

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

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GEORGE PEABODY.

BORN FEBRUARY, 1798.

DIED NOVEMBER, 1869.

HOME to the happy land which gave him birth
Bear ye the man whose only fame is this—
That he had means to do great good, and did it.
Great men, no few, who with the pen, or tongue,
Or sword, wrought wonders, rest beneath these aisles :
He stays not long among them—for his body
His native village claims—his memory
Is ours ; it lives enshrined in all our hearts,
And in our children's, for this legacy
He left to all—to love and honour him.
But who among the greatest men, whose lives
The marble chronicles, will sneer at him ?
He was not eloquent, nor skilled in war ;
He was no poet, yet his works will live
Although unwritten ; often be rehearsed
By loving lips which he had taught to smile.
None of the dead within the Abbey walls
Bear an escutcheon blotted more by tears—
Tears shed by friends who never saw their friend,
Tears full of love and hope, not bitterness
Nor drear despair, such as have oft been shed
For those whose giant intellects were soiled
By passion's stains—those weep for him who felt
His helping hand ; the hand is numb and cold,
But not the help ; his wealth lives after him—
Wealth got by honesty and spent in love
Not of himself, but others ;—blessed gold,
Whose brightness never in his noble hands
Grew dim, but shone more splendid and more pure.
The hand that stiffened in the clasp of Death,
True to its nature still was strong to give,
Freely and wisely. May like wisdom guide
Those who received the charge !
For never, surely, will his spirit rest
If with a profligate or niggard hand
They waste or save this noble legacy—
The poor are heirs, that seldom in this world
Enjoy their heritage ; for greed of gain,
Or love of splendour, swallow up the dole
Which to the poor were plenty.

Well may we weep to think that he has gone
Who, drinking deep of Fortune's magic cup,
Never forgot the poor. For him no luxury
Could palsy thought—nor needed he to feel
Privation, ere he learnt to pity want.
Yes, we must weep for him, he leaves but few
Disciples, and they halt behind their lord
With tardy steps, while misery's pallid host
Grows vaster day by day.
Many there are who, lolling at their ease,
With silken curtains hide the light of day ;
Soft fall the dim voluptuous beams on them,
And soothe them into slumber,—but without
What is it that they fear ? They fear to look
On grim starvation, grisly-faced disease,
On brutal ignorance with beetling brows,
On vice's spawn that from such parents springs,—
These are their own creations, and they fear
To look on them.
Blind fools ! They may shut out the searching light,
They cannot quench it—and the time will come
When all the monsters which that light reveals
Shall ask, with horrid cry—"Who made us ?" "God !"
They try to answer, but the coward lie
Sticks in their throat ; for with ten thousand tongues,
Filled with the echoes of the Judgment trump,
Conscience, awakened from her lethargy,
Exclaims, 'not God, but man, irreverend wretch,
Nurtured these monsters with his selfish lusts.'
Oh happy we, if not too late to hear
The message which his spirit from above
By angels—long its faithful ministers—
Tarries awhile to speak : "If aught my life
"Can teach to others, may it teach them this,—
"Nor wealth, nor happiness, nor fame, can make
"Us aught but poor and wretched and obscure,
"While other men are so. Their griefs are ours ;
"The less we feel them now, the heavier far
"They lie on us hereafter. This is heaven—
"To have the power of doing all the good
"We yearn to do on earth."

REFORM IN OLYMPUS.

CHAPTER II.—IN WHICH JUPITER KEEPS HIS RESOLUTION.

It was the day after the conversation recorded in our last chapter, and there was a great stir in Olympus; Gods and Goddesses were seen hurrying to and fro, evidently intent on the business of packing up, while others stood about in small groups, eagerly discussing the news.

Mars was talking to Æsculapius, who, with spectacles on nose, and in his most pompous manner, was laying down the law.

"I tell you," said the great Doctor, "that it's impossible; no mortal could live up here. The lungs of man are so constructed that the excess of oxygen would produce a corresponding excess of caloric, and the carbon of the tissues would at once be consumed, causing giddiness, nausea, vertigo, musca-volans, epigastric neuralgia, vomiting, and finally indigestion and death."

"Well!" said Mars, "I don't understand your crack-jaw words: I daresay they'll be jolly sick crossing the milky way; but old Jove's sworn he'll get them up here, and he's not a man to go from his word."

"How does your good lady take it?" asked Æsculapius, leering out of his small pink eyes.

"Oh, she does not care; she says, Earth is a much livelier place than this—besides, she's used to it. She says she's only sorry for my sake; we can't go to Italy, because that old ass Vulcan is there."

"And how do you like it, most noble General?"

"Well, I think it will be rather slow; they've given up fighting, except in those outlandish savage places like New Zealand; besides, all those new-fangled inventions spoil my game. I like getting well up to my man and hitting him a sounding crack on the head. I don't care about skulking behind a bank, and picking him off at a couple of miles distance; I call that mean."

"I was not thinking of your favourite occupation. I daresay you will find plenty of that going on before long. I only was thinking you might be a little jealous of your fair lady *on earth*," and the Doctor gave a chuckle, which made its way with difficulty through the layers of fat which formed his throat.

"Smarm your impudence!" rejoined Mars,—"I should like to see any of those finicking puppets speak to the little woman before me."

"No, but behind your back?"

"I'll put my foot behind your back if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head, you pill-chewing porpoise, you!"

The conversation was getting warm. Bacchus came slouching up just at this moment.

"Well, my boys, how are you getting along? Do you like the prospect of being out of office?"

"How do you like it?" asked Mars sulkily.

"Oh, delightful! I hate nectar, it's so d—d heady. Give me Chateau Lafitte, or Roederer's Carte Blanche. I've got a stunning little place in the South of France. I've just bought a château—splendid wine—lovely women. Come and stay with me—bring Venus. The Doctor can come too; though he won't have much to do—except to drink; by Jove, he's nearly as good at that as I am. He recommends abstemiousness, but he's too wise to practise it,—Eh? old Salts-and-Senna!" and he gave Æsculapius such a playful dig in the ribs as effectually disposed of the very little breath in him.

Mercury came up now in a great hurry, as usual. "They've come!"

"Who?"

"Why the deputation from the Heaven and Earth Reform Association. Here they are. Oh, it is such fun!" and he drew Bacchus and Mars aside as the deputation came in sight.

It must be owned that they did look rather undignified. They were all, more or less, upset by their journey, which had been done in a car propelled by atmospheric pressure. Besides, the light dazzled their eyes, and the air made them half drunk, so that they reeled about.

"Styx me," cried Bacchus, "if they aren't all as sprung as a parcel of Fauns on one of my fête days."

They came by looking as solemn as they could. There was Marcus Antonius Smith, Cato Brown, Tiberius Thompson,

Tullius Wiggins, Septimus Severus Priggins, Publius Pryor, and Decimus Brutus Potts.

Pryor was peering about everywhere, and finding fault with everything.

He whispered to Wiggins that the roadway was very much out of repair and wanted macadamizing. "And, look at that sky, Wiggins, it's far too bright—it wants toning down with a little smoke."

"There's that lazy, plundering scoundrel Mars; he ought to be abolished," growled Brown.

"Yes, and that red-faced blood-sucker Bacchus, 'e's no good, 'e's always 'aving the blood of the people; we'll pass the Mayne Liquor Law and put 'im on water-gruel, that's what we'll do." It was Priggins who snuffled out these severe criticisms.

"Now then, gentlemen," said Mercury, coming forward, "this way, please, to the presence chamber of the great Jove."

They followed the nimble postman of Olympus.

"Shall you take off your 'at?" said Wiggins to Thompson.

"Certainly not, I never takes off my 'at, except to the Sovereign people."

They had now reached the door of the presence chamber of Jove. Spite of their blustering, all turned very pale as they entered.

The Thunderer sat on his throne, looking his best. His hair was curled and scented, and his beard shone with oil,—his lips wore a sarcastic smile.

Juno was by his side—looking *very* blue.

The Deputation stood stock still.

"Now then," said Jove in his grandest voice, "what have you got to say?"

No answer.

"You have all been pestering me for the last five years with your letters, and prayers, and petitions, and now you are here you can say nothing."

Brown here shoved his way to the front. "Well, you see, Sir—"

"Don't call me 'Sir,'" thundered the indignant God.

"Well, your Majesty, I beg your pardon—the fact is—"

"'Ere, let me speak," shouted Wiggins, "you ain't no good, Brown."

He then continued, addressing Jove.

"Look 'ere, your Majesty, or whatever you call yourself, I'm as good as you, and the Sovereign people don't mean to be put on; things ain't a-going on as we should like to see 'em a-going on. We 'as too much to do, and we don't get enough pay, and we wants to reform everything, and—" Here the speaker came to a full stop.

"You need not trouble yourself to go any further," said Jove very calmly; "you all know so much better what ought to be done than I do, that I have resolved to let you try and do it. I have deposed all my colleagues, and now I depose myself. You may govern the world yourselves."

"What!" said Brown; "you habdicates?"

"I do! and now get out of this place."

"But stop a minute; 'ow are we to govern the world, we ain't omnipotent?"

"Oh, I thought you were," said Jove with a sneer.

"Well, of course, we're the Sovereign people; but still there are some things as we can't do,—there's the Sun, for instance, we don't understand 'ow 'e works."

"Make youself easy on that point; I give you all my omnipotence—you can exercise it between you. Choose your governing body, and begin as soon as you like."

And with that Jupiter swept his robes round him, offered his arm to Juno, and walked out of the private door, leaving the deputation alone with Mercury.

"Well," said Wiggins, "this is a lark! we must go back and tell the League—it will be grand news."

Pryor was bustling about already, full of authority. "I hope," he said to Mercury, "that you'll not put yourselves out—don't hurry, you know, we can give you three days to pack up."

"Thank you, your highness, but we Gods don't carry much baggage."

"But the ladies," said Priggins; "I 'ope they won't desert us. I 'ope Mrs. Venus will take up 'er residence among us."

"I'll acquaint her with your kind offer; meanwhile, gentlemen, it's time for you to return."

And the deputation returned in high glee to Earth.

(To be continued.)

THE SUEZ CANAL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Port Saïd, November 16, 1869.

I POSTED my last on the eve of my sitting down to dinner at Ismailia with the contractor, Spagmore, and the Egyptian gentleman. I regret to say the dinner was *not* a great success. I think it was a mistake to ask a perfect stranger and an Oriental off-hand in that manner, for you never can tell what a man is made of till you dine with him. Spagmore says that is just the very thing I wanted to find out. I certainly did find out a good deal I never suspected before, but on the whole it was a disappointing business. For instance, I believed the contractor to be a thoroughly scientific and highly-educated man, but before we came to the cheese he insisted on drinking my health in champagne "to celebrate the event," as he expressed it. He did not say clearly what the event was, but he got through a twelve-franc bottle all to himself over it, and then suggested that we should all propose a toast each, and have some more "fizz" to wash it down in. After we had washed down several dozen toasts, all in "fizz," he got very vulgar, and told me a great deal confidentially about his bankruptcy in '52. Later in the evening he drew a plan of a one-span bridge to cross the Straits of Gibraltar with a fork on the tablecloth, proposed the health of the landlord, in three times three (the landlord did not like it), broke a decanter, sang four comic songs, and offered to hop the Egyptian gentleman up the great Pyramid and down again for a five-pound note. The latter, by the way, did not seem to understand our European fashion of dining, and put us all rather out of temper by taking seven times of soup, eating with his fingers, and looking gloomy. He, however, did not go in for wine, in which respect he presented a pleasing contrast to Spagmore and the contractor. Before we broke up, I ought to mention that we brought on the question of the Bitter Beer Company, but when we came fully to explain the matter it appeared that the Egyptian gentleman never from the first understood in the least what we said, but thought we wanted to buy some Turkish boots, several pairs of which he had brought in a bag, and produced with the coffee. The beer scheme therefore came to nothing. Besides, I heard this morning that the water in the bitter lakes is *not* in the least bitter, but extremely salt. Spagmore suggested that the "Suez Saline Beer Company" would read just as well, and I am inclined to agree with him, but if the public were *not* to take it up, it would of course be a serious matter, and a heavy loss to somebody. But to revert to the topic of the hour, the opening of the Canal. That is to take place to-morrow. You will obviously have received all the general details by telegraph long before the arrival of this letter, but still a perfectly impartial account of the whole thing from a thoroughly unprejudiced spectator may interest your readers. To-morrow, the 17th, the great event is to take place, and the procession of vessels is to start early from Port Saïd. I have a special invitation from Hobeesh Pasha, who, I believe, is something very influential in the coffee way, to join his party, and I hear I shall have an excellent opportunity of seeing *everything*. The weather this evening is magnificent.

Port Saïd, November 17, 1869.

4 a.m.

Magnificent morning! The vessels are all assembled. Preparations are being made for the departure, and there is stir and bustle on all sides. Bonham and Spagmore are both here, and are bothering me to take them on board *at once*, I having promised to get them included in my invitation from Hobeesh Pasha, whom they persist in alluding to as the "Nabob." They want me to find him out, and explain that my bringing them is "all right." I cannot find the Pasha anywhere. Every other Turk I meet is exactly like him in face and trousers, and I feel I shall not know him when I *do* see him. When he asked me to come on board his yacht it was at a restaurant in Leicester square, and it was easy to recollect his features then. Now the matter is quite altered, as he seems to have belonged to a tremendous family of Turkish twins. Spagmore says, "Why didn't I chalk him, and then I should have known him again?" Bonham, who says "he can't see the fun of missing the whole thing," insists on my writing "Hobeesh Pasha" in large Turkish round hand, on a piece of paper, and going to everyone we meet in a Fez cap and white trousers. I cannot write Turkish round hand. No more can Spagmore or Bonham; so they have de-

cided that I am to stop everybody and repeat the name in a tone of earnest inquiry. I do not like the idea, but there seems no help for it.

5 a.m.

Have found him. He will be delighted to give Spagmore and Bonham places on his yacht. It is the "Ayeliâh," or "Alyiahey," or "Haylayi," or something with "hay" in it; but I could not quite catch the beginning or the end. The vessels start in five divisions. First, the Khedive and his royal guests; next, the foreign and diplomatic bodies; then, next, the two great steam companies; then comes something else; and then *our* division. I hope the four first divisions will not wash away the banks and impede the progress of the *Heyaileyah*. The contractor said there would not be two feet of water anywhere after the first ship or two had passed up; but I have had doubts as to the accuracy of his scientific data since his bet about the great Pyramid.

5'30 a.m.

Great commotion near the port. Somebody says it is M. de Lesseps. Spagmore says he must have a look at *him*. We have got into a crowd of very dirty Orientals, and cannot make him out anywhere. Bonham sees him at last, and we all make for him. The crowd about him, naturally, is very thick, and I can only just catch a glimpse of his head, which is not prepossessing. As far as I can judge he appears to be rather a bloated-faced middle-aged man, with red whiskers. He has a bruised eye and a very bad hat; but, as Spagmore remarks, there is certainly a hidden something—a sort of "smothered genius" in his expression that marks him out at once as a great and energetic philanthropist. Bonham says he must say he has shaken hands with him, and so we elbow our way among the crowd. Lesseps is gesticulating wildly, and apparently selling something in packets to the surrounding "fellahs." Bonham says they are shares in the Canal, and shows wonderful energy and tact. We all agree it is "just like Lesseps."

5'45 a.m.

Have got up to him at last. He is accompanied by an attendant with a drum and a little donkey-cart full of packets. Spagmore says he does not think he would carry about shares in that fashion, and that the packets must be photographs of himself, or Turkey rhubarb, or some trifle of that sort, that he is selling in aid of the funds of the Canal. We have asked a Nubian bystander what they were about; but he shrugs his shoulders, and says he thinks it is some European religious service. He shows us a packet he has bought for a Nubian penny. It contains a gold ring, a bit of glass, a toothpick, an imitation sovereign, a thimble, four needles, a stick of sealing wax, a copy of a Whitechapel comic song, and a printed recipe for the cure of baldness. He says it is not Lesseps.

6 a.m.

Out of the crowd, having had a row with Spagmore. Spagmore said that I said that Bonham said it was Lesseps, which Bonham certainly did. Spagmore says any fool knows Lesseps, and that he has rich curly brown hair, and always wears a cocked hat on the Isthmus. Bonham again says, "he doesn't see the fun of coming all the way to Egypt to waste one's time in this fashion," and that we had better go and look for the sources of the Nile itself next. Spagmore does not see why we should not, when we have "done" the canal, and says he is game for it if I am, and I have promised to get the Pasha to make one of us.

8 a.m.

Had a very disagreeable row about the actual amount of the source of the Nile as yet discovered. Bonham would draw it all on the sand with an umbrella. Afraid he has made us late.

8.10 a.m.

I feared as much. The last division is off! We have missed the *Ayeilah*, and had another recriminatory row of half-an-hour. Bonham is going back to Marseilles at once. Spagmore and I are going to run for it and catch the boats up. He says he could do it easily if we could pick up a couple of dromedaries. I am going out to see what I can do, and post this.

9 a.m.

P.S.—Opened this to say that I have got a camel, and he is to come round ready in ten minutes. You shall hear all about the opening in my next. The camel looks as if he *would* pick them up, and seems very fresh.

THE RIGHT PLACE FOR "THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE."—The Pound.

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK

FOR 1870.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

SHORTLY.



LONDON, NOVEMBER 27, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE following notice has been posted up in the office of the Treasury, Downing street. "*To Government Contractors, and others.*—All jobs must be completed before Christmas."

WE hasten to contradict the report that Mr. Gladstone intends transferring the Bishop of Bond Street to the See of Oxford, in the room of the Right Rev. Dr. Mackarness (*who could not be found*). This is a silly fiction.

SOME people say that the Lord Mayor generally loses, pecuniarily at least, by his Mayoralty. Sir James Clark Lawrence, Bart., cannot say that this is his case, for he has made a *baro-net profit*.

THE Government seem to be of opinion that "out of corruption springs incorruption." At least, we can account on no other grounds for the appointment of Messrs. Fenwick and Schneider, both convicted by Parliament of gross bribery and of debauching and corrupting a constituency, to the commission of the peace for the county of Northumberland.

ALREADY a cry of distress is rising from far and near at Mr. Lowe's infamous Budget. We invite all persons who earn their income by precarious labour to refuse to pay any Income-tax. They cannot be assessed, except on their own statement; and let them have the courage to maintain a dignified silence in the presence of the robbers whom the Chancellor of the Exchequer may send to try and pick their pockets. When all the humbugs of this Government begin to be found out, we prophesy that the Right Honourable Robert Lowe will occupy a prominent position in that interesting collection.

NOT a week passes without some case of juvenile depravity, undoubtedly caused by reading the mischievous literature sold to boys, for a halfpenny, in the form of a weekly paper. Surely, if there is a censorship of the drama there might be some restrictive power over periodical literature. We do not think that the Government ought to have the power of preventing any person establishing a newspaper; but on an affidavit that the contents of any publication were injurious to public morality, an inquiry might be held by a magistrate, and, if the offence was proved, a fine might be inflicted sufficiently heavy to make the repetition of the offence too expensive a luxury for anyone to indulge in.

PROBABLY all M. Rochefort's admirers have read his neat little speech about his own domestic concerns, and congratulated themselves on the fact that, as a man and a father, he has had the zeal and earnestness to announce to the world that he has a child of eight years old who has never been baptized, and who

never, as far as he can help it, shall be. Apart from the utter vulgarity of the revelation, we should like to know what an average Englishman, of even advanced religious views, thinks of a man who makes this sort of manifesto to his political supporters. We do not hesitate to say that to English ears, at present, it has a disgusting sound. We may go to some lengths in this country, but we have not yet got to respect the candidate for Parliament who looks on rank irreligion as his trump card. The time may come when a member may find it expedient on the hustings to assure his party that his family have been hitherto, and shall continue to be, reared without any knowledge of God; but it has not come yet. We respectfully invite the attention of the Birmingham educationalists to the subject. It is a highly interesting, if not very cheerful one.

WE fully expected to hear that St. Pancras Workhouse and Infirmary were models of ventilation, cleanliness, and comfort. It is always so. People can very easily be found to go through such a place for a few minutes and declare that they neither see nor smell anything disagreeable. If they would only try twenty-four hours in it, their evidence would be of some importance. We confess, however, that we are very much disappointed to find the Vicar of St. Pancras supporting the Guardians through thick and thin. This estimable but obtuse gentleman marshalled a small band of ecstatic optimists through the Infirmary wards, and headed the list of names appended to the laudation of the establishment, which appeared in the papers the next day. On Thursday last the Vicar writes a letter to the *Standard*, in which he describes the Infirmary as a sort of Heaven on earth, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;" he is of opinion that as a luxurious retreat for the aged pauper St. Pancras Workhouse Infirmary is unequalled. Are the clergy always to be on the side of ignorant obstructiveness and dogged obstinacy? One thing in the letter of this worthy defender of Guardians we fully believe,—viz., that the homes of many of the poor are worse than the Infirmary, which now literally stinks in the nostrils of the public.

WHY cannot the *Times*, that usually manages to supply its readers with the best information on all subjects, secure the services of some really reliable and intelligent writer for the purpose of dealing with the subject of the approaching Council at Rome? It is scarcely fair to the public, who are willing to pay threepence for good information, to treat them to the mere claptrap and schoolboy logic that falls, as a matter of course, from the pen of a third-rate man, like Dr. Cumming, for instance. The letter of his that appeared the other day, save as a bitter blow at his own little party, had no right to monopolize the important space vouchsafed to it in a first-class journal. At a season when all men who think at all are deeply interested in the profound and subtle questions at issue between the two great philosophical armies now ranged against each other, it is rather too bad to thrust forward the mere platform twaddle that twenty years ago alternately delighted and paralysed old women at tea meetings. Great minds are arrayed on both sides, and the music of the controversy, if terrible, is still grand. In these days of learned Reviews and thoughtful disquisitions, it is monstrous that an intellectual medium, such as the *Times* boasts itself to be, should content itself with the squeak of a penny tin trumpet. Why does not the *Times* take a lesson from that capital weekly sheet, the *Spectator*?

THE ONLY SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR DISTRESS.—The Queen (and more of her).

THE TOMAHAWK, November 27th, 1869.



GOING HOME!

(DEDICATED TO THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY, THE BENEFACTOR OF THE POOR.)



A WORD WITH "THE PROFESSION."

SOME one—we neither know nor care who—has thought fit to send to our office, addressed to one of "ours," some verses entitled "Gentleman Jack," which, with far greater trouble than the subject or the treatment of it deserved, we have managed to understand are meant to be an attack on Mr. John Clayton for a certain article written by him in one of those many sheets, which now are attempting to fly about with wings borrowed from "behind the scenes." We should not have made any allusion to the doggerel in question did we not feel that we have an opportunity of pointing out a very useful moral to the members of a profession which we try to respect, in spite of the vigorous efforts on the part of some of these same members to render such an effort utterly vain. We will speak plainly, as is our way; and we tell all actors and actresses that they will not elevate themselves, or their profession, by sneering at gentlemen or ladies (using the words in their conventional sense, *i.e.*, persons of birth, position, and education) who may choose to take to the stage. It can be no disgrace or injury to the world of actors that their somewhat dull circle should be invaded by those who are fitted by culture for any of the learned professions. A man of education and refinement who "goes on the stage" has much to contend against; as a rule he will find few congenial acquaintances or friends amongst his fellow artistes: he will have to submit to the rudeness, or, worse, the patronage, of "stars," who have soared so far above the earth as to have got beyond the regions of grammar, and to whom the letter H is a secret foe, lying in wait to catch them on the slip, when the bustle or passion of the scene ruffles, for a time, their stagnant self-possession. For one actor who treats his profession as an art, requiring the most indefatigable observation of nature, and the most intelligent study of poetry, he will find scores who know Shakespeare only through the acting edition, and who are as guiltless of any attempt to reproduce the natural characteristics of humanity, as the serenely self-confident artist who favours us monthly with a picture of "La Mode." Indeed, the actor is usually inferior to the painter of "Le Follet" because he does not take the trouble to dress his lay figure correctly. Perhaps he is conscious of the miserable nature of the internal furniture, and, with a dull sense of harmony and fitness, seeks to make the external no less brilliant and accurate. However this may be, let no actor think that dress is of no importance in his art: we resent incorrect costumes in a painting where the figures are still and speak not, we resent it more in a play where they convict themselves of indolence or ignorance out of their own mouths. Let "the Profession" consider this; abuse of those "gentlemen" who have made way against the many annoyances and obstacles which the stage presents to men who were not suckled by the beer-engine of a public-house, or baptized in the Green-room, will not advance "the Profession" in the eyes or minds of anybody whose respect is worth having. If all actors would claim to be "gentlemen," in the highest sense of the word, let them follow these precepts:—

- (1.) Tell the truth, whether about the salary which you get, or the notices from the press which you obtain, or about the merits of any brother actor.
- (2.) Don't, whenever you meet a friend or an acquaintance, or a perfect stranger, at once propose to adjourn to the bar of the nearest public-house, as if that was the only home you knew. If you can't afford to ask your friend, or acquaintance, or the perfect stranger, to your own room, try and contrive to carry on five minutes' conversation without the aid of bad beer or worse brandy.
- (3.) Don't dress with a view to effect when off the stage. If you can afford diamonds, give them to your wife, if you have one, or keep the price of them for a rainy day.
- (4.) Try and read something more intellectual and general in the way of literature than the *Era*, and the notices of yourself in other papers. If you do this you may find some other subject of conversation than your own success and the comparative failure of every other artist in any parts which you have attempted. If the anecdotes with which you regale your listeners had more decency, they might be excused the lack of any point.
- (5.) If you must lead a disreputable life, do it as quietly as you can. Remember, that being always before the public in your professional character, and endeavouring to be no less so in your private character, it behoves you to conceive

such a being as "the Lord Chamberlain" with regard to other licenses than those of plays.

- (6.) If you choose to play the legitimate drama, learn to speak English before you try and recite blank verse. Do not believe that a knowledge of when Kean, or Kemble, crossed the stage, or raised his arm, or performed any other mechanical gesture, will naturally bring with it a share of his intellect, by aid of which he conceived the part and realised his conception. A slight acquaintance with the full text of Shakespeare and with the dramatic literature of the Elizabethan period will be found useful to candidates for the premiership of the tragic stage, long vacant.

By observing these simple directions, which are addressed only to those who need them, we venture to predict that actors will do more to elevate themselves and their art than by decrying advantages which they may covet, but to obtain which they do not make much effort. We might add, as a proof of the soundness of our counsel, that those few men, who have been great actors by profession, have all been men of immense intellectual power, improved by arduous and steady cultivation.

A DISTINCTION AT A DISCOUNT.

MR. EDWARD ELLICE, M.P. for the St. Andrew's Boroughs, has declined the Peerage Mr. Gladstone has offered him. We cannot say what may have been Mr. Ellice's exact motives for adopting this course, but Mr. Gladstone may safely regard the proceeding as a severe snub—a snub, too, that is well deserved. Really, when we have bricklayers for baronets, and money-lenders for marquises, we cannot wonder that gentlemen sometimes fight shy of the Peerage. No; Edward Ellice's spirited refusal to be associated with a parcel of *parvenus* does him honour; and Mr. Talbot, who has also declined a Peerage, deserves credit for following a good example. It is quite refreshing to find that even coronets may become a drug in the market.

A HINT WORTH TAKING.

THE Earl of Zetland is about to retire from the office of Grand Master of the Freemasons of England, a post which he has held for five-and-twenty years, and will probably be succeeded by Earl de Grey and Ripon. In answer to numerous inquiries, we should state that the Prince of Wales is not old enough in the craft to be selected for the Grand Mastership. Whatever the enemies of Freemasonry can have to say against it, toadyism is certainly not amongst its faults; and it is pleasant to see some limit put upon the system of preferment of princes, although in an unimportant matter. We wonder if Mr. Childers will take the hint that the Duke of Edinburgh is as yet too young to be made an Admiral of; and if it will occur to Mr. Cardwell that Prince Arthur is scarcely up to the duties of Major-Generalism? Time will show—probably a very short time, we fear.

A QUESTION FOR THE HORSE GUARDS.

PRINCE ARTHUR seems to be enjoying himself in the far West. After having exhausted the exuberant loyalty of the colony by visiting the principal towns, he has now dropped the Prince and assumed the sportsman. The papers, however, take none the less interest in his Royal Highness's doings in Canada, and the other day the principal item of the evening's news was contained in a telegram stating that Prince Arthur had just gone on a hunting excursion in the Ottawa Valley. This is all very well, and there is no reason that a Prince should not enjoy himself; but we object to his doing so under false pretences. Will his Royal Highness inform us why a Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, which should have returned home a year ago, was retained on the North American Station beyond the regulated period for its tour of foreign service? We, until now, might have been under the impression that the Horse Guards sanctioned the arrangement only to afford the officers and men of the Rifle Brigade the gratification of having

a live Prince in their ranks; but evidently this was not the reason for the delay, for Prince Arthur, since his arrival in Canada, has never been near the regiment. If report speaks truly, when, a few months back, it was intimated to the Riflemen that they would pass another winter in the colony, even the honour that they were led to expect would be conferred on them did not suffice to put a stop to the grumbling and dissatisfaction which the disappointment of the looked-for return home occasioned. Now, however, that the Prince has ignored their very existence, their grievance has gained in substance. Insult has been added to injury.

"SO 'UMBLE!"

BISHOP Gobat's secretary, the Rev. Mr. Veitch, of St. Saviour's, Paddington, may be congratulated on having been the instrument of bringing about a remarkable conversion.

The other day a grand *fête* was held at Hanworth Hall to celebrate Master Baby Windham becoming entitled to the Hanworth Estates, on which occasion the rev. gentleman, in proposing the child's health, said "that it had fallen to his lot to bring into Christ's Church the mother of the infant, and he had presented her to the Lord Bishop of London for confirmation. He believed and trusted that she now looked to her Almighty Father for that protection and guidance without which we were as lost sheep in the desert."

The quondam Mrs. Windham, now Mrs. Walker, in answer to a general call, made a speech, in which, alluding to the obligation she was under to Mr. Veitch for his spiritual services, she is stated to have expressed herself as follows:—

"I am afraid I have sorely taxed his patience, but to him I owe *that spirit of Christian humility and grace* to which I was a stranger before I knew him."

This profession of "Christian humility" is profoundly touching, and reminds us strongly of the gentle spirit of Uriah Heep.

"READ-Y, AYE READ-Y!"

SCOTLAND no longer stands where it did. It has at last invaded the last relic of English independence, and has reached the platform. We don't mean that of Exeter Hall or of the local institutions where the melodies of Caledonia are represented by a programme full of birks and braes and een; and somebody, with a dreadful effort to be true to the national accent, apostrophizes "Bony Annie Lorry;"—but to the reading platform. Somebody has had the audacity to propose a reading from Scottish poets and humorists in the Scotch language, and the strangest part of it all is that the somebody is a Scotchman. Well, now, to be frank, the really strange part of it is that he has thoroughly succeeded, not in "interpreting," but in conveying and intersympathising Burns, and the Gentle Shepherd, and even "Watty and Meg" with an English audience. The audience was a critical one, too, assembled at the City of London College, Leadenhall street, and the reader was Mr. Charles F. Ferrier, who is not an "entertainer" by profession, though we hope he will again become one in practice on some other occasion.

OUR FRIEND THE ENEMY!

A FORTNIGHT ago we had something to say about Mr. Mark Lemon, in the character of Falstaff. It will be remembered, that while condemning the magistrates of Exeter for the narrowness of their views, we seized an opportunity of paying a well-deserved compliment to the Editor of *Punch*, who has indeed secured the highest of literary reputations. Still, as there may be some who may have misconstrued our meaning, we beg to add a few words to the remarks we have already made. Mr. Mark Lemon has edited *Punch* for the last quarter of a century with the greatest possible tact and talent. He has been the personal friend of every literary man of any note for as long a period, and he deserves, as he commands, the respect of all intellectual Englishmen. As an author he is caustic and brilliant, as an editor judicious and clever, as an actor refined and scholarly, and as a man genial, honest, gentle, and kind.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

MR. REUTER'S agent in Egypt has been pardonably enthusiastic over the inauguration of the Suez Canal; but the first despatch which was received in this country from Port Said, dated the 15th November, before the Canal was a *suit accompli*, was certainly a little dispiriting to Englishmen. It ran thus:—

Port Said, November 15, Evening.

The Emperor of Austria, the Khedive, and the Prince of Holland have arrived here, and the Empress is expected tomorrow.

A large number of splendid pavilions have been erected.

The Mediterranean Squadron is also here. Two of the British ironclads are aground off the harbour.

The weather is splendid.

The announcement of the probable loss of two of our finest men of war seems to have been regarded at Port Said as part of the "fun of the fair;" but if it had not happened that the ships in question were got off again without any serious damage, we doubt whether the grand inauguration ceremony would have had much English sympathy. As it is we are now loud in our praises of everything connected with the Canal—which is as it should be.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A MIGHTY wonder frowning o'er the sands,
Reared by forgotten toil;
And that fell beast, in sunny eastern lands,
Who trails his deadly coil.

1.

She sat upon a mystic throne,
Her looks were wild and weird;
Her words were vague, her counsels dark,
But, oh! her threats were feared.

2.

Two oxen groan beneath the load
Which patient still they bear:
So slaves endure the tyranny
Which patriots will not share.

3.

No home upon the land he owns,
His home is on the sea;
He knows no fear, no friend, no law,
Nor king nor God has he.

4.

A distant mountain lifts its peak,
Crowned with eternal snow;
Dread avalanches down its slopes
In frozen torrents flow.

5.

A sacred plant, and chosen oft
Round Venus' brow to bind,
With tender green it soothes the sight,
And perfumes every wind.

6.

When weary, at the close of day,
The traveller lingers late;
Here welcome, warmth, and generous cheer
His eager wish await.

7.

There is a thing can crush a man
As with a weight of lead;
It grows apace, in vain he strives,
He cannot raise his head.

WHY ARE THE IRRECONCILABLES LIKE GROUSE JUST SHOT?—Because they want hanging.