

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PROETERIT."

No. 4.]

LONDON, JUNE 1, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

A statement has just gone the round of the papers, to the effect that an officer of high rank in the army is to be called upon to resign his commission in consequence of his name being associated with a recent turf scandal. We are going to be less reserved. The scandal is the notorious Soiled Dove case, and the name of the officer is General Shirley.

General Kauffman, who drew up a scheme for the invasion of India during the Crimean war, has been appointed by the Russian Government to succeed General Romanovsky as governor of the newly acquired provinces in Central Asia.

A scheme of great importance to the travelling world is now the subject of Imperial consideration in France. It is proposed that railway tickets should be abolished, and that passengers should buy their travelling power by distance instead of by journies. The intending traveller would thus be enabled to lay in a stock of a thousand of kilometres of travelling in paper, would simply enter the railway where he pleased, and at the end of his journey would tear off from his paper-kilometres the number he had used and would have no further trouble.

THE new French cannon, of which so many wonderful accounts have been given, is nothing more nor less than a cluster of 29 rifle tubes fired by means of a wheel which ignites successively the charges all round. It has the advantage of having no recoil, but it is not considered a success.

THE INTERNATIONAL LETTER-WRITER.

EVERY one knows that Mr. Beales, M.A., has recently answered a letter from General Garibaldi, in the gushing school peculiar to modern Italian literature, but it is more than possible that many of our readers do *not* know that the President of the Reform League, emboldened by the success of his first attempt at catching up "style," has continued the international series. By what means we have been enabled to lay the following interesting specimens before our numerous subscribers is our matter, and no one else's. All that our friends have to do is to shut their mouths, open their eyes, and see what we have sent them.

LETTER I.

MONSOO BEALES, *Maiter der Artes ah* LEMPERER LOOEY NAPOLEON.

SEAH,

Ler Reform League ay ley pay. Noo sommes bokoo enchantay quer vous away en France le universal suffrage. Say tooterfay un bong chose. Sertaimon wee un bong chose. Vooley voo ayay ler bontay der prennayler position der vice-president du Reform League. Embracee, Monsoo, le civilization de L'Angle-

terre. Vollar pourquaw jay away prennay le libertay der ecreevay ar voo. Mon Doo wee, par pore oter chose sur mon onner. Mon letter say ler patriotism par ler impertinence, comprenny voo. Reponday civil play. Donnay may complamon ar limperatrice, ay pensay voo quer jers swee toojers votrer vraymont, Ler Maiter der Artes, BEALES.

LETTER II.

From the Pale-Face BEALES to the Red-Skin O-KI-RI, surnamed the "Tiger-slaying Chimpanzee."

BEALES, Ruler of all the Arts, Chief Medicine Man of the Reform League, salutes his brother of the Prairie. Will the 'Tiger-slaying Chimpanzee' accept the post of Vice-President in the wigwam of the Reform League (Clerkenwell Branch)? The 'Tiger-slaying Chimpanzee' will not be expected to pay anything to the pale-faced Master of Arts; all that is required is the moral support of the mighty hunter of the Prairie. The calmut of clay, and the fire-water of the Pale-faced Kinahan, will be discussed at the Council.

LETTER III.

From Massa of Arts BEALES to Ole Uncle NED, South Carolina.

Golly, golly, I say, Massa Uncle Ned, I'se got a widdle for yu. Why am us not got de universal suffrage? Golly, golly, gib it up? So does dis 'ere child! Yaw! yaw! yah! yah! Golly, golly, I say, ole nigger, I tell yu wot yu do Sare, yu become Vice-President of the Reform League, dat is wot yu do Sare. Don't say anoder word Sare, dat is wot yu do Sare.

MASSA BEALES.

LETTER IV.

Mandarin (of Arts) BEALES to the EMPEROR of CHINA.

The Celestial Beales, the cousin of Aurora, the son-in-law of Neptune, the half-brother of Saturn, and the President of the Reform League, falls on his face, and kisses the hem of the garment of that Great-Grandmother of the Moon, the Emperor of China. Will the most noble the Deceased Wife's Sister of the Sun illuminate Pentonville, with the glories of his countenances by accepting the post of Vice-President of the Reform League? The Celestial Beales grovels in the earth before the throne of the magnificent Nephew of the Comet, and implores a speedy answer to his humble petition.

LETTER V.

From Maister BALES to TIM O'FLAHERTY.

Tim, yer thief of the wurruld, shure its old Bales who's talking to yer. What's he's got to say to yer? Be aisy now and shure its maself that will tell yer? Tim, yer blayguard, will ye consaint to be a Vice-President of the Raform Lague? Say yes, darlin' na cruiskee mavourneen, and oblige your ould spalpeen of a Maister of Arts

OULD BALES.

THE RIGHT WAY TO WRITE.—The King of the Greeks has been taking lessons in penmanship at St. Petersburg under the direction of the Czar. The very promising nature of the youthful sovereign's recent sketches in *Creta levis*, is said to be the immediate cause of his future uncle's interest in his progress in this respect.

OF COURSE.

OF the Derby Course, of course !

I was determined to enjoy it this year, come what might. Charlie Fox was to call for me at the club in his break—a scratch-break, subscription paid in advance—that was a fiver ; but then it was tip-top, fresh varnished, and a coronet on the panels, with two grooms in cockades, and plenty of solid accompaniments, which might cement, as Charlie says, our acquaintance with Fortnum and Masonry.

Up early ? Of course I was, and invested in a Cape Jessamine (that was half-a-crown on the Derby day), which I discovered afterwards was pierced through and through with a rusty wire, and fastened on to a false stalk. I had a really good opportunity to moralise over that stalk, but I will spare you my reflections.

Did I breakfast ? Now, can you ask such a question ? My club is the Rough and Tumble, and if there is a place where you can enjoy a grilled whiting and an *omelette aux fines herbes* more than in the R. and T., let me know, that's all. I don't know whether it is absolutely necessary that I should confess that I had been very late at a very nice ball over night—a long way over, for the *cotillon* didn't leave off till half-past four—but I found myself after breakfast sitting in an arm-chair in the smoking-room, with a Laferme in the corner of my mouth, and some soda and brandy before me. You may tell my sisters if you like, for they wouldn't believe you.

But Charlie Fox didn't leave me there long ruminating, for I heard the turn-out drive up, with a sound as of many gongs and tinkling cymbals, and these were the four bays, I was told, but I could swear they were bright green ; anyhow they looked uncommonly well with their ostrich plumes in their heads. Now, why should Charlie have had hearse plumes ? Well, all I can say is, they looked uncommonly handsome, and so did Charlie, who was handling the ribbons ; though I confess it struck me for a moment—only a moment—as *rather* odd that he should wear his night-shirt over his regimentals ; but he looked every inch the gentleman—so did the ladies outside, and the grooms with the hampers inside.

I had absurdly enough forgotten my overcoat and glasses ; in fact, I believe at one time in the day I had not the required amount of decent clothing on me ; but my Cape Jessamine was kind enough to blow out of all proportion, which concealed my blushes, and did duty for a waistcoat. By the way, what could have persuaded Charlie to invite my three maiden aunts and the family undertaker is more than I can comprehend. I suppose there was some connection between this last and the plumes on our four nags, but I haven't made it out yet.

Anyhow, we were jolly—really jolly ; the weather was lovely, and there was nothing to throw the slightest cloud over my enjoyments, unless it was a perverse desire on the part of my stoutest aunt to sit on my chest ; but this, of course, I did not give in to, and I had the pleasure of transferring her to the undertaker at last, which was a great relief.

I have been told that toll-bars have been done away with, but not at all ; there they were, as big as ever, but to all appearance under the guidance of the same pike-keeper, who, to my no little astonishment, was a Member of Parliament whom I had met two nights before at a dinner-party, and with whom I had had a long discussion as to the probable final end of the new poet Calydon.

What sudden loss could have brought this M.P. down to a pike was more than I could conjecture, but his ubiquity was marvellous. We had no sooner passed through one gate before he appeared at another, and never took toll without asking for news of Calydon.

We were soon, however, forgetting the road after turning on to the turf, and after choosing a nice place for the drag between the Judge's chair and the winning-post, we devoted ourselves to unpacking the hampers. My maiden aunts had much more go in them than I had ever imagined, while the family undertaker was a perfect little warbler and comic reciter in one—so many funny epitaphs did he relate, so many funeral sermons did he set to music.

I must say that we were a little damped by the discovery that Fandell's hamper contained nothing but seidlitz powders and the last series of Proverbial Philosophy, but both these condiments seemed to agree with my three aunts, and even to get into their heads, for they persisted in the wild attempt of mount-

ing d'Estournel all three together : no wonder the brute was cowed this time. My head was getting rather bewildered with the shout of "*Bar one.*" "*Two sticks for a penny.*" "*Here you are again.*" Shies at aunt sally ; knock-'em-downs ; acrobats ; organs ; monkeys, &c., &c., when my wandering senses were brought to a focus by a nigger serenader, in whom I discovered, from a total absence of chin, and a generally effete appearance, the well-known countenance of Calydon himself who had blacked his face, and was then singing to an obsolete Sapphic melody, the most horrible—well, I don't think it fit to publish my impressions—but at this moment d'Estournel rushed madly across the course, guided by my three relatives, and seizing the black-dyed Calydon by the neck, flew past me with a rush that sent me into our neighbour's ice-pail. To my astonishment, I was still at the club, and it was snowing. I never lost so little at a Derby in all my life.

BUBBLES FROM THE BOILERS.

WE are delighted to be able to announce that the authorities of South Kensington are going to add another to the many boons which they have conferred on the lovers of true Art. They have determined to create a department for the purpose of collecting all the *Menus* at hotels, public dining-rooms, clubs, and private houses, for the next two years. They will be collected in folio volumes, handsomely illustrated, with notes, by several learned commentators, selected from among the most approved "*gourmets.*" The plan will involve considerable expense, but the Nation will not grudge the money, when they consider the stupendous importance of the object, the stores of knowledge which will be gained, and when they remember the scrupulous economy and consummate judgment with which the authorities of South Kensington have ever administered the funds entrusted to their care.

The department will consist of the following officers and *employés*. Many of the places are not yet filled up :—

Chief Commissioner and Inspector of "*Menus*" (salary £2,000), H. Cole, Esq., C.B.

Assistant Commissioner, "A Captain in the Engineers" (salary, £1,500).

Secretary (salary, £1,000), Norman Macleod, Esq.

Chief Experimental Diner Out (salary, £800).

Six Assistant Diners Out (salary, £500).

Reviser of "*Menus*" (salary, £600).

Chief Cook (salary, £500).

Five Assistant Cooks (salary, £250).

Twenty Special Correspondents (salary, £200 per annum, and allowances).

Three Hundred Special Policemen (to obtain information from cooks), (salary, £150 per annum, and allowances).

There will also be a staff of clerks, in fact, no labour or expense will be spared to render the collection as complete as possible. Those "*Menus*" which shall most meet with the approval of the Commissioners, will be published in the *Times* once a week. England may now congratulate herself that she has at length succeeded in organizing a department which will not let the interests of High Art be neglected any longer. We look for great results from this admirable scheme.

OUR ART IS NOT OUR OWN TO GIVE.—The *Illustrated London News* has had, and still has, a great reputation for being the best of all illustrated journals. So be it ; but just look for a moment at a woodcut intended to represent H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and suite visiting the British Section in the Paris Exhibition. You will there observe three figures, bearing a strong resemblance to three condemned felons of reputation, as exhibited by Madame Tussaud, which are no doubt intended for the Prince of Wales, Lord Royston, and, who shall we say—anything less characteristic, less English, or more unlike the originals, never disgraced the *Illustrated London News* pages. Now, we are not going to quarrel with the proprietors for employing a cheap foreigner in preference to native talent, but if they prefer a French artist, why choose M. Jules Pelcoq ? who, at best, is perhaps the worst of the designers for the *Charivari*, and who is evidently completely unfit for illustrating a periodical which, up to the present time, has some right to its reputation.

HOW TO ELECTRIFY THE WORLD.

THE Sensation Leader is one of the most suprising phases of modern journalism. It is something quite appalling in its wild sublimity : and yet like all other truly sublime things, it is startlingly simple in the elements which compose it. The Sensation Leader admits of four divisions :—

1. There is the Sensation Leader Tragic.
2. There is the Sensation Leader Classical.
3. There is the Sensation Leader Prurient.
4. There is the Sensation Leader Personal.

Sometimes, of course, we meet with an instance which is nothing more nor less than a conglomeration of all these styles, in which the tragic, the classical, the prurient, and the personal element are so skilfully intermingled that we can scarcely tell where one begins and the other ends. But as a rule it will be found that the system of classification which we have adopted is generally available.

1. *The Sensation Leader Tragic* may be briefly described as that which makes a mountain out of a mole hill. And of the tragic, there are principally two kinds, the social and political. The tragic-social bears a close affinity to the nightly visions which haunt the couch of indigestion. The tragic-political contemplates nothing short of a total dissolution of our present political system. Some stump orator, or some Parliamentary demagogue, delivers himself of a few frenzied utterances, and on the strength of these we are told that a certain abstraction termed "the people" is infuriated by a sense of aristocratic injustice, and resolutely bent upon redressing its own wrongs at our expense.

2. *The Sensation Leader Classical* displays itself principally in the way of parallel and reminiscence. Some unfortunate youth is drowned, and we instantly have two paragraphs, in which we find a compendious history of all the deaths by drowning that occurred within the whole reign of classical history presented to us, from Hylas downwards. A Christmas-day occurs, and we are then treated to a brief survey of what Athens and Rome were before there was any Christmas-day at all. Or some piece of classical crockery is hunted up, and we are told what might or might not have been witnessed by this said pot or pan two thousand years ago. The sensation leader classical is, perhaps, the easiest of all to write. A very moderate knowledge of Keightley's Mythology, Lemprière's Classical Dictionary, and the Hand-book of Latin and Greek Quotations will be found sufficient.

3. *The Sensation Leader Prurient* is one remove more difficult than either of the foregoing. It requires a certain delicacy of touch. The flavour must not be too strong, and yet it must be strong enough. Nothing is so good a text as a few suggestive sentences out of the reports of trials in the Divorce Court. There must be a good admixture of naughty inuendoes and suspicious *doubles entendres*. A spade must not be called quite a spade, but something very like the word may be used. It is principally important, however, that the extremes in language, if any, should not be on the side of modesty. If the composition of the leader prurient is somewhat troublesome to the author, he is, at least, amply repaid by the suggestion that hundreds of his fellow-creatures gloat with stealthy but immeasurable delight over all he has written.

4. *The Sensational Leader Personal* is, so far as the nature of the effect necessary for its composition, in many respects, the same as the leader prurient. The great art consists of knowing when and how to drag in personalities. Of course, if this is done too palpably and grossly, the writer may get himself into trouble. If, for instance, the author of a certain article in the *Daily Telegraph*, on Friday, May 24th, which is, perhaps, the best instance of the sensation leader personal on record, had simply stated that doubtless it must be very gratifying to a certain wealthy Commoner, whose horse did *not* lose this year's Derby, to witness the spectacle of a certain noble lord's pecuniary disappointments on the race, because the noble lord in question had robbed him of his bride ; if all this had been said, and the names of the personages concerned had been inserted, the editor of the *Daily Telegraph* might possibly have been compelled to furnish the name of his talented contributor, who in his turn might have received, what he richly deserved, a sound horse-whipping. But when we read, "if a man who has lost Atalanta in the race for love, wins the Derby, he may naturally find an added pleasure in remembering that his rival does not carry everything before him, &c.," when the ingenious

writers asks, "why should we not call up him who left half-told the story of young Lochinvar ;" when he next remarks that "the deserted bridegroom had not exhausted *all* his fortune in paying the young lady's debts ;" when he informs us that "young Lochinvar not wholly absorbed in his pretty prize—made a big book for the Derby," and finally suggests that the winning horse should be re-christened "Revenge, out of Elopement," we all of us smile and reflect with ourselves how *very* clever the gentlemanly writer of all this must be, and how *very* skilfully he contrives to place himself just outside the range of corporal castigation.

"LUMPS FOR TURKISH DELIGHT."

It is at length officially announced that the Sultan of Turkey will pay a visit to the metropolis during the course of next month. The rumour that he had been induced to extend his journey to England in consequence of having entered into an engagement of a most lucrative nature with Mr. E. T. Smith, has been most emphatically denied in the evening edition of the *Hadj-medgid*. If this be true, there is every reason to believe that his sojourn in this country will not be connected with matters either of a diplomatic or professional character. A committee of Turkish gentlemen, resident in London, have therefore lost no time in making fitting preparations for his reception and entertainment. The following is their official programme :—

FIRST DAY.

Arrival of the Sultan at London Bridge by the General Steam Navigation Company's boat from Boulogne (fares : first class, 11s. ; second class, 8s. ; steward's fee, 1s.) The wharf will be kept by a detachment of the Shoeblack Brigade. Official visit to Buckingham Palace. Official attempt to get in. Official refusal of admittance. Grand tea at the Sablonière Hotel, Leicester square.

SECOND DAY.

Renewal of official attempt to get in somewhere. Attempt at Marlborough House. Official failure of attempt. Turkish Bath. Visit to Greenwich Hospital. Banquet at London Bridge Station, on *Ra-haat-la-koom*, or "Lumps of Turkish Delight" (1 penny each). Visit to *Cremorne*, on which occasion the admission to the Gardens will be raised to half-a-crown. The Magic Cave, Sultan, and Shooting Gallery, each 6d. extra. Ticket to admit to all the three, one shilling.

THIRD DAY.

Unofficial visit to the presiding Magistrate at Bow Street. Official fine of five shillings, or seven days' imprisonment. Removal, on bail, to the Turkish Embassy, and luncheon on Turkey rhubarb. Turkish bath, and grand religious ceremony at the Alhambra. Admission one shilling.

FOURTH DAY.

Reception of Deputations.

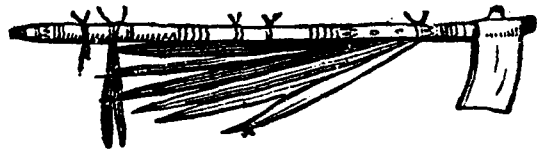
- 12 O'CLOCK.—The Religious Tract Society, to beg His Serene Highness to be off at once.
- 1 " The Community of Mormons, requesting his patronage, and presenting prospectus. Conversion of the Sultan, by arrangement.
- 2 " Enterprising Music Hall Managers offering advantageous terms per night, or for a longer period.
- 3 " Holders of Turkish Securities asking him generally what he means by it.
- 4 " Proprietor of the Sablonière Hotel requesting immediate payment of his bill. Turkish Bath. Repetition of Grand Religious Ceremony at Alhambra. Admission sixpence.

FIFTH DAY.

Serious outbreak at Constantinople, and consequent preparations for departure. Deputation of creditors to protest against same. Turkish bath. Visit to Oriental Club. Exhibition of black balling. Grand dinner to remnants of the Turkish Wax-Work Exhibition and Chang. Attempt to renew religious ceremonies at the Alhambra before the doors open. Failure with Dervish dance outside, and row in the Haymarket.

SIXTH DAY.

Second Deputation from Religious Tract Society, to express surprise at non-departure. Visit of their solicitors with handsomely bound copy of Lord Campbell's Act. Ninth presentation of hotel bill, and sudden departure of the Sultan for Constantinople.



LONDON, JUNE 1, 1867.

AN ARTICLE FOR THOSE WHO LIKE LEADERS.

THE Conference of London has sat upon and finally hatched a peace, which the politicians hope may grow up till it becomes a hale and hearty specimen of the dove kind. All the interests of *almost* all the European Powers is now against war, for since peoples have possessed a voice in governments the claims of industry have perforce been admitted, and as it is upon industry that the burdens of war have always fallen, and while the laurels have been reserved for others, the indisposition to fight for anything short of actual necessity has become an article of faith of the European credo. And even in those countries where the less are always made to give way to the more glorious ideas there are reasons for avoiding at present the chances of war. This one is reorganising her army and keeping down her late-*rals*—that has an Exhibition, with millions of capital engaged; and thus by common consent the London Conference has been allowed to give effect to the desire to wait a little longer. But the war is not abandoned, only postponed, and the hatchet is so ill-buried that the head of it is positively sticking out of the ground for those who have eyes to see it. Throughout France there is a deep and stinging discontent with the course of events, which the past few months has increased rather than diminished, and there is besides a failure in the belief that the Emperor is the wisest of men and the first of politicians. Financial matters are very wrong too. The Paris and Lyons Railway, a fortnight since, discharged 30,000 men in one day, for want of capital to keep them employed; there are ugly tales abroad as to the manner in which the supplies were found, or rather taken for the Mexican expedition, and altogether there is a very disagreeable heap of grievances which must somehow or other be covered and condoned. The only means of doing all this at once is a war, and at the present moment nothing would be more popular than a war with the Power which is now overshadowing the eastern and northern frontier of France. The French army too has received additions quite lately, and that from sources and in a manner which is not usual. Altogether we would recommend the gallery not to applaud till the end of the piece, and to wait and see what the closing of the Exhibition will bring forth.

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN THE LOBBY.

LAST week we showed how much the Civil Service Commissioners are going to do for the London cabmen. Some doubts have been thrown by an impertinent correspondent on the genuineness of the Examination Paper then given. He implies that we are intruding on the Commissioners' province, and trying to cram the public. We reject the imputation with scorn.

We have great pleasure in announcing that an effort is going to be made to improve the intellectual condition of the House of Commons. Every member, before taking his seat, will pass a Test Examination in English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Latin, and French. We may now hope to have more speeches like those charming performances of Mr. Pugh, in which the illustrations are so luxuriant as completely to conceal the text. Some orators certainly may regret the change, since

it is by no means so certain that the House will cheer Latin quotations, when they understand them, as heartily as they do now.

Everybody will agree how important it is that a member of Parliament should have a thorough knowledge of the history of his own country. We therefore select as our first paper the one on

ENGLISH HISTORY.

1. Give any social statistics you can concerning the ancient Briton, and state the average amount of an adult chief's Tailor's Bill before the Roman Invasion.
2. Trace step by step the connexion between the Anglo-Saxon code and the laws of the Thames Angling Association.
3. Identify, from contemporary records, King Alfred with the "Wandering Minstrel," and state approximately the amount he realised by instructing the Danes in the British Hornpipe.
4. Estimate the number of Norman invaders from the French Rolls of the period. Why was William II. called Rufus? Refute the vulgar account of his death, and show that the bow which Walter Tyrrel drew was a long one, and that the only Bolt which he made was after ~~the~~ transaction.
5. Draw a parallel between Beauclerc and Beau Brummell.
6. How long did Edward Longshanks lie in bed of a morning? Trace the origin of Parliament being called "short Commons" during his reign.
7. Describe the ancient custom of "Sucking the Monkey," and show what effect it had on the Constitution.
8. "Buy a broom, buy a broom.
Here's a fine one for the ladies,
A small one for the babies," &c.

Trace the political origin of this ballad, and investigate the probability that the founder of the House of Plantagenet was a crossing-sweeper.

9. What was the thickness of the rope by which Richard Cœur de Lion and Blondel made their escape. Transcribe the tune played by the band on that occasion.
10. Write out as much of Hume and Smollett's History as you can remember.

PYGMALION TO HIS STATUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. D'ISRAELI.

There may be visions lovelier,
Than that I gaze on now;
There may be eyes that sparkle with
A more ingenuous glow.
There may be statesmen more sincere—
Diplomatists divine:
But none, oh, none, so dear to me,
As that sweet self of *mine*!

And yet it is not that I boast,
Of any lovesome mien,
A more unprepossessing face,
Is very seldom seen.
But when I view my ample brow,
In wonder lost I stare;
And negative the well know line,
For "minds' *not* wanting there!"

Those simple souled Conservatives,
How at my nod they come!
Those unsuspecting Country Squires—
I wind them round my thumb!
I gild the pill: they bolt it straight,
Without the least ado;
Digest it—feel its nature—look,
True their colour, *blue*!

Let Lowe abuse my moderate bill
To me it's all the same;
Republican or Radical—
What *is* there in a name?
There may be senators who choose
A more straightforward line,
But no one's ever done a trick
At all to equal mine!



PYGMALION AND HIS STATUE.

DIZZY.—DEAR EMBODIMENT OF ALL THAT IS GOOD, AND GRAND, AND GREAT, HOW I DO LOVE THEE!



AT THE COUNCIL.

(BEFORE MR. BARON TOM A' HAWK, AND A COMMON JURY.)

Curious Case of Disputed Ownership.—The Brush versus The Pen.

A NEW comedy-drama, entitled *A Great City*, has been produced recently at Drury Lane Theatre, and (according to the advertisements), has gained a "brilliant and legitimate success." The dialogue of the play in question has been written by Mr. Andrew Halliday, and its scenery has been painted by Mr. Beverley. Messrs. Halliday and Beverley both claim the "brilliant and legitimate success" which the piece has attained.

The first witness called was Mr. Andrew Halliday. He said that he was the author of *The Great City*. It was a comedy-drama.

The Judge. Now, before we go on any further, will you kindly explain what you mean by the term comedy-drama?

The Witness (in a melancholy tone). Well, to tell you the truth, my lord, I have the vaguest possible notions about my piece. When I wrote it, I intended it to be funny, but when I saw it acted, I was obliged to allow that it was very gloomy indeed. It is rather a painful subject to touch upon, but the fact of the matter is, I have written so many burlesques in my time, that I have settled into a deep melancholy.

The Judge. Why, Mr. Halliday, I have always been given to understand that burlesques are invariably received with laughter.

The Witness. It is quite clear to me, my lord, from the sense of your last remark, that you can never have seen any of my burlesques. If you are at all curious about their merits, I am sure you will be furnished with every particular, on application at Hanwell or Colney Hatch. I am much patronised by the members of the Asylums, who are the only people who really appreciate my wit. Stay, I am unjust to the far-famed Academy of Earlswood, whose inmates have constantly been seen to smile at my humour. But to return to our muttons. *The Great City* was written by me, its plot is original, its characters are original, and its situations are original. I ask who ever saw a Member of Parliament like my pet hero Jacob Blount (pronounced Blount by the way M.P.)! Who ever came across a young lady like Miss Edith? Who ever saw a nobleman like Lord Churchmouse? No, no, all these characters are entirely original,—they have never existed, and by no possible means could be made to exist. They are superhuman, or rather they certainly are not human. But if you allow me, my lord, I will, with your permission, call a few of my other characters to prove their descent from my (if your lordship will allow me the expression) fertile brain. The first witness I will put into the box shall be Mr. Mogg, a gentleman described in the bills as a convict. Mr. Mogg will you kindly step forward.

Mr. Mogg, a rough-looking man, then stepped into the Witness-box, pulled his hair to the Judge, and winked at Mr. Halliday, who gracefully returned the salutation.

Mr. Halliday. Now, Mr. Mogg, perhaps you will tell his lordship here what you know of me?

The Witness. Certainly, guv'nor: why you're the gent as hired me out of *Great Expectations* to play in the *Great City*, and all I can tell you is this, if I'd only known you were going to make such a cussed fool of me with all your boshy pathos and boshier smartness, I would never have consented to leave Mr. Dickens' novel, where at least I didn't go moralising about the removal of Hungertord Market like a half-demented and wholly uneducated parson. There, put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Mr. Halliday. You can stand down, Sir. Call Mr. Mendez.

Mr. Mendez, a gentleman with a good deal of sham jewellery and a very obvious false nose, then stepped into the witness-box.

Mr. Halliday. I believe, Mr. Mendez, that you owe your existence to my (if my lord will allow me the expression) fertile brain?

The Witness. No, my tear. I made my first appearansh at the theatre in *The Merchant of Venish*. Then I went into *Neverish too Late to Mendish*, and now I'm engaged on the *Flying Schud*. But I musht shay that my raving schene in the *Great Shity*, when I hear of my daughter's lossh, is nearly as goodsh and eggshackly like the shame shituation in Shakespeare's tragedy.

Mr. Halliday. Thank you, Mr. Mendez; I am sure you are very good. You can stand down, sir. And now, my lord, allow me to conclude. I have several excellent and entirely original scenes in my piece; for instance, the getting up of a limited liability company, in one of them, is an entirely original notion.

The Judge. Perhaps, Mr. Halliday, you will kindly describe the incidents of the scene in question.

Mr. Halliday. With pleasure, my lord, if you wish it; but you will find them all in *Bubbles of Finance*, a work published a few years ago.

The Judge. Who is the author of the work to which you have alluded?

Mr. Halliday. I regret to say I don't know, my lord. I've got lots of situations equally as effective as that to which I have made reference. I can assure you that most of them are quite as good as those we come across in the stories of *The London Journal*. Then, again, I've got lots of wicked libertines ever attempting to seduce fashionably dressed innocents. In fact, on my honour as a gentleman, I can assure you that the *Great City* is a very good piece indeed.

The Judge. From what you have said, Mr. Halliday, I have no doubt but that it is. However, I must listen to the other side. Now, Mr. Beverley, I am ready to attend to you.

Mr. Beverley. It was I who painted the Hansom cab that figures in the first act!

The Judge (reproachfully). Oh, Mr. Halliday! Mr. Halliday! you never told me that there was a "Hansom" amongst the scenery! From what I know of British audiences, now that I have learnt the truth I am convinced that the *Great City* owes its success entirely to the introduction of the "Hansom." I regret exceedingly (for reports have reached me that some of the dialogue in your piece is very far from bad) to have to sum up in favour of the brush instead of the pen. However, I must obey the dictates of my conscience.

His Lordship then addressed at some length the jury, who, without leaving the box, returned a verdict for Mr. Beverley.

SKETCHES IN PARLIAMENT.

WE have received the following from a correspondent, who is anxious to know whether we have yet filled up, on our paper, the post of "Descriptive Parliamentary Reporter," and begs to offer us his services, should the appointment still be vacant. "The enclosed," he adds, "is a fair specimen of my style."

"HOUSE OF LORDS.—Their Lordships met last evening at a quarter to five, but were by no means inclined to tackle to their work. I happen to know that several noble lords intended going to their respective boxes at the Opera that evening, a circumstance which renders the indisposition of the House to business the less remarkable. There is nothing a Peer dislikes more than a hurried dinner. The Earl of — had one of the finest camelias in his button-hole which I ever remember to have seen; but his complexion is too bilious to match well with a clear white. The Marquis of — sat disconsolate and savage. I am able to account for this by a variety of causes: he had lost heavily at the *Arlington* the night before; he had not been able to eat any lunch, and he had just received a telegram from his trainer, to say that one of the finest horses in his stud was in anything but a promising state of health. The Archbishop of York was there, beaming with smiles. As I looked at his face, I thought of the soliloquy of Jaques, "Sweep on, ye fat," &c. A close scrutiny, however, revealed to me a look of restless anxiety sweep ever and anon over his otherwise placid countenance. I have since heard that he has just been suffering from a periodical infliction which regularly attends him in the shape of a visit from his paternal relative, whose mansion, or shop, is at Whitehaven. I do not know what he is or what doing; but he is, or was, a butcher, a baker, or grocer, or something of that kind. *Entre nous*, what an exceedingly crusty, cross-grained expression the face of almost all our ecclesiastical dignitaries wear. I was engaged in taking a shorthand note of the personal appearance of several more of their noble lordships, when suddenly the Lord Chancellor left the Woolsack, and the House adjourned. I made a rush to have a good look at them, as they left St. Stephen's, but unfortunately the crowd prevented me. By-the-bye, I forgot to mention that there was a little business transacted relative to some subject or other, but I was so completely occupied with taking an inventory of all I saw, that I

had no time to remark what was said. Besides, you know, my *forte* is description.

"HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Mr. Gladstone drove down to Westminster last night in an open barouche with a pair of grey horses. Mrs. Gladstone sat by him. They conversed pleasantly with each other, and seemed on the best of terms. I wish this could be said of all our senators—for instance, of the honourable member for —, who rode down attended only by his groom, and whose face wore an anxious look, which told, or seemed to tell, of matrimonial infelicity. However, the House all went on pleasantly enough. Mr. D'Israeli came forward, looking the picture of good humour; he seemed slightly lame, but of this I regret to say that I have not yet been able to discover the true cause. His *vis-à-vis*, the member for — (I forget the name of the place), looked on quietly while the Chancellor of the Exchequer was speaking, and alternately occupied himself with smoothing his coat and stroking his moustache. Probably this was done to display the extreme elegance of his hand and the happy skill of his tailor. Mr. D'Israeli spoke as usual a good deal about the compound householders. I have come to the conclusion that the habit which a certain honourable member, who sits not far remote from the Treasury Bench, has contracted of paring his nails while the debate is going on, is in the worst possible taste. Mr. Bright, who had arrived late, had an unusually high colour, his dress was disarranged, and he bore generally the aspect of a person who has been indulging in an after-lunch siesta. The member for — sprawled his long legs across the floor in his usual ungainly and awkward habit. By-the-bye, have you heard the reason which prevented Mr. — from being present at the late division on Thursday last? No? It is one of the most charming little scandals out. Well, you know—"

Here, however, we must end. Our correspondent gives us a great deal more of the same pleasant Parliamentary gossip; but we do not feel inclined to avail ourself of his services. We shall therefore write him a letter, begging him to remember that we publish in London, and not in New York, and that we are not inspired by the same desire as that which has seized many of our contemporaries to import the manners and customs of America into England.

I. SOCRATES AT HOME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TOMAHAWK."

SIR,—Having, by dint of constant attendance at the meetings of the Reform League, become deeply impressed with the truth of the theory of universal equality, I determined to illustrate it practically in my own family by abolishing all those arbitrary distinctions and unequal distributions of authority, whether based upon difference in age or in social position. In fact, I determined that in my house the children should have equal power with their parents—the servants with their master. I need scarcely add that I am a widower, or my experiment would have been impossible.

I propose to give you a slight account of our first day under the new *régime*, by which you will see how extremely successful this venture proved, and what complete satisfaction it must have given to all parties concerned.

We had agreed to meet at breakfast as usual, and to inaugurate the new era of universal liberty by each ordering dinner according to the dictates of his or her fancy. The result at first was, I regret to say, a slight altercation, owing to the persistent resolve of the youngest, but not the most silent, member of our circle (Eliza Anne, aged 6), that every dish should contain toffee or treacle. This was the bill of fare on which we at length decided:—

Soups—

- (1). Turtle Soup.
- (2). Mutton Broth.
- (3). Cock-a-Leekey.
- (4). Treacle Soup. (This was found impracticable.)

Fish—

- (1). Salmon and dressed Crab (my second boy's rather unwholesome order).
- (2). Whales and Toffee Sauce. (This dish was also pronounced impracticable, which led to an outburst of anguish on the part of Eliza Anne.)
- (3). Cuttle Fish.

- (4). Sticklebats and Strawberry Jam (substituted for No. 2).

Entrées—

- (1). Oyster and Lobster Patties.
- (2). Volauvent piqué à la Maître D'Hotel à la Nesselrode and Tomato Sauce. (This dish was the result of a vague recollection of a public dinner on the part of my eldest boy.)
- (3). Barley Sugar and Pickles.

The Roasts and pièces de Resistance selected were too numerous to mention. They included "Boiled Bow-wows, with their tails in their mouths," a dish invented, but not brought to perfection, by Eliza Anne. The Sweets comprised some thirty varieties of pastry and pudding.

Having thus settled our moderate repast, so as to suit all tastes, we proceeded to lay the bill of fare before the cook. But here a difficulty arose, for it turned out that the servants intended to have a banquet on their own account, and the cook had quite enough to do to prepare that, besides she did not see why she was to cook for us. She was just as much master as I was, in fact, rather more so. It became evident that if we intended to have any dinner we must cook it ourselves. This offered the prospect of a pleasing but arduous employment for the rest of the day.

Leaving the younger members of the family to settle to their work as best they could, I retired to the library in order to enjoy a quiet read. Here, however, I found Jem, the groom, and Henry, the footman, smoking and playing cribbage, the coachman and upper housemaid looking on admiringly, while two terriers from the stable were fighting on the mat over the remnants of my favourite copy of Horace. This was rather vexing at first, and interfered with my proposed studies, but one must be content to make some sacrifices for the sake of any great cause which one has at heart. It was gratifying to see how perfectly the Isocratic doctrine was understood by the less educated portion of our happy community.

I then returned to the breakfast-room, where I found that some slight confusion reigned, owing to a pitched battle having been fought between my three sons for the possession of the arm-chair. Might had triumphed in the person of the eldest, but the defeated armies were harrassing him in the rear with every species of missile which fancy could suggest, or the breakfast-table furnish, and at the moment of my entry he had been roused to make a sally from his fortress by an effective discharge of the marmalade all over his waistcoat. I was gratified at this sight, for though averse to violence, yet, being a younger son, I have ever regarded the laws of primogeniture as most unjust and oppressive.

My two eldest daughters were engaged in removing the velvet covering from the chairs with the aid of a knife and fork, in order, as they told me, to make themselves new dresses. This passion for adorning the person is not an unpleasing trait in the female character. They had also laid the window curtains contributions for their fringe, which revealed a classical taste combined with economy. The chairs will be no less comfortable, and the curtains no less useful for having been deprived of their ornamental portions.

I now sought a quiet spot on the lawn, and except that two of the stable lads were playing football on the flower-beds, I enjoyed perfect tranquillity, and contemplated with a serene soul the fulfilment of one of the most beautiful dreams of ancient philosophers and modern reformers, a perfect Isocracy.

In the course of the day I visited the kitchen-garden, and found my boys amusing themselves by digging up all the best fruit trees, and re-planting them in those portions of the garden which each had allotted to himself; though it seemed likely that by these means the part left for the general benefit (*pro bono publico*) would be rather devastated, still it was very pleasing to see the instinct of free partition of the soil inherent in the breasts of those so young.

Time and space would not allow me to relate the many interesting occurrences of the day—how Alfred, my second boy, rode over a field of ripe young wheat, in order to show his contempt for the agricultural interest: how a dispute having arisen between the head gardener (a Scotchman) and the butler (an Irishman), as to which was the less painful mode of death, hanging or decapitation, they hung one-half of the poultry and beheaded the rest, without settling the question to their satisfaction. The dinner hour at length arrived, and we assembled

in the dining-room to find a bare table. In fact, we had all abandoned the cooking of our banquet. rather prematurely, to Providence, and the result was negative. However, we made a very hearty meal off some cold bacon and dry bread, with a few potatoes, which the servants kindly spared us from their table, which they had spread, by the way, in the drawing-room, where I found them drinking my best Port out of Dresden china vases, which showed how deeply a love for the Fine Arts has permeated society. Their wiping their dirty fingers on the lace curtains, though intelligent, was rather extravagant. At length we retired to our beds, which we found the housemaid had not had time to make. However, we were very comfortable, and I feel sure that the Eye of Faith might have perceived the great Genius of Liberty hovering round our pillows, breathing into us her divine spirit of self-sacrifice and benevolence.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

I. SOCRATES.

SOMETHING LIKE CRITICISM.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

OF all the wise sayings which have been handed down to us from our ancestors, it is probable that there is none more practically true than that familiarity breeds contempt, and any thoughtful musician finding his way to Covent Garden Opera House on Monday last would have found a rare illustration of the proverb. The opera selected was Rossini's *Barbiere*, a masterpiece which, so far as regards its own intrinsic merits, may well be styled a "dish to set before a king;" there is nothing in the whole range of dramatic music which, for buoyancy, mirth, and grace, can equal the *Barbiere*. If a return could be made of the number of times which operas, conspicuous for their popularity, have been played all over the world, we incline to think that Rossini's *chef d'œuvre* of comedy would "walk in." It was not without pain, then, that we found ourselves listening to a performance on Monday night that must be denounced as undeniably bad in itself, and wholly unworthy of a house of European reputation such as Covent Garden.

In the first place, the orchestral accompaniments were coarse and loud; after the overture had been brilliantly played, the band did not seem to care much what happened, and played with a steady *mezzo forte* (when they were not playing *fortissimo*) all through the piece. We would willingly be proud of the Covent Garden band, which, if taken to bits, will be found to contain the finest materials of any orchestra in the world; but so long as they continue to be ignorant of the bare meaning of the term *pianissimo*, they must be content to remain where they are, and to be a brilliant but coarse band.

So much for that portion of the performance which took place before the curtain; we will turn from the band to the chorus, and we shall see the obverse of the medal, for whereas the orchestra is too strong, the chorus is a deal too weak: in fact, such a toneless and ineffective company of ladies and gentlemen we have rarely heard. Mr. Gye must assuredly reinforce his chorus very materially before he can hope to give fitting representations of works which, like *Don Carlos*, make heavy calls on the choral resources of the theatre. To proceed with the *Barbiere*, candour forces us to admit that the *Figaro* (Signor Cotogni) was but a very indifferent exponent of the part, Bertha (Madlle. Ackermann) was bad, Bartolo (Signor Ciampi) was not good, and Basilio (Signor Tagliafico) transposed his song, "La Calunnia," from the key of D into C, and sang it flat all the same; in truth, he has scarcely a note of his voice left. What boots it to be told that Signor Tagliafico makes such a clever sketch of the part, and gives to everything he undertakes a certain individuality, &c., &c. That is all true to a certain extent, but with the impaired means which now remain to him, and the insuperable disadvantage of faulty intonation, we cannot but think that the objections which are to be urged against him more than counterbalance anything that can be said in his favour.

It must be borne in mind that the British opera-going public is a mixture of patient forbearance and *insouciance*, and if Mr. Gye waits until he gets any expression of opinion from them, it is probable that he will have to wait a long time; still, it is to be hoped that he may not be indisposed to take advice, which is proffered in all sincerity, and attend to those evils in his establishment which, unless cured, will prevent him from giving

any but unequal representations of operas, no matter how easy or unambitious the works may be.

It is a deal pleasanter to praise than to censure, and we turn with gladness to *Rosina* and *Almaviva* (Madlle. Adelina Patti and Signor Mario). With regard to the lady, it is gratifying to see that she has not yet been spoilt by praise, more blind and lavish than has probably ever been accorded to any artist at any period in the history of music. She retains the charms of simplicity and earnestness which first won the aristocratic hearts of the *habitués* of Covent Garden; in addition to which her voice has grown stronger and rounder, and she has made very sensible progress in the art of singing. The profuse ornamentation with which she loaded Rossini's music was not, to our thinking, in perfect taste, but what she did was well done, and her phrasing is irreproachable. So, all honour to Madlle. Patti, who goes on improving, although she has more adulation to contend against than usually falls to the lot of a young lady over whose head so few summers have passed.

More summers have, indeed, passed over the handsome head of Signor Mario, but he bears his years bravely, and, from his personal beauty, the grace of his acting, and the charm which still lingers in a voice, once peerless, it must be conceded that, in many of his impersonations, he is as yet without a rival.

But despite the attractions of the *Rosina* and the *Almaviva*, we don't mean to go and hear the *Barbiere* again at Covent Garden until things are very different from what they were on Monday last.

SOILED DOVES.

AT last General Shirley,—yes, we are sad when we write it,—General Shirley, who might have died nearly a hero at Kars, has met with his reward. For what some people might call his eccentricities on the Turf, he has been called on to resign his commission. It seems that as long as he confined his amusements to the simple seduction of governesses he was considered worthy the name of an officer and a gentleman, but when the Doves he soiled were on the Turf, other interests were at stake, and the time was come to take some notice.

ENIGMA.

A LITTLE word, and yet it seems to me,
Sometimes as if 'twere life's Epitome;
I hear so much of it where e'er I go,
Great men (at least the world esteems them so),
Oracularly utter it, and cry,
"Bow down and worship, wretched fools, 'tis I
That speak the words of Wisdom's eloquence,"
And yet 'tis very hard to find the sense;
Lawyers and senators, and preachers too,
Poets and novelists, and lovers true;
Sweet gentle girls, beneath the moon's soft light,
And dirty pot-house orators, half-tight;
Patriots inveighing 'gainst their country's wrongs—
This is the burden still of all their songs.

But oh! could I, on wings of fire, sustained
By earthly chains and trammels unrestrained,
Pierce through the blue Empyrean vault afar
And 'mid the rolling spheres, from star to star,
In resonant whispers, to strike the light guitar,
Pluck pale-faced glory from the blushing moon,
And shake with lightning-blast the cool Simoon
With azure gauntlets—Yes, you're right, my dear,
The Enigma's solved. I've written the answer here.

ANSWER TO LAST CHARADE.—(Nothing.)

DECLINED WITH THANKS:—J. R., Lincoln; L., M.P., Portsmouth; Crito, —, M.D., Chas. D., Stonewall Jackson, G. H., Canterbury, F. J. D., Camden Town; C. L., Highgate; McGuelph, Kensington.

Answers may be sent to No. 9 Burleigh street.

DON'T HE WISH HE MAY GET IT?—Mr. Bernal Osborne intends to move for a return of all the married men who voted for or against Mr. Mill's "persons" franchise, and for copies of the curtain lectures delivered by their wives on the preceding and subsequent nights.

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**."

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