

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 23.]

LONDON, OCTOBER 12, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

JACOB'S LAST PATIENT.

THE Tuileries was in a state of consternation: there was an ominous buzz among the imperial bees, and General Fleury was forgetting his position to that extent that the air teemed with military oaths and imprecations.

Convention was stretching its legs and etiquette rubbing the starch out of its ruffles; dignity was forgetting itself, and nobility becoming oblivious of its obligations; in fact, something was up.

Had the Empress received news from Rome? Not for the last ten days.

Had the Prince Imperial taken the reins out of his august father's hands? The forcing-process has not arrived at that yet.

Had the Countess—? Come, no scandal, if you please. The fact was, Jacob had been sent for. What Jacob? What Jacob! why! the saintly Zouave! the blessed Trombone! the great Cure! Jacob sent for and seen already to enter the Imperial Pavilion! The Emperor is suffering from a fall from his horse; the Emperor is epileptic, anæsthetic, dietetic, anastatic, what you will, but one thing is certain, Jacob is within in close confab with Majesty.

Luckily, we have a Paris correspondent who is as thick with most Princes as the gentleman who does the *Daily Telamon*. Our valued friend was the only stranger present on this occasion, though he can hardly be called a stranger, for he lent his own thoroughbred to Louis Napoleon when that Prince had staked his hack with the Quorn, and he had saved Jacob's life before Sebastopol at the taking of the Malakoff; both of which incidents had been the commencement of an intimacy which has since ripened into friendship on both sides.

Napoleon the Third was paralysed. We have no doubt that we shall not be credited, but our correspondent is witness to what passed. His Majesty had just received a circular from a large German firm, begging H.I.M. to understand that any "order however large would meet with the promptest attention, and that having lately become the proprietors of the stock in trade of several bankrupt firms, they would call his attention to a superb collection of needle-guns which could be mounted at the shortest notice. No credit allowed for peaceful intentions. French and Austrian notes taken to any amount. The firm took the opportunity of calling attention to their new fabric which for consistency, strength, and durability, could compete with any stuff produced by the best looms of Paris or Vienna."

"N.B.—The new Prussian Blue, warranted to wash and not to change colour."

It cannot be supposed that the mere reception of this circular could have produced paralysis, but there is not the least doubt that the august sufferer had been in the best spirits and talking very loud for some weeks past, and that now there was a complete prostration of the entire system.

However, Jacob had arrived, and after a preliminary salute and a few plaintive notes on the trombone, which produced a shiver in his Majesty's frame, the Zouave of Consolation looked fixedly at the form of the Emperor reclining on the sofa before him and remarked that there must be a wound somewhere. On inspection he discovered a circular wound near the bump of self esteem. This mark Jacob seemed inclined to call a Bismarck for some reason or other; anyhow, the repetition of the word seemed to awake the dormant senses of the patient, on seeing which Jacob threw out his hands and roared, "*Cré nom d'un ministre à la broche!* Don't lie there, there are thousands of Zouaves at command who can cure the biggest wound to our national vanity. And saving your Majesty's respect you must either shut your eyes and combat the disease, or you must be satisfied to swallow the pill, big as it is."

The Emperor started to his feet, much to Jacob's own surprise, and looking warily round whispered, "We must knock under."

Jacob expostulated: he had cured all the maimed and the halt to be found, and he must have fresh cripples. What so effective as a good war, especially with the Chassepot against the Needle-gun! there wouldn't

be a leg in either army which would not stand in need of repair. In fact, if his Majesty would not employ his miraculous talents he would go over to M. Bismarck himself. Jacob looked splendid at this juncture; his eyes rolling, his hair, (what there was of it) standing up at least an inch, with prophetic fire, his hands outstretched, he screamed like an oracle, "Beware, without my will you cannot move a limb. The Zouaves want work. Reflect, *et le diable t'emporte!*"

The Zouave turned triumphant, when, like a shock from a galvanic jar, the Imperial leg shot out, and planting its nervous foot a little below the soldier's belt gave a startling proof of the cure effected.

Jacob disappeared through the *portière*, and was heard rolling rapidly down the grand staircase.

Napoleon picked up the trombone which Jacob in his hurry had forgotten, and conducting our Correspondent to the door, placed the instrument in his hands. "This, *mon cher*, will be a souvenir to you of what you have seen, and should malice ever whisper that the branches of the Imperial tree are sapless, you can bear witness, *que vous avez trouvé la santé du tronc bonne.*"

A SONG OF THE SEES.

Begins CANTERBURY,

"We're brotherly very."

"Our mouths, too, are mealy,
Without doubt," says ELY.

"We've the voice of the charmer
As well," rejoins ARMAGH.

"I don't think so at all,"

Drily adds MONTREAL.

"Stop," cries out KILMORE;

"We had best shut the door."

"Dear me," says OHIO;

"That's the game you would try oh!"

"Come, come, Sir," growls CHESTER;

"We don't want a jester."

"Well, what shall we do?"

Asks HONOLULU.

"Whatever we can,"

Answers SODOR AND MAN.

"And what may that be?"

Enquires TENNESSEE.

"I'm sure I don't know, Sir,"

Replies BISHOP TOZER.

"What's the use then of throublin'

And fussing?" says DUBLIN.

"Was such folly e'er seen?"

Follows up ABERDEEN.

"The whole thing's a bad spec,
I half think," says QUEBEC.

"That's about what it's worth
To my fancy," says PERTH.

"Then why all this talk?"

Amazed, asks NEW YORK.

"To leave our work undone—;

That's the reason," says LONDON.

A BUBBLE FROM THE BOILERS.—Yet another new place of entertainment! We have good reason to believe that the South Kensington Museum will change its name, and be known to generations to come as the South Kensington Cole Hole.

THE MODERN THEOPHRASTUS.

No. 4.—THE YOUNG LADY IN SOCIETY.

I HAVE found it somewhat difficult to invent a proper title for this character; I can not call her a girl, for girl she is not, still less a woman; since with that word we associate certain qualities, with which the subject of my sketch has nothing to do. I will endeavour so to describe her as that none shall fail to see for what sort of persons my portrait is intended.

This young lady is generally in age from seventeen to twenty-seven years; she does not reach perfection till after two or three seasons at least. On her first entrance into society she is rarely quite without some obsolete prejudices in favour of truth and honour and purity, of which not even the unwholesome life (both morally and physically) which young girls lead now-a-days has been able to rob her. But these quickly wear off in the constant turmoil of her life, and she is soon able to compete in stupidity, impudence, and immodesty, with any of her rivals. The daily life which she leads in London is too well known to need much description; it is nothing but one round of bustle and excitement, which leaves no leisure for thought or study of any sort, and which is lived among a crowd of acquaintances, but not friends, most of whom she knew but yesterday, and will have forgot to-morrow; she changes her dress at least four times in the day, which is about the most intellectual employment she has, for at least it exercises her ingenuity to conceal her defects and to parade her charms. She is rarely in bed before two or three in the morning, having spent the last four or five hours at least in an atmosphere made of gas, and other persons' breath. If you wish to see how this improves her complexion, you may compare carefully her face when she leaves the ball with her face when she came there; and if you have been dancing with her you need scarcely look further than your coat sleeve for the colours which you miss. Such, briefly, being her daily life, a wearisome succession of crowds out of doors and in doors (but chiefly the latter, for the practice of afternoon parties, so much increased of late, has cut still shorter the time which the young lady in "society" can afford to spend in the open air) you will not wonder at that expression of listless fatigue which her features wear when in repose. Indeed, as she has little heart and less intellect there is nothing for her face to express but vacancy.

Some will say "the London season does not last all the year, and in the country these buds of fashion must find some leisure to bloom into healthy flowers." I would it were so, but the country life which these persons lead is little better than their town life. The same constant craving after excitement, continual dinners and parties, the same feverish restlessness as surrounded them in town. Of true quiet family life, they have very little; and when left to themselves, they are too peevish with fatigue to do anything but quarrel, or discuss the intrigues that mother and daughter have been hatching during the past season, or, may be, contemplating for the future.

The intellectual state of these young ladies is as low as it can be. They have been dipped, as it were, in a solution of accomplishments by various masters, the only result of which process, has been to leave a thin varnish on them, which will not bear the test of time. If they play, it is in a mechanical meaningless manner; if they sing, it is in a flashy, unfeeling style. They love no art, else they could not live the wretched life they do. Indeed it is a fortunate thing for mortals that the intellect redeems some natures from corruption, in which the soul is dead. But with our young ladies, all "accomplishments" are but regarded as the gas-lamps which light up the ginshop, and attract, by their glare, the customer within the doors. A successful marriage is the object of all their desires, aims, and hopes. Dancing is their one passion, since it affords more opportunities, than any other so-called amusement, for the pursuit of their laborious profession. And, here one might say, that though some women may be called angels, these would hardly covet the title, since they would scarcely feel at home in a place where we know there is no marrying, or giving in marriage, and where we may surmise there is no waltzing.

The conversation of these fair ones is rather wearying. Some, indeed, adopt a "fast" style, and pretend to betting—as they never pay when they lose, but rather expect to be paid, in that case, more than if they won—they cannot find this pursuit unprofitable. But their talk ordinarily is as harmless as it is stupid; it chiefly consists of petty gossip, or refers to balls to which they are invited, or hope to be. But Ignorance does not always go hand-in-hand with Modesty; and I have often heard one of them interrupt a man, whose years and talents claimed the greatest respect, with some foolish remark, as irrelevant as it was impudent. Indeed, Insolence is one of their main characteristics; they turn their backs on you when you are speaking to them; make audible remarks on people near them; talk loudly at concerts, or at the opera; and otherwise display that perfect self-possession and disregard of the feelings of others, which now seem to form the main characteristics of fashionable society.

Those whom I am describing need not necessarily be noble or rich. They are often of but inferior origin, and but very poor; but this does not exclude them from Society, which now-a-days is, at least, cosmopolitan.

If they have enough meanness and impudence, they may, by toadying and importunity, get a card for the most haughty Duchess's ball, and be received in the house of one who would as soon think of speaking to them, did she meet them next day, as to her dressmaker's apprentice. And here I may be allowed to say, that those who, having insufficient means yet, imitate, in every respect, the life of the wealthy, are led not so much into extravagance, as into the most disgraceful meannesses. Every farthing they have, which should be used in homely hospitality, or humble charity, is spent in keeping up a fashionable appearance; and such persons know not the meaning of self-respect, for they will eat more dirt to save a cab fare than would suffice to build a monument to their humility.

It may seem to some that these are trifling evils; that for young ladies to spend a life of constant amusement and excitement, is, after all, no harm; and that they are none the worse for not being able to converse rationally on any subject for five minutes, or for knowing nothing of housekeeping, or for having no fondness for any art, no desire for intellectual cultivation, and no aim, in fact, higher than to be presented at Court, and to marry a title. But such persons forget that these young ladies will some day, in all probability, become wives and mothers. For no one, I presume, will pretend that such a life is likely to prepare them for the duties of either.

Even in this age, when millionaires are rank as fungi, there are hardly enough prizes for every competitor in the struggle for a good settlement. And I hope I am not irreverend when I say, Heaven have mercy on the man of moderate means, who takes for his wife a lady in society. But there are graven faults bred in these creatures by the lives they lead, upon which I must briefly touch.

So thoroughly do they learn to worship the Moloch Fashion, and that triune idol £ s. d., that insensibly all truth and purity dies in them. Of unchastity, I do not accuse them; for they have no passion (except for waltzing); they are not human enough for that; but it is not because they are modest and chaste that they do not fall. It is self-interest that keeps them from falling. Marriage is altogether more profitable, and more respectable than concubinage.

These might yield to wealth, but never to love; for their hearts are kept empty that they may serve as purses. And as for modesty—go to a ball, and see with what care young virgins bare their figures at the command of Fashion. Were it to become the fashion to-morrow to go naked, and to worship Venus, I cannot but think their modesty would yield to their docility. And do not think that Religion would restrain them—for I doubt whether they ever thought, for ten minutes, on this or any other subject; and were it supposed vulgar to go to church, or had they to sit on a dirty seat, they would make a shift somehow, at whatever cost to their feelings, to spend their Sunday morning some other way.

There are noble hearts and loving natures, which even twenty London seasons could not corrupt. We wish there were more. But let not some wonder, that in society women are not treated with the chivalry and respect which they once received. But the homage which is woman's right, as long as she is woman, she can scarcely expect to retain when, instead of modesty, truth, tenderness, and self-sacrifice, she clothes herself with impudence, hypocrisy, heartlessness, and selfishness.

NEW AND ORIGINAL!

WE believe that, encouraged by the immense success that has attended the production of *M. Octave*—(we beg pardon) *Miss Bradenton's*—(we beg pardon again), *Mr. Babington White's "Circe,"* the gentleman in question purposes publishing the following new and original novels:—

DEDICATED TO M. EUGENE SUE.

The Perambulating Hebrew; or, a World-wide Wander.
The Secrets of the Capital of France; or, the Story of the Flower of Mary.

DEDICATED TO M. V. HUGO.

The Wretched Ones.
The Workers in the Ocean.
Our Mistress of Paris; or, the Hunch-Back of the French Cathedral.

DEDICATED TO M. A. DUMAS.

The Three Musketeers.
Two Hundred and Forty Calendar Months After.
Five Hundred and Twenty Weeks after that.
The Journal of a Medical Man; or, Mr. Balsamo.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.—We are told that a disappointed member of the late Government, who represents a large constituency in the neighbourhood of London, has recently set up a shop in St. James's street. Perhaps, after all, this may turn out to be a (Nineveh) "bull."

LITERARY HONESTY.

AN evening contemporary, which has lately changed hands, and apparently has fallen into rather dirty ones, insinuates most insolently in a paragraph *apropos* of the celebrated Circe scandal, that we forged the letter purporting to be written by Mr. Cole, which was published in our seventeenth number. It is unnecessary to contradict such a mean lie as this, which is only a further proof (if one were needed) of the gross dishonesty which is ingrained in the nature of those contemptible scribblers who call themselves "literary men." In the same paragraph, the *Pall Mall Gazette* is accused of forging the spurious letter from Miss Braddon, a forgery she might well have been proud to own. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is perfectly competent to defend itself against such an accusation, which has been, we are sorry to say, repeated by other journals which should have known better. It is lamentable to see to what depths of contemptible falsehood, and moral degradation the petty jealousies of the Press lead. The article in the *Spectator*, which has been so admirably dissected by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is a melancholy proof of the miserable way in which democratic journals, whose gods are the American Radicals, drift into dishonesty. The question involved in this matter of the so called "Babington White's" novel is one on which, among persons who know what the words honest and dishonest mean, there can be no two opinions. If Mr. Babington White does really exist, it is perfectly inconceivable that he should be so dead to all sense of decency, and honour, as to allow a lady to suffer under such a serious suspicion, as that to which Miss Braddon is now naturally exposed. It is equally inconceivable that if Miss Braddon is totally guiltless in this matter, she should not have written at once to some journal, and publicly explained the matter. Some journals coolly assume that the fact of Babington White being a *bonâ fide* personage, is fully established; and talk of the solemn duty of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to vindicate itself in this affair. All writers who have any respect for themselves, or literature, must thank the *Pall Mall Gazette* for its fearless exposure of this scandal. That journal is detested with a virulence and malice, to which petty minds alone can attain, by that herd of penny-a-liners who infest many of our daily and weekly journals; and with good reason, too, for their miserable pretensions have been often exposed in its columns.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has certainly committed errors, but it has done good service in the great battle against hypocrisy and chicanery, in which every writer who loves truth and honesty must engage. Often and often has it dragged to light those pestilent advertisements, which have made a too well-known daily journal a disgrace to this country, for it is the only journal which has aspired to compete in shamelessness and pruriency with those papers, which are the boasted produce of American civilization; the journal whose advertising columns are, and always have been, open to all those who seek to minister to vice, or to ruin virtue. If it were only for this cause, we would raise our voice in utter reprobation, and scorn of those who have sought to palliate, or defend, one of the grossest pieces of literary cheating that has distinguished this nineteenth century by cowardly insinuations, and brutal accusations against a journal, which has had the industry and courage to expose the cheat, and drag to the light the details of his dishonesty.

OUR TRUMPET.

BLACK, threatening clouds on the horizon—to be sure there are! But they are not for us. Look at Spain. An Englishman need not argue when he looks at Spain. She is rotten to the core, and the days of her insolvent life are numbered. Now turn to France. Prosperity! Bah! a sham like the tinsel foolery of the Tuilleries. Who says her star is rising? Where is her commerce? Where is her navy? What of her people—her liberty? Cravens, the gag and infidelity! There you have modern France! Prussia is at her gates. Her day are numbered too? And Prussia what of her? A mishapen Mammoth. A grasping murdering bully, who turns her sons into butchers and plunders her own. Will Europe leave her her peace? Already the cloud grows bigger than a hand. She has sown the wind. The whirlwind for her reaping is driving on—are not her days most surely numbered too? And beyond her what of her two neighbours the Imperial Eagles? Is not the one red in her own blood—is not the other glaring vulture-like, over the carcass of her victim? Can Austria bear up against the blow of death? Can Russia clean her charnel house? No! The fate of Europe is their fate. Far in the East the sick man is dying! From North to South, from East to West all—yes, all are rotten to the core. The days of all are numbered! Englishmen feel these things must be—and they can look upon them calmly. Are they not Englishmen, and do they not know their destiny? Are not they the one free glorious people of the earth? Is not their country the mistress of nations! The Queen of Empires!! The Providence of Worlds!!! The—! But the trumpet cracks, and we must end our paean without it!

Clouds on the horizon! threatening clouds; but have we really none of our own? What of our poor, their degradation and our indifference?

What of a thousand social miseries and wrongs? Infanticide, trades unions, and the growling discontent of millions! Are these mere nothings? What of murder and outrage in our cities? What of treason gone mad? What of the cancer that must be cut out from the Empire? What of the mischief that is growing and growing beyond the Atlantic? What of the inevitable choice we shall have to make between a profound humiliation and a bloody war? Prosperous, peaceful, secure! Shall we take up the trumpet and brazen it out once more? Shall we thank God we are not as other men? Or shall we look soberly into the future and wait its coming, not like boasters and fools, but as it is not yet too late to do—like men?

OUR FRIENDS THE PENNY-A-LINERS.

As a rule, the reports of Royal Commissions are not very popular among the general public. There is something very formidable about the stern number prefixed to the still sterner question, something very terrible about the whispered acknowledgments of the shortcomings of the weak witnesses, and something very *very* imposing about the whole proceeding. In spite of this we have commissioned our prophet (who having squandered several fortunes for us on the turf during the past season, is exceedingly anxious to regain our long lost favour), to jot down some of the questions and answers that will have to be reported when the much needed Commission on "the present state of English literature" is opened. Our prophet has sent us the following:—

Question (2,001). What are you?

Answer. A "literary man"—"Bohemian Division."

Question (2,002). What do you mean by "Bohemian Division?"

Answer. I mean by "Bohemian Division," those who drink gin (like—to quote a radical paper—the late Lord Bacon), smoke long clay pipes (like—to refer once more to the same authority—Sir Walter Raleigh), and openly defy Mr. Lindley Murray and all his works (like the Censor of the *Morning Star*).

Question (2,003). "Literary man" is rather a vague term. What sort of "literary man" are you?

Answer. A "paragraphist," and a "writer of *vers de société*."

Question (2,004). What is a "paragraphist?"

Answer. One who writes by the line. One who generally writes by the penny (sometimes three half-pence) the line.

Question (2,005). And a "writer of *vers de société*?"

Answer. One who turns sketches of high life, culled from the pages of the *London Journal*, into rhyme.

Question (2,006). Have you ever been a journalist?

Answer. Yes; I have been a theatrical reporter.

Question (2,007). What were your duties when you filled that post?

Answer. My duties were to keep myself well "up" in the advertisement column "over the clock" in my paper; to be careful of the feelings of the actors that eat salt with me at the weekly dinner of the "Pewter Potters"; to remember that Mr. Threestars, the Manager of the Blank Theatre Royal, had a piece in his hands of mine, which was "under consideration;" and generally, to sell my principles, and the little talent I possessed, to the highest bidder, for the benefit of myself and my proprietor.

Question (2,008.) Do you think it possible for a theatrical reporter to act honestly to the public?

Answer. Certainly not.

Question (2,009). What impediments are there in the way?

Answer. Besides those I have already hinted at—the order system is an insupportable stumbling block. If the critic spoke the truth a threat (which is often uttered) would be put in force—his ticket of free admission would be suspended.

Question (2,010). But surely the proprietor of a paper could afford to pay for the critic's ticket. Such an outlay would not cost more than a few pounds a year?

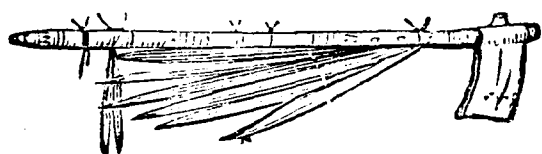
Answer. Yes, but the interest of the public is not considered by newspaper proprietors to be worth a few pounds a year.

Question (2,011). What do you think of the TOMAHAWK?

Answer. I consider it abominable—it hasn't a single literary "hack" upon its staff. Ask any "literary man—Bohemian Division," and he will tell you the same.

Question (2,012). Then among you Bohemians there is much *esprit de corps*?

Answer. Really Sir I do not quite comprehend the meaning of the last word you have used. Although I write for several papers I'm forced to admit that I do not understand Latin!



LONDON, OCTOBER 12, 1867.

It is said *apropos* of that Belgravian Bird of Prey, Mr. Babington White, that it is he that is the real "Lady Audley's Secret." Perhaps Miss M. E. Braddon will oblige?

A CERTAIN penny contemporary of ours, spite of its scathing articles against the evils of the system, still finds room in its sacred columns for advertisements of Baby-Farmers. Truly that journal should be omnipotent, for "whom it loveth it chasteneth."

MR. BEALES, we learn from a frothy mouthpiece of the Reform League, is one of the "uncrowned heads" of the world, a king in all but name. Surely the omission of the crown might be supplied. We would suggest a fool's cap. However, perhaps Mr. Sweeting, of Du Guesclin notoriety, might improve upon this idea.

THE "Censor" of the *Star*, *apropos* of our attack upon Bohemian Clubs, observes:—"Satire is one thing, untruth and blackguardism another. If a costermonger did not swear, he might be chaffed out of countenance by a school boy; but his power lies in his oaths. When he opens his mouth, a gentleman shuts his." Exactly; so we shut ours, and shan't answer the "Censor."

WE understand that the Rev. Mr. Harley, to whose character as a humane and Christian gentleman and minister, the magistrates of Buckinghamshire have borne such striking testimony, through their mouthpiece, Mr. Fitzgerald, has requested those connoisseurs in humanity to give him a written document to the above effect, because he finds some difficulty in persuading persons to appreciate the beauties of his character, on which, to quote Mr. Fitzgerald "there is no stain." We should think not; everybody knows how effectually spirit of turpentine removes all stains from *the cloth*!

ST. DRAGON AND THE GEORGE.

(See CARTOON.)

There's a noble old legend, we learnt in our youth,
That tells how a brave Knight a foul Dragon beat,
And we point to it still as the triumph of Truth
Which tramples all evil down under its feet.

But we live in an age when things tend to the worse,
And when Evil would seem to have all its own way.
So St. George and the Dragon of old we reverse;
Both the Saint and the Devil change places to day.

To-day—not to-morrow, for murder will out,
And the law that is outraged rise up in its might,—
Put dastardly treason for ever to rout,
And, if need be, smite only as Vengeance can smite.

But to-day there's a moral at hand as we gaze
On the shield with its legend that thus we re-forge.
"Let all traitors be hung"—that will end these displays
Of the Dragon attempting to ride down St. George.

BORE BEALES!—Mr. Edmond Beales is not content with being King of Hyde Park, but he must needs interfere with the Government of other countries not his neighbours. As Chairman of the Meeting at St. James's Hall, at which Garibaldi's son was present, he was condescending enough to comment on the illegal arrest of the patriot of Caprera. There is no saying where Beales will stop. If, as he and his Staff, tag, rag, and bobtail, remark, "the great masses of the people of England sympathise with struggling patriots, and the cause they have at heart," they must, *a fortiori*, feel for the Fenians from the sister isle. From Beales and blatant Bradlaugh, who will deliver us?

MENTOR ONCE MORE:

OR,

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.

III.—RELIGION.

MY DEAR TELEMACHUS,—Your intelligence will doubtless induce some surprise at the heading to this letter, for you have probably been already able to perceive that no such thing as Religion, properly so called, exists in London life. That reflection, if you have made it, shows your powers of observation, and it is quite true, but you must understand that in this, as in all other subjects upon which I may give you advice, when I talk of Religion, morality, virtue, &c., I mean the particular shams which go by that name, and with which, as with others, you cannot fail sooner or later to make some acquaintance. The sham now in question is a particularly rampant and offensive one, and all the more odious because it assumes the most beautiful garb in which to veil itself. You will see it rearing everywhere its hypocritical head in various attitudes, and with various objects, but always defiant, always hissing horribly at whatsoever and whosoever ventures to stand up against it, and at this moment in England, which claims to be the country of freedom (hear it and smile O ye intelligent Zulus!) in England I say the hot breath of the many-headed monster which has taken to itself the name of Religion spreads over the land, stifling every bold thought, every doubt, nay, even every enquiry, and proclaiming a divine commission to strangle every man's intellect, to lick him over with the slime of observance, and then to swallow him whole as a son of the Church beyond the power of perversion. You will meet it everywhere, and woe to you if you do not overcome your repugnance and lick the dust before it. In one corner of the town you will behold an assemblage of bishops home-grown and imported, met together to curse one of their number who happens to be more enlightened than the rest, and sitting with closed doors in order that they may be able to conceal their quarrelling from the public, and to suppress any account of it that has not been duly cooked. That is Religion. In another corner you will observe priests playing a perpetual pantomime, and vying with each other in candlesticks, chasubles, contortions and auricular confessions. That is Religion. Elsewhere you will see men of less outward magnificence but even more pretension, drawing out pity for the state of all those who do not "sit under" the same expounder of heaven and hell in the same whitewashed barn as themselves, and contriving to make themselves more dreaded by their opponents by promising to "pray for them" than others could do by promising to pray against them. That is Religion. Elsewhere you will see herds upon herds caring for none of these things, intent only upon getting on with Mammon, or into Society, but giving, nevertheless, the conventional two hours to church on the first day of the week. That also is Religion. It is Religion, too, to assert that nobody but oneself ought to be allowed to buy or sell, eat, drink, talk, laugh, or whistle, on a Sunday; to subscribe to the Religious Tract Society; to proclaim intense hatred for Voltaire, Tom Payne, Colenso, and all those who have ever called a dogma in question (except Luther); to refute their arguments, by refusing with horror so much as to read their books; to study the doings of Convocation; or in any other way to abdicate sense and reason, in order to take up the prevailing religious tone of to-day, retaining always a readiness to abandon it for the tone of to-morrow.

Having thus given you some idea of what Religion is, I must impress upon you, that if you would succeed in life, it is absolutely necessary that you should adopt and practise some one or more of the formulæ to which I have introduced you. As I trust you will never become a bishop, you will not have the opportunity of attending Pan-Anglican Synods, or the privilege of composing encyclical letters, but you may take up either Ritualism, low church, morning service, the Religious Tract Society, or general orthodoxy, just as it may happen to suit your convenience, and your pocket, without, of course, utterly disregarding your natural tastes. This is the way in which all proper people select their form of devotion, and as Religion is more purely a matter of fashion than anything else with which I am acquainted, it is of primary necessity that you should follow the accredited course of action, and you will find your reward in the sympathy, support, and protection of all those who belong to the particular form of persuasion which you select.

You will perhaps by chance meet with some people who are generous to their friends, forgiving to their enemies, pious in life, charitable, gentle, and ever ready to sacrifice their own interests and pleasures to those of others; but unless they act ostentatiously upon one of the plans which I have indicated you must not for a moment suppose that they are religious people. If you must have a belief upon them at all, believe that they are Jesuits in disguise, and inform Mr. Whalley of their whereabouts.

MENTOR.

HIDDEN GOOD OUT OF HYDE.—Out of the Hyde Park riot has come good. Park Lane is being widened, and a new footway added. This ought to place both reformers and their opponents on a better "understanding" for the future.



ST DRAGON AND THE GEORGE.
OR,
HAS IT COME TO THIS ?



THE FIRST OCTOBER THESPIAN MEETING.

Covent Garden, October 5th.

DURING the past week, things have been looking up in the dramatic world. The Adelphi stable has been thoroughly cleansed and re-decorated—a proceeding which has caused considerable excitement in the neighbourhood of the Strand. In fact, during the last few days, an astonished crowd has never left the door of the stable for a moment. The merits of the competitors for the Holborn Stakes (which were run for on Saturday last) attracted considerable attention early in the week. The betting was as follows:—2 to 1 agst Mr. Telbin's Scenery, 5 to 1 agst Mr. Robertson's Sensation Drama, and 50 to 1 agst Mr. Sefton Parry's Stock Company; 3 to 1 on Scenery and Sensation Drama coupled. The remaining events of the week will be found reported below:—

THE SECOND YEAR OF THE CASTE CUP, run over the Royal Prince of Wales's Course.

Mr. Hare's Artistic Taste	1
Miss Marie Wilton's Liveliness	2
Mr. F. Younge's Praiseworthy Attempt	3
Miss L. Foote's Real Feeling	0
Messrs. Bancroft and Honey's Exaggeration	0

Betting—5 to 4 on Artistic Taste, 7 to 2 agst Liveliness, 8 to 1 agst Exaggeration, 10 to 1 agst Real Feeling, 25 to 1 agst Praiseworthy Attempt.

The Favourite made all the running, and won in a canter. Bad third.

THE BUCKSTONE STAKES, run in the Haymarket.

Mrs. Scott-Siddon's Great Name	1
Mr. Kendal's Jeun Premier, out of To Paris and Back	2
Mr. Buckstone's Light of Other Days	3
Mr. Roger's Comic Friar, out of Romeo and Juliet	4

Nine others ran.

Betting—40 to 1 on Comic Friar—any price about the others.

The bell had scarce ceased to tinkle, e'er Comic Friar sprang forward, and amidst immense enthusiasm, took a decided lead. At the second *entr'acte* he was joined by Great Name, who ran with much gameness throughout the race. At the distance, the two leaders were challenged by Jeun Premier, who had been rather behindhand up to this moment, but who now seemed determined upon winning. It is more than probable that he would have succeeded in this laudable intention, had it not been for an accident. Most of the great races are run over this course, and in a recent match, Mr. Charles Matthews's Veteran Juvenility cast a shoe. It was over this shoe that Jeun Premier unluckily stumbled. Comic Friar now gave way, and a most exciting race took place between the leaders. In the last few strides, the mare managed to come to the front, Jeun Premier (as we have already explained) being unlucky enough as to stumble. Light of Other Days came with a rush at the finish, but never quite got up with his horses. Won by a neck, a head between second and third; a very bad fourth.

THE LYCEUM SELLING HANDICAP, run in Wellington street, Strand—

Mr. C. Fechter's Lover's Tenderness, with the penalty of a foreign accent	1
Lord Lytton's Lady of Lyons, carrying the weight of an actor's alterations	2
Mr. Humph Barnet's Enthusiastic Audience, weighted with a little paper	3
Mr. C. Fechter's Bundle-of-Sticks	0

Betting—Evens on Lover's Tenderness, 3 to 1 agst Lady of Lyons, 100 to 4 agst Enthusiastic Audience, 1,000 to 1 agst Bundle-of-Sticks.

A hollow race—the favourite had it his own way from the commencement, and won in the easiest of canters. Enthusiastic Audience was soon knocked up, and appeared to have but very little staying power. Bundle-of-Sticks was only started to make the running for the favourite.

After the race, Lover's Tenderness was put up for auction, but the result of the sale has not as yet transpired.

THE THIRD YEAR OF THE GREAT ARRAH-NA-POGUE TRIAL STAKES, run over the Princesses Course.

Mr. Telbin's Beautiful Scenery, out of F. Lloyd and Talented Assistant	1
Mr. Dion Boucicault's Originality, out of Joe Miller and Circulating Library	2
Mr. Dominick Murray's Elocution, out of Speaking-through-the-Nose and Sniffer	3

Ten others ran.

Betting—2 to 1 on Beautiful Scenery, 5 to 1 agst the field (bar one). The favourite won easily. Originality was rather lazy, and evidently

did not try all he knew, for he made a very bad show in the running, only coming to the front once—in about the middle of the race. Elocution found many supporters at first, but rapidly lost them as his admirers became accustomed to his points. The race between second and third nearly ended in a dead heat.

LATEST BETTING ON THE COURSE.

HER MAJESTY'S STAKES.

(Late St. Martin's Hall Cup.)

2 to 1	on	Mr. Alfred Wigan's Actor.
5 to 1	agst	Mrs. Wigan's Management.
7 to 1	„	Mr. Tom Adapter's* Sister to Kate.

THE NEW ADELPHI STAKES.

5 to 1	agst	Miss Herbert's Engagement (off take 11 to 2).
9 to 1	„	Mrs. Mellon's Direction (t and off.)
11 to 1	„	Mr. Watts Philips's Drama (wanted.)
2,000 to 25	„	Mr. Tomlin's Adelphi Guest (t freely.)
1,000 to 1	„	Mr. Webster's Gorgeous Spectacle (off, taken 25,000 to 3.)

NEWSPAPERS.

How strangely conservative and unimaginative is the system which governs the managers of the Press in England.

It would almost appear that there are certain inexorable principles, without a due observance of which no journalistic enterprise may hope to prosper; for, if the very great number of London newspapers be passed in review, it is curious to note how slightly they differ from one another in all the important details of their constitution. The pre-eminence enjoyed by the leading daily journal has, no doubt, conducted materially to bring about this result; and it is not to be wondered at, if new comers, embarking brains and capital in a perilous venture, should be fearful of deviating from a course which has led to such world-wide success. Thus it happens that there is a very strong family resemblance between the great majority of the daily papers, and as they are, for the most part, modelled after the same pattern, it is reasonable to presume that such pattern must assuredly be the best which can be found; but it is because we do not believe this to be the case, that we have expressed our opinion that the organisation of journalistic management is conservative and unimaginative.

See what an immense amount of space is devoted to Foreign intelligence. We readily concede that, in days gone by, when our insular prejudices had kept Englishmen in almost total ignorance of the habits, modes of living, and so forth, of other countries, it could not but exercise a beneficial influence over the true born Briton, to remind him that there were nations on the face of the earth other than his own. Now-a-days, however, that steam and telegraph wires have combined to facilitate the communication between countries, we cannot but think that undue prominence is bestowed on foreign matters, and that columns of print appear in the papers to relate that which might be condensed into a paragraph.

Then, again, wherefore the stringent necessity of a certain number of leading articles per diem? During the session, when politicians are busy, it may be admitted that times are sufficiently stirring to enable editors to furnish "leaders" which shall possess interest for the many; but when the stagnant season of the recess sets in, press-writers are at their wits' end to know how to fill their columns, and the result is that a vast quantity of unprofitable matter is put into print, the greater portion of which is "caviare to the general," whilst the remainder is (with exceptions, naturally) scarce worthy of the dignity of a leading position. It appears necessary, moreover, that all leading articles should be of about the same length, and it not unfrequently happens that a proper development of the subject would take the writer further than the limits at his disposal will admit; on the other hand, however, he may find that he is compelled to fill a column-and-a-half of print by means of a subject which he could readily dispose of in thirty or forty lines. In the one case, therefore, he has to condense his work, to the detriment of his theme, and in the other he is forced to lengthen it out, to the weariness of his readers.

That aristocratic street where many clubs are clustered together has suggested the title of a gazette, which, as to external appearance and internal organisation, differs materially from the rest of the daily papers. The spirit of this journal is somewhat censorious, and the style of its writing is trenchant; but, when it strikes, it strikes with justice, and we are glad to think that its well-written columns have already ensured for it an honourable success.

There is a daily paper published in Fleet street (a paper, by-the-bye, that has never been alluded to before in this periodical) which, from its enormous circulation, must be pronounced second in importance to no other journal. This paper, although it forms no exception to our remarks as to a needless quantity of leading articles, and the super-

* (Assumed name registered.)

abundance of foreign intelligence, has taken up a line of its own, and in the fact that it is, on the whole, the best exponent of the feelings of the "penny public," may lie the secret of its extraordinary success. We cannot invariably approve the tone of its "social article," nor are we disposed to admit that Mr. Gladstone is the wisest of statesmen, or the most conciliatory of leaders of the House, but, after taking everything into consideration, we must fain concede that a more miraculous "penn'orth" than this journal offers to the world could scarcely be conceived.

In turning from daily to weekly papers, we shall find a similar want of ingenuity in striking out anything new. The literary and artistic reviews are more or less like one another, and differ only so far as regards the ability noticeable in the contributions; they are all written in a pedantic and oracular spirit which smacks of the intolerance of a University. In writing this, we do not forget that the Universities send forth scholars and gentlemen, as well as pedants, and, amidst much that is spurious, it is not unfrequent (and certainly not difficult) to detect the glitter of the true metal. But, if these weekly reviews bear, from their very nature, a necessary resemblance to one another, there can surely be no reason why comic periodicals should all be cut after the same pattern. There are many ways of being funny, but if a reader takes up two or three of these humorous journals he will leave off with the impression that they are but diluted versions of one another.

There is a weekly paper, published only during the session, and bearing for its title the name of the bird of wisdom, which may be said to have departed from the beaten track. It sends forth news to the world in the most unreserved and openhanded fashion; you will read in it pungent announcements of this description:—

"Parliament will be up on the 29th of July."

"Mr. Gladstone will be in possession of a surplus amounting to £2,764,000 15s. 10d. for his next Budget; he will probably take a penny off the Income Tax, and relieve the duty on Fire Insurances to a similar amount."

"The world will come to an end this day fortnight."

This information may or may not be all true, but the manner in which it is delivered is at once novel and incisive. This paper differs in another essential point from its journalistic brethren, namely, in the entire absence of that second rate professional jargon which betrays the literary hack.

The sporting papers, too, are all built of the same stuff, and in alluding to them, we may draw attention to a habit, which is becoming prevalent amongst Turf correspondents, of prying into the betting books of folks connected with racing. This practice is indefensible, and the results that are gleaned therefrom, should no more be thrust before the public than should any other matters connected with a man's private life—unless, indeed, such dealings are dishonest and call for public reprehension.

There is much to be said on the general question of press literature in this country—more, in fact, than can be condensed into the limits of one article. It is possible that we may return to the subject on a future occasion.

THE GIGANTIC GOOSEBERRY SEASON.

THE following comes of reading Pope and the latest intelligence together:—

On these deep telegrams—these awful sells,
Where diplomatic contemplation dwells,
And sees the end of melancholy reigns,—
What means this tumult in the daily vanes?
Why are all armies strengthened?—why each fleet?
Why feels the world this very warlike heat?
Yet signs of leaders from Great Reuter came,
And little writers still must bless his name.

REUTER'S TELEGRAMS; OR, INTELLIGENCE A LA MODE.

Constantinople, Oct. 8th.

BRITISH officers still in search of mules. Every exertion made that British experience can suggest. British arms triumphant. Discovery of one mule, which is in safe keeping, and watched by each officer in turn. Complimentary visit from Hack Pasha, Master of the Horse. Obstinacy exhibited by the mule, who proves refractory. Testimony of goodwill towards England expressed by delighted crowd outside officers' quarters.

Constantinople, Oct. 8th.

Intelligence received of another mule seen near Mount Ararat.

Constantinople, Oct. 9th.

Public spirits depressed. Our mule discovered to be a Jerusalem pony. Officers await further orders.

RECKLESS EXTRAVAGANCE.—It is stated that in the event of a series of revivals taking place at the Adelphi, the management has determined, regardless of all cost, to secure the immediate services of a new duster!

LAW AND POLICE IN 1877.

AS RECENTLY PROPHECIED BY MR. ERNEST JONES.

THE *Rev. Mr. Thompson*, aged 70, a clergyman of the Established Church, was brought before the presiding magistrate at Bow street, on a charge of having infringed the bye-laws of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, by alighting from one of the company's carriages while the train was in motion. From the statement of Mr. Abrahams Solomons who represented the railway, it appeared that on the previous evening, as the Oxford and Cambridge train ran into Hyde Park Corner terminus, the prisoner, in the act of getting out before the carriage came to a stand still, fell with some force on to the platform. A large number of the company's officials happening to be on the spot, the prisoner was without difficulty secured, he having fortunately sprained his ankle in the fall thus being unable to raise himself from the ground. A messenger was at once despatched to the Knightsbridge barracks, and two troops of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue) were shortly on the spot. The prisoner was then forced into a cab, which, closely surrounded by the escort, proceeded direct to Bow street, where, having been securely hand-cuffed, he was locked up for the night. This was the case for the prosecution. In consequence of the revolting nature of the charge against Thompson, more than the usual precautions were taken to guard against any attempt at a release. A battery of artillery arrived during the night from Woolwich, and the windows of the court were thrown open to allow the Armstrong guns to command the stone to which the prisoner was chained. An extra superintendent of police was secreted beneath the worthy magistrate's table, and additional parties of constables, with loaded revolvers, patrolled the court. His Worship (who was himself provided with a rifle and fixed bayonet) asked the prisoner what he had to say to the charge. Thompson, who spoke with difficulty, in consequence of the tightness of the cord which bound his neck to the bars of the iron cage, that has replaced the old-fashioned and dangerous prisoner's dock, said he was in a hurry. The prisoner's attorney here interfered, but was immediately ordered to leave the Court. The Magistrate remarked that the prisoner was a most dangerous character, and he was delighted to hear that the injury he had received was likely to prove permanent. He should remand him for three weeks. The prisoner was immediately gagged and removed to one of the new iron cells which have been constructed since the pernicious custom of admitting to bail has been abolished.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A great enchantress who has often charmed
The intellect of man with weird sensation;
Yet all her cunning arts have failed to palm
This as an honest deed on either nation.

(1.)

Of all the garments that we mortals wear,
This ever seemed the strangest one to me;
Our backs are quite content to wear but one,
Our stomachs scarce content with two or three.

(2.)

A Folk to which all colours seem a curse,
Among them constant discontent is seen;
The Blue and Yellow each had cursed them long,
Then joined to make a worse plague in the Green.

(3.)

And so that People ever will remain
Until they find some firm and trusty friend,
Who knows that mercy sometimes must be deaf,
And gives their patriots all this glorious end.

(4.)

When They're united to us heart and soul,
With joyous shouts we'll hail the happy day;
No sacrifice we'll grudge to gain that end,
But this though made of gold, we'll gladly say.

(5.)

That word "United" must recall the name
Of one right noble heart which died for thee;
No foreign hirelings could disturb thy peace,
Were all thy sons as true and brave as he.

CORRECT ANSWERS to last week's Charade ("Nurse-child") have been received from C. M., Towhit, Mrs. Jagers, Ruby, E. N., Ohio, Nobody, Bodilybootska, Old Swell-back, J. H., Calumet, Socius (the lines contained an excellent moral), A. S. D. C., L. C. R., Blue Peter, Arundo, and Sim.