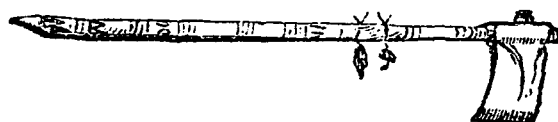


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 20.]

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 21, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

EXPEDITION TO ABYSSINIA.

INSTRUCTIONS TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN TO BE EMPLOYED IN THE EXPEDITION.

1. They will invade Abyssinia from Massowah as their base of operations.

2. They will conduct their operations under the *sole and exclusive* direction of

- a. The War Office.
- b. The Foreign Office.
- c. The Indian Government.
- d. His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief.
- e. The General who may happen to be there first—or last.
- f. The Special Correspondent of the *Times*.
- g. Any natives, or anybody else who knows anything about the country.
- h. Any refractory mule.

Subject to the necessities of the campaign as they arise and be made apparent.

3. The authority above mentioned is alone to represent the British Nation, and will be held responsible for the result of the Expedition, and will transmit an account of his expenditure and successes to the War Office in the usual forms, countersigned by the Pasha of Egypt and M. de Lesseps.

4. The expedition will find King Theodorus.

5. The expedition will capture him.

6. The authority above-mentioned (par. 2) will

- a. Wash and baptise him (in one operation if possible).
- b. Examine him in the Catechism, Pentateuch, and Thirty-nine Articles.
- c. Present him with a copy of the Prayer-book, Bible, and Dairyman's Daughter, provided by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.
- d. Ask him what he thinks of Sir Samuel Baker's account of the Source of the Nile, and what he has to say about Gorillas. All of which information will be transmitted on the proper forms to the War Office and the Commander-in-Chief.

7. The expedition will then await further orders, care being taken that the utmost friendliness is displayed towards any inhabitants who may be found in the desert, and that private property is strictly respected. Prize money for legitimate captives will be accorded, as in the case of Banda and Kirwee, at the proper official convenience.

8. While awaiting orders the expedition will occupy itself in deciphering any hieroglyphic inscriptions which may be found, and will investigate the question of the use of the Pyramids, the meaning of the Suez Canal, and the possibility of transplanting Cleopatra's Needle to the South Kensington Museum for £150.

9. The authority above-mentioned (par. 2) will, if possible, procure the release of the captives now imprisoned in Abyssinia by

- a. Exchanging them for the Special Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which is at the bottom of the whole thing.
- b. Paying a ransom for them by bills at thirty days' sight on the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury.
- c. Waiting till privation and misery have resulted in their release by Nature.

10. The Expedition having covered itself with glory, and the present Ministry with credit, will then return, if it can, to England and India.

War Office, 1st Sept., 1867.

(Signed)

LONGFORD.

THE DOCTOR'S FEE-SIMPLE.—The Guinea Worm.

THE NON-REVISED CODE.

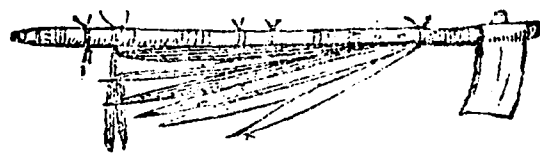
(Dedicated without permission to the Magistracy of England.)

OFFENCE.	(1.)	PUNISHMENT.
Wringing a man's nose	...	A laugh from the Bench.
Tampering with his pocket handkerchief	...	One year's imprisonment.
(2.)		
Knocking a man's real teeth down his own throat	...	A reprimand.
Borrowing his set of false ones without permission	...	Two years on the treadmill.
(3.)		
Dragging out a man's hair by the roots	...	A reprimand, with suppressed laughter.
Taking his wig off his head	...	Three years on the treadmill, with a threat of more.
(4.)		
Tearing out a man's real eye	...	A fine of five shillings.
Making off with his glass ditto	...	A prison for five years.
(5.)		
Breaking a man's leg	...	Ten shillings and costs.
Stealing his crutch	...	Seven years' penal servitude.
(6.)		
Destruction of a man's life	...	Recommendation to mercy.
Damage to his property	...	The severest penalty of which the law admits.

TO THOSE IT MAY CONCERN.

WE beg to inform the kind and disinterested theatrical managers and novel publishers that have sent to our office parcels of books and "orders for the play" that their unsolicited presents may be obtained, on application, from our publisher. The free admission system is one of the curses of journalism, and deserves the severest treatment at the hands of those with tongues to speak their thoughts, and courage to maintain their resolutions. Be it clearly understood then that this paper cannot possibly place itself under an obligation to any one. If a piece is good it will be praised, if bad condemned. A stall costs only six shillings, and a yearly subscription to a circulating library is but half a guinea.

VERDANT GREEN ON HIS TRAVELS.—The Snob Sweeting, who was committed a few weeks since at Dinan, for defacing the statue of Du Guesclin, will soon be among us again, as his punishment was limited to fourteen days' imprisonment. We suppose, on his liberation, he will be allowed to return to Oxford to some wretched little hall more slangy than select. We are quite sure he could not have come from Christ Church or any respectable College; on the contrary, if the truth were known it is more than probable that he would turn out to be a fine specimen of "Worcester Sauce."



LONDON, SEPTEMBER 21, 1867.

THE Peace Congress has terminated most satisfactorily. All the members have been sworn to keep the Peace.

A NEW order is about to be established in anticipation of the Abyssinian Expedition. It will be called the "Black Vulture."

SPAIN is tranquil once more. It seems that the people of that country prefer to be governed by a lax Queen rather than by a Prim General.

It is hoped that the number of suicides which usually mark the foggy days of November with black letters, will be sensibly diminished this year, as several persons have volunteered to go as Special Correspondents to Abyssinia.

PROFITING by the example set in the case of Overend, Gurney, and Co., the admirers of Sir Samuel Morton Peto, Philanthropist and Contractor to the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, have resolved to present that sainted victim of persecution with a testimonial. This touching tribute of esteem and respect will consist of a beautiful statuette in *papier maché*, representing the Unjust Steward in the act of making friends with the Mammon of Unrighteousness, the raw material consisting entirely of dishonoured bills.

OUR Paris correspondent informs us that nothing can exceed the "sweet content" which prevails in France. The phenomenon of Jupiter being deserted by his satellites, sufficiently accounts for the terrible discovery by the Emperor of Clouds on the Horizon. After having taken a careful survey through his great achromatic telescope, supported by M. Rouher, His Imperial Majesty declares he can see nothing. M. Jules Favre declares—for a very good reason; as some idle trifler had hung the Cap of Liberty on the end of the telescope.

WAITING FOR DEATH!

(See the CARTOON.)

AND has their blundering come to this? An hour more, and all will be over! My horse has fallen, and I stand beside him, faint, weary, and dying, without a chance—without a hope—Waiting for Death!

Hard—very hard—to pass away like this! Not at the head of a charge—not at the moment of victory, with the flag of my country waving over my head, and the enemy flying from before me—but here, in this awful solitude—in this weary waste of burning sand, with the bones of dead brethren for company, and the gasps of a dying horse fitfully breaking the frightful silence, and sounding in my ears like a weird, dreadful dirge!

It was not for me to complain. I was a human machine—a mere puppet—to be moved as men should decide. One who had bartered away body and soul for a day's rations and a scarlet coat—one who had given up all claim to life and liberty, and who, now that it was too late—now that the past could never be recalled, found his best reward in an earthless grave—his only monument in a mound of shifting sand!

Surely a little cruel. The village green was pleasant, and the sounds of sweet familiar voices filled the soul with mirth and happiness. In spite of my coat my mind *will* wander away from pipeclay and shoulder belts, from guns and bayonets to the cottage I used to know before I met the recruiting sergeant, before I donned the cockade and followed the drum on the path to glory. Glory! Is this glory? Is this miserable end the dawn of glory? Is the cold sweat of death falling upon my brow the dew of the olive wreath? Is the fierce burning fever running through my veins, and setting my poor thin blood on fire, the delirium of victory, the ecstasy of success? Is that rusty sword the arm of a conqueror? Is that unused pistol the weapon of a warrior? Has my horse borne me through the ranks of my enemies, has my breast been exposed to the steel of the foe or their bullets? No. Before I have struck a blow for my country, drawn a sword for my Queen, my hand loses its power, my heart its throbbing, and I sink down beside my horse and share with him his unmourned-for death!

Surely a little cruel. Office is sweet, and ambition lures many a man

from the paths of honour;—but surely a little cruel. Was it, then, so important that the Treasury Bench should be retained? Was it, then, such a *great* point, that the clamour of the Press should be hushed by concession? That the vanity of the ignorant and the insolent should supply the nation's law? Because thoughtless scribblers counselled an impossible war, was that a reason why the rulers of the people should send their troops to an inevitable ruin?

Some one has blundered! Again the old old epitaph that has told the story of so many tragedies. Some one has blundered, and a fine army has been lured to death without a chance of victory. Some one has blundered, and thousands of pounds that might have gone to clothe the houseless, to succour the homeless, have been swept away. Some one has blundered, and men that have fallen into captivity through a blunder have lost their only hope of escape! Some one has blundered, and here I faint, dying from want, from starvation, from fever and disease!

As I stand with my poor thin hands clasped and my weary eyes fixed upon the setting sun, these bitter thoughts pass quickly through my mind. How calm it is! Not for long! No, not for long! Ah, a shadow and the sound of fluttering wings—see how bold the vultures are growing. Great God! have pity upon me! One last look at the sun, one long deep prayer to Heaven, my life is over, and Death is with me!

SOUVENIRS DE L'EXPOSITION.

(By our own Excursionist.)

Ho! j'etty vwor l'Exposishong
Dedong le grand veal de Parea;
C'ay pookwar j'avvy fay ce chon-song
Poor dear too-lay shows *you may see*.

Dabbor—ce kee volly dear "first"—
J'avvy lar toojore onvee de bwore
Allor j'ally quenchain mon "thirst,"
Dongs un day buffays de la Fwore.

Le premyer joor j'ally too draw,
O Restorong "Spiers and Pond,"
Lay Madmersells la ker je vwaw
Sont too-lay ploos jolee du mond.

Too le jore je dimandy "Pell Ell,"
Too le jore je payay le garçong
Joosko swore je regardy ma bell
Song ponsay à l'Exposishong!

Le next day je prenny un shays,
Devong un owtr Buffay on vogue,
Ou long vwaw oon jolee Ecossays
Voos offrong du "Stout" with a brogue.

Cetty tro poor mon sensible coor:
Dons uns catty de Turkey j'ontray
Oon Odderlisk shonty lammoor
Avec tootafay laxon Fronsay.

La poosyair poossay toojore
De vairsy dedong mon goziay;
Le Rooce Corrychenko oncore,
Forcy maw malgry maw darrettay.

La Roosian feel portay du "Quass"
Oon espayce de Petersburg Beer,
O dairniay je fezzy grimass,
May le premyare me fezzy sooreer.

Le solail me brooly le nay
Le pavvy may peeay de maim;
Kel bongoor! Here's a Yankee Buffay
Je prongs un sodar à lar craim!

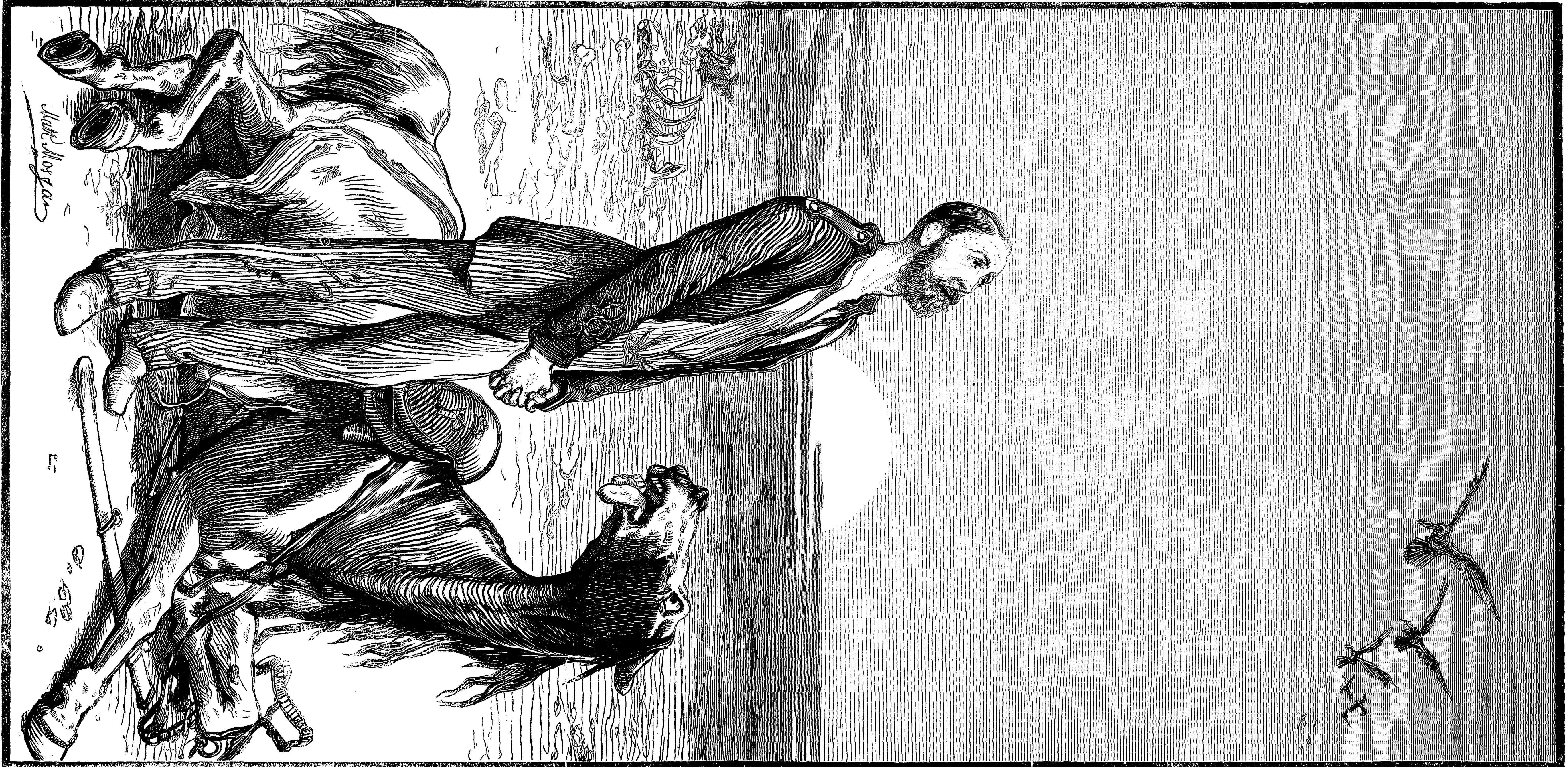
Vairsy toojor Professoor Johnteel!
Voo meritty le meddle Dore!
O catty oo à lar Vanneel!
O! Vairsy Professoor encore!

Appry sar avec Bock de l'Allmine,
Licure amperyal de Jappong,
A pwee chocular de l'Espine
Avec doo tarse de tay de Hong Kong.

Pweesker murntenong so ker je par;
Je rappelay maw poor long-tong,
Day bell feel, day Buffay, du sodar,
Ker jay vu ay bu à l'Exposishong.

THE TOMAHAWK





WAITING FOR DEATH!



AMATEUR ANGELS.

THE adjourned meeting of the Executive of this highly respectable and influential society, was held at Geneva, at a late hour yesterday evening. The proceedings appear to have been of an unusually peaceful character, the deputy-chairman having merely had his jaw broken, and one eye torn out, in an attempt to kick him off the platform for the seventh time. With the exception of this trifling *contretemps*, which, however, it is only fair to add, was most good humouredly taken by the Committee, and a rather lively use of the knife in effecting the ordinary clearance of the hall by the majority for the time being on every division, everything passed off as satisfactorily as the most ardent supporters of a Peace Congress could possibly have desired. A few murders are announced as having taken place during the course of the evening, and some even from time to time up to an early hour this morning; but as they chiefly occurred outside the building, or in back streets, they may be regarded as entirely of an unofficial character. Subjoined is a list of the resolutions which were passed, more or less unanimously; and which, it is needless to add, will be carried into effect as soon as time and occasion permit:—

1. That universal peace being desirable, it will be the duty of everybody to collect all the dirty, vagabond, lazy, do-nothing ruffians of Europe, for the purpose of cutting the throats of everybody else, *en masse*.
2. That all the Sovereigns in the world and their respective relatives be captured, hung, and stuffed for the purpose of forming a nucleus of a "Universal Peoples' Museum."
3. That an Ecclesiastical Committee, composed of the Emperor of Abyssinia, two Mormon deputies, a cannibal missionary, General Garibaldi, Mumbo Jumbo, and Mr. Bradlaugh, be appointed for the purpose of arranging a new Revelation.
4. That in the interests of Universal Brotherhood, this be promulgated at the point of the bayonet.
5. That all landed proprietors be mangled into mincemeat and made into sausages.
6. That the same be registered as the "Eternal Fraternization of the Peoples' Sausage."
7. That the whole human race be washed in blood, dressed in red flannel, and receive £5,000 per annum all round.
8. That any arrears due on account of the above stipend be immediately secured at the point of the bayonet.
9. That the word "gentleman" be burnt out of the languages of peoples.
10. That the whole world be blown up forthwith.
11. That the condition of things specified in the above resolutions be regarded as the true Millennium.
12. And last. That the admission to the above condition of things be twopence halfpenny, by non-transferable ticket.

THE CRY OF THE CRITICS.

SOMEONE is writing an elaborate defence in the *Standard* of the theatrical critics of the daily press—so rudely attacked by Mr. Hollingshead. We suppose it must be one of the herd, for we cannot fancy any writer of ordinary intelligence taking up the cudgels in their defence. Theatrical criticism in this country, is about on a par with the acting which it is intended to criticize; and that is all which can be said for it. The so-called critics possess nothing to qualify them and everything to disqualify them for their art. We are speaking of the ordinary London daily and cheap weekly papers, in which there are regular notices of theatrical performances—in the country press, and in the better class of weekly London journals there are many exceptions to this rule.

Let anyone consider for one moment, some of the requisites for real criticism of such a wonderfully complex art as acting—the delicate sensibility, the wide sympathy, the refined taste cultivated by study of the best models of dramatic writing—and then let him go to the first night at any of the principal theatres in London, and see the men who represent the Press. Putting aside the ties, interests, and obligations, which, unless they are marvels of courage and impartiality, must totally preclude their giving anything like an honest opinion on the subject—just consider the lowness of their intellectual calibre, their nearly total ignorance of the dramatic literature of their own country, their habits of life, associating with a narrow clique of mere hacks, and burlesque writers like themselves, in which their minds become warped with the most vulgar prejudices, and crippled by perpetual contact with nothing but self-satisfied mediocrity; consider all this, and then say if the criticism of such men can be of any profit to author or actor.

Those who defend these persons talk of their vast experience of the stage, and ridicule the notion of anyone, of however cultivated an intellect, of however vivid an imagination, being able to criticize plays or acting, because they have not lived all their lives in the purlieus of the green-room. We grant that this experience teaches them those paltry

tricks and flashy devices which serve to catch the unreasoning applause of the vulgar, but it also imbues them with an utterly false standard of dramatic art, and when they have to judge of the portrayal of passion by any real artist, they test the merit of such portrayal not by the grand reality of natural passion, but by those conventional synonyms for the emotions of the heart, which they have seen in every mouthing, ranting idiot who called himself, or herself a tragedian. It is amusing to watch the faces and listen to the comments of these critics when they are confronted with some piece of acting drawn from Nature itself, evolved out of a deep feeling, passionate, sympathetic heart; of course if it be at some theatre for which they are labouring at a mutilation of some French drama, or lumbering through ill scanning nonsensical lines of a burlesque; or if the actor or actress be the idol of some of their clique, or sufficiently influential to produce a piece with a character written expressly for him or herself (to the utter sacrifice of every other character in it), they have their terms of praise cut and dried. But if none of these contingencies arise, they are most likely to fall into a vein of impotent carping at a performance, which is an insult to their comprehensions as being so far above them, and at an artist who as yet does not appear to have sufficient influence to advance their prospects in any way.

We may seem to have written with asperity on this matter; but we fairly confess to having lost all our patience with these people.

We appeal to any honest person (who has no connection with any of the Bohemian Clubs), whether the most gross adulation of one another is not prevalent among the majority of dramatic writers, whether they do not even go to the extent of puffing themselves in those journals which they honour by writing for? Have we not seen in a certain weekly comic journal, which now drags on a stagnant, witless life, on the strength of its former reputation, the most extravagant laudations, and most barefaced puffs of pieces written by two well-known members of the staff? Is there not a refinement on this brazen self-praise, which consists in bespattering with the most outrageous panegyric, some actress who has infused life into the wooden characters which one of these authors has provided for her? But we need not continue the subject—it is not a pleasant one—let us end by expressing a hope that all respectable papers will take one step at least in the right direction, by refusing any gratis admissions to any theatre; and that the critics will try and learn, that there is something higher in this world than their own petty jealousies and selfish interests; and that to criticize the dramatic art, however degraded be the state of that art at the present time, requires something more than an intimate acquaintance with the artist, or a prospective obligation to the manager.

MUSIC HALLS.

SECOND NOTICE.

IN the article on this subject which appeared in our impression of last week, we took occasion to deplore the non-fulfilment of the rich promises which were held out when Music Halls first came before the notice of the public. We also bestowed a passing glance on the "comic singer," whose dreary and heart-breaking performances form the staple of the Music Hall entertainment as it stands at present. It might be fancied, after our remarks of last week, that in hearing a song from one of these hapless sons of mirth we must have reached the lowest pitch of jocular destitution; but this is not so, for, however deep the pain we endure from the male comedian, the suffering which we experience at the hands of the "serio-comic lady" is even harder to bear. Her very title is assuredly a misnomer, for there is nought of seriousness in her performance, whilst as for comedy—Heaven save the mark!—she knows not the meaning of the word! She appears on the platform and, with saucy bearing and shrill voice, howls forth some ditty about "cards in the Guards," or some "swell in Pall Mall," or, perhaps, she will tell you a domestic romance in which omnibus conductors, or policemen, or costermongers, form the important features. Wanting, alike, in point, grace, or humour, these songs can have no purpose save to indulge the degraded taste of the majority of those who nightly fill the Music Halls; amongst such of the audience as have been attracted in the idea that they would hear a rational performance, there can be but one feeling—pity.

We would gladly refrain from attacking women, but in this case, we cannot be silent, for we are satisfied that these songs are not only very stupid but extremely mischievous in their results, and those who sing them must not claim at our hands any consideration on account of that sex, which they have outraged by such unseemly and unwomanly performances. Grace in a woman, like hope in the human breast, should linger when all else is gone, and it is because these "serio-comic ladies" have no vestige of feminine refinement that we condemn them hopelessly and unreservedly.

Whilst on this subject, we are reminded, perhaps by contrast, of Madlle. Theresa, the *diva* of the Alcazar, in Paris, and, so far as regards pointlessness and stupidity, we are bound in truth to say that our remarks have no reference to her; she possesses that which, in a different walk of life, might have enabled her to obtain a high position as an artist. As it is, she is only a Music Hall singer—but such a one!

No actor can see her, no musician can hear her, without marvelling at the rare amount of talent evinced by her. That her sphere of art is a low one—perhaps the lowest—no one will deny, but her pre-eminence in that sphere is also undeniable, and, at the risk of shocking some of our readers, we venture to think that many queens of song now before the public, whose names are cherished by lovers of the opera, will find themselves matched and outdone before Madlle. Theresa meets her equal.

But let us leave the heroine of the Alcazar. In England there are numerous representatives of her faults, but we shall seek in vain for anyone who can afford the least idea of her merits. We had a twofold object in alluding to the Parisian *Café Chantant*, and, although the French Music Hall is liable to reproach in certain matters, we think that some things might with advantage be transplanted in England. *Imprimis* you will find in most cases, a trim little orchestra of efficient performers, who rattle merrily through one or two overtures, a valse, or a march, and so forth, and who, if need be, are fit to play a better class of music in fair style. There are generally singers of some pretension who are equal to the proper performance of romances and operatic airs, and, in short, the class of entertainment is such as reasonable folks may take pleasure in hearing. We wish that as much could be said for our Music Halls! Until, however, the entire organisation of these places of amusement is remodelled, and until decent music and fair cultivation take the ground which is now occupied by buffoonery and vulgarity, no good result may be hoped for.

We have spoken our mind pretty plainly in this matter, and there are two and possibly more of these Music Halls which may not justly come under the strictures which we have passed upon the institutions in general. Of the exceptions which strike us, the Alhambra, with its well-mounted ballets and capital scenery, may be cited as one, whilst the music rooms known as Evans's, in Covent Garden, constitutes the other. In the latter case, the audience consists of men alone, and the entertainment is made up of songs, glees, and part songs, executed by a well-trained choir, in which will be found boys with fresh and lusty voices which it does one's heart good to hear. There was, it is true, a funeral comedian there, whose name, we fancy, was Mr. Harry Sidney, but if we are right, he has taken his talents elsewhere, and at Evans's the visitor will now chance to hear good music well executed. The establishment is admirably conducted, and as for the beaming proprietor, may his shadow never be less, and may his hospitable snuff-box never be empty!

It will be seen that we have not touched upon the more serious question of the evil influence exercised by the majority of Music Halls as they are now conducted, and we have purposely refrained from doing so. If the morality of a Briton is to be attacked, the best course is to make, in the first place, an appeal to his common sense. We have endeavoured to point out the utter stupidity and worthlessness of the entertainments which are to be heard at these places all over London, and it remains for the public to contribute its quota towards a general reformation, so that, in time, the Music Hall may really furnish a home for music, instead of being, as at present, an insult to the art from which it has filched the name.

THE MODERN THEOPHRASTUS.

No. II.—THE YOUNG MILITARY MAN.

IN treating of the young military man, we will first talk of the infantry officer, as this species is more numerous than that of the cavalry officer. He is easy to be known from his dress and his manner. His trousers are generally very tight fitting, and show off to perfection the scantiness of his legs; his coat is generally cut short, so as to give him the appearance of something like a bantam cock; his neckties are generally of a rather decided colour, and altogether there is something of the groom and not a little of the billiard marker about his whole appearance. He may be seen to great perfection at clubs lately established, or others which are not very exclusive; he comes into the room with a swaggering gait, always with his hat on, frequently tapping his legs with a short cane, and sometimes chewing a toothpick in a very ferocious fashion; he glares round him as if the presence of everybody else were a personal insult. He orders the waiters about with an air which he has evidently acquired in the barrack-room, and he immediately seizes possession of every sporting paper, which he will read completely through; in fact this is the literature to which he mainly devotes his splendid intellect. He knows Sunday by its being the day when he gets his *Bell's Life*, which is his Bible. He affects an unbounded knowledge of racing matters, and will tell you the current odds as glibly as a merchant does the price of stock; he has learnt most of the *Racing Calendar* by heart, and talks of the favourite horses as if he were the bosom friend of all the stable boys in Newmarket. He bets largely, and to see him with his book in hand putting down "twenties to one" in "fivers" you would never think he had nothing but his pay to live on. Though he pretends to know so much of horses, he is really very ignorant, and could scarce tell a racer from a cab hack if he did not know before which was which. However, this is his passion, and be sure that if you dine anywhere near him you

shall get all the benefit of his learned discourse on the next Derby or Leger. He modulates his voice always to such sweet tones that you would think he was giving the word of command to an army a mile long. Should you be fortunate enough to be of the same party as he, be careful to adapt your conversation to his capacity; for if you try to speak of anything of a refined or intellectual nature, he will cut you short with some remark about a horse or a woman, who has been fortunate enough to merit his approbation. He is a great supporter of burlesque, and you will generally find that he is going to spend his evening with Black-eyed Susan; for he loves much those pieces which do not insult him by appealing to his mind or his heart: there is no one who is so keen to appreciate the wit of a nigger dance as he is.

He is very much at home in the billiard-room, especially when there is a pool; and he is given to round games of cards, where luck has the better of skill. Whist he thinks slow, but he will play "Poker," or "Loo" for vastly high stakes, and will give you an I. O. U. for what he loses. By these and other means, he often so impoverishes himself, that he is compelled to practise meannesses in other points of expenditure which are very much opposed to his nature. And this is the reason, perhaps, why you shall so seldom find anything in his room which indicates a taste for any art or literature, which no doubt he possesses, but which he cannot permit himself to indulge.

Of his conversation we have already spoken: what it lacks in depth, it makes up in force; and you may generally gather out of his mouth as pretty a "bouquet" of oaths in five minutes as you may wish to find, if you are curious in such matters.

His moustaches are a great consolation to him; for not only do they help to conceal his lack of expression, but you shall observe him sometimes, when the idea that he is a fool seems faintly dawning on his senses, stroke his moustaches with great complacency; as if, in the possession of these external ornaments of the countenance, he found some consolation for the inner adornments of the head in which he is wanting.

I mean not to say but that, among the young officers of our army, you shall find some exceptions to this pattern; but the contrast with their companions is so marked, that you cannot fail to distinguish them.

One may be forgiven wishing for war, if it were only that it affords the single chance of redeeming these youths from their wretched state. Once in the excitement of battle, and their good qualities, which now are overgrown with the sloth and stupidity of the lives they lead, spring up into being; and one is astonished to find a worthless citizen transformed into a brave soldier.

SHADY PLACES.

It has long been the fashion to cry out for more light to strain and toil, and work, and to push forward towards the various luminaries which have from time to time, been set up for the use of men, so as to get within the full focus of their rays with the avowed object of seeing better what is to be effected and how to effect it. All the old clothes which have hitherto served so well to clothe the machinery by which Society is kept in awe, have been in turn dragged towards the growing glare, and overhauled with more or less distressing results. (Morality, long held to be a garment of spotless purity, has turned out to be a coat of many colours stained with stolen waters, and lined with many a secret pocket for concealing goods dishonestly obtained); (the flaunting banners of principle have been discovered to be nothing more than dirty dish-clouts, rotting away from the worm-eaten staff of honour to which they are attached); Theology is seen to be patched and mended so that no man can tell either what it was originally, or what it has become; and Philosophy like the mantle in the fable has so shrunk and shrivelled at the mere reflection of the light, that it is not a decent covering for even the smallest of created beings. The ignominy of the thing is, that all these old dishes were professedly fashioned and continued by wise men who had themselves lived in the light, and who assured that they had so made them as to be more beautiful the nearer they were brought to it, and when the common herd saw the cheat that had been put upon them, they threw aside the old clothes they had hitherto been made to wear, and resolved that with free limbs and uncovered heads, they themselves would thenceforth work for themselves and see the work as it went on with their own eyes. Then they set themselves to drag philosophers, moralists, theologians, politicians, and all the wise men in general towards the glare that was opening upon the world, knowing but little what that glare was and whence it came, calling it sometimes Truth, sometimes Reason, sometimes Experience, but seeing at any rate, that it was a glare, and that it showed the true outline and colour of things. "Stand you in it" said they to the wise men "and let us see how you and your works look, no more private arrangements of us and our affairs, no more putting together in secret of machinery that is to be worked by us, show yourselves and it, and we will judge whether we will have you and it or no." The wiseacres declared that the world would stop going—struggled a little, screamed a great deal, bore a revolution or two, and at last leaving no other alternative, gave in with what grace they could muster. Since that time, men have, on

the whole, been deceived with their eyes more or less open, and for all that has been done to them they themselves are responsible and answerable, and that without appeal, so that if any corner or hole is left without light or with so much as only a faint glimmer of light the fault and the remedy are alike with those who so have it.

Nevertheless, the wiseacres have succeeded in maintaining for their operations some obscure spots, which they have protected from the light by the help of those screens of prejudice which have been saved from the universal wreck. Here, in England especially, the surface of things whereon we walk, and discuss and turn matters about in the glare, is thickly dotted with the Shady Places still kept sacred for the burrowing of the wise men, whence they still undermine the adjacent ground, and from which men still allow themselves to be warned off by mere authority. In all the departments of life these are to be found. In politics there are Shady Places not a few. The Monarchy and its uses are in one of them—the House of Lords in another, and the good faith and intelligence of the House of Commons is so defended from the light, that even the events of this disgraceful reform session have not sufficed to upset the screen by which any light of discussion has hitherto been kept out. Religion, again, is full of Shady Places. The Protestant form of faith is itself a Shady Place. The Pentateuch, as Bishop Colenso has found out, is very shady, and the Bible, the Prayer-book, the Thirty-Nine Articles, and the necessity for going to church are so sacredly defended from the light, that the mere exhibition of a farthing rushlight on the wrong side of their screen raises a chorus of holy howls against the impiety and atrocity of the hearer. Then Society has innumerable Shady Places. The marriage vow and its infraction are shaded; prostitution is shaded, whether it be open, avowed, and vulgar, in the streets or secret, unavowed or superfine in the drawing-rooms. The real reasons for giving balls and dinners are shaded, and generally all that is really part of the mechanism by which Society imposes upon itself and others is carefully kept in the shadiest of Shady Places.

Now, we do not recognise in any man or thing the privilege of being kept out of such light as the world has or can produce to guide it. We have already ventured behind some of the screens to which the Shady Places owe their protection, and we mean to explore some of the other recesses which have hitherto been so carefully protected. We look for the support of all those who are not content with the reverse side of the secret, and with this we shall be content, the groans and howls of the wiseacres notwithstanding.

HYMN BY A MEMBER OF THE PEACE CONGRESS.

How sweet a thing it is to dwell
In blessed u-ni-ty,
With envious passions ne'er to swell,
But cherish a-mi-ty.

How very sweet it is to take
Your little brother's gold,
And make a snug pro-vi-sion
Against when we get old.

How very sweet it is—"Oh dear!
Who hit me in the eye?"
"Who kicked me then? Get out you brute!
Ah do—just only try—"

"I'll tear your clothes clean off your back,
I'll smash your ugly head;"
Its done—three cheers for blessed peace!
My en-e-my is dead.

OFFICIAL, FROM THE CLUBS.

- A. Have you seen the TOMAHAWK lately?
B. Yes! Awful, isn't it?
A. Horrible. I don't quite understand what it means though.
B. No, more do I; but its low.
A. Oh yes, its awfully low.
C. I say B. what's that story you were telling us at dinner. Its too absurd.
A. Oh yes! Well you see—
(B. tells a story which throws the TOMAHAWK entirely into the shade.)
B. (who having heard the story once has been reading.) By Jove, these fellows are very good tho'. Its quite true about Whalley.
A. Yes, its true, but its so low.
B. Oh yes, awfully low.
C. I'm very glad tho' they've taken to showing up Mansfield and Beales.
A. Oh, if they'd keep to that it would be all very well.
B. Exactly, or they might even abuse Dizzy.
C. Oh, as for Dizzy, he's the modern Guy Fawkes.
B. Its a horrid shame to abuse women.

- A. Awfully low. By the way, have you heard about that girl Ada Clifford and young Mustang?
B. and C. Who! What is it?

(A. tells a story to which any Tomahawk would be ashamed to listen.)

- C. I wonder who writes these things.
A. By Jove, they deserve to be horsewhipped, and what's more I should like to do it.
B. I only wish I could find out the Editor.
C. If I had my will I'd boil him alive.
A. He wouldn't print his libels again in a hurry I'll warrant.
C. (who has been looking through the evening paper.) Hallo! here's something about Flathanger. They've got it all wrong though.
B. Oh, everybody knows about Flathanger.
C. Do they; I'll tell you what—

(C. relates an episode which ought to consign Flathanger to penal servitude.)

- A. They oughtn't to be allowed to put lies in the papers, but at any rate this isn't low.
C. No—and the TOMAHAWK is—and the fellows who write it deserve horsewhipping.

N.B.—What we write is all true, and if a horsewhipping will make it less true, or that we ought not to say that it is true, we shall be happy to take one all round, and to provide the whips out of the price of the copies bought by A. B. and C. and their fellows.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

In this unhappy land, that Word
Which we with love revere,
Inspires amongst the strong, contempt,
Amongst the abject, fear.

(1.)

Far o'er the world these letters three,
Coupled with one I must not name,
In glorious victory were borne,
The beacon of a nation's fame.

(2.)

O noblest heart! which ever he,
That peevish tyrant, dared to strike;
Would that the land for which thou bled'st,
Could once again produce thy like.

(3.)

No, not for age alone, these words,
Let youth their lesson learn—
"No honour's worthy of the name
But what our own deeds earn."

(4.)

The hero of a pretty tale
As ever you may read;
This inkling of his name I give,
May to the secret lead.

(5.)

Clad in these things so neat and new,
I sought my darling Nan;
She eyed me keenly; then she said
"You ugly ill-dressed man!"

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN No. 19.

B bah H
E emu U
A alum M
L lob B
E esau U
S song G

No correct answers received. J. Fry, 1 of the 7, and 5 o'clock p.m. had a narrow escape of being right.

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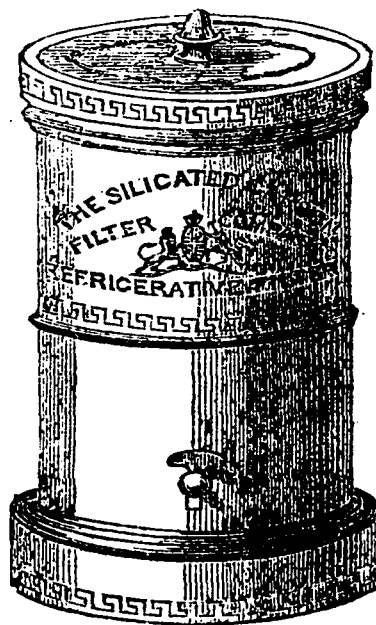
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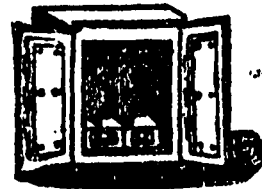
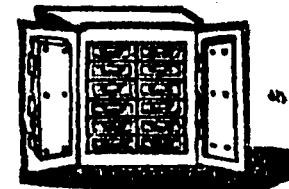
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