THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

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THE MORAL FROM LIEGE.

Is it too late for this self-worshipping egotistical land to learn any lesson? or have ages of delusion blinded it hopelessly and completely? Has the voice of the charmer sent it off into a drunkard's leaden doze, from which there is no waking, even were flames bursting through the rafters, and the cry of "Fire" echoing away upon the night? Yes, TOMAHAWK knows the answer before it is spoken. This is the great land of progress and of liberty, over which the hand of Providence for ever rests. This is the land where all is good, perfect, and true, where all is known and the goal reached. Civilization centres here! The barbarians have no place in us! Wisdom has guided the great, and their ways have been the ways of honour. Within there is no misery, no crime, no weeping. Christians throng here on the sea-girt isle, and can look down in pitying charity on the pagans afar off. Great good England is respectable, pious, and orderly in her home. And she is more than this, she is profoundly sympathizing and loving to her neighbours. How bravely and unselfishly has she not sacrificed all a thousand times when brute force has swept down upon defenceless weakness at her gates! What has she cared for the cost? Her love has been given to the right, and her mighty arm has ever been raised in the one good cause wherever its battle was being fought. Thus it has come that Europe bows down to her, and the wondering world admires!

But let TOMAHAWK pause, for he is much afraid that not a word of all this is true. He only sees that their Belgian brothers have welcomed his own Volunteers, and he marvels at it. He marvels at it, and he turns to Britannia and asks her, what single thing she has done for half a century to merit Continental sympathy—to win international esteem?

He asks her, if she did not even repay the hospitality of her friends with mean neglect? He asks her, if she can witness the ovation accorded to her sons without shame and remorse? Yes, for she deserves nothing but the self-same cold shoulder she has given to every neighbour that she ever knew.

May she wake up from her dream, and re-read the past aright!

If she but do this, the Liège Gala may yet turn its moral to account.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE EMPEROR.

IT is a fact that there was nothing whatever serious the matter with the French Emperor the other day. He was suffering from the effects of a mild attack of *sciatica*, accompanied by a very harmless form of a troublesome, but extremely common and not at all dangerous complaint. The Liberal papers, anxious for his death, exaggerated every report that reached their ears. As it happens, the Emperor was very nervous about himself, and it is doubtless due to his extraordinary precautions to get well immediately, that such amiable accounts of his condition were spread far and wide. To his view Imperial Purple is a colour that is best left as it is. It might lose all its lustre in the process of dyeing.

SUCCESS!

A LITTLE FARCE, IN ONE ACT (NOT ORIGINAL).

SCENE.—*In London. Period* 1869.

MANAGER (*to his Sec.*).—Have you sent off all the orders?
SECRETARY.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—A box for the *Thunderer?*
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—And for the *Bellower?*
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—And two stalls to the six other papers of which I gave you a list?
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—And a single for the dozen others?
SEC.—Yes, Sir,
MAN.—Placed the fifty dress circles?
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—Eighty upper boxes?
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—Hundred and twenty pits?
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—Hundred and fifty galleries?
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN. (*with jocularity*).—All got big hands?
SEC. (*smiling*).—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—Told them to have lots of champagne in the saloon?
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—Made sure of Pitch, Figsby, Topper, Plummet, and Slop?
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—Told Snobber, Lumpton, Filch, and Scatteraitch that their pieces are being read?
SEC. (*mournfully*).—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—Advertised well in every one of the papers?
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—Gagged here, cringed there, and made all straight everywhere?
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN. (*exultingly*).—Then it will be a success!
SEC. (*mechanically*).—Yes, Sir.
MAN. (*in a rhapsody*)—A success, by Jove! [*Exit.*
SEC. (*aside*).—For a fortnight! [*Exit.*

CURTAIN.

SOMETHING LIKE A DUCHESS!

To have seen a live Duchess is an event in many persons' lives. It is a visible assurance of the existence of a superior order of beings, which we often sigh for on other occasions, and which we very rarely get. The old lady's exclamation who saw the Queen for the first time in her life—"Lor! she's just like anyone else"—conveys a deep moral. It is disappointing sometimes to find that the fortunate and semi-divine beings who live on such nectar and ambrosia as this world affords, and breathe only the pure refined air of Society's Olympus, are, when they deign to descend among us ordinary mortals, not so divine after all.

But it would appear that the Duchess of Beaufort is in no danger of disappointing those who are fortunate to see or hear her Grace. She is an orator of surprising excellence. All the papers contained, in the most prominent part of their columns, last week, a report of three speeches delivered by her Grace at the annual dinner of the Badminton Farmers' Club. We are sure that, if our readers should have been happy enough to have read these gems of eloquence, that they will only be too glad to read them again. We give them entire :—

First Speech.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—You must not expect from me speeches such as you have been accustomed to hear from this chair, so ably filled as it has been in former years; but I think anyone can feel a pride and pleasure in giving the Queen's health, and I give it now—'The Queen: God bless her.'"

Modest, short, and to the point we should say if speaking of any ordinary person's speech; but, coming from a Duchess—Gad! Demosthenes is nothing to it.

Second Speech.

"Her Grace the Duchess next rose and said—I have one more toast to propose, and then I think the arduous duties of chairman—or shall I say chairwoman?—will cease (applause). It is 'Success to the Badminton Farmers' Club.' May it go on and prosper, and be for many years to come a happy gathering of friends and neighbours, a day to be remembered with pleasure, and to be looked back upon with satisfaction (cheers)."

Original, poetical, is not it? Witty, too, that touch about "chairwoman." How the farmers must have cheered! Everybody present must have been struck with amazement at such a masterpiece of oratory coming from a woman and a Duchess!

Third Speech.

"Her Grace, in responding, said—Again and again I thank you for the kind manner in which you have received the toast which has been proposed by Mr. Kilminster. I wish I had the power to say all I feel; but accept my imperfectly-expressed gratitude, and believe that I have never greater pleasure than in being at Badminton and finding myself surrounded by so many kind and friendly faces (cheers)."

If this had not been preceded by the other two, it would have dazzled one with its brilliancy; as it is, it seems a little commonplace. But we must remember who the speaker was, and then we can understand why these, at first sight, not very interesting specimens of "The Elegant Speaker" should have been so paraded before the world by our honest, independent Press, which, we know, is "no respecter of persons."

Let us not be misunderstood. We heartily applaud the Duchess of Beaufort for supplying her husband's place: we have the greatest respect for her; and we consider, now the papers have made us one of the audience at the dinner of the Badminton Club, that she acquitted herself very fairly.

But we protest against the ridiculous prominence that has been given to the report of these simple, and not in any way remarkable, speeches. In the first case, it seems to us an insult to woman to treat as an exceptional instance of talent a readiness of resources, such a very easy matter as standing up before a very friendly audience of persons whose position with regard to her was in some sense that of dependents, and saying a few sensible words. Surely we cannot have such a low estimate of woman's intellect as to think such an exhibition of her talents in any way remarkable.

But this matter also illustrates very strongly the gross toadyism of the English nation. If the Duchess of Beaufort had been plain Mrs. Beaufort, and had made thirty speeches much longer and much more talented than those which we have quoted, no notice would have been taken of them; but because she is a Duchess every word that falls from her mouth is to be reported as if they were of the greatest political or moral importance. This snobbish adulation of the aristocracy would be bad enough in an oligarchy, but in a country like this, which boasts of the sturdy independence of its people, and its practical common sense, it is simply nauseous.

BYRON *versus* STOWE.

PROBABLY we have not heard the last of this now famous case, but there may not be a better opportunity for reviewing the conduct of those concerned in it, and for examining the matter with regard to the general moral effects which it has produced, rather than to the details of the question immediately at issue. It is said that Mrs. Stowe intends publishing a vindication of herself. She had better be silent: nothing that she can say in her own defence can fail to add to her offence; putting her case in the very best possible light,—supposing not only that this story were true, but that Lady Byron had solemnly abjured her to publish it, supposing the Countess Guiccioli had published the most disgraceful accusations against Lady Byron (which she did not), supposing that Mrs. Stowe had done her task with great delicacy and unfeigned sorrow,—still she would none the less have been guilty of an unnecessary and cruel outrage on the dead, she would none the less have forfeited the esteem and respect of every generous and honest mind. But when we consider what her conduct really has been, that she ought to have known that she was publishing the most damning statements, that she might have known that she was arrogating to herself a duty solemnly delegated by Lady Byron to her executors, that she was making an infamous charge against a lady, and so dishonouring her children without due evidence to support the charge, that she was entirely misrepresenting the position occupied by one living lady towards the poet in his lifetime, that she was implicating the dead friend whose long suffering and patience she praised so much in an act of vindictiveness, in a cruel calumny to which history possesses no parallel, that she was, as it were, dragging Lady Byron out of her grave and making the hand of the helpless corpse write the foul charge that should blast the fame of him whom she so much loved,—when we consider this, and we have not exhausted half the outrages on decency and morality included in this act, we may well hope that for the future Mrs. Stowe may court oblivion in obscurity.

But far worse even than her conduct is that of those writers who, without any inquiry, sitting in the calm retirement of their own studies, adopted this calumny. First, to the publisher belongs the responsibility of having opened the pages of his Magazine to such a painful personality. He has his excuse, such as it is. He was afraid this "good thing" would be picked up by some other publisher, and the gains pocketed by some brother in the trade—perhaps some one in the religious line—so he was determined to be the first to profit by the horrid tale. He is quite welcome to his excuse, and to the high opinion of English publishers implied in it. But now we come to the critic of the *Times*, who, without stopping one moment to question the truth of this highly-spiced and improbable story, gladly hugged it to his congenial breast, and wrote of Byron and Mrs. Leigh the vilest things possible to write of man or woman. Mark the meanness which this writer managed to gather round him: The next day appears a letter with an anonymous signature, stating that Mrs. Leigh was probably not the legitimate child of Captain Byron, and, therefore, "the poet and she might have been right in considering that there was no blood relationship between them." Conceive the moral state of the man who could put forward this excuse for incest, or of the public who could relish such excuse! Some days later the *Times*, having found that every honest and decent-minded person was disgusted at the outrage on Byron's and Mrs. Leigh's memory, published a leading article, which for meanness and cowardly venom has never been surpassed even in that paper. If the *Times* were incapable of apologizing for the vileness of its critic's conduct, the least it could have done was to have held its tongue, and not have shown that while it had just enough sense left to know it had committed a disgraceful action, it had not the

courage to apologize for it. The *Daily News* is a paper from which, professing, as it does, ultra-Liberal principles, one might have expected a little liberality of sentiment. But it threw in its lot with the *Times*. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, two years ago, published, without a word of comment, a letter signed "Midlander," which stated that Byron "had never done a single action, or written a single line, which could by any possibility benefit any human being"—a lie so easily capable of disproof that we wonder some one on the staff of that clever journal was not capable of disproving it. That letter passed unnoticed, except by the contempt and disgust of every one who read it who knew anything of Byron's life or works. As might be expected, the *Pall Mall Gazette* was conspicuous on the side of those who gladly mouthed the filth which Mrs. Stowe had provided for them; it went even farther, for it absolutely tried to twist the letter of the lawyers of the Byron family and Lord Lindsay's excessively foolish communication into a confirmation of Mrs. Stowe's story. So degraded does the moral nature of some writers become, that the only atonement they can find for calumny is dishonesty.

We now come to the greatest offender of all in the Press—the *Saturday Review*. It is always impossible to say what side of a dispute this journal will take, as the writers in that paper are not selected for their fixed principles, and advocate whichever side gives them the most opportunities for display of sharpness. But one thing may be predicted with safety of the *Saturday Review*, that on whichever side generosity, manly forbearance, decency of feeling, and purity of motive are, on that side the *Saturday Review* will not be found. Since its commencement there have been many clever articles, many malicious articles, many calumnious articles, many insolent articles, many untrue articles, many dishonest articles, both in the way of attacking enemies and defending friends—many unjust articles, abusing unknown authors or artists, and lauding up the few personally connected with the writers; but we defy any one to produce one article in the *Saturday Review* which can by any stretch of charity be characterized as generous, noble-spirited, or in the highest sense humane. Of geniality or common kindness, there never has been a trace in the articles of this paper. The writers will say, "We do not want to be generous, kind, or genial; we want to be sharp, and we are sharp." They are quite right not to assume qualities which they would wear with so ill a grace as to betray the assumption.

The silliest article of all appeared in a weekly paper, which one would have thought from the strong predilection shown in its literary articles for the poet Swinburne, would have been generous towards Byron. But this foolish writer said he could not help believing the story, because "the internal evidence of Byron's writings was so strong in favour of it."

The ridiculous error committed by this writer has been committed in a far less honest or simple spirit by those of the Press who have sided with Mrs. Stowe. Ridiculous, we say; for what can be more ridiculous than to convict a poet of crimes from the internal evidence of his work? John Ford, a very serious and proper man, wrote a defence of incest, which for eloquence and sophistical skill is nowhere exceeded or equalled in the English language. We do not know that he has ever been accused of incest, or any other crime, though his tragedies all turn on some horrid form of lust. Shakespeare has never been accused of being an Iago, though Iago's defence of villainy is written with all the vigour and earnestness of one who believed that what he was saying was true. His sonnets, it is well known, have been interpreted in a manner anything but favourable to the poet's character; but we do not find that any petty scribbler of the seventeenth century, jealous of our dearest and noblest poet's fame, maligned his memory by cooking up some filthy story of his profligacy, and supporting it by reference to his works. Cyril Turnour wrote two plays which are infinitely more horrible than Manfred—he was certainly not so great a poet as Byron, though he wrote some very fine passages. Nobody ever tried to prove him guilty from his works. To come down to later times, the decorous Walpole wrote a tragedy, which Byron said was the finest in the English language, which turns on the most revolting form of incest possible. We do not think that the elegant and dyspeptic Horace was ever accused of indulging in the vile profligacy he discusses in verse. If these clever speculators on the meaning of Byron's works wish to know what suggested to Byron the idea of Manfred, we can assure them, from the evidence of his own mouth, that it was the almost legendary horror which surrounded his father's character. The vagueness of Manfred's crime is intentional, and is part of the poet's art. Incest has always been a favourite subject of tragedy. As for Cain being a defence of the crime, one might just as well say the Book of Genesis was.

It is a well known fact that the minds of some poets, by nature gentle and pure, love to exercise themselves in the pourtrayal of characters stained with some horrid crime. The very contrast of the nature of their hero to their own has a strange fascination for them. How far Byron has permeated his works with incidents of his own life and the features of his own character is a very difficult question. But to say that all his noble poems are disgusting pieces of hypocrisy because the poet himself was profligate, is to be guilty of preposterous injustice, and, moreover, exhibits an utter ignorance of human nature. If there is one fact to which analysis of human nature decidedly points, it is to the double nature of men, to the perpetual conflict of the good and the evil part of ourselves; and the union of the purest sentiment, of the noblest aspirations, and of deep and sincere religious fervour, with abominable lust and general moral weakness, is a phenomenon by no means of rare occurrence. When the weak body and the undisciplined passions or appetites have yielded to temptation, such natures in their frantic penitence utter appeals to Heaven more eloquent and sincere than any that more staid and less frequent sinners utter. They often seek relief from their own impurity in the purest thoughts. No man intending it for publication ever wrote a true autobiography, no poet or novelist ever introduced absolutely his own experiences; the poet idealizes, the novelist exaggerates; but neither alllows his nature in naked truth to appear in his works. With some men their writings are the expression of their better nature, with some of their worst. It is possible that, in private life, the author of the *Times* critique, or of the *Saturday Review* article, is not without generous feelings. Either would probably shrink from condemning their worst enemy on such evidence as they condemned Mrs. Leigh and Byron. Had the action of Mrs. Stowe been confined to private life and concerned only obscure persons, scarcely a soul would have been found so malignant and so filthy-minded as to have received it as truth; but when uttered of a great poet and his sister, plenty are found ready to embrace it as an edifying truth.

The moral of this is very sad, but very simple. We have often and often repeated that the tone of morality in England now-a-days is very degraded. We are glad that so large a majority of the public have vindicated humanity in this matter. But the possibility of men accepting such a story told in such a manner as true without any scruple; of commenting on it in such language, of never listening to the natural suggestions of generosity and delicacy—"Can I countenance this hideous accusation against a lady of whom I know no evil, who is dead, but who still lives in her children; can I abet this outrage on a man of genius, of unhappy life, whose end at least was noble, who is now in the grave, and whose soul is in the hands of God?"—the very possibility that men attached to two of the principal journals of this country should have been deaf to such pleas, and should have been guilty of the conduct which we have stigmatized above by its real name, is a melancholy proof of the low tone which now exists in many minds with regard to truth, generosity, and honesty.

NEWSPAPER SNOBBISM.

THE foolish and snobbish mania for seeing our monarchs in "*deshabille*" which was so much fostered and encouraged by the *Queen's Journal*, has produced in France a most wonderful effort of some Court eavesdropper. The *Gaulois* publishes an exact account of how the Emperor and Empress meet every morning when no one is there, except, sometimes, their son; what they do, wear, say, eat, and drink at their family gatherings. This proves that walls have eyes as well as ears, for we cannot suppose either of the illustrious trio could have written the article. Seriously speaking, this pandering to the most degrading form of snobbism is very disgraceful. Talk about hero-worship! We shall soon have the Royal washing-bills published every week, or a bulletin every morning to say whether the Prince of Wales has a headache or not. If Sovereigns are losing their power, they might try and retain their dignity.

THE NATION.

A new Paper of this Series will be commenced in the next Number of the TOMAHAWK.

LONDON, OCTOBER 2, 1869.

THE WEEK.

ACCORDING to a well-informed correspondent of the *Times* the best way to treat the Garter King-at-Arms is to keep him at *arms' length.*

MONS. VIEULLOT has written to the papers to say that his celebrated *Parfum de Rome* has not a particle of *Hyacinthe* in its composition.

AMERICA appears to think the Cuban harvest is at last fit for carrying. If she fail to accomplish the work it will not be for the want of *Sickles!*

MR. AUGUSTUS SALA has made a step in advance in literature. He has written a burlesque for the Gaiety Theatre. He had better have retraced his steps, and taken another turn "Round the Clock."

THE articles which have appeared in the *Saturday Review* on the subject of the Byron Controversy, lead us to believe that when Death robbed that paper of its *Cook*, the Scullion must have been promoted to fill his place.

MR. ROBERTSON calls his "new comedy" *Progress.* Some persons imagined that this implied that he could acknowledge the source whence he translated it. They were disappointed. We must give Mr. Robertson time. He has got uncommon talent; in time he will get common frankness.

THE intrusion on the privacy of society, first started by the *Owl*, has been developed by a younger and more ambitious journal. A young scribbler goes to a French watering-place, and, being hard up for copy, on his return to London publishes an account of the private conversations, flirtations, &c., of the ladies and gentlemen whose acquaintance he made there. This he does in such a manner that none who knew these persons could possibly fail to identify them in the article. Is this clever, or honourable, or fashionable? Certainly it is neither of the two first; it may be the last, at least, in journals intended for the aristocracy. We do not write for such noble readers; therefore we may be excused if we express a decided opinion that such a violation of the tacit agreement which regulates social intercourse between ladies and gentlemen is most mean and cowardly, and deserves the severest punishment that society can inflict.

IGNORANCE IN EXCELSIS.

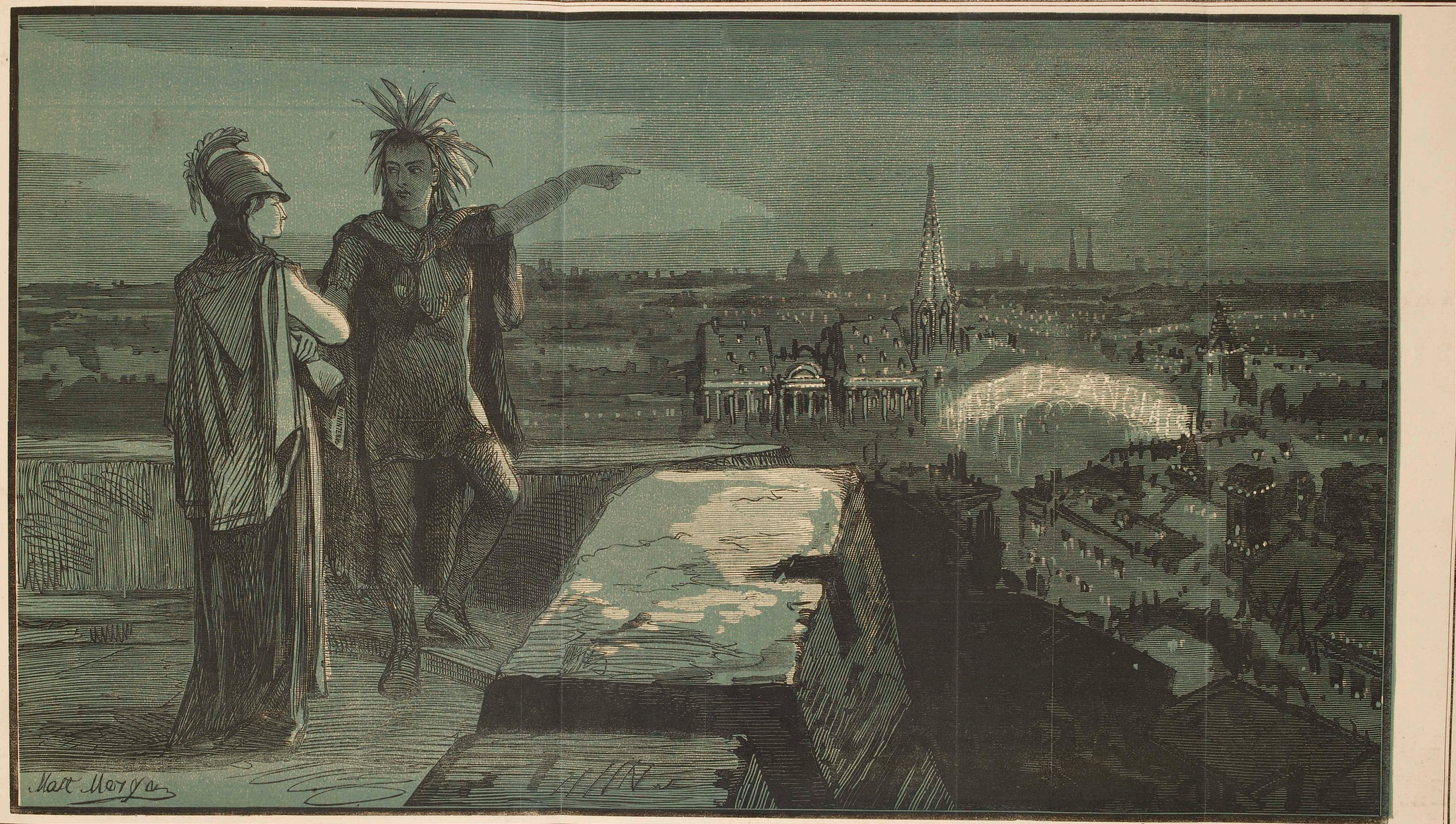
OUR highly respectable contemporary, the *Standard*, is fast losing its character as an intelligently conducted journal. Cardinal Cullen's Triduum was not an event of so much importance as to require a leader; but if in the dull season, and in the dearth of large gooseberries, it was found necessary to make it the subject of editorial comment, it would have been wiser, to say the least, to have handed it over to one of the staff who had at least a ghost of an idea of what he was writing about. Speaking of the persons who were present in church we are soberly told:—

"But the vast bulk was composed of women—materfamilias was there to earn, by her presence, if not by her prayers, the liberty of taking her daughters into society where they might meet with profitable suitors, and the dear little girls themselves flocked to the Cardinal's standard as a means of winning liberty to waltz—a pastime they have been for some years past deprived of by the inexorable 'Prince of the Church's' ordinances; but which, after their presence at the Triduum, they may enjoy to their hearts' content for one hundred days and nights without incurring the penalty of eternal damnation, through the merit of his Eminence's 'plenary indulgence.'"

This is, indeed, startling! Cardinal Cullen has passed an ordinance prohibiting young ladies from going into society, or waltzing, under pain of eternal damnation, but has been gracious enough to suspend the operation of his eleventh commandment by a *plenary* indulgence for *one hundred days*—through the *merit* of which his flock will be enabled to waltz as much as they please for one hundred days and nights as well as to commit any other sins "they have a mind to;" for obviously as the indulgence is "plenary," it extends to all the other commandments also! What a happy event for the officers of Dublin, not to speak of the dressmakers! For the next hundred days there will be a perfect delirium of balls, parties, and waltzing; but the happy period will terminate on the 13th of December, and it was thoughtless of "the Prince of the Church" not to extend it over Christmas and the New Year. If he is not above a hint from an outsider, cannot he give another thirty days *plenary* indulgence for the approaching Council? Any doubts as to the meaning of the terms (which might puzzle his flock) could be removed by a reference to the Editor of the *Standard*, No. 105 Shoe lane, Fleet street, where a dictionary of Popish phraseology is kept on the premises.

NON PLACET.

IF TOMAHAWK could shed a tear, it certainly would fall over a piece of intelligence that has reached him from the theatrical world. He asks whether it really is a fact that there has been a terrible secession from the Adelphi company? Have his old friends, Messrs. Romer, Eburne, and Stewart, quitted their *locale* for good? TOMAHAWK sincerely trusts that they have not. He cannot get himself to believe that never again will he note the vigorous and earnest action of Mr. Romer, as he quaffs glass after glass of Adelphi porter, surrounded by a gang of Adelphi pirates. Will TOMAHAWK have eagerly to scan the features of the leading people in the market-place, and meet no familiar gaze? Is, in short, the wide stage world to lose its representative man? Are gallant tars, slave-holders, military bucks, uninvited guests, noblemen, and outlaws, never to have a fitting spokesman again? And what of Mr. Eburne? Is his tremendous *répertoire* of dashing juveniles to disappear for ever? Woe to Adelphi farces if it is. The "young dog" of a midshipman "just home from sea" was worth a dozen sensation dramas. And lastly, Mr. Stewart,—who will dare to laugh when he has gone? Where is the representative of terrible but cheerful despair to fill his place? What will the Adelphi company, to speak metaphorically, be without him, but a conscience robbed of its remorse? Stewart, Eburne, Romer no longer in the bills! The Adelphi has, indeed, fallen upon evil days! But let TOMAHAWK indulge in a hope that the report may prove utterly unfounded. Should it not, he can only regret that he cannot straightway turn his office into a new theatre, and place it at the disposal of his old time-honoured friends. A fresh and far nobler career might then be opened to them. There is not a doubt of it but that a series of "legitimate" performances, in which Mr. Stewart were to undertake "Romeo," Mr. Eburne, "Macbeth," and Mr. Romer, "Antony," would draw all London. But, joking apart, TOMAHAWK does not like to see hard workers and old favourites drop out of their accustomed home. Tenant-right is not a very popular cry, but it is one that might well now and then be heard behind the curtain. The public likes old faces, and does not care to lose sight of them without good reason.



LES BRAVES BELGES!

TOMAHAWK (*loq.*)—SEE, BRITANNIA, THEY HAVE TREATED YOUR SONS WELL—WHAT WILL YOU DO FOR THEM IN RETURN?

THE PARROT PAPERS.—No. III.

SECOND SERIES.

THE PARROT DISCOURSES OF MR. CHARLES.—HOW THE PARROT WAS FIRST ATTRACTED TOWARDS HIM.—REMINISCENCES OF MR. CHARLES'S CHILDHOOD.—HIS BENEVOLENCE.—HIS KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.—HIS PLEASANT LITTLE WAYS WITH DOGS AND CATS.—MR. CHARLES'S FATHER.—HIS CHARACTER.—A NOBLE-HEARTED FOOL.—HIS DEATH.—MR. CHARLES'S LEGACY.—WHAT HE DID WITH IT.

MR. CHARLES is rather a remarkable character. He is a favourite of mine. I have known him from childhood, and have watched his career with great interest. I first took a liking to him on account of a very ingenious habit he had of stealing my sugar when nobody was by, and then, at the first opportunity, drawing the attention of his parents to the fact that "poor Polly had got no sugar," upon which the want was at once liberally supplied, so that I was no loser, while I could not but admire the ingenuity with which Mr. Charles thus obtained not only my sugar but also a character for benevolence, to which he certainly had but a very slight claim. I was also much delighted at the way in which he treated those despicable animals, the dogs and cats. His father was one of those silly people called good-hearted, and was very fond of these low creatures. Master Charles obtained the reputation of being very fond of them too. In fact, it was said that he had a wonderful power of fascinating animals. I knew the secret of that fascination. When no one was looking, Master Charles would get hold of one of the dogs or cats and pull its tail, twist its paws, pinch it, prick its ears, and otherwise divert himself with the contemplation of its misery. But before people he was all blandishment and affection for the "dear creatures." I never had such a thorough contempt for dogs until I saw these wretched beasts crawling towards him cringing and wagging their tails, quivering with fear while the amiable boy—he was only eight years old—covered them with kisses and overwhelmed them with caresses. "I never saw a child so fond of animals"—"quite marvellous—how they love him!" the people would exclaim, and Charles' weak-minded father would give him some coin as a reward. The cats were not quite so bad, but even they used to let him scratch their heads, and purr while he did it. Only *I* knew how these creatures really dreaded and hated him; and I chuckled to myself one day when a new dog, not understanding Mr. Charles' pleasant little ways, bit him through the hand. He never forgot it, and while he pretended to forgive it, and said the poor dear thing did not mean it, I saw him give the beast the poison of which it died two days afterwards in fearful agony. A promising child Mr. Charles was, and I am happy to say he has fulfilled the promise of his early years. I think I may say, without any vanity, that I have had a good deal to do with the formation of his character.

I understand that Mr. Charles' father was considered a very clever man. In fact, he was a celebrated author. He certainly had not the pleasure of my acquaintance till within a few years of his death, but it has generally been remarked that his latter works were by far his best. The inference is manifest. I did what I could to improve his style. One insuperable objection I had to his writings—which were not devoid of merit—and that was the moral tendency of them. He was what you men call a philanthropist. Nearly all his poems and prose works had the same object, to relieve the misery of the poor and the unfortunate. This was very weak. If he had written panegyrics on statesmen, he might have got some prize in a public office; if he had made pretty verses about the Royal Family, he might have got a berth at Court; if he had flattered his brother authors, he might have got more favourable reviews of his books; if he had pandered to the public taste, and praised the pet weaknesses of mankind, he might have been a very popular author. But he was a fool; he had ideas about goodness and benevolence, and the sacred responsibility of authorship, which ruined him. I have heard him spoken of—after his death, never before—as a noble-hearted man, who through much evil report held fearlessly on the path which he knew to be the right one; who never raised his voice in defence of tyranny or in justification of selfishness; who loved his fellow-creatures not for what he could get from them, but from the fulness of his generous, gentle heart; who was ambitious not of the praise of men but of their gratitude; who took more pride in the simple thanks, if only conveyed in a look, of a poor and wretched man, than in the encomiums of the rich and the mighty. I repeat, he was a fool. He never could see misery without letting the sight of it make him wretched. He never could think on the sufferings of the poor without shedding tears. Contemptible driveller I must call him. It did not pay. What was the good of his worrying himself about a lot of dirty starving brutes? They could not make his books go through several editions. Why did not he write novels with a spice of immorality in them? Why did not he get into favour with managers, as his son has done, and produce popular pieces, full of vulgar jokes and pretty women? That's what pays. I have no patience with such folly. However, I don't want to speak harshly of Mr. Charles' father. He always treated me with respect. I believe he dedicated a poem to me. It began,—

> "Oh, beauteous bird, whose notes of loving praise
> Make Heaven more heavenly—"

I forget the rest. However, he went on slaving and slaving till at last he died in harness, as men say; and when he was dead, people found out "what a great and good man he was, and that they had had amongst them, without knowing it or honouring him, one of the purest and perfectest poets whose genius has ever illumined this dark and dismal earth." I quote from an obituary notice of his father, written by Mr. Charles, to whom his father left the copyright of all his works,—and a very valuable property they have turned out to be.

But his father left Mr. Charles something more valuable still. It was not his "noble heart," it was not his "genius;" it was *his name*. On that Mr. Charles has traded to some purpose. His father was scarcely in his grave before he wrote round to all the editors of newspapers and magazines to say "in what distress" his dear and honoured father had "left his family, and how on him had devolved the sacred duty of labouring from morning till night to provide for them, not the luxuries which they had known in happier days, but the bare necessities of life. His father, he regretted to say, was a very imprudent man, and was far too liberal with his money." No one knew that better than Mr. Charles, who had drawn his father into all kinds of extravagance on his account. Besides, the silly old man had denied himself every comfort and luxury in order to help poor sick people and fellow-authors. The number of idle rascals he used to feed from his hardly-gained earnings was fearful. Mr. Charles, I felt sure, would not imitate him in this point. I heard one of these productions of Mr. Charles read out aloud to the family circle, and I could not help drawing a few corks to express the satisfaction with which I regarded it. What a jolly humbug Mr. Charles was! I never saw any signs of poverty after his father's death. I got everything I wanted, that's all I know. If I had not, I should have made a pretty fine row. Mr. Charles' appeal, of course, ended with a request for some literary employment, however small and however poorly remunerated, and so by working on the softness of human nature, which is always ready to help a man after he is gone, he got a good deal of work on the newspapers; and a very nice income he makes now—about £2,000 a year, out of which he allows his sisters £100 between them. And while he takes care not to let people know what he earns, he always tells them "that he is very poor, but he tries to do something for his poor sisters," which gives them an idea of unbounded liberality on his part.

Mr. Charles knew the value of his father's name. "Charles Marvel" signed in full at the bottom of a copy of verses or a little essay, brought to the reader's mind at once very charming recollections. The name was so associated with genius, that you could not help believing, however common-place the verses or essay might seem, that there was really something in them. Mr. Charles was not the man to overlook this advantage, and, to judge from his works, which I have been studying lately, it must have made his father shudder in his grave to see the rubbish to which his name was put. For I will say this of old Marvel, whatever he wrote was first-rate of its kind. But, bless you, Mr. Charles does not care; so long as he gets paid, he will write anything. He often says with a sigh, "Ah! my poor dear father, I wish he had not been such a genius—for I know how inferior my poor talents must seem to his, and people can't help comparing us." But, all the same, Mr. Charles makes now, I understand, twice as much as his father was making when he died. But Mr. Charles is not a philanthropist—or, at least, only when it pays to seem so. He puts his feelings in his pocket, if he has really got any. He never thinks whether what he writes will do any good to anybody else; so long as it brings him money his conscience is at ease. I repeat again, I like Mr. Charles. I shall have something more to say about him in my next.

TOMAHAWK ABROAD.

IV.—Liege.

THE Red Indian, the Child of Nature, the middle-aged Infant of the Boundless Prairie of London the nearly-empty, has misbehaved himself! Rejoice, ye who have him, and do not pay the weekly tribute of twopence; be exceeding glad, ye who buy his precious words but to revile him and to laugh him to scorn! Alas! alas! alas! TOMAHAWK has been in a chronic state of intoxication for the last three days! Has he not "liquored up" with the King of the Belgians? has he not partaken of strong waters (*very* strong waters) with all the rank and beauty of Liége? Yes, of a verity has he, and the result has been an enlarging of the heart and an invasion of the pocket most painful to his feelings and understanding!

So much for a preface.

By this time nearly all the London papers have commented upon the late *fêtes* held in Belgium. Some have been full of praise of the Volunteers; others of admiration for the *brave Belges*; but all without exception have sung the song of Peace. We have been told how our hosts have entertained us—the banquet has been described amply by the amiable penny-a-liner who "does" the "spasmodic descriptive" for the *Daily Detonator*. The illuminations have been more or less humorously described by that literary weathercock—the *Times*. But still, the moral has remained—"Non Intervention." Let the Belgians pipe unto us, and we will dance; let them give us the "hip! hip! hip!" and we will cheer; let them feed us, and we will eat; let them ask us to save them from destruction, and—we will turn our back upon them and their troubles! Happy nation of Englishmen, who know their own interest, oh so well! Open-hearted people of Britons, who have learned, oh so charmingly, where to draw the line between feasting and—fighting! TOMAHAWK respects ye with an admiration too intense for words of breath or type either!

Alas! that I should have to admit it—the Child of the Prairies has been a little imprudent! Yes, everywhere has he been acknowledged as *the* representative of that very "canny" brute the British Lion, and, on this occasion (*only* let me trust) the British Lion, through the medium of his representatives, has shown himself to be little better than an ass!

It came in this way:—

The Representative of the British Lion (otherwise, the Child of the Prairie, alias myself) was walking through Liége, got up in martial array (what was not silver in his uniform was gold), looking as much like a soldier as a very white shirt-collar and a very long sword could make him, when he met a *brave Belge*.

"Hip! hip! hip!" said the *brave Belge*—subsequently adding, in a laudatory tone of voice, *Vive les Anglais!*

The Representative of the British Lion made a military salute of the Volunteer Order of Architecture.

"You spiks the French?" asked the Belge.

"Ung pooh! may par grand chose," replied the Lion.

"Come and drink, Sare," said the Belge.

"Certainmong wee," acquiesced the Lion; and liquor was consumed in large quantities. Perhaps it may be as well (for the sake of future historians) to give the names of the "drinks" imbibed by the Belge and the Lion at the various *cafés*. They met at noon.

At 1 o'clock they went to the *Café Venetien*, and drank deeply of champagne.

At 2 o'clock they marched to the *Café Somethingelse*, and imbibed largely of bitter beer.

At 3 o'clock they strolled leisurely to the *Café de Thingambob*, and assuaged their thirst with port wine.

At 4 o'clock they lolled in a *degagé* manner to the *Literary Club*, and partook of *Gin d'Ecosse*, otherwise whiskey.

At 5 o'clock they reeled to the *Athené Royal*, were they were served with champagne and Vienna beer in alternate glasses.

During this entertainment the following conversation took place:—

BRAVE BELGE (*helping British Lion to champagne*).—England is von big country—ah yes!

BRITISH LION (*with condescension*).—Wee, ung pooh!

BRAVE BELGE (*with admiration*).—Oh yes! You are officer, Sare—is it not?

BRITISH LION (*telling a pardonable lie to gain the respect of the Brave Belge*).—I am the aide-de-camp of the Lord Mayor!

BRAVE BELGE (*with painful respect*).—Mon Dieu!—quel honneur!

BRITISH LION (*conscious of the effect he has produced*).—Ah wee—ung pooh!

BRAVE BELGE (*with enthusiasm*).—Sare, we drink the Lor-Maire, is it not? (*They drink.*) You are great nation—will not your Queen cum over ere to make us visit, Sare? De Lor-Maire cum not of course, too great honor—but perhaps your Queen? What you say, Sare?

BRITISH LION.—I have not the smallest doubt but what she will.

BRAVE BELGE (*trying to kiss the British Lion*).—Ah, Sare, we are broders! Is it not?

BRITISH LION (*cordially*).—Yes—ung pooh! No, I mean yes, *noos som frère*, and, what's more, we (*with much meaning*) will help our friends!

BRAVE BELGE (*with great enthusiasm*).—You will help us, Sare—is it not? If the French cum over, Sare—is it not?

BRITISH LION.—We would die to a man in your defence! To a man, Sir—you understand—to a man!

BRAVE BELGE (*with tears in his eyes*).—Ah, Sare, you are too good! What shall I do?—my eart she is too full! (*tries to kiss the hem of British Lion's garment*).

BRITISH LION (*with superb condescension*).—Not at all. And now take me to your banquets and all that kind of thing. (*Brave Belge goes mad with enthusiasm, and the Belgian populace cheer Les Anglais to the echo.*)

Let me drop the jester's bawble for a moment. Even as I shake the bells of my motley, the music sounds full of sadness. I cannot laugh at these poor good kind-hearted people doing their best to please us in every way, in the trust of our help and friendship; the subject is too painful for a generous nature to contemplate. It is cruel to deceive them, and I assert that we have deceived them. It is cruel to raise false hopes, and I solemnly declare that we have raised false hopes. Yes, as the vision of the Belgian fêtes passes before my eyes, I see through the glare of the gas and the tinsel of the decorations, a poor people, putting faith in a hard-hearted nation of egotists, a community of victims, trusting blindly and madly to a rotten straw for deliverance from fire and the edge of the sword!

Only those who were present at Liége last week know how kindly was the welcome accorded to the English by this homely people; how vast was the enthusiasm expended in singing the praises of our veritable "nation of shopkeepers." It is not good to laugh at their deplorable mistake—it is not generous. The old spirit of British courage died away when we left the Danes to their fate, and refused to assist them in their dire necessity. Tush! it sickens me to think how wedded are we to the counter and the scales. For the sake of the shop we will sacrifice honour, justice, everything! We have "buried the sword"—verily, and with it everything our ancestors fought for and our fathers died to preserve!

A DEPARTED SAINT.

ANOTHER of the ecclesiastical institutions of this country besides the Irish Church may be said to have passed away. Bishop Phillpotts, at the age of 92, has died. We do not wish to harass the dead, particularly the holy dead: but it is impossible to read the life of the great Bishop Phillpotts, and to recall his appearance, without some serious reflection. Looking back on his career, we find the most important events to have turned on disputes concerning the possession of money or of tyrannical power. When first appointed to the See of Exeter, what was the privilege for which this good man fought with tongue and pen and all his energies? The privilege of helping the poor and miserable? of increasing the comforts of the many hard-working, half-fed curates under his charge? of spreading peace and goodwill throughout his diocese? of diminishing the immorality of his flock? No, none of these trivial things roused the right reverend Bishop's generous fire, but the question whether he should be allowed to retain the rectory of Stanhope, £4,000 a year, together with his bishopric, which was only £3,000 a year. Pious zeal! He thought himself ill-used when the Whigs, whom he had opposed and abused all his life-long—

at least, as long as he thought he could get something by doing so—only allowed him to hold a canonry of Durham Cathedral, a great concession, but still not representing so valuable a property as he had to give up. Next we find him relentlessly pursuing, through a dark tunnel of law-suits, a good, honest man, Mr. Shore, and when at last, by aid of the tortuous sophistries of the ridiculous volumes of rubbish called Ecclesiastical Law, he won his suit, and his victim was condemned in enormous costs, clamorously demanding his last penny, till he was shamed into accepting a portion only of the spoil raised by public subscription. He had vindicated his precious authority, but that did not content him. The Gorham case still stinks in the nostrils of all men who value religion above dogmatism, and morality above forms, to this struggle the great Bishop, the Shepherd of his flock, devoted a large portion of his energies and of his fortune; what he gained by it we do not know.

We shall not be suspected of any sympathy with Evangelical opinions, considering the narrow-mindedness and hypocrisy from which they are generally inseparable, but we cannot feel anything but disgust at such a career being held up to admiration as one which a Christian Bishop could pursue with honour or respect. "It was stated by his son, Chancellor Phillpotts, that his venerable father had spent in the course of his episcopate between £20,000 and £30,000 in law expenses for the preservation of order and discipline in the diocese." Surely this is no commendable trait. We consider it eminently a disgrace that any minister of a religion of peace and brotherly love should have squandered so much in attempting to vindicate his own absolutism and in persecuting the unfortunate clergy placed under his fatherly supervision. Had he spent one half of it in charity we should have honoured him, even if he kept the rest for his own luxuries. We are sorry to speak so severely of one who died at such an advanced age; but old age is reverend only when one can say of the possessor, "A man made old to teach the worth of age." Bishop Phillpotts was certainly, as a Christian Bishop, no such man. As an upholder of discipline, he might have distinguished himself in the army of earth; but the soldiers of Heaven should be neither mercenaries nor martinets.

AN ENGLISH AUDIENCE.

SCENE.—*Exterior of the Café de Suède, on the Boulevards, Paris.* VICTORIEN SARDOU *and* TOM ROBERTSON *discovered sitting at a small table, taking refreshments, and in conversation.*

V. SARDOU.—And so you have done my *Ganaches* into English, produced it at the Globe Theatre, and called it *Progress?*

TOM R. (*sipping his coffee.*)—Yes; and it has proved a great and triumphant success. The critics are in ecstasies with it. The public is delighted with it. The acting is superb. On the first night everyone called on at the end of each act, and I myself enthusiastically applauded when the curtain fell—a sure sign in England that the piece has made an enormous hit!

V. SARDOU.—I am glad to hear it. It is indeed gratifying to find an English public so disposed to appreciate my work.

TOM R. (*brightly*).—Ah! but it required an immense amount of adaptation and alteration. I understand English audiences. I know exactly what they will stand, and what "goes" with them, and what they will not have at any price.

V. SARDOU.—No doubt; but I should think there was very little to alter in my *Ganaches*, M. Robertson.

TOM R. (*laughing heartily*).—Very little to alter! That shows how little you know an English audience, M. Sardou. In the first place, they won't stand modern comedy with the scene laid in France, and representing French life and manners. So I, of course, changed the scene to England, and made all the characters English men and women, and represented the incidents of the comedy as those of English society.

V. SARDOU.—But, M. Robertson, that is impossible! How can you do this? It is absurd.

TOM R.—Ah! You don't know how to adapt, I can see; and, what is more, you don't seem to understand why we English authors adapt. You write a French piece satirizing a particular class of French society. You take great pains with it—and no doubt you consider it a work of art. We English authors only regard it as a work in which there is a more or less good plot, with the construction nicely arranged, and some brilliant ideas in the dialogue. We have got names as dramatic authors. We can't invent good plots. We can't construct; but we can translate, and, further, we can alter and adapt to suit an English audience. We know where to hit them. That's the great secret.

V. SARDOU.—Is it possible? But will not a French work of art, played out steadily and fairly, without adaptation, "hit them," as you call it?

TOM R.—Not likely. Now look at your piece of *Les Ganaches*. Without me it would not have run a night.

V. SARDOU.—But it ran some two hundred nights in Paris. What have you done to it, M. Robertson?

TOM R.—In the first place I have reduced it from four to three acts.

V. SARDOU (*starting*).—Reduced it to three acts! Why, there is the whist party in the first act, which I use to develop the characters of the *dramatis personæ*.

TOM R.—Cut it out!

V. SARDOU.—Cut it out! But there is the arrival of the heroine, Marguerite, poor and ill, who is taken charge of by her old and aristocratic relatives—a splendid situation—and which is the keystone of the whole plot.

TOM R.—Cut it out!

V. SARDOU.—Cut it out! Ah! Robertson, how can you expect an English audience to appreciate my work when you yourself do not seem to understand it?

TOM R.—I understand it well enough. I know what will "go." I knock the two first acts into one. I cram the situations together to get over them as quickly as possible. A very little explanation of character goes a long way with us. The audience get bewildered, no doubt, as to who and what the different people upon the stage are intended to represent; but you get over the ground sharply, and come straight to the plot, and that's what an English audience likes. They don't care about character in a comedy. They want action.

V. SARDOU.—But, surely, character ought to form the foundation of a good comedy, and when characters are good portraitures they would prove effective before any audience. There's my old *Duc de Rochepéans*, for instance.

TOM R.—Oh! I've cut him out.

V. SARDOU.—*Ah, ça mais*—— Cut out my Duc!

TOM R.—Yes, I cut him out and introduced instead an old dummy, called Lord Mompesson, without any distinguishing characteristic. I was compelled to do this, because I had taken your Duc before, and put him into an original piece of mine, called *Dreams*, and I couldn't use him again. An English audience wouldn't stand that; besides, it would affect my reputation for originality.

V. SARDOU.—Then there is the Duc's son—the old Marquis—the heroine's uncle—Lafont's great part. At least, you have not cut him out?

TOM R.—No, I've not cut him out, but I've cut him down. Instead of an old man, I've made him a young man of about thirty, and the heroine's cousin——

V. SARDOU.—A young man! Why, he is the principal *Ganache* in the piece. Next to the Duc he is the oldest man in the play.

TOM R.—I know that. But you can't get English actors to make up old when any love business is to go on. Besides, the part is played by an actor who is very proud of his personal appearance. So, what are you to do? It is, however, beautifully dressed, especially in your third act (my second), and the latest fashion from Margate Jetty is sure to be pleasing to an English audience.

V. SARDOU (*faintly*).—What have you done in the second act?

TOM R.—Oh! the sick girl business, and the love scene are safe. I've got a reputation for love scenes, and therefore your dialogue between the Engineer and the sick heroine came in very well. I translated it literally, and the critics have largely complimented me upon it, and have called it thoroughly "Robertsonian." Can you have greater praise than that, M. Sardou?

V. SARDOU.—Did you cut out the snow-storm? I didn't think much of that myself.

TOM R.—Cut out the snow-storm? Cut out the greatest effect in the whole comedy? Why, it's the making of the piece. A bushel of white paper thrown from the flies goes down better

than any amount of acting or dialogue. Cut out the snow-storm! I am afraid, M. Sardou, you will never understand an English audience.

V. SARDOU.—Not from your estimate, M. Robertson. And the last act? What did you do with that? With the Duc cut out and the Marquis cut down, what have you left for the last act? I intended that to be refined and delicate throughout.

TOM R.—I saw that; but that wouldn't suit us, M. Sardou, so I introduced a drunken scene.

V. SARDOU (*starting violently*).—A what?

TOM R.—A drunken scene. The act wanted strengthening—wanted bringing up. I thought at first of introducing a broad-sword combat between the Marquis and the Surveyor. I did it in *Dreams*, and made a great success; but I felt it wouldn't be prudent to do it again, so the next best effect I could think of was a drunken scene between old Formentel and his son.

V. SARDOU.—A drunken scene in the third act, where the interest is concentrated upon the heroine, who is supposed to be dying. But did an English audience stand that?

TOM R. (*with hesitation*).—Well, that did not "go" as well as I expected, I must admit; but then the actors didn't put on steam enough. A boxing match would have been better, no doubt; or a Music Hall duet and breakdown. However, I'll have that strengthened when I get back. Nevertheless, the piece was a great success; only you must admit, M. Sardou, that it was owing to the fact of my understanding an English audience.

V. SARDOU.—Forgive me, M. Robertson, if I say that in my opinion I think you have altogether formed a wrong notion of an English audience, and, so far from thanking you for bringing me before the public of your country in the form you have done, I consider I have great cause for complaint. It is unjust to your own powers, unjust to me, unjust to your public, by whom you admit you are treated with so much favour, to produce such wretched adaptations as you have described to me, and seek to justify your course by urging that your countrymen can appreciate nothing better. When I write, remember I write as an artist, and, as such, am as sensitive of any interference with my work as I am proud of any admiration that may be expressed concerning it. You once wrote a piece called *Caste*. It was your *chef d'œuvre*. Suppose I took this piece and adapted it to the French stage, in the way you have treated my *Ganaches*. Suppose I said to you that a French audience would not tolerate the idea of a young woman in the ballet marrying a nobleman, and that therefore I had transformed her into his mistress as more suitable to win the applause of a Parisian public, would you have considered that a worthy treatment of your comedy? Suppose the whole of the Parisian press had thereupon, in noticing the comedy, given me credit for bringing "the celebrated Mr. Robertson's comedy into shape," praising me for all that was good, and condemning you for all that was bad, and which I had myself introduced, would you consider that fair to yourself? Take my works as much as you please. Translate them, and set them fairly before your countrymen, and I will not complain; but it is this wretched system of adaptation which is proving the ruin of your drama, once so grand, so noble. You ruin both yourselves and the authors you adapt. I have met with, as you know, a success perhaps far beyond my merits in every country in which my works have been performed; but in no country should I esteem success higher than that which I might honestly obtain in your own. Such a success as you tell me you have obtained for *Les Ganaches* by mutilating it into *Progress* I utterly repudiate. I would no more share your triumph in such a desecration than I would the money to be paid for its performance. *Adieu!* (*Exit.*)

TOM R. (*calling*).—*Garçon—l'addition!*

(*The scene closes.*)

"LOST AT SEA."—During the late gale nothing has been heard of Lord High Admiral Childers and the Channel Fleet. Let us hope this distinguished naval hero came in for the full benefit of the glorious weather; for we are sure he must have been anxious to encounter all the peril possible. As he is already married, it would be rude to hope he might have fallen into an engagement, but we may wish him a good tossing at the hands of "the stormy winds," for then he can at least claim one quality of an old and experienced tar,—he will be weather-beaten.

THE DIAPHRAGM ON THE STRIKE.

DEAR TOMAHAWK,

I've often felt
(In spite of scalps hung round your belt)
You hide beneath that warrior's dress
A heart alive to true distress,
And in your strength would ne'er pass by
The humblest suppliant, such as I
Tear from your head a plume, and then
With scalping knife, come, nib a pen,
And fight for me, whose wrongs to heal
Were triumph worthy of your steel.

Can I, then, utter this complaint
To you, my friend, without restraint?
Be free for once to speak my mind,
Although thus "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,"—
The slave of idle Lungs, who shirk
And leave poor *me* to do their work,
Till in his zeal to find them breath
The willing horse is worked to death,
As if by Science it were shown
I had no duties of my own,
Nor right to fill the smallest space?—
I wish they'd learn to keep their place!
Or that you'd teach those lazy fellows
To take their fair turn at the bellows!—

But yet my sister organs claim
Exemption from imputed blame—
And those poor ribs, I must confess,
Are harshly handled by the press—
Digestion, too, beyond a doubt,
Is one small item crowded out—
The Liver in a sad condition,
Deformed beyond all recognition—
And worse, these startling woes to crown,
There is indeed a "Heart bowed down!"
Such jostling as is felt by us
Is unknown even in a 'Bus:
Nor would you find the like behaviour
In midnight salons of Belgravia!
And all this crush is but the whim
Of Miss, unsound in wind and limb,
Who, moulding nature to her taste,
Is struggling with a wilful waist,—
Thinks form divine and maiden graces
Can only be secured by laces,—
Despite the warnings of the *Lancet*
Is sworn to squeeze the more, and "chance it,"—
At pain, for Fashion's sake, ne'er flinches,
And triumphs but to die, *by inches!*—

With my last gasp I've had my say—
Down on this wrong! you know the way—
Good bye, dear TOMAHAWK, I am
(I won't say *your*) *a* hard-worked

DIAPHRAGM.

P.S.—I snatch a moment's rest
(My mistress having just undressed)
To pour into your friendly ears
This rare expansion of ideas.

CRYING NUISANCES.—Children.

A PROSECUTION WITH A VENGEANCE.—The directors of the Albert Life Insurance Company are to be prosecuted for a conspiracy. Could not something be done to those persons who have tried to insure the life of Prince Albert in marble, by erecting statues to his memory in every conceivable place?

AN UNNECESSARY COMPLIMENT.—We understand Mrs. Beecher Stowe intends to devote the money she has received for her contributions to the biography of Lord Byron towards the erection of a monument to that distinguished poet. Mrs. Stowe may save her money; for it needs not this to make public her connexion with so honoured a name.