

# THE TOMAHAWK:

## A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 100.]

LONDON, APRIL 3, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

### OUR WOUNDED VOLUNTEERS.

LET nobody think from the above heading that we are describing any casualties that may have resulted from Monday's Review ; we write this while that Review is in the womb of the great To Be. It is to the wounded feelings, to the crippled resources, and to the mutilated prospects of our Volunteers, that we refer.

The history of the Volunteer movement in England is a very curious one. We suppose that even in this, the great empire of Humbug and Pretence, there never has been any body of men so bespattered with fulsome praise, so deluged with flattery, so smothered with compliments, and all to so little practical advantage, as the Volunteers. As for the real and useful aid which they have received from either the Government or the public, it has been very little indeed ; and now that a Government is in power, whose liberal ideas of economy are carried into effect by robbing everybody in their employ of a penny who has only got twopence-half-penny, we may be pretty sure that the capitation grant, small enough before, will soon disappear altogether. We venture to say that it is much easier to raise twenty thousand pounds by public subscription towards the erection of some idiotic caricature in marble of Albert the Good, or some other unfortunate individual whom we have abused whilst alive, but when dead have agreed to persecute with panegyrics, than to scrape together two hundred pounds towards the support of any regiment of Volunteers. Of course we will not for one moment dispute that the statue is the more useful and more ornamental thing of the two, but still we do not know what the Volunteers have done that they should be lauded up to the skies in words, which cost nothing, but when they appeal for hard cash to their enthusiastic encomiasts, should be met with the chilled shot of refusal.

Have the Volunteers failed to answer the purpose for which they were established ? We say, certainly not. If they were intended solely to repulse an apprehended invasion, the apprehension having proved a vain one, they have not had an opportunity of proving their usefulness, or the reverse. Some persons may think that, as the probability of an invasion of England is further off than ever, therefore, the Volunteers are of no use at all. But these persons belong to that class, unfortunately a very large one, which never can see the use or advantage of any precautionary measures. These are the sort of people who are always sorry that they have not insured their house, after it has been burnt down ; who spend a hundred pounds readily enough in doctor's bills for one of their children whose health, and, too often, life might have been saved by the pre-

cautionary expenditure of a hundred shillings. These people are frantic with rage at the notion of building fortifications, and ships, or of organizing troops, till war has begun, and then they are for lavishing millions when hundreds would have sufficed two years ago. Nothing equals the extravagance of these economists except their niggardliness ; the triumphant air in which they point to the sixpence struck off the Estimates in answer to their persistent clamour, is only surpassed by the impetuous fury with which they add thousands to them, when the danger, not so much unforeseen as unprepared for, really arrives.

As part of the wise policy of precaution, the Volunteer movement has certainly succeeded. The different corps have proved, year after year, that they are well trained, capable of bearing fatigue, and of submitting to camp discipline ; that they can move rapidly, and answer readily to the word of command ; in fact, that they are fit to take the place of the regular troops as a home garrison in the event of war, or any other cause, necessitating the despatch of all our troops on some foreign service. This is what Volunteers are intended for ; nor can we see why they should not be employed in the quelling of any civil tumult, as they must, from the nature of the elements which constitute them, be much less inimical to a mob than the regular forces ; and their very presence would be a declaration of all the respectable classes in favour of law and order.

What then is the reason that our Volunteer Force threatens to fall into decay if not to collapse altogether ? It is not because the enthusiasm which was the immediate cause of its creation, has subsided ; for there is quite enough zeal and earnestness in favour of its existence to give it vitality. It seems to us that the fault lies with the military authorities, who have never taken any hearty interest in its equipment, and in its proper organization. Parliament too is much to blame for the coldness which its members have always evinced on the subject. As it is, the Volunteer Corps have been nearly entirely supported by the men themselves, and by the liberality of private individuals ; there has been no disposition on the part of the officers to spare time, labour, or expense ; but being essentially derived from the ranks of the people, however ready the will may be, the means, in the cases of many excellent regiments, are not forthcoming, and unless they get some aid from the State, all the labour and money already spent will have been spent in vain.

The Volunteers are badly officered, badly equipped, and badly organized ; whatever aid they have received from the Treasury has always been grudgingly given, and unless the Government and Parliament are prepared to deal with the Volunteers in a more liberal spirit, we doubt very much if private enterprise will be able to bear the burden.

## MILITARY REFORM.

THAT the privilege of self-government should entail the duty of self-defence in our colonies—now that the dogma has been so clearly laid down by Mr. Cardwell in his lucid statement on presenting the army estimates to the House of Commons—will, we feel assured, be henceforth an accepted truism; and the extraordinary confirmation of the truth of this principle which has been supplied during the last few days by the latest intelligence from New Zealand is most gratifying. There the colonists, after a temporary reverse on first starting on their new career of self-defence, have thoroughly vindicated their superiority over their savage foes, and have dealt a blow against the Maori power which can scarcely fail to bear fruits for a long time to come.

Accepting then, as all unprejudiced persons must henceforth accept, the principle of leaving the Colonies to their own military resources without the presence of large bodies of British troops, let us consider how this affects the organization of the Imperial forces. Manifestly in many ways. It bears closely upon the questions of enlistments for short periods, of re-engagements after twelve years' service, of shorter periods of service abroad, of the formation of adequate reserves for the defence of this country in time of emergency, of the diminution of our forces, and of the reduction of excessive stores of weapons and warlike materials.

In no other army in Europe is the period of military service anything approaching to our period of what we call "limited" service. The shortest period for which a man can enlist into the British army is twelve years. And this period is rendered, it may almost be said, necessary by the long period of service required of our soldiers when sent to such far distant stations as India, China, Australia, or New Zealand. If, then, we are able to reduce largely the forces in the distant colonies of Australia and New Zealand, and if we avail ourselves of the facilities now existing of reaching India and China by the Overland route, the period of service at those stations may be greatly shortened, and the necessity for engaging men to serve twelve years would cease. We might then go back to ten years, which was formerly the period for which recruits enlisted, and these ten years might be apportioned into one year for training and drilling, six years for service abroad, and three years for service at home.

Re-engagements also would be rendered no longer necessary, as the main excuse for this wretchedly bad system is the necessity of retaining men to complete their long periods of foreign service. Under the system of short enlistments, and no re-engagements, thousands of men, fully trained in the use of arms, would be sent back annually into the ranks of civil life, and would in effect form a vast body of reserved men, whom the offer of a bounty in time of emergency would bring in large numbers into the ranks of the army.

Thus every one of the important questions of short service, no re-engagements, shorter periods of service abroad, and adequate reserves at home, all depend directly on the question of the extent of our colonial garrisons.

So do also the other two questions which we have enumerated, viz., the numerical strength of the Army, and the reduction of excessive stores. For the whole force of our Army as maintained for years past has barely sufficed to give regiments a term of service beyond five or six years at home before their turn comes to go again abroad. The number of battalions at home has seldom equalled one half of the number of battalions abroad; so that the whole of the forces at home have been kept up merely as reliefs to the forces abroad, and men have only had five years at home for every ten years abroad; consequently, any reduction of forces has been impossible, so long as the colonies were allowed to call for so many battalions of Imperial troops. But a revision of that policy will enable the Government to make large reductions in the total amount of our forces, as well as in the vast accumulation of warlike stores which have been kept up at such vast expense at home, and with which the arsenals and store-houses abroad are literally choked up. To draw in these stores from distant foreign stations, and to keep only in reserve at home such stores as are wanted for immediate use, trusting—as well we may—to the manufacturing industry of the country to supply our wants should we find ourselves engaged in war,—this course will be attended with a saving of expense that will render Mr. Card-

well's administration at the War Office remarkable indeed, as offering the solution of the long-vexed question of How to diminish materially the cost of the Army while still maintaining its full efficiency.

## BRIERLEY HILL, MARCH 1869.

ROUND the pit-mouth waiting  
Waiting but to hear  
Fathers, brothers, cousins  
Ne'er will re-appear;  
What can be the torture  
Of those around the wheel  
To the lingering agony  
The buried miners feel?  
Is religion darker  
In the working lands,  
Where beyond the light of day  
Toil the willing hands?  
Doomed for days to linger,  
Starved in want and pain  
Did they curse their wretched life,  
Take God's name in vain?  
When the darkness that is felt  
Brought them nearer death  
What did ignorance suggest  
To their latest breath?  
"May Heaven protect our widows!  
God make their future bright!  
If all is dark around us  
In Heaven there is light."

## A DARK HINT.

THE Christy's Minstrels are still flooding the advertising columns of the newspapers with their claims to originality, only genuineness and so on, and as at the present moment, there are two companies performing in London, one at St. James's Hall, and the other at St. George's Hall, the battle wages more furiously than ever.

In these days of coalition it is strange that it should not have occurred to the rival proprietors that they might both agree to give up advertising each other down, and that they might fairly rely on the excellence of their programme to ensure public support. Nigger minstrelsy has now an audience of its own sufficiently numerous to warrant the existence of half a dozen companies in London, so the proprietors might enter into a contract of mutual forbearance without running any risk. At all events, by this time the public know as much about the originality, genuineness, and royalty of Christy Minstrels as they care to know, and the constant battle of lie-giving in the newspapers is not only unbecoming, but unnecessarily extravagant.

## YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE.

THE harbour dues at Ramsgate are to be reduced, or to speak more correctly, a deputation has waited on the President of the Board of Trade, and the matter is to be looked into.

The "matter to be looked into" appears to be simply this: that the charges on vessels making use of Ramsgate Harbour are so exorbitantly excessive, that the light from the Pier head has become a terror to needy mariners. It seems that during a single gale in February last, fourteen ships were wrecked within ten miles of the port, because the ship masters did not dare to put the owners to the expense of taking shelter. Not only is this "the matter" now, but it has actually been "the matter" for years, and scores of human lives have been sacrificed in order to secure a satisfactory percentage on the capital expended in the construction of the works. No wonder that the Ramsgate life-boat does (literally) a roaring business when each little coasting vessel driven towards that lively watering-place, has to run on the rocks and be dashed to pieces, because it cannot afford to subscribe to the brass band which plays on the pier.

## STANZAS FOR STONES:

Being a Collection of  
POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

## WORKING WILL.

1.

Now don't sheer off. I mean no harm ;  
So bid your fears be still.  
I'm not your platform "working man,"  
I'm only Working Will.  
Nor come I of your model stock,—  
That sort, you understand,  
Whom, with a deal of patronage,  
"Good" people take in hand.

2.

I don't object to swells and such ;  
I've sung God save the Queen ;  
I've never stood upon my rights,—  
Whatever that may mean.  
When Hyde Park railings came to grief  
I didn't join the mob,  
Although, as far as railings go,  
I called it a good job.

3.

I've never marched straight down Pall Mall  
Before admiring throngs,—  
Worn coloured paper in my hat  
To indicate my wrongs.  
I've never made a patriot's speech  
On top of Primrose Hill ;  
And yet against the world, I think,  
I've got a tidy bill.

4.

I live in London. There's a treat !  
You say. But listen *where* :  
Now mind you, I don't mean I ought  
To date from Belgrave Square.  
I only want enough of light  
And breathing room, that's all !  
You'd stare, I think, if we changed cards,  
And you paid me a call.

5.

Walk up that alley—to the right ;  
Now down that filthy lane,—  
The second, yes,—but mind your foot,  
You didn't see the drain.  
Now, number five—the dirty house  
That's got the broken door ;  
Now gently up the rotten stairs,  
That's right,—the second floor.

6.

Two rooms, one looking on the front,—  
Bricks, windows, soot, and grime ;  
The other on the back,—a court  
Neglected now—some time !  
Look out, you see yon pump below,  
Half tumbling in that sink ?  
You do ? Well, that's our water ! Yes,—  
The water that we drink !

7.

When summer comes, you wonder how  
The fever keeps away,  
Why, that's what it don't do :—down here  
We have a death a day !  
And if a plague comes sweeping past,  
God help us all, say I.  
If you, who force us to such holes,  
Don't kill us—well, you try.

8.

And here's the pith of my complaint ;  
I'm sick of all the row  
About one's rights and wrongs, and such—  
*They're not what we want now !*  
Clean water, air, a place where one  
Can live, and leave one's wife  
To rear one's children up to lead  
A decent moral life.

9.

Ah ! you may talk of clubs and tea,  
Of Sunday,—five days' work,  
And all the rest of it ; you know,  
The real want you shirk.  
You wonder at our wretched state,  
Our drink,—and must, until  
You lend a hand to give a *home*  
To weary Working Will !

## QUEER FELLOWS.

WHAT has come to the Society of Arts ? It has issued a circular to half the Red Book, of which the following is an extract :—

"Thinking it probable that you would be willing to have your name enrolled among the members of the Society of Arts, which, for more than a century, has actively promoted the interests of arts, manufactures, and commerce, I venture to invite you to join it. Should you be willing to do so, I shall have pleasure in getting you proposed for election as a member, on hearing from you to that effect. I may add that the subscription is two guineas annually, and there is no entrance fee."

Can it be that the Society, which for more than a century, has promoted the interests of arts, manufactures, and commerce, is now desirous of increasing its influence by sheer weight of numbers ? or is it that this highly respectable Association is in want of money ? In charity let us hope that the latter position may be the real state of the case, for it gives the Council the better excuse for flinging away the prestige of an Institution which, until now, has commanded the public respect.

## THE WARLOCK AND THE WARDEN.

THE Chair of Chymistry at Edinburgh which has just been vacated by Mr. Lyon Playfair, M.P., must be an easy chair if it is our old friend Professor Anderson who is putting himself up for it. We will not stop to listen to the ridiculous suggestion of a friend that there may be another Professor Anderson. The TOMAHAWK knows but one, and he certainly would be as capable of filling the Chair of Chemistry as he is of carrying out the assumption of a Northern Wizard.

We can fancy the delight of the Edinburgh students at hearing that the course of lectures would comprise :

- 1.—The Bottle and its Inexhaustibility with Experiments on the Properties of Alcohol in connection with Essential Oils.
- 2.—On the Application of the Syphon to the Witch's Cauldron—Precipitates and Double-bottoms.
- 3.—Ether and its Elevating Powers: The Hinge and Socket as applicable to Aerial Suspension.
- 4.—The use of the Globes and Gold Fish. The Prehensile Attributes of Caoutchouc.
- 5.—Evaporation of Minute Objects. Exercise of Feminine Memory as shown in the case of Miss Anderson. How to take a Double-sight.
- 6.—The Philosopher's Stone and Coining of Gold, or, the Palmy days of Palming.

Occasionally, the seven Misses Anderson could assist the chair in its arduous tasks, and the Professor would no doubt always appear in full Highland garb—but why pursue the idea—we know there must be another Anderson somewhere in Scotland.

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**BRITANNIA for April,**  
*Price 1s.*



LONDON, APRIL 3, 1869.

### THE WEEK.

THE Emperor of the French has had an attack of influenza. His friends say it all comes of the "East" wind.

THE culpable opposition of this country to the Suez Canal Scheme has at length received its due reward. The "bitter lakes" are now filled, and the French, it is said, will be delighted to hand us as many cupfuls as we can drain.

SIR ROUNDELL PALMER might have quoted, with great propriety, the well-known line in Othello's address to the Senate :—

"I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver ;"

For his honest, straightforward speech did him infinite honour. We cannot agree with the great lawyer who should have been Lord Chancellor, but we can at least bear testimony to the unspotted integrity of his character, and contribute our mite of praise towards the recognition of the rare spectacle of a man who can find another food for his ambition than "Loaves and Fishes."

THE notorious Murphy has again been exciting riots and bloodshed in the North. It does seem an extraordinary thing that the so-called lectures of this man cannot be stopped by the law. As surely as a lighted match thrown into a barrel of gunpowder will cause an explosion, so surely will this—apostle's harangues inflame the sensitive natures of the Irish. Were any great religious or moral principle advanced by the fellow, we might wish his tongue unfettered; but as his only eloquence is abuse, and his only arguments are lies, the Government might advantageously try the experiment on the boasted common sense of Englishmen, of forcibly suppressing a noxious creature whom neither prosecution nor persecution could elevate into a hero.

**HOW TO EXTRACT THE "ROOT" OF A LEICESTER "SQUARE."**—Put it into Parliamentary form, divide by a House of Commons, and carry away as much as you possibly can.

### LEGISLATIVE ADULTERATION.

A WORTHLESS wine, of vintage most debased,  
 Is cooked and loaded to the British taste;  
 An alien spirit, as we seem to think,  
 Alone can add improvement to our drink;  
 It suits our climate—whether right or wrong,  
 We know our palates—and we like it strong.  
 So use is second nature: but he seems  
 To push this craving to absurd extremes,  
 Who'd say our criminals (as a certain man did,)  
 Can never be improved until they're *brand(i)ed!*

### GINGER-BREAD ÆSTHETICS.

THERE has been rather a sharp animated discussion in the columns of a contemporary on the merits of the "Albert Memorial" in Hyde Park. Somebody signing himself "Severus" says it will get dirty and offend the eye in a few months. "An Admirer of Gilbert Scott" suggests periodical pumpings with a fire-engine. Surely enough cold water has been already thrown upon the undertaking by the public!

### "COURT" CIRCULAR TOURS.

ROYAL progresses have become the fashion of late years. A quarter of a century ago it was an event in history if a Prince of the Blood—however remotely connected with the reigning Sovereign he might be—went on his travels; but now this is all changed, and not only Princelings but Heirs Apparent by the dozen, and even Monarchs themselves, pack up their carpet bags and start away by the night mail to Dover, *en route* for anywhere, without attracting the smallest attention. As, however, the Prince of Wales's trip to Egypt has been exciting some notice lately, it may be interesting to a certain class of the public to learn the arrangements of some of the members of the royal family for their winter trips for the next three years, to obtain which exclusive information we have drawn upon our special reporter attached to the Royal Household.

1869.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—His Royal Highness will proceed to the Cape of Good Hope early in October, and return to England in the following February.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.—The Duke will visit Nice.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN.—His Royal Highness will make a tour of the Isle of Thanet, proceeding *via* Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and Margate, to Herne Bay.

1870.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—His Royal Highness will spend the winter in Iceland, and will return home by the North-West Passage in the spring.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.—His Royal Highness will spend some months at Monaco.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN.—The Prince will take a furnished villa at South End for the off-season.

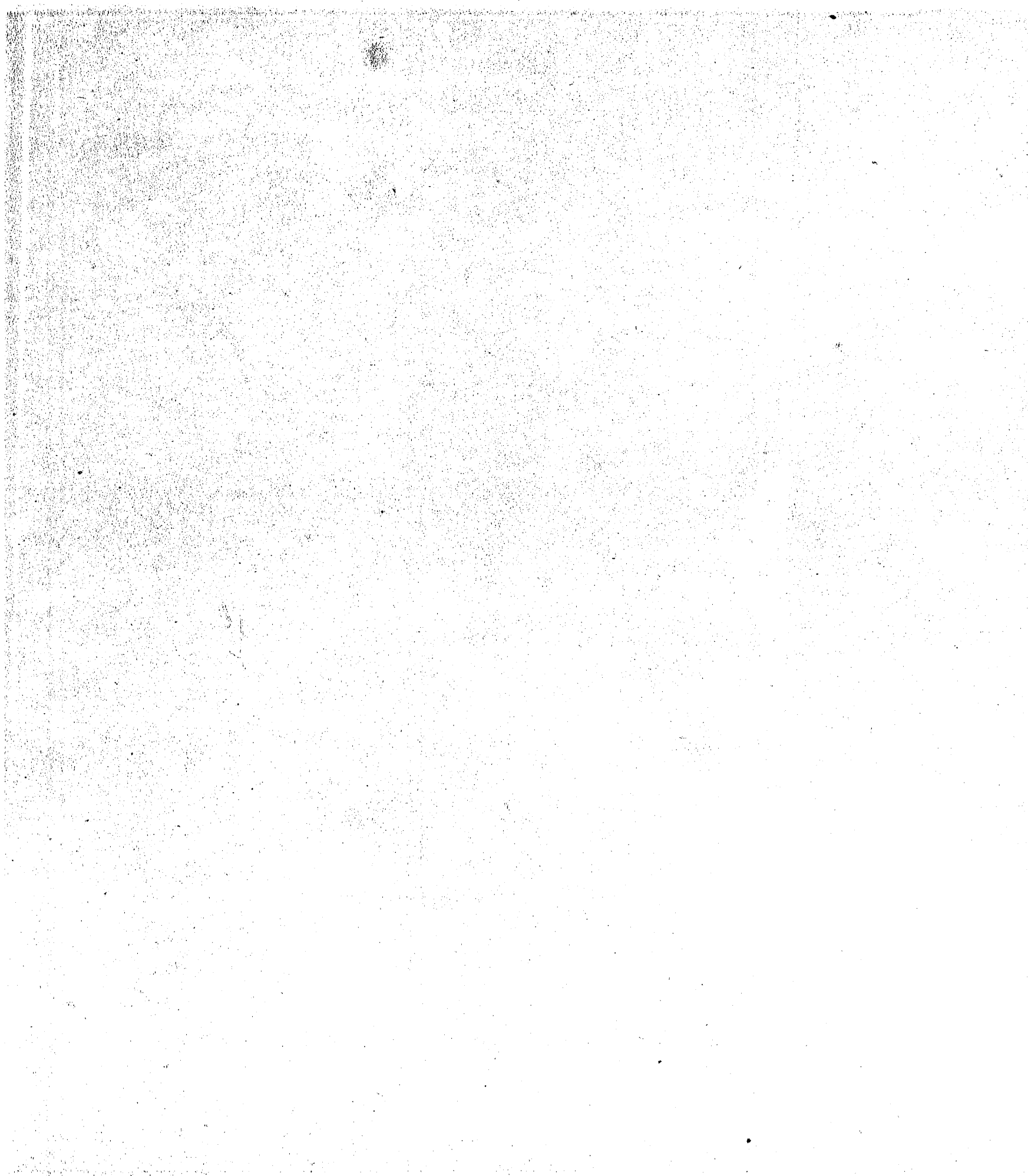
1871.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Prince and Princess will make a tour of the world, resting at Pekin, Calcutta, Monte Video, Sydney, the Sandwich Islands, Timbuctoo, and San Francisco, accompanied by Mr. Gladstone, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Benjamin Webster, the Duke of Cambridge, the Lord Chief Justice, and Mr. Costa.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.—The Duke will again visit Monaco, and pass a few weeks at Vienna.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN.—The Prince will visit Gravesend from Saturday to Monday should the cheap return tickets still be available.

Should any modifications occur in the above arrangements the public shall be duly apprised thereof.





Matt Morgan

# OUT IN THE COLD!

OR,  
THE SINKING VOLUNTEER.

(DEDICATED TO HIS KIND PROTECTORS—THE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.)

THE TOMAHAWK, April 3rd, 1869.



**THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!**

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

STUDY III.—ADOLPHUS NOODLE, THE AMATEUR ACTOR.

*The Audience Described.*

MOST amiable of Readers, when I laid down my pen last week, you may possibly remember that I had described Lady Carboro's theatricals up to a certain point—at that point I stopped. I had introduced you at the rehearsals, and had given you some sort of notion of the caste of *The Lady of Lyons*, and I paused at the moment that the prompter had rung his bell as a signal for the immediate ascension of the curtain. With your kind permission I will resume the thread of my story at that moment. Suppose that the drop scene has risen unsteadily and slowly, and that we have the audience before us. It is only respectful to introduce you to the goodly company we find facing us. As I always am delighted to be polite, I take the pleasant duty upon me with feelings of great joy and gratitude.

**THE AUDIENCE.**

FRONT ROW.—Rather to the right, the Dowager Marchioness of Ditchwater, with a very yellow skin and a very magnificent necklace of brilliants. Her ladyship has eyes which seem tired to death of waiting for the grave to close them, and a mouth which seems sinking under the weight of a score of wrinkles. Her neck is stringy and shrivelled. She is far too bored to smile, and infinitely too well bred to cry; so she quietly drops asleep, occasionally waking up with a start of surprise on her face, which suggests the thought to the Ex-Amateur that her ladyship seems astonished to find herself at Lady Carboro's theatricals, and *not* in her coffin! Not very far from the Dowager is La Contesse de La Tour Calais, grinning with her false teeth, and shaking her palsied head, with its burden of corpse-robbed hair. The old Frenchwoman is a mass of rouge, affectation, and satin. She shakes.

A little to the right of the Contesse is Lord Shillelagh, the well-known Irish peer. A popular man is the lord, especially with the ladies, and a great contrast to Viscount Barebones, his neighbour. The noble (or to be correct, ignoble) viscount is a miserable old creature, composed chiefly of padding, simpers, and asthma. In spite of his infirmities, his lordship is "wicked," and knows many a story calculated to bring a blush into the cheek of an honest, pure-minded Englishman. The viscount is a very horrible spectacle. His aged cheeks are rouged, and his laugh is champagne-born and hollow. How terribly bored his bones must be of their old-fashioned covering! He sits like a very wicked and very aged child, waiting to be hushed to by-bye by the undertaker. Round about him are a number of pretty little children, the "infants of the house"—the little brothers of Lady Florence. The group contains a strong contrast—second childhood, tired of its sins and bored with its vices; and first childhood, waiting on the threshold of fashionable life, ready for dissipation and thirsting for folly—the Alpha and the Omega—the worn-out Satyr and the budding Bacchanalian.

SECOND ROW.—First we discover little Trefousis, of the War Office, hard at work with his eye-glass. He is a sparkling young gentleman, and is wretchedly paid by the Government. He draws annually about a hundred and fifty pounds (gold), when his real value is at least two hundred pounds—of potatoes. Of course he is seated near the Peacock girls, the flirts of the Season, and is trying to get out of the way of his uncle, old Sir Silas Snuffbox, who has come to the play armed to the teeth with a sermon and a grievance. The venerable gentleman seems to be in no pleasant humour as he glances towards his scapegrace nephew. Near Sir Silas are one or two dowagers, who are evidently bored to death. They chaperone some pretty young ladies, with very long necks and shoulders, and very low "bodies." A few amiable nobodies—pray don't let me be suspected of a pun—compose the rest of this row.

ROWS 3, 4, 5, AND 6.—Nothing very particular. Plenty of Dundreary insipidity, with a little "Girl of the Period." Here and there an ancient buck, all skin and padding. A good deal of white waistcoat, a lot of stephanotis, and a scarcity of brain. Low necked dresses in abundance.

ROWS 7, 8, 9, AND 10.—Very much like rows 3, 4, 5, and 6. The same kind of people—inane young men and foolish young women. A few dowagers playing propriety.

ROWS 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, AND 16.—Very naturally a soupçon of Paterfamilias in corners. Over there, for instance, you see an old gentleman with a very bald head, fringed with a little iron-grey hair. His coat, his expansive white waistcoat, his very gloves one and all proclaim him to be a man of substance, a patriot with a stake in the country. As he looks round with proud distrust you discover in a moment that he is a Member of Parliament. It would not in the least surprise you to see him suddenly jump up "in his place" to put a few questions to his noble hostess. If he asked her ladyship for a return of the price per yard of the drawing-room carpet, or called upon her to say whether a dual government existed in the servants' hall, you would not be at all astonished—it is the kind of thing he is constantly doing in the "House" to the immense delight of the Ministers of Her Gracious Majesty, and to the great furtherance of the public business. Our friend looks round with proud distrust until he catches the eye of his wife; and then, but not till then, he quickly subsides.

ROW 17 AND LAST.—The very cream of Brompton and the very flower of Bayswater. Here we find people that Lady Carboro is "taking up." They are allowed to be present at the theatricals, but are kept well in the background. But what matter's that? Have they not their cards of invitation at home, and cannot they make a fair show by placing them on the very top of the heap in the basket kept for preserving the pasteboards of visitors? To be sure they can; so they may rest and be happy in spite of their bad position. It is quite true that they can see little of the theatricals, and can hear less; but, between you and me, I think they are to be congratulated.

In the distance, leaning with their backs to the wall, are a number of inane young men, trying not to look bored. This attempt is not very successful. And now that I have introduced the noble reader to the distinguished audience, I beg to proceed with my story.

The first piece that was performed on this eventful evening was one known technically as a "character play"—that is to say one that requires the dresses of a past age. I have quite forgotten the plot, but I remember distinctly that Charley Rosely was included in the cast. It may be as well perhaps to give some of the performance in a dramatic form:—

SCENE.—*The stage of the Theatre Royal, Lady Carboro's. Interior of a small but magnificent palace, intended to represent some bachelor's lodgings in the last century. Enter ROSELY hurriedly and nervously. Well-bred applause.*

ROSELY (*getting off well, having read his book "hard" to the very last moment*).—This will do. It seems indeed a safe harbour of refuge. It was a lucky thought to run in here. (*He stops short and becomes painfully conscious of the presence of the Peacock girls.*) Ya'as! It was a lucky thought to run in here. (*Becomes painfully conscious of the presence of his white silk stockings and blue breeches.*) Ya'as! It was a lucky thought! (*Sees the Peacock girls looking at his sword through their opera glasses. He prays that it may not have got between his legs.*) Ya'as! (*Very full stop. Well-bred applause.*)

PROMPTER (*from the wing*).—The question is how am I to escape the Governor.

ROSELY (*grinning sweetly on the Prompter*).—Eh!

PROMPTER (*repeating in a loud voice*).—The question is how am I to escape the Governor?

ROSELY.—To be sure! (*He smiles his thanks to the Prompter.*) Ah! The question is how am I to escape the Governor? He is, I know, on good terms with the Queen.

PROMPTER (*testily*).—A privy councillor to the King.

ROSELY.—To be sure! (*He smiles his thanks.*) He is, I know, a privy councillor of the King, and—and—(suddenly skipping six pages of the book by mistake—with confidence). I should not be surprised if I saw her again at Greenwich.

(*Enter suddenly A GENTLEMAN who has been standing at the wing waiting for his cue, which happens to be Greenwich.*)

GENTLEMAN (*savagely*).—So it was you who escorted my wife! Why, sir, I will thrash you into atoms, and crush you into mincemeat!

ROSELY (*smiling with sweet surprise*).—Eh! Surely something wrong! (*Well-bred applause.*)

GENTLEMAN (*glancing round the stage, and surprised at finding only Rosely*).—Eh! Beg pardon, m'm.

ROSELY (*sweetly*).—Don't mention it—my fault.

*Exit very quietly the GENTLEMAN. Well-bred applause.*  
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

The part played by Rosely was very efficiently spoken by the prompter—it formed an echo on the stage! Adolphus Noodle played with his usual ability, that is to say, he was loud without being forcible, and obtrusive without being good. The *Lady of Lyons* was decidedly bad, but the *Handsome Husband* was a little better, because it was shorter, and thus more easily borne.

After the theatricals there was a supper, and after the supper the carriages were called, and the guests retired to their own homes.

Thus ended Lady Carboro's private theatricals.

And now, upon leaving my friend, the amateur actor, let me once more express my opinion of his character. He is and ever will be the quintessence of selfishness and conceit. Utterly disregarding of the comfort of others, he makes a god of himself, and calls to all the world to bow down before him and to worship at his shrine. Professedly, he is the best tempered fellow in the kingdom; actually, he is the greatest nuisance on the face of the earth. A selfish man is not a pleasant fellow to know, and he is *very* selfish. A conceited man is always to be avoided, and he is *very* conceited. I can scarcely write how disgusted am I with amateur actors. With few exceptions they are utterly devoid of talent. If they exchanged the amateur for the real stage they would scarcely secure an engagement at minor provincial theatres, even to play "second business." Occasionally the conceit of our amateurs has grown so monstrous that they have appeared as professionals on the London stage. I am happy, *very* happy, to say that the result of these attempts has been in nearly every instance DEAD FAILURE! It is a painful sight to see a gentleman strutting about the "boards," and mouthing out his words before an audience of roughs and potboys. It is a painful sight to see your friend making a fool of himself in a private drawing-room. If men *will* do these things they *must*; but let them not be proud of their degradation. Because a man is mad enough to play the mummer, surely he need not drop the gentleman—because he thinks it dignified to grin through a horse-collar, surely he need not forget the usages of Society. I thought that I had discovered the end of degradation in a drunken, strolling circus clown, but the silly, conceited, selfish amateur has found for me a lower depth.

### COMING SHADOWS.

*Vis Consili Expers, &c., &c.?*

ALREADY rumour is busy in regard to the probable fate of the Irish Church Bill in the House of Lords. The very decisive majority it has received in the National Assembly of course adds an element of excitement to the speculation. "What *will* happen if the Lords throw it out?" Why, a revolution, to be sure. However, as England is scarcely ripe at present for that wholesome but disagreeable catastrophe, all Mr. Gladstone has to do is to provide for a sure majority among the peers. This is not a difficult task. There are three ways of ensuring success.

*First*.—By resorting to the good old honest English method of creating a lot of new peerages. These might be sold for £10,000 a-piece to any willing snobs. There would be a brisk demand, and the fund so raised might be employed in bribing the refractory opponents of the measure. This has been so often done before that it may be looked upon as safe, if not novel.

*Secondly*.—By another good old English method, namely, that of dividing some of the seized revenues among the remonstrants. Harry VIII. did this with some effect, as a good many of the present anti-sacrilege declaimers must admit, if they refer to their rent-rolls. However, the Commons would not stand this—perhaps.

*Thirdly*.—By letting the Peers oppose the measure, and inserting a clause in the Bill next Session to abolish them at the same time. This might be undesirable, but it is by no means impossible.

### THE SHAKESPEARE OF THE PERIOD.

#### PREFACE.

THE Period, among other vices, has brought with it a certain disrespect for anything and everything which may be called old fashioned. There are none of the pure and simple cosmopolitans of the period who think it worth the waste of time to inquire into the intelligences of days gone by, or even dip into the depths of past imaginations. How many one meets every day who think, with propriety, Chaucer and Spenser illiterate savages, and Shakespeare a prosy nuisance! Though, of course, we cannot think of running counter to the period (for what is, must be best in the best of worlds possible), still, on mature reflection, we think that it is as well—firstly, with a view to appear better informed than their neighbours; secondly, in hopes of their deriving some entertainment therefrom; that contemporary youth should have some acquaintance, at least, with the stories on which the once great and renowned Swan of Avon founded his much over-rated productions, and also with the lines which some intolerable old bores are wont to quote from time to time in the social world. With a view to forward these ideas and, at the same time, to tempt by a modern exterior, the eye of the period—boy or girl, we produce a tragedy, adapted for the present super-sensational and rapid age, from a play of William Shakespeare, once known to our ancestors as the "Immortal Bard."

#### GENERAL O'THELLO; OR, THE WIPE AND THE WIPER.

#### CHARACTERS.

CHRISTY O'THELLO, *General in the Fenian Army.* (1)  
CASSIDY, *Lieutenant in the same.* (2)  
ENSIGN JAMES. (3)  
DESDEMONA, *Wife to the General.* (4)

#### ACT I.

#### NEAR THE PHOENIX. (5)

*Enter ENSIGN JAMES, returning from mess.*

ENSIGN JAMES.—There's no remedy—'tis the curse of the service!

Promotion goes by purchase. Shall I never rise in rank, Or must I wear my harp (6) upon my sleeve For daws to peck at? I am not what I am! [*Mysteriously.* Being full of supper and effervescent draughts, Last week I started up the pa-in-law Of General O'Thelo. "Look to your house!" I cried. "Your daughter's bolted with a serenader." He called me villain, wretch—I know not what.— But it is true: our General has bolted With fair Miss Desdemona.—He's a nigger, too, Or half-caste!

*Enter GENERAL O'THELLO.*

GENERAL.—Ensign! How do! I'm out of court. The gov'nor had me up for running off To Gretna Green; but I addressed the jury, In my defence, as potent, grave, and reverend.

(1) Of course you will fancy you have heard this gentleman was in the Venetian army; but, as Vehice has no army, you might as well make him a gondolier; so, as the name evidently is of Hibernian origin, we have made him a Fenian. It does not hurt Shakespeare and materially improves the piece.

(2) We are well aware that Cassio is the old reading, but as Cassidy is the only Irish name similar, we prefer it to the more ancient spelling of the name.

(3) Shakesperian readers may have some difficulty in discovering in the above their old friend ancient Iago. This is, however, a correct translation.

(4) This name seems quite as feminine as Arrah-na-Pogue, or Cushla-Machree, and has therefore been retained.

(5) Spelt Venice in the original. Incompatible with the Fenian interest.

(6) It appears that in the Fenian army an ensign wore the harp upon his sleeve; a lieutenant, the shillelagh on his back, and the captain, the Irish bull on his collar. We have every reason to believe, by analogy, that the same distinctive signs were used for the higher grades, with the addition of gold embroidery.

They heard my sound, unvarnished tale delivered,  
 About the Siamese, and men whose heads  
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. My sweet wife  
 She swore—in faith 'twas strange—'twas pitiful,  
 The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief!  
 She never look'd to see if I were black.  
 She saw O'Thellos visage in his mind.  
 The Judge acquitted us, and outside the court  
 I found your phaeton, ensign, driving up;  
 To which conveyance I assigned my wife.  
 And now I am leaving for the Curragh! Honest James,  
 My Desdemona must I leave to thee!  
 I prithee let thy groom attend on her.

[Exit GENERAL.

ENSIGN JAMES (*more mysteriously than ever*).—  
 I am not what I am. Put money in thy purse.  
 She must have change—so put it in thy purse.

Space, which is limited in these columns, will prevent us giving the entire tragedy, but we will complete the tale and leave the enlightened Youths of the Period to apply at our office for the elaborated drama.

Ensign James takes it into his head that he ought to be made Colonel of Division, and the General, on account of his swarthy complexion, which he owes to being sunburnt on the moors, somehow stands between him and his wishes. A certain Lieutenant Cassidy is used for his base purposes, and after making him very drunk, Ensign James puts a Brussels lace handkerchief into his pocket which belonged to Desdemona. The General observing his lieutenant mopping his face with the elegant present he himself had given to his wife, cashiers him on the spot, promotes James without referring to any authorities, and on the strength of this evidence against his wife, bring them all into the Divorce Court; but failing in getting a verdict, resorts to crime to assuage his jealousy. The General allures Desdemona into the Holyhead mail, having first given orders to James to bring the disgraced Cassidy by night on to the rails. At express speed O'Thellos expostulates with his wife, and bids her prepare for death, as he does not wish to kill her soul. Oh! dear, no! A climax is reached when at the moment Desdemona hears Cassidy's bones crunched beneath the ruthless iron, the General smothers her under the cushions of the first-class carriage in which they are travelling. After an hour's journeying with his murdered companion, the General comes to the conclusion that a lace pocket handkerchief is *not* circumstantial evidence, and feeling the enormity of his crime, sways to and fro with such anguish, that the whole train is precipitated over the Menai Straits into the sea.

Retribution awaits Ensign James, who is arrested on suspicion of laying foreign bodies on the rails, and conspiring to upset the train.

\* \* \* *Note*.—There has been some doubt raised by modern authorities as to whether the plot of this drama was really invented by W. Shakespeare of Avon, or taken from a classic dramatist of the name of Dion Boucyclyatius, who flourished sometime After the Dark Ages. As the Dark Ages can be of no interest to our readers, we shall not discuss the question. Suffice it to say that Shakespeare would have little chance now-days were the said Dion present to manage his stage directions for him.

### A HORRID SOCIAL SHAM.

I DO not know how my Lord Shaftesbury spends his Sunday, or when he takes his recreation, but I do know that he has lately been talking a great deal of mischievous nonsense about Saturday half holidays in connection with some "Lord's Day Observance" Association. Availing myself of this leading idea as a text, let me catch hold of my dear friend, Lord Wigblock, by the button-hole, and preach him a sermon. I thought as much,—the bare notion of anyone preaching to *him* almost startles him into a fit. Am I aware that every "Lord's Day" in the season he may be seen "powerfully" addressing fashionable and select audiences from the stage of some transpontine theatre? Am I aware, that wherever there is any feat of

preaching or praying to be accomplished, there he is coming in, in the spiritual race, an easy first? Yes, I am aware of this. I know all about Lord Wigblock. I have stayed a week *once* at Wigover, and as a telling point in a list of my fashionable experiences, I admit I have found it very useful. Sunday, I must also admit, was observed as devoutly as it could be in a huge country palace, crammed full of the finest works of art, and standing in the midst of its own magnificent gardens and grounds. We went to church twice, and, I think, we might have availed ourselves of several opportunities of hearing his lordship discourse privately to his household. When I say "we" I mean we guests, for I conclude that Mr. John Thomas and the other "gentlemen" had to throw in this forcible weekly edification along with their perquisites. *We*, however, could not have "observed," had we wished. Wherever we went we were met by some *objet d'art*, picture, or gimcrack, that would thrust itself upon our notice. We did not visit a Crystal Palace on Sunday. No; we lived in one. We got up in one, we dined in one, prayed in one, and went to bed in one. It sounds horrible from a "Lord's day observance" point of view, doesn't it? It is a fact, though, and what is more, it was all my Lord Wigblock's fault! On Thursday I know his Lordship took the chair at a meeting, where that pious and excellent self-denying Christian, the Rev. Jabez Gush, held forth most terribly, for one hour and three-quarters too, on the sin of contemplating the opening of the British Museum on Sunday, and contrasted the vicious and soul-destroying allurements of that camphorated pandemonium with the pure and innocent joys of public-house boozing. The dear earnest reverend gentleman was of our party at Wigover, and I give you my word of honour, I saw him after afternoon service looking for at least five minutes at the celebrated "Hercules and Omphale" of *Furitoshi* which attracts such general attention and admiration in the long gallery. This, of course, would never have happened but for the temptations of Wigover, and for these his Lordship is unquestionably responsible. It is true, I did notice some practical efforts in the right direction on the upper terrace. The fine sea horses who are in the habit of snorting gallons of water upon "Vulcan at the forge" in the midst of a rockwork pagoda, gave up the fun for one day. I observed also that Montague, third Baron, *the* Blockwig, who led that famous retreat at Malplaquet, had dropped his perpetual shower-bath for twenty-four hours as well. And this was something, seeing that he has been immortalised in the lower system of fountains on a dolphin's back, in the company of Jupiter and the Duke of Marlborough. Seeing, too, that adorned with a periwig and a blanket, he, conjointly with those worthies, directs the destruction of the giants—a laudable and pious work in its way—and points to a sandstone monster, that must have been terrible once, but now, having lost its head and being a good deal washed, seems to take it all quietly and tamely enough. Yes, even this hero of his day observed Sunday in his fashion, but here ended the effort. Wigover Park looked as green as ever, and the sun actually came out. As to the internal arrangements of the mansion, have I not already told you of what sort they were. I need scarcely add that we breakfasted, lunched, and dined *en prince*. We even had soda and brandy between the sacred hours of three and five in the afternoon. Follow my advice, if you are seriously disposed, never spend a Sunday at Wigover!

Taking my dear friend Wigblock by the button-hole, I said to him, playfully, of course—"What is the use of your preaching destruction of the poor man's one holiday. You can take *yours* when you like, and do. In a couple of months you will be at Milan or Venice. What do you want with the Crystal Palace on Sunday? Obviously nothing. As to your Saturday half-holiday, it is a heathen and cruel scheme, which nine out of ten decent working men deplore. Ask their wives. It robs them of half a day's wages, keeps them idle, and leads them to squandering their earnings in drink. 'Six days shalt thou labour,' you quote, and then twist it into five and a-half. 'Thou shalt do no manner of work,' says the commandment. 'Thou shalt take no sort of recreation,' interpret you. My dear Wigblock, you are a selfish and dangerous old humbug, I am afraid, and no poor man's friend at all. To carry out your own narrow views you rob him of half a day's work, and give him a miserable Sunday. But you take very good care of yourself. I am ashamed of you!"

## THE PARROT PAPERS.

"Pol, me occidistis, amici."

## No. III.

MORE OF MEN AND THEIR FOOLISHNESS.—THE IMPERFECTION OF MEN'S UNDERSTANDINGS.—THE BEAUTY OF PARROT'S EARS POINTED OUT.—VISITORS.—SIR GEORGE AND TOM.—AN ARGUMENT ABOUT THE IRISH CHURCH.—DEFINITION OF A BOON, ALSO OF AN INJUSTICE.—WHY SIR GEORGE GOT THE BEST OF THE ARGUMENT.—A WARNING AGAINST VANITY AND CONCEIT.—THE ADVANTAGES TO MEN OF HAVING A LOW OPINION OF THEMSELVES.—WHY MEN ARE ENVIOUS AND JEALOUS OF ONE ANOTHER.—WHAT IS FAME?—THE FINAL CAUSE OF MAN'S CREATION.

NO! I do not think I *can* endure the gross stupidity and presumptuous ignorance of men any longer. I sit with my head sagaciously inclined on one side, and listen to the talk that goes on in my room. Oh! what I suffer!

They do not seem to reflect that I can hear and understand all they say. My opinion is that men do not understand what is said to them—they pretend to—but they can never really understand anything till it is written down for them in a book. Another proof of their inferiority to Parrots.

I am sure men's ears are big enough, and ugly enough! How different from a Parrot's beautiful ears, covered with their lovely feathers! If you want really to study *intellectual* expression, watch a Parrot's face when listening.

I find that the observations which I made on argument have been studied by some of my visitors, not without profit.

Yesterday there came to see me—or the individual who lives in the house with me—two remarkable men. One answers to the name of Sir George, and the other is called Tom, as far as I can make out.

They were talking about a very tiresome thing called "the Irish Church." I have heard an immense amount of nonsense talked about this "Irish Church," and I am quite sick of the subject. Besides, it cannot be of any importance. It has nothing to do with Parrots.

Sir George, however, is very much excited about the question. He wants to keep this "Irish Church," and Tom wants to destroy it.

Tom said it was an injustice, and that it was the tyranny of a minority.

To this Sir George answered that it was not an injustice, but a great boon.

I know what a great boon is. A roast chestnut is a great boon. So is an apple when ripe and sweet. An injustice I think I can define, too, quite as simply.

To give a Parrot a nut with no kernel inside—that is an Injustice. I once, and only once, knew a mean beast, in the shape of a Boy, who did me an Injustice. I am happy to say that I had a small piece out of his thumb instead of the absent kernel; and though, perhaps, it was rather lacking in flavour, everybody knows that Revenge is sweet.

This is what may be called a digression. But to proceed.

Tom went on to *prove*, by many detailed instances, that it was an injustice, which silly course ensured his defeat.

Sir George triumphantly rejoined that it was a boon to the Irish people, and produced no proof of his assertion; whereby he showed his wisdom, and that he had learnt of Parrots.

Tom, then driven from his former position, asserted that the Irish Church meant the tyranny of the minority.

Sir George, with much spirit, denied that the supporters of the Irish Church were in a minority.

Tom then asserted, with great warmth, that they were but 18,000 to 3,000,000—or in some such proportion—and proved it by what he called *statistics*.

Sir George smiled amiably, and repeated his former denial, adding, with pardonable energy, "Hang statistics!"

This he did again and again, till Tom was silenced. The consequence was, that Sir George had the best of the argument, and Tom retired, not a little angered, and much discomfited.

I immediately whistled—not without a meaning—for I thus expressed, in a short and melodious form, my conviction that Sir George had prevailed in argument, because he had mastered the precepts laid down by me in my last article.

This would have been gratifying to my vanity had I been a man, but being a Parrot, I am destitute of vanity. I knew I was right in the rules which I laid down for argument when I wrote them, and I know it now. I have gained nothing by what men would call this proof of my wisdom. It would take a great many proofs to make me more convinced of my own wisdom than I am now.

Men, women, and children, remember this! I, the wisest of all living creatures, tell you so. *Never give way to vanity or conceit*; they are most dangerous possessions for any animal. They arise from a morbid desire to obtain the consent of others to your own estimate of yourself. But form a right estimate of yourself, and you need no one else's consent to it, however high it may be. And if you were a Parrot—that is a real grey and red Parrot like me—I ask you, what could your opinion of yourself be but the very highest possible?

But being what you are, your opinions of yourselves must be necessarily, very low. I am sorry that your position in the order of creation creates this necessity, but I cannot help it. If I could, I do not know that I would. Creatures with a low opinion of themselves are very useful in the world, if only negatively; for they prevent the expenditure of much valuable time and energy, on the part of their superiors, in teaching them how low they are.

There is one advantage in having a low opinion of yourself; you are pretty certain to get others to agree with you.

I often consider why there is so much jealousy and envy among you human creatures; and I see that it proceeds from your own inherent sense of inferiority. You feel that you have no *real* greatness; therefore you are so eager to assume it, and so impatient of seeing anybody succeed in a task which you feel to be difficult, that you are always in a feverish state of irritation, at every word of approval, or mark of respect which is bestowed on any other than yourself. You know that whoever is first in imitating the wisdom, or the virtues, which men profess to admire, is sure of forestalling all the rewards, even if afterwards *you* should be able to exhibit the reality. Were you all, like we are, wise and good, you would be as superior to those mean passions of envy and jealousy as we are.

Men have often sought to discover the final cause of their creation. In their feeble endeavour to give some practical effect to their curiosity on this subject, some have naturally glided into every sort of crime; others have scrambled into what is called the Palace of Fame. The former are much the more numerous class; and it is a curious proof—for you will have proofs—let your reasons well digest this one—it is a curious proof, I say, of the innate degradation of mankind, that so prone are you to vice that those whose names are most honoured among you, have committed no nobler deeds than successful crimes; that is to say, they have got on to a throne and stuck a crown on their heads, or a general's baton in their hands, and have, from that eminence and in that disguise, committed murders, for which you have lauded them to the skies; thereby proving their wisdom in getting where they did before, or immediately after, they indulged their fancy, for you certainly would have hung them, had they not been kings or generals. In fact, you are so incapable of virtue, that you are obliged to accept vice in a gorgeous dress as a substitute.

I feel that my contempt for you creatures has caused me to moralize somewhat more than I intended. But I give you this piece of information, on which to ponder till we meet next.

If you are ever asked, or ever ask yourself, what is the final cause of man's creation? Answer thus—

"To scratch Parrots' heads"—and be thankful that you were destined for so noble a purpose.

## ANSWER TO CHARADE IN OUR LAST.—Boat Race.

CORRECT Answers have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Samuel E. Thomas, W. E. G., J. B., Childers, Infant Samson, A Lancaster Lad, Orkney Bill, Julia (Dublin), M. A. T. (New Brighton), Peter (Dundee), Peter (Linlithgow), Sarah Sugarcane, Paul (Cardiff), Lucy (Oakham), A Bet, Gamma, Syphon, John (Truro), Abergeldie, Bala Lake, Bolpholgoblid, Florence, W. Whitfield (Birmingham), Tommy and Joey, O. Hughes, J. Davies (Manchester), Lizzy (Scarborough), C. J. Henley, Captain Crosstree, H. Oldacre, Rataplan, Midas, Frances, Little Red Riding Hood, T. Moore (Southampton), J. M. B., and Charles Hamilton.