

# THE TOMAHAWK:

## A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 21.]

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 28, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

### GOVERNING THE GOVERNMENT.

THE Government have a very difficult task indeed, we must all acknowledge, in undertaking this Abyssinian war, but should they fail they never will be able to urge as an excuse at any rate, that they did not obtain plenty of suggestions from "outsiders."

We have been requested to publish a few of the valuable hints that have reached the various departments of Government from divers of those wise men who always know how everything ought to be done.

#### 1.—*The Basis of Operations.*

Aden, Massowa, Alexandria, The Cape of Good Hope, Smyrna, Mecca, Bombay, Khartoum, The Lake Nyanza, Bishop Colenso's Private Residence, The Pyramids (to be fitted up as temporary barracks), and Madagascar, have been amongst the various places recommended as starting points for the expedition.

*Timoleon the Second* suggests that we should utilize our settlements on the Gambia, and proceed overland by balloons to start from Sierra Leone and Senegambia punctually every half-hour. The balloons to be well iced and provided with sunshades.

*An Amateur Engineer* suggests that the Expedition should wait till the Nile rises, and then embark on rafts and see how near the flood would take them to Abyssinia. "The rafts when left high and dry would make excellent foundations for log-huts."

*A Well-wisher of his Country* suggests "we should drive a tunnel from Algiers to the residence of Theodorus and then (he is very superstitious) howl dismally for a few hours, till he shakes in his shoes and delivers up the captives, when the army (which would consist of only 500 men) might retire by the same route. The tunnel, of course, would be rather hot, but air might be supplied by large revolving fans and a ir pumps."

#### 2.—*The Equipment of the Troops.*

Much sensible advice has been received on this subject. For instance: That every man should carry 5lbs. of Wenham Lake ice inside his helmet, in order to prevent the danger of sunstroke.

That all the men should have their lower extremities and hands tarred, in order to guard against the ravages of the Guinea-worm and other parasites.

That all the mules, horses, and camels should wear violet-coloured drawers, in order to keep off the sun and gad-flies.

That all animals used in the expedition should be washed with a liquid solution of india-rubber, to prevent excessive perspiration.

That every soldier should wear wicker-work helmets, covered with palm leaves and cucumber peel, to keep off the sun; and wicker-work breastplates covered with platinum plates, in order to avoid heart-disease.

That all saddles should be made of zinc or iron, that they may not be warped by the heat.

#### 3.—*General Observations.*

Numerous scientific men have favoured the Government with the result of their diligent reflection—*e. g.* :—

All cannons and rifles should be packed in refrigerators, in order to prevent expansion from the heat.

No soldier on any account should be allowed to carry his musket, gun, rifle, or bayonet, at any angle greater than 37° 0' 10", because in that case the refraction of the sun's rays would be infinitely less, and the danger of typhus fever much diminished.

That each member of the expedition should take every morning, before breakfast, two grains of calomel, half-a-pint of Taraxacum, and a quarter of an ounce of quinine, in order to prevent cholera and malaria.

That nobody on any account should be allowed to bathe in cold water.

That everybody should be made to bathe in cold water three times a-day.

That no accident or casualty of any kind should be permitted during the campaign.

We cannot continue our extracts. Volumes might be filled with these proofs of the patriotism of the nation at large. With so many advisers can the Government go wrong? We think not.

### A VOICE FROM THE SPIRITS!

HAS any one (with the exception of "royalty") ever heard of the Savage Club? We hope so, that our insertion of the following delightful piece of charming snobbism may be pardoned, on the score of not being utterly pointless, by an indulgent public. It is not often that we admit "comic copy" (to use a technical term referring to the stale jokes and flippant quiddities that pass current for wit in certain periodicals published on a Wednesday) to our columns; but every rule has its exception, and in this instance we must for once break through our resolution to exclude such matter as unworthy of our pages. A correspondent to a contemporary (apparently "written by club waiters for billiard-markers to read"), observes, *apropos* of the TOMAHAWK :—

"The Savage Club is not, and never has been, in any way connected with the disreputable periodical in question. The original allegation of its having been so was made some months ago, and was evidently founded upon some imaginative jest—a mere play upon words. The allegation has been publicly disavowed in more than one journal. I have the best authority for stating that the members of the Savage Club, collectively and individually, so far as their opinions can be gathered, view the recent pictorial attacks upon royalty with the deepest disgust, and are by no means unmindful of the royal patronage graciously extended to the club some years since, when aid was sought on behalf of the family of a deceased member. At a meeting of the Club held last Saturday, a resolution embodying a distinct repudiation by the Club of all connection with the delinquent periodical, a disavowal of its libels, and an expression of continued gratitude to her Majesty, was unanimously passed without discussion, and Mr. Andrew Halliday, as secretary to the Club, was authorised to transmit copies of such resolution to the leading journals."

Is not this beautiful? We next shall have the gentlemen attached to the "Judge and Jury Club" writing to the Editor of the *Times* to deny their alleged connection with the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Saturday Review*! We pass over the "base imputation" (see how readily we adopt the style of our opponent) charging us with disloyalty to Her Majesty as far beneath our contempt. Only a man with a pitiful and treasonous mind would have made such a shameful and scandalous accusation. We are certainly surprised to hear that "royal patronage has been graciously extended to the Club," as we have been informed since the appearance of the letter now under consideration, that the meetings of the Savage Club may be summed up in the words, "extravagant self-praise, bad puns, rank tobacco, and unlimited gin." In conclusion, we have no wish to quarrel with Mr. Andrew Halliday, "the Secretary of the Club." On the contrary, we respect him much, as we consider him—after the just claims to superiority of Messrs. Best and Bellingham have been but once allowed—nearly the best of our modern burlesque writers.

WHO CRACKED THE CRIB?—The *Pall Mall Gazette* has taken to itself the credit of discovering that Mr. Babington White's novel, "Circe," published in *Belgravia*, was an unacknowledged and unblushing crib from Monsieur Octave Feuillet's "Dalilah." We pointed out that fact three weeks ago.

## ECCLESIASTICAL.

(From the REVEREND EDWY FLITTERMOUSE, of *St. Angular's, Devonshire*, to the REVEREND JOHN BATESON, of *Little Cummer, Hants.*)

BELOVED BROTHER,—Notwithstanding the dreadful darkness of your spiritual life I must, as an old college chum, take this opportunity of reminding you of my existence. How changed our life since we read together at Baliol! How sad the degraded state of our souls at that jolly period. I have written jolly—it was a slip of the pen, and I shall have certain penance to perform for this levity, but let it pass. My brother, you have little conception in your wild neighbourhood of the sweet solaces of our heavenly home here. I am at present serenely occupied in illuminating the large Book of Prayers in our lectern, and my fairest communicants bring offerings of lilies as models for my ambitious pencil—there is an ambition even for humility. I fear my thoughts are often turned during matins to the necessary mixture on my palette for that petal or this leaf, but our dear Mother Church will bless her son in his labours, and I confidently expect a first prize at the Exeter Exhibition of Religious Art. You can not, I fear, understand the holy vanity which causes me to break off for a few minutes here, but in hopes that the light of wisdom may fall on your closed eyelids I may tell you that I have a love of a chasuble just arrived, which is most becoming. My heart will beat with bliss to-morrow in the chancel, for it is the feast of Saint Skeddaddula, and I am prepared. By the way, as incense comes out of my own pocket, I wish you could apply at Civet and Skunk's for their prices, as they might make a reduction on taking a quantity. My thurifer has been bought over by the chemist, who is of the followers of that deluded heretic Wesley, and is at present pitching the key note of a Tate and Brady instead of supporting me in my daily offerings. My heart is hard against him, for he was invaluable, and found his own incense!

Sister Seringa has sent me a matchless brocade covering for our gold stool, worked with her own blessed fingers, and dedicated to the holy Saint Edwy, my patron. What a noble mission is ours! I felt as I opened the rose-coloured note which began "*Reverendissime Pater!*" that brocade cover was the only thing wanting to complete my supreme beatitude for an even-song when our shrine is illuminated, when the ecstasy of the multitudes, who come from Torquay to worship and admire, is at its highest, when the additional lamps have been ignited and perfumes from a hundred exotics elevate the awe-struck senses, I felt that the scene was incomplete, and my blessing will fall on Seringa's head, for her gift is grateful to heaven.

My epistle must needs lie open till I return. Miss Patam (sister Seringa) has called for spiritual converse. I hold it unwise to put a stumbling-block in the way of the foolish by calling it confession, nor would it be correct; the dear girl, I mean our sister, sits on a stool at the foot of my arm-chair, in the front drawing-room, and merely lays on me the burden of her soul. I cannot now tell you of my poor; I was going to have seen them this afternoon had not Seringa's papa given a croquet party, to which, as pastor, I must go—but you know the poor we have always with us, so that will keep. But I may tell you they are all much pleased with the Gregorian chants which proves their real taste for music, and surely the fervent monotone of the good old monks must reach heaven sooner than the mundane gaieties which accompany the delusive rhymes of Bishop Heber for instance.

As you are in town tell Thresher and Glenney to hurry the dozen hair shirts as ordered, the bristles to be outside. Let me persuade you to go to St. Agathor's in Pugin Row. You can but feel your soul elated by the gorgeous ritual of my humble brethren; not Solomon in all his glory could be compared to one of the officiating priests in that blessed fane. Please don't forget to notice the embroidery on the alb worn by the Reverend Polybius Carpe, as I desire mine to be similar in every respect. You might also let me know whether he bows three times or four at the introit. Kindly call in at Truefitts and see that the tonsure is on the toupet which he is about to send me to conceal my unfortunate baldness.

I am off to croquet, and pray for your change without ceasing.

Yours, in all brotherly love,

EDWY FLITTERMOUSE.

Eve of St. Skeddaddula.

(From the Reverend JOHN BATESON of *Little Cummer, Hants*, to the Reverend EDWY FLITTERMOUSE of *St. Angular's Devon*.)

MY DEAR NED,—It surely isn't possible that you've joined the Red Ritualistics. I knew your love of private theatricals would crop up some day or other.

Why the beadle don't you go the entire animal, and turn Papist if you feel so strongly about the one Catholic Church. Don't tell me!—you know that in your bat. state—which reformers repudiate, and Romans treat with contempt—if you did go over you would be very small beer, and not get half the petting which young ladies with a taste for embroidery and hysterics indulge you with. Why, I will be bound to say that you don't enjoy life half as much as I do, bothering your fine wits with processions and penances, &c. Here am I, with my two

services on a Sunday, and one sermon which I take out of the first volume which comes to hand. My clerk, who is deaf, does all the music, and trains the Sunday scholars to something like unison of discord. My pews are most comfortable for sleepy country families, and I really don't believe there are any poor in the parish. I am sure I never see them in church, and I know the neighbourhood is particularly healthy. Now the hunting is coming on, I think I shall put on a curate, as I find three days a week knocks one up for sermonizing.

I am not going to London, but intend passing a week or two instead at the Paris Exhibition, where there is a stall for the diffusion of religious knowledge, which I humbly hope may be beneficial to our poor benighted brethren abroad. You remember Job, at Eton? He is now the Rev. Job Faggs, and takes my duties till my return. He does not smoke, or I would bring him a cigar case from the Boulevards. By the way, what a guy you must look in a Dalmatical alb, or whatever you call it. Perhaps phylacteries is the word: shouldn't wonder. I have plenty of the old tap on hand, so come and have a weed and a chat with yours truly,

JACK BATESON.

Little Cummer, Sunday evening.

## THE MODERN THEOPHRASTUS.

## No. 3.—THE INQUISITIVE NEIGHBOUR.

THOSE who know not this creature are indeed happy. It is in large towns that he flourishes most—the seclusion of the country is against his occupation. I will take an example of the male sex, because all petty vices, such as are the privileges of women, do reach their greatest height when they exist in man; and I will suppose that this nuisance lives in the same square as you in London; though it has been said, with some truth, that in no place is one more private than in a great city.

The Inquisitive Neighbour is never in any profession. The only business which he has, is the business of other people; and his own affairs are apt to suffer from the great attention which he pays to those of his neighbours. He is consumed with a very fire of meddlesome curiosity, which begets in him a spurious activity, the which, were he to employ it in some decent occupation, would make him a rich man. He never sleeps but with one eye open, and would leap out of bed on the coldest night in winter, if he could only discover that his neighbour, three doors off, had been out late and could not find his latch-key. Such an event as this is a great godsend to him, and next morning (for the creature is an inveterate gossip, and, therefore, no respecter of the truth), he is up early, and tells every acquaintance some finely embellished anecdote, which his inventive brain has founded on this incident, in the middle of which he will break off, and run after the nurse that has just come out of No. 10, to see whether the child he heard crying the other day has really got the measles, or whether, as he hinted to the nervous old lady next door, it was not scarlet fever, or even small-pox. He has got but a little way in his questioning of the nurse, when he sees a handsome carriage drive up to the house opposite, and he is off like a swift arrow to find out the crest on the panel, and if there be a coronet on it, he will hang about on the chance of being able to brush a bit of dirt off my Lord's coat; or, otherwise intrude on the duties of the footman. And thus he spends his day as if a very fiend were always in pursuit of him, that never would allow him to rest still for one little second.

One cannot help laughing sometimes at this contemptible creature. I have even gone so far as to pity him sometimes, when I have seen him baffled in his industrious endeavour to ferret out some imaginary mystery. Some one has been ill at No. 20, and as they have not long lived there and are somewhat reserved, not even his impudence has been able to get a nod from the gentleman or a bow from the lady. He has tried the servants (I have known him carry a pint of porter in a pewter mug to the area gate for the footman on the chance of finding out how many dinner-parties his master gave a week), but in this case they have given him short answers. For three days he has devoted his valuable time and energies to watching the house, and has been in turns mistaken for a petty thief, a private spy, a sheriff's officer, and a dog-stealer; yet he has discovered nothing. His food remains untasted, and he keeps the very flies awake in his room by walking up and down all night, like a fidgetty spectre. He has made three attempts to speak to the doctor, but each time he has just missed him; now he has watched him in, and is determined not to miss him again. He has just moved across the road to see if he cannot make out a shadow on the blind, when out comes the doctor, jumps into his carriage and is off. But our friend is soon in chase, and tears up the street beckoning to the coachman till the carriage stops. Breathless and dusty he gets to the window and pants out, "Doctor, what is it, an operation, a fever, or a baby?" The doctor, who has too many patients to have time to gossip about them, drives off with a Pish! And now, indeed, may you pity our friend as he stands quite baffled with a grievous countenance; but he soon brightens up and tells the first person he meets that "the lady at No. 20 has twins, though they have only been married to his certain knowledge for a month, if they are married at all, and he

has seen, &c., &c." You may defeat his curiosity, but you cannot check his malice.

There is, I doubt not, a sort of curiosity which is more ridiculous than mischievous, but I cannot hold that such impertinent inquiry into one's doings is a thing to be laughed at. The shamelessness of this creature is as great as his mendacity; he would stop an archangel, if he met one in the street, and ask leave to measure his wings. He is proof to all insults, for he has no honour to insult, and the only way to treat him is with contempt. It is a pity that the police cannot interfere with such fellows, or that they cannot be used as spies or detectives to some good purpose.

Of the harm that this noxious creature does, I may say somewhat. It is not that he causes constant irritation and annoyances to those whom he honours with his attention, but his unscrupulous lying inflicts too often a wound, which like that of a fly which has fed on carrion, is incurable, for men err much who suppose that a man's power is in proportion to his greatness, for its often just contrariwise; and the more contemptible the instrument, the more serious is the hurt. This vice, of which I have spoken, is mostly practised by those whose age I will not say whose sex—preserves them from personal chastisement, so that one is almost defenceless. Some would say, "Have no secrets, and you need fear no inquisition;" but besides that, no one cares to have all their private affairs babbled about by unfeeling praters, it is not necessary to have anything to conceal for him to discover it. As I have said his invention keeps pace with his malice, which increases as he is disappointed in the gratification of his consuming passion, so that those who are most innocent of harm generally find themselves the subject of the most horrible stories, and nothing is harder than to fix the original guilt of such inventions on their inventor, for the stream of gossip ever rises in a foul source and flows through a muddy channel, and it gathers dirt and darkness as it runs along. And here I may plead guilty to having treated of gossiping as well as of inquisitiveness, but I cannot separate the two, for they are like the Siamese twins, and cannot live asunder. Think not then that curiosity is harmless, but be on your guard against such persons, and when you choose a house, see first, if possible, that you have not an Inquisitive Neighbour.

#### SOMETHING LIKE ADMINISTRATION.

It is satisfactory to know that the War Office has neglected no means of rendering the Abyssinian Expedition complete. In the first instance, it was thought probable that there would be great difficulty in procuring mules, and it was immediately decided that a body of officers should be sent to the principal ports of the Mediterranean, to buy as many animals as might be required. It has since transpired that, carrying mules to Abyssinia, is very like taking coals to Newcastle, and that serviceable beasts are to be had at a nominal price in the very district in which the Expedition will land, where the native chiefs are all more or less at war with the Emperor Theodore, and are quite ready to sell us cheap, for there will be competition, as many beasts as we can possibly want. The action of the authorities has been decisive. There are twelve officers, each accompanied by a veterinary surgeon and a commissariat official (at three guineas a-day all round), already on the Mediterranean. One has been recalled! Captain Hobart, of the Artillery, who is now on his way to Smyrna, will, on arrival at his destination, find awaiting him the order for his immediate return. No decision has yet been arrived at regarding the remaining three-and-thirty officers, but there is little doubt that sooner or later, the same energetic course will be adopted in every instance.

#### RIGHT ROYAL ENTERTAINMENT.

THE Queen of Holland arrived at Woolwich one day last week on a visit to this country. On landing from her yacht Her Majesty was received by a staff of Custom-house officials, and after a slight detention drove from the pier in Mr. Claridge's carriage to that hospitable gentleman's residence in Brook street. The Queen, weary, we presume, of the gaiety of the present season, has since quitted town, and is now the guest of Lord Salisbury, at Hatfield House. On leaving Lord Salisbury's Her Majesty's movements are at present uncertain, but it is not improbable that she will return to Rotterdam. Who can say that we do not know how to entertain foreign royalty when it comes among us?

EVIDENT.—THE New Theatre (old St. Martin's Hall) is to be called the Queen's. This is happy, as her Majesty is *sure* to direct that a box be taken in her name.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS," &c.—It appears now that the presentation of a "barrel organ" to the Emperor Theodore was the real cause of the Abyssinian difficulty. This is, at all events, an appropriate origin to an undertaking that promises to become famous for its "stops."

#### A SNOB ABROAD TO SNOBS AT HOME.

WHAT, haven't you been to *Pary*? By Jove, Sir, everyone has been to *Pary*. Why, I even saw old Starchem of the Decimal Compound Office over there the other day, and a precious fine specimen of an Englishman *he* looked, I can tell you. As to the damage, why, it's fifty bob there and back, first class. First class, think of that, with cushions and all the rest of it! Think of being able to swagger like a lord for fifty bob, and nobody being a bit the wiser! As to dress, Sir, *Pary* has the pull of Cremorne altogether. There you must get yourself up with a bit of a flower in your button-hole, but at *Pary*—why you wouldn't be an Englishman if you didn't sport a rough shag, wide-awake, and short clay! Streets—of course there are; and shops,—no end of them, and what they call their fashions, but you meet nothing but a set of dirty *Mossoos*, who, I'll bet a fiver, never heard of Hyams, and couldn't give you "*Slap Bang*" for the life of 'em. Their *caffy's* ain't bad in their way, but you must take care to show them when you go in that you don't intend to be humbugged,—so don't take off your hat to the woman stuck up behind the bottles and sugar-pots. It's only dirty Frenchmen who do this, because they don't know better, and have been brought up like a set of snobs. Mind, too, you ask for *Bass*, and if the fools don't understand you, swear at them in good round English, Sir, sticking in a "*garcon*" here and there to show you can talk their beastly French as well as they can, if you choose to do it. As to their theatres, you'll hear nothing but their stupid jargon, though a thing they call the *Duchess* wouldn't be bad if it was done into a Christian tongue, but mind you it doesn't touch *Hunky dorum*. However, wherever you go, mind an Englishman's full dress is tweeds; make yourself at home just as if you were at Margate, not barring the shrimps if you can get 'em.

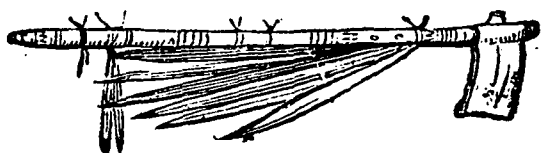
When you go to the *Invalides* (a sort of third-rate Chelsea Hospital), mind you touch up some of the old fellows with one leg, about Waterloo, and ask them how many Frenchmen it would take to thrash half an Englishman. Its good fun to see how this makes the old fools wince, besides reminding them of what John Bull can do, and obliging them to respect him for it, as they ought. If you go in for sights, you'd better do the *Louvre*—if it's only to say you've been there, and tell them what a slow place you think it; but out and out, the best thing in *Pary* is *Mabile*. That's the place, Sir, where true Britons, like you and me, feel thoroughly at home;—by Jove, Sir, yes! If you should happen to do a church or two, never mind the people kneeling all over the place, but go about boldly, just where you like, and look at what you like, as an Englishman ought, if its only to show these dirty foreigners what rot he thinks their mummeries. As to the *Exposishong*, you can soon let them see what you think of *that*, by telling them how Hyde Park was worth six of it, and how the best thing they've got to show, after all, is the English gals and beer. In fact, as long as you are in *Pary*, keep up your British character, for its this sort of thing that gets England respected all over the Continent. I didn't know those fellows who had that spree with the statue the other day, but I wish I had been with them; they must have been a rare set of fellows, and we should have got on no end together—yes, by Jove, that's the way to show these dirty Frenchmen what good plain English means, and the sooner they know it by heart the better. But *Pary* is the place to teach them all about it, so mind you come. Mind, only fifty bob—first class—cushions and all, and bless you, Sir, don't get shy off the *Ru de Rivoli*;—you'll be far more at home there than you are in *Pentonville*—I am, and I can tell you, isn't it jolly, rather, as you go along the *Bulevards* in your billy-cock, to see everybody staring at you, and fancy 'em saying "there goes a real live English gentleman!"

#### THE GOOD TIME COMING.

WE learn with infinite joy that Mr. Beales is going to stand for Lambeth, Mr. George Potter for Marylebone, Mr. Baxter Langley for Greenwich, Colonel Dickson for Westminster, and Mr. Bradlaugh for the Tower Hamlets at the next election. They will be supported by all the strength of the Reform League and Working Men's Societies. We wish them success. But would it not be better that their friends in Parliament (Messrs. Mill, Hughes, Peter Taylor, Forster, Whalley, Gladstone, &c.) should attempt (in anticipation of the honour about to be conferred on the House of Commons) to procure some reform in the usual etiquette of the House? Might we suggest a more exact definition of "Parliamentary language?" Would it not be as well that a pulpit, or something like it, should be erected for the benefit of Bradlaugh, who never speaks but he blasphemises? We should like to hear that elegant and refined gentleman on a Wednesday in a "religious" debate. Should these "chosen ones of the people" be elected, the American Congress will no longer blush to compare itself with the Parliament of the old mother country.

"NAIF ENFANT!"—A Guardsman we know assures us that Nator, the Cremorne Frog, seems quite out of water when he is on dry land.





LONDON, SEPTEMBER 28, 1867.

MR. JAMES WYLD, the eminent map-seller, is a caustic geographer. He has already published (*absit omen*) a *Skeleton Map of Abyssinia*.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has accepted the invitation to the Edinburgh banquet. On this occasion the Political Haggis will be substituted for the usual Cabinet Pudding. It is to be hoped that every Conservative present will have the stomach to swallow it.

THE French alliance has been definitely rejected by Austria. The following epigrammatic despatch is said to have been addressed by the all powerful Chancellor to Monsieur de Moustier:—"Beust can act for the *best* without *you* (u).

THE Bishop of Rhode Island has expressed a wish that in this country, as in America, "*lay influence*" should be brought to bear on all appointments to the Episcopate. This will indeed be something new in England!

THE cry against the indecency of bathing, as practised at most of our popular watering places, has not been without its effect, we are glad to say. Opera glasses may now be had (on hire) of most of the proprietors of bathing machines. All pure-minded persons must rejoice at such a reform, which effectually prevents the gambols of the mermen and mermaids from being witnessed with the naked eye.

THE new service for the transport of troops between India and England, by way of Egypt, is at length in operation, and the 7th Dragoon Guards, the first regiment to come home, may be expected in this country early in the winter. As all the cavalry barracks are just now occupied it has been decided at the Horse Guards that on its arrival in England the regiment shall be encamped. Men who have served for over a dozen years in the plains of India will no doubt appreciate the contrast between a tropical summer and a winter under canvas at Aldershot. The new system promises to work well. Under the old arrangement of sailing ships and the Cape of Good Hope the 7th would not have arrived at home until next spring, and would thereby have been deprived of the pleasant little surprise in store for them.

### IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY!

(See CARTOON.)

The coffin containing the remains of Napoleon II., King of Rome, is shortly to be buried in Paris.—Daily Paper.

YES, the great end is attained. A crown rests upon his brow—his hand clasps a sceptre—by his side he wears the sword of a conqueror. He has shaped his course through a world of difficulties. He has believed in his destiny, and now has reached the summit of his ambition—a throne.

A dizzy resting-place, and yet, while new to it, he is scarcely able to look about him. He has climbed so high, that he can see nought but the sun of glory. He must be something more than Imperial—he must be Great—great as a warrior, great as a statesman, great as a Buonaparte. The purple robe must be exchanged for the breast-plate, the crown for the warrior's helmet. The world must be taught that Napoleon's nephew is no mean successor to his uncle's fortunes. Deigning to use a dead man's coffin as a ladder to power, still he scorns to go to his grave without renown. Moreover, he has traitors to punish—foes to conquer. Were not the Russians and the Austrians the sworn enemies to the first great bearer of his name? Has he forgotten Moscow or Waterloo? Does he not know that, by making the

foes of Buonaparte the enemies of France, he secures for his family thousands of brothers—millions of adherents? It is a desperate game, perhaps, but it must be played. If he wins, he claims a palace, the devotion of a people; if he loses, he falls to rise no more, or yields up that which is dearer to him than life—celebrity. And he plays, and for a while the cards seem to favour him, and he prospers. But at last, the luck turns against him. He finds his plans unsuccessful, and his people dissatisfied. And then he throws down his cards, and looks for comfort to those nearest and dearest to him.

He who has so often duped others, now actually and willingly deceives himself. He tries to believe that he belongs to a family of kings, that his power comes to him from a long descent. That the bee has ever been the crest of France; that the *fleur de lys* has never waved from the turrets of the Louvre. And he brings together to comfort him, the family he wishes to love him. He feels so solitary among Princes—so lonely in the halls that have belonged to those who scorn him as an upstart, and loathe him as a usurper. And he gathers his family around him—the family he can love, the family he can trust—and when he tries to count their numbers, finds confronting him nought save the tombs of two dead men, and the face of a child that is dying!

### MENTOR ONCE MORE:

OR,

### LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.

#### I.—GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

MY DEAR TELEMACHUS,—You are now leaving the cold and enervating shade of the country for the full light and beauty of town. You have hitherto been educated only in the abstract principles and opinions by which human affairs ought to be conducted and regulated. You have been so filled with ancient rules of conduct that modern events have been perverted very unfairly; to illustrate,—you are probably at this moment of opinion that those rules will be of much value in guiding you and preserving you from error and danger. You have been told that Truth is eternal, Justice beautiful, and Virtue its own reward, and are, I doubt not, looking forward with impatience to the opportunity of practising those qualities in the capital. I would, therefore, before it is too late, warn you against any such insidious and dangerous opinions, and enlighten you as to the actual principles and opinions by which life is carried on in modern times and places, and I propose to give you a few rules for your guidance in social, political, and religious questions, which you will find to be not only of the greatest possible utility, but to be founded upon those principles which alone have kept their existence in these times. First of all, it is absolutely necessary that you should get into debt. If your income is sufficient for your wants, you must increase your wants until they have attained the proper social level. You must possess a stall at the opera, a horse or two, a cab if possible, but at any rate, a tea-cart, and must accustom yourself to order flowers by the year, coats by the half-dozen, and neckties by the hundred. Having settled the scale of your wants in this proportion throughout, you will take the usual measures to supply them, and in short, you will cut your cloth according to your coat, and if you have not enough cloth, go tick for the deficiency. Thus you will, at any rate, be enabled feelingly to take up the correct tone about tradesmen and their bills, and possibly, may attain the distinction of having finally to visit the Continent for a sum which will surround you with interest, and the family name with notoriety. You will find that, by observing the rules I lay down, you will have no difficulty in arriving at a respectable state of financial embarrassment, and I do not deem it necessary, therefore, to say more on this point.

You must take up horse-racing—that is to say, unless you understand anything about it, in which case it is not the thing for you; but if, happily, you are equally ignorant of the merits of horses and riders, you will back such of both as may be fashionable, through good and evil report, or you may even form a stud yourself, which will procure for you the ineffable satisfaction of seeing your name continually in low sporting papers, and of being occasionally mentioned by prize-fighters, horse-dealers, jockeys, and "the ring," as a patron of sport, and of giving your opinion with authority to all the young fools of your acquaintance.

You must take up politics in the same way, and do not fear that you will have to study political questions, for you will find opinions ready-made upon them all, and current throughout society, and you will always have the *Times* by which you can correct yourself according to the prevailing tone of the current twenty-four hours. I shall treat this branch more fully in a future letter, but meantime, as regards politics in their bearing on society, it will be sufficient to tell you that a few decided opinions, such as that Mr. Bright ought to be crucified, Governor Eyre canonized, the Reform Bill burnt, and Hyde Park defended by fortifications, will bear you creditably through your first season.

You must learn to lie with a smooth tongue and a smiling face, and by this I mean not the brutal bungling lying, which consists simply in





IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY!

[See Sketch.]





saying the thing that is not, but the delicate refined and graceful lying which conveys, insinuates, and half deprecates the falsehood you wish to see adopted. It is necessary to remember that lying is admirable, not for its own sake, but for the sake of the advantages it procures; therefore you must not lie to such an extent as will bring discredit upon you, even among those few who still profess to reprobate the practice, and when there is a doubt as to utility of lies you may even tell the truth—though the less of it the better. Thus when you are introduced to a man you will discover if he is likely to be of use to you. If so you will support his principles, adopt his opinions, and delicately flatter his vanity by professing an ardent admiration for his pursuits and predilections; but if not, you will show a generous ardour in opposing them with such arguments as you can steal from the general tone of society. In the case of a woman you will, of course, make the flattery or the abuse more strictly personal, and if the latter be necessary it will procure you the advantage of gaining twenty other female friends for the one you lose.

You must flirt of course, and let me implore you not to waste your time in mere inconsequential flirtations. Your efforts should be directed to obtaining more serious results. By constant assiduity, by whispered flattery, by mute attitudes of admiration, by every means in fact, you should endeavour to make one or more girls really fond of you, and that in a way that everybody sees and understands it. Having reached this point, you will begin to cool, and what is better you will take an injured air, and treat one of your inamorata to some insolent speeches of as epigrammatic a character as you can manage. Women are such idiots that she will probably be brought thus to believe that she has behaved badly to you, while you will gain with society at large the credit of having behaved badly to her, a double result fraught with advantage to you. By following this line of conduct you will be able to procure a constant succession of flirtations, and that without the necessity for displaying any qualities, and a reputation which will give you a position wherever you go.

At the same time you must make for yourself an amatory reputation of another sort, and in order to do this you must take care to be seen nodding, as though furtively, to those suspected broughams and convicted toilettes which you will find dotted about the park every afternoon. The result of this will be to gain for you the respect of mothers and the wonder of daughters, and to aid you generally in your great work of progress.

These few leading axioms you will find sufficient to keep you in the right way, and if you follow them earnestly, exhibit yourself assiduously and carefully eschew the errors of truth, justice, and virtue, you will end by being overrated in the desired degree, and in becoming a man about town of the sort which is most desirable for your social interests.

And so for the present believe me your sincere friend,

MENTOR.

### "FOWL PLAY."

A NOVEL IN THREE VOLUMES, BY A SMART YOUNG AMAZON IN THE LITERARY RANKS.

#### VOLUME I.

*Miss Orderly's Secret. Miss O. and Mr. Marchmont, the well-known publisher, discovered.*

MISS ORDERLY. Now, really, I should like to write a novel without a crime if possible.

MR. MARCHMONT. Nonsense; you would not be read, my dear. If you don't pitch into the Decalogue you are nowhere.

MISS O. (*with a sigh*). Well, here goes! We'll get it over at once. Here's Philip Sheldon, the dentist, with unsullied snow-shirt, brass plate written on his face, and teeth like Carker's.

MR. M. Carker's? that's one of Charles Reade's isn't it? (*Goes to sleep.*)

MISS O. Not this time. "Dombey and Son," you know. (*Writes.*) There! Beef-tea disagrees with Tom Halliday—with old Nancy—with the young doctor called in too late. So natural! the dentist who has been accustomed to drawing stumps all his life, bowls Tom out with a bowl of beef-tea, and calls it a "Post-Horn Galloping Consumption." Now for my story.

*Enter Valentine Hawkehurst with several Parish Registers, inventories, diaries, horoscopes, and such like. Sits down.*

MISS O. Ha, Valentine. Try some Cognac undiluted with soda. How's yourself? Hope you're jolly?

VAL. Dog-tired, Miss Orderly, I can tell you. I have been steeple-chasing through half the parishes in Great Britain and am so bewildered that I don't know whether Rebecca Caulfield, who died in 1727, or Matthew Haygarth, who demised in 1774, or Mrs. Hepzibah Judson, or the Rev. Goodge, or Whothedooce is heir to the advertisement in the *Times* or the *Lancet*, or the *Hue and Cry*. However, *nous verrons*, I suppose, for though brought up as an errand boy, I have written for low

Sunday papers, and of course prefer speaking French when I have an opportunity.

MISS O. You have worked well and cheaply, travelling all through Yorkshire and the Midland counties for a fiver. Take some more brandy. Philip Sheldon of course married Georgy Halliday.

VAL. Of course, and being unsuccessful as a stump-breaker, became a stock-broker.

*Enter Captain Costigan Paget, with several horoscopes, diaries, inventories, and Parish Registers. Sits down.*

CAPT. PAGET. I have been steeple-chasing all over the north after Valentine, and egad, I've got the letters. Ye'll only have to double the consonants at the end of every word, and they'll look as like the real thing as I do to Costigan.

#### VOLUME II.

MISS O., acting immediately on advice, writes a volume of letters about "Ye mighty bigg citty;" "ye publicke getts verry weerry offe ye samme, & duzz notte see ye funn offe ye joake."

#### VOLUME III.

*Valentine leaves Diana Paget—an old love, and Charlotte Halliday, a new ditto, in London, at Philip Sheldon's, and prepares for another steeple-chase, ridden by George Sheldon, the Gray's Inn Lawyer, against Costigan Paget, ridden by Phil. Sheldon, of beef-tea celebrity, after copious libations of brandy and water.*

DIANA PAGET (*suggested by Eugénie Grandet, and developed into Rosa Dartle*). If I were drowning, he wouldn't stretch out a finger to save me.

*Enter Charlotte Halliday, just in time to prevent Di fainting, by pouring the dregs of a brandy-bottle between her teeth.*

CHARLOTTE. Love him, Di, for my sake.

DI (*overflowing*). I loved him, dear, for my own; do not hate me. I will no longer denounce the Minerva Press. I will be a mother to you both.

*Enter Philip Sheldon, stirring a packet of Thorley's condiment into a bowl of beef-tea.*

PHIL. SHELDON. Do; but first witness her signature to her own will.

BOTH GIRLS. Willingly, dear Mr. Sheldon. (*Enter Valentine.*)

VAL. : Dear Mr. Sheldon, how I have misinterpreted your palpable roguery.

PHILIP. Wait for three more volumes of "Charlotte's Inheritance," (*aside*) and if I don't bring in, with Miss Orderly's kind assistance, Poison, Forgery, Bigamy, and Assassination, I am no Bird of Prey.

MR. MARCHMONT (*waking up*). Well my dear, how far have you got since the poisoning with beef-tea. Let me see, is it *Foul Play*, or *Rotten Apples*, you are at?

MISS O. Well, you know you've skipped the genealogies, and I fear you have been asleep during the most interesting part.

MR. M. What was it? A plunge down a coal-mine with a returned convict; or a marriage with a wife's sister during the life of the spouse?

MISS O. Not at all. I've written three volumes since you began to snore, with only the mere shadow of a crime from beginning to end.

MR. M. Then I hope your readers will manage to keep awake. *En revanche*, you'll have to cram the next three with a double amount of jam; and if you don't break fifteen out of the ten commandments, you are not the woman I took you for.

### COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

PROMENADE CONCERTS may now be looked upon as accepted institutions in this country. No sooner do the Opera-houses close their doors, and the singers repair to lands of more congenial climate, than large posters make their appearance, for the purpose of informing such of the public as choice and necessity compel to remain in town, that Promenade Concerts, on a scale of unusual grandeur, will be undertaken, and that the entertainments will be devised in such fashion, that the tastes of all those who thirst for music may be consulted. The mind, not unnaturally, travels back to the source from whence these annual institutions have sprung; and we must not grudge to M. Jullien, the originator of Promenade Concerts in this country, that praise which is so justly his due. There was much of the charlatan in him, but there was also plenty of that earnestness and solid determination which mark the true artist. In justice to his memory, it should be recorded, that few have rendered such real and lasting service to the cause of music in England as Jullien has done; and although his shirts may have been outrageously embroidered, and the camellias in his button-hole of unnecessary dimensions, let it be remembered by posterity that it was he who first planted those goodly seeds which have since ripened into the

love for well executed orchestral music, which is now possessed by the mass of the people of our country.

The *Entrepreneur* of this year's Promenade Concerts, at Covent Garden, is Mr. John Russell, and he may fairly be complimented upon having got together a first-rate Band, under the direction of two excellent conductors, Signor Bottesini, and Herr Johann Strauss. Pursuant to custom, a certain number of evenings have been devoted to the works of great masters; whilst, in other cases, the programmes have represented what is supposed to be the popular taste. It is a fact, not otherwise than significant, that the best attendances have been obtained on those nights when the first-half of the programme contained classical music only.

Thursday last was a "Spohr night," and an immense concourse of people assembled to hear a concert which was opened by an excellent performance of the symphony known as the "Power of Sound." This work is, in all respects, the production of a master, and it was pleasing to mark the earnest attention with which every movement was heard by the vast audience. The band left but little to desire in their execution of the three first movements, but, with the *Larghetto* and *Allegretto* (which concludes the work) we were not so well pleased; amongst other things, the intonation of the drums in F. and C. was not what it should have been, especially in the case of the C. drum, which was distinctly and unpleasantly flat. The symphony itself is amongst the finest works which Spohr has left to the world, and if he had never written anything else it would be hard to say how high he should rank amongst the masters of his art. As it is, however, he composed abundantly, and the weaknesses of his personal character are apparent in his music. Spohr was an exceedingly vain man, and disdained, accordingly, to profit by that rich store of experience which had been acquired by those who went before him. His views in regard to music were, for so great a composer, remarkably limited, and his self-complacency rendered it well-nigh impossible that they should be enlarged. Thus it happened that Spohr became the greatest of mannerists, and, it is scarcely too much to say that, in hearing the "Power of Sound" you have heard all that he could do. It is a lovely work, however, and those who do not know it should take an early opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the numerous beauties which the score will disclose to them.

The other pieces in that portion of the programme which was devoted to Spohr, were the slow movement from the Violin Concerto (No. 9), which was played with pure tone and delicate sentiment by Mr. H. Weist Hill, the overture to *Jessonda*, and the song entitled, "Love and Courage." The last was sung by Madame Jetty Treffz, who, more years ago than anybody will care to reckon, used to make such a *furor* with Kücken's tuneful and palpable song, "Trab, Trab." Time, we regret to say, has robbed the lady of her voice, whilst it has not supplied her with an equivalent, in the shape of artistic training. She understands her public, however, and, although there was a diversity of opinion amongst the audience, she was much applauded, and, in her second song, received the honour of a double encore.

The remainder of the concert would scarce call for notice were it not for Herr Johann Strauss, who conducts his own dance music in such fashion that it may fairly be said that waltzes and polkas were never properly heard in England until Herr Strauss crossed the channel. Nothing can exceed the grace and, we may add, the humour which he infuses into his pretty music, and the people seemed as though they would never weary of listening. About this period of the evening the audience began to encore everything, and the result was that the concert, which in its original condition was of reasonable length, became protracted to the unduly late hour of half-past eleven. No matter whether the piece of music was an athletic performance on the piano by Mr. J. M. Wehli, or a simple ballad sung by Mr. Wilford Morgan, a certain portion of the people kept up such a persistent clamour for its repetition that those, who were desirous that the programme should be proceeded with, were fain to give way in the cause of peace and quietness. The result is easily imagined—the band was tired to death, half the audience lost their temper, and the other half left the theatre from having had a surfeit of music, so the consequence was that the concert, which began admirably, was brought to an inglorious conclusion by a slovenly performance of the overture to Auber's "Philtre," minus the introductory movement.

The system of encoring everything is really becoming a nuisance almost too intolerable to be borne, and the sooner that artists protest against it, *en masse*, the better. Mr. Sims Reeves has set a capital example; nothing will induce him to sing twice over, in fact it sometimes happens that he cannot be got to sing at all! If others, however, would be as firm as he is in declining to accede to the extravagant demands which are so frequently made by certain portions of the public, a real benefit would be wrought, and one which would be as sensibly experienced by the artists themselves, as by those who go to hear him.

**CAPTURE OF ANOTHER BULL.**—One of the questions to be considered by the Social Science Congress will be, "What is to be done with the Irish railways?" Lord Dufferin replies, "To be of any use, belad! they must be taken up by the Government."

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Methinks it strange these two should go together,  
Or the one numbered be amongst the other;  
Yet 'tis so, and it makes me wonder whether  
It was not Tubal Cain that killed his brother.

(1.)

I hear thy deep reproachful voice  
Peal out the fatal hour;  
To Learning's grim and frowning porch  
I fly from Love's soft bower.

(2.)

I thought he was a mighty clever man,  
Who every cardinal virtue did possess;  
I saw him lately, and behold, I saw  
A young fool strutting in an old fool's dress.

(3.)

Struck by the foul assassin's hand,  
He fell a corse within the gate.  
Long time his blood for vengeance cried,  
That vengeance came complete, though late.

(4.)

Full oft upon the pulpit's boards  
He preached, his preaching was the rage;  
But the best sermon of his life  
He preached upon another stage.

(5.)

The sword and wit which wanteth this,  
Will hack but never cut.  
Such is the wit of hacks whose heads  
Were only meant to butt.

(6.)

We all profess that we are this  
Whene'er we speak the truth;  
If we do nothing but profess,  
How can we look for ruth?

## ANSWER TO THE LAST DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

S	S.P.Q.(R)	Q
P	Pichegru	U
A	Adage	E
I	Inkle	E
N	Nankeen	N

INCORRECT answers have been received from twenty-five correspondents.

## WINDSOR SOAP.

MR. LABOUCHERE, whose *aplomb* is almost proverbial, and who manages somehow or other to add his modicum to many a Continental scandal, seems to have come with flying colours out of the last Hom-burg *fracas*, with one Farina, who, it seems, is a *chevalier d'industrie*, if not a Baron, and from a pleasant habit of creating debts which he has no intention to pay, is looked upon as the original *Owe de Cologne*. One of Mr. Labouchere's friends recommended him to accept the noble Farina's challenge. But as the advice was coupled with the recommendation to "Go in and Windsor," the honourable M.P. was reminded of a late contest out of which he had come with anything but clean hands, and very wisely consented not to soil his gloves by touching his adversary, the Canaglia. Joking apart, we believe Mr. Labouchere has behaved uncommonly well throughout the affair.

## A PITEOUS CASE.

THE Great Unpaid are often abused, justly and unjustly. Let us praise them when we can. At Whitehaven the bench of magistrates have committed to gaol with hard labour three pitmen for gross carelessness in a coalpit, whereby they endangered the lives of five hundred workmen. This is a step in the right direction. No fine can be of any avail in such cases, as the pitmen club together to pay it. That carelessness is very often criminal is a doctrine which should be more widely recognised. If all institutions at Whitehaven are as sensible as the bench of magistrates, the town will have to be re-christened Withaven.

**NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.**—The Imperial Commission complains that the number of visitors to the Exposition has fallen off within the last few weeks. *Parbleu!* If they go and take the chairs from under them!