

# THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 27.]

LONDON, NOVEMBER 9, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

## BEHIND THE SCENES AT FLORENCE.

FLORENCE.—*The Pitti Palace.*

VICTOR EMANUEL (*reading letters*).—Yes, the Zittelina is very pretty, and worthy of my attentions (*rings*).

(*Enter SECRETARY.*)

Send a bracelet and my portrait to the Hotel d'Angleterre. What is this? Ha! State business—*Corpo di Baccho!* I've a wretched life of it. Why can't they let me be? I am already beginning to be sorry that I was ever tempted out of my native mountains. I thought I saw an improved Civil List, and a vast amount of dignity; but instead of that, my precious new subjects grumble at my extravagance, and add nothing whatever to my dignity, for although they quarrel among themselves very successfully, they always get the worst of it when it comes to quarrelling with other people. What a nation! If I had my will I'd make gamekeepers of them all, and I am not sure they'd have courage enough even for that. Well, what are these despatches? I suppose I must open them, though I wish to Heaven they'd let me try my new breech-loader. Ah! The Garibaldini are gathering on the Holy Father's frontier. Well, if they can take Rome for me—let them. There's very good shooting in the Campagna. But I wonder what Louis Napoleon will say?

(*Enter RATTAZZI.*)

Well; have you heard the news?

RATTAZZI.—Yes, Sire, and I have caused Garibaldi to be arrested. We must save appearances. The Romans are only waiting for an opportunity to rise. The Garibaldini, even without their Chief, will turn out the Pope. We shan't interfere. France can't, although they are beginning to telegraph to me about it already. When the thing is done, of course we shall naturally go in and occupy the country to preserve order, and give His Holiness the castle of St. Angelo. France, then, as I have said, can't interfere now, and she won't interfere then. We have only to await events, as they are certain to come.

VICTOR EMANUEL.—Glorious, glorious! Caro mio you are a treasure. Poor old Pope tho', I'm sorry for him, but of course it can't be helped—and there is a pack of English hounds there too already.

RATTAZZI.—But Sire, we must be firm with France.

VICTOR EMANUEL.—Of course. Tell them we mean to look after our own affairs, and they had better do the same. See, here is a despatch the French Minister has just read to me. It demands the strict observance of the September Convention. Answer it, and tell them civilly that we can't make the Garibaldini observe it,—and don't forget to convey that we wouldn't if we could.

FLORENCE.—*The Piazz di Santa Maria Novella.*

GARIBALDI (*to the people*).—Rome is the capital of Italy. You are Italians. You want Rome, and those who come between a nation and what it wants are accursed. What are Conventions to you, and what do you care for Governments, Monarchies, Religions or anything else? You will not be deluded with ideas of justice and order when the Seven Hills are calling you to come and plant the tricolour upon their summits. You will not be persuaded that it is your duty to obey your Government—nay, you know that your Government does not oppose your desires.

Victor Emanuel may tell you to desist, but I tell you to go forward, and you will not hesitate. Think of the poor oppressed Romans. So crushed are they, that they dare not move or raise a finger. They are sons of Italy. They should stand forth in their might and defy their oppressors. But they do not do it. They endure all, and suffer all. We then will free them, and that whether they will or not. We will bring them back into the fold of Italian freedom. We will bless them with our liberties, dower them with our glorious debt—contracted against the Austrian—and restore the reign of order and prosperity to Rome (*aside to MAZZINI*)—Eh! what?—Yes, we will plant upon the Vatican the Red Cap of Liberty, and if Victor Emanuel will not help us we will do without him—if Monarchy fails us, we will establish a Republic. Let all those ardent and glorious spirits who have many wants and no money, strong hopes and few fears, who long to see the backs of the Papalini—already broken and flying from our brave red shirts—let them come with me. A special train is waiting, and return tickets will be issued. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter SUPERIOR OFFICER OF POLICE.*)

OFFICER.—Strict orders have been issued that no demonstration is to be permitted. Is the General Garibaldi here?

OMNES (*winking with one accord*).—Certainly not.

OFFICER (*also winking*).—Because I am directed to conduct him back to Capra.

A VOICE.—You will find him in Rome. (*Cheers.*) Cries of "Viva Garibaldi." Confusion. Tableau.

SCENE III.—*The Pitti Palace.*

VICTOR EMANUEL.—The Garibaldini beaten, and the Pope tranquil! This is becoming serious.

(*Enter RATTAZZI.*)

RATTAZZI.—Sire, the Emperor means to enforce the Convention.

VICTOR EMANUEL.—Nonsense; I can't believe it. I won't believe it till Rome is taken.

RATTAZZI.—The French troops are embarking at Toulon, and the French Minister demands a categorical answer as to what we intend to do. If you persist, you must fight France.

VICTOR EMANUEL.—I'll fight anybody. Tell him that I shall do nothing. [*Exit RATTAZZI.*]

The Garibaldini will be in Rome in ten or twelve hours. The French will take thirty, at least, to get to Civita Vecchia, and there remains, therefore, twenty hours for me to act—time enough to lay my hand on the States of the Church with a grasp which neither the French nor anybody else will be able to shake off.

(*Enter RATTAZZI.*)

RATTAZZI.—Sire, the Garibaldini are beaten at all points. The Pope's Zouaves are firm, and the Antibes legion staunch. A day has been lost to us and to Italy.

VICTOR EMANUEL.—That comes of trusting volunteers. Well, there is no help for it. Telegraph to the Emperor that I will take immediate measures of the strongest kind, and draw up a proclamation against Garibaldi. If he *should* get to Rome before the French, we can always draw up another—if not, we must wait a little longer, and trust in Providence and Papa Bismarck.

## A NEW TRADES' UNION.

IT is with much concern for the Government of this country that we make known the existence of a secret society which may, if unchecked, shake the official world to its very foundations, and render the mighty powers of red tape and sealing-wax but idle traditions of the past. The following document has fallen into our hands, and we feel bound to publish it :—

*To the Junior Members of the Civil Service.*

FELLOW SLAVES,—Our efforts to obtain any justice, however slight, at the hands of that bloated and tyrannical oligarchy which professes to control the public purse, our repeated applications for an advance of pay proportionate to the decrease in the value of money, and the increase in House Rent, and the prices of all necessities of life, having been met by the most exasperating procrastination, and finally by contemptuous refusal, or by a concession so small as to be almost worse than a refusal, we have no course left open to us, but by resolute combination, and united action, to obtain that by means of compulsion which is denied to our petition. Seeing also the great success with which those employed in trades and manufactures have combined together for the purpose of obtaining their just rights and protecting their interests, and seeing the encouragement, which they have received from the Government in such a course, we, the undersigned, have formed ourselves into a Central Committee for the purpose of organizing a "CIVIL SERVICE LEAGUE," in which you are all invited to enrol yourself forthwith, either at Somerset House, the Post Office, or the Custom House, where sub-committees will sit for the purpose of receiving the names and subscriptions of all who wish to become members of the League. As soon as the number of members enrolled shall be deemed sufficient, united action will commence; and you are entreated to observe the following instructions which have been drawn up by the present committee :—

1. It will be the duty of every member of the League to yield implicit obedience to the orders of the superior officers, who will be elected by ballot, and will hold their office for two years.
2. On the juniors of any Office receiving orders from the Central Committee to strike, they will at once do so without any delay, or without intimating their intention directly, or indirectly, to the heads of that Office.
3. It will be the duty of all members of any Office on strike, carefully to guard that Office, and to take notice of any person entering it who may be suspected of seeking employment there.
4. No member shall be allowed to return to work, *on any terms whatever*, without the consent of the Central Committee.
5. Should any temporary assistance be called in by any Office whose regular clerks are on strike, those accepting such temporary employment shall, if they persist in working after due warning has been given them, be held to have incurred the displeasure of the League.
6. All juniors in any of the public offices refusing to join the League, after due warning has been given, shall be held to have incurred the displeasure of the League.
7. It shall be the duty of every member to annoy, persecute, and in extreme cases, to injure any person or persons who shall be held to have incurred the displeasure of the League.
8. It shall be the duty of members to split the pens, blot the paper, upset the ink, and in every other way to hinder from work any non-Leaguer or refractory member of the League.
9. When the head of any Office, or high official of any sort, shall have incurred the displeasure of the League, it shall be the duty of all members to treat him in such a manner as to bring him to a right sense of his faults, either by concealing or destroying all public documents to which the official in question may wish to refer; or by defacing his spelling dictionary, Murray's grammar, and all other aids to official composition of which he may be possessed; or in extreme cases, by reading to him, in a solitary place, all the official letters and documents of which he shall have been the author, and requesting him, at the pain of death, to parse every sentence; and by all other ways and means to obstruct him in the performance of his official tasks.
10. If any of the clerks in those commonly-called swell-offices, where the rate of pay is much higher, and the promo-

tion more rapid than in those where the real labour of the Public Service is done, shall refuse to subscribe to the funds of the League such sums as the Central Committee shall think fair, the following treatment is advised :—

The umbrellas of the parties in question shall be broken and maimed in every way. Their boots and clothes shall be bespattered with mud on every favourable occasion. Their acceptances shall be bought up, and payment thereof enforced.

In case of the above measures proving ineffectual, the offending parties shall be forced to ride on the top of some omnibus, up and down Piccadilly, in the middle of the Season, and to shake hands with the driver and conductor at stated intervals.

11. Should the officials of the Civil Service Commission attempt to examine any candidates professing to supply vacancies caused by any strike authorized by the Central Committee, the examiners and their underlings shall be captured singly, and confined in a room, without any Encyclopædia, Dictionary of Dates, Pinnock's Catechism, Latin Grammar, or other compendium of their knowledge, and made to answer all questions which have ever been proposed by them since the establishment of their offensive office.

It is calculated that the effect of these measures will be either to obtain a reluctant consent to our just demands, or to inflict on the higher officials such an amount of worry and severe labour, as shall induce them to reflect that a man who devotes the twenty best years of his life to his country's service, expects at the end of that time a salary rather more handsome than the perquisites of my lord's butler. Perhaps they may also perceive that the scrupulous honesty which has so long distinguished the junior members of the Civil Service may not be proof against a continued sense of gross injustice, and the infliction of petty contumelies and insults by men who are jobbed into those high places, which the hard-working clerk might naturally have looked forward to as the possible goal of his industry and ambition. (Signed)

We give this pernicious document, in its entirety. Perhaps the Lords of the Treasury will thank us; perhaps they won't.

## SONG.

(DEDICATED TO THE AUTHOR OF "GERMAN YEAST.")

Tell me what is Fancy Bread,  
Is it alum, or white lead?  
How begot, how fashioned?  
Reply, Reply.  
It is engendered from old bones  
With glazing fed; the eater moans,  
'Neath its weight his stomach groans;  
Bread of Fancy, hear thy knell  
Sounded by the Muffin-Bell;  
Ding dong Bell.

## AN ELEGANT EXTRACT.

OUR poor old friend "Jacques," the "Censor" of the *Star*, flung a little more of his native mud at us last week. He has rather embarrassed us. To meet him with his own weapons, we must descend to Billingsgate. Let us, however, make an attempt to treat him as he has treated us. He wants us evidently to advertise his writings, and believes (we suppose) that he has paid us in advance for our puff, by "thanking" Providence that we are about to enlarge ourselves."

*Eh bien*, not to be outdone in generosity, we take up our pen once more to answer him, but to answer him (in spite of what he may hereafter write about us) *for the last time*. We will try our hand at Billingsgate :—

He calls <i>us</i>	We call <i>him</i>
A liar,	A naughty story teller.
A literary toadstool,	An illiterate truffle.
A rat,	A sad dog.
A skunk,	A perfumed poet.
Weak and scurrilous,	Elegant and powerful.
Poison,	Milk and water.
An emetic.	A soothing syrup.

There—we thought so, our friend has got the best of it.

THE WORST OCCUPATION FOR AN IDLE SOLDIER.—Rome.

## OUR PULPIT :

BEING

## A SERMON FOR SERMONIZERS.

DEARLY Beloved—and this is no base *Tu quoque*, but simply a formula which you are well aware has its virtue, or you would not use it so often—Terence has most aptly put it, and we most heartily agree with his observation :

Id arbitror

Adprime in vita esse utile, ne quid nimis.

which being freely translated for those among you who feel shaky in Latin means, *I consider this one of the most useful maxims in life—don't overdo anything!* Will you accept this as our text? It is the only one we intend to offer for your acceptance, and for our discussion.

Not to put too fine a point on it, you really, my beloved Sirs, are most soporific in your delivery of sermons; your sermons are most tedious and wearisome in style; and your style generally anything but attractive. You mount into your rostrum, you, for instance, the Rev. Onesimus Trope, and after arranging your sermon-book, cushion, and whiskers, to your entire satisfaction, you drawl out furlong after furlong of religious advice, which, no doubt, is very well meant, and has, at least, one pious sentiment as its foundation, but which acts on the senses of your congregation, much as the long murmur of the waves on a shingley shore, or the humming of flies on a July afternoon; but don't suppose for a moment, there is the same pleasure mental or physical, in being lulled to sleep by your drone O Onesimus!

On the shore lapped by the tiny ripples, or thrashed into rebellion by the huge billows of the Atlantic, where sea cries to sky, and the great blue vault spreads upwards to Eternity, all Nature preaches on the text of Divine love, and the winds breathe a voluntary as we drop asleep.

By the rivers, the gentle tinkling of the waters over the rocks, the choir of thrushes and linnets, with scores of sweet birds, content to add to the universal harmony without their names being put on their bills, the constant accompaniment of insect life fluttering into sound, buds bursting into blossom, and creatures enjoying the Creator's gifts,—all these lead one on to a gentle and happy dreaming.

But your drowsy monotone, that scarcely merits the name "Delivery," owing its inflection to an occasional thump on your cushion, or a mistake in turning over two pages at a time—your poppy-headed homily is only calculated to make the pews seem darker, the benches harder, and the hassocks more uncomfortable, until, after vainly striving to keep awake by—1st, remembering where we are; 2nd, by recalling the fact that we are eminently ridiculous when sleeping in a sitting posture; 3rd, by wondering what manner of hair was really possessed in younger days by the bald-headed old gentleman in the front pew; lastly, we become totally oblivious of everything connected with the place we are in, except an instinctive knowledge which we still retain, that the beadle has got his eye on us, and that our chin is sinking into our waistcoat, to the imminent risk of our tongue, if our teeth suddenly elect to come together.

And then, forsooth, you lay the blame on this and that error, Ritualism or Methodism, high or low, and complain that congregations fall off; there are fewer than of old; the flock is thinning; and all the rest of it. Preacher! correct thyself. Did it never strike you in your melancholy philosophy, that the weary look of passive docility spreads over your congregation only when you open your mouth to publish your own thoughts; that as long as you delivered the thoughts of others as expressed in the service of the day, none but the callous or the careless seemed disposed to fall out of the ranks, or to faint on the march? And yet you haven't been five minutes in the pulpit before seventy per cent. of your hearers are in the land of Nod. Are you so stiff-necked that you don't see who it is drives away believers? For heaven's sake get the starch taken out of that white choker of yours, and try for once, next Sunday, to interest your audience, and when you have accomplished that, leave off—*ne quid nimis*. They will come again, and bring others. Dear Dr. Arnold seldom wrote a sermon which took more than twelve minutes to preach, and Rugby boys who heard him, often wish, as men, they could hear others like him. Why! the best lecturers have to call in the aid of experiments, diagrams, models, or magic-lanterns, to keep up interest in their subject. Well, you can

scarcely do this; it would not be becoming, though you all rejoice inwardly when you have some Missionary report to read, headed with converted niggers, or reclaimed Israelites, who give a fillip to the snorers below, and make them hesitate between a shilling and half-a-crown. Many a shilling has become half-a-crown by the judgmatical introduction of that truffle of charity sermons, the black convert. As you can't, then, bring in samples of the Mammon of unrighteousness, or the sulphate of iniquity, carefully go through your sermon, and eliminate at least three-fourths. You will be astonished at the result—and your congregation too. If there is any muscle in it, you will develope it, and it will be all the better for the loss of adipose matter.

There are few if any who believe in the Divine right of parsons to fluency and correct enunciation of ideas: indeed, even in that school of declamation, the House of Commons, the gift of holding public attention for hours or parts of an hour belongs to the few, the very few; and rarely does the pulpit hold a Bright or Disraeli, although thousands of parsonages may boast the contrary. We do not wish to lower any individual in the eyes of his olive-branches, but the sermon will generally be most admired, and easiest remembered, which shall give the most advice in the fewest words.

Of course you are not likely to get this our first sermon by heart, for—

*"Peu de gens sont assez sages pour préférer le blâme qui leur est utile à la louange qui les trahit."* (Rochefoucault.)

You are much more likely to listen to Mrs. Colonel Dufferon, who blesses you for your charming exhortation, than to take to heart the counsel of a "ribald print," but that will not prevent us doing our duty. *Verbum sap.*

## SINEWS OR BRAINS.

It will be an evil day for England when the sinews of the youth at our great Public Schools are suffered to relax. We have no faith in the future of the boy whose motto is "cram," whose brain consequently is cloudy, whose cheek is wan, whose pulse is weak, and whose ambition, confined to his form alone, never hurries him into the sports of the field, or to the racket court, or "on the water." The Westminster boys have proved beyond doubt that their love for hardy exercise is as keen as ever. In the midst of London, looking upwards to a sky of lead, downward on streams of mud, around on a neighbourhood where the only patch of verdure is to be found in Vincent Square, the Scholars of Westminster have this year shown that in spite of these drawbacks they are above the relaxing influences of a crowded city. We rejoice at it: for it is the most convincing answer to those who would cart Old Westminster away, with all its old bricks and grand memories, to some "healthy spot" out of London. Let Head masters remember that cricketing and boating give nerve, muscle, endurance, ambition, power: that they prepare for the struggle of life, perhaps better than the making of any number of verses: that they give men in after-days something to dwell and reflect upon. Then, too, the hero of the cricket field to-day may be the hero of a great battle in half a dozen years. The boy who pulls stroke upon the merry Thames to-day, may, years hence, command a frigate in boisterous seas, reddened by England's wars; or he may lead the cavalry of our country to glory in some terrible day to come. Shall the maudlin scruples of pedantry be allowed to chill the blood of boyhood, and stifle the martial spirit of England with Martial's epigrams? We hope not.

THE REFORM LEAGUE AND ITS "M.A."—Mr. Beales, M.A., has been accused of denouncing Fenianism. He has lost no time in repudiating the foul accusation, and in setting himself right with the heroes of the Reform League. Mr. Beales' letter is a very pretty piece of shuffling. We are glad to hear that the great Master of Arms thinks that "nothing but absolute necessity can justify resort to the arbitrament of civil war." Let us hope that time will never come—at least, in the lifetime of the great Beales, lest that modern Cromwell, who, like his great prototype, is a brewer (but of *very small beer*) should fall a victim on the altar of patriotism. Such a loss would indeed make a whole nation sad, for they would have lost one fool at whom they could always laugh.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE OF ENLARGEMENT.

Our Readers will observe that the promise recently made by us PERMANENTLY to ENLARGE the TOMAHAWK, has been already fulfilled, and that we appear before them to-day with SIXTEEN instead of Twelve Pages.

The TOMAHAWK ALMANACK.—Early in December. Five Cartoons in Colours. Full of Engravings. Threepence.



LONDON, NOVEMBER 9, 1867.

THE Emperor Napoleon says, that now he has set his foot in Italy, he knows what the torture of the Boot really means.

A STATUE of Andrew Marvell has been erected in Hull. This is the first Marvel, in the shape of a statue, which England has seen since Flaxman died.

WE are happy to announce that the Poor-law Board has ordered a supply of spectacles to be issued to the various Inspectors of Workhouses. We presume they are to be rose-coloured.

THAT modest attorney, Mr. Roberts, wanted the Government to pay the expenses of the defence of the Fenian prisoners at Manchester. This reminds us of the murderer, who sent to his victim's son, the bill for the pistol with which he shot the father.

THE authorities having determined to hold the inquiry into the Farnham Torture Chambers for Paupers with closed doors, our spirited contemporary, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has determined to publish a series of reports of the proceedings, to be entitled *At the Key-hole*.

IT is evident that our country workhouses will never be properly reformed till it shall be compulsory for each guardian to spend one week in every year within their walls. Then, perhaps, the healthful cleanliness, and airiness of the Marylebone Workhouse will be the rule, not the exception.

THE progress of crime in this country is certainly not backwards, spite of our humane laws and humaner institutions. One simple receipt has not yet been tried. Let our paupers and our prisoners change places; we cannot deter wretches from poverty and sickness, let us see if we can deter them from crime.

WE are pleased to hear that the Queen has taken the initiative in reducing the present exorbitant price of butcher's meat. The various tradesmen who supply the royal palaces have been informed that they must accept 8½d. a pound for the best mutton, or the Queen's custom will be withdrawn. Of course they will one and all accede to the royal terms, and if "*Purveyors to Her Majesty*" reduce their prices the smaller tradesmen must follow suit. The Queen's spirited resolution will confer a substantial boon on all classes of her subjects.

## MEMNON.

The colossal statue of the Egyptian King, Amenophis, near Thebes, commonly called the statue of Memnon, was said to give forth sounds when warmed by the rays of the rising sun.—Vide PAUSANIAS.

Silent, mysterious, the statue rears  
His solemn front above the desert's calm,  
Where augury awaits the dawning rays,  
Which first shall warm the stony lips to speech.

The air is rife with omens—symptoms dire,  
Of grasping ambition, feeding on the weak:  
Nations intent on wiping out for greed  
A nation's landmarks, or a country's choice:  
Man's science only on destruction bent;  
Striving to master first the quickest way,  
To fill old Charon's boat. The very clouds  
Look warlike and grow black with stormy threat of combat.

All beneath is still! Too still  
For natural calm! Peer well beneath the reeds!  
The Bayonets flash! The cannons gape for work!  
The peaceful dawn is passing with the night;  
And all around are waiting for the note  
The great Amenophis must utter, when  
The red rays of the Sun of War throw out  
The lights and shadows of his Majesty \* \* \*  
The Sun is rising, red with angry heat;  
Driving the coward vapours to the clouds!  
The features so impassive feel the rays  
And vibrate—Hark! to the broken chord!  
The notes float out in ever widening rings  
Upon the flood of time, bearing the sound  
Along, till kindred discords blend their strains  
In one great trumpet-wail of WAR.

## THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER: OR, THE SHOW THAT SHAM BUILT.

This is the Show that Sham built.  
This is the fault that lay in the show, &c.  
This is the fat that came of the fault, &c.  
This is the hog that eat the fat, &c.  
This is the press that worried the hog, &c.  
This is the swell, commercially born, who cursed the press, &c.  
This is the grammar, all tattered and torn, that belonged to the swell, &c.  
This is the feast of much decency shorn, that aired the grammar, &c.  
And this is the home, better known as *Cremorne*,  
Fit place for the feast of all decency shorn,  
That aired the grammar, all tattered and torn,  
That belonged to the swell (commercially born)  
That cursed the press,  
That worried the hog,  
That eat the fat,  
That came of the fault,  
That lay in the Show,  
That Sham built.

RHYME WITH SOME REASON.—Henceforward we shall hear no more of the Baker's Dozen, which gives one in, but the Baker's Cozen, which takes one in.

NEITHER PRIVATE NOR CONFIDENTIAL.—In these pages we have occasionally had to deal with notorious abuses. In the discharge of this, our duty to our readers, we have incurred the displeasure of a small and by no means respectable minority. Accustomed, it is to be presumed, by mere force of habit, to the small scandals of small minds, they have invested our words with meanings of their own, and applied to individuals that which was directed only at systems. We therefore, once and for all, most emphatically and unequivocally give the lie to those who, for reasons best known to themselves, have wronged us so grievously.







## THE FRENCH MEMNON!

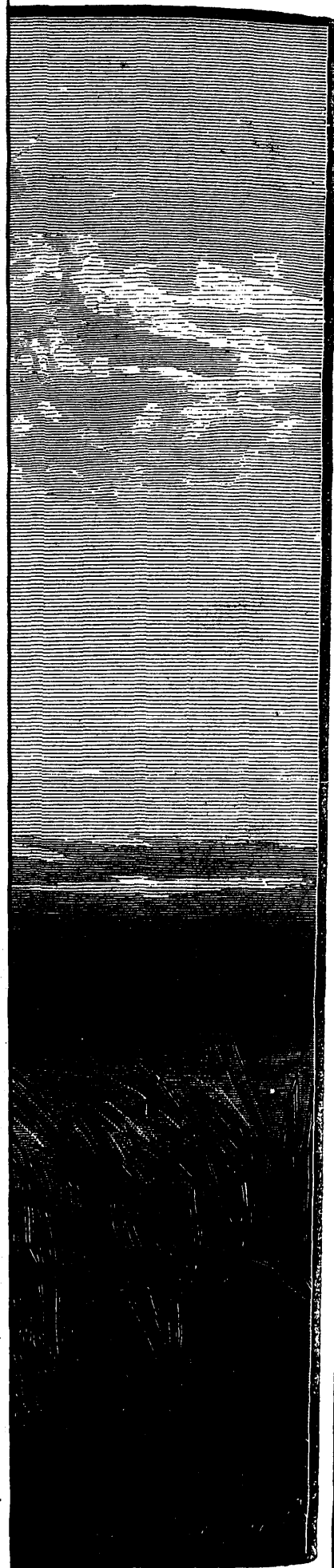
OR,

### WAITING FOR WAR.

The colossal statue of the Egyptian King, Amenophis, near Thebes, commonly called the statue of Memnon, was said to give forth sounds when warmed by the rays of the rising sun. By some these sounds were accepted as words of command, by others as notes of sweet music.



NO VEMBER, 9, 1867.



these sounds

## THE INTERPRETER.

## JEAMES AT BALMORAL.

"There is reason to believe that Her Majesty has resolved to emerge from the comparative seclusion in which she has lived for so long a period, and that the next season will be one of the most brilliant on record during her long and beneficent reign."—*Observer*.

THIS is indeed gratifying intelligence. TOMAHAWK congratulates himself that the question he has so often asked, "Where is Britannia?" is now to be answered to the satisfaction of every one. Good counsels have prevailed. Mark the concluding words of the above paragraph and let the public join us in a song of praise and thanksgiving.

## BAD LANGUAGE.

## LETTER TO THE "STAR."

SIR,—In your impression of Thursday last, I am reported to have said, at a meeting of the Reform League Council, that Irishmen were fully justified in using physical force to redress their wrongs. Permit me to say, that although a persistent Reformer for at least twenty years, I never advocated the use of physical force to obtain it, and am not likely to do so now that the Government, assisted by some Radicals in the House, have commenced, and in no niggard spirit, the enfranchisement of the people.—Yours respectfully,

B. LUCRAFT.

13 St. James's street, Islington, Oct. 26th.

Where is the delinquent Reporter who could so impose upon the good nature and forbearance of the public as to give any publicity whatever to Lucraft's so-called "speech?" Why report the whole of his speech when he evidently himself forgot his "parts of speech?" Lucraft tells us that he has been "a persistent Reformer for twenty years." This announcement is of the highest importance. There is hope for England still, although we may despair of Lucraft. He proceeds to say, with refreshing contempt for grammatical coherence—"I never advocated the use of physical force to obtain it" (*vide* letter above). Now, will any educated member of the Reform League say what the lucid and consistent Lucraft means by "it?" Charity supplies the meaning, but it suggests to our mind at the same time the utility of charity schools!

## AN HONEST PARISH.

"The tradesmen in the parish of St. Pancras, who have been fined by the Leet jury for having defective weights and measures, having complained to the vestry of their names being permitted to be made public through the press, arrangements have been made in order to keep them secret for the future."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

WE shall next, we suppose, hear of a convicted murderer or burglar "complaining" to the judge of his name being "made public." Sensitive tradesmen of St. Pancras! They can cheat the poor, rob the starving of an ounce of meat or bread, but when their names are given to the world they "complain of publicity." We know not which to admire most, the monstrous audacity of these tradesmen, or the monstrous culpability of the vestry (if it be true) in "making arrangements" to withhold the names of the delinquents for the future. To the petty thieving butcher we would mete out measure for measure, and leave the law with its scales, fair and honest, to exact its pound of flesh in its own peculiar way: while the rascally baker, whose loaves are fishy, as his false scales abundantly testify, we would consign to a mill, popularly known as the treadmill. We should like, too, to be favoured with the names and addresses of the immaculate vestrymen of St. Pancras.

## THE NAKED TRUTH.

"ADA ISAACS MENKEN.—GOOD FOR NOTHING.—MAZEPPA."

[Programme at Astley's Theatre.

NOW, whether it is meant from the above programme of the performances at Astley's that the lovely Menken is good for nothing, or that *Mazeppa* is good for nothing, or that Miss Menken and *Mazeppa* are both good for nothing, we leave it to the public at large to determine. All we can say is that the Lessee's bill of fare is ambiguous, and therefore capable of unpleasant misconstruction. However, we leave him and Miss Menken to arrange this trifle between themselves, having discharged our duty in calling attention to what the malicious may construe into an unfair and undeserved attack on that fair actress. We suppose we must congratulate ourselves on

the return of Miss Menken's bare legs among us. We certainly are a curious nation. Paris blushed, Berlin frowned, Vienna started at the late importation among them of so much that was bare-faced and bare-legged: but London—modest London—straight-laced London—virtuous London—nightly admires, smiles approvingly, uses the lorgnette, and enjoys the chaste and refined exhibition. There is no disputing that this lady is an immense favourite among us. Let those who doubt it ask the Lord Chamberlain. Certain it is that *Mazeppa* will have a long run, from the simple fact that the Menken and the Lessee have both such an objection to close (clothes)!

## THE BAVARIAN SITTING.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in the House of Wittelsbach. On a throne is seated the one and only WAGNER, at his feet the KING OF BAVARIA.*

HIS MAJESTY, THE KING.—High-honoured and heaven-gifted Poet: another deputation has brought it's ever-respectful feet to our door, and awaits the world-celebrated honour of receiving my revered wishes in reference to the about-to-be-passed treaty, which has been accepted by the almost-unanimous voice of our Lower House.

H. M. WAGNER.—Majesty, don't interrupt, I am just beginning the fifteenth act of my never-too-much-to-be-praised-and-admired operatic and dramatic entirety, entitled *Blut-wurst und Geschrei, oder Musikalische Katzenharmonie*, by the only one Wagner—my honoured self.

H. M. THE KING.—How beautiful—how all-heavenly the title. Let us away to the mountains—to Starnberg—anywhere—where I may fill my eager-swallowing soul with thy real-Wagnerian harmonies.

H. M. WAGNER.—*Halt's* mau! *Majestat*. My new work will take three days and three nights to perform.

H. M. THE KING.—All-beloved heaven, how delicious! The hangman take politics, and my brother of Hades carry off Bismarck. I would give up Nürnberg, Augsburg, and Bamberg for an overture from thee, Great Poet!

H. M. WAGNER.—Overture! Your Majesty is softening as to his royal brain. I never write overtures. Leave them to the cursed Italian-composition imitators. My genius awaits the descent, and not the rising, of the curtain, to bring the all-stirring notes of the orchestra into play.

H. M. THE KING.—But, Poet, even now I hear the door-knocking knuckles of the different on-the-pavement-marshalled deputations. What must I say? Speak.

H. M. WAGNER.—Majesty, you're a decided fool. If your weak belief prompts you to these unseemly interruptions, I shall be guilty of a false discord—nay, I might even fall into a weak ebullition of melody, which might bring the Abbé Liszt's maledictions down on my to-noise-devoted head.

H. M. THE KING.—But Poet-Brother, how can I decide without your consent. Hohenlohe is by no means conciliatory.

H. M. WAGNER.—Hohenlohe doesn't believe in the divine right of musicians of the future. Hohenlohe must be instructed. What's the row Majesty?

H. M. THE KING.—Divine composer—

H. M. WAGNER.—Stay, Majesty. A theme for five bassoons and thirteen side-drums, in unison, flits across my Apollo-blessed brain. Give me my tablets.

H. M. THE KING.—My noble Poet, I have that honour. But e'er thy seraphic inspirations vault on to the harmonious back of Pegasus, strike the one chord in my people's heart through mine.

H. M. WAGNER.—In the name of all that's holy Majesty leave me alone, or I shall at once retire to the Court of Vienna.

H. M. THE KING.—Heaven avert such calamity-pregnant disaster!

H. M. WAGNER.—Listen once Majesty. Does Prussia threaten to tax the people's beer by a single kreutzer?

H. M. THE KING.—*Warum nicht gar!* There's no fear of that.

H. M. WAGNER.—Then go ahead! Vote for Bismarck and *Baierisch Beer*!

WHAT WEAPON GIVES THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL?—The Butcher's Bill.



## THIS DAY'S INTELLIGENCE FROM ABYSSINIA.

(FROM THE CREATURE IN OUR PAY AT THE COURT OF  
KING THEODORE.)

*Head Quarters, Deborah Camp,  
6th November, 1867.*

THERE was a stir in the Camp at an unusually early hour this morning, caused by the King convoking a council of his Ministers shortly after sunrise. His Majesty received the great officers of state in the royal tent, and addressing them collectively, declared himself to be in great perplexity.

"Who has dared to disturb the Imperial repose?" demanded Hhyd Abon, the favourite minister, with deferential indignation.

"Oh Abon!" pursued the King in trembling tones, "I have dreamed an awful dream. This morn, as slumbering on this couch I lay—it was but a few moments since—I saw a vision of an awful Britisher! As the dread spectre emerged from the misty gloom, and its pallid features one by one disclosed themselves, I believed (for it was the nose I first beheld) that it was the shade of Wellington (a great warrior, my friends) that visited me; but when the whole figure had risen before me to its patent-leather boots, I perceived it to be a very little man, in a black coat. The spectre thus announced its mission.

"I am one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State," it said, "and I have the honour to inform you that Her Majesty's Government has decided to enforce the surrender of the British prisoners now held by your Majesty. That you may know how futile will be resistance, I may as well inform you that we have sent 1,500 men from India to your shores, and we have purchased 20,000 mules at £50 a piece in Europe. That a million—"

"Stay Sir Secretary," I interrupted. "I regret, indeed, that you did not make me acquainted with your arrangements, for I and my allies would gladly have sold you ten times the number of mules for a quarter of the money, with men who know how to manage them, thrown in."

"Too late, too late," continued the spectre mournfully. "I have already paid for the beasts, and am shortly going to ask my Parliament for the money to buy them with, so now you surely see that we are in earnest, and we give you ten minutes to decide whether you will fight or surrender."

"Ten minutes, Sir John!" I exclaimed, "Why Lord Russell took nearly three years to reply to my letter, and you allow me but ten minutes to answer you—"

"Nothing to do with it," said the little figure, "We have no relations with the parties opposite. They took thirty years to prepare a measure, while we, on our side, only allowed ourselves as many minutes to settle the whole constitution of England. Understand me, we are pledged to action! ten minutes pledged I say—and no Conservative Ministry yet abandoned its pledge. Remember! Remember—six o'clock, a.m., the sixth of November, eighteen sixty-seven," and the spectre vanished.

"And now my Lord," the King continued, "Seven minutes have already elapsed. What can we do?"

"Do, your Majesty," said the Premier, "Why, but give me the order Sire, and I'll cut all the prisoners throats in half the time."

"No, no, Abon," replied the King, "Thank you very much, but it would not do. I should like it extremely, but I cannot afford it. Why these foreign cowards have got 1,500 men against our 150,000. The chances are clearly 100 to 1 against us. What are the reports from Magdala. Have the English workmen yet altered all our firearms?"

"No Sire. Had there been fewer missionaries and more blacksmiths among them the conversions would have been more numerous. Only a few thousand stands of arms have yet been completed."

"Ah me," said his Majesty, "We cannot stand to win on such odds—so telegraph at once to Pall Mall. Should say that I give up all the prisoners. And let a despatch to the same effect be prepared directly the clerks come to our War Office this morning."

So saying, the warlike but prudent Monarch adjourned this council, turned his face to the wall, and slept.

In four or five weeks' time therefore, Her Majesty's Government may expect to receive the official despatch announcing

the surrender of the prisoners, and about three weeks after that the telegram to the same effect, now on its way to this country *via* Constantinople and Athens.

## IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

*After dinner. Dawdle and Dangle over their coffee and cigars.*

DAWDLE.—Anything in the *Pall Mall* to-night?

DANGLE.—One of Lewis's articles upon the German drama. You should read it. *Apropos*, have you seen the "Remonstrance" in *Belgravia*?

DAWDLE.—I glanced at it—awfully weak, isn't it?

DANGLE.—Awfully! Quite leaves the question of Babington White's identity unexplained, and slangs away at the *Pall Mall*. It's supposed to be written by Captain Shandon—you know—or rather his shade. Well, if he did write it, it would seem that the air of Hades doesn't agree with the poor old fellow—it's awfully silly. But I think the writer made a mistake; he—

DAWDLE.—Or she!

DANGLE.—As you say, or *she*, should have dated the letter with an appropriate address—Billingsgate. *Belgravia* is not very good this month—there's too much about Miss Braddon in it.

DAWDLE.—Ah! that's the worst of those literary quarrels—when writers have a row, they *will* bring the poor, unoffending public into the dispute; as if anyone cared a hang about such matters! Its bad enough to have to read their books, without being called upon to listen to their grievances.

DANGLE.—Just so. Been to any of the theatres lately?

DAWDLE.—I looked in at the Queen's the other night. Pretty house, but awfully silly pieces, and horribly bad scenery. Ellen Terry's very nice though, and the farce, by that "distinguished amateur," Felix Dale, Esq., is smile-at-able. By-the-bye, did you see what the *Daily News* said about this same Felix Dale, Esq.?

DANGLE.—Yes; that he is a well-known and veteran official—in fact, the critic took *M. le Fils* for *M. le Père*. Do you mean that?

DAWDLE.—Yes. What a funny mistake for a man moving in good society to be guilty of. By-the-bye, who is the man moving in good society, who writes for the *Daily News*?

DANGLE.—A paper that appeared in one of the magazines under the title of "Dramatic Critics Criticised," gave his name as a Mr. John Hollingshead, *apropos*, they say, that the "Canteen" at the Alhambra was thrown open to the public on the occasion of Riviere's benefit—did you go?

DAWDLE.—No. I'm a married man.

DANGLE.—I forgot that—pray pardon me. To change the subject, how about politics?

DAWDLE.—Disraeli and Bob Lowe being Doctored together was funny, wasn't it?

DANGLE.—Yes. By-the-bye, if it is not an impertinent question, will you kindly tell me why you call the latter *Bob Lowe*?

DAWDLE.—Bad habit I suppose. Most fellows do it though. I say, Beales seems rather puzzled about Fenianism, doesn't he?

DANGLE.—Awfully. His popularity's on the wane poor fellow! he had much better have stuck to revising. He's harmless now, that's more than we can say for Garibaldi.

DAWDLE.—Yes, what a bore that fellow's become. Well I don't know what they'll do, you see some of them want the Pope and some of them want an United Italy. You see they can't have both?

DANGLE.—Why not?

DAWDLE.—Why not? Why, how could they?

DANGLE.—How could they? By making the country one, kicking out Victor Emanuel, and putting the Pope on the throne in his stead!

DAWDLE.—By jingo, that's a notion worthy of the TOMAHAWK!

THE MOST UNPOPULAR MEET OF THE SEASON.—The Butcher's.

NEW BOOK OF TRAVELS, BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—*From St. Martins-le-Grand to St. Paul's.*



## SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF HUMAN CREATURES.

THIS Society held a Special Meeting on Thursday last, in order to take into consideration certain cruelties, alleged to have been practised in Farnham Workhouse against some poor defenceless human creatures known as Paupers.

The various Animals who are members of this Society were very well represented. The Right Hon. Thorobred Racer presided.

The Chairman, in opening the proceedings said, "Fellow creatures, we have met together to consider what measures can be taken by us for the protection of certain poor men and women, who are being treated with the most horrid cruelty by some of their own species. I will not enlarge on the terrible frequency of these cases of more than human ferocity; our Society has been but a short time constituted, but I think that during that time we have not been idle. (*Hear, hear.*) The necessity for such a Society has been amply proved. You all know how arrogantly these two-legged creatures have asserted their superiority to us; how they have consistently attempted to abuse and maltreat us, till they found that we were stronger than they, (*hear, hear*) that they could not exist without us; and since then they have cringed to us and courted us, have attempted to bribe us with all sorts of lavish presents, have exalted us far above their own kith and kind; but instead of winning our respect and affection, they have only succeeded in strengthening our contempt and hatred for them. (*Hear, hear.*) But for the weak, the oppressed, and suffering among them we have ever had a sincere regard; and we have formed this Society for the purpose of protecting them against the fiendish cruelty of their stronger fellow bipeds. (*Hear, hear.*) The case, which we have now been called together to discuss, is one of such surprising horror, that I scarcely dare to read you the details; but as it is my duty to lay all the facts before you, I must needs proceed, though I assure you it is with a shuddering disgust which I know you will all share."

The Right Hon. Chairman then proceeded to read the account of the Farnham Workhouse, published in the *Lancet*, with the main facts of which our readers are acquainted. He was interrupted several times by strong expressions of disgust, and the Hon. Charles Spaniel, who was present, had to be removed from the room in a fainting condition.

"I now beg to move the first resolution—namely, 'That this meeting reprobates with unanimous loathing and horror, which no words can express, the terrible humanity and iniquitous negligence of all concerned, directly or indirectly, in the management of the Farnham Workhouse; and unless all those responsible for these acts of cruelty be summarily punished, and the whole system which admits of such abuses be reformed, all animals of any respectability whatever will avoid the society of the English species of mankind for ever, and will hold them as vermin, whom it is the duty and privilege of every beast to destroy.' " (*Loud cheers.*)

Mr. F. A. T. Bullock rose to second the resolution. He said:—"I am a plain-spoken creature, and shall not detain you long. I am not unaware of the failings to which some of my relations must plead guilty. My cousins, the Bulls, have always been a quick-tempered race, but I leave it to you to say whether they have ever been guilty of wanton acts of cruelty, or whether the excesses in which they have indulged have not, in most cases, been provoked by a long and ingenious course of torture on the part of these miserable bipeds. (*Loud cheers.*) But whatever grudge I or my family may owe to men, I can never forget, they are our fellow-animals. (*Hear, hear.*) When my race was visited with a fearful disease, as fatal as it was mysterious, they came forward nobly to our help. I won't say but what their remedies were rather violent—they knocked a good many of us on the head, in order to cure us without waiting to see whether we fell ill or not. (*Hear, hear.*) They acted selfishly, perhaps, but in this case, their interest was to stop the plague, and they did what seemed best to them. At any rate, they spared no labour and no expense to endeavour to relieve our suffering. I venture to say that they never would have dared to have lodged any of my family who were ill in such a place as the Infirmary of Farnham Workhouse. (*Loud cheers, and cries of 'We should think not!'*) They knew

better than to make us live with our noses over a cesspool. (*Cheers.*) But how do they treat the poor and infirm among their own kind? Do they go to labour and expense to make laws for their good? No. Every penny that is spent on the pauper is haggled over, and if given, is given as grudgingly as possible. I do not mean to say anything disrespectful to our noble chairman, but does he suppose that if any of the Racers, or even of the Hacks, had but just recovered from a fit, that any man would have dared to make him work over a poisonous tank? (*No, no.*) I should think not. My motto is, 'treat all other animals as you yourself would be treated.' 'Be kind and gentle to the weak and the unfortunate.' Therefore, I beg heartily to second the resolution." (*Cheers.*)

Mr. Bleater Lamb, in moving the second resolution—"That this meeting resolves to spare no trouble and expense to bring to trial—Sargent, late Master of the Farnham Workhouse, for his infamous conduct," said: "I am sure, fellow creatures, that you will not accuse me of habitual audacity or severity; but I cannot consent to see a monster such as this Sargent, go unpunished because his own fellow-bipeds have not the courage to bring him to trial. I myself, would gladly part with the fleece off my back, though the winter is coming on, if it could be woven into a rope to hang such a wretch with. Although these blood-thirsty bipeds allow but few of my family to reach to a good old age, they always treat them with consideration and kindness as long as they are alive; and I would rather die young by a violent death, than live to a great age, only to drag on my years in a filthy dungeon, amidst every species of insult, torture, and persecution that the cruel mind of mankind can devise." (*Hear, hear.*)

The Hon. Coney Rabbit in seconding the resolution remarked that he did not wish to be personal but that he had heard an allusion made to a rabbit-hutch, in which a species of biped, called tramps, were confined at this workhouse. He had lived in a hutch and he knew it was very comfortable. He had a nice warm bed and plenty of good food, but here was a poor woman just on the verge of giving birth to a child, confined in a so-called hutch, with nothing but dirty straw to lie on, and not a bit of food or drink allowed her. What Rabbit he asked was ever treated like that? His race had been accused of eating their own offspring, he wondered that these paupers didn't eat their children—not only to stay their own ravening appetites, but to save the poor animals from the life of misery which awaited them. (*Cheers.*)

Several other resolutions having been proposed and carried, the meeting separated, and no time will be lost in endeavouring, by every means, to interpose on behalf of the poor suffering creatures at the Farnham Workhouse, and to bring their would-be murderers to justice.

## "MUSICAL CRITICS CRITICISED."

AN article will be found, in the November number of *The Broadway*, bearing the above title; it is from the pen of Mr. John Edmund Cox, and purports to draw attention to the extremely defective condition of the press criticism in London, so far as regards the art of music. The author starts by saying that could the honest opinion of every member of the musical profession be obtained, "the verdict would be all but unanimous that the criticism of the present day, in this direction, is as perverse and mischievous as it is contemptible." Bravo, Mr. Cox! You do not mince matters! The writer then proceeds to justify his sweeping statement, and although there is a certain proportion of truth in the article, there are also faults and inaccuracies which we shall proceed to point out.

In the first place, he has scarcely selected a good heading to his remarks, for, whereas he makes incidental allusion to pretty well all the critics of the present day, the bulk of his notice, and the chief torrent of his wrath is directed against the gentleman who contributes the musical articles to the *Times* newspaper. We may at once correct Mr. Cox as to a doubt which he hazards regarding the musical acquirements of this critic. There is no doubt of the ability possessed by the musical reporter of the *Times*; he is a well educated and experienced musician, and his title to be held as such, rests on a firmer foundation than "a short accompaniment to a song printed in the *Harmonicon* many years ago." We confess that we are not acquainted with this effort, but if Mr. Cox likes to turn to



some settings, made by the same author, of poetry by Shelley, he will find some vigorous and picturesque composition which any musician might have been pleased to write. It is just to say, however, that Mr. Cox is willing to give to the *Times* critic "the benefit of the doubt," as regards his musical attainments, and we have only made the foregoing remarks, therefore, to show that such indulgence is in no way required.

Mr. Cox now goes on to inveigh against this same critic for writing notices in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *Saturday Review*, as well as the *Times*: truly, this appears to us to be a matter for the critic to settle with his conscience and his editor—we cannot see that it is any business of Mr. Cox's. If during the season, when the columns of the *Times* are engaged upon matters of more general interest than music, the critic chooses to take other work, we see no grave objection to his doing so; if he says that a thing is black in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and white, in the *Saturday Review*, and neutral tint, in the *Times*, why then we pity him and his readers, but, short of this, it seems to us that a literary man is justified in taking as much work as he thinks himself capable of getting through.

Mr. Cox proceeds to remark that "a similar arrangement is said to prevail in the case of the critic of the *Telegraph*, *Observer*, and *Sunday Gazette*," in this Mr. Cox is inaccurate, as the gentleman who reports for the *Telegraph* is in no way directly or indirectly connected with the staff of the *Sunday Gazette*. Mr. Cox then touches upon the *Orchestra* and the *Athenæum*, but we may pass by the former, because, although written with much pretence, it is a weak journal at best, and one which has little or no influence for good or evil over the musical profession. With regard to the latter, Mr. Cox's remarks are, in the main, correct; the critic of the *Athenæum* is, without doubt, a partizan, but he is as honest and straightforward as it is possible for a man (who is a partizan) to be, and it is a pity that he veils his honest convictions in such a cloud of extravagant English that it is, at times, no easy matter to make out what on earth he means. To these remarks it may be added that this gentleman is no musician whatever, but he has heard music all over the world, and his experience joined to a very unusual share of critical appreciation, renders his opinion a valuable one.

We will not follow Mr. Cox through his dissertation upon the merits of Madlle. Clauss, Madame Schumann, and Madame Arabella Goddard, and how the two former were persistently "written down," and the latter "written up;" we may remark, however, that Madlle. Clauss was by no means so great an artist as Mr. Cox makes out. Her piano playing had much in it that was intelligent and interesting, but her mechanism was far from faultless. We cannot, also, endorse his opinion that Gounod's music was kept out of this country through any fear of the acerbity of the criticism which it would encounter. It must be borne in mind that Gounod never achieved any great public success until the production of *Faust*, and although the reputation of this grand work had spread through many countries, it was felt that the introduction of the scene in the Cathedral was a somewhat risky experiment to be tried on the English public. It is all very well to say that Mephistopheles, when he forbids Marguerite to pray, is but an embodiment of her own evil conscience, still there is no getting over the apparent fact that the Devil has found his way to the church, and that he gets dominion over the sinful girl who is endeavouring to cleanse her soul by prayer.

In returning to our subject, we may remark that we wholly disagree with Mr. Cox in his opinion that if an artist is criticised with unsparing severity in the columns of the *Times*, or other journals, "little else but ruin will too often follow as an inevitable consequence." The fallacy of this opinion has been frequently demonstrated in the case of artists who have been ill-treated, at the outset of their career, by newspapers, and who have subsequently risen to a position of eminence in their profession. The critic has no more power to mar than he has to make the future of an artist; all he can do is to mislead his readers for a certain period, but, in the long run, no singer or composer, if he possess merit, will appeal to the public in vain.

The real fault of the musical criticism in this country lies, not in its injustice, or its partizanship, so much as in the blind ignorance of those who write; these gentlemen (probably very nice agreeable persons, for anything we know to the contrary!) are, for the most part, altogether innocent of any knowledge, or, as in some cases, of any appreciation of the art which they profess to expound, and we now come to the question, "What is a

critic?" Ought he to be a composer himself? We think not, because very few composers are sufficiently liberal-minded to speak with justice on all the numerous phases of musical expression. If you do not get a composer to write your criticisms, then you run the risk of acquiring the services of an Ignoramus, for very few people undertake the study of the theory of music without a view to its practice in some form or other.

A man who is fond of music, who has, to a certain extent, mastered its precepts, who is not devoted to any one school in preference to any other, who is in no way mixed up with professional intrigues, and who will write what he conscientiously believes to be true, will be a good musical critic; but, alas, Mr. Cox! we fear that there are not many such, and, however much we may deplore the condition of things, we have but slender hope of mending matters. The art of criticism is difficult to define, but well nigh impossible to realise, and, for reasons which we have already indicated, the prospect of securing trustworthy musical chroniclers in England is, to say the least of it, extremely remote.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A striking proof of bold success,  
Achieved in spite of many a foe;  
A weapon dreaded by the false,  
Who hate the Truth they will not know:  
Graved by this weapon, men shall see  
The features of the fading year;  
From many a heart It welcome craves,  
And yet to none would seem too dear.

(1.)

Days of my childhood!—happy days!  
Once more their pleasures seem to come,  
As I remember how my teeth,  
Delighted in thy luscious gum.

(2.)

Thou wondrous knowing bird, whose voice  
Is only heard midst highest swells;  
Minerva, art thou? Yes, but dressed  
In Folly's stolen cap and bells.

(3.)

A Power which can move the world;  
Where dwells it? In the sea, or sky?  
Let Science guess; for me it lives  
In the pure depths of Beauty's eye.

(4.)

Sweet daughter of a noble sire,  
Whom envious tongues in vain reviled;  
The heart his vixen wife half broke,  
She could not steal from this dear child.

(5.)

Beside some silver-bosomed lake,  
Anon, in contemplation sitting;  
Anon, with wide-spread rapid wings  
O'er sun-illumined forests fitting.

(6.)

Distraught with passion's lurid glare  
These swarthy faces fiercely lower;  
Unmoved, their leader cons the crime  
Which shall in blood baptize his power.

(7.)

These mystic symbols may be read  
On those too frequent letters,  
In which the fools who've felt our lash  
Idly abuse their betters.

(8.)

To all who sullenly refuse  
Our Christmas invitation,  
We give what they must freely own  
The properest salutation.

ANSWERS to Double Acrostic of October 26th.—Ruby, Eliza Watkins, Convalescent, Mab, St. Paul's, and Dog Tray.

ANSWER to the Logogriphe in our last.—State Coach. Correct answers received from Ruby, Philip of Horncastle, Two Duffers, Betsy Waring, Calumet, H. C. G., Old Shell-back, This Child, and Jane's Fido.