

ILLUSTRATED
BY
MATT MORGAN

BRITANNIA.

OFFICE, 199 STRAND.

EDITED
BY
ARTHUR A'BECKETT.

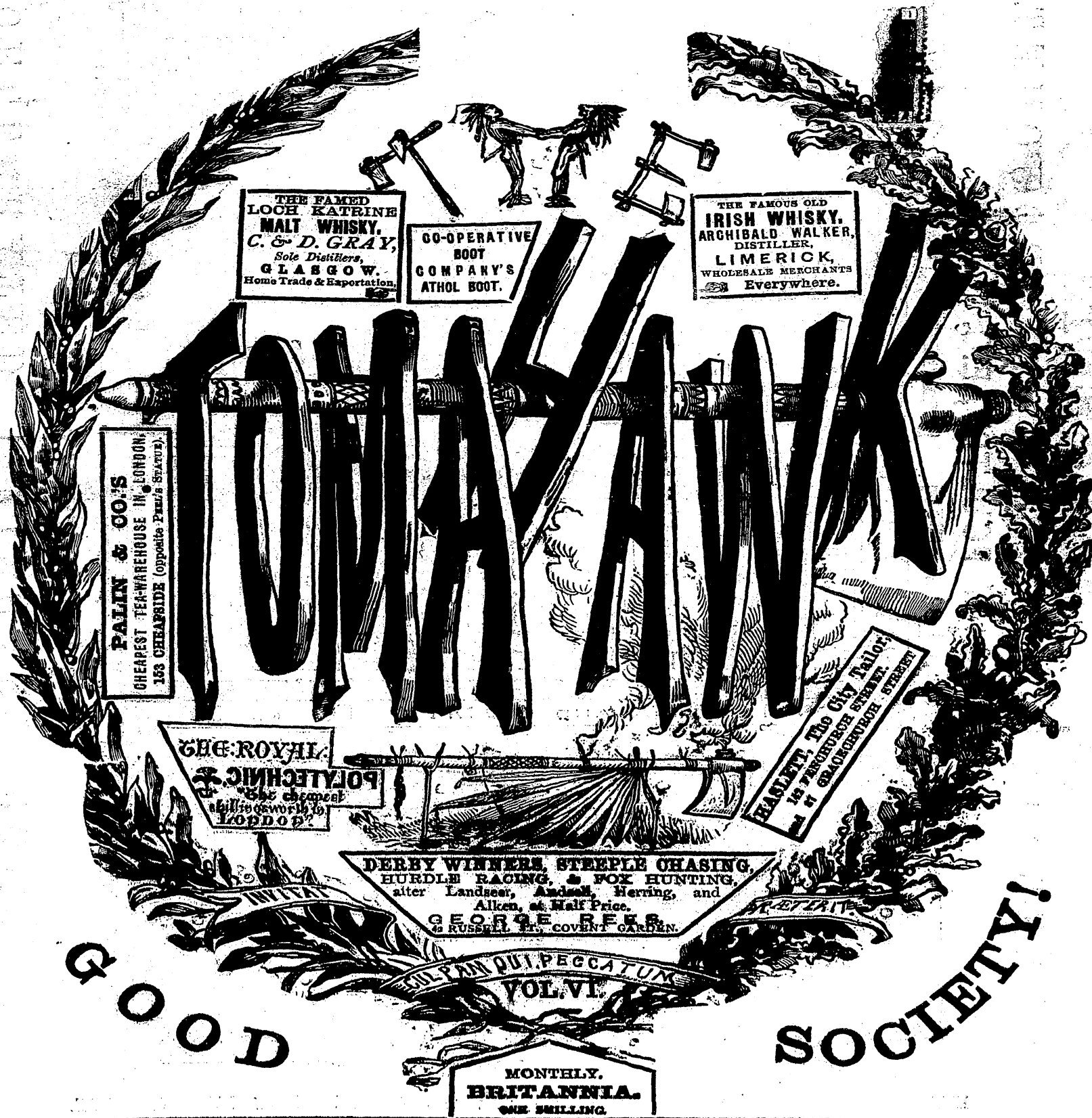
"GOOD SOCIETY!"

BY THE EARL OF DESART.

BRITANNIA FOR APRIL.

(No. 153.

APR. .9



Dublin Exhibition, 1865.—This celebrated Old Irish Whisky gained the DUBLIN PRIZE MEDAL. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in bottles at 4s. each, at the Kean House in London by the Agents, the proprietors in France of the celebrated "RED SEAL" WHISKY, all Street, London.—OBSERVE THE RED SEAL, "KINAHAN'S LL" WHISKY.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY

"FALLEN AMONG THIEVES."

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HAIR-CUTTER to the UNIVERSITIES and the OFFICERS of H.M. GUARDS.
J. B. CLEMENTS, ONLY ADDRESS, 16 & 17 POULTRY, E.C.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 153.]

LONDON, APRIL 9, 1870.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE MODERN QUIXOTE.

CERVANTES laughed the chivalry of Spain to scorn. We have no wish to do the same kind office to the House of Commons, although we have really to hand a hero quite as grotesque as the celebrated Don Quixote. Unhappily our type of the popular branch of the legislature is scarcely as chivalric as we could wish him to be. He is as blind to facts as Cervantes' most warlike Spaniard, and fully as crotchety, but we miss in him that true nobility of soul, that perfect courtesy, that veritable gentleness that so markedly distinguished his foreign prototype.

To make our meaning plainer, perhaps it will be as well to give a short account of the last exploit of the subject of our remarks. Without that exploit our readers would probably have never heard of his name, as in sober truth he is but a simple Member of Parliament, representing some Irish Constituency or other (let us in courtesy say) with efficiency. His name is Downing, and nothing we understand that he has (as yet) done has rendered that respectable, but not particularly distinguished name worthy the remembrance of the historian, or even the sage. We know nothing of him personally, but have not the smallest doubt but what he is a perfect gentleman, a sincere Christian, and the rest of it, in his private capacity, as a legislator, however, we very much fear that he is generally alluded to by the multitude as "a Mr. Downing," or perhaps even (and we blush to make the suggestion) as "One of the Irish lot." Had he been contented to live in dignified obscurity in St. Stephens he would never have been troubled by our remarks; had he refrained from attacking us in Parliament with unfounded charges, we should have treated him with not unfriendly indifference; had he, when his charges were proved to have no foundation, expressed the contrition we asked of him, we would have forgiven him the wrong he had done us frankly and freely. As, however, he has *not* remained in healthy obscurity, *has* attacked us with unfounded charges, and has *not* expressed regret thereat, it is our duty to comment upon his conduct—not on our own account, but on behalf of the nation at large.

On Friday, the 25th ult., in the course of the debate upon the Irish Preservation of Peace Bill, Mr. Downing rose to propose an amendment upon those excellent clauses that deal with the "National" press. Mr. Downing in his speech was not very much to the point, nor very brilliant. He seemed to be jealous of the Governmental interference with the Irish press, and demanded equality—if the Irish press was to be suppressed let the English press be suppressed too—that, in fact, was the sum

total of his words. We have not the smallest objection to his proposition; but we *do* denounce the shameful attack with which that proposition was made. Mr. Downing had actually the audacity to declare that we countenanced agrarian outrage in Ireland! It will be unnecessary to remind our readers that, since this paper was started, more than three years ago, there has never been a more sincere opponent and bolder denouncer of Hibernian terrorism and Fenian treason than the TOMAHAWK. Over and over again we have filled our columns with article after article, painting crime in Ireland in its true colours; over and over again has our Cartoon been devoted to the severest condemnation of Fenianism. This being the case, Mr. Downing's charge caused us to feel astonishment, pain, and disgust. Fortunately, he was imprudent enough to make his charge specific instead of general, thus enabling us to deal with it at once. He asserted that in a certain cartoon, entitled "Cause and Effect," published in this paper in October last, we defended the most loathsome cases of foul murder—the shooting of landlords. We can scarcely do better than give our letter as published in the *Times* of Monday, the 28th ult.

To the Editor of THE TIMES.

SIR,—As the attention of the House of Commons was called by Mr. Downing on Friday night to a cartoon that appeared in the TOMAHAWK in October last, and which he alleged to be a seditious picture as justifying agrarian outrage in Ireland, I trust I may be permitted to state that he has misconceived its meaning. The article accompanying the cartoon in question, which represented in one compartment a landlord ejecting a tenant of unprepossessing appearance, and, in the other, the landlord shot, was entitled "A National Curse," and contained the following passage:—

"Horrible is it to contemplate a cruel eviction avenged by a more cruel murder, and we have nothing to offer the red-handed coward but the gallows. Doubtless he has been outraged mercilessly; still he must go the way of all murderers. He must be sent without a tear of sympathy, without a murmur of excuse, and straightway to the gallows. Murder is murder, and these hedgerow philosophers must be taught the lesson thoroughly and continually."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THE EDITOR OF THE "TOMAHAWK."

199, Strand, W.C., March 26.

As we had been libelled in the House, it seemed to us just that in the House our justification should be made. Accordingly we wrote to Mr. Downing to the following effect: We told him that so far from having any sympathy with Fenianism, or Agrarian outrage, the Editor of this paper had, by his steady attack upon those loathsome crimes, brought down upon himself more than one threatening letter. That, at the time of the

Clerkenwell explosion, he had been begged by his friends to desist in his attacks as they considered his safety in jeopardy.

That that appeal did not influence him in the least the pages of this paper, published at that time, will amply demonstrate.

That, as the name of the Editor of this paper appeared on the frontispiece it was the duty of Mr. Downing to make good his words, or to apologise from his place in the House. To this letter (couched in the most courteous terms) we received the following disingenuous reply :—

Monday Evening, March 28, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—Your note has been just handed to me in the House, and I hasten to assure you that I made no observations reflecting upon you personally.

I used the cartoons for the purpose of proving that the same severe laws would not be applied in England that was then being sought to apply to Ireland, and in proof of this, my statement, I produced the TOMAHAWK, saying "there are many disaffected Irishmen in London who may have been influenced by such a cartoon." Under this Bill, a similar cartoon would be seized in Dublin, but the plant now in the office in London would remain untouched, and the author unpunished.

I have enquired from a number of gentlemen who were in the House at the time, whether I said anything which required an explanation from me in my place in the House, and all agreed in saying that I had not.

I assure you that I should regret very much to do any gentleman an injustice, and certainly did not intend any towards you, and if I did, I am sure that your explanation in the morning papers has removed any unfavourable impressions which my observations may have made.

I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

M^C. DOWNING.

Arthur a'Beckett, Esq., Editor TOMAHAWK,
199 Strand.

We have answered it in the following words :—

199 Strand, W.C., 31st March, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot rest satisfied with your letter, which has just come to hand. As my name appears on the frontispiece of the paper, I do consider the matter a personal one. I must call upon you either to make good your charge or, as a gentleman, to retract your words from your place in the House.

I have ordered my publisher to forward to you the whole issue of the TOMAHAWK, from the first number to which my name appeared to that of last week, to assist you in getting up evidence against us. Please understand that I deny that the TOMAHAWK has ever defended Fenianism or agrarian outrage.

Believe me, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

ARTHUR A'BECKETT,
Editor TOMAHAWK.

M. Downing, Esq., M.P.

To this letter we have as yet received no reply.

In our cartoon we have portrayed Mr. Downing as Don Quixote, charging the harmless, useful windmill, under the belief that he sees a dragon before him. On this occasion we represent the windmill. Sancho Panza, of course, is monopolized by Mr. Dowse, who (to quote the report) "did not himself admire the TOMAHAWK cartoons." Strange to say, the antipathy is mutual. We don't like Mr. Dowse's tomfoolery. It would be all very well in a circus clown, but then, you see, Mr. Dowse is, unhappily, Solicitor-General for Ireland.

WHO IS HE?

ONE is continually reading little irritating paragraphs in the papers, to the effect that the *Nawab Nazim*, of Bengal, whoever he may be, has "honoured" some place of entertainment or other with his presence. The other night he was enjoying himself at the Victoria Theatre, and in a day or two it is confidently to be expected he will be figuring in the list of fashionables at the Wapping Dancing "Academy." As he is a stranger, we do not wish to run him down, but merely ask "who is he?" We know some Indian people, and they say in Calcutta they do not meet him. In the short, *Nawab Nazim* here, and in Calcutta, *No-wob knows him!*

DIAMOND DUST.

BEYOND the time of railways, it used to be a provincial tradition, that the streets of London were paved with gold, and that it was only necessary to reach the great city to fill one's pockets with the precious metal. Now-a-days this idea is quite exploded, and, if anything, the poorest classes rather seek to quit the metropolis than to enter it, as country workhouses are, as a rule, more comfortable than the London ones. To these people we have advice to give. Instead of being content with rural unions, let them work their way to the colony of Victoria, where the land is not covered with gold certainly, but according to the latest and most reliable accounts, is strewn with diamonds. No less than 225 diamonds were found during the month of January, and most of these were large stones. The colony itself consists of 55,000,000 acres, and of these, 49,000,000 are undisposed of; and under the new Land Act, any person can select 320 acres of this land under the easiest conditions. Here is a chance for enterprising vagrants. A square mile of diamond land for the mere asking, and this, too, when the market value of the precious gem has increased 200 per cent by what it was twenty years ago. What a charming picture may be drawn from these statistics, which the last mail have brought to hand. Life in the most lovely country in the world, with a climate unequalled for its salubrity; with, as a daily occupation, the roving over the untrodden sward, amongst the fragrance of the wild flowers, picking up diamonds. This is at once romantic and remunerative, an unusual combination of characteristics.

A FEW WORDS ON DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

THOUGH modern dramatic criticism affords a fine field for the labours of a "Committee of Enquiry," Mr. Byron's recent remarks on the subject are not very much to the purpose. To take hold of such points as he has considered worthy of treatment in a long letter to several papers is a mistake, and *quid* the real interests of good criticism, so much wasted power. As has been very reasonably suggested in reply to Mr. Byron's appeal, a remedy to his grievances may be found at hand if English managements will only take a leaf out of French books. The true scandal of modern dramatic criticism is far more grievous, and soon will be even to outsiders, far more patent than that to which Mr. Byron has directed public attention. What is at fault in the newspaper notices of new pieces is, not that they appear prematurely, but that they appear at all. With perhaps a couple, or, at least, three exceptions, the absolute critical value of all the press judgments together may be regarded as *nil*. No man attaches any weight to them, and nine men out of ten can predict to a certainty their inevitable burthen. The recipe is simple, if not satisfactory. Three quarters of a column of plot and a few lines of stereotyped adulation, or the reverse, on so many *names*. In a word, *clique* is paramount. Of course, this kind of thing will at last induce its own destruction; and newspaper dramatic criticisms will be understood by every one to be avowedly mere advertisements or libels. Possibly then, a new era may be inaugurated, and *A* will speak of *B*, and discuss his merits as actor or author, as if he were discharging a duty to the public, and not as if he were tinkering up the reputation of a boon companion.

And this is not the worst feature of the matter, for though it is no more honest in the critic to cry up bad writing or bad acting, and so deceive the playgoer, who regards the criticism as a guarantee that he will get his money's worth, than it is in the tradesman to lead his scales or adulterate his stock, still a greater wrong may be done, when rising talent is either treated with scanty justice, or ignored altogether. There are a few chosen actors in London at the present moment, who, according to modern criticism, can do nothing badly, and yet, who frequently, as a matter of fact, play parts quite unsuited to them, and, what is more, play them very poorly into the bargain. Everybody admits the case as it occurs, but, somehow, nobody puts it into print. This is possibly either the result of "star" worship, or the fruit of the amiable influence of *clique*. It is, however, totally destructive of criticism, and acts greatly to the prejudice of the leading actors in question. They are never told of their own obvious faults, and, consequently, they never improve. Hence it comes that the accepted standard of histrionic perfection is a false one, and rising actors feel that a true devotion to

their art for its own sake may be theoretically noble, but financially unsound. It would be invidious here to mention names, but we will undertake to say that the first dramatic critic who will overstep the barriers of conventionality, and boldly pull the indifferent performance of some leading actor, if it deserves the process, thoroughly to pieces, will revolutionise the whole system of modern criticism, and, in so doing, confer a lasting benefit on the British Stage.

PRETTY FIGURES.

"METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS," instead of being an expense to the taxpayer, seem to be becoming a saving. A return has just been published, showing that in the year 1869 the moneys paid into the Consolidated Fund on account of "Metropolitan Improvements" amounted to £5,488 2s. 4d., while the outgoings were *nil*. We hope, with these facts to support them, that the Board of Works will persevere. A new street from Charing Cross to Oxford street, an extra public building or two at South Kensington, and a few additional bridges are sadly required. If these projects were carried out at the above computation, the works would bring in a profit of seven or eight millions. But there must be some mistake. Official returns are certainly, some of them, things no fellow can understand.

WRECK AND RUIN.

WHILE the Courts are still undecided as to the legality of adjudicating a Peer to be a Bankrupt, and the Duke of Newcastle's affairs are still under appeal, Vice-Chancellor Malins has, during the past week, been engaged in inquiring into another noble failure. This time, however, instead of the defaulter being a Peer of the land it is a pier of the sea, which is engaging the attention of the legislators. In other words, Herne Bay, which used, in times gone by, to boast of possessing the longest jetty in England, has petitioned for a winding-up order to dispose once and for ever of the Herne Bay Pier Company. We say advisedly that the pier *used* to be the pride and boast of Herne Bay, for latterly it has been allowed to get into such a disreputable and rickety condition that it was considered only fair to the summer visitors to prevent them using it as a promenade even in the time-honoured condition of a penny entrance fee. We cannot wonder therefore that the Company, robbed of its income, has seen the necessity of decently collapsing, and if the statement that the shareholders have received no dividend since 1842 is correct, we cannot consider the proceeding either hasty or premature. The Company, however, had one chance left to them, of which they have not availed themselves. If the pier was really unsafe and liable to be washed away in a rough sea, why did they not run trains from town on stormy days, and allow people to make the expedition to the end of the jetty at a charge of, say a guinea, a head. The excitement attending the performance of the feat would be worth all the money, and be much cheaper and more original than an ascent of Mont Blanc, or a voyage in a balloon. The Company might have depended upon the success of the venture.

PITY THE POOR OLD SOLDIER.

THE question of the Dual Government of the Army, which has recently been reopened in the columns of the Press by the appearance of Lord Northbrook's Report on Military Administration, has been already dwarfed into insignificance by a matter of much higher and more extended military importance—namely, the proposal for the reconstruction of the Knightsbridge Barracks. While the former question commanded only the general interest of the general public, the latter appeals directly to the pockets of some half-hundred or so householders who reside in the Kensington road; so no wonder that it takes precedence. In fact, nobody really cares very much about the Dual Government, and what interest there is shown in it owes itself to the belief—an erroneous belief, by the way—that the Horse Guards' establishment throws an additional burden on the Army Votes, and thereby increases the Army Estimates. On the other hand, if the Knightsbridge

Barracks are pulled down, the houses opposite will treble in value, and their owners will profit accordingly. As the question at present stands, it has been decided by the War Office, that notwithstanding the Knightsbridge Barracks are inconvenient and unhealthy, a sum of £5,000 shall be spent in doing them up this year, and that a further sum of £7,000 shall be expended on the premises in 1871. In the face of this resolve, however, an indignation meeting has been held in the interests of the landlords over the way, who express their disgust at the conduct of the Government in condemning a regiment of crack cavalry to remain in a building which is unsuited for the accommodation of the British private. These disinterested people urge that the discomforts to which the Life Guards are subjected should be at once removed, and suggest that there is some available land at Chelsea which is just suited for the erection of cavalry barracks, which will do credit to the authorities. So powerful has been the pressure brought to bear in the matter that it was actually announced at the meeting that the Government already repented its resolve to spend £12,000 in renovation, and that it only required a little more external pressure to bring about the cancelling of the proposed vote. As we ourselves happen to dwell in the Strand, we can afford to take a dispassionate view of the difficulty. So let us do so. Our views, then, are these: If the Knightsbridge Barracks are unsuited for the accommodation of the Life Guards, let the regiment be removed by all means; but bricks and mortar should not be wasted. The premises would make a capital prison, or, still better, a most convenient workhouse. Mr. Cardwell, we believe, lives in Eaton square, so we submit the proposition for his most favourable consideration.

A MISTAKEN LOCATION.

A DESCRIPTION, which is going the round of the papers, of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's house in Florida is worth transcribing. Here it is—

"The house is near the bank of the river, and is shaded by magnificent oak trees, which give an air of seclusion to her quiet home. Viewed from the river, the spot appears to be such as an artist or poet would delight to dwell in. Mrs. Stowe owns about forty acres of land, of which some four acres are planted with orange trees."

In fact, Mrs. Beecher Stowe dwells in a sort of substantial fairy land. We suppose we ought to be enthusiastic about the home of the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but, unfortunately we cannot be. With the Byron business fresh in our memory, and Mrs. Beecher Stowe's carte-de-visite staring us in the face from every shop window, we are more inclined to regard her as rather out of her proper sphere amongst the rivulets, oaks, and orange blossoms than otherwise. A quiet lodging in Grub street would surely be a more appropriate abode.

NEW ZEALAND AND ITS TREATMENT.

THE latest intelligence received from New Zealand is certainly very irritating. We take a striking piece:—

"Te Kooti is still at large. Some reports affirm that he is on his way to attack Tauranga, under the protection of Tawhaio at Tokangamuta. Some affirm that the King has smuggled him out of the reach of the friendly native force under Topia. Again, doubts are thrown on the loyalty of Topia; and yet another report says that Tawhaio has sent a force to intercept Topia, and to save Te Kooti from attack. We shall probably soon hear to which of these combinations is to be attributed the renewal of hostilities."

All this is very distressing, and we certainly shall be glad to hear who is responsible for such a stupid jumble up of catastrophes and barbaric names. In the meantime we throw out a hint. Why does not some enterprising theatrical agent go out and bring the whole lot of them, king and all, to Astleys. There are plenty of dramatic authors who would be glad to write up to them, and there would be an end of the New Zealand war forthwith.

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Illustrated in Colours by MATT MORGAN.

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T H E T O M A H A W K,
EDITED BY ARTHUR A'BECKETT;
ILLUSTRATED BY MATT MORGAN.
Office: 199 Strand.



LONDON, APRIL 9, 1870.

THE WEEK.

MR. GLADSTONE has at length persuaded the House of Commons to have morning sittings. The Conservatives were very averse to the fashion—quite so, *their* speeches will seldom bear the light of day!

Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle could never be more happily applied than to the case of the Wick-low peerage. The very title suggests a finale in smoke, and a hint that some of the witnesses at least would be tolerably well up to *snuff*.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of Friday last contained a cock and bull story about bailiffs being in possession of the Guards Club. If this were true (which we understand it is not) it would only be extending the advantages of the club to another kind of Guards—the Guards (black).

NAPOLÉON III. treats his Generals like domestic servants. The Prince Imperial has long had a General for his nurse, and many other warriors are "worked" as confidential chambermaids. Well, after all, we must not be surprised if they are asked, in these matter-of-fact days, to take the place of *ma's* (Mars?)

WE trust the outside public are now satisfied about the fairness of the coming University race, and that they understand that the Oxford stroke's right to row is fully established. If this were a county contest there might be some truth in the plea that Cambridgeshire would be over-matched, had she to hold her own against *Oxfordshire* and *Darbishire*! as well.

WE understand that Prince Pierre Bonaparte possesses property in Belgium, and that preparations are being made in Brussels for the Prince's reception. We suppose that this means that the inhabitants of the *quartier* in which His Royal Highness's residence is situated are arming themselves with revolvers and knuckle dusters. At all events these are the only preparations for his reception, which appears to us to be necessary.

COLONEL HENDERSON, we are told by Mr. Bruce, is the

most hard-working official in the public service. We are happy to hear it. He lives, we are told, too, at Wandsworth. We are *not* happy to hear it. The Head of the Police should live in London. Until he does, he will be "though lost to sight to *pockets* dear." He must be flurried when he is away from home. The police should be as cool and as firm as *pole ice*.

It is said that, as a measure of economy, the Admiralty contemplate having in all ships a general messman, who will cater for the captain and officers. We do not know whether Mr. Childers regards himself as standing in such a position with regard to the whole service; but if the term "messman" has any significance (which, by the way, it has not,—but this Mr. Childers is not expected to know), he must consider himself something of the kind. We wonder what are the pay and perquisites attached to the office. In these days of retrenchment and reform "cheeseparing" commands good wages.

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE—GLOBE.

THE *Globe* we have always regarded as an authority on all matters, even theatrical; but the following paragraph which appeared in "The News of the Day" of last Thursday's issue certainly taxes a little our powers of credulity:—

"In consequence of the indisposition of Mr. F. Charles, M. Hervé last night sustained his original character of Chilpéric at the Lyceum, "Le Compositeur Toque" being postponed until Saturday next."

Although we have long been quite aware that Mr. F. Charles is a popular actor on the English stage, we were quite ignorant, until the *Globe* set us right, that *Chilpéric* was his original character, or that he was in the habit of playing a part in "Le Compositeur Toque" of such importance that his indisposition should necessitate a postponement in the production of the piece in question. We hope, however, that Mr. F. Charles will soon get well, and that in the meantime M. Hervé will do his best to supply his place.

ADVICE GRATIS.

THE public are tiring of the Goodrich Divorce Case. It is even now failing to secure that morbid interest which such scandals in middle-class life usually secure, and certainly as it develops itself it becomes more repulsive. The latest phase has been the appearance of Mrs. Goodrich at the Guildhall Police-court, arraigned in the prisoner's dock, on a charge of perjury, at the instance of her husband. She was accused of having sworn falsely on an affidavit, in which she affirmed that she had seen her two children leave the residence of her husband's father; whereas, the fact was, that the children were not in the country at all. For the defence, it was clearly proved by Mr. Douglas Straight—whose kindness of heart, by the way, in this melancholy business has shown itself in a marked degree, side by side with high professional ability—that the unhappy mother made this statement to the best of her belief, and with no corrupt motive, and the magistrate, taking this view also, the charge was dismissed, amidst many manifestations of popular applause. Indeed, so strong was the feeling, that Mr. Goodrich, jun., was smuggled out of Court by a back way, and Mr. Goodrich, sen., got well hissed on getting into his carriage.

Really, it is time that we should be rid of Messrs. Goodrich in their capacity as prosecutors. For their own sakes, as well as for ours, we would advise them to let the matter drop. A medical practice, however long established and extensive, must necessarily suffer by the amount of time which is wasted in law proceedings; and, after all, if even Mrs. Goodrich is as black as her enemies—which appear to consist chiefly of her husband and father-in-law—would paint her, the credit, such as it may be, of having hounded a defenceless woman out of society, will scarcely compensate for the pecuniary loss which so chivalric an operation must perforce entail.





THE MODERN QUIXOTE!

(DEDICATED TO MR. DOWNING, M.P.)

SIR,—As the attention of the House of Commons was called by Mr. Downing on Friday night to a cartoon that appeared in the TOMAHAWK in October last, and which he alleged to be a seditious picture as justifying agrarian outrage in Ireland, I trust I may be permitted to state that he has misconceived its meaning. The article accompanying the cartoon in question, which represented in one compartment a landlord ejecting a tenant of unprepossessing appearance, and, in the other, the landlord shot, was entitled "A National Curse," and contained the following passage:—

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199 Strand, W.C., March 26.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THE EDITOR OF THE "TOMAHAWK."



THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[CONTINUED BY OUR SPECIAL-CORRESPONDENT.]

LUGWORTH HALL, 1st April, 1870.

YOU will have been expecting, doubtless, to hear *how* we got the Chief upstairs on that dreadful night! You already know *how* he approached the house, startling the deathlike stillness of the avenue with his ferocious yells. You have, however, yet to hear how, when I opened the front door, with a look of earnest entreaty on my face that he would go upstairs quietly, he rolled in head over heels, engaged in a terrible struggle with the bloodhound. Nor was this all! Close after him came the four policemen, all badly hurt, shouting out in angry altercation, and making use of frightful oaths. In amazement I held up the nightlight, and for about five minutes the scene that presented itself defied description. Instead of the Chief taking any heed of my appeal, the faint flicker of the nightlight seemed only to give him fresh zest, and he renewed his ferocious struggle with redoubled energy. Every article of furniture and every ornament in the vast hall was in turn upset, and massive oak chairs, pedestal lamps, hunting trophies, and men in armour fell one after the other in a succession of ringing crashes upon the polished marble floor. At length numbers triumphed, and we secured the Chief in a corner, managing at the same time to free the bloodhound, a very powerfully-built creature, from his grasp. Giving an ugly and ominous bay, the brute sprang away from us and dashed up stairs. At this juncture the Chief darted at the nightlight, and we were all left in total darkness! To give you an accurate idea of what followed I must refer to my notes taken on the spot.

3.5 a.m.

Everything pitch dark. A lull, all of us being exhausted. I expected as much! My aunt is at the top of the stairs, asking what *is* the matter? I have said "It's only *me*," in an off-hand way, as if that settled the matter; but she is not satisfied, and wants to know what I am doing, as she heard a noise. I have told her "I dropped something, and that it's all right, and that I am looking for it." The four policemen seem to enter into the joke, and hold their breath and chuckle. My aunt tells me severely that it is scarcely a laughing matter for me to stay up till this hour and then arouse the household. She also wants to know who passed her door just now moaning. She means the bloodhound. I have told her I think it was the cook with a toothache.

A nasty interval of suspense. I can't tell what has become of the Chief, for he seldom makes a noise in the dark. I begin to fear he has crept upstairs after the bloodhound. I wish my aunt would retire, for if he were to come along the passage on all fours it would be extremely embarrassing,—probably give her a serious shock, and be utterly beyond explanation at breakfast the next morning.

3.15 a.m.

She has gone back to her room at last! There might now be a chance of retiring quietly, if it were not for the four policemen, who want to know "*what I mean to stand for the job*." I have shown them into the dining-room, and told them to take what they like, but to be sure to get off at daybreak. If they finish the contents of all the decanters, I must say that my friend (the Chief) had come off a long journey, and that he picked up the habit of finishing everything on the sideboard in the East.

A loud scream from the further end of the picture-gallery upstairs. I expected some catastrophe of this sort! It must be the Chief and Lady Poppins!

Have groped my way up-stairs, and realised my worst fears.

4 a.m.

Have had fearful work to get him to bed, *but he is there at last*, and I hope fatigue may cause him to sleep well into the day, so that I may have time to think what on earth I am to do, and how I can possibly get him out, or pass him off as a foreigner, without having a life-quarrel with my aunt. I am too sleepy now to enter into all the details of the fright he occasioned Lady Poppins, suffice it to say that the maid managed to recover her from a severe fit of hysterics. The Chief, however,

has got her wig, and I am expecting some very unpleasant business at breakfast from this affair alone. As to the bloodhound, when I saw it last it was sitting down for the night on the cherry-satin ottoman in the drawing-room, over the remains of a leg of boiled mutton, that it had picked up somewhere downstairs. The policemen have gone, for I saw them in the dim morning light reeling down the lawn, and throwing the croquet balls at the conservatory. Still, they are *gone*, and that is *something*. Thank goodness the Chief is securely locked into the blue-room, and can't get out until I produce the key. I am now off to bed.

Next morning, 10 a.m.

We are all assembled at breakfast. Conversation general. I do not see Lady Poppins, but my aunt tells me she has sent an excuse for her non-appearance on the score of her increased neuralgia. Of course, the loss of her wig is the real cause. As soon as I can get it from the Chief I must either put it under the door, or throw it through the window, or down the chimney, or introduce it into the room in some chance, off-hand, haphazard sort of way, as if it were partly a practical joke and partly a little bit of gallantry. At all events, I must manage it somehow. Fortunately, not many people seem to have heard the row in the night. A General Scruff, who slept at the end of the east wing, compared it to the final attack on the left line at the battle of Zingawer, but seemed to say that there was less shouting on that celebrated occasion. He has promised not to mention *this* to my aunt. Several inquiries have been made to me as to "my friend's" health, after his long journey, and already I have received half-a-dozen invitations from the surrounding gentry. Lord Bolchester insists on my bringing him to his daughter's marriage to-morrow, and I have promised that he shall come.

My aunt, who was called out of the room by one of the servants, has just beckoned to me to follow her on to the lawn.

I expected some horror of the kind. The Chief has just emerged from an old Elizabethan chimney. He has recognised me, and I have been forced to introduce him to my aunt. Bitterly at a loss *what* to say, I have told her he is a profound antiquarian, and that science alone has induced him to do such an apparently extraordinary thing. She seems pacified a little, but I can see she thinks it a liberty.

The Chief has thrown something at us, with a prolonged chuckle. I have approached to pick it up, saying he must have discovered some rare old MSS. in the chimney, or some relic of the Wars of the Roses.

I also feared *this*. It is Lady Poppins's wig.

EVENING-DRESS EXTRAORDINARY.

ON Wednesday last the Prince of Wales presided at Freemason's Hall at a Banquet of the Royal Masonic Institute for Boys. Upwards of six hundred members of the craft were present, and amongst them, "in their full Masonic clothing (we quote a contemporary), were Earl de Grey, the Duke of Manchester, the Earl of Jersey, Earl Percy, Lord Kenlis, the Marquis of Hartington, M.P., and the Marquis of Hamilton." As the fullest Masonic clothing consists of an apron and a decoration attached to a bit of red ribbon, we take it the appearance of the noble Masons in question must have attracted considerable attention. The newspaper, however, to which we are indebted for the description of the banquet might well have forbore to have devulged to the vulgar world this latest secret of the craft. No doubt Masons know what they are about; but to the outside world it would seem that the attire attributed to the noble gentlemen above-named must not only have been very chilly, but just the least bit indecent. Primitive simplicity is all very well in its proper place; but Great Queen street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, in which the Freemason's Tavern is situated, is not the Garden of Eden, nor is one of the coldest nights of an English March precisely suited for a Masonic festival, where "full Masonic clothing" is *de rigueur*. We hope none of the noble Masons above-mentioned have caught cold.

THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF THE FUTURE.

It is stated that the Duke of Edinburgh's ship, *Galatea*, will await the arrival of the *Clio*, at the Cape of Good Hope, and be placed for some time under the orders of Captain F. H. Stirling, the new commodore for the Australian station, who will arrive at Cape Town shortly after the *Galatea*. We trust the report is well founded, as it will serve to dispel the idea under which the public are now labouring, that the *Galatea* is a yacht, and that its Royal commander is amusing himself by playing at ships. Such we do not ourselves think to be the case, for the Duke of Edinburgh has shown his attachment to the Service to which he belongs in too marked a degree to make it possible to believe that he is not in earnest with his profession. Unfortunately, perhaps, his ship has hitherto been engaged on "particular service," and, as princes of the blood are "made of," even at the Antipodes he has been subjected to temptations to give only half his mind to his professional duties; but now that he is to be a subordinate officer in the strict sense of the term, no such distractions will exist. A couple of years' regular service with the Australian squadron will do the Duke of Edinburgh more good as a naval officer than half-a-dozen of the desultory cruises on which it has been the fashion to send him, and what is more, it will set him right with the public, who are loathe to believe that their "Sailor Prince" is a sham. If advancement in his profession is in store for his Royal Highness,—and who doubts it—it is only fair that he should earn it.

THE APPROACHING END OF THE INTER-UNIVERSITY RACES.

WE trust that by the time these lines find their way into print, the quarrel between the representatives of the University Boat Clubs and the Thames Conservancy Board will have amicably terminated. As far as we can gather the truth of the matter the Universities seem to be entirely in the right, and the Board entirely in the wrong. Some excuse, however, may be made for the latter. It has become, of late years, so completely the fashion among the outside public to regard the Inter-University race as a sort of aquatic Derby, rather than, as what it really is, a mere private and friendly contest between two local clubs, that the Thames authorities may easily have imbibed a false notion as to its proper *locus standi*, and have been wanting in due courtesy and consideration. A hint has been thrown out lately that if matters cannot be arranged more satisfactorily next year, we may lose the Oxford and Cambridge race altogether. This would be a great pity. At the same time, the conduct of newspaper reporters, the behaviour of the mob, and the general tone of betting men, who now take the "event" under their special protection, render such a loss more than probable. The worst possible British taste is brought to bear on this admirable contest year after year, and the end of it will be that English gentlemen will get sick of being followed, and interviewed like professionals, and priced and criticised like race horses. Already the correspondents are beginning to drop the affix of Mr. to the names of those engaged, and, although the matter is trifling in itself, it shows the direction of the wind. There is nothing the British public will not vulgarize, and if it loses one of its chief Easter pleasures, it will be served thoroughly right. Mr. Boucicault's dramatic attack on Oxford showed to what a level in the popular mind the contest had really sunk, for his pictures of University men were no doubt carefully drawn by him to suit the public taste. The idea of University men being animated at the approach of the race by the consideration that the public had "put their money on" them, opens up a new phase of Oxford and Cambridge life. Painted in such flattering colours, no wonder the gentlemen who row a private race for the mere honour of coming in first are getting rather bored, and threaten to have it out in quiet for the future. Time was when some few thousands of the Upper Ten, who really had friends at either University, used, adorned in their respective blues, to lend a fashionable complexion to the race, which made it, at least, one of the healthiest events of the year. But time has changed all that—now the banks are crowded with a noisy howling crowd of clerks, costermongers, butcher's boys, and betting men, decked out in light and dark blue as an evidence that their sympathies have followed their money. Of course, there is nothing very wrong in all this, but it is not

difficult to predict what it will result in. In five years the chances are that the great Putney to Mortlake event will be a thing of the past.

CONTROL AND SELF-CONTROL.

SIR HENRY STORKS' timely retirement from the contest at Newark does him no little credit, particularly as with those who knew him best the step was very much unlooked for. Sir Henry Storks has been controlling with such effect at the War Office for the last year or two that it would not have been wonderful if the spoilt child of Pall Mall had been wilful enough to thrust himself on the Newark electors, when it was sufficiently apparent that the honour he proposed to do them was neither appreciated nor acceptable to the Liberal party. By the way, how comes it that Sir Henry Storks is a Liberal? He always, we thought, was accounted by the Opposition a Conservative of the truest blue; indeed, Sir John Pakington would scarcely have taken him by the hand and made him a great military administrator if he, too, had not been under the same impression. If Sir Henry Storks was a Tory, and is a Whig, we, however, have nothing to do but to congratulate him on his change of opinions. The fact, when taken with his magnanimous disinclination to find himself at the bottom of the Newark poll, speaks volumes for his common sense.

A SLY APPEAL.

GARIBALDI writes to declare that there is no truth in the report that a Swiss lady has left him 300,000 francs, and he characterises the story as a *canard*. We are not sufficiently well acquainted with the General's private means to be able to enter into the question of the acceptability of such a legacy; but so far as England is concerned, although we have given encouragement, sympathy, &c., and to spare, to Garibaldi, we have done very little in the way of ready money. One subscription which was set on foot was a dead failure, and the fund to buy the Patriot a yacht languished for a very long time before the means were scraped together to make the purchase. Is the report that the Swiss lady had left Garibaldi a fortune a *canard* of the General's own invention, to serve as a gentle hint to his English friends that legacies are acceptable even to so great a man as he? Certainly, if any of Garibaldi's admirers still exist in this country, there would be no difficulty in collecting a sufficient sum to buy up his novel, "The Rule of the Monk," with a view to an immediate bonfire.

AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW PHASE.

WE have a few remarks to offer on an entirely new and original topic—the weather. To do the weather justice, we wish to admit that for once it has this year been seasonable. No paragraphs headed "Mildness of the season," "Fearful frost in April," &c., have gladdened the hearts of sub-editors with stray corners of their newspapers unfilled; no, it was cold and frosty at Christmas, February was as dull as tradition would have it, and March brought winds as already has April brought showers. The leaves have not made a premature appearance, nor have farmers' hopes been blighted by a frost succeeding a week of mild weather. In fact, the weather has persevered on the even tenour of its ways, until we now find ourselves a quarter through the year without any meteorological vagary having happened. This is quite an exception to the rule, for not "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant" has an English winter passed without some specialty being attached to it. Either it has been the coldest, the dampest, the hottest, or the windiest season on record. The year 1870 has given us, as yet, no room for criticism, but it has not robbed us of the weather, as a subject to discuss nevertheless.

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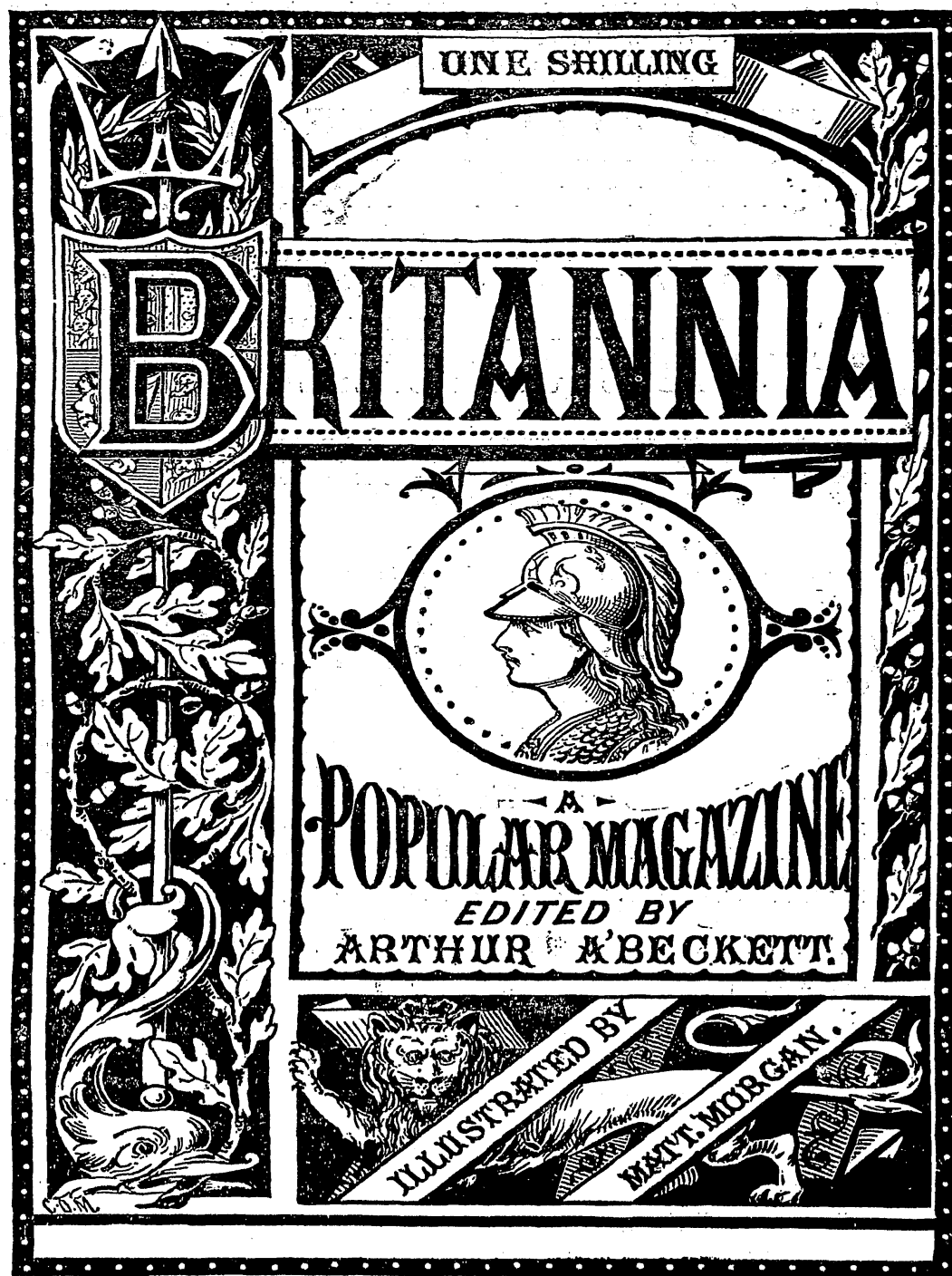
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