

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



“INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PROETERIT.”

No. 6.]

LONDON, JUNE 15, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

MEETING OF CONVOCATION.

(FROM OUR OWN PRIVATE REPORTER.)

The Upper House, after having sat on the Lower House for some time proceeded to discuss Private Business.

The *Bishop of BOLTON* rose to draw the attention of the rev. president to a certain book which had been presented by the *Bishop of Abingdon* to the Library of Convocation. In his opinion it was a book calculated to produce the most utter demoralization in the hearts of all who read it; it was a work brimful of unorthodox and heretical doctrines—and if the book was allowed to remain on their shelves he would not answer for the effect which it might produce on the whole church. The thirty-nine articles were the bulwarks of the great Protestant Church, but they might just as well never have been drawn up if such a work as this were fostered in the very bosom of the episcopate. He need scarcely say that he alluded to a work entitled “Bradshaw’s Railway Guide,” which he might term the manual of Sabbath breakers.

The *Bishop of ABINGDON* had no objection to take the work back again with him in his pocket.

The *Bishop of WILTON* wished to know whether the manuscript was illuminated, and if so, in what colours; their existed very sad ignorance on this subject generally amongst the laity.

The *Bishop of ABINGDON* said the work was not illuminated; perhaps if it had been it would have been more intelligible than it was at present.

The *Bishop of LAMBETH* entreated his right reverend brethren to avoid all acrimonious discussions. Now was the time for all sects and creeds to hold out the olive branch.

After a brief but animated discussion, in which several of their lordships took part, a vote of censure was passed on the *Bishop of Abingdon*, which his lordship received with his usual meekness.

In the Lower House, the adjourned debate on the proposed abolition of the 622nd Canon relating to the colour of neck-ties and stockings allowed to be worn by members of the Established Church, was resumed.

The *Dean of IPSWICH* said that he deprecated all interference of the legislature on this subject. It was eminently one, the consideration of which required a very liberal education, great acumen, and strong common-sense, untainted by the slightest suspicion of bigotry or prejudice. Therefore, the clergy were the only persons fit to consider it. If the deacons of the Church of England were to be allowed to wear red neck-ties, with blue stripes, he, for one, must say that they might as well return at once to all the errors of paganism.

The *Rev. NICODEMUS LOWMAN* said that he quite agreed with the venerable Dean who had just spoken. But he went further, he thought that all so-called clergymen of the Protestant Church who wore pink stockings or red neck-cloths, whether with or without blue stripes, ought at once to be excommunicated and deprived of their benefices. It was perfectly evident that it was utterly impossible for any person to be anything but an abandoned and Papistical character who indulged in such hideous wickedness.

The *Rev. ARTHUR BONAIR* rose to order. He appealed to the venerable Archdiaconal Chairman, was such language to

be admitted? He himself wore pink stockings, and intended to do so. He also wore a red neck-tie sometimes, with blue stripes. He considered it his sacred duty to do so, and he would rather be a benighted Mahomedan at once than relinquish a principle which was the very foundation of the Anglican religion—and the abandonment of which involved, he might say, nothing short of absolute perdition.

Archdeacon ST. CLAIR said he had listened to the arguments brought forward on both sides in this important debate. He would remind his reverend brethren of Queen Mary—she was called Bloody Queen Mary,—and all her life she wore pink stockings, and how many innocent souls she had burnt at the stake, let records of Protestant Historians declare. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, what was that? why it was the pride and boast of every one who wore red neck-ties with blue stripes. There was not a single person who had any relations, however distant, that wore pink stockings, but gloried positively in every drop of blood that was shed on that occasion. He would call their attention to the history of Spain, under Philip the—(the Venerable Archdeacon spoke for two hours and a half with the moderation and good sense for which he is so remarkable.)

The *Rev. MIDDLEMAM* said he thought that if the stripes on red neck-ties were horizontal, and not vertical, and of a light blue colour, that the canon would not be violated. He also thought that pink stockings were quite admissible if they looked white by candle light.

The *Dean of EASTMINSTER* said that he had listened with great attention to the speeches, he would not say arguments, on both sides of the question. He could not himself perceive what possible difference it could make what coloured neck-tie or stockings any deacon or priest wore, so long as he did his duty to the people under his charge. He had somehow or other contracted the opinion that the word “Christian” meant something more than a man who believed in the thirty-nine articles. He confessed himself to be so lost in error, so sunk in sloughs of heresy as to imagine that to attain the virtue of true charity was one of the principal aims of an ordained priest. He confessed his moral blindness, but he could not see what was gained by quarrelling over such petty details of ceremonial as this, while the great work of mercy and charity was left undone for want of hands to do it. He himself would rather be guilty of any amount of disobedience to all the canons that were ever made, than lay himself open to suspicion of any neglect in aiding and relieving to the utmost of his power the terrible misery, born of poverty and ignorance, which was destroying bodies and souls in this metropolis like a fearful pestilence. He did not care what dress or what absurd fancies men might take into their heads so long as they did the work which was set them to do. The hours which had been spent in quarrelling over this miserable canon might, if properly employed, have been productive of some scheme of united battle against those evils to which he had alluded.

The Venerable Dean sat down amid a profound silence. The House almost immediately broke up, many of the members retiring to pray for the benighted Dean, while some few sought a congenial solitude in which to curse him. All agreed that more infamous doctrine was never heard, and if no purging could get it out of their ears, they would all take care that it should never penetrate to their hearts.



LONDON, JUNE 15, 1867.

BALL TALK.

THE recent attack made at Paris on the life of the Czar, has given rise to a not uninteresting discussion as to what absolutely took place on that eventful occasion. The various correspondents to the London daily papers, who, from their own account, appeared to have been festooned about the imperial carriage, and there likely to catch the gist of what was going on, contradict each other most remarkably. The correspondent of the *Star*, who is evidently on terms of affectionate intimacy with the Czar, having never been out of his sight for five minutes since his arrival in the capital, speaks, of course, with the greatest authority. He gives full information as to the complexion, pulse, and appetite of both Emperors immediately after the bursting of the pistol, and further adds some really interesting details about the distribution of the blood showered from the wounded horse's nostril. Some of this, it appears, went over the pantaloons and into the eye of one Emperor, and tinged the whisker, helmet, and *aide-de-camp* of the other. However, what the great men said,—this it is, which none of the correspondents were able to catch properly. With a view, therefore, to furnishing a general want, we have selected the most reliable of many. They are subjoined:—

The Emperor of the French.—That was not meant for me. Vive la Pologne! (To crowd :) Keep him off. (*Berezowski being secured.*) Ha! ha! that was decidedly meant for you.

The Emperor of Russia (turning very red).—Sire, we have been under fire together!

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The Emperor of the French (rising and pointing out the assassin).—An Italian for me! a Pole for you! a Dane for Bismarck! and a Frenchman for all three of us! (*turns pale.*)

The Emperor of Russia (turning very pale).—Sire, we have been under fire together!

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The Emperor of the French.—Mounseer, nous avongs etty au-dessus le fou engsemble.

The Emperor of Russia.—Ktop noverjodp lollipop xktop chopstickowski clopp x.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The Emperor of the French.—Sire, being in the hands of Providence, we have naturally been under fire.

The Emperor of Russia (still turning very pale and interrupting him).—Come, now! that's too bad! that's what I was going to say.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The Emperor of the French (turning really very pale, then, on discovering he was not hit—to himself). Bother it! just what I did not want! the very thing, too, to spoil an affair of this kind. I wish it had been at one of the Prussian carriages. Hem! he does not seem to mind it. I suppose I had better say something? Let me see, what shall I say? I have it. (*Then to the Emperor of Russia.*) "Sire, we have been under fire together!"

The Emperor of Russia (on finding out he was not hurt—to himself).—Not touched! then I must make capital out of this. A pity it missed my dear brother, the French Emperor, though. I suppose I ought to say something,—something neat, if possible? Let me see. I'm the Holy Czar (*laughs*). Ah! I have it. No, I haven't. Hulloah! he is going to say something himself. (*Then, in reply to the Emperor of the French.*) "Our destinies are in the hands of Providence." (*To himself.*) Not bad that! Got that idea in after all.

FROM HADES TO ASCOT.

(SEE CARTOON.)

"HERE'S the letter bag, Your Majesty, and Charon wants to know if you will require the boat to-day?" said an Imp entering the infernal breakfast-room.

Pluto, his wife, the Fates, and the Furies were enjoying the matutinal meal when thus disturbed by the appearance of the diabolical "buttons." The King of Hell was reading the "*Styx Gazette and General Hades Advertiser.*" Proserpine, in a charming morning gown of black gauze, trimmed with artificial bats and spiders, was attending to the coffee, while the three Furies (their hideous locks of snakes neatly done up in curl papers), were each of them employed in feeding a head of Cerberus on devilled kidneys. As for the Fates, two of them were spinning a wonderful kind of antimacassar, while the third held a pair of sheers, and occasionally cut off the ends of thread at the request of her sisters. In the accomplishment of this task she was terribly clumsy, and frequently destroyed the pattern of the work to the resigned annoyance of her fellow labourers.

"Tell Charon," said Pluto, opening the mail bag, "to have the steam up by 11.30."

The Imp bowed and retired, leaving the Infernal Family to their breakfast once more. The Furies started from their seats and pounced upon the books that had been received from the circulating library.

"What!" they exclaimed with a howl of rage, "do you mean to say you have ordered *these*?"

"My dears, my dears," said Proserpine, pouring out a cup of tea, "pray speak a little lower. I've got a dreadful headache this morning."

"We can't! we can't!" yelled the Furies. "He has actually sent for Ranke's *Lives of the Popes* and Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*!"

"And what if I have?" asked his Infernal Majesty, testily, "I am told these books contain the biographies of some of my most intimate friends. But there, don't bother, I will send them back and get Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* in their place. It's just the sort of reading for my own fireside."

The Furies gave a grunt of satisfaction, and the Fates, who had stopped their work for an instant, to open a letter that had been tossed to them by Pluto, burst into a peal of silvery laughter.

"What's the joke, my dears?" asked Pluto, grinning in anticipation.

"Nothing very funny," said Clotho, speaking for her sisters, "we knew this morning, before we got up, that we should enjoy a hearty laugh at breakfast, and we have just enjoyed it. Our letter is from Dr. Cumming, of the Scotch Chapel, London, asking us to assist him in his prophecies. Poor fellow! he's got into an awful mess. He says that he has foretold the destruction of the world, and that the earth—disagreeable creature that it is—won't blow up not even to please *him*! Our other letters are from the editors of sporting papers, asking us to write for them—just like their impudence."

As the word "sporting" fell from the lips of the fair female, Pluto's swarthy face assumed a reddish hue.

"By-the-bye, dear," said Proserpine, "where are you going to-day? I heard you order the boat."

"Well, my love," replied Pluto, with some slight confusion, "I have to attend to some city business. There is a company just started (of which I have been made a director) of unlimited lie-ability. Ha, ha, ha! Don't you see the joke, unlimited lie-ability."

Everybody laughed saved the Fates.

"Why don't *you* laugh, my dears?" asked Pluto, addressing them, "the joke's not at all bad for me, and I really and truly think you might try to muster up a smile."

"Ah! sire!" exclaimed Clotho, "it is our sad fortune to know your jokes before you utter them. We have expected the pun, of which you have just been guilty, for more than five thousand years!"

"Poor creatures!" said Pluto compassionately. "But to return to our muttuns. This company has been started to build a bridge over the Styx."

"A bridge over the Styx! Why that would ruin Charon and his ferry!" exclaimed Proserpine, who had just finished reading the last chapter of a novel by Dumas. "But tell me

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THE JUGGERNAUT OF THE TURF.

(See "FROM HADES TO ASCOT.")



my dear, with what do they propose building this famous bridge?"

"With good intentions and works on theology," answered the King of Hell, rising from the table and wiping his fingers on his napkin. He kissed his wife, nodded to the rest, and left the room.

Five minutes later and he was walking towards the gates, accompanied by Cerberus, and costumed in the most extraordinary of garbs, considering that he had to attend to City business that day. He wore a light dust coat and a white felt hat. Slung across his shoulder, by a black leather patent strap, was the case of an opera-glass, and round his hat, twisted carelessly, was a long bright blue veil. He walked briskly, whistling an air from *Robert le Diable*, and smiling diabolically as he passed by his miserable subjects undergoing their terrible tortures. "Ah, Ixion!" he exclaimed to one, "you find that wheel your woe! Eh, my boy?" To another, "Still suffering from that troublesome stone, Sisyphus? My dear fellow, you really should see a doctor." To a third, "What, Tantalus! *mon vieux garçon*, taken the pledge, eh? I hope that water's properly filtered." And so on. At last he came to one poor wretch, who was employed in dancing up a red hot treadmill. To the intense surprise of Pluto, this miserable creature, so far from being discontented, seemed rather to be fond of his work than otherwise.

"Hallo!" said his Infernal Majesty.

"Hallo!" replied the ascender of the red hot treadmill.

"You seem rather jolly up there."

"So I am. I find it far easier and pleasanter than the work I had to attend to when I was up above."

"What on earth used you to do then?" asked Pluto with considerable curiosity.

"Oh! I was a junior clerk in the Savings' Bank Department of the Post Office."

"The deuce you were!" exclaimed his Infernal Majesty compassionately; "then I pity you."

At last Pluto reached the gates of Hell. He called Cerberus, and chained him up to a kennel (over which appeared a board with the legend, "Beware of the dog—no admittance except on business"), and then was ready for his voyage. He had not long to wait. Charon's steamboat soon hove in sight, and as the vessel neared the shore, he heard the voice of the classical Salt requesting the "gents" on board to "get their tickets ready."

The passengers disembarked. His Infernal Majesty stepped on board, and the ferry steamed away again.

"Well, Charon, my hearty, what's your best news?" said Pluto.

The diabolical waterman did not trouble himself to answer the question, but merely pointed with the stem of his pipe to a placard, upon which were written the words, "Passengers are requested not to speak to the man at the wheel."

"Stuff and nonsense," said Pluto. "Why, Charon, my boy, don't you know me?"

"Why, bless me, if it ain't your 'onner the King!" cried the astonished immortal, falling on one knee, and kissing the hand of his master, "cussed if I knew you in that 'ere dress!"

"Hav'n't you seen any like it before?" asked Pluto.

"Oh, lots," replied Charon, "I've 'ad a-board this boat a many gents a-dressed in that 'ere custom, and they all of 'em carried a pistol; them kind of passengers mostways comes to me in such a precious 'urry that they leaves their brains on shore be'ind 'em!"

"Leaving their brains behind them must cause them a sad blow! But perhaps they sacrificed their brains as the most worthless things they could bequeath to their creditors," said Pluto, with a meaning smile.

Charon grinned. He did not see the joke, but was not the wag its utterer, his master, and his king?

"If it ain't imperance to ask your Majesty, wot brings your 'onner to earth this morning?"

"Business, Charon, business. The fact is, I want to buy some new slaves; and what with THE TOMAHAWK, and the Electric Telegraph, this is not an easy thing to manage."

"S'pose I'd better put your Majesty ashore, some bar-bar-ouse h'sland in the Pacific."

"By no means, Charon. England is the country to get to. The missionaries of that pleasant place have all gone to the 'bar-bar-ouse h'slands' (as you call them) of the Pacific, leaving their own land—to me!"

"All right, your 'onner. I s'pose then your Majesty's a-going to a party?"

"No, Charon, I am so tired of balls that I shall go to-day to my other haunt—the races!"

"If I ain't taking a liberty perhaps your 'onner would not mind a putting a couple of oboli for me on Wauban for the Ledger. He's sure to win a gent told me who 'ad backed 'im for the Derby and who came aboard my ship just afore settling day. What do you think about the matter yourself your Majesty?"

"Well, really, I don't know, I forgot to consult the Fates."

Ten minutes later and Pluto stepped on shore.

* * * * *

It was not an inviting shore. The wind whistled through the trees, burdened with leaves as dead as door-nails. It was summer, and yet the grass was brown, and the birds lying on the paths were stiff and cold. All Nature seemed still and sombre. Evidently there was something wrong somewhere. Pluto looked about him, and at last discovered the object of his search—a car, two horses, and a jockey; nothing more. The car was a carriage worthy of the King of Hell. No mere coach, or drag, or brougham, or cart, but a triumphal chariot, made by mankind, and presented to His Infernal Majesty to bring him to their doors. It was simply a huge betting-book mounted upon wheels, and harnessed to two weird horses. The design had been suggested by the King of Hell himself. Pluto took his stand, and then the rider of the weird horse slowly turned his head. His Infernal Majesty smiled, for in spite of his silken jacket and his natty boots, he recognised in the jockey before him the gaunt form of his old friend Death. The skull returned the smile, and the strange party started on their journey.

Pluto soon began to get bored. He found the cities with the blinds of the houses drawn, and the bells of the churches tolling. "Hard work for Charon," he murmured, as a crowd of Shades passed him on their road to Hades. As for Death, he kept an account of the bodies left by these excursionists to the Styx—they were his perquisites.

In a short time a flag-decked town was reached. They passed through avenues of tents, booths, and carriages; they left crowds of drunken men and painted women behind them. Soon shouts of "Five to one against the field—bar one!" were heard, and myriads of fools began throwing themselves in the path of the advancing *corège*. This pleased Pluto immensely, who seemed never tired of watching the wheels of his chariot as they passed over the puppets, to their great discomfiture. There was only one drawback to the sport—the wheels became quite dirty; for one cannot touch sporting men, or pitch, without becoming defiled.

At this point the car stopped, for the journey was over. Fictitious Hades had been exchanged for real Hell!

And now the author's pen falls to the ground, and the artist's pencil takes up the thread of the story.

IRRITATING TO A DEGREE.

It appears that the new London University has risen no less than nineteen feet above the ground, at a trifling cost to the country of £9,000, with an additional debt for a contract of £6,000. Still the great necessity demanding its immediate completion. A batch of insignificant members in a small house have actually carried an amendment involving the entire destruction of the present work, with the contingent loss of money, labour, and time. Mr. TITE, who by profession happens to be not unconnected with the brick-laying trade, reminded the House "that the preparation of a new design (by himself?) would not cause any great delay." Whether this be literal tight-rope dancing, or fact, matters little as far as the public are concerned. What they need is a pillory for the man, or men, who, entrusted with the public money, run up nineteen feet of a Great National Institution for the mere fun of seeing it knocked down again.

HEAD OR —!

A YOUNG lady of our acquaintance, wearing an enormous chignon, startled us the other day with the inquiry, "Are all the members of the Jamaica Committee bald-headed?" We were electrified. "Why, madam," we replied, "do you make this strange inquiry?" "Because," answered our fair querist, "they seem all so eager for *the head of Eyré*."

QUEEN'S ENGLISH TO A RUSSIAN EMPEROR.

SIR,—Who says the Emperor of All the Russias refuses to visit London, the great metropolis of the civilised world? I don't believe a word of it. I know the Queen says she will not go to the expense of putting him up, but that need not matter. Look here—could we not get up a subscription, or something of that sort? I will put down a shilling—there! As for entertaining him, what do you think of this programme of mine? At present it is merely in the rough, but it will show what Englishmen *could* do if they would only put their shoulders to the wheel, like your obedient correspondent.

ONE OF THEM.

MONDAY.—Putting up of the Czar at a good commercial house. (There is a capital one, where the waiter used to speak Russian, near Leicester Square.) N.B.—That's enough for one day. Now then for

TUESDAY.—Hem! let's see! Why should he not receive the freedom of the City? That's it, of course! and he will get his dinner for nothing. There, now, that's not bad!

WEDNESDAY.—(*Great idea for Wednesday!*) State visit of His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias to the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens. Feeding of Russian bear with his own "Pole!" N.B.—That's good, isn't it? A new idea, too. I think that will do for Wednesday.

THURSDAY.—Drawing-room day. Reception of the Emperor by the Princess Beatrice. (The Queen, I dare say, will sanction this.) Game at hide-and-seek, dolls' houses, and hunt the slipper, in the royal nursery. Walk about Hyde Park, or trip to Rosherville? or—what he likes?

FRIDAY.—There is not much more to do, is there? I suppose he would not care to try a Turkish bath? No. Well, then, why not "*Caviare*?" Yes, that's it! State visit to Fortnum and Mason's to eat *Caviare*. By the way, couldn't he lay a foundation-stone somewhere? This ought to be seen to.

SATURDAY.—Plenty for Saturday—lots of things I have forgotten in the week. Crystal Palace (he might go there by train and walk back)! Cremorne! Greenwich! Monument! Underground Railway! Mr. German Reed's Entertainment! South Kensington Museum! (lunch there), British Museum! (lunch there too) other Museums and more lunch (if he likes). Music Halls! Theatres! (see advertisements) Concerts! Paris and back for twenty-four shillings (or something of that sort; we might pick something out of the *Times*). Let me see—where was I? "Paris and back"—yes. Well, he might have some more *Caviare*, and finish off the visit very pleasantly.

SUNDAY.—Mr. Spurgeon, St. Alban's, Mr. Bellew, All Saints, St. Barnabas, Archbishop Manning, St. Clements Danes, &c., &c., &c., and as many more as he can manage. I will enclose further particulars next week.

P.S.—I open this to say I think far the best idea in the programme is that of the foundation-stones—he ought to lay these continually, say five a day.

THE COMIC ROAD TO NEWGATE.

LITERARY immorality is spreading like a rinderpest. Brainless scribblers, whose proper sphere is penny-a-lining, aim now-a-days at dressing up the brains of others, placing them on a three-halfpenny salver, and inviting the public to a bad sort of literary *table d'hôte*. We have been led into these reflections in consequence of "a serio-comic journal" having recently feloniously stolen from our columns "a joke." In the cause of morality we denounced the theft, and this week we find that our contemporary has made a confession of the crime. From the flippant tone, however, of the confession, it is evident that the moral perceptions of this literary pickpocket are of a very low order. Is there no Home for the Destitute of Brains—no Asylum where the doctrine could be carefully inculcated, that there is really no difference between picking one's columns of an idea and one's pocket of a watch? *Punch's* title-page has been copied by this plagiarist to a T, and our own pages have been seized upon by the three-halfpenny pilferer. Larceny may be considered by some people a very good joke, but in any other path of life but Literature this sort of fun would reach its climax in the Old Bailey.

AN OLD MOTTO FOR A NEW PRIMA DONNA.—Vox et præterea Nil-sson.

IN THE GAZETTE!

THE proprietors of our talented contemporary the *Pall Mall Gazette* have found the articles upon the Casual Ward and the "Knobstick" so successful, that they propose (we believe) engaging the following gentlemen for the purposes marginally specified:—

To write an article descriptive of "*The Private Life of the Queen.*" Mr. Buckstone disguised as the Honourable B. D'Israeli.

To write an article upon "*The Emperor Napoleon at Home.*" Mr. Paul Bedford disguised as the Prince Imperial.

To write an article upon "*Death on the Scaffold.*" Mr. Sothern disguised as a condemned convict.

To write an article upon "*Life behind the Scenes of the Theatre.*" The Earl of Shaftesbury disguised as a *premiere danseuse*.

To write an article upon "*The Mysteries of the Roman Inquisition.*" Mr. Whalley disguised as the Pope.

To write an article upon "*Dramatic Grub Street.*" Mr. Tom Taylor disguised as an original playwright.

TRIFLES FOR RIFLES.

FOR the direction of our Riflemen we beg to subjoin the following simple rules to be observed in times of riot:—

1. You may bring your rifle with you, and may do anything with it; always excepting using it for purposes of assault or defence.
2. You must not disobey your officers until they order you to do anything.
3. You may not kill any one until some one has killed you.

A THEATRICAL HAGGIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TOMAHAWK."

DEAR SIR,—I am an old and persistent playgoer. Nothing but ill-health or (what is still rarer) absence from town, prevents me from attending the first night of any new piece produced in London.

I will freely confess that I have suffered much lately. I do not think I can stand it much longer. I have been buoyed up by a vigorous hope, proof against many bitter disappointments, that the English Drama was not quite defunct. I am afraid that and my hope are both as dead as door-nails. I went on Saturday night last to see a *new* and *original* drama by Tom Taylor, Esquire. I remember *Still Waters Run Deep*, *Plot and Passion*, *Nine Points of the Law*, and some other plays with that name attached to them, which gave me great and unalloyed pleasure. What did I see on Saturday night? Sir, I give you my word I saw a *cento* of scenes and incidents, out of well-known and hackneyed pieces, never very good in themselves, carelessly strung together with the coarsest pack-thread that ever any Grub Street patcher was known to use.

An original drama! Heaven save the mark! It was all about Australia, but it was not even aboriginal. There was *Flying Scud*, *The Ticket of Leave*, *Brother Sam*, *The Overland Route*, *Never too Late to Mend*, and I don't know what else, all jumbled up together in such an *olla podrida*, that Mr. Disraeli or the D—l himself could not make head or tail of it. There was a man with web fingers (at least he said he was the proud possessor of that remarkable deformity), who held a cigar between his web fingers just as you or I might. He said his gloves had the two first fingers sewn together, but it was a deliberate insult to one's opera-glasses, for it was plain to see they were not so, even if he had not taken pains to spread all his fingers out afterwards. Then, Sir, I went to be interested in a new piece, and I found all the plot described in bad English in the playbill. I found there that the *Hon. Sam Slingsby* "tries to get his living" in the second act. This appears to me to be as graceful and *naïve* a confession of originality as I have seen for a long time. I do not know, Sir, whether it has ever been your lot to see Mr. Voltaire act sentiment; if so, I heartily pray, Sir, it may never be mine or your lot again. I don't know what I should do if I suddenly found myself the proprietor of a son in a shocking blackguard dress, with web fingers, and on the point of being arrested for nobbling a horse, but I hope I should not conduct myself in the outrageous way that Mr. Voltaire did on

Saturday night. I know that Miss Kate Terry is a very accomplished artist, and possesses what is so rare in an actress—real sensibility and deep feeling; but that is no reason why thirty-six bouquets should be flung to her sister for jumping and dancing through a part which was poor enough in itself, but which she did not improve by ungraceful gestures, and a school-girlish sort of obtrusive self-consciousness which may win the admiration and bouquets of indiscreet friends, but will never win her a place in that temple of fame which her sister occupies and adorns.

I cannot trust myself to say any more. I address myself to your paper because I perceive you are determined not to shut your eyes to faults merely because they exist side by side with a certain amount of merit. I only hope that this protest of mine, imperfect and ill-expressed as it is, may help to waken a determined and honest expression of opinion on the part of regular play-goers like myself, who are at present condemned to swallow an abominable medley of feeble trash and unblushing plagiarism as "a new and original drama," and who, going to the play to be amused or interested, are compelled to come away bored and disgusted. I remain, Dear Sir, yours faithfully,

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

REPORTING IN A GLASS HOUSE.

LYING is not generally considered a virtue—even by the vicious. As a rule, we think the world professes to regard a liar—when he is caught, at all events—as a despicable character. This being, let us suppose, admitted, what shall we say to the following report from the *Daily Telegraph*—we name our contemporary because we like giving the devil his due—of Olmar's great gymnastic exhibition, which was advertized to take place at the Crystal Palace on Whit-Monday?

"The countless hurdles and stirrups and bars and loops and rings suspended from on high, were brought into requisition by the indefatigable Olmar as easily as if he had been at once Briareus and some centipedal personage for whom the mythology of Lemprière may be searched in vain."

Now, if there were a grain of truth in this report, we should, for the sake of truth, be willing to put up with the classical slang of this literary hack. But the above statement is what some would call a pure invention, others an imaginative flight, others again—bah! why should we hesitate to write it—a lie. And so it is. Now, the fact is that notices were posted up in the Palace announcing that Olmar would not go through his great gymnastic exhibition owing to the non-arrival of his apparatus, but would instead give a performance in the theatre. We have nothing more to say. We will refrain from preaching a solemn discourse, for our pages are not particularly suited to it, upon the impropriety of publicly lying in the columns of a journal having the largest circulation among daily newspapers. In future, one thing is certain, we shall be inclined to suspect every report in the *Daily Telegraph* in which there is a strong infusion of the classical *ex* Lemprière.

FASHION.

BEALES will have a small and early dance on the 26th inst. in the vicinity of the Serpentine. 50,000 invitations have been issued, and a German band has been engaged.

Sir Arthur Lloyd entertained a select company (including H. R. H. the Prince of Wales) on Monday last, at the Shades, Leicester Square.

Mr. Walpole, who had issued cards for a *soirée* for Tuesday last, was, in consequence of sudden indisposition, compelled to postpone it, whereat he was, of course, deeply affected.

Mr. Bright has returned to town from Paris, where he has been doing the Exhibition by day, and the Salle Valentino, the Closerie des Lilacs, &c., by night.

The Tomahawks give a splendid entertainment this day to the public. 30,000 invitations have been issued, at twopence a head. Five million tickets have been applied for.

VERY LIKE A "WAIL" FROM HANWELL.—To those who are anxious to emigrate, we say, study your Atlas (omnibus), and go to the *Antipodes* (in Holborn.)

MOTTOS FOR THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE.

Emperor of France.—How doth the little busy "B" improve each shining hour.

Emperor of Russia.—The "needle" to the Polc.

Emperor of Austria.—I'm so Hungary!

King of Prussia.—"Bismarck," his mark.

The Sultan.—Harem? Scare 'em!

The King of Greece.—Sugar Candia!

The Pope.—There's no place like Rome.

The Queen of England.—Though lost to sight, to memory dear!

ALL THE FUN OF THE — POLICE COURT.

IT seems as if the presence of a woman in a Law Court were the signal for an amount of judicial perplexity and imbecility that is simply surprising. Not long since a Mr. Booth was charged with assaulting a Miss Nellie Stanley. He was sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment. When he had been in prison a few days, he was discharged with the surprising statement that the *penalty which he had already suffered was sufficient*. If this was really the case, why, in the name of common sense, was he not sentenced to three days' imprisonment instead of three weeks? To decide upon a punishment in a public court, and soon afterwards to virtually acknowledge that the decision was hasty, and the punishment unnecessarily severe, is simply an insult to the dignity of law. In this case, however, there was no room for a middle course at all. Either Booth did, or did not criminally assault the young woman in question. If he did, he deserved all that the extreme vengeance of the law could give him. If he did not, he should have been acquitted at once. What the facts were it was the business of the powers that be to discover. Mr. Walpole is no longer at the Home-Office, and, therefore, we may fairly expect that the necessary business shall be performed in a fitting manner.

CHARADE.

ROUND and fair was the form of my first,
Though white as frost its head;
Beneath my second the red blood flowed,
Though all within were dead.
Not a cry I heard as I plunged my knife
Right through that second's breast,
But slowly the red blood trickled out,
And the secret stood confes't.

That merry young girl who sat by my side,
With mischief in her eye,
When I swore that I knew not what lay inside,
Had bade me boldly try:
I cut my second in quarters, and said,
"Come, here's a quarter for thee;
'Tis good for evil that I return,—
No quarter you give to me."

She laughed a brighter, crueller laugh,
As she took my proffered boon,
And struck the knife, all dripping and red—
The saucy minx!—with a spoon.
"I'd give you quarter if I believed
One-half you swear on your soul;
But I know your vows and oaths are worth
No more or less than—my whole."

Answer to the last enigma.—A Sell.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Answers to our Charades must be sent to our office on or before every Tuesday, to secure acknowledgment at our hands.

RANK POISON.—Count Bismarck informs us that the courtesies shown by the Emperor of the French to the Czar is regarded by Prussia as so much Prussic Acid.

JOURNALISTIC CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TOMAHAWK."

SIR,—I am very fond of music—probably nobody is fonder; and, in days gone by, whenever a new opera or a new singer was to be heard, you may be sure I was at the Theatre, listening with all my ears, and going out at the end of each act to compare notes with others as to the merits of the novelty we had been hearing. I am not a composer, myself, nor a singer, nor, indeed a cultivated musician of any sort, but I have heard music all my life, and all over the world: moreover, I am untrammelled by those prejudices which necessarily beset an artist when he is speaking of his own art, so I am sure that you will think with me that I have some right to be heard when I assure you that the present condition of journalistic criticism, so far as regards music, is such as in no way to assist the public or advance the art.

I am not quite so young as I was, and I do not attend *premières* as regularly as I did formerly, so what do I do? Why, Sir, I do like a good many other folks; I read my paper next morning at breakfast to see how Madlle. So-and-so got on, and what sort of a success she had. Well, Sir, I read a great lot about "peerless voice," "noble organ," "exquisite finish," "artistic phrasing," and so forth, and, will you believe me, I am invariably taken in, and rush to the Theatre in the conviction that I am going to hear another Pasta, or another Sontag, another Rubini, or another Lablache.

But stay—please don't fancy that I am a *laudator temporis acti*; I have been told that I am somewhat of a twaddle, but in selecting for examples the names which I have just written down, I have done so, not because they are, alas! dead and gone, but because I consider that they were pre-eminent in their art. No Sir, I can recognise a good artist—when I find one; and nobody takes greater pleasure in the singing of Madame Trebelli, or Mr. Santley, and one or two more, than the old individual who is now addressing you. But what I complain of is that the level tone of praise, which is the characteristic of the criticism of our day, will not help us to ameliorate the enfeebled condition of our lyric stage; it will only give us a contented heart, which, according to the Psalmist, is a capital thing, but which will have the effect of barring all progress, and keeping us just where we are.

Words and phrases of superlative praise should be reserved for the gifted few, and to employ them in cases other than those for which, alone, they are fitting, is to degrade the general standard of excellence, which should be the critic's only guide. Now, to take an example: I read in the papers that Signor Bagagiolo (I think that is the way to spell it), who made his first appearance in *Don Carlos* the other night, has a "magnificent bass voice;" well, I expect after that, to hear a magnificent voice, and I don't hear any such thing. I find that the new comer has a round and sonorous voice, but one in no way comparable to that of Herr Schmidt (whom you will remember to have heard at Covent Garden two or three years ago), whilst the voice of the latter, good as it was, was not within a hundred miles, so fine as Signor Lablache's. It is true that this is only a small matter, but if Signor Bagagiolo has a magnificent voice, what term could you apply to that of Signor Lablache, which would convey an adequate idea of the immeasurable superiority of the latter?

So it is in many other cases—young singers of rich promise are smothered with adulation before they know where they are. What happens? Increased salaries—enthusiastic audiences (because, say what you will, the public is led by the criticisms they read in the papers), and small blame to the young artiste if slender progress is made afterwards. I quite agree with your able musical reporter in the tribute he pays to Madlle. Patti, who, despite the lavish amount of blindly administered praise which she has had to struggle against, is twice the artist she was when first she came amongst us.

Then, again, why am I told that Signor Graziani is a "good singer" (?). Judged by the side of Beletti, or Corsi, or Varesi, or plenty of other barytones, to say nothing of Tamburini, he is *not* a good singer, or anything like it. He is possessed of a very beautiful voice, which it is a pleasure to hear; but I might just as well claim to be a good violin player because I possess a valuable *Joseph Guarnerius*, which was left me by an uncle—goodness knows why, as I was always a most indifferent fiddler.

Well now, Sir, I must pause a bit, although I have plenty

more to say. The truth is I am getting rather doubtful as to whether you will be able and willing to give insertion to this long grumble; I trust, however, that you will not refuse me, because you can't think how long it took me to screw up my courage to address you at all.

So, thanking you *d'avance*, I remain, Sir, your obedient servant.
POOR OLD TOMMY.

SCHOOLBOY COMMERCE.

WE are frequently told by Continental critics, as well as occasionally by critics of our own country, that we are a nation of shopkeepers; and perhaps we do not display as much anxiety as we might to put away once and for ever the reproach. At least such is the inference to which advertisements like the following might seem in the eyes of partial censors to point:—

A. T. MARSHALL & CO., Foreign Stamp Merchants, Victoria Street, Grimsby. Agents wanted immediately in all the Grammar Schools and Colleges in England. Commissions 25 per cent.

A more disgraceful and impertinent announcement it would be difficult to come across. Here is a firm of professional tradesmen endeavouring to manufacture amateur tradesmen out of schoolboys by promising them one-fourth of all that they can contrive to squeeze out of their mates. The advertisement is extracted from the pages of a boy's magazine, published we forget by whom; and for all we know may be in twenty other publications of the same description as well. Commercial speculation may be well enough in its proper place, and when conducted in its proper way. Stamp collecting, though a sufficiently frivolous, has hitherto been an altogether unobjectionable amusement. But now that schoolboys are to look upon it as a means to the accumulation of pocket-money it becomes quite a different thing. There are a great many mean dirty-minded boys, both big and small, who will think that the tempting offer which Messrs. Marshall hold out is a fine opportunity of making their companions disburse their superfluous cash into their own pockets. We can only hope that schoolmasters in future will keep a sharp look-out over those of their pupils who may evince an inordinate partiality for collecting stamps themselves, and for affording every opportunity of gratification to those of their school companions who may wish to do the same. If such advertisements as those issued by Messrs. Marshall have their full influence they will convert no small number of playgrounds into theatres of petty trickery. We shall have to eye with suspicion every urchin who tells us of his stamp collection, and we shall even have to reflect whether "alley taws," bats, and balls, are not vended by the same unholy means.

THE young Emperor of China will not visit the Paris Exhibition. It is said that this step has been determined upon by his uncle and guardians, in consequence of the immense difficulties that would lie in the way of his practising his religion. The Emperors of China never travel without their gods, and as the present youthful Sovereign has five, each of them five and thirty feet high, it has been thought prudent to avoid any unpleasantness that might arise with the French Custom House authorities by his staying at home altogether.

A GOOD deal of bad coin is just now current in Paris in the shape of hollow Sovereigns and spurious Crowns.

RUMOUR says that the Fenians are about to attack Canada. Who can aid her?

WHERE are the Belgian Volunteers? E(l)cho answers—Where?

ON the occasion of the Czar quitting Paris, it is said that "the two Emperors" warmly embraced each other. We hope they may never have occasion at a future time to cry "To arms!"

IT is untrue that Her Majesty the Queen declines to meet the Sultan of Turkey on the occasion of his approaching visit to this country, on the ground that he is "a harem-scarum fellow."

THE Belgian Volunteers are to pay a Sunday visit to the Gardens in the Regent's Park. Of course the "Zoo" is the proper place for the Lions of the London Season.