

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PROETERIT."

No. 5.]

LONDON, JUNE 8, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

WHERE IS BRITANNIA?

To Her Gracious Majesty VICTORIA, by the Grace of God, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., Balmoral, Scotland.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY.

We, the undersigned, being loyal and faithful subjects of your Majesty, beg respectfully to address you on a subject near to our hearts.

We have waited patiently, in company with many of your faithful subjects, for the time when it should please your Gracious Majesty to throw off the gloom and apathy which were the natural fruit of your great sorrow. Our hopes have been raised by certain isolated attempts on your Majesty's part to meet your loving subjects as was your custom heretofore; but those hopes have been sorely quenched by your Majesty's instant return to that seclusion from which we had fondly fancied that your Majesty had emerged.

It would be presumptuous in us to point out to your Majesty that there should be a limit to the period during which those of us in this world, who have important public duties to perform, can afford to indulge in lethargic grief for those, however dear to us, whom Death may have called away. Your Majesty will be the first to recognise the fact, that the sorrow which paralyses our activity, and lessens our capacity for usefulness, which impedes us in the performance of our duties, and debars us from fulfilling the responsibilities of our position, can afford but little satisfaction to the dead, while it must occasion great dissatisfaction among the living.

We humbly submit that there may be as much selfishness in a prolonged indulgence in sorrow, as there is in levity or thoughtless hilarity; and that even in performing acts of benevolence and charity, we may gratify our own fancies and likings, while we avoid the self-sacrifice involved in those petty duties and every-day acts of courtesy, or rarer acts of ceremonial politeness, the punctual and proper performance of which gains for us less praise from others, and justifies less satisfaction from ourselves. It is oftener a greater effort to receive a distinguished stranger with due courtesy than it is to visit the bedside of some suffering fellow-creature; but the former may be none the less a duty.

We would respectfully urge on your Majesty, that those who enjoy the power which belongs to a high position in the State have no right to neglect the duties and responsibilities attaching thereto, however irksome, and though no doubt in times of sickness they should concentrate their energies on the more important functions belonging to their office, they cannot be justified in continuing from year to year only to discharge those duties which are most pleasant to themselves and most flattering to their vanity; and ignoring those which, though intrinsically of less importance, are still none the less essential complements of their privileges; however troublesome and distasteful they may be to them.

We would respectfully ask your Majesty whether, when five years have elapsed since the death of your lamented Consort, to go to an obscure and remote village in the Highlands two years in succession, just at a time when your Parliament is engaged in discussing most important affairs of State, is an

action which can gratify the spirit of your husband, any more than it is consonant with the spirit of your people. We would also ask your Majesty whether the studied disrespect with which all foreign visitors of importance have been lately treated in this country, is calculated to add any lustre to your Majesty's reign, or to increase the respect and honour in which this nation should ever be held by all other countries.

We do not in any way wish to depreciate the readiness or the courtesy with which your Majesty's sons and daughters have performed those functions which usually devolve upon the reigning monarch. We could not have expected that your Majesty should, during the first two years at least of your widowhood, have taken part in any ceremonial. But it appears to us, in all humility, that an occasion now offers itself, in the proposed visit of many distinguished foreign potentates to this capital, for your Majesty to emerge from your retirement, and in your own person to welcome to this country those guests whom your people would desire to honour. Afflictions and troubles of various degrees have fallen upon many of your Majesty's fellow-sovereigns, but in spite of this, they are all doing their utmost to aid in assisting at the peaceful festival which is now taking place in Paris, and by a mutual interchange of courtesies, to promote that good understanding among one another which forms one of the greatest preventions of war.

We would humbly submit to your Majesty, that it cannot be a very much greater exertion to entertain persons of your Majesty's own rank, than to preside at balls or other amusements of Scotch ghillies and their families. We therefore trust, that before this session is over, we may have the incalculable pleasure of seeing your Majesty once more exercising that royal hospitality which is at once the privilege and duty of the Sovereign.

Should this hope be realized, we shall not hear the question so often asked, when the monarchs of Europe are assembling for the purposes of serious consultation, or for the interchange of genial hospitality, Where is Britannia?

We are,
Your Majesty's humble and faithful subjects,
THE STAFF OF THE "TOMAHAWK."

THE BETTING RING.

WE have had quite enough of the Soiled Dove Case. The disgraceful disclosures, the subsequent correspondence, the altercations among, and the charges scattered against, "noblemen" and "gentlemen," all contribute to the formation of but one opinion by the world at large, viz.: "Betting men are no better than they should be." There are those who seek to elevate the "ring" into a "profession," in which "honour" is the presiding genius. What humbug! Who believe this save the frequenters of Tattersall's,—and they themselves don't. The chicanery of The Turf is as proverbial as Tupper's Philosophy. It is insisted upon, in certain quarters, that "betters" are no worse than the followers of other "professions." We deny this,—but even if true, it proves nothing. The position is a negative one at best. The Soiled Dove may be placed under the turf and forgotten, but upon the turf we shall still have Soiled Doves under a thousand different names. The Ring may be said to be at best composed of just one carat of good metal to ten that is spurious and worthless.

UNIVERSAL PEACE GUARANTEE ASSOCIATION.

A PUBLIC meeting was held yesterday evening, in the French department of the building of the Universal Exposition, in the Champ-de-Mars, for the purpose of inaugurating the above-named Association. The scheme, which, it may be remembered, had been set on foot under the patronage of a long list of vice-presidents of high European rank and distinguished character, proposes to supply a great cosmopolitan want.

HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, as honorary president of the Association, occupied the chair.

There was a large attendance, among others the following :

HIS MAJESTY THE CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, THE KINGS OF PRUSSIA, HOLLAND, and GREECE, HIS SERENE HIGHNESS THE SULTAN OF TURKEY, PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, COUNT BISMARCK, LORD COWLEY, &c., &c.

THE IMPERIAL CHAIRMAN, who was distinctly cheered on rising, read a list of distinguished members of the Association who had sent excuses for inability to be present, among the above was one from HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, expressing her strongest sympathy with the scheme, but regretting that the great pressure of her public duties in England had prevented her from being personally present. Two other letters were also read, one from MR. BRIGHT, and the other from the KING OF PORTUGAL; the former to the effect that the continual dissemination of peace and good-will principles in England, monopolized the whole of his spare time. The latter to protest against certain informalities in his invitation, which, though entertaining a warm sympathy with the object of the meeting, he considered a decided *casus belli*.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY here rose, and in the midst of several cries of "Chair" and "Order," was understood to say that he objected strongly to sitting next to the KING OF GREECE. It was bad enough to have him so near him in the *Archipelago*. (*Laughter.*) Peace was all very well in its way. (*Cries of Oh! oh!*) Honourable associates might cry "Oh! oh!" but he insisted on changing his place. This speech, which, with its interruptions, was delivered through an interpreter, having created considerable confusion,—

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA rose. Order having been restored, he said. He could scarcely conceal his surprise at the conduct of THE SULTAN. As to his making objections to his place, he wanted to know what he was doing in Europe at all! (*Loud cheers, in which, owing to the absence of the interpreter, THE SULTAN joined heartily.*) KING GEORGE was an estimable young man. (*Oh! oh! and laughter.*) He repeated it, an estimable young man. He was about to contract a matrimonial alliance with his niece. (*Groans.*) He did not understand those groans. Russia had nothing to gain by a Greek alliance. She did not care for a footing at Athens. (*Oh! oh!*) No,—and, as for Constantinople,—(*prolonged cheering from THE SULTAN on catching the word Constantinople*)—he repeated it,—Constantinople,—(*renewed cheering from THE SULTAN*)—all he could say was, that he begged leave to move the first resolution, "That it is the opinion of this Association that the assimilation of Turkey is a European necessity, and that THE SULTAN be therefore requested to resign his membership forthwith."

THE IMPERIAL CHAIRMAN, rising, said he desired to second that resolution. The age was an age of ideas, and ideas needed development. Facts were the development of ideas. He referred to the present map of Europe in corroboration of his statement. He had had ideas on most subjects—he had had ideas about the Crimea, Cochin China, Italy, Mexico—(*A voice: "And LUXEMBURG"*)—he thanked that gentleman; yes, he had ideas about Luxemburg; but had he not propounded that consoling dogma, "L'Empire c'est la Paix?" (*Oh! oh! groans, and much confusion.*) Yes, had he not reduced the strength of the French army to the mere nominal figure of 875,000 men?—had he not—

THE KING OF PRUSSIA here rose. He was sorry to interrupt his imperial cousin, but he wished to make a joke—a new joke. (*Cries of "Order," and some cheering.*) He was in the habit of making jokes—(*Oh! oh!*)—and he would tell that assembly that he always considered there was something wrong about the imperial orthography. The EMPEROR meant "L'Empire c'est L'Epée." (*Great cheering, and cries of "Oh! oh!"*) Germany, on the other hand, was decked with olive branches. Could any one doubt her mission? In conclusion, he would ask the asso-

ciation if they had visited *Krupp's* big guns in the Prussian department. (*His Majesty here resumed his seat, amidst appeals to the Chair and loud cries of "Question."*)

LORD COWLEY then addressed the meeting. He had nothing to say. (*Hear, hear.*) England had always given her moral support to everything. If occasion required it, or even if it did not, she could bombard the Piræus. He considered the recent Conference in London a great proof of her moral weight. (*Cries of "Oh! oh!" and laughter.*) He meant it. (*Renewed laughter.*) He hoped no one would hurt the poor Sultan, and oblige England to bring her moral support to his assistance. The noble lord here was understood to enter into a tedious account of his domestic arrangement, which was listened to with marked impatience, and at times considerable jeering. He was about to refute the charges of niggardliness brought against his establishment in the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, when, amid loud cries of "Question,"

COUNT BISMARCK rose and asked when the meeting meant to touch upon the business of the day. He said they were assembled for an important purpose. (*Laughter.*) Their union was regarded as a moral guarantee for the peace of Europe. (*Great laughter.*) He joined in that laugh. There was no humbug about him. (*Oh! oh!*) Expositions were fine things, but one Sadowa was worth ten of them. (*Great confusion, during which THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, after having made several attempts to obtain a hearing, sat down apparently satisfied on receiving a confidential whisper from the CHAIRMAN, the uproar somewhat abated.*)

THE KING OF HOLLAND rose, and addressed the meeting at some length, and with considerable feeling, in High Dutch.

COUNT BISMARCK appealed to the chair. He did not understand a word of the honourable associate's speech. He wanted to know why he could not speak German, or at least why an interpreter was not at hand. (*Cheers.*)

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA did not see any occasion for calling that functionary. He did not understand the speech, and did not care to. (*Laughter.*)

THE IMPERIAL CHAIRMAN rose. He agreed with his Imperial brother. He, however, had mastered most things. Had mastered High Dutch. He thoroughly understood the speech. (*Oh! oh!*) Yes, he did. He understood most things. He understood this meeting. (*Laughter.*) It was a fraternal meeting. (*Oh! oh!*) France was the guardian of fraternity. (*Groans.*) France, by her position, was the arbiter—the mistress—(*Oh! oh!*)—the final appeal—the—(*Tremendous confusion, during which the gas was suddenly turned out. At this point of the proceedings our Reporter left.*)

Later by Telegraph.

Several speakers subsequently made several fruitless efforts to address the meeting, but the uproar and confusion increasing, the associates at length dispersed in the dark.

ESSENCE OF CRITICISM.

The Mystery of Growth, by the Reverend Edward White.—Y-a-a-awn!

A Chip of the Old Block, by George Gratton.—Rub—(*To be continued in our next.*)

The Dawn, and its Object, by Emma Davonport (*continued from our last.*)—bish!

Constance Rivers, by Lady Barret Lennard.—Stuff!

The Flying Scud, by Charles Clarke.—Yoicks!

Joyce Dormer's Story.—Gammon!

A Scientific and General Vindication of the Mosaic History of the Creation, adapted to all Capacities, by the Rev. C. F. Watkins.—Spinach!

Third Series of Proverbial Philosophy, by M. F. Tupper.—A loud hullabaloo, a wild war-dance, and then, with a hi, ho, tantivy, merrily off to Bedlam!

HIRE AIMS.—MR. BEALES (accompanied by a member of the Reform League), was the other day summoned by a cabman. He had hired the cab at Hyde-Park Corner (where he had been to contemplate the scene of his former triumphs), and been driven to the Adelphi (where he was to preside at a meeting of the Reform League). The stupid cabman stated that he considered he had driven "a couple of Leagues," and was therefore entitled to his fare for this distance.

MEN OF THE TIME FOR 1900.

Cole, K.G., G.C.B., &c.—Henry Cole, 1st Duke of Brompton and Islington, Marquis of South Kensington, Earl of Thurloe Square, and Baron Bell and Horns. A Member of Her Majesty's Privy Council, and sole lessee and manager of Prince Albert's Own Circus and Comic Music Saloon (late Hall of Science and Art), South Kensington. In 1860 the South Kensington Museum was erected under Mr. Coles's auspices. In 1866 Mr. Cole, C.B., made an unsuccessful attempt to transfer the National Gallery to Brompton; second attempt (successful) March, 1868. In 1867 he (with the assistance of Her Majesty) laid the foundation-stone of the Hall of Science and Art, now known as Prince Albert's Own Circus and Comic Music Saloon. In the same year he gave the Art Catalogue to the *Times* newspaper as an advertisement. In 1868 he obtained permission to remove Greenwich Hospital, the Marble Arch, and Madame Tussaud's Exhibition of Waxworks to Brompton. In the same year he gave the Catalogue of the South Kensington Museum and the libretto of *Mumbo Jumbo* to the *Times* newspaper, to be inserted as a daily advertisement for eighteen months. In 1870 Sir Henry Cole, Bart., resigned the Editorship of the *Times* to assume the management of the Hall of Science and Art. In 1871 the Hall of Science and Art, at the request of Lord Bell and Horns, was converted into a theatre; into a Jewish synagogue (1874); into a rival to the Polytechnic (1880), and ultimately its title was changed to the one it bears at present (1900), namely, Prince Albert's Own Circus and Comic Music Saloon. In 1895 the Earl of Thurloe Square obtained permission to remove Osborne House and Westminster Abbey to Brompton. In 1896 the Marquis of South Kensington, upon the inauguration of the forty-fourth statue to the Prince Consort, erected in the Horticultural Gardens, was created Duke of Brompton and Islington. His Grace is the author of a sort of burlesque, entitled *Mumbo Jumbo*, and a part of the Catalogue of the South Kensington Museum.—*Seat*, South Kensington, and its neighbourhood.

Dickens, Charles, Novelist.—Mr. Dickens, who is the author of the "Pickwick Papers" (a book which has had in its time a large circulation), has for many years edited a weekly periodical entitled *All the Year Round*. In 1870 it was proposed to bestow upon Mr. Dickens the Order of Knighthood. However, after the matter had been discussed for two or three years it was abandoned as impracticable, as it was proved that Mr. Dickens had never been an alderman, and thus had no title to the honour in question. Author of about one hundred and twenty novels, tales, sketches, &c.—*Seat*, Gadshill, Surrey.

Lloyd, Sir Arthur, 1st Baronet.—This well-known composer and poet was created a baronet and received a pension in 1872, for having written a song called the "Man in the German Band," and other patriotic ditties. Author of "Gish Bosh, flip along Gals," "The Scrumptious Chambermaid," &c.—*Seat*, Marlboro' House, Pall Mall.

Whalley, Pope.—His Holiness, who in early years occupied a seat in the English House of Commons, was unanimously voted to the Papal Throne in 18—. This Pontiff is very popular among the English Roman Catholics, for having bestowed upon the well-known Jesuit, the Rev. Father Newdegate, in 1892, a Cardinal's hat. Author of the "Immaculate Conception," and other works of a devotional character.—*Seat*, The Vatican, Rome, and the Papal Palace, Florence.

STOLEN OR STRAYED!

ON Wednesday last, or before, there were seen in the columns of three of our contemporaries, three gentle jokes, which first saw the light of day in the pages of this journal! How they found their way thither is not known. Any information as to the path they took will be gladly received. As they cannot well be returned, no reward will be offered.

And really we are the last people in the world to object to doing our friends a kind turn, or to heaping coals of fire on an enemy's head—a sufficiently barbarous revenge, if literally adopted. Our contemporaries are heartily welcome to anything that may take their fancy in our columns; and they may accept the proffered offer the more readily, as they may be quite sure we shall never wish to see the favour returned. There is only one thing of which in future we should be glad—an acknowledgment. Perhaps we may as well specify the particular instances

of unacknowledged loans to which we refer. In our first number we spoke of Sir Edwin Landseer's painting of the Queen at Balmoral as "a black picture of Her Majesty (*in which all is black that is not Brown*)." It gave us quite a thrill of satisfaction to see that our old friend *Punch* had so far approved of our criticism as to reproduce it in the following form, *à propos* of a remark in the *Saturday Review*, that the painting was of "too black and mournful a hue":—

"The mention of the Ghillie should have reminded the Reviewer that the picture cannot be all *black*, as part of it is *Brown*."

In our second number we humorously suggested an official programme for the amusement of the Belgian Volunteers in London, prefacing the list of places they were to visit with the Thames Tunnel, which nobody, by-the-bye, of whom we have ever heard, has yet seen. Curiously enough, we find that precisely the same idea has suggested itself to an entertaining writer in *Fun*, and that there, as with us, the Thames Tunnel heads the list of London wonders to be explored. The list in several other respects is identical with our own. In our same impression we also gave the probable Cabinet of the Reform League, mentioning Mr. Bradlaugh as Minister of Public Worship, an appointment which we informed our readers was translated from the French. *Judy*, a new weekly serial, calling itself "a serio-comic journal," gives its readers, in its last week's issue, "The Future History of England, by a Reform Leaguer," in which the author's prophetic eye enables him to discern the novel office that we spoke of ourselves, filled by the same dignitary—"Mr. Bradlaugh, Minister of Public Worship."

Imitation, we believe, is said to be the highest praise; and if one man borrows half-a-sovereign of another, it at least shows that he considers the coin sound. As we have said before, we have no objection to lend our jokes, even without a hope of getting them ever returned to us. They are not like umbrellas. But we must most strongly protest against any abuse of our liberality, and state once and for all that if our contemporaries find it convenient to borrow of us, we shall be glad of, at least, an acknowledgment of the debt.

A QUESTION OF LIFE AND DEATH.

AT the present moment some twelve or fourteen Englishmen are kept in durance vile by the great King Theodorus of Abyssinia. Three years ago were they seized, and diplomacy—with its soft, silvery tones—has failed to release them. Within the last few weeks the India Office in Victoria street, and the Foreign Office in Downing street, have been aroused to the necessity of adopting some measures for releasing these unhappy men from their captivity. Did we say "aroused?" We should add that this fit of humanity was only temporary, and that they have since, we understand, relapsed into utter indifference. Their feelings of humanity, as we might reasonably expect, have yielded to the paramount consideration of pounds, shillings, and pence. An expedition to *enforce* the release of the captives has been recommended by Sir William Coghlan, but the India Office on the one hand, and the Foreign Office on the other, shirk the cost and expense of the expedition. *Quære*, is it to be Money or Life that is to be sacrificed? And Lord Stanley complacently says "Life," and Sir Stafford Northcote blandly echoes "Life." But what says Public Opinion, and what echoes the Nation? There can be but one emphatic answer to this appeal. Of what use are our Armstrongs and Miniés, our national strength and our proud assumption of the position of a Great Power, if barbarism is to set us thus at defiance? We fear we have a great work on hand. We must first bring our own Government to their senses before we can do the same with his Abyssinian Majesty.

UNRAVEL IT IF YOU CAN.—What would the public say if they were asked to pay half-a-guinea for a stall from which to see *A Scrap of Paper*, and *Box and Cox*, unless perchance for a charity, when the end justifies the means employed? And yet here is Mr. Mitchell, who never—no, never—made the French plays pay, asking ten and sixpence for a stall at the St. James's Theatre, the only attraction being M. Ravel, who is really—well, really no longer in his *première jeunesse*, and by no means what he once was at the Palais Royal.



LONDON, JUNE 8, 1867.

WE sincerely hope that the "Cole Testimonial" may end appropriately—we mean in smoke! The South Kensington Museum in the flesh is becoming quite a nuisance. In spite of what people say to the contrary, we are convinced that there would be nothing absurd in taking Cole to Newcastle, always providing that when there he was made to remain in his place.

THE following riddle has been forwarded to us by a "Ten Years' Subscriber:"—What is the difference between Mr. Beales, M.A., and a learned donkey taking a puzzle to pieces with his teeth, and putting it together again?—One's an ass, and the other's a reformer!

IT is said that Her Majesty is going to build a hospital. Of course this is very good of her, and commands our warmest commendation. However, some people will say, that, when they remember the approaching visit of the Sultan, they would far sooner have seen instead of the Queen's hospital, the Queen's hospitality.

SOME of our contemporaries have published the following paragraph during the past week:

"Miss Burdett Coutts intends giving the Belgian Volunteers a grand *fête* at her seat, Holly Lodge. It would be well if this noble example were followed by others."

Certainly, very right indeed. Why even we shall be delighted to follow the excellent example that has been set us. We hereby publicly announce, that we shall be glad to give a *fête* to the Belgian Volunteers at Holly Lodge—always supposing that Miss Burdett Coutts extends to us her gracious permission to carry our charitable project into execution.

THE Registrar-General reports that the neighbourhood surrounding Knightsbridge Barracks is remarkably unhealthy. A strange epidemic seems prevalent, more especially among the servant-maids and cooks in the district. For a season, strange to say, they seem all to suffer from attacks of the Blues, while, at another time, Scarlet fever is all the rage.

FROM Cambridge we get the following intelligence:—"The gold medal, given annually by the Chancellor of Cambridge University to a Resident Undergraduate for the best English poem on a given subject, was adjudged to Thomas Moss, St. John's College. Subject: 'The Atlantic Cables, 1866.'" We have no desire to meddle or question the judgment of the Chancellor, but we should say such a subject as "The Atlantic Cables, 1866," must have proved awful "hard lines" to Mr. Moss.

A FACETIOUS ruffian writes to us to say that he considers Her Majesty in the light of a "Royal Mrs. Jellyby," as she neglects the affairs of her family of subjects to give her undivided attention to the "Late Prince Consort Mania." It is scarcely necessary to add that we are using our best endeavours to bring the waggish rebel to the block.

ASSASSINS, to judge from his latest effort, are a congenial theme to Mr. Swinburne. He has gone into frantic raptures over the "slayer of the splendid brow," Orsini. Let him try his pen on Booth, the murderer of the late President Lincoln. He has ample materials for the task; the diary of "this splendid slayer" has just been published, and we are sure that it would suit the bard of Mazzini to a nicety. There is no accounting for the eccentricities of genius, and we really see no reason why the author of the "Song of Italy," should not be the panegyrist of American as well as Italian parricides.

A RUMOUR wafted from Marseilles testifies to the great popularity of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Officers and Crew of the *Galatea* at that port. Who doubts it? When the gallant ship weighed anchor, her departure, it is said, cost many a gal a tear.

THE enemies of a certain sporting admiral say that he is frightfully self-conceited, that he loves no one but himself. In support of their opinion they point to the correspondence on the Soiled Dove Case, which certainly argues that the naval warrior in question is exceedingly partial to *rows*!

A BOY (now and then assisted by a man), has during the last five years been engaged in erecting a statute to the late Lord Herbert, of Lea, in the court-yard of the War-Office. On Saturday last the monument was uncovered, when some one said that it was quite *vin ordinaire*, in fact resembled S-Herbert* rather than Champagne.

LES BELLES LETTRES.

A REPORT has been going the rounds of the papers that England is to be represented at the forthcoming Congress of Literary Men at Paris. To this rumour, which is quite correct, we can add some particulars. The French, who know England and Englishmen by heart, have already issued invitations to the following gentlemen as representatives of the branches of literature to which their names are attached:—

Le Poesie—Milor Close-Tuppér Esquire.
L'Histoire—Le Duc G. W. M. Reynolds.
Le Science—Le Professeur Dirks-Peppér.
Le Drame—Le Prince du Best et Bellingham.
Le Sport—Le Prophete Cummings.
Le Théologie—Sir Bradlaugh.

FOR SNOBS ONLY.

THE following scrap, which has probably gone the round of all the papers, has been taken from the columns of the *Morning Star*:—

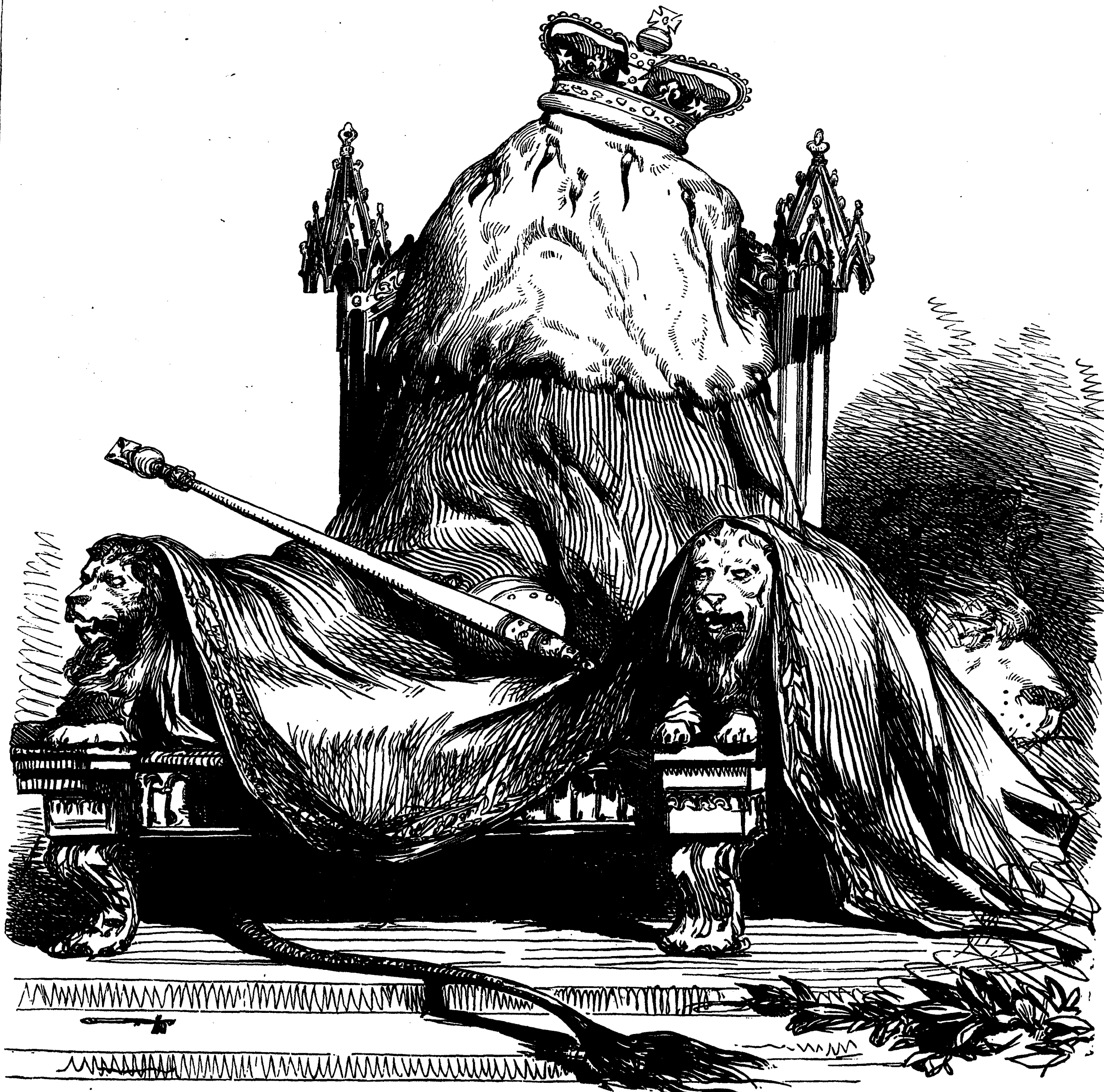
"The Poet-Laureate is now enjoying, at a farm house near Farnham, in Surrey, that quiet retirement which is denied to him and his family at Freshwater."

As a piece of public news, this is not bad; but we have not quite done with it yet. Now, then:—

"His eldest boy, Hallam, has quite recovered from the severe illness (congestion of the lungs) with which he was seized in the spring, at Marlborough College, where his parents stayed some time with him."

What can be said of the snobism that suffers this sort of thing to go into print? What is Mr. Tennyson's eldest boy Hallam, his severe illness, the season of his attack, his educational prospects, and his domestic consolations, to a British public? The author of the "Idylls of the Kings" ought to gibbet some one for this.

* [Of course our contributor means sherbat—the nasty beverage one buys, or rather one doesn't buy, for a penny. That's *his* notion of fun.—ED. TOMAHAWK.]



WHERE IS BRITANNIA ?

(See "The Petition.")



THE INTERNATIONAL LETTER-WRITER.

LAST week we published some of Mr. Beale's letters to various people, requesting their acceptance of the vice-presidentship of the Reform League. In our present number we have much pleasure in printing some of the notes that have been received by the worthy Master of Arts in answer to his invitation.

1. From the Emperor of all the Russias.

The Emperor of all the Russias begs to thank Mr. Beales and his Provisional Government for their very flattering letter. The name of Russia is associated indissolubly with Liberty; the highest ambition of the Czar is to be the father of his people. Let our close alliance with America, let a grateful reconstructed Poland, let the devoted tribes of Circassia, testify how deep, how sincere, how undying, is Russia's love of freedom. The Emperor hopes that some day or other he may have the honour of receiving Mr. Beales, M.A., in his dominions. Siberia will open her arms, and clasp to her genial loving bosom the great Apostle of Reform.

2. From the Emperor Theodorus.

Most high and mighty Majesty Beales, I am a Vice-President of your great Society; you have made me so, and I have accepted. Why do you not marry your Queen? Bah! she has no taste. Come and see me. Bring your dancing slaves and womankind. I will take care of you and them. I will give them gold chains to wear round their arms and ankles. You too shall be looked after. Come soon.

THEODORUS.

P.S.—Don't take a return ticket.

3. From Mr. Wager (widower).

DEAR BEALES,—Certainly. Make me anything you like. My nature is a very gentle and simple one, as you know. I agree with you in admiring Walpole. He has done much for both of us. Of course directly you get into power you will make me Home Secretary. My amiable disposition would fit me for the post.

Yours tenderly,

J. WAGER (Widower), ×
(His mark).

P.S.—Shall you want me to kick anybody's brains out? Not yours—I could not do that.

4. From Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne.

DEAR SIR,—You ask me to become a Vice-President of your Reform League. I have to answer you. At a time when the sickening, sodden sighs of Society stab and sting the mind of those who profoundly pity the petulant, peevish pulings of prostituted press-ridden parasites, prancing in prurient purple before the foul creed-stained porches of their tinkling temples, while Mazzini, the glorious golden-girded giant, groans neglected by the viper-eaten hearts of his dastard deserters, while the flowers that sicken and the blood that blunders, the flanks that are flipped, and the breasts that betray, ringing in resonant red, refrain, mock and madden and moulder away.

I have answered you.

Yours,

A. C. SWINBURNE.

REFORM PALAVER.

THE TOMAHAWKS were invited, a few days since, to assist at a private war-dance in celebration of the victory which has been won by the great Path-finder over the Haw-haws and the Rootbreakers, and anxious to do honour to the Indian virtues by which the end has been achieved, they accordingly went up to Grosvenor Gate in their best war-paint. Immediately inside the chief's wig-wam they were agreeably surprised to find on one side of the entrance a Tory warrior impaled, and on the other a Liberal being slowly boiled alive, while the Path-finder himself was encouraging them to die like Braves by pointing out to each of them the sufferings of the other. On the arrival of the Tomahawks, the chief rose from his seat and passed round the pipe of peace, after which he addressed them as follows:—
"Fellow chiefs and warriors, the Path-finder bids welcome to the land of Shams. He has long known the merits of the

children of the Great Spirit, and may claim to be the only chief of the Shams who has ever dared to adopt and to practise the virtues of which they were the first discoverers, and of which you are the true and original representatives. Here, in this benighted land, it has long been the fashion to support one's friends and to oppose one's enemies, and it was to me, oh Tomahawks! that it was first reserved to take in equally both my enemies and my friends, or rather, as you know, braves of our sorts have neither enemies nor friends, for we know that all the tribes of men were only allowed to have temporary possession of the hunting-grounds in which we find them, in order that we, by our superior craft, might either dispossess them altogether, or in some other way, partially re-establish that great law of Nature which tells us that everything belongs to us if we can only get it. When the Path-finder went out among men, he said that he would make to himself a name, at which the squaws of the Tories should tremble, and we, the warriors of the Liberals, should grow pale. The moons marched on, and times changed, but the Path-finder changed with them, and now has been living for many summers among the sons of those upon whose scalps he first whetted his knife. He has shown to them the face of a Haw-haw, but his heart has ever been the heart of a Rootbreaker, and he has often and often laughed in his bosom at the chiefs, who, like the Blunderer, thought he was thirsting for their blood. The Blunderer, when he sought to pass through the forest of the land of Shams, failed, because he knew not the craft of the red-skin, and moved ever in the light of the sun, following a straight line. Such foolishness was unworthy of a great chief, and the Path-finder laughed at it, for the Blunderer did not make the trail more clear for him. And now, oh Tomahawks! my work is done, I have shaken the hearts of the Haw-haws, and taken away the trophies of the Rootbreakers. I shall go down to the sons of the pale-faces as a great statesman and a wonderful chief. From the rising to the setting sun they will believe that it was the Path-finder who gave them liberty, and his name will be honoured like the name of the chief who gave corn to the people because he could not help it. We know, oh Tomahawks! that it is the Rootbreakers who broke the ground round the seed and watered the grain, but the Pathfinder has reaped the crop, and the pale-faces will henceforth give him their hearts."

The Path-finder then took off his lavender-coloured overcoat, discovered himself in full war-paint, and forming a circle with the Tomahawks, led the dance for which they had been invited. This was prolonged till an early hour the next morning, when the hawks dispersed and returned to their hiding-places more than ever confirmed in their principles, and full of admiration for the chief who has so well applied them.

AUX DAMES.

A CONTEMPORARY has directed public attention to the following curious advertisement which appeared in the *Morning Post* of Friday last:—

LADY PARTNERSHIP.—A Bachelor of fifty, with an old-established brewery, and a delightful residence in a most romantic part of the country, wishes to MEET with a LADY, of the Established Church, and about forty years of age, possessing £10,000, for which landed and other security will be provided. Perfect confidence would be preserved.—Apply for information to Mr. P., &c., &c.

Our bachelor friend proclaims himself to be old enough—at least, in our opinion—to know better than make himself the fool he does. Is he a knave or a dotard—or both? Come, credulity in petticoats and chignons, confessing to forty, here's a chance! Who will nibble and bite? The bait is at least savoury and tempting, you must admit. Just contemplate the "bachelor of fifty" for an instant, "with an old-established brewery." He naturally wishes "to meet with a lady" with also something established, so he fixes on the "Established Church." The bitter influence of beer on the one side is offered in exchange for the sweet influences of religion on the other. This is truly sublime! Mesdames, have any of you £10,000 in the Consols, or in Overend Gurney's, or in any bubble Company? "Mr. P." invites you in "perfect confidence" to communicate with him. If there is silliness, and crassitude, and vanity, and credulity enough still remaining in this world (and we fear there is), to lead some silly, crass, vain, and trusting woman to answer "Mr. P.," then all we can say to them is—Beward you mind your P's and Q's at the same time.

"BOHEMIANS."

APROPOS of that much-coloured word *Bohemianism*, the *Daily Telegraph*, in a leading article of Tuesday, informs us that "the artist, if he is indeed an artist, and not a mere rubbish picture painter, will always think kindly of the old days—the absurd laughable, valiant, defiant old days." This in a way, is true enough. No one can look back to his school days, and even the perpetual kickings and canings which he then received, without feeling a certain amount of affection for them; and in the same way, as Kingsley says, "Every one who is worth his salt has a certain fondness for the scenes of his trials and labours." The feeling is perfectly natural, and even praiseworthy. But directly the word *Bohemianism* is introduced the judgment of the writer is at once blinded to all facts. He straightway glorifies it as a "valiant" and generally ennobling stage of existence. We really cannot see what there is particularly "valiant" in an habitually irregular, and a frequently indolent, habit of life. The refined *Bohemianism* of Henry Muger has no existence in England. Lofty discussions, in low latitudes, on metaphysics, philosophy, poetry, and a thousand other topics, only exist in the brain of the youthful drawer. That there are in London an ill-conditioned and rather rowdy set of *dilletante* votaries of literature and art calling themselves *Bohemians*, is perfectly true. But they are not the *Bohemians* whom the mind of the enthusiast loves to depict. The thorough-paced London *Bohemian* is a man who, while he professes an admiration for all that is cultivated or refined, professes also an utter disdain for every rule of civilized society. He rejoices in setting recklessly at defiance all those laws by which ordinary mortals are supposed to be bound. He keeps abnormal hours, he ignores evening dress, as an effeminate vanity peculiar to polite society, he has a knack of borrowing half-crowns, which he never repays, a sworn aversion to clean linen, and an odour of stale tobacco perpetually adhering to his clothes. He is asked to dinner, and he makes a point of coming half an hour late. He has an awkward habit of saying unpleasant things, and of generally acting in the character of a social hippopotamus. Accidentally he may be clever, or he may be a fool; but whatever he is, he is essentially the reverse of respectable. No one for a moment can wish that these *Bohemians* should not live the life which they fancy most. What we hate, and may reasonably hate, is the ridiculous cant that is talked about them. At the outset of his career no artist or author can either be a celebrity or a *Croesus*; but he is not necessarily a *Bohemian*. He may be quite sure that if he does take to such a mode of existence he will be doing his best steadily to prevent any rise towards reputation. We have heard so much about the eventualities and irregularities of genius, that it would almost seem that it has become a fixed article in a good many persons' ears that no genius can exist without these interesting attributes, and that eventuality and irregularity are occasionally by no means bad substitutes for genius.

I. SOCRATES AT HOME.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE TOMAHAWK."

SIR,—Since my last letter we have had some strange events in our little community, and the success of my scheme has not been so encouraging as I could have hoped. I regret to say that the internal economy of our republic was not so perfect as might be wished, and it appears that certain of the members combined together and elected a president, who was to enjoy power for one week. The first one chosen for this onerous post was Jem the groom. He inaugurated his reign by ordering me and my two sons to clean the stables out and groom the horses, to which we at first objected; but it being pointed out to us, that as we were all equal now, we must none of us expect to be exempted from menial toil, we began to do our best; but this wasn't very successful, and the president resented our incapacity in language more vigorous than courteous. My eldest son rejoined, and at length an acrimonious dispute arose between them, which ended in blows. For this act of rebellion against the elected authority, he was adjudged to be flogged, but an attempt to carry the sentence out led to a more furious encounter, with the result of which I am imperfectly acquainted, for I took the opportunity to retire for a few hours' contemplation.

What a magnificent sensation it is to feel that one has triumphed over the prejudices of artificial society; that one has emancipated one's nature from the fetters of conventionality; that one has inaugurated, perhaps, an age of perfect liberty and equality; that one has triumphed over those tyrannical laws, the invention of a narrow-minded oligarchy: that one is free.

I have been interrupted by the arrival of the minions of the law. They declare that disgraceful scenes have taken place in my house; that I have encouraged every species of riot and disturbance. The perjured hounds! I have summoned the members of our republic around me. We will resist to the death.

I have made a large indentation in the skull of the police-sergeant. They have overpowered us. The President has fled.

I write these few words from prison. Yes; my aspirations after perfect liberty have ended in a cell! And they call this the land of freedom!—more, they actually talk of confining me in a madhouse!—they dare to say that I, the great apostle of perfect equality, am insane! Spirit of Plato!! genius of Hellas!! but I will have the blood of my persecutors—Hooroo-o-o-o!!!

I have had the blood of one of my persecutors. They have manacled me. I write this with the pen in my teeth—the teeth that have just closed upon the fat throat of my keeper. Ha! ha! ha!

[Note.—The above letter was forwarded to us through the head keeper at Hanwell. We beg to return him our kind thanks.]

THE CHARITY NUISANCE.

DEAR TOMAHAWK,

Do take up the sham-charity nuisance. One cannot stir a step without being bullied to sit out amateur theatricals, attend for fleecing at a fancy fair, go to a ball, or something else equally provoking, which is supported and pushed by the ladies, under the spurious name of "Charity." It's too bad indeed. Just think what happened to me the other night. I had been inveigled, with other idiots, into a net which was intended to catch guineas, by way of a ball; indeed, never being able to resist a woman, I had been hooked by no less than three lady patronesses. However, I only paid two, and set the other guinea down against a lot of gloves I had won, but never had paid to me, over the Derby. On the night I went to Dover street, and there, on being shown into a sort of temporary chapel, I found a good number of solemn creatures sitting round the walls apparently engaged in Sunday-school exercises, and all of them evidently very shy of one another. You see the guinea was there, and that bothered them a good deal. But of course I found somebody I knew, and had a lucky half-hour with her, for which I was beginning to feel quite grateful, when we were suddenly aroused from our very interesting conversation by the agonizing strains of a bagpipe. In marched the piper, with a tag-rag and bobtail of red-coats, kilts, and white tulle (forming a fancy quadrille, if you please) behind him; the curtains at the end of the room (I had thought it was where they were making the tea) were drawn aside, and down went the whole troop into the ball-room. When the fancy quadrille was over, we common people were allowed to dance, and as the floor was good and the music Coote's, we did begin to recover ourselves a little, and one gentleman, who came in a Charles II. dress of maroon-coloured velvet, and pink silk stockings, presented evidence in his face of being extremely happy at finding himself the only creature there in fancy costume. If all the rest did titter as soon as he turned his back—and sometimes without waiting for so much—of course that shows that they were happy too. But the whole thing bored me. The sets I know best were either not there at all, or only there by an imperfect representation, which wouldn't satisfy the most bigoted Tory. All my best girls, too, went off to Dorchester House almost directly, and when I went to console myself with supper, I found there wasn't any—at least, I don't call maccaroons and sandwiches supper—except for the "friends of the family." I found, too,

that it was necessary to confine oneself strictly with some prescribed—though to me of course unknown—bounds, for on taking a wrong turning I was again challenged as to whether I was a “friend of the family,” and being unable to give so satisfactory an account of myself, was at once turned into the outer darkness of the ball-room.

I couldn't stand this long, and so sought the hall and the coats, where I was at once addressed by an unctuous creature, who was anxious to know if he might draw my attention to the Universal Beneficent Society, terms of membership one shilling annually. This was too much, and rushing down the steps I snatched the linkman's lamp out of his hand, lit a cigar with it, defied the Universal Beneficent Society and all its marquises, and so departed in a rage.

Pray scalp all shams of this sort. It's at least too bad to get a guinea out of a man in order to heap every possible insult upon his head, and then to finish it all by asking him for a shilling a year.

Yours indignantly,
GASTON.

MUSIC.

Don Carlos was produced on Tuesday at Covent Garden. There was much interest attaching to the performance, inasmuch as this last-born of the offspring of Signor Verdi's brain has been pretty handsomely abused in Paris, in which pleasant capital it first saw the light in March last. The piece is too long, and, even in Paris, where the public can listen longer than in most places, it was found necessary to cut out a portion of it; but still it appeared too lengthy to place before our *dilettanti*, who decline to go to the Opera if the curtain rises an instant before 8.30. Under these circumstances Mr. Costa was entrusted with a pair of scissors, and that he has made ferocious use of them nobody will deny.

In the first place, he has excised the entire first Act. *pour encourager les autres*, and has made other cuts, some of which are judicious, whilst others cannot be defended on any grounds. The tenor song in the first act (proper) now appears in the third, or rather the second, as it is played at Covent Garden, and, for any good that Signor Naudin does with it, might be omitted altogether; but we may have some more to say about this gentleman presently. Then, again, about thirty-five minutes of ballet is cut out—this is wise, because Verdi's ballet music is not good. In the last act the opening bars of Madlle. Lucca's *scena* have been removed; this is nothing short of penny wisdom and pound foolishness, as an economy of about a minute is obtained, at the expense of one of the best musical numbers in the opera. The song, as sung by Madlle. Lucca (and cut by we don't know whom), is a lopsided piece of work, and no musician can hear it without deploring that the head should have been removed, and nothing but the body and legs allowed to remain.

Amongst other disadvantages that the excision of the first act entails may be counted the ignorance in which the audience is left as to what the story is about, to say nothing of the fact that the first scene contains a duet for *Don Carlos* and *Elizabeth*, which is as fine as anything in the piece; in truth, without this duet, and the meeting, and the vows of the lovers, there is little or no *raison d'être* for the rest of the piece.

With regard to the performance, when we have said that Madlle. Lucca was excellent in the part of the unhappy Queen, forced by circumstances of State to wed the father of the man whom she loves, we shall have accorded all the praise which we feel called upon to distribute amongst the principals. The *Don Carlos* of Signor Naudin was throughout a mild and uninteresting performance; he has a threadbare and colourless voice, and he has no method or school to make up for his weakness. It is probable that no singer has ever filled the position in a great theatre which Signor Naudin occupies at Covent Garden who has not had a better title to the consideration of the public. It is true that the tenor part in *Don Carlos* is extremely severe, but either the opera should not be played at all here, or a man should be found (and there are plenty) who has got voice enough to sing the music.

As for Signor Graziani, his fault does not lie in the want of a good voice, for anything rounder and prettier than his notes it would be hard to find; still, with his spasmodic singing, his utter ignorance of the principles of phrasing, and his *gauche* style of acting, we are unable to say a good word for one whose natural capabilities, had they been at-

tended by some earnestness of purpose or desire for improvement, would have taken him to the top of the tree.

Madame Fricci, in the character of *Eboli*, was not what might have been wished, or indeed expected, from one who is generally a painstaking and intelligent artist. Madame Fricci's singing was rough and coarse, and her upper notes so shrill, that truly we would advise her to be careful, otherwise she will lose her admirers—and we hope their name is legion.

M. Petit was *King Philip*, and his interpretation of the character was good—not so good, however, as that of M. Obin, who takes the part at Paris; the latter presents to you the portrait of a cold, hard, cruel man. Of course there are not two ways of playing the part, and M. Petit acts it here on the principle that M. Obin adopts in Paris. Still, we prefer the last-named artist; moreover, M. Petit has not enough voice for Covent Garden Theatre.

One word must suffice to chronicle a rather good first appearance made by one Signor Bagagiolo, who took the part of the *Grand Inquisitor*. This gentleman, who has a good and sonorous bass voice, will possibly prove a valuable acquisition to Mr. Gye's company.

Was the piece successful or not? Well, it is difficult to say. There was a good deal of applause—an immense deal of applause—so much so, indeed, as to lead one to imagine that it might not all have been quite genuine. The opera has a gloomy story, and one that may not be very popular with the public at large; but it contains some very fine music, and has, we consider, the elements of endurance.

The band played too loud all through the opera, and when, in the second act, they had the assistance of a brass band on the stage, it is a mercy that the roof of the theatre was not taken off.

The scenery, painted by Mr. Mat. Morgan, is beautiful beyond all description, whilst the decorations and the costumes are costly and splendid. No expense can have been spared in mounting the piece; and, as we think very well of the music in *Don Carlos*, we hope that it may be destined to have a prosperous career. If the opera pleases in England, Verdi had only himself to thank, for, with the afore-mentioned exception of Madlle. Lucca, who is quite charming, the principal singers did not do much to help the new work through.

ENIGMA.

AWAY! away! to the sunlit downs,
Away to the sleepless sea,
Where the wild bird soars on its gleaming wing,
And the white waves dance so free—
Away! away! to the still sweet groves,
Where lovers linger and kiss:
I search for a jewel, and search in vain,
For all that I find is—This.

Soft and low on my trembling ears
The maiden's whisper steals:
She tells me of faith that can ne'er be false,
Of the deep, deep joy that she feels.
Closer and closer I clasp my sweet,
As I faint with the sense of bliss,
A few short months, and I wake to find
That a maiden's troth is—This.

Oh, you who have dreamed Love's old, old dream,
And have woke to the old, old truth—
Who have trusted your fate to a lovely face,
And your soul to a woman's ruth;
When the stifled sobs are choking your heart,
And you curse the faithless Miss,
Believe me, and own with a cynic smile,
That Love and Life are but—This.

ANSWER TO LAST ENIGMA.—Bosh.

Correct Answers from W., R. S., Hampstead; B. O. C., L., Greenwich; N. F., D. R., Z., A. L., Balderdash (by telegram), L. O. C., G. H., S. B., Eccleston Square; and forty-three incorrect.

MOTTO FOR THE ADULLAMITES.—Every dog has its “Day.”

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

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