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# THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 157.]

LONDON, MAY 7, 1870.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

## PITY A POOR PRINCE.

THERE is nothing crueller than libel. There is nothing easier to write and harder to refute. There is nothing so cowardly and dastardly. The pen may slip occasionally in the heat of honest indignation into exaggeration, may as it were unconsciously overstep the boundary of propriety in denouncing a bad thing or a vicious system, but the hand that would coldly indite a calumny calls for condemnation from every lip, reproaches from every heart. We are happy to say that personally, in spite of the torrent of abuse poured at one time upon this paper by the thoughtless and the snobbish, the TOMAHAWK *has never appeared in the libel court*. Considering the great "touchiness" of the public and the fate of a number of our less carefully-edited contemporaries (h'em, flourish from our own trumpet!), this is saying a great deal, a very great deal indeed.

By the time these pages are in the hands of the thousands and (we might, perhaps, say without presumption) millions who sit at the feet of TOMAHAWK and hearken unto his words, the case of the publisher of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* will have been settled. In spite of the apology tendered to Lord Sefton, we shall not refer to the case, as it is now *sub judice*, but we feel compelled to comment upon the rumour which brought that case into court.

Few of our readers will accuse us of assuming too partial a tone when dealing with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Times were when TOMAHAWK was anything but a Court paper—when he was forced to give well-meant hints to those who dwelt in Pall Mall. The memory of those days will remove from his name the stigma of courtier and aristocrat.

It seems now to be an accepted fact that whereas Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson are perfectly free from attack, a Prince of the Blood Royal is quite fair game for any idle scribbler, with more ink than brains, and less respectability than either, to shoot at—in short, the law that shields Jones from the libeller is powerless when it refers to the Prince of Wales. As we have hinted above, we do not pretend to defend Royalty as Royalty—we are not the *Court Journal*, nor are we the *Morning Post*. We are simply English, and inherit from our forefathers that love of fair play that does, or should exist, in the heart of every true-born Briton. We say emphatically that a "dead set" has been made against the Prince of Wales. And we say that a "dead set" against anyone is unfair and unfeeling.

We have no wish to paint "Albert Edward, Prince of Wales"

(to quote the Prayer-Book—a very excellent work) as a Saint. Whatever the Pope of the Period may do in the twenty-fourth century, there seems no chance of Pio Nono canonizing the Heir Apparent—just at present. His Royal Highness is a cultivated Englishman, and (if we may be permitted to say, without impropriety) a very good fellow. He seriously has a great deal to do, and he does that great deal well. The Nation should be lenient with him. The number of foundation stones he has to lay, and after-dinner speeches he has to listen to, must be something enormous. Men about town "in retreat" will tell you that of all the dreadful bores upon earth the greatest and most dreadful is "Society." Now the Prince sees the very worst side of Society—he is too high in degree to mix unreservedly with people, and only comes in for the formalities of the "Court and Drawing Room" without any of those moments of relaxation which make "the whole world kin." His Royal Highness must be terribly bored sometimes. Fancy having to submit to City toadery, or to listen to Municipal oratory! The idea is too dreadful! The Prince is very popular with theatrical managers and secretaries of charities. From the moment of "coming out" H.R.H. has never refused to assist a deserving charity—he has presided over and over again at meeting and dinner, and as for the drama he is now recognized as the saviour of the stage. As we have said above, we have no wish to paint him as a Saint (H.R.H. is far better at Marlborough House than in a church window) but we do protest against running him down as if he were the—h'em, well, let us be polite and say—Mr. Newdegate!

When the Mordaunt case was attracting attention the Prince was most unfairly libelled. There was scarcely a smoking-room in Pall Mall or St. James's street that did not ring with his name. He had written this and done that. When the matter came to be sifted it was found that all "he had written" were a few gentlemanly letters of rather a Polytechnic style of architecture (*i. e.*, combining amusement with instruction—*vide* H.R.H.'s remarks upon measles, &c.) All that he had done was—nothing! But still Brown had it, "on the best authority," that such a thing had occurred, and Fitz-Doodle from an equally "reliable source," knew that so and so had happened! And the tattlers of the club twaddled and slandered to their hearts' content!

But leaving the Prince out of the question (H.R.H. is quite strong enough to deal with his opponents himself) has it never occurred to the Smith, Brown, and Jones families that there is some one beside the Heir Apparent, some one very dear to the English people, who may be grievously pained by their cruel

words and infamous lies? When years ago we welcomed a young Princess to our shores, we were full of our love and good wishes. We called her (regardless of her German parentage) the "Dane King's daughter," we hailed her as a bright jewel, a good omen. We shouted nonsense by the yard and twaddle by the furlong. Since her residence in this country, this young Princess's life has been as spotless as driven snow. Not a murmur of reproach has ever been coupled with her name; she is as popular as she is good, as good as she is beautiful. And yet in spite of her blameless life, in spite of all the kindness she has shown to our poor, all the courtesy she has given to our rich, we sneer and lie about one whose life is entwined with hers! Mind—lie! If there were any truth in the scandalous stories there might be some excuse in branding the guilty one as a libertine, in spite of everything. But when we know the stories to be lies, to be based upon prurient fancies, and to be uttered by poisonous tongues, then, indeed, is our conduct contemptible—then, indeed, is our manhood our curse, our chivalry a sound-meaning nothing!

In conclusion, we cannot help expressing our gratification at seeing the slanderer brought to justice, the libeller at last meeting his proper punishment. The Prince of Wales may not be a milk-sop or a Saint, but he is the Heir Apparent to our Throne, the son of our Queen, and the husband of Alexandra. As such his honour should be as precious to us as our own.

#### MILITARY MANŒUVRING.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Cardwell has got his War Office Bill safely through the House of Commons, the Press—which in the first instance were high in praise of the measure—are now almost unanimous in condemning it. Both the *Times* and the *Standard* think it unadvisable that the Financial War Secretary—one of the new officers which the Bill creates—should be in the House of Commons, and the objection is based, not unreasonably, on the assumption that the Financial Secretary should know the details of the business of the department he controls, a knowledge which a non-permanent officer can never be expected to acquire; while the *Standard*, of course, goes further in deprecating the creation of new places at the top of the War Office, while clerks are being reduced, pensioned, and otherwise obliterated at the bottom. To do Mr. Cardwell justice, let us aver at once that this latter attack of the enemy cannot in the least degree be supported. The Clerk of the Ordnance, with his salary of £1,500, will absorb the Controller-in-Chief with his of £2,000; and the Financial Secretary with £1,500 a year, will not only replace the War Lord of the Treasury, who has £1,000 a year and nothing to do, but another £1,500 a year, being the salary of the Assistant Under-Secretary of State, who has recently been transferred to the Office of Works, is also available, and thus in the aggregate the new arrangement, instead of creating additional expense, will actually result in a saving of £1,500 a year. Let us hope that the efficiency of the new régime will be as decided as the economy of the scheme is incontrovertible. Mr. Cardwell is certainly an able administrator, who is quite equal to the task even of reorganizing the War Office, but on the other hand, he cannot possibly be expected to take any special interest in military affairs, and he, therefore, must necessarily be very much in the hands of his under-secretary, Lord Northbrook, whose honesty of purpose does not atone for the wrong-headedness he displays in his conduct of the War Office business. Whether or not Mr. Cardwell will effect an immediate and successful reorganisation of the Military Departments we now soon shall know; but in any case, whether he succeeds or fails in the task he has pledged himself to perform, we shall certainly be nearer to a settlement of the question of an efficient Military administration, for confusion reigns supreme at the present time in Pall Mall. The disorganisation, preparatory to reorganisation, is now at its height; and if the present Government does not succeed in putting the machine into working order another must, or our whole Military system must come to a standstill. We wish Mr. Cardwell every success, for we would sooner that he, rather than any other statesman,

should earn the laurels of Military Reform; but if he would succeed he must get free of the fetters which his underlings impose upon him, and act for himself. It is one among the many Military difficulties that a Secretary of State for War is supposed never to be in office for a sufficiently long time to acquire a thorough knowledge of army matters; but surely Mr. Cardwell can consider his position sufficiently permanent to think it worth while to get up his subject. If he does this we shall have no fear of the War Office Bill having a bad effect in putting men in positions of trust who cannot possibly be in a position to redeem it. The present Secretary of State for War is a host in himself if he chooses to assume the character; and if his subordinates work *under* him, as constitutionally they should, there can be no fear of a breakdown of our new Military system.

#### A GREAT MAN IN A LITTLE WAY.

ALTHOUGH Lord Willoughby d'Eresby is Hereditary Grand Chamberlain of England, it has just transpired that he has nothing whatever to do. As he holds one of the great offices of State, one would suppose that there would be some duties connected with the position; but from a communication which has just been made semi-officially to the papers, it would appear that the duties appertaining to the Grand Chamberlain, amongst which is the licensing of plays, are performed by the Lord Chamberlain, who is apparently anxious to let it be understood that between himself and Lord Willoughby d'Eresby there is not even an official connection. Perhaps for the sake of dramatic morals, or even for morals generally, it is lucky that Lord Willoughby d'Eresby's great office of State transacts no business. In this enlightened age of retrenchment and reform it might almost be open to question whether the office of Hereditary Grand Chamberlain of England might not be suppressed now that it carries neither usefulness nor dignity with it.

#### TELEGRAPHIC DRIVELS.

Now that we have got a direct telegraphic line to India we do not seem to make any very good use of it. At all events, not as regards the communication of news of public interest. In a vast country as India is, full of vitality and action, it almost follows that there must be some daily item of intelligence worth communicating to the English newspapers—but after a silence of several days the papers of the 27th ultimo published only the following telegram:—

"CALCUTTA, April 26 (*Evening*).

"Sir Barnes Peacock, late Chief Justice of Calcutta, left for England in the steamer this evening."

If this is a specimen of the information the Indo-European Telegraph Cable is going to supply us with it had better direct its energies to the conveyance of private messages only. We have never heard of Sir Barnes Peacock before, and his movements are of no possible interest to us. We protest, therefore, at being forced to read his name (comically suggestive though it is) for while telegrams appear in large type, and in the prominent columns of our contemporaries, we have no choice but to swallow "Latest Intelligence" of any and every description. If telegraphic companies will inflict us with rubbish from the Antipodes it would be better for newspaper editors to set apart a certain quantity of space for their reception. Readers will then be able to steer clear of these obtrusive trivialities.

#### VERY PERSONAL SECURITY.

A JAPANESE LOAN must needs be an originality on the Stock Exchange. Accustomed, as our city men must be, to deal in the Bonds of Governments who pay well, badly, and indifferently, as the case may be, there is something out of the common in lending money to a people whose code of honour is sadly uncommercial. If the dividends are not forthcoming at the proper dates, what will it avail the bondholders that the Japanese officials entrusted with the duty of providing for their payment, disembowel themselves before our agents in Japan, and yet such a proceeding should, according to the Japanese, be accepted by their creditors as an ample equivalent for a dividend of nine per cent. per annum. If it is true that the



Japanese are fast becoming civilized, and moreover, that civilization means ready money, we can see no reason why the loan should not be a good investment; but we must insist that the transaction must be viewed in a purely commercial, not in a sentimental, light. A lien on the intestines of Government officials may in Japan be good security enough, but here in England we are vulgar enough to require something more tangible to rely upon. However, the loan appears to have been already taken up, and as it is quoted at a premium, we suppose the Japanese Government commands our confidence. May our confidence never be misplaced.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(Not from the "London Journal.")

THE MAID OF ATHENS, daughter of a retired rag and bottle merchant, thirty-three, red hair, six foot high, and considered pretty, would like to correspond with a rising young barrister.

JOHN STUBBS.—Yes—Tidman's Sea Salt. For further particulars see our advertisement columns.

LIVELY JACK.—The initials H.R.H. mean Historical Royal H'individual—they are generally prefixed to the name of the Prince of Wales. When prefixed to the name of Prince Christian they mean "H'useless, Rather H'unpopular." Any schoolboy will answer your second question, "What is the distance of the sun from Margate?"

MARY OF THE VALE, aged forty-two, with a warm heart, good temper, and splendid figure, wishes to correspond with a curate of similar tastes. Her father is a "General" in the Post Office.

BRISTOL NED.—How many times must we repeat that the best way to cure a cut finger is to dip it in oil of vitriol?

A MOTHER OF SIX, fair, florid, and fond of music, AN INDIAN WIDOW, a brunette, forty-five, and very domesticated, and LIVELY LUCY, unmarried, plump, thirty-two, and loveable, would all like to exchange *cartes* with INFANT TOMMY.

SIMPLE BOB.—You ask us "can you recover six months' salary from your employer?" We doubt it, as according to your own confession you appear to have robbed his till, forged his name, kissed his wife, and run away with his daughter. Nevertheless, the point is a nice one—you had better consult a solicitor.

LORD ADOLPHUS.—It is etiquette to bring soap with you when you go out to dinner. Think for a moment—what possible good would the finger glass be to you after dinner if you had not provided yourself with the materials with which to wash your face?

ROMEO THE BEAUTIFUL.—The man is a notorious quack. Have your legs and right arm cut off by some other person, *he* would be sure to hurt you in the operation.

AN ANXIOUS SPIDER.—One ounce of Harvey Sauce mixed up with a little rhubarb tart, and allowed to simmer for a few minutes before quaffing, will be found an excellent substitute for meat at dinner. Try it on your grandmother first if you are at all nervous.

AN ENQUIRING SHRIMP.—Yes, "Skittles" is rather an improper than a proper name. You will find the game an expensive one.

#### THE VIOLET.

The poor little violet is sitting alone,  
And dreaming oh sweetly of me;  
She talks to her dog, and gives him a bone,  
And hurriedly swallows her tea.

Oh why is the violet so often alone?  
So truly and freely a bore?  
Oh why is her light so quickly at home  
A spitfire, a gridiron—no more!

She dwells in the morn, she dwells at noon,  
As softly and gently she glides o'er the lea,  
She closes her petals and sings a small toon,  
And sighingly catches the summer's last flea!

A. H. C. L.

META (a widow with a fortune of £150) would like to receive the *carte de visite* of a gentleman aged seventy. He must be tall, have a good complexion, a small silky moustache, long auburn curls, and pearly teeth. He must be able to play on the flute, dance the cotillion, and sing tenor songs.

### PERSONAL PADDING.

EARNEST and indignant as are the protests which are continually being made against the modern tendency of the British press to ape a Transatlantic vulgarity, and afford publicity to matters of mere private and personal interest, it seems that the evil is no way on the decrease. On the contrary, it appears to be growing a good deal, and gathering new force with the advance of placard literature. Whether it be that this state of things results from the influence of the extremely colloquial tone assumed by certain "Special Correspondents," or whether it springs naturally from a reckless craving for scandal on the part of a cloyed newspaper public, there is little need to discuss. The fact is acknowledged by all respectably minded men, literary or otherwise. Perhaps a mild specimen of this school of intelligence may be worth quoting, and one is at hand in one of the last week's number of the *Echo*. The paragraph referred to opens, in the most approved personal style, in the following mysterious manner:—

"When 'a lion' of the scientific and literary world is invited to a party he will act churlishly if he confine his remarks to observations on the weather, and requests for the mustard. In the same way people with good voices, if asked to sing, ought, whether professional or not, to do their best to delight the company. But, of course, all this is on the assumption that the invitation is in the first instance the result of friendship, and not given with the mere desire of providing talk or amusement."

At the first blush, this certainly reads like the opening of a school essay on the very involved subject of the "Friendship of Evening Parties." Some light, however, is soon thrown on to the subject, though, to outsiders, not much, for the "note" proceeds—

"If the story of Mr. Sothern and the 17th Lancers be true, as it is told, he acted excusably though severely."

Now, unless the readers of the *Echo* are personally acquainted with the 17th Lancers and Mr. Sothern, which, in all probability, not one in a thousand of them is, these two lines are most meaningless. There has not, as far as we know, appeared any correspondence, or law report, on the difference here so unaimably, yet vaguely, hinted at, and it is simply unfair to Mr. Sothern and the 17th Lancers, to force it into the shape of a matter of public interest in this, it is to be presumed, unauthorized fashion. But, there is more yet. The note goes on—

"It is clear from the story that he was invited to bring the stage to the dining table, for the sake of his professional ability merely, and not as an equal and a companion."

That is a disagreeable thing to print, but still the 17th have their turn immediately, *videlicet*:—

"No treatment could be more utterly snobbish than such an attempt to secure professional services without paying for them—to treat a man at the same as an equal and as an inferior, one whose presence at dinner was tolerated for the sake of the amusement he would give when 'trotted out' at desert."

Having got comfortably thus far with the affair, the note then concludes by what reads in the light of "one for both."

"Still, under the circumstances, it would have been more dignified to have refused the invitation in the first place, or to have left the table when insulted. By retaliating in the manner related, Mr. Sothern went far to lower himself to the level of his entertainers."

Now, of the circumstances here referred to, we, in common with the mass of the public, know nothing, and knowing nothing of them, deem their appearance, in the shape of a little dish of uninviting scandal, as a journalistic impertinence.

Really it is too bad that this sort of thing should be considered available matter for newspaper padding, and all we can say is, that if it pass muster as entertaining, it only proves at what an intense pitch of social vulgarity the age has arrived. Both the 17th Lancers and Mr. Sothern must feel immensely obliged to the *Echo*!

TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—What is the difference between a florin and a fourpenny-piece? Why, one-and-eightpence, to be sure!

Now ready, price 7s. 6d.,  
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LONDON, MAY 7, 1870.

### THE WEEK.

THE Deceased Wife's Sister Bill was read a second time in the House of Commons last week, amidst cheering sufficiently general to verge on the uproarious. Surely, if ever a subject commanded sober and serious consideration, a question affecting the marriage law should be it. Yet from the appearance of the House on Wednesday last, it might have been supposed that the question on which the division took place was of the lightest and most lively character. "Laughter" in the House of Commons is proverbially easily earned, but Members should not get hilarious over such points as the validity of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Such conduct is indecent, and more—it is idiotic.

ALTHOUGH it might be supposed by the many "Departures of Emigrants for Canada this day"—as the evening papers have it—that the emigration movement is making great way, this is not the fact. Although there are several bands of good people about, who scrape together enough money to charter a ship, and to pack off two or three hundred of our starving poor every now and then, for all the sensible relief which these small assistances give to the mass of the people, they might as well never be made. It will not be until emigration is carried out on a broad and comprehensive scale that its real blessings will become apparent. And to this end the Government should give something better than the limited and half-hearted assistance which it has as yet accorded to the movement. It is a pity that Mr. Gladstone cannot be persuaded that inexpensive philanthropy is the safest of cards to play, and that a little more time and attention given to the emigration question, would be time and attention wisely bestowed.

It is with very much pleasure that we chronicle another genuine success at the Prince of Wales's, especially as Mr. Robertson is enabled this time to endorse his unapproachable work with the word "original." Mr. Robertson certainly deserves to hold a very high position as a dramatic writer, for he has to a great extent worked a complete revolution in the British drama. He could, however, scarcely have accomplished this without the aid of Miss Marie Wilton and her admirable company, who have rendered it possible for an English author to

write up to natural situations in common every-day English with perfect confidence. At the Prince of Wales's, acting ceases to be acting altogether, and there can be no more perfectly satisfactory task for an author than to pen a piece under the conviction that it will be entrusted to Miss Marie Wilton's management, and so, in all probability, more than realise his own expectations of what it ought to be upon the stage. Other companies there are in London, and good ones, but there is not one that can, taking it all in all, approach that of the little Prince of Wales's. *Apropos*, Mr. Coghlan's accession to the ranks, is a matter for decided congratulation. Perfectly at home as the thorough-bred gentleman (a rare gift), and possessing also dramatic force of a very high order, he is a decided acquisition, and the appearance of his name in the place of the much-regretted Mr. Montague's, gives another proof of that tact and circumspection that has been so characteristic of the present management. We wish *M.P.* the success it richly deserves.

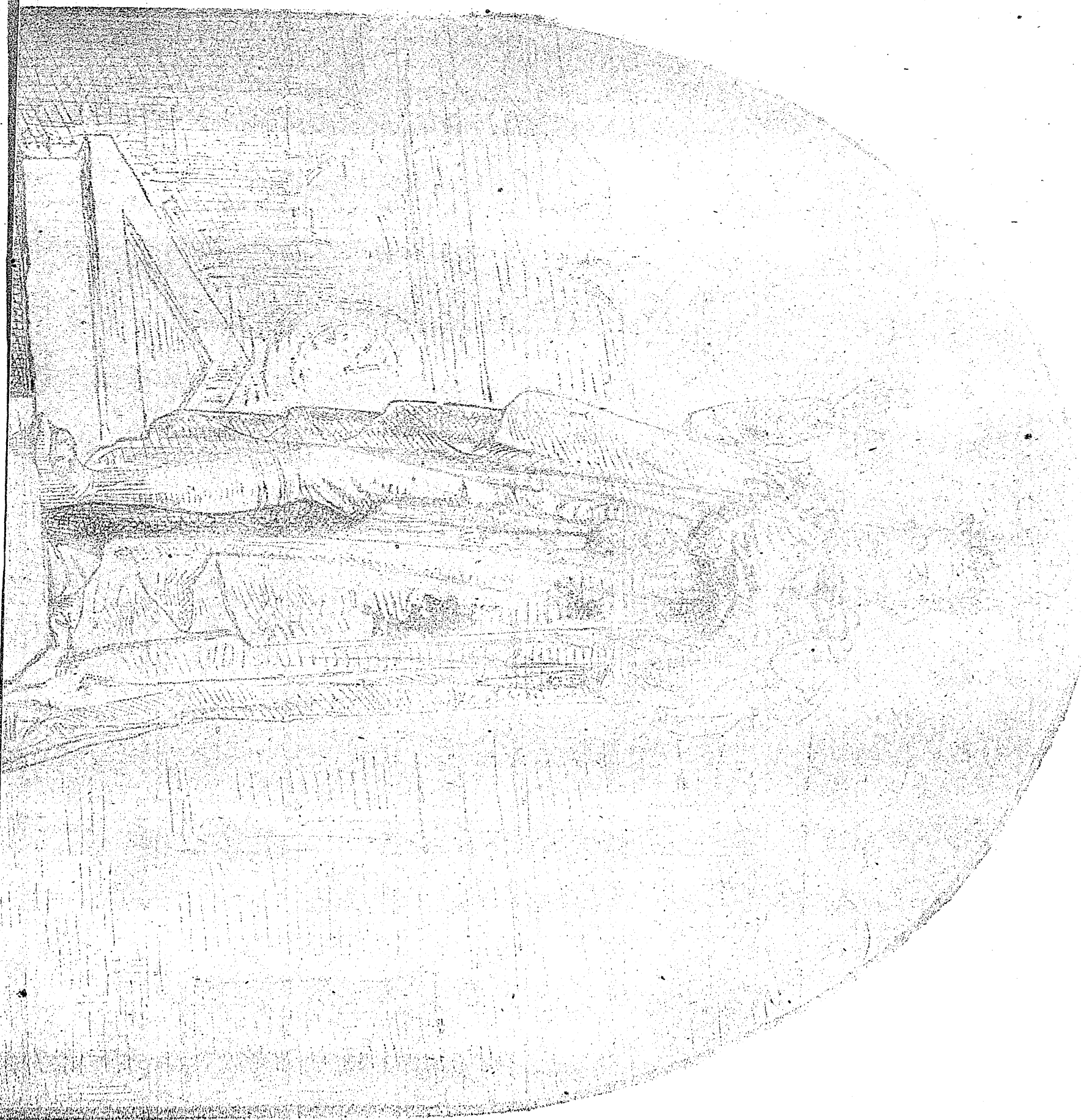
### A TREAT FOR THOSE WHO LIKE IT.

THE St. Petersburg Universal Exhibition opened on Monday last, and immediately after the inauguration the Emperor of Russia, who performed the opening ceremony, started for Ems, where he proposes to make a six weeks' stay. We think his Majesty has shown his wisdom in getting out of the way of the Universal Exhibition. His Paris experience must have taught him how tedious such shows invariably are, and how they attract to the capital at which they are held a number of political maniacs, ready to shoot any royal personage who may be obnoxious to them, and who may happen to come in their way. The Emperor of Russia will certainly not only be more happy but more secure at Ems for the next six weeks, and we trust he may enjoy himself. But at the same time, we cannot understand why a sovereign, especially an Emperor, and of Russia, too, should voluntarily give his consent to an undertaking which frightens him out of his own capital. The Czar, we believe, has no responsible ministry to advise him, no Society of Arts to petition him, and, above all, no Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 to worry him out of his wits, so there is the less excuse for him. We here in England, pestered as we are by such influences, are placidly submitting to a whole course of International Exhibitions, which are to commence next year; but even we hope, sooner or later, to assert our independence, and to be let alone. But the Autocrat of all the Russias should make a better use of his power.

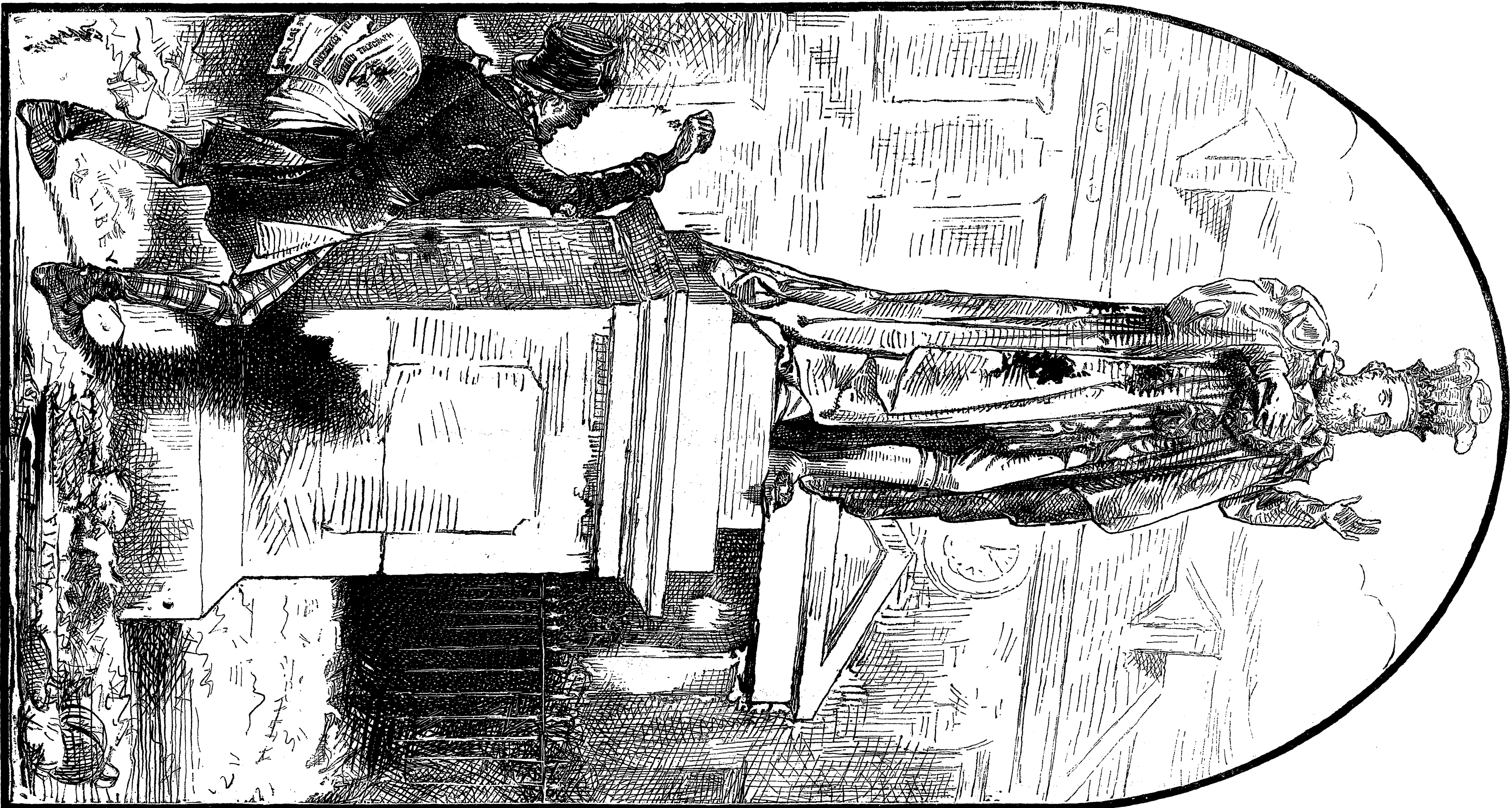
### TO THIEVES AND OTHERS.

THE Hon. Mrs. Norton, the Poetess, is virtuously indignant at the report that has got about that her house has been robbed, and in a note to a contemporary declares that it is the Hon. Mrs. James Norton, the widow of a clergyman, the Rev. James Norton, a junior branch of the family, whose domicile has been visited by the marauders. "The Hon. Mrs. James Norton," writes Mrs. Norton, "is a daughter of Mr. Lowndes, and inherited a competence from that gentleman, but with respect to any advantage to be gained by a nocturnal visit to the house of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, she is anxious—not only for the reassurance of friends, but for the information of those gentlemen who get their living by these irregular adventures—to declare that the most moderate-minded burglar would be disappointed in the result, unless he were able to avail himself of manuscript papers in verse and prose, and deal for them with some liberal publisher, there being nothing else in her house worth taking."

We beg to congratulate the Hon. Mrs. Norton (who evidently is the Hon. Mrs. Norton *par excellence*) on her escape, while we condole with the widow of the member of the junior branch of the family on her loss. It is pleasant, however, to learn from the lips, or rather from the pen of her amiable and accomplished relative that the Hon. Mrs. James Norton—being "the daughter of Mr. Lowndes" can well afford to be robbed. If we were the Hon. Mrs. James Norton it is just the sort of thing we should like to see printed of ourselves. Let us hope for the sake of the peace of the Nortons that the Hon. Mrs. James views the matter in the same light.









THROWING MUD!

## THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[CONTINUED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

LUGWORTH, 27th April, 1870.

I CANNOT do better, since I have already made allusion to that fatal evening's entertainment, than give you my notes of the lecture at the Lugworth Literary Institution, reminding you, by way of a preface, of the initiatory leap taken by the Chief into the midst of the suspended laurel trophy!

8.5 p.m.

The chief refuses to come down. I have hazarded to the vicar that jumping into a friend's trophy is *the* greatest compliment one man can pay another in Pokyar, and he has explained this to the audience, who seem much moved by the Chief's genuine and spontaneous warmth of feeling. *I shall let him alone* for the present, and can only hope he will come down *nicely* a little later. I never feel quite easy when he is on the top of anything; it always excites him horribly. The lecture is about to begin. I wish I had not undertaken it!

Spagmore has just called me out to say that the moving panorama of Gravesend that he had hired to represent the interior of South Central Africa, has *not arrived*, and that we must get through the thing as well as we can with some comic magic lantern slides. He says, however, that one or two will do capitally, and that I must "talk up" to the others. We are trying to arrange them. Great commotion in the lecture-room. I do *hope* the Chief has not been up to any foolery! Spagmore advises me to send round at once to the butcher for five pounds of tripe, and fling it to him wrapped up in an evening paper. He says it will keep him quiet till he is wanted for his protest against Paganism, and give him an educated and intellectual look to the threepenny places. I will do it. Row on the increase. I must see *what* it is.

8.15 p.m.

Nothing much. The Chief is merely hanging by his feet and stretching out towards the lecture-table to secure a rare brass Chinese idol that the vicar has kindly lent for the occasion. I have explained that it is merely pious horror venting itself in a little private curse, an announcement that has been received with thunders of applause. I have flung the tripe to the Chief, who, with a hungry yell, has plunged back into his old position. On the whole, things seem to be going on very nicely.

8.25 p.m.

We are quite ready. I am to announce the subject of each picture, and Spagmore is to put in the most appropriate slide he has. Unfortunately, we have no *chromatrope* to finish up with, but Spagmore says if we put in a *view of the Needles by moonlight*, and get the Chief to hold the lantern, and turn a rapid succession of back somersaults with it, the thing will be done.

8.30 p.m.

Have got through my introductory speech, occasionally rather disagreeably interrupted by the German scientific explorer, who has kept questioning my *facts* about Pokyar. Spagmore, however, sent him in a private message, to say that a *celebrated English player* (the linkman) would be glad to play him "a tournament at dominoes" for fourpence, and he has left the platform, and it seems he is at it now, for a halfpenny a game, surrounded by a crowd of stable boys, in the tap-room of the Blue Dragon.

All going well. Room is darkened for the magic lantern. A harmonium is being played very softly by Miss Flappers, a maiden lady of eight-and-thirty, who has undertaken the duty out of regard for the Chief, who, she says, is "a dear." In the intervals of the music you could *almost* hear a pin drop, the only sound being the gnawing, snorting, and flesh tearing of the Chief aloft. In the dark, however, it is not without its effect, and I think is really rather a grand and appropriate accompaniment to an account of these wild and trackless regions! The vicar has asked me in a whisper *what* the Chief is about. I have said it is merely his emotion, and that he is of a very sensitive and highly nervous nature. The vicar has said "Oh," and I think seems satisfied, and is listening again attentively. I do wish the chief would not swallow large lumps with such relish!

Having led gracefully up to it, I have announced the first

picture—"The upper cataract of the Zambezi, five hundred miles north of Jow-Jow, the modern capital of Pokyar."

\* \* \* \* \*

An annoying interval. Spagmore has put in the slide. It represents a sheet of Prussian blue water, one tree like a cabbage, and a man with yellow trousers, carmine coat, and flushed complexion, fishing for a whale. It has fallen a *little* flat. I must really speak to Spagmore.

9.20 p.m.

No good, as the following table will show. Here are the subjects as I announced them, side by side with the slides Spagmore put in to the lantern:—

Jow-jow, the capital of Pokyar, known in Central Africa as the "City of the Thousand Spires."

Huboloo the Ninth, reigning Emperor of Pokyar, surnamed "the Feverish."

Native customs (various).

Three pink houses, built during the operation of the Window Tax, on emerald green grass plot, covered with tufts of spinach.

A rather good head of the late Duke of Wellington.

A man with a pig's head.

A comic slide (a bull tossing an apple woman).

The funeral of Lord Nelson.

The opening of the Coal Exchange.

A woman cutting off a cat's tail with a carving-knife (movable slide).

Comic head of Bluebeard, with rolling eyes and moving teeth.

Six pictures, comprising the history of Mother Hubbard, and the Eruption of Vesuvius—upside down!

A portrait of the Chief at the age of sixteen.

Missionary work among the Pokyars.

You will see from the above how very difficult the task has been; but I am in hopes no one noticed anything odd. Spagmore says, being a country audience, anything would have done for them. I am glad of this, as I begin to fear that the Chief's denunciation of Paganism may prove a mistake. He has finished the tripe, and seems on the look-out for an opportunity to descend.

\* \* \* \* \*

He is down with a rush, and has gone through a war dance with such vigour that everybody, including the Vicar, has been kicked off the platform. The back of the harmonium too is broken in, and the report of the School Committee swallowed. I have just announced his "Address." He is quiet for a moment, and the people are returning to their places, the Chief's address being justly regarded as *the event of the evening*. The Vicar has risen to say a few words by way of an introduction. He, however, had only got out with "My Christian friends," when he was felled by the Chief, who has leapt on to the table! It is all right. He is going to speak what Spagmore and I have prepared for him.

\* \* \* \* \*

The rest I subjoin from a *verbatim* report of the proceedings published the next day in the *Lugworth Mercury*:—

"Great uproar followed, but the reverend gentleman (the Chief) apparently nothing daunted, continued. In Pokyarre we no worship Jow. (*Applause.*) He humbug, he blackguard, he big painted wood devil. I spits on him, pokes fire with him, I makes mangle of him." (*Immense applause, many of the Committee being moved to tears.*) You have no Jow! No Jow—no Jow—no Jow (*the Rev. Gentleman seemed at a loss here, and looked about him uneasily*) but you worship him—fat devil (*pointing to the Vicar*) black devil (*uproar*) big tripe father! You worships him—whooohooohooohooohoo (*here the Rev. Gentleman seized hold of a three-foot brass Chinese image, that had been brought for the purpose of illustrating the subject of idolatry, and apparently worshipped it fervently.*) I worships this gentlemen—he is tin god—can turn ten thousand fat devils into tripe! (*Here the Rev. Gentleman flew at the Vicar and a frightful uproar ensued, which was only quelled at a late hour by the arrival of a detachment of the 17th Lancers from Nottingham.*)"

\* Spagmore's idea this.

### "BEHIND THE SCENES."

MAY we indulge in a little puff—a deserved one? Yes. Very well, then. *Commengons donc.*

It is with very great pleasure that we call attention to this picture, now exhibiting at the German Gallery. It is by our *collaborateur* and artist Matt Morgan, and is worthy to rank with his best efforts in this paper. The name of Matt Morgan is too well known to render it requisite that his pictures should be criticised. That name is synonymous for power, wit, and pathos. In this case he has given numerous samples of his genius and talent. Only a humorist of the finest susceptibilities could have conceived such a picture—only an artist of the first rank could have carried it out with so much effect. The following sketch, written in the form of "The Peepshow Series," will point out a few of its beauties:—

SCENE—*Half a dozen yards from the footlights—Glare, noise, lime-light, shuffling of feet, whispering of soft nothings, hammering of carpenters, spouting of actors, tinsel painfully bright, fairies cruelly commonplace, children successfully learning to be false, women unsuccessfully trying to be real. Tragedy and Comedy. Hopes and Fears. Butterflies and moths, and plenty of flame; angels who will rise no higher than the "flies" on the road to Paradise; Demons who will sink no lower than the grave on their road to Hades. Contradictions everywhere! Starvelings eyeing mock banquets with greedy glances; jewel-wearing shepherdesses yawning over their country dresses, and longing for their broughams; snobs and swells, oaths and drawls, Youth and Age, beauty and paint, vulgarity and refinement, pleasure and hard work—in a word, "Behind the Scenes!"*

Let us see what we have to gaze upon. Do you notice to the left of the picture, that angry gentleman with the upraised face and outstretched hands? That is the Stage-Manager—a very terrible fellow, is he not? See how frightened the unhappy "Super." looks, who stands beside him. Now, why is the "Super." frightened? Well, I think I know. It is just possible that the angry gentleman may pour out the vials of his wrath upon the luckless fellow's head—and pouring out the vials of a Stage-Manager's wrath would mean death to the "Super's" wife and ruin to his family. He's not afraid of the angry gentleman *personally*, but he doesn't want to lose his engagement—that is to say, the money that will pay for his children's bread and their sick mother's medicine,—so the strong man trembles at the great man's voice. Is this little incident funny or sad? How should I know? To quote one of our profession, "You pays your money, my little dears, and you takes your choice."

Leave the man with his lime-light, and the "Prompter" pulling the string that will give the signal to a score of carpenters to change the scene, and let us come to the little children:—never mind the "Ballet Master" at the wing, or the dandy-looking "Harlequin" sucking his orange; pass over the old lady bearing the tumbler of wine that is to do so much for the "*Première Danseuse*," and turn up your nose (if it happens to be a "pug," and not a "Roman") at the "Swell" and his bevy of blasé "Ballet Girls." I like to look at the children best,—don't you? There's a picture for you! Do you see that evil-minded "Cat" teaching that knowing-looking "Cock Robin" the mysteries of "pitch and toss"? Do you notice that poor little urchin getting into his prison—the monstre model of a bird? Don't the two extra prisons look dark and hot, and can't you imagine a boy hating sparrows for evermore after a night's incarceration in either of them? And there, look at the Donkey! There's a Donkey for you! You see the Donkey's *hind-legs* have been allowed to sit down, in consideration of the hard work they have had to perform. However, some little attention has been shown to the representative of the *fore-legs*—don't you see how that sweet little "Fairy" is kindly blowing his nose for him? Nothing to cry at here. Of a verity, Mr. Morgan has shown us that "one touch of nature will make the whole world GRIN."

And here we have a glimpse at the Audience. A contrast, isn't it? In the *front* of the house, white waistcoats, silence, and ease: at the *back*, tinsel, noise, and hurry.

A little bit of Tragedy. Two Ballet Girls laughing and giggling close to the side of a suffering man. Ah! my poor fellow, *your* thoughts are far from here: Take off your mask,

my good creature, and go back to the darkened room, or to the dreadful something that is troubling you at home: you look ill, my poor fellow, and it breaks my heart to see the sorrow on your face, so off with that mummer's dress, and—God bless you! "Thank you kindly, sir, but—but *I'm on in the last scene!*"

Not far from this clumsy gallantry and coarse compliments, do you see that bouquet-holding Snob talking to the pretty girl by the scene at the back? Do you see how the Carpenter with the piece of scenery is treating him? The workman knows perfectly well that the "gentleman" (save the mark!) deserves all he gets—and more. As for the girl, she dances for her living, and wears a ballet dress. If you may not insult such a one as her, by Jupiter! who on earth *can* you insult!

Do you see that white-haired old Gentleman talking to the two "Fairies" in the centre?—close to the gorgeous boat that will make such a "sensation" in the transformation scene,—now you know where I mean,—well that is the Author of the pantomime, and he is trying hard to teach the young ladies how to speak his lines:—unpromising subjects, are they not? But there, Age has no chance with Youth. The wisest of Sages can be laughed out of countenance by Folly—so long as Folly wears roses on her cheeks without the aid of the rouge pot, and does not exchange (with that old bargainer, Time) her dimples for wrinkles. It's good to be clever, but it is far, far better to be young!

Turn away from this little group, and we have the hard working Mechanist. Do you see what a rage he is in with that unfortunate "dummy" of a Policeman? The contrast between the expression of the senseless mask of the "lay figure" and the angry looks of the Great Official, is exceedingly amusing. I have heard it said that the portrait of the Mechanist is a *speaking* likeness: well, I hope the gentleman *won't* talk while you are looking at the picture, or, I am afraid, you will hear something that will shock you very much indeed! If he *does* speak, pray forgive him—you can't imagine how that dummy policeman irritates him!

Plenty of "Fairies"—some stitching their clothes, some reading the *London Journal* (or if they are very, very clever, the TOMAHAWK), and others asleep. After seeing these lovely creatures, I am not surprised that children are fond of Fairy Land; but I am astonished that they forget it when they grow up. As for me, I wish I had a host of godmothers—that is, if they were all like the "Fairies" Mr. Morgan has painted for us!

One group more.

Four figures: a lovely Girl inhaling the fragrance of a tiny rosebud, peeping from a certain buttonhole; a golden-haired Youth looking down into eyes reflecting heaven; a proud Beauty biting her lip to hide from cruel glances her frenzied jealousy; and a poor beggar of an Actor, with tortured face and trembling hands, in a very agony of grief! Love and Beauty! What care they for the outside world? What cares the Youth for the misery of the wretched woman who loves him so fiercely? Is not the world before him in those soft blue eyes and lovely features? Let the rival of his heart's desire bite her lips till the blood comes, or wash the rouge from off her cheeks with bitter tears—will the blood or the tears make his darling a whit less beautiful? Let the poor Mummer tremble and turn pale, and will the golden hair of Youth grow dimmer in the eyes of heavenly blue so close to the rosebud? No! So away, Madam, with your haughty beauty to other climes—you are *de trop*—you are not wanted here. And as for you, poor wretch, with the trembling lips and watery eyes, pull down the grinning mask and hide your tears! This is *pantomime time*, so on to the stage with you, fool, and be merry!

Here, Mr. Clown, come, crack a joke—one of your very best for the silly old Peep-showman, while looking at the canvas so full of fun, and yet so pathetic, is becoming sorrowful!

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know what kind of broom the young lady in the novel used when she swept back the ringlets from her classic brow.—We don't know, and don't think we should answer if we did. We only reply to queries of a practical and useful character. Had our correspondent inquired who produced the most varied and novel costumes for Boys, we should have promptly and unhesitatingly answered Messrs. J. Nicoll and Co., of Fell street, City.



May 7, 1870.]

# THE TOMAHAWK.

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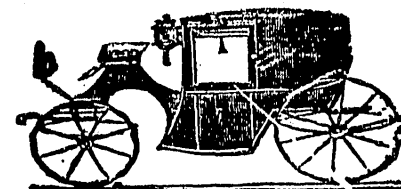
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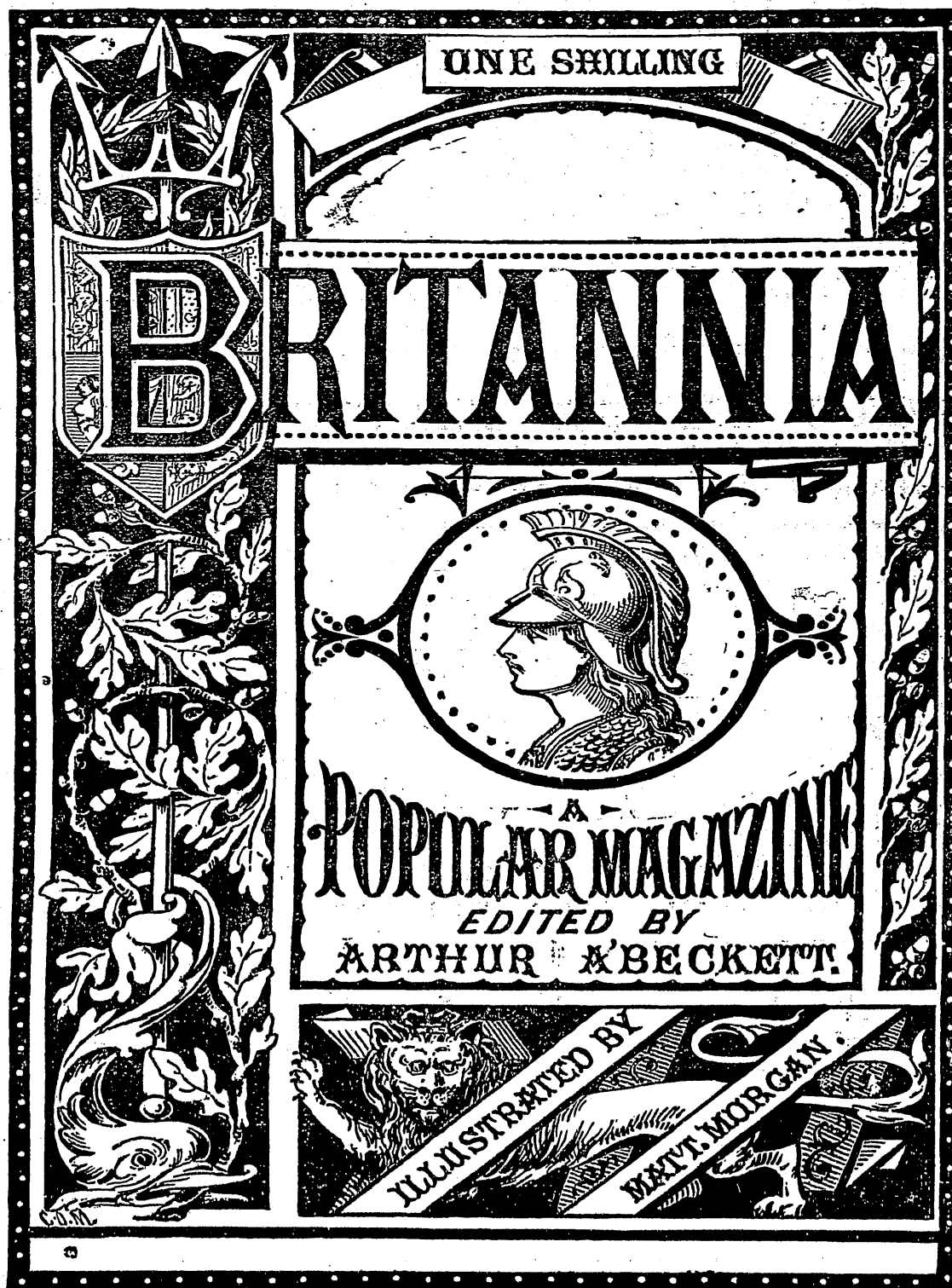
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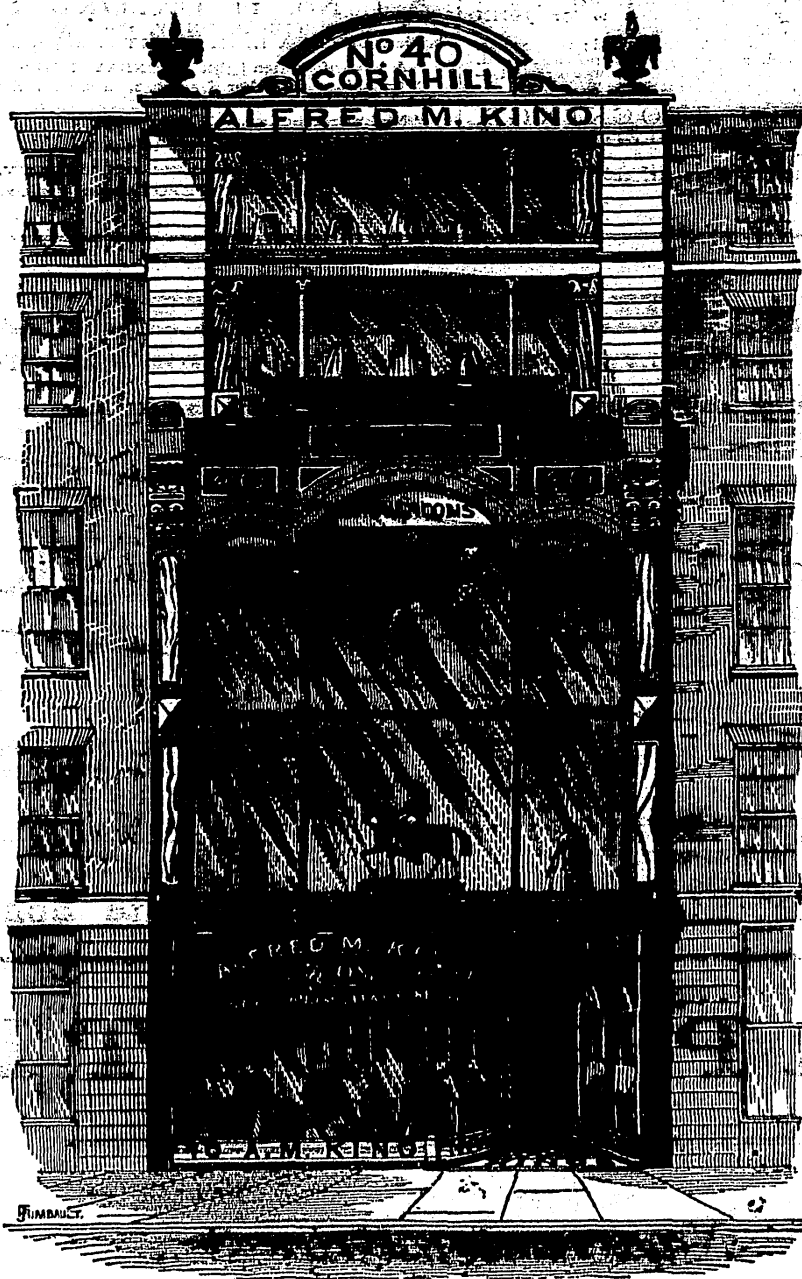
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