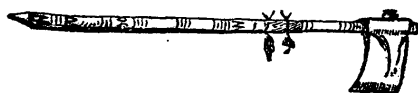


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PROETERIT."

No. 13.]

LONDON, AUGUST 3, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

GIVING UP.

THE season that is now dragging its weary length to a close has been marked by a feature which is noteworthy, because it is the natural offspring of that dislocated state of men and things which characterises the times, and which is making itself more and more apparent every day. In this age there is not enough faith to believe in, nor enough reason to do without, all the old painted charms and worn-out properties of life, and we are therefore reduced to trying the effect of compromise. Sick and weary to death as we are of the humbugs that surround us, it is impossible to resist the temptation to cut off a bit of tinsel here and there, kick over a flat or two, and smash some of the masks that lie about. We can't quite make up our minds just yet entirely to lay bare the dirty beams, mangy ropes, and creaking pullies, of which the world's stages are made, nor are we ready to undertake the labour of setting up anything more real than the lying perspectives, canvas palaces, and pasteboard banquets which have hitherto done duty, but it is felt that we must get rid of a few of them, and so people have taken very genially to "giving up." I know that the leaving of cards amongst my acquaintance is a sham—that they don't care to see me, and I don't care to see them; I am aware that if they want to ask me to dinner they can find my address in the Blue Book, and that if I want to be asked to dinner I am capable of saying so more distinctly than by presenting them with a morsel of pasteboard. But when I am asked why I have not left my card this season, I answer nothing of all this, but simply say that I have "given up" going out. This offends some people, as all approaches to the truth do; but the giver up knows that his real friends desire him none the less for it, and it shows a determination to do without the unreal. Giving up leaving cards, however, is a strong measure; but take the case next to it in enormity. We know perfectly well why balls are given: we know that anything like a desire to entertain or please her friends never enters the head of the hostess, nor ever occurs to anybody whatever, except, perhaps, the man who takes down the names for the *Morning Post*. We know perfectly well that the supper, and the wines, and the other items of expenditure, are nothing more nor less than an investment of capital, which is expected to produce its return in a good marriage for one of the daughters of the house—that the whole thing is aimed at some ten or a dozen elder sons, and that the rest of us are invited to make sport for them, and prevent the thing from being so transparent as to be absolutely nauseous. The girls know it too. They are perfectly aware of what depends upon a proper use of their time; they lavish their smiles and their dances as judiciously as they can, with the same object of an adequate return; and if they ever commit their charms to the profitless embrace of a younger son's arm, it is by way of showing off their graces to the elder, and to avoid standing out altogether. The men are not deceived, either. They know exactly what the wreathed smiles and tender touches mean, and whether they belong to the eligible few for whose benefit they are intended, or to the ineligible many upon whom their effect is practised, they cannot help a feeling of utter disgust at the whole thing. They have not, however, sufficiently advanced in honesty to show their disgust, and so they announce that they have "given up dancing," and either leave balls to those who are simple-minded enough to believe in them, or go to them as they would to any

other auction—to see if, by a lucky hazard, some lot may not in the general scramble be knocked down cheap.

The advantages of giving up have now been recognized, not only in society, but in most of the other great swindles of life. In politics we find Emperors who cannot, for financial or other reasons, go to war with their neighbours just yet, announcing that they have given up armies and navies. We see, too, Ministers no longer content with empty honour and unproductive principles proclaiming that they give up hard and fast lives. In commerce, merchant princes who want to make money out of their own brothers, and other peoples' widows and orphans, give up unlimited liability—in religion, bishops give up the Pentateuch; in art, painters give up drawing, poets decency, and writers truth; and in arms, all the nations of the world are now in course of giving up courage and taking to armour-plating. It is to be hoped that if the same thing goes on, we shall all of us at last come to the conclusion that we may as well give up all shams together, and revert to realities.

IN THE PRESS.

WE are happy to announce that the following interesting works, by members of the Royal Family, will be shortly published:—

Recollections of the Nursery. By H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. (Edited by his Nurse.)

How I Fought my Brother for Two Shillings a-side and a New Humming Top. By H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

Draughts on my Scrap Book. By H.R.H. the Princess Alice of Great Britain and Ireland.

My First Spelling Lesson. By H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice.

MR. TENNYSON AND THE SNOBS.

HERE is something of sterling interest:—

"Mr. Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, has purchased a small estate, called Greenhill, near Blackdown hill, Haslemere. A more romantically lovely and retired spot can scarcely be conceived. He intends to erect on the property a suitable house, so that probably he will become a permanent resident."

Mr. Tennyson—not any ordinary Mr. Tennyson, but, note if you please, the "Poet Laureate"—has invested in a "small" property! Capital news this; and what really is striking, the property is "near Blackdown hill." "A more romantically lovely," &c., &c. Indeed!! But now for it—listen! He intends to erect on the property a *suitable* house." Bravo, Mr. Tennyson! a capital idea, that, of yours—"a suitable house." Ordinary people would have run up a most unsuitable one, no doubt; but *you*, Mr. Tennyson, are bent on no ordinary fun! We know all about it;—yes, you are probably going to "become a permanent resident," and this, too, after merely purchasing a "romantically lovely," &c., &c.!

The unfortunate Poet Laureate! Well, we suppose this is not *his* fault; but he might do something, surely, to restrain his friends. Why on earth has this sort of snobbism become the fashion, and why will respectably conducted journals quote such paragraphs as matters worthy of public attention?

INTELLIGENCE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE following is the correct list of amendments proposed on going into committee on the Reform Bill by various members of the Upper House:—

On going into Committee.

Earl Grey: To omit from Clause I to 49 inclusive, and to insert in lieu thereof these words, "Inasmuch as this Bill was not, is not, and never will, can, or may be satisfactory to Earl Grey, this House declines to consider it any further; and be it enacted, henceforth, that no Reform Bill shall be entertained by the House of Commons or by the people of England, which shall not have been drawn up by Earl Grey, if living, or by one of his family, or by one allied directly by marriage to that family, or if drawn up by any one else shall not have previously been submitted to the then head of the House of Grey, and shall not have received his full consent thereto in writing. And that anybody daring to bring in a Reform Bill, except in compliance with the above decree, shall be held and considered as a traitor to his country, and be executed as such without any further trial."

Lord Lyttleton, on Clause 3.—To add proviso.—"That no one shall be entitled to vote in respect of any such occupation, who does not walk with an elegant gait, and who cannot spell Constantinople backwards without hesitating."

Lord Shaftesbury.—"That no person be allowed a vote who shall be proved to have frequented any theatre during the previous twelve months."

Marquis of Westmeath.—"That any person calling him 'an idiot,' shall for ever be disfranchised."

Earl Russell.—"That any borough refusing to return Lord Amberley, free of expense, shall be disfranchised."

Earl of Lonsdale.—"That all tenants be allowed to vote only by means of voting-papers, to be filled up by their landlords."

Earl of Carnarvon.—"That the office of 'First Lord of Treasury' be conferred on him for life, with power to appoint his successor."

Marquis of Townshend, to add a clause.—"That this House recognises in the Marquis of Townshend, the legitimate successor of Garrick."

Lord Halifax.—"To insert, wherever he can, the name of Lord Halifax."

"AN UNKNOWN MILTON."

SEVERAL would-be unkind correspondents and would-be kind friends having complained that the verses relating to the Cartoon in our last number were not up to our usual mark, we beg to refer them to a poem by one John Milton entitled "Samson Agonistes," in which the lines will be found, only two or three words having been altered to suit the subject referred to. We are glad to hear that we are thought so superior to Milton in our poetical department; at the same time that we are sorry to see how very extensive the acquaintance with the best English literature is among Englishmen in this nineteenth century, since, we fear, that their devotion to so-called classical authors must have debarred them from studying Miss Braddon, Alexander Dumas, Mrs. Wood, Mr. Sala, and other such intellectual lights of the present age.

SERIOUS JOKES TO BE USED ONLY ON SUNDAYS.—An admirer of schnapps and pine-apple, full-flavoured, describes the "Battle of Life" as a Rum-and-Water-loo.—The music of a dream, snoring.—It may be as well to mention that "Webs on the Way" is not the production of Miss Cobbe, and nobody ever thought it was. It is true that lady's name has been mentioned in connection with "Broken Lights;" but a few pounds of damaged candles, more or less, is of little consequence, except where exhibitions of clerical millinery occur; and we are quite satisfied that one who is disposed to make a clean sweep of existing abuses, is the last person to tolerate cobwebs.—The Star most influenced by the Moon, the Poet-aster.—What a measure of human depravity we have, and what a very bad lot we must be, since we cannot refuse to admit, that the men of the turf are our betters.

A HARD CASE.

SIR,—What are we coming to? Here have I been earning an honourable livelihood for many years by hanging about the back-stairs at Court, picking up bits of gossip from the servants about the Royal Family, looking through the chink of a door, or listening at the keyhole with praiseworthy industry, and, as the result of all this, I have contributed to the periodical literature of Great Britain most interesting details of the private life of the Royal Family; related, though I say it, in language which few can surpass. Well, Sir, now, to my horror, I find a Royal Personage, whose very door-mat I worship and esteem, absolutely coming forward in print, and describing the most private emotions, and the most minute actions of herself and her lamented husband. What is to be done? The public will find out how different the reality is from the beautifully embellished fiction, under cloak of which I have sought to convey the truth.

Now may I say indeed with that distinguished soldier, Major-General Othello, K.C.B., "Now is poor Jenkins' occupation gone." Oh, Sir, this is no laughing matter; I belong to no Trades' Union; no enterprising society will give me a pound a week for doing nothing. I cannot even go and hide my sorrows in the retired solitude of the Dramatic College! This might make a Jew to weep. It is indeed very sad. Pity me, Sir, I beseech, and let me ask your readers to contribute their mite towards securing at least a decent home for one to end his days in, who has oft informed, astonished, and delighted them. I am in mourning, you see, Sir, for the Emperor Maximilian; I shall soon be in deeper mourning, I fear, for myself. Sir Edward Cust ought to do something for me I think. Alas, on these matters, as in my more brilliant days I should have said, he is *Cust-ard*.

With this spectral flash from the tomb of joy, I beg to remain, Sir, your afflicted but humble and obedient servant,

RODOLPHO JENKINS.

"WHAT THE SULTAN REALLY DID
THINK OF US."

WE have been favoured, through a channel, which we can not possibly think of revealing, a very remarkable letter from the Sultan to his Imperial wife, written just before his leaving England. We would have given the original, but there was some difficulty in procuring sufficient Turkish type; our readers must, therefore, content themselves with a translation of the more interesting portions:—

* * * * *

"I find myself lodged pretty comfortably here in the Queen's Palace, her Majesty being at Windsor, which is a castle in the country. I find that the Queen is something like the Tycoon of Japan, of whom you have read, and is not allowed to be seen but by very few of her subjects; she never resides in the capital, because of the great insurrections which took place here about the Reform Bill, for they fear the people getting possession of the Sovereign, and holding her as a security for their liberties. I have been to see her Majesty at the Castle of Windsor. I can't tell you much about it, for I went there and back in two hours.

"The English are always in a hurry, and the Queen is the most busy of all people. She had to start the afternoon I was there for a little island on the south coast, just opposite the great docks of Portsmouth, where she lives, to take care of the English fleet. She was very gracious and polite to me for the short time I was there. We only had ten minutes allowed us for our 'luncheon,' as these infidels call their mid-day meal. Fuad tells me that this was the proper etiquette, and that at the great railway stations, when the train stops, you may hear people call out, 'ten minutes allowed for refreshment.' These people live on their railways, and seem always to be going off by the next express train.

* * * * *

"All the people here are very affectionate to me, and I can't go out without being shouted at, and what they call 'cheered.' This is a great compliment; when I get home I will 'cheer' you, just to show you how it is done. I am sure the English would fight for me any day, so you need not think of selling

any of the furniture yet. I must teach some of the slaves to 'cheer,' and then I can take them to Crete, and make them shout till they are hoarse. It will look well in the papers,—
 "The Sultan, on landing, was received with loud cheers."

"I always heard the English were a hard-working people, and I can assure you it is quite true. Their Pachas and nobles work just as hard as the common people, and their amusements are more tiring than any labour in our country. I am quite fagged to death as they say. If I lie down for a few minutes' sleep in the middle of the day, I am woke up to receive a deputation. I have got quite confused by all I have had to see. The Prince of Wales, the heir to the Throne, seems to like it, but I notice, poor young man, he is obliged to take a good deal of wine to keep up his strength; I'm sure I don't wonder at it, for he never seems to me to go to bed, and as for travelling, he is never out of his coach or the railway train, unless he is at some banquet or ball. I went to a splendid ball at the Guildhall, a large place all built of glass, where the 'Lord Mayor' lives. There was a dreadful crowd as there always is everywhere; and they crushed me nearly to death. I was very glad when the fireworks came; then there was a concert and a banquet. They never do anything in this country without eating and drinking, but I have really quite forgotten where the concert was; I think there must have been two. One was at Woolwich Arsenal, with beautiful gardens and fountains, where they make all the guns. This is a wonderful sight, but I am too tired to describe it to you.

"I went to the Opera, and saw the dancing slaves; I don't think they are as pretty as ours, and as all women go about uncovered in this country, even to their bosoms (which would have shocked me a good deal, if I had not got used to it at Paris), the attraction of dancing women is not the same as it is with us. They wanted me to go to a ball after the Opera, but I could not stand that, especially as Ismail (whom, by the way, they make a great deal too much of here) had been to dinner, and I could only have come in afterwards, which would have been undignified.

"Fuad has been immensely useful to me; none of the lords appointed by the Queen to form my suite here, can speak French, and as I can't speak a word of English we find conversation difficult. Marco is rather disagreeable, and seems to think that this European living will disagree with me. He is not far from wrong; for one must have the stomach of an ostrich and the head of an elephant to be able to bear the rich meats, and the strong drinks of these islanders.

"I don't think there is much more to tell you. I shall be glad to get home and go to sleep for a week or so. Izzendi keeps well, and stands the fatigue wonderfully.

"I hear the people complain that my manner is cold; but the fact is, they would never be satisfied unless I was to grin from ear to ear all day, and nod my head off my shoulders, besides allowing my hand to be squeezed into a jelly. They are a very good sort of people, these English, but they are far too restless and noisy, and too boisterously energetic to be a comfortable nation to live amongst.

"The climate is execrable, it does nothing but rain all day, and, with all that, the dust is dreadful. The wind is always blowing hard and so dries up the ground as fast as the rain wets it.

"I have said one or two very funny things since I have been here. The other day, I saw a boy in the street crying. "Ah! said I. England all over! always raining!" I shall make you die of laughing when I come home.

"Allah protect you. I have quite forgotten all my Oriental phrases and learnt to speak like an Infidel, as you see."

"WHAT WE ARE COMING TO!"—We have the very best reasons for believing that advertisements resembling the following will be immensely numerous in the course of a few months, assuming that the wine merchants look to their own interests; SUIABLE BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR A YOUNG LADY:—An elegant hamper containing 6 dozen best Sherry, 6 dozen old Port, 12 dozen Cliquot Champagne, 24 bottles of old Brandy, and a two-hogshead cask of Gin. Price &c.

GOOD THING TO BE SAID BY THOSE IT MAY CONCERN.—Why don't I go to the Exposition Universelle? Because I was one of the first to expose the St. Pancras Guardians. That was for me "the Great Parish Exhibition!"

CRITICS' CRITICISM.

WE are surprised and delighted to observe that the floundering of the Townshend troupe at the Holborn Theatre have galvanized the dead corpse of newspaper criticism into something like a show of life, and that the theatrical luminaries who pretend to tell the public what they should believe, have borrowed a judgment with which Nature has not endowed them, and a truth with which even accident has never yet gifted them, in order to chronicle the ever-memorable display of the distinguished amateurs. We too have inflicted upon ourselves the noble Marquis and his friends, and certainly worse plays worse acted we never before beheld. "King O'Neil" is a mere farago of drunken rubbish held together by nothing and is so feebly conceived and written that it would not be possible for the best actors who ever trod the boards to make anything out of it. But we should not have thought that even 'King O'Neil' could be so villainously presented as it is at the Holborn Theatre. Lord Townshend might address some of his conversation to those who are on the stage with him, he might too study his part more and the footlights less. He might even pronounce his words as if he were not an Indian praying-machine out of repair; but he never will, and so we leave him. Sir John Sebright should take lessons in deportment from his own valet, and then perhaps the next time he fills such a part himself he will not wear hot potatoes in his shoes, punch his master in the ribs, or shout as if he was hailing a smack in the North sea. Sir R. Roberts is no better, and whatever he may think, we feel certain that he ought not to say comic speeches to his daughter when he casts her off for ever, or emphasize all his prepositions and conjunctions to the exclusion of all his other words. Mr. W. Maitland again is endurable in nothing but his brogue which he can't help, and his imitations of a drunken Fenian, altho' well-intentioned, make us wish that he would again return to the land where Habeas Corpus is not in force, to be locked up by summary process. Mr. T. G. Bowles probably owes it to the fact that he wears the legs which nature gave him (*si sic omnes!*) that he has been excepted by the critics, but unless he thinks Richelieu was a conceited jackanapes he should not curl his lips only to shew his teeth or languish at the stalls when he ought to be expressing love, rage or despair by his one method of shrugging his shoulders and wagging his head like a piping bullfinch. Seriously, the acting is altogether execrable, and the critics are this time quite right to abuse it. But how is it that they never abuse all the other execrable acting which is inflicted on us in such quantities? In the very same papers which grill Lord Townshend, scarify Sir John Sebright, and brutalize Sir Randall Roberts, there are the usual disgusting tissues of praise of pieces and actors, within an ace of being quite as bad. It is not enough to tell the truth about amateurs who have no tangible bribes to offer in reward for praise. We look for critics to perform their office faithfully, by telling the truth about pieces which they themselves or their friends have written. Yes, even when they have to attend theatres where the manager is able to accept or reject their own productions, and to give or withhold the welcome private box. Till this happy time arrives we shall not believe a word they say, any more than the intelligent public does at the present moment.

WHEN THE BLOOM IS ON AWRY.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL GRUMBLER.)

One moment please,—I came up from the country the other day to see my two nieces, who used to be two as nice fresh-looking girls as you ever might wish to meet. But one London season has changed them—into—well I won't say what I think of them; besides, it would take up too much of your space. My especial grievance is this. I was complimenting the eldest, Matilda, on her rosy complexion, and as is natural in an affectionate uncle, I gave her a kiss. What was my astonishment to find that the colour came off! She had just come down from making her toilet, and the bloom was too fresh. Now I have no delight in exposing the eccentricities or vices of my relatives, and I venture to suggest that girls in such a case, should hang a notice on to their earrings of "Wet Paint," in order to avoid such an *exposé* as that of which I was the innocent and unwilling author.



LONDON, AUGUST 3, 1867.

WE understand that henceforth the expenses entailed by the production of Meyerbeer's *Africaine* will be defrayed (by order of Sir Stafford Northcote) by the India Office, because the opera in question has to do with the honour of a Mahometan Queen.

POOR Marquis of Westmeath! He has complained of a breach of privilege in the House of Lords, because one of the reporters alluded to the noble Marquis in a loud tone of voice as "an old idiot." The reporter ought to have known that it is not allowed to call any noble lord by his name in the House.

THERE is a rumour current that Mr. Theodore Martin is to receive the honour of Knighthood on the completion of the second volume of "Prince Albert's Memoirs." This piece of news will be gratifying to Mr. Charles Dickens, and the rest of the small fry of English Literature. Ah! it's not often that an author can get such a very good subject (*vide* the Queen's opinion of him) as the Prince Consort for the theme of his scribblings.

THERE is (we believe) no truth in the report that Mr. Whalley intends proposing a suspension of Lord Campbell's Act to allow of the sale of that filthy production, "The Confessional Unmasked." There is no reason why the honourable member should take such a step, for at the present moment the book is hawked about the streets of London with the most delightful impunity.

NAPOLEON'S DREAM.

An Extract from a Diary.

(SEE CARTOON.)

I FELT dull and weary. The excitement of the month had been too much for me. My poor little boy had appeared to my anxious eyes very, very ill. Eugenie had worried me as usual about the Pope. My ride in the afternoon had done me no good. I could not help thinking of the barricades as I passed by the half-finished opera-house on the Boulevards. Those *ouvriers* in blouses were the sons of the men who had taught the doctrine of *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité* with the aid of the sword and the torch—the grandsons of the brutes who had yelled for the blood of Louis XVI. Certainly, I had run a boulevard through the revolutionary *quartier*, and had filled Paris with soldiers, but what of that? Frenchmen are changeable; shop-keepers in April, politicians in May, and murderers in June! Murderer an unpleasant word! It used to make me shudder in 1852, and it makes me shudder now. As I sit here before the empty stove, I half wish I was back again in Leicester square. I wish I had somebody's life to write; I've used up Cæsar, and I can think of no one else. I might take Richard III., perhaps, and draw a parallel between that amiable Englishman and my well-beloved cousin—the one, I mean, so fond of yachting. He is too great for me. I have ruled with a name as my sceptre, he, perchance, may secure the Tuilleries with a face for his title deeds. That poor little boy of mine! that poor little boy! I am very tired. The Great Exposition was a grand idea. . . . Paris prosperous. . . . Kings for guests. . . . Maximilian!

I am walking through my state apartments; I seem to tread

upon nothing. I pass the guard in the court yard, they do not see me, so much the better. I like to wander about incog. Through the Rue de Rivoli with its arcades and row of lighted gas lamps, into the Place de La Concorde very silent with its cold marble statues of the towns of France, and its obelisk, and its fountains; up there at the end of the Rue Royale is the Madeleine, where my uncle set up his picture over the altar of God, to teach the Parisians that he could take Heaven itself by storm if such a procedure happened to suit his purpose; across the river the Corps Legislatif and the distant spires of St. Clotilde; I move on along the Champs Elysées with its dismal *cafés chantant* and deserted toy-stalls on one side, and the Palais de L'Industrie on the other. Ah! we grow. That building was large enough for my first exhibition, but I wanted the Champ de Mars for my second—years ago I was satisfied with the staff of a special constable, but, since then, nothing less than a general's sword and a sovereign's sceptre has pleased me. Passing the gate of that Paradise of the English, the *Jardin Mabille*, along the avenue lining itself with palaces, and I stand by the Arc de Triomphe—the great gateway commemorative of my uncle's valour, the stone memento of the name I bear. The monument to the man to whose imperial purple I have clung to hoist myself into the throne I fill. Along the road that will ere long be a boulevard planted with trees and fringed with stone mansions (for if the workmen stop building, my head becomes in jeopardy), across the river, and beside the great world's show, with its immense bazaar, and its tawdry tinsel, and its theatrical display, and its painted women, and its cardboard temples, and its lath and plaster mosques. The toy I have given France to play with, until she learns to forget Mexico. All is silent now—as I pass even the Phare trumpet is hushed to rest and not a machine is in motion. And then I lose sight of Paris. I am walking on a dreary moor; it is very lonely and the trees seem to have been designed by Gustave Doré. They form themselves into strange faces and mock at me. I stroll on and the wind moaning through the trees sounds to me like a dirge. On and on, and I stand by the brink of a river. As I look, I see floating towards me something very horrible and very ghastly; it comes nearer and nearer and nearer and nearer, and at last is close upon me! And then I see the face of the man I have wronged, the man I have left to die, the man whose life I have sacrificed to glut my ambition; the face that has haunted me for weeks past, the phantom I have tried to destroy as I have seen it floating in front of my child, grinning at me in the council chamber, mocking at me from among the people; and here it is again! I turn to fly, when my arm is caught by my friend, by Francis Joseph. Will the feast I offered to set before him make him forgiving? Will the tawdry show in the Champ de Mars and the hospitality I offered him while I exhibited the monarchs in Paris, make him forget that the corpse floating on the river is the body of his brother? Oh! let me break away from him, let me escape—for pity's sake let me escape! He holds me firmly by the wrist, and pointing towards the lifeless form, floating on the waters, says—

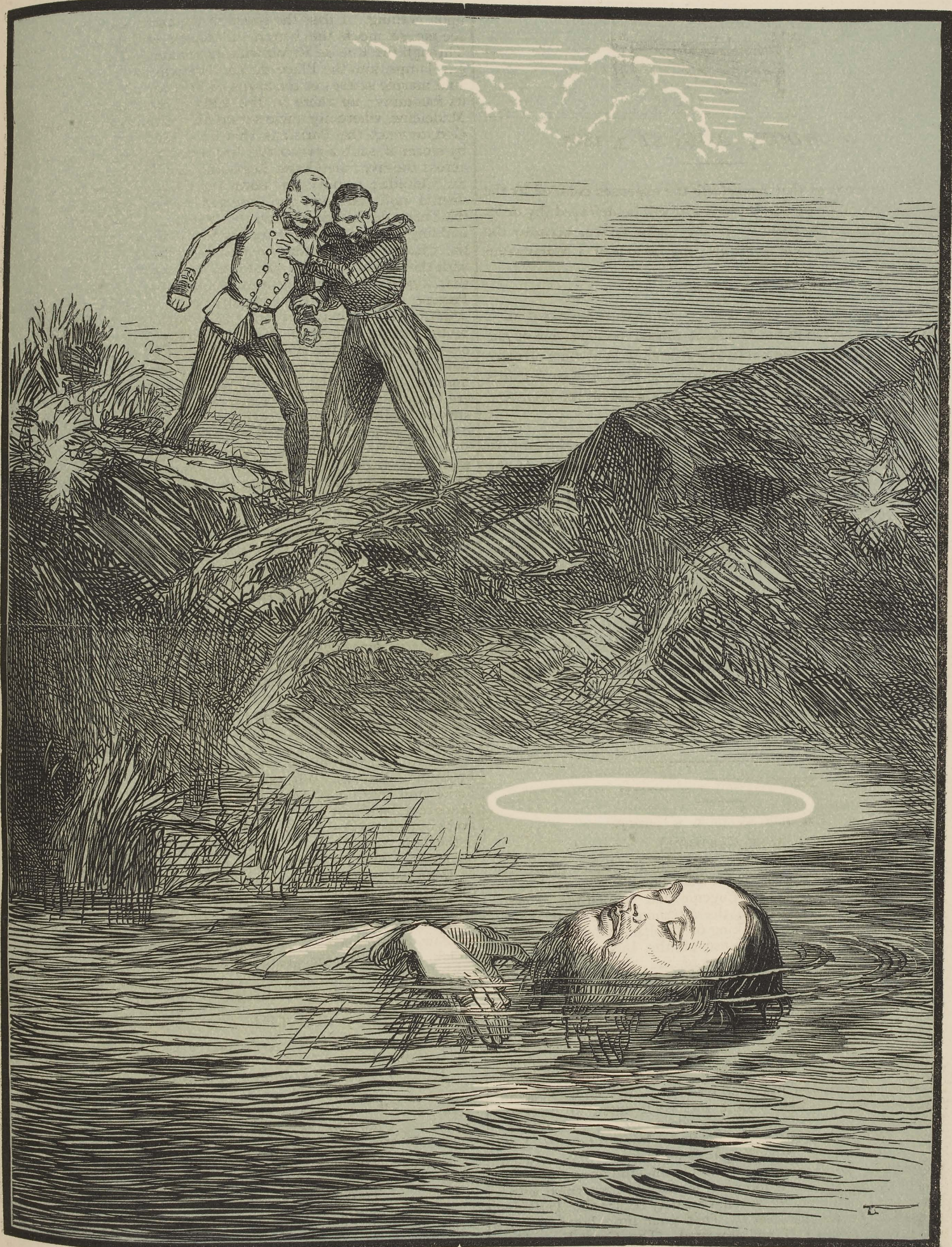
Asleep in my chair! The sunlight streaming in through the window. Another day! Well, we all have our duties. A knock. I look in the glass, put on my usual smile, and am ready. Come in!

TO THE PARTY;

(And we hope they like it.)

Tell me not Grey I've changed my mind,
That from the constancy
Of Tory breasts and country kind,
To bold Reform I fly.
True, new opinions I embrace,
The first foe's in the field;
And seeking for a "resting-place,"
To democrats I yield.
Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you, too, shall adore:
I could not love thee dear so much,
If I loved honour more.

A MOAN FROM A MANIAC.—King Otho is dead; long live King Otho' man! (*other man*)



THE MEXICAN MARTYR !

(See the Story of Napoleon's Dream.)



REWARD.

WHEREAS, a very large quantity of female attire, consisting principally of modesty and decency, have recently disappeared from certain theatres in London and other parts of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in consequence whereof, numerous persons, styling themselves actresses, now appear upon the stage in a state of semi-nudity, and unblushingly assume such postures as will enable them most advantageously to display their limbs, and other portions of their bodies, to the rude gaze of licentious audiences, while they, at the same time, indulge in disgusting *double entendres*, accompanied by smiles, winks, nods, and other actions of a highly questionable character; *And Whereas*, the said actresses, in conjunction with a large number of persons styling themselves actors, have of late introduced, and are still introducing, a great amount of vulgarity into the public performances at the said theatres; *And Whereas*, by reason thereof, the said theatres have been, for a considerable time past, well nigh, if not entirely, deserted by audiences with any pretensions to purity of mind, and are now patronised almost exclusively by profligates, and other persons of evil character; *And Whereas*, it is believed that a class of persons, calling themselves burlesque writers, are in some way connected with the disappearance of the said articles of female attire, and the substitution, therefore, of shameless effrontery, and that they are also, to some extent at least, responsible for the introduction of the said vulgarities; *And Whereas*, it is for the public good that the said articles of female attire should, if possible, be restored to the said theatres from which they have disappeared, in order that they may be worn by their proper owners; and it is also desirable that the said theatres should be freed from the said vulgarities. *This is to notify*, that any person or persons who will give such assistance as may lead to the restoration of the said articles of female attire, and the abandonment of the said vulgarities, will be *handsomely rewarded* with the sincere thanks of all lovers of the legitimate drama.

(Signed) TOMAHAWK,
Superintendent of
Theatrical Police.

DEBUT OF MILOR DAMDREARY.

(From *La Baliverne*.)

PARIS has already given hospitality to the actors of the Old England. Our eyes have been charmed with the sight of the blonde daughters of Albion; those charming Mees who united themselves to the first movement of the Britannic National Guard or Volunteers. How we yet remember ourselves of that ballet at the Porte St. Martin, when those golden-haired amazons left their shore to gladden our sight before the foot-lights Parisian! How we could have laid our heart at those feet when they pointed their ruffles at our heart like one man! We have seen the drama of *Chaquepère*, that strong spirit who so often had recourse to our great Molière for the wit he dished up as his own in the court of Elizabeth, wife of *ce polisson de Henri VIII!* We have seen the tragedy of Macbeth, The Moor of Corduroy, and in truth have not envy to see it again! But where is the type of Drama such as it is loved in the city of the Lormaire? Where is the individual who excels by his originality the Garrick, that Talma of the land of cocagne? Such an one we have found. There was bidden to a dramatic solemnity the entire journalism of our beautiful city, and we hurried ourselves to take possession of a fauteuil at the Italiens, yielded up for a time by the excellent M. Bagier to the insular impresario, Sir Knovles. With what impatience we awaited the rise of the curtain, for we must respect a nation which has produced a Byron Esquire, a Lord Newton, and a Clarissa Harlove! With what nervous excitement did we hear the three blows which announced the wished-for moment! This time we hold it; this type of insulars, type created by themselves, type verily performed by the prototype himself; for Sir Knovles, at an immense loosening of his purse-strings, has persuaded one of that proud nation's aristocrats to give to our eyes the true form of Nature to be met with in all the halls of balls in West-end. My faith, yes. A milor has been found to leave his fox-parks, his forinnannes, and his boxe, to show the unravelled Parisian the manners and customs of our neighbours

on the other side of the channel (*d'ontre manche*.) Not to take us by surprise, milor had made to fix themselves over our walls and enclosures photographs nature-sized of his noble presence, explaining on his fingers the lowest price of entry to the theatre. We cannot judge of one country by another, and in a land where money is lost on the death of a cock, and where money is made by the sale of a wife, one cannot find it extraordinary that it is considered noble to fall into the knees of matrons or over the furniture which finds itself there. When we had the happiness to pass a week in the country of fogs, we were desolated to observe that our English was not easily understood; but we now see we ought to have stammered, when no doubt we should have become intelligible to our hosts and charming hostesses. In effect we could not comprehend a traitorous word of what was saying that dear Milor Dromedaire. But that he was a type—type of nation at once egotistical and haughty we could see at first blow, and as such we hail him; for is it not thus that we learn a nation's virtues by its weaknesses? And what shall we say of the play, a comedy written especially for milor by his American cousin, Sir Tom Terry, of origin a tailor in the United States, but afterwards naturalized in England and noted for his paternal adoption of several of our best authors, offspring whom he has in the kindest way treated as his own? We have place to believe that Sir Tom was much occupied in recognising poor Charles de Bernard's son-in-law, and has since succeeded in securing his paternity, though he has not made much noise since, for we all know still waters run deep. But to return to our sheep; if this comedy is a type, we cannot render much account of it. There is an American citizen who speaks from his nose, and there is a country mees and a three-cornered cow, although we did not see that bovine type on the stage. But above all, there is an hydraulical machine which pours the water on the favourites of milor, and which made burst with laughter the roof of the Italians. Tailor, Esquire, is a man of infinite wit and original over the bargain for those hydraulics were never taken from the French.

"Never in France shall English showers rain."

One has often told us that our neighbours of Albion have no respect for one another; certainly, we had the occasion to perceive this at this representation. Milor Drumdairy suffers like most of the British nobility from natural defects, of speech, of vision, of intelligence, and in spite of his earnest endeavours to deliver his part, his assisting society mocked themselves of him, and made one blush no easy thing to a Parisian. With that *bonhomie* natural to every Englishman, his Excellency did not appear more than usually deranged, and continued boldly to the conclusion of the comedy; even reading the contents of a particular letter to the little-compassionate crowd, who gave themselves up completely to a mad laughter, for which we emptied our heads to find a cause. Though we do not hesitate to confess that we do not understand English—what Frenchman of education does?—we leave that to waiters and hairdressers—we almost regret the inability to follow the reasoning of this interesting type of ancient blood, but we make our compliments to this English lord (called the Southern Milor, to distinguish him from Milor Sam who comes from the North) on his evident cold-blood before the footlights, and we should much desire to see Milor Dindonry perform in a part which might give him an opportunity of being some one beside himself. We would not wound a stranger, but we fear much Milor, in any part, would still remain Milor Dundreary—*à tout seigneur tout honneur*.

ALFRED INSOLANT.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.—Ever since the late Prince Consort promulgated his famous dictum with reference to Representative Government—viz., that in England it is, in our time, "on its trial," we have suspected the existence of a substratum of autocracy in his character. A glimpse—only a glimpse—in fact, the merest "dip" in the world—into the Queen's memorial volume, just published, has, we fancy, revealed to us the extent and bearings of the late amiable Prince's autocracy. In the future, it seems to us, Prince Albert might be known as ALBERT THE OPPRESSIVELY GOOD.

MEDAL v. MUDDLE.—"*Vive la Belge*." There's French if you like! We are not surprised at it from the Ignoramus who struck the medal, but the medal never struck "His Royal Highness" who distributed them to the Belgian Volunteers!"

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

HAVING been requested to give a double Acrostic, we give one this week, but only on this condition, that all persons who guess it will subscribe to a new Idiot Asylum.

He asked us if we would peruse his work
And promise not a single line to shirk;
We kept our promise; and when all was read,
This little Eastern word was all we said.

(1.)

He bore me bravely through the fight,
The arrows whistled round us;
He saved me from his dreaded self,
And safe the evening found us.

(2.)

O sweetest voice that ever charmed
A "*dilettante*" sinner,
To listen to those thrilling notes,
I'd e'en give up—my dinner.

(3.)

The noble beast was done to death,
I never mourned his fate;
But when I found him done to this
I mourned alas! too late.

(4.)

About this word I don't know what to say,
And so I'll say it, just to save delay.
Ladies, don't frown—I might have used a worse,
To you I swear, but to myself I curse.

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN No. 12.

THE Quaker statesman, knowing, from acts past,
His power with mobs, by no indulgence loses it,
A carriage smacks of luxury and "caste,"
A *CAB* is *popular*—so he uses it!

Not less the "people's friend," and quite as vain,
Earl Russell thinks *his* words alone delight 'em,
Spotting his speeches (like a peacock's train)
With "*I*" and "*I*" and "*I*"—ad infinitum!

D'Israeli silently, with many smiles,
Or by fair speech, and cunning coaxing, brought 'em
To swim like fishes round his bait of wiles,
Then—pop! he drew his *NET* ashore, and caught 'em!

And thus with all the statesmen we shall see
One object, tho' of ways and means a score,
They'll fawn, and flatter fools, and all to be
Once in the *CABINET*—and then?—No more!

R. R.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. P. sends to our publisher the following letter:—"— Devonshire terrace, Hyde park, W. Sir,—The following lines, wick (*sic*) I have just written, correspond somewhat with your picture in No. XI., and they may be of use to you for insertion, and if it is worth my while (wick a little encouragement would make it so) I can produce more of a similar nature. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant, E—N P—E. An answer will oblige." It is scarcely necessary to say that this generous offer has been accepted by us with a thousand thanks. For the guidance of would-be contributors in general, and the encouragement of E. P. in particular, we may here observe that our "rate of remuneration" is from 1d. to 1½d. per page.

TORTURE-STAKE.—Your modesty is perfectly charming. As you say your contributions are neither worth "using" nor (oh!

you wag!) "*abusing*!" If we were long in your company we fear we should begin saying something about a *stake* wanting a *chop* (he! he! he!), or some other bosh quite as witty (?) and nearly as amusing (!).

C. A. W.—We presume from your contribution that you are under the impression that "Rubbish may be shot here." You are wrong, and consequently your "drolleries" are rejected.

KATE K—Y.—Your letter is funny, but unsuitable to our pages. As you say we are both "ribald" and "scandalous;" add when we have to deal with *vice*!

"THE CRAVEN A I."—You are quite right.—Milton's "Samson Agonistes" (which we published scarcely with the alteration of a single word last week) was "not at all up to our standard."

A.—Your remarks are alas! too true. The correspondent to whom you make allusion is (and it is with tears in our eyes that we make the admission) but a sorry wag! As you say, we never ought to have allowed "his palsied hand to use our pens and so to dilute our ink, as to render the writing illegible, coarse and stupid."

G. F.—Send contributions by all means, if you like, but beware of our scalping knife.

CINDERELLA.—You must not be offended if we do not use your "Acrostic" in its entirety. Really we have no room. However, we have much pleasure in publishing the answer. "Army List." There, will *that* do?

A. S.—Really, from the contents of your letter, we are convinced that you *must* have intended to have added another "S" to your signature.

J. M.—Not so bad, but the subject has been done to death.

R. R.—What you said about the man and his productions was perfectly true. We are sorry, however, if we were injudicious.

LITTLE WOMAN.—Please don't bother.

H. M., LIVERPOOL PRO. TEM.—Although our soul is, of course, very much above flattery indeed, we are gratified with your letter. Your paragraphs are under consideration.

FREE LANCE.—Your contribution is vulgar without being funny, and libellous without being sharp. You are kind enough to send us your private name and address. Thanks, we shall carefully avoid you.

MAC.—If you go to hear the Bishop of London preach next Sunday, you will most likely listen to him while he reads out your article—at least, we have sent Dr. Tate your "copy" per waggon, advising him to use it as a sermon.

A. B. C.—If what you have sent us is a fair specimen of your style in a comic mood, what *can* you be like when you are sad!

EDGAR POE'S EAGLE.—A "funny" friend, who has just been moved to tears by a perusal of your contribution, suggests that you should go to the Grecian. We don't in the least know what he means, but we pity him and you.

G. S.—Your jokes, we should imagine, would prove an excellent substitute for capital punishment.

HAWK-EYE makes a mild joke about D'Israeli being "Dizzy," and imagines that we shall publish it!

ANSWER TO LAST CHARADE.—"Cabinet." Correct solutions have been received from La Belge, H. Llennap, An Orange Lily, Alfred Brown, C. H. Clark, Tim Tum Widdly Wum, T. Scotus, F. H. L., T. W. S. B., Davy Marks, Cinderella, F. J. H. (Pimlico), "Bien Rouge," G. F., Red and White, H. M. O., Business (Eccleston square), Arundo, The Torture Stake, "Great St. Helens," Two Toads, C. W. J., A. S., F. T. W., Shot-a-Hawk, Little Woman, W. E. H., Tonga Webb, Scalp, Lector, T. D. P., R. McC. N., Uncas, G., T. H., Dick, Dimbola, V. C., Robson, Cabby, Hiawatra, W. H. A. H., and Toby; and three incorrect.

DECLINED WITH (OF COURSE) THANKS.—Kurrum Ling, A Cool Hand, and A. R. S. T.

MAKING DUCKS AND DRAKES OF THE MIRROR OF TRUTH.—Can not an untrue peace-rumour be called a "Canard aux olives?"