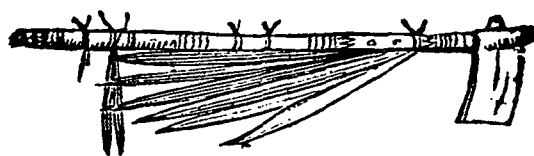


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

NO. 55.]

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[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

In Memoriam.

HENRY BROUGHAM.

(BORN, 1778. DIED, 1868.)

"DIED in his sleep!" Thus gently passed away
The boldest, fiercest spirit of his day;
Thus glided into death the man whose life
Had been one long and unremitting Strife.
Old age might dim the eye, might chain the arm,
That Strife for him could never lose its charm;
Still yearned his restless spirit for the Fight,
Still hated Wrong, still faithful clung to Right;
Still burned his bosom with indignant fire
To see Man 'gainst his fellow-man conspire.
Where'er Injustice raised its cursèd head,
He longed to strike the hideous monster dead.
Though all too feeble he to deal the blow,
Before his voice still quailed the dastard foe;
Still shrunk by instinct from his honest gaze
The greedy wretch who sacred trust betrays,
And meanly turns to his own selfish ends
The dole of helpless Poverty's true friends.

He never grew too old himself to feel
For those, whose hearts Despair had seemed to steel,—
Who, looking ever on Want's weazened face,
Ne'er dreamed of smiling Plenty's blooming grace;
In sullen silence heard their children cry
For bread—in sullen silence saw them die;
Their minds, by brutal Ignorance possessed,
Their greatest foes as greatest friends they blessed,
Till Education oped their hoodwinked eyes,
Bade them from Destitution's slough arise,
Within their bosoms lit Hope's heavenly flame,
And made them Men in something more than name.

What man to Freedom nobler service gave,
Than he who swept away the name of Slave,
Who purged our country of that foul disgrace
Which marred the noblest boast of Britain's race,—
That, free ourselves, no man, whoe'er he be,
Steps on our shores, but he at once is free?

Honest he was in thought, in word, in deed;
Untutored in our modern caitiff's creed,
The Wrong he saw he scorned to christen Right,
Because expedient in some trickster's sight.
No specious robe could e'er from him conceal
Oppression's cruel claws and cloven heel;
Ne'er dazzled by the splendour of success,
Fearing to curse, he meanly stooped to bless;
His noble nature spurned the paltry lie,
And dared e'en sceptred Vice itself defy.
From him no tyrant's purple e'er could hide
The stains of blood which loud for vengeance cried;
He called not brazen Conscience iron Will—
The Assassin crowned was the Assassin still!
Fain would we not recall that shameful scene,

When England's wronged and persecuted Queen,
To glut the malice of her ruffian spouse
(Sure such a sight might the most callous rouse!),
Was tried for that unpardonable crime
Which she in him had pardoned many a time.
Yet Brougham's noblest work were left untold
If History's page we scrupled to unfold,
And once more feel our inmost nature thrill
With that perfection of the lawyer's skill—
That gem of eloquence, whose noblest part
Was the untutored utterance of the heart.
Well might that Thing, which those may praise who can,
That king, in name alone a gentleman,
Whom e'en his toadies scarcely dared commend;
True to no mistress, false to every friend—
The only decent action of whose life
Was when he kindly put away his wife—
Well might this puppet of the Tailor's art
Feel pangs of rage within its padded heart;
Well might it quail before that lofty Scorn
Which e'en it knew of honest loathing born.

No need to tell his various merits o'er,
While his defects with sorrow we deplore.
The many blots we gladly dare to own,
One of his virtues would for all atone.

O youth of England, sprung from noble sires,
Whom pride of Race or love of Fame inspires,
Who seek to write your names on History's page,
And set some mark upon the fleeting age,
O learn the lesson taught by Brougham's life,
Waste not your strength in Party's narrow strife!
Look far and wide—but not with half-closed eyes—
Search for abuses e'en before they rise,
Before, by selfish meanness nursed and fed,
They dare in daylight raise their Hydra head;
Strike, and at once. Heed not the whining cry,
"Spare us, and we'll reform all by and by."
Procrastination is the coward's art:
He thinks by gaining time he may gain heart.
Dally with evil, soon familiar grown
You'll hug the foul abortion for your own.
Be just, but keen; thy mercy keep for men,
But slay the monster and destroy his den;
No more let Evil stalk in gay disguise,
And flaunt itself as Good before men's eyes;
Do what is right, nor heed the ribald jest,
Thy judge, thy Conscience sits within thy breast;
Her fiat sanctioned by the Judge above,
Thou'lt need no noisy faction's hired love;
All hearts shall own as o'er thy tomb they bend,
"Here lies a man who was Mankind's true friend."

RELIGIOUS HOLYWELL STREET.

THOSE who have any regard for public decency and morals will rejoice that *The Confessional Unmasked* has at last been condemned by the highest judicial authority as coming under Lord Campbell's Act. But the sty of filth from which that publication issued has not yet been thoroughly cleansed. Lieut.-Colonel H. J. Brockman is still allowed to carry on a trade from which the comparatively honest spicy-booksellers of Holywell street are debarred. That prurient hypocrite and his colleagues still carry on a flourishing business in pamphlets hawked about the streets, which for scurrility, indecency, and filthy calumny can hardly be matched, even by the most recondite publications of former years. We are not the least astonished that Lieut.-Col. H. J. Brockman should write the *Letter to the Women of England on the Confessional*, and having written it, should have the holy courage to publish it, but we should be astonished if we could find one decent woman who would read it through of her own free will. This is the way in which the author speaks of his own work:—

"In presenting a second edition of his *Letter to the public* the author desires to express his gratitude to the Lord for the large amount of success with which, in the brief space of twelve months, He has been pleased to bless its circulation." Then follow a number of testimonials, such as quack doctors are in the habit of appending to their quasi-scientific productions. We have serious doubts whether we ought not to be prosecuted for reproducing the above piece of slimy blasphemy. One must be literally saturated with buttered toast at a "Protestant Electoral Union" tea-party, before one can read such stuff without being sick.

Into the contents of this "Letter" we cannot enter; "Selections from Voltaire's *Pucelle*, the worst portions of Boccaccio, and the vilest brochures of profligate infidels, edited by Mawworm and Stiggins," would be the only title that could fairly express the ingenious pruriency and nauseous hypocrisy with which it is filled. If one could imagine a troupe of degraded apes singing hymns over their revolting gambols, one might picture the audience to which such writing would prove really attractive. Not being intimate with Lieut.-Col. H. J. Brockman, we cannot rise to the height of religious enthusiasm which can appreciate with true sanctimonious gusto the extracts with which he lards his letter to the Women of England. But any one having a wife or sisters must feel strongly inclined to resent the astounding insolence of such a fellow addressing the women of England as his "sisters." If Lieut.-Col. H. J. Brockman thinks our remarks unjustifiable, we are perfectly prepared to defend our language in any way which does not necessitate a *lengthened* personal interview with that distinguished officer and—Protestant.

We would ask seriously if there are no means by which the sale of these infamous pamphlets can be stopped? Who can read the *Marvellous Escape of Sister Lucy*, &c., announced as having reached its fifth edition, without feeling that decency and morality are being shamefully violated by the circulation of such disgusting balderdash? But when one considers that such publications are sold in the name of religion, who, that understands religion in any other sense than that of a foul-mouthed bigotry, but must feel most bitter shame at such a profanation of the word? However much we may disapprove of "Auricular Confession," or the "Conventual System," we can only be the more anxious that such scandalous publications should not, for one moment, be supposed to enjoy the sanction of any true Protestant. If the Roman Catholic religion is to be expelled from England, it will not be by the publishing of wholesale accusations of murder, profligacy, and every sort of crime against the priests of that religion. The indecent abuse of unscrupulous fanatics will never blind the eyes of any sensible person to the fact that the Roman Catholics, as a body, are Christians in the highest sense of the word.

Our space would not permit us, even if our inclination prompted us, to discuss the rambling statements upon which these disgusting libels are based; we can only urge most strongly on all who value morality, truth, or the Christian religion in any form or shape, to do their utmost to suppress these filthy publications, which, we fear, are, with unrelenting perseverance, forced upon many persons daily, and the perusal of which can only insult and distress any one whose sense of purity and modesty is not thoroughly destroyed.

We shall be most happy to aid by all means which lie in our power, any attempt to form a counter-organisation for the suppression of these disgusting pamphlets and for the punishment, if possible, of the knaves and the fools who help to circulate them.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

- Nag, to.*—The question by torture.
Nature.—A goddess whose footsteps we pretend to worship, and use every art to deface.
Navy.—The complement of the Sea-sons.
Neat.—The spirit of order.
Neck, or nothing.—The most fashionable costume for evening wear.
Nerves.—An Æolian harp on which the slightest breeze produces plaintive sounds.
Nobility.—A patent worth a hundred inventions.
Nursery.—A nest the parent birds are seldom seen near.
Nymph.—A fabled maiden who lived in cold water, and by the help of the Gods was seldom out of hot.
Oats, wild.—Seed productive of chaff and bad bred.
Object.—Any one to whom she has an objection.
Occasion.—The by-path which leads just as often over the cliff as into the main road.
Opera.—The Ladies' Show-Room.
Oyster.—A Chablis-treated bivalve.
Padding.—Stuff and nonsense.
Page.—The preface to a future edition of Butler.
Paint, for the face.—Contraband colours hoisted by a privateer.
Pair.—The fruit of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil.

STEPS TO THE GALLOWS.

PUBLIC attention has now been drawn, and none too soon, to the disastrous encouragement afforded to vice and crime by the scandalous publications that may be soberly said only to exist and thrive on what is diabolical in our nature. We refer to such papers as the *Illustrated Police Record* and the *Illustrated Police News*. If the world were to turn over a new leaf for one week, such papers would come to an end, and could only be resuscitated by the first renewed cry of "Murder," or by a sufficiency of outrages, the representation of which might afford subjects for some half-dozen hideously suggestive cartoons. The letter-press of these papers is mainly composed of a collection of all the incidents of crime and horror that have befouled humanity during the previous week,—an industrious scraping of every moral sewer and gutter that must secure them an immense circulation, if Mephistopheles be able to minister to the literary tastes of his subjects,—the only doubt being whether the perusal of such a mass of revolting details would not prove too great a solace to the inhabitants of the nether world. One unpromising view of the case is this—that whilst the *Police News* has reached upwards of two hundred numbers, of the *Police Record* there have been published only about half-a-dozen, proving that the demand for this class of literature is even now on the increase; whilst, moreover, there is a decidedly lower tone of character about the more recent publication.

The evil such papers do is incalculable—it cannot be exaggerated; the wood-cuts almost deifying crime—holding out to the culprit the hope of a magnificent prominence, at which his less daring brethren stand gazing in wonder, afraid as yet to qualify themselves for the coveted position—to be the centre of a cluster of horrors that might be engraved as a fitting signet for the finger of the very Prince of Evil. Then comes the letter-press. Here are a few titles from one of the pages of a recent number:—"Holidays for the People" (a sort of Radical

black-draught to make the toothsome lollipops that follow additionally relishing; here are some of them)—“*Suicide through Want of Employment*”—“*Extraordinary Suicide through Loss of a Wife*”—“*Strange Murder*”—“*Charge of Cruelty against a Mistress*”—“*Murder in Deansgate, Manchester*”—“*Attempted Murder and Suicide*”—“*The Murder at Sydenham*”—“*An Infuriated Son*,” this repulsive catalogue being immediately followed by “*Half Hours with the Comic Papers*!” Then after this refreshment the reader is hurried back to the real work of life; but not too suddenly. The first dish set before him is of the Tapioca type—merely a “*Robbery by an ex-Policeman*.” This insipid mess, however, is soon despatched, and something more tickling to the palate is presented in a case of “*Suicide by a Commercial Traveller*.” But we need quote no more to show the character of the paper, merely contenting ourselves with saying that it closes with a set of advertisements, many of which are of the most vile description, though it is fair to say that in this respect the *Police News* wins easily.

We repeat, therefore, that the evil these papers are calculated to do cannot be exaggerated. They may not be *all* bad; but the amount of harmless matter bears so insignificant a proportion to its poisonous surroundings, both of wood-cut, letter-press, and advertisement, that it does not deserve to be mentioned. There can, then, be no question but that these papers, and every other like them, *ought to be suppressed*. The spirit, if not the letter, of Lord Campbell’s Act certainly applies to publications such as these. It is a farce to direct the power of legislation exclusively against the *incentives* to a breach of one part of the moral law, and only to take cognisance of *actual breaches* of the rest. Are the wood-cuts of the *Police Record* one iota less immoral, in the strict sense of the word, than many a happily suppressed *chef-d’œuvre* of the Royal Academy of Holywell street? Is the greater part of its letter-press less demoralising, less brutalizing, than many of the works of the Holywell street Library? Are many of its advertisements less pernicious? Are they not, indeed, infinitely more pernicious to the prurient and diseased mind than the odious wares, prints, and books which they recommend, inasmuch as the imagination is invariably hurried on by suggestions, whilst the reality is often found to disappoint? If it be true that “familiarity breeds contempt,” we may expect to see terrible crops of crime springing up in fruitful succession from the seed thus prodigally sown. To have the moral sense drenched every week with this inebriating draught of poison is to become gradually deadened to the power of every human instinct, and to know nothing but the instincts of a wild beast. The sight of so much blood first horrorises, then fascinates, then excites a morbid thirst—a thirst which the next petty quarrel is made an opportunity for slaking. Then comes the sensational paragraph; and then, if sufficiently atrocious—(and upon this point the aspirant for a place in the portrait gallery of the *Police Record* must be particularly careful)—the post of honour, it may be, in the centre of the page!

How many of the crimes with which the columns of the press are every day so thickly studded are attributable to influences such as these, it is of course impossible to *assert*. But it is by no means difficult to *conjecture*. And if the proprietors of these publications would only recognise the connection between the seed they are scattering and the harvest the community is reaping, we strongly suspect that even the monstrous greed of gain that can evoke such agencies as these, would awake to a sense of its moral cannibalism, and die of shame and surfeit.

OSSIFIED ASSES.

TRAVELLERS who are detained for an hour or so at Oxford are often surprised at the excessive inanity and imbecility of facial expression in the average University-man. Their surprise is uncalled for. Not very long ago, the attempt was made to utilise the skeletons of cats, the handles of tooth-brushes, &c., by extracting therefrom a gelatinous condiment, which it was hoped might prove nutritious. An unhappy batch of prisoners was selected for the experiment—the result was intense physical deterioration. What failed to support the convict-body can scarcely be expected to do much for the University-mind; and what intellectual strength can be looked for from men who feed almost entirely on old *Bohn’s*?

PAUL BEDFORD’S BENEFIT.

THERE is nothing more agreeable than to see working men and women giving up their time and the emoluments appertaining thereto to succour a comrade.

Paul Bedford, who has helped us so often to laugh at Wright in the old Adelphi, is retiring, after a hard life, from the stage, and took his benefit at the Queen’s Theatre on Saturday afternoon. We hope it was a bumper—the bigger the better.

But we should much like to know whether the attraction is much increased by the medley of acts and odds and ends which serve to introduce the volunteer aid to the charity: for we presume the aid is volunteered in every case.

If it is more likely to fill the house by a programme of dramatic slices than by a couple of good plays, with all the parts well filled, such a bill of the play as the following would crowd the theatre to suffocation:—

MR. ROBERT ROMER’S FAREWELL OF THE STAGE

(Heaven forbid that such a misfortune should be realised).

Under the distinguished patronage of &c., &c., &c.

Othello.

Mr. CRESWICK will deliver the speech to the Reverend Signiors.

The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Mr. JAMES will sing “The Galloping Snob.”

Little Bo-Peep

Will be recited by Miss NEILSON.

Box and Cox.

Mr. BUCKSTONE will toss up his two-headed halfpenny.

Romeo and Juliet.

Mr. CLARKE will cross the stage as Peter.

Hamlet.

Mr. J. L. TOOLE will read the part of the Second Gravedigger.

After which a performance by the

EARLY VILLAGE COCK.

School for Scandal.

The Screen will be knocked down by Miss HERBERT and picked up again by Mr. FARREN.

Black-eyed Susan.

Mr. BURNAND has kindly consented to read the Prologue.

Game of Speculation.

Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS will work his fingers with an invisible string.

Macbeth.

Miss GLYN will give the daggers to Mr. COMPTON.

King Lear.

Miss PAUNCEFORT will gather samphire half-way down.

True to the Corps.

Mr. LIONEL BROUGH will give his breakdown.

Play.

Miss MARIE WILTON will swallow two acidulated drops offered by Mr. H. MONTAGUE.

Hero of Romance.

Mr. SOTHERN will open his sketch-book and throw it out of the tower window.

Hit and Miss.

Miss FURTADO will say Roo-too-too-it.

To conclude, if time will allow, with

The Bedroom Scene from No Thoroughfare.

Mr. FECHTER will look into five beds, open six boxes, and play with eight knives during the performance.

After which Mr. ROBERT ROMER will bless the audience convulsively.

MILITARY REFORM.

IF military reform is to be carried out effectively, it must be so by the only way in which any effective reforms are ever carried out—from without. The military element will never, can never, reform the military machine; and it becomes therefore of imperative importance that the Office, viz., that of the War Minister, which stands by the Constitution between the "Faithful Commons" and the Army, should be in the first place in close and full accord with the House, and in the second place directed by the civil element.

Much remains to be done before either of these requisites is obtained.

In the first place, as regards the close and full connexion between the House of Commons and the War Office. The amalgamation of the various Offices, which up to 1856 shared among them the military administration, and represented that administration in the House of Commons by some four or five responsible Ministers, reduced the military representation on the Ministerial Bench to one person in each House. The Secretary of State for War in one House, and the Under-Secretary in the other, took the places, and bore upon their overburdened shoulders the functions, of the Secretary and Under-Secretary for the Colonies, the Secretary-at-War, the Master-General of the Ordnance, and the Secretary of the Treasury. Six, sometimes seven, voices were thus reduced to two.

Whether the individuals representing the military department in Parliament of late years have had the weight and influence that their predecessors formerly possessed need not now be considered. It is enough to observe that, while our forces and their cost have increased largely, their representation in Parliament has been reduced two-thirds.

A practical remedy suggests itself at once without burdening the public purse with the creation of any new highly paid office, a course too often and too readily adopted now-a-days to meet the demands for military reforms when they can no longer be resisted. The remedy is this:—In the House of Lords, where so few military questions ever arise, and where there are so many experienced military men ready to solve them, the Leader of the House might be charged with the duty of answering on behalf of the Government all military questions put by noble lords; while in the House of Commons the very heavy duties of moving and carrying the Army Estimates, and of answering the incessant questions raised on army matters by the "Popular Branch" of the Legislature, should be shared between the Secretary of State for War and the Parliamentary Under-Secretary, both of whom should with this object be members of the Lower House.

The plea now constantly and unavoidably urged by the over-taxed Minister for War in the Lower House, that he really cannot answer such minute points, that he really cannot be responsible for such multifarious details, need then no longer be accepted. Under the present system personal responsibility becomes impossible, and all real responsibility is thus frittered away. With two Ministerial Officers in constant contact with the House of Commons, a very much fuller and closer relation might fairly and would actually be established.

The second point to be secured is that the War Department shall be really and effectually directed by the Civil rather than by the Military element.

A few words must suffice on this subject at present; but they should, therefore, be all the more distinct and unmistakable.

Any attempt on the part of the present Ministry to increase, in the re-organisation of the War Office now daily expected with reference to the long-suspended vote on Army Administration—any attempt to increase the military influence at Pall Mall will meet with such determined opposition, if not in this expiring Parliament, yet certainly in its immediate successor, that the short-sighted authors of such increased military ascendancy will have reason sorely to repent of their having availed themselves of the temporary weakness of the civil government to reap a triumph that will certainly be worse to them ultimately than a defeat.

The present organisation of the War Office includes three Under-Secretaries and one Assistant Under-Secretary. The three Under-Secretaries are at this moment all of them military officers—two Generals and a Colonel—the subordinates of the Commander-in-Chief, whom they are appointed

to control. The senior civilian under the Minister is the Assistant Under-Secretary of State. It is to the position, the power, the independent functions of this Officer that the House of Commons and the public look and must look for the keeping alive, even in its feeble and attenuated flame, of the light of Civil Control; and the Secretary of State will make a grievous error, and one that must soon rebound with a disagreeable re-action, if he allows the new organisation to lower in a single point the position and power of this last refuge of the civil element.

"If they won't give us the Bishoprics," exclaim the "Three Clerks" in a well-known work of fiction, "they might at least leave us the Deaneries." "If they fill up the whole three Under-Secretary-ships with soldiers, at least let the senior civilian, the Assistant Under-Secretary, have some power for good!"

It is not in the remotest degree intended to impute to the three distinguished Officers now monopolising the posts of Under-Secretaries any dishonourable or unworthy conduct in the discharge of their high duties; but human nature is human nature, and the control of a subordinate over his commander is naturally not of the highest efficiency. John Bull, in all matters of courtesy and social intercourse, acts fully on the principle of honour among honourable men; but in matters of business, he is apt to ask for good security—substantial guarantees; and in the conduct of public affairs he is entitled to expect that military functions shall be performed by military men, and civil functions by civilians.

THE ACADEMY MIDNIGHT MEETING.

THE solitary policeman who was condemned to watch for crime round the basins in Trafalgar square during the hours of night—the occasional reveller on his return from late tippling in the Temple, or from a ball in Belgravia—the casual who had spirits enough left in him to make the observation—the night cabman on the prowl—each and all were very much astonished at observing during the small hours following the night of the Royal Academy dinner that lights were still to be seen through the windows of the noble pile whose pepper-box disorder of architecture graces the finest site in the world.

The Academicians had long left the banquet; the walls no longer echoed to their laudatory remarks on themselves and their patrons; and astonished indeed would the two princes, the three bishops, the four deputy-lieutenants, and the officers of the Academy who had just feasted have been if they could have beheld the scene which followed.

As usual, the servants had left everything to be cleared away till the next morning, and the table was still sighing—it had been groaning—under the weight of a sumptuous dessert; the wax lights were still good for another three hours, and the chairs were again filled.

This was the marvel. Mr. Home, perhaps, can account for it, but so it was. The head of the table was occupied by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in Hussar uniform, who, however, did not look as much alive as he had done when dining with the Academicians; at his right H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, who, however, found it impossible to get off his horse, and certainly had a look of the theatrical scrap order which he had not worn a few hours before.

A great many fashionables were present, but few of them had been well treated, and presented a careless appearance, which reminded one little of nature, and did not attract by art.

We may mention one noble lady in blue velvet, with her two daughters, invited by Mr. Sant, R.A., who were very charming; also three Miss Millais, who, though scarcely bearing inspection, gave great pleasure at a little distance.

There were several foreigners present, who appealed to the sympathies of most of those ladies and gentlemen present, and were accorded the best places at table, not only by courtesy, but for merit. Some Antwerp gentlemen who came with letters from Baron Leys were much stared at. They were, no doubt, truthful-looking burghers, but so ugly and so unprepossessing that few people would care to invite them to their drawing-rooms.

The conversation was very animated and general among those who were sitting, though many more were standing round, either from absence of chairs or physical incapability of sitting down.

This is all nonsense, of course. TOMAHAWK begs the speaker's pardon, but it is not nonsense, for he happened to have been made aware of the meeting, and to have taken the necessary steps to be present, which steps consisted in:—First step. Informing the Royal Academy that he wished for a place at their banquet. Second step. Receiving so many invitations from different R.A.'s that he was fain to invest in an embroidered shirt equal to the occasion. Third step. Resisting as much as possible the effects of drinking wine with every member present, not to mention other superior beings, about whom it is convenient only to hint at the honour done him. Fourth step. Refusing totally the Champagne, which somehow had a smack of megilp, which gave an unpleasantly local colouring to the beverage. Fifth step. Watching his opportunity to disappear with an honourable Academ—no, we won't divulge that—beneath the table. Sixth and last step. To reappear, as lively as usual, at the festive board as soon as the first lot had departed and the second had been installed.

The fact was that the frames on the walls were empty, or at least most of them were.

There were some wooden figures, who, of course, could not leave their posts, and indeed would have been very cumbersome could they have done so. We have not time here to give a list of those whose dummy proportions prevented their taking a lively part in the *fête*. A large number of old-fashioned figures crowding a staircase, reminding one more of a toy-shop full of dolls than anything else, were so wedged in that they were obliged to remain where they were, and indeed they would have found it most irksome had any one requested them to look alive.

It was a sad thing to remark how many of the offspring of artists writing R.A. after their names remained nailed to their canvases like scarecrows on a barn-door. One or two must act most wholesomely on the brains of young painters; and if it makes some, in the bitterness of their spirits, hope they may never become Academicians, to others it may be a warning to see such signs of weakness (if not of taverns) as a Life's History by—well, by one who ought to be ashamed of himself if he is not of his painting, and it is on the eye-line.

When an artist sees picture like this, with its grossly commonplace figures badly drawn, badly painted, and badly imagined, sitting before a back round representing a moonlight scene, reminding one of a penny theatre's happiest effort at scene-painting, or when he looks at the canvases sent in by Mr. Thorburn and Mr. A. Cooper; when he hears that Mr. Sandys' *Medea* has been refused (Mr. Sandys, with all his eccentricities, having more talent in his little finger than the three artists referred to have possessed or ever will possess)—that artist feels his heart sink within him at the contemptible show of those we are proud to call Academicians, and he thanks foreigners who send even their second-rate works among us to raise up a spirit of emulation and envy in the coming generations.

But, thank Apollo! the associates are at the head of the coming generation; and let us hope for a better time. But to return to our little *fête*. Just opposite us were two charming creatures who seemed to suffer slightly from colds in their heads. One was Ariadne, who told us over a glass of white wine that she preferred Bacchus much to Artemis, and that she only went to sleep to deceive Mr. Leighton, as the rock fitted her exactly and was so comfortable. Her sister was called Actæa, and was a lovely girl: she had covered herself up in saffron-coloured merino, but she informed us that she scorned generally the conventional trammels of dress, and passed most of her time in bathing or looking at the porpoises.

At our side was an extremely pretty woman in an old dress, who told us her name was Stella; but we were completely taken aback when we found out she owed her presence there to Mr. Millais. We must say she shows that Mr. Millais has repented of the sins of his youth, and is settling down to something like Nature.

Not far below us was a group of monks who were pitching in to the good things before them. Three of them, of foreign origin, were complaining how they had been doomed to live on one mackerel for a long period; while a fourth, of jolly proportions, was telling a funny story about a mouse who had been eating the crumbs from his table.

We were rather disturbed by a tremendous clatter of old iron of all sorts, and we discovered Duncan and his guards

trying to leave their old curiosity shop for the table; but they had become so cramped by Mr. Maclise's cruelty that they were fain to stay as they were.

After this, we were attracted by the scent of azaleas which pervaded the room, and we observed a classical apparition floating about with an enormous azalea-bush. We offered her a seat, but she refused gracefully, admitting that she was not solid enough for that. Of course we saw through her, but admired her all the more very much. We intended to have mentioned all the guests, but the wax lights went out about this period; and all we remember is that the Academy porter came in and found us under the table. Half-a-crown was the only other step necessary, and this is all we can recall about the matter. We believe the frames are filled again by this time: a shilling will set your mind easy on that head.

SNObS AND SNOBS.

As there still appears to be some doubt in the public mind as to whether, in cases of promotion, the interests of the Service should, under any circumstances, be considered before those of a purely private and personal character, the following circular has been issued by the authorities with a view to setting the question entirely at rest, and preventing the occurrence of useless and disagreeable cavil on any future occasion. The document, it will be seen, takes the form of a few questions which all candidates will be expected to answer, to the best of their abilities, in full.

1. Give your name, pedigree, family seat, and furnish any other information calculated to show that you belong to a good set.
2. State to the best of your knowledge, whether within the last three generations any connection of yours has been
 - (a.) A barrister,
 - (b.) Hard working clergyman,
 - (c.) Connected with literature or art,
 - (d.) Pot-boy,
 - (e.) M.D.,
 and if so, mention some very notably extenuating circumstances.
3. Give the best names on your Mamma's list, and draw a map of Belgrave square.
4. Have you ever, except for a bet,—
 - (a.) Dined with a stockbroker?
 - (b.) Carried a parcel?
 - (c.) Called on any one in Harley street?
 - (d.) Earned £5, by any effort of your own?
 - (e.) Swept a chimney?
 - (f.) Lunched with the Lord Mayor?
5. It is to be supposed that you look at the *Standard*, *Bell's Life*, and *Court Circular*, and skim over a page or two of a new novel now and then. Have you ever, that you remember, done anything more than this to educate yourself? If you have, again mention, in full, extenuating circumstances.
6. Give your views, if you have any, about the Purchase System, and write an essay, if you know what that is, on any of the following subjects:—"The Row," "Breakdowns," "Unlimited Loo," "Cigars," "The Ballet," "Shirt fronts," "The Set of the Trowser over the Boot," and "*Pomade Hongroise*."

A SERMON ON THE STRAND.

The Strand Burlesque is a very amusing one, and the company is a very clever one, and no doubt they love each other rather more than brothers and sisters, but that is no reason why they should ostentatiously parade their friendliness and joke together when they ought to be attending to their parts. We should like to know who is responsible for the introduction of one of the worst figures of the *Can-can*, which Miss Lydia Thompson dances with as little scruple as grace. This actress would do well to wear more dress and less hair. Granted that Lord Darnley would go about with hair down to his waist, we could grant that his garments would come down to his knees. There is plenty of real humour both in the piece and in the acting, without having recourse to vulgarity or indecency.

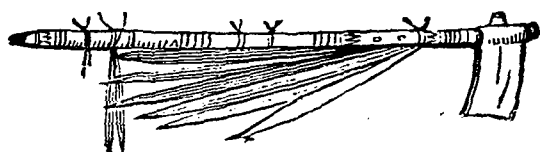
NOTICE.

On Tuesday next, the 26th of May, will be published the
"DERBY NUMBER"

of the

T O M A H A W K.

The size of the paper, on this occasion only, will be increased
to Twenty Pages.



LONDON, MAY 23, 1868.

THE WEEK.

MR. D. D. HOME writes with great spirit in scorn of the great Faraday's proposed tests, for he feels perfectly sure that he will not be disturbed in his jugglery by rappings from the departed professor.

SOME people have expressed a fear that the honourable members of the House of Commons, in the honest warmth of discussion, would get to blows. They did worse on Thursday night last, they got to *Knox*.

THE model of the statue designed for the Prince Consort Memorial in Hyde Park has been tried and condemned; in fact, as is often the case, the shrine is too grand for the image. There may be an unconscious moral in this circumstance: perhaps all along we have been trying to place the man, as we have tried to place the statue, on too high a pedestal.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON appears to think that the duties of a Secretary of State for War consist, like those of a croupier, mainly in scraping up other people's money and shuffling. The universality of the Right Honourable Gentleman's genius is well known; but certainly he will be able to rest his fame on the ground of his having reached the greatest proficiency in the art of prevarication ever attained by any official. If it were possible to bring disgrace upon the department which he represents, he would have achieved that distinction; but that is even beyond the power of Sir John Pakington.

THERE is a report that Butler, the hero of New Orleans, is to come over to this country as the United States Minister. We suppose that it is impossible to refuse official recognition to this—polished gentleman, and that it will be convenient for our Foreign Minister to ignore the antecedents of this "Bayard" of the great American Civil War. However, even in this age of apathy and sycophancy, we do trust that nothing but the barest official courtesy will be extended to a creature whose name is so notorious, that we would be glad if our memory could escape the pollution of recording it. This is no case of

a man holding opinions repulsive to the majority of the English nation: it is a question of deeds; and to accord to General Butler the same reception as to Mr. Adams, let us say, would be to lose sight of all the respect due to manliness, truth, and honour.

PLAYING AT PARLIAMENT.

IT is painful to notice the gravity with which certain of our contemporaries quote the questions and divisions of the *Oxford* and *Cambridge Union Debating Societies*. They will tell us the subjects for discussion, and the numbers for and against, with as serious an air, and in as pompously worded a paragraph, as if they were writing of something that might, in a most remote and infinitesimal degree, affect the current of political events. Can the authors of such paragraphs be aware what these *Union Societies* really are? Can they know who speak, and who listen at the debates? It would have been as reasonable to have attached a prophetic virtue to the "mewlings and pukings" of the infant Gladstone or the infant Whalley, when disappointed of the pap-boat, as to attach the merest grain of weight to the hobbedehoy bombast and balderdash of a parcel of nineteen-year urchins, just let loose from Dr. Birchewell's Academy. Of course, we do not say but that amongst the ingenuous crew there may be an *embryo* Spurgeon, or a sprouting Bright; but surely, that can be no reason for monopolising useful space in recording the results of a three hours' *talkee-talkee*, which cannot by any possibility influence anybody or anything, more than if a child were to drop a pebble into the Pacific.

A FUND OF AMUSEMENT.

WE understand that in consequence of the great success of the last Literary Fund Dinner another festival will be held shortly, at which the following will be included among the principal toasts:—

The Poetry of the Passions.—Proposed by LORD AMBERLEY; acknowledged by SIR ROUNDELL PALMER.

Sacred Poetry.—Proposed by LORD HOUGHTON; acknowledged by Mr. ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

The Literature of Science.—Proposed by MR. WHALLEY; acknowledged by SERJEANT GASELEE.

Romantic Literature.—Proposed by MR. BRADSHAW; acknowledged by the EDITOR OF THE *London Gazette*.

The Beauty of Truth.—Proposed by SIR J. PAKINGTON; seconded by the POOR-LAW BOARD (*en masse*).

Ideal Aspirations.—Proposed by MR. HADFIELD; seconded by AN ALDERMAN.

Woman! lovely Woman!—Proposed by EARL RUSSELL; acknowledged by LORD WESTBURY.

The Blessings of Orthodoxy.—Proposed by BISHOP COLENSO; acknowledged by MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

THE QUESTION OF THE WEEK.

THE CURRENT QUESTION.

WHO will win the "Derby?" (*Give reasons for your answers.*)

LAST WEEK'S QUESTION.

Why is Mr. Buckstone in the *Hero of Romance* like Mr. Millais' paint-brush?

Because he is a great success.

(*No one found this out.*)

ANOTHER ANSWER.

FOX.—Because he is supported by a stick. (*Mr. Sothern may have our Correspondent's real name and address on application at our office.*)

THE TOMAHAWK, MAY 23, 1868.



RESPIRE—NOT PARDON!

OR,

THE EXECUTION OF THE IRISH CHURCH.



POOR HUMBUGS.

MY IDOL—THE "MAN ABOUT TOWN."

A BETTING book!

Yes, here is his handwriting—I see the double set of figures divided by the single row of names. Ah, I remember some of these horses. "Sultan's Dream" was a very great find—it meant bread and butter, or rather champagne, "little suppers," and *pâté de fois gras* for weeks—months. "Robin Hood," too, re-horsed the brougham, and paid some of those little matters at the Arlington. "Blushing Maid" was certainly a "cropper," but not a very bad one; but I own I don't like the look of this entry just a little lower down, where the notes come to an abrupt conclusion. "Peeping Tompkins" may have meant anything to some people, but to my idol the horse brought disgrace and ruin. No, not disgrace. I will tell you by and by how the brute (well loaded with ruin) never carried to the winning-post a grain of disgrace. I recollect that the creature was a chestnut; in spite of this, "the jockey on the white horse" did not disdain to guide him. *Post equitem sedet atra cura!* Substitute *mors* for *cura*, and then perhaps you may catch my meaning! But here let me close this betting book, and now for a few words about my idol—an idol not of gold, silver, or clay, but an idol of pure brass!

Tall, bearded, and well dressed. Reckless, a *blazé* air, lavender gloves, and neat boots. Big hat, small cigar, horn cane, and eye-glass. In fact, my patron looked as if he had walked out of one of Leech's "swell" caricatures; rather "loud" for a gentleman, but still a gentleman in the popular acceptance of the word. He was a fine-looking fellow, and a dashing fellow, and I admired him as only youth can worship the strong, the brave, and the beautiful. It struck me that it was a noble thing to disdain to pay one's tailor, a fearless thing to scoff at one's Creator, a witty thing to deride woman's purity and man's faithfulness. Believing this, how then, could I fail to worship this man, one who cursed his creditors, defied his God, and laughed the Ten Commandments out of countenance? Believe me, there was something sublime about his utter recklessness.

False? Oh yes! why, he would have laughed heartily if I had ever thought him true. It was his pride that he *was* false—he hated to be out of the fashion—and believed the world to be a monstrous universal lie. Believing this, he would not have been true to save his father's life; more, not even to preserve his own whiskers! And this was the man I selected for a friend—no, not for a friend; my idol had no *friends*—for a patron.

I must own he took a great deal of trouble with me.

Under his tuition I progressed most wonderfully. I learned that the world we lived in was a pleasant place to the wealthy and wily; that it abounded with pit-snares and brambles; that the pit-snares were called Jew money-lenders and the brambles sheriff's officers; that the one great pleasure, business, and mission of life was play; that this great pleasure, business, and mission was divided into three classes—play on the Turf, play in the Club, and play in the City; that play on the Turf meant trickery and lying, hobnobbing with blackguards and blacklegs, with men of two kinds of blood—blood that had gushed from the gutter to roll among gold, and blood that had coursed through noble veins to fall lower and lower until it mingled with the mud; that play in the Club meant long nights of excitement and brandy, weary work, and aching brain; that play in the City meant theft and treachery, the stealing of widows' mites, the robbery of their children's all. Then I learnt that "happiness" meant a good book on the Derby; "love," a cottage in St. John's wood; "honour," the meeting of the Monday account at Tattersall's. I found that there was only a Present, that there never had been a Past, that there never would be a Future!

So I admired this man, and helped him to make the Devil's road wider—as if t'were not wide enough already without our frantic aid!

My patron was a man of regular habits. He woke at eleven: paper and coffee. Tubbing, dressing, and breakfast at two o'clock. Drive to club number one—whist. Seven—dinner at club number two—billiards and coffee. Ten—whist, and brandy and soda. Eleven—whist, and brandy and soda. Twelve—whist, and soda and brandy. One—*écarté*. Two—*écarté*. Three—"humbug" and coffee. Four—"humbug" and more

coffee. Six—still at cards—*écarté* again, and more "humbug." Seven—account given into the steward, Hansom, sun-light, early milkman, rumpled white tie, latch key, long face, heavy heart, and bed! To-day the counterpart of yesterday, to-morrow the counterpart of to-day!

One afternoon, however, my patron failed to keep up his reputation—four struck in the morning room, and yet the club knew him not. This was most strange, as it was an "off day" on the Turf, and the "members" were in town lounging at the various "exchanges," laying long odds, or taking short prices. Five struck, and six struck, and then the following letter was put into my hands by one of the club waiters:—

— Buildings, Chancery Lane.

MY DEAR BOY,

For Heaven's sake, look me up. That confounded scoundrel, my carriage-maker, has put me in here for a "pony." If I don't get out to-night, I shall be covered with "detainers" by to-morrow morning.

Yours ever,

JACK.

So my patron was in trouble at last. If I had followed the dictates of my reason, and regarded the precepts of the man I had chosen for my model, I first should have sent no answer to his note; secondly, should coolly have ordered my dinner in the coffee room; and, thirdly, should have banished his very existence from my thoughts. This done, if I never saw him again, a shrug of the shoulders; if I *did* see him again, a plausible excuse, with a "you know old fellow," tacked on the end of it just to disarm his displeasure. But for once in my life, I blew his precepts to the winds, followed the dictates of my own heart, chartered a Hansom, and made the very best of my way to Chancery lane.

A house in a sort of court-yard got at through gates and an archway. A building looking like a lodging-house that had gone melancholy mad, and had been put into a strait-waistcoat of iron bars—a door, a knocker, and a bell handle. I rang the bell and struck the knocker, and then I waited until I heard the sound of a creaking lock, the fall of a heavy step, and the tones of a gruff voice asking me "who I wanted?" I answered to my questioner's satisfaction, and then was allowed to enter. A passage leading to a staircase—but such a staircase!—a perfect cage of iron bars—creaking steps and faded carpet, a landing, an open door, and the interior of a room. Such a room! A tottering sofa, a stringless piano, a table covered with an inky cloth, a few old chairs, some tawdry sporting prints, some faded curtains, two yellow blinds, two dirty windows, and a score of iron bars. On one of the chairs, with his face between his hands, sat my patron. He received me somehow or other in quite a different manner to his usual style. Do you know, I think he too had blown his precepts to the winds.

"On my soul, old fellow," said he, taking my hand, "this is really kind of you. I was afraid you would think it too great a bore to come to see a poor beggar like me. Sit down and make yourself comfortable—if such a thing is possible in such a cursed hole as this."

We chatted the matter over, and what with the aid of Jews, bill-stamps, and "shixty per shent," managed to see a road once more to fortune. My patron was liberated and became a "regular" man again—at the Club, in the City, on the Race Course.

But not for long.

The next time I saw him 'twas in a sick room. The poor fellow was lying ill and weak on a sofa. He was quite down this time.

"Great heavens!" he complained to me, "what can I do? How the deuce am I to make both ends meet tied to this cursed place? They won't let me go to my club, and how on earth am I to live? The doctor (confound him!) tells me I ought to go abroad. Ha! ha! My creditors would allow *that*—wouldn't they? Well, it must end sooner or later. I *must* meet that cursed bill, I *must* settle at the club, I *must* pay those brutal ring-men!"

"What's to be done?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said, excitedly. "On my soul, old boy, you've behaved better than might have been expected from my example. Take my advice, old fellow, cut this kind of thing. Look up there. Do you see that picture hanging over my bed?—do you see that nice, amiable, gentle little child looking up into its mother's face? That's what *I was*, and this"—and then came a heavy, impious, fearful oath—"is what *I am*! Ill and dying,

and swearing, because, forsooth, I'm not strong enough to gamble and play once more!"

I tried to soothe him.

"No good, old boy," he cried. "Hang it all, I've lived like a gentleman, and if the worst comes to the worst, I know how to die like one!"

He *did* die like one, if dying like a gentleman means a dram-drinking bailiff in the parlour, a hard-hearted woman in the boudoir, and the body of a self-murdered man lying stark dead, cold and uncared-for, on the bed of a darkened room!

MAKING THE MOST OF IT.

THE historical fever that set in not long ago at the Châtelet shows no signs of abatement; on the contrary, bolder than ever, the management has abandoned the half mythical period of seventy years back, and made a decisive dash at immediate facts. The next novelty is "Theodore of Abyssinia," and the events connected with the recent British Expedition are to be freely handled for the purpose of furnishing the groundwork of the plot. It need scarcely be said that the very most has been made of these materials, from a French point of view, as the following sketch of the argument will show:—

THEODORUS OF ABYSSINIA.

Theodorus, a young Frenchman of humble birth, but lofty aspirations, having been forced to quit his native country in consequence of some disagreeable proceedings commenced against him under the Small Debts' Act, finds himself, after three years wandering in the desert, a stranger within the walls of Magdala, the capital of Abyssinia. Here the Ethiopian Queen, Semiramis, falls madly in love with him, and at a grand festival in honour of the Indian goddess, Shèva, at which he, disguised with a pot of Day and Martin's blacking and a pink domino, has managed to be present, marries him. This act, which is regarded by the assembled guests as an outrage against the Assyrian laws, provokes an immediate conspiracy of the nobles, who are about to plunge their daggers into the hearts of the happy pair, when Theodorus swears by the god, Akis, that he is a descendant of Methuselah, and that as such he will open to France, by means of the Suez Canal, the treasures of the East. This tableau closes the second act. Act III. opens in the dungeon of the British captives, and discovers three Englishmen, who are named respectively, Rosbif, Mister Squarr, and O'Sydenham, loaded with chains, and singing *Rule Britannia*. Noticed, at the celebration of some mysteries in honour of Confucius, giving away pale ale gratis to the population, they excite suspicion, are seized by order of Theodore, and their true mission is discovered. Upon them are found documents which show that an English noblermain, Duc Cambridge, enamoured of the Queen Semiramis from a photograph he has bought in a shop in *Peekadilli*, has sent them out as spies, to compare the picture with the original, and in the event of the comparison proving satisfactory, authorised them to offer her his hand together with the English Crown. Frenzied with jealousy at this discovery, and foreseeing the probable success of their mission, Theodore plunges his dagger into the heart of Semiramis, and swearing by the flag of the *Messageries Impériales* to avenge Waterloo, forbids the horn-peep, under pain of death, to be danced in Central Africa. This closes Act III. The next act takes place in England, the great feature being a representation of *Le jardin de la Reine au palais de Cremorne, sur les beaux rivages de Chel-sea*. Here Duc Cambridge meets Sir Disraeli, Sir Bright, Sir Beales, and several other members of the Cabinet, at a public masquerade, and, after a grand banquet of *plum-pud-ding* and *toast-water*, declares the secret of his love, and decides on the Abyssinian Expedition. Act V. opens on the day of the attack, showing the British army, 500,000 strong, encamped before Magdala. Lor Napier, who studiously keeps his features concealed by a black mask, gives the word to advance. His staff, who wear red-tailed coats, little cocked hats, have hooked noses, prominent teeth and long yellow whiskers, and carry a *boule douge* under each arm, refuse to do so. The Commander-in-Chief, astonished at their hesitation, appeals to the troops, but they reply by the national custom of giving him *the dam*. Theodore then appears with his small force, upon which the whole British army sur-

renders without striking a blow. Lor Napier, seeing the day is lost, tears off his mask, and discovers himself to be the Duc Cambridge in disguise; upon which Theodore, maddened at beholding his rival face to face, declares that France has accomplished her sacred mission and together with his devoted band, stabs himself. The British, regaining courage, then storm Magdala, the angel of the Suez Canal Company appearing in the clouds holding the sword of vengeance in one hand and a share list in the other.

If this does not satisfy the Parisian craving for *grand spectacle*, we shall be happy to hear what will.

HONOURABLE MEMBERSHIP.

ENGLISHMEN are, very much against their will it may be, forced now and then to look very ugly things boldly in the face. Scandals may be smothered for a long time, but they will out—and in to the light of day, at last. Perhaps therefore what has just now become a very patent scandal indeed, has been quietly known to exist, and respectably ignored in the hope that the particular light of a particular day had not shone, and did not mean to shine for a good round period yet. However, respectability, mealy-mouthed and immaculate as it ever is among Englishmen, has had a rude shock. To put it plainly, any reasoning man who has followed closely the late course adopted by the responsible Ministry of this country must feel that a more humiliating and contemptible spectacle could scarcely be afforded by any body of men similarly placed in similar circumstances. "The first legislative assembly in the world," that is the toast of the British House of Commons. A body we know where Ministers ought to be like picked gems among a hundred others,—where reason and integrity should march hand and hand, and base thoughts of self-interest should perish before the eternal interests of the country at large. What can the gentlemen, as a body, who represent the Commons of England say when questioned as to their appreciation of these axioms? What do, not A. B. and C. say, but what is the opinion of the welded motley mass? What sort of principles spring from the fusion of the varying elements that go to make up the third estate? What comes of this farrago? Gentlemen with handles to their names, and without; heads full of brains, and pockets full of money; statesmen, fools, bigots, men with one idea, and men with none; attorneys, baronets, tradesmen, soldiers; bewigged pompous nobodies, that is, in an intellectual arena such as this ought to be; untidy genius, genius too that knows how to dress, inanity brushed and pomaded; mouths that never should open, mouths that never do; intense respectability, intense snobbism; epigrams, exordiums, Latin grammar; pushing, buzzing, jeering, clamouring;—take it all in, and say what comes of it, or rather what has come of it within the last few weeks? What has happened when one party has insinuated that its opponent is prostituting the welfare of the country to fill its own pockets? What has happened when unblushingly the charge has been received and flung back on those that made it? *Laughter*—plenty of it too. Amiable, jolly tittering! This is what follows upon accusations amounting if not to treason, at least to fraud! *Laughter*, indeed—a set of boys at a school debating society would behave with greater decorum and higher spirit. But this is not to be expected of "the first legislative assembly in the world." So old is this ugly joke that the press seem to consider it almost conventional, and therefore scarcely noticeable. All we can say is, the thing is an outrage, and having said this we have done with it.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ENIGMA.

PARTY—PLACE.

The last line should have read,—

"And feel what alone they can never feel, shame."

THE correct answer has been sent by Cornubia.

** 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. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."