

# THE TOMAHAWK:

## A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 19.]

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 14, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

### MR. COLE AND "THE TOMAHAWK."

WE are truly sorry to have been the innocent victims of a very audacious and cruel hoax, with regard to Mr. Henry Cole. However much we may censure the establishment at South Kensington, we have no animosity against Mr. Cole himself. He has written to us a friendly and gentlemanly letter, and we must express our sincere regret that we should have credited him with so fiery a disposition. We hope that the officials of South Kensington will occupy some of their leisure moments in aiding us in our endeavours to discover the author of this dishonest trick. We are not the first, nor the oldest, journal that has been the victim of a similar deception. It would be well if more care were exercised with regard to the franks at the various offices. Such a privilege is not meant to be abused by practical jokers, for their own mischievous ends.

### LES MAIRES D'ARRAS DE LILLE ET D'AMIENS A L'EMPEREUR.

(D'après Malherbe.)

Donc un nouveau labour à tes armes s'apprête  
Prends des discours Louis, et va comme un lion  
Donner le dernier coup à la dernière tête  
De l'opposition.

Assez de leurs votes l'infidèle malice  
A eu d'influence sur les élections ;  
Quitte Paris et fais voir ta gloire factice  
Dans les Départements.

Dans les gouvernements libres et populaires  
Les monstres les plus noirs firent-ils jamais rien  
Que l'inhumanité de ces cœurs de vipères  
Ne renouvelle au tien.

Par qui sont aujourd'hui les villes perverties  
Les projets de lois militaires rejetés  
Et de méfiance les campagnes flétries  
Que par ces enragés ?

Son sceptre devant eux n'a point de privilège  
Le grand Rouher lui-même en est persécuté  
Et c'est au gauche que leurs votes sacrilèges  
Envoient des députés.

Marche, va les détruire, éteins-en la sémence ;  
Et suis jusqu'à leur fin tes chemins vicinaux,  
Sans jamais faire attention à la démente  
Des conseils généraux.

Par nous de tes beaux faits la terre sera pleine  
Et les peuples du Nord, qui les auront ouïs,  
Donneront de l'encens, comme ceux de la Seine  
Aux autels de Louis.

PUGIN VERSUS BARRY.—An Hibernian friend writes as follows:—  
Whatever may be the upshot of the case the present situation is decidedly  
E. M. Barry-sing.

### LE ZOUAVE GUÉRISSEUR.

THE Zouave Jacob, who has been astonishing Paris by curing all sorts of maladies by the simple force of looking at the affected persons, has lately been prohibited from exercising his power by the superior authorities. He has not gone back to trombone-playing, but has been retained for the service of the State. The following list of cures has been officially published as having been effected by him:—

LOUIS NAPOLEON, Emperor.—Afflicted with a breaking-out of black spots, or "points noirs à l'horizon," and accompanied by a loss of appetite for armed interference with other countries' affairs, and an alarming disposition to make internal improvements. The air of Salzburg had been tried in vain by the illustrious patient, and recourse was at last had to the great Zouave. Jacob simply burnt the treaty of Prague under the nose of the sick man, and sent him on a journey through the northern towns, since which the greatest improvement has been observable in the Emperor's state, and the usual healthy state of warlike preparation has been resumed.

JACQUES BONHOMME, Peasant, has been wasting away for years, under the delusion that the conscription and taxes were preying upon his vitals, and has more than once shown a disposition to destroy himself by means of steam ploughs and other dangerous industrial engines. When first introduced to the Zouave, Jacques refused to be roused from his torpor of prosperity, but by a judicious application of irritating cataplasms in the *Moniteur*, and of soporifics in the *Constitutionnel*, the patient has now been awakened to a recognition of the truth that he was created in order to be shot by the Prussians.

FRANCIS JOSEPH, Emperor.—Aggravated case of peace and returning prosperity. The Zouave exhibited in this instance a picture of North German Unity and French discontent, which it is hoped will result before long in the attainment of a healthy state of general war. The patient has already appeared in public, leaning on the arm of the French doctor.

ISABELLA, Queen.—A superfluity of vigour, long marked by an admirable system of intrigue and taxation, has in this case resulted in an eruption of a somewhat alarming character, since it appears to tend to the establishment of a strong and peaceable government of some sort. The Zouave counselled strong repression, and the advice having been followed, it is trusted that the hatred and disgust which Spain has hitherto shown for the royal patient will now again reassure the world.

ABDUL AZIZ, Sultan.—A victim to hypochondria, strongly developed by a journey to the West, from which he had returned with a determination to devote his whole attention to his health. By the care of the Zouave he has now been brought to recognise the fact that sickness is his normal state, and that the only object for which he exists is to afford to practitioners of the various healing arts the opportunity of displaying their science upon him.

GARIBALDI, Filibuster.—Afflicted with inertia which has confined him to his island for a long time past, and might have brought repose to himself and honour to his name, but for Jacob who prescribed the air of Rome. The ordinary scarlet eruption has already been observed, and an unhealthy insurrection is daily expected.

A "MILL" FOR "WESTMINSTER."—Our liberal-minded contemporary, the *Westminster Gazette* (which is not a bad paper of its kind), declares, with much elegance of style, that the TOMAHAWK is "cheap and nasty." We will not accuse our terrible opponent of either fault. Certainly the *Westminster* is not "cheap," and is but half "nasty." As the old writers would have said, it is "not a nasty but merely an ass." However, the *Westminster Gazette* has its good points. Without doubt the article upon "Literary Loyalty" was a little childish, but then we should always remember that the paper looks for its chief support to Pap-ists!

## THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

As we have every reason to believe that the correspondence recently published under this heading is not only entirely fictitious, but calculated seriously to mislead the public on this now very important question, it is with much pleasure we place before our readers what we can guarantee to be accurate copies of all the letters that have passed, or may be expected to pass, between the two Governments in reference to the question under dispute. We need scarcely add that we have them from an unquestionable source:—

## LETTER I.

MR. SEWARD TO MR. ADAMS.

SIR,—I guess you'll just tickle up that darned old hoss, the British Lion, di-reck-ly. Slice it on thick about them ships—their fixings, and their crews, and advertise me about the beast-slick.

I am, &amp;c.,

W. SEWARD.

## LETTER II.

LORD STANLEY TO MR. SEWARD.

SIR,—Mr. Adams has this day communicated to me the substance of a despatch, &c., &c., &c.

I am, &amp;c.,

"STANLEY."

## LETTER III.

MR. SEWARD TO MR. ADAMS.

SIR,—Tell Stanley it's to hand, but that Jonathan air a deal too smart to swallow corkscrews and sich like logic slaked up in molasses. Lay it on about them Fenians and their doings, and how the United States of America corked 'em up, as they was about to gollop down John Bull, the Queen, and haristocracy, like so many skinned hoisters.

Yours, &amp;c.,

W. SEWARD.

## LETTER IV.

LORD STANLEY TO MR. SEWARD.

SIR,—In my last despatch, I purposely abstained from making any observations, &c., &c.

I am, &amp;c.,

"STANLEY."

## LETTER V.

MR. SEWARD TO MR. ADAMS.

SIR,—Keep up the tickling. As much ile as he'll swaller—on and off—jist to look friendly and fondlin like, while you gets a good ketch of his tail.

I am, &amp;c., &amp;c.,

W. SEWARD.

## LETTER VI.

LORD STANLEY TO MR. SEWARD.

SIR,—I very much regret that the explanations Her Majesty's Government have made, &c., &c.

I am, Sir, &amp;c.,

"STANLEY."

## LETTER VII.

MR. SEWARD TO MR. ADAMS.

SIR,—If the cusses won't stump out, hint with a snigger, but scowlin' like, we'll whip 'em on to it. Always ile—till I advertises you further. 'Twixt I and you, we means fitin' that beast.

I am, Sir, &amp;c., &amp;c.,

W. SEWARD.

## LETTER VIII.

LORD STANLEY TO MR. SEWARD.

SIR,—After the very liberal offers Her Majesty's Government have made, they must decline, &c., &c.

I am, Sir, &amp;c.,

"STANLEY."

## LETTER IX.

MR. SEWARD TO MR. ADAMS.

SIR,—Skedaddle. It's war. We've been a drivin' at it, and now we're going to whip that beast into apple shavings, and feed the rest of Europe with the saass.

I am, Sir, &amp;c.,

W. SEWARD.

NEW AND ORIGINAL JOKE BY "LE NATIVE DE PUTNEY."—  
Quelle ressemblance y a-t-il entre le Tigre, le baron Haussman et l'Empereur Napoleon? Le Tigre est tacheté par la Nature, le Baron Haussman est acheté par l'Empereur, et l'Empereur, est à jeter par la fenêtre.

## THE MODERN THEOPHRASTUS.

## No. I.—THE PRIG.

YOU shall know the Prig mostly by his dress—which is always of an old fashion, and ostentatiously neat. He prefers black; and always wears cloth gloves, which before he eats he takes off and carefully folds up, after brushing them. He is also much given to gaiters. You shall see him, on a wet afternoon, having his boots blacked by every shoe-black he comes across, on his way home from his business. If he perceive a speck of dust, or a little bit of fluff on his coat he takes out his white cotton handkerchief, and removes it very slowly and carefully; treating the common cloth as if it were the finest velvet.

The Prig is never without his umbrella, which is generally of alpaca, and rather large. This he folds up always very carefully and carries in a shiny case; if it comes on to rain he immediately seeks shelter where he may remove the case, and open the umbrella with great neatness. After the rain is over, you shall see him twirl it round very fast in order to dry it; and when he gets home he sets it in a corner of the hall, with its spoke in a little saucer.

It is ever by these little affected niceties and scrupulous particularities that you may tell the Prig. He always cuts his paper before reading it, with an old letter generally, which he folds very tight; or a visiting card which he always puts back in his case. If anything happen to vex him, he will say "tut! tut!" slowly shaking his head, and sometimes "bother!" when vastly put out.

You shall often meet the Prig when you are travelling; you will generally find him, sitting in the most comfortable corner with a plaid shawl over his knees and a volume of "Russell's Modern Europe" or Johnson's "Rasselas" in his hand, which he pretends to peruse diligently, frowning occasionally and pursing up his lips. If you try and draw him into conversation he will put you down with some very pretty piece of pomposity. Such as "There is a sad deficiency of ozone in the air to-day, though as you remark it is ostensibly fine"—or "I have never devoted much attention to the subject, but will carefully consult the best authorities on it when I reach my destination!" He never travels without a Bradshaw, which he consults at every station; and if the train be but a minute late he looks at his large silver watch, which he wears on a steel chain, and shakes his head very solemnly. He always has two sandwiches wrapped up in an envelope, which he folds up carefully and puts in his pocket, after he has eaten the sandwiches. He carries a small black bag which he locks and unlocks every five minutes; and in which he puts the penny paper after carefully folding it up and smoothing out all the creases.

The Prig is of a most immaculate virtue (in his own eyes), therefore, never expect him to show any mercy to others who are frail: he will crush his own wife's or child's heart, as readily as he does a beetle with his clumsy boot. And if you are in a strait you shall find no such cunning enemy, and no such treacherous friend as the Prig.

## THE EISTEDDFOD.

(From our Own Enthusiastic Correspondent.)

THERE is not such a country in the world as Wales, "*Llyd ghyllw cwmwrol*," says I, with all my heart *cwmwynw*!

You don't know what pleasure is till you have been to an Eisteddfod.

First, there's the music. Of all the delicious harmonies I know, give me the harp played with three toes. This prize was awarded to David ap Morgaunwyzwylw, and well did he deserve it. Such pedal playing never was heard before. Then there was the ode to Cwmyuri. Oh! what poetry! This prize was gained by Ffylldeaghl ap Wllwylum. Talk of Tennyson! You never heard such flowing measures. I shall certainly learn Welsh.

The next prize which I saw given was the five-shilling teapot, for the best recitation from the Welsh historians. I was fain to confess, with all my Saxon prejudices, that Polybius and Macaulay had at last found a rival. Such history! Llwyll nyddh Gwyllywn carried off the teapot, and long may he live to enjoy it.

Time would not suffice for me to describe the infinite variety of intellectual sweets which were spread before my enraptured gaze. I feel, from this moment, a Celt. I feel convinced that Wales has a glorious future before it, and that the vowels are already tottering on their throne, and that nothing but Welsh will soon be spoken throughout the whole of the civilised world. The bards will rise from their tombs and strike the songs of Love and Liberty on their immortal harps.

I subjoin the beautiful poem in English on Wales, which I sent in for the prize of £20 and a silver medal. I must win it—I feel I must!

Oh Wales! thou glorious land of Wales!  
Where never blow the blustering gales:  
Where Boreas tames his azure might,  
And owns whatever is, is right!

Hail to the land of freeborn Celts,  
Where Raving Oceans never pelts;  
I stand upon thy mountain brow,  
And feel that I am free, I trow!

Come forth ye Bards from honoured graves,  
Nor heed though Saxon envy raves;  
Attune the harp upon the hill,  
Of freedom give the vales their fill.

When Tyrants stalk in reckless ire,  
And homesteads in their anger fire;  
Here Liberty in mountain passes,  
Laughs at its foes, for Saxon asses.

Then call the dastard Edward up,  
And bid him on his son's corse sup,—  
Ope wide the eye of princely Wales;  
See! see! the caitiff conqueror quails!

Thou cradle of the Celtic race,  
With joy I view thy furrowed face:  
With boisterous lungs I cry All Hails!  
And sing the praise of mighty Wales!

I think this must astonish the Celts. There is the true ring about it. The Prince of Wales must appoint me his own Poet Laureate.

P.S.—I have just read the disgustingly insolent letter of that Mr. Edmund Yates. I shall leave this abominable country to-morrow. I should like to know what Mr. Edmund Yates *does* call poetry. The Welsh are the most abandoned ruffians that I have ever come in contact with.

### ROMANS À LA MINUTE.

ONE would be required now-a-days to waste so much good time, if it were necessary to read all the novels which appear, that something must be done to give a concise idea of the various works of fiction which are cropping up every day—almost every hour. We will commence with

#### CIRCE;

OR, THREE CHAPTERS IN THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST.

By Cribbington White.

CHAPTER I. Scene—Pall Mall.

Enter Cribbington White, driven by Mr. Mocatti in his phaeton and pair.

MOCATTI. *Tiens, voilà mon vieil ami Octave; walking on the shady side of Pall Mall! (Points to M. Octave Feuillet, who is walking with a Juno-like "femme adorable" on his arm.) Octave, mon ami! comment ça va? (He pulls up to the kerb. M. Feuillet s'arrête ainsi que Junon.)*

M. OCTAVE FEUILLET. *Est il Dieu possible? (to Juno.) Tu connais Carnioli? Carni! ma vieille! Tu ne reconnais pas la belle Leonora?*

MOCATTI. *Parbleu! If I know her? I believe you, my boy! Belle Princesse, allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Cribbington White. "Un poète . . . un niais—mais quel génie!"*

MR. C. WHITE. Delighted to make the acquaintance of Princess Falconieri. *Mais j'aime boco vos appelé Julia d'Aspromonte.*

(Mr. C. White leaves Mocatti-Carnioli talking to M. Octave Feuillet, and vales off in the coolest way with the Princess, whom he persists in calling Giulia d'Aspromonte. They enter the Royal Academy.)

LEONORA, alias GIULIA. *Allons! mon cher! Let us go and see what they are all looking at, at the end of the room.*

MR. C. WHITE. *Commons! vo ne savvy par? Cetty the tablo of my little ammy Lawrence Bell.*

(Enter Mocatti-Carnioli.)

LEONORA D'ASPROMONTE. (To Moc.-Carnioli.) *Arrive donc, mon cher! As tu vû la lune? I mean, have you seen this new artist?*

MOCATTI. *Si je l'ai vû. Why, my dear, I discovered him in Wardour street. Tenez, there he stands—and, per Baccho, as like Andre Roswein as two peas.*

LEONORA. By Jingo! if Mr. Cribbington White will assist me, I'll go in for this one as well.

MOCATTI. *Vas-y gaiement, ma toute belle, but remember you are in London, not in Naples, and must regulate your mœurs accordingly.*

LEONORA. *As-tu fini tes manières?*

MR. C. WHITE. What a charming thing it is to express oneself in a foreign language!

LEONORA. Now, then, invite him to my Pompeian Villa, just as I used to do when I was in Naples.

MR. C. WHITE. Stop a minute; I must say a few impertinences to Sir Edwin Landseer and others whom I know by sight; *et alors je serry à vos, Princess.*

(Leonora d'Aspromonte buys Lawrence Bell's picture on the spot, and they all drive home with Mocatti in his phaeton. Scene closes.)

### CHAPTER II.

*The Villa of the Princess Giulia-Leonora. The bronzes by Barbédienne. The furniture by Jackson and Graham. The general details suggested by M. D. Feuillet and elaborated by Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds. The Princess is dressed in nothing but diamonds. Lawrence Bell is grovelling at her feet. Guests not at all astonished at the way in which the Princess is compromising her character. Enter Cribbington White.*

MR. C. WHITE. *Eh biang! How's he getting on, ce chair Bell?*

LEONORA. *Il m'ennuie à la fin. He repeats exactly what Roswein used to say, only instead of talking music he talks painting.*

LAWRENCE (still grovelling). *Leonora! No, I mean Giulia! Je t'aime!*

GUESTS. Well! I wonder what next. And he's already engaged to Marthe Graystone!

LEONORA-GIULIA. Just like Roswein. Here *imbecile!* Show me your portrait of me, and if it isn't a marvellous likeness, I'll have you hunted out of your senses and my grounds.

MR. C. WHITE (appealingly). *Mais Madame, you talk too much English. I beseech you, parly froncy. It is so charming to express oneself, &c.*

LAWRENCE (still grovelling). Come my queen, and you her guests, come and look at a picture; the like of which Titian never dreamt nor Raphael imagined in his boldest mood. (*Tears off gold brocade which conceals his canvas.*) Behold!

LEONORA-GIULIA. You are so like Roswein that I am sick of you. *Tu m'embêtes. Oh, what a Guy. Ha! ha! ha!*

(Guests roar in chorus without the least knowing why. All crowd round Cribbington White for information, as enters M. Gambart—no—the Chev. Carnioli—bother—we mean Mocatti, who looks in on the scene before him.)

MOCATTI (to Leonora.) *Chameau! va! You are at your old tricks again. (Scene closes as all go mad and shoot themselves.)*

### CHAPTER III.

Scene.—Any club-room, reading, or drawing-room.

READER. Hang it, Mr. White. We have read *Dalilah*, and we don't think you have improved it, either in French or English. The next time you favour us with a bad translation from the French, own to it, or the amalgamated authors may be down upon you.

(Enter M. Octave Feuillet in an ecstasy of rage.)

M. FEUILLET. *Où est il ce voleur? montrez le moi, Canaglia!! Oh! si c'est une raillerie, je vous jure que le châtement sera plus grand que la faute.*

(Enter Cribbington White, who follows M. Feuillet round the stage.)

CRIBBINGTON WHITE (on his knees). *O! J'avvy fay un grosse baytise! but it is so charming to express one's self in a foreign language!*

OCTAVE FEUILLET. *Je vous crois fichtre bien! A Chaillot les gèneurs!!*

Tableau. Scene closes.

### PICTURES OF THE FUTURE.

WE are favoured with several designs for cartoons every week: lest the public should think that we are prejudiced in our selection, we give a few specimens, regretting that our artist has not time, and that we have not space to illustrate them.

#### 1.—From A. B. X., Peckham Rye.

Don't you think this would make a good picture? Disraeli as Potiphar,—no, I mean Lord Russell, with the Reform Bill as his wife, and Lord Derby as Pharaoh in the distance; Gladstone could be in prison in the corner as Joseph, and the fatted kine (Lowe, Layard, and the Beadle of Peckham Rye) in the distance. Then you might have the Viceroy introduced, and write underneath, *Stolen Affections*, or the Egyptian Haul. I think this would be very funny.

#### 2.—From Japhet Simum, New City Road.

Wood this do for a cartoon? The collector of the Poor Raits broyling on a Frying Pan, with a poor householder being strained through a cullender in the left part of the picture. Rite underneath it—*Distraint for Rent*, or the Rite man in the Rite Plaice.

#### 3.—From Chosroes the First, Sunberry Villas, Islington.

What do you think of this for a large picture? A large figure, something like the Statue of the Sphinx, or the Tinted Venus, representing Morality crying into a large Basin (the tears smoking, on a fire), with Repentance written on it. Two Andirons representing my uncles (I send you their photographs, and they will take 100 copies). Then, on the other side, Hypocrisy, made like a toad, with a suit of fashionable clothes, grinning at a Snake with nineteen heads (to represent Society) in a crinoline and bonnets of the latest fashion, holding an infant in her fore paws. The British Lion up a Tree on the Right hand, howling, with a portrait of the Prince of Wales set in diamonds round his neck. The whole to be called *Modern Morality*; or, the Monster Sin devouring the Heart of Albion. I could write some verses up to this.

P.S.—Please cross the cheque.

There, we think that will satisfy the public and our would-be contributors; for, where the pen is so graphic, what need of the pencil?



LONDON, SEPTEMBER 14, 1867.

WE are very sorry that the Dunmow Railway is not opened yet, as we are quite certain, after a perusal of the Divorce reports, that there are thousands of married couples, residing in London, only waiting for the inauguration of the new line to claim any number of Flitches of Bacon.

THE great fight over the carcase of the Houses of Parliament still continues. A punster (inferior quality) might thus describe the situation—Barry, jun., still declares that the public should *laud* his father, while the younger Pugin exclaims "*Comment!*"

It is reported that a testimonial to the partners in the late firm of Overend, Gurney, and Co., is being subscribed for in the City, in order to express the sympathy of the great mercantile Gods upon 'Change with those much maligned gentlemen. The testimonial it is said, will take the form of a large, handsome, whitewashed sepulchre, with a statue of Oblivion, shrouding with her wings their *virtues* and their grievances.

THEY (the British Association for the Advancement of Science), won't allow the poor Anthropologists to hold a meeting at the Congress at Dundee! If the ill-used members of the mysterious society in question attempt to inaugurate a discussion in the streets, we fear the only species of mankind they will be able to examine critically, will be a specimen of the common policeman (Britain). Certainly Science is always progressing; but is that any reason why her votaries should be told roughly to "move on?"

MR. HOLLINGSHEAD (the promising young author of "*Dramatic Critics Criticised*," in the current number of *The Broadway*), is we learn (from the newspapers), about to publish, in the same periodical, an article entitled "Anonymous Humbug." We suppose, as the "humbugs" are to be "anonymous" in the coming paper that Mr. Hollingshead departing from his usual course in such matters, will refrain from publishing his own name in the list of authors he purposes dishing-up for the delight of those who are fond of peering about Editors' rooms.

### THE TOURIST'S GUIDE.

(See CARTOON.)

ONWARD and upward! till the summit's gained  
Whose everlasting snows with blood are stained;  
Where rashly-vent'ring climbers only see  
The reflect of a setting sun, the last, maybe,  
Which e'er shall bring their senses warmth or light;  
But rises next as warm, as grand, as bright  
Upon the frozen image of a fool,  
Who now may let his vaunted courage cool,  
And might remain a warning still to pride,  
Did not the falling snows in pity hide  
This human weakness in their winding-sheet:  
For when did ever counsel stay the feet  
Of vanity, whose silly sneers urge on  
To try the contest others scarce have won?  
Of envy too, who, loth to yield the ground,  
Makes common what another's fame has crowned?  
Can danger add so many charms to life,  
That rightly to enjoy the stormy strife  
Of warring elements, a man must cling  
Around the iron guide which leads the brand  
Of Heaven's lightning under safe command?  
And does the swimmer feel the pure delight  
Of bathing more intense, land out of sight?  
Rash boy! forbear! a thousand yards or more  
Higher than travellers have gone before  
Will not one cubit to your stature add!  
One step to right or left the footing's bad;  
Your every nerve is strained to safely pass  
The slipp'ry col or gaping wide crevasse;

But should you but succeed, how great the end,  
For all the money and the strength you spend!  
How noble the reward when lame and blind  
In safety back again your road to find!  
And feel a hero when you hear the bray  
Of village cannons which you'll have to pay;  
While in some daily print, your story used,  
You'll find your name mis-spelt, perhaps abused!  
Still more forbear, lest, such success denied,  
Your end should prove a sacrifice to pride.  
See, glittering treachery beneath the ice  
Tempts you to scale the untried precipice!  
So! wind the hempen rope around your frame,  
And let your sturdy guide here do the same!  
'Tis something that the folly you pursue  
Should widow his poor home as well as you—  
Yet stay! there's room to turn again—try back—  
Untie the rope! Hold fast—you hear the crack!—  
Too late!—The ice is breaking—hold your breath!  
For Ever, yes! the trusty guide is Death.

### A PAYNEFUL CASE.

WE have often suspected that Mr. Payne, who presides with such ability at the Middlesex Sessions, is in some way related to the immortal family of Paynes, who have for so many years rejoiced the hearts of children, old and young, at Covent Garden Theatre. There is in the Judge a sense of humour, and a funny inconsistency, combined with a tendency to practical jokes which savours of the clown; only Judge Payne's jokes are rather *too* practical. On Wednesday last he had a fine opportunity for displaying his peculiar qualities, of which he did not forget to avail himself. A girl of the name of Augusta Ann Mitchell, had been deserted by her mother, who, having had an independent fortune left her, could find no better use for it than to bestow it on the scoundrel with whom she eloped. The wretched girl, left thus alone and unprovided for amidst the temptations of London, was seduced by a groom, some of whose money she took one day, not unnaturally thinking that she had a right to use it. When arrested, only a few shillings of the money had been spent, so that her statement that she had no criminal intention might have fairly been believed. Sentence was postponed in order that enquiries might be made as to the truth of her history, which elicited a letter from her grandfather, which, for disgusting selfishness and mean hypocrisy, exceeds anything which, even in this land of cant, we have ever been fortunate enough to peruse. But nevertheless, it confirmed the poor girl's statement, and even expressed a hope that the judge would be merciful. Mr. Payne treated this request with exquisite irony, for after a solemn address, in which he said that "she had been guilty of a serious offence, and within his recollection she would have been hanged for it," he sentenced the unfortunate girl to *eight months' imprisonment, with hard labour!* This, be it remembered, in addition to the confinement she had already undergone.

To comment on this sentence in a calm tone is almost impossible. In the first case, what on earth had it to do with the guilt, moral or legal, of Augusta Mitchell's act, that some years ago this country was unfortunate enough to possess a criminal code, which in its abominable cruelty and wanton blood-thirstiness would have done honour to the most barbarous nation of savages that the world could produce? Does Mr. Payne by this wonderfully inappropriate and foolish remark, intend to imply that he regrets those glorious times when men were hung by the dozen for paltry offences against property? But however serious the prisoner's offence might be in the eyes of our present code of laws, was Mr. Payne so utterly blind to the moral circumstances of the case that he could not use his discretion to mitigate the penalty? But we are forgetting; the word "discretion" is fearfully misplaced in speaking of such a judge. It is a quality which he neither possesses, nor, if he did possess, would know how to use.

But the fault is not altogether with Mr. Payne. As we have often pointed out (and until the abuse is diminished we shall not cease to inveigh against it), the whole spirit of our law at present, and too often the spirit of those who administer it, is most diametrically opposed to justice in its widest and noblest sense. In the same paper we find two ruffians, a man and woman, for nearly murdering a poor defenceless woman, sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour; and a German scoundrel, who, in the most unprovoked way, kicked a woman in the stomach, was sentenced only to six weeks' hard labour. We need hardly point out that beside these comparatively innocent victims of the law's oppression, Augusta Mitchell is indeed a hardened villain.

The law at present is the greatest friend and fosterer of every sort of immorality, and its vengeance is never thoroughly roused till property, and not life is touched. Then its makers and administrators are more than Dracos in their severity. Let us hope that one result of a Reformed Parliament will be that assaults and outrages on the person will be punished with some due regard to the intrinsic brutality of such crimes; and that it will be no longer less dangerous, as far as the law is concerned, to beat your wife to a jelly, than to steal a few yards of riband.





## THE TOURIST'S GUIDE !

(DEDICATED TO THE ALPINE CLUB.)

[See the Poem.]





## THE PEEP-SHOW.—No. I.

THE WORKING OF THE "MORNING THUNDERBOLT."  
IN TWO TABLEAUX.

TABLEAU I.—*The interior of a shop, containing large counters, office-stools, a clock (Bennett), ledgers, and several large heaps of old newspapers.*

PLEASE to observe that this magnificent picture represents the "Publisher's office." On the right you may see a printer's devil (young to the trade) smiling as he looks at a large broad sheet, known as the "contents bill," a document which pretends to give a correct list of the chief items of news contained in the paper. (*Pull the string.*) You now perceive that he is laughing at the discovery that the "contents bill" contains far more news than the paper itself. Standing by the counter is the Publisher himself, in earnest conversation with the Inventor of the "Epicure Sauce"—the sharp-featured Yankee to the left of the picture. The Publisher is arranging for the insertion of an advertisement in the paper, and you may see by the excited appearance of the Proprietor of the Sauce, that he is in the act of bargaining. He, the Yankee (as may be easily perceived) is refusing to advertise unless the Editor of the paper undertakes to praise (incidentally) the "Epicure Sauce" in a leading article. The Publisher gradually yields this point, and the Yankee holds out a peace-offering, in the shape of a couple of dozen of "Sauce" for the Editor's acceptance, which (*pull the string*) is accepted. Talking to one of the clerks is a fat light-haired lawyer, in a rusty suit of black. He is "the legal adviser" of Mr. Peppery, of the Theatre Royal Athenæum, and shares with that popular actor the profits accruing from their joint "proceedings." He has found out the fact, that the *Thunderbolt* of last Tuesday week contained an announcement to the effect that "Mr. Peppery received an occasional hint from the prompter," and has come to serve a writ upon the Publisher. He grimly declares that the paper has once more become the subject of an action for libel, which statement causes among the *employés* the greatest (*pull the string*) terror and consternation! The miserable wretch handing over the counter a bundle of tissue-paper to the printer's devil reading the "contents bill," is a type of the "liner." You may see by the holes in his boots that he is poor, by the hollowness of his cheeks that he is starving, and by the trembling (*pull the string*) of his hand and the redness of his nose that he is subject to attacks of delirium tremens. By his lifting (*pull the string*) his hat to that lady who is now entering his office, you will discover that he once was a gentleman, and by the well-shaped head in which are set his bleared and bloodshot eyes, you should be able to gather the facts that once upon a time he wrote a novel and took a fair degree at a crack college up at Oxford. As he staggers towards the door you should know by his general appearance that he is wending his way to the gin shop! (*Pull the string and the scene changes.*)

TABLEAU II.—*A dusty, dirty apartment, containing book-cases, waste-paper baskets, and office-desks. In a prominent book-shelf may be seen Lemprière's Dictionary, Every Man his own Lawyer, an Atlas, a Dictionary of Quotations, and Cornwall's Geography. The place is in a state of delightful confusion.*

Of course you have perceived that this letter-littered apartment is the "Editor's room." In the centre of the picture you will observe Mr. Levi Moses, the Proprietor, instructing the Editor in the way he should go as regards "Ritualism." Mr. Moses, who keeps Friday as a day of rest, and has a knack of wearing his hat during the whole of divine service, is very particular about subjects of religion. He is now telling the Editor that "he thinksh" the Bishop of London should be "supported." In "supporting" the Bishop, Mr. Moses worships the God of his creation, that *J-s.-deity y'clept* Mammon. To the right seated at that desk is "Austria (From our own Correspondent)" writing, with the aid of various German papers, a letter dated "Vienna,"—his *vis a vis* so hard at work with the French journals, is "France (From our Special Commissioner)." To the left you have the dramatic critic. You can see by this gentleman's face that he is very much annoyed about something. Were you clever you would quickly declare that he has written a long notice, perfectly unsuitable to the *Thunderbolt*. You would be quite right. The dramatic critic has concocted a favourable review of a theatre that does not advertise! Such an absurd blunder has of course to be rectified. *Golden opinions on the Moses establishment are only to be purchased by crisp bank notes!* The motto of the great proprietor is, "Nothing for nothing, and everything for cash!" On the Editor's table you perceive a large envelope made of foreign paper. You may probably guess its contents? No? Well, then for your enlightenment, the packet contains an article received from a certain Government, which article has to be translated into English before it can make its appearance as the leader of to-morrow's *Thunderbolt*. By the side of the letter you make out a couple of baskets full of new books. One of these baskets is labelled "Advertising Publishers," the other is left blank. If you are clever you must know by this time which set of books will receive a meed of praise and which will provoke the severest cen-

sure. (*Pull the string.*) And now you see an idiotic People looking upon the *Thunderbolt* as an oracle and regarding its Jewish proprietor as the best of Christians, and the most public-spirited of Englishmen! Do you agree with them?

## MUSIC HALLS.

No institution has ever proved more thoroughly false to its early promise than has the Music Hall.

We were told, when the idea came first into notice, that its encouragement would assuredly exercise a beneficial influence over the progress of music amongst the lower classes; that many people, who now spend the hours of the night in dissolute indulgence at the public-house, would, in time, be weaned from their evil doings, and that the souls of our less wealthy fellow creatures would, in general terms, be ennobled through the gentle agency of art! In fact we were told all sorts of things, which, perhaps, we did not believe, and which have, at all events, been proved by time to be not less fallacious than the great majority of predictions.

When the Canterbury Music Hall came prominently before the public, and set an example which has now been followed all over London—you may say all over England—the principal attraction which was put forward to catch the multitude was a musical selection from some well-known operatic work. The performance, we are free to confess, was somewhat coarse, but it was not wanting in a certain brilliancy and dash, and as there were one or two singers of passable merit engaged for these selections, we have no doubt but that with care and judgment the character of the entertainment might have been raised, and the taste of the public, as a natural consequence, improved.

Destiny has, however, willed it otherwise, and the Music Hall, as it at present stands, is mischievous to the art which it pretends to uphold. Operatic selections, it is true, are still to be heard, but they are, as a rule, so badly sung and vulgarly accompanied, that it were better for the cause of art that they should be omitted, and, in many cases, they appear to have died away—unheeded and unregretted—from the programme.

Nothing is listened to now-a-days but the so-called "comic songs," and, in sober earnestness, we must express our astonishment that human beings, endowed with the ordinary gift of reason, should be found to go night after night in order to witness such humiliating exhibitions. It is quite impossible to name anything equal to the stupidity of these comic songs, unless, indeed, it be their vulgarity. A man appears on the platform, dressed in outlandish clothes, and ornamented with whiskers of ferocious length and hideous hue, and proceeds to sing, verse after verse, of pointless twaddle, interspersed with a blatant "chorus," in which the audience is requested to join. The audience obligingly consents, and each member of it contributes, to the general harmony, a verse of the tune which he happens to know best. It not infrequently occurs that one of these humorous efforts is received with perfect silence, and under such circumstances, it might not unreasonably be supposed that the artist would refrain, from motives of delicacy, from making his re-appearance before an audience to whom his talents do not appear to have afforded unqualified satisfaction. We are all, however, liable to be deceived, and no matter how slender the amount of the success achieved, the gentleman who occupies the chair will announce, in stentorian accents, that "Mr. So-and-So will oblige again"—which he accordingly proceeds to do, in whiskers more alarming, and vestments, if possible, more hideous than on the previous occasion. This species of musical treadmill is continued until the exhausted singer has sung four songs, when (if he sternly refuses to sing any more) he is set free, and allowed to exercise, over other Music Halls, the improving influence of his talent.

There are numerous other details connected with the entertainments offered to the public at Music Halls, which call for remark, but to allude to them, in the present notice, would take us beyond the limits of the space at our disposal. In another article we shall draw attention to the "serio-comic lady," whose performances are, on the whole, more maddening than those which we have endeavoured to describe.

## ENCOURAGEMENT FOR INVENTORS.

MAJOR PALLISER has received a large order from Government for chilled-shell jackets for the army in Abyssinia, in hopes of counteracting the effects of the hot climate.

Major Palliser has given his best attention to the construction of the same, and has spent nearly a thousand pounds on this invention.

Major Palliser has received a telegram to the effect that, owing to the probable return of the prisoners, so kindly treated by that noble convert, Theodore, the chilled-shell jackets will not be required.

Major Palliser has received three hundred pounds as an indemnity, and a residence in Whitecross street, as a recognition on the part of the Government of debts contracted in the service of the country.

Major Palliser has had his pockets rifled, like his ordnance.

## LAUGHING GAS.

WE are glad to see that notwithstanding the obvious exaggeration attaching to the reports recently circulated in reference to the condition of the air in the tunnels of the Metropolitan Railway, the Company have met the crisis in a proper spirit. Pending the result of the scientific inquiry they have instituted with a view to re-establishing general confidence in the safety of the line, they have spared no efforts to provide against any possible catastrophe. The following notice which has been displayed conspicuously at all the stations between Paddington and King's Cross ought at once to allay all unnecessary public alarm, and at the same time serve as a guarded refutation to those who urge that the line can be used only with imminent danger to health, or even at the risk of life itself.

## CAUTION TO PASSENGERS.

WHEREAS, to quote the language of the public press, and of those who, not being either debenture or shareholders, have no interest in the profits of this company, "there is the strongest reason to believe that CHOKEDAMP, if it does not actually exist, is rapidly forming in the tunnels near the centre of the Metropolitan Railway, and that FIRE-DAMP will probably be formed at no distant period;" and Whereas the dangers of death from SUFFOCATION are therefore imminent, and a fearful catastrophe from EXPLOSION may be expected at any moment, the attention of passengers is directed to the following Bye-laws, with the caution that any attempt at their infringement will be met by an infliction of the severest penalties allowed by the Act of Parliament.

- (1.) No passenger shall be suffered to enter one of the Company's carriages, unless furnished with—1. A diver's dress and apparatus complete (that usually worn at the Polytechnic may be taken as a model). 2. A patent self-exhausting double action air-pump. 3. A "Webster's Hydrogenometer;" and, 4. A copy of some authorised treatise on the chemical properties of gas.
- (2.) In the event of one or more passengers, notwithstanding the above precautions, being attacked with choke-damp, they are cautioned that all attempts to communicate with the guard in charge of the train are strictly forbidden; their obvious duty being to inform the traffic manager of the same by letter as soon as may be convenient after recovery from the attack.
- (3.) In case of explosion it will be the duty of passengers to communicate as rapidly as they can with the engine driver; but if this is found to be impracticable they may do what they like, taking care if they have them, to retain the second half of their return tickets.—N.B. In the event of a passenger being blown through the roof of the tunnel into the road above, he is requested to walk to the nearest station in the direction in which the train was proceeding at the time of his quitting it, and notify the fact to the station master, at the same time delivering up his ticket.
- (4.) Tickets of passengers leaving the trains in this way can, under no circumstances, be regarded as transferable, even to their executors.
- (5.) As no lights are now used on the line, smoking is, of course, strictly prohibited. An hermetically sealed smoking carriage, however, will accompany every train, the use of which will be allowed to all smokers provided with "Cray and Gulper's self-consuming factory smoke annihilator."

NOTICE.—Attention is earnestly called to the following directions to be observed for the purpose of detecting the presence of *fire-damp*, *choke-damp*, &c., &c. :—

On the first alarm, use the air-pump freely, cutting off all communication with the non-conducting valves of the helmet, and when the pump is quite self-exhausted unscrew the safety valve of the hydrogenometer. If a violent explosion follow, accompanied by immense destruction to life and property, it will be due to the presence of fire-damp, in which case it will then be advisable to communicate with the guard.

If no explosion occur, light a match, still using the air-pump freely, and consult the treatise on gas for further directions. *Choke-damp* may be easily detected as follows: If there is reason to suspect its presence, break one of the glass eyes of the diver's helmet. If it exist, it will immediately enter by the aperture and choke the wearer. This is choke-damp.

N.B.—In all cases of violent explosion, involving either the destruction of the train or blowing up of the tunnel, all passengers are earnestly requested, if they possibly can, to keep their seats, as any sudden and simultaneous rush, only too common on such occasions, is likely to be attended with very serious loss of life. All persons therefore who do not think they can comply with the above injunction are strongly advised not to avail themselves of the Company's line.

BY ORDER OF THE MANAGER.

## NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Editor of the TOMAHAWK cannot possibly return rejected communications. Contributors should preserve copies of the communications they address to him. Answers to the Acrostic must be sent in on Thursday night to receive acknowledgement in these columns.

## THE LATEST FROM THE STOCK AND PIPECLAY OFFICE.

## A DUOLOGUE.

GENERAL ROUTINE (*appearing out of a mass of official papers*): Ha! its you Muddle, is it? So we shall have to stop the Abyssinian Exhibition—I mean expedition, after all.

General MUDDLE: It seems so. But what's to be done? There are 7,000 mules now waiting in the court below. You can hear them kicking and biting from the window.

General ROUTINE: 7,000 mules! As you say what can be done with them? Stay! a thought! Have their ears docked and draught them into the first cavalry regiment coming from India.

General MUDDLE: Then there are all those pack saddles which came out of store.

General ROUTINE: Well, they were never worth much anyhow, but still they must be used up or they will rot—That's it. Take the stuffing out to feed the mules, and turn the cases into knapsacks.

General MUDDLE: The camels won't give us much trouble, as a telegram informs me that they all had the dry-rot in their feet, and there are only two who now survive the attack.

General ROUTINE: Send those two, with my compliments, to the Zoological Gardens, they'll take much more care of them than we should. How about the order for those waterproof knee-caps to be served out to the expedition?

General MUDDLE: Waterproof knee-caps? Let me see. Ah, I remember. Knee-caps and regimental corn-plaster. Well, that will scarcely be completed, so we may counter order that.

General ROUTINE: But the Government purveyors, Horseleech, and Jobson, we must do something for them.

General MUDDLE: Nothing simpler. Change the shape of the cavalry helmet and put a new button on to the infantry tunic. They won't complain.

General ROUTINE: By Jove, we shall have a statue now before we die.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

So like are both these things; though so well known  
You really scarce could tell the one from t'other:  
More of the fool than knave the first does own;  
Yet, like a fool, disowns no knave as brother.

(1.)

When my first argues, this is all I say;  
To answer nonsense 'tis the only way.

(2.)

He ate my cambric handkerchief,  
And then he ate my card;  
However soft his head may be,  
His stomach must be hard.

(3.)

Talk not to me of poet's bays,  
Give me a glimpse of thine;  
I'll leave the laurels all to thee,  
So thou leav'st me the wine.

(4.)

He sent me this; I drove him far  
Beyond the tented field;  
A score I gained which left its mark  
Upon my willow shield.

(5.)

He should have been the rightful heir,  
But for a woman's wiles;  
The smooth-faced rascal ever wins  
Dame Fortune's choicest smiles.

(6.)

This secret kept so well and kept so long,  
I'll sell to any maiden for a song.

## ANSWER TO THE DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

D	dirt	T
I	iou	U
S	swagger	R
R	reason	N
A	aspic	C
E	ego	O
L	la	A
I	it	T

No correct answers received in time for acknowledgment.