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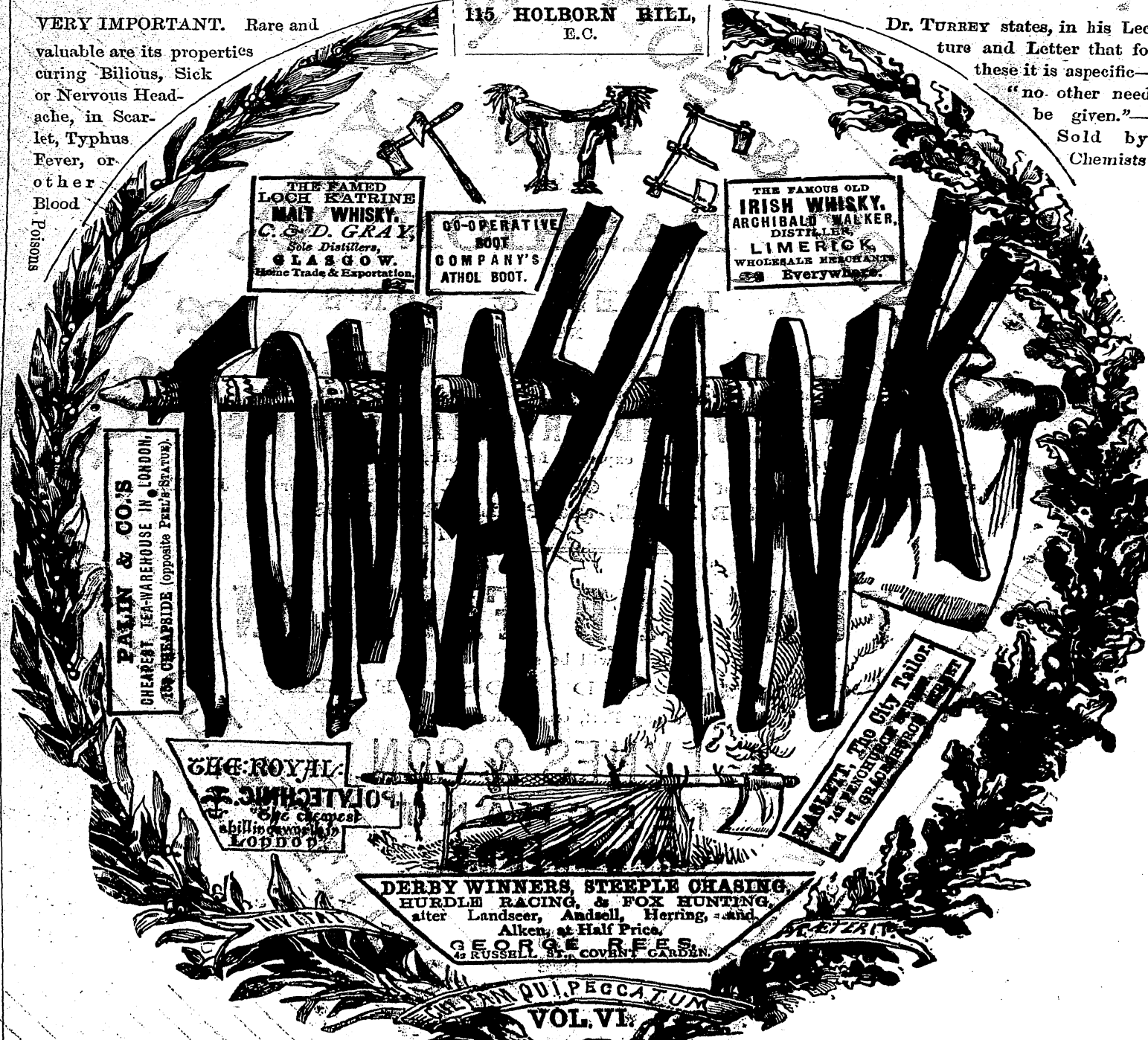
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THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 155.]

LONDON, APRIL 23, 1870.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

"SUGAR."

IF there is no success like success, so is there no failure like failure. So long as a man can keep his head above water, there will be plenty to flatter and toady him; but once let him sink, and not a hand will be held out to succour him. Mr. Lowe's Budget was a success last year. By anticipating the income of the country, he contrived to keep down the taxes. If a war had overtaken us, the calamity would have been terrible. The poor people would have had to pay nearly double as much, as represented by our specious Chancellor of the Exchequer. Our only chance of getting through the financial world without a panic was a perfect calm; and certainly a perfect calm has "been our portion" for the last twelve months. So much the better. Had the danger of war o'er clouded us, we should have escaped into the sunshine, no doubt, by partaking freely of that excellent substitute for the "Roast Beef of Old England"—humble pie. We have managed the matter by feeding upon the anything but luscious food in question a score of times before, but still, it is just as well to preserve the national honour if we can, or rather when we can.

Mr. Lowe's wonderful Budget of 1869 trusted to political sunshine for success. We have had political sunshine for the last twelve months, and, consequently, Mr. Lowe's Budget of 1869 has been a success. And there we stop for the Chancellor's scheme for 1870 is, to put it frankly, a dead failure. We have seen our artisans starving, and our paupers increasing to an alarming extent during the past year with a certain amount of half-sorrowful resignation, comforted in the belief that with April, 1870, would come great relief from burden and partial freedom from taxation. Instead of this we find the income-tax merely reduced to the peace standard, and nothing more. Stay, in return for the starvation of 1870, for the crippling of the Army, the disabling of the Navy, and the ruin of the Civil Service, for the stagnation of trade, and the dreadful increase in our poor-rates, Mr. Lowe presents us with—a lump of sugar!

Surely the game is not worth the candle. What is the good of a little showy finance at Easter, with depression and starvation for the rest of the year? For the moment, possibly Mr. Smith may smack his lips at the prospect of a reduction of the income-tax, forgetting, silly fellow, that this reduction is only the natural consequence of a season of peace. For a few minutes, Mr. Brown, the grocer, of not altogether unblemished reputation, may see a vision of a little extra gain, to be produced by the sweet sand he sells to the poor as sugar. But how about the labourer turned from the Dockyard—the poor

Government clerk, deprived of his income and his stool? Surely the little fleeting popularity gained by Mr. Lowe at the hour of the Budget is dearly purchased with the muttered curses of the starving and the loud denunciations of the out-of-work?

Since Mr. Lowe has taken the finances of the country in hand there has been nothing but dissatisfaction. Walk where we will and we find discontent. The name of Mr. Lowe, the suppressor of Ensigns, and the despoiler of Captains, is absolutely hated in the Army. And not without reason—what can be more unfair than to pay the regulation price for commissions to officers banished to enforced retirement? The Government might as well insist upon the right of purchasing cows at a shilling a piece, because in the time of the Plantagenets those very useful animals could be bought at a pound the score! Again, Mr. Lowe's name is abhorred in the Navy, because it is to him that the credit is given of having driven hundreds of workmen from employ. We would not for a moment suggest that it is the duty of the Government to supply the poor with work, but we do declare that the fact that starvation may follow upon retrenchment of questionable policy, should have weight with those who hold the country's purse strings. The clergy have no reason to love the man who sanctioned and advised the spoliation of the Irish Church. In fact, the only people who have really any reason to toast Mr. Lowe, are the undertakers, for even the doctors find that the poor die quite quickly enough under his *regime* without *their* aid!

How much longer will this *regime* exist? People are terribly weary of it. Mr. Lowe is as independent as an autocrat. He talks of the "sluggish and stupid practice of allowing the taxes to fall behind," forgetting that that very sluggishness meant to the people kindness and forbearance, whatever significance it may have had for the State. Now, a good despot is not at all a bad thing for a country—a man like Napoleon III. for instance, may be a blessing to his compatriots; but on the other hand a bad (*i.e.* a foolish) despot is something worse than a bore—in fact, a nuisance. If Mr. Lowe had been successful in satisfying the cravings of the public for greater freedom from taxation we might have overlooked and forgotten the general discontent that has been ringing in our ears for the last twelve months, but, as a matter of course, he has done no such thing. The Income Tax is reduced certainly, but only to its proper standard for times of peace, and as for the remission of the sugar duty, the thing is a farce—a burlesque! Mr. Lowe has been particularly haughty, and tyrannical, and contemptuous—this was pardonable so long as he remained successful, but with the first rumour of failure his fate was sealed. All the haughtiness

in the world will not prevent him from appearing ridiculous, all the contempt in the world will not turn away our scorn. We now have a perfect right to lampoon him, to write him down, to laugh at him. *Vae victis!* Only a great success could have justified the cruel ruthless retrenchment of the last year, and he has failed—failed most signally. Let us laugh at him because he is ridiculous—and dismiss him from his office because he is noxious.

Clever minister! he would give the poor man Sugar! Sugar, a bad substitute for the bread he has taken out of that poor man's mouth during the last twelve months! Sugar! What can the poor do with sugar? *Cui bono!* they can't make coffins out of sugar!

PATRIOTISM OUT OF PLACE.

LET us hope that M. Ulric de Fonvielle does not read the TOMAHAWK, for we are going to call him a donkey. Not content with having, by his inane violence, secured the acquittal of Prince Pierre Bonaparte at the recent trial, he has now set himself up for election at Lyons. And we are glad to say has been very properly and severely beaten by a candidate belonging to the Left Centre, who polled 15,000 votes to M. de Fonvielle's 7,500. Perhaps this little episode will satisfy the champion of liberty that just now he is unappreciated by his countrymen, and would be better for himself as well as for the cause he professes to serve if he were for a time to retire into private life. Under any circumstances the attempt to make capital out of a friend's murder is scarcely a legitimate way to secure popularity—even in France.

THE POLITICAL PAUL PRY.

WE understand that certain Members of Parliament belonging to the Church of Rome are about to ask Mr. Newdegate the following questions. Considering the action that the representative for Northampton has taken in the Convent Enquiry Commission, we do not quite see how he can consistently refuse to answer them. After all, the questions have not more to do with his private affairs than his Committee would have to do with the domestic matters of a number of honoured English ladies—ladies, the daughters and sisters of the heads of the oldest families in Great Britain and Ireland.

1.—Have you any objection, Mr. Newdegate, to tell us whether the total of your washerwoman's bill for the year ending Christmas 1869, exceeded that of the year ending Christmas 1868?

2.—Is Mr. Buckstone, the celebrated comedian, a friend of yours? If so, do you preach to him, or does he preach to you.

3.—Do you love Mr. Whalley as yourself? If so, have you ever sung a duet with him?

4.—Can you play on the flute? If so, how many tunes?

5.—Are you married? If so, how many daughters have you? Are they pretty?

6.—Have you ever been summoned at a County Court? Have you ever been bankrupt?

7.—Do you wear a wig?

8.—Have you ever been horse-whipped? If so, how many times?

9.—Can you dance a jig when you are sober? Can you dance a jig when you are drunk?

10.—Have you any objection to read the last letter you received from the last friend who was taken from you by death?

11.—How many nails were there in that friend's coffin? Did you cry at his funeral?

12.—What do you think the feelings of English ladies will be when a prying committee examines them unceremoniously upon subjects as sacred as your father's tomb, and as holy and revered as your mother's memory? Eh, Mr. Newdegate, answer us that!

THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[CONTINUED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

LUGWORTH, 13th April, 1870.

MY last note, despatched to you a week ago, I believe took you down to the point at which the Chief arrived at the Meet in the very extraordinary way I described. You may possibly have guessed from *such a commencement* what the end of the run promised to be like, but you can scarcely have conceived that things would have turned out as disagreeably as they did! However, it is useless to complain. Here am I, at this place, saddled with this appalling charge, seeing no way of shirking it, and feeling that every day is diminishing the expectations I have hitherto had from my aunt. At Lugworth, all I can do is to keep the Chief locked up securely in his room all day, and apologise for him at dinner on the score of brain fever, from which, I have given out boldly everywhere, he has long been a chronic sufferer. Invitations, unfortunately, still crowd in, together with "kind inquiries" after his health; and, though I have refused some half dozen, I shall find it utterly impossible to get out of Lord Bolchester's marriage, a penny reading, the school treat, and a special lecture *with a panorama*, by the Chief "introducing many native customs," at the Lugworth Literary and Scientific Institution on Tuesday next. For this prospective *treat* I am indebted to Spagmore, who says I don't know half how to work the Chief and bring him forward, and that he means to show me how. The rector is to take the chair, and Spagmore is going to lend me his eleven Indians "to strengthen the bill," as he calls it, so you may suppose I am looking forward to a *merry sort of evening!* But, to resume, I dare say you would like to have the few notes I jotted down on the hunt day, and so I send them you in the rough.

We are all assembled. The Chief (who I have got to drop the gates and turnpike man on a promise that he shall have the fox for tea) is attracting a good deal of attention. I wish we had not come, for the scene seems to be gradually exciting him. I have just noticed, which I had not before, that he has brought his long bow, a dozen poisoned arrows, and a large horse whip. He refuses to give up any of these on any condition whatever. I can see that several county men do not like his cut, and I am sure one of them is coming up to me to say something disagreeable.

In despair I have offered him a dog, anyone he likes, if he will give me up the whip. He only smiles, eyes the pack, and refuses. I am afraid that he has got it into his head that we are going to hunt the dogs.

Have spoken to him. No, he seemed to know the dogs were wanted for the run; but, what is worse, thought we were *going to give Lord Bolchestea a hundred yards start, and chase him!* I have implored him to ask me more about things he doesn't understand, but he insists that he understands everything capitally, and says that he pitched on Lord Bolchester because he had white hair! It seems that in Pokyar they frequently hunt their grandfathers, and I cannot quite persuade him yet that here in England such a thing would be considered unkind, and involve a summons.

He only chuckles and feels over his arrow heads. I am terribly afraid he will be up to some tomfoolery the moment we are off. I have half a mind to go up to Lord Bolchester, and, in an off-hand way, ask him whether he has ever ridden with the hounds with the cover of a fish kettle up his back. This might keep the arrows out, and if he thought my suggestion odd, I might hazard some joke about riding to *cover*, and say it was an Indian conundrum. I feel very uneasy.

Just as I managed to get near him everybody was on the move. Off we go. I will make for Lord B.

Straight across this field—over the hedge—I'm well to the front, and fortunately within a few yards of him. *Where the Chief is*, Goodness only knows! Sometimes I fancy I hear his war-whoop behind, and a good deal of shouting and swearing. No doubt he is up to some un-English foolery, and is offending the Field. I can't help it. Ah! here I am close to Bolchester. Another hedge. Over. Yoicks!

* * * * *

Lord B. says something to me about the run being glorious work, and hopes my foreign friend will enjoy it. I have said that he is first-rate at this sort of thing. Dear me—what was that?

* * * * *

There it goes again! Something like a bird, or a bee, or a something whizzing by one's ear. Again! and—dear me—a sharp cry!

* * * * *

I expected it! There it is! An arrow sticking in Lord Bolchester's back!

THE HUMBUG HUNTER ON SOME FRESCOES IN THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

ONLY the other day we were treated to some not very interesting correspondence, relative to the right of architects to keep, in their own possession, the original plans of any buildings which they might happen to have been employed to design. Etiquette and custom appeared to have sanctioned the right in question, and all that came of the discussion was an exceptional concession in the matter of the designs of the Houses of Parliament; these were, we believe, made over to the Government. Doubtless this is a satisfactory issue, but while on the subject of the great Temple raised to Failure, on the mud-banks of Westminster, we should be glad to know if, at the same time the Government put in their claim to the plan of the building itself, they also asked for certain information as to its various details. For instance, did they request that they might be supplied with the curious recipe for the production of the national frescoes that were meant to adorn certain portions of its interior? Have they got fully set out on paper the methods employed, let us say, in the celebrated but sombre room, dedicated to the honour of the British poets? Really this chamber is, in more senses than one, a study. For the moment imagining ourselves a north-country cousin, or, perhaps, better still, an intelligent foreigner, doing the lions of the metropolis, let us take a glance at the room in its present condition, bearing in mind that its decoration has been no job, but a national work, entrusted to men eminent in the ranks of British art and science.

Entering the room, which, by the way, is miserably lighted, and about as fit a gallery for a set of frescoes as the crypt of the neighbouring abbey, we begin on our left, with a daub to the memory of *Byron*, the subject being taken from his *Lara*. We use the word *daub* advisedly, because it exactly describes the first general impression the picture creates. A nearer inspection, however, shows greater depths, scarcely detected at a glance, in the imperfect light. *Lara* is dying, certainly, but the cause of the catastrophe is evidently the monstrously inhuman conduct of a stray friar, who appears to have got his face up like a ghastly clown's, and, with crucifix in hand, have literally frightened the timid and confiding *Lara* to death. We defy any candid critic to take any other view of this original effort. Next door comes *Griselda's Trial of Patience*, which, as far as one can make out from what Mr. Cope's work now represents, appears to be the long wait she is having for the evident dissolving view in (which she plays a prominent part) to finish the business of changing, and wash her out altogether. If this was Mr. Cope's meaning, which we may as well add we question, we would suggest that when the change has fully developed, the picture might, after the Polytechnic fashion, be advantageously followed by the *Chromatope*. This lively work of art would at least attract the eye, and possibly help to cheer members on their way to the adjacent hot and crowded Committee rooms.

But to proceed. Next in order is another space, dedicated to the immortalisation of *Spenser*. It represents, however, the Red Cross Knight enjoying a very questionable triumph, for the dragon he is supposed to have floored has completely demolished his left leg to about nine inches above the knee. Equally odd is the tribute to Shakespeare that fills the other space in this really humorous corner, for we have *Goneril* making a fool of her aged father in open court, she having taken advantage of his being much pre-occupied in disinheriting *Cordelia*, to chalk her face and look as if nothing were the matter. Still, as this sort of thing might have been in keeping with her character, we will pass it over as a rather too broad conception of the depths of filial ingrati-

tude on the part of the artist. We cannot, though, say as much for the glimpse of *Paradise Lost* furnished us in the next panel. Eve is certainly all right, and so is Ithuriel; but Adam is simply tattooed, and the head of Satan seems to have been plunged sideways into a barrel of flour. The general effect of the picture is, therefore, painful, slightly blasphemous, and generally disedifying. To its right comes the one satisfactory exception in the room. Mr. Tenniel's admirable *St. Cecilia* still defies the colour-death so busy on all sides of it, and alone, a perfect work of art in a decent state of preservation, repays a visit to the gloomy haunt to which it has been consigned. Passing the staircase we come to Mr. Armitage's *Father Thames*, and the other British rivers, who beyond indulging in a little practical joking with flour appear in tolerable case. One lady however, with a cathedral in her lap, has been somewhat ungallantly treated, but taking the group as a whole we can pass it with a hope that the fun may end in this picture where it has begun. But different, very different, are the feelings with which we survey number eight, the *Death of Marmion*, the last of this poetic series. Practical joking here seems to unite with what is tragic and loathsome. Marmion lies in the foreground, perfectly bloodless, but half smothered in chalk, with which article he seems to have been pelted out of the fray. Over him leans a gentleman severely affected with chronic leprosy in the face, traces of which unpleasant disease are discernible in the few stragglers hanging about. Indeed, taking this one picture as a specimen of the wasted labour, wasted genius, and wasted public money, for which the room is conspicuous, one feels that his last request but one,

"Charge, Chester, charge!"

must have had a pecuniary rather than a strategic significance.

But to conclude. We are aware that this scandal is no new one. It has, we believe, been frequently referred to in a complaining tone in the House and out of it; but, as yet, no vigorous action has resulted from the wail. We ourselves, we confess it, are at a loss what to suggest; but, still, when we reflect that a good deal of public money was spent on the failure, which, by the way, extends to the other historical frescoes that adorn respectively, the approaches to the Lords and Commons, we feel something ought to be done to commemorate so striking and, at the same time, so *British* a fact. Why not, then, put a good honest coat of clean paint over these crumbling, peeling, unpleasant looking pictures (excepting, of course, Mr. Tenniel's), and post up on them, in good legible type, the names of the very wise gentlemen who selected the spot and the materials, and by so doing, flung some thousands of English gold, and a great deal of English genius, handsomely but hopelessly to the dogs? The whole business is, beyond a doubt, a great scandal, and some one ought to be put in the pillory for it. If anyone dissents from our view of the matter,—well, let him take a stroll to the Committee rooms and enjoy this revel of incompetence and art for five minutes himself.

CREDITABLE CREDITORS.

THE affairs of Mr. Benjamin Higgs are still occupying the attention of the Court of Bankruptcy, and, in all probability, will continue to do so for a considerable time to come. It was suggested by one of the solicitors, the other day, that matters would be very much simplified by the personal attendance of the Bankrupt himself; but this consummation, though devoutly wished for, no doubt, is scarcely a probability. One feature in this extraordinary case is worthy of mention, as showing the British Creditor in a better light than that in which, according to the popular tradition, he usually stands. It is, that the allowance to Higgs's deserted wife and family is, by common consent, still continued. Legally, perhaps morally, there is no claim on the estate for money being set aside for Mrs. Higgs's support; but the good act is all the better for this. Let us hope that so long as Higgs's affairs are before the Court, and there are funds in hand, the most unfortunate of the man's many victims may be accorded such consolation as a supply of the bare necessities of life may afford them. Charity begins at home, even in the deserted home of a fraudulent bankrupt.

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LONDON, APRIL 23, 1870.

THE WEEK.

ON account of the recent agrarian outrages in Ireland, Killarney is to change its name to *Kill-any-one*!

THERE is no news this week. Not even any *noose* for the brutal murderer of the Maharajah's Dhuleep Singh's game-keeper!

THE (what scoffers call) "monkey tricks" of Baboo Kesbut Chunder Sen, the Hindoo reformer, were recognized last week at Exeter Hall. It is understood in flippant circles that "Baboo" is a contraction of the old English word "baboon!"

IT appears that Mr. Whalley's friend, Murphy, the lecturer, requires a guard of police whenever he goes out. Surely this is unfair upon the ratepayers. Why does not Mr. Whalley personally protect his *protégé*? If he had to do this he would soon drop the inflammable "Murphy" like a hot potatoe!

AS we have hinted above, Mr. Rutterford, the well known and accomplished assassin has been reprieved by order of the *Daily Telegraph*. The Government should force the wretched man to read the leading articles of that penny periodical for the rest of his days. Such a sentence would prove an excellent substitute for capital punishment—at breakfast!

M. Daru has resigned. It is reported that, on hearing the news the Emperor observed playfully (in English—his Majesty's favourite language) to his Ministers, "I *dare you* to do the same thing!" Only the sycophants laughed—the others contented themselves by merely smiling at Napoleon's pleasantry! The Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* was in attendance.

FROM OUR OWN SPECIAL MANIAC.—How comes it that Mr. Whalley is said to have nothing in him?—He is M.P.-ty headed. (N.B. by the intelligent printer: But this might be said of any member of the House.)—And very nearly truly.—D. TOM.

BECAUSE IT PAYS!

Oh, tell me why do thighs and legs
Usurp the place of better things?
Meanwhile, the Drama humbly begs
A tardy entrance at the wings.
Because it pays!

Oh, tell me pray why preachers rant,
Swear charity but worth a fig,
The Sunday but a day of "cant,"
No man a Saint unless a prig?
Because it pays!

Oh, tell me why do statesmen pain
Bunkum to talk by tiresome yard,
Starve poor clerks and the press to chain
To writers send a dinner card?
Because it pays!

And why is TOMAHAWK so good,
So ready hateful vice to fight,
So pious in his serious mood,
So clever, and so very right?
Because it pays!

HALFPENNY INFLUENCE.

IT is a great pity that the *Echo*, which, in one respect, namely that of dispensing with unentertaining intelligence, in short, with newspaper padding, should be continually pandering to the morbid tastes of the public. We should have thought that its well-written articles, amusing notes, and exclusive information could have alone warranted it a decent circulation. Unfortunately, however, it stoops continually to the prevailing sensationalism of the hour, and the result is that it is beginning to present to its readers all the worst features of a penny Sunday paper. Taking a random number last week we find the following headings:—

ARREST OF THE SPITALFIELDS MURDERER.
THE RECENT FRAUDS ON FRENCH TRADESMEN.
EXTRAORDINARY ABDUCTION OF A CHILD.
THE EXTRAORDINARY DEATH OF A CABMAN.
AN AMUSING ELOPEMENT CASE.
MANSLAUGHTER AT KENSAL GREEN.
A BETTING SQUABBLE.
ELOPEMENT OF AN ACTRESS.
&c., &c.

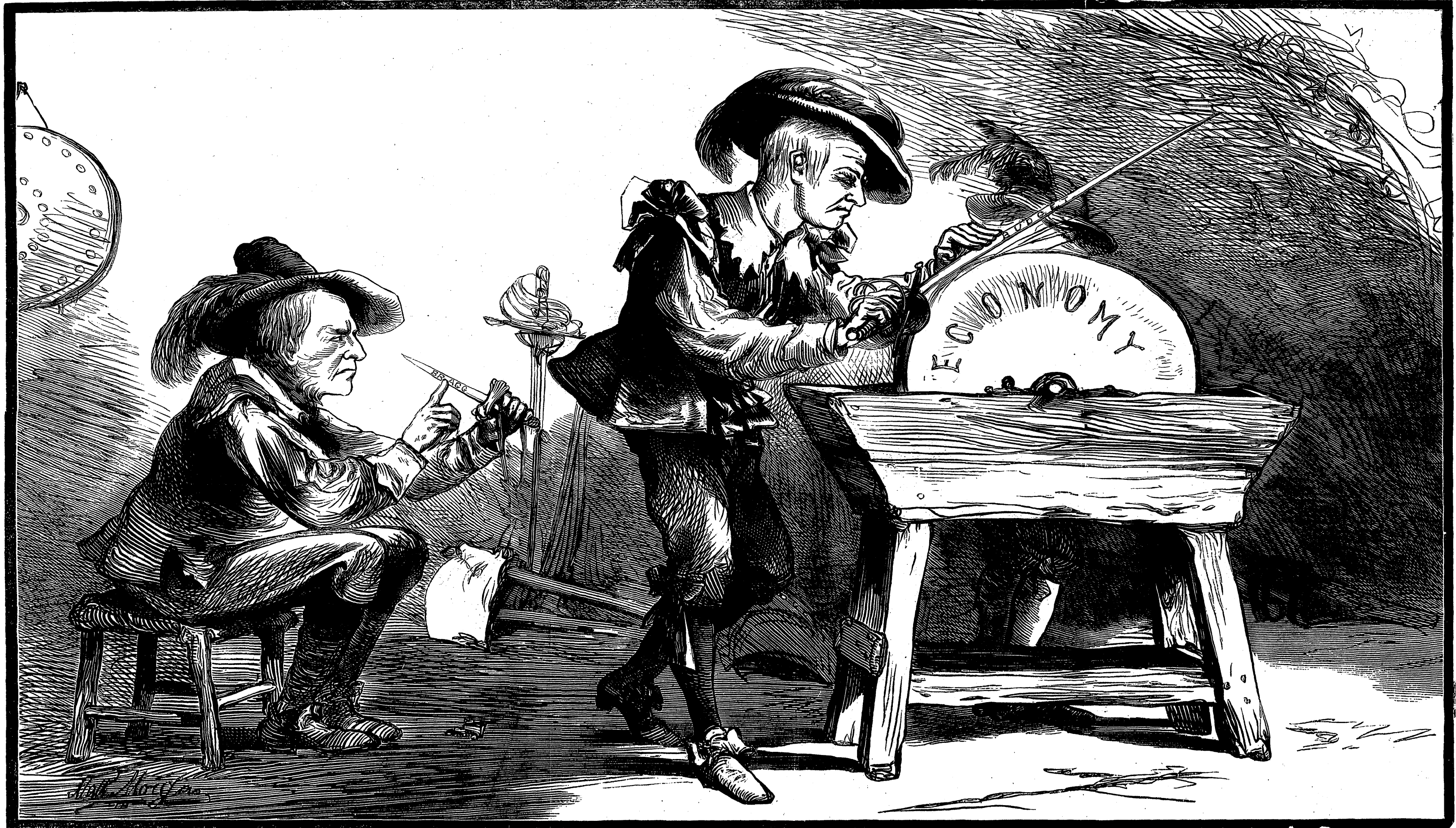
Now, we do not say that there is more in this than a mere commercial effect to catch the eye; but still we think, even commercially, the thing is a mistake. A halfpenny public need not be necessarily a pot-house public, and the *Echo* might well, spite its reasonable figure, afford to go in for a good tone. We trust that those who direct its destinies may, in the interests of cheap and good literature, look to the evil and take our friendly advice.

VERY EXCLUSIVE INFORMATION.

THE *Echo* states that nearly £900 was "netted" at the University Athletic Sports the other day. Will our contemporary, who seems to know a great deal too much about it, oblige us with a few statistics. For instance, the average value of watches, the market price per dozen for pocket handkerchiefs; or what is done with empty purses procured on such interesting occasions. Or, still more glad should we be to learn what was "netted" at the Boat Race. If the *Echo* would give the police the benefit of the exceptional information it boasts of possessing on the subject of "netting," perhaps it would be even better than publishing the facts in its columns. We strongly advise the Editor to confer with Colonel Henderson between this and the Derby Day, or, failing this, we shall certainly hold him guilty of criminal reticence if we have our pockets picked at Epsom this year.

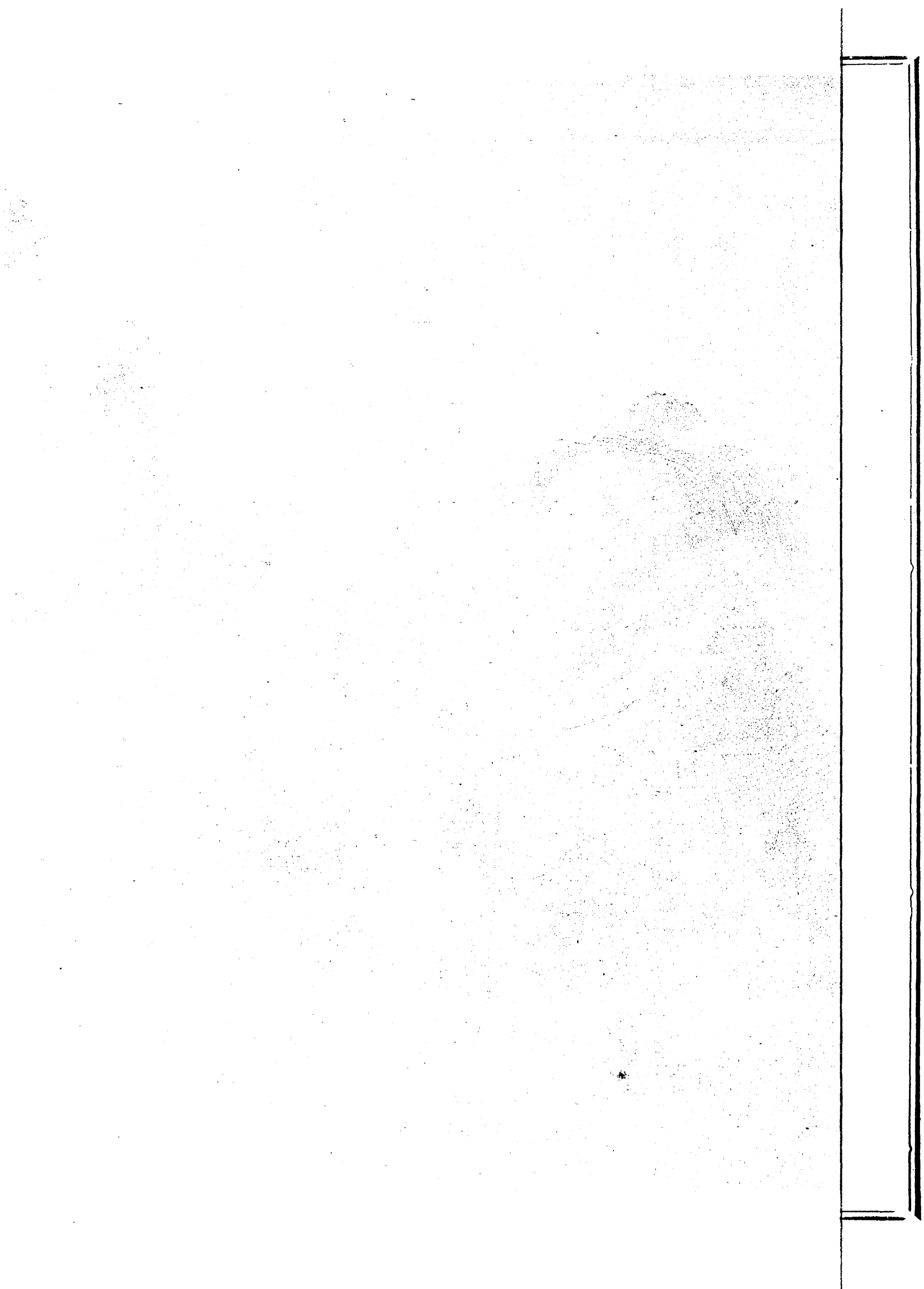
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GRINDING AWAY :
OR,
THE ROAD TO STARVATION.
(DEDICATED TO THE GOVERNMENT BRIGANDS.)

[See the LEADER.]



BOLSTER BOLSTERED.

MANY strange circumstances have arisen out of the various questions that have agitated Ireland during the last few years : but one has just occurred, of which Ireland, if not England, may justly be proud. A Mr. Bolster has said of Mr. G. H. Moore, the member for Mayo :—

"The first intimation we received regarding the Land Bill was from an Irish member that we expected *more from*,—and that was, that if we would not accept the Government Bill in its entirety, we would be under the government of the police within a fortnight. We looked on that *as a threat*, and we said that if there were 100,000 soldiers, and 500,000 of the Royal Irish Constabulary, it would not make us change our minds."

This has called forth from Mr. Moore an exceedingly quiet and gentlemanly reply. Mr. Moore is evidently a cool calculating politician, and knows the art of answering an attack without the use of strong language. No, Mr. Moore would, we feel sure, scorn such conduct ; indeed, his letter to the *Cork Examiner* proves his equanimity of temper. Writing from the House of Commons Library, he says :—

"'A damned good-natured friend' has sent me an extract from your journal, by which I find that a Mr. Bolster, acting as chairman of some club, in some club-room in the county of Limerick, has presumed to utter, with regard to me, the following audacious fabrication :"—

This is an interesting commencement to a letter from an hon. and Liberal member of the British Legislative, but listen, he is by far too gentle to accuse Mr. Bolster of a deliberate fiction in the utterance of this story,—

"Because I have no reason to believe him intellectually capable of either fiction or deliberation, but, undoubtedly, his account of the occurrence in question is as completely fictitious, both in letter and in spirit, as anything related in *Gulliver's Travels*."

In referring to a meeting with Mr. Bolster, at which he explained his views on the Land Bill, he says :—

"Having thrown my pearls before—Mr. Bolster, I have no reason to be surprised that he should 'turn and rend me,'—as far as mere stupidity can effect that purpose ; but I am bound to say that deputations from Ireland can scarcely expect the co-operation of Irish representatives, if members of such deputations, on their return to Ireland, think themselves justified in uttering to the public garbled and mendacious statements of the conversations of men whom they are not qualified by nature or by education to understand."

Thus far we feel certain that the meekest of men could not have shown less *animus* in such a quarrel ; but the concluding paragraph is perhaps the most dignified and Parliamentary, while it betrays a deep sense of humour, such, for instance, as would make the fortune of a circus clown :—

"Nature has formed bolsters of all descriptions—animate and inanimate ; but they are all of the same type—long bags stuffed with feathers—useful, sometimes, to support the heads of other men, but having only two ends themselves—one as much like a head as the other ; bolsters standing on either end are in an anomalous position ; and the Chairman of the Limerick Club on his legs before Mr. Gladstone, was no exception to that rule. It was the general opinion that he was, beyond all exception, the most stupid Irishman that was ever heard to speak on this side of the Channel ; and he has taken the pains to prove, on his return to Ireland, that he is just the same at home."

We are, of course, unacquainted with what Mr. Bolster expected of Mr. Moore, but we did not give that estimable member credit for so much sarcasm, or such an overflow of the milk of human kindness. There is something excruciatingly funny in bolsters, animate and inanimate. Then what great cleverness it shows to call a man a "stupid Irishman !" There is an amount of hidden wit in the expression which it is difficult to comprehend. Truly Bolster has been bolstered ; a little more and he would have been quite Mooredered (murdered). Mr. Moore's talent for letter writing has surprised us. He is indeed lost as a Member of Parliament ; could he not try a higher walk in life,—for instance, become special sensation correspondent to the *Illustrated Police News* ?

WAYS AND WANTS.

IT would seem that Income Tax is as obnoxious at the other side of the world as it is here in England. The new Indian Cable informs us that at Calcutta steps are being taken, with the view of calling a public meeting, to draw up a memorial to the Duke of Argyle protesting against the imposition of the tax above mentioned, and praying for an efficient administration of the Indian Finances. As to the protest we can only say that while we ourselves are suffering under Income Tax, though in a mitigated degree, we have no particular desire that the Indians should be relieved from the payment of the obnoxious tribute ; later, perhaps, when Mr. Lowe has abolished Income Tax altogether, we may be inclined to sympathise with those who still pay it ; but not till then.

With regard, however, to the prayer for an efficient administration of Indian Finances, we heartily endorse it. If reform were ever needed in any point of our Indian policy, it is surely in the arrangement of money matters. Luckily, India is a big and rich country, and has been able to afford to fritter away its substance in an unsatisfactory manner, but the time is fast arriving when wanton waste must result in woeful want. If the Duke of Argyle really wishes to make his mark as an Indian administrator, he cannot do better than take up the question of Indian Finance. The Indians are clamouring to secure his attention, and he has only to lend a willing hand to gain, what Secretary of State for India has never yet secured, popularity in the country whose affairs he is called upon to administer.

A "REAL" CALL ON THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

THOSE persons who were in favour of opening the Theatres in Passion Week could scarcely have foreseen that the success of the movement might lead to the publication of the placard we append or they would surely have been a little less pressing in their demand for "justice to the managers." One of the principal East-End Theatres, in its programme last week, made the following the features of its bill, which graced the metropolitan hoardings and Railway Stations. We omit small print, and give only the lines of large type—as read from a distance of a few yards :—

— THEATRE.
F O R M O S A !
GOOD FRIDAY.
T H E M E S S I A H !
EASTER.
MR. J. L. TOOLE.

It is a question whether the Theatres should be open in Passion Week ; and it is also a question whether performances of Sacred Music should be permitted in the Theatres on Good Friday. But on this point there is no question—that Managers have no right to shock the feelings of the large class of the community by the publication of such "bills of the play" as that of which we give a *verbatim* specimen.

A NOBLE SPORTSMAN.

LORD GARLIES' suggestion in the House of Commons the other evening, that in the new license for carrying firearms, air guns should be included, got a laugh ; and Mr. Lowe, of course, improved the occasion by declaring that in taking the proposal into consideration he must guard himself against being supposed to treat air guns as firearms. But Lord Garlies' suggestion, notwithstanding his way of putting it, and Mr. Lowe's way of accepting it was reasonable enough ; and we shall be sorry if, in his sober moments, the Chancellor of the Exchequer does not see the propriety of extending the gun tax to air guns. That these nasty dangerous weapons should enjoy an immunity from taxation is altogether unfair ; so the sooner they are brought within the reach of the Act the better. There is no reason that Lord Garlies should be laughed down by the House of Commons—when he talks sense, or rather, we should say, means sensibly.

WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

THE Woolwich police have recently had enough to do in looking after the safety of Mr. Murphy, the "Protestant" lecturer. That highly respectable and influential member of society, not content with a body guard of a couple of constables, has actually for several consecutive nights made the journey from his lodgings to the lecture-room surrounded by an armed force of the mounted police, who have had to remain outside the hall while the oration was being given, and could not safely leave the lecturer until they had put him safely to bed in his humble abode. We are not advocates for head-breaking, even in Murphy's case, and should be sorry were he to fall into the hands of the Roman Catholics, although his mission must some day or other have a disastrous termination. But in the interests of law and order we protest that a large body of policemen should, night after night, be employed in taking care of Mr. Murphy to the neglect of their ordinary duties. To claim the protection of the police is one thing, but to make them partisans is another. Rumour has it that Colonel Henderson is a staunch Protestant. Does this mean the friend and supporter of Mr. Murphy? Perhaps Mr. Bruce will enlighten us on this point.

SHAKESPEARE, MR. BELLEW, AND THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

WE have of late, on several occasions, dwelt at some length on the subject of modern dramatic criticism, the bent of our observations having been, as those of our readers interested in the subject may remember, to the effect that this branch of literary labour could scarcely, with one or two exceptions, reach a lower level. Dealing more directly with the recognised *media* of dramatic criticism, we did not, of course, refer to those occasional papers on theatrical matters that from time to time are presented to its readers by the *Saturday Review*. As a rule, it must be admitted that these, if not very analytical, are at least amusing. Critical, however, they are not. We, however, have to note one that has recently appeared on the subject of Mr. Bellew's entertainment at St. George's Hall, which we consider, as a critical notice, extremely unfair. To make, incidentally, a little fun of Mr. Bellew's stage accessories is one thing, and a legitimate thing, but to base the whole of the article on pretty well nothing else, is another, and not a legitimate thing. It is on this account that we direct special attention to it, as corroborating to a great extent what we said the other day on this subject. A newspaper criticism ought not to be written after the fashion of a social article or a leader, for the mere sake of dazzle and giggle. The critic is supposed to be the impartial agent of the public, that very often, though very foolishly, refers to a newspaper for information, before it invests its money in a stall. To bolster up, therefore, a bad entertainment, is to cheat the public into laying out its money to waste; while, on the other hand, to cry down, or laugh down a good one, is to keep out of the pockets of the management money that would otherwise reasonably have found its way into them. Critics, of course, do not take this very simple view of their responsibilities, but it is a pity, in the interests of the British drama, that they do not.

This by the way, however. As to the particular article in the *Saturday Review* to which we refer, it certainly, we must admit, reads as perfectly free from any malice, its one fault being that for the sake of mere fun it sacrifices the higher and, possibly, dryer responsibilities of criticism.

Now a good deal has been said about Mr. Bellew's *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, more especially with a view to the novel features they introduce; but it appears to us that in no quarter yet has real justice been done to Mr. Bellew himself. His share of the entertainment is most admirable. It is not saying a single word too much to insist that there is no living actor on the English stage that can compare with Mr. Bellew in certain parts of his "reading," and we should be very much surprised if Mr. Bellew, were he to leave the platform for the stage, did not walk straightway to the first place in the roll call of British artists. Not that we wish to see him quit his present path, for he can but ill be spared in that particular region he has hitherto made his own. Though we doubt rather the effect his "accessories" will have, in the provinces, on that great race of pious people who, though they talk each other over at tea, never enter

a playhouse, he must still be such a boon to the insufferable stupidity and dulness of their goody-goody life, that we would not wish to have him all to ourselves on a broader stage. In short, so thorough a treat is it to hear Mr. Bellew read, that were his "accessories" ten times as elaborate as they appeared to be to the *Saturday Reviewer*, we should regard them as an expensive and unnecessary superfluity, and not treat them as the backbone of the entertainment. To pass over the unquestionable genius of Mr. Bellew because his surroundings are a distraction may prove a means of furnishing plenty of amusing copy; but it is scarcely kind or dignified. However, if any one of the ten thousand readers of the *Saturday Review* has had such amiable confidence in the utterances of that journal as to sum up Mr. Bellew's entertainment on the strength of the article to which we have referred, we can only inform them that if they have had a silly laugh in a Club corner, they have certainly missed a sober treat at St. George's Hall.

NEW BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

- "Bound in Morocco." By the Author of "Free Russia."
- "As Deaf as a Post is He." By the Author of "Red as a Rose is She."
- "The Heart and the Studio." By the Author of the "Club and the Drawing Room."
- "A Brazen Hussey." By the Author of "A Brave Lady."
- "The Curate of Cow Cross." By the Author of the "Vicar of Bulhampton."
- "Civil Bosh." By the Author of "Military Reform."

SPEAKERS FOR SPEAKING'S SAKE.

THE rumour that the Speaker of the House of Commons is about to retire into the Upper Chamber of the Legislature has, during the last few weeks, obtained considerable currency, and the newspapers have very considerably relieved Mr. Gladstone of any difficulty he might have experienced in filling the place, by naming Mr. Cardwell as the present Speaker's successor. As this is the third place that has been found for the present Secretary of State for War by his friends of the Press since the beginning of the year (the Board of Trade and the Poor Law Board being the two others) it would seem that the fourth estate of the realm had made up its mind that Mr. Cardwell's sphere of action must not be the War Office. While, however, he is thrust into the Chair of the House, into the very lap indeed of its present occupant, without either his consent or that of the Premier, it may be as well to inform our contemporaries that, highly as Mr. Gladstone appreciates the assistance given him in relieving him of the trouble of selecting a Speaker, unfortunately he has other calls upon him besides those of the penny papers, the following persons having already offered themselves for the place, and sent in their testimonials to Downing Street:

MR. ODGER,
PRINCE CHRISTIAN,
MR. PHELPS.

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We should be sorry to lose Mr. Cardwell just now from the War Office, so we are glad that the above formidable array of aspirants for the place leave the Right Honourable gentleman very little chance of getting it. We assure our readers that the information we supply them with on this point is every bit as accurate as that of our contemporaries who have disposed so cavalierly of the Secretary of State for War.

HOOD HAVE THOUGHT IT!—It is with sincere pleasure that we notice that Mr. Tom Hood has retired from the Editorship of the *Latest News*—that scurrilous periodical having (so it is said) contained a catch-penny but pernicious tale entitled "The Royal Rake." Probably the late Editor exclaimed "Hoe!" when he read the name of the story in question.

April 23, 1870.]

THE TOMAHAWK.

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E	31s.	33s.	35s.	37s.
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D	34s.	38s. 6d.	40s. 9d.	24s.
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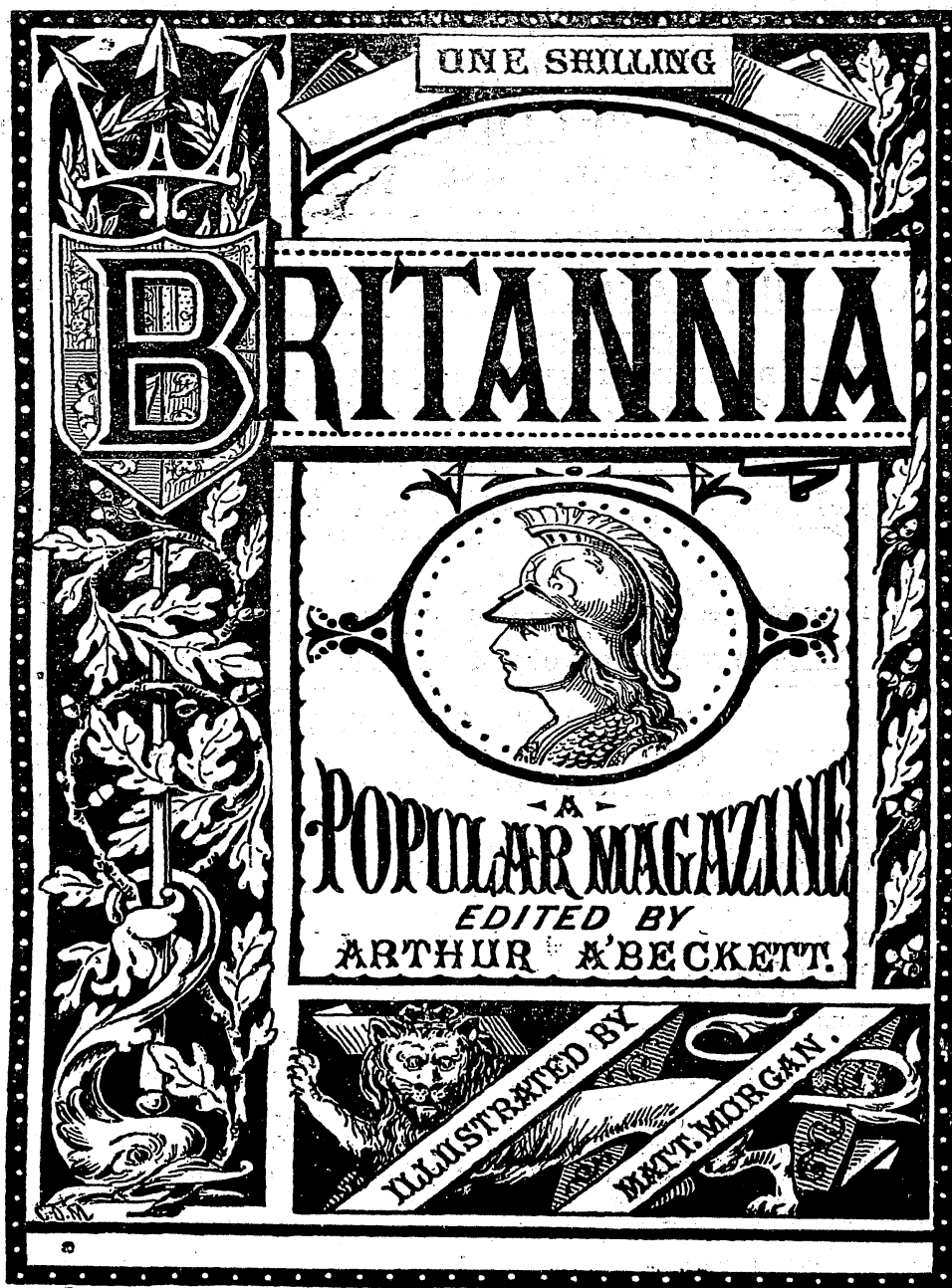
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[April 23, 1870.]

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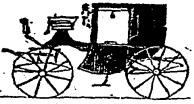
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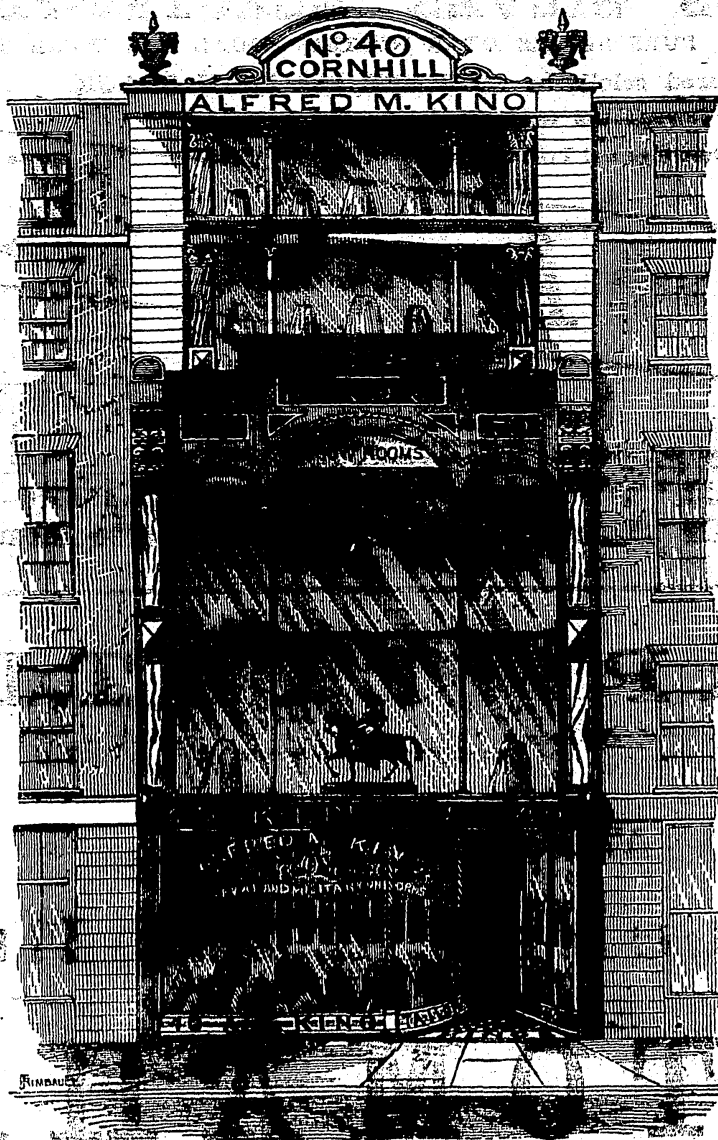
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