

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

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LONDON, FEBRUARY 13, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

TO OUR OWN MOST PROPER POLONIUS.

My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What modesty should be, what beauty is,
Why legs are legs, tights tights, and flesh is flesh,
Were nothing but to waste legs, tights, and flesh.
Therefore, as vagueness is the soul of wit,
And seriousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be vague. Your actresses are nude.
Nude call I it? for to define true nudeness,
What is it but to be nothing else but nude?

MORE purpose and less talk, my good Polonius; you have waited a long time before rousing yourself into this paroxysm of propriety, and now you have done it, I don't quite see but what you might have held your tongue, or rather your pen, and the matter would have been none the worse, as it is now none the better. You know I managed to goad your predecessor into a faint show of authority as regards Finette, whose performance was really a disgraceful outrage on decency; and I don't mean to say for one moment but that at *some* of our theatres there have been lately exhibitions of the female form more open than honest. But, my excellent fussy old friend, if you have any judgment, if you have any power, why do]not you first use your judgment to decide what is indecent, and then use your power to put an end to it? If it is the province of the officials under you to see that nothing improper is produced upon the stage, why have they not prevented the introduction of those improprieties in dress, of which you complain, without waiting for the Press to hunt them out? You must be a very simple child of nature, if you think that you can safely leave it to the discretion and good taste of the managers to suppress what they have been at such pains to produce.

Our theatrical managers are, as a rule, not very remarkable for any independence of character. Their only object is to put on the stage what pays best, and not even their utter want of discretion or taste could overpower their sense of self-interest so much as to make them continue for one week any performance which drove away, rather than attracted, audiences. If any indecency which your fatherly authority must have indirectly countenanced is admitted on our stage, and attracts spectators, it is the fault of those who go to see, and stay to approve, rather than of the managers or the performers. The public, my dear Polonius, are your children; it is for you to say what is proper or improper for them to see in the way of amusement; and surely it is rather straining at gnats in the shape of a ballet, and swallowing camels in the shape of music-hall dances and frequenters, to put forth such a very vague and feeble

remonstrance as you have in your famous letter of advice to the managers of the theatres.

Besides, your Lordship is unfair upon those directors or directresses of theatres, at which the entertainment appeals to the intellect and not to the senses only, in classing them uncere- moniously with those of their contemporaries, who turn their establishments into advertising marts for notorious courtezans. What earthly application can your letter have to the Prince of Wales', let us say? The ballets at nearly all our theatres are perfectly free from any impropriety of costume or gesture. Would you do away with the delightful dance of the Tribes at Covent Garden because the pretty savages are not completely cased in mail? The Poses Plastiques in Leicester square are of course beyond your province, so are the anatomical museums, and those photographs which adorn some of the windows in our chief thoroughfares, and the originals who promenade so elegantly at certain hours in certain casinos; but why did not you induce the official, whoever he may be, who is responsible for the continuance of these virtuous institutions, to issue a simultaneous appeal to the discretion and good taste of the proprietors of those places of amusement alluded to above? I am afraid that you are chastising those whom you really love, you wicked dog, you; and that by the generalising tone of your circular you hope to secure immunity to individuals. No? you really are in earnest. Then set to work and reform our theatrical entertainments altogether.

Let mad Ophelia wear her hair in curl papers, not indecently flowing down her back; let Juliet wear a thick crape veil and an ugly, that she may blush unseen; let Imogen case her dainty limbs in a diver's dress, not in naughty boy's hose and tunic; let Portia wear a muff always, lest her hands peep out of her lawyer's sleeves; let Desdemona always enter in a Bath chair with the window down, lest we catch sight of her ravishing features—let Rosalind be tied up in a sack, and Beatrice wear goloshes, lest the sight of her feet should be too much for our new-born modesty. And as for our ballet dancers, I refer you, most proper Polonius, to my Cartoon, from which your propriety will doubtless derive much satisfaction.

No, my excellent good Lord, you are not i' the right this time. If you want to kill any monster strike not so wildly; let your blows fall where they ought to fall. If you have not courage to do your duty, don't tell all the world so, and go a-begging for some one to do it for you; for if vague squeamishness is the nearest approach which you can make to stern discretion, take Hamlet's advice to thy daughter, and get thee to a nunnery—and quickly too. Farewell.

TOMAHAWK.

STANZAS FOR STONES:

Being a Collection of
POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

POOR TOMMY'S HOME!

1.
My home! Do I like it, and love it, you ask?
The thing I call *home*? I should rather think not.
Here, let's talk plain English; let's tear off the mask.
To-day this old word a new meaning has got.
2.
You doubt me? Then up with you quick, stair by stair,
Right up to the top, till you reach the third floor.
Come now, that won't stifle you—merely foul air!
You pause on the threshold? Let's open the door.
3.
You'd rather I didn't? Well, p'raps you are right;
Some homes may be queer sort of places within,
And things, of which often we can't bear the sight,
We can talk about calmly. Suppose I begin?
4.
A room; let's be handsome,—say, twelve feet by ten;
Foul, filthy, neglected for many a year!
Look in, you would think these were beasts in their den!
You're wrong—human beings are huddled in here.
5.
Let's count them. A mother and baby just born;
A father, he's drunk in the corner—that's three.
Six children, that's nine—there were eight, two are gone—
To heav'n? No, not yet,—they're in prison, you see!
6.
I'm the twelfth of the lot, and it's often I think,
When hunger hangs over us like a black pall,
And my father comes reeling in, madden'd by drink,
We'd better been out of the world, after all!
7.
There we lie in one room, hungry, thirsty, and cold,
The darkness around us, the floor for our bed!
The story's a terrible one when it's told—
A terrible one—and the world shakes its head.
8.
This dear, beautiful world, so pious—so good,
That, spite such a home, can live on in its ease;
That would do such fine wonderful things, if it could—
And doesn't! Well, p'raps such as me's hard to please!
9.
But still, while in England one home can be found
Where parents and children grow up like the brutes,
The talk of her progress is just so much sound,
For the tree, howe'er green, has a worm at its roots.
10.
When you brag, then, to me, and say, "Tommy, my boy,"
As parsons have said to me day after day,
"Ah! Heaven's the *home* of us all—there's our joy!"
I says, "Go yourself; I won't stand in your way!"
11.
Don't speak, then, to me, of a beautiful place,
And cant about this "our own dear special word;"
The sound of it brings up the blood to my face!
At thought of it all my dark feelings are stirred!
12.
I hate it! You stare at me; say that it's odd!
Well, do so;—throughout the wide world you may roam—
Meet evil in shoals; but for life without God,
Take England, and find it in poor Tommy's *home*!

OUR WEEKLY PROPHET.

(OBTAINED AT A GREAT OUTLAY.)

February 15th.—Owing to the fourteenth falling on a Sunday, there will be a continued fall of Valentines during the whole of the day. An occasional fall among the postmen under stress of ballast.

The Gaiety Theatre, not content with distributing fans to the ladies, will present every member of its audience on this evening with an appropriate Valentine.

The same mark of deference to the saint will be bestowed by the presiding Judge on every special jurymen in the Divorce Court. This will be looked on as a Wilde proceeding.

February 16th.—A cartoon will appear in the TOMAHAWK, which will cause such a commotion not a hundred miles from Windsor, as to give serious apprehensions as to the safety of the park-keepers.

The Grand Falconer will write a letter to the *Times* denying his connection with any Hawks, Tommy, or otherwise.

A lady of rank will make strenuous endeavours to appear on the stage; but on reperusal of the Lord Chamberlain's "Remonstrance on the Scantiness of Theatrical Costume," comes to the conclusion that she can show much more in a private box than in front of the footlights.

The Lord Chamberlain will forward another Circular to the effect that all statues, or representations of statues in any theatres within his jurisdiction, are to be painted black or covered with the robes which strict propriety demands.

Mr. George Vining will reply in a letter of half a column, in which he will never speak once of himself.

This prophecy appears to us as most improbable, but there is no gevining what may come out of the Princess's Theatre.

February 17th.—Velocipedes will crop up in Rotten Row. Ladies will get bitten by the mania, and horses will be at a discount. Velocipede races will be tried at Alexandra Park; and several well-known spiders will be caught tampering with their wheels.

Mr. Charles Reade will be the first to enter Hyde Park on this, the latest translation from the French.

February 18th.—A gentleman will actually travel from St. John's Wood *via* Baker street, to Paddington, by the Metropolitan Railway in twenty minutes, nearly as fast as the same distance by four-wheeler.

A Hansom cabman has backed himself to drive his vehicle twice over the same ground there and back while a friend is doing it by underground.

The Hansom cabman will win.

February 19th.—The Lord Chamberlain's representative will be asked out to the first early ball of the season, a skirmisher thrown out before the army of dancers commences its operations.

He will be much scandalised by the undress of the ladies, and will retire behind a screen till the party is over.

The Lord Chamberlain's representative will remonstrate with the lady of the house on the display of shoulders, and the impropriety of the waltz, to which the lady will reply, as any other lady would—keep away—or words to that effect.

February 20th.—Temple Bar will be heard to crack its sides. It will be discovered that an individual had just gone through with an open number of the TOMAHAWK—a passing joke was too much for the old thing.

The Right Honourable John Bright, M.P., will be raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Brillantine of Brummagem. Mr. Bright will retire to Windsor Forest to consider the question. On consideration, and out of respect to a superior will, he will accept the peerage.

Mr. Bright will grow a moustache, and cut Beales on the first opportunity.

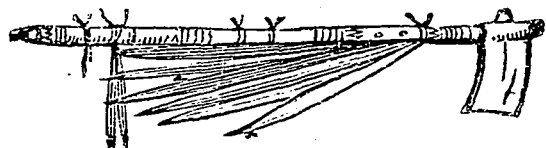
There will be a total eclipse of the son at the Haymarket on the occasion of Mr. Buckstone (*père*)'s return to the stage.

February 21st.—The Sunday performance at St. Alban's will attract more well-dressed women than ever. The Bishop of London will send round a circular almost in the same terms as that of the Lord Chamberlain, but with less chance of acknowledgment. The Ritualists will pay no attention whatever to it.

VAGUE BUT COMPLIMENTARY.—Mr. Chatterton has had such a long run with his Christmas piece that he may well call it a "pant-o'-mine." N.B.—The reader is respectfully requested to laugh long and heartily.

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LONDON, FEBRUARY 13, 1869.

THE WEEK.

AMONG the taxes suggested to the Chancellor of the Exchequer there is one which he omitted to mention—a tax on speeches. It might take the form of a license; after-dinner ones to be charged extra.

It is understood that the Lord Chamberlain declined to lay down any exact definition as to the proper limits of female dresses, lest he should be embarrassed at the forthcoming entertainments of the Court, by finding the upper boundary somewhat transgressed.

WATTS IN A NAME?

It has been reported, we believe without foundation, that Mr. Watts Phillips had disposed of a novel to the Editor of *Once a Week*.

We are sure Mr. Dallas would be inclined, if this is not true, to quote in his Table Talk the following lines from Beaumont and Fletcher:—

—One, if Foul Play
Should fall upon us
Will not fly back for Fillips.
The Chances.—Act III.

WANTED—THE LASH.

A PUBLICATION supposed to be devoted to the especial service of Englishwomen, and to be worthy of a place in their homes, has lately contained in its columns a correspondence purporting to be written by women on the subject of birching girls. So inexpressibly revolting in all its details and in the treatment of them has been this series of letters, that we gladly would have foreborne even to mention them. But the *Saturday Review* having published an article almost as offensive as the letters which it pretended to condemn, we cannot help speaking our minds out. If such brutal and disgusting matter as appeared in those letters is admitted into English homes, and read by English girls of a tender age, then the Girl of the Period is, even as her most malicious critics represent her, a miracle of virtue. If there really are mothers so utterly devoid of all modesty, of all decency, of all womanly feeling, as not only to do such things as are described in those letters, but openly to glory in them, may Heaven defend our children from contact

with such monsters! That the continuation of such an outrage on humanity was permitted in the pages of any paper is another proof that Lord Campbell's Act requires either more vigilant administration, or an extension on a wider basis. It remained for women in the nineteenth century to prove that the bitter satire on their sex, written by Juvenal in the first century, was not a libel.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

NOTWITHSTANDING the prophecies of the wiseacres who foretold that the winter of 1868-9 would be unprecedented in its severity, we are now close into the middle of February and we have as yet enjoyed one of the mildest seasons on record. In the face, however, of the assurances of the men of science who last October inundated the columns of the *Times* with their letters of warning, the Commissioners of the Metropolitan Board of Works, although they might not have been able to bring themselves to believe in the possibility of a recurrence of bonfires on the Serpentine and fairs on the Thames, were amply warranted in looking forward to some heavy falls of snow; and, in the remembrance of the great public inconvenience caused by the obstruction of the streets in former years, in being prepared with a remedy should occasion require one.

However, notwithstanding that occasion has not yet required a remedy, and is not likely now to do so, it is but just that the Board of Works should have full credit for having been prepared for the emergency that might have arisen. We consequently make public an order which was circulated in the various metropolitan districts at the beginning of the winter, with a view to the prevention of any interference with the traffic in the streets of London:—

METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.

General Instructions for the Removal of Accumulated Snow.

IN THE EVENT of heavy falls of snow in the metropolis, wherefrom any inconvenience to the traffic in the public thoroughfares may be apprehended, the Vestry authorities of each parish shall immediately carry out the following instructions, for the purpose of removing the obstructions:—

- 1.—When the snow shall have attained a depth of not less than six inches in the streets, an advertisement shall be inserted in the *Times* newspaper, inviting all persons desirous of obtaining employment at 2s. 6d. a-day to apply personally at the Vestry between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock on the morning of the following Monday.
- 2.—Such persons as may then be adjudged fit for the work may be selected; but before their engagement they should be required to obtain a certificate of good character from their last employer. A period of three days should be allowed for the production of these certificates.
- 3.—On the requisite number of workmen having been engaged, a second advertisement should be inserted in the *Times* newspaper, inviting tenders for brooms, wheelbarrows, and such other articles as are necessary for the removal of snow.
- 4.—The tenders having been received, the cheapest should be selected, and the goods should be supplied within six days of the order being given by the parish authorities.
- 5.—On the receipt of the implements from the contractor, the workmen should be requested to attend at the vestry at 6 a.m. on the following Monday.
- 6.—The men should then immediately be set to work, and the snow removed from the streets with all despatch.

The authorities in each parish are admonished that any departure from the letter of these instructions will be severely censured.

By Order of the Board.

Spring Gardens,
1st November, 1868.

It seems almost as if the weather had been so unusually fine simply from a spirit of contrariety to the Commissioners, who had prepared such a convincing display of their administrative abilities. We sympathise with the Board in having lost a chance of distinguishing itself.



"PROPRIETY" BEHIND THE SCENES!

(DEDICATED TO THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.)



"DROPPED AMONG THE PRIGS."

A NOVEL OF PRINCIPLE.

(N.B.—Not taken from *Britannia*.)

The Prologue.

A LEGACY WITH A VENGEANCE.

CHAPTER IX.

LADY RIZZIO'S ROUGE POT.

The Blush Rose blushes beautiful,
The Bulrush blushes blue;
But the bloomiest blush on the maiden cheek
Is the bloom of Blake (the true).¹

SILENCE!

The moonlight crawls up the gravel walk, and over the flower beds (though particularly requested not to do so), crawls through the glass, which, like her ladyship, was painted, and falls upon the portrait of a gentleman, who lived, oh so long ago, in a back attic of Wardour street, and who had been terribly knocked about in his time, till he was at last knocked down for sixpence.

Such is the fate of the brave, the beautiful, the true, whose portraits great masters have painted; and little daubers have copied!

All was still. Still, not quite so. The champagne in the cellars was sparkling. So were the jewels on my lady's toilet table.

Our friend, the clock, was not still. Tic, tic, tic, in its monotonous agony. What have clocks done that they should suffer so from tic?

Before the mirror sits Lady Rupert de Rizzio, and in the mirror she sees—a painted skull!

Ay, Blondede Perle, Bloom of Roses, Siberian paste, Caucasian Cream, and Lilywater of Lilliput, do what ye will, ye cannot hide the hollow eyes, and the toothless jaws, and the great gaunt cheekbones drawn by the hand of the master artist, Death!

Cosmetics (?) are but the gaudy lichens with which Art seeks to cover the features that Time's greedy tooth has mumbled and crumbled into ruin.

But enough! See my Lady, poor thing! The rouge pot lies open before her empty, and yet blushing for its crimes—a fit emblem of her life.

Down the furrowed cheeks trickle the tepid tears. Who knows but some kind spirit is standing by with an invisible phial to catch them in, that he may bottle them up for some Museum of Curiosities in the Land of the Rapparees?

Seven asterisks. * * * * *

In my Lady's hand is a photograph—a shilling one—of a young man.

Some one is snoring!

Seven more asterisks! * * * * *

The features are distorted, perhaps by rage, perhaps by the photographer.

Listen, listen, Lady Rizzio; surely someone is coming.

Seven more asterisks! * * * * *

She looks at the portrait, and she shakes her head.

"It is not like," she murmurs, "and yet it is."

Oh! that snoring! Why will she not hear?

Seven more asterisks! * * * * *

What was that? The snoring has ceased. Some one is crawling from under the bed. Not the moonlight this time.

Seven more asterisks! * * * * *

Some one is standing behind the chair, making faces. Lady Rizzio looks up at the glass.

Fourteen asterisks! * * * * *

Why does she start? Why? Because in the glass she sees—the photographer!

TO THE PRINTER.—I will have my notes printed in larger type.—BLAKE, Major.

¹ To be had in pots, 5s., 7s. 6d., and 10s. each, only of the inventor, Major Blake. Perfectly innocent as the vendor. Beware of imitations, which, though they may be innocent flatteries, are but empty flatteries after all.

² The Bloom of Blake is an exception. When Time sees that on the face he cries "Hands off!" It is indeed the very extract of cheek.

Twenty-one asterisks. * * * * *

"You did it—you know you did, wretch!"

He seizes her by the arm and points to the empty rouge-pot.

Why does she tremble? Why does she quail before the menacing finger?

A knock at the door. Who's there?

"Me, dear. Are you asleep?" Where was his grammar?

With staring eyes fixed on the Stranger's face she answers,

"Yes!"

"Then don't snore."

She shudders, but, awed by the talismanic glance, she answers

"No!"

The Voice—"Swear you won't!"

She (as before).—"I swear!"

The Voice is appeased, and vanishes.

Twenty-eight asterisks. * * * * *

All is still! Alone with a cheap photographer. Fortunately it was night!

Thirty-five asterisks. * * * * *

A stifled shriek!

Nothing more!

CHAPTER X.

THE FUNKY FLUNKY.

There was eke Johne Thomase, God wote,
That sleped so well, if a gunne shote,
I wis he slepid still harde, the sotte!

BLAK (Contemporary of Chaucer).¹

READER, dear! The moonlight and you are playing a game "Follow my Leader!" A pokey dirty room—there's no use denying it. But it's the moonlight's fault for bringing us there. However, now we are there, dear reader, let us be jolly: let us look around.

John Thomas, nimble lacquey of the great Sir Ralph, bloated menial of the Rizzio family, lies—snoring.

He is drinking visionary glasses of old ale, in visionary tumblers, in visionary servants' hall, in the company of visionary servant-maids.

What a wonderful thing is a dream! You owe your tailor a hundred pounds; you go to sleep anxious and insolvent; you dream you have paid him. And when he calls the next morning, and, with a simple, child-like smile, you tell him your dream, he does not believe you—he does not give you a stamped receipt, as he ought.²

A sharp, dull, booming sound, louder than a girl of the period, quieter than the voice of the elements.

It did not wake John Thomas. You had to hit the drum of his ear very hard before you could sound a *reveille*.

Silence in the house!

Only for five minutes—then a slippered tread.

A knock!

Rizzio Hall might have been the home of Knox, the police magistrate.

"John! John! get up, you brute!"

John snores.

"John Thomas! you lubber!"

John snores.

The door opens. A hot hand is laid on John Thomas's shoulder.

"The Devil!"

"No, your master!"

He trembled from head to foot. Poor John! What it is to have an uneasy conscience, and to wear false calves!

"Come with me; put on your boots."

"Not my silk stockings, Sir Rupert?"

"No, there are rats in this house! So your mistress says."

John put on his boots without another word.

¹ Blak was a remarkable poet, whose works are very scarce. He was superior to Gower and Lydgate, and but little inferior to the great Geoffrey. His poems have been reprinted (on toned paper), and may be had at 199 Strand. (Ask for Major Blake.)

² Major B. cannot help avowing that he inserted this eloquent and touching passage when the author was asleep, as he often is, over his work. Poor fellow! how can he help it?

Stop! the time! His watch had stopped. The old clock in the hall had not. He looks at it.

Eleven o'clock; or rather thirty seconds past!

John Thomas's knees shook.

"What is the time?" asked her Ladyship.

"Just eleven, your Ladyship." He trembled and felt strangely chilly—like aspic jelly.

A dozen asterisks * * * * * or so.

Enter Butler. To him Lady Rizzio, with meaning, "What is the time, Beeswing?"

"Give it up," answered the sleepy myrmidon of Bacchus.

"Where's your watch?"

"Gone pop." The Baronet shuddered.

"Good, go and look in the hall."

Beeswing goes and looks.

"Twelve minutes and twenty seconds past eleven, your Ladyship."

"Thank you. Now, please go and look for the rats."

"I'll come, too," said the Baronet. He looked pale. He was not a cat or a terrier; perhaps he was afraid of rats.

They went, the three, solemnly, slowly, not running like the three blind mice—though, like them, they could see nothing.

Why did John Thomas turn so pale?

Nine or ten asterisks. * * * * *

They could see nothing—inside the house.

"What's the time?" asked Lady Rizzio, this time quite gaily.

"Eleven thirty," answered Beeswing. He read his Bradshaw—regularly.

"Listen! did you hear that?" cries her Ladyship.

What? John Thomas trembled more than ever.

A boom—a thudding, ringing sound, like a popgun, or a cork being drawn.

"Search the cellars! Sir Rupert, you will go with them."

"I? Oh, Jane!"

"Yes, you," she answers, stolidly.

Their eyes meet. Sir Rupert follows the four men.

Four men! Who were the other two?

Sir Rupert Ruth Rizzio saw double!

WHAT NEXT?

THE selection of a "rank outsider" for the Chief Commissionership of the Metropolitan Police has naturally caused great consternation amongst the London public, who were beginning to flatter themselves that the loud grumbles in which they have recently indulged against the general inefficiency of the Police Force would have had the effect of making Mr. Bruce pick out a really practical man for the much coveted place. The appointment of a soldier is the very least popular selection that could have been made. Everybody is disgusted and disappointed. What may we not expect if this is the style in which Mr. Gladstone's Government is going to exercise the patronage entrusted to it? After this we may fairly prophesy that the gentlemen whose names are attached to the undermentioned offices will have the best chances of getting them, if circumstances should place them at the disposal of the present Ministry:—

Archbishopric of Canterbury—

Mr. Spurgeon

Mr. Mackonochie

Commandership-in-Chief of the Army—

Lord Ranelagh

Prince Arthur

Governor-Generalship of India—

Mr. Beales, M.A.

Lord Carington

Knights of the Garter—

Lord Arthur Clinton

Sir Robert Carden

Such appointments as these would be quite as reasonable as Mr. Bruce's latest exercise of his powers of patronage. The few people who have ever heard of Colonel Henderson, know him to be a conscientious martinet entrusted with the discipline of Convict prisons, and imbued with the most inveterate military proclivities? Scarcely the man to make the Metropolitan Police an efficient and serviceable force!

THE DRAMA DRAMATIZED.

SCENE.—Green Room of Theatre Royal, Utopia.

1ST MANAGER (of a certain tendency).

2ND MANAGER (of a different tendency).

GHOST OF THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

MESSENGER, LADIES OF THE BURLESQUE, &C., &C.

1ST MANAGER.—Let us seek out some tavern undisturbed
By prying officers of night, and there
The licensed flagon empty.

(Enter MESSENGER, armed with LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S
CIRCULAR.)

Who comes here?

MESSENGER.—In the Queen's name I charge you all let down
Your skirts!

1ST MANAGER. Our skirts? My stars!

2ND MANAGER (aside).

Aye, that's the oath

That best befits thy office.

1ST MANAGER.

Did you say

Skirts—after all my pains, all my expense,

To add superfluous drap'ries to the cost

Of this my undertaking? Get you gone!

I give an inch, and you would take an ell!

(Looks over the CIRCULAR.)

O I am sick at heart, and where to draw

The Line of Beauty know not. Who shall measure

What is the *quantum sufficit* of leg

You, ladies, may aspire to? In its stead,

By wit, good writing, incident, and plot,

Unmix'd with baser matter, must I find

That something which will meet this vague ideal

Of stage propriety. DEMAND is King:

SUPPLY is but the servant: and I do

The public bidding. I must choose the fare

To suit a jaded appetite. Plain joints

May feed the starveling who has never known

The feasts of Fashion, served up hot and strong.

Go—tell your master this.

(Exit MESSENGER.)

2ND MANAGER.

Hold out a cap

And there's no lack of heads to fit it. Well,

I'm sorry for you, they have scotched the snake,

But 'twill take yet more killing ere it dies.

Here had we now our honor'd Chamberlain,

I'd write an Order for himself and friend,

That he might see and know how *we* can draw

Without GODIVAS ogling from the stage

Stalls, Pit, and Gall'ry of PEEPING TOMS!

(GHOST OF LORD CHAMBERLAIN rises.)

Thou canst not say *I* did it: never shake

Thy head at me!

(Exit 2ND MANAGER in a burst of
virtuous indignation.)

1ST MANAGER.

Avaunt! and quit my sight!

I have a speculation in mine eye,

And dare not heed thy CIRCULAR.

(GHOST disappears.)

Why so,

Being gone, I am the Manager again.—

Pray you sit still, sweet ladies, as you are;

And *more* I beg not . . .

(Scene closes.)

EPIGRAM BY THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN TO THE MANAGERS.

DISCUSSION 'bout the ballet dress is getting stronger,
To cut it short, you'll have to cut it longer.

To which we add two lines of Ben Jonson's:—

Who shall doubt, Donne, whe'r I a poet be,
When I dare send my epigrams to thee?

"WAITING FOR THE VERDICT."

A COURT-MARTIAL is by no means a model tribunal. Amongst the many defects of the system one in particular is always very observable, viz., no one, neither the friend nor the enemy of the accused, is ever satisfied with the proceedings of the Court.

In the case of Captain Wilmshurst, R.N., who was tried the other day on a charge of sharp practice regarding the salvage of some bales of cotton from a wreck at Ascension, and honourably acquitted, the decision of the cocked-hatted tribunal was the signal for general disagreement. The friends of Captain Wilmshurst immediately pronounced the prosecution as most unwarrantable and unjustifiable, and got up a fund to reimburse the gallant defendant his expenses, while at the same time the representatives of the cotton interest—to wit, the committee of Lloyd's—voted the whole proceedings very unsatisfactory, and have now given notice to the Admiralty that they intend to carry the matter into a court of equity.

What a pity it is that this could not have been arranged in the first instance, it would have saved a great deal of the valuable time of the admirals and post captains who sit in judgment at Spithead!

THE LAW'S DELAY.

THE public must perforce allow their interest and excitement in the Overend Gurney affair to abate for the present, for since the application for the removal of the trial from the Central Criminal Court to the Court of Queen's Bench has been acceded to, all prospect of an immediate settlement of the case has vanished into thin air. It appears that under no circumstances whatever can the cause come up for trial before April next, and the probable date at which it will take its turn for hearing will be some time in January, 1870.

We hear a good deal nowadays about the swiftness of British justice, but this does not say much for the alacrity of the blinded Goddess. For the sake of all parties concerned, both public (a party, by the way, very much concerned) and accused, how much better would it not be to have the grave charges set forth in the indictment either cleared up or substantiated at once! In no other country would such vexatious delay be tolerated. They manage these things better, not only in France, but even in Timbuctoo.

A MEYRICK CONCEIT.

WE are just stepping into February, and yet the past month clings about us. We have scarcely yet got over the disagreeables of that heavy annual blow known as Christmas. Was there anything pleasant during January? Let us see—first, there was that bill for building the washhouse in the back area, which came to three times as much as we expected. Then we have had the doctor several times more than necessary, had not a great family dinner upset all the younger branches, and put the nursery on calomel and short commons, which sounds economical but never is. Then there was that little law business during the year, and a consequent disbursement of six-and-eight-pences, which took much of the brilliancy out of the holly, and all the slyness away from the mistletoe. All things considered, the entry of the new year has been the feature of the month, and a feature which makes most men pull a very long face, in spite of its attractions.

Nephews and nieces tell us the pantomimes are the features most worthy of notice, and if they speak of the masks worn by the supernumeraries they are perhaps right. Father Time, however, has his own bit of pantomime; and a touch of his wand sends 'sixty-eight flying out of ken, while the same instant brings 'sixty-nine, with all his hopes and fears, on to the stage of history. But we never get any of Father Time's pantomimists back again when once they have disappeared—unlike the harlequin, who rolls on to the boards by a flap-door almost as soon as he has passed through the clock face above it.

What with the reaction after the struggles at the elections, the necessity of paying bills, and the utter inability to pay any attention to the stagnation going on in the outer world, there has really been little of interest worth registering; and yet one fact is really well worthy of note—a fact of the greatest interest to

lovers of art, students of history, or ordinary sightseers. The great collection of armour from Goodrich Court—the long celebrated accumulation of war-treasures made by Sir Samuel Meyrick—has been opened at South Kensington on loan to the public.

We have been to the Tower, and been marched through the pikes and guns by the warders. We have visited the Museum of Artillery at Paris, and have done various galleries filled with mailed knights in Prussia and Austria; but invariably, when we have had occasion to make an observation on the beauties of such a Milanese suit, or such a fluted caparison, there has been some one present suggesting that a better example, or a more florid specimen, might be seen in the famous Meyrick collection, which, of course, we had not seen.

The famous Meyrick collection is now visible to anyone who will take the trouble to go down to Cromwell road, and walk into the shed where last year's Portrait Exhibition (part of it) was held. Let us tell the reader who has not yet been there the trouble is little beside the pleasure enjoyed in the sight. At first sight, and compared with national armouries, the collection may appear small, but so complete is it as a history of mediæval defensive weapons, so remarkably preserved and mounted, and so well arranged with respect to dates and for the benefit of inspection, that we doubt if any exhibition of armour ever gave us so much gratification as this. After passing hours of delight among the chased corslets and inlaid morions of the age of chivalry, we were quite disgusted at finding it was already four o'clock, when we were forced to contemplate with anything but admiration the hideous head-piece and black doublet of the policeman of the period, who turned us out according to orders, and much against our will.

So much were our thoughts occupied with the armour we had been inspecting, and so cold was the night which followed our visit, that we had a dream—a funny dream certainly, and worth mention if it is only for the pleasure of seeing it in print.

We were under the impression—it was freezing at the time—that the Serpentine was sufficiently coated with ice to make a skate practicable: our most earnest desire ever since we purchased a pair of club skates, which, as yet, are virgin of any outside edge, and likely to become rusty if this damp weather continues.

However, here the Serpentine was "a mask of ice," sufficient to carry much heavier swells than ourselves. We are not exactly able to account for the fact, but there we were, the other side of the bridge in Kensington Gardens, with our new skates on and a night-shirt for our only garment—and deuced cold it was. We should have been delighted to borrow a great coat, but there was no great coat about. Even the man who screwed on our skates had not got such a thing—didn't know what such a thing was. We cannot now make out why he persisted in screwing on our skates with a cross-bow. It came all right in the effect, but the means were peculiar, to say the least of it.

There they were, all those plated cavaliers, all those flowers of chivalry, hard at work cutting figures (and rather ridiculous ones, to say the truth) on the ice in all directions. There was a fat baron in a tilting suit, from Nürnberg, slightly encumbered with the jousting shield riveted to his left shoulder, but keeping his balance on a pair of old-fashioned Dutch pattens by the aid of his lance, which looked immensely like a barber's pole, though he was no shaver. There was an elegant of the time of Elizabeth in a puffed suit, which must have made many a sword leap out of its scabbard for jealousy, and many a heart jump into its mouth for love in days gone by, cutting a spread eagle, which might have made Austria's bird look a goose beside it. While one gigantic man-at-arms, who had every desire and an earnest will to become efficient enough to be elected a member of the Skating Club, showed so little command of his limbs, encased in the iron uniform of an early guardsman, that he fell with a noise as of many gongs through the ice, and, as Bunyan says, "I saw him no more."

The Humane Society, it is true, had its drags on the spot, but all the men were in mail shirts, and armed with morning stars—not the popular organ of the peace party, but the flail which ended in a ball full of spikes, used as a convincing argument in public discourses of a revolutionary character. One thing was peculiar about all the skaters, and everybody skated who was present, they all had their vizors closed. We never could see their faces. We don't believe they were ghosts of the

middle-aged owners. No; we are firmly convinced that the weather was so cold that there were no visitors to the Kensington Museum, and our belief is, Mr. Henry Cole and his aiders and abettors were determined the public should see the collection, and went out accordingly to the Serpentine to give the various suits an airing. We say this was our belief, for at the close of our dream all the armour disappeared like a view in the magic lantern, and the wearers were left in their night-shirts (odd that, very!) to get home as well as they could. We did not see their faces, but they all made for the Kensington Museum.

We shall go again and again to the Meyrick Collection, and we can heartily wish those who have lent these treasures, and those who have arranged them, a Meyrick Christmas and a Happy New Year.

"A CONVERTED CLOWN."

CANT and hypocrisy are hateful in whatever garb they appear, but when they come before us woven into a religious texture they are unbearably so. We (metropolitans) have been doing something of late to put down that intolerable nuisance "itinerant street preachers." These men come under our windows, howl till they are hoarse (and long after), are followed by a crowd listening to them out of a kind of vague curiosity, or because they have got nothing else to do, imprecate all mortals (except themselves) with the vilest curses, and those expressed in the coarsest language, until they are either wearied out with their own exertions, or are required by some unsympathetic policeman to "move on," as being an obstruction to the thoroughfare. We, metropolitans, are not the only people, however, who are afflicted with this kind of pestilence. One of these men, or one very nearly allied to them, who styles himself "a converted clown," and who, it appears, is holding what he is pleased to term "religious services" in the town of Whitchurch, in Shropshire, has recently published a hymn-book, which, for curiosity of language and expression, would vie with one of the most antique and curious specimens of orthography in the British Museum. The extract we give, though, is undoubtedly MODERN. If the conversion of the clown is manifested by the production of such a specimen of a hymn as that from which the following is an extract, all we can say is that we should think the clown in his unconverted state would be a more preferable object and more acceptable to the inhabitants of Whitchurch; and the sooner he figures again with the wooden razor and red-hot poker the better chance he would have of pleasing the public. Were the late Premier still in office, it would almost be worth while for the clown's friends to petition for him to be made a pensioner of the Government, as being a direct follower of the Premier, and a strong upholder of religious establishments.

One of his hymns begins thus:—

"I've given my heart to Jesus,
And mean to keep it so (*sic*);
If the devil wants to have it all
I'll tell him, 'Not for Joe.'"

This is followed by five other verses, all ending in the same popular manner. The last runs thus:—

"Lord, give me strength to fight,
And battle every foe;
If tempted to forsake my God,
To cry out, 'Not for Joe.'"

If a combination of sacred hymns and music-hall songs be desirable for the edification and enlightenment of the working classes, we would strongly commend to the notice of all future compilers of hymns and psalters this work of "William Weaver, the converted clown of Whitchurch." Seriously, cannot something be done to prevent this degradation of religion to the level of a stage, of a public music hall, from which it has hitherto been kept apart by the rigid law of public opinion? Surely something might be done with Lord Campbell's Act to meet the exigencies of the case.

TO MR. WATTS PHILLIPS.—If you please, sir, a piece with the title of your *new* drama "Not Guilty," (translated from the French), was played a year ago in the Provinces. Your title is "Not Guilty," no there's more "brass" about it than "gilt."

VERY DE-GREY-DING.

OUR slashing contemporary, the *Daily Telegraph*, has set its teeth into the War Office, and evidently means to give that much abused stronghold of red tape and jobbery a thorough good shaking before it lets it go.

Beginning with objections to the high salaries of the staff of the Department, the *Daily Telegraph* afterwards descended to an attack on the inefficiency and laziness of the "dandy clerks;" but having at length used up its vituperative abilities on these ornaments of society, it has descended still lower, and is now engaged in a vigorous onslaught on the War Office Messengers. To its indignant surprise our contemporary has discovered that these messengers are not old soldiers (at least not one in ten of them), and that the much sought-after appointments are given as a rule to the butlers, footmen, and valets of men in high places who want to do something for their deserving servants without putting themselves to any personal trouble or expense.

The *Daily Telegraph* seems to be well up in its grievance, for it quotes plenty of facts that have come to its knowledge, but its informant has stopped short in putting the journal in possession of the greatest job of all. The office of housekeeper at the War Department is worth £150 a-year, with apartments, servants, coals, and gas. The duties and responsibilities of the position are to engage the housemaids, to be answerable for the decent and cleanly condition of the rooms, to look after the linen, and such-like domestic cares. There is nothing connected with the position which could prevent any lady in the land from undertaking it. Indeed, so many widows of officers were of this opinion that when the place was last vacant close upon one hundred of them made interest to obtain the appointment for themselves. The noble lord who was Secretary of State for War at the time was fairly puzzled by the position. The responsibility of selecting one of so many eligible offers was too much for him, and leaning towards none, not even towards the widow of a distinguished *general* officer who begged hard for the place, his lordship settled the matter with his conscience by giving the appointment to his wife's maid!

This is rather an old story now, for it happened a year or two ago, but as the *Daily Telegraph* is on the look out for facts we obligingly supply this tit-bit of official scandal, and the only condition we impose for having made the revelation is that our contemporary makes the most of the item in its next leader on War Office re-organization.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

O gr E
V anguar D
E lbo W
R egali A
E ndo R
N iggar D
D ank S (the Printer's name.) See imprint.

ANSWERS have been received from Right Forward, Rebeck, Samuel E. Thomas, Ebenezer Scrooge, Singlewell, Linda Princess, A. T. H. Evans, Little Nell (Edinburgh), Captain Crosstree, Rataplan, Fly-by-Night, Split the Difference, Sleight-of-Hand, Annie (Brighton), Midas, Camden Town Tadpole, R. Snow (Liverpool), Tommy and Joey, The Pride of Malvern Hill, G. Chance (Southampton), Frances, Florence, Christopher Tadpole, T. Turner, T. Purdue (Kingston-on-Thames), L. Lewington, J. King, Two Chathamites, W. Darlington, J. Lloyd, Bobby, L. Lamb, M. Mason, M. A. Clifford (Devizes), T. Andrews, J. Mason, J. Parkinson, R. P. (Lambeth), T. Robinson, R. Cook, W. Rivington (Liverpool), S. Green, J. Coward, J. Richards (Wellington), O. Hughes (Manchester), J. Davies, E. Edmonds, W. Harding, and Lizzie Belton.

ERRATA.—Second Stanza, line three, for "minds" read "mind"; third Stanza, last line, for "And" read "He"; fourth Stanza, last line, for "men" read "him."