

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PROETERIT."

No. 3.]

LONDON, MAY 25, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

WE have reason to believe that the recommendations of Lord Strathnairn's Committee on the Reorganisation of the Civil Department of the Army will be wholly negated by the Government.

THE following is a provision of the new Act for organising an army of reserve, which was read in the House of Commons for the first time the other night:—"Any volunteer deserting from the militia, and having been found guilty of such offence by a General Court-Martial, shall be sentenced to serve for twelve years in Her Majesty's army." What is the service coming to? No wonder recruits are not to be found now that the army is avowedly a penal institution.

THE Prince of Wales cleared £3,000 by the Derby. A certain noble Marquis lost above £100,000 by the same race.

POLITICAL EAVESDROPPINGS.

IT can be of no particular moment to the readers of the TOMAHAWK to know how the present details of the subjoined conversation came into our possession. We have numerous sources of authentic and early information.

Mr. D'Israeli seated. To him enters

MR. LOWE. My dear D'Israeli, you seem happy. Let me know the reason: I should like to share your happiness with you. As for me, the dismal prospect which I have drawn in my speech has quite overpowered me; and I confess myself unable to see any manner of good in any manner of thing.

MR. D'ISRAELI. It is true: I *am* happy. I have reason to be. You, with your absurdly Quixotic ideas about intellect and the franchise, never *will* be happy in this unintellectual world. But tell me, my intellectual Bob, did you think you had hit me so *very* hard in your recent speech, which I admit, as a rhetorical effort, was not without its merits.

MR. LOWE. I confess some of my remarks were levelled at you, Mr. D'Israeli, and I had flattered myself that they had not missed their aim. Plato—

MR. D'ISRAELI. Plato be—but I would say nothing to offend you; only, when you are a Minister, whose work it is to doctor a national constitution, it is really absurd to think about anything else than the nature of your task, your patients, and the possible manner in which your own interests may be affected. After all, circumstances control everything, and party politics are essentially the creatures of circumstances. You remember a passage in the *Antigone* of Sophocles, about the way in which inferior iron breaks, stubborn wills fail, while a certain pliancy of determination invariably succeeds. If you have Bohn's translation in your library I will show it you.

MR. LOWE. I am acquainted with the passage to which you refer, and, indeed, with every play of every Greek tragedian that has come down to us. There you are—

ἀλλ' ἴσθι τοι τὰ σκληρὰ ἄγαν φρονήματα.

MR. D'ISRAELI (*interruptingly*). Stop, pray stop. You give us quite enough of the classics with your everlasting quotations

out of the *Ænied*. In time you will have familiarized Mr. Bright himself with every line that Virgil ever wrote. But we are trifling time. You say you thought you had hit me pretty hard in your speech; I think I can guess how. You thought I should not like to hear you tell, and prove, too, to the satisfaction of the whole House, that I had completely abnegated every principle of Conservatism, and had inveigled my party into doing the same. Was that it? Ah, I thought so! Well, I will give you some account of my own estimate of all that I have done. By-the-by, I am thinking of asking my friend, Mr. Murray, some day or other to publish my autobiography, in which I shall chronicle at full the various sensations I have experienced at the different stages of my progress down the broad and straight road that leads to democracy this session; I believe the volume will be interesting, *mi carrissime Roberte!* (ah! I know some Latin as well as you!) There were certain errors running throughout the whole of your speech. You appeared to suppose, in the first place, that I had really had principles to renounce; in the second place, that I quite intended, from the first, to land the House of Commons and the country in that gloomy radical *Inferno* which you seemed to think we have at last reached. Now, on my word, it is perfectly immaterial to me personally, whether we are travelling towards democracy or not. I am fond of quoting, with one or two little alterations, a sentence of Gibbon's, "To the politician, all political creeds are equally useful, to the people equally true, and to the philosopher equally false." I, Mr. Lowe, am at once the politician and the philosopher. I am an ambitious man. I saw that many of my predecessors had stuck in that fatal slough of despond which bars the approach to Reform. I was determined I would not. To achieve a Reform Bill, then, was my aim. What the exact nature of that Reform Bill really was, you cannot suppose I have ever cared one jot. There it is that you are wrong, when you assume I have all along intended to lead Parliament with me as far as this particular point of Universal Suffrage. Parliament had stopped a little short of it, I should have been quite as well pleased; or if they had insisted upon going a little further, it would not have greatly mattered to me. As a politician, it is quite enough that I should have found the course I have adopted successful in securing for me a reputation which my dear friend Mr. Gladstone has never been able to gain—that of the introducer of a Reform Bill which will shortly have become law. There are some persons who tell me that I ought rather to have sacrificed office than to have stultified the political principles of my party, not to mention my own, and to have made the Conservative cause itself a mere *nominis umbra*, and nothing else. As for my own principles, I have none. As for the way in which I have induced those deluded gentlemen to renounce that creed in which they have been pleased to consider themselves and me a believer, it is ridiculous to censure me for their weakness and ductility, or for my own skill in persuading my colleagues in the Cabinet—in fact the whole House of Commons—to tread in the path in which I may choose for my own purposes to lead them. *N'est-ce pas?*

But Mr. Lowe has long since ceased to pay any heed to the oracular sentiments of which his friend was delivering himself. He had taken a miniature edition of Plato's "*Republic*" out of his pocket, and was now engaged in reading the account of the gradual transformation of the oligarchical into the democratical type of character.

OUR KETTLE-DRUM.

SCENE.—*A Drawing-room in Belgravia.*TIME.—*Five o'clock.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LADY PRAIRIE BIRD (*a charming woman of our acquaintance who will receive our readers on Thursdays to five o'clock tea. Lady P. B. is a little addicted to saying unkind things of her neighbours, and perhaps not particularly scrupulous as to veracity, but then she is such a charming creature after all.*)

MRS. MOUNT HYMEN (*a widow of some pretensions—physical and pecuniary, who has no objection to flirtation, and a decided predilection for Art, as practised by Madame Rachel.*)

MARGARET (*Lady P. B.'s sister—nice girl—with a real chignon, and a foolish taste for silence.*)

MR. GEORGE TITLARK (*something in the Foreign Office, with a flower in his button-hole—not much in his head, but then the flower in his button-hole is a cape jessamine, and that is worth something.*)

COLONEL COCKLOFT (*something attached, with a red face and an uneasy wig, accompanied by a slight tendency in his teeth to become unmanageable.*)

MARGARET is presiding at the three-legged altar of hospitality, without which no modern household respects itself.

LADY PRAIRIE BIRD (*to MRS. MOUNT HYMEN, who is entering.*) You dear, good creature, to come to a poor invalid's camp-fire. (*Lady P. B. is not an invalid, and her mansion in Belgravia does not suggest camp fires, but this is meant to be interesting.*) Sit down, do. And now, tell me, you take tea, of course. MARGARET, my dear, MRS. MOUNT HYMEN will take a cup of tea. (*MARGARET has every reason to know that MRS. MOUNT H. will take several cups of tea before she takes her departure.*) Now, do tell me dear, what is this story about poor Lady Cracknoodle; of course it is not true.

MRS. MOUNT HYMEN. Oh! my dear, you mustn't believe all you hear, and really, I don't know whether I ought to repeat it, only I know if I tell you you won't let it go any farther. Nobody can hate reports more than I do. The fact is, Lady Cracknoodle was seen at the opera on Thursday night—yes—it was the "Lucrezia" night—was seen with—(*MRS. MOUNT H. whispers the rest to LADY P. B., who fancies she blushes.*)

LADY PRAIRIE BIRD. And was his Lordship looking happy when you dined there?

MRS. MOUNT HYMEN. Now, really you are too bad; but I must say Lady C. does dress just a little too low; not that one can dress too low, now-a-days—you should see Flora Tuckerless in her last new corsage, from Paris! If the gold cords on her arms gave way, we should really have to turn the men out of the room.

LADY PRAIRIE BIRD (*whose shoulders are not to be compared with MRS. MOUNT H.'s*). Well, you know, it is a sad fashion springing up, and I believe it must be laid at the door of our neighbours in Paris.

MRS. MOUNT H. But then, it is so becoming, and after all—*Honi soit*, you know. How poor dear LADY CLARA LANTHORN can keep her things on, is to me a wonder. Will that extraordinary anatomical formation of her's—if she ever does wear a high dress—which seems improbable—those bones must cut the silk to pieces.

MARGARET. That was a knock, I think.

MRS. MOUNT HYMEN. Really, I must run away.

LADY P. B. Not for worlds. It is sure to be the Titlark, I know his knock. You know GEORGE TITLARK, a friend of NED GALLSEY's who wrote that article in the *Pall Mall*.

MRS. MOUNT H. What, "Pet Owls!" Oh dear! I should so like to know him.

LADY P. B. Why, the fact is, his sister wrote it for him. (*Enter Titlark behind a cape jessamine.*)

LADY P. B. So glad you're come—we're just talking about you. How are your sisters? Been dying to see them for the last week.

TITLARK. How d'y do. (*Gives his two fingers to Lady Prairie Bird, who returns them as useless,—after which he offers them to Margaret, who drops them as soon as politeness will allow her.*) Had the pleasure of being introduced to MRS. MOUNT HYMEN, at LADY ANGELINA'S—forgot me—afraid—charming—

was it not—Dear LADY PRAIRIE BIRD. Have you heard—dreadful row, House of Commous—Not! was there, at least, was told all particulars by TOM SINJOHN. LAYARD quite abusive—gray fun—HARVEY LEWIS—dreadful language.

LADY PRAIRIE BIRD. Oh! do let us hear. Now, what did they really say. Nobody seems to know.

MRS. MOUNT H. It must have been most amusing.

TITLARK. Well, really now, I don't know how to translate that—did say—couldn't possibly. Best fun—old GENERAL RUSH—standing by—forgot himself altogether—punch his head—gray fun—splendid.

LADY PRAIRIE BIRD. Not really? Now, I should never have thought it. MR. LEWIS is quick-tempered, and MR. LAYARD can be abusive when he likes, but surely members of Parliament,—

MRS. MOUNT H. When M.P.'s have been dining out, there is no saying what they are capable of—

LADY PRAIRIE BIRD. It certainly is difficult to gauge the capabilities of most members—my dear.

TITLARK. Very good—cap—al. By way—MRS. MOUNT HYMEN going to MRS. FLOAT's private thea-ricals?

MRS. MOUNT H. Well, I suppose I shall have to undergo that infliction, for dear MRS. VEENLETON's sake. You know she will act—bless her—and she is so plain—so very plain, and will play *ingénues*. What are they going to have—anything new?

TITLARK. I think I heard "De-icate Ground" was going to be played, and "Sti- Waters Run Deep." Novelties. Great bore. Must go.

LADY P. B. Few amateurs get beyond Delicate Ground and Still Waters. Not that they can act either as far as that goes. I wish people would give up amateur acting.

MRS. MOUNT H. For Heaven's sake, let 'em go on to the stage if they must act. Have you ever seen MRS. CAMOMILE's Madame de Fontagnes in Plot and Passion? It is what Mr. Titlark would call a caution. It makes you forget the Plot, and puts you altogether in a Passion. Hush, here's COLONEL COCKLOFT, who still dons the domestic buskin. My dear COLONEL, how are you? You are looking so well.

COLONEL COCKLOFT (*who has just entered, after arranging his wig and castagnettes outside*). Dyar LADY PRAIRIE; so glad to see you. Just come from rehearsal at MRS. FLOATS. Still on the boards you see. Can't resist it. Always quarrelling with Horse Guards. Love of stage. Bar to promotion. *Que voulez-vous?* Kemble—I mean Charles Kean—always wastrying to make me come out on the stage. Couldn't do it. Family always against it. But the love of it is there, still there. (*The Colonel makes a feint as if his white waistcoat contained something precious.*)

LADY P. B. As you are performing at dear MRS. FLOAT's, we were just saying what pleasure we should have in joining her party. Amateur acting is so refreshing after the staginess of the London theatres. MARGARET, the COLONEL has no tea.

COLONEL COCKLOFT. My dyar MISS MARGARET, pray don't give yourself the trouble. Well—if you please. Two lumps. Thank you.

(*The Colonel is horribly annoyed at having to take tea, as his nights are not what they used to be in his younger days.*)

LADY P. B. Now COLONEL, I know MRS. MOUNT HYMEN is waiting to hear your description of MRS. DRUMBLEDAY's *Matinée Musicale*. Do let us have it. (*And they do have it!*)

(*Colonel C. launches into tittle-tattle, and spreads his sails to the favouring breezes, fanned by Lady Prairie Bird and Mrs. Mount Hymen. Scene closes.*)

INCREDIBLE, BUT TRUE.—The sad accident which befell poor Grenier, a short time ago, in the second act of *La Grande-Duchesse*, by which he broke his leg, is well known. It is not so well known, that the director of the theatre allows the unfortunate actor 500 francs a-week, until he has recovered. M. Couder (*General Boum*) offered to give up his benefit for the sake of his brother-artist, but the director said, "No, take your benefit. M. Grenier broke his leg in my service, and it is my duty to provide for him." How many English managers would have done this? In France, the theatres are managed by gentlemen and men of education, which perhaps may account, in some measure, for the very superior class of pieces produced there. Let our English managers learn to adopt, from our neighbours over the water, something besides their dramas. They then may find it possible to have "a great and genuine success," without resorting to the most extravagant self-laudation and shameless puffing.

COURT AND FASHION.

Osborne, May 22.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise, drove out yesterday.

His Royal Highness Prince Leopold, attended by Colonel Ponsonby, spent the morning in digging on the sands.

Mr. Legg, Major General Sir T. M. Biddulph, the Hon. Mortimer Sackville West, were also in attendance on horseback.

Marlborough House, May 22.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales progresses slowly. The infant Princess, in the course of the morning, cut a tooth. Gen. Sir W. Knollys and Major Teesdale were in attendance on horseback.

On Tuesday evening, the Prince honoured the Alhambra Palace, Leicester square, with his presence. Gen. Sir W. Knollys and Major Teesdale were again in attendance on horseback.

On Wednesday His Royal Highness received a visit from Gen. Sir W. Knollys, the King of Greece, and the Hanlon Brothers.

On Wednesday the Prince rode out, visited the Hanlon Brothers and the King of Greece. His Royal Highness conversed cheerfully with the latter for some few minutes.

On Wednesday evening, His Royal Highness, accompanied by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Colonel the Hon. H. Byng, Major Teesdale, Gen. Sir W. Knollys, and suite, honoured the Canterbury Hall of Fine Arts, Westminster bridge road, with his presence.

Windsor, Wednesday.

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur slipped off the slopes this morning. His Royal Highness was, as usual, accompanied by Major Teesdale and Gen. Sir W. Knollys, both on horseback.

OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

JANUS respiciens (from the Times).

THE Dukedom of Burgundy exists no longer. Charles the Bold has no successor. Many interesting memories crowd upon us while we reflect on this fact. On another occasion I will give a brief sketch of the history of the last six Dukes. Now I will say something about the country itself. Burgundy is, as everyone knows, situated on the north-west shores of France. On the north and east it is bounded by the Atlantic Ocean, on the west and south by the rivers Garonne and Loire. It is a rich country and fairly cultivated. The population was about 160,000 at the last census. There were 23 large towns, 261 market towns, and 826 small villages or hamlets. The inhabitants speak a very pure French, slightly tainted with Dutch idioms. They are excessively morose in their dispositions. There are within the province 3,200 bullocks or oxen, 4,459 sheep, 6,201 lambs, and 5,641 goats or kids. There are also four cathedrals, the principal at Rouen. The chief product of the country is wine. There are 324 different vineyards, growing 920,000 vines, producing annually on the average 10,082,000,000 grapes. The wine is a yellowish white wine, not unlike sherry, though perhaps a little resembling port. It contains a large proportion of sugar. Last year there were 280,462½ butts exported. The sum received for wine annually by the country is £86,923 18s. 4½d. The women wear their hair in long plaits. The men are much addicted to smoking. They live chiefly on a species of cake made of potatoes, flavoured with leeks and raisins.

You will learn with great surprise and sorrow that the King, Louis Philippe, is dead. The empire may now be regarded as in some sort established in France. I have not had time yet to gather any particulars relating to the distinguished individual who now sits on the throne of the Bourbons, but I shall forward you some brief biography of him at the earliest opportunity.

Monsieur Thiers, it is said, will shortly be a candidate for a seat in the Corps Legislatif. M. Jules Favre and M. Berryer are also likely to join the ranks of the Opposition.

There is a report that there is to be a Great Exhibition this year in Paris. I am not prepared to state whether the report is founded on fact or not.

Best beetroot sugar is now 3 francs 20 centimes the pound. I ought to mention that there are 100 centimes in a franc.

P.S.—I open my letter to say that it is quite true that there is an Exhibition in Paris this year.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AMONG THE CABMEN.
NO. I.

THE attention of the Government having been drawn of late to the condition of the London cabmen,—and many representations having been made as to the lamentable ignorance frequently displayed by that individual as to the exact situation of many localities in the Metropolis. It has been determined that all cabmen shall henceforward receive their appointment directly from Government, and shall previously undergo a competitive examination before the Civil Service Commissioners. We have been favoured by these learned torturers with some of the papers, proposed to be set at the first examination. We need hardly say that they are distinguished by that eminently practical, and unpedantic spirit which has always animated the Commissioners and their employés.

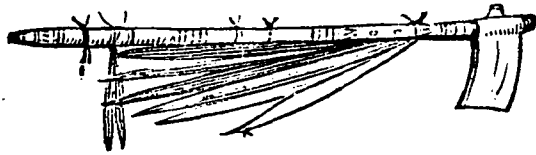
On Cosmogonical Geology and Universal History.

1. Illustrate by means of a synthetical parallax the digestive process in pre-Adamite Man, and compare carefully and critically the CEsophagi of Prediluvian Marsupalia.
2. Extract the oviparous process of a silicious Pterodactyle.
3. Calculate as nearly as possible the effect on the earth's surface of the friction produced by the annual migration of the Termitic Ants.
4. Deduce from a comparison of Mediæval with the Black Art, the probable amount of brass possessed by Tubal Cain.
5. How many times did the Moose-Deer shed his horns in the Ark, supposing him, at the time of his entering it, to have had none at all?
6. Extract the truth from the Blue Lias strata.
7. The exact age of the ass with whose jaw-bone Samson smote the Philistines, was twelve years, seven months, two weeks, and four Jewish days. How old would he have been if he had been a mule?
8. Trace the probable results to the whole of mediæval Europe:—
 - (a) If Romulus had died of the measles at an early age.
 - (b) If he had died of the whooping-cough.
9. Give Xerxes' hotel account during his invasion of Greece.
10. Assign approximate dates to the following events:—
 - (a) Cain's wedding breakfast.
 - (b) The earliest fact in Chinese history.
 - (c) The incursus of the first flea.
 - (d) The apotheosis of Rameses the First.
 - (e) The discovery of the native oyster.
11. Relate any story you may remember.

This is a step in the right direction. Having mastered these important facts, the London cabman will not only feel his profession elevated, his own bosom swelling with honest pride, while his very badge glitters with the rays of conscious intelligence, like a jewelled order of merit, but he will feel that to find his way from St. Paul's to Piccadilly is now, indeed, a simple and easy problem.

PORTER *versus* SUPPORTERS.

Is there anything dishonourable in the acquisition of a fortune by the sale of bottled stout? If there is not, what is the meaning of a paragraph which announces that Her Majesty has consented to allow the munificent restorer of Dublin Cathedral "to bear supporters to his arms." This, it appears, is "an honour hitherto restricted to the peerage." The days when cabs sport coronets, and Lord Mayor's titles go from sire to son, the less real gentlemen have to do with tinsel of this sort the better. The worthiest "supporters" of the name of "Guinness" are the gothic shafts of Dublin,—and they will be to the end of the chapter. Of course the mistaken compliment is paid to the public benefactor,—not to the brewer. As to the claim of the latter to "supporters for his arms," it would scarcely be urged by one who has quartered with the Kings all over the country. However, the above paragraph is a fact, and shows that we, or some of us, are still excellent snobs to the core.



LONDON, MAY 25, 1867.

TO ARMS!

WE understand that Her Majesty will shortly permit the following gentlemen to add supporters to their coats of arms,—a privilege until now reserved exclusively for the peerage.

BEALES, M.A.—Two Allegorical Characters representing Pomp and Vanity holding up a Donkey *rampant*.

S. H. WALPOLE.—A couple of Weeping Willows supporting a Pump *couchant*.

H. LEWIS.—A Doctor and a Speaker supporting a Slang Dictionary *mentant*.

J. BRIGHT, M.P.—The *Morning Star* and the *Evening Star* bearing up a Tub *occupé*.

D. BOUCICAULT.—A Wild Goose and an Octoroon raising a Bubble *récompensé*.

A. TOMAHAWK.—A British public and a Host of Talent supporting an Excellent Periodical.—*Price Two-pence!!*

SPORTING.

AS everyone is talking more or less about the Derby and Oaks, it is necessary to say something about horses in general, and race horses in particular. Well, now, the Epsom Downs are exceedingly jolly in a snow-storm, especially when you are having lunch on the top of a drag. Lobster salad is very nice, but it is a mistake to mix it too freely with champagne—it produces a species of dizziness and a thickness of speech, not altogether unreminding one of the worst cases of hydrophobia. But enough; this is trifling. You wish to see my credentials; well, here is the book I made on the Derby.

Horse backed.	Loss by the Transaction.	Gain by the Transaction.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Vauban . .	0 0 2½	0 0 0
Hermit . .	0 0 0	0 1 1½
The Field . .	0 4 0	0 0 0
Avron. . .	24,000 17 4½	0 0 0
	24,001 1 7	0 1 1½
	0 1 1½	
Total loss .	£24,001 0 5½	

I write this from Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane. All my creditors are here too. But you want a prophecy for the Derby, well here you are:—

VAUBAN	1
THE RAKE	2
AVRON	3

CENTAUR.

P.S.—One of my creditors has just told me that the Derby has been won this year by Hermit. Well, my prophecy will do for the Derby of 1868.

TWO EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY.

1st May, 1862.—My first ball last night. It was so nice, and Edwin was there, and I put his name down on my card at least four times in spite of the frowns of Mamma, who, somehow or other, doesn't seem to like him, I suppose because he is so cynical. Sir Robert Thickhead asked me out to dance the fourth quadrille with him, and I was awfully afraid of him, and should have said I was engaged to somebody else if it hadn't been for Mamma's cruel conduct. She clutched my card angrily from my hand with a very sweet smile, and tapped me on the shoulder very

hard indeed with her fan, and said that I had made a mistake, and that I oughtn't to disappoint "Dear Sir Robert." So I was obliged to go, and, oh! Sir Robert was so stupid, and talked such difficult nonsense. He wanted to know if I didn't think the ball "stunning?" and whether I was "in form" for a waltz at that late hour in the evening? Mentioning the conversation to Edwin afterwards, he told me that Sir Robert indulged in "slang." And then, after supper, such an event took place! After a most delightful waltz, Me and Edwin—I mean Edwin and Me,—no, I, wandered into the delightful conservatory attached to the ball room, and had a long confidential chat together. It is quite beautiful the way we both like the same things. He admires the moon, and so do I; I love the stars, and so does he; and we both like looking out of an open window, when Nature is bathed in the moonlight. Then he dotes upon Alfred Tennyson, and, oh, don't I! We couldn't quite agree about Mr. Tupper, but, really in my inmost heart, I really don't think the great Proverbial Philosopher is *quite* so good as the gentleman who writes the Moral Precepts for the school copybooks. I say I like him, because everybody loves him at Miss Minerva's Academy (how nice it is, I'm not going back next half—won't Polly Cleveland be angry at my leaving before her?)—so, after all, our disagreement about Mr. Tupper was not so very, very serious. Well, then, we began talking about the soul, and how destiny brought two souls together, very often intending that they might never again be twain. And then we went on to consider the mission of man and woman upon earth; how they ought to comfort and support one another in sickness and health. And then Edwin quite startled me, by asking me if ever I had cared for anyone? And when I said "Yes, Papa and Mamma," he laughed, and said he didn't mean them. And then I felt quite hurt, and the tears *would* come into my eyes, for although Ma does hit my shoulders with her fan sometimes, she is a dear, good old thing, and I love her. And then he leant his head towards me and whispered *such* words into my ears, he told me how he had longed for an opportunity to speak to me alone, how—I am sure he was going to say something very nice indeed, when Ma, with that horrible Sir Robert (I hate that man), came up and interrupted him. And I didn't see Edwin again. After it was all over, Mamma abused me very much. She said I looked horrible, dancing with that Mr. De Burgh (that's Edwin) all the evening. When I got up stairs, I looked in the glass, and what with the colour I brought from the country, and my white muslin dress, and my light blue scarf, I am sure I looked—well, I am sure I didn't look a fright.

1st May, 1867.—How horribly full town is, and what a terrible bore parties are, to be sure. Went, last night, to Eaton Place. Wretchedly slow—altogether a bad set. Young De Burgh, the penniless barrister (with whom I spooned rather my first season), and a lot of fellows as impecunious, were there. Not a soul worth knowing, except, perhaps, Bobby Thickhead, who is really a capital hand at a *double entendre*, and gallops splendidly after supper. Everything went wrong last night. First of all, Madame Chemisette hadn't made my dress half *decolleté* enough—scarcely low-necked. Of course, on this account, I had no chance with that bold Polly Cleveland, who, as usual, had scarcely any body on at all. Next, I had used up all my rouge, and looked as pale as a ghost. Next, my *blanc de perle* was of very indifferent quality, and showed the wrinkles awfully. Next, the man who took me down to supper, actually got me some soda, without any brandy in it! The wretch! Then my eyebrows came off in the middle of a quadrille, and my padding got disarranged at the end of a waltz. There was one incident in the entertainment, however, which perhaps I ought to mention here. I mean my interview with old Lord Satyrcourt, I noticed that he took a good deal more champagne than usual at supper, so when he asked me to dance a quadrille with him, I said "Yes," at once. It was great fun to see him staggering, with those uncertain legs of his, through the figures of the dance. Well, we got over it at last, and then I led him into the conservatory, after I had given Ma (who is useful, now and then, in spite of her vulgarity), an expressive look. Lord Satyrcourt wanted to be much too affectionate, but I soon brought him to the point, and Mamma coming in at the moment, we all of us settled that I was to be his lordship's third wife. So I am to belong to the "frisky matron division," as Bobby would say, after all. Some one told me, the other day, that Edwin de Burgh was going into the Catholic Church, heart-broken at my conduct. If he does, I shall go to hear him preach—black becomes his complexion.



THE HIGH-SPIRITED TORY!

JOHN BULL.—NEVER MIND, MY BOY, HE TAKES A LONG TIME GETTING INTO HIS PLACE, BUT WHEN

HE IS THERE, HE KNOWS HOW TO STAY!



AT THE COUNCIL.

(BEFORE MR. BARON TOM A HAWK.)

Robertson versus The British Public.

THIS was a case of disputed proprietorship. It appears that the defendants have for some years possessed a cloak bequeathed to them by one Richard Brinsley Sheridan, in trust for the testator's legitimate successor. Mr. Tom Robertson claims to be the late Mr. Sheridan's legitimate successor, as the author of *Caste, Shadow Tree Shaft, Society, and Ours*. The defendants join issue upon this point.

The first Witness called was the plaintiff, Mr. Thomas Robertson. Said his name was Tom. He was called Tom, because his name was Thomas!

Witness (irritably to Judge). Why don't you laugh at that? Don't you hear what I say? I am called Tom because my name is Thomas?

The Judge. Really, Mr. Robertson, I see nothing very witty in your remark.

Witness. Not witty? Why they would have roared at it, if I had only said it in the Prince of Wales'. Why, it's better than anything I've written in *Caste*.

The Judge. Certainly—I quite agree with you.

The Witness (continued). He had, with a masterly hand, sketched the world of fashion of the nineteenth century. He had—

The Judge. One moment, if you please. You say you have sketched society. Now, to sketch anything, you must have a model. What has been your model?

The Witness. Why, society, of course.

The Judge. What society?

The Witness. What! Do you really mean to hint that you don't know what society is? Well, all I can say is, that you can never have read the stories in the *London Journal*.

The Witness (continued). He had several children of his brain in attendance, who were prepared to prove, that he had inherited all the wit, brilliancy, and humour of the late Mr. R. B. Sheridan, and thus had proved his title to the property in dispute.

Captain Hawtree was then called. He made his *debut* in the military profession in *Ours*, under the assumed name of Calcot; he now belonged to *Caste*. Everything that was wrong was right—everything that was green was blue—everything that was scarlet was yellow—everything that was black was—

The Judge. Stop, stop! What on earth are you talking about?

Mr. Tom Robertson. What are you interrupting the witness for? All I can say, if you can't appreciate his wit, they laugh at it consumedly at the Prince of Wales'! (*To Captain Hawtree*). You were saying that everything that was black was—

Witness. White. And everything that is chocolate with lavender spots, is brown with pink stripes.

Mr. Tom Robertson. Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! Everything that is chocolate with lavender spots, is brown with pink stripes! (*With a glance of triumph*). There, what do you think of that?

[The Judge having been awakened from a gentle slumber, the trial was continued.]

The "Marquise" said that she was an unmitigated snob.

Mr. Robertson (interrupting). Your pardon, my ladyship—you are a specimen of the British Aristocracy.

The Witness. Nonsense, Mr. Robertson. If you knew anything about the matter, you would know that I am as vulgar as an illiterate barmaid. You have made me a "Marquise," but my proper sphere is the kitchen.

The Judge. And are these people your show characters, Mr. Robertson.

Mr. Robertson. Yes, my Lord; but I have got an Hon. Mrs. D'Alroyd, who calls her son the Hon. Master D'Alroyd.

The Judge. Thank you. I should have been delighted to have directed the jury to have found a verdict in your favour; but you see, Mr. Robertson, we must consider the merits of another claimant to the cloak of the late Mr. Sheridan with even greater merits than yourself. Of course I allude to the Poet Close, and—

Mr. Robertson. Stop, my lord. Have you seen *Shadow Tree Shaft*?

The Judge (courteously). No; but I will make a point of attending a representation of the piece in question, when I go to—hem—to Purgatory!
[Plaintiff nonsuited.]

SNAKES IN THE GRASS.

SOMEBODY signing himself V., and somebody else, have been quarrelling in a back column of the *Times* over the snakes' dinner hour, as arranged by the authorities at the Zoological Gardens. V. objects to the natural preference shown by the reptile department to live rabbits, and talks about the "agonies of deglutition," "nursemaids," and the "Divine ordinance." Somebody else is not so particular; and taking quite a snake's view of the matter, regards the ordinary zoological fare in the light of a mere cut from the joint with vegetables. That the public find the "agonies of deglutition," or to speak more plainly, the snake over his chop, highly amusing, there is not a doubt. Somebody else thinks it not only amusing, but instructive too, and as V. has nothing to say against the Divine ordinance of caging up a boa constrictor in a glass bandbox, perhaps V. has, on the whole, the worst of the argument. However, the correspondence has not been without fruit, as the following programme will show. It has been issued by the authorities in the hope of quieting the scruples of the one party, and at the same time of affording ample instruction and amusement to the other.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

On and after Monday next the following will be the Programme of the arrangements daily until further notice:

- | | |
|------------|---|
| 9 O'CLOCK. | The gardens will be opened to the public till dusk. |
| 10 " | Letting loose of the carnivorous animals, and commencement of half-price.
N.B.—Those who wish to avail themselves of the empty cages, can do so on payment of an extra charge of one shilling, or on personal application to the owners. |
| | Band of the Life Guards (Blue) in the bear's pit. Programmes may be had of the conductor on the previous evening, or handed on a stick from the hole. |
| 11 " | Feeding of the eagles, vultures, on hemp-seed, ground-sell, and sugar. |
| 12 " | Attempt to get the carnivorous animals back again. Balloon ascent. |
| 1 " | Lecture. The "Rhinoceros at Home," with brilliant illustrations among the audience. |
| 2 " | Uncaging of reptiles, feeding of boa constrictor on Welch-rarebits, clock-work mice, and piping bulfinches. |
| 2.30 " | Ride round the gardens on the back of the Chimpanzee. Great reduction made for schools. Visit of hippopotamus to the refreshment-room, and comic scene with the hyæna. |
| 3 " | Band of the Life Guards (Blue). Locality uncertain. |
| 4 " | General feeding hour. Feeding of Polar bears on pine apple ice and wafers, of seal on sealing wax, and grand humanitarian banquet to wild beasts, given by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. |

MENU.

POTAGE—*L'eau.*

POISSON—*Whalebones en papillote.*

ENTREE.

Cocher de fiacre.—*Sauce piquante. Enfant a la Maintenon.*

RÔTI.

Keeper.

LEGUMES.

Maitre d'Hotel aux pommes de terre.

ADMISSION—*One Shilling,*

Which may be taken out in refreshment if possible.

N.B.—The public are requested not to irritate the animals, especially when loose.

A CASUAL SUCCESS.—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE TAILORING CREED.

IF the men in the tailoring trade are "on strike," the masters (or some of them at least), are adopting in retaliation a striking mode of advertising. How is it that clothiers, more than any other particular trade, scorning every day prose, drape their thoughts in jingling rhyme, and woo their customers in strains poetic? "Poeta nascitur non fit," would seem to be the motto now-a-days appropriated by the entire tailoring community. Moses or Hyam would probably offer off hand in these days of cheap education, the following free translation of our classical quotation:—"He who fits you is born a poet." Well, we don't care to dispute this, so long as we are not dunned by them. We only wish they could be induced to believe that no true poet ever yet condescended to address his customers in language so absurdly prosy as "Victoria by the grace of God, &c." We have been led into these desultory reflections by the following advertisement:—

H. CREED AND CO., ARTISTES IN DRAPING THE REAL FIGURE. Practical experience, combined with a scientific knowledge of external anatomy, and the definite proportions and forms of the human figure, give him confidence in soliciting patronage.

To deal in clothes and Close so successfully, at one and the same time, is positively grand. There is a quaint dignity, mark you, in calling a "tailor" an "artiste in draping the real figure." For our own part, we hate those common-place men, who call "a spade a spade." Poetry, in our opinion, infused into every-day life, and applied to every-day wants, lends existence a positive charm. Does our friend of the scissors "lisp in numbers?" We see he possesses "practical experience:" we observe he has a vast "scientific knowledge of external anatomy:" we note, too, that he knows all about the "definite proportions and forms of the human figure." He is just the man for our fastidious taste. There is only one question we would ask: "Does he give unlimited tic?" On receiving an affirmatory assurance, we will undertake to call on him early on Monday morning, and give him an unlimited order. And we will recommend our friends to do the same.

THE UNCONSIDERED.

OF all the classes which go to make up the great framework of society, there is none which, either from numbers, or from actual usefulness, can claim the importance of the Unconsidered class, and yet such is the ingratitude and perversity of mankind, that it has ever been treated with the grossest ingratitude and the most unmitigated contempt. It is hardly necessary to define the Unconsidered, and to describe them would be tedious. Younger sons, in general, head the list, of course, and Government clerks, soldiers, professional men, and generally, everybody who disgraces himself by working for his living, and thereby, in effect admits, that Providence has not thought well enough of him to provide him with a living, unaccompanied by the necessity for work, is to be classed among the Unconsidered. The matter depends, in fact, upon the circumstances and prospects surrounding any individual, and the only consideration which is never suffered to be imported into the classification, is the personal qualities of the object. Yet, there is this reservation to make, that although the adventitious circumstance of personal merit will never take one of the Unconsidered out of his class, if unaccompanied by the eternal conditions of position and fortune, it will sometimes so far avail as to make him to be endured,—though always, of course, with unmistakable indications that the endurance is only conceded as a matter of generosity, and by no means as a matter of right. The conditions of society, however, are such that it is absolutely necessary to employ larger numbers of these lower creatures for the heavy work of dancing long dances, eating bad dinners, riding in the Row under the broiling sun, and taking chaperons down for ices. Thus, it happens that the Unconsidered are to be found in crowds in society, for which they were manifestly not intended in the original scheme of creation, and for which they cannot be considered suitable according to the eternal fitness of things. They are affected, however, to those various menial occupations which form, as it were, the basis of the social structure, and are to be found whenever the requirements of the day make it necessary to provide unskilled labour in large quantities. Thus they are found dancing with ill-looking girls destitute of money, chatting

with chaperons, who have neither balls nor dinners to give in exchange for the infliction, taking the governess down to dinner, being sent to get carriages, and then being made to ride on the box seat. Conscious, more or less, of their position, they are always ready to fetch and carry as may be required, and are only too grateful for any little crumb of kindness which may be thrown away upon them. But it is necessary for the well-being of society that they should never be suffered to encroach upon the ground properly belonging to the better classes, or to forget that they are of no value to anybody but themselves. Should the natural supply of snobs, which Nature has provided for the purpose, fail, the ingenuity of those who have at heart the general well-being, will, no doubt, find substitutes, but there are not wanting signs that the means of repressing the Unconsidered are beginning to fail. A girl naturally asks a man who is introduced to her, whether he has any brothers older than himself, and if he answers in the affirmative, she equally, of course, either refuses him his dance point-blank, or when the time arrives, throws him over as distinctly as she can. But these means show signs of failing. The spread of education and the increase of cheap newspapers may possibly furnish the reason why the class is becoming more persevering; but the fact is undoubted, combined measures, and a union have even been talked of, and we would bid all masters, matrons, and all leaders of society, to be upon their guard, lest by a strike of the Unconsidered, they may some day be left positively without the means of carrying on their trade.

LOVE A LA MODE.

WELL! I am gone. How lucky are we two,
That love's vase lies not shattered at our feet!
We've done our best to break it; now we know
It was no vase at all—a mere deceit.

I loved you for that you were lovely,—nay
I swear I thought I did, and think so now;
You loved me—Bah! I caught your eye one day,
You lacked amusement, I lacked sense, and so—

But I thenceforward, like the fool I am,
Remembered that small head and back flown hair,
Those lithe and snowy arms, those eyes that swam
In passion, and I fell into the snare.

And we loved well too—that is, while we loved,
Ah me! Those minutes when the drooped eyes,
And lips half closed, with whispers scarcely moved,
Made up what we both thought was Paradise.

And both of us, too, said that it would last,
And planned our life and love most prettily,
And kissed again. Well! Heaven be praised that's past,
And neither of us very like to die.

You know of other faces, I, too, know,
Perhaps of other arms, the world is wide,
And love goes out a-begging in it; so
For you and me there's much good yet untried.

Well, if all sinners go to the same place,
We probably shall meet again some day,
If so—for I lack sense as well as grace,—
Don't make a fool of me again, I pray.

If either one of us who part to day
Should fail to gild life's gingerbread anew,
Or give a thought to love that's passed away,
That one's the greatest fool, dear, of us two.

ARRÊT DE MORT.

WE observe that an art-critic expatiates on the array of talent displayed on the Royal Academy walls. We begin to think such a thing does not exist as an R.A. of talent!

MUSIC IN PARIS.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

22nd May, 1867.

YOU really must pardon me for not writing in comic "form" this week, as the recent festivities at the Embassy have completely used me up, so, for a change, my article shall be as solemn as the column of an English comic periodical.

It seems to me that a very erroneous idea has got abroad concerning *Don Carlos*, the latest opera which Verdi has given to the world, and which was represented for the first time at the *Théâtre Impérial de l'Opéra*, on the 11th of last March. The piece has certainly produced but little effect,—in point of fact, no Parisian will have it at any price, and smart young men, if they wish to describe anything as specially wearisome, will tell you that it is *Don Carlosant*. You will also learn that the music which it contains is "du Verdi Wagnerisé," but this you would not believe, because, although the work may in some respects differ from the ordinary run of Verdi's operas, it bears no resemblance to Wagner's music whatsoever. I decline to think that the world will not concur in our Parisian verdict, and that *Don Carlos* will be listened to with pleasure when other works from the same pen have been laid on the shelf. After all, what are the attributes to Verdi as a composer? They consist, for the most part, of force and passion, and I assure you that you will find plenty of both in *Don Carlos*. Verdi rarely goes in for refinement, and were he to do so, he probably would not be successful.

The musical form of this opera is certainly unlike that which Verdi usually adopts, in the same way that the libretto, by MM. Méry and Du Lode, is made very differently from the pattern generally employed by Signor Piave, of Milan, who has supplied Verdi with nearly all his books. In the *Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, *Ernani*, *Nabucco*, &c., one generally knows when a song is coming,—a bar of accompaniment, the singers clear their throats, step to the front, and off they go. Now, in Verdi's last work, this square-cut form will not be found, the reason being that the music which occurs intermediately between the set vocal numbers has been much more carefully elaborated than is the composer's wont; and it is needless to explain that when the recitative and narrative portions of an opera are brought into unusual prominence, the songs will come out with less relief. But, in adopting this form, Verdi has only followed the plan laid down by all composers for the French stage, and, as the operatic powers of the *Rue Lepelletier* have a somewhat autocratic way of doing things, it is probable that Verdi had no alternative.

Au bout du compte, I am extremely pleased with *Don Carlos*; I suppose that somebody's "Subscribers" (I fancy Mr. Mapleson's) will have an opportunity of judging its merits in London this season. By the way, the Tenor who sings the part of *Don Carlos* will find his work cut out for him, as his music is severe even for Verdi. Poor M. Morère, who takes the principal part here, is finding it out to his cost, still he sings with pluck, if not with skill, and the way he came up for punishment in the last act excited my admiration.

The other "principals" are Mademoiselle Saxe, who, I think, has, on the whole, the best Soprano voice now before the public. Madame Gueymard, M. Obin, who has but little remaining to him of what was once an admirable bass voice, and M. Faure, who is in Paris what he was in London, namely, a careful and accomplished artist, with few faults, but with little charm.

Roméo et Juliette still goes on attracting a large public at fabulous prices: I can only repeat in a higher degree the praise which appeared in your impression of last week. The execution of the piece is naturally much improved, but I wish the orchestra would not play quite so loud.

The Prince of Wales, after witnessing *La Grande Duchesse*, paid a visit to *General Boum*, escorted by the Marquis de Galiffet, M. Halévy, &c. He found the General in *deshabille*, but the defect having been remedied, they all adjourned to another room, where, over some wine provided by Prince Paul, the "Prince de Galles" complimented the General and the *Grande-Duchesse* on their acting. Mademoiselle Schneider received her meed of praise with perfect Grand-Ducal hauteur. We shall soon expect a work from the hand of the Heir-apparent, called "Behind the Scenes, or Glimpses of the Green Room."

CHARADE.

IN the soft luscious sunshine I basked on the bank,
And I mused on the follies of life:
On the baubles of honour and tinsel of rank,
The rewards of this world's bitter strife—
And I laughed to myself as I murmured my first,
'Tis not these that I crave, nor for these that I thirst.
All at once by my side, crying Whoa! to her wheel,
Madam Fortune, methought, I espied;
What covetous pangs did my bosom then feel!
Still her smiles with my smiles I defied.
"Come, my second," she whispered, "whatever it be,
Dear youth, that you long for, I'll give it to thee."
Then my heart on the wings of love flew to my home,
Where my darling sat waiting for me—
What riches, what glory, can tempt me to roam
(She was rocking our babe on her knee).
"Oh, Fortune, dear Fortune, but give us my whole,
"Far from us then for ever your wheel you may roll."

ANSWERS TO THE LAST CHARADE.

("Whitebait.")

BEFORE the New Zealander, wand'ring at ease,
Nor dreaming of bonds nor of foes,
In his mountainous land in the southernmost seas,
On sudden, the *white* man arose.
(Not the Brighton M.P., though a wight beyond doubt,
Whose style is the Sheridanesque when put out!)
"Good Chieftain, the great civiliser behold:
In the wake of Progression I follow;
Your land is a *bait*, and a fair one I'm told,
Which Civilisation must swallow!
I've come to your country, pray come you to mine,
At once, if you're not very busy;
I want you off Whitebait at Greenwich to dine
With our Tories, Lord Derby and Dizzy!"

R. ST. J. C.

THE good ship "Reform" has been rock'd about
Since the Nation that ship did launch;
The danger made many turn "white," my first,
But most of the crew have been staunch.

Lieutenant Disraeli kept cool his head,
And saw sharks lying in wait;
But, with steady right hand, he gorged them all
With lots of my second—"bait."

My first, "White," could not enjoy the jest,
For Dizzy him did quite bait,
But men of all parties don't fail to enjoy
My whole, the Greenwich "Whitebait."

W. B. C

7, Upper Wimpole street, May 20, 1867.

Correct answers have been received from K. Y., F. G., J. O., Z., Hampstead; and incorrect from sixty-three others.
Answers may be sent to No. 9 Burleigh street.

SOMETHING LIKE A HASH.

MR. LAYARD was heard to say that he objected to having a stake in the country if it must be accompanied by Harvey's Sauce.

CHANGE IN THE ROYAL LIVERY.—The Queen's colour has changed from Scarlet to Brown.

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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PROTECTION FROM FIRE.