

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 101.]

LONDON, APRIL 10, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

MISPLACED MERCY.

THE more independent and conscientious portion of the Liberal Press seems unanimously to have come to the conclusion that the release of the Fenian prisoners was a serious mistake. In this opinion we most heartily concur; and we trust that this very foolish leniency towards those who are utterly unworthy of it, will not be allowed to form a precedent for the conduct of the present Government towards Ireland.

This culpable weakness is the more to be regretted, occurring as it does at a time when England has shown most unmistakably her resolution to treat the Irish with the utmost liberality. It cannot but tend to shake the confidence of those Irishmen who are sincerely anxious for the welfare of their country, when they see the same Government that has treated the Irish Church question with such perfect discretion and fairness, hastily letting loose upon that unfortunate land those mean and cowardly harpies, whose schemes had been defeated by judicious firmness, and whose persons had been secured by the vigorous exertions of the law. No one whose moral nature is not completely deformed by prejudice can have any sympathy with these *soi-disant* colonels. The Annals of Insurrection do not afford any examples of more contemptible creatures. Idle, dissolute, bragging, mercenary, skulking knaves, who have left their country in the time of her utmost need to fatten on fraud and treachery in the Promised Land of Rowdyism, when they find that their venal maunderings about liberty, and their foul-mouthed slanders on England are no longer thought worth purchasing by the lowest riff-raff of America, they sneak across the Ocean to their native land at the expense of honest if mistaken Irishmen, who, never having beheld these heroes of the tongue, fancy that they are the noble patriots destined to avenge the legendary wrongs of Erin. The Fenian colonels land in Ireland, and instantly exert their cunning and chicanery in entrapping discontented peasants into their toils—they put forward desperate lads to do whatever work involves danger, while they themselves live comfortably at ease on the plunder wrung from the wretched victims, who are fools enough to believe in their bounce and lying clap-trap.

It is extraordinary that even those among the Irish who cherish as their only inheritance an unreasoning hatred of the Saxon—unreasoning because it interprets all attempted benefits by the lurid light of past tyranny—it is incomprehensible to us, who, while ready to sympathise with the oppressed, whoever or wherever they be, cannot nor would not shut our eyes to the plain evidence of facts—it is incomprehensible to us that these

wretched Fenian area-sneaks can be ever looked upon by the most violently "national" Irishman as anything but an insult and disgrace to the people whose kinship they claim. What are these ardent patriots adorned with the honours of military rank bestowed on themselves by themselves? Are they men who have suffered wrong at the hands of English landlords? Are they earnest, zealous Catholics, burning with long suppressed rage at the Protestant ascendancy now about to die a well-deserved death? Are they enthusiastic lovers of their country, who wish to take a more speedy course than legislation towards remedying the injustice of the land laws—towards spreading education amongst their ignorant and neglected fellow-countrymen? Are they sincere but deluded fanatics, goaded into rash rebellion by brooding over the history of their country! No: they are nothing but cowardly, hypocritical mercenaries, who would sell themselves to the Saxon to-morrow if they could get a good price for their allegiance. They are not Irishmen, but American rascallions, who have swelled the crowd of vermin which a great civil war always calls into existence, and who, seeing their occupation gone with the restoration of order in America, hope to turn their valuable talent for theft and assassination into account by trading on the political and religious passions of their countrymen. Religion they themselves have none; they care no more about the Church question than they do about their honour, and they would kneel down before the car of the Goddess of Reason to-morrow, if the dirt that the wheels splashed in their faces were only rich enough in gold.

Such are the men who, because they have not been pampered and flattered when in their proper home, the prison, would make themselves out to be martyrs. Such are the men to whom the Government has shown a most mistaken mercy. Such mercy involves cruelty to those who deserve our bounty and our consideration; such weakness cripples our hands in carrying out the great work of justice to Ireland. In order to pass a measure on Tenant-right, which, while it protects the rights of the tenant, shall not place the landlord in the power of idle and worthless squatters, we must treat with the utmost severity these hired advocates of plunder; we must suppress with a firm and relentless strength all secret societies, under whatever name, whose avowed object is nothing but robbery and rebellion, unless we are prepared to abandon Ireland to herself, and relegate to ages of bloody and internecine warfare a country which, from the combined forces of tyranny, timidity, and neglect, has already suffered more than, were we even to credit her bitterest enemies, she ever could have deserved.

BLACK MONDAY.

SCENE, DOVER.—*Rain, wind, &c.* Enter Privates JONES and ROBINSON of the VOLUNTEERS, as described in the Daily papers.

ROBINSON.—What's here beside foul weather?

JONES.— Jones, for one,
And minded like the weather most unquietly.

ROBINSON.—Call this a holiday! an English spring!
And all the elements gone mad!—O Jones,
I've met some dirty weather in my time,
But never till to-day, never till now
Have known the clouds to spring so wide a leak,
Or seen our yearly outing made to feel
Such Dual Government of wind and rain!

JONES.—Indeed it is a strange disposed time—
There goes my Shako!—I see more in this:
I read an omen of portentous things.
See, Nature weeps for us poor Volunteers:
There's more in this than chance—the very sky
Disbands us, Robinson—and our sham fight
Is but a real, undisciplined attack,
On breakfast.

ROBINSON.— I shall catch my death of cold,
And I'm a married man, and not insured!
Where's the Lord Warden? All your croaking springs
From prematurely emptied flasks.

JONES.— My friend,
Your old intelligence has blown away,
Or else you use it not. You feel the storm,
But if you would consider the true cause—
Why thus the heavens are hung with black, and why
Amphibious life alone can dare to walk
The submerged flags of this Marine Parade—
Why over Privates, Brass Bands, Brigadiers,
Aquarius has upset his watering-pot,
Has spoiled our holiday, made our trip a work
Of *super-irrigation*,—you shall find
These things are sent as warnings to ourselves,
As omens for us Volunteers. Our ardour
Is damped (you know it well)—our meed of praise,
Which costs the public nothing, *that* we have—
But, though fixed bayonets bristle in our hair,
Poor devils! for our zeal we have to pay!
Our time, our spirit, *these* we freely give:
But ask us more, and we will raise the cry
“We lack not power to dismiss ourselves,
And this poor uniform which now we wear
We can shake off at pleasure.”

ROBINSON.— How you talk!
The rain has ceased, and hark! th' Assembly sounds
So much for omens—

JONES.— But they still are true.
Think not the winter of our discontent
Is turned to summer by yon patch of sky
That, as the saying is, would but suffice
To breech a Dutchman. There goes H.R.H.!
Deuce take it all! and so we must fall in.

(*Exeunt to do their duty.*)

BRIGHT NOT RIGHT!

THE native dishonesty of Mr. Bright's mind was never better exemplified than by his defence of adulteration of food and of false weights and measures. The latter, he says, are *often* in favour of the customers! As for adulteration, it is very seldom that any poisonous ingredients are put in food, it is the result of competition, &c., &c. We have known for a long time Mr. Bright's mischievous prejudices in favour of trade. Traders, in his eyes, can do no wrong—as long as they vote for Mr. Radical Candidates—while it is sufficient for a man to be a landed proprietor for Mr. Bright to lavish abuse on him. The President of the Board of Trade is a great orator, he may be a statesman—but certainly is not, nor can ever be, capable of grasping the great social questions of the day as distinct from the political ones. He never enters into the real wants of the poor. Free Trade and Manhood Suffrage bound all his hopes and schemes; he has neither the moral nor intellectual nature required by the

man who would devote himself heart and soul to the rescuing his poorer fellow creatures from misery and degradation. He views every question, though by a distorted political light—he has no largeness of sympathy; and no real liberality of mind. He is just the kind of man to make the very worst sort of tyrant—the tyrant whose high principles on one or two points blind the people to the narrow-minded injustice of his real nature, till they find that his ideas of right and wrong are all determined with reference to his crotchet, and that once having carried that, he is easily swayed by the basest of prejudices and by the meanest of bigotries.

MILITARY REFORM.

THE Army Estimates for the present year, viewed in the light thrown upon them by the remarkable speech of the Secretary of State for War by which they were introduced into the House of Commons, cannot fail to strike the careful observer as the beginning of two very important changes—almost revolutions—in our military system; first, the alteration of our relations with the Colonies in the matter of supplying them with troops at the cost of the Imperial revenues; second, the abolition before long of the system of depôt battalions or, indeed, of any depôts in this country.

The proverbial obtuseness of the Members of the House of Commons on all subjects that do not manifestly declare themselves as *party measures*, or as measures affecting their own interest or position, was never more fully illustrated than in the reception which was accorded to the War Minister's declaration of his intended policy. Not a single Member recognized in it the important bearing it had on Colonial Government; not one of them saw that the old Colonial Minister in his new military position was revolutionizing the military position of every one of our Colonies. In the debate that ensued one Member brought forward the case of the quarter-masters of Militia; another dilated on the fumatory habits of a new War official; a few nibbled at the question of the Dual Government; but not one apprehended the fact that that night's opening speech had struck the key-note to an effective revision of our Army expenditure, had opened the only road to a *bonâ fide* retrenchment of the cost of the Army as regards Imperial revenues, had challenged the discussion of the great principle of self-defence being a natural obligation on the part of the self-governed.

The military papers inform us that one or two “points” are shortly coming off, in which interesting debates and exciting parliamentary battles may be expected in either House. The Commons are to be entertained on the subject of the Dual Government; the Lords, on the subject of the Reserves of the Army.

Both subjects have fallen into good hands. Mr. O'Reilly, in the Lower House, is a good Army Reformer, and, as an Irishman, will be *au fait* at the task of showing that there is, and that there is not, a Dual Government; that there is not, inasmuch as stated by Mr. Cardwell, and as since proved by the publication of the most illogical, inconsequent, and self-contradicting State paper that has appeared for some time, the Warrant or Memorandum of 1861 on the position and powers of Our Commander-in-Chief—inasmuch as the War Minister is superior to, and responsible for, the Acts of the Commander-in-Chief; that there is, inasmuch as two Military Staffs exist in full power, administering the Army, the one at Whitehall, and the other in Pall Mall. Let us suggest to Mr. O'Reilly that the main cause of this wretched anomaly is, that the Military Staff in Pall Mall, who were only intended to be *advisers* to the Civil Minister on points of military experience, have been allowed to *slide* into powers, have had large departments placed under them, and have been allowed, in innumerable cases, to order and to decide, instead of being restricted to their proper functions of advising only.

In the Upper House Lord Monck will lead off in what will doubtless prove an interesting debate, on the subject of Army Reserves. There are so many peers in that assembly whose opinions on this point will be well worth hearing, that the result can hardly fail to be of value to Mr. Cardwell on this subject, which, as we have elsewhere observed, evidently now engages his earnest attention.

And in the meanwhile, his colonial policy as embodied in the Estimates will pass both houses *sub silentio*. No one in either Chamber will recognise its importance or even perhaps be aware of its existence. We are far from regretting this; we do not think that all the talk of the whole House of Commons will add one mite to the varied information or the sound judgment which the ex-colonial Minister has brought to bear on his new Army functions, and we are well content that the policy should be carried out by the Minister even without the verbal assistance of either House.

That policy is in its infancy yet; it at present only calls upon the Colonies to recognize their duty in regard to self-defence. It will yet spread to their being compelled practically to acknowledge that duty by gradually taking upon themselves the cost, first of a portion, ultimately of the whole, of the troops they employ. Now, they will be called upon to pay to the Imperial Exchequer a "contribution" towards the expenses of the troops sent them; by and by they will have to pay the whole cost; and after that—as India does—they will be required to undertake the actual direct payment of the troops, and so enable the War Minister to reduce a large proportion of the Office in Pall Mall which is now employed in controlling and checking the accounts of the Army abroad, that is, in the Colonies.

And before long, this new colonial policy will involve the abolition of the useless Depot Battalions and of all Depôts at home. A Regiment will be sent out in full force and strength to a foreign station, there to remain for a far shorter period of service than at present, and then to be relieved by another strong Regiment, thus doing away with the necessity of sending out drafts at all, and consequently, of keeping up any Depôts. The enormous saving of expense that would attend this reform or "revolution" of our military system would enable the Government to organize new battalions in the Army, and thus to regulate with precision the relief of all Regiments abroad.

We can only express our hearty desire that so able an army administrator, as Mr. Cardwell has already proved himself to be, may remain in office at Pall Mall until he has perfected both these items of Military Reform, and indeed many others, which have been advocated in these columns, and to which he appears to us to be fully inclined.

THE REQUIEM OF THE REVIEW.

Dover is over,
Over with Dover!

A B(E)AR(E) QUESTION.

THREE foreigners were charged last week at Marlborough street Police court with taking about three bears to obtain alms, thus obstructing the streets, and often frightening women and children. This offence the magistrate strictly cautioned them not to repeat, but let them off without punishment when it was represented to him that they did not know the exhibition was illegal. The bears, upon being brought into court, growled fiercely. The question we would ask is, whether the shaggy monsters were only making their obeisance to their judge or venting their spleen upon those human bears, the police, who had brought them there? If the latter, they deserve praise, for it is indeed hard that poor bruin should not be allowed even to gaze upon women and children, while police bears may not only frighten them, but often ill-treat them with impunity.

A FIRST NIGHT;

or,

IN AND OUT OF HARNESS.

The Scene representing anywhere you please after the Second Act of a New Piece.—Dramatic Critics and their Friends are discussing Sherry-and-Soda and the Performance.

NOIROT (of the *Semaphore*).—No, my dear Sir; this is not precisely, you know, the elegant comedy one might expect from

the often-successful idylls to which our friend, Magellan has accustomed us.

JENKINS (of the *Morning Roll*).—Bosh! my dear Noirot—utter bosh! There's not a nobleman in the piece. Besides, what does he mean by calling it original? I know I've seen that situation somewhere.

CAWZTIK (of the *Publican*).—Which situation? What, the father and son in the presence of their aunt? My dear fellow, that comes from Dumas's "Twenty Cuirassiers." Boucicault used it at the Princess's ages ago.

JENKINS (of the *Roll*).—No, I mean the other—

CAWZTIK (the *Publican*).—Oh! of course, I knew you'd seen that. Why, it's taken from Dick Trencher's novel, "Ferntree Farm," only it's washed out—washed to rags, in fact. I gave that notion to Dick, years ago; in fact, I meant to have dramatised it myself, but other work—

TOREADOR (of the *Epoch*).—Gentlemen, what think ye? What's your verdict?

NOIROT (the *Semaphore*).—Verily, it is not a success; though it seems as if, with some girding up, as it were, of its literary loins, the young thing might fly passably ere long.

JENKINS (of the *Roll*).—A fiasco, you mean—a downright fiasco. What there is to see in the man's other pieces is more than I can make out. Trash, I call them.

CAWZTIK (the *Pub.*).—Good Sir Toreador, couch thy lance, and make the fellow's hide feel it this time.

TOREADOR (the *Epoch*).—Of course! of course! Ha! Ha! I see the worthy manager beckoning to me. Good evening, gentlemen: we shall meet again in print.

CAVAL (of the *Morning Service*).—Poor Magellan! Will he ever recover this blow? He is losing all his good points.

NOIROT.—Notwithstanding the curiously paradoxical ingenuity of his carefully rounded situations, there is a lamentable falling off in the interest, as it gradually unfolds itself.

CAVAL.—The good conventional ring, Sir, has left the stage. I imagine I know something about criticism as regards the drama. Well, Sir, you will scarcely believe—

At this point in the ENTR'ACTE notice is given of the curtain rising on the third act.

The casual listener, who has been tolerably amused or bored, as the case may be, with the drama, feels certain that the critics will let loose a pitiful "slating" on the head of the devoted Magellan; but there is many a slip between the performance and the printed criticism. One critic has been treated with much urbanity and more champagne in the manager's private room; another has a pantomime coming out at the same theatre; a third writes for a paper whose proprietor is connected with Magellan; a fourth knows so many actors that he "really, you know, couldn't do it unkindly," and so on; so that the casual listener, on reading the next day's reviews of the new piece, wonders at the discrepancies which exist between what he sees in print and what he heard in private. Here are extracts from the criticisms he reads:—

From the *Epoch*.—"In many ways, we repeat, the comedy of 'January and May' is the most original, and, at the same time, the most artistic, of Mr. Magellan's dramatic productions. Cavillers may discover a resemblance in the dramatic interest of the second act to the old comedy by Wycherly, entitled 'The Martyr's Release.' Far from thinking this detracts in any way from the essential individuality of Mr. Magellan's work—" &c., &c.

From the *Semaphore*.—(We skip a short history of three-act comedy during the last century). "This brings us to Mr. Magellan's elegant comedy, 'January and May.' The diversified interest, the charming personality, the epigrammatic embroidery, the rich idiosyncrasy, evinced in every line of this sparkling comedy, are sufficient guarantees of the warm approbation, mingled with all the expressions of esteem and admiration—" &c., &c.

From the *Morning Roll*.—"We have no other dramatist now alive who could have produced a play so full of genius, or so complete in form and colour and absorbing interest, as 'January and May,' which was performed last night to a delighted audience, for the first time, at the Royal Tinsel Theatre. Words are insufficient to express—" &c., &c.

The *Publican* and the *Morning Service* follow suit, and turn up trumps in manager, author, actors, scene painters, &c., &c. The casual listener remains completely mystified.

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BRITANNIA for April,
Price 1s.



LONDON, APRIL 10, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE Adelphi piece is a real hit. In these days of miserable print-puffing, it is refreshing to get hold of a genuine success in "*Black and White*."

MR. ROBERTSON'S title for his last piece is well chosen, and was withal logical. The major includes the minor—and so "Dreams" include "sleep." The audience were decidedly in a minor key on this occasion.

SOMEBODY has for the hundredth time hit upon a plan of effecting railway communication between this country and France. This time the matter is to be managed by a vast iron pipe. If this is not suggestive of a termination in *smoke*, we should like to know what is!

AN important meeting of pickpockets is about to take place, in order to protest against the introduction of guinea watches. We can well understand their disappointment, when they think they have secured a large gold repeater, to find that "Hope told a flattering tale," and that it is only aluminium, price 21s.

As some comment on the present state of Ireland—that country for the benefit of which the Government is spending all its energy and nearly all its time—we may note the fact that there have been five brutal organised assassinations committed within the last year, and that in no single case has the murderer or any of his accomplices been brought to justice.

BEARDING THE POLICE.

COLONEL HENDERSON, the new Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, whose appointment as Sir Richard Mayne's successor was so unfavourably received a few months back, is already gaining popularity. Like a true soldier, he has commenced with an attempt to conciliate the female public, for an order has just been issued at Scotland Yard giving permission to the whole force to cultivate beards and moustachios.

Much as we deprecate the selection of a military man for the responsible civil office Colonel Henderson now fills, yet we must congratulate that gentleman on the common sense he has displayed in allowing his men to dispense with the use of the razor. This new regulation, which admits of any amount of hair being worn on the face, certainly gives us no sign of those martinet proclivities which we were led to believe were Colonel Henderson's specialty during his reign of terror as Inspector of Prisons. If the new Chief Commissioner will continue in the way he has begun, there is no reason but that in the course of time he should become a fairly satisfactory public servant. If beards for the constables are the only military *hairs* he gives us, we shall rest content.

A CRY FOR HELP!

Is it, or is it not, a fact, that nothing can be done to improve the condition of Leicester square? Is it, or is it not, to be kept as a "pleasure" garden? Or is this terrible irony? The theme is too old, too worn to rags, too hopelessly used up for us! Still, we may cry out, "Is it a fact that nothing—absolutely *nothing*—can be done?" Better open it as a plague pit, and bury all the London statues in it. Better not bury them, but leave them all standing there as a triumph of desolate horrors. Better *anything* than leave it as it is! Why not sink a circus in it? Start a gold mine down it! Plant it with mignonette, peas, horse-radish, poplars, potatoes—anything! Why leave it as it is? Fill it with sheep, cows, hyænas—give it *some* appearance of life and animation! It would then, at least, have the excuse of novelty, outrageous novelty, to make. But now—with spring before us, but with the influx of Mossoo! with the London season, and all the fashion of the Continent about to throng the various "Hotel de Louvres" in the neighbourhood—let some one make a stir. Has Mr. Tulk no soul for the beautiful! Will nothing move *the* responsible party, whoever he may be? Oh, let some kind angel spare us another summer with Leicester square!

EASTER VERDICTS.

DRURY LANE.
The Man with Two Lives—A long life and a merry one.

HAYMARKET.
Home—Where we may safely puff Cavendish.

PRINCESS'S.
After Dark—Comes light let us hope.

OLYMPIC.
Thirst for Gold—Hunger for novelty.

QUEEN'S.
Won by a Head—Lost by a Length!

GAIETY.
Dreams—Idle Dreams! Worse—a nightmare!

PRINCE OF WALES'S.
School—And collected.

GLOBE.
Minnie—Mum! a Maximum.

STRAND.
Joan of Arc—Of Noah's Ark?

ADELPHI.
Black and White—A Grey Triumph.

NOT WORTH A CROWN.

THE Greeks are beginning to understand that Russia treats them as a wretched tool by which she may further her own Pan Slavish policy along the Danube, and get the advantage of Western Europe in the Eastern question. With a dirty little army of 8,000 men, and a population a trifle larger than that of Southwark, it is difficult to appreciate the arrogance and self-importance of this the shabbiest of civilized states. However, there is no limit to the mischief of a spoiled child, and such has Greece been in Europe for some time past. The other day it appears the Danish youth, who at present wears the crown at Athens, took a journey through the "kingdom." A good deal of this royal progress was accomplished on foot, a good deal in a cab. No railways, no hotels, no four-horse coaches—not even a turnpike! Indeed, the royal boy was almost carried away in the classic Alpheus. Fortunately for the feelings of his little Russian wife and his Danish papa, somebody pulled him out and set him in his cab again, and the *cortège* came safely to the end of its journey. The affair is trivial and ridiculous enough in itself, but it contains a moral. Why will not Englishmen cease talking Byronic rubbish about this very insignificant and troublesome set of people? Liberty and Constitutionalism? Nonsense! What they want is railway enterprise and soap-and-water.





OPENING THE DOOR TO TREASON!
OR,
A LIBERAL MISTAKE.



THE GREAT REVIEW.

PART. I.—CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE EDITOR OF THE
"TOMAHAWK" AND LE REDACTEUR-EN-CHIEF DU
"GAMIN DE PARIS."

(LETTER NO. I.)

STRAND, 199,
20th Mars, Londres.

MON CHER REDACTEUR-EN-CHEF,

Je suis tres enchanté d'écrire à vous. J'espère que vous êtes bien, c'est possible que vous n'avez oublié qu'un de vos collaborateurs un Monsieur Jules Canard avez écrit beaucoup pour moi dans l'année passé. Pensez vous que c'est possible pour lui de venir à Dovers pour reporter le Grand Revue de nos Volontiers? Si c'est possible nous serions enchanté de lui voir. S'il demande pour moi aux tête quartiers du 26th Regiment de Diddlesex Art^{ie} il me trouve. R.S.V.P.

Credez moi, cher Rédacteur,
Votre tres vraiment.
Le Redacteur-en-Chef du TOMAHAWK.

(LETTER NO. II.)

MEDEA MILOR PUBLISHERE-RULING,

It is great pleasure I write you to comprehend to you I ave seen Mister Jules Canard, Esquire. He very much afraid of the sea will move itself. I ave given orderes that he may obey imself, he will come to Dovere to see your Voluntaries, he not speak the English like I so you must comprehend a man which is an interpretation.

Receive my distinguished emanations,
The Puplishere-ruling of the
"PARISIAN WHICH IS UNEDUCATED CHILD-BOY."

Paris, March the 29th day, 1869.

PART II.—JULES CANARD AT DOVER.*

Oxford terrace, Dover.
March 30, 1869.

MY DEAR REDACTEUR,—You have ordered, and I have obeyed. When I left the wretched Albion last year I thought I should never again see the London fog—the British rain. It was not to be; fate has called and I have nearly died. Of this I am convinced: an invasion of England by our brave troops is impossible. Not because of the *Voluntaries*—not because of the *Regulères*—not because of the *Millitieres*. No, it is the Channel, we should die on the Channel—I did! To surmount this we must accustom ourselves to the treacherous ocean—to the malady of the stomach. Let all our brave soldiers read Renan; if *that* doesn't make them sick they may brave the Straits of Dover with impunity. But until they have mastered Renan don't let them attempt to land in England.

After the most terrible of passages I arrived in Dover, and made my way to the head-quarters of the 26th Diddlesex Artillery in Oxford Terrace, where a most hearty welcome was afforded me. I liked all my hosts with one exception—the exception was proud, and fierce and haughty.

"Who are you?" he asked sternly, "what is your profession?"

"I am a journalist," I replied, with a bow.

"A journalist!" this great one cried with mighty disdain. "A journalist! What are you doing here! Do you not know that I am a gentleman—how dare you appear in my presence?"

"That you are a gentleman is very evident." I observed with another bow, "but what is this, is not a journalist respected in England?"

"Respected!" echoed the haughty one with a scornful laugh, "No, we can respect a banker who absconds, a cheesemonger who has light weights, a publican who adulterates his beer—but a journalist! Why the question would be impertinent if it were not amusing!"

I looked surprised, and then it was explained to me that it is the fashion in England to snub literature. The Court sets its face against all authors, and the people follow suit. Some time ago I was told some enthusiastic amateurs attempted to secure

a knighthood for a wealthy and celebrated literary man by declaring that their candidate was respectable. Their efforts were very nearly crowned with success, when, as ill luck would have it, it was discovered at the last moment that the knight elect was not in trade—but was only an author—a wretched scribbler. What was to be done? After a great deal of negotiation it was decided that the knighthood should still be conferred on condition that the candidate gave up writing, and "went into tallow." I did not hear whether the literary man accepted this very reasonable proposition with favour, or treated it with ill-judged contempt.

While this was being explained to me the "Haughty One," who had been whispering with some of his brother officers, came up to me and addressed me.

"I beg pardon, Monsieur Canard," said he, "I had no idea that you were a foreigner. Had I known this to be the case I should have treated you with proper respect."

"Does my nationality make any difference in my rank?" I asked.

"Oh yes," he replied. "A French mountebank is a far greater man with us than our finest poet. We worship wealth, grovel before birth, and respect any foreigner. We have nothing good, and have had nothing good in England for thousands of years. Of course, I except our money—that's *very* good."

"How about Shakespeare?"

"Oh, he wasn't bad, but he had one great fault, a *very* great fault."

"Indeed!"

"He wasn't a Frenchman!"

Greatly pleased with this admission, I said to my companion with a smile,

"Ah, M. le Capitaine, I fear you flatter my nation!"

"Not in the least," he replied, with a look of surprise. "It doesn't matter at all where the foreigner comes from. Italy, France, Russia, China, or Germany, it's all the same to us. If we *have* a preference I rather think we go in for the Chinese. Of course, as the French are near us, we copy them a great deal."

"Ah!"

"Oh, yes, a great deal is taken from the French in England. We get our bonnets, cloaks, dramas, morality, clocks, everything from Paris. Why even some of our land is foreign. For instance, the Channel Islands, Jersey you know, and the place where the cows come from, were taken from the French!"

I will not describe the "Mess" (so-called on account of the great number of dishes served up at the meal), nor the orations delivered between the hours of seven p.m. and one a.m. I made a speech, my dear Rédacteur, and I have no doubt it would have been more effective had I not been forced, by circumstances over which I had no control, to deliver two-thirds of it from under the table. I will pass over the morning headache and the evening revel, and will come at once to the day of the Review—the great Easter Monday of 1869.

I was called up at six o'clock, and at once tumbled out of bed and began to dress myself. I lighted my candle, and with a piece of cork blacked my face and hands. I then shaved the hair off the front part of my head. This done, I put on the magnificent uniform of a colonel of Turcos—a dress which had been sent to me by my friend the General of Division, the Marquis de Petitpois. With a smile at the looking-glass, I opened the door and descended to the dining-room.

I was not recognised for a moment—in fact, not until my "good-mornin'" (spoken in most excellent English) had been heard. Then there was rather a rude laugh, and the "Haughty One" asked me—

"Why, M. Canard, you have blacked your face! Why have you done this?"

"Sir," I replied coldly, "in the Turcos a black face is the regulation."

"Are you in the Turcos?"

"No, sir. This uniform has been lent to me by my friend the General of Division, the Marquis de Petitpois. My friend is a wealthy man, gentlemen. As General of Division he receives ninepence a day. Moreover, he is allowed to marry at an early age."

"At what age, M. Canard?"

"At seventy-five."

"Then it would seem that marriage in the French Army is not countenanced by the authorities?"

* This letter was translated into English by our resident linguist.

"On the contrary, Sir," I replied, "when a French officer marries, he receives a medal for bravery. If he becomes a widower and wants to marry again, he is given free quarters in a lunatic asylum."

"An excellent regulation," said the officers with one voice.

After a very hasty breakfast, we heard the bugle sound "the assembly," and proceeded to the Esplanade to fall in. As I walked along, I saw some men in ballet girl uniforms, making a very hideous noise with some sticks and a bag.

"Who are those?" I asked.

"They are the pipers of the London-Scottish," was the reply, "They are always placed in front of the regiment, to frighten away the enemy."

After we had left the London-Scottish, we came to the London-Irish. These worthies were bravely defying snow and sea in their ranks. In fact, wherever I went I found the same disregard for comfort and esteem for duty. The Volunteers, one and all, behaved with the most admirable "pluck" (as the English call it), and deserve the hearty applause of their countrymen.

My friends, the 26th Diddlesex, soon took up their position at the end of the Esplanade. They seized their arms, and faced the snow and sea without a shudder. I was admiring their bravery, when I heard a very loud noise, which sounded like a cry of pain. I looked about me, and saw a few yards from me a General Officer in gold and scarlet, who was weeping bitterly. I went up to him and asked him, "What was the matter?"

He replied with a burst of emotion, "Boohoo! Boohoo! I—I—shall—shall never get over it! I know I sha—an't! Boohooooo!"

"What is the matter," said I once more.

"Why, it's sno-owing! oh dear! oh dear! Why did the War Office send me he-ere? Boohooooooo! It was very unki-i-ind of them! I know I shall never get over it! Boohooooooo! I sha-all tell my mamma! You see if I do-on't!"

"But why do you object to the snow?"

"Why, I've got on my ne-ew dress and all my beautiful go-old la-ace! And the sno-ow will spoil it all! I kno-ow it will! I am so unhappy!"

"Well, can't you get someone to put off the Review?"

"Well, I will see. It will be very unki-i-ind if they do-on't! Boohooooooo!"

With a melancholy howl the gallant General retired, and five minutes later the order came that the Volunteers were to break off until three o'clock!

I was very pleased to hear this, as I felt sure that the General would have told his mamma, and very possibly have got the unfortunate War Office into disgrace. All this was avoided by the command; the General's gold lace was saved; and the Volunteers (poor, cold, drenched creatures) were given just a couple of hours to get nicely drunk in: and everybody was (or ought to have been) pleased.

We were sent back to our head-quarters, and ordered to wait further commands from the powers that were.

As I was only a foreigner I was allowed to stroll about the place, and accordingly wended my way to the great hotel of the town. I enjoyed the scene, and was very pleased with everybody and everything. Among the rest was a noble colonel (blessed, I was told), with perpetual loveliness. I looked at him and envied him his beauty. While thus employed I heard the tramp of a horse close behind me; I turned round and saw an elderly gentleman arrayed in scarlet and gold. I have read the newspapers and I know that the conversation I am about to recount has been variously reported, but I believe my version is the only correct one. The gorgeous gentleman cried out—

"Here, some one! What's all this about? Where are the Volunteers?"

Another gorgeous gentleman, clad in scarlet and gold, answered—

"I believe, sir, the review has been postponed, on account of the weather."

"Nonsense! Why, it's quite fine!"

"Yes, sir; but General—— [I didn't catch the name] said that the horses' feet might get wet and they might catch cold."

"Nonsense! Where are the Volunteers?"

"They have been dismissed, sir, and are now probably attempting to go to church."

"Nonsense! Fall in, sir, and send General Lindsay to me."

"Yes, sir. But may I call your Royal Highness's attention to the fact that some drops of rain are still being blown from the lamp-posts, and that we have on our best clothes. All the gold lace will be spoilt?"

"Nonsense, sir! Fall in."

The General saluted and retired.

In a quarter of an hour our regiment had fallen in, and we were on our way to the saluting-post!

Shall I write more? Yes, I will—a few lines. The Volunteers behaved admirably on Easter Monday. All the mistakes they made were owing to the blind obedience they paid to the orders of the "regular" officers put over them. They marched well and fought well. Where all are good it is difficult to pick out excellence. However, I can honestly award the prize for soldierly bearing, and general efficiency

TO

THE 3RD. MIDDLESEX ARTILLERY (*Truro's Tigers*),

which, without doubt, is a model regiment, as regards Commander, officers (combatant and non-combatant), and men.

Receive my dear Redacteur,

&c., &c.,

JULES CANARD.

WIDE AWAKE.

(*A Little Drama of Real Life, in Three Acts.*)

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The lobby of the Gaiety Theatre (after the conclusion of the first act of Mr. Robertson's new piece.)*

SOMEBODY (*not knowing what to think of it*).—Well? Eh? Um?—

AN ADMIRER OF MR. ROBERTSON.—Oh, its capital—capital! So natural, and like everyday life. Look at Wigan's helmet! Why it quite takes you up the Rhine! Tom Robertson is a clever fellow, Sir.

DISAPPOINTED AUTHOR.—What's the point of the dcubling?

AN A. OF MR. R.—Point? You wait!

FUNNY, BUT UNORIGINAL CRITIC.—It's like Woodin; down you duck, and up again as somebody else (*laughs much with a friend*).

SOMEBODY.—Wigan ought not to do it.

SOMEBODY ELSE.—Take my word for it—the old man's part is going to turn out a very strong one.

AN A. OF MR. R.—Just so: you wait. Tom Robertson knows what he's about.

FREDDY (No. 1).—German, you know. One doesn't care about a lot of Germans. Great bosh, I think.

FREDDY (No. 2).—Ya'as.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Same as in Act I. After the conclusion of the second act of the piece.*

SOMEBODY.—First rate that, eh?

AN A. OF MR. R.—I'll tell you what—it's the best thing he's done. Full of satire, Sir—full! And did you notice the fire-place? *Real* green marble! I told you to wait.

DISAPPOINTED AUTHOR.—That act is, as a whole, as good as anything he has done. Such situations (barring the entry of Mr. Soutar in Music Hall costume) *might* occur in the course of English everyday life; and that is saying a good deal for Mr. Robertson.

AN A. OF MR. R.—Saying a good deal for him? Pray, Sir, have you seen *School*? I should like to know what is more like English everyday life than *that*! Everybody says its—the thing itself, Sir.

ANOTHER A. OF MR. R.—Oh, come it's perfect. It's an (*vaguely, as if not quite sure of what it means*) idyl; fresh and—oh, it's A I.

ANOTHER A. OF MR. R.—Poem, Sir. Who could have hit on that idea of the jug but Robertson?

DISAGREEABLE SOMEBODY.—Stuff! none of you people

think for yourselves, but go to the Prince of Wales's to grin at every word you hear, whether it's good or not. You listen to a paradox and think it's biting satire. Who, too, ever heard of an English school for young ladies with an usher and moonlight and public examinations before old beaus and young bucks, and—stuff, Sir. Say it's well written in parts and acted naturally,—to perfection, if you like—but don't go talking balderdash about "real life," and "Sheridan," and "idyls," and—

DISAPPOINTED AUTHOR.—Quite so—it's enough to spoil Mr. Robertson altogether. Fancy *School* without Miss Wilton and Mr. Hare. However, it is something to be able to fit your interpreters exactly. Mr. Robertson is clever at that.

AN A. OF MR. R.—Capital part for Wigan this German fellow.

DISAGREEABLE S.—The worst he ever had. Ungrateful to the last degree. Sympathies of audience dead against him. Something better than that ought to have been found for him.

DISAPPOINTED AUTHOR.—Looks so much like a "dreamer" too. He does the best he can with it, however, and makes the most of the *one* situation in the piece. That was admirably acted on both sides. Mr. Clayton there, and throughout, was excellent.

AN A. OF MR. R.—Oh! bother the acting. It isn't the fashion to criticise that now a-days. Good set that, come now?

SOMEBODY.—The best interior ever put on the stage.

SOMEBODY ELSE.—Miss Robertson, charming. What's become of the old father, I wonder.

FUNNY CRITIC.—Gone to Madame Tussaud's (*much laughter sustained by a loud coterie*).

FREDDY (NO. 1).—I don't like that fellow making up to the girl. It's disgusting. A man thinks of his sisters, you know.

AN A. OF MR. R. (*coming to the rescue*).—Ah, you don't know what goes on in real life. You wait now. We haven't seen the last of the father yet.

ACT. III.

SCENE.—*Same as before, but after the conclusion of the last act of the piece.*

SOMEBODY.—This is it. The Earl pitches into him, and the father turns up, and being an officer, of course the Earl can't get out of it.

SOMEBODY ELSE.—Well, I confess I don't see the point.

AN A. OF MR. R.—Why, to introduce the sabre fight in the lightning. If an English Earl, on the eve of his marriage, fighting a duel in his garden in the dark with cavalry swords, all over the place too, flower beds and all, with a Prussian soldier in full uniform, about nothing particular, and then getting run through, and neglected by two women, who believe him to be dying, but don't call in help, or give him even a glass of water, but wait till supper is over, when every moment's delay diminishes his chance of recovery,—if *that* isn't like everyday life, *what* is? Capital, sir, the best thing he has done. And as to the last act—

FUNNY CRITIC.—Dreams?—I call it a *nightmare*.

(*Coterie merriment as usual.*)

FREDDY (NO. 1).—Yes. Nasty taste that comic speech! Bored?

FREDDY (NO. 2).—Awfully!

AN A. OF MR. R. (*to anybody generally*).—Talk of Sheridan, sir. I'll back—

DISAPPOINTED AUTHOR.—You had better not. The piece is not good. Mr. Hollingshead has made a bad shot—he knows all about ballet, but literary pieces—No! *Shadow Tree Shaft* ought to have warned Mr. Robertson off the regions of drama. He is not at home there. Some parts of "Dreams" are well written, and here and there it is well constructed. But, as a whole, it is stupid and uninteresting—in short, a very slipshod affair. The Earl's character is the only well drawn one in the piece. Miss Madge Robertson played a difficult part with great tact. Mr. Wigan has been thrown away entirely, except in one act. The much-praised bit between the two old men is as old as the hills, rather vulgar, and would be well cut out. If you go to see *Dreams*, go at twenty minutes after eight, and come away at nine. I could stand that much of it once or twice, but *not* at the price of the rest.

AN A. OF MR. R.—Sir!—do you mean—? Why! I—

(*Is taken out in a fit.*)

CURTAIN.

THE VOLUNTEER BARD TO HIS VOLUNTEER REVIEWERS.

OH! glorious thought! sublime idea!
Yes! I'm a British Volunteer!
A warrior to his country dear,
Because he's cheap.

England the land which gave us birth,
Is proud such soldiers to send forth,
She'll pay a tribute to our worth—
But not our keep.

The Government will tell with pride
How Volunteers from every side
Came up too fast at Easter tide,
But not to feast.

How, when in spite of storm and rain,
The trumpet-call called not in vain,
We, like a bird, fell in again,
To feel a beast.

Authorities their pæans raise,
And crown themselves with our bays;
But for our spirits taking praise,
Don't give a drop.

We ask for help! will no one hear?
But one voice sounds from front to rear!
To open stores, the Volunteers
Must shut up shop.

THE PARROT PAPERS.

"Pol, me occidistis, amici."

NO. IV.

HOW MEN IN FULFILLING THE FINAL CAUSE OF THEIR CREATION MIGHT BE KEPT FROM CRIME.—SOME REFLECTIONS ON HANGING.—OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—OF TORTURE—ITS ADVANTAGES AS A PUNISHMENT.—THE FREEDOM OF PARROTS FROM CRUELTY.—OBSERVATIONS WHICH PROVE THE WRITER EMINENTLY SO.—ON STUFFING AFTER DEATH—OF MUMMIES.—WHY HANGING IS A GOOD PUNISHMENT.—SUMMARY METHODS OF DEALING WITH DISAGREEABLE PERSONS ARE THE BEST.—AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE TRUTH OF THIS MAXIM.—THE WHITE MOUSE.—THE HAPPY FAMILY THEORY NOT CONFIRMED BY PRACTICE.—AN EXPERIMENT.—THE RESULT.—SOME REFLECTIONS THEREUPON.

NOW men have found out what they were intended by Nature to do, I hope they will do it, and so keep themselves out of mischief.

I have no trouble in saying that if men were to do nothing but scratch Parrots' heads, that they would be very much happier and better than they are now. In fact, this would decrease crime; which I believe is a difficult thing to do, and a thing, too, which you are always trying to do; in fact, it is one of the questions of the day.

Well, here it is answered at once. Make men fulfil the final cause of their creation—set them to scratch parrot's heads, and you do away with crime at once. On second consideration, if we placed ourselves so much in the power of you wretches, some of you might take it into your heads to wring our necks while performing this soothing office. It would be just like you; and whatever it may be to men, it is a small consolation to me to reflect that if a man strangled me, he would in all probability be strangled himself some weeks or months afterwards—in other words—hanged.

No, I think that on the whole, were I murdered, I should feel but very scanty consolation, even if my dying gaze beheld the criminal in the hands of the police, or on the foot of the gallows. It would not bring me back to life and all its pleasures. I should not be able to eat hemp-seed, even though a hempen cord were round *his* neck; I should never know the sweets of sugar more, or the joys of apples. I should never revel in the grateful pungency of the capsicum, or the piquancy of cheese any more. I should be dead—unable to eat—or to drink—or to whistle—or to peck boy's fingers.

I don't know that I should care at all what became of my murderers.

This amiable confession on my part shows that Parrots are without revenge, or malice, or cruelty—in short, it is another proof of their superiority to man.

This brings me to the subject of Capital Punishment. This I think, in some respects, a mistake; especially when limited as a punishment to that crime which puts it out of the power of the person injured to enjoy the retribution which overtakes his injurer.

No, give me torture—nice, slow, deliberate torture. That is a punishment, hanging is none at all; for does it not destroy sensation at the very moment when sensation would be the acutest agony?

If only I could get hold of some grocer, for instance, who habitually put sand in his brown sugar, would not I enjoy torturing him! I should like to dig holes in his flesh, and fill them up with his own brown sugar. I know that would irritate him; because he would feel not only the physical pain, but also the moral anguish of knowing that his sugar was being wasted.

But do not any of you think that I disapprove altogether of Capital Punishment. I do not; only I would extend its sphere of action. When people ask "To what worse use can you put a man than to hang him?" I would answer, "To what better use can you put a man, or a woman either?"

Now, when a Parrot dies he is still beautiful—you can stuff a Parrot—yes, you may laugh, and say we are always stuffing ourselves; it comes well from you men, who have got stomachs made just like pigs in order to show where you may look among creatures for your equals—but, I mean, you can stuff a Parrot when he is dead, and so, as I once heard one of the girls say, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." That is a Parrot is; for you can't deny that even when dead and stuffed we are beautiful.

But who ever heard of stuffing a man? I have heard of mummies, which I believe are men, salted and peppered and kept in pickle; but they are not "things of beauty;" are they?

I once did see a stuffed man—at least it was a woman—and a more horrid thing I never saw in my life. The animal was called "Julia Pastrana" I believe—and the only reason why she was stuffed, or could be, was that she was half a monkey. Another relation of yours in the animal kingdom is the monkey. I wish you joy of him.

No; hang as many men and women as you like, say I—it is an economical punishment, because you get rid of the expense of keeping them. It saves time, too, as well as money. I always did and always shall advocate a *summary* mode of dealing with disagreeable persons.

I remember upon one occasion, somebody or other who was staying in the house where I reside, I don't quite know what he was, I think they called him a general philanthropist—I called him General Nuisance for brevity—however, he had some theory which was called the "Happy Family" theory, by force of which he maintained that all animals would live together in perfect happiness if you gave each plenty to eat, as nature did. He never tried it himself. I should think if he had done so for one night—with a Bengal tiger say—that there would not have been much left of him next morning. However, he talked a tremendous lot of nonsense about this theory, and, in order to illustrate it, he absolutely put a wretched white mouse, whom I had sometime soberved in a cage running up and down a ladder with the most irritating restlessness, into my palace, and left it there, saying he was sure we should get on most happily together; which proved, if nothing else did, what a fool he must have been.

Well, this wretched white mouse had some food of its own put in with it. I think it was bread and milk. I can't be sure, for really there was so little of it, I had eaten it all before I had quite made up my mind. When the white mouse saw its food had gone, it seemed disconcerted, and began to run up and down, snivelling in a very vexing manner. I gave it two or three friendly pecks, just to remind it that its conduct was annoying, and then I composed myself for sleep. I never, to this day, have been able to make out what paroxysm of weakness, or good nature, as some people would call it, induced me to leave that white mouse there so long. However, my weakness was soon punished. It appears that the colourless creature, finding all its food gone, began to get hungry—it had not the sense to eat what seed of mine had dropped on the bottom of

the cage; though if I could eat its bread and milk, why should not it eat my seed? However, it did not, but went on running up and down the gilt bars of my windows, just as if it was doing the ladder trick. It was not to be expected that I could stand that long. I just opened one eye, and I looked down sideways on the miserable little beast, as much as to say, "You had better be quiet, my little dear."

However, it would not be quiet, and so I quietly dropped down on it and drove my beak through its head; and after that it was quiet enough. Next morning, when they came into the room, this General Nuisance with them, there was a tremendous to-do about the white mouse. "Oh, poor little thing; that beast Poll"—they call me Poll because they can't pronounce my real name, which is Poluphloisboio Polydorus Psittaeus—"That beast, Poll, has killed dear little mousey." Then some of the girls tried to hit me with a paper knife, but I did not mind that. I know girls' fingers are soft enough. They soon gave over that, and turned all their rage on General Nuisance. "How cruel it was to put the poor little thing in with me," &c.

General Nuisance had not much to say for himself, except that in theory he was right, and that we *ought* to have got on very well together. From this little anecdote you may glean two morals.

First.—If you have a theory, and want to try an experiment to prove it, you had better be sure first that every one concerned in the experiment believes in the theory.

Secondly.—When any one or any thing is disagreeable to you get rid of it at once; by a summary method.

If I had allowed that wretched mouse to go on all night fidgetting about, I might have got no sleep, and that would have been very disagreeable.

Whenever any men or women make themselves disagreeable, either by propounding new theories and trying to carry them into practice, or by claiming what they call their rights, or by crying out and making a fuss about some injustice or other which they pretend to be suffering under, never stop to enquire whether the theory be true, or what their rights are, or if they *are* suffering under any injustice. This is all a waste of time; and if they turn out to be right you must turn out to be wrong, which always weakens your authority. I am talking to Governments now—take my advice: tell the annoying persons to be quiet; if they won't be quiet—why, hang them. You'll get rid of them and their troublesome theories, rights, and wrongs, at the same time. And if any others try to follow their example after you have got rid of them—why, hang them too.

In this maxim lies the whole secret of strong government, I assure you, as a Parrot. And as I said before, nobody can say Parrots are cruel.

JUDGMENT BY DEFAULT.

AN "Outsider" has written to a contemporary to complain very justly of the criticisms on the new piece at the Queen's that appeared on Tuesday morning last in the *Times* and *Daily Telegraph* respectively. He says:—

"Can my eyes and ears have deceived me on Monday night? I seemed to see a theatre about one-third filled; I seemed to see scenery which I had previously noticed in *She Stoops to Conquer*, and a burlesque at the same house: I seemed to hear constant hisses throughout the performance; I certainly heard no calls before the curtain.

"Will anybody explain to me how a comedy which is hissed and 'damned' by the audience in the evening becomes 'very favourably received,' and obtains 'generally favourable opinion' in the papers of the next morning?"

Yes, we will explain it to an "Outsider." Neither the *Times* nor the *Daily Telegraph* sent any critic to the Queen's on Monday night, the gentlemen who go to pass judgment for these two journals being most probably well employed elsewhere. It would therefore have been honest to have said nothing at all about the Queen's. The piece, however, had a good name to it, that of Mr. Tom Taylor; so with true "critical" instinct the unhappy compliment was hazarded. The result is unsatisfactory to the theatre, as it directs special attention to a *fiasco* that might otherwise have taken place in a corner. How long will the public take to learn what journalistic criticism is worth? If Sheridan were to bring out his *Rivals* for the first time in 1869, we should have lamentations over its "bad construction," "faulty dialogue," "worn-out theme," and what not,—should—*if* he did not put his name to it!