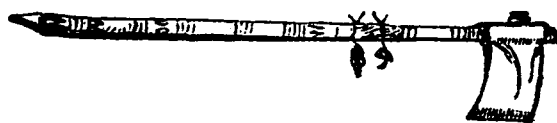


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PROETERIT."

No. 15.]

LONDON, AUGUST 17, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

PERSONAL.

It is rarely a wise, and never a pleasant action, for any journal—especially one, like ours, yet in its early youth—to have to notice the attacks of its contemporaries. But there are exceptions to every rule, and it appears to us that we owe it to ourselves as well as to the Public to say a few words in vindication of ourselves against the extreme severity of criticism to which we have been subjected.

We have nothing to complain of against our brothers of the Press, if they choose to abuse us. A paper like ours, which openly avows its determination to speak the truth, however unpleasant, and to spare no offender, high or low, is not likely to receive, any more than to ask for, gentle treatment at the hands of contemporaries. For the most part, indeed, we have received far more friendly recognition at their hands than we might have looked for; but they seem determined now to make up for any lapse in the way of good-nature which they may have committed.

Misrepresentation has always been the favourite weapon of those who are confronted by an obnoxious truth outspoken, or whose prejudices suddenly receive a rude shock. It is the fashion so much now-a-days to disguise one's real feelings in public, and any attempt to write or even to think the truth, is so very rare, that commonplace people stigmatize fearlessness as insolence, and revile sincerity as scurrility. And this public dishonesty in writers, which steeps their pens in flattery, and degrades their criticism to senseless adulation; which makes them accept shams as realities, and bow down before the stuffed image if its outside be only gilded, co-exists, strange to say, with a greedy love for the filthiest scandal in private, and a mean habit of insinuation which bespatters its victim with dirt from behind the cowardly shelter of anonymous hearsay. The man who will whisper the vilest calumny against a public character at the dinner table, goes home to his study, and sits down to write columns of adulation of the same person. This may be very refined conduct, but to us it appears ignoble and treacherous, and untruthful in the highest degree. We prefer to strike boldly, and to strike openly; we prefer to say privately nothing more than we dare say in public, and to say in public nothing less than we dare say in private; and be the consequences what they may, we are resolved to adhere to this principle; and we warn all our readers, that in the pages of the TOMAHAWK, all censure, all reproach, all hatred, is openly expressed, and not insinuated. We satirize, but we do not sneer. Nor will we be responsible for the meanings which those who dally with scandal, and play the coy prude with calumny may seek to fix on our words or actions. Our weapon shall always be employed on the side of what is good and true, in the defence of the weak and the honest, in defiance of the strong and the dishonest. But we recognise no law which calls on us to spare evil or folly, because they may be allied to weakness. Finally, of this let all our critics, public or private, assure themselves, that calling us all the names which the vocabulary of abuse contains, will not deter us from our purpose as long as Humbug and Hypocrisy hold the high place in the world which they do in the present age.

A NAIVE REMARK.—The "club" that Mr. Beales' "working man" is likely to know most about is the policeman's truncheon.

RECIPES FOR AUTHORS.

As everything is now worked by machinery, it is not surprising that a "Hand-book to Literary Success" should be talked about. Having been favoured with a glance at the pages of the coming volume, we have much pleasure in making a few extracts for the benefit of those of our readers who are fond of "writing."

How to Write a Sensation Novel.—Take two breaches of the seventh commandment, and one breach of the eighth, and mix well together. Throw in a few dolls, a *soupçon* of sermon, and serve up with a handful of (well-paid-for) allusions to expensive shop-keepers.

Ditto Nautical.—Proceed as above, but introduce a sea fight and an assortment of naval terms, such as "lubber," "marling-spike," &c., &c. Get your seamen from Surrey melo-dramas.

Ditto Sporting.—Same as Sensation Novel, but flavour with "horsey" slang and anecdotes about popular jockeys, &c., culled from the pages of *Bell's Life in London*.

How to Write a New and Original Comedy.—Take a French play, lightly translate it with the aid of a French-English dictionary and an English-French grammar. Then throw in a few English names, and remove the immorality that floats to the surface. Serve up with two or three national "d—ns," and a little *sauce à la poster*.

How to Create a Successful Burlesque.—To three cwt. of childish doggerel add a load of music-hall tunes. Dish up with this mess a dozen "break-downs" and about forty acrobatic antics, suggested by a visit to Hanwell. Puff well in the newspapers, and serve up hot with plenty of low-necked dresses and hundreds of well displayed legs.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

WE are told by Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Baines, in the House of Commons, that the indignation of the population of Leeds is extreme, in consequence of the liberation from prison of poor old Greenland, the late manager of the Leeds Bank, before his sentence of fifteen months had expired. The immaculate purity of Leeds revolts at the very idea of a poor old man of 72—his character blasted, his position destroyed, his health broken, friendless and helpless—being allowed to leave his prison, to sink into a wretched grave one moment before he had fully expiated his crime. What a contrast to Sheffield! Here we see the unctuous murderer crowned with laurel, rolling in prosperity, holding *levées*, and receiving with gracious condescension both the custom and applause of his admiring townsmen. Which shall we admire most—the purism of Leeds, or the—well, the toleration of Sheffield?

DINNERS AND DESSERT.

Forgive us our pronunciation, but really Sir William Mansfield's petticoat government is enough to make any aide-de-camp.

A GROUSE MISAPPLICATION.

The birds will not agree with us, after the 12th, in thinking "the Moor the merrier."

THE LAW: ITS ADMINISTRATORS AND THEIR VICTIMS.

BY PROFESSOR BEE—L—Y.

Dedicated to Viscount Amberley, M.P.

PART II.

Secondly. Let us consider, how does the law protect property?

The only persons who benefit by that protection are those who have already got more than they know what to do with. The poor man's property is his labour. How does the law protect that? Does it provide that he shall always receive high wages enough to keep him in comfort, whether he does his work well or no? Not a bit of it. The law says, "If you rob that millionaire there of a sixpence, you shall be sent to prison." But what does the law say to the rich man who filches the poor man's greatest treasure, his health, by shutting him up in a den with bad air, bad smells, bad water, and a plentiful supply of fever? Why, it says, "This is one of the rights of property, and I will defend you." What does the law say to the honest tradesman who sells the poor man fancy poisons, under the names of tea and bread? Why, it pats him on the back, and calls him an intelligent middle-class. Intelligent! we should think so. Only let some few millionaires make their wills in our favour, and then come and breakfast with us next morning; they would find us uncommonly intelligent.

Of course, the supporters of the law tell us that it does much, and is trying to do more, for the poor. But why should poor exist at all? If *A.* likes to spend his life sitting in his arm-chair, twiddling his thumbs, and drinking brandy-and-water, why should not he? Surely the State is bound to provide for his few simple luxuries. This would be true benevolence. Society may call him an idle rascal, but he may differ from society on that point. If liberty means anything, it means that you are free to work or not, as you please. A truly enlightened mind must see that there is no valid reason why the Marquis of Westminster should have £1,000 a day, while the owner of the truly enlightened mind languishes on £300 a year. The injustice is palpable; the remedy equally so.

But, perhaps, the most utterly indefensible enactments of the law, are those relating to marriage. Why this obsolete ceremony which truly advanced intellects have long since discarded as utterly useless, should receive the protection of the State, we cannot conceive. Because one section of the community chooses to have only one ostensible wife, and because they like to bind her to them with certain fantastic rites long since out of date, the law lavishes upon this monogamist its choicest favours, hedges his autocratic wife around with a preposterous machinery of protection, while it treats the bold bigamist and the still bolder and large hearted polygamist with the most iniquitous severity; incarcerates him in a felon's dungeon, and sends his wives to wander about the world, with no names except their maiden ones, which they had done with; and on these, even Society sets a stain! And this is justice! This is the spirit in which a so-called liberal age legislates! An honest simple hearted fellow who testifies his disapproval of marriage by running away with another man's wife, is brought up into court, and condemned to pay heavy costs and damages for being the practical apostle of his own creed; condemned by a judge who *actually receives an enormous salary from the State for promulgating his own doctrines!* If this is not monstrous we should like to know what is.

The time has gone by when any section of the community, who got the upper hand by superior numbers, or strength, or intellect was allowed to govern the rest. Our ancestors, poor idiots! were content to submit to this tissue of absurdities emphatically termed the Law, and even added to its collective wisdom more regulations on a par with their miserable intellects. Every one knows now a days that whatever our ancestors did was wrong; in fact they were such a pack of fools, and such unmitigated scoundrels, that it is perfectly impossible to conceive how they ever could have had such wise and good descendants. We know that the law is an anachronism and antediluvian monstrosity. We are responsible to our own consciences alone for the laws by which we choose to govern our own conduct. We do not want to agree about anything. Agreement is monotonous, the variety of differences is infinite. If we were to have an universal congress now, could we agree to any code of laws?

Some would be for having murder recognised as a profession, with degrees and rewards like any other profession; others would wish to stigmatize speculation and betting as crimes; some would make the fundamental principle of the State, acquiring your neighbour's property; others would vote it a sin ever to go to war, or to a theatre; all the stout men would vote for a law forbidding any one to be above a certain height, and cutting them down to the required level by a system of radical surgery; those that squint would want all others to be made to squint; in fact the differences and phases of difference would be endless. Where we cannot agree, let us respect all those that differ from us in whatever degree. We shall then, as a nation, realize the grandest idea that Man ever conceived, a perfectly free people, each individual governed by the laws of his own convictions.

In such a country there will be no such thing as Oppression or Monopoly; the word Crime will not exist; prisons will be changed into seraglios, workhouses into Turkish baths; the judge, the policeman, and the hangman will find themselves in the enjoyment of perfect sinecures. No hypocritical society will be allowed to blast the fame of a gushing maiden, however liberal she may be in the display of her charms; no frowning shadow of respectability will bar the progress of advanced intellects. We may have (to use the terms of a prejudiced Society), a versatile and brilliant assassin for our Prime Minister; an intellectual and skilful pickpocket for our Chancellor of the Exchequer; a smiling and courteous poisoner for our Lord Chancellor; a dashing incendiary for our Foreign Secretary; a liberal minded bigamist for our Home Secretary; a fearless housebreaker for our Commander-in-Chief; whilst on our bench of Bishops merry libertines shall sit, whose only orthodoxy shall be on the subject of Port and Claret. Oh, Glorious Prospect! Utopia at length realized, and all the splendours of a Cosmopolitan Paradise spread before the enraptured gaze of the long oppressed outcast of society. May we live to see that blessed day when the word Liberal shall be no misnomer, and Liberty no hollow sham!

ADVICE TO M. RAPHAEL FELIX.

WHEN next you come to London, bring a troupe with more general capabilities than would suffice for Boulogne or the Batignolles. Keep Ravel, if we must have him, to his buffoonery only; and don't mar the works of clever writers by putting him into serious parts, in which he makes himself simply ridiculous.

When next we see Madlle. Deschamps named in the bills, let it be Madlle. Rose Deschamps, of the Theatre Français, who is *young* and promising; while the lady who has just left St. James's Theatre is—well, we don't wish to be personal,—but she has no talent for acting, though she must have long experience.

Operettas we delight in, but it is essential that the actresses should be able to sing. So you will be good enough to remember that next time, as well.

Should your proclivities prevent your offering an acceptable salary to Madlle. Schneider, pray don't give us the *Grande Duchesse* without her next season, or we might as well have the "*Duc Job*" with Ravel, instead of Got, in the principal rôle.

In short, bring us a company composed as follows:—

Lafont,
Berton, père,
Lesueur,
Arnal,
Delaunay;
Mesdames—Jane Essler,
Delaporte,

for comedy: with

Raynard,
Pradeau, and
Brasseur

for the lighter business; and you may charge a guinea for your stalls, and we shall get our money's worth; but we grudged our crown to the dress-circle this season, and were never guilty of wasting half-a-guinea on a scratch company, which must have won golden opinions for you of the ignorance and inconsistency of a London public.

A NATIONAL WEAKNESS.

WE appeal to the philosophers of the penny press, to the great riddle dissolvers of cheap literature to help us—will any one of them answer us a few of the questions following? We invite some two thousand well-meaning and half-military Belgians to visit us. We treat them as host never dared treat guest before. With every wish to do them honour and make them comfortable, we take their luggage from them, starve them, neglect them, take them to Cremorne and a fifteen-shilling "select" ball at Islington. Why cannot we admit honestly that the whole thing was disgraceful instead of shouting pæans over English hospitality and getting maudlin over "Old John Bull's rough way of doing things?" We get the Sultan in the midst of us and handle him fairly enough. He goes to the Opera, to Downing street, to Spithead. But why cannot the papers honestly say that the whole reception was spoilt by the unfortunate absence of the Sovereign from nearly every act of the gala? Why too can they not cease talking stilted nonsense about the superiority of the English to the French programme, which even for French programmes was magnificent in the extreme?

Why do we welcome all the ruffians in Europe to our shores, and give our moral support to revolution, no matter in what shape it break out, all over the world, and preach constitutional obedience and what not at home, to the mystification of Europe in general and to the stultification of ourselves in particular?

Why do we turn out a fleet off Portsmouth, that any second class naval power in the world could blow out of the water in ten minutes, and then get up on our stilts again over the Supremacy of England?

What do we mean by expressing sympathy with the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian, when throughout the whole of his Mexican career we have, almost to a man, rejoiced snugly but verily over every liberal success that was bringing the bullet nearer to his heart?

Why do we, while boasting to be friends of order, do something more than express sympathy with Greece, in its disreputable Cretan quarrel, and denounce the Turkish Government, when the latter is unquestionably in the right, and pursuing precisely the same path that any European power would pursue under similar circumstances?

Why are we pointing with our Pharisaical pride to what we term the "ignorance and bigotry of the Continent," when the vast majority of our poor town population, and a large minority of that of our counties, is about the most miserable and degraded in the so-called civilised world?

And with all this under one's eyes, why do we talk big things of our Charity, and maintain our workhouse system to enable us to practise it.

In a word, why are we eternally boasting about our anomalies, blundering in our logic, and denouncing, the while, all our neighbours as fools?

To descend—why do we sit down in tens and twenties to pick at indigestible dainties in evening dress, and that too at a monstrous hour, and at a ruinous expense—to the serious anxiety of ourselves, and to the ineffable bore of our friends—in the cause of true sociability?

Why do we crush our acquaintances by hundreds into our stifling rooms, and pack them by dozens up our crowded staircases, and hint to them in their cards of invitation that they are to make themselves quite "at home?"

Why do we meet in the afternoon to talk scandal, and call it "five o'clock tea?" Why take brandy-and-water, and, for the sake of euphony, urge the necessity of "improving our nervous tone?" Why can we be so very proper, and yet wink at one son's presence in a curtain box at the opera? Why send our cheque to charitable institutions of a certain class, and copy as nearly as we can a certain person's park *equipe*? Why shut our shutters and live in our back drawing-rooms? Why always raise all this conventional dust, which blinds nobody really—but ourselves?

Can any of the moralisers help us? Say, what is at the bottom of it all? *Snobbism*.

Snobbism our great national failing? Nothing of the sort! We are magnificent snobs in our way—nobody will deny that—but humbug is our *forte*. We are the biggest humbugs in the world. We are not offensive humbugs. We do not attempt to humbug others, for our business is purely with ourselves. We

are our own victims, and too utterly so to admit of any wilful attempt to victimise our neighbours. If we do raise the dust, it is for the honest, straightforward purpose of sending it all into our own eyes. If lookers-on suffer, it is their fault. We take no account of them; our object is to blind ourselves, and we do it most effectively. Yes,—without any express purpose of being dishonest, Englishmen are the biggest humbugs in the world.

AN EASTERN QUESTION.

AS a good deal of curiosity has been naturally aroused by the statement that the Sultan "spent upwards of £32,000 during his stay in this country," we have done our best to fathom the mystery. Hitherto, only £5,000 have been satisfactorily accounted for, but we are now in a position to furnish our readers with an accurate statement of the expenditure of the whole sum. Subjoined will be found the correct account extracted (by permission) from his Majesty's diary, together with the government, or cooked counterpart, to be published in the official journal at Constantinople:—

OFFICIAL ACCOUNT, AS PREPARED FOR PUBLICATION IN THE *Ruz-Nameh-Djerdjie-Hadis*.

	£	s.	d.
Lent to the <i>Duka-Kambridge</i>	7,000	0	0
Do. to the <i>Prinss Degall</i>	5,000	0	0
Condescending payment of Petition for Infidel Amusements supplied by the unbelieving <i>Lormair</i>	10,000	0	0
To the <i>Archbishoppe Kantjberri</i> for submitting to <i>Islam</i>	10	10	0
To <i>Lorderbi</i> , for changing the Constitution of the Infidel dogs to that of the Imperial bestower of prosperity	5	5	0
	£22,015	15	0

PRIVATE ACCOUNT OF ACTUAL EXPENDITURE.

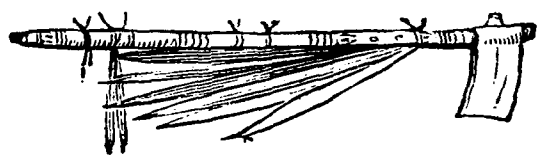
	£	s.	d.
To the Lord Mayor, for distribution	2,500	0	0
Snuff-box for Mr. Gye	1,000	0	0
Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge	500	0	0
British and Foreign Bible Society	500	0	0
Other Societies (various)	7,500	0	0
Christian Missions in Turkey (Bill at 3 months)	13,000	0	0
Steward's fee (Boulogne to Folkestone)	1,000	0	0
Decoration for the Proprietor of the Alhambra	500	0	0
Do. for Mr. E. T. Smith	500	0	0
Further Donation to Missions in Turkey	220	0	0
Frock Coats, &c., for his Majesty and Suite (the "Unbelievers' Suit," as advertised)	532	10	0
Decoration for Mr. Hyams	500	10	0
Evening Dress for Opera—the suit complete (Alpaca facings)	3	3	0
<i>Ra-haat-la-koum</i> (various purchases)	122	10	0
One glass of real Turkish Sherbet	0	0	1
Decoration for Proprietor of Apple-stall	500	0	0
Wesleyan Missions in Turkey	500	0	0
Steward's Fee to Antwerp	2,500	0	0
Lost in various Public Receptions	0	0	9
One Turkish Bath (with Decoration)	500	3	6
Bradshaw's Railway Guide	0	0	7
	£32,378	17	11

Further Loan to *Duka-Kambridge* 10,363 2 11

£32,378 17 11

£32,378 17 11

REFLECTION MADE IN HYDE PARK.—How strange it is that the "Great Unwashed" are so fond of the tub!



LONDON, AUGUST 17, 1867.

THOSE two distinguished Radicals, the Earl of Derby and the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, were entertained on Wednesday last at the Mansion House. On the occasion in question Lord Mayor Gabriel was so witty that we have not the least hesitation in describing the excellent gentleman as an arch angel.

MR. WHALLEY has been nick-named by Mr. Osborne the "Political Paganini." We suppose the next time the Honorable Member is called upon for a song in the House, he will be expected to accompany himself on his own fiddle! If this "mot" of Mr. Osborne's is to be believed, the "Musical Clowns" have at length found a rival!

A POOR old fellow of seventy-four, one Rossoman, died a few days ago, from exposure to the weather, at the Bethnal Green Workhouse. He had just left the infirmary, attached to that charming establishment, and was very weak and ill. The "Superintendent of Labour," Badderley, forced this old fellow to work in the rain—a proceeding which resulted in the poor creature's death. The question is, what did the man die of? May we write the word—"murder?"

THE Abyssinian affair is becoming too absurd. The last despatch is to the effect that if Master Theodore will only be good and give up the English captives, Miss Britannia will apologise for Master Theodore's misconduct and ask his pardon! The Queen's "presents" (!) are still dazzled before the eyes of the wretched black as a bribe. Surely our conduct in this matter has been the reverse of dignified. It is all very well to talk twaddle about the cost of "little wars," but our army is meant for something more than ornament.

FISHING FOR CORONETS.

(See Cartoon.)

IT was the season when the fruits fall and the leaves change colour, when the sun veils his face sooner, and the darkness walks every day with swifter foot among men. I reclined in my wigwam smoking the pipe of peace, for the old men said that the hatchet was buried below the deep roots of the trees, and that we should no more go out upon the war-path, but buy and sell and eat and drink for ever. And I heard the chant of the women grinding the corn and bringing sweet waters from the spring, and I laughed low, and said that I knew the fulness of happiness, and had found the end of life. But Eyes-of-Dew came in and looked at me sadly, so that she troubled me, and I leant upon my arm and spoke—"Why do your lids droop, O Dew-eyes, and your arms hang by your side? Does the setting sun call us ever from our peace, or do we long to overpass the line where the earth sinks? Are we not happy in our work, and do you not rejoice to till the ground and crush the hard corn for the brave who loves you?" But Eyes-of-Dew was silent. Then I said, "Is the spring too far or the water more than you can carry? Does the day weary you, my life; tell me that I may buy other women, that you may live in ease."

Then Eyes-of-Dew raised her head and made herself upright before me and said "Oh! TOMAHAWK, when the corn is ground the sun is set, and when the water is brought the day is done, and I am content; but there is a land where the squaws take no care, but hunt and fish, and let the days pass over folded hands, while the braves toil and labour, making bread and carrying water."

At this my anger awoke, and my wrath arose. "Go from me," I said, "for now you deceive me with your inventions. How can a brave love the squaw who works not for him?—or how can a squaw admire the brave who works for her? This is a lie of the pale-faces."

So Eyes-of-Dew left me; yet I could not forget what she had said. Many days I pondered it, and at last I said "I will go and see with my own eyes if this is so, or if there is any people without virtue to do this." And I went forth and travelled much, till at last I came to the land of Shams. When I set my foot in this country I was amazed, for there were palaces higher than the trees of the forest, and brighter in colour than the light; but they are built of paper and words, so that a child or a disappointed bishop may kick them over. They will not keep out the wind or the rain, and the people do not live in them, but scrape out holes in the ground. And I found here the Great Society River, which is deep, and clear as crystal to the sight, and runs through pleasant hunting-grounds. Beautiful is the Ball prairie, where grow the evergreen Waltz-flower, the spreading Whisper-tree, the thorny Chaperons, and the fair Débutante, baring its arms to the river. Beautiful, too, is the Row, with sighing creepers and dark Habit-trees, and trailing trains. Very beautiful is the Drum, with its sad Tea-shrubs and silent conservatories. Most beautiful of all is the Dinner-table, a hunting-ground where grow the sweet Wine-grasses, the silver Entrée-dish, and the rank After-dinner. On the banks of the Society River the Haw-haws live, who neither work nor play, but make-believe all their lives; and as I passed down the river in my little brown canoe, they shouted at me, and said I was "low," which in their language means that I spoke the truth; and I paddled on, admiring their greatness and goodness. Then the river rose with many waters, and they said it was the Season; so I drew up my bark and waited: and lo! as I watched, a maiden came down to the river to fish. She was as fair as the new milk, and her hair, golden like the sun, shadowed her neck. She carried her head like a queen, and her eyes, brown and clear, looked neither to the right nor to the left from under the dark lashes; but her mouth was fixed and cold, as though she despised all things, and in her hand she carried a fishing-rod. With her there walked a cunning old squaw, carrying a card-quiver and a net; and when they came to the river the squaw looked up and down, and sought for fish. I knew it was full, for I had caught many myself, and had roasted them on my fire; but I said nothing, for I longed to see the ways of the Haw-haw women. So she waited and waited, and many fish passed. Then the maiden, weary of idleness, threw her fly in sport over the water, and a silly Government clerk swallowed it. But the squaw was angry, and the maiden shook off the fish, and left him to float down the stream, and die as he pleased. Soon the squaw saw a fine crested gudgeon sailing lazily down, and pointing it to the maiden, she threw the bait over him. He being in no want, and thinking the bait beneath his notice, passed on; but the maiden followed him, and showed him the bait again and again. At last he rose to it, and hooked himself. Then the maiden played him a little, and brought him to the bank, where he struggled no more, and was landed by the old squaw. And many Haw-haws who had seen the sport said that the gudgeon was a fool; but they went home with the squaw, and made merry, and feasted.

Now my heart was sad at all this, and I swore that I would not remain in a land where the women do not work, but only fish, for I saw that it was very bad. And I returned to my wigwam, and told Eyes-of-Dew what I had seen, so that she was comforted, and served me in happiness, knowing that it was better that I should have bought her to grind corn and draw water than that she should pass her life in catching gudgeons.

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONFESSORIAL UNMASKED."—The Prurient Mind Unfolded. Publishers: Messrs. — and Co., Holywell Street.

THE NEGRO HEAD(S) CENTRE.—It is generally supposed that the climate of Abyssinia is unhealthy, and that the noxious exhalations arising from the soil are most deadly to Europeans. This is one of the arguments urged against sending a force to compel the King to release the captives. There is no likelihood, however, that The-odor(e) would be found too powerful for our soldiers to contend against.



FISHING FOR CORONETS !

(See the Sketch.)



CALLING A SPADE A SPADE.

WE understand that a "Dictionary of Reform Terms" is already in the press, and will shortly be announced by a well-known west-end firm as ready for delivery. This work is intended to furnish the public with the meaning of the slang now so much in vogue among the Council of the Reform League. By the courtesy of a distinguished Master of Arts, we have been permitted to examine the volume in question, and are thus able to make a few extracts :—

SLANG.	MEANING.
The "Working Man"The Tavern Tippler.
The "People." ...	The ragamuffins who follow Mr. Beales when he walks about accompanied by a brass band.
The "Voice of the People"Window-smashing.
"Public Opinion" "Public-house Opinion."
The "Rights of the Million"	{ The privilege of listening to miserable agitators uttering ribald nonsense in Hyde Park.
The "Roar of the British Lion"	{ About five shillings' worth of penny-a-lining in the <i>Morning Star</i> .
A "Corrupt Aristocracy"	{ People who do not subscribe to the funds of the Reform League.
The "Deep-toned Murmurs of a Mighty Nation"	{ Beer—sometimes Gin.
"Britannia casting off her lethargy, and asking in stentorian accents for the liberty which is her birth-right"	{ The Council of the Reform League buying flags, &c., with the money paid into their coffers by the miserable dupes who believe in them.
A "Tyrannical Tory" ...	{ Any one who has the courage to denounce the League as a sham, and the illiterate nonsense talked about the working man as—illiterate nonsense.
A "Perjured Press" ...	{ A journalist who calls a spade a spade, and describes Mr. Beales as a foo—, or even something worse, as a "member of the Reform League!"

SIR W. MANSFIELD.

WE are very much astonished to find that the following memorandum, dated the 1st of April, 1866, is not among the documents published on the Simla Court-Martial. Of course it may happen that we have been misinformed with regard to its authenticity, but all we can say is, that if it is not among the authentic documents, it is, at any rate, "very Simla" :—

"MEM: FOR THE GUIDANCE OF THE PERSONAL STAFF."

"The Commander-in-Chief remarked with great pain that yesterday evening one of his aides-de-camp, during dinner, appropriated the last spoonful of peas handed round to the guests; he, the aide-de-camp having already received a hint from Lady Mansfield to the effect that there were no more below.

"His Excellency desires henceforward to signify that the aides-de-camp shall only be allowed to appear at dessert, such appearance being regulated by Lady Mansfield's approbation of their services during the day.

"The aide-de-camp in waiting is instructed to receive the umbrellas and goloshes of the members of families who are in the habit of visiting at his Excellency's house and to be responsible for the delivery of the same on their departure.

"The Commander-in-Chief is sorry to learn that Lady Mansfield observed one of the aides-in-waiting laughing with a young lady who was on a visit at his Excellency's house. As such familiarity could not be tolerated in the servants of the household, and as such example might breed jealous feelings in the mind of the butler, his Excellency desires to signify his disapproval of such conduct, and at the same time to insist

on officers of the staff remembering on what conditions they will be retained on the establishment.

"His Excellency has been informed by Lady Mansfield that one of his aides-de-camp was caught in the act of sneezing near an open window in the ball room. His Excellency wishes to observe that this was an insult to the guests, and that on any future occasion all officers of the staff who may be tempted to cough, sneeze, or yawn (especially the latter), shall at once retire outside until the cause of irritation shall have been overcome.

"Any aide-de-camp receiving flowers or fruit from friends shall immediately offer them, in terms of familiar courtesy to Lady Mansfield, it being expressly forbidden to the domestics to accept any gratuities.

"Officers on the staff dining at his Excellency's table are, once for all, requested to observe that when the Madeira goes round *it is not for them*. They will be supplied with a decanter of toast-and-water, which they are expected to imbibe with apparent relish.

"Lady Mansfield has bitterly complained of the unkindness exhibited by one aide-de-camp to her pup when that officer was engaged in washing the dear pet by her ladyship's orders. No officer is fit to be an aide-de-camp if it does not suit him to meet generally all the whims of Lady Mansfield, and persistent ill-treatment of the pet animals confided to their charge will be considered as a personal insult to the Commander-in-Chief.

"It will be the duty of the aide-de-camp in waiting to read the popular literature of the day to Lady Mansfield every evening (not a reception night) except Sunday, when the lecture will be varied by "Blair's Sermons."

"His Excellency insists on the most practical execution of his instructions and so does Lady Mansfield.

"(Signed), W. MANSFIELD."

"Ambala, April 1st, 1866."

A NEW NATIONAL GALLERY.

WE understand that it is the intention to decorate the corridor of the Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences, when it is completed, with paintings representing the principal events connected with English history that have occurred since the commencement of the present century. We need scarcely say that the subjects will be selected exclusively from the celebrated work *The Early Years of H.R.H. the Prince Consort*, and each picture will be in illustration of some distinctive virtue shown to be peculiarly possessed by the Prince. The following are a few of the subjects already determined upon :—

1. BRAVERY IN THE FIELD.—*Albert the Good giving the young Count Mensdorff a black eye—unintentionally.*

2. CHIVALRY.—*Albert the Good reproving his companions in a game of "King of the Castle," when they suggested going into the castle up the backstairs.*

3. DISINTERESTED SACRIFICE.—*Albert the Good in the act of sacrificing his future prospects in life by accepting £30,000 a-year and the hand of the Sovereign in marriage.*

4. HUMILITY.—*Albert the Good abandoning the splendours and ceremonies of the Court and being discovered in Osborne Woods having a pipe—with the nightingales.*

5. MORAL FORTITUDE.—*Albert the Good heroically receiving the distressing intelligence that it was't a boy.*

6. PURITY OF LIFE.—*Albert the Good going to bed at nine o'clock after having refused to go to the races, and having declined to "imitate the vices of former generations of the Royal Family."*

We believe that M. Desanges, the artist who so ably depicted on canvas the incidents for which the Victoria Cross was conferred, has received a commission to execute this most interesting gallery of paintings.

MIRTH before justice is condemned as contempt of court; and yet the most contemptible laugh is pronounced law—Bradlaugh.

WHAT WILL BE ASKED AT THE NEXT CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.—*Question*: Give the dates of the accessions to the throne of the English Sovereigns that have reigned since William IV. *Answer*: Victoria I., 1837, Albert, 1840, Victoria II., 1861.

A JOKE FROM UN NATIVE DE PUTNEY.—"Votre Empereur est malade de 'Mexico,' n'est ce pas, mon chér," remarked Count von Bismarck, the other day, to an eminent Frenchman. "Vous avez raison, mon ami, mais la guerre le guérira"—ou le tuera," added Bismarck, *sotto voce*.

VAULTING AMBITION.

ONE morning lately Mr. Alderman Rose was seated in his office, when Mr. Deputy Jones burst in upon him.

"I congratulate you, my dear Alderman. I hear you are about to be made a Knight."

"Yes," said the Alderman, calmly. "I thought it better, under all the circumstances, to accept this Knighthood, although I assure you I care nothing for these empty honours; but out of regard to the Corporation I shall not refuse it."

"Quite right," returned the Deputy. "I suppose you have heard that the Lord Mayor is to be made a Baronet?"

"What!" cried the Alderman, starting up wildly; "Gabriel a Baronet? Impossible! What for?"

"For the Entertainment to the Sultan and the Dinner to the Viceroy."

"Ridiculous!" continued the Alderman, in a state of great excitement. "Neither of his entertainments were a patch upon mine to the Prince and Princess of Wales. My bill of fare was better than his; wasn't it? And as for entertainment, I hear he helped the Sultan to greasy fowl and ham. Was that religious toleration?"

"Certainly not."

"Not to mention that it is reported he upset the mint sauce over His Majesty's smalls. Did that disclose financial foresight?"

"By no means."

"Whilst his whole conversation with the Viceroy of Egypt was to ask him riddles. I ask, where was his political morality?"

"Nowhere; but he's worked the oracle at any rate."

"Worked the oracle!" said the Alderman, contemptuously. "I hate such seeking after honours. I despise such honours." And then he added, "Gabriel a Baronet, and I only a Knight! What *are* we coming to?"

At this point the door of the room was thrown violently open and Mr. Sheriff Waterlow dashed in, and commenced springing about in a state of enthusiasm.

"Congratulate me," he cried. "Shake hands with me everybody; I'm to be made a Knight!"

"You to be made a Knight," shouted Mr. Alderman Rose, "and what have *you* ever done to be made a Knight?—Why, I am only to be made a Knight."

"Oh! I've done all sorts of things," continued Mr. Sheriff rather incoherently, "I've erected dwellings and fitted them up with law stationery for the poor; I've supported Government by supplying everybody with red tape who wants it; I've eaten eels with the descendant of Cleopatra, and danced with the angel Gabriel before the grand Turk. That's what I've done, and that's what it's for!"

"Preposterous!" cried Mr. Alderman Rose.

"Oh! yes it's all true," said Mr. Sheriff Lycett, entering the room in the same state of delight as his brother Sheriff, "He's to be made a Knight, and so am I, and so is Watkyn the railway man, and Mitchell the shipping man, and Bodkin the Judge, we're all to be made Knights, and they do say that there's even a chance for Mr. Commissioner Kerr! Hurrah! Come along Waterlow, let's to Osborne!" and the two worthy Sheriffs taking arms, literally danced through the door into the street.

Alderman Rose, after a moment's pause, struck his desk violently with his clenched hand:

"And this is honour!" he cried. "Is it possible that people can be ambitious of such honours. If Waterlow's a Knight, I ought to be Baronet. If Gabriel's a Baronet, I ought to be a —."

"Come, Sir William, bear up, Sir William," interrupted Mr. Deputy.

Mr. Alderman Rose looked up, murmured the name and title to himself, smiled upon Mr. Deputy, started up, his head well erect, pleasure in his eye and pride in his every feature; and slapping Mr. Deputy upon the back, exclaimed:

"There is something after all pleasant in a title. Sir William is a pretty name, and the Corporation might be offended if I declined it. Besides, thank goodness, there is some one left I still can call *Mister*. Is there not *Mr.* Deputy. To-morrow, I shall be *Sir William* Rose. I'll to Osborne. Follow me, *Mr.* Deputy Jones."

CHARADE.

It was down on the glistening beach that they met,
That gay young soldier and she;
He had hoped to win my first, but he knew
As he lean't 'gainst a withered tree,
That a woman's heart alone could vie
With that fickle and treacherous sea.

He took out my second and fondly gazed
On its smooth and simple face,
No jewel however rare could lend
To his love so winning a grace—
He watched the waves running over its grave,
With cruel relentless pace.

It was over now, and he turned away,
As he walked with drooping head
To his desolate home, where he found my whole
Still warm but stiff and dead,
And he would have been choked by his sobs, but alas!
He was choked by a bone instead.

ANSWER TO THE DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

W ol F
O th O
M arsha L
A rga L
N inn Y

CORRECT SOLUTIONS to our last Acrostic have been received from G. G. D., A. T., Alastair, Mr. Alastair, A. H. Sprange, Bad Pen, and Tommy Hawke's Cousin.

INCORRECT ANSWERS have been received from J.A., W.F., T. G. D., Oxford, K. F., S. O., D. Browne, P. Simpson, R. M., T. Chapman, M. A. C., R. H., C. Macarthy, P. B., H. Manners, J. B., B. Thatcher, Butterfly, T. W. B., J. S., Wm. Tyler, T. J., J. Williams, W. Bell, R. Parsley, T. J. K., X. Y. Z., J. T., Thos. Jenkins, W. H., T. G., The Riddler, M. A. P., F. J. L., T. W., C. R. D., F. P.

Answers must be sent before Saturday next.

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