

# THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



“INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT.”

No. 8.]

LONDON, JUNE 29, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

## MISTRESS VICE TO LADY VIRTUE (?)

I SAW the scornful sneer with which your ladyship looked at me—not for the first time. I want to discover the reason for that sneer. We meet only in the park or at the theatre, except on those rare occasions when your ladyship deigns to cast the shadow of virtue over the dazzling vice of Cremorne. All these are public places, and I do not in any way intrude myself on you. I allow that your conventional respectability gives you a right to sneer at me in your own drawing-room or in those of your friends, but not in those places for admission to which no voucher, signed by the world, is necessary.

Let us see what real superiority your ladyship possesses over me, moral or otherwise. Let us look at the points of resemblance and of difference between us.

I am very expensively and somewhat gaily dressed. It appears to me that your costume is not unlike mine, only rather more “*decoletée*.” It is certainly newer. I am aware that it is I who imitate you, not you who imitate me. I know when I first adopted my present fashion, and when I met you adorned by its exact counterpart, I thought how hard the poor milliners must have worked to get the original finished so soon after the copy.

My face is painted I admit. The life I lead injures my complexion. My face is my fortune—and I am obliged to repair the damages which time inflicts on it. You have £15,000 a-year, or rather your husband has. Perhaps as your face is the only jointure you brought him, you think it right to neglect no effort to keep it in good condition. But with all humility, I think you might take a lesson from me in the art of nature-painting. That rouge is not well put on; that line under the eye is far from being as delicate as it might be. You have painted your ears too, and badly. The golden hair is your own, but you seem to me to use the dye with a clumsy hand, and the effect is streaky.

We both in fact do what we can to improve our appearance, and attract admiration, do we not? Only this art is my profession while you are only an amateur. Why do you not, like amateurs of other arts, come to the professional for a lesson? I should not allow you to commit such a blunder as to smile so very much at the would-be young man who is dangling at your elbow—you show the place where the false teeth join the real ones.

Is it not shocking to see me nodding familiarly to, and chatting freely with so many gentleman? I am very sorry to wound your delicate moral susceptibilities. Thank God I have no children; but if I had a daughter, I don't think I would sell her to a man like Charlie Blazes, as we used to call the young Earl Dunnup. He never had much of a character—but now that none even of his cast-off mistresses deign to notice him (they know him too well) is he, do you think, exactly the kind of man whom a young innocent girl should be asked to love, honour, and obey? You know very well how she loves Arthur Hazell—poor fellow, it gives my worn-out heart a pang to see his face when you ice him with that frosty smile and bitter cold bow of yours. Certainly, Dunnup's uncle left him a very handsome fortune the other day—enough to pay off the mortgages, and Dunnupton is a fine place—so I daresay you are right. You never had a heart yourself and there is no reason why your daughter should not take after her mother.

I know how spotless your character is. Archbishops and bishops sit at your table. Lady Shaftesbury's parties are often

graced by your presence. I see your name at the Queen's balls, and we all know how particular her Majesty is, even by proxy. I wonder what these people would do if suddenly one day I appeared in the midst of one of these purified gatherings; I daresay they would faint with pious horror. And yet your pious ladyship, bad as I have been, I never profaned the marriage service by promising to love, honour, and obey a man for whom I cared nothing, whom I despised, and whose honour I subsequently betrayed—he never found it out I know—I give you all praise for your cunning—I never reared up a daughter to follow my glorious example. You have a long list, doubtless, at your tongue's end of the men whom I have ruined and heartlessly thrown aside; I hope you are glad to see how many of them have repaired the damage to their hearts and their fortunes by happy marriages. But at least I have never yet been able to bring myself to the baseness of uttering vows at the altar which I knew that I never intended to keep, or to the selfishness of ruining any man whom I really loved, by suffering him to tie himself for life to a pariah—an outcast from the hallowed realm of society. Certainly I profess but little religion; the church which once a week is sanctified by your pure footsteps, and graced by your elegant toilette, is never profaned by my presence; and I cannot even boast that a handsomely-bound “Church-Service” adorns my toilette table for the purpose of impressing my maid, and setting a good example to the servant who dusts the unopened leaves every morning.

But while I recognise in your ladyship that immense moral superiority which the esteem and respect of society confers on you, I must respectfully maintain that when we meet in public places, not set apart for the sole use of those immaculate beings who constitute the pure and whole “*monde*,” in contra-distinction to the “*demi*” and impure “*monde*,” that the insolent sneer with which you always favour me is misplaced, and likely to be misconstrued. If my presence shocks you, avert your gaze, and do not leave it open to irreverent tongues to say that the contempt which you affect for me, is but a feeble shadow of that loathing which you would feel for yourself, could any mirror be found to reflect the arrogant hypocrisy and mean selfishness of your heart, as faithfully as your looking-glass reflects the paint and powder on your features.

**SMOKE FOR COLE.**—Why ought we to imagine that Cole, the egotistical and the C.B., loves horsemanship?—Because he admires the *Haut école* (haughty Cole!!!).

**TO “ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.”**—“A ROSE by any other name,” &c.

**SOMETHING TO PLEASE THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.**—What is the difference between the capital of France and the Prince Imperial's father? The first is Paris, the second's 'is “pa.”

**FROM MR. MANTALINI.**—Why are the *petites dames* called the *demi-monde*?—Because they are so fond of swearing.

**P. & O.** oh!—The cry of the unfortunate Shareholders in the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company.

**THE HUSBANDS' LAMENT.**—When lovely woman stoops to *Le Follet*.

**BIS DAT QUI CITO DAT.**—The “*encore system*” as practised by every singer but Mr. Sims Reeves.



LONDON, JUNE 29, 1867.

### TWO ARTICLES FOR THOSE WHO LIKE LEADERS.

ARE we ever to have anything like government in London? Our highways and public thoroughfares are often dangerous to travel through. Our gas is execrable; our policemen are always inaccessible when wanted. Of all the nuisances with which we are infested, none can be more disgraceful than the practice which exists in some of the best neighbourhoods of town, of throwing broken glass into the streets. In the immediate vicinity of St. James's Square, particularly, this practice is very common. When is it to be put a stop to? How long are valuable horses to be lamed, ladies' feet to run the chance of being seriously wounded, and the human head of being broken or cut by these projectiles?

THE devil, we are told, is not so black as he is painted, and even the ghastly outrages of Sheffield may not in reality be so horrible as they seem to the world in general. After all, it may be a disguised form of patriotism which impels a select set of scoundrels to destroy the property and take away the lives of those who may differ from them on any given point. We are not, indeed, told this by the *Star*; on the contrary, that philanthropic journal uplifts its voice in pious horror at the disclosures which we have recently witnessed. "Still," we are reminded, "it is our duty to remember that evidence of this kind is not, strictly speaking, evidence against trades unions." Now we have a word to say on this. The great principle upon which trade unions rest, is the right of the majority to legislate for the minority. The recalcitrant individual is to be compelled by any coercion that his fellows can exercise, to do as they do, and as they wish him to do. The interests of the many are paramount: the interests of the few are as nothing. To advance the former, is the sole end and aim of these unions. Anything which can be done to drown the voice of the individual may be done, and should it so happen that murder is necessary, murder must not be stopped short of. This is what the Sheffield disclosures have proved. Now who can say that, unless the law enacts that trades unions shall be constituted upon a new basis, the Sheffield disclosures are not evidence against the whole system? Combinations of labour may have their value. But as they are at present allowed to be formed, we can never be certain that they will not result in assassination and violence of every kind. These, in fact, are merely incidental accompaniments, pushed to its furthest logical consequences.

### PROPOSED VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO PARIS.

IT is with great pleasure that we announce, that her gracious Majesty, being moved by the example of all the other Sovereigns of Europe, has been induced to emerge from her retirement, and to pay a visit to the head-quarters of Peace and Amity, as Paris may now be called.

The following arrangements have been made in order to secure that amount of privacy which her Majesty naturally wishes to preserve.

On arriving at Calais, the pier will be cleared of all *Douaniers*, *Sergeants de Ville*, and the public generally, while Her Majesty is conducted in a covered omnibus to the railway station.

No one, except the necessary officials, will be allowed on the platform, till the train containing Her Majesty shall have started. On arriving at Paris, the whole city will, by particular request, and by aid of sleeping draughts, distributed *gratis*, be hushed in deep slumber.

All blue-bottle flies, daddy-long-legs, sparrows, and other vocal animals found about, will be instantly executed.

Her Gracious Majesty will proceed, in a closed van, to the rooms prepared for Her Majesty's reception.

When Her Majesty visits the Exhibition, all the blinds will be drawn down, and the inhabitants of Paris will be expected to keep their beds, or to visit Versailles, or some other favourite place in the neighbourhood, at their own expense.

Her Majesty will not visit the Emperor of the French, nor will she receive any visit from his Imperial Majesty. The reason for this is obvious. Should H. I. M., or his Imperial spouse, show any desire to break through this reserve which the Queen has felt it right to impose on herself, her Majesty will feel it her painful duty to return at once to Scotland.

By Her Majesty's express request, 250 models of the Albert Memorial (as it is to be), will be erected at different points in Paris. Her Majesty desires to receive no addresses whilst residing at the French capital, except from any petty German Prince or Highland Chief who may happen to be resident in Paris.

*Later intelligence.*—We deeply regret to state, that owing to some unforeseen difficulty in carrying out the above arrangements, Her Majesty has decided to defer her visit to Paris for this year.

### TERMS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

WE have now been long enough established to sell our pages to enterprising advertisers, like the rest of our contemporaries. We beg, therefore, to submit the charges we make for advertisements in the "literary" part of our paper for their inspection, promising that their orders shall be attended to with wit, economy, and despatch.

*A good "quotable" Review of a trashy Novel.*—From half a dozen gratis copies of new works up to one insertion of a half-column advertisement.

*Superior ditto, with Latin quotations.*—From one insertion of a column advertisement up to twenty-five insertions of a page advertisement.

*A nice pithy Critique of a Condemned Play.*—From four orders for "Two to the Boxes" up to an "Admit Three to the Stalls."

*Superior ditto, with genial and humorous description of the Plot.*—From half a dozen private boxes to perpetual advertisement on the leader page "over the clock."

*A logical Defence of the Government's Foreign Policy.*—From three scraps of good information up to a consulship for the Editor.

*A Scholarly Support of a bad Ministerial Job.*—From a column advertisement of a contract for pipeclay up to a five years' advertisement of a fine arts catalogue.

*A pleasant notice of Grocery, &c. (warranted sound and serviceable)*—From a pot of pickles up to a five-pound note.

### TAKE YOUR PARTNERS.

THE Belgian Reception Committee is not wise in its generation. A grand ball is to be given to the Belgian Volunteers at the Agricultural Hall. Well. Gunter provides vanilles and strawberries and cream. Well. Godfrey discourses the dulcetest strains of harmony. Well, again. But here the Committee should let well alone. But it perversely doesn't. It invites gentlemen—it probably means gents—to take tickets at a guinea, and ladies—is it of the *demi monde*?—at half a guinea. Of course, the result will be that the only thing select will be the music. Fast London, male and female, will, of course, flock to the hall. Reputability will shrink from a promiscuous partnership in valse and quadrille, with the prospect of an unlimited liability of outrage to decency and good breeding. The purlieus of London will no doubt yield up their skeletons gracefully draped in ball-room attire, and artistically painted to imitate—Nature. Ices will be swallowed; cold chicken devoured; and wine will be freely imbibed in copious and generous streams by the thirsty Terpsichoreans. The result will be a magnificent orgie in honour of our Belgian guests, who will depart to their native land to sing the pæans of the ladies and gentlemen of England. We wish the Belgian Reception Committee all success in their patriotic endeavours, but still there is a difference between the right and the wrong way of doing things.

THE TOMAHAWK,





THE P\*\*\*\*E OF W\*\*\*\*S TO K\*\*G G\*\*\*\*E IV.  
(LOQ.) "I'LL FOLLOW THEE!"



## AT THE COUNCIL.

(BEFORE MR. BARON TOM A' HAWK, AND A BRITISH JURY.)

*Wilful Damage Case.—Mr. J. Gates and his  
"Beautiful Scenery."*

THIS action was brought by Mr. Charles Reade, the author of "Never Too Late to Mend," and other novels, against Mr. J. Gates and others, for maliciously damaging a new and original play, entitled *Dora*, recently produced at the Adelphi Theatre.

The plaintiff conducted his own case, and the defendants were unrepresented.

Charles Reade was called. He wrote *Dora*. It was a BEAUTIFUL drama. He had taken great PAINS in its construction. The piece was MUCH damaged by its "scenery" (???) and some of the "acting" !!!!!

*Cross-examined.* The play was founded upon Tennyson's poem. FOR ALL THAT, IT WAS ORIGINAL! Did the defendants wish to INSULT him? What if he HAD eccentric notions about punctuation? Surely he had as much right to express his own thoughts in his own TYPE as they had to clothe their own sentiments in their own WORDS!!! He had written "Griffith Gaunt." It was NOT BOSH. Mr. Whalley had NOT furnished him with the materials out of which he shaped the book. For the sketches of the Roman Catholic ceremonies he was indebted to no one. They were his own ideas. They were thoroughly ORIGINAL. If the defendants didn't believe him, let them go into a confessional, and then they would find out the difference between HIS lively fancy and the world's prosaic facts.

Mr. John Gates was then examined. He said he was the painter of the "beautiful scenery" which it was alleged had done so much to damage *Dora's* chance of success. He considered the scenes very nice indeed. The fact of the matter was this: the piece was too heavy—it wanted lightening up a bit; and he had managed to introduce a good deal of quiet humour into nearly every act. For instance, in the last scene, *Farmer Allen* has to talk about a very abundant harvest indeed. Well, here was an opening for a very excellent joke. He (witness) strewed about the stage, before the curtain rose, about three peenyworth of straw, of the "slightly-damaged" description;—and the result? The moment the worthy farmer pointed to the straw, and declared it was the finest harvest he had seen for the last seven years, there was a roar of laughter through the house!

*Mr. Reade.* Yes, I didn't mind THAT so much. It made a *point*. But just tell the Judge and jury what you did when you were asked to paint Brookside Cottage, with a waterfall in the background.

*The Witness (with difficulty suppressing his merriment).* Well, that was perhaps a little too bad; but—ha! ha! ha! it was so funny! Well, my lud, and gentlemen of the jury, you see they asked me to paint a cataract with moving water. So what do you think I did? Why, I got a pair of shears and a large roller. I cut a lot of holes into an ordinary piece of Adelphi water (most of you know what *that* is), and I covered the roller with bits of tin and glass beads and some spangles. Then I put the roller behind the "Adelphi water," and turned it round like a barrel-organ—and oh! you should have seen it from the front! Ha! ha! ha! why, it was no more like a waterfall than you, my lud, are like a plate of gooseberry tart. (*Loud laughter, in which everybody joined heartily.*)

*Mr. Reade.* There, my lud; you see he GLORIES in it!

*The Fudge (good-humouredly).* I fear, Mr. Reade, that you are a little too hard upon him. The witness has evidently a keen sense of the ridiculous.

*The Witness.* To be sure, my lud. It was only my fun! I didn't want to spoil his stupid old piece! If the play was at all damaged, it was by the acting, not by the "beautiful scenery." "Beautiful scenery!"—ha! ha! ha! (*To the jury.*) Oh, I say, you ought to have seen it—it was such fun!

*A Furyman (in roars of laughter, to the witness).* Don't—you'll be the death of me!

The defendant then called several witnesses to prove that it was not his fault that the piece was damaged.

*Luke Bloomfield* said that he was a young farmer, deeply in love with *Dora*. He knew Mr. Billington.

*The Fudge (sternly).* Who is Mr. Billington? (*The Witness hesitated.*) Now, Sir, you must answer. (*The witness still was*

*silent.*) Remember you are on your oath, and that I have the power to commit you for contempt of Court. Now, Sir, no more nonsense; answer at once, and you shall have a certificate of indemnity. Who is Mr. Billington?

*The Witness (in a faint voice).* A mad wag! He would do low comedy business all about the stage. And (*with a sob*) he made me look such—bohoo! bohoo!—such a fool! (*The Witness here burst into tears, and was removed from the Court "bohooing" piteously.*)

*Farmer Allen* here entered the box, and said that *his* will was law!

As the Judge thought otherwise, it was arranged that the witness should be sentenced for contempt of Court, to three weeks' hard labour.

*The Witness (in a very obvious false forehead).*—Three weeks' hard labour! Where is the sentence of *your* law—*your* law, indeed!—to be carried out?

*The Fudge (assuming the black cap).* On the stage of the Adelphi Theatre!

The Witness turned pale, shrieked, and was immediately declared insane by three medical men. He was sent, later in the day, with a letter of introduction, to Dr. Winslow.

The Judge, who was very much moved by this painful incident, here adjourned the Court.

On the resumption of the case, Mr. Charles Reade said that the parties had come to an amicable arrangement. The fact was, Mr. Gates's explanation was PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY. When he considered how much *Dora's* idiotic run about the stage and *William Allen's* ridiculous make-up as a patient suffering from Bright's disease must have done towards casting ridicule on the piece, he could not CONSCIENTIOUSLY go on with the action.

*Mr. Gates* said this was most satisfactory. Might he ask one more question?

*The Fudge.* Certainly, Mr. Gates.

*Mr. Gates.* Well, my lord, I got a good deal of fun out of the sun on the first night, by taking him out of the heavens whenever *Farmer Allen* began to speak about him. Now, I consider this bit of "business" the best in the piece, and yet they wouldn't let me do it again—they are awfully unkind to me behind the scenes. I wish you would speak to them, that I do. They say that Danson's scenery was better than mine, and insult me in a lot of other ways. They're always chaffing me about my "sky borders," and declare that all my trees look like cab-ab-abages.

(*At this point Mr. Gates broke down and wept like a child.*)

*The Fudge.* Believe me, Sir, you have my sincerest sympathy, and I will speak to Mr. R. Phillips about the matter. In the meanwhile, what are you going to do with yourself this evening?

*Mr. Gates (dismally).* Nothing.

*The Fudge.* Then come and dine with me, and ask a few "Adelphi guests" to look in upon me in the course of the evening.

[The proceedings then terminated.]

## A BLIGHT.

CAPTAIN GROSVENOR, M.P., has done the country real service. He has, with a gravity which the great importance of the subject demands, called the attention of the Home Secretary to "certain nocturnal depredations recently committed in Belgravia upon the flowers and plants with which some people delight to decorate their dining-room windows." We quite enter into the honourable member's feelings. We share with him his indignation. We denounce with him the atrocity of these midnight marauders, and we call upon Sir Richard Mayne to do his duty and place a policeman in front of every flower-pot, to guard these floral treasures. Life is valueless and property worthless, in the opinion of Captain Grosvenor (and who will refuse to agree with him?) in comparison with the security of the blushing rose-bud and the tender flowret. But we feel the subject is unconsciously leading us into a train—and considering that the gallant member has seriously brought the matter before the House of Commons—we may say a parliamentary train of sentimental thought and poetical expression; in fact, we may be literally said to be using the language of flowers. We can only, in conclusion, implore of Sir Richard Mayne to withdraw the entire body of the Metropolitan Police from all the low and

disreputable quarters of London, where damage to limb, and *not* to flowers, is only to be apprehended, and to concentrate them around Belgravia. Fashion will then secure to itself its charming rose-bud for the button-hole. But we had forgotten—and probably Captain Grosvenor had forgotten too. Will not this arrangement lead to depredations on Belgravian larders and on Belgravian morals below stairs? The character of the Force, so far as cooks and cold legs of mutton are concerned, is not A. I.

### PORTRAITS FOR POSTERITY.

#### SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON EDUCATION.

SOUTH KENSINGTON.

*National Portrait Exhibition in 1967.*

THE Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have determined to hold, in the Spring of 1967, their hundred and second National Portrait Exhibition at South Kensington, in the arcades immediately to the south of the Old Albert Music Hall and tea-gardens. The Exhibition will consist of portraits of persons living between the years 1837 and 1900. The Committee, however, differing in their views from the original Committee, under whose auspices the first exhibitions of last century took place, have determined to admit only such portraits as are recommended by startling historical or social interest. Mere noblemen, chancellors, and admirals, will, therefore, not obtain their admission solely on the plea of their *status*; while bishops, whose only claim to renown rests on their capacity for making Greek verses, and editing Heathen poets, will also be religiously excluded. The under-mentioned portraits have already been accepted by the Committee, and it is hoped that the publication of the small portion of the catalogue they constitute may serve as a guide and inducement to contributors who are desirous of furthering this truly national undertaking.

*Published by Order of the Committee,  
Thursday, June 27th, 1967.*

EASTERN GALLERY.

[Ground-floor.]

197. SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, Bishop of Oxford. 1800—1897.

*Lent by the Simeon Trustees.*

Born at Rome. Educated at the Blue-coat School. Preacher at Gray's Inn, 1821; Rector of St. John's Islington, 1834; Dean of Canterbury, 1839; Bishop of Oxford, 1859. For some time was proprietor of the celebrated music hall that still bears his name. Chiefly remarkable for his unswerving defence of extreme evangelical principles, and uncompromising defence of his party. Must be distinguished from a popular comic singer of the day known as "Soapy Sam." Towards the close of his career, became a staunch Anabaptist, and eventually opened a Tabernacle in Newington Causeway.

Half-length seated to L.; dissenting minister's dress of the period; hand on open copy of *Record*. Canvas, 50 × 40 in.

201. MR. WHALLEY, M.P. 1802—1899.

*Lent by the Governor of Bedlam.*

A famous Jesuit. Born at Geneva, 1802. Educated nowhere. Was one of the finest tenors of his day. In early life he showed a remarkable capacity for theology, and rose rapidly in the society he joined. Was Lay brother in 1819; General Superior in 1820; and Grand Inquisitor General in 1849. The inventor of several infernal machines, his "Birmingham" one being the most successful. Attempted to blow up the House of Commons several times. Became Pope, and finally settled at Peterborough, where he was shot by mistake in a riot.

Full length. Standing in fancy dress as Guy Faux. Canvas, 190 × 40 in.

207. BEALES, M.A. 1849—1921.

*Lent by the Governor of Newgate.*

Supposed to have been a famous female prize-fighter.

Full length seated to R. Peer's robes and black eye. Canvas, 4 × 14 in.

242. HENRY COLE, C.B. 1785—1869.

*Lent by himself.*

Educated at the Cole Hole. At the advanced age of 103, he produced his "Mumbo Jumbo," better known as "Old King Cole."

Full length. Fancy dress uncertain. Supposed to be "Roger Ogre." Canvas, 1004 × 963 in.

269. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY. 1803—1688.

*Lent by the Fine Arts Gallery, Canterbury Hall.*

A celebrated Dominican Friar. Introduced Ritualistic practices into England, but having bought a commission in the shoe-black brigade, passed the rest of his life in meretorious obscurity.

Full length seated to R., in a chasuble and incense boat of the period. Canvas, 100 × 1001.

### IN THE POLICE COURT.

ON Friday before the — Police Court, half a dozen disgraceful and desperate-looking ruffians were brought up before Mr. Frail on the following charge.

*Police-constable X* deposed that on the following afternoon he had noticed a respectably dressed young woman crossing Waterloo Bridge. She was carrying in her hands a small bundle. Suddenly he was attracted by loud shrieks, and on looking round saw that these six prisoners had with one accord set upon the young woman. Two were holding her down to the ground, a third was engaged in kicking her head and body, the other three were occupied with rifling her bundle and picking her pockets.

*Mr. Frail.* Where there any bystanders looking on?

*Police-constable X.* A considerable crowd was collected round. People seemed unmoved. One person did attempt to raise a cry of "Shame," but shouts of "Put him out" effectually silenced him. The gate-keepers were looking on too, but all that they were heard to say in the way of remonstrance was, "Well, I'm —, here's a go!" The young woman herself was seriously injured. It was indeed doubtful whether she would be able to resume her regular occupation for some months. She supported entirely herself and her father by her needle, and it was not known how, during her illness, they were to live.

A medical gentleman deposed to the severity of the injuries received.

The prisoners averred that the whole thing was done by way of a bit of fun. They had been drinking, and felt jolly-like. They had done that kind of thing heaps of times before, and nothing had been said to them, so they did not much see the harm of what they had done now. They hoped his honour would forgive the piece of play, and they promised not to do it again.

*Mr. Frail* said that the play was somewhat unjustifiably rough. The prisoners really ought to be more careful how they attacked unoffending persons in the full light of day. Night was a different thing altogether. Indeed, if they did this kind of thing there would be foolish grumblers who would say that it was absolutely unsafe to walk about in the streets. Probably, however, as they had been drinking, their spirits were unduly exhilarated. Under these circumstances he should fine them sixpence all round: he hoped that in future he should not see them brought before him on a similar occasion again.

The fines were at once paid, and the prisoners left the Court amid the cheers of their friends.

At the same time three medical students were charged with having grievously and feloniously assaulted an old man aged seventy.

*Police-constable 999* alleged that late on the previous night the three prisoners, who were evidently the worse for liquor, came up to the old man in question, who, by injuries received, was prevented from appearing in Court. One of them hit his hat with considerable strength, forcing it down over his eyes; a second hit him a hard blow in the face, causing his mouth and nose to bleed profusely. He then fell down, when they all three began to cudgel him. He moaned piteously for help. There were also two or three cabmen by, who cried out, "Kick him well, 'es got no friends."

The prisoners said they were out on a lark, and only wanted some fun.

*Mr. Frail* commenced by remarking that every one had his taste. Really if we were to prohibit amusements society would come to a dead-lock. The Spanish liked bull-fighting; why not the English old man-baiting? Besides this much, inconsiderateness ought to be forgiven to the generous extravagance

of youth. It was not perhaps altogether discreet, under the existing state of the English law, for the gallant young prisoners to have indulged in this ebullition of animal spirits. At the same time it ought to be remembered, *de gustibus non est disputandum*. Very likely, too, they were under the inspiration of the courage-giving brandy, or the lion-hearted gin. He should fine them half-a-crown each.

The fine was immediately paid, and the prisoners left the Court loudly vociferating for "Frail!" "Three cheers for Frail!"

### "CIVIL SERVICE MUSICAL SOCIETY."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE TOMAHAWK."

SIR,—Little did you know what would result from your kindness in giving insertion to the letter, which I addressed to you, in your penultimate impression! The fact is, I thought it looked so nice to see myself in print that I have been burning with desire to write you another letter; I have, however, controlled myself up to the present, but I can no longer do so, therefore I pray you be indulgent to me, dear Sir, as you are powerful, and bear with me while I trouble you with the following.

On Tuesday night, having dined at my club, I was sauntering towards her Majesty's Theatre, trying to make up my mind whether I would go and hear the *Forza del Destino* or not, when I found myself opposite to St. James' Hall; there were a lot of carriages driving up to the door, and driving off again, and your correspondent, who is an inquisitive old person, was anxious to know what was going on. I went into the hall, and read a placard which announced a concert to be given by members of the Civil Service Musical Society. Now, Sir, I was once in the Service myself, so I determined to judge how the clerks of the present day had got on in their laudable intention of turning themselves into a musical society. "It won't cost more than ten shillings," I said to myself, and walked in. But it *did* cost more than ten shillings, insofar that I could not get in by paying at all; I was told that unless I was introduced by a member of the society, and came provided with a ticket, I could not be admitted. I walked downstairs ruefully, and was turning into the street, when a Hansom drove up to the door, and out of it stepped a young friend of mine who is in the War-office; I immediately buttonholed him and told him the particulars of my case. It appears that now-a-days the official ear is ever open to a reasonable application—it certainly was not so in my time, but, be that as it may, I had no sooner finished my story than my courteous friend assured me that nothing could be more fortunate than our meeting, as he had one of his own tickets in his pocket, so in we went, he going on in front to take his place amongst the choir.

I found an orchestra of about fifty, and a choir of about eighty; they were all clerks, and instead of chattering, and laughing, and nodding to their friends in the body of the hall, I was delighted to find an orderly lot of young musicians, quietly waiting until the conductor's *baton* should call them into action. Mr. Arthur Sullivan stepped up into the orchestra, and the concert began.

I was shown to my seat by a young gentleman who handed me a programme, and who really could not have treated me with more respect if I had been the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself.

The programme comprised Auber's overture to the "*Crown Diamonds*," and Cherubini's *Anacreon*, a movement of Beethoven's *Pastoral* Symphony, and Mendelssohn's *Wedding March*, all of which were played by the orchestra in a style which shows that they are in earnest with their work; they did real credit to themselves as well as justice to the care which has been bestowed upon them by their distinguished conductor.

The choir sang a movement from a mass by Cherubini in first-rate style, and a chorus from *Ulysees*, by Gounod, and several part songs. They are directed by Mr. John Foster, who may well be proud of his pupils, as they sing with a delicacy and precision worthy of the highest commendation. There was also solo music, both vocal and instrumental; and the concert, which began at eight, was over by a little after half-past ten.

Well, Sir, I was heartily pleased by the excellence of the performance (in which there was no trace of an amateurish love of display), as well as by the permanent organisation of the whole affair. There were no hired attendants, but in their stead

were to be found young gentlemen who acted as stewards, and who discharged their duties with quickness and courtesy.

In selecting Mr. Sullivan for their conductor, the Council have obtained the assistance of one of the most distinguished musicians of whom England can boast; and the band and their chief have met one another half way in mutual determination to do their very best.

With regard to the principle of the thing, there can be not two opinions as to the advantages which must accrue from a Society such as that of which I am writing. I need go no further than point out the benefit which is derived from it by numerous young men, who win their appointment to the Civil Service by competition, who come up to town, perhaps for the first time, and who make the acquaintance of London life and its dangers at the age of twenty years. Such of them as possess musical aptitude may readily enrol themselves in the ranks of the Society, and, with such good guides as Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Foster, it is their own fault if they do not pursue the path which will take them to excellence.

Altogether I passed a pleasant evening—so pleasant, indeed, that I cannot let this opportunity go by, of proving to you that I am not always the dissatisfied old grumbler for which, I suppose, after my first letter, you took me. The fact is, Sir, I know when to praise, and I always say that—but stay, I daresay you don't much care to know what I always say, therefore I will refrain from further remarks, and merely expressing a humble but earnest hope that you will give insertion to the foregoing expression of goodwill and admiration from an old servant to his brethren of the present day.

I remain, Sir,

Your obliged and very faithfully,  
POOR OLD TOMMY.

### CHARADE.

I SHOULDERS my gun and away I sped  
To the lonely forest's shade:  
If I find my first I'll shoot him dead—  
Do you think that I'm afraid?  
Not the Lord High Keeper in all his robes  
Could frighten me off my beat—  
I'm sick of beef, and mutton, and lamb—  
The season for change is meet.  
Lo! suddenly, deep in a leafy glade,  
I found my second asleep,  
All dressed in gay and rich attire—  
'Twas enough to make one weep,  
To think how his coat would be spoilt by the damp,  
As he lay on the dew-sprent grass—  
I looked in his face, and spite of the horns,  
I knew 'twas the head of an ass!  
O yes, 'twas my whole: with sharpest blades  
From Sheffield's gentle town,  
He had come determined—the valiant knight—  
To hunt all big game down.  
His piercing eyes and his sharp-set teeth,  
What creature could dare withstand?  
Yet sleep had conquered e'en him—yes, he held  
A speech of his own in his hand.

ANSWER TO LAST ENIGMA.—A Fix.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Scriba*.—Your lines are beautiful, full of power, flowing over with poetic feeling—for all that, we find their insertion in our columns impossible. However, be not disheartened, a *Half-penny Journal* is printed somewhere or other. Need we say more?

*Wit*.—Good, decidedly good, but rejected.

*A Would-be Tomahawk*.—Your article is clever and sparkling, but totally unfit for publication.

*A Satirist*.—Your libellous twaddle has already been sent to our solicitor. A message is waiting for you at our office. Come receive it!

TRADE UNIONS.—Unions with what, or whom? Crimes and criminals?

## PROTECTION FROM FIRE.

*EXTRACT FROM "THE TIMES," JUNE 8, 1867.*

"The **ARCHDUCHESS MATILDA** has ceased from suffering. The intended Mother of the future Kings of Italy, a lady destined to wear a diadem which has not rested on a female brow for centuries, a scion of that branch of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine in which public and private worth is most conspicuously hereditary, the daughter of the conqueror of Custozza, and grand-daughter of the hero of Aspern and Essling, a Princess in her nineteenth year, by all accounts endowed with rare gifts of person, mind, and heart, died on Thursday last at 8 o'clock in the morning—**OF A LUCIFER MATCH.** She inadvertently trod on one which was lying at her feet on the floor, as she leant out at the window talking to one of her relatives; **HER SUMMER DRESS WAS IN A BLAZE BEFORE SHE WAS AWARE OF IT,** and before anyone could run to her rescue, she sank to the ground in an agony of pain, from which only **DEATH RELEASED HER.**"

The above **ACCIDENT** could not possibly have occurred with

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