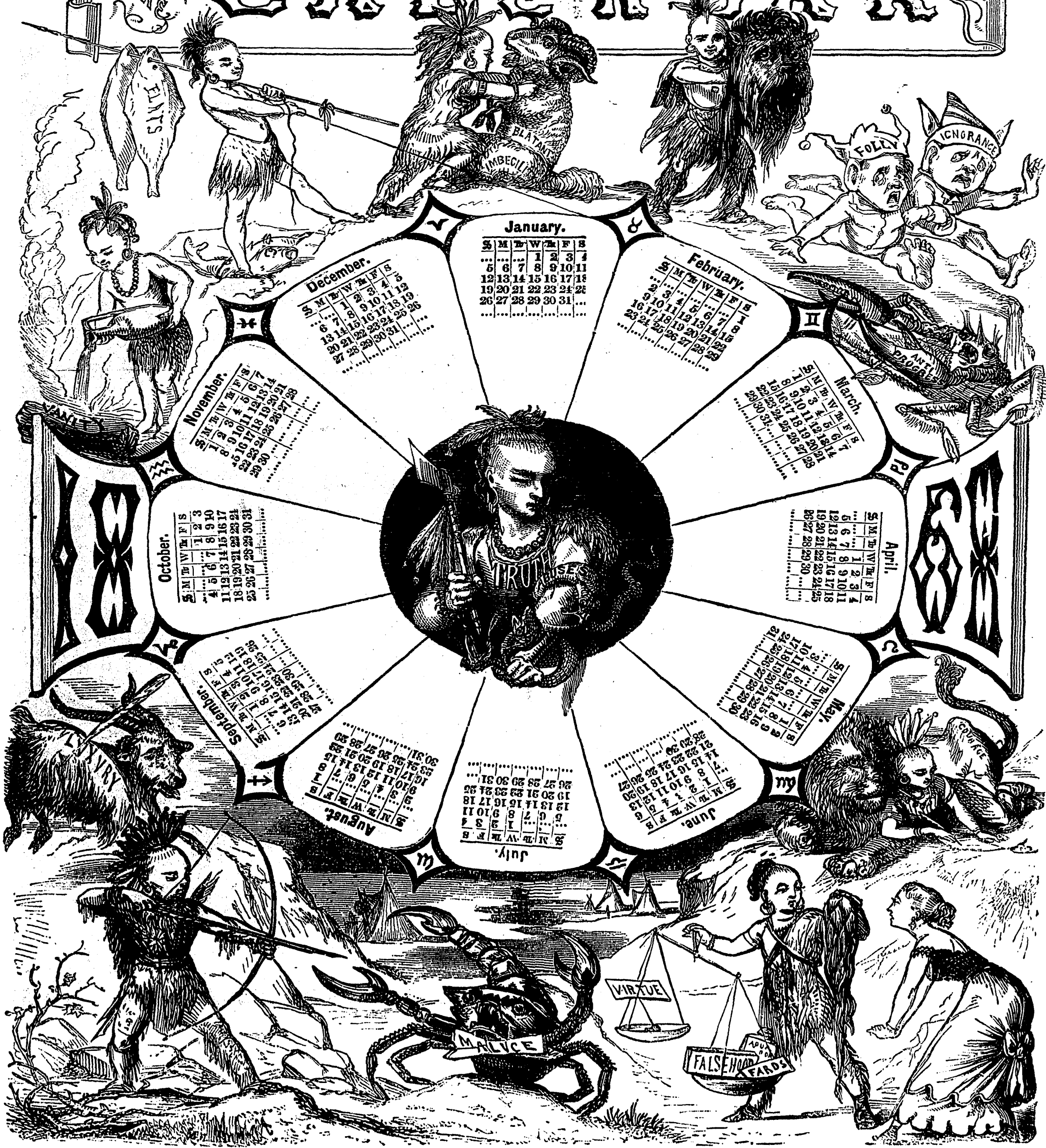


CALENDAR





A. B. C!

Pretty, and only playing!
 Playing; yet as you bend
 The twig, so runs the saying,
 The tree will grow. Worth weighing,
 That bent—its aim—its end!



Feed every whim. No measure
 To selfish thoughts—Ah me!
 Why poison life with pleasure?
 Why waste the young hearts' treasure!
 Why?—This is **A. B. C.**



L. S. D!

Alas ! that youth entices
Such things as these—yet gold
Will blind the world, and vices,
Like maidens, name their prices—
While truth is bought and sold.

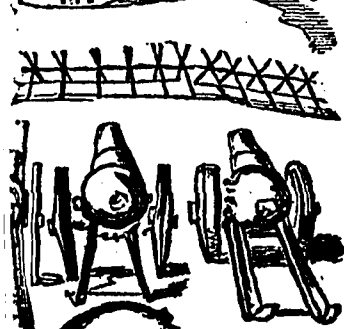
Happier those around her ;
Happier—they are free !
For a golden snake has bound her,
In its fatal coil has wound her—
Cursed, venom'd, L. S. D.



THE POLITICAL YEAR

VOTE FOR
BROADHEAD!

BALTI



IN the latter days of the year when the trees waved their large arms, and the cold winds blew stronger, TOMAHAWK arose and looked abroad backwards over the journey he had taken through the land of Shams. And as he gazed his heart grew sad within him, for there was not a moon of all those that lit his path but had brought to him some woe, some regret, some shame, for the great land which men have so disfigured with their lies and hypocrisies. And he wondered above all things at the men he had beheld, for they seemed as ants running here and there, struggling, driving, and pushing wildly night and day to drag ever so little a blade of straw into ever so little a hole.

Then he saw in the far distance a great palaver of national talking-men tugging and tearing at a great shapeless mass of scraps and ends, and old clouts, which they called Reform, each man striving to burrow his own nest in it, and calling Heaven and earth to witness against the nests of his fellows. Now, the Take-alls had got the whole heap into their possession, and Disraeli, their chief, climbed up to the top of the heap and made faces by the space of three whole moons, till men were tired to death. And he took all the standards, and the bows and arrows of the Take-alls, and trampled upon them, and threw them down to the Give-alls, making his own braves eat dirt for many moons. Then he came down with a great medicine-bag, and drew out from it a machine with glasses, which he set up in the palaver, and drew therewith ever-changing and dissolving pictures such as make those who look upon them to wonder, and he showed the talking-men monsters, called Dual Votes, Fancy Franchises, and Compound Householders; but they would not look at them. So then he changed the slides, and showed them pictures of virtue and happiness, and working men, beautiful to see. Some of the wise Give-alls said that they were cheats, but the rest were very glad, and as TOMAHAWK looked, he saw Disraeli standing on the top of the heap crying that he alone had built it up, and calling upon the world to do him honour; but it had already begun to crumble away, and a great shadow was coming upon it from below, which makes all those who have eyes to see it tremble.

Near to that place was a black spot ringing with the sound of the loom and the mill, where dwell men who have made it black for themselves, and who go thence, silently and stealthily, to murder those who will not dwell with them.

And some fools praised these men for their wisdom; but TOMAHAWK saw nothing but selfishness and hempen halters in their philosophy.

Nearer still, was a dark pit in the track, which was made hundreds of years ago in the greenest spot of the land of Shams, and since then many generations of men have dug into it, until the whole earth around has been undermined. From that pit many a wail of distress, and many a cry for pity arose in old times, but no heed was given, except that now and then some statesman would sprinkle in a handful of earth, and bid the dwellers therein be quiet, for he had filled up the pit. But in the second moon of the year, these dwellers in darkness rose up madly and returned for wickedness, greater wickedness, so that the statesmen of the land of Shams trembled. And the blood flowed in a bitter stream, which made all the old seeds of hate send out roots and spring up till they overshadowed the land like poison trees. And TOMAHAWK sighed for a man who should be strong enough to cut down those trees and fill up the pit, so that all men should live in light and liberty.

Far away over the seas, there were huge shapeless clouds looming up as though they would cover the sky for ever. There in the West, a deceived and betrayed man was lying out in the light of day, with bullets through his heart—a bitter punishment for ambition of power and trust to allies. Nearer, sat Cesar the Frenchman, declaring that he had made all men happy by showing them arts and manufactures where they wanted liberty, and training his cannon upon the Northern Giant, whose appetite no states can satisfy. And turning to the sun, TOMAHAWK saw Cesar's godchild, Victor the Salacious, chafing with red-shirts rolled back from Rome. And everywhere blood, till the earth was ruddy from East to West. Still, further away, over the tombs of the Pharaohs, more blood to be shed; for the officials of the land of Shams had, in their lordly way, hustled some poor men into a pit, and being unable to pull them out again, resolved to cave in the pit with horse, foot, and artillery on the heads of all who were in it—at which work they are still labouring, after their manner.

Many, many other things, did the Savage hear and see, honesty overthrown and vice triumphant, merit wallowing in the gutter, and brazen effrontery lording it in the high places at the feasts and the festivals.







THE TOMAHAWK HIEROGLYPHIC FOR 1868.
OR,
Q. E. D !



THE LITERARY YEAR

THE CAPTAIN SPEAKS.

"SIR," said Captain Slater, as he lighted his cheroot in the smoking-room of the London, "I will speak to you about the literature of the year. I will tell you what has been doing. Look at the paper magazines! Why, there have been two or three fresh ones coming out every month during the year to take part in the Great Padding—ton Handicap; and the majority of them have joined in the race so heavily weighted that they have not been able to make any running at all. The name of every street, square, court, and blind alley in London will soon be used up, and become a registered title for a Mag. And what will be the result of this, sir? Why they will have to apply to the Metropolitan Board of Works to invent new names for old streets, to provide titles for the forthcoming magazines; and they will have to procure new copies of all the old magazines and cyclopædias at the British Museum, to enable the contributors to the new publications to get their articles ready in time, so great will be the rush of the 'Gleaners' and the 'Padders.'

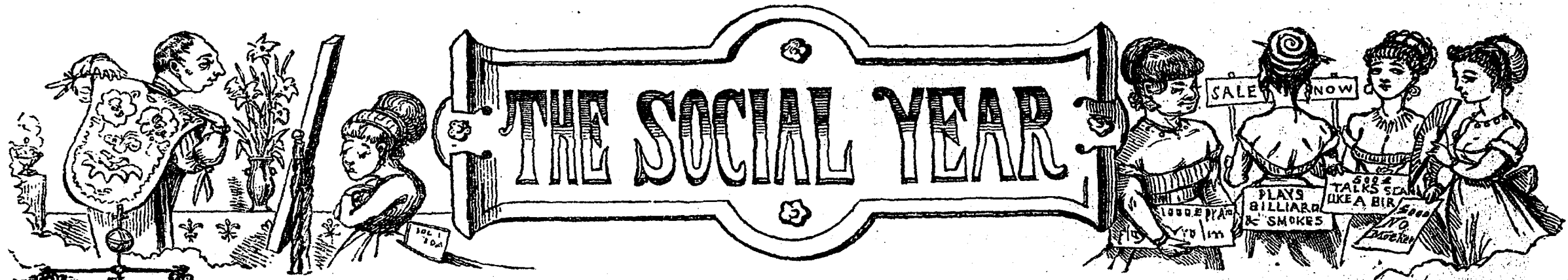
"Poetry, sir? Ah! here we have something choice, indeed. Have we not the Poet Clode, the Poet Menken, and the Poet Swinburne? Did you ever read *La Noyade*? If you have not, don't. I have, and the only thing it suggests to me is the horrible idea of poetry being lashed to such a poet, hurled from Parnassus, and falling into the inky sewer of literature, where everything that is foul and filthy, from the old Holywell street garbage to the 'Confessional Unmasked,' seethes and stews amidst the rank and loathsome ink-tipped reeds.

"And what novels we have had during the year! Novels written by boarding-school misses about great crimes and heroic criminals! Novels written by clerks about the habits and conduct of lords and ladies! Novels written by women about Bohemianism! Novels written by Bohemians about women! Old books under new titles. Plagiarisms from the works of others. Translations from the French. Literary morality is all cant and humbug. Literature, sir, is a trade, and its motto ought to be, 'Put money in thy till.' Just think for a moment of the absurd hubbub made about poor Babington White. What did he do? Why nothing more than this: He simply translated a French work by Octave

Feuillet, called 'Dalilah,' produced it as his own, and called it 'Circe,' an original novel. Was it not most offensive and brutal for two envious journals to call out 'Stop Thief' and attack poor White for such a literary success? Was it not the height of generosity for Babington's Editor to throw herself before her *protégé*, and defend him from his noisy pursuers, who showed themselves so ignorant of all true literary principle? Like Queen Isabella, when the indignant Barons burst upon her, and she exclaimed 'Spare! oh! spare my gentle Mortimer,' so did the great Queen of Fiction heroically call to the fierce and cruel scribes to spare the noble White! What's that you ask me, sir? Did I go to the Pickwick Banquet? Of course I did. I went to see the great men eat and drink, and bow down before the great Pickwickian, and offer him their homage. Was it not an event, sir, to stir the whole world of Literature, Science, and Art? The great Pickwickian was going to America to open a show, and so all the Pickwickian devotees assembled round their idol, and beat their gongs, and blew their trumpets, and called out to the anxious Universe to 'Walk up! Walk up!' for the great Pickwickian was 'Alive! Alive!' and was 'just going to begin!' Derogatory, do you call it? Rubbish. Every literary man in these days must have his show of some sort. Whether it is a recitation with comic voices and comic faces, and two candles and a glass of water, or a panorama with comic singing, or imitations of vulgar old women, Punch and Judy, and a pig under a gate, it does not matter. If he wants to make money, and raise the standard of the literary profession, he must have a show! Why sir, I should not be in the least surprised to see some day the author of 'Pelham' going about the country with a wax-work exhibition, containing 'working figures' of the principal characters of his creation; or the Poet Laureate visiting the watering places with his face blackened, and singing his own poems to the accompaniment of a banjo.

"The Royal Press has been busy, sir, during the past year, and promises to be more so during the year to come. Grey, Martin, Helps, will have their work to do. What is the name of the new work announced? Is it not 'Life in the Highlands; or Butter Scotch'? If so, may we not soon expect the companion work, and will not this be called 'Life in Higher—land; or Melted Pats'? There, sir, I've told you all I know about the literary year. Waiter! bring me 'The Quarterly.'"





Place aux Dames. A vision of fair women ; many that should be girls, but never were and never will be—toiling, scheming, pretending, lying, all for the same end. See them preparing for the auction ! False bloom on the cheeks, false locks on their head, false brightness in their eyes, false smiles on their faces, false bosoms and falser hearts : this is the armour which chastity puts on in its struggle for holy marriage. What a wearisome round of labour ? Is that the treadmill ? No ! it is the round of pleasure in the Season, over and over again ; the cheek needs more colour still to hide its ghastly pallor. And when the prize is gained, is it worth one of these days of toilsome deceit ? A magnificent trousseau, a troop of titled bridesmaids, a husband noble in rank at least ; but the white dress is a shroud which hides a dead heart.

Four worn, anxious-looking faces—men this time—trying to keep themselves awake with stimulants, nodding half-stupefied over some cards and a green table, playing mechanically, winning without pleasure, losing without regret, dead to everything now ; but as each at length leaves the room, the bright sun breaking in, spite of blinds and curtains, a paper is handed to them which, when they wake from their heavy sleep, will tell them what last night's pleasure cost. We have done away with gambling Hells ; let us congratulate ourselves, and if we are courting respectable ruin, let us have a quiet rubber at the Club.

A crowd of eager busy faces, with deep lines of cunning and greed of gain stamped on them, agitated by every rumour, feverishly studying every share list, rarely looking at their own ledger, putting their hands every now and then into their own pockets and finding no money there, putting them next into those of widows and saving fathers of families, and other foolish, steady, jog-trotting creatures who don't know how to turn money over and over. These are honest men ; these are an honour to their country ; these are our great City men. Home at night to splendid palaces in the West-end ; home to dine off rich plate and on every luxury that money can procure, and the next evening their names in the Gazette—an honourable bankruptcy, and for those who trusted them dishonourable poverty.

Still men, but some relief to the picture at last. Horses, too ; men trying to infect these noble animals with their own vices, and only succeeding where the animals cannot help them-

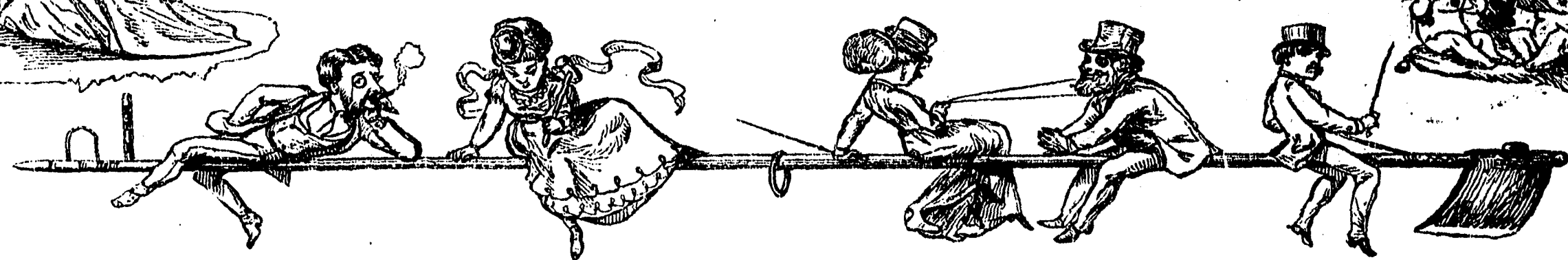
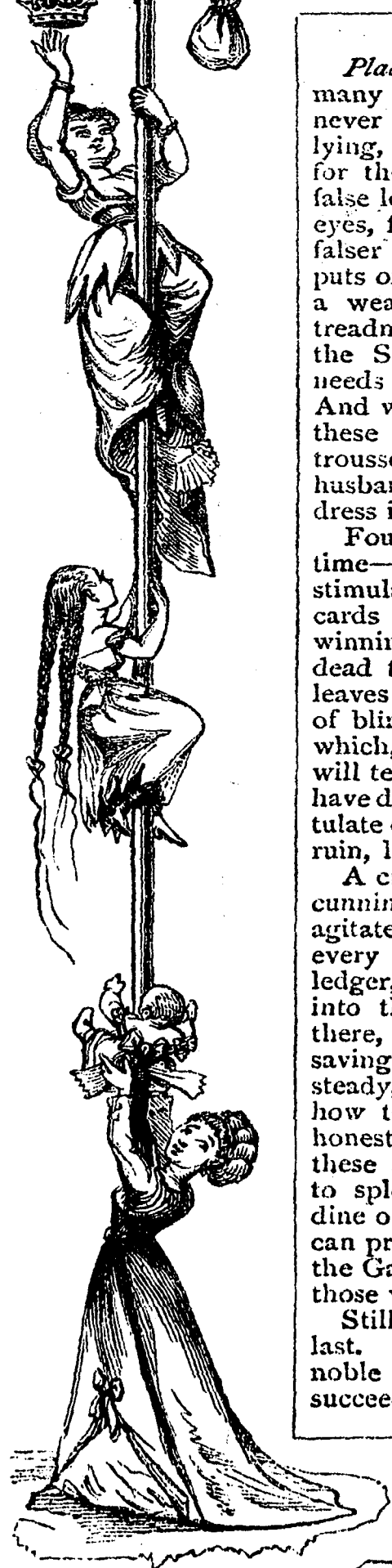
selves. Vulgar faces, noisy harsh voices, pushing bragging ways ; but they rub shoulder to shoulder with noblemen who are glad enough to touch their money, if not their hands. Gentlemen and cads mingle here in delightful social intercourse, each trying to cheat the other. Here comes a face that should be young, but which is haggard already ; shouts of triumph greet him from all his noble comrades ; he has broke the Ring ! Before TOMAHAWK can join in the shout the scene changes, and the same face appears more haggard still ; this time no shouts, but a rapid buzz of whispers, and shrugs of shoulders, and some cold looks, for this time the Ring have broken him, and one of England's richest noblemen is a pauper ! But never mind, he has learnt one or two sharp tricks, and the breed of horses is improved. By all means let us keep up racing.

But are there not brighter visions ? Let us go to higher scenes. The Court : that at least is happy. Many strange faces, sovereigns from distant lands, pass before me : one who is the first of his race that ever visited our shores ; I see a people, I see a Prince welcome him, but for one face TOMAHAWK looks in vain. A cloud comes over the picture, but in the cloud is a rainbow. May its promise not be a false one.

Holier visions now. There can be no social life without religion. Surely there will be a bright picture now. Men and women too, with eyes raised to Heaven so devoutly, and see ! crowds of priests in beautiful robes, and incense and candles, and all the external splendour of a great faith, and no doubt its self-devotion and charity too.

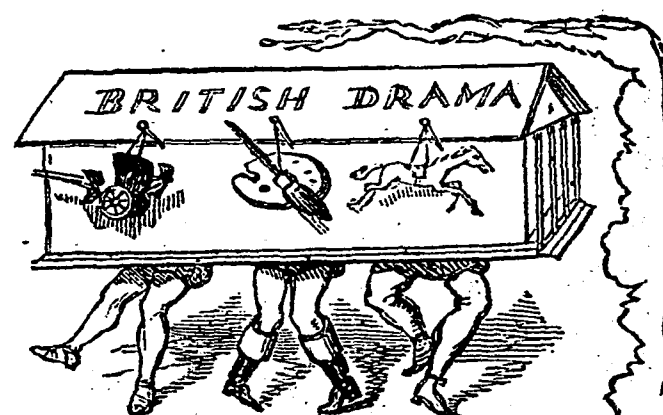
Certainly, for here are the priests and here are devout sisters helping them, cutting out wonderful patterns, and piecing together gay-coloured silks, and a crowd of gloomy men in plain, rusty black, and gloomier sisters cursing these workers of fine raiment for their sins.

And outside, in the dark damp lanes and filthy crowded alleys and courts, obstinate human beings starving and dying of fever and consumption,—dying without a faith, except in the curse of poverty. This is the greatest crowd of all, and among them some bright forms flit to and fro ; but there are few angels among so many ! One word more. Let TOMAHAWK end his review in the hearty English fashion, by wishing the world a right Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year !





THE DRAMATIC YEAR

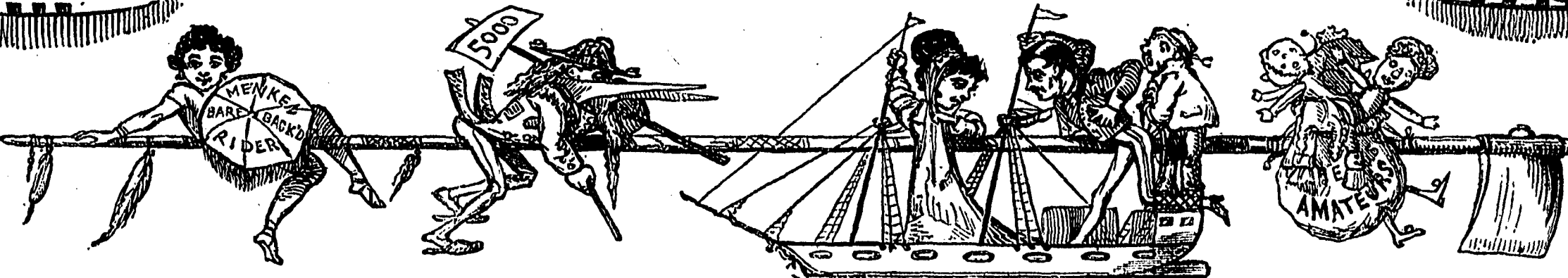


SCENE.—A particularly good Border of the TOMAHAWK ALMANACK.

"Ah, this is an improvement" I can hear you say, as you take yet another glance through the glass of my Peep-Show. You will make no mistake about it *this* time. You will not talk rubbish like you did about the "*Morning Thunderbolt*" being an attack upon such and such a paper (when, if you had considered just one little moment, you would have known very well that the *Thunderbolt*, after all, was merely the incarnation of journalistic roguery), nor stuff as you did about "the Poor Players," being a cruel unmanly hit at such and such a deserving actress, pretending that the tableau was being aimed at a person and not at a system. Neither will you descend to "bosh," as you did in discussing the merits of my words, anent "*Gentlemen and Scholars*." No, sapient members of the press (for to you do I address my preface), you shall have no room for a mistake *this* time. I purpose calling on this occasion a spade a spade, a swan a swan, and a goose a goosey-goosey-gander. To commence then. Look above. Do you see a cook dipping into the heads of Dumas and Maquet. Yes. Well, that's an original dramatic author preparing a dish for the public. If he could speak you would hear him say—

"Fe fi fo fum,
I smell the wit of a Frenchy man,
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I will suck his brains to earn my bread."
However, as he does *not* speak, you can't hear him. For your consolation I may tell you that with all their culinary labours these miserable cooks seldom produce anything more valuable than a sad hash. For all that, as they seem to be partial to "dishing up," I should very much like to see what they'd do if the public one day took it into its head to give them their just reward—the cold shoulder. To the right please. "*The British Drama*." All that is wanted now-a-days, to secure a gigantic success is one of two things, either a sensation drama or a classical burlesque. For the sensation drama secured a hack and a "Hansom." It won't cost you much, you can get your "Hansom" from the cab-rank, and your hack from—somewhere else. For the burlesque, what you lack in brains, make up with legs. Down the side please. Do you recognise that young lady? It is meant for Mrs. Scott Siddons. She will be very nice one of these days when she has distinguished the difference that

exists between reading and acting the works of Shakespeare. The young lady beneath her (in only one sense of the word) *ought* to be saying "Oh Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou the *Times*' critic in the absence of Mr. John Oxenford?" I suspect were the question put that few people would be able to give "the reason why?" Strange to say the gentleman addressing her, although bearing a strong resemblance to a *tailor*, belongs to quite a different profession. If not a cheese-monger, to say the least, he's very fond of butter! Along the bottom of the page please. There you have the "*Distinguished Amateurs*." I'm sorry to say that "our artist" hasn't been quite honest in this part of the picture. The fact is, Lord Townsend's coronet has been a little too much for him, and has induced him to descend to *gross flattery*! Next you have a scene from "*For Love*." In this piece author, manager, actors, and everybody concerned in the matter were at sea—in fact, the only thing in the drama that couldn't possibly have been at sea was the ship introduced into the second act! Next you have Captain Crosstree. Don't you think that the burlesque of the British Sailor, commenced by Douglas Jerrold, has been completed to some purpose by Mr. Frank Burnand? Four figures at the very least my dear sir!—burlesques are very profitable things I can assure you! Of course they are great "bosh," but—write one! The next is Miss Mazeppa. If she'd lived before the Fall she might have contributed to a Book of Fashions, edited by Eve! And now for a pleasant duty—I'm going to bury the hatchet. You must not think me ugly if I tell you I've a "*caste*" in my eye, because its only my waggish way of alluding to the great success of the season. First then Miss Marie Wilton—perfectly charming. Second Mr. Bancroft,—a little dollish perhaps, but on the whole exceedingly good. Mr. Honey, far, very far from horrible; Miss Lydia Foote, very nice; and Mr. F. Younge, very, h'm, very (well,—the hatchet's buried) very *conscientious*! Bravo! bravo! Mr. Hare, and bravissimo a thousand times Mr. Tom Robertson. By-the-bye, I have been requested to inform you that the pleasant-looking gentleman in evening dress at the top of the group is a correct likeness of the "*Author of Society*." This announcement, while proving of great service to those who have *not* seen Mr. Tom Robertson, will (of course) be regarded as *quite* superfluous by those who have!





I. O. U!

Ruin, that's all—to-morrow,
Ruin? God help them then!
To starve, to beg, to borrow,
Their lot? Well, wherefore sorrow—
Are we not gentlemen?



What "fraud and theft?" oh! no, sir,
Such charges are not true!
A duty, you must know, sir,
That to ourselves we owe, sir,
But laugh at I. O. U.



R. I. P!

Tears, loving tears, have started
From every eye ; be still—
For we are broken-hearted,
We miss the dear departed,
God bless him !—Where's his Will?

What ! nothing ? Not a penny !
The miser !—Hush ! you see
He cuts up well for many—
Who cares ? I've not got any—
Ah ! who ? Well—**R. I. P.**



The Music of 1867! Yes; but only so much of it as has been heard in this country. For, were we to wander beyond our own shores, and discuss the music of other nations, the entire TOMAHAWK ALMANACK itself would scarce suffice for the amount of space which we should require. Even though we confine our remarks to the music which has been brought out in England, we shall find that the present notice must necessarily partake of the nature of an epitome, inasmuch as the past twelve-month has not been unfruitful in novelty.

Let us first turn our attention to Italian Opera, and it will be found that three new works of importance have been produced during the last season, viz.: *Don Carlos*, *La Forza del Destino*, and *Romeo e Giulietta*. With regard to the first-named, which was written for the Grand Opera at Paris, where it was produced in the early portion of the year, we can only say that Signor Verdi selected a gloomy subject, and rendered it still more gloomy, by his mode of treatment. It has achieved no public success either in Paris or London, and we do not believe it to be in the nature of things that the piece should ever be acceptable to the great majority of those who hear it. Still, *Don Carlos* contains some admirable music, and affords evidence of careful and anxious attention which is not usually to be found in its composer's works; we should have been pleased if the opera had proved more successful. We cannot repeat this observation with regard to the *Forza del Destino*, the libretto whereof is from the pen of Signor Piave, who has been the collaborateur of Signor Verdi in nearly all the latter's triumphs. This poet, however appears to have a natural taste for murder, and, in the present instance, he has given free reins to his fancy. The piece was well mounted at Her Majesty's Theatre, but proved no success; in fact, it was hard to guess what the story was about, further than that nobody was left alive at the end of the opera excepting Signor Ardit. Adverting to the dearth of good voices, it was a treat to hear (as we did in the *Forza del Destino*) such a fine toned quartette as Madlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli, Signor Mongini, and Mr. Santley.

We will now go back to Covent Garden, and see what happened to M. Gounod's last dramatic work, *Romeo e Giulietta*. The advent of this piece was looked to with much interest; the more so as its first performances in Paris, with Madame Carvalho and M. Michot in the principal parts, had been received with an unusual degree of favour.

We question if this opera will ever obtain the success in this country which it has met with abroad; it may be that Englishmen do not like a foreigner to meddle with Shakspeare—it may be that the subject of the play, in all the wealth of its beauty and poetic tenderness, is somewhat too much of the same colour to render it well fitted for an operatic work. We cannot pretend to know the reason, but we are inclined to believe that this last musical version of *Romeo*—the best which has been made, and containing rare beauties—will never prove entirely acceptable in this country. With regard to the performance, it should be mentioned that, although the score was much cut about (and not very judiciously) in order to bring it within the limits of duration which are prescribed for an opera brought out at Covent Garden, the manner in which the piece was mounted, and its general execution were satisfactory. A special word of praise is due to Madlle. Patti, whose *Juliet* is, to our thinking, her best part.

Let us now find our way amongst English composers, to stay for a brief moment with them before concluding our remarks. We shall find that Mr. Sullivan, who is justly in the foremost rank, has been idle, and, since the composition of his overture to *Marmion*, has given nothing to the world except a certain number of songs; now, some of these songs are well enough in their way, whilst others are so completely the reverse that Mr. Sullivan's name ought never to have been attached to them. Shall we single out the songs we mean? Well, no we will not—undoubtedly, he knows which they are as well as we do, and if he will promise us that this sort of thing shall not occur again, we will say no more about it; for has he not composed "*Cox and Box*," as graceful and refined a piece of musical comedy as we know?

A word, too, for Miss Virginia Gabriel, who has written charming melodies, and shown much dramatic instinct in a comic opera, entitled the *Lion's Mouth*. This accomplished lady, whose work, by the way, is invariably graceful and vocal, was assisted, in the performance of the above piece, by amateurs who, both dramatically and vocally, can have left her but little to desire. Whilst on the subject of comic opera, we may ask whether Mr. Frederic Clay is going to "rest and be thankful" upon the good fortune which has attended the performances of his operetta, *Out of Sight*. We almost think that it is about time that he should write something else.

