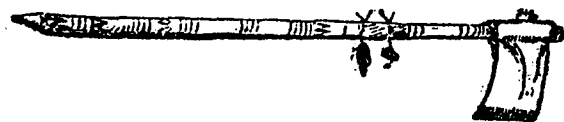


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 25.]

LONDON, OCTOBER 26, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

NATIONAL CURIOSITIES.

THE International Exhibition has achieved to the full every one of the objects which the Emperor, the Commissioners, and the Municipality of Paris had in view when they so generously provided a building in which foreign nations could occupy space on condition of paying for it.

It has promoted the union of nationalities by introducing us to the waiters, or waitresses of every clime, and by means of strange meats has kept half the population of Paris awake at night to think over the glorious future of humanity.

It has given an enlightened encouragement to trade by assembling the worst articles in the globe at the highest prices.

It has favoured contentment and native manufactories by begetting in the minds of those who bought those articles a fixed determination never to make a purchase out of their own street for the future.

It has given an impetus to art by showing the worst specimens of artistic skill which could be borrowed, thereby convincing every artist who saw them that he was better than the best of his contemporaries.

It has increased the knowledge of man by placing before him a collection of products and manufactures of which he knows as much as he does of the use of the Pyramids.

It has bound all the nations of the earth in a league of peace and amity by quarrelling with each of them separately over their restaurants, viands, gas, pillars, and everything else on which it is possible to write a letter.

It has, in short, raised humanity far above its common condition, and has, by a final act of grace, exalted both visitors and exhibitors to the rank of cherubim by taking away what they had to sit down upon.

Having done all this, however, the Exhibition is now to be closed, but our readers will be glad to hear that the ellipses which have regenerated the world will not be lost to it for ever, for M. Le Play has conceived the brilliant idea of replacing the temporary exhibition of what is by a permanent exhibition of what was and is no more, so as to furnish a warning to all ages from the spectacle of the various failures through which the perfect development of the present year has been reached. He has accordingly addressed circulars to all the Powers asking for all obsolete inventions, objects, and manufactures, for which they have no further use or respect, and the following articles have already been promised:—

FRANCE.—A newspaper containing the admission that there has been known in the world a system of government superior to the actual *régime* in France, and among men, one equal in glory and integrity to Napoleon III., the announcement having been followed by no *avertissement*.

The Editor of the said newspaper.

The original secret Treaty by which M. de Bismarck engaged to cede the Rhine provinces to France, as a reward for her neutrality during the Bohemian campaign.

Several official announcements and speeches, recommending the Mexican loan.

The September Convention.

The Tribune of the *Corps Législatif*.

The *pot au feu* bequeathed by Henri IV., to the French peasantry, and a large number of guarantees, liberties, oaths, glories, &c., &c.

ENGLAND.—A collection of old principles, contributed by Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli.

A fine old Tory, who believes in the above (fossil).

A compound householder.

Several prisons, capable of keeping prisoners in safety.

The remains of the *prestige* of the English name on the Continent.

An example of commercial integrity.

The Church of England as by law established, and the thirty-nine articles.

A prejudice against assassination (from Sheffield).

The idea, that a murderer who calls himself a Fenian, ought not to be treated with the honours of War (Ireland).

And various items of *bric-a-brac*, including the treaties of 1815, the Pentateuch, marriage for love, value for money, &c., &c.

PRUSSIA.—Several small thrones from various parts of Europe.

The Treaty of Prague.

All the inhabitants of Schleswig-Holstein who speak Danish.

Four Burgomasters.

The opposition members of the North German Parliament.

Also several stands of muzzle-loaders, with the legend, "right against might."

AUSTRIA.—The Concordat.

The Imperial power in Hungary.

A list of debts of various members of the Imperial family.

Several Reforms projected in 1864.

The belief that all men are not equal before the *Zundnadel-gewehr*.

And several princes unprovided with crowns.

ITALY.—Securities for interest on the National Debt.

An attempt to discover how much the National Debt is.

The idea of ever paying it.

A duplicate copy of the September Convention.

And various parcels of popular enthusiasm for the king, the country, the ministers, the army and navy, &c.

HOLLAND.—The Treaty binding her to keep open the navigation of the Scheldt.

The laws of harmony, by M. Musard.

And various principles, old paintings, decencies and scruples, formerly in the possession of the king.

BELGIUM.—The signatures of the Powers guaranteeing its independence.

The fortifications of Antwerp contributed with great delight by the inhabitants.

The Editor of the *Indépendance Belge*.

Reliance upon England.

And a collection of spurs from the cockpit of Europe.

SPAIN.—General Prim's patents of nobility.

An Essay on Parentage by the King Consort.

And several traditions of honour and liberty.

From the materials thus furnished, it is expected that students of history will be able to construct a scheme of Europe as it might have been, and will thence be able to appreciate the blessing of living in Europe as it is.

A WORD TO THE WISE.—Let not men (or women either, if it comes to that), make a forced meaning out of our words. In several recent articles we have had to attack abuses—with a severity in no way disproportionate with the importance of our task, but while performing the painful duty, we have carefully avoided dealing in personalities. Bohemian clubs are pernicious, but many a worthy man belongs to them; the system of theatrical engagements is frequently corrupt and was a short time since a crying scandal, but still there are clever actresses managing small theatres who have ever been an honour to their profession. Only snobs of both sexes need fear our weapon—we war not with good men or honest women. Once for all if people *will* wear caps not made for them, it is no fault of ours. *Chacun à son goût*.

THE DICTATOR AND HIS SPEECH.

THE Emperor and his Secretary were alone. "Take your seat, Mr. Secretary," said the Emperor, "and write as I shall dictate."

The Secretary took his seat. "I am to note this, Sire—?" "Our speech at the close of the Universal Exposition," replied his Imperial Master, and the Secretary took up his pen and scratched the words of promise.

The Ex-arbiter of Europe watched him, and then, like one uncertain of himself, walked pensively across the room and looked out into the rain. Dead leaves were drifting past on the coming winter's wind. There was little to please a Napoleon in that—but Napoleon looked hard out into the rain and spoke.

"Messieurs." The Secretary scratched, and the Emperor went on.

"It is now some six months since we threw open to the world the gates of the great Hall of Universal Peace. Unlike the Romans of old we, as it were, said all 'enter the portals of our Janus,' for we know no war. But when ancient Rome closed her temple she sheathed her sword. Customs pass away. Modern France gives the word to close—and forthwith her sword is bared. Her temple, then, is not the temple of Janus."

The Secretary raised his eyes, and his pen halted; but the great Dictator was still looking straight out into the rain. So the Secretary lowered his eyes, and the scratching went on again. The Emperor continued.

"When I first proposed to myself this project which sees its final consummation to day, France held Europe in her grasp. I held France in mine."

There was a slight pause—the Secretary had broken the nib of his finely-pointed steel pen—but the Emperor heeded it not, and the scratching teemed after him.

"I said, 'Men shall worship her. The world shall lie before her—the great golden idol of these latter days, and I will be her high priest.' Words are but the outlines of acts. What I said I did. The golden idol was set up, the worshippers adored, and I stood above the altar. It was an awful idol, and before it we poured out our libations. They were of blood. Then the crowd looked on, wondered, and grew sick, and I thought for a season I will turn the sword into a ploughshare, the bayonet into a reaping hook. I will give peace to France."

The Secretary took a breath, and might have spoken, but the "speech" flowed on.

"I gave peace to France—how nobly, let Queretaro declare! But it was my policy to sow the seeds of discord, and they fell broadcast over Europe—there is a proverb about sowing the wind—Sadowa is the great whirlwind which France has yet to reap—which France has yet to reap!"

The Secretary paused and rose. "Sire," he ventured, but the answer was "Silence." The Emperor saw more meaning in the rain than ever. He heeded nothing—yet went on.

"Peace! Do not tell me of peace! This folly in the *Champ de Mars*, peace! Bah! Why the prestige of France—my prestige is on the wane! Peace when such things are!—when things much worse may come! Rise up ye spirits of the First Empire and answer!"

The Emperor spoke hurriedly, and the pen could scarcely keep up with him.

"Peace when Italy turns to sting! When Austria bows but does not forgive! When the barbaric Czar moves slowly to the East, as if Sebastopol—the Malakoff had been a myth! Peace when Prussia!"

"Can I assist you, Sire?" said the Secretary, hurrying towards his Imperial master, who had broken a pane of glass.

"It is nothing," replied the Emperor, binding up his wrist with a handkerchief. "I think I must have been talking to myself, Mr. Secretary." "I think, Sire, you must have been," rejoined the official, handing over his two sheets of scratched paper.

In two minutes the fire blazed up a little more brightly as a fire might, were two sheets of diplomatic paper entrusted to it, and then the speech commenced in good earnest.

The Emperor turned away from the rain, and looked towards his Secretary. There was much scratching for half an hour. If what was prepared for the world *this* time, be ever given to the world—the world may be sure of one thing—it will hear—the truth!

A NICE LAIRD!

LORD Stanley tells us that he has not yet closed the Alabama question, but that he hopes with the help of "the great peacemaker, time," to do so. We presume that when the additional penny is added to the income-tax to pay the little bill, a monument will be erected to Mr. Laird, of Birkenhead, for having deserved so well of his country, as to build the vessel. If all those far-seeing members of the House of Commons who cheered him when he proclaimed the pride he felt for his share in the matter, subscribe to the memorial, it will be worthy the occasion.

THE ROCKET AND THE STICK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SHOOTING NIAGARA."

WONDERFUL, overwhelming, indisputable, the *swarmery* in Protestant sheepfold! Is not an Assembly of Shepherds, thrown up out of Sees, increased by envoys of Piebald Dioceses, subservient to two Arches Omnipotent (Impotent to Protest if any Protestation exist)—is it not, I say, a glorious Bright Star, a Firmament in Faith's Firmament, a Firework of Fidelity? Glorious surety for Drowning Believers (country church discarded for Genuflectory Gehenna), air-cleaving its way before men, and shrieking glad tidings of greater joy to the worried among God's worshippers; dashing hope-sparks round the hearts of the expectant, and making man cry out, "Rods are in Pickle (Bishops' Pickling) for the Ritualists!"

For I suppose that it is by no means hazardous to say that Mother Church (cackling on the bank at Ducklings in albs and dalmatics, and &c., &c.), waiting fervently with upturned eyes and opened mouths, to see the Rocket that would illumine the skies and make the Dark Plain, ever ready to shout Ah! (prolonged to the end of Litany), at the Heaven-beshone Rubric so made clear for generations to come, has looked for some giant Parturition from these Mountains of Lawn, these mitre-capped *Jungfrauen* among lesser hills; Reformation in Pains and Labour; Bishops in consultation (no connection with Medical College for Ladies!) eager to put out the Apostolic Finger and touch the seat of disease. I consider such Synod (Pan-Anglican Panacea for Protestant Stumbling-Blocks), a consummation of reverent Desire, a term to Bat-shuffling and Mole-blind Mummeries: an Armstrong Gun of Hundred-Bishop calibre, ready to make good havoc, and true in the ranks of the enemy.

And indeed, the British Bishop (where his face does not shine with soap of quasi-humbly still wields the crosier, not truly as Saint Oliver in the blessed year of 1660, but with affable grace; polite he is in the finest lawn. I incline to call him the affablest kind of Priest (especially playing croquet on the lawn of his affable Bishopess) you will find in any country. An immense endowment his, if you consider it well! He is the Saint Valentine of our calendar. I had hoped not to see him in the Orson form; but Hear it, O ye Jamaica Committee! we have Lordship Quashee, of Hullabaloo, evidently more at home on the Banjo than in the Pulpit, and yet he has had ears (and absurd big ones) to hear of the House of Call for Prelates, and has shipped himself and batch of black sermons (where white is proved black by text, and Moses an Ethiop.) by P. and O. boat, or, as translated by him, "a vessel for Predetermination and Ordination of the Coloured Race."

One can't help laughing at the Nigger Bishop. Evidently, the only Savage reclaimed after thousands of lucre subscribed and millions of moral shirt-fronts ordered. When Nature predestined him to be a slave or a Christy Minstrel, one must be palpably credulous to accept the delirious absurdity of Black Skin and White Lawn Sleeves in Harmony.

Cuffee's Homily would draw tears of inextinguishable laughter from me as I sat in my pew beneath. Roars Homeric that should resound to thickest jungles of Central Africa, and sow the germs of hope in the young gorilla's breast.

But the Rocket has exploded: the light has gone out: the stick has descended, a common rocket stick: no Prelate's Crosier: no Pastoral Staff: but a Twopenny-Halfpenny Stick smelling considerably of Brimstone. Stick falling down, immutably, in a Bee-line, into the open mouth of Protestant *Gobe-mouche*. Choking him up with empty Resolutions, and making him sick at heart with name of Bishop.

Hear, you Prince Prelate! Harken, you Archbishop! You, the Drill-Serjeant of Church Militant. Your sentries are tampered with! The Enemy is in the Camp! Your Armstrongs are being spiked! The Guard is called out, and the Watchword is passed! Call yourselves Defenders of the Faith? You stand aside to squabble about the loss of an Article in Corporal Colenso's kit, while the sentry sleeps and Maconochie's Foreign Legion (another swarmery), sets light to the stable straw and conceals a Roman candle in the Powder Magazine.

The Drill-Serjeant is sadly wanted in the Anglican Ranks. Is then the Martyr's Crown a Worn-out Humbug to be shown at sixpence a head in the Chamber of Horrors? Must Smithfield Bonfires end in a stick like this, Disastrous, Retrograde, Annihilate? *Me Miserum!* My friends, perchance Hope might still lie at the bottom of the Pulpit were this Pan-Anglican Synod (Pantomimic Synonym) permanent. *Nomadic*: Grief must be its destination. *Permanent*: Many a greatest Benefit Principle, Firmest Standfast Principle might be discussed to show this poor sect-riddled England whom it were desirable to encourage with a cure of souls (Physician, heal thyself), and whom with a strait-waistcoat (and snug oratory in Hanwell), against Ritualism in troubled times. What a work this for our Bishop speakers who are coming!

MR. MAT. ARNOLD is at present hard at work writing "Oyster Culture and Neglect." [This announcement is an error on the part of the compositor, and should be Mr. M. A. is hard at work writing "Geist: her Culture and Neglect."—ED.]

READE : AND INWARDLY DIGEST.

YES. There it is on the playbill of the Queen's Theatre. There in Black and White Lies the announcement of the New Romantic Drama by Mr. Charles Reade, *i.e.*, created by his brain and of his imagination.

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE !

Grantier has become *Beaurepaire*. Great intellect !
Morand is turned into *Raynal*. Gigantic powers of conception !!
Marcellin is transmogrified to *Dujardin*. Colossal effort of self assertion !!!

But if you do tell a lie, be it only a white one, why don't you tell a good one? is the remark that rises to one's lips, but which one refrains, as naturally, from printing. Like the robber, who is caught lurking round the spot where his crime was committed, the talented author (capitals if you please) TALENTED AUTHOR sticks to the original names of *Aubertin* and *Jacintha*, the Doctor and Serving-girl of Mons. Aug. Maquet's piece. The ingenious dramatist (capitals again) INGENIOUS DRAMATIST has not been sufficiently acquainted with French history to change the field of battle in the fourth act, and still the camp remains before Philipsbourg, as in M. Maquet's drama. A testimony to Mr. Reade's ready wit, or, as he will probably say, a proof that he had no desire to impose on the public. Oh, dear no !

Mr. Reade will probably also be virtuously indignant, and will write to the press to inform them that he thanks his stars he is not as other translators are. He is no Bird of Prey : forsooth ! Has he not sent twenty-five francs and a copy of *Never too Late to Mend* to Monsieur Maquet to be allowed to recognise the child of the French author's as his own? If he is not the father at any rate he will make himself out the father-in-law. Be it so, and change the name of the property to *The Château du Beau-père*, or, *The Double Paternity*. Go to—you are as bad and worse than Babington White—Mr. Reade.

PRECAUTIONS WITH A VENGEANCE.

THE people of London may never know how much they owe the Government for the successful precautions that have been taken to avoid the Fenian disturbances which last week were regarded as imminent. It may have transpired that the number of policemen on the regular beats had been increased, and that upwards of a thousand rifles were removed from some of the volunteer head quarters to the Tower ; but the more important steps that the authorities have deemed it prudent to adopt have been shrouded in mystery. For instance, travellers on the South-Eastern or Great Eastern Lines, may have observed, that the trains have been usually from half-an-hour to an hour behind their time of arrival. Thus, should any Fenians have happened to be passengers, the delay would probably have interfered with any pre-organised arrangements they might have made. Again, who would have guessed that the cheap dinner agitation was the result of a deep-laid scheme for the total annihilation of the large body of Fenians at present supposed to be in the metropolis. It was conjectured with admirable wisdom, that such persons would require nourishment, and that they would resort to the cheap eating-houses in the city, as best suited to their means. An arrangement was, therefore, at once entered into with the dining-house proprietors, that poisonous food at immoderate prices (to hit them both ways) should be supplied to all customers. Unfortunately, the City clerks were not taken into the confidence of the Government, and we regret to hear that their untimely agitation has done much to destroy the success of a scheme which promised so well. Here is another reassuring fact :—Last week, on the same day, two men were hanged in London for the crime of murder. There was a fair presumption that one of them might be innocent, and that the other might be mad, and if we remember rightly, both were recommended to mercy by the juries that convicted them ; but the government allowed the law to take its course, judging—no doubt, rightly—that amongst the crowds which attended the executions, there might be some badly-disposed persons, whom it would be salutary to remind that the gallows was in working order. But above all, the Cabinet has shown its foresight and discretion in the arrangements that have been made for an autumnal session, for who would have dreamt that the Abyssinian Expedition was decided on simply as a ruse for assembling the House of Commons in November, by which time there is now very little doubt but that the Fenian question will be ripe for legislation.

We may compose ourselves,—there is no cause for alarm, as we see the authorities have been on the alert, and even the War Office is awake, for we have heard that there has been some talk of some day removing to places of safety the eighty thousand rifles with ammunition to match, which still remain undefended in the volunteer armouries of the country ; but in this trivial detail of precaution, there is evidently no cause for indecent haste.

STICKING-PLASTER FOR THE STICKS.—As *Plot and Passion* has lately been frightfully in vogue with the amateurs, we have been requested to publish the following "Advice to people about Desmarts"—Don't.

CASTLES IN THE SK(E)Y.

THE following has been forwarded to us by the Secretary of the "Paris Outrigger Society :"—

Confrères ! Navigators ! Port-Admirals !

The correspondence *Skey*, which has created the stir in your journals, sending forth thrills through the hearts sympathetic, courageous, stern, of your young *Oxfor-Cambridgeman*! Has it not come with the shock-pleasing sportive to the *Marins*—the *Yachtsmans* of France?

The tears of gratitude still damp the visage of our noble sons, as they stretch out arms of benediction to your aged fathers, your veterans of the hoary locks. Yes, *ma foi!* it is your prophet—your *Paterfamilias*,—proud name!—who with finger uplifted and gait tottering and anguished, has broken the chains, has freed his offspring, tender, smiling, from the effort, the death-stroke, the *four-milecourse!*

Yes! *Putneyreach* is gone! The *train* is gone! The howl of your savage mobsmen,—the fierce amazons in blue—of the sky, of the deep,—all are gone! No more is it the death struggle of the giants, strained, exhausted, paralytic! No, it is the contest of joyous youth. There is no more the screech, the faint, and—Oh! terrible! the cripples! It is now the *dan*, the spring, the piping notes of young eagles!

But to resume. It will now be the race international. Englishmen have left their bifeek—raw, unsympathetic, their *portarre biere*, and will follow *les braves* of the *Seine*. The *train* of France, shall it not be the *train* of the Englishmen? *Homard à la Duchesse*, *Dende truffé*, *Méringues à la vanille*, *Beignets de pommes*, *Gouffres*; this is the train Gallic, intelligent, and satisfying. It is the *train* of the *shortcourse*. But, *voyons*, to our muttons. Our Clubsmen have assembled and have made the rule. It is wise, it is cautious. One of your *Belslife* is here, and he has given it for me the language of your Sport. Beautiful language, with its *outrigge*, its *colebarge*, its *ropersend*, its *steward!* Language of heroes! But no more. Read!

- (1.) All races to be rowed in boats so constructed as to carry a Sanatorium, resident surgeon, his assistant, and three or more hot baths.
- (2.) The length of the course to be determined by the resident surgeon, whose duty it will be to walk up and down the boat, as well as he can, during the race, for the purpose of examining the crew and prescribing accordingly.
- (3.) Uniforms may be varied ; but it will be incumbent on every member of the crew to provide himself with and wear—
 - (a) A double self-adjusting respirator.
 - (b) A complete set of Baker's nervo-galvanic bandages.
 - (c) Cork soles.
 - (d) Two flannel dressing-gowns, and
 - (e) An invalid's arm-chair.
- (4.) In the event of one of the crew showing symptoms of perspiration, he will immediately be removed to a warm bath, and subsequently transferred to the Sanatorium.
- (5.) While here he will be expected to devote his leisure hours to writing detailed letters as to his condition to the *Times*.
- (6.) The race will of course be suspended during a *contretemps* such as described in paragraph (4), and resumed on a certificate being duly obtained from the resident surgeon.
- (7.) And, lastly, it is earnestly impressed upon all young beginners under the new *regime* to
 - (a) Ask mamma.
 - (b) Ask papa.
 - (c) Call on Mr. Skey.
 - (d) Try it on the *Serpentine*.
 - (e) Take cod-liver oil.
 - (f) Give it up altogether.

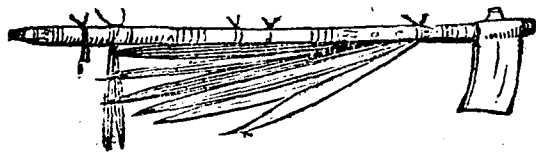
A WORD WITH GARIBALDI.

IT is rather a hopeless venture to try and talk sense to Garibaldi and his admirers. But if they really love their country, they might do well to reflect, that by doing all they can to compel Italy to break its solemn engagements entered into with France and the Papal Government, they are only helping to destroy all confidence in her honour. Who will be so foolish as to believe in the promises of a nation which has, by the means of unscrupulous revolutionists, to overthrow the Government of a State which she has solemnly promised not to attack, or in any way molest? When Italy needs money—and without that she never will be able to consolidate her power, or to place her Government on any firm foundation—will it improve her credit that she should have shown her gratitude for all France has done for her, by breaking a convention entered into with that Government, at the bidding of a few turbulent republicans? Truth and honour are generally held cheap enough by democrats ; but, surely self-interest might check these reckless guerillas in their disgraceful career. If the Papal Government is so bad as its enemies affirm, at least let the resolution come from within, and not be fomented from without by a band of idle and mischievous rascals, to whose natures true patriotism is as great a stranger as self-restraint.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

In consequence of the Immense Success achieved by the TOMAHAWK, and its rapidly increasing Circulation (already reaching 50,000 copies weekly), it has been resolved to ENLARGE it from Twelve Pages (its present size) to SIXTEEN Pages. It will thus be possible to secure advertisers from those disappointments which a very limited space has hitherto sometimes unavoidably occasioned. So soon therefore as the Machinery necessary for Printing this Journal sufficiently rapidly, to meet the enormous demand, shall be fixed and in operation, the Enlargement will be made.

With the still Larger Circulation anticipated from this important alteration in size, the Scale of Charges for Advertisements will be increased to £25 per Page, and 1s. 6d. per Line.



LONDON, OCTOBER 26, 1867.

THE Secretary of State for War has asked the assistance of Sir Henry Storks in the organization of the Abyssinian Expedition. This is a shameless admission of the incapacity of the wooden-headed authorities in Pall Mall. Let us hope that the administration of King Stork may prove more successful than that of King Log.

THAT "vulgar and silly nobody, who wishes to be considered a somebody, who gives us dirt-pies for the *Flaneur's* trifle, the 'Censor' of the *Morning Star*" (*vide Punch*), has indulged in another coarse attack upon us this week, which includes, among other matters, a misquotation, and half-a-dozen base and cowardly imputations. However, to quote the "Censor" for the second time:—"Satire is one thing, untruth and blackguardism another. If a costermonger did not swear, he might be chaffed out of countenance by a school-boy; but his power lies in his oaths. When he opens his mouth, a gentleman shuts his." Exactly; so we shut ours, and shan't answer the "Censor."

MR. DISRAELI has been undergoing a severe course of training for his approaching visit to Edinburgh. Oatcake, haggis, and porridge have formed his chief diet, and with the aid of whisky have securely repaired the ravages which constant practice of the Highland Fling has inflicted on his constitution. He will, of course, appear in a kilt at the great banquet, and will recite passages from Burns and sing a Gaelic song (accompanying himself on the bagpipes) in the course of the evening. The only Scotch accomplishment which he has as yet failed to conquer is the square reel; but the wild impetuosity of his jig will amply compensate for any deficiency on this point. His double shuffle is expected to bring down the Mayor and corporation, we beg pardon, Baillie and provosts, to say nothing of the castle. In fact, the Athens of the North will own that they never saw a real Scotchman before Mr. D'Israeli.

UNDER THE SCAFFOLD:

OR,

THE HANGMAN'S PUPILS!

THE LAST THOUGHTS OF AN INNOCENT MAN.

(See CARTOON.)

AT peace! Hard to die thus a shameful, unmourned-for, death, in the face of a yelling mob—but at peace. At peace, innocent of the crime of which I'm accused, and for which I'm about to suffer; guiltless of the blood laid to my door; a martyr, a Christian full of hope, and yet dreading with an awful loathing the time about to come, the moments on the scaffold, the jeering and the laughter of the cruel crowd. The chaplain stands beside me full of piety and charity, telling me of salvation,—but I can scarcely listen to his words. Oaths and curses seem to dash around me—not heard yet—but without the prison walls, swelling and falling like the mountains of a stormy sea!—not heard yet, but waiting noisily and angrily! Ready! oh so ready to break upon my ears! The Bible is held before me, but I cannot read it. A thousand hideous faces—phantoms here, but real and living a dozen yards from hence, float before my eyes, and hide the holy pages I so willingly would read! I could die the shameful death—in-

nocent as I am, it has lost its terrors—but oh! its hard to meet the mob. These are not thoughts for a dying man; and yet, do what I will, these reflections force themselves upon me. I cannot pray while those demons are so near me!—Indeed I cannot pray, I can only think, think, think of their howls, their imprecations, and their blasphemy! Why are they allowed to torture me in my death scene—to show me Hell when my thoughts should be of Heaven? Surely it is cruel, it is barbarous, to disturb the last minutes of a poor sinner with the hoarse oaths of drunken ruffians—with the faint screams of white-faced women! Say that I were the murderer I'm said to be, and still, should I not need peace for repentance? Innocent or guilty, the cruelty is the same.

But the hangman must teach his lesson, and his pupils must be taught: the crowd must learn that the assassin's crime is only to be expiated on the scaffold. Will the crowd profit by the lesson? Perhaps not. The murderer's knife is not easily guided from the heart of its victim, when once that victim has been singled out for bloodshed—when once the murderer has become blind with rage and mad for carnage. Surely, Death is sufficient punishment for any crime—death of the body, not death of the soul. But what is this? Both? I think so. Oh! yes; as I stand here, I can picture the dreadful sight so soon to meet my gaze. The sea of upturned faces, the roar of oaths, the cries, the shouts, and the whistling. Yes, there is the beetle-browed bully, the bull-necked rough, who has come to laugh and scoff at my last agony; to deride me as I stand trembling beneath the rope; to hoot at me as I fall dangling under the beam! There, again, is the drunken woman, who will laugh at me when I'm seized by the hangman, who will cry out to me in hideous merriment as the white cap is pressed over my forehead, down my cheeks, close to my throat. And there too are the faces of men that have never been children, of children that have always been men. Faces daubed with paint, faces pinched by hunger, faces sharpened by crime! And as I see them I hear a hoarse roar of laughter! No wailing, no horror, no disgust, but a shout of cruel brutal merriment! And these are the hangman's pupils! This is the great moral teaching of the law. Still I hear the voices of the mob mingling with the prayers of the priest, still I see the white and bloated faces waiting for me beyond the prison walls, still I hear the laughter that is mirthless, and the singing that has no song! Still I hear all this, and have shaken hands with the governor; and am ready. The procession is formed, and the sounds become louder and louder. I am on the scaffold, the crowd is before me! Great Heaven! What a hideous, awful, loathsome sight! * * * *

THE FABLE OF THE WISE MEN OF SHAMMIM.

(DEDICATED WITH ALL RESPECT TO THE PAN-ANGLICAN SYNOD.)

THE Land of Shammim was a very rich and a very happy land, and the people were free and prospered; for they did that which was right. Now, they had received from their ancestors a very holy Image, and this Image was kept in a large Temple, with much care, for on the safe keeping thereof depended the happiness of the Land of Shammim.

And the people of The Land worshipped this Image, and revered it very much; and the Temple was a very noble temple, and beautiful to see, and with much labour, and with much sorrow had it been built; and the blood of some of the noblest men of many lands had cemented the foundations thereof. And the keeping of this Temple, and of the holy Image therein, was committed to divers wise men, who received riches and honour for so doing.

And it was now some three hundred years after the building of the Temple; and behold, some came to the wise men who had charge thereof, and said unto them, "See to this Temple, for we fear that there are large cracks in the walls thereof, and the rats are eating away the foundations thereof; and the Image, behold it is much soiled and defaced so that the old features thereof can scarce be seen, and its face is not the face that it had of old. Therefore now, O wise men, take ye instant care lest our Temple fall into ruins, and our holy Image be destroyed."

Now, some of the wise men laughed when they heard these men's fears, but at length, since many of them saw that what they said was true, the wise men of Shammim met together in solemn assembly to see what should be done to save the Temple and the Image therein. And they came from far and near, and when they came to the Temple and began to examine it, behold they found that the carpets and curtains therein were torn and dirty, and patched with various colours. And so they set to work, and talked for many days, and took counsel together what should be done to repair the curtains and the carpets, or if there should be new ones made, and if so of what colour.

And behold, while they were yet disputing with one another, the walls of the Temple began to shake, and the roof thereof fell in with a mighty noise, and buried the wise men under the ruins thereof. But the Image alone remained standing, and behold, the soils and the defacements thereon had gone away, and the face of the Image was the face of old, pure and bright as when first it was given unto the land of Shammim.

UNDER THE SCAFFOLD.





TORY WHIGS OR RADICAL TORIES?

Fas est et ab hoste doceri. The success of the Banquet which was given to the leaders of the Tory party, at once set the Liberals thinking whether they also could pick up some of the crumbs of praise and congratulation which are flying about. A careful examination of the means by which the Derby-Dizzy cabinet has merited and obtained the gratitude of the people, resulted in a determination to organise, without delay, a gathering on similar principles, and accordingly, a few days since, was held a "Meeting of the Essex Farmers' and Landholders' Liberal Association," to whom the following speakers appeared:—

Lord Russell said that although, by an accident, his name had been mixed up with the Bill of 1832, he had always been against Extension of the Suffrage. Had he not taken for his device "Rest and be Thankful?" Had he not been called "Finality John?" Where, then, was the pretence for saying that he had encouraged the movement for Reform? The Liberal party had not changed its principles. It had ever been the bulwark of the country, and it had done its work nobly, by opposing Lord Derby's Bill with all its power. That Bill had passed, and he should despair of his country, were it not for the remnant of the Whigs and Lord Amberley.

Mr. Bright repelled the idea of being a Freetrader, and declared that for the last twenty years he and his party had consistently advocated Protection to Corn, the Repeal of the Land Tax, and the Abolition of the Excise Duty on Malt. He could tell the yeomen of England that he had a private garden of his own. He was, therefore, naturally connected with the landed interest, and would defend it to the last drop of his abuse, but he would warn them against being led away by designing Tory agitators pretending friendship for them. He scouted with scorn the imputation of having ever favoured the extension of the suffrage, and called upon the gentry and landholders of England to rally round the Radicals for the defence of the Constitution.

Mr. Gladstone reminded the meeting that he and his colleagues left office last year rather than pass a Reform Bill, and protested in the strongest terms against the admission to the Franchise of working men on the ground that they are of the same flesh and blood as ourselves, when we know very well that they don't pay as much rent. The party with which he was connected had a perfect right to deal with Reform so as to prevent its success, for it had consistently opposed Reform ever since 1832, and while the Tories had been merely talking, the Liberals had been acting against it.

The Duke of Argyll said that he wished to return thanks for the Church. He had ever given his support to the great cause of religious intolerance, and considered that if men were to form their own opinions on sacred matters it would be better that the Reformation had never occurred. It was said that Liberalism favoured free thinking, but when had the Liberal party given cause for such a reproach? Had not the Bench of Bishops been appointed to a man by that party, and weren't they a pretty lot? Had the Liberals ever touched the Irish Church? Had they ever really meant to carry the Abolition of Church-rates? Then such accusations were untenable, and he trusted the Church would recognize the fact, that the Liberals are its best friends.

Mr. Milner Gibson said that he had been accused of a wish to improve the lower classes by getting the Paper Duty repealed; but he defied anybody to show that any improvement had yet resulted, or was ever to be hoped from the Penny Press. As for electoral reform, he had always, like his party, been opposed to it, and now that the revolutionary Tories had got their will, and had passed a bill which appalled the boldest even of themselves, it behoved all the Liberals to unite their forces, and to get it repealed as soon as possible.

Mr. C. P. Villiers said, if there was one thing he hated more than another, it was the working man, who was always being crammed down our throats—even as long as he was only a rhetorical phrase, it was scarcely endurable; but when it came to his actually voting, and perhaps even sitting in Parliament, the Constitution, and old families of the country, were as good as gone.

Several other speakers appeared, and resolutions having been passed, repelling the imputations of Liberalism cast upon the Liberal Party, the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

TILTING AT THE RING.

SIR THOMAS HENRY has not been knighted for nothing. He has had a noble opportunity, and has used it well, of striking, what we trust will prove, a final blow at that "Corinthian" sport, which has long been a disgrace to England—prize-fighting. We suppose more cant has been talked in defence of this precious relic of barbarism, than one might hear in a chapel of ease during a month of Sundays. There may be many curious ways of infusing pluck, and a sense of fair play into the national character; but certainly, looking on at two ruffians pummelling one another into a jelly, or trying to fall upon one another so as to break some bones, in the presence of a collection of the very worst characters that can be gleaned from the lowest public-houses in and about London, is not one of them. By all means let boxing be

maintained as a national sport. It is her sports (in the true sense of the word), her manly games, that have made the English one of the bravest nations that the world ever applauded in a fair fight. But prize-fighting, even in its palmiest days, was a mere pandering to the inherent brutality of human nature—it was a nucleus for every species of blackguardism, and it had no more to do with maintaining the courage of our countrymen—it taught no more manliness, than looking on at a hungry terrier killing so many drugged rats in ten minutes, which is another of those precious "Corinthian" sports, in which some degraded natures yet delight.

With all our prize-fighting, what people are really so brutal as the English? For in what other country can a man kick his wretched wife to death, and not a single arm or voice be raised in her defence? In what other country is organised assassination of the most cruel and cowardly kind considered a fair weapon of social warfare? Without the excuse of those nations, whose violent passions are fostered by the intemperance of their climate, we have succeeded in reaching a degree of callous brutality, which in any foreign country would have excited our most vigorous indignation. We cannot pretend to share the regret of those patrons of the manly art of self-defence who deplore the decay of pugilism.

A good game of football or hockey, gives more opportunity for the display of true pluck, than all the prize-fights that ever took place. There is no cant so disgusting as that which dignifies brutality by the name of manliness, and seeks to palliate the indulgence of our ferocious passions by pretending that they are the evidences of courage.

MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

It is somewhat hard to define the amount, or indeed the exact nature of the taste for music which is possessed by the English people; we are met by facts—stubborn and inexorable facts—which leave us in doubt as to whether England is, or is not a musical nation. But these facts will oftentimes contradict one another, and then we become happy in the conviction that English people love music, and good music too, when they can get it. Let us look at both sides of the medal, and we shall find that, in some respects, there is no music to be heard in any portion of the civilized globe more execrable than a certain class of (must we say?) music which lives and flourishes in our country. We do not allude to the so-called "Music" halls, for our opinion as to their evil influence has been expressed before now, in these columns; moreover, it can scarcely be denied that music is about the last thing thought of, or cared for, at those institutions.

No, we will go a little higher (for truly, we could not go any lower!) and we shall find concerts given in St. James's Hall, or in Hanover-square, or elsewhere, to which the public is attracted by the promise of good singers, and we will then look at the musical programme which has been prepared. We shall not, however, be repaid for our trouble, because the programme of the general run of miscellaneous concerts is as stale and profitless as can well be conceived. Granted the glittering bait of two or three good singers, and it does not appear to signify much what they are set down to sing. It may be urged that the fault lies with the singers on account of their abnegation of self-respect in consenting to sing music, the worthlessness of which they know themselves as well as anybody else; in this case, however, other influence is at work, the disastrous characters of which we can only deplore, without the ability to remedy. We sincerely hope that the day may not be far distant when singers will have the moral courage to free themselves from the alliance which too frequently exists between publishers and themselves; from that day forth a sensible benefit to music in our country may be hoped for.

But, if we find that the seeds of much that is bad in musical art, have been sown, and are already sending forth their pernicious fruit, it is gratifying to turn to institutions like the Monday Popular Concerts, the Crystal Palace Concerts, Mr. Halle's Concerts at Manchester, and some few others. At these entertainments nothing but fine music finely executed is to be heard; and it is pleasant to know that the people go in throngs to hear what has been prepared for them. Take these Concerts which we have mentioned, and the Musical Union, and the Exeter Hall Oratorios, to say nothing of the monster Handel meetings at the Crystal Palace; and it will be owned that in no part of the world is good music more liberally patronized than in England.

It seems, then that there is plenty of love for music in our country, and if the people cannot have good music they will take what they can get; it would appear, therefore, that there is not much real appreciation for the art in England, and we much fear that this is the case. The demand for quantity is much in excess of the desire evinced for quality, and this, we consider, is traceable to the fact that there have been so few English composers. The truth is, that there is no such thing as a *school* of music in this country; with the exception of ballads (but not modern ones!) and glees, and some square-cut but very fine old church music, it is hard to name any of our music as possessing a national character. The fault does not lie so much with English writers themselves as with the manner in which they are trained to their art. Their opportunities are few and far between, especially as far as regards experience in orches-

tral music, and, until the time comes when young English writers will have more chances of hearing their own works before they send them out to the world, we fear that no great improvement will be made.

What is really wanted in this country is a good *Conservatorium*, on the model of those at Leipzig, Brussels, and elsewhere. The present Royal Academy is by no means adequate to supply the want: it was never a very vigorous tree, but now its leaves appear to be falling so rapidly that we cannot anticipate for it a much further-prolonged existence. If, however, a well-organised institution could be founded in its place, liberally endowed with funds, the administration whereof should be entrusted to men of experience and sagacity, it would shortly be found that there is plenty of good musical stuff in England.

It is clear that a *Conservatorium*, such as we mean, could not be established without assistance from public funds; it is doubtful whether a government would feel disposed to submit a vote to Parliament, or whether Parliament would be prepared to sanction it, but to both questions we are inclined to return answers in the affirmative.

INJURED INNOCENCE.

AMONG the police reports in the papers of Friday last, appears another of those cases which have been far too frequent lately, in which a man of acknowledged respectability, of education and position, is accused of a ridiculous assault by some paragon of female chastity. The time has come when something really must be done to protect frail and defenceless men from these dragons of virtue. A Society for the Protection of Women and Children has long existed, and has done a great deal of good; let a Society for the Protection of Men and Boys be formed at once, which shall undertake the defence of members of the male sex who suddenly find their whole prospects in life ruined, and their characters blasted by an accusation, the very vagueness of which, and its incapability of absolute proof or refutation, constitute its terrible power. Supposing that the accused succeeds in making the magistrate or jury believe in his innocence, which is a very bold supposition, nine people out of ten still can't help thinking, with an ominous shake of the head or a shrug of the shoulders, "that there was something in it." And so there rests on the life of this wretched man a shadow which never can be removed, a dreadful insinuation of guilt which is sure to be brought forward at the very first slip he makes, or at the very first offence which he may give to any of his neighbours.

The case which has given immediate occasion for these remarks is a somewhat peculiar one. The defendant, a gentleman, and Professor of Oriental Languages, who had received the highest testimonials from many celebrated men, was accused of indecently assaulting a certain married woman, travelling in the same omnibus (which was full at the time) by putting his hand on her knee. Now what is so absurd about these accusations is the improbability of them. Allowing that the character of the Rev. Mr. Small was of the most profligate description, is it likely that any sane man would risk his professional prospects, and his position in life for the sake of pinching a woman's knee in an omnibus? The most irreclaimable satyr that ever lived, would hardly think the enjoyment worth the risk in this case. And this is another reason why magistrates should hesitate before they commit, and juries before they convict, persons in such cases. By her own showing, the woman has received very little, if any moral or physical injury; while you cannot even commit the man for trial without entailing upon him an amount of anguish and cruel torture, that is greater in proportion to his innocence. Would such evidence, as is generally held in these cases to suffice for a committal, be entertained with any serious attention for one moment in a case of felony? Certainly not; but the fact is, that it is one of the proud boasts of this country, that lovely woman, immediately she enters a law-court, puts on her angel's wings, and becomes a miracle of truth and purity. The matter is really too ridiculous. We suppose that men imagine that by this absurd display of partiality towards the weaker (?) sex, they compensate for the great social injustice with which women are treated in this country. If so, they are very much mistaken.

The way in which these accusations arise is very simple. A woman, who has, of course, read of these monsters of vice, who are always prowling about like ravening lions, ready to spring upon the first poor defenceless woman they can find, gets into a railway carriage or omnibus, if she is alone with a man, her fancy stops little short of murder. She watches the movements of the wretch with a fearful mental tension (all the more fearful, because the female mind is not capable of much tension without giving way). He cannot move his leg but he is of course, going to tread on her toes; he cannot yawn, but he is gloating over the kisses he is about to snatch from her virtuous lips; if the wretch enters into conversation, every word is fraught with some nefarious design, and she runs over all the names and addresses she has read in the last fashionable novel in order to put the serpent off the track if he should seek to pursue her to her guileless home; and so her imagination becomes so diseased, that on the wretch moving to go to the door, or to change his seat, she instantly feels a hand on her knee, or some such terrible symptom, and in a flutter of hysterical excitement and in-

dignant virtue, she allays the suspicions of the wretch by a sickly affectation of gaiety till she can give him into charge at the next police-station or stoppage, for an indecent assault. Where the carriage or omnibus is full it requires a more delicately sensitive and more Argus eyed virtue to obtain the same result, but when chastity is on the *qui vive*, and to her watchful terror every male seems to have only one object in life—viz., to touch her feet or press her knees, a nervous old gentleman, fidgetting with his umbrella, may take his Don Juan degree in profligacy before he knows where he is.

We wonder how if when some woman who, while getting out of an omnibus, inadvertently caught hold of some male arm were accused of an indecent assault, whether it would open the minds of the female sex to the iniquity of these reckless accusations? Let no one think that because we have treated this subject in somewhat a freer-spoken tone than is customary in this euphuistic age, that we think lightly of offences against women. We would visit seduction, and desertion of women, and all crimes which brutality or profligacy perpetrates against them, with the severest and most unrelenting punishment. But we would earnestly plead that in cases such as we have referred to, probability should be consulted before sentiment, and that the whole lives of men should not be lightly ruined by the thoughtless accusations of silly nervous women.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Something more dear to noble souls
Than life itself, their loves, their homes:
Keep thou but this, fair Southern Land!
And gladly lose a thousand Rômes.

(1.)

A man so polyglot, by every race,
In Europe ought his praises to be sung;
Free was his pencil, freer was his pen,
But freest far, and sharpest too, his tongue.

(2.)

The cradle of the Human Race
Tossed on the lonely billows crest,
Upon thy stormy bosom found
The long desired, and prayed for rest.

(3.)

Nor form, nor shape, nor features here,—
Yet Beauty's soul delights to dwell
Within this shadowy temple hid,
Till Poets where she's hiding tell.

(4.)

What great men are compelled to wear,
Long, dirty, thick, and hollow,—
When fickle Fortune quits their side,
This burden quick will follow.

(5.)

The curse of this unquiet age,
For everyone one meets is in it;
In this they live, eat, drink, sleep, die,
And grudge poor Peace a single minute.

ANSWER TO THE LAST CHARADE.—Ire-land.

CORRECT answers received from A. T., Mohawk, Samuel Edward Thomas, Ernesta D., Fire Plug, R. C., Vampyres, Flycatcher, Curfew, Dog of a Jew, B. M. M., Trissie, J. H. B., Cinderella, Paul, Aûle de Glie, A Sanguinary Chief, Kincardine, J. Frampton O'Seek, Henri Charbon-de-terre, Piggerian, F. Howard, Erin-go-Bragh, L. C. R., Chas. Jno. Maybury, Engineers out of Work, Sim, A. E. S. (Glasgow), T. H. B., A. J. R., Friponnier, Printer's Devil, Sancho and Gyp, Joseph Roberts, The Old Hoss, T. W. C. Leuty, Hid, E. L. Orton, One of the Seven, W. H. S., A Snawdy Goster, H. Thackwray, J. F., B. M. (Brompton), Him, Dog Tray, Gus S., *νικη ἀπτερος*, Q. D. D., Ensign Grove, W. T. R., Rustic, Calumet, Ruby, Jebus "The Cave," Glasgow, Little Well, Modern Mohock Redivious, Sid, H. H., G. L., Armtalf, Anti-Fenian, Locius, Zollikon, Fenian, Milo H., and Hang the Fenians.

A FEW WORDS TO OUR READERS.

The Editor cannot possibly return any MS. entrusted to his care. Voluntary Contributors must retain copies of their communications.

Answers to the Acrostic cannot be received after Friday.

For the two hundredth and first time the Editor begs to inform would-be contributors that he cannot be held responsible, by law, for the safe keeping of rejected articles.