

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



“INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT.”

No. 128.]

LONDON, OCTOBER 16, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

A NATIONAL CURSE.

AN exhausted question! Yes, the story of Irish landlord and tenant has been told a thousand times, and we all know it by heart. What use for leading journals to devote columns upon columns of valuable space to its wearying discussion? What use to repeat over and over again the same old truisms? There it is, the one great crying scandal of the day. The bullying, heartless, grasping master on the one side; on the other, the wronged, defiant, murder-minded serf. The one turns his creature out of house and home; the other sends his persecutor to his account: brutality answered by blood! Happy landlord! happy tenant!

And for this state of things, politicians of a certain school quietly tell us there is no cure. The blot on our civilization must remain, and we must plead guilty before Europe to a reckless indifference to national honour. The continent beneath us in all else may rise above us, and look down with scorn upon us here. The matter cannot be helped. Society cannot be shaken to its base to redress a paltry Irish grievance. True, that the tenantry have some hardships to undergo, some losses to sustain; still their fathers have suffered as much before them, and if time does not bring about some satisfactory solution, there is no help. In short, a class, a great and influential class, of Englishmen are either for letting the land question alone altogether, or for approaching it in such a selfish, one-sided, and ungenerous spirit that their remedies would be more fatal even than their inaction. But it is beyond our purpose to discuss in a column a subject that has already been ventilated in volumes. Every intelligent Englishman, who has troubled himself to weigh the merits of this momentous question, must be by this time tolerably well acquainted with the arguments urged, on the one hand, by those who would place the Irish tenant in a more independent position, and, on the other, by those who would leave him precisely where he is. We merely once more direct men's minds to the coming shadow, for it will prove to be the one absorbing topic of the approaching Session.

Horrible is it to contemplate a cruel eviction avenged by a more cruel murder, and we have nothing to offer the red-handed coward but the gallows. Doubtless he has been outraged mercilessly,—still he must go the way of all murderers. He *must* be sent, without a tear of sympathy, without a murmur of excuse, and straightway—to the gallows. Murder is murder, and these hedge-row philosophers must be taught the lesson thoroughly and continually. How we are to instruct the class who provoke their crimes is another matter. There is no human

law which says that a man shall not send a family to misery and ruin, while he fattens on their industry and thrift. This is merely a question between man and his God, and, being such, it is easy to understand why it often receives a far from satisfactory reply. In England here, fortunately, there is no parallel to be found; for with us it is the master, and not the serf, who spends his money on the property he owns. If we could conceive here in London a law which gave, say to the landlord of a house, the right, at the expiration of a three years' lease, to evict his tenant, and at the same time retain his furniture as part and parcel of the estate, we should in some measure appreciate the nature of the grievance under which the hard-working tenantry of Ireland are at present suffering. As to the remedy, all we can say is, that there are heads determined and able to hit upon it. Sooner or later it must come. Spite the croaking of cowards, the howling of bigots, and the vapouring of fools, it *must* come. There will be for the industrious Irish tenant some process other than eviction; for the brutal Irish landlord some fate less stern than murder.

HEAR-SAY FROM JERSEY.

JERSEY seems to be in a pleasant state. The Government has no money to meet its liabilities, amounting to the enormous sum of £10,000! and several judgments have been obtained against the Treasurer. In the meanwhile the Legislature refuses to permit direct or indirect taxation. This being the case, TOMAHAWK fully expects to receive the following:—

LATEST NEWS FROM JERSEY.

St. Helier's, Saturday.

The Treasurer has just been released from custody, the Sheriff's officer having refused to detain him any longer, on the score of his (the officer's) expenses remaining unpaid.

It is with great pleasure that we learn that the Chief Justice's wig has been redeemed from the care of Moses Isaak, Esq., the well-known jeweller and pawnbroker of High street.

There is no truth in the report that the town pump has been melted down to provide the cook of the garrison with pots and gridirons.

The officers of the — Regiment attended parade on Thursday last without their swords. During the winter months these magnificent weapons will be exhibited in the window of Moses Isaak, Esq., of High street.

Judge Hardup was not detained from opening his Court on Tuesday by indisposition, as erroneously reported. He was prevented from leaving his residence by his tailor, who detained some clothes (sent to be repaired) in security for the payment of a bill. From what we hear, we fear that matters will not be settled satisfactorily for some time to come; consequently the Sessions will not be held this Term.

WANTED AN UNEASY HEAD!

IN the present condition of affairs in Spain, when one party are advertising for a trustworthy young person to wear the Crown, and another are bent on blowing up the Constitution, it may be interesting to know *what* will be required of the candidates for the honour of residing at Madrid and playing at King. We subjoin the official form:—

MADRID: October 12, 1869.

Form to be filled up by Aspirants to the Spanish Crown.

NOTICE.—Any Candidate sending in the following form duly signed, will be expected to enclose a shilling in stamps as a guarantee of his good faith, which said amount, in the event of his successful election, will be devoted to the expenses attendant on his coronation.

1. State in full your name, address, previous occupation, colour of your hair, height, and the amount of ready money at present in your possession.
2. Have you ever been King of Greece? If so, state under what circumstances, mentioning at the same time any extenuating facts, if you are able.
3. Say, with a view to determining if you have ever filled an exalted position, whether you have ever played—
 - (a) The King in Hamlet?
 - (b) The Prophet?
 - (c) Don Cæsar de Bazan?
 - (d) One of the Kings in the cauldron scene in Macbeth? (mentioning which.)
 - (e) The evil genius in the opening portion of a pantomime?
 - (f) Or, a policeman in the after part?
4. Have you ever been, directly or indirectly, connected with the Pawnbroking business?*
5. Are you under any engagement to pay a commission to the King of Denmark in the event of the thing being concluded?
6. Your income may be £700 a year, with use of a cab occasionally. Draw up a statement of your probable expenditure, and show how a monarch can maintain the dignity of his position on a considerably smaller sum.
7. If you happen to be Dutch, Chinese, Irish, or African, describe your feelings in regard to—
 - (a) Spanish onions.
 - (b) Spanish liquorice.
 - (c) Halfpenny cigars.
 - (d) Bull fights.
 - (e) Castile soap.
 - (f) Natural Sherry at 14s. a dozen.
 - (g) Revolutions.
 - (h) Snuff.
 - (i) Unmarketable bonds.
8. What is a don? Is he any relation to the Lord Chamberlain?
9. Supposing that you were King, and that just as your hot water and boots were placed at your door at Madrid, you were to be informed that—
 - (a) You had been burnt in effigy at Barcelona.
 - (b) An angry mob were demanding your head in the sacred name of liberty in the court-yard below.
 - (c) The palace gate had been blown in.
 - (d) Your income cut down by a vote of the Cortes to £100 a year.
 - (e) Every one in whom you trusted had, for a trifling consideration, turned traitor.
 - (f) Your only escape was a jump of twenty-two feet into a cistern—
What would you do?
10. Supposing your resignation were not accepted, WHAT THEN?

* This question, as being intimately connected with the probable future domestic policy of Spain, must be carefully answered.

EVE FOR EVER!

IT is with great pleasure that we supply the report of the proceedings of the "Ladies' Congress," held (with closed doors) at the Meeting of the Social Science Association, at Bristol.

DRAM DRINKING AMONG LADIES.

MISS LIGHTHEAD said she was sure it wasn't true. She knew that when she even took the *least* drop of wine it flew to her nose, and made it quite red. Was it likely, she put it to the meeting, that ladies would do anything to disfigure themselves? One might as well say that the Paris Fashions were chosen as a means of mortification. She had no patience with all this nonsense!

MRS. BROWN quite agreed with the "dear" who had just sat down. She (the speaker) only touched spirits medicinally. She was obliged to take a tumbler of brandy four times a day. (*Sensation.*) It was the order of her doctor. (*Cries of "Name."*) She was delighted to give his address—Dr. Twaddler, Jalap Lodge, Highgate-on-Thames. (*Several of the members produced note-books at this point of the proceedings, and took down Dr. Twaddler's address.*) She was quite sure that spirits were quite harmless when taken medicinally. Sometimes, after the third tumbler, she had felt a strange sensation of ethereal lightness, accompanied by the total loss of the use of her limbs. This she understood from Mr. Brown, who had remarked the strange symptoms frequently—was also the case with gentlemen who partook too freely of whitebait at Greenwich. The feeling was not altogether unpleasant.

MRS. SMITH endorsed every word uttered by Mrs. Brown, but, unhappily for her (the speaker), her husband was emphatically a BRUTE!! (*Sensation.*) He never gave her more than six bonnets a quarter. (*Deep groans.*) And refused to take her up the Rhine this summer on the score of the expense. (*Deeper groans.*) Of course, he refused to let her have the proper amount of brandy—he limited her supply to a miserable quart bottle a week! And what was the result? She had to drink Eau de Cologne!

MISS MINERVA STRONGMIND said it was the last speaker's fault.

MRS. SMITH (*jumping up excitedly*).—My fault! What do mean, you great, ugly, disagreeable middle-aged thing, you! (*Sensation and titters.*)

MISS MINERVA STRONGMIND said she repeated it was Mrs. Smith's fault. (*Uproar.*) She would explain why. If Mrs. Smith had not married she might have enjoyed her brandy to the utmost. The greatest curse of the present age was marriage. Now no man had ever dared to look her in the face. (*Loud titters.*) She did not understand this unseemly merriment! Why was she always alluded to as the fair sex? (*A Voice: "Why, indeed?" and much tittering.*) If this very rude conduct continued she would certainly sit down. She did not come there to be insulted. Men were brutes, and that was the reason she had never married. (*A Voice: "Of course!"—loud tittering.*) She would stand it no longer. She had come to the meeting to help her sisters to raise the standard of revolt, and they insulted her—grossly, deeply insulted her. She ought not to be surprised—it was what she might have expected. A woman who would marry would be capable of any wickedness, as she had proved herself capable of the most idiotic folly. (*Uproar.*) She was disgusted with the meeting—a set of silly, doll-like, flaxen-haired ninnies, who—(*at this point the uproar became so loud that it was impossible to distinguish the words of the speaker, who continued her impassioned address for some five minutes, and then finished it in these words*). And now you have had a good bit of my mind. All I can say is I hope you like it, although talking to you is like casting pearls before swine!

With this the speaker swept out of the Council Chamber. Most of the members "made faces" at her as she passed them.

At this point of the proceedings we regret to say the presence of our Reporter was detected, and he was ignominiously expelled.

"PLACE POUR LE LOR-MAIRE!"—Lord-Mayor Lawrence actually wanted a Guard of Honour at Liège!!! This is such a very good joke that it requires no comment.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S LAST.—Why is a French girl's mother, when in a delicate state of health, like Scotch preserve?—Because she's *ma malade* (marmalade).

TOMAHAWK OUT OF TOWN.

At Aix-la-Chapelle.

PAR EXCELLENCE, the dullest place on the face of the earth. The Child of the Prairie is too sad to be funny, much less satirical. He begs to submit a programme of the amusements provided for the visitors of this dreadful place :—

6 A.M.—Morning tub.

7 A.M. (Every Monday and Friday).—Grand display of the sun.

8 A.M. (Every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday).—Grand display of the celestial water-works.

9 A.M.—Exhibition of umbrellas.

10 A.M.—Breakfast. (Entr'acte between the tea and the filet de bœuf, on cold plate, three-quarters of an hour.)

11 A.M.—Nothing particular.

12 A.M.—Ditto.

1 P.M.—Dinner.

2 P.M.—Indigestion.

3 P.M.—Ditto.

4 P.M. (If you are wise).—Bed.

Such is Aix-la-Chapelle !

TOMAHAWK presents the town to the British public as an excellent substitute for hanging for murderers. It is fortunate that the Emperor of Russia has never stayed here, or the poor exiles in Siberia would have been sent hither !

Aix should be spelt Aches.

It is emphatically dull, dear, and nasty !

WALK UP!

AS we are promised at least three new theatres in London within the next six months, the question naturally suggests itself—How can they all pay? No one, however, need go far for the answer. The fact is, that in these days *nothing* fails. Plays have merely to be produced, and forthwith fortunes are made. There is no truth in the occasional reports about the ruin of managers ; for no manager can, according to the papers, ever be ruined. Such a rush is made by the public at everything dramatic, that the privilege of writing oneself down "Sole Lessee" may be regarded as a bit of luck, as good in its way as a flourishing West-end greengrocery business, or a West of England Bishopric. Let us refer to the advertisement sheet.

First, of course, on the road of fortune, comes Mr. Boucicault's *Formosa*. Seats may absolutely be secured till December the 18th. Nor is this all. "Visitors from the country may address to the Box Book-keeper's Office, enclosing post-office orders or stamps, specifying the night and the seats they desire to be secured." This simple arrangement must prove a great boon to the thousands who, dying to see the great moral effort at Drury Lane, fear to be crushed to powder at its doors. Undoubtedly, *Formosa* is drawing famously—at least, so this advertisement would broadly suggest.

But to pass to the Adelphi. Here we are spared anything like a mere inference. We are honestly and cheerfully informed that the new drama is a "great success." Lost in admiration at Mr. Boucicault's golden pen, and wondering why he does not write every piece for every theatre in London, we come to the Lyceum. As at the time of our going to press this house is not yet opened, there is not much room for any congratulatory strain as to the accomplished success. We note, however, that "footstools" are promised in "all the stalls," which, in the absence of any more ambitious announcement, may be regarded as auguring at least a good understanding with the public.

The Olympic soars higher still. It is to be hoped that the stuff supplied behind the lights will equal in splendour that offered to the audience in front of them. The new management evidently does not court failure.

The Princess's takes much the same view of matters. If sensation means a full treasury, a piece that boasts the title of *Escaped from Portland*, ought literally to burst one !

The St. James's follows, with an astounding future before it. Indeed, one feels inclined to tremble at its ambition, it evidently means such a tremendous business. In the programme we

are promised, among many other attractions, "Magical effect^s by Bland," one of which will no doubt turn out to be a balance on the right side at the treasury, for whoever is able to make the St. James's pay will prove a conjuror indeed.

At the Strand there is, of course, such a flourishing business, that such modest announcements as "glorious burlesque," "secure your seats," "crowded nightly," are only what we can reasonably expect from the management.

The Globe says little of Mr. Robertson's "new" comedy of *Les Ganaches* (Progress), but falls back upon his "immensely successful comic drama," to witness which it is a satisfaction to be assured "places can be secured at all the libraries."

At the Holborn, the new comedy of *Plain English*, another adaptation from the French, is, we are told, "received nightly with genuine and hearty applause," a fact which, though satisfactory to Mr. Barry Sullivan, can hardly be said to be encouraging to the well-wishers of the national British drama.

At the New Royalty, *Success*, like the King, never dies, and if anyone should doubt the happy phenomenon, he had better refer to the theatrical advertising column of every London paper for the last four years.

The Gaiety, though impressive in the number of its announcements, is quiet enough in detail. Beyond stating that the "Formosa Song, Colney Hatch, Break-down Pantomime, 'Rally,' and Lurliety of the Future" are "great" successes, it has very little music to give us on its own trumpet.

The Queen's, on the contrary, is an able performer on that instrument. In the "Turn of the Tide" it unhesitatingly claims the "success of the season."

Of the receipts, past, present, and future, of the above-named establishments, we, of course, can venture nothing ; but we are a little surprised and pained to note the unobtrusive strain in which the Prince of Wales's recommends its own bill of fare. When "immense" hits are being made on all sides of the little Tottenham Theatre, *School* has nothing to say for itself beyond that it begins at a quarter to eight. Does this very unexaggerated tone mean that Miss Marie Wilton can afford to avoid puff, and rest contented on the fact that money is really being turned away from the doors nightly? We strongly suspect it does. Taking, therefore, a rapid survey of the good things the theatres have to say about themselves, we should be inclined to trust rather to few words than to many. The worst entertainment we ever sat out in our lives was announced as a "gigantic panorama of the far West," embracing a tract of country "four thousand English miles from North to South." Two clowns, a fat woman, and a brass band, ushered us in ; but the "four thousand English miles" were got into eleven yards of canvas, and, though we protested urgently, we never got our money back !

A LESSON FROM THE GRAVE!

WE doubt whether the right moral of the Lord Justice Clerk's melancholy death has been perceived by many people. It is easy to make sardonic jests, and to calculate how thin the benches of the present House of Commons would be if the fact of having been indirectly concerned in bribery or some other form of corruption were sufficient to drive every man to suicide. But it seems to us that this tragic event should teach us to reflect how few men ever seriously weigh the consequence of their actions, or look at questions right and wrong by the pure light of simple morality, and not by the false light of the world's judgment, or the deceitful flicker of expediency. Lord Justice Patton's mind might have been undisturbed by any self-reproach, had not the searching investigations and the severe censures of the Bribery Commissions now sitting placed corruption before the searching rays of truth and honesty. A conscientious nature such as his could not bear the idea of being suspected of any connection with what now was shown to be so dishonest and mean ; a soul which abhorred wrong-doing shrunk in horror from the possible disgrace of being proved guilty of political immorality. We may be quite wrong in our conjecture, and we would not wish to intrude upon the sanctity of the grave in this case ; but if from this sad catastrophe we learn the importance of setting before the world the real nature and consequences of those actions, in which it refuses to see any harm, we shall have learnt a lesson that may spare us much future misery.



LONDON, OCTOBER 16, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE Rev. — Mackarness of —, the new Bishop of Oxford, should have been born a sailor, for he will be all at *See* in his new position. Does any one know who he is?

THE American crew complain that the Oxford four gave them "the wash" in the late race. In spite of this, they don't seem to have come out of the affair with clean hands.

A REPORT is gaining currency that Lieut-Colonel Thompson, who was supposed to be in command of the Volunteers in Belgium, was mistaken by more than one of the Belgians for a soldier. We fear this pleasing and harmless *on dit* will prove to be a *canard*.

THIS is an age of progress and of wonderful inventions. In a paper published on Saturday morning appeared an announcement of the great success of the new drama at the Adelphi, which was not produced till that night. This beats the telegraph. Mr. Webster has been till lately rather behind the age. He now seems determined to get the start of time.

WE understand that Doctor Cumming is about to receive a Cardinal's hat for his services rendered to the Roman Catholic Church by his work entitled the "Hammersmith Discussion," which, from recent statistics, it appears has ^{con-}verted thousands of Protestants to Romanism. The learned Presbyter (who is still taking in his coals by the scuttle), has fixed the end of the world for November the 5th, having refused, finally, to make any arrangements for the holding of the Pope's Council.

A REPORT is current, although we do not wish to assert that there is the least truth in it, to the effect that the First Lord of the Admiralty, in strict adherence to those principles of economy which so characterize his administration, proposes, in the interest of the public service, to relinquish his official residence at Whitehall, in order to afford greater room for the Admiralty clerical staff. If this magnanimous move on the part of Mr. Childers is agreed to by the powers that be, it will probably be accompanied by a snug *douceur* in the shape of compensation. This, again, might be economically applied in keeping up the First Lord's state and dignity at South Kensington. How pleasant it is to be able to feel that there is at least one conscientious member of the present Cabinet!

MR. WESTROPP has a very delicate conscience, which does not admit of his telling anything but the exact truth. He admitted before the Bridgewater Election Commission, having provided £500 for the purposes of bribery, and when accused by the Commissioners of having sworn before the Committee of the House of Commons, on his oath, and on his honour as a gentleman, that he had not expended a single penny in bribing, or beyond the legal expenses, he naively replied, "I did not expend it—other persons expended it." We are afraid the Commissioners hardly appreciated Mr. Westropp's simplicity.

It is good that men should be brought face to face with the fact that perjury and falsehood are perjury and falsehood, even when only uttered in defence of such a respectable institution as Electoral Corruption.

PATRONAGE AT A PREMIUM.

IN consequence of the great success which has attended the appointment of the Rector of Honiton to the Bishopric of Oxford (the sole grounds for his selection having been that he had married somebody's sister and was a personal friend of Mr. Gladstone's), we understand that the Premier contemplates making the following appointments as vacancies occur in the offices below mentioned:—

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.—The Rev. Mr. Smith, second cousin of Mr. Gladstone's footman's mother-in-law.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY.—Private Jones of the 199th Regiment, eldest son of Mr. Gladstone's greengrocer.

MASTER OF THE HORSE.—Master Brown, crossing-sweeper and contractor for odd jobs in ordinary at Carlton terrace.

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.—Captain Robinson of "Citizen," A I X X, the steamer which was to have conveyed Mr. Gladstone and his party to Greenwich this year—but did not. As a slight compensation for the disappointment.

If the present Cabinet is not proving itself truly liberal in the widest sense of the term, we should like to know how much further liberalism can go. Perhaps we shall yet see.

MEMS. OF THE MINISTRY.

MR. BRIGHT has just discovered that the Board of Trade, over which he presides so ably, unlike the heads of some of his subordinates, is *not* made of wood. By next session he hopes to know as much about his duties as his junior clerk. Here is progress with a vengeance!

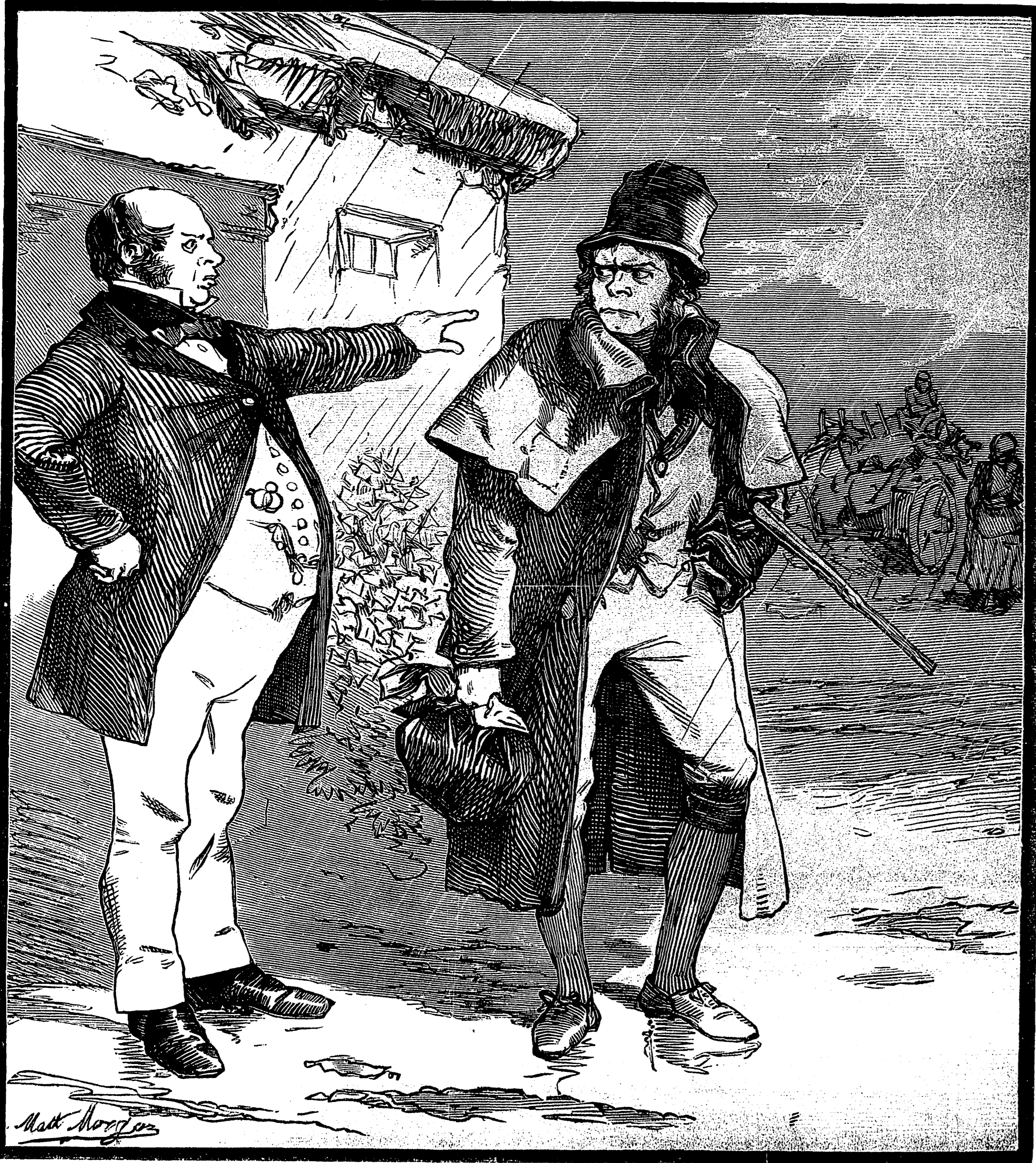
It will surprise our readers to learn that Mr. Childers, the First Lord of the Admiralty, was none the worse for his stormy passage. Some of his colleagues were not quite so fortunate. In derision of their misfortunes, he has adopted for his motto, "Sic vos non nobis," which he elegantly translates, "You were ill, but I was not." This pleasing anecdote shows how a residence at the Antipodes improves our Latin and our manners.

Mr. Cardwell is about to give permission to our soldiers to wear their beards. After this, we may expect to see him some day plucking up courage to beard H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief.

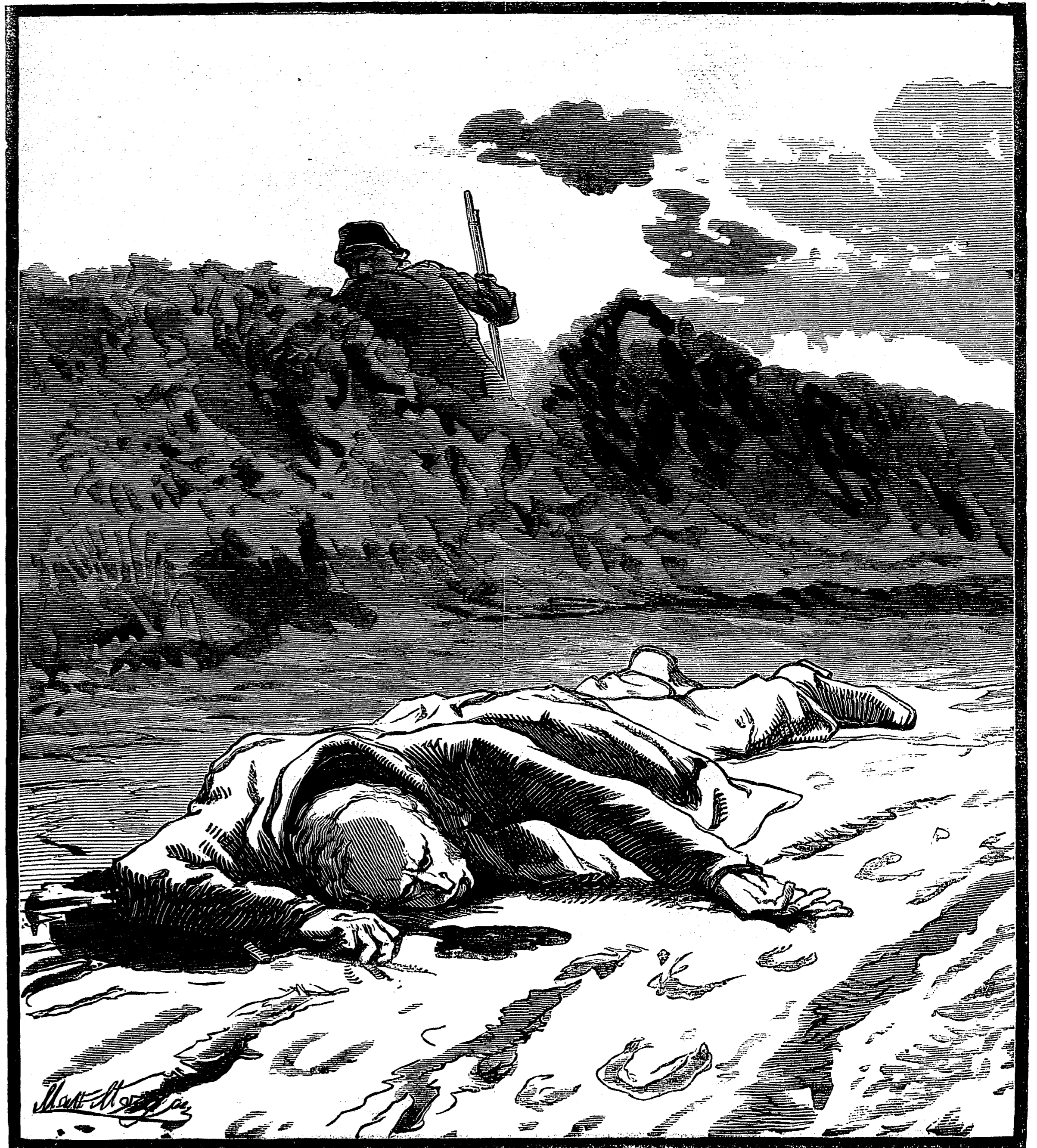
AN ERIN FOR BRITAIN!

EVERYBODY knows that in Ireland the law is the most oppressive engine of tyranny and injustice that was ever devised. There are no blemishes to speak of in the laws of England. It is only in Ireland that the poor tenant spends his money on improvements of which the wicked landlord gets all the profit. Here is a dreadful case: A. B. takes a house on a lease for two and a half years. On the implied assurance of a renewal for fifteen years, he expends two hundred pounds in necessary repairs. He plants the garden with sixty pounds' worth of rare shrubs. The extension of the lease, however, is not completed in A. B.'s lifetime. The landlord claims possession at the end of the two and a half years, and A. B.'s heirs and executors have to give up all the two hundred pounds' worth of improvements, and as for the sixty pounds' worth of shrubs, they cannot move one at their peril. Of course, this happened in Ireland? No, strange to say, it is what may happen any day, and does very often, in England—that brutal country which gives poor oppressed Ireland laws so different from its own. There are writers and statesmen, as they call themselves, eager to give tenant farmers of Ireland practical possession of the landlords' property, while they will not hear of such a measure as a uniform poor-rate in England, or a tax for education. Oh no! these measures would be an unwarrantable interference, with private right!





THE BEGINNING.



THE END.

CAUSE AND EFFECT!
 THE IRISH AND QUESTION.



THE NATION.

No. II.—Mr. Pulp, the Doctor.

v.

IT may be readily conceived what a sensation was caused by the magistrate's sentence upon the notorious, the popular, the daring, the terrific Jack Pulp. The most celebrated practitioner in the Borough Police Court was immediately instructed to make an appeal to the iron-hearted magistrate to remit his sentence, and impose a fine instead. The celebrated practitioner in question did make an appeal. The four walls of the court had never heard such an eloquent speech as he had then declaimed. He had pointed out to the magistrate the position of the defendant, a young and rising man, the hope of his aged parents, aspiring to take a position in the ranks of an honourable profession! Preparing himself, by diligent study and earnest application, to become a distinguished member of that profession! Winning the esteem of his tutors, the gratitude of the patients, and the admiration and friendship of his fellow-students! "Look at him at the lectures!" cried the orator. "There he is always at his post, sedulously taking notes, and mentally drinking in every word uttered by the distinguished lecturer, whether he is lecturing upon Anatomy or Physiology, or Botany or *Materia Medica*! Look at him again in the hospital wards, listening with deep attention to the clinical lectures, and watching with intense but tender interest the practical explanations of the peculiarities of the 'cases' brought under his notice! Or see him in the dissecting-room, with anxious care written on his countenance, 'cutting for nerves!' And then, in the quiet evenings, to contemplate him in the solitude of his rooms, deep in the study of his Cooper, or thirsting to acquire the contents of his Wood! Is this a man," continued the celebrated practitioner, "to be condemned to associate with the most degraded of malefactors for a comparatively paltry offence, committed without premeditation, but in the spontaneous outburst of a joyous spirit inherent to youth? Is such a man's future to be destroyed? Are his abilities to be lost to the country? For can it be doubted but that this stigma upon his hitherto unblemished character will cling to him to the latest day of his life? He goes into prison a happy, thoughtless youth, possessed of all the generous instincts peculiar to his age—proud and independent. Will he not return from his punishment a broken-hearted man, callous and indifferent, soured in his nature, and his fresh young blood transformed to bitter gall!"

What applause had followed the conclusion of the lawyer's speech! The students present were overcome to a man. Trodds, a young gentleman possessed of two black eyes, was observed to burst into tears upon the spot; and Sloper, another young gentleman, of a sympathetic nature, was compelled instantly to leave the court to refresh himself with what he called "a couple of drains," to save himself from fainting straight off.

The magistrate's reply was short and sharp. He congratulated the celebrated practitioner upon his eloquent address. Unfortunately, the evidence was strongly against the prisoner. It was also shown that the career of Mr. Pulp had been, during nearly the whole of the time he had been at the hospital, one of violence and dissipation. However much he might have proved himself to be a respectable student when engaged in his studies, his proceedings from a public point of view, and when out of doors, had been a disgrace to the district. From the evidence of the police it had been proved conclusively to him—the worthy magistrate—that it was owing to Mr. Pulp's invention and exertions that the whole of the door-knockers had disappeared in one night from the doors of an adjoining square. It was also due to Mr. Pulp that the false alarm of "Fire!" was so continuously being spread in the streets of the neighbourhood, and that, acting upon the alarm so created, he and his associates had three times broken open the shed where the parish engine was usually kept, and had carried that useful property bodily away to the places where the fire was supposed to be taking place, and having by false representations induced the turncock to turn the water on, had pumped cataracts of water into the unharmed houses, upon the unconscious sleepers. These circumstances alone would justify him in the course he intended to pursue, to say nothing of the robberies which were perpetually taking place in the Causeway and the Borough, of the great tea-pots by which the tea-grocers were accustomed to advertise their business. It was not decent that such articles should invariably be removed in the night, and that their worthy

owners should find their property in the morning being dragged about the Borough by troops of disorderly youths. Then the charges as to cock-crowing, fighting, and general dissolute conduct were innumerable. He had heard often of Mr. Pulp. He was now before him for the first time, and he was determined he would not let him go. The sentence would not in any way be remitted. Mr. Pulp would have to undergo the incarceration; and he trusted that it would be a caution to his companions that it was not consistent with the proper discharge of their duties as candidates for admission to the most honourable of professions, that they should render themselves, by their conduct socially, a curse and a terror to their fellow citizens.

VI.

The only man who was totally unaffected by the decision was Mr. John Pulp himself. He descended from the dock with a light and cheerful step, as if he had been a hardened criminal, and was prepared to do any number of sentences "upon his head." He spoke to the officers who had him in custody in a light and easy style. He rubbed his hands through his hair, and congratulated himself that he had recently had it cut. He told his gaoler that he was not looking well, diagnosed him in a second as being upon the brink of a severe jaundice, and prescribed for him there and then, to that gentleman's extreme wonderment and gratitude. He was allowed to shake hands with a few of his friends before entering Her Majesty's special omnibus.

"Don't be cast down, Sloper," he said to his friend, "I shall have an opportunity of studying the influences of prison diet upon the system. That's something to know, old boy. Besides, there's the hard labour. I shall find out what the human frame is capable of enduring. It will be an interesting experience, and, as our lecturers tell us, there is nothing like personally experiencing what you may have afterwards to treat. A doctor, you recollect, is a cosmopolitan, and it will be hard if I do not acquire something worth knowing. Walking the prisons for a month, my dear Sloper, would afford us all important information, and do us all no end of good."

VII.

He was a choleric and sentimental old gentleman was Mr. Jabez Pulp, the father of Jack, and when he discovered that his son was incarcerated, he was both furious and lachrymose. He ascertained where his boy was located some fortnight after the event had taken place. He raved and stormed one minute and he cried like a child the next. He cursed the hour Jack had been born with one breath, and he lamented in agonizing tones the pain and degradation his poor noble boy was suffering with the next. He rushed off to the prison. In due course Jack was presented to him, standing behind the iron bars, which separated them from all immediate contact, and certainly looking for a prisoner a very favourable picture of contentment and satisfaction. The old gentleman was loud in his reproaches. It would be his death. All his hopes were destroyed. All his schemes for his son's progress in the world were blown to the winds. What was the use of the education he had given him? All his solicitude was rewarded by seeing him there in a criminal prison. No other fate was in store for his unfortunate son but the gallows!

Jack Pulp listened very quietly to his father, and then said: "Don't be out of spirits, father. There is a splendid case in the infirmary I'm attending to. They've put me on to assist the doctor here. It's a dying prisoner. I'm looking after him, and I think I may bring him round. By George, I'm not losing my time here!"

At this old Jabez cried bitterly, and tried, by thrusting his arm through the bars, to grasp his son's hand; but this, in consequence of the intervening space, was impossible; and then, after much more conversation of a varied character, the turnkey announced "Time's up," and Jack was removed, and old Jabez went away sobbing and groaning.

"He's a reckless fellow," murmured old Jabez; "but he's a good fellow for all that, he is devoted to his profession, and I'll stick to him to the last."

VIII.

The month was up and Jack Pulp came out! He seemed sorry to do so. The students met him at the gate. They put him in a cab. It was one of a procession of cabs. Half the students of his hospital appeared to have come to witness his release.

They conducted him in triumph to the Borough. Sloper played the cornet all the way. They toasted him. They feasted him. They wanted to fatten him to his original weight there and then. They examined him closely as to what he had been made to do, and how they had treated him. They gave three cheers for the governor who had been kind to him, and three cheers for the doctor who had put him in the infirmary. There never was such a night; but during all of it Jack was very quiet, and when the party broke up, he was heard to mutter, "I should have liked to have stopped another week to watch that prisoner and find him thoroughly recovered!"

(To be continued. Commenced in No. 127.)

SHAKESPEARE À LA FRANÇAIS.

THE literary world of England and France has been recently excited by the publication of some letters said to have been written by the Bard of Avon to a friend in France. M. Chasles, who has had the pleasure of introducing these valuable epistles to the learned of both countries, is not the only man who has in his possession letters written in the French tongue by the great English dramatist. In point of fact, TOMAHAWK himself possesses a document which is certainly as much the production of Shakespeare as those exhibited by M. Chasles—perhaps "more so." It is written on foolscap paper, and is addressed to the great Voltaire, who was scarcely more than a young man (if, some say, so much) when Shakespeare died. Without further preface, TOMAHAWK gives the letter, which evidently was written on a matter of business.

*Théâtre du Globe, près le Strand, Londres,
Dimanche.*

MON CHER MONSOO,

Je suis enchanté d'entendre que vous êtes bien, comme celui-ci me partera à présent. Vous me dire que vous désirez beaucoup de traduire mon drame en sept actes et quatorze tableaux, *Hamlet*, en Français? Eh bien, vous pouvez, mais, s'il vous plaît, fait la chose un affaire du "business." C'était un grand succès en Londres, et c'est bien possible qu'il sera un grand succès en Paris.

De vous voir que c'est joli je traduis pour vous un de principaux tableaux, de vous expliqué que le drame est très bon. Je mettre au coté de mon Français l'original en Anglais. Vous comprenez. Le voici:—

EN FRANÇAIS.

TABLEAU V.—*Encore un pars du platform, un peu plus remoté.*

Entrent Hamlet et M. Le Spectre.

Ham. Eh bien, ou voulez vous m'envoyer? Parlez! Je resterai ici.

M. Le Spectre. Faites un marque sur moi.

Ham. Eh bien. Je serai!

M. Le Spectre. Mon heure est veni mais un peu

Quand moi aux feux de sulphur et des feux bien desagréable

Me rendre moi meme!

Ham. Ala! Pauvre M. le Spectre!

M. Le Spectre. Ne me pitiez pas! Mais donnez moi

Votre entendant serieux

A quoi je enfolderai.

Ham. Parlez! C'est necessaire

pour moi d'attendre.

M. Le Spectre. Et aussi de revengé quand vous avez entendez!

Ham. Quoi?

M. Le Spectre. Monsoo, je suis le spectre de M. votre père!

C'est necessaire pour moi de marche sur la nuit pour un temps certain.

Et pour le jour de monge rien dans les feux

EN ANGLAIS.

SCENE V.—*A more remote Part of the Platform.*

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames

Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not; but lend thy serious hearing To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit, Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,

And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,

Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,

EN FRANÇAIS.

Pour les crimes tres desagréables fait dans mes jours du nature Sont brouillent par tous! Mais que c'est defendu

De parler des secrets de la maison du mon prison

C'est possible dire un narrative— la mot de qui plus illuminé

Faites votre sole — au gratin! glazé votre jeune sange;

Faites vos deux eux, commes les etoilles — startent de ces spheres.

Votre cheveux qui ne sont pas brushé partir au centre,

Et chaque montez en perpendiculer comme—

Mon Dieu, comme les plumes du porcupine malade.

Mais ce blazon eternal ne sera pas

Aux hommes de flesh et sang. En bataille! En bataille!

Si vous aimez votre père comme ce—vous comprenez.

Ham. Mon Dieu, Monsoo!

M. Le Spectre. Revengez, s'il vous plais, son assassination bien desagréable.

Ham. Assassination! Monsoo!

M. Le Spectre. Oui, Monsoo— Assassination — comme un poulet—vous comprennery.

Mais celui est bien comme un poulet, etrange et pas natural!

Ham. Eh bien, continuez Monsoo, que moi avec des wings bien vite

Comme meditation ou les pensées de l'amour

Sweepery au mon vengeance.

M. Le Spectre. C'est bon, Monsoo. Je trouve que vous etes gentil

Et plus triste c'est bonne pour vous etes comme le weed bien gross

Qui rotté lui meme avec du confort sur "Lethe warf,"

Ne voulez vous stirrez dans cela —eh bien—Monsoo Hamlet, entendez:

Ils dirent quand je dorme dans mon orchard

Un serpent me stingez — Vous voyez ils dirent en Danemark

Mais ce n'est pas vrais—c'est un proces forgé.

Ah, Mon Dieu! Mais connez vous, brave garçon,

Le serpent qui stingez le vie de M. votre père

A present a son couronne.

Ham. Oh mon sole au gratin prophetique — c'est Monsoo mon oncle!

Que pensez-vous de c'la, Monsoo Voltaire? C'est joli, n'est pas? Mais il y'a beaucoup de chose comme c'la dans mon piece qui est aussi bon. Aussi j'ai encore un piece j'aime comme "Hamlet," c'est nommé "Othello." Si "Hamlet" est un succes en Paris nous jouerons "Othello" aussi — n'est pas, Monsoo Voltaire?

Credez vous, Tres veritablement votres,

"L'IMMORTAL VILLIAM,"

alias

BILLY SHAKESPEARE.

P.S.—J'espere que vous aimez mon Français—c'est tres bon —n'est pas? Il me coute deux shillings par leçon. J'ai eu six leçons!

EN ANGLAIS.

Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;

Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,

And each particular hair to stand on end,

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:

But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unaatural murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;

But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it,

that I, with wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,

May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed

That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,

Wouldst thou not stir in this.

Now, Hamlet, hear;

'Tis given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,

A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,

The serpent that did sting thy father's life

Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul!

my uncle!

OUR BOOKMARKER.

Walter Savage Landor: a Biography. By John Forster. London: Chapman and Hall, 1869.

MR. FORSTER has added to the heavy obligations under which he has placed mankind by this, another of his delightful biographies. The same affection that we feel for the painter or sculptor who preserves for us the features of some dead hero whom we honoured and revered, do we feel for the biographer who gives to those who could otherwise only know the writer through his works, the privileges and joy of a personal friendship with the man himself. Mr. Forster has indeed been fortunate in having indissolubly connected with his own the names of two such very different writers and men as Oliver Goldsmith and Walter Savage Landor. For he thus obtains a fixed seat in the hearts of nearly all who read at all. Landor may be known to but a few in the reading world; but by those few he is admired passionately; while it would be difficult to name a book more universally popular in the widest sense of the term, than Oliver Goldsmith. We cannot help believing that Mr. Forster's noble and honourable biography of his friend will do something towards making Landor's works more widely known, at least, in his native country. If there are any cultivated intellects left among the young men of the day, they can hardly find a richer or grander treasure-house of intellectual gems than in the "Imaginary Conversations;" and we may add in the Tragedies of Landor, of both of which Mr. Forster gives as many such specimens as make us long to hunt for more ourselves.

Recent circumstances have given to us a more hearty appreciation of Mr. Forster's biography than its inherent merits would, at any time, secure for it. No greater contrast can be found to the filthy garbage which has been shamelessly dug out of the grave and flung in our faces in the name of friendship than this temperate, dignified, and delicate biography of a man whose life and character perhaps more than any other great man that ever lived, offered strong temptation to the lover of scandal. We should not like to read Landor's biography written with all the pains and moral reflections, and sensational gasps and upturnings of yellow eyes to Heaven which a female friend might have found leisure or taste to bestow on it. Happy indeed is the man who has such a friend as Mr. Forster to write his life! While admitting Landor's faults, he never swerves from the noble fidelity of a true friend. To a loving warm heart he joins that perfect discrimination and delicate taste which keep him alike from the fault of over-extolling his friend's good points or from ignoring altogether his weak points. We can imagine Landor reading his own biography, as written by Mr. Forster without finding any fault with the writer of it. With the subject of it we hope his noble spirit softened by reflection would find much fault.

We had better get over the unpleasant part of our task at once. The strong love and admiration which we feel for the character of Walter Savage Landor, makes it more incumbent on us not to gloss over its defects. It was no duty of Mr. Forster's to speak too harshly of his friend's private life. But we may be less merciful, and, as a warning to others of like temperament, point out into what cruel and ungenerous, we had almost said mean acts, Landor's exaggerated sense of self-importance led him. Generous, warm-hearted, he was if ever man was, yet for what paltry reasons did he quarrel with friends, in many cases without ever being reconciled to them, and inflict on others most foul wrong! If he was sensitive himself, he should have been less prone to pain the feelings of others. But the worst blemish in Landor's character, to which Mr. Forster seems blind, is, his utter lack of that essential of a true gentleman—the eagerness to make every reparation in his power when he has, under a misapprehension, done any one an injustice. Landor lived to retract his paltry depreciation of Byron, which he caught, let us charitably suppose, from that bland egotist Wordsworth, and from Southey, who certainly had good cause to hate Byron. But if we consider the account of his quarrel with Stuart, the British Envoy of Corunna, what bitter shame we feel, that having assailed him on such ridiculously inadequate grounds, Landor lacked the true courage to express in generous terms his deep regret! But the idea never seems to have entered his head, that he himself had, by his culpable impatience and unfounded abuse of Stuart, done his own character most grievous wrong, for which nothing but self-humiliation could atone. A passionate hasty temper is a grievous curse to

a man of generous nature and tender feelings; to such an one the very idea of having unjustifiably inflicted pain on another's feelings is an intolerable anguish; and, however great the pang may be to his pride, his mind can know no true ease till he has freely and boldly apologised for his error. But we look in vain for any sign of this redeeming feature in the irritable self-consciousness of Landor; an offence ever so small against his own mighty self was what he found it imperative to resent but never to forgive.

Mr. Forster has written the history of Landor's unhappy married life with great delicacy and wise reticence. But here we see the same fault, here it almost amounts to a crime. We may be wrong, but we hold that nothing, except utter infidelity of heart and body, justifies a man in deserting his wife and children; we do not use the word "desert" in its legal sense. It is a father's duty to watch over his children, the more so if there are faults of temper in the mother which he finds it hard to bear. If ever there was a man whose longsuffering towards a wife should have known no bounds in this life, it was Landor. We read with pain and indignation, nay, with bitter humiliation to see a noble nature so degraded, the account of his separation from his wife and children. However gross the provocation, no mere words could have justified such a step, especially in one so prone to err with his tongue, as Landor. But no; his god, his self, was treated with disrespect, and he wilfully abandoned all the duties and responsibilities of a father, and retained but the barren love. Of what use was that? Forbearance is the great lesson that such a life teaches us; we can none of us, however good we be, have too much of it. We cannot be omnipotent or omniscient, but we can all of us be demigods, at least, in mercy.

But others, besides Landor's ownself, were to blame for this inordinate self-esteem. It was the natural result of the neglect and contempt with which his great intellectual powers were treated by those about him. It is a received maxim with many families to snub any member who may give proofs of genius. This is a very shortsighted policy. You cannot destroy the conscious sense of power that genius gives. Far wiser is it for all parents, brothers, sisters, friends, and schoolmasters, to encourage genius in self-cultivation by every means in their power, and to treat it with judicious appreciation and delicacy, not with extravagant adulation or narrow-minded disdain. No course of conduct is so likely to encourage inordinate self-esteem as the constant infliction of petty humiliations on those whose mental powers we feel to be above ours, but whose habits or mannerisms may make them an easy prey to ridicule and censoriousness.

We now come to the most grateful part of our work, the hearty expression of that admiration and love which we feel for Landor both as a writer and as a man. It may be allowed to us, who never had the privilege of knowing him in the delightful intercourse of private life, now that we have been brought face to face with him in Mr. Forster's book, to express in somewhat warm terms, our thorough sympathy with his noble hatred of injustice, and his nobler scorn of the pitiful pretences which pass current in the world for real virtues. It is impossible to read his gloriously fearless denunciations of the meannesses and pharisaisms of English society without wishing that it could have been our fortune and our pride to have had him for a fellow-workman in the cause which we have ever advocated. Alas! there are but very few men of Landor's honest vehemence now-a-days. It is well for him that he has passed away. He lived too long perhaps for his own happiness; but his frank and brave spirit would have chafed itself to death had he been doomed to live his youth over again in this age of flabby apathy and sneaking hypocrisy. It was something to have lived as he did in the noblest intellectual society that there has ever been in this world since the Elizabethan era. It was something to have had the genial unswerving friendship of such men as Southey, Hare, Lamb, Napier, Crabb Robinson, and we may add, last, not least, Charles Dickens and John Forster. He might well despise popularity when such men praised him from their minds, and hearts, and souls. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Shelley, and even Byron were among his worshippers. We have no names to fill the blanks now. We have poets—two of the finest, Browning and Swinburne, both knew and loved Landor. Browning, indeed, was one of the dearest friends of his later days. But the time for real literary friendship has, we fear, gone by. The canker of ennui and apathy begins to corrode the finest natures. They lack the energy to be really friends, in the noble sense of the word. Such society as met round Rogers's or Lady Blessington's table

is now impossible. Railway travelling, or something else, has done away with the genial mellow richness which characterized the intellectual intercourse of those days. One meets men to whose conversation it is delightful to listen, but you are never allowed to listen. There are too many Xanthias always present, who, getting uneasy as they see the speaker beginning to soar above their heads, and struck with a horrid alarm that their respectability and wealth, &c., &c., are not being duly worshipped, cry out—"This is all very well, but you are saying nothing about me." There is little generous admiration of one another now-a-days among authors. There are cliques, but there are not friendships. Were Virgil and Horace to come to life again now-a-days they would be thinking of nothing else but of how many editions the other had gone through, and whether Messrs. Longman or Chapman and Hall gave Horace more for an ode than Virgil got for an eclogue. Fame is turned banker now-a-days, and authors are judged not in Aristophanes' scales, but by their balance in the bank. Nobody would say thank you for a laurel crown now-a-days, unless it was capable of being converted into five shillings. We have hit on a melancholy subject, so we will leave it.

Of the exquisite grace of Landor's small poems, of the vivid power of his greater ones, of the grand rhythm, the rich conciseness, the intellectual imagery, and the thoughtful unwordy eloquence of his prose writings, we can only speak here—we will not attempt to illustrate them. No man ever combined so much acquired knowledge with so much originality, unless it be Bacon or Shakespeare. He has all the pregnancy of that *divine* Fuller without his affectation. Landor's works are full of the most exquisite odours of the past. He was a scholar, but never a pedant. His work had all the grandeur, all the supple grace, all the mellow roundness of a beautiful antique statue, but it was wrought in dazzling marble brought from his own quarries, which no other man could enter. It seemed as if he was a curious and novel instance of the doctrine of metempsychosis. His intellect would seem to have lived from the age of Homer to his own time without any interruption from death. Never again can we hope to see a mind so boundless united to an enthusiasm which never faded, to an energy which never tired.

EMPTY COMPLIMENTS.

ON the occasion of the visit of the Crown Prince of Prussia to Vienna, on his way to the East, which took place last week, one of the principal features in the festivities was a grand review of the Austrian army in the presence of the Emperor and his royal guest. The Emperor, the report goes on to inform us, wore the uniform of the colonel of a Prussian regiment, while the Crown Prince was dressed as an officer holding a similar rank in the Austrian service. Now, we are only too glad to observe any signs of the restoration of a good understanding between North and South Germany; but this masquerading in each other's clothes on the part of the Austrian Emperor and the Prussian Prince is surely carrying protestation to an absurdity. When the Prince of Wales goes to Paris he does not thrust himself into the uniform of the National Guard, nor does the Emperor of the French welcome him attired in the uniform of the Honourable Artillery Company; yet the *entente cordiale* between ourselves and our neighbours is none the less sincere on this account. We fear the Austrian monarch is something like his prototype in *Hamlet*—he protests too much.

IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE!

WHETHER the unhappy man who met his death last week by the overturning of a cab was really "Colonel Kelly," or simply one Edward Martin, a hardworking and honest compositor, will probably be never clearly ascertained; but, under any circumstances, let us protest in the strongest terms against the gross and brutal cowardice on the part of the police in having stripped the deceased and examined his body for purposes of identification while he lay helpless with a protruding brain on a bed in King's College Hospital. Nothing can justify the step. If the man was really the renowned Fenian, who, in his time, had given so much trouble to our intelligent detectives, such unseemly haste in making sure of their catch was quite unneces-

sary. From the first there was little chance of the accident having any but a fatal termination, and however guilty the supposed Fenian might have been proved to be, it was evidently not the prison van that was destined to carry him from where he lay.

Surely the police are getting worse and worse. While they were simply bullies we could only sympathize with their victims, and express our impatience that such things should be; but now that they are proving themselves coarse and cowardly man-butchers, we lose our temper, and call, not on Colonel Henderson, but on the nation itself to interfere, and prevent the recurrence of revolting deeds such as that which polluted the ward of King's College Hospital a few days ago.

CHEATING THE GALLOWS.

THE popular objection to capital punishment is gaining ground in America. A black woman was a short time ago sentenced to death in Georgia for murdering children at twelve and sixpence a head; but as, during her incarceration prior to her trial, she learnt to repeat the Church Catechism by heart, she has had her sentence commuted to penal servitude for life. The American newspapers, to do them justice, are clamorous for her immediate execution, and declare that she has only aggravated her crime; but their voices have not prevailed, and the murderer has been put back to complete her religious education. We have heard a good deal of "extenuating circumstances" lately, and it would be a good thing if somebody would define them. Surely, cant and humbug should not be included in the list.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THERE dwells a race of men beyond the seas,
Mighty in peace and war, well known to fame,
Whose worst defect, which mars their power to please,
Is writ here, interwoven with their name.

1.

Hail! Nature's noblest gift,
When joined with ruddy health,
More precious far than power,
Than glory, or than wealth.

2.

Hail! Queen of purity,
Like gold without alloy;
Taming the lion's rage,
Ride on in peace and joy.

3.

A leper of the East
Appears upon the scene;
Lo! in the healing wave
He washes, and is clean.

4.

Next from the dreary Steppes,
Pours down a Tartar horde,
Mounted on swiftest steeds,
And armed with lance and sword.

5.

But next o'er peaceful strife
Is he who calm presides,
Weighs each conflicting claim,
And firm, but just, decides.

6.

Last, but of all most dear
Whom poets celebrate,
See one arise, and smile,
And all my song dictate.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.—Byron—Stowe.
ANSWERS have been received from A Harmless Idiot, Bertha Samuel E. Thomas, Corbleu, and Tot, and three hundred and twenty-seven incorrect.