannot be lightly evaded. To tamper with evil; to coquette with vice; to speak lightly and languidly, where he ought to rebuke seriously and forcibly; to pander to the iniquitous dissipations of society; to pass over in silence, or, worse still, to encourage habits of action, speech, or thought which he knows in his conscience to be utterly bad, simply because they are admired by the great, the noble, and the rich; in short, to be a half-hearted defender of good, or assailant of evil, is to commit a sin against God, and an offence against man, for which he will one day have to answer with bitter remorse. This is the real reason why it is better on the whole that writers for the Press should be anonymous, because it is impossible for any man to write with sufficient vigour and boldness if he is to be perpetually confronted with the *argumentum ad hominem*, which the enforced signature of his name to all he writes necessarily provokes. In attacking wrong and defending right, one's pen must not be fettered with a sense of one's own faults; we do not arrogate to ourselves the virtues that we preach, we only express our earnest desire to possess them.

If every offender against morality is to shelter himself behind this immunity from personal attacks; if he is to be allowed to say, however injurious his vices may be to a portion of the community, that the Press has no right to touch upon his private character, then we do not scruple to say a great injury will be done to the general morality of the nation. To one in high position, and sufficiently wealthy to be independent of the public, however heinous may be his misdeeds, some sort of society is always open; he will have no difficulty in finding persons to receive him with open arms, if he be a lord; and it is only through the public Press that he can be made to feel what disgust and contempt his conduct excites in the minds of all decent people. And this apparent condonation of vice, though it proceed only from the most servile and meanest of mankind, encourages others to abandon themselves shamelessly to profligacy, having

no fear of men before their eyes. The earnest advocacy of morality, and the vigorous castigation of vice, whether public or private, on the part of the Press, undoubtedly tend to create a higher standard of both public and private morality.

In defending thus decidedly the right to be personal when necessary, we must express most strongly our utter abhorrence of the kind of personality which has distinguished the *Queen's Messenger*. When those terrible afflictions of the body or the mind, which Providence has seen good to apportion to the lot of any man, are made the subjects for the brutal ridicule of virulent malice and hatred, the time has come when no false shame, when no affected fear of advertising the degraded publication which prints such fiendish filth, should be allowed to check the tongue or fetter the pen. Long since have we been on the point of expressing our horror at the weekly outrages which nothing but the poisonous hatred of a malicious coward, smarting under the sense of some just rebuke or punishment, could have conceived or written; outrages repeated over and over again in the same monotonously brutal language, as if defying the indifference which the wretched author mistook for toleration; outrages so unspeakably horrible in their very repetition, because one could not help feeling that the creature who had written such words once would have been dead by his own hand before he could have endured the agony of remembering what he had done;—outrages, which expressed in the English tongue, have almost defiled it for ever; we have been only restrained from giving vent to our indignation and disgust by the feeling that we would wish the pollution of such things to rest in no man's memory. The fly that is bloated with the poison which it has sucked from carrion is a loathsome insect, but its bite is deadly, and it must be crushed; and the author of the outrages to which we allude is, if not as deadly, as filthy as the poison-laden fly. The infamy of these outrages was infinitely increased by their being associated with articles on abuses which had too long been sheltered under the patriarchal wing of patronage. It enhances the villainy of the writer that he should try to circulate these brutalities side by side with appeals to the sacred cause of truth and justice.

We have come to the end of our space without saying half that we wished to say on this subject. It would be folly to pretend ignorance of the accusations which have been made repeatedly against this paper. It is, perhaps, the hardest of all things to face, when a writer has made up his mind to speak fearlessly in the cause of what he believes to be right, without any respect to persons,—that certainty of being classed by the ignorant, the prejudiced, the apathetic, with those slanderers and literary assassins who make it their sole object to attack persons, without any respect to truth or justice. Those who thus malign us have this excuse, that they have rarely, if ever, read a line of the paper they so unhesitatingly revile; and we have generally heard such men and women utter within one half hour more unfounded scandal and libellous abuse than they could have read in a day, except, perhaps, in their own private journals, if they ever had the courage to keep a portrait of their minds on paper. If in the hurry which is the bane of all occasional writers; if in the warmth of honest indignation; if through the imperfection of judgment, which is inseparable from humanity; if in the hastiness and heat of enthusiasm, which is the privilege of youth and the envy of age, we have written anything unjust which, fairly construed and not interpreted by the lurid light of scandal, has undeservedly pained the feelings of any man or woman, we deeply, sincerely regret it. But we are none the less determined to hold on, with however many slips and failings, the course which, at starting, we proposed for ourselves; and that

is to fight for right and against wrong, however high our enemy may sit; to succour the weak and the wretched whenever we can, and to assail the tyrannical, the cruel, and the vicious wherever and whoever they be, with all the strength which the goodness of our cause can give us.

THE STAFF OF THE TOMAHAWK.

LIONS IN ASSES' SKINS.

THE Colonial Order of St. Michael and St. George has within the last few days received several additions to its ranks. The Earl of Derby, Earl Grey, and Earl Russell, have been made Knights Grand Cross of the Order, while amongst the names in the second class of Knights Commander are those of Lord Lyttelton, Mr. F. Peel, Mr. Adderley, Sir F. Rogers, and Mr. A. T. Gart. As it happens that the majority of the above-named persons have never seen service out of Downing street or Whitehall, it is difficult to conceive on what principle the appointments (excellent as they may in themselves be) have been made. Are we to take the whole matter as a practical joke on the part of the Colonial Secretary? or are we to receive it in sober seriousness as a deliberate step of the Cabinet? If the latter is the real state of the case, we shall shortly expect to read the following announcements in the *London Gazette*:—

TO BE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER.

Archbishop Manning.
Mr. Benjamin Webster.
Lord Carington.
Mr. Bright.

TO BE KNIGHTS GRAND CROSS OF THE BATH.

Sir Robert Carden.
Mr. Beckwith (of Lambeth).
Mr. Padwick.
The Earl of Dudley.

TO BE KNIGHTS BACHELOR.

Mr. John Stuart Mill.
Lord Willoughby d'Eresby.

Really, if nominations such as those to the Order of St. Michael and St. George in last week's *Gazette* are allowed to pass unnoticed, there is no knowing to what lengths of waggery the authorities will not proceed. We should not be surprised if the announcements above were not premature after all, and that by the time these lines are in the press our surmises will not have become "*fait accompli*."

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

CERTAINLY we live in a polite age when advertisements such as the following grace the second column of the *Times*:—

"Italian Opera—Saturday night, July 3.—A tall gentleman accidentally pushed against a Young Lady as she passed through the hall door to enter her *coupe* brougham. Please address, A. B., Junior Athenæum Club, Piccadilly, in order that an apology may be offered."

The above is delightfully genuine. A. B. gives no address at Paddington Green, nor seeks shelter under cover of Mr. Pollaky, but straightforwardly invites the outraged lady to address him at his Club, in order that an apology, which evidently at the time of the disastrous occurrence, the tall gentleman considered superfluous, may be wrung from him, in his abject self-reproach. We wonder if many members of the Junior Athenæum Club have as nice a sense as A. B. of what is due to society. If this is the case, what an abode of severe respectability Mr. Hope's late mansion must now be!

FRUITFUL SIGNS OF THE SEASON. — *Concurrent* endowment playing old *gooseberry* with the Government measure.

THE SNOB'S GUIDE.
A CONTINENTAL HANDBOOK FOR THE BRITISH
TRAVELLER PROPER.

BY ONE OF THEM.

WITH merely this title as a preface, I mean to set about my business of supplying a want that must have been repeatedly experienced by a certain class of Englishmen abroad. The class to which I refer is the better bred, but extremely rare, class of those who, forgetting for the moment that they are no longer in their native country, somehow manage to sink their nationality for the time being, and do not, in consequence, succeed in making themselves offensive and ridiculous wherever they go. The want they must have often experienced has been in the matter of that sort of ignorant and vulgar *Egoisme Britannique*, a quality without which they could not have failed, over and over again, to have misrepresented their fellow-countrymen. To enable, therefore, the Englishman to be thoroughly "English" abroad, this little Guide is undertaken in a spirit of friendly disgust.

GENERAL REQUIREMENTS AND GENERAL ADVICE.

The former vary considerably, and the latter will, of course, differ in character, according to the social status of the person to whom it is addressed. In the absence, however, of any better method, the easiest plan will be to take the ordinary travelling Englishman and address him.

If young, and abroad for the first time, he will require (no matter whether he be merely going up the Rhine),—

- 1.—A complete tourist's suit of some striking material, conspicuous as regards detail, full of impossible pockets, and generally such a coat as he never would or could wear under any other combination of circumstances in this life.
- 2.—A whole set of white mackintosh to match. A dozen straps for books, umbrellas, and sticks. A powerful opera glass, slung over his back, several maps, a colossal pouch (slung also over his back), a knapsack (do. do.), a wicker bottle and glass, a pair of enormous and heavily-nailed boots. Something new in hats, a towel or two and veils about his head, a writing-case, a measuring tape, several pounds of soap, a door fastener, a slang dictionary, a pipe for smoking in churches, and a small hammer and chisel for the purpose of mutilating world-renowned objects of art, and disfiguring them with his initials or name.
- 3.—He must take with him a "Murray" or two, a "Bradshaw," a conversation-book in four languages, to which he must continually refer on every conceivable occasion, always bearing in mind that his great object in coming abroad is to attract universal attention, and demean himself, not as a modest and enquiring stranger come to learn, but as a vulgar and supercilious critic, whose sole business is to prejudice and despise.
- 4.—He must be careful never to speak or understand any language but his own—a praiseworthy national accomplishment, which will present the double advantage of depriving him of all useful and instructive information during his tour, and of exciting the admiration of foreigners at his intellectual calibre in particular, and at the English educational system in general.
- 5.—He must consider all the above "the thing," and regard everyone who disagrees with him on the subject as in "low form."
- 6.—In short, he must be careful to look, and to be, a conspicuously-dressed, empty-headed, ill-bred ass. There are, of course, other ways by which the young travelling aspirant to true British snobbism may arrive at this desirable result; but the above is as short and as national as any.

There are further to be considered, before I begin my Guide in earnest:—

- The middle-aged snob (the ordinary Continental snob).
- The mamma snob, and the young lady snobs.
- The titled snob.

The religious snob, and a great many other very great travelling snobs indeed; and with them and their doings it will give me much savage and melancholy pleasure to deal hereafter.

LOW BREEDING AT A HIGH SCHOOL.

Apropos of the events of the cricket world, if we remember rightly, about this time last year, Westminster sent a challenge to Eton, which challenge was refused. Report said at the time that the former based its refusal on the fact that the latter was not a recognised public school, and therefore not worthy to break a lance against the few lordlings and the many tradesmen who live in an unhealthy swamp near Windsor, and constitute one of the centres of fashionable English education. Now, whatever may be the genius that puts this ill-bred snobbism into the heads of mere youths, it is not worth anybody's while to examine, but it is worth somebody's while to note the fact. As the matter stands, it is notorious that there is really less mixture, less social dreg, at even Rugby, than there is at Eton, and if anything were needed to demonstrate this clearly, it would be the perfect shopman's tone which passes with the boys "in authority" for true gentility. Tenacity of his position, and a suspicious fear of losing caste, are the notes by which a snob *pur et simple* may be recognised, and to the possession of both of these notes Eton must plead guilty. No one who was at Lord's on Friday could fail to notice how very markedly the *style* of the Eton boys has changed even within the last twenty years. The same change may also be remarked any day at the two Universities. The most conceited, insufferable youths who come up there invariably hail from Eton; indeed, the true gentlemanly spirit at our leading public school, is, it must be honestly confessed, in a very poor way. On Wednesday in this week, Westminster is, in its turn, to play Charterhouse, and to our taste the match, though appealing to a less extended circle of sympathisers, will be a far more pleasant affair. Snobbishness has not yet found its way into the precincts of St. Peter's, and though Eton boys disdain to play a match at cricket against their old rivals—who gave them many a good thrashing on the water in times past—they can at least go to Lord's on Wednesday, and learn, if not a lesson in good batting, at least, one in good breeding. In the last race ever rowed between the two schools, from Putney to Chiswick, it is a fact, that while the Westminster boys loudly cheered the Eton boat as it neared the winning post, a great many lengths a-head of its rival, some young *gentlemen* from Eton showed their excessively good taste and high breeding by hissing the defeated crew of their opponents. From this little episode, it may be gathered that boys who, while yet in their teens, already reflect the frantic snobbery of coming life, have a good deal to learn. The sooner Eton learns this lesson, the better.

A "JUDY" SPREE.

THE staff of a "serio-comic" contemporary (apparently in difficulties) wrote to the *Observer* a week ago announcing their secession from the paper with which they had been associated. Their names had the charm of perfect novelty to the public, which was more than could be said of their witticisms. However, the communication had one drawback,—it encouraged other "staffs" to "go and do likewise," as the following letter (which we have been requested to publish) will fully testify:—

To the Editor of the "TOMAHAWK."

"22 Grub street.

"Sir,—We, the Editor and Staff of the *Halfpenny Joe Miller*, which we have carried on with unprecedented success, beg to say that we ain't going to write any longer.

"We are, Sir, yours faithfully,

"JOHN JONES.

"JAMES BROWN.

"+ WILLIAM SMITH, his mark."

STANZAS FOR STONES.

THE continuation of the Second Series of these Papers is unavoidably postponed till next week.



LONDON, JULY 17, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WIMBLEDON this year has been a great success. The Volunteers have behaved so well that the critics have found no one to make a "butt" of, except—the target.

THERE is no truth in the rumour that the landing stages of the penny steamboats are to be made life piers. On the contrary, their appearance has caused a "dead set" to be made among them.

WE fear that poor Mr. Padwick must have lost a very large sum of money by the bankruptcy of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle. See what comes of taking *interest* in the affairs of the aristocracy.

OUR friend, Napoleon the Third, is not in such a critical position as some people would suppose. True he is about to lose (perhaps, by the time these lines are in print, has lost) his Minister. But then the man was only a Rouher! (*roué*).

WE understand, on account of the contempt displayed by the junior magistrate at Marlborough Street for the dignity of his court (so fully proved by his soft submission to the rioters in the Murray-Carington case), that in future he will be known as Mr. *Dis D'Eyncourt*.

WE hear that the Meyric collection of armour at the South Kensington Museum will shortly be purchased by the Newspaper Press Association. Editors of "plain-speaking" papers will be supplied at a reasonable rate with coats of mail, helmets, &c. It will not be considered libellous by a hirer of any of these articles to be told by his opponent that "cowhiding" is peculiar to a *Meyric cur* (America?)

THE disgraceful riot that took place at the Marlborough street Police Court, on Wednesday last, from whatever side it is regarded, involves those concerned in nothing but discredit, if not in something worse. Magistrate, counsel, solicitor, plaintiff, defendant, witness, and all seem equally to have forgotten what was due to their own dignity and to public decency. The magistrate should have interfered with the line of cross-examination, which was utterly irrelevant, and was a deliberate attempt, which reflects anything but credit on Mr. Giffard, to prejudice the issue of future trials. When a counsel begins by stating that certain articles are infamous libels, that question never having been legally determined, and then endeavours to fix their authorship on the prosecutor in the witness-box, the question at issue being whether or not a certain assault had been committed, he exhibits a disregard for law and justice alike. We will not comment on the way in which the manuscripts were obtained. But we will observe that all liberty of the Press will soon be at an end if copy abstracted by the servants of newspaper proprietors is allowed to be taken as evidence in court.

DE OMNIBUS CABIBUS.

A CABMAN writes to the "largest circulation in the world," and suggests that a deputation of cabmen should meet the Chief Commissioner of Police, with a view to settling the *locales* of the cabstands. He adds, "objections thereto by neighbouring householders should have no weight." As the Defender of the Weak and Oppressed, we have much pleasure in publishing a list of the proposals drawn up by the cab proprietors and cabmen, for the approval of Colonel Henderson and his staff:—

- 1st.—That all cabstands in Brompton, Bayswater, Kensington, and Clapham be removed to St. John's Wood and the Regent's Park. "Objections thereto by neighbouring householders should have no weight."
- 2nd.—That cabstands be established in front of all the Clubs, close to the pavement, and facing the entrance hall. "Objections thereto by neighbouring householders should have no weight."
- 3rd.—That the railway stations should be given over to the cabmen, and every railway traveller using a cab should be charged a shilling over the customary fare as a bonus to the driver. "Objections thereto by railway travellers should have no weight."
- 4th.—All cabmen to be paid by Government £10 a week until thirty years of age, and then to be pensioned off at the rate of £700 a year. "Objections thereto of tax-payers should have no weight."

Joking apart, it would be as well to increase the number of cabstands in London, and even to do something for "poor Cabby;" but we must consult first the public convenience, and then it will be time to listen to the abuse of the rank.

AN EMPTY BENCH.

IN the published reports of the disgraceful brawl that occurred at the Marlborough Police Court on Wednesday last, it is stated that when the scene of confusion was at its height, the sitting magistrate, Mr. D'Eyncourt, "left the bench." Of this culpable dereliction of duty we have not as yet seen that any decided notice has been taken, but that it is one that calls for the severest censure there is not the slightest doubt. The obvious course open to the magistrate on such an occasion was, to have ordered all the doors to be locked forthwith, and have fined every person concerned in the riot as heavily as possible for contempt of court. Identification ought then to have been conducted, and a series of charges made out on the spot. Such a scandal as this Carington-Murray business may not be a desirable or pleasant thing, and friends, partisans, and sympathisers generally, may be excused for a display of unusual warmth in defence of their respective interests. But all excuse ends here. That a British court of justice should be turned into a bear garden, and the very administration of the law fairly outraged by a parcel of excited men, whose petty personal and private concerns have, for a moment, obtruded themselves into the charge-sheet, is a disgrace and a scandal that should not be shelved away with a mere indignant protest, or smoothed down by a silly laugh. Over and over again have a certain portion of the community shown their disregard for the dignity of the bench, and treated the police court more as a sort of under office, where they deign to hear what the magistrate has to say, rather than as a tribunal at which strict justice has to be administered. On Wednesday last a man was wanted on the bench able enough and determined enough to have read such a lesson to this particular portion that they should not have forgotten it in a hurry. Mr. D'Eyncourt was evidently not equal to the occasion. As matters stand now, no doubt this riot and its belongings will be suffered quietly to drop into oblivion, but there is no doubt but that it will be cited as a memorable precedent, and exercise a very evil influence on many who hitherto have learned to entertain some respect for the seat of justice. If a parcel of squabbling coalheavers and costermongers had thus fought over a tin box, what would have happened? Why, every one of them would have got three months, *without the option of a fine!*





"NOT OUT OF DANGER."
OR,
AMONG THE ICEBERGS.



THE WIMBLEDON VOLUNTEER.¹

or,
THE FIELD OF GORE.
AN OPERATIC TRAGEDY.

[THIS play is an humble attempt to combine the dignity of the old drama, the interest of the modern drama, the melody of opera, and the attraction of ballet. As such, the author thinks it ought to succeed.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EUSTACE MONTMORENCY (*Colonel-Commanding the 5th Royal Volunteer Light Artillery Dragoons. In love with MUSIDORA.*)
GUSTAVUS GARDINER (*Private in the 87th Belvoir Volunteer Breech-loaders. In love with MUSIDORA.*)
THE PRINCE OF POMERANIA (*Commander-in-Chief. In love with MUSIDORA.*)
Officers, Privates, Volunteers, Regulars, Irregulars, Very Irregulars, and Commissionaires. (In love with MUSIDORA.)
MUSIDORA (*In love with herself.*)
LAVINIA (*A contralto, of course. In love with MUSIDORA.*)

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The Camp at Wimbledon. An avenue of tents, &c., rifles, ammunition, drumheads, &c. Refreshment Tent R., decorated with flowers. Mountains, and Richmond Park in the distance, furze bushes, ginger-beer bottles, and gravel-pits, to give local colouring. The Volunteers are lounging outside their tents, and under the shade of their rifles.*

CHORUS OF VOLUNTEERS (*with drum accompaniment.*)

Sing we so gaily,
Rations are daily—
Sing we so gaily,
Rations are daily,
Nightly we warble over the punch ;
First comes breakfast, then there comes lunch.
Sing we so gaily, &c. (*da capo.*)

Enter EUSTACE, gloomily (recitative.)

Still is the maiden of my heart's desire
Unmindful of my passion's lambent fire.
Still smiles she on my hated rival,
Ha ! if she knew the great revival
Which I contemplate—no, it must not be,
Soon what we *shall* see soon, soon see shall we.

AIR.

Musidora !
I adore her,
Down before her,
On my knees I oft implore her,
Hoping that I do not bore her—
Praying that some bull might gore her,
If to life I could restore her—
Not Aurora
Jane, or Laura,
Venus, Dian, May, or Flora,
Juno, Ceres, Poll, or Cora;
Can compare with Musidora,
Oh ! my, Oh ! my, how I adore her !

CHORUS. So do we, so do we,
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet Musidora.
We, we, we, we all adore her !

(*Enter GUSTAVUS, armed, in gaiters.*)

(*Recitative.*)

Caitiffs, desist, ye know not what ye say,
For Musidora will be mine to-day.
Grand Duo, Chorus, and Finale.

EUSTACE. You lie !

GUSTAVUS. I don't.

CHORUS. O yes you do, you know you do.

EUSTACE. Measureless liar,
Dare aspire—
You shall feel my rage's fire.

GUSTAVUS. Fire away ! (I can sing higher ;)
I am the tenor.

EUSTACE. You, O sire,
He the tenor—

GUSTAVUS. Higher ! higher !

CHORUS. Yes ! yes ! yes ! he *is* a liar !

EUSTACE. Of my theme I'll never tire—

GUSTAVUS. That is B— my C is higher—

CHORUS. Oh ! oh ! oh ! he *is* a liar !

ALL. { Never will { they }
 { I } tire.
 { he }

ALL. { You are }
 { He is } a liar.
 { I am }

GUSTAVUS. Higher, Baritone, oh ! higher—

EUSTACE. I a baritone—

CHORUS. He's a liar.

EUSTACE. He shall feel my furious fire.

GUSTAVUS. In me you see your defier.

CHORUS. Ha ha ! ha ha ! both are liars ;
Both shall feel each other's fires.

EUSTACE. You !

GUSTAVUS. You !

EUSTACE. You !

GUSTAVUS. You !

BOTH. Are a liar ! (*Chorus da capo.*)

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Interior of the Refreshment Tent—gorgeously decorated. Messrs. SPIERS and POND, R. and L. Sandwiches, bitter beer, cold meat, &c.*

Lovely Maidens in short dresses. MUSIDORA—LAVINIA discovered eating ices.

MUSIDORA (*in explanation.*) The lovely Musidora here you see ;

I love the Volunteers, and they love me.

LAVINIA (*aside.*) She lies—'tis me they love, the little dears ;
What tears I shed for these sweet Volunteers !

MUSIDORA. The only comfort which my sorrow cheers
Is the refreshments sold by Pond and Spiers.

LAVINIA. She really is the awfulest of liars ;
She knows she ought to have pronounced it
Spiers.

GRAND BALLET, *in the course of which enter the Volunteers, and are struck into various attitudes of amazement and delight at the length of the dancers' dresses, and afterwards, recovering themselves, join in a Grand Pas de Skirts. During the dance EUSTACE enters R and GUSTAVUS L ; they scowl at one another. EUSTACE draws his ramrod, and points at GUSTAVUS significantly. Tableau.*

ACT III.

The Field of Battle. Grand rolls—trumpets. The PRINCE OF POMERANIA and his Staff cross and recross the Stage (so as to show their uniforms back and front).

(*Enter EUSTACE, in full uniform, with Batteries.*)

EUSTACE. Why was I made a Colonel to command
These Batteries ? Nought know I of grim war.
I am a man of peace—yet stay—I've read
That if you leave the ramrod in the gun,
Though that the cartridge be a blank, the rod
Will riddle—yes—this riddle I will solve.
Gustavus in his corps attacks the left—
Which I command—what if his corpse were left ?
'Tis done, and I'm revenged,—O ! Musidora,
This for my rival you shall find a floorer.

PRINCE. Colonel, away ! The cannon calls—away !
You will be *left* behind if here you stay.

EUSTACE. Your highness jests at scars—Pah, I forget,
(*To Batteries*) By your left forward wheel !
march ! ricochette !

(*Aside.*) I see that I was destined to command,
I have always got the right *mot d'ordre* at hand.
The audience here will think I mean a joke,
'Tis but my fun at them I feebly poke—
My heart is sick—I hate guns going off,

The smoke gets down my throat and makes me cough;

Why do I prate?—Gustavus in the offing
I do perceive—I go to make your coffin.

[Exit—flourishing his ramrod—in command of troops.

(Skirmish, rally, the opposing forces cross and recross the stage.

Smoke! confusion!)

Enter GUSTAVUS and his Corps, retreating; they fire—then load and re-fire quickly.

GUSTAVUS. Oh, Musidora, love, for thee this day
How much gunpowder I have fired away!

Cheers. The Corps halts. EUSTACE and his Batteries advance opposite.

GUSTAVUS. Come, one more round—Too late! Despair!
(feels in his pouch.)

MEN. We've no rounds left.

CAPTAIN (mildly). Try and form square.

(They form square and await the enemy's fire. EUSTACE advances to the head of the Batteries.)

EUSTACE. Prepare to load—leave all your ramrods in.
(GUSTAVUS grins)

(Aside.) Ha! my fine friend, I'll teach you how to grin.

(Places himself in front of gun.)

Fire!

(The Batteries fire. The air is thick with ramrods. EUSTACE is transfixed by the ramrod of the gun in front of which he stands. The rod passes through him, and afterwards through

GUSTAVUS. As the smoke clears away the field is seen covered with corpses. All the guns burst, and EUSTACE'S men are blown to pieces.)

EUSTACE. I die. Oh, Musidora!

GUSTAVUS. And I. Oh, Musidora!

Enter PRINCE OF POMERANIA, with Staff and MUSIDORA.

PRINCE (looking around). This must be inquired into.

CURTAIN.

OUR BOOK-MARKER.

The Authentic Historical Memoirs of Louis Charles, Dauphin of France, who, subsequently to 1793, personated Augustus Mevès. Ridgway, Piccadilly.

AMONG the many historical puzzles bequeathed to us by the intrigues, plots, and revolutions of past generations, one that will probably never be solved is the question whether the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette died in the prison of the Temple, on the 8th June, 1795, or whether he escaped therefrom by the aid of devoted adherents of Royalty, who hoped to shelter him until the return of better days, and by the connivance of equally devoted Republicans, who hoped by giving up to the Royalists the sickly and almost imbecile descendant of Saint Louis to mitigate the violent opposition which the adherents of the dynasty offered to the state of affairs then prevailing in France.

This question has a peculiarity that does not attach itself to the generality of historical puzzles, viz., that it was admitted to be a puzzle from the very time of the occurrence. Other questions have been raised years and centuries after the period of the event questioned; but in this case it is certain that from the very day when a boy, stated to be "young Capet," was found dead in the wretched dungeon in the Temple, doubts were openly expressed as to the identity of the prisoner whom death had released from the tender mercies of the blood-stained wolves that were then tearing the mangled remains of all that had been powerful in France. Men doubted, and women whispered, commissioners deposed, and doctors certified; "*Qui s'excusent s'accusent*," and it must be owned that the "Committee of Public Safety" in the documents they first put forward only strengthened the grounds of the suspicions and doubts they were so anxious to remove.

Between that date (October, 1795) and the present day no less than seven claimants have appeared to the title and estate of the lost Dauphin. All these claimants are now dead, but two have left direct representatives: the Reverend Ebenezer Wil-

liams, the American missionary—whose history is yet to come in any full or connected shape, being at present only to be found in a number of sensational articles in American magazines and newspapers, has left a son; and two sons survive of Mr. Augustus Mevès, whose claims to the Dauphinhood are set forth in the volume now before us.

Three hundred and fifty closely printed pages attest the care and research with which the Messrs. Mevès have striven to lay before the public all the proofs and conjectural evidence that could be brought forward in support of their inherited claim. The book has been well and carefully compiled, and the arguments are worked out sensibly, and without violent or irrational assertions. But we confess that we are not convinced by any, either of the statements or arguments, that the lost Dauphin has yet been found. The book is full of interest, and is well worth the trouble of reading it, for the facts attending the French Great Revolution, though told a hundred times, have a tragic horror about them that puts in the shade all our most sensational fictions. But as to the cause pleaded in these volumes we must, as honest critics, pronounce it "*not proven*." And unless the tale of the American Missionary, whenever it comes to us in a collected shape, is a great deal more convincing and conclusive than is this work, we cannot but think that the question of whether the Dauphin died in the prison of the Temple will always remain an historical puzzle.

The Mess-Book; or, Stray Thoughts on Military Reform, &c.
By A CIVILIAN. London: Robert Hardwicke, 192 Piccadilly.

THESE short chapters, on a most important subject, which originally appeared in our pages, are full of good sense, and occasionally,—for instance, in No. IX., the New Rules for the Recruiting Service—betray no slight power of humour. Those who interest themselves in the question of Military Reform will find in this little book, clearly and simply expressed, the views which have been of late pretty generally adopted by thoughtful Liberals. It may be remarked that the opinions expressed by the author of *The Mess-Book* have, since their publication, been put forward as "original" by many other writers on this subject. This is a curious coincidence, and shows that the "Civilian" was only a little in advance of the age when he condemned so strongly the system of dual government, which, owing to the practice of appointing military men to posts which should be held by civilians, has resulted practically in the utter destruction of all control on the part of the Civil power over Army Expenditure.

The miserable mockery of economy which has been practised under the auspices of the present Government, embracing the greatest injustice to the humble *employés* of the Government Departments, together with the greatest indulgence and favour to the holders of higher posts, is well exposed in these pages. No. XVIII., giving a brief account of the pension granted to Admiral Coffin, will serve to open the eyes of those people who believe that because this Government numbers a few sincere Radical reformers among its subordinate members, that the jobbery of the Whig element can be elided. The castigation which Sir John Pakington receives in the earlier portion of the work proves that the writer is one of those few persons who regard measures more than men, and who are not blinded by party passions to the real merits and demerits of statesmen. There is only one sort of Reform which is ever genuine, sincere, and effective, and that is the Reform which is persistently urged from without, and which is carried out under the eye of the people themselves, and which official jobbery and favouritism are prevented by constant vigilance from rendering nugatory and deceptive.

As these papers are for the most part written in clear and vigorous English, and are very carefully got up and printed, we think it more incumbent on us, than otherwise it might be, to point out some inaccuracies which we have observed. In the first case, page 48, we find the following words: "this omnivorous, clerkivorous, ministerivorous monocrat." The two words here coined should be, according to analogy, *clericivorous* and *ministrivorous*: it would have been better to have altered the sentence thus—*all-devouring, clerk-devouring, minister-devouring autocrats; autocrat being more English by adoption than monocrat, and the words coined in the present being neither English, Latin, nor Greek.*

Again, at page 83, that unfortunate writer, Charles Lamb, whom everybody is supposed to know by heart, but who is more

often misquoted and misrepresented than almost any standard author, is represented as telling a story about some South Sea Islanders and Roast Pork. This is utterly incorrect, as are also the details of the story. The scene of the celebrated Roast Pork discovery was China, and the fun of the story is, that the persons who tasted the delicious "accident," secretly set fire to their own houses of their own accord, not in obedience to any ordinance, in order to obtain the same culinary treat.

Again, *Nec Hero intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus* should have been *Nec Dux intersit*, &c., the word *Dux* being Latin, fulfilling the requirements of scanning, and being withal sufficiently near *Storks* to warrant the adaptation.

But our readers will see we have been obliged to have resort to hyper-criticism, in order to find any fault with this work, which is full of promise, and which we trust will be the precursor of more important ones from the same author.

"IN SILK ATTIRE."

BY W—M B—K.

PROLOGUE.—A LEAP IN THE DARK.

CHAPTER I.

HARRY Ormonde, Marquess of Nottingham, rich, young, æsthetic, beautiful to look at, had one bitter abiding care. Though a British nobleman next in rank to a duke, nobody would ever call him My Lord, or Marquess, or even Nottingham. The fashionable world—his intimate friends—the very author of the present history—persisted in styling him "Harry Ormonde." It was a humiliating system of persecution.

"What would the Earl of Derby think if everybody took to calling him Ned Stanley?" mused his lordship bitterly. "I shall just make a mésalliance, and cut this ungracious world."

He popped on his hat, and forthwith called upon a celebrated actress of the day, named Annie. All the arts and all the graces had smiled upon Annie. Her genius forestalled the great dramatic lights of our own time. She was more beautiful even than Toole, more lissome than Phelps.

Marquess Harry burst into her room just as she had returned from performance to supper.

"Annie," he murmured, "I have always considered you as a sister. As a rule, members of the peerage are accustomed to regard leading actresses in a sisterly light."

"The habit, Harry Ormonde, is creditable alike to their hearts and heads."

"Annie," he continued aloud, "will you quit the delirious delights of the green-room and the lucrative advantages of an occasional benefit, for the humbler lot circumscribed by a marquess's home?"

"Harry," she replied; "other artistes have made the sacrifice ere now. For love of you I will even stoop as low as they."

So they were married.

CHAPTER II.

Marquess Harry and Marchioness Annie spent four years of their honeymoon in Switzerland. The clubs sneered audibly at the mésalliance, and continued to sneer for four years. His lordship could not endure ridicule, so he stopped away.

A child was born to them—a little actress every inch of her. At two years old, she knew the rôle of Desdemona by heart. At two-and-a-half she talked of "facial emotionalism," of "subtlety in conception," and of "the subjective treatment of a part." In fact, she had got all the cant words of criticism by heart, through studying the Sunday papers, and would discuss the *Unities* with her noble parent. By the time she was four years old, she was proficient in the art of "making up," and was fond of disguising herself with the view of imposing upon her papa and mamma.

The Marquess Harry could not stand this form of domestic entertainment. "Horror!" he ejaculated, "she may one day become a Mrs. German Reed, or a Mrs. Howard Paul. I shall run away."

He ran away to London, and wrote to his wife to say he should not return.

"Hum. In that case," remarked the aggrieved lady, "there is nothing for me except to away to America and bring little Annie up to the stage."

So she awayed to America with that object. Years passed, as years will, if let alone. Lord Harry died, and went to his namesake, the Old one of that ilk. Previously, however, he made a will, leaving his title and estates to his long-lost daughter. British peers, it will be observed, are wont to will away their titles in this fashion, to spite their relatives.

BOOK THE FIRST.—SPOONS.

CHAPTER I.

A gay party of Bohemians met at supper to celebrate the *début* of a new actress, who had ravished the town. Every seat in the theatre had been taken three years in advance; the orchestra had been converted into orchestra stalls; the big drum was let to a party of four, and the policeman in the gallery dispensed with, as he took up valuable room. As for the critics, they were accommodated in the "flies"—not the first time they had been over the heads of the performers. It was a great success.

This actress's name was Annie Brunel—dark, splendid, sinuous, full of idealism. Besides her there sat at supper the manager, a certain fat tea-broker who had purchased a German title and was called Count Schönstein, and a young engineer—named Will Annerley. The last was a Civil engineer—eminently so.

(I have introduced the Count into this story to show I know German. He, himself, didn't.)

"Let us all go to Hounslow heath by moonlight," exclaimed Will Annerley.

"A notable project," cried Count Schönstein. "My carriage is at your disposal."

(He did not say it in German, because he couldn't. But I can. That will come later on. Wait a bit.)

They drove to Hounslow heath, six in a carriage, with lashings of champagne and a pork pie. The sheeny moonlight glimmered on the sward; the eternal stars piped overhead the song of innocence when the æons were young. I am generally considered A 1, at a bit of sinuous landscape-painting. It is my idealism.

They drank champagne and danced quadrilles on the heath till dawn. It was a respectable proceeding for Sunday morning.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh Will," murmured Dove Annerley, "how late you agh in aghiving!"

She was a gentle, fawn-eyed, cooing thing, was Dove Annerley. She purred like a pussy, and could not pronounce her *r's*, using *gh* instead. Perhaps you do not know how to pronounce *gh* as a substitute for *r*? That is your jolly ignorance.

Will Annerley was engaged to his foster-sister, Dove, who lived with his parents down in Kent. Old Annerley was a lively old sceptic who did not believe in parsons, and was accustomed to ask "Why does my consciousness flare up for an instant, and then disappear?" Nobody could answer this poser, not even the curate of the district, who was not troubled with a pyrotechnic consciousness himself.

Purring, cooing, guileless Dove was full of idealisms. So was her mother. There are lots of idealisms knocking about Kent. I caught one myself there.

That Sunday afternoon, Will suggested they should all go up to town next day and see Miss Brunel, the new actress, in *Juliet*.

"I shall be ghegulaghy oveghjoyed to go to a gheal theatghe," purred Dove.

And when she had thus purred, they gave her a saucerful of milk, and she washed her face, like a good little pussy as she was.

CHAPTER III.

Dove Annerley and her parents, and Will, went to the theatre; where Miss Brunel shone, a transcendental, seraphic star, beaming with idealism. Between the acts Will introduced Dove behind the scenes, as the custom is with young ladies from the country.

Gentle Dove was enchanted with Annie Brunel in her dressing-room. They were such lovely contrasts; the one with her fawn-eyed, pigeon, purring ways, the other with her splendid dark hair, lithe form, and idealism. How glowing seemed Annie, when you stood near her! If you kissed her, as Dove did, she tasted of vanilla cream and violet powder. I am well up in the flavour of dramatic stars.

"And now," said Will Annerley, cheerfully, "I'm off to Germany."

"Oh Will," purred Dove, "what stghange ghesolution is this? With whom do you depaght?"

"With Count Schönstein," answered Will. But he said nothing about Annie Brunel, who was one of the party.

For the season—a most successful one, of two nights—was over; and the Count had invited Miss Brunel and her chaperone to his estate in the Schwarzwald. He had a notion of popping the question to Annie, having a shrewd idea that she was the heiress of Harry Ormonde, Marquess of Nottingham. But Annie herself knew nothing of this.

BOOK THE SECOND.—NOODLES.

CHAPTER I.

Away to the Schwarzwald—called by ignorant geographers the Black Forest. Geographers don't know German, the duffers. *Sie sprechen kein Deutsch, wie ich.*

Count Schönstein, a retired tea-dealer, was a hopelessly illiterate

party, equally ignorant of the tongue of the Vaterland. He made as many mistakes in the genders as the author of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads." I have created him as a foil to my superior knowledge.

Oh Germany, land of undulating plains, of sloping table-lands, resonant with the psaltery of nightingales, dazzling with the dark, deep, beautiful blue of thy æther! Oh Rhineland, home of *Gest*, of *Gemüthlichkeit*, of *Bratwurst* and *Kartoffel-Salat!*—inly-cherished mother-clime of *Schwärmerei* and idealism! I could continue for ever in rhapsody of this sort. It is my forte.

CHAPTER II.

"Now heaven help me!" mentally ejaculated Will Annerley, that more than usually Civil Engineer, "I love this dark-haired actress to distraction. The moonlight, the Rhine steamers, the Rüdeshheimer, and the potato-salad have done this fatal work. She has so much more 'go' than Dove; and then she can pronounce her *r's*, and has idealism. Ah me! I am a traitor to my purring sweetheart in Kent,"

CHAPTER III.

He never breathed his passion, till they went out shooting one day in the Schwarzwald. A troop of huntsmen followed, wearing plumes all down their backs, and singing the chorus from *Der Freischütz*.

Suddenly, Annie wanted to take a shot at a hart. An opportunity occurred here for Will to make a point about the other heart which she had hit; but he virtuously abstained, and handing her a gun, ran behind a tree to get out of the way.

Acting on the happy impulse of her sex, Annie turned the muzzle of the weapon over her left shoulder, shut her eyes, and fired. A shriek aroused the welkin of the district. Horror! The fatal ramrod had transfixed Will to a tree.

"Oh agony!" she cried, "it is not the hart."

"No," murmured Will, "it is the right lung. But it is of no consequence. I have long loved you, and now your charms have penetrated me."

He withdrew the ramrod, and wended pensively back to the castle. "*Herr Je!*" ejaculated the native huntsmen; "*das ist aber eine Geschichte!*"

But Will felt a lingering pain in his side, and now that he had confessed his love, thought he might profitably return to England and go to bed.

And she, the all-but assassin? Oh love!—oh life!—oh aggravation! She now realised how well she loved that Civil Engineer.

BOOK THE THIRD.—GUSH.

CHAPTER I.

All the *nousiness* had gone out of Annie Brunel. She could not act any more. Previously she had simulated idealism; now that the idealism was all there, and she really loved, she could not make believe longer.

It is always the way with great actresses; the moment they conceive a real attachment, it is all up with their art. Look at Miss Helen Faucit, Mrs. Charles Kean, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin, for an illustration of what I mean.

She tried to play Rosalind. The pit up and heaved cold potatoes at her. Fiasco! limitless fiasco!

The second night of Rosalind, a solitary spectator tenanted the upper boxes. It was Will Annerley. Singularly enough, the unfortunate actress recognised him, and burst into tears. The orchestra (there was nobody else in the house) thought it a new effect, and applauded.

Will met her after the performance and walked with her from the Strand to Knightsbridge; and that wild night they roamed through Knightsbridge, on to Hammersmith, round Turnham Green, Notting Hill, St. John's Wood, and so by Islington back again. 'Twas a night of dread agonised delight, strained embraces, torrents of tears, and kisses so prolonged and passionate, that many a policeman, husky with emotion, implored them to move on. Ah me! it comes but once in a lifetime, that straining of heart to heart, when the nectar of young love's osculation has the taste of vanilla cream!

CHAPTER II.

Will went back to Kent, and tried to go in for Dove, who purred away in her attic and caught mice. Annie gave up the stage and got poorer and poorer. Then Count Schönstein made her an offer, and she drove him scornfully away.

"A Count," she said, "who cannot decline *der, die, das*, and does not know that a German participle is relegated to the end of the sentence, shall never make me his!"

She got poorer and poorer, and then a bitter thought struck her. "Oh why" she passionately uttered, "does the author of my life's history call it 'In Silk Attire'?"

CHAPTER III.

While Annie grew poorer and poorer, Dove slowly pined away. Hers was a mysterious sort of complaint, for which the doctors found no name. But I, who have studied medicine, can guess at the source

of it. It was a malady known as the *Deus-ex-machina*, a disease frequently fatal to inconvenient heroines towards the end of the third volume.

Poor Dove pined away, but she made no complaint. Even in the extremity of her indisposition, her habitual purring never degenerated into a mol-row.

CHAPTER IV.

When Annie Brunel had got to her last fourpence halfpenny, she decided on making use of a mysterious letter her mother had left in her keeping.

She took this letter—a sealed one—to the lawyer to whom it was addressed. The eminent solicitor opened and read:

"Mr. Lawyer,—My daughter claims her rights.

(Signed) "ANNIE, Marchioness of Nottingley."

"Certainly," remarked the eminent solicitor, handing the letter to Anne Brunel. "A little money would perhaps be useful on account?" "I will take," responded that well-bred actress, "a moderate sum to begin with, since I am a marchioness. Say two hundred and eighty-three thousand pounds."

The lawyer wrote her a cheque, and she set off for Castle Ormonde, where she invited all the supers of the late theatre, and they held high jinks.

CHAPTER V.

It was now drawing towards the close of the third volume, and Dove Annerley felt it high time she should die. So she took to her bed and sent for her relatives and Annie.

"I have a good idea; let us have a wedding by pghivate contghact, as they exhibit it on the stage. I wish to be maghied to Will while time lasts, so as to leave him a widower. Pghoduce a notaghy."

With great difficulty they produced a notary—one who lived in Soho, and was accustomed to try and wed interesting prima donnas to undesirable bassos, only the tenor always arrived and stopped the bans.

The notary came and drew out the contract, to which Will, in profound melancholy, attached his name. "Luckily I shan't be married long," he mentally observed, and handed the document to Dove.

But the gentle Dove—artful puss—penned not her own name to that contract. No, no! It was Annie Brunel's signature she forged; and then sitting up in bed, she joined the hands of Annie and Will.

"You agh maghied now," she purred, "good-bye."

"Stop—stop," cried the happy couple with one voice. "Before you go, solve one grave doubt. Why—oh why has Mr. Black called all this business 'In Silk Attire'?"

"Can it be," suggested old Mr. Annerley, the sceptic, "because it is a Black Habit?"

"No," murmured Dove, you are wrong. "It is because all the female characters wear Linsey Wolsey."

And with a peaceful smile she purred herself to sleep.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

LOVED, hated, worshipped, and reviled;
A people's despot, yet its petted child.
Such by outsiders must my first be reckoned,
Although he'll die,—before he'll stand my second!

- 1.—A pleasant place. We call it here at home
A sort of stiff antipodes to Rome.
Men praise its *faith!* Though charity it shirks,
They would be wiser if they praised its *works*.
- 2.—If Johnny lives until he's five years old,
My sun will to the very hour be told.
- 3.—Something that all of us, whate'er our views,
Denounce as most immoral,—and then use.
- 4.—A city. Were I what my name implies,
I shouldn't take long reaching to the skies.
- 5.—Oft wet with blood; yet there are some who think
A mightier weapon is oft wet with ink.
- 6.—To do this pretty thing all statesmen learn;
Not one of them but tries to in his turn.
- 7.—There's naught like me a patriot's cake to leaven;
If hell be opposition—well, I'm heaven!
- 8.—A famous bit of policy, which ends
In making enemies of all your friends.
- 9.—If limited, 'twill thwart the nation's will;
If not, most surely must upset the bill.

ANSWER to our Acrostic in No. 114 will be given in our next.

July, 17, 1869.]

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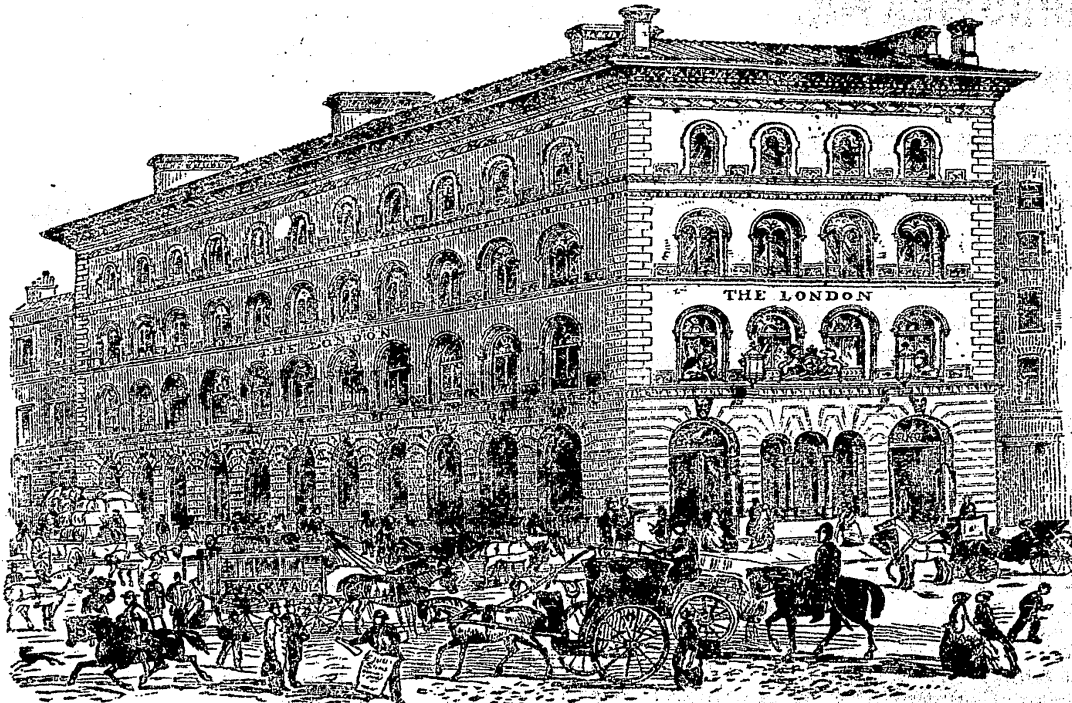
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