

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 144.]

LONDON, FEBRUARY 5. 1870.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

TO THE RESCUE.

No one can accuse TOMAHAWK of partiality towards Napoleon, by the Grace of the Army and the *coup d'état*, Emperor of the French. Many have been the times that the Child of the Prairie has levelled his weapon at the Monarch on the other side of the water. He has done so because he has regarded that Monarch as an usurper and a tyrant, because he has remembered the grape-juice of '51, and the grape-shot of '52. The champagne for the troops, and the bullets for the people. Power that is worth its weight in blood must be jealously watched, hence has it been that TOMAHAWK has been numbered among the bitter enemies of Napoleon the Second and a Half (the King of Rome was not more than half a man—if so much). Still, moderation is a virtue, and the Noble Savage declares, once and for all, he is no "Irreconcilable." He will praise Napoleon for his good deeds as quickly as he will revile him for his bad. And as it happens of late the French Emperor has been particularly worthy of applause.

At a time when Napoleon is giving France her liberty, and rendering her more than ever worthy to be a neighbour of dear old England, a clique of men have risen with hatred in their hearts, and lies on their lips. Men who will stop at nothing short of their own paltry aggrandisement, their own miserable glorification. These grasping ungenerous intriguers forget that their accession to power would be as ridiculous in the eyes of the world as the sight of a skunk decked in jewels—as disastrous as a pauper madman armed with absolute authority. TOMAHAWK contrasts the two parties, let the public decide between them.

First take Napoleon, far nobler in name, and infinitely nobler in character than his paltry opponents. Forgive the *coup d'état*—and much is forgiven to success and the Second Empire has been very successful—and with what crimes can he be blamed? Can we in England blame him for being our firm ally and fast friend? Can we blame him for fighting side by side with us against the Russians, the Chinese, and the Mexicans? Can we blame him for tying the two nations in a true lover's knot with that best of bonds, commerce, and £ s. d.? Can we blame him for his loyalty to our interests, for his love to our institutions? At the time that he took the reins of power into his own hands a war with England would have been one of the most popular measures for the French. They were jealous of our prosperity, they hated us for our peace, they loathed us for our creed, for when Christians do fall out their animosity is (as of course it should be) simply diabolical. Napoleon had

come to the throne on the strength of a name—a name inseparably associated with war and hatred of the English. Surely the temptation was great. Waterloo had to be avenged—had not the man arrived who had the best claim to play the part of avenger? And what did Napoleon do at this crisis? Why, wrote himself down our firmest friend, instead of proclaiming himself the bitterest of our enemies! Shall England then blame him for his loyalty? And what right has France to blame him? What was her condition twenty years ago? What is her position now? She was emphatically in 1848 a second-rate power. Humbled to the dust in 1815, she had never recovered her lost status. Her king was a puppet in the hands of unwise ministers, her power a farce, her very name a mockery. When the Prince de Joinville blustered about an invasion of England, we didn't arm—we didn't dry our powder—we had not the time; every spare moment was given up to laughter! And now, if an invasion were talked of, we should not tremble, but we should grind our swords in lieu of cracking jokes! When Napoleon came to the throne, France had scarcely any commerce; now she rivals England in her trade. When Napoleon came to the throne there was no Government in France worthy of the name of rule; now she is as free and as well governed as her British Sister. Napoleon is a great ruler, an able author, a successful general. It is not flattery to say that he is the first man of his time.

And who are his enemies? and what are their acts? Nameless scribblers, who find food for slander in lies—food for malice in the pure life of a good and noble lady. Nothing is too base for their use. Let the weapon be sharp, and poisoned, and they care nothing for the dirt upon the handle. Ungenerous as cowardly reptiles attacking children, they give no quarter to the weak—know no courage in the face of the strong. Contrast Napoleon at Solferino and Rochefort in the Champs Elysées, the first facing the shells and swords of the best army in the world, the other turning pale, and "fainting," at the sight of a handful of police—the first supported by an inferior force to that opposed to him, the other shivering at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand men!

And it is "warriors" like Rochefort who would overthrow the greatest Empire in Europe!—taking advantage of the meanest accidents—making trade of the sins of others to pull down their master (in every sense of the word) from his throne!—"warriors" who sell their religion for the applause of a score of free-thinkers, and are overcome with a fainting fit at the sight of a bare sword!

TOMAHAWK has never been the friend of Napoleon ; but when he sees his old enemy attacked by such opponents as these, honour calls him to the rescue.

A SMALL CAUSE—VERY!

WE cannot be surprised that people complain that law business is in arrear, and that important interests suffer by the time of the Courts being taken up for days together in the settlement of trivial disputes and personal quarrels, when we read the report of a recent case in the Rolls Court. An action was brought by Captain Tempest, who is a tenant for life, under the will of the late Lord Camoys, of five-eighths of the residuary interest in his estates—claiming a right to shoot over the demesne attached to the family mansion at Broughton. It appears that the gallant Captain and the trustees have not pulled well together, and there have been disputes innumerable as to the appointment of new trustees, the letting of the mansion, and other matters relating to the estate. The question, though, under dispute last week arose under the following circumstances:—The trustees have power to lease the mansion, Broughton Hall, with the right of sporting over the demesne ; but after having got rid of £200 in advertising, they have failed as yet to secure a suitable tenant. Under these circumstances, Captain Tempest desired to shoot the covers (which are merely preserved for the benefit of the poachers of the neighbourhood) and gave notice of his intention to the trustees. The trustees thereon informed him that any application for permission to shoot would be favourably received and probably acceded to by them as an act of courtesy ; but that if he claimed the shooting as a right he would be forcibly ejected from the ground. Captain Tempest refused to ask a favour, and preferred to go to law. Several eminent counsel were employed on both sides, and the case had taken up the best part of the day when Lord Romilly gave judgment. After having expatiated on the undesirability of family rows, threats of force, and pig-headedness of young men, he pointed out that, as the trustees could, if they liked, let the house, shooting and all, to a cottager at half-a-crown a week, the trustees had the law on their side ; but, as on the other hand, the shooting season was just over, the summons might be withdrawn, and the matter be allowed to drop. So the case ended. Of course, if people like to take their quarrels into a law court, and pay for the luxury, in a free country they have a perfect right to do so. But if such cases as this often occur—and they do pretty often—it would be as well to have a court set aside for the settlement of the disputes. That such absurd bickerings should be allowed to obstruct the real business of term is unfair, not only to suitors and plaintiffs, but the bar and judges themselves. We shall hail, therefore, the establishment of "A Court for the Consideration of Twopenny-halfpenny Family Squabbles" as a real boon to the nation.

A TICKET FOR—CABS.

ONE of the principal features in the new Cab Regulations is, that the driver is bound, at the time of starting, to give the hirer a ticket stating the number of the cab, the owner's name and address, and a table of the fares. This is a very sensible and useful provision ; but we fear that the pig-headedness of the public will soon make it a dead letter. In Paris, as a matter of course on being engaged, the cabman at once offers the hirer a ticket which the latter accepts ; but in London, the chances are ten to one that the cabman will shirk offering the ticket as an unnecessary concession, and the hirer will not care to have it because it is an innovation with which, as an innovation, an Englishman has no sympathy. In point of fact, under the old law, the cabman was bound, under a penalty of forty shillings, to deliver a ticket to his fare ; but the cabmen and the public conspired together to set aside the clause of the Act. It is to be hoped that the same thing will not happen over again ; but unless it is clearly impressed on Londoners that it is to their interest to hold the cabmen strictly to the law, this will undoubtedly be the case. That stolid British persistency in inaction will overrule the passing idea that the regulation is for the public benefit, is only too probable ; but the result remains to be seen.

SOMETHING COURT FROM THE COURT!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TOMAHAWK."

Jan. 26th, 1870.

DEAR MISTER,—Having gained an improved (what you call it) digestion from the hearty laughter caused by your smartly-written pages, I feel bound in gratitude to try, in some way, to convey to you my good wishes ; I have, therefore, manufactured the following:—Why is a hot "Murphy" in the can of an itinerant potatoe merchant like Byron's "Manfred"—Act I?—Because its an in-can-tatur! (incantator).—Receive, Sare, my congratulations much extinguished,

CHRISTIAN.

ADMIRALTY FREE PASSAGES.

A CORRESPONDENT from the Flying Squadron, writing from Melbourne, after having described the warm reception the Colonists had accorded both officers and men, and the balls, parties, and pic-nics to which they had been invited, concludes his letter by announcing "Upwards of 150 stragglers will be left behind here when we sail to-morrow." We are certainly in favour of every liberty of going ashore being accorded to our sailors on their visits to foreign or colonial ports ; but if this amount of desertion happens at each place at which the Flying Squadron calls—and from the correspondent's manner of allusion to it, it seems to be no extraordinary occurrence—it would be better if more discretion were to be used in giving leave ashore. Perhaps at Melbourne it may have been that the attraction of the diggings was partially the cause of the large number of desertions. But it is really a serious business, after all the expense of bounty, training, and what not the nation has been put to in fitting men for service in sea-going ships, that the Flying Squadron should be utilised as the means of obtaining free passages to Her Majesty's several Colonies. If Mr. Childers could be induced to turn his attention from "reducing" junior clerks and subordinate dockyard officers at home, to matters appertaining to the Navy itself, it would be better for the service as well as for the unfortunate persons in whose destruction the First Lord seems to be too fully employed to be able to attend to his legitimate business.

OF YOUR CHARITY.

"SAD Stories" are unfortunately such ordinary occurrences now-a-days, that TOMAHAWK finds it quite out of the question to add his word in aid of those pressing appeals which mentally he endorses. But the following statement which appeared in a letter to the *Times* last week deserves a special support,—so he inserts it :

"S. A. is the daughter of a naval paymaster's clerk, who died some years since leaving but little to his wife and daughter. The latter was shortly after attacked by the fearful skin disease called *lupus*, and their slender means were soon exhausted by the necessities of living and the expense of medical advice. The mother is deaf and aged, and the seat of the disease being on the face, the daughter is too disfigured to procure any employment. To quote the words of the physician who gratuitously prescribed for her, 'she may be called an outcast from society.' They are absolutely penniless, subsisting solely on the occasional charity of those to whom the case has been made known, and who are endeavouring to secure sufficient votes to enable the sufferer to obtain a pension from the Royal Hospital for Incurables. Proxies donations in aid will be thankfully received by W. H. Seymour, Esq., 82 Gloucester crescent, Hyde park."

A sad and hopeless story indeed, and one in which the facts themselves are the strongest words that can be used to procure money and assistance. Poverty is bad enough, but when it is added to a visitation such as that under which poor S. A. labours, life must indeed be insupportable. If ever a public appeal could induce people to put their hands into their pockets or bestir themselves to procure "votes," surely this should be it. Else of what stuff are men's hearts made?

MOTTO FOR THE POULTRY.—Eggs-celsior!

TOO GOOD-NATURED BY HALF.

THE "deep disappointment" which the local papers assure us has been felt in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Castle at the Prince of Wales having been prevented by illness from paying a visit to Lord Fitzhardinge, is suggestive of the intense nuisance which such invitations must be to His Royal Highness. How often must it not be that the Prince of Wales hurries off to keep an appointment made in good-natured haste and repented of at leisure, knowing that if he fails to put in an appearance he will not only be committing an unpopular act, but, what he probably considers a more serious matter, putting everybody out! In this instance a severe attack of influenza made it simply impossible for the Prince to go to Berkeley Castle; and those who have suffered from influenza this season (and who in London has not?) will be able to sympathise with him. The local press above referred to, however, is literally in rude health, for it does not hesitate to take the Prince of Wales to task for disappointing the neighbourhood. This comes of being too good-natured. His Royal Highness has few enemies, but even those he has have never accused him of being selfish or inconsiderate—a charge which even Lord Fitzhardinge's "select circle," who have been disappointed of their chance of hobnobbing with royalty, will find it difficult to sustain.

LOW BEHAVIOUR OF HIGH CHURCHMEN.

THE Society for the Propagation of the Gospel seems to be once more bent upon getting itself into trouble. It appears that it is usual to add the names of all newly-appointed Bishops to the list of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, but at the next meeting, on the 18th of this month, it is announced that Archdeacon Denison will propose that the Bishop of Exeter should be excluded from being accorded the customary compliment. Whether, as an act of bad taste, bad feeling, or bad morality, the course which Archdeacon Denison has made known he is about to adopt is reprehensible to a degree. Surely, Dr. Temple's enemies have had their fling, and, being beaten, should accept their defeat. But under any circumstances Archdeacon Denison's promised motion is nothing more nor less than a studied insult, and quite out of the range of legitimate objection to the Doctor's elevation to the Episcopate. That the Archdeacon will fail in carrying his resolution we do not doubt, but if by chance, it happens that he is successful, the Bishop of Exeter will be able to congratulate himself on being spared having his name associated with a Society which, by maliciously striking him out of the Vice-President's list, will give the lie direct to the title under which it trades.

A SAVING CLAUSE.

THE Court of Appeal in Paris has recently been employed in reversing some of the sentences passed on duellists. In the case of the duel between M. de Beaumont and M. de Manguy, the sentence on two of the seconds was reduced from eight days to two days' imprisonment, while in the case of the duel of M. Aurelien Scholl and M. Valentin, in which the late M. Victor Noir was one of the seconds, the penalty imposed on the three others, of a fine of fifty francs a-piece, was *mitigated* to two days' imprisonment. The "mitigation" in question would scarcely be regarded in that light in England. Englishmen, as a rule, would rather pay any reasonable sum of money than be deprived of their liberty, for even a few hours. Frenchmen, however, seem to have no feeling on the subject, and are content to pocket their money, even if their pride has to accompany it. Although we have little sympathy with the duellists, and consider them at the best, very foolish people, our neighbours certainly deserve credit for displaying some little common sense in connection with their bloodthirsty tomfoolery. A moral, too, may be drawn from this affair, namely: that if M. Rochefort and his friends value liberty at something under a pound a day, it is scarcely worth their while to clamour so lustily for what they esteem so lightly.

SUITES TO THE SWEET—The ladies in attendance upon the Princess of Wales.

MERRY CONCEIT TRULY.

TELEGRAPH communication has many uses, but we should think it has not been often that the Atlantic Cable has been used for conveying a joke from New York to London, although it might happen to be a pretty good one. It appears that Brigham Young, the head of the Mormon Church, is in difficulties. Schisms have been declared, and the institution is being broken up by coming into contact with civilization. Apropos of this, the *New York Herald* says—"The Utah Central Railway is by this time completed, and *railway communications corrupt good Mormons.*" This was the joke that was sent through the Cable the other day. Well, it is not a bad one, but we think the hurry to transmit it to England was unnecessary, and a waste of money. However, as telegraphic despatches are paid in advance, the author of the waggery, we presume, bore the expense of communicating it to the Old World, and if he thought it worth while, why it is his business, not ours. But, he must be a funny fellow.

FENIAN BRANDY SMASH.

LIEUTENANT H. C. A. BRAND, of Jamaica notoriety, arrived at Queenstown, a short time since, in command of the gunboat *Pheasant* to cruise off the coast of Ireland, and look after the Fenians. Like bad spirits, they are now well *branded*.

VERY IRISH.

THE Lord Mayor of Dublin has started an idea which we doubt not the Lord Mayor of London will be glad to adopt, his Dublin Lordship having recently given a banquet to the Irish Press. At the Mansion House in London, the Lord Mayor annually entertains the Ministers, or such of them as he can entice, the Bench, and the Bishops, but after having exhausted these, he has had to fall back on Aldermen, Common Councilmen, and Nobodies. Here then is a capital excuse for a gorgeous banquet! What nobler company could be got together than the London Press, and who would more than they appreciate a good dinner? Really, if Alderman Besley is careful what he is about, he may secure the Corporation a fresh lease of life. The Press have been hitherto very uncompromising with regard to civic matters, but here is a precedent for a course, the adoption of which never fails to disarm the sternest of foes (provided they are influenced by great public considerations only) to ask them to dinner.

ALDERMAN CARDEN TO THE RESCUE.

THE New Albert Life Assurance Company, Limited, promises respectably. Alderman Sir Robert Carden and Admiral Sir William Wiseman, Bart., have consented to act as trustees of the new affair, and in their names 80 per cent. of the premiums received are to be invested with the view to being used only to meet death claims. This is a step in the right direction; the association of the names of two gentlemen of integrity with the concern will give confidence, and help the new company to establish itself. As for Sir Robert Carden, although we are ever ready to haul the worthy alderman over the coals (by the way, he was knighted for his connection with coals), when by his vagaries as a Justice of the Peace he brings the civic bench into ridicule, we are, at the same time, perfectly aware that, as a man of business, his character is unblemished and of the highest. If Sir Robert Carden had been called on in his magisterial capacity to examine the amount of responsibility attached to the managers of the old Albert, we should say it boded ill for the interests of the policy-holders; but as his services have been secured in the establishment of a new office, we congratulate the policy-holders on their good fortune in falling into honest, intelligent, and business-like hands.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.—On the 14th of February next, a new festival will be kept by the Gentlemen of the Long Robe, in honour of a well-known legal divine—St. Ballantine.

Now ready, price 7s. 6d.,
VOL. II. OF

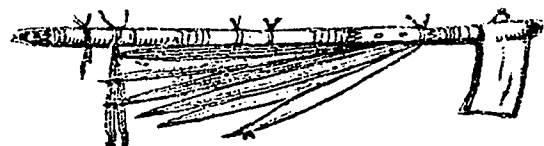
B R I T A N N I A ,

Edited by A. A'BECKETT,
Illustrated in Colours by MATT MORGAN.

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T H E T O M A H A W K ,

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ILLUSTRATED BY MATT MORGAN.
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LONDON, FEBRUARY 5, 1870.

THE WEEK.

Now that the cabs have flags, we trust that they will raise their standard of excellence.

THE Khedive has, it is said, abandoned *receptions*. Has he agreed to give up his *acceptances* as well?

THE new Russian Loan has been warmly received in England. The Bulls and the Bears have coalesced.

THERE is no truth in the report that the Junior Conservative Club, in spite of its name, will turn out to be a boys' school.

MR. TENNYSON'S "Holy Grail" is valued in America at a few cents. Over here it requires a keen sense of its hidden merits to appreciate it at all!

A MYSTERIOUS cry of "pickles" has recently been raised, denoting contempt. Would it not be advisable, now that the new Cab Act is in force, to substitute the word "cabbage."

WE are happy to learn that Mr. Justice Willes is not about to retire from the Bench. His lordship is renowned for his abundant supply of the milk of human kindness. In fact, where there's the Willes there is the Whey!

IT is stated that the Cambridge crew went out for the first time this season last week, but from the report, it appears that the boat consisted almost entirely of "substitutes." We fear training by deputy will not win the race.

WE observe that the St. Pancras Guardians are about to hold an indignation meeting about our cartoons. The money we shall send them for the advertisement we trust will be used in making improvements in the infirmary.

IN future we understand that money will be collected in St. Pancras for the Rats instead of the Rates, as heretofore. This is as it should be. Moreover, it will, after this notice, be considered libellous to ask the Master of the Workhouse the question "Who's your ratter?"

MR. CARDWELL has commenced his reductions in the staff of the War-office, by getting rid of the civilians, and leaving the military officials in sole occupation of Pall Mall. The absence of the "civil element" in his office will certainly invite a good deal of rude criticism on Mr. Cardwell's conduct—and serve him right.

WITH all due respect for the dignitaries engaged on the cheerful occasion we cannot repress a smile at the dinner given "to the Greek Church" last week, in the Jerusalem Chamber. That the Dean of Westminster should, with his Eastern experiences, be happy to entertain one of its distinguished heads is reasonable enough, but here the matter stops. A sort of theological council over wine and walnuts is rather too good a joke, but the papers seem to have failed to see it. But we refer any one interested in the matter to the speeches made on the occasion, for they simply defy parody and exaggeration. Does a man of Dean Stanley's ability, really believe that the great Eastern schism is to be patched up over an *entrée*!

BABBLING BALLADS.

TOMAHAWK has just read a "Popular Song Book," and has been so overcome with the deep and poetic sentiment and also with the beautiful originality of the ideas, that he has been smitten with a severe attack of *cacoethes scribendi*. This is a specimen of his poetry produced under that influence, and if some talented composer sets it to music, he has no doubt but that it will take its place beside the classic gems, "Bless the Prince of Wales," "Bless Alexandra Too," and "Thy Voice is Near Me," &c.

JAMES FITZ-HERBERTE BROWN.
(A Ballad.)

Once there dwelt in London town,
A man named James Fitz-herberte Brown;
His whiskers they were firey red,
And he walked about with a stately tread.

He'd walk up one street, down another,
Along through one and through the other,
In fact, I'm sure that I could bet
If he hasn't stopped—he's walking yet.

Now if this James Fitz-herberte Brown
Had never came to London town,
Even if he had—but never gone out,
Then I'd have nought to write about.

BAD BEGINS BUT WORSE REMAINS BEHIND.

IN consequence of the great success which has attended Ned Wright's meetings of male and female thieves, in the New Cut, we believe our rough-and-ready philanthropist is contemplating the following arrangements for the season:—

February—*St. James's Hall*: Meeting of betting-men. Those who have made books alone admitted.

March—*Hanover Square Rooms*: Meeting of West End tailors and other unconscionable persons.

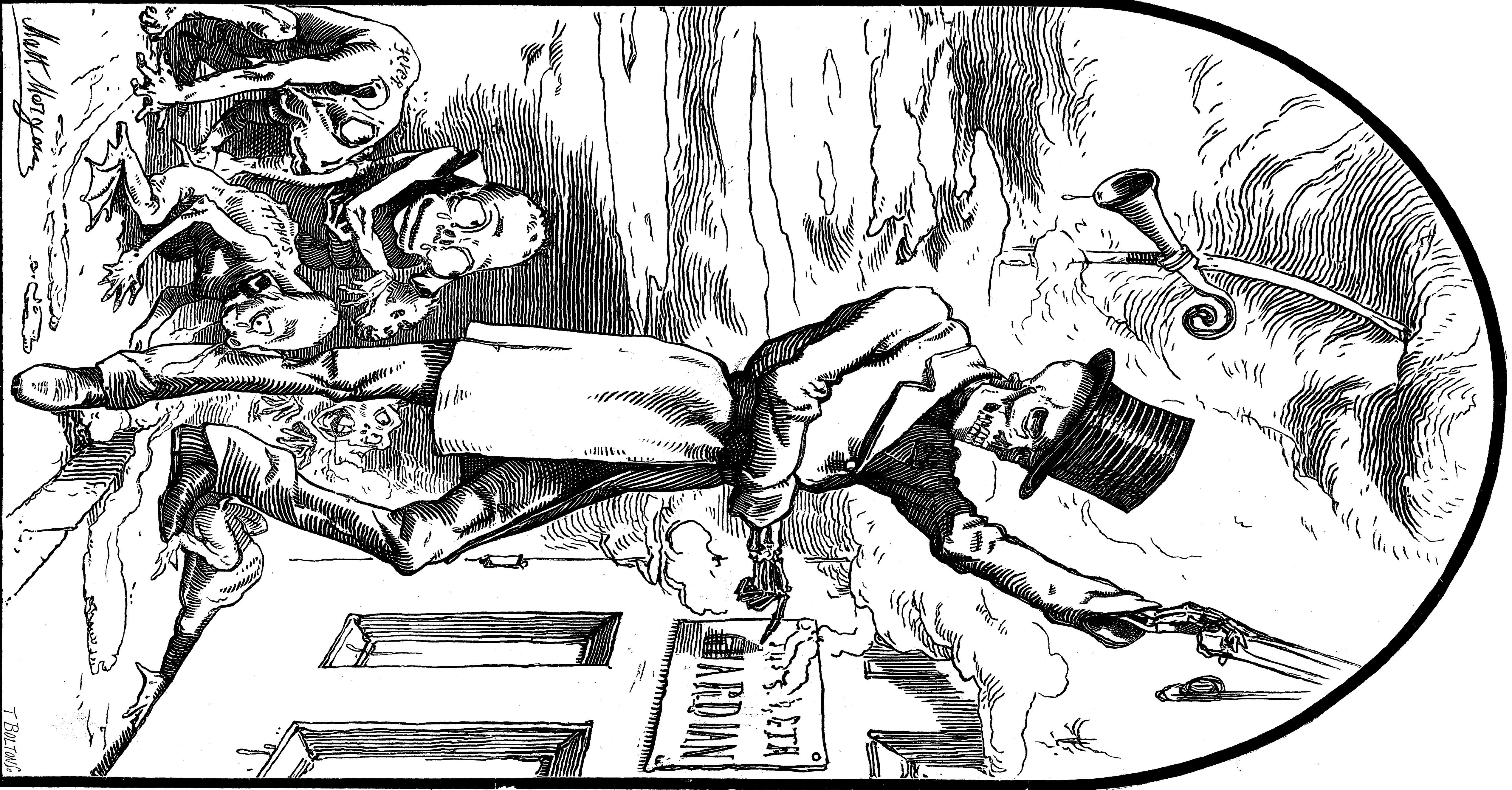
April—*Exeter Hall*: Meeting of prize-fighters, policemen, and other members of the "Fancy."

May—*Westminster Hall*: Meeting of bill-discounters and money-lenders.

June—*At the TOMAHAWK Office*: Meeting of the thirty persons in England, who, of the ninety millions of the population do not read the TOMAHAWK.

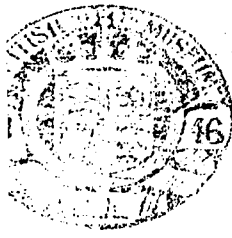
Let us hope that Ned Wright will persevere in his good work, and succeed in turning aside from their evil courses, even the wicked persons comprised in the above classes.

A MINISTER OF PEACE.—*Olive-ier!*



Death Morgan

DEATH AS THE AVENGER!



DEATH AS THE AVENGER!

(COMPANION PICTURE TO THE PAUPER'S FRIEND.)

(DEDICATED TO THE RATEPAYERS OF LONDON.)

WHAT IS FARE IS FAIR.

LET travellers beware of the Cannon Street Station. Although the incivility of the Metropolitan Railway officials has become proverbial, it is nothing to what those who use the South-Eastern Line, between Charing Cross and Greenwich, may expect. On several occasions lately persons have been given into custody on the smallest provocation in the shape of an infringement of the bye-laws of the Company; but last week a respectable man was actually hurried to the Bow Lane Police Station, where he was subsequently detained for two hours, for refusing to be sent back against his will from Cannon Street to London Bridge, from which latter station he had been carried on by mistake. The "prisoner," when charged at the Mansion House with obstructing the officials in the performance of their duty, pleaded that, seeing that the fare from Greenwich—from which place he had come—to London Bridge and Cannon Street were exactly the same, he could not be defrauding the Company by coming to the latter place, even if he had done so intentionally, which he had not. And he held that he was a free agent, and, on finding himself at Cannon Street, had a perfect right to refuse to be treated like an "empty," and sent back to London Bridge free. Sir Thomas Gabriel at once dismissed the charge, and strongly censured the South-Eastern Railway officials for having given the traveller into custody. Of course, the case could have only ended in such a manner; but it is scarcely pleasant, under any circumstances, to be condemned to pass even two hours, awaiting the arrival of bail, in a police cell. In leaving the Court, the *ci-devant* prisoner stated that the Company had not heard the last of the matter. We hope this may be the case. The censures of the Press are distasteful to Railway Companies, perhaps, but they are not half so efficacious a remedy for insolence and oppression as the money damages that lie in an action for false imprisonment under aggravated circumstances.

THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.
BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE SUEZ NOTES.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

ON BOARD THE POOJAH, Jan. 28, 1870.

THE weather is certainly getting more boisterous, and the *Poojah* is behaving very badly. The Captain, however, still insists on our going on with the private theatricals, and will not hear of their being put off on any account. They are going to do *Hamlet*. As I am writing, the characters are dressing, though, judging from the heavy seas breaking over the vessel every five minutes, I should say they must be very good sailors to manage it. I believe Ophelia, one of the players, and Laertes, are not affected by the motion, having been round the Cape some years ago, but the case is very different with the others. Hamlet himself is taking stout and soda-water mixed, a receipt for sea-sickness given him by Polonius, who, I believe, is jealous of his being cast for the part, and hopes he will have to knock under before the "play" scene. The Ghost is very bad; but says he *might* manage, if they would let him speak some of it from his berth; but Hamlet naturally objects to this, and insists that if he can go through with his work the Ghost ought certainly to manage his. The matter, I believe, will be amicably settled at last, the Ghost having consented to come on with a glass of stout in his helmet.

9 p.m.

Storm, terrible! We are all assembled, and the Captain, who is lying at full length on five stalls, with a bottle of rum and a chart of the Goodwin's, which he has brought in by mistake for a play bill, is crying out to everybody, with an oath, "to ring up."

10 p.m.

Curtain not up yet, though the Captain is getting furious, and has twice attacked the orchestra with a footstool. A message has come to me from the back to the effect that the Hamlet would "*very much*" like to say a few words to me, if I would kindly step round."

10.20 p.m.

I have stepped round. The Hamlet turns out to be the pro-

fessional tragedian, I think I told you I met at Alexandria. It seems that he has been fulfilling an engagement somewhere in the interior of Nubia, where he has been playing King Lear to not very good houses, and his now returning to England to double Prince Katifalco and Harlequin in the Easter pantomime at Wapping. He recognized me while he was taking a survey of the "house" through a hole in the curtain, and sent for me in the hope that I would seriously "remonstrate" with the Captain, who is still making use of objectionable language, and setting it to comic song music. The Hamlet says he has only *twice* in the whole course of his professional experience met with anything equally disagreeable. On the one occasion, the one just referred to in Nubia, there was a war dance in the upper boxes, when Mad Tom made his first exit; and on the other when, some years ago, he was playing "the apparition of an armed head" in the incantation scene in Macbeth, for a charity, he was arrested for a small debt of nine and fourpence as he rose up in the witches' cauldron. And even this last little *contretemps* he assured me he would not have minded had the sheriff's officer allowed him to descend again and propose some arrangement for a settlement under the stage: this concession, however, he could not get, and when he had finished his first line,

"Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware, Macduff!"

with a cry of "that's 'im, I know'd his voice," the sheriff's officer collared him. He managed, though, to get through his second line—

"Beware the Thane of Fife;—Dismiss me:—enough!"

With a few jerks; but then a serious scuffle ensued. The Macbeth on the occasion, however, showed considerable presence of mind, and, treating the proceeding as a sort of weird portent, went on with his,—

"Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright.—But one word more:—

And the first witch, also equal to the crisis, had got out her two lines:—

"He will not be commanded; here's another,
More potent than the first,"

When the sheriff's officer, with an ironical "Oh! no there ain't," insisted on his coming out of the cauldron at the top. The result was obvious. After a vigorous struggle, in which Macbeth's kindly assistance drew down upon him a cry from the gallery of "Now then, old snuffy, hit fair," he was dragged out. Merely having to dress for "the head," he had to walk across the stage in his shirt sleeves, light blue trowsers, and a helmet. This put the audience into a peculiar state of mind, and when the "bloody child" rose it was greeted with a cry of "wash your face," when, the Macbeth who had behaved admirably till then, shook his fist at the audience, and after "lathering" the manager, as he put it, left suddenly with £1 3s. 9d., all the money in the house.

But to resume. What the Hamlet wants me to do, is to beg of the Captain either to leave the stalls, or at least to confine any personal remarks he may wish to make entirely to the Ghost. Of course this is a delicate matter, especially as the drift of his observations has latterly been rather in the direction of Hamlet himself, to whom at the present moment he is alluding familiarly as "that black beggar." I have explained my hesitation to the Hamlet, who, between the motion of the vessel and the possible unpleasant reception awaiting him, is really much to be pitied. I have promised to do my best, and the overture has commenced.

11 p.m.

The curtain is up at last. "Elsinore" is represented by five chests of drawers and a dish cover, but the effect is not bad. Everything commenced pretty well, and beyond an altercation with "Bernado" and a reference to the chart of the Goodwins when he got to his line

"When yon same star, that's westward from the pole," the captain has been tolerably quiet.

11.10 p.m.

The ship is pitching terribly. Francisco, Bernado, Horatio, and Marcellus, have all been down twice, and once very heavily. The Ghost has come in, wisely holding a clothes-line.

11.20 p.m.

A dreadful sea. Ah! here's Hamlet. But I must reserve the rest of my notes till next week.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

Drawing-Room Comedies and Parlour Pantomimes. Collected by CLEMENT SCOTT. Stanley Rivers, London. 1870.

A FAIRLY amusing book. Most of the plays in this collection are quite worthy of perusal. The Collector's own pieces," although a little too sentimental to suit our taste, discover signs of genuine dramatic talent. Here and there, however, Mr. Scott has shown want of judgment, especially by the insertion of a piece containing coarse allusions to "throwing up," in a medical sense, &c. Next year, if he gives us another "Collection" (and we trust he will), he will most likely be more circumspect in selecting his collaborateurs.

Fallen Among Thieves, a Novel of "Interest." Chapman and Hall, London. 1870.*

THIS novel is by Mr. Arthur a'Beckett, the well-known editor of the celebrated TOMAHAWK. We are requested to state that it is very beautiful, that its author is very beautiful, that no gentleman's library should be without it, that it is an excellent substitute for butter at breakfast, requires no vent-peg, and will be found a real blessing to mothers.

A COMIC INDIAN?

THE TOMAHAWK is, of course, appreciated in India, as in all other parts of the inhabited world, and the *Calcutta Bengalee*, a weekly paper conducted by educated Hindoos, has done us the honour of quoting, in its issue of the 18th December, our strictures on Dr. Pusey's proceedings in impeachment of the admirable appointment of Dr. Temple to the See of Exeter.

We are desirous of returning this compliment; but, knowing the *Bengalee* not to be a satirical journal, feared that we should discover nothing adapted to our columns. Fortunately, however, for our purpose, we find, that though the editor and principal writers of the *Bengalee* are well-educated gentlemen, they are blessed with occasional correspondents, unwise aspirants to literary fame, who unconsciously pen effusions not unsuited to an English comic paper.

One of these is a poet, who evidently solaces his unrequited love by "weakly" (the first time this pun has ever been made) publishing, for the general benefit, his amatory ideas in fugitive sonnets.

The first is taken from the *Bengalee* of the 18th:—

A CAUTION.

To the Editor of the Bengalee.

SIR,—Please insert the following lines

Angel, do not see yourself in the mirror.
Stay, for a while let me have you as mine;
For once, if you commit this dreadful error,
I fear, those eyes will burn your "form divine."
You doubt and gravely observe, "'tis nonsense sheer
To think that slaves can injure their holder;
Let me convince you with this query my dear.
Does the sword spare the kind hand—its maker?

13th December, 1869.

N.

The following week we find him amplifying, and, of course, improving upon Tennyson:—

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

To the Editor of the Bengalee.

DEAR SIR,—Oblige me by inserting the following:—

"And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom
With her laughter or her sighs;
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night."

—Tennyson.

Precious Pearl! none in this world is happy like thee,
The artist prick'd thee once and gave thee liberty;

* This advertisement is not paid for. Country papers are invited to quote—now then!

Since, by Fortune chang'd into my lady's necklace,
Thou feast night and day on the sweets of her embrace,
But look at me,—the targe of wild Cupid's arrows!
Deprived e'en of my lady's glance to soothe my woes;
Thus thou calmly ever prosper while I go down;
To Fate I owe this bitter grief and thou a crown.

19th December 1869.

N.

Loyalty is gratifying wherever it shines, but no misfortune can be so galling as that which befalls a man whose dutiful wishes are stunted and held in check by an empty pocket. There is a pathos in the lament of the writer of the letter below at his inability to illuminate in honour of "the great and noble Duke," which cannot fail to find a response even in the breasts of unsentimental Anglo-Saxons:—

"LOYALTY.

"To the Editor of the Bengalee.

"SIR,—Every day brings us nearer to that great and important day when His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh will honor our land with his presence, and fill the mind of every subject of the beneficent Queen with rapture. That night the Town, out of respect to the great and noble Duke, will appear crowned in light; and darkness will fly from the land. The coming illumination of the Town has considerably raised the price of common glass lamps. Nay, common earthen lamps are being bought at treble their ordinary price.

"The wealthy men of the Town have showed their loyalty by contributing round sums for the proper reception of the Duke. But my soul grieves at my ill luck of being unable to do the same. But if true loyalty and warm admiration can be shewn in some other way than by large contributions, let a poor subject like myself express his attachment and love by avowing his sincerest and most heartfelt wishes for the safe arrival of the Duke, and pronounce May God prolong his life.

"Yours truly,

"POOR MONTTO."

"9th December, 1869.

We hope the "poor" fellow has not been as disappointed in his anticipated rapture, as he was in his desire to be demonstratively loyal.

WILD TIMES FOR BANKS.

THERE is certainly, even amongst the Radicals, not only a time for retrenchment, but also a time for lavish expenditure. At a recent meeting at the Mansion House, on the subject of emigration, Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens argued that as the fifty millions of money in the Government Saving Banks belonged to the working classes it should be utilised for their benefit. "Let the Government," Mr. Torrens urged, "be asked for an advance of a million or two of money to take emigrants across the ocean and put them in the way of working until they can repay the advance made to them." This reads prettily enough, and the idea of using the money of the working classes for their own benefit may no doubt seem perfectly just, but we would point out to Mr. Torrens that the working classes who put their savings into banks are not the same people who are anxious to emigrate. These latter, for the most part, are not possessed of such a resource as a Post-office Savings' Bank account, and the utilisation of the capital of the steady-going stay-at-home-artisans for the benefit of their less fortunate brethren, would be scarcely justifiable. No doubt the emigrants would, one and all, as Mr. Torrens suggests, recoup the Government the expense it would have been put to in their behalf, but fair promises and even good intentions are really too risky securities on which to part with a million or so of the Savings' Bank money; notwithstanding even that the country has, in a rash moment, pledged itself to pay 2½ per cent. on the immense sum which has from this source accumulated in its hands.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

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