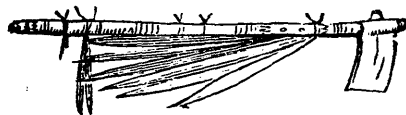


# THE TOMAHAWK:

## A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 37.]

LONDON, JANUARY 18, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

### PANACEA, OR PANIC?

THE *Times* has, either for want of more interesting copy, or for some inscrutable reason best known to itself, lately been devoting more than a column of its valuable space to accounts of the holding of meetings, the passing of resolutions, the publication of manifestoes, and the general dissemination of what not else, on the subject of Fenianism. It is true that the provincial element holds the place of honour in keeping up the agitation to which we refer. But it is to be supposed that by giving it a wide publicity the *Times* thoroughly endorses the spirit with which it is animated. The *Times*, therefore, has a good deal to answer for.

Precaution is one thing but panic is another, and we conclude that, as our views on the subject of revolution have been already pretty plainly expressed in these pages, we shall not be suspected of indulging in Fenian sympathies when we denounce a good deal of this recent public meeting holding as dangerous and foolish. The continual swearing-in, too, of special constables, (we suppose it is heresy to say it) appears to be but little better, if not the least bit cowardly to wit. Perhaps those who for one moment will take the trouble soberly to compare the present condition of things with that of 1848, or even to take a more modern instance, of 1866, will understand what we mean. Were all London to be sworn-in and armed to the teeth, an outrage such as that recently perpetrated at Clerkenwell could scarcely be provided against, inasmuch as it depends for its execution, not upon the combined action of many, but upon the savage determination of few. A small band of well organised secret police, therefore, and not an army of raw and ready-made constables, is the proper antidote for reckless conspiracy of this kind. To ignore the former, and adopt the latter, is simply to magnify the evil which has to be eradicated. This is obviously foolish to a degree. Compared to the overwhelming masses of the loyal and peaceably disposed population of London, the sum total of disaffected Irishmen must be, numerically, simply ridiculous. Most probably the professional thieves are to them in number as ten to one. To pay this compliment to the effective strength of Fenianism is, if not a stupid blunder, certainly most injudicious diplomacy.

Again, as to the public meetings, which are apparently held for the sole purpose of enabling Englishmen to assure each other by resolution that, spite the obvious reputation they have acquired in a contrary direction, they really do condemn wanton bloodshed and brutal massacre,—what can be urged in their favour? Is it necessary that Englishmen, of all men in the world, should deem it a duty to come forward to clear themselves from such reproaches as these? What, then, is the good of the whole thing? Perhaps the *Times* can say? Some three years ago, when sensible men could divine that whatever Fenianism did mean, it did not mean inaction, the great guide of English Public Opinion was capering about like a fool, and cracking vulgar jokes about Ireland and its national "Green." To-day it pitches its tale in quite another key. Its last estimate of Fenianism is, however, just about as creditable to its sagacity as its first. In short, if such want of ballast in a leading journal were not a matter for reflection, it might be amusing to note how the gibbering of the talky jackdaw has imperceptibly given place to the howl of the frightened hyæna.

### ENGLISH HISTORY À LA FRANCAISE.

THERE is playing now at the Ambigu in Paris, a piece called *Les Chevaliers du Brouillard*, from which we learnt (our French, we admit, is rather so so) the following important historical facts:—

- 1st.—That Jack Sheppard discovered a Jacobite plot for the destruction of Westminster Abbey by gunpowder.
- 2nd.—That the Tower of London is situated at Greenwich.
- 3rd.—That George I. was in the habit of walking about Newgate disguised as the Lord Mayor of London, and attended by "Sir William Hogarth."
- 4th.—That Jack Sheppard was, in early youth, the heir presumptive to the British throne.

And yet there are some people who *will* have it that the French know nothing of English History!

### A TRAITOR IN THE CAMP.

THERE is an amusing side of most matters, and Fenianism, despite all its abominations, has given rise to a good many ridiculous incidents within the last few days. Not the least laughable of these occurred last week in the Brigade of Guards, and was on this wise.

The sentries having orders to report fully to their commanding officers all occurrences that attract their attention or arouse their suspicions, the sentinel on guard near the Powder Magazine, in Hyde Park, reported, when relieved, that he had observed in the immediate vicinity of the Magazine a suspicious-looking individual, of a dark, gloomy cast of countenance, and with evident signs that he was making particular observations of the arrangements around the place. This report having been duly forwarded to the Captain of the Guard, was by him promptly reported to the Major-General Commanding the Brigade, who immediately ordered out a Troop of the Royal Horse Guards Blue to patrol the Park throughout the night, and intimated his intention of fully investigating the matter in the morning—adding that the sentinels were most praiseworthy for the vigilance with which they performed their duties, as he was himself aware, having that very day gone round to all the sentry posts unknown to the men or their officers.

Early the following morning the Major-General accordingly proceeded to the Barracks and instituted the fullest inquiries, ascertained the exact time and circumstances of the matter, and particularly the extremely dangerous and treasonable appearance of the mysterious and ill-looking stranger. At his orders the soldier was brought before him, and being called upon by the Major-General to state whether he thought he could identify the man if he saw him again, Private Tommy Atkins immediately replied in dreadful trepidation "Yes Sir, indeed I could, and, please sir, you're the party yourself!!"

A good story, and what is more, a true one! It was very right of Private Tommy Atkins to observe the mysterious stranger, and no less the duty of the Major-General to take every measure of precaution, but it was unfortunate perhaps that the Private and the Major-General did not compare notes a little earlier, at least the Troop of Horse Guards Blue (very blue!) who patrolled Hyde Park for a long wet wintry night may possibly have thought so.

## ON SOME LINES BY THE LAUREATE.

If the adage is admissible that you may as well hang a dog at once as give him a bad name, there is not a shade of doubt that the inverse is still more certain in this our snobbish fatherland.

There seems to be a Laureate mania cropping up, and within a week of each other two publications have prevailed on Alfred the Great to supply them with copy in the shape of verses. In each case the contribution is little more than "a copy of verses." Of the first, "The Victim," which appeared in *Good Words*, we have little to say. The idea was not new, but picturesquely put, though the versification was anything but smooth, and the genius anything but obtrusive. Of course "The Victim" was reproduced in almost all the daily prints, and everyone, literary or pseudo-literary, was asking everyone else whether they had seen Tennyson's last poem.

Now the new series of *Once a Week* rushes into the field with more copy by the Laureate "hot and hot," with the elegant title "On a Spiteful letter." Six stanzas, written, one might imagine between the first and second cups of tea at breakfast, under the influence of a bad head-ache after a Christmas dinner and the hottest of accompanying coppers; and suggested by the receipt of a long-standing bill from an irate tailor, who had more taste for notes than strophes.

Hear the indignant bard :—

"Here it is here, the close of the year,  
And with it a spiteful letter;  
My fame in song has done him much wrong,  
For himself has done much better."

Does not this remind us of childhood's song? Has it not the true *Jack and Gill* ring? Here is poetry my masters! The poetry of the nursery rhymers. "My fame in song!" The head-ache has brought vanity with a rush to the front. We are beginning to be proud of our English Laureate!

"O, foolish bard, is your lot so hard,  
If men neglect your pages?  
I think not much of yours or mine—  
I hear the roll of the ages."

If ever foolish bard thought of addressing Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., in terms of indignation, what crushing sarcasm he meets with. Colossal satire! Gigantic humiliation! And all this while he hears "the roll of the ages," which, being interpreted, means that the irate poet had been waiting in dudgeon for his morning roll, which had not come at the proper hour.

Third and fourth stanzas :—

"This fallen leaf—isn't fame as brief?  
My rhymes may have been the stronger.  
[*He wont give in.*]

Yet hate me not [*hypocritical charity*], but abide your lot—  
I last but a moment longer.

[*If this is what you've come to, O Alfred!  
not a moment longer, we beseech.*]

"O, faded leaf, isn't fame as brief?  
What room is here for a hater?

[*We might imagine that the bill was sent  
in by a hatter. A t has been omitted,  
no doubt.*]

Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,  
For it hangs one moment later."

[*This is most likely a passing observation  
on the quality of some Assam tea which  
the great man is discussing.*]

But the great D.C.L. scorns to continue the quarrel in verse; he proceeds to show his superiority in simple prose.

"What!" says he, "greater than I—isn't that your cry? And I shall live to see it. Well, you know, if it be so, so it is; and if it isn't, why it aint!" This rejoinder shows an almost feminine logic within it, and we almost fancy some repulsed or repulsive washer-woman might have been in the room at the time, and her words have been ringing in the poet's ears. But poets don't wash.

Last stanza :—

"O, summer leaf, isn't life as brief?

[*Third time of asking.*]

But this is the time for hollies :—

And my heart, my heart, is an evergreen—

[*The bard has evidently been swallowing  
his own laurels and they have got into  
his head.*]

I hate the spites and the follies."

We have doubts as to these lines, and are half inclined to think that the great man had been to a bad pantomime over night, and had intended to write—

"I hate the sprites and the follies."

However, that is immaterial, and only refers to the omission of the spiteful letter r.

These are the stanzas for which we dare not surmise how much has been paid by a spirited editor, and which are returned as an equivalent for his gold. Why, if Catnach had sent such lines out into the streets on the Clerkenwell Explosion, or other popular excitement, he would have been hissed off the flags.

If some young aspirant from Grub street had offered such ware for insertion in the most commonplace of half-penny miscellanies, he would have been kicked out of the office by an editor, without an *h* at his service. And we do not hesitate to say that there is not a redeeming line or thought, or the ghost of a thought, from beginning to end of the weak invention. And to see Napoleon on the rock at Elba turn round and run after his cocked hat, which the wind might have blown off, would not be as great a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous as is this sad ebullition of childishness on the part of the author of "In Memoriam."

We do not doubt that, ere this, he has recovered from the violent dyspepsia from which he has been suffering (and the public too), and is sitting on his butt of sherry in sack cloth and ashes. If he is really penitent he will not object to our addressing him in a

## PAULO-POST STANZA.

O, fallen bard, isn't this too hard?  
But think us not uncivil;  
You've got it hot, so abide your lot,  
And give up writing drivell.

## A HISS IN TIME.

THE re-action has come at last over the water.

Everybody has heard of the signal triumph gained over the civic force at the Porte St. Martin Theatre a few nights back. Expression of adverse opinion, in the shape of "goosing," was sustained by a whole theatre-full, to the great chagrin, no doubt, of the police who had to yield. It has been said that the hiss was directed against a caricature of Schneider's way of acting. We have no hesitation in saying that this was not so. Madlle. Silly, the actress hissed, is undeniably clever, but at the same time, the *strangest* (to put it mildly) young person when she likes it has ever been our lot to see. On this occasion she put out her tongue—a gesture as repulsive as is possible, when committed by a fish-woman, but which, performed on the stage, would raise a storm in England which neither managers nor police would be sufficient to quell. Some hisses had already been remarked on the entrance of Madlle. Delval, who shows too much of herself, even for the money now paid for a stall—and the prices have risen—so that there is no doubt in the Parisian mind that there was a portion of the public who felt that indecency had come to its ultimate boundary, and that it was high time brains should step in and drive the intruders back.

There is a cry going up in Paris, now crying, "Let us have plays which our wives and daughters may see; we are sick of pieces in which the plot depends on most legs or least shoulders! Sensuality and degradation have had their turn: send the witless harlotry of the *revue* to the new streets and the public gardens, and let us have food for thought, and place for the wit that elevates." Nor can our neighbours throw the fault on the World's Fair of last year. The fungus has been growing and infecting the whole stage for years, culminating in the shameful atrocities of last year's *féeries*, and though here

and there, at the *Gymnase*, or the *Français*, occasional pieces have occurred which one recalls with pleasure, nearly all the houses have resorted to spectacle to fill their seats.

We do not doubt for one instant that nausea has at last taken hold of literary Paris; but they will not like to own on the Boulevards that they have brought the disease on themselves.

And yet it is so. There is a lack of delicacy, with all their grace and gallantry, about French men—and French women too, we are sorry to say, which, allowed like all faults, to run on unchecked, degenerates into vice. Why are young French girls kept so rigidly in leading strings by their mothers? Because there is a licence in society—a liberty to indulge in scandalous conversation—a looseness, in fact, of *mœurs*, which can only corrupt the *morale* of a girl, already by the atmosphere she has been bred in only too apt to understand half-way.

Why, Messieurs, when a novel like *Fanny* or the *Affaire Clemenceau* appears, instead of manfully and honestly, for the sake of wives and daughters, hissing aloud at the coarse blots there only too evident, you set aside the adverse criticism and say, such and such passages are clever, are full of wit or humour, or graceful sentiment, let us cover one eye while we admire with the other, and so encourage the festering sore to spread. And it does, and has spread, and we regret to say, finds a reflection on our own shores. The stage has seen this last year or so such liberties of undress as would have made our mothers blush. Our novels are tainted with the adulterous plague, and wanton vice holds her head up where five years ago she crept about concealed. Let us clean our own doorsteps, for the beam in our eye has been getting very heavy of late.

### TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

WE are happy to be able to announce that the Government ever anxious to carry out Administrative Reforms of any and every character, have determined to establish at once, a comprehensive and extensive scheme of technical education, and the following Minute which has been made by the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, will enable our readers to appreciate the advantages to arise from the new system.

My Lords consider the subject of trade instruction with a view to extend and improve it.

1. They refer to all consumers, customers, and generally to everybody who has to do with any tradesman whatever, they also refer to the Christmas bills which are flowing in at this period of the year.
2. My Lords perceive that there is the greatest difficulty in getting anybody to make a decent pair of boots, a respectably cut coat, or a hat with any character in it; and that the custom of sending in bills and calling for payment is on the increase.
3. In order to assist the classes interested, my Lords resolve to aid individual efforts by founding schools for their instruction in trade and proper principles.
4. My Lords propose so to instruct the young men of the country that the next generation of shop-keepers shall be at least an endurable class of creatures.
5. In the schools to be established, the tailor will be taught the æsthetics of cutting and showing—the hatter elevated to the crowning principles of his art—the bootmaker carried beyond his last—and all trade taught upon the improved principles which have enabled foreign nations to persuade the jurors at the Paris Exhibition that they are better workmen than we are.
6. The tradesman or master will also be instructed in his business, and be shown that it is his duty and privilege to supply goods of the best description, on the worst chance of payment, and he will be taught to avoid the error of judgment now so generally deplored, which leads to the demand for cheques on account, or other payments, subversive of those principles of mutual confidence which should exist between all classes.
7. The Science and Art Department will make a grant of the custom of all its officials to any of the students who may distinguish themselves by passing a satisfactory examination to be conducted by a joint committee of men about town and creditors.
8. Transmit a copy to the Treasury, and request sanction to provide in the estimate for payment of the increased debts likely to be incurred under this Minute.

### MILITARY REFORM.

THERE is little doubt but that the subject of Military Reform must attract considerable interest in the coming session, even though the last months of the expiring Parliament will doubtless be mainly devoted by the members to preparing characters for themselves for use on the hustings already looming in the near future. Doubtless also Financial Reform will be loudly paraded by Ministers as the best card left them now that the pack is so nearly played out.

But it is not difficult to see that the union of Army Reform and Financial Reform or Retrenchment will not be an easy one, or wholly unattended with the usual incompatibility of such forced unions. The great question of Army Reform—the abolition of the purchase system—must await a new Parliament. It is a matter too vast in all its bearings to be grappled with by an expiring House. That and its sister question of Double Government—Parliamentary through the War Minister, and prerogative through the Commander-in-Chief, must “bide a wee.”

Other military questions, secondary indeed to these very large ones, but of a good deal of importance in themselves, will, however, engage the attention of the House during the session of this year. These are points relating directly to the administration of the Army; and first of all there must be ranged the question of the enormous machine, the unwieldy and overgrown machine, in Pall Mall. The organisation of the War Office itself really calls for immediate attention. The steps recently taken to infuse new blood into the decrepit body tends rather to aggravate the disease—plethora—from which that body already suffers, unless some substantial reductions are made, and that in time for this year's estimates, the enormous cost of the War Office will form a very uncomfortable item of hustings declamation and hustings pledges.

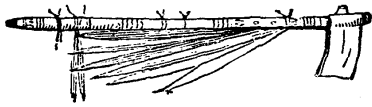
It is well known that the officials in Pall Mall are so numerous, that literally it is impossible for them to move without treading on each others' toes, and the confusion which so many persons capable of forming a sound judgment on the matter predict as inevitable in case of a war breaking out, is mainly the result of the overcrowded condition of the Upper Appointments in the War Office. Nor is it possible to avoid the conclusion, that with so many Major-Generals filling all the highest posts in Pall Mall, it cannot be very necessary to have as many more Major-Generals a few hundred yards off to be controlled by them. When the fight—the great battle of Double Government—does come on, as come it will some fine day, the Military Chiefs at the Horse Guards, who now so greatly rejoice that the Military element has got so firm a footing in the Civil Departments at Pall Mall, may then find that the country thinks that two military bodies are not absolutely necessary in one system of administration, and may desire to dispense with the staff at the Horse Guards altogether.

### A VERY BOLD DRAGOON!

Private O'Bean of the Royal Irish Fusiliers gets taken down to “the Dashing Dragoon” in the slums adjoining the Rotbury Barracks, and after imbibing the lowest of gin, and exciting himself by all the degrading means at the disposition of the “Dashing Dragoon” and his landlord, is caught blustering out some silly slight on her Majesty whose shilling and uniform have forced him from the plough. He is immediately seized, put under arrest, tried for treason-felony, and condemned to at least two years' imprisonment. Hector O'Sullivan of the “Four-leaved Shamrock,” or Miles Blathevan, Esq., of the “Fenian Fire-eater,” are respectable literary men—editors of organs of some power. They are allowed to insult the Queen, rave at the Government, and generally foam at the mouth on the topic of England, doing all in their blood-shot frenzy to suggest evil of every kind, to the unhappy rebels who support them. What is the divinity which hedges an Irish rebel editor, and in what is Private O'Bean more culpable? We should like a prompt answer to arrive through the Government.

A PRETTY PUFF FOR A PRETTY THING.—Why is the First Volume of the TOMAHAWK like Tennyson? Because 'tis bound to a-muse.

Now ready,  
HANDSOMELY BOUND, WITH GILT EDGES,  
VOLUME ONE (DOUBLE VOLUME),  
OF  
THE TOMAHAWK,  
PRICE NINE SHILLINGS.



\* \* Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention.

LONDON, JANUARY 18, 1868.

WE hear from New York, *apropos* of Miss Adah Menken's forthcoming Poems, that "she has clothed her ideas in the chastest imagery." Well! judging from our reminiscences of the "Beautiful" authoress, her lines would require some wrapping up this cold weather.

IN the spring of the present year London is to be treated to a contest of machines that are to establish the possibility of aerial navigation. It is to be hoped that the Jamaica Committee will not avail themselves of an occasion which unfortunately so obviously suggests "walking into *Eyre*!"

So the Guardians of the Farnham Workhouse have had a testimonial presented to them. All honour to those who subscribed to it; but how about the poor, wronged creatures who are languishing in prison on account of that little affair at Clerkenwell? Will no one get up a testimonial to them? Surely they are more deserving, for they have suffered already for a fault of which they are not yet proved guilty, while the Guardians of Farnham Workhouse have been proved guilty of faults, but have suffered nothing.

WHO is M. Felix Pyat? If he is a Spy in pay of the Emperor of France he has well deserved his pay by exposing the utter meanness and brutality of the French Democrats. The sublime humanity and noble satire displayed by those who state that the three criminals at Manchester killed two horses and a police-agent, may be excused in a nation which has learnt to eat horse-flesh, and which would be only too glad if it could eat police-agents. But the writers of that sentence knew that Sergeant Brett was no more like a French police-agent than they are like honest patriots. French Democrats are delightful creatures, and noble champions of liberty (as they understand it). But the Clerkenwell Outrage is a work too much after their own hearts for them to give an unbiassed opinion on; and their tirades against the gallows we can bear with equanimity, since none are at once so likely to deserve, and so certain to fear, capital punishment as these amiable disciples of the "Bonnet Rouge."

NEW PROVERB (Dedicated to the late Premier).—Give Russell an Inch and he'll get in an Elliot.

THE architect of the latest "Pall Mall" grievance.—The "WREN" of the Curragh.

## VOLO EPISCOPARI.

SOME good has come of the famous Pan-Anglican Synod. It has sent one respectable American Bishop home very happy. Accustomed in his own land of perfect religious independence to be addressed possibly by an hotel waiter in some such familiar strain as "Wall you clerical old cuss, you air rayther a guy, I guess, fixed up in them black tights, just every bit like a nigger about to swaller himself slick! Wall, what's the liquor?" It is to be presumed that the "Yes, my lord; will your lordship take a little lemon in it?" of the old country, has proved too much for him. Describing the Bishop of Oxford as the "English Chrysostom," and alluding to the "Bishop" of Canterbury in terms somewhat too flattering for republication, he proceeded to dwell in rapture on episcopal life in England generally. Palaces, peers, parties, and piety—all of them together fairly overcame him! But what struck him most was what he saw in the Synod itself; and that was the collection of fine-looking white headed old men, some of them weeping because none of them could agree! The worst of the thing is, that it was just this little difficulty in the Council which set all sober men laughing outside it.

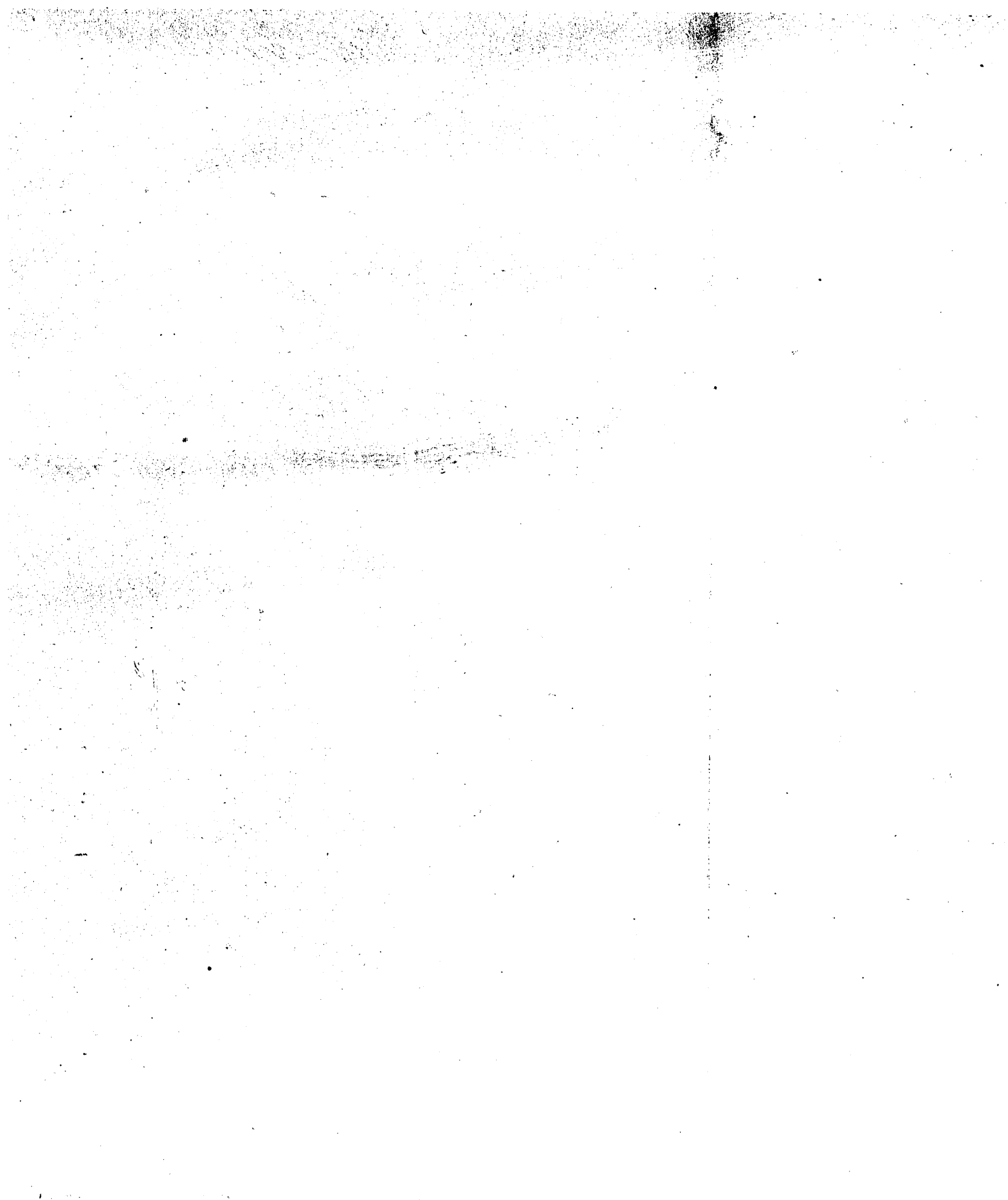
## SPOON MEAT.

"MR. DUNCOMBE, M.P. for Finsbury," has found a Biographer; that is to say, his son has recently given to the world two thick volumes of fashionable tittle tattle. These, which constitute "the life" in question have been largely advertised by a slashing notice in a contemporary; and as this last must have been read by all men who read anything, there is no occasion for us to do more than endorse its leading features. Two reflections, however, occur in touching upon the subject of biographies in general, and of this one in particular. In the first place, a son is the last man who should venture to handle the life of his father. In nine cases out of ten he must be either undutiful or untruthful. Both alternatives are distasteful to the reader. A son, therefore, had best let his father's virtues and vices alone. In the second place, a biography proper ought to have some higher aim than that which appears to consist in the raking up of decayed scandals, and the publication of a heap of anything but edifying private and domestic details. Such things had much better be kept religiously secret; when they are not, the roughest comment upon them needs no apology.

For it is obvious that men, who are thrust with all their personal and family concerns pell-mell into print, as matters of public interest become public property, and being such, must take their stand on the world's stage forthwith, whether it be to get heartily applauded, or what is less pleasant, well hissed. The worst of the matter, however, is, that an undesirable example, if it only pay, is sure to be followed up. Society of a certain class is always greedy for this small fry sort of literature, and so we may confidently expect the book-market to be well flooded with it for some time to come. Nobody cares to know how many times Brown has had to compound with his butcher, or how gay a dog Smith has been in his day. Drag in a Lord or two, a Bishop, a few actresses, and spice the whole with politics, cards, and scandals, and your book is to be found on every drawing-room table that is graced with the *Court Circular* and its associates. To be brief, snobbism is a thing almost too despicable to merit the hatchet. It learns nothing too when trampled under foot, for the very simplest of reasons, that it neither thinks nor feels. Taboo it as you will, it flourishes. But it must be tabooed nevertheless. TOMAHAWK, therefore, waits patiently the forthcoming Publishers' lists, for he must be true to himself and his battle cry of "Death to Snobs."

TO THOSE WHO LIKE BAD JOKES.—Everybody knows that to the unfortunate sufferers by the late explosion at Clerkenwell Her Majesty has been most Jenner-ous.

CAUTION TO TRAVELLERS.—As everybody in France now-a-days is able to converse fluently in English, the best thing that our countrymen can do when they *don't* want to be understood by our Gallic neighbours, is to *speak in French*!







LONDON BY NIGHT !  
OR,  
WHO WILL DRAW THE CURTAIN ?

[See The Peep-Show





## THE PEEP-SHOW.

## THE MOST SHAMEFUL SIGHT IN THE WORLD!

SCENE.—*A well-known thoroughfare by night. The pavement crowded with fast shop boys, slangy lawyer's clerks, and drunken creatures. A hoarse roar composed of blasphemy and language scarcely less repulsive than blasphemy.*

DON'T shudder and turn away!

Oh, I know it is awful and disgraceful, and something that should be put out of sight and forgotten—something so much like the leper of old, that men are afraid to touch it even to work its cure—something so utterly loathsome that human nature revolts against it and shuns it as if it were the plague. But it is for this very reason that I call upon you to bear with me and to aid me in this great good work. Come, let us rise against it with all our heart and soul! Let us attack this frightful scandal tooth and nail; let us tear it away, drive it away, do our very best to kill it! This is the season of the year of all seasons of the year for doing this good thing. It is, indeed. Down with mock morality and prurient prudery then. Down I say under our feet with such barriers to duty and charity. No, rather like the Knights of old, let us with a clear conscience and a fearless arm do our greatest deeds, our best actions, in this grand cause—the cause of holy womanhood! It is for all that is good and noble that we fight—we have for our foes the enemies of religion, of society, of honest men, and pure women.

Look at the scene before you. A nice sight for a Christian country—is it not? So nice, and good, and pleasant, that of course, we can afford to send missionaries to the four quarters of the globe, and leave this lively, cheerful spot undisturbed in all its joyous mirth and innocent gaiety! It is satisfactory—very satisfactory—to know that we have the Reverend This, and the Venerable That, doing their very best to spread the truths of the Gospel, and to teach the benefits of commerce (chiefly in rum and glass beads) in the lands inhabited by poor, ignorant Quashee and equally ignorant Sambo! Oh, it is charming to think that the scene I have set in my Peep-Show at this very moment is absolutely painted from Nature—is “realistic” to the very last degree—is photographic in its details—absolutely photographic! The only thing I can't quite reproduce in my mimic copy of the great original is the mirth—the gaiety—the jollity. And this is, perhaps, just as well, for you see there is a good deal of gas, and blaze, and “life;” but somehow or other, the laughter amid the merriment sounds strangely artificial for so delightful a spot. Tears, you know, are nearly a-kin to smiles, and perhaps that is the reason why some merriment seems to be but weeping in disguise, grief in gala costume! It is a quaint conceit to enter a *bal masque* dressed as Death: the character is so incongruous, so very incongruous! Mirth and rouge, wit and *blanc de perle* journey along together—a light pair of heels never, never carries a heavy heart—a lively tongue is never, never the servant of an aching brain! Of course, of course, of course, a thousand times of course! And it is because it is so very much “of course” that I am just the least bit surprised at finding in this lively place merriment sounding hollow, and laughter more heartrending than the wails of crying men! However, as I must make fancy give way to fact, I reluctantly allow that the laughter heard in the original of the scene before us is just the kind of merriment that I imagine causes the very devils to shudder, and sets the angels of Heaven a-weeping!

Well, there, you see what we have before us—three young fellows, dressed after “Champagne Charlie,” rollicking, merry, and drunk. See how they stagger down the street, singing their foolish songs and laughing their meaningless laughter. They are city clerks, and are “seeing life.” “Youth at the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm” you know—Etty's picture. Isn't it a nice scene? so like the artist's fancy, too! There you see youth with his lack-lustre eyes and unsteady gait, with his ribaldry and buffoonery! And Pleasure at the helm too! But never mind Pleasure—everyone who has seen Etty's masterpiece (of course) knows very well what Pleasure is like! A little to the right please. There, that group is what we call in England “a row!” A sweet pretty name which in the present instance means two things, in shawls and bonnets and gowns, tearing, and swearing and fighting! These two things so full of oaths, and drink, and murder, are surrounded by an admiring and grinning throng, who jeeringly give them advice touching

the noble art of self defence! They fight, and fight, and fight until they are torn asunder by two policemen, and then, accompanied by the throng (more jeering than ever) they are dragged like dogs to the station-house! Like dogs! Treating things wearing bonnets and shawls like dogs! Well it is harsh, but then you see there are many dogs who would scarcely care to be named in the same breath with these screaming, tearing, raging creatures in their crushed bonnets and their torn shawls! And there, look to the left, under that archway. Do you see how that figure, in its sombre dress, is hurrying away? Do you know where? No. But I do! Yes, I know where that poor, poor figure is hurrying to. Do you want to learn? Well then listen to me.

I'm often obliged to read the newspaper. A Peep-show man must live up to the times if he wishes to succeed in life. And it was through reading the columns of a paper that I became possessed of the following little story:—One cold night a figure was walking along the wet pavement of the Strand. The figure was not very old, and was not very warmly clad. It shivered and sobbed, and seemed to be very wretched indeed. It walked up and down the Strand and met another figure, and the two figures fraternised. The first figure said “how cold it was, and how miserable it was,” and the second figure took compassion upon it and tried to soothe it. “You are hungry and cold,” said the second figure. “Never mind, my dear. If you will wait an hour or so on the bridge for me, I dare say by the end of that time I shall be able to bring you some money.” And the first figure thanked the second figure, and the two parted—the first to wait on the bridge, the second to get some money! And while the first figure waited on the bridge it began to think. And this is what it thought. “I have just left a scene full of lights and laughter. I have just seen merry people and gay rooms, sparkling wines and gorgeous dresses! And as I look over the parapet of this bridge I can just make out in the darkness the sullen waves of a black gloomy river. Which shall I choose?” When the second figure returned the first figure had chosen! *The river carried to the shore the secret of her choice!* And now can you guess whither that figure under the arcade with its dark shadow is hurrying?

Look a little to the left and you will see modest women and honest men leaving the doors of a theatre. Yes, I agree with you. 'Tis cruel that they should be hustled and elbowed by such a crowd! But what would you? Are we not in London, the centre of civilization, the metropolis of the world? Is not this a Christian God-fearing nation? Are we not unlike unto other people?—for instance, in what part of this inhabited globe of ours would one find such a scene as this? Not in Paris, not in Vienna, not in St. Petersburg. No, assuredly we have much to be thankful for!

Yes, you thought that Swift drew from his imagination the picture of his Yahoo. See how wrong you were. Is there a single figure in the scene before you who would not have given the savage man-hater the cue for his fearful satire? Riot and drunkenness, drunkenness and riot! I can add nothing to those words. Vice, stolid, stupid, wretched, miserable vice! Oh, it is a painful thing, a fearful thing, to see men made in the figure of God so degraded, so utterly beastlike—so contemptibly devilish! I am sick of the subject, I can pursue it no longer!

And yet one word more. *This thing should not be!* Why should London be cursed so terribly? Is it possible that a great people is so wretchedly governed that it cannot escape from such a miserable scandal? I have purposely described the scene on my mimic stage in language most guardedly chosen. I have done this in deference to popular prejudices. We have got so accustomed to whited sepulchres that it has become a crime to scrape the flimsy covering from off the tomb's corruption! And yet with all this we suffer a glaring scandal in our very midst! Why? Is there no one to tear the mask aside, no one to say “this is wrong, this is shameful, THIS SHALL NOT BE!” I fear not. Well then, if no one will attempt the task TOMAHAWK is prepared to raise his weapon. The press has redressed many a grievance, surely here is a scandal calling for our very best exertions. I hope most heartily that my words may find an echo in many an editorial sanctum, that this great evil may fall before the weight of our printer's ink. A spade must be called a spade, a scoundrel a scoundrel, a thief a thief. A little healthy publicity, and all will be well. Let my motto encourage me to attempt the task. *Invitat culpam qui peccatum præterit!*



## A PROTEST.

How easy it is to fall into a bad habit, and how long it clings to you when you have once fallen in! There is perhaps nothing which we detest more heartily than the loathsome eruption which has broken out lately in social London among the classes who go for amusement to Pimlico Pavilions and Pentonville Halls of Apollo.

Need we say we refer to the comic song, with its dreamy witless monotony of never-varying design—always the same reference to low-lived flirts, who refuse the temptation of curds-and-whey, or brandy-balls, for the superior attractions held out by a purveyor of asses' milk, or a general dealer in marine stores. But we are not going to enter into a detailed description of music hall fungi, who have much more of the guy about them than the fun, by the way; nor are we going to criticise the music, which would be encroaching on the domains of one of our *collaborateurs*, but we have been suffering fearfully since Boxing-night from popular song on the brain, and, do what we will, we can't get rid of it. It attacked us with the fog on the 26th of December, and, in spite of our best efforts, everything seems to respond to "Not for Joseph."

Last night we were dining out in one of the best houses in Belgravia. We were sitting between a dowager countess on one side, to whom the name of Joseph would have appeared either entirely vulgar or improperly scriptural, and a general officer on the other, whose ideas did not run on anything but the formation of battalions and the inspection of kits.

The conversation, of course, fell at one period on Fenianism. What Charley Skittles calls a "blue funk" seems to have taken possession of most dowagers and old generals on this topic.

This of course wandered into Greek fires, nitro-glycerine, and its congenitors, and my neighbour the countess begged to know whether petroleum was a destructive acid or no. You will scarcely believe it, but I found myself assuring the dear old lady that that dangerous liquid was

"Not corrosive,  
No corro—"

and it was only by biting my tongue that I could stop the dreadful current which was gushing to my lips.

"What explosive power gun cotton really has," remarked the general, with his usual originality.

There I went again—

"What explosive,  
What explo—"

The general turned on me with a glare as if he would have liked to stop my rations and give me three days pack-drill, and, though quelled for the rest of dinner by his intelligent gaze, I actually asked the Honble. Mrs. Bellow, whose splendid contralto makes the glasses ring in the room below, whether she sang Claribel's last charming song, "Not for Joseph." She thought the title odd, but promised to ask for it, and I hear this morning, from her most particular friend, that she thinks it extremely questionable facetiousness on the part of nearly a stranger to recommend such odious trash. But whether she refers to Joseph or the lady composer I have not yet been informed.

The same friend of Mrs. Bellow's is a confirmed geologist, and never commences any subject, be it the merits of seltzer and sherry, or the phases of the moon, without getting astride of his hobby, and rattling off the names of the stony treasures which he may have added to his collection during the week—"fossil infusoria," "trap formation," "mica subsidiary," and all the rest of it. On this occasion he was very wild at having purchased some fabricated fossils from a navvy employed on the underground railway. He had bought a mass of old bones stuck together with cement, and his wrath was great at having been taken in. "My dear sir, I did not suppose it possible to forge ossiferous concrete."

"Not forge ossiferous concrete!" I cried. But it was too much for my brain: off I went—

"Not forge ossif—  
Not forge O!"

This was too much for my scientific friend too, and off he went, disgusted, as indeed I am myself, for I am humming the detestable thing continually, and don't know any cure. Oh, for a cure!

"A cure, a perfect cure." This is disgusting! Which-ever side I turn I hear the din of this torturing refrain. Is there no escape? No remedy? Alas, "Not for Joseph!"

THE COMTIST CALENDAR;  
OR,  
THE HOLY DAYS OF THE POSITIVISTS.

M. Lafitte (Director du Positivisme) dwelt at some length on the Nagiology of Positivism, on the Positivist Calendar, and on the monthly festivities which will be devoted to marriage, paternity, filiation, domesticity, labour, &c., &c.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, January 7th.

It is with no small pride and pleasure that we find ourselves enabled, through the kindness of some members of this most important and intellectual sect, to lay before our readers a sketch of the Calendar alluded to, which is not yet quite perfect, the titles of other festivals being still under discussion, in all of which Humanity, or something appertaining thereto, will be glorified:—

- JAN. 1.—*Festival of Indigestion.*  
(Anthropomorphism of Cockle's Antibilious Pills.)  
(Gregorian Chants. *Dead March in Saul*.)
- 6.—*Festival of Infantile Precocity.*  
Grand Procession of Pickles.  
*Choral Service. Anthem*—"Spare the Rod."
- 16.—*Exaltation of Gibbon.*  
(*"Decline and Fall,"* read aloud in all the Comtist Churches from 10 to 7.)
- 30.—*Festival of Auguste Comte's Wet-nurse.*  
(Music ad lib.)
- FEB. 14.—*Festival of Spooning.*  
Grand Ballet—with appropriate music.
- 25.—*Celebration of the Cutting of Auguste Comte's First Tooth.*  
(Elevation of Rogers, the Dentist.)  
*Anthem*—"It is through. It is through."
- MARCH 1.—*Glorification of the March Hare.*  
(Grand Dance by Lunatics in the transept of the principal Comtist Cathedrals, assisted by the Congregation.)
- " 7.—*Festival of "Asking Papa."*  
(Popular music.)
- " 30.—*Celebration of Auguste Comte being put into short clothes.*
- APRIL 1.—*Anniversary of the birth of Positivism.*  
*Full Choral Service* (by the Vicar of Bray).
- " 20.—*Festival of the Trousseau.*  
*Anthem*—Who's to pay?
- " 30.—*Celebration of Auguste Comte's first utterance of "Papa."*
- MAY 1.—*Festival of Marriage.*  
Dance by all the company. (All available brass bands engaged.)
- " 20.—*Celebration of Auguste Comte's recovery from the measles.*  
*Anthem*—"Out, damned spot."
- JUNE 1.—*Festival of Mothers-in-Law.*  
*Anthem*—Why do ye rage?
- " 20.—*Anniversary of Auguste Comte's first fight.*  
*Chorus*—Box, Brothers, Box.

The programme for the latter half of the year is not yet finished; but from the above specimen we think that the Positivists may fairly boast that their religious services will possess more intrinsic human interest, and greater external attractions, than those of any of the foolish forms of religion now existing.

A BARE ESCAPE.—At the Athenée, a new Parisian Theatre, unnecessary alarm was created a few representations ago by the fall of one of the actresses in the *revue* close to the foot-lights. The house rose under the impression that she might rise in a blaze, but was speedily reassured by the actress herself, who had sustained no injury owing to the fact that she had happily *nothing on which could possibly catch fire!*



## MONSTROUS INGRATITUDE!

WE are very sorry to be compelled to accuse the *Pall Mall Gazette*—a journal for which we have the highest respect—of the crime of Monstrous Ingratitude; but we should be neglecting our duty did we not thus stigmatize the disgraceful attacks which have appeared in its columns against Mr. Elliot, the successor of Sir James Hudson, as English Ambassador at Turin.

Did the *Pall Mall Gazette* consider, before admitting the pernicious and scandalous letters of "Phillip" and "Amicus Curiae" into its columns, the sacred character of the men whom these writers dared to accuse? Who are the Elliots? The brothers-in-law of Earl Russell. Yes; they do, indeed, stand in that relation to the greatest Premier that ever governed England. But they are far more than that,—they are members of a Heaven-born race, whose sacred mission it is to fill the most important and lucrative posts which this country can offer to its faithful servants. To murmur at the appointment of an Elliot to some post of honour is as great a crime as to rebel against one's own father; nay, it is greater,—for one's father may be fallible;—an Elliot cannot be. This wonderful family were endowed at their birth by an all-wise Providence, with such remarkable and universal talent as not only to make them fit for the highest positions in the State, but to make such their absolute right, which to withhold from them, is nothing but the most shortsighted injustice. We stand aghast at the spectacle of the more than human modesty which induced some of this gifted family to accept comparatively subordinate situations; and can we be surprised that when Sir James Hudson heard that one of these demi-gods was free to accept the mission at Turin, that he should instantly have retired from his post without a murmur? Surely not; but we do wonder that Earl Russell should have set such a pernicious example to posterity as to lavish honours on the man who simply performed an obvious duty. To create Sir James Hudson G. C. B. on his retirement from Turin, was a monstrous error; for every day that he remained as Ambassador there after it was intimated to him that an Elliot was available to fill the situation, he was depriving the nation of the services of an angel in lieu of those of a mortal; he was acting as ridiculous a part as Lindley Murray would have acted were he to have kept the chair of Philosophy when Socrates was ready to sit in it. We cannot employ a stronger simile.

Really we blush for our contemporary when we find him lending himself to petty accusations against that fair Lily amongst English statesmen, Lord Russell. If there ever was a man whose godlike talents were crippled by a more than goddess-like bashfulness, he is the man. If there ever was a Minister who held his own interests, his own advancement as nothing, compared with the interests of his country and the advancement of his colleagues, he is that Minister. If there ever was a Premier who sensible, as he must needs have been, of his vast superiority in intellect and administrative powers to those associated with him, yet ruled them with a rod of rose leaves, and steeped his rebukes in honey which robbed them of their sting, he was that Premier. Lastly, if there ever was a Statesman who, Brutus-like, ignored the sweet fond ties of relationship, and knew not the face even of his own son when he was among the candidates for office; who held patronage as a sacred trust to be conferred on merit, not on connection, who felt that his countrymen were his real family, he was that Statesman; and to attempt to soil his fame now that his eagle eye and iron hand no more direct the vessel of the State, is to succeed only in bringing down contempt and aversion on the head of the accuser, not of the accused.

## ANOTHER TELEGRAM FROM ABYSSINIA.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Suez, Jan. 4, 1868.

EVERYTHING all right in Abyssinia. I'm no good, I only get in the way. I think I shall be more in the way when the shooting begins. Not only this, they tell me that there will be nothing to do for the next three months, and that "I'm not looking at all well." Post the next five cheques to me at the Hotel du Helder, Rue du Helder, Paris.

## THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

DEAR SIR,—You have upbraided me for not having sent you any contributions for your last three impressions. From the tone of the letter which I received from you yesterday, in which you advert to the possibility that my continued silence may lead to an alteration in our relative financial positions, I perceive that you are not in a mood to be tampered with.

But, dear Sir, bear with me for awhile. How is even your "own Musical Reporter" to supply you with matter if there is nothing to report! I have, to the best of my ability passed in review those musical incidents which I thought might have interest for your readers; but, as for the present, I need only remind you that the world is in holyday attire, and that my occupation is, for the moment, suspended. I have had serious thoughts of composing a work myself, in order that I might have the opportunity of furnishing an impartial criticism as to its merits for the benefit of your columns. So much for the past and present; the question now arises, can I say anything as to the future? It is one of the conditions of the world, that to-day should not profit by the experience of yesterday. Will this always be so? May we not hope that, perchance, some few seeds of timely counsel may fall on productive soil? Let us hope so—and let us trust that the following lines, written in the most sincere anxiety for the welfare of music, may be received in the same spirit of good faith as that in which they are offered.

In the first place, be it remembered that although England is very fond of music, it is not a musical nation; England has few composers, and possesses no school whatever. Thus it behoves those who are the leaders of musical taste in our country to be wary that they lead it not astray. The press has, naturally, great influence here for good and evil; and in no respect has it more despotic sway than in matters of art. This is not surprising, for, inasmuch as art is cultivated by the few, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the vast majority will be guided by those whose business it is to judge for them.

The present aspect of music in our country is not encouraging; it may almost be said that music in England is little better than a money-making concern. I readily concede that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and I rejoice when I hear that an upright and conscientious artist is gaining a well-deserved (though hardly earned) equivalent for his talent; but so long as money is the *sole* object in view, we can look to the achievement of no good result, for quality will go to the wall in favour of quantity, and a man who could turn out one really good work of art will prefer to give three mediocre works to the world, in the conviction that they will find a public of some sort.

We have no right to complain of our materials, for they are as good as money can procure; we have no right to blame the English public, because the success of the Crystal Palace Concerts, the Monday Popular Concerts, Mr. Hallé's Concerts at Manchester, and some few other entertainments of the highest merit, proves that English people can appreciate good music when they get it. Still, the music to be heard in our country is by no means what it might be.

It is supposed that we possess very fine orchestral bands in this country; this is both true and untrue. It is true so far as each individual performer is concerned, but wretchedly untrue as regards the general result. I have often said, and I still hold, that the best orchestral music in England is to be heard at the Crystal Palace—and why? Because the same body of men, under the same intelligent conductor, plays in the same place all the year round. It is not too much to say that all the music publicly performed in this country is, as a rule, insufficiently rehearsed. There never was a band which could show a more splendid array of distinguished artists than the (now defunct) Musical Society of London; still, I cannot recall a single occasion on which I ever heard them give a truly refined and excellent performance of any classical work. Those who doubt what I say should go to Leipzig, and hear a concert at the Gewandhaus, and they can then judge whether I am romancing.

With regard to operatic matters, I can only say that the present race of singers is but a most indifferent one; I presume that managers get hold of the best artists they can, and if I blame anybody, it must be the public who submits to paying fabulous prices for such inadequate equivalents. The florid



style of music, which was in vogue in the early days of Rossini, was assuredly a pernicious school of composition—but it trained singers. Since that time the nature of operatic music has become more simple and unaffected, and the demands on the cultivation of a singer are not so exacting; and thus the standard of vocal excellence has gone down. A wise composer, therefore, of the present day, will content himself with writing music of the simplest kind, if he hopes to obtain for it any thing bearing the semblance of a good interpretation.

The miscellaneous concerts given in London are, generally speaking, contemptible; Concert-giving is little more than advertising new, and too often worthless music. Publishers will print songs if certain artists will sing them, and artists will sing these songs if certain publishers will pay them for doing so. Thus singers and printers are in league together, and the public is the victim of the unholy alliance. I have, before now, raised my voice against this evil, the danger of which can scarcely be exaggerated.

Much of this unsatisfactory state of affairs would be obviated if English composers would step forward and vindicate their own rights. *Coraggio!* Mr. Sullivan has set a rare example; he has written a good symphony and a good comic opera, and he has found an appreciative public for both works. Let his success be an incentive to others; if young composers have good works in their portfolios, they need not fear, with the present demand for music, that they will have any very great difficulty in making them public. Moreover, it is absurd to suppose that English folks prefer music which comes from abroad; they want music of some sort, and if they cannot get it at home, they must perforce search for it elsewhere.

In the foregoing remarks I have pointed out existing evils; some of these will, I fear, be difficult to cure. But if they be boldly confronted, and if the public will judge for itself and set up a fitting standard of excellence, there is hope that Englishmen may yet hold an honourable place amongst the musicians of other nations.

Your obedient servant,

YOUR MUSICAL REPORTER.

### THE QUEEN'S BOOK.

CERTAINLY Her Majesty's Diary is a work of no small interest, and will add to her fame as an authoress. We can heartily recommend it to those of the public who like to be "up" in the doings of the "great world," and have a "special devotion" for the *Court Circular*. We have become so accustomed to seeing the heroes and heroines of contemporaneous history in the photograph shops, got up in chimney-pot hats and unbecoming dresses, that a book like the one before us scarcely takes us by surprise. The bubble about the Queen walking about her royal parks in her coronation robes has long since exploded, and we all know that Her Majesty wears a bonnet in private life.

Altogether we have but little fault to find with the book; but what can we say sufficiently strong of some of the reviews to which its appearance has given birth? For instance, what do our readers think of this:—

"'Queen of the Sea' albeit, and attended by a phalanx of her fighting ships, she frankly confesses that 'the sea was very rough towards evening, and I was very ill;' and she naturally blames her brother Potentate, Neptune, considering that 'we had only been going three knots in the night, and were still fifty miles from St. Abb's Head.' 'From my cabin,' she adds, 'I could see Ferne Island, with Grace Darling's lighthouse on it.' Brave, good Grace was lying dead when the ship sailed past, and she never knew, in this world, that the Queen of England had got up from her sea-couch to look at the stormy rock where the North Country fisher-girl lived who risked her life for the poor sailors and passengers of the *Forfarshire*!'"

There, that's from the *Telegraph*. The picture drawn of the sea-sick queen staggering from her "sea-couch" to look at the lighthouse is too absurd! It is worse than absurd—it is traitorous!

In another part of the review, the writer talks of Her Majesty "poking a little royal fun" at somebody or other. This is several degrees too bad! Where is the headsman?

THE Fenians declare their strength is like a rock. This must surely be a sham-rock.

### LOGOGRIPE.

The favourite of all who know  
How seas and skies can banish woe—  
Even in winter's frost and snow.

Read me aright ye constant guessers pray,  
Else you will never reach me any way;  
Above all take expression, lest you be  
Lost in long trains, and never reach the sea.

A queer remark has oft been made of me—  
Near to the truth I own it too to be—  
Strangely enough, though on two feet I walk,  
When younger upon three I used to stalk  
Exceptionally long,—but as my fame  
Rose taller still the shorter I became.

In my first foot a Radical you see,  
Sever his head—you'll be what you will see.

To northern tongues a bridge would seem to span  
In single arch just half across my letters;  
Now cut off the last stone, add what you can  
Yet find of fashion in me—you've what fetters,  
As all our poets swear  
Have never bound, though they have bound his betters.  
A joke which I consider rich and rare,  
Put by stern facts—fitly might those who spoke it  
Put it—just simply in their pipes and smoke it;  
Yet there is something left within me still,  
Nor need he miss the way who has the will;  
Either unto a hermit's lone retreat,  
Where silence reigns, or where, in crowded street,  
Young crowds begin as a—hush, be discreet!  
Else will you make my brain to—hush again!  
And with your blame all earth shall—to be plain,  
Resound in sparks as from struck—silence pray!  
This muse of mine inclines to run away,  
Or answer for herself the words I've found  
Yet hidden in a favoured spot of ground  
Out then upon this beating of the bush,  
Unpick this truth—that Mutton's mutton—hush!

### ANSWER TO LAST DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Y Yawn N  
E Elbe E  
A Anew W  
R Russ S

ANSWERS have been received from Jose F. McFarren, Jabosh, Idiotic Owl, Timber, Borderer, F. G. Renard, C. P. L. (Hampton Wick), Chang, H. W. R. (Hammersmith), The Phantom of the Lock, Minnie and Phil, Ermine and Woolsack, Your Loving Flute, Sancho and Gyp, Another Shoot from "Three Poor Debtors," E. P. E. C., Porcupine, Harry, Bobby is so Clever, Two Chathamites, Cinderella, J. A. T., Miss Lollops, W. S. P., W. T. C., Bonnie Dundee, Singlewell, Lisa and Beppe, Warrior, The Spider, Aunt Snooke, W. B. S., Ruby, Struggles, W. H. T., Dumpton Sknad, Thomas John Syrett, Jerry, Joseph Urry, Leotard, W. Boyd, S. F. Jarden, Bill Belcher, G. B. Thatcher, Poor Old Mike, The Phil., Tom Tucker, James Alder, The Disappointed Chums, Time-keeper, Richard Wilkie, Hon. Sec. Camden Literary Society, Richard Pink, Japanese Tommy.