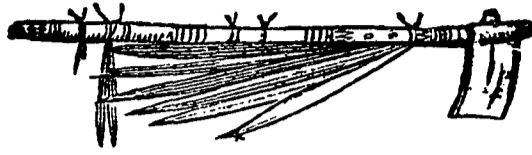


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



“INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT.”

NO. 51.]

LONDON, APRIL 25, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

CONTRABAND MORALS.

THERE are many things which we may copy with advantage from the other side of the Channel. In their municipal and poor law administration, and generally in their carrying out of works for the popular benefit, they set us a very good example, which we are content, for the most part, to admire without imitating. But there are several things which we import from France besides wine, and which, like the wine, we often think it necessary to spoil before adopting as our own. We load French claret with Hermitage, just as we load French comedies with morality, and expect both to preserve that lightness and flavour which charm us so much in their own country.

But, while we adulterate the good things which we procure from our neighbours, we seem likely to improve upon their vices by adding a coarseness which is peculiarly our own. Without the high-bred courtesy, and attention to petty elegancies which distinguished the manners of the old comedies, the libertinism, which is their very life and spirit, would be simply repulsive; and that is pretty much the case with English imitations of French vices; you then have the morals of a Rochester, with the manners of a Sir John Brute.

We must claim to be acquitted from any unreasoning hatred of things French simply because they are French. Vice is the native of no country: it is engrained in human nature, and is only modified in different countries, either by the temporary condition of society, or by the national temperament. But it is certainly the fact that France has always been pre-eminent for the elegance of the tinselled robe in which vice is decked; in fact, the French always have been, as a nation, the greatest comedians in the world. They alone can act, and act naturally, those pretty graces, and minute courtesies which rob selfishness of its grossness, and conceal the utter want of heart by the perfection of manner. We certainly are not prone to exaggerate the virtues of the British character, but we will not deny that it has, or had, certain virtues which it seems to us we are in great danger of losing altogether, if indeed they have not already ceased to be general enough to be called national.

No one can deny that, during the last few years, a tone of morality has become prevalent amongst young men which is decidedly French in its origin. It is the reduction to a system of those detestable theories and sickly sentiments which find their exposition in modern French novels. Infinitely more vicious than the ceremonious intrigue of the days of chivalry, when a knight had to go through a tedious course of affected mystery, and laborious etiquette, before he could hope even to touch the tip of his mistress's finger; more revolting even than the brazen libertinism of the seventeenth century, when vice was at least frank and open, and dared its punishment, instead of sneaking about in gauzy petticoats of sentiment which only make its foulness more conspicuous to those who have the courage to see, and petulantly crying out “there is no hell,” because its mean and dastard nature trembles at the very thought of punishment.

Of all deformities of human nature which man has created, none is more odious than the Lothario of the nineteenth century. A creature without mind, without heart, whose very passions are emasculated; who meets the solemn truth of religion with a snarl of impotent malice or a sneer of feeble incredulity; incredulity born not of honest doubt following on anxious thought

and earnest enquiry, but the refuge of a mind that can comprehend nothing deep or grand, a heart that can feel nothing noble, a soul whose highest aspiration is to be mean without being thought so. For the mind that *cannot* believe, we feel sympathy, sometimes even respect; for the soul which is the plaything of tempestuous passion we must have pity, we may have love; but for the animal who, born a man, defiles his nature with the discarded vices of the lowest beasts, who is vicious upon principle, who laboriously simulates the passions which would be his only excuse, but which he cannot feel; who cons his impulses till he has got them by heart, whose love is grimacing self-conceit studied before the looking-glass; whose friendship is a lucrative profession, whose fidelity is timid treachery, whose courage is palsied fear, what can we feel but immeasurable contempt and loathing? And though to this standard of perfection few ever attain, yet it is a picture of that to which many are approaching nearer and nearer every day. With the reign of Victoria there certainly commenced a reign of manly morality which is fast disappearing. Society might have been vain and selfish, but it held up before itself a noble, pure ideal of character, of which it saw at its head the living illustration. Would men then have openly proclaimed their infidelity to the marriage vow, as they do too often now? Would women then have listened for one moment to the compound of mincing blasphemy, and mean libertinism, which constitutes the love-making of your modern gallant? Were young men then ashamed of shame as they are now? Did they then think that the real vice was to blush for their own viciousness? Was home, with all its sweet and solemn duties of respectful love, ever treated as a childish fiction, as it is often now? Was that most beautiful of all human mysteries—the love of husband and wife—ever derided as a tiresome and obsolete fashion, as it is now? If we have not degenerated—if our standard of virtue is not lower—our aspirations less noble than they were twenty years ago—if our manliness is not becoming enervated—our heartiness languishing into apathy—if the word Friendship has not lost its strength, if it is no longer a bulwark against misery—if the relations of father and son, brother and sister, husband and wife, have not lost much of their sacredness,—then the insidious advance of that corruption, which we have attempted to pourtray, is but the fiction of our own imagination. Before answering this question, let all who love their country and their species look around, and if we all really, in our inmost nature, love what is brave and noble and pure, let us all not be ashamed to declare our love by our words and by our actions. The contempt for ties that restrain, and for duties that demand respect, for love that not only gives happiness, but demands sacrifices, is but too apt, under the specious guise of liberalism and freedom of thought, to involve us in the whirlpool of licence, and enchain us in the worst of all slaveries—the slavery of Vice.

THE QUESTION OF THE WEEK.

WHY is the Irish Church Establishment like a gridiron?—
[£200 annuity for the first prize; 2nd prize, 3d. in postage stamps; 3rd prize, a beautifully bound volume of “The Poems of Martin Farquhar Tupper.”]

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

- Habit (riding).*—The most fitting dress for a good figure on horseback.
- Hack.*—A horse lowered in the animal world by hiring.
- Hair.*—Foreign locks to which the key is vanity.
- Hand.*—The index to a woman's station.
- Harem.*—A complication of evils in a box of Rahat-la-koum.
- Head.*—The seat of the brain—a seat graciously given by Nature to woman to be concealed with cushions and antimacassars, &c., &c.
- Heart.*—A useful article. A kind of blood-pump in which there is always a vacuum.
- Heaven.*—"In her eyes," says the poet. "Where he is," replies the charmer. They will both have to endure purgatory before they find it.
- Heir.*—The target for female volunteers.
- Heiress.*—A jewel increasing in beauty according to the value of the mounting.
- Heraldry.*—The blossoms on the family tree.
- History.*—A science treating of the changes of fashion. Indispensable to ladies unwilling to fall into old habits.
- Home.*—Heaven or hell, according to her will.
- Husband.*—The transformation of the domestic hero at the end of every romance. Pythagoras was right.
- Hymen.*—Love's broker.
- Hysterics.*—Whine and water after the fireworks.

THE FRENCH AND FLEMISH EXHIBITION.

AGREEABLE indeed was the change in my dream from the Suffolk-street gallery to the exhibition of French and Belgian pictures in Pall Mall. Apollo and Minerva had faded into thin air, and I was alone—yet not alone, for all was life around me, with but few exceptions, and those were hung high enough not to prove offensive. There was some noise going on as I entered, occasioned by some brawlers from a tavern, who were struggling to attack each other, kept back, with difficulty, by their pot companions; but order was soon restored by a cavalier in white, who descended from the balcony of a chateau, where he had been basking in the sun-light. His dignified presence soon put a stop to the disturbance, and the roystering band fell back into their places. The cavalier addressed me in the most courteous old French, and I could not but compliment him on the perfect fit of his costume, which was so remarkable in the intense light of mid-day. He informed me that he owed everything he possessed to Monsieur Meissonier. The brawlers he had just silenced were indeed his brothers, and when quiet were quite as much to be admired as himself. He then introduced me to an elderly cavalier on his first visit, who had been treated with a large dose of body-colours, and consequently did not appear so attractive as he might have done in oils. Much as I enjoyed my conversation with these cavaliers I was obliged to leave them with a brother on a grey horse, who had just ordered a stirrup cup of a tavern waitress of no very prepossessing qualities, but, as my friend the cavalier informed me, their common parent, M. Meissonier, had never brought any pretty girls into the world.

But there were plenty of pretty girls, in charming dresses, hanging about the room. Such a pretty little woman in mourning, answering to the name of De Jonghe. I fear me she is not thinking much about her prayers where she is kneeling on that *prie-dieu*, but she is no doubt listening to that supernaturally tall beauty of Mr. Tissot, who is singing in the organ loft with the sister of charity. You can hear them both accompanied by another on the organ behind.

I don't much care for furniture however well painted in pictures; but one can forgive Mr. A. Toulmouche his upholstery, when he introduces us to that loveable brunette in the velvet, who, however, pays little attention to me, as her thoughts are wandering after the gentleman who is late for the cry late as it appears by the disappointed way in which regards the clock on the chimney-piece. If some of the men in Suffolk street who persist in bringing in badly-

dressed guys, and calling them by female names, would only study a few of the young ladies here, we should have fewer atrocities if we didn't arrive at more imaginative subjects on our walls.

How warm it is all of a sudden! No wonder: Mr. A. Stevens brings us into Midsummer in company with a very graceful if not a lovely companion. She may not be very pretty, but she lives, and breathes, and has her being; the sun comes through her hair and her Chinese parasol, and throws up that thick Indian muslin over its yellow skirt in a way which brings back hosts of garden reminiscences. How she gazes at the two yellow butterflies fluttering round each other over the parterres! Your servant, Mr. Stevens, thank you very much for the kind introduction. Let us look out of these windows. Through one rather low down, Mr. Roelofs, a Brussels artist, is kind enough to draw our attention to a river, at which cattle are watering. The weather is showery, but you can almost hear the cows drinking as the stream glides past. The trees in the distance are marvellous. Through this other window, a little high up, we are attracted, by the amiability of M. Lambinet, to a view of a Road by the Sea. This is interesting from its reality and truth. One feels the salt air coming through the window as one watches the fisherwomen trudging to their work. The heavy clouds prophesy bad weather, and the sea is beginning to swell at the news. But we turn from the window as we hear a sigh and a prayer breathed at our side. A mother is pouring out her vows to some little wooden saint for the safety of her sick child, who is seated beside her. Poor woman! she has been weeping sadly, and her child looks really ill, in spite of a little consciousness of being only a model. But I am glad Monsieur Bouguereau gave me an opportunity of seeing them; it does one good. "Bravo Toro!" is shouted close by, naturally enough, by a party of three Toreadors, who are enjoying the life Mr. J. G. Vibert has endowed them with; we could sit and listen to them with pleasure, had we the time. What's that piping? The old double pipes of ancient Rome, by Bacchus! Why, Mr. Alma Tadema, you seem to have the power of transporting us to any age you please, and we have scarcely thanks enough to compliment you on your skill in getting up this Roman Dance for our benefit. Please don't let your pipe-player make too much noise, or he might annoy that dear old invalid of Herr Bakker-Korf, who is sitting over her tea, alone with her memories of youthful days;—very small, no doubt, but all the more precious for that.

We must go in for a moment to the Israelite School, which Madame Henriette Browne tells us is in Tangiers, but which we see here before us in 120 Pall Mall. How quiet they all are; but so truthful;—it does immense credit to Madame Browne's teaching: we shall often look in here. But Mr. Heilbuth, that persevering Hamburger, is dragging us off to the Campo Santo, to a Presentation. We like his cardinals, and their gawky domestics; but we have had a good deal of them in one form or another: but many look on this as a cardinal virtue in Mr. Heilbuth—his fidelity to the church. Mr. Stevens brought us into full summer: Mr. Brion takes us back to spring in an orchard. Nothing can be more charming than an orchard in spring, but we think it odd that there should be so little reflected light thrown on the figures in this particular one. We must go back to summer.

At this point we backed into a mounted Picador, who was solid enough to resist any attack of ours; but we cannot say we liked his appearance at all, and, though he persisted in calling himself Don Gerome, could not see anything but his horse which did credit to the artist of the Nile Boat. There was no air and very little light, and we were glad to get away out of the arena. We met outside the mules of some of the spectators, brought there by Signor Ruiperez, a pupil of Meissonier, clever indeed, but a long way still from his patron.

All of a sudden a general rush seemed to take place; the cavalier in white, who had been gazing intently on the beauty in blue, rushed back to his balcony; the beauty in blue, who had been talking to the widow in black, flew to her clock; the widow returned to the sofa by her friend, and I awoke.

I immediately applied at 120 Pall Mall for a season ticket, and have employed my time since in seeking out the members of the Suffolk street Gallery, and, when found, dragging them off to Mr. Wallis's Exhibition, where I have forced them to take notes of what they saw before them.

ON THE WINGS OF FANCY.

SINCE the ambitious Nadar furnished a complete house, provisioned it, let it out in apartments, took in veritable lodgers, and then whisked lodgers, furniture, apartments, provisions all off, attached elegantly to the tail of the *Geant*, weather *not* permitting, perhaps no sensation, of a certain kind, has arisen as that promised by the Aeronautical Society this summer at the Crystal Palace. There are to be not only essays on the theory of the proportionate ratio of motive power to bulk, which, by the way, must be something one cannot hear every day at the People's Palace, but reasonable men, who may be communicated with as plain Mr. this or Mr. that, have positively undertaken to fly. This is very nice, and ought to be highly encouraging to the management at Sydenham, noted as it is for its devotion to pure science, and its contempt for mere theatrical display. That "the thing" will draw, who can doubt? If a mere chance of seeing the professional *Blondin* break his neck sufficed to cram the transept beyond a comfortable hitch, where will room be found for the crowd that will assemble to "assist" a dozen or so spectacled scientific men in an entertainment, at which, according to the present odds, the chances are about 5 to 1 in favour of a serious catastrophe! However, our business is not with this part of the question. Science has fallen on evil days, as we all know, and even the staid Polytechnic of twenty years ago, where solemn and pale-faced lectures used to spin out thirty minutes in a lecture on oxygen, has gone with the stream. Time was when the greatest joke at a Polytechnic lecture consisted of a strained allusion to some possible explosion, taken in connection with "Our assistant," but now the point would be hissed fairly out of the place. Cherubs, skeletons, *leger de main*, veritiloquism, "decapitated" heads, represent the march of science in Langham place to-day, and we doubt very much if a lecture on electricity would go down without a little bit of character let in somewhere or other by Professor Pepper. However, perhaps the public are none the worse off, after all, for a little harmless tinsel judiciously handled, and though science, and science alone, is suggested by the forthcoming "experiments," we have little doubt but that the ability of the directors will contrive to put it in its most attractive shape. Such a programme, for instance, as the following could scarcely fail to draw. At least it might be tried, and we are happy to throw out the hint:—

CRYSTAL PALACE!

BEST MUSIC HALL OF THE DAY!!

UNRIVALLED ATTRACTION!!!

The Directors of this enterprising Company beg to inform their shareholders, friends, and patrons, that they have made arrangements with the

COMMITTEE
OF THEAERONAUTICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNITED
KINGDOM (LIMITED)

For the display of a series of flights bearing on *one of the greatest problems of the day*. The programme, which will be of a most varied character, has been specially drawn up with a view to illustrating the progress of air sailing in all its branches.

The Directors are therefore pleased to inform the public that engagements have already been concluded with the following celebrated *artistes*. They trust that the following short list may serve as a guarantee for the nature of the entertainment they respectfully hope to have the honour of affording to those interested in this highly instructive and amusing science.

11 A.M.

Professor Steinmann will start from the summit of the eastern water tower, supporting himself, as well as he can, on two paper wings. He will make the circle of the grounds, fly straight to the top of St. Paul's, cooking an omelet half way, and return in the evening, accompanied by Mr. Coward on the Great Organ, and a display of fireworks.

Should the Professor not be able, from any unforeseen con-

tingency, to get all the way to St. Paul's, he will FLUTTER DOWN, after the fashion of a *dead bird*,

A GROSS HEIGHT OF 3,000 FEET,

The fall not being broken by any artificial apparatus!!

11.30.

Mr. Coward on the Grand Organ.

12.

Poetic Flight of Mr. Swinburne on the Wings of Fancy!

He will rise to a considerable elevation, and imagine himself the first poet of the day.

12.30.

Mr. Coward on the Grand Organ.

1 P.M.

FLIGHT OF ORATORY. WONDERFUL FEAT OF
MR. DISRAELI,Who will show by a series of dexterous tricks how a
Government can be kept up without
ANY SUPPORT WHATEVER.

1.30.

Mr. Coward on the Grand Organ.

2.

Experiments with a New Machine for
RAISING THE WIND,Conducted by several members of the Stock Exchange, who will demonstrate the possibility of *floating* reports into circulation, showing how empty heads may be turned to account in a heavy and depressed state of the Funds.

2.30.

Mr. Coward on the Grand Organ.

3.

TERRIFIC FLIGHT OF
MR. FECHTER,

Who, ably supported by the Adelphi Company, will do his best to keep himself well up in public estimation for several hundred nights.

3.30.

Mr. Coward on the Grand Organ.

4.

TREMENDOUS AND NOVEL FEAT OF
MR. MILL,

Who, without any apparatus except a few feathered pens and paper, will with one effort get himself quite

UP IN THE CLOUDS,

And stay there to the intense admiration and astonishment of his constituents.

4.30.

Mr. Coward on the Grand Organ.

5.

General and Final Contest of
FLYING MACHINES OF ALL NATIONS.*Splendid Flight of French Imperial Eagle*, looking quite life-like, but worked by STEEL SPRINGS.*Experiments* by the JAMAICA COMMITTEE, conducted *in vacuo*, exemplifying the difficulties of supporting existence without *Eyre*.*Floating Capital! Buoyancy of Shareholders' Spirits! Flight of their Money*, and other interesting Financial Experiments! The whole to conclude with a grand display of *Bubble Schemes*, culminating in nothing more or less than

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.



LONDON, APRIL 25, 1868.

THE WEEK.

IT is to be hoped that when the Government takes the telegraphs under their charge, they will not favour us with performances on the *slack* wire.

CONSIDERING the "Attic salt" with which the late Lord Cranborne seasoned all his speeches, we may describe his elevation to the Upper House as a *Salis-burial*.

EASTER seems becoming a second Christmas more and more every year. Those who were fortunate enough to assist at the first night of one of Mr. Burnand's burlesques on Easter Monday must have felt that they had made acquaintance with "The Easter Waits."

WE are informed that it is incredible the exertions Mr. Guinness has put himself to in the Irish capital to ensure success in all quarters. Corresponding right and left to enforce the presence of as many notabilities as possible, we understand he will be good-naturedly known as Dublin's Tout.

WE notice in the *Court Journal* a description of some garrison theatricals in Ireland, at which Captain Thingamy and Major So-and-so *executed* the most prominent parts in a comedy and two farces. Does this mean that they murdered the characters? That is the only kind of execution we ever met with in private performances.

Go, bitter Cranborne, *allez*, go,
 'Midst ermined angels sleep!
 The Gangway shall o'erflow with tears
 Which Lowe and Horsman weep.
 Dizzy can Salisbury defy,
 Who dreaded Cecil's sneer;
 Go! thou wert peerless in this place,
 And now—thou'rt but a peer!

SOME enthusiastic natives of Abyssinia who found that the British troops paid for what they took, and paid well too (as it was with public money), exclaimed in the rapture of their souls, that these white men would turn the country into a Paradise. It appears that the authorities have done something towards such a pleasing result by stripping some Turkish and Egyptian muleteers, whom they discharged, stark naked, before dismissing them. We suppose this was an attempt to inaugurate a return to the state of primeval innocence.

THAT the appointment of Mr. Anthony Trollope, who has been entrusted by the Government with a mission to the United States for the purpose of making a new postal treaty, should have been commented upon rather roughly in some quarters is not a matter of surprise to anyone who is acquainted with the old-fashioned official jealousy that opposes all graceful

acts towards literary men. What is noteworthy, however, is that there should have been so much outcry in this particular instance. Surely, the best person to conclude a postal treaty is a man of letters.

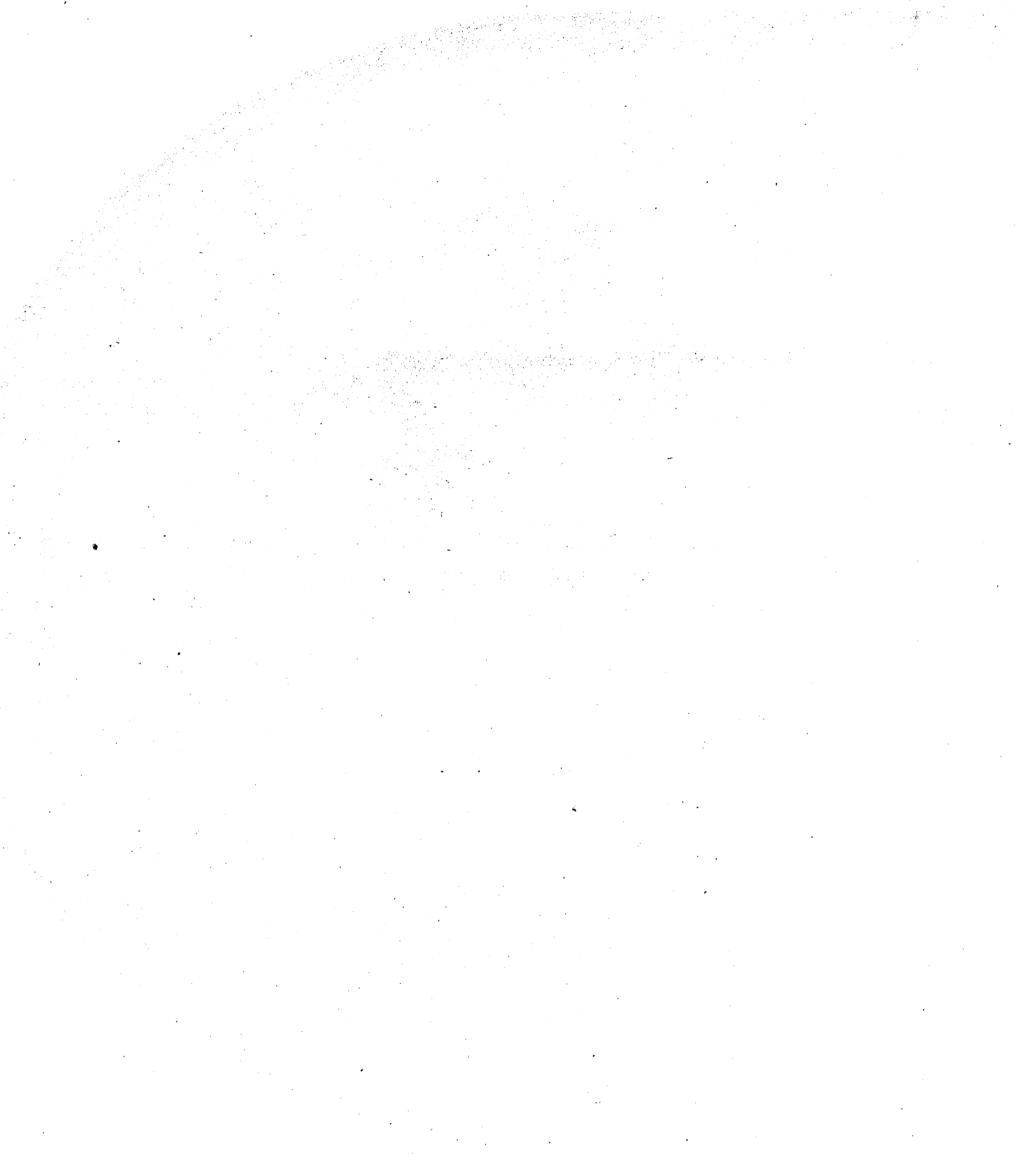
THE Guildford Guardians only relieve such vagrants as they think worthy of relief. To this the Poor Law Board feebly and ineffectually objects. It is almost impossible to contemplate the vagrant whose character would meet with the approval of the guardian angels of the poor. An intelligent and benevolent creature who had kept his dog on two ounces of meat a week, his wife on his dog's leavings, and his children on the surplus; who had watched them starving to death with a placid benignity (the result of rather a higher allowance on his own part), and had buried them without burdening the rates, might perhaps reach that standard of economical philanthropy to which Poor Law officials, alas! how seldom successfully, aspire.

A SHOCKING PERFORMANCE.

THE *Musical Standard* states that an electric organ is being built for the Opera at Drury Lane. The organ is to be erected behind the scenes as usual, but the organist will sit in the orchestra, near the conductor. What conductor? Surely not Signor Arditi! for if he is to conduct not only the orchestra, but the electric fluid, his post will soon be a *Mourning Post* with a vengeance! The idea, however, of introducing electricity is by no means bad. A judicious arrangement of "batteries" and "jars" under that portion of the stage usually occupied by the Chorus and Supers would unquestionably impart a degree of sprightly impetuosity to the scene, which is often at present a decided desideratum. We may soon expect, at this rate, a whole electric orchestra, consisting of two or three rows of dangling fiddles, and a flighty *bâton* capering in the midst—the various performers being meanwhile comfortably at home, an electric shock gently announcing the commencement of the acts. The great object of managers being to electrify their audience, we may regard our suggestion as *un fait accompli*.

CROWNING THE EDIFICE.

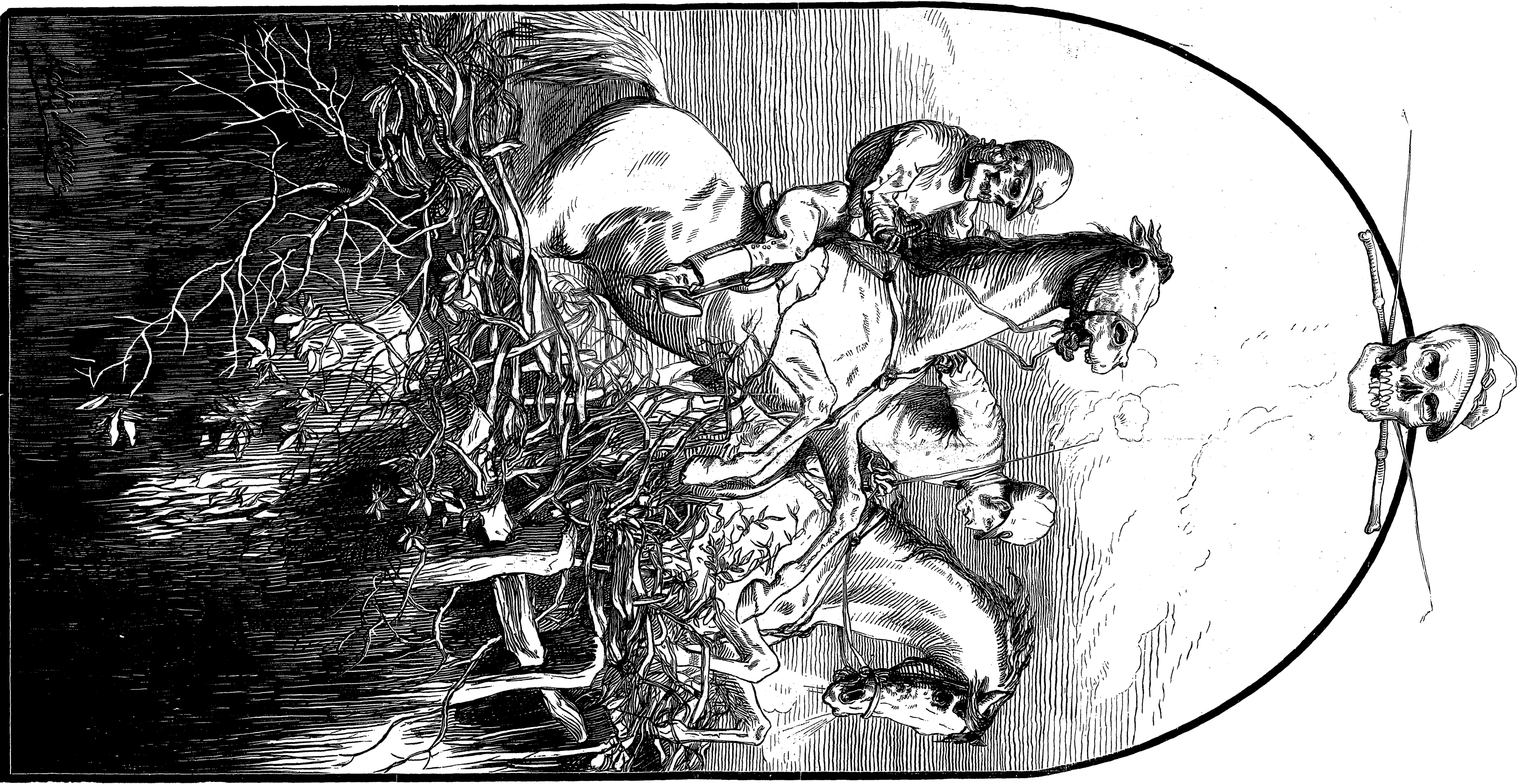
IT is with the greatest pleasure that we find the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, has at last hit upon a genuine El dorado. The admirable drama of *Oliver Twist*, though coldly received at first, ultimately proved a gigantic success, and fully justified the expectations of the Management. On Wednesday night last, the gallery, which has hitherto furnished a congenial solitude for boys of a contemplative nature, was filled to overflowing with a most distinguished audience of honest British People. From a natural desire to gratify the refined tastes of these intellectual visitors, the play of *Oliver Twist* was toned down in some of its incidents; and the Artful Dodger's song was omitted altogether. But so conscientious is the British public, that they would not consent to this evasion of the published programme, and at an immense sacrifice to their own feelings, they demanded, with noble firmness, the song. The scene that followed baffles description; all the disreputable tag rag and bobtail who occupied the stalls fled in dismay; and the virtuous People remained triumphant. Again and again did they testify their spirit of self-sacrifice by demanding the song. Having no bouquets, they showered their compliments on the head of the conductor of the band. Mr. Toole's hoarseness was received as no excuse. They were determined to immolate their genteel feelings for once. Perhaps they had a retrospective regard for Lent. The enthusiasm was so great as almost to threaten at one time to pass the bounds of elegant moderation. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan must indeed feel that all their labour on behalf of the drama in England has not been in vain, when a tragedy of such exceptional merit as *Oliver Twist* is received with such judicious admiration by the public, whose patronage has hitherto been but sparingly bestowed on their Theatre. There is no doubt that the environs of Long Acre furnish materials for as liberal-minded an audience as can be found anywhere in this vast and intellectual metropolis.



PROVINO DEATH

OR,

SKETCHED AT BROMLEY.



RACING DEATH!

SKETCHED AT BROMLEY.



THE PEEP-SHOW.

GLORIOUS SPORT!

SCENE—Near the Grand Stand on a Race-course. Ring men shouting out the odds and booking bets. In the paddock, owners walking round with their horses, talking to their trainers, and giving "useful" hints to their jockeys. The multitude lining the rails. Horses taking their preliminary canter. "Commission Agents" in their booths. Jockeys shivering in their silk and blowing their fingers. Roar of voices, sound of bells, east wind, and leaden sky.

HERE you have one of the finest sights in the world!

I can never look at this picture in my Peep-show without shedding a few tears. It is so pleasant to see the peasant and the peer so much on an equality. Do you take my meaning? Well, you see that gaudily-dressed individual yonder—the man in the elaborate chain, the pantomime diamond, and the startling neck-tie? He doesn't look like a pieman, does he? And yet a pieman he was not twelve months ago. A marvellous transformation, isn't it? That fellow is worth thousands. He drives a T-cart in the Park, has a grand house in Bayswater, and gives his daughter the use of a brougham. True, he has an odd way of smoking short pipes in his drawing-room, and isn't above tossing up for sixpences with his footman in the library. Yet he is a man of property, and one who may some day enter Parliament, always supposing he keeps on the top of the wheel, and loses not his luck. Let but the wheel turn, and the luck change, and then good-bye to wealth and station, and welcome once more the pieman's humble can—the perambulating tradesman's dirty apron. The T-cart will be taken by creditors; the house in Bayswater will be sold by auction; and the daughter—well, never mind what will become of the daughter! And how has this fellow made his money? Ask that gentleman over there in the curly hair and the aristocratic Roman nose, for they belong to the same trade. That gentleman over there in the curly hair and aristocratic nose is one of our hereditary legislators—a man noble by descent, and little better than a blackleg by profession. This is he who enters horses to lose, whose "certainties" never "come off" unless by dint of lying and "finessing" he gets the "pot on" at the proper odds; in plain English, who withdraws his horses unless he can back them for enough money. He knows perfectly well that a horse that runs badly in a "selling stakes" will be handicapped pleasantly in a large "event." Knowing this, he says a word to the trainer, who winks a wink to the jockey, who pulls a pull at the reins: so, what with one thing and another, the future winner of "the Oxfordshire" comes in fifth in the most insignificant race of the year! I ask you, is this man better than the slangy scoundrel of the T-cart, pantomime diamond, and the house in Bayswater?—Is he more honest, and (in spite of his neat dress and good style) more of a gentleman?

Standing over there is one of the "prophets." He is the genial *littérateur*, who writes pleasant articles, under the title of "Jason" in the "Breakfast Toast." He is generally liked, and knows everything and everybody. His omniscience and honesty of purpose have been his bane through life. "Noble sportsmen" resent, as an insult, unpleasant truths—on the turf it is just as well *not* to know everything! So it has occurred that poor "Jason" has before this found Newmarket Heath a lost Paradise—great heavens! what a Paradise! Cringing near him is a distinguished "Turfite"—an unwholesome-looking man, who *was* a counter-jumper yesterday, *is* a commission agent to-day, and *will be* a convict to-morrow. A little farther on, please—Captain Cannon, late of the — Dragoons. This gallant officer is so involved that the Jews *dare* not arrest him, for fear of overthrowing the Constitution! Next to him, the Duke of Ditchwater—young idiot!—he is playing the very deuce with the family timber! Near *him* a crowd of slangy Government clerks and "shoppy" young subalterns and noisy book-makers. Cigar smoke, oaths, loose talk, and long odds! On my word, the people (barring "Jason") are a very nice company indeed! And the chatter—just the kind of conversation for the ear of "a lady"—we beg pardon—for a "girl of the period!"

Now turn your eyes over yonder, and you will see a sight that will make you laugh right heartily. Do you notice how the crowd is beating and pulling and cuffing and kicking the ragged wretch by the broken pole and tattered canvas? He is

a "welsher,"—a man who is always ready to lay but never likes to pay, a man who will take the odds in farthings or sovereigns, as the result will be precisely the same to him in either case. The horse loses and he wins gold, the horse wins and he loses something (of course) more precious than gold—honour! The horse has won in this instance, and see he is receiving an ovation. His honour is gone, and now his customers are paying him what they owe him for the trouble he has taken in picking their pockets. Thwack, thwack, go the sticks, crack, crack, go the bones, and "ha, ha," go the policemen, as they quietly watch the *fracas* from a distance. But the joke of the matter is this. The people who are trouncing the poor "speculator" are thieves and blacklegs themselves: the "rough" element predominates, relieved by a slight dash of the swell mob, added to a gentle sprinkling of the dishonest shop-boy! A clear case of the pot and the kettle—the vulture and carrion crow!

Over there you have a group of stable boys. Nice-looking little fellows, are they not? That one in the centre especially. Evidently

His father's hope,
His mother's joy,
Is Billy Snooks,
The stable boy!

That's poetry. Dear chubby little rascal. Probably "hearing" his comrade rehearse the Church Catechism, eh? Quite so. Although it is "quite so" I'm glad my puppets can't talk. If we could hear what that sweet little fellow was saying, I expect his conversation would surprise the Archbishop of Canterbury himself. Mephistopheles might give up business and go to sleep before his own fireside were *all* our nurseries conducted on the same principles as a Newmarket training establishment.

I'm only a "Peep-showman," and my pictures are poorly painted, but an honest fellow will allow that I have sketched from living models. The race-course has its pleasant side, but it is absurd to shut one's eyes to its follies and sins. In old times, a gentleman put on gloves before touching pitch; in these days, he prefers to dirty his hands in the operation. Pitch soils one's gloves you know, and kid is expensive!

But now for the race. You can see that we are assisting at a steeple-chase, and if you have sharp eyes you can discover that the promoter of the meeting has wisely consulted the public taste. Break-neck leaps and dangerous ditches are to be the order of the day. Plenty of fun for the money. Fun!

The numbers have appeared and disappeared on the telegraph, the bell has rung for the course, the preliminary canter has been indulged in, and all is ready. We can just see the little horses and their tiny riders popping about in the distance. That was a false start, but *that* wasn't. Here they come!

A dead silence after the solitary cry of "they're off."

Thud thud thud thud they go, tearing along the ground like wild-fire. Blue, Green, Yellow, Chocolate and White Hoops, and Scarlet and Black Cap. First flight taken, and on they come again—Blue leading! Bravo, Green is taking up the running (thought Blue couldn't stay). Thud thud thud, crack crack, and Chocolate's first—the favourite wins! Crack crack! Well ridden, Green, but it's too late, my boy. Is it though? That's a nasty leap. Up—Chocolate's down, and has rolled over his rider. Dead—but we have no time to think of *that*! Capital—Green's first!—Green wins! Thud thud, crack crack! Hurray!—a loud roar! Shouts of Green!—Green! Thud thud—a Babel of voices—and Green has won by a couple of lengths; Yellow, second; Blue, a bad third; and the rest nowhere!

Just carry that dead body from the course, gentlemen, and ring the bell for the next race!

TO A BONNET.—"Though lost to sight to memory dear."

JACOB'S LADDER.—JOHN BRIGHT (dedicated with all respect to the junior Member for Manchester).

A MAD WAG'S NIGHT-THOUGHT.—Some admirers of the *Can-can* have been heard to declare that the amusement to be obtained, just now, at the Alhambra, is in-Finette.

FEARFUL CASE FOR CHARITY.—We had nearly forgotten to announce that the valued correspondent of the *Telegraph* announced on Friday last his intention of giving a pound of gingerbread nuts!! for the sake of charity in our next.

OUT OF THE LINES.

Now that the Bill granting to Government the right of acquiring and working the lines of Electric Telegraph within the United Kingdom bids fair to become law, the public are naturally anxious to know if it is contemplated to adopt the same system with regard to the Railway Companies. We have not heard if any scheme for the Government appropriation of the railways will be brought forward this Session, but we understand, upon good authority, that we may expect the following Bills introduced into the House of Commons soon after the assembling of the reformed Parliament:—

(1.) A Bill to purchase the entire omnibus and cab business of the Metropolis. The omnibus fares will be at the rate of a penny a mile (payable in postage stamps only) on all routes. The cab fares will be assimilated to those of Paris, a fixed charge of one shilling the journey being made for all distances comprised within a radius of five miles from Charing Cross, for any number of passengers and any amount of baggage. Any incivility on the part of the drivers will be punishable by penal servitude for seven years and upwards. The calculations on which these propositions are based show a net addition to the Imperial revenue of £100,000,000 a-year.

(2.) A Bill for acquiring the Management of the Metropolitan Theatres. The Star system will be entirely abolished, and the actors will be classified and promoted on the principles of the Government offices. The salaries of the artistes of the following Theatres will correspond with those of the Clerks of the Departments named:—

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| Opera | Foreign Office. |
| Haymarket | Treasury. |
| Princess's | War Office. |
| Adelphi, Olympic, and other } West End Theatres. | Somerset House. |
| Surrey | Post Office. |
| All other theatres | Custom House. |

The supply of the plays will be by public tender, and the cheapest will be accepted. The net profits of this undertaking will be about a million per annum.

(3.) A Bill to purchase and work the businesses (together with the outstanding debts) of the West End tailors of London. The Government will adopt precisely the same system as that at present practised by the private firms. On the lowest computation the addition to the revenue from this source will be two millions a month.

THE BATTLE FIELDS OF BRITAIN.

THE Easter Monday Volunteer Review of 1868 was a *succès d'estime*, as the French say, for the weather was fine and the trains were punctual, but the most satisfactory point of the field-day, and that on which it has since occurred to the authorities that they may pride themselves, is the manner in which 30,000 men were carried to and from the most inconveniently placed review ground that could have been chosen within 100 miles of London.

It is now argued by the War Office, with some sense (but be it said more in palliation for the selection of Portsmouth this year than in consequence of the realization of any preconceived theory), that should the volunteers ever be wanted in real earnest it does not follow, as a matter of course, that Brighton, or even Dover, would be selected as the point of disembarkation by the invading forces, and that therefore it is very desirable that the machinery for the movement of large bodies of men to out of the way and distant places should be kept in working order as far as possible, and that the volunteer Easter gatherings may serve the purpose. With this object in view, we understand that the War Office has already decided on the arrangements for the next three reviews, and we believe that the following programme will certainly be carried out:—

EASTER, 1869.—A sham fight at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, preceded by a march-past of the volunteers on Ryde Pier.

EASTER, 1870.—A field-day at 1.30 p.m., on the Sands of Weston-super-Mare. These Sands, which possess the advantage of being moist—not to say a little muddy—are covered by fifteen feet of sea at the top of the tide, which at this point rushes in at the rate of about eleven miles an hour. It will be

observed, that on this occasion the punctuality and alacrity of the volunteers will be put to a satisfactory and interesting test.

EASTER, 1871.—Sixty thousand volunteers will leave London in thirty-eight express trains, at one in the morning, for Edinburgh, where the march-past will take place at 11 a.m. Immediately afterwards, the force will leave by seventy-three express trains for Glasgow, and thence by forty special steamers for Dublin, in the streets of which city a sham fight will take place by moonlight. The whole body of volunteers will return to London by the ordinary morning mail.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

What if both should be neither, and neither be both?
And the first to the second should plight her fair troth?
Who from either the one would endeavour to part,
Himself, not his victim, would feel the dire smart.

(1.)

We roved across the meadows gay,
We plucked the odorous lilies,
We wove our fate in buttercups,
And found we were two sillies.

(2.)

But Time went speeding on his course,
And by the forelock caught her,
And heedless of her struggles, led
The victim to the slaughter.

(3.)

But grim Revenge was hovering near,
His eyes and sword both flashing;
With blood red hand he raised his brand,
And smote the thief so dashing.

(4.)

This faithful creature all alone,
Beside the tomb sat weeping;
"Nay, rest thee there thou gentle ghost,
Thy secret's in my keeping."

(5.)

Lo! suddenly from east and west,
On winged chargers rushing,
The Last but not the Least has come,
And borne them safe to Flushing.

ANSWER TO LAST ACROSTIC.

V Vesuvius S
O Oath H
L Loyola A
U Ulm M (battle of)
N Naif F
T Tabari I (See *Pall Mall Gazette*, 8th April)
E Egg G (Castor and Pollux)
E Eldrich H
R Rat T

The word "Second" intruded itself by some mistake into the first line of the Stanza (No. 8).

INCORRECT answers have been received from the following:—Cockadoodledoo, Ruby's Ghost, the Camden Town Tadpole, Bill Gibbons, G. G. (Croydon), W. L., E. L. H. (Liverpool), Frances, R. S. T. (Brighton), Florence (Torquay), W. Smith, C. A. (Hammersmith), Cornubia, &c., &c.

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