

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PROETERIT."

No. 2.]

LONDON, MAY 18, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales will shortly visit Bath. She will take up her residence at *Vellore*, which its owner has placed at Her Royal Highness's disposal.

Mr. E. D. V. Fane, Second Secretary to Her Majesty's Embassy at St. Petersburg, is to be transferred to Washington.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

THE literature of the day is shortly to be enriched by some valuable and interesting additions. Numerous important works are in course of preparation, some of the proof-sheets of which have been submitted to us for approval. We are, we hope, breaking no confidence, by the following revelations:—

Mr. Edmund Beales has just finished his *History of Hyde Park from its First Invasion by the Seizers*. What an exquisitely chaste and classical allusion to the Reform League! It will, we understand, be divided into two short and graphic chapters. Chapter I. will contain "A Botanic Survey" of the park before and after the first and second invasion. Chapter II. will be devoted to "The Strength and Power of the Mob," written no doubt in a spirit of irony and a tone of raillery. This important historical work will be enriched by a touching frontispiece portrait of "Walpole in Tears."

Lord Stanley has been employing his leisure in a shilling railway book entitled *The Devil's own Luck-sembourg*. This brochure is expected to have a large sale in France and Prussia.

Mr. John Stewart Mill is a well-known favourite among the ladies. He is busy on a sensational novel entitled *The Woman in White Enfranchised*. We shall be curious to see it.

Mr. Walpole has just knocked off a very funny parody called *Home, Sweet Home Office*, for one of our Metropolitan Music Halls.

Lord Derby's Homeric translations naturally led the world to expect some greater poetic contribution from his Lordship's pen. We are not, therefore, surprised to learn that, in order to immortalize his Reform Bill, he is, with the aid of his protégé, Young, turning it into verse—or worse.

Viscount Cranborne is writing a *Comic History of India*.

Mr. Bright is editing a volume of Amendments on the Reform Bill, under the hackneyed title of *Never too Late too Mend*.

Mr. Swinburne is engaged on some dirty work or other—*sui generis*.

IO (OFFEN) BACCHE!

IF anything was wanting to add to the success of Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*, there remains nothing now to wish for. So true is the satire in this piece on the eccentricities of little German courts that the censor in Vienna has actually vetoed its production in that city, as likely to prove an annoyance to the Baron Groggs and General Boums of the numerous Gerolsteins to be found on the map of German principedom.

A FACER FOR MILL.—Many married ladies say that Mr. Mill's interference on their behalf is unnecessary. They can claim the Franchise under the Bill, and intend to do so. They are qualified by "Personal Rating."

HALL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GRAND CEREMONY FOR LAYING OF FOUNDATION STONE.

The following special information has been forwarded to us:—

1. The Queen, on alighting from the carriage, will put her foot on the ground.
2. Mr. Cole, C.B., will come by special train from Paris, in order that he may be in attendance to wipe the dirt off Her Majesty's boots.
3. The Provisional Committee will be provided with Albert biscuits.
4. Everybody present will be expected to express loud and unqualified approval of the Prince Consort Memorial, now in course of erection in Hyde Park. Any comparison to an unfinished brick-kiln will be considered seditious.
5. The following is the text of the address (to himself) to be delivered by the Prince of Wales:—

This is to be the Hall of Arts and Sciences. My royal mother is going to lay the foundation-stone. I wish she would perform her duty to the living as well as she does her duty to the dead. I think Knowles writes me shocking bad speeches. I believe he gets them out of "Maunder's Biographical Treasury." I don't know what this place is to be, I believe a sort of west-end music hall. I've been obliged to take a private box. I wish some one would take it off my hands. I shall ask Lucca to come and sing here, and Arthur Lloyd too—that will be rather jolly. I hope my box is on the pit tier. I suppose I must say something about this stupid place. It has been got up by puffing and gentle pressure. Lots of fellows have taken boxes, because they were afraid of offending my mother. They wish they had not done it. I suppose Cole will give lectures here, and charge a guinea for tickets. I hope I shan't have to come and hear him. There will be a nice staff of curators, superintendents, boxkeepers, checktakers, &c.—all well paid. If we say it's all in memory of my father, Parliament will be obliged to vote the money. I shall try and get some of my friends places. I always have to say in my speeches, that I want to walk in my father's footsteps, but I don't. I think you may praise a man too much, even when he's dead. It makes people tired of him. I believe that hideous conglomeration of bricks and cranes opposite is a memorial to him. I thought it had something to do with the Main Drainage Works. The nation had to pay for it, and did not like it. I don't think they'll pay for another. I know I should not if I was the nation. I am not eloquent, and I wish the newspapers would not try and make out that I am. I don't like being made an ass of. I'd much rather go and smoke a cigar in the tea-gardens. I wonder, by the way, what that column is for, opposite my father's statue (No. 44) in the gardens. I hope it is not meant for me. I should not look well there. I wish people would not stare at me always as if I was a gorilla. I shan't say any more. The public thinks the whole affair a bore, and so do I.

NEW ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—Simplify a compound householder, and reduce him to common sense.

THE GOVERNMENT CLERK COMMISSION.

THE TOMAHAWKS, in compliance with a strongly-expressed requisition (signed by four peers, seventy commoners, and one honest man), have chartered a detective to examine into the manners and customs of the members of Her Majesty's Civil Service. The TOMAHAWKS have much pleasure in placing before their readers the commencement of their report. Their own special detective (disguised as a waiter), visited Somerset House on Thursday last. The following are some of his notes written by stealth, as he furnished the gentlemen with their luncheon, and secured by studious attention to the conversation going on about him :—

Gentleman in the Rosebud.—He is reading a little fat French novel, and at the same time going through the hygienic process of cutting his nails, to assist which, he has gracefully disposed his legs on the desk. He is Tom Armitage, the biggest swell in the office. He goes to all the Minister's parties (besides several others less reputable), has a fortune in moustache and whiskers, often leaves the office in a neat little brougham, wherein may be observed a neater little bonnet, and is in the habit of having his horse brought round at odd times. He is reputed to be both faster and looser than mammas approve, but his whiskers cover a multitude of sins.

The Gentleman who worked from Half-past One to Five and Twenty Minutes to Two.—In the morning he was engaged in the most harrowing details of the great Hornsey murder, as reported in the *Daily Telegraph*. He, like the editor of the paper, could not to his own satisfaction, see any clue to the mystery, so he looked out of the window, with the remark, that "It's a sair business!" and attempted to find a solution among the tiles opposite, making the most awful contortions meanwhile with his face. The rest of his day was spent in reading the second volume of *John Thorpe's Marriage*.

The "Head" of the Room.—Mr. Tapleton (popularly known as "Pantiles"), a spare, middle-aged man, who has been all his life what is called a "zealous officer," from the time he was in the letter-room with that scamp Jack Scraper. Tapleton always said Jack wouldn't be long in the department, and he was right, for one morning, after a day's absence—it was the day after the Derby—a letter came from Jack, written in an unsteady hand, as if under the influence of great mental agitation, and dated from Cremorne. The letter stated that Jack felt himself personally aggrieved by the Honourable the Commissioners; more especially because of their expecting him to attend "the home of his childhood" from ten till four,—that his feelings were deeply wounded,—that he would say he had hoped better things from the Honourable the Commissioners,—but that he now felt it to be his painful duty to cast them off for ever (underscoring, and ten notes of admiration). Jack remained their affectionate—he had put "son," but erased that, and wrote "relative," as more appropriate.

Pantile's pious horror at this letter stamped him a man after the official heart, and in fifteen years, having enjoyed meantime a yearly rise of five pounds ten, he has attained to the "second class," with the salary of a nabob. He is not clever. From the official routine his sober wishes never learnt to stray, but he is always in the office at ten o'clock. He would no more have ventured to hold an opinion of his own, than he would write a creed and doxology for his own devotions. He doesn't dress well, is accused of wearing sixteen shilling trowsers and paper collars, the former too short, and the latter too long. He had never been good-looking, even when young, and bears now much more resemblance to Caliban than to Apollo. He has a shuffling sort of gait, and a rise and fall in his walk which is all that remained of the speed with which he once walked to the office every morning from Islington, "for his health," as he used to say. Each of his failings or defects, however, is an official beauty. His dulness prevents the dangerous wanderings by which genius sometimes distinguishes itself. His want of smartness binds him to the office, by preventing him from succeeding anywhere else, and he is so content to accept, as the utmost limit of his aspirations, the lot that has been carved out for him, that if he were asked his idea of a future state, he would reply, "superannuation on full pay."

NEW MOTTO FOR RAILWAY DEBENTURE HOLDERS.—Rolling stock gathers no moss.

THE DERBIAD.

In Piccadilly was never seen
Such a crowd of people before I ween,
As were rushing and crushing, and pushing, and tearing,
And shouting; and some, I am grieved to say, swearing,
And kicking up a deuce of a shine
As the clock of St. James' church struck nine.

There were ne'er seen together so many white hats
With so many blue veils, nor so many cravats,
Of so many fast colours, so many small boys,
In their earthly vocation of tumult and noise.
Costers, ostlers, grooms, coachmen, and hawking blackguards,
With fourteen-bladed penknives, and Dorling's 'kreck cards."
But O! Muse, wert thou even a candidate passed
Thro' a Queen's Civil Service Exam: 'twould have tasked
(That's not quite a fair rhyme) all thy powers to pourtray
The good fruits of the earth in their various array,
In huge baskets and hampers untold packed away;
And all marked on the end with heraldic emblazon
With the soul-stirring motto of "Fortnum and Mason."

But now, each Nimrod in his place,
We bowl away at rapid pace;
With rattle clatter o'er the stones,
And balance lost, and shock of bones;
And soon, like our acquaintance Brown,
When bills come in, we're "out of town."
With country breezes round us playing,
And wondering what the trees are saying,
(Longfellow swears that they converse,
Why shouldn't they,—it's good for verse.)
Far stretching as the eye can reach,
Like babbling wavelets on the beach
The motley crowd, with various will,
Now ebbs, now flows,—and now stands still;
The last most frequent, for although
Some pious pundits, who should know
A camel from a gnat, declare
That Epsom downs are Satan's snare;
And that to go there, truth to tell,
Is to drive headlong down to —. Well,
I won't say where, yet this I say:
It's not a broad, but narrow way
That leads there; and the restless crowd
With unprogressive tumult loud,
Wedge in immovable array,
Chokes up the straight and dusty way
In myriads whose numbered swell
No algebraic power could tell
Nor Babbage count.

But soft O Muse!
No spouting pray, or we shall lose
Our subject,—if thou needs must rant,
Rant sense, spout something relevant.
If thou a giant in thy breast dost smother,
Answer the man who asks thee, "How's your mother."
In honeyed accents gently chained in phrase,
Smooth-flowing periods, sweetly ordered praise,
And fair persuasion; or with logic grim,
And hard-grained sentences demolish him;
In subtle argument his wit entangle,
And prove to him that she has "sold her mangle."
But see! in the distance a movement begins,
The flood is beginning to run; on its pins.
And luckily, for to return to our muttons,
There are several gentlemen dashing their buttons,
And many things worse, at the dreadful slow pace;
While one wicked wag,
From the top of a drag,
In each hand a bottle, champagne in his face,
Makes a speech on Reform, and the state of the nation,
Till at last, in the ardour and fire of oration,
He lets go a bottle, which lights on the eye
Of an omnibus driver,—who utters a cry
Of rage and surprise,
With a mention of "eyes."
And lashing his horses in fury all blind,
With a crash runs his pole thro' the hamper behind.

The handsome but innocent chariot in front,
The delicate Lydia (to whom *mauvaise honte*
Was never imputed) sits listlessly by,
With Aspasia; and merely re-mentions his eye,
While her luncheon and crockery strewed on the road,
Too aptly her own wretched ending forbode.
Then a hansom cuts in thro' the throng, then another,
While the drivers use rather strong speech to each other.

And that handsome dragoon,
Lord Adolphus Budoon,
Who from high on his seat a fair lady is bowing to,
Is addressed as, "Now ugly, where *are* you a-going to?"
The press becomes denser—each moment adds to it,
Our postillion is "blowed if he'll ever get thro' it."
But we give him a glass of champagne, when the weight
Was removed from his mind, but most strange to relate—

It appeared in his head
To settle instead;
And he nodded and swayed as tho' loth to decide,
With himself, on the whole, if 'twere better to ride,
As the safest of courses,
On or under his horses.
So then *we* took champagne, and decided quite readily,
That *then* he appeared to sit up much more steadily.
Then we all took some more, and at once we could see,
He was sitting as upright as upright could be.
Then we knew he was safe; and when leaving the high road,
To take a short cut he turned sharp down a by-road.
We agreed that no doubt 'twas the safest of courses,
And said nothing—but prayed for the souls of the horses;

For he was going the pace,
'Twas a very clear case,
And 'twas really a pity it wasn't a race,
And that each one of us wasn't backed for a place.
For we ran through the rest just as tho' they had been
Standing still, and there soon wasn't one to be seen.
We fly along past villages and downs,
Thro' peaceful fields and over spreading downs;
Still onward, while each one beneath his hat,
Rapt in a dreamy, silent pleasure sat.
At length one of us moved, then spoke, "I say,
"Haven't we got there? It's a precious way,
"I never knew 'twas half so far before—
"Hallo! By Jove! I say, it's half-past four!
"The race will all be over. Ha! that town!
"Epsom at last! And there's the wide-spread down,
"And there's—Hallo! What *is* that long blue line?
"Can it be water? Or is it only wine?
"Here! Rustic! Stop! Where are we—what's that town?
"And what's that line—and where's the race-course gone?"
The Rustic stares, while grins his face enlighten,
"That line's the sea—and that there town is Brighton."

We were done—sold,
But we never told,
That tale to mortal ears;
We said that we posted
To Brighton, and boasted
Of that day's journey for years.
And I hope that you
Will be secret too,
I'd not have it known for millions;
And if ever you go
To the Derby, drive slow,
And don't put your trust in postillions.

HUMOUR LIGHT AS AIR

SOME of our ponderous reviewers have been laughing consumedly at Mr. Hume, the author of the *Life of Governor Eyre*, for what they call the "absurd errors with which it abounds." The allegation is that Mr. Hume has stated that the Rev. Mr. Cooke, of Jamaica, was murdered by the rioters at Morant Bay, whereas it was the son of the reverend gentleman who was put to death. Well, we fancy we know some people who would prefer to read the *Death of Governor Eyre*. Mr. Hume, if he has made a slip of the pen, is, we imagine, not the only man who has found out that too many Cookes spoil even a literary broth.

THE CLUB SAUNTERER ON THE LOUNGE; OR TITTLE TATTLE À LA MODE.

I MAY say at once that I am an exceedingly offensive character. I make no pretence to honesty or respectability. I listen at key-holes, and take my note-book with me wherever I avail myself of an invitation to dinner. I am an inveterate snob, and a thorough paced flunkey. This avowal is not intended to be considered as a joke—it is merely a plain statement of facts. I attend a friend's funeral that I may send to my paper the correct number of nails contained in the lid of his coffin. I go into society that I may pick up scandal, and make capital out of my "exclusive information." When I am hard up for news, I write twaddle about myself. I describe my laundress, and give a picture of the contents of my wardrobe. In the summer, when I leave town for the seaside, I chronicle for the benefit of my readers, the number of visits I pay to the sands, the price of my necktie, and the cost of my boots. I pay my hotel bill by puffing the landlord in the column of snobbish nonsense which I send once a week to the paper which has purchased my services. In fact, I advertise my creditors, blackguard my enemies, and ruin my friends. I left America some years since to write "London Letters" for the provincial press, but lately have made my way into the offices of some of the principal papers of this metropolis. I call myself a "Tattler," or a "Lounge," or a "Saunterer." Did I give myself my right name, I should be known in England as the "Advertising Flunkey of Grub Street." Here is a receipt for the concoction of my articles. To three grains of truth add four tons of lies, a pound of flippancy, and a *soupoon* of blasphemy. Flavour (at discretion) with old anecdotes, stale puns, and slangy allusions to "Friend Bozzy at the Mermaid." This done, serve up with all the personal pronouns you can lay your hands upon, and any private letters that my strike you at the moment as spicy, or libellous. I am often extremely funny. My wit consists in giving long roundabout names to all sorts of objects. For instance, if I have to mention a "spade," I speak of it as an "agricultural instrument in constant use among the sons of Adam, for the purpose of turning up the soil from the earth, or *vice versa*." Such a description I consider intensely funny. My present budget of news contains a nice piece of scandal (partly true) about a certain marchioness, a very interesting total of one of Lord Derby's butcher's books for the week ending May the 4th, a telling lie about the late Cæsarewitch, two anecdotes *apropos* of "Friend Bozzy at the Mermaid," four spiteful attacks upon the memories of three dead men; a puff of Messrs. Spiers and Pond; and a brief biography of my deceased wife's sister's godmother.

To commence, then. On Thursday last, at Covent Garden Opera, the Marchioness—

[We regret to say that the rest of our correspondent's article is unfit for publication in the columns of the TOMAHAWK. However, this fact should not dishearten our outspoken *litterateur*, as we have the best reasons for believing that if he presents himself at the offices of some of our daily contemporaries, he will meet with the heartiest of hearty welcomes. — ED. TOMAHAWK.]

NOTICE.—THEATRE ROYAL, DOWNING STREET.

LORD DERBY is happy to acquaint the nobility, gentry, and public at large, that the new comic medley "The Reform Bill," or the "Forlorn Hopes," is nightly received with cheers, laughter, and every demonstration of satisfaction by full and fashionable audiences—several of the scenes being redemanded, especially "Hocussing the Rats," "The Den of the Wild Roebuck," "The Great Cave-in," and "Grove of Weeping Willows." The dances are most successful. The double-shuffle being invariably encored. The "Baiting of the Compound Householders" excites roars of laughter—while the acting always meets with loud expressions of approval. Lord Derby is not in the habit of resorting to this mode of advertisement; but in justice to himself and the authors of the drama, he feels it necessary for once to do so, and also to inform his patrons, that places can be booked for all the coming vacancies—two years in advance.

THEATRE ROYAL, DOWNING STREET.

(Thank you for the hint, Buckstone—"Derby.")



LONDON, MAY 18, 1867.

BURYING THE HATCHET.

(SEE CARTOON.)

Our artist here a sketch has planned,
So skilfully, you'll scarcely match it,—
Two well-known warriors yonder stand,
Engaged in burying the hatchet.
Far from her home the dove unstained
Of Peace seemed flown, and through the latchet
Grim War was seen : there still remained
The plan of burying the hatchet.

"My name is entered for the fight,"
Quoth BISMARCK, weeping, "can I scratch it?"
All Europe sees me ; in her sight
Dare I thus bury then the hatchet.

"To patch a peace!"—"A patch, don't fret,
Is soon undone," quoth NAP, "so patch it!"
(*Aside*) I'll stake my crown, you scarce regret
Thus tamely burying the hatchet!"

So sank the hatchet to its grave,
So Peace returned! Says Europe "Watch it!"
A deal of blood the world you'll save
By calmly burying the hatchet.

"You, Prussia, France, hold this in mind,"
Warns Europe, "for you both will catch it—
The matter's mine, now—if I find
You either disentomb the hatchet!"

PROGRAMME OF THE REFORM LEAGUE FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 30TH.

- June 1st.—Grand Meeting in Hyde Park.
4th.—Conference of the Reform League in the Earl of Derby's private residence, in defiance of the Government *manifestoes*.
8th.—Mr. Beales, attended by 35,437 patriots from Clerkenwell, assists at a debate in the House of Commons.
12th.—Grand Reform Demonstration in most of the principal metropolitan prisons.
16th.—Reform in Pall Mall. Burning of the Carlton Club by the Reformers.
25th.—Third Grand National Reform Demonstration in private apartments of Windsor Castle.
26th.—Coronation of Beales the First, M.A., King of Great Britain and Ireland, and President of the Reform League and the Republics of Chelsea, Margate, and Clerkenwell.
28th.—His Majesty King Beales the First is installed D.D.
29th.—Illumination of Brompton and Islington. General joy and fireworks at Cremorne Gardens. Admission, one shilling. Manager, Mr. E. T. Smith.
30th.—The following Cabinet is appointed:—

First Lord of the Treasury	} King Beales, D.D.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer	
Lord President of the Council	
Lord Privy Seal	
Lord High Chancellor.—King Beales, Barrister at Law.	
Secretary of State for War.—Right Hon. John Bright.	
" Foreign Affairs.—Right Hon. Whalley.	
" Home Affairs.—Right Hon. S. A. Walpole.	
and	
Minister of Public Worship.*—Mr. Bradlaugh.	

* This appointment is translated from the French.

CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

WE know we are doing wrong, but then it is so pleasant to do wrong, that we are sure our readers will forgive us if we lay before them two letters which were left, by an Imperial courier in the train to Berlin, on Monday last. As we don't wish to get any of our friends into trouble, we will not divulge the ways and means by which this correspondence came into our possession, but no one will doubt its authenticity.

LETTER NO. 1.

Très-cher,

Dated, Paris.

Tu sais bien où il y a la gêne il n'y a pas de plaisir ; alors, franchement et sans détour, dis moi où tu en veux venir dans cette affaire ténébreuse.

En même temps, j'aimerais bien voir achever mon petit gazomètre du Champ-de-Mars—on ne sait pas pourquoi, mais, enfin, j'y tiens ; c'est un joujou comme un autre—et si tu m'ennuies avant la clôture, gare à toi ! je me fâcherai pour de bon. Ainsi trouves quelque chose qui amusera les diplomates en attendant, et crois moi toujours

Ton dévoué compère,
L. N.

LETTER NO. 2.

Dated, Berlin.

Lieber Freund,

Je te comprends parfaitement.

Ach ! Herje ! Du bist a' recht jeschickter kerl ! et selon moi, nous nous respecterons toujours, amis où ennemis.

Aber sie du j'ai aussi mes soldats qui viennent de se bourrer trop de nanan pour ne pas en envier davantage, ce qui me fait penser que quoi que nous fassions, nous serons forcés d'en revenir aux armes—fi donc !—à l'essai de nos propres inventions.

Wenn man nur a' bissl was hat, ist er froh.—Oui ! mais c'est toujours un brin de plus que l'on desire : et si tu as vraiment envie de cet objet de Luxe (mbourg), viens le chercher : choisis ton temps : rien ne presse : je te le garderai jusqu'à ton arrivée.

Das ist mir ganz chocolade.—Aujourd'hui où demain. Si tu remets l'ouverture de la Chasse (peau) à la fin de ton exposition, les petits diplomates pourraient s'amuser à tenir un Congrès, comme qui dirait, au jeu de l'oie—quoi !

Also ich empfehle mich.

B.

DEFINITIONS FOR THE THEATRE.

- A Tragedy*.—The lime light, and plenty of it.
A Comedy.—Cynicism and buffoonery.
A Burlesque.—Legs, comic songs, and ankles.
A Dramatic Author.—The English-French Dictionary in the flesh.
A Burlesque Actress.—A brougham at the stage door, and a box in the theatre.
A Patron of the Drama.—A protector of the Ballet.
A Favourable Criticism.—An expensive advertisement.
An Unfavourable Criticism.—A libel case.
The Prompter.—A myth.
Shakespeare. } —Clothes-horses for the million.
Goethe. }

UNHOLY LAND.

THE *soi-disant* Dr. Jordan is said to be a "circulator of indecent pamphlets." This is very possible. We have not read his dirty little work, and we don't intend to do so, but we can quite believe he is thoroughly up to his work, and that it is indecent—*very*. These quacks are pestilential nuisances : their little pamphlets may be regarded as so many cases of malignant type-us, attacking the morals of the young and unwary. Every corner of our principal thoroughfares is literally a corner for the curious. The Royal College of Surgeons have, we are glad to see, taken steps to prosecute this fellow in every sense but the sense medical. Should they not, however, take a peep into the land beyond Jordan, and open a crusade against Quackdom generally? We will enrol ourselves beneath their broad banner, swear fealty, and use our TOMAHAWK with a strong arm.



BURYING THE HATCHET !



A GOOD AFTERNOON'S WORK.

THE Adelphi Theatre was put to a worthy use on last Saturday afternoon by the literary "brothers" of the late C. Bennett, whose untimely death everyone who knew him, or his works, must have mourned. Especially will he be missed by children, whose hearts his simple affectionate nature, and genial quaint humour, enabled him so effectually to touch. There was no gall in his pen. All honour to those who, at the sacrifice of some time and no little money, come forward to help his family in the hour of their need.

It is customary on these occasions, we know not why, to decline to criticize the actors. Charity covers a multitude of sins we know, and one does not expect to get a comfortable seat or first-rate acting at a charitable performance. Certainly, as regards the former, Saturday afternoon proved no exception. The amiability with which the luxurious fashionables endured being packed in the pit as close as sardines, showed that the training which they had undergone in crushes in Belgravia, had been not altogether useless. As regards the acting, many who came only to stare at authors in the flesh (and a good deal of it too, as Mr. Shirley Brookes observes), must have been pleasantly surprised to find that, in more senses than one many of them were artists.

The operetta of *Cox and Box* was really capital. Everybody regretted they had so little of Mr. Blunt, who, without being obtrusive, certainly made a great part of Mr. Bouncer. Yes, Mr. Bouncer. Nothing but Mr. Burnand's well-known violent political opinions and misogynistic principles could have given him the audacity to deal so unscrupulously with a work that has been hallowed by the laughter of generations, and which, by common consent, has long taken its place amongst the classics of the nineteenth century. The want of reverence in young men now-a-days is very shocking. However, granting, for the sake of argument, that such a liberty was admissible, we must candidly confess that the work has been well done, and that the funny words of the songs have been fitted with most elegant and playful music, by Mr. Arthur Sullivan. The only fault to us seems an occasional monotony. Mr. G. Du Maurier has a charming voice, but does not pronounce his words clearly. Mr. Quintin has not a charming voice, but does pronounce his words clearly. Each might learn from the other with advantage. Both gentlemen, however, contributed largely to the success of the little piece.

The Moray Minstrels gave a great treat to those who had never heard them, and renewed pleasant memories for those who had.

Mr. Shirley Brooks delivered an address of his own composition. He came forward as a deputation. It would have been better had the deputation consisted of two, and Mr. Shirley Brooks had stood by to receive the applause which his very clever lines really deserved, while some more practised orator interpreted them. It is but few poets who do not mar their own verses by reading them.

The *Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*, everybody by this time knows by heart. But everybody can bear to see that darling of all hearts and eyes, Kate Terry, over and over again. Hymen must have a particular spite against the stage, for he is always robbing us of some favourite just when we are beginning to find their real value. This by the way. This piece exhibited most of the staff of *Punch* to the curious gaze of the public. They would appear to be nearly all "bearded as the Pard," and to be no followers of Banting. Mr. Mark Lemon was very like Henry the Eighth, who had slipped down a century or so in chronology. This beard troubled us till Mr. Tom Taylor kindly informed us that he had brought it from Tangiers as a barbarous custom. We suppose there was no Custom-house in those days, or it would have been a matter of excise duty. Mr. Lemon, however, showed that he possessed elocutionary powers which many actors might envy him. We rarely heard words better spoken. Mr. Tom Taylor, clever as he is, cannot adapt himself to the character of Jasper Carew. We were very sorry to hear that this gentleman had an accident just before coming on the stage, which might have been very serious, and which would have been quite enough to have kept many of less nerve from going through their part. Mr. Bernand played Kester rather heavily and consciously (conscious, we mean that he was not quite sure of his words). In the scene where Zoyland, the blacksmith, comes to try the false cupboard—the door stuck—and Mr. Bernand in vain tried

to open it. But if the door stuck, the actor did not, and by a "Happy thought" he called to John Zoyland "to bring his tools and open this door." Two of Miss Kate Terry's sisters proved themselves worthy of their sisterhood, while Mrs. Stoker kindly appeared as Dame Carew.

The performance concluded with Offenbach's "Les Deux Aveugles," which is admirably adapted to fill up fifteen minutes allowed for refreshments. Mr. Harold Bowen and Mr. Du Maurier acted it capitally. Altogether the performance was a great success, financially and otherwise.

The prompter's voice was never heard, and there were none of those tiresome hitches or waits which are almost excusable in amateur performances, considering the difficulties with which the actors have to contend.

THE FANCY FRANCHISE.

THE following Fancy Franchises have been sent in as suggestions to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. We give the names of the proposers, and calculations as to the number of persons likely to be enfranchised:—

PROPOSER.	TERMS OF FRANCHISE.	PROBABLE NUMBER OF PERSONS ENFRANCHISED.
Lord Shaftesbury.	All persons who shall have attended every public meeting which his Lordship has addressed, and be able to give a <i>resumé</i> of his various speeches.	0.
Mr. Phelps.	All persons that think him the finest Shakspearian Actor that ever lived.	2 (himself and son).
Bishop Colenso.	Anyone who will eat the Bishop of Cape Town.	5 (including 4 experienced cannibals, and one hungry Scotchman).
Mr. Roebuck.	All persons who never contradicted him.	0 (including himself).
The Directors of the London Chatham and Dover Railway Company.	All persons who will take Preference Shares off their hands.	3 (including Sir Morton Peto and two paper kite manufacturers).
Mr. Bradlaugh.	Any person who calls him a respectable man, and an honour to his country.	2 (supposed to be venal).
Martin Tupper.	All persons who can write bigger nonsense than he can.	21 (female novelists).
The Proprietor of the Morning Herald.	All constant readers of that journal.	0021.
Mr. Sothern.	All persons who admired anything but his dress in Claude Melnotte.	1 (under age).
E. Moses and Son.	All persons wearing E. Moses' Paletot (17s. 6d.)	No statistics.
Miss Emily Simple.	All the nice young men with whom she has flirted.	4,021.
Ourselves.	All persons who give us really good dinners.	Statistics not yet complete.

REFLECTION AFTER WITNESSING A "GENUINE SUCCESS."—Theatrical managers are very like children in one point—the latter make houses with cards, while the former make houses of paper.

OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

JENKINS IN PARIS.

(From the *Daily Hippogriff*.)

I WAS at Lady Cowley's the other night. My friend Beeswing, the butler, always remembers me when there's a 'swarry.' I saw her ladyship, who was very gracious, as usual. She never will let anyone else but me bring her an ice. I helped his lordship twice to champagne. He was very pleasant. The Prince of Wales was there—he knew me, but I kept in the background (as you know I prefer doing whenever I'm allowed to), not wishing to intrude on his Royal Highness; but he knew me, and made me get him some soda-water. His Royal Highness is looking very fit. I did not overhear much conversation. It was more about the 'Grande Duchesse' than the "Grand Duchy." Luxembourg is out of the betting now. One of the Honourable Miss Wellesleys is certainly an uncommon pretty girl—such a fine turn in her arm when she's eating a sponge-cake.

Paris is chock-full—deluged with our countrymen. The Boulevards are crowded with swells of all sizes, sexes, ages, and nations. I saw that bewitching Lydia Ruby the other day, with Venus holding her parasol, and Cupid supporting her chignon. I remember her as Polly Biffins—but now she is all the rage, and of course I must follow the fashion. By the way, your readers might like to know what she had for breakfast yesterday. I'll tell you:—

Saumon sauce genevoise,

Cotelettes d'Agneau aux Points d'asperge,

Petits Pâtés de foie gras-Cœufs de Pluvier à la Mayonnaise,

Omelette des Abricots au Maraschin;

a bottle of '51 *Lafitte*, and a cup of *café noir* and a '*petit verre*' of '27 Cognac to top up with. Pretty good feed, was it not?

I am horridly engaged now, of course, that the season has fairly begun. I'm obliged to issue a notice on all the walls and in all the papers that I am engaged every evening for the next month. Applications for any night after that received from ten to twelve. Nobody below the rank of Duke (Foreign) or Marquis (English) need apply.

I saw the Imperial Prince out walking with his beautiful Imperial mother the other day. What a splendid head and neck she has! and such graceful action, and so clean cut about the pasterns! She looked a little off her feed, I thought, but her coat was in beautiful condition. The young colt looked pulled—his off hind leg is stiff, and he looks rather fallen off across the chest. However, I think he'll be soon up to his old form, and we shall see him settle well down to his stride again. He's decidedly out of condition now, and a little touched in the wind. I daresay they'll turn him out at grass this summer. I'm just going to have an ice with the Emperor's gentleman, who has stepped round, so I'll leave off exercise for the present. Remember me to any of the *haut-ton*. I'm putting on flesh rather too much, so I think I shall have to go down to the sea and take a spin every morning before breakfast. An Adonis like me must mind his figure.

LEGAL FORMS.

NO. I.—DEDICATED TO MR. GLADSTONE.

Declaration.

IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

The seventeenth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

ENGLAND, { JOHN BULL, by the Public Press, his attorney,
to wit, { sues the Opposition, for that the defendant wrongfully kept a dog of a fierce and mischievous nature, and used to bite mankind, well knowing that the said dog was of a fierce and mischievous nature, and so used to bite mankind, and the said dog, whilst the defendant so kept the same, attacked and bit the plaintiff, whereby the plaintiff was wounded, and so remained for a long time, and was prevented from carrying on his liberal occupation and business.

And the plaintiff claims, &c., &c.

O EXCELLENT EX-CHANCELLOR.—The semi-resigned leader of the Opposition is as noted for his restlessness as for his want of manners. We are afraid that the right honourable gentleman is destined to illustrate the proverb—A rolling stone gathers no moss.

A "REAL" GRIEVANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TOMAHAWK."

SIR,—I am an enterprising provincial manager, with thirty years' experience at my back. I can remember the days,—well, never mind that. My business is with the present time and its tastes. Sir, I am being ruined. Ruined, Sir, not by introducing genius to the public in empty boxes, not by a rise in the market price of walking gentlemen, not by—. Well, Sir, to come to the point, not by the legitimate risks of the profession, but by the upholsterer! I am a martyr to "realism." What can we do but keep up with the spirit of the age! And what does the age ask of us? Real cab horses! Sir, thirty years ago, I have fought the battle of Bosworth right out with two Yorkists, three Lancastrians and a drum. I have put *King Lear* upon the stage with only one coat that did not belong to the reign of *Charles II*, between the whole of the cast, and *Lear* did not get that, until the fourth act! When the gas has been got well under, I have sent the ghost in *Hamlet* on in evening costume, with the prompter's book, and I once knew an *Othello* who could lend his dress for a drawing-room entertainment between the acts. These were the good old days, Sir,—the good old days of a perfect harmony and understanding between all the centuries from the 9th to the 17th. But, to return to the point of my letter, as one fact is worth a thousand reflections. In 1837, I produced *Macbeth*, and produced it too with a certain eye to the classical, as the subjoined account will show. The other day, I again put the great work into my bills, but this time, Sir, I had to pander to the degeneracy of the public taste. The change that has swept over the drama will best be appreciated by a perusal of the two bills of necessary properties supplied on each occasion. There is a silent eloquence in the comparison, which compels me to feel that I can say no more! Sir, I can remember the days—! Well, once more, Sir, never mind that, but believe me to be, with profound respect, most devotedly yours,

HORATIUS.

MEMORANDUM OF PROPERTIES FOR MACBETH.

May 11, 1837.

	£	s.	d.
Repairs to shield (for Macduff)	0	0	6
To washing Duncan's cloak	0	0	6
Twenty-five yards of black glazed calico, for Witches and Doctor	0	11	6
Two swords (for combat)	0	0	8
Red ink for wounded Soldier	0	0	1
Thunder (to hire of, for three nights)	0	0	9
Blue fire for general use	0	5	6
Door mats (for kilts), burnt cork and porter, for leading business, &c., &c.	0	13	4

MEMORANDUM OF PROPERTIES FOR MACBETH.

May, 11, 1867.

	£	s.	d.
Real blood for wounded Soldier	0	4	2
Note-book for Doctor (see Act V. Scene 1)	0	1	6
Blasting machine for heath	25	0	0
Gunpowder for ditto	11	11	0
Scientific opinion on use of above	1	4	0
Legal opinion as to advisability of using above	1	1	0
To various combustibles for "Witches scene," patent thunder, new effects, &c	24	3	8
To Law expenses for proceedings taken against management for repetition of same	135	9	10
To entrails, snakes' fillets, bat's wool, and legs, tongues, wings (various), &c., &c., (for cauldron) "Maw and gulf of the ravin'd salt sea shark" (for do.)	0	1	6
Turks' noses, and Tartars' lips (per night)	0	5	6
Fee to H. M.'s Ambassador at Constantinople for using influence in reference to same	5	5	0
Apparatus for ghost	17	10	0
Defending action for infringement of Patent of do.	129	15	4
Real supper (exclusive of wine) for Macbeth (per night)	25	0	0
Real fee of real doctor for seeing Lady Macbeth on first night	2	2	0
Do. for real visit on each subsequent night, 21 nights	22	1	0
Manager's expenses to America	57	15	0

"AM I NOT A MAN AND A BROTHER?"

SIR,—I have just awoke to the conviction that I must be a vastly entertaining personage. Till now, I never had an idea what an excellent joke I really am. I always fancied that I was very much like the rest of my species. I have dressed as human beings in general dress. I have lived as they do, and with them. I have had feelings of admiration and hatred aroused by one and the same set of objects. All at once I am startled from my ordinary hum-drum existence, by seeing those whom I had hitherto supposed to be my fellow-creatures, turn round and point at me, giving vent to inexpressible screams of side-splitting laughter. At first I thought they had mistaken me for some one else—some popular wag or well-known eccentricity. I could not thoroughly realise how immeasurably comic I must be, till I found that it was the *Times*—at least, I have this point, in common with the world in general, that I read the *Times*—which was holding me up as the object of such immoderate merriment. There was no resisting this. When I saw that impersonation of journalistic gravity foremost in laughing at me, I knew that I might at once set up for a funny man, that is, supposing I had wished to appear in this character. But on my word, Sir, I have no ambition to play the part of a professional buffoon. The *Times* talks about "my coming into and out of the House of Commons with the facility of my class." "My class," Sir! Great Heavens, Sir, am I not a man and a brother? "There are a good many lodgers, and there are a good many sparrows, but nobody tries to count them?" Does the *Times*, then, look upon me as a specimen of animated nature, solely interesting from an ornithological point of view? "A good many lodgers and a good many sparrows!" When the *Times* gives us a leading article on ecclesiastical matters, it had better commence by telling us that there are a good many bishops, and a good many prize-fighters. And then I am told that I have "a general reluctance to take rest and commit myself to a locality." Why, Sir, I have not changed my lodgings for the last ten years! And what is the next complimentary term in which I am mentioned?—"the little stranger!" "Welcome little stranger," says the *Times*. And then it is stated that "the dread of my life is being made a chattel." On my honour, Sir, this is language which I do not understand. Is this the way to speak of an elderly gentleman, who lodges in Bury street, because he is a minute's walk from his club? A friend and brother lodger, who is looking over my shoulder, says that there are other classes of lodgers, and perhaps the *Times* may refer to these. But of this, Sir, I know nothing. I have made up my mind. This is a kind of thing I will not stand. I will not be reckoned with the sparrows, and be publicly spoken of as an amusing curiosity, to be contemplated under a glass-case. Sir; my mind is made up. I shall proceed against the *Times* for libel. It is not, perhaps, often that the *Times* does laugh; but, hang it, Sir, it shall not enjoy this exceptional gratification at my expense. My friend tells me that I might not, perhaps, get a verdict. But I have read quite enough lately of the libel cases to know better than this. What do you think, Sir?

Yours indignantly,

THE LODGER.

THE BELGIAN VOLUNTEERS' RECEPTION PROJECT.

LAST year our riflemen visited Brussels, and were treated like princes by the hospitable Belgians. Lord Mayor Phillips was carried about in triumph in carriages and six, and the rest of his countrymen were scarcely less honoured. Under these circumstances, a patriotic band of English gentlemen formed themselves into a committee for the consideration of the advisability of returning the compliment paid to the citizen army of Great Britain, by inviting the Belgians to make for a brief season the land of Albion their home. We regret to say that the nation has not responded to the call with any very great amount of heartiness, that subscriptions have been few and far between, and that, consequently, the festivities will have to be conducted on principles of the strictest economy. We understand that the following will be the official programme of the week's entertainments:—

Monday.—Visit of the Volunteers to the Thames Tunnel. Inspection of the Duke of York's column. Excursion to

Putney by Omnibus. Visit of the Volunteers to *Man's Metamorphosis* at the Egyptian Hall.

Tuesday.—Private View of the Coliseum.

Wednesday.—Tour of the Metropolitan Railway. Grand Exploration of St. Paul's (as far as the Whispering Gallery). Visit of the Volunteers to the Cabinet Theatre.

Thursday.—Official Inspection of the Foundling Hospital. *Déjeuner* at the Chelsea Bun House. Excursion by Boat from Lambeth to Westminster.

Friday.—Professor Beckwith's Entertainment at the Lambeth Baths.

Saturday.—Grand Dinner at the Polytechnic.

BILL OF FARE OF THE DINNER.

First Course.—Watling's Pork Pies.

Second Course.—Sandwiches.

Third Course.—Bath Buns.

Entrée.—Acidulated Drops in Boxes.

Sweets.—Toffee, &c.

Dessert.—Marmalade and Raspberry Jam.

CHARADE.

The old chief sat at the head of the board,
And he gazed with a smile around.
Quoth he "We have weathered many a storm,
"But a haven at last we've found.
"The bravest might have turned my first,
"So often we ran a-ground;
"But we threw our ballast overboard,
"And here we are, safe and sound.
"Our good lieutenant has managed the craft,
"Through many a nasty sea;
"Though dizzy he never lost his head,
"When the breakers foamed on our lee.
"The sharks they followed us hard on our wake,
"Did he reck their jaw? Not he!
"He flung them my second, 'There swallow that,
"For you never shall swallow me.'
"You all remember the merry jest,
"With which he settled my first;
"Come bumpers, fill, and we'll drink his health,
"For I'm sure you are all a-thirst.
"Let the compound householder rail as he may,
"And kick till his bonds he burst;
"We've discussed him enough, now discuss our whole,
"And Gladstone may do his worst."

ANSWERS TO THE LAST CHARADE.

("Reform")

Young Arthur having "sold his soul,"
"Reform" was urged, that being my whole;
But when the duns around him pressed
He read my first, which "re" was guessed.
When he exclaimed "'tis but my second
A 'form' without his host he reckoned.
Love summoned up a "form" he knew,
To taunt him with derision;
"Reform" he needed it was true,
And *simple* is division.
But it may "fatal" prove as well,
A bill once thrown out, who can tell
The Ministers' decision?

T. F. D. C.

Correct answers received from Morton, C. H. U. R., Kappa, Seal, Duffer, W. B. C. Upper Wimpole street, Elise and Guise, F. Q. R., A. I. Leicester, Omega, H. Harrison, Portsmouth, G. E. H., Brompton square, Paddy, Dublin, J. H. B., Felstead, A. W. T., U. N. S., L. R., B. D., Boulogne, R. S. C., Z. A., An Afflicted Uncle, Socrates, A. R. T., Dandiprat; and 102 incorrect.

* * * Answers may be sent to TOMAHAWK Office, 9 Burleigh street, Strand, W.C.

THE LATEST FROM THE LUXEMBOURG THEATRE.

A claqué has been organized here in the pay of Prussia, with orders to shout "*Bis-bis-bismarck*."

PROTECTION FROM FIRE.

EXTRACT FROM "THE TIMES," JUNE 8, 1867.

"The **ARCHDUCHESS MATILDA** has ceased from suffering. The intended Mother of the future Kings of Italy, a lady destined to wear a diadem which has not rested on a female brow for centuries, a scion of that branch of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine in which public and private worth is most conspicuously hereditary, the daughter of the conqueror of Custozza, and grand-daughter of the hero of Aspern and Essling, a Princess in her nineteenth year, by all accounts endowed with rare gifts of person, mind, and heart, died on Thursday last at 8 o'clock in the morning—**OF A LUCIFER MATCH.** She inadvertently trod on one which was lying at her feet on the floor, as she leant out at the window talking to one of her relatives; **HER SUMMER DRESS WAS IN A BLAZE BEFORE SHE WAS AWARE OF IT,** and before anyone could run to her rescue, she sank to the ground in an agony of pain, from which only **DEATH RELEASED HER.**"

The above **ACCIDENT** could not possibly have occurred with

BRYANT AND MAY'S PATENT SAFETY MATCHES,

WHICH LIGHT ONLY ON THE BOX in which they are contained, as they may be trodden upon or exposed to any ordinary degree of heat without becoming ignited.

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Without the precaution of observing closely the Address, **BRYANT & MAY**, and their **TRADE MARK**—



the Public may be imposed upon with an article that does not afford

PROTECTION FROM FIRE.