

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 7.]

LONDON, JUNE 22, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

NAVY REPORTS.

A SELECT committee of Tomahawks was telegraphed for on Thursday last by Sir John Pakington, to assist in reporting on the actual state of our navy at the present moment. Sir John was under the impression that such a committee would be of the highest advantage to the public service, and after mature deliberation with Sir J. Hay, the following telegram was forwarded to our office:—

"Sir John Pakington to Editor of TOMAHAWK.—Send staff. Want opinion on state of navy. Let go painter."

We have not yet been able to discover whether the last phrase referred to our artist or not, but the staff was sent as demanded, and here are some among the results of the inquiries.

The first ship of war inspected was the *Chameleon*, which had been a 72-gun wooden ship. She has since been cut down to half her size, and armour-plated; but on her trial trip she sank, so it was thought advisable, on her recovery, to alter her to a cupola steamer, carrying a ram, which, however, proved too heavy for use. She is now doing good duty in the Medway as a tender—so tender that there is every probability of her going to pieces during the summer.

The *Proteus*, 102 guns, was considered a splendid specimen of a British man-of-war in 1858. She was fitted with screws and paddles worked by donkey-engines of 1,001 horse-power; but the bilge-water, which had been contracted for by Choker and Shoddicum, of Millbank, had so corroded the ship's sides, that scurvy had broken out in the teak backing, and her plates were consequently removed, and their place supplied by kamptulicon sheathing, as invented by a confectioner in Ratcliffe Highway. This had been achieved at the reasonable expenditure of £1,002,309 4s. 2½d. It is true that the sheathing, though an excellent substitute for oil-cloth, was discovered to resist nothing stronger than ordinary underhand-bowling. However, one of the lights of chemical science has remedied this defect, by applying a coating of diluted silica, which has succeeded perfectly in rendering H.M.S. *Proteus* impervious to hostile shot, and incapable at the same time of keeping her hull above water. Orders have just been issued from the Admiralty to convert this noble vessel into a coast-guard cutter.

The select committee next proceeded to give an opinion on the *Kokanbuhl*, armed with 21 Armstrong guns. Eighteen out of the 21 guns were 13-inch rifled cannon. Seventeen of these had burst, owing to the second-lieutenant unwarily making a facetious remark at the moment of firing. The eighteenth had missed fire, and was ready charged for the inspection of the S. C.

As many of the staff were afflicted with headache, owing to the heat of the atmosphere in the gun-room, the discharge was dispensed with.

The remaining two guns were 600-pounders—"shunt" guns—and no possible bribe could prevail on the hands to let them off, so we were obliged to let them off instead—the hands, not the guns. Her armament in every other way was most satisfactory, and her steering powers most promising, as she never made more than 1½ knots in the hour, and only the half-knot was leeway. She could turn easily in the length of the Isle of Wight; for it is a well-known fact that she had been a blockade-runner during the American war before she was converted into an iron-

clad, as indeed was visible with half an eye to any one who watched the distinct manner in which she answered her helm.

The armour-plating on this fine frigate was estimated at £13,000,000 os. 0¾d.—a mere bagatelle for compound householders to pay off.

The staff here retired to whitebait at Gravesend, where they were fully indemnified for their arduous task.

OUR WELCOME TO THE SULTAN.

HIS Highness the Sultan has promised to visit us:

Guests that are regal are rare, I believe;
May the weather be fair, and our efforts felicitous,
When the scarce stranger we try to receive.
With a Court which is given to chilling formality,
Limited Monarch in name and in deed,
It rests with the people to show hospitality,
Such as consorts with the national creed.

Though a half-dozen palaces empty may lie, lend
Our guest one we cannot, of course. But at least
We can find an hotel for him—say—well, at Mile End:
'Tis fit that a Sultan should live in the East.
A Monarch who wears the Mahometan crown on
His head, should have things of appropriate sort;
We'll give him an Ottoman, then, to sit down on,
And, when he is thirsty, some dry Sublime Port.

If Mile End don't suit, let him live in a crescent:
The Crescent's the national badge of his race.
When he smokes, a Haymarket Divan will be pleasant,
A nice Turkish Bath when he washes his face.
In all that he does let's remember his nation,
And act, in whatever position we're placed,
So that his sense Asian enjoys the sens-ation
Of truly Britannical delicate taste.

Good Mussulmen are, whether Turks or Armenians,
Persians or Arabs, conservatives all:
We'll show him our Beales, striking Tailors, and Fenians,—
Blessings that *our* Constitution befall.
We'll show him our slaughter-house—what the calves suffer,
Their slow vivisection, the tortures they feel:
'Twill recall to his mind the Mahometan duffer—
'Twill remind him of 'Is-lam to look on our-veal.

He swears by the Prophet? Well, we have a score of such
Knaves to whose humbug our sense is a serf;
Our journals can point out a bushel or more of such—
Vaticinators by shoals—on the Turf.
And if he should cling to his national history,
If all our customs too flippant he find,
Introduce him to Dizzy, the Asian Mystery—
There he must own a congenial mind.

The summer is sad, and the season is murky:
A pity he cannot till Christmastide wait,
For then is the time to revivify Turkey,
And misletoe brings us our "Kiss-met," our fate.
But be't as it is, let us meet him exultin';
The singular stranger we're happy to see;
Though our Court lie in coma, this out-an'-out Sultan
We'll welcome not in-an-insultin' degree.

A SUPPER FOR SEVERAL KINGS.

By some extraordinary carelessness the following communication found its way into our office and into type before we had discovered that it was intended for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. We, of course, ought to apologise, but at the same time we are not at all sorry to be the first to publish their correspondent's notes.

"To the Editor,—You may remember that after partaking of your hospitality at Daddy Lodge, it was agreed that, on my arrival in Paris, I should make friends with Babin, the costumier, for the better completion of our intentions. You had said that, while we were sipping that second bottle of Branne-Mouton, which you would persist in having out, that if the crowned heads met *en petit comité* while in Paris, I should be the man to dine with them anyhow or anywhere. I had not forgotten the suggestion, and having received the first intimation of the Emperor's intention to give a private supper party at the Café Anglais, through my friend, Mr. Thirstywright, of the Diurnal Telamon, whose intimate connection with all the crowned heads of Europe is as authentic as his familiar relations with all the female aristocracy of the *grand* and *demi-monde*, I drove down to the Vicomte's, where I found my hospitable friend inspecting with much delight the uniform of the King of Greece, which had just arrived from Babin's. I was not long in making up, and I flatter myself *je me suis fait une tête des plus réussies*. Charly Delvil was to be my chasseur, and looked superb. 'You are Otho to a T,' said he, as we went down to the coupé which awaited us. 'They'll never find you out, you may take your oath o' that.'

"The whole affair being known to few beyond the absolute guests, there was no bustle, nothing, in fact, beyond the doors of the Café Anglais, except the *coquilles d'huitres*, to denote the excitement which naturally pervaded the kitchen of that establishment. My name and title being simply sent up on the printer's card, which the Vicomte had managed to obtain possession of through the kindness of M. Alexandre Dumas, I was ushered in by Joseph, who has so often found me a particular cabinet for little supper parties on the same floor. Yes, ushered into the presence of the crowned heads of Europe! I may as well mention who were the august individuals on whom I had dared to impose, and with whom I was going to discuss the necessities of Europe. Their Imperial Majesties, the Emperor of the French, and the Emperor of all the Russias, His Majesty the King of Prussia, the King of the Belgians, the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Viceroy of Egypt, and the Taicoon. I had no sooner appeared than all the guests (it seemed I arrived the last), with a sigh of satisfaction, made a rush at the *serviettes*. The Emperor Napoleon just deigned to throw at me a *comment ça va, mon cher?* and my delight was great when I found that I had not to undergo the accolades, of which the mere thought had made me perspire to an extent which promised to bring off my *maquillage* at an early period of the evening. I was able to recover myself during the *hors d'œuvres* sufficiently to observe that the French Emperor annexed the oysters in a series of rapid acts; that the Emperor of Russia warmed his caloriferous system with long draughts of white brandy; that the King of Prussia preferred using his knife as a vehicle for feeding to his folk; that the King of the Belgians *savez-vous* looked and fed like the late Francois I. of rollicking memory; that the Prince of Wales preferred talking German to any other language, although he speaks French and English with little accent; that the Viceroy of Egypt did not seem comfortable, though he stuffed everything into his mouth that he could lay hands on; while the little Taicoon was so attached to the *Perrier Fouet* that he was a gone 'coon before the rôti had made its appearance. I needn't remark on the dinner more than to send you, as appears the fashion now, the *menu* of the same, with the almost unnecessary observation that it was sent up in the very best style of the Café Anglais; and that ought to make your fastidious chops water. (That looks vulgar in print—but let it pass.)

MENU.

Potages } à l'Imperatrice,
aux Roi barbus,
Petits Bijoux gastronomiques.
Salmi d'oiseaux-mouches à l'Autocrate.
Poisson.—Le Roi des Mers à la Masaniello.

Rôt.—Filet de Gladiateur couronné.

Faisan doré.

Tranches de Paradis glacées.

Bombes Imperiales.

"The wines we drank could not have been got anywhere else for love or money, and, in fact, I have since heard the different vintages were sent from the various Imperial cellars expressly for the occasion. By Jove, Sir, that was really a dinner! Not too many dishes, and not too much at a time, but beginning lightly, working through the solids—and such solids!—till the soft pulpy ice brought one back from a reflection on dyspepsia, to the calm enjoyment of coffee and cigars. Well, no—you will scarcely believe me—but there was no reference to politics whatever; not a remark about annexation, or a hint as to nationalities. Russia remarked principally on the charms of a certain Grande-Duchesse de Gerolstein, which may have referred to petty German States; and I fancied there was a hit at our breech-loaders, when France remarked to Wales, that "*Schneider*" was "*impayable*," but no further observation dropped during the entertainment would have led one to suppose in what company one was. That I felt nervous I will not deny, for though I am perfectly acquainted with all the European languages, I was really afraid that our own Prince might have been sufficiently acquainted with the real Otho to have recognized the difference in my voice. I defy him to have noticed the least difference in appearance, or I should never have aspired to the honour of representing the P. M. G. on such an occasion. The Prince of Wales and the Viceroy seemed to get on together admirably, discussing principally the different ballets then performing in Paris. I fancy I heard H. R. H. offering to conduct the King of Egypt to Asnières, but I may have been mistaken. My nervousness was by no means dissipated by the chaff that fell on me from all sides, when I happened unluckily to let a drop of rich sauce fall on the damask, "*absit omen*," and other pointed witticisms referring to the upsetting of Greece, being hurled in the most graceful way at my head. Happily I gave as good as I received, and I did not betray myself.

"Private Note.—You must get a casual correspondent to wind up, for I was seized, at this moment, with a violent toothache and bleeding at the nose, which forced me to leave the room. My illness was, I believe, brought on by observing the second waiter, who served in Imperial livery, was the head of the Parisian Detective Department. I need not say I may congratulate myself on my escape; but the dinner was truly royal, not to say dooced good."

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

First.—A "ba ba," a "bow wow," "A.B.C.," and mama.

Second.—Jolly, stunning, home, and the holidays.

Third.—Latch keys, pipes, porter, and the "Guv'nor."

Fourth.—Happiness, ecstasy, madness, and the wedding ring.

Fifth.—'Change, the "Children" carriage company and the cheque book.

Sixth.—Old port, new gout, grey hairs, and "my son."

Seventh.—Wigs, wills, easy chairs, and the coffin!

POLITICAL WEATHER SIGNALS.

1. A violent gale of *wind* only, generally from N. by S. half E., follows a meeting of the Reform League Committee.
2. A violent conflict between the elements may be foretold by the sudden indisposition of Mr. Bright, or his compulsory attendance, judiciously managed, at some remote spot or other.
3. The approach of a hurricane, accompanied by a good deal of rain, can be certainly ascertained by the reception by Mr. Walpole of a deputation of Reformers.
4. It is an undoubted sign of a squall, when a gathering of Reformers lustily cheer a demagogue speaker in Trafalgar Square.
5. Foul weather may be prognosticated when Mr. R. N. Fowler is announced to address a Conservative Meeting at St. James's Hall, and Mr. Baxter Langley won't let him.

MOTTO FOR THE MEMBER FOR WICK.—"Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle."

CLEMENTINA CARMICHAEL;

OR,

THE FATAL DYE.

A TALE OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"Farewell! farewell! my sweetest love,
I will be true, I swear.
And he stole a kiss from her rosy lips,
And a tress from her nut-brown hair."

—*Ballads of the Ball-room.*

It was six o'clock on a certain afternoon, and in a drawing-room in Belgravia sat two persons. One was a lovely maiden, over whose nut-brown tresses seventeen summers and eighteen winters had lightly passed: the Hon. Clementina Carmichael, grand-niece of the Marquis of Malerous, and second cousin once removed of the Duke of Cirencester.

Her companion was the handsome, the brave, and accomplished leader of cotillions, Captain Arthur Ernest Plinlimmon.

"So, darling, you must go to-morrow to fight those horrid New Zealanders?"

"Dearest, my duty calls me."

"Why can't the tiresome creatures come over here to be killed, instead of dragging you away all that distance?"

"Dearest, the plan you suggest would be certainly more convenient, but I fear it is impossible."

* * * *

"One lock, sweet, of that darling hair, to wear ever next my heart," pleaded Arthur Ernest.

"It is so very unlucky," she gently murmured; but she let him cut off the long glossy tress.

"You will not forget me, Arthur?"

A kiss, long and tender, was the only reply.

"And, Arthur dear, do not forget the real Cashmere shawl."

He was gone, and Clementina was alone.

CHAPTER II.

"What you do not forget, you remember; and what stays in your mind remains there;
And glory is better than love, if love is not better than glory."

—*Martin Tupper.*

On the sunlit summit of a New Zealand pah stood Arthur Ernest Plinlimmon. He was wounded in the arm, but he had won his majority.

Twenty-six savages lay dead around him, a grin of hunger still lighting up their cannibalic jaws.

They had hoped to eat Arthur Ernest, but they were disappointed.

The sun kissed the smooth-faced sea, as Arthur fervently pressed a nut-brown tress to his lips again and again.

"Oh, Clementina!" he murmured.

He was still true to her.

CHAPTER III.

"The fatal die is cast, and from this day
I'll see thy face no more."

—*Dycey.*

Once more we are in the drawing-room at Belgravia.

Before the mirror stands a graceful form. Who is this with lovely golden tresses and golden eyelashes and jet-black eyebrows, and a bloom on her cheek like that which the deft artiste sprinkles over the creamy trifle?

It is—yes! it is the Hon. Clementina Carmichael.

"Yes! I am indeed lovely! How surprised, how delighted, dear, dear Arthur will be!"

A ring at the door, a hurried step on the staircase, the door bursts open, and there, sun-browned, but oh! so handsome! is seen Arthur Ernest Plinlimmon.

Why stands he thus amazed? Why does he not rush into the arms held out to welcome him?

At last he stammers out:

"I beg your pardon, I thought Miss Carmichael was here alone."

"Arthur, do you not know me?"

"That voice! Clementina! It is!—no! That hair!—it cannot be!"

"Arthur! it is—it is your Clementina!" she cries, as she rushes to him.

"You my Clementina! impossible. Look here!" and he tears from beneath his waistcoat the nut-brown tress of hair.

"Two years ago my Clementina gave me this—this tress of nut-brown hair. Oh! how dear to me! And do you mean to tell me that you are she? Oh! what witchery is this? Where, where is my Clementina?"

"Arthur, once more I tell you she is here!"

Just then the Lady Carmichael entered.

Arthur Ernest rushed up to her.

"Is that your daughter Clementina? Tell me, madame, I implore you!"

"My daughter? Of course she is. You must be mad to ask such a question!"

"I am not mad; but I soon shall be. Do you mean to tell me that this golden-haired young lady is the Clementina who gave me this nut-brown tress? Look on this hair, and on that; explain it if you can!"

"I can explain it," answered the Lady Carmichael with pardonable confusion. "The fact is, Sir, my daughter Clementina died——"

With a wild shriek Arthur Ernest Plinlimmon rushed out of the room into the square, and threw himself cursing into a Hansom cab.

Clementina threw herself sobbing into her mother's arms.

CHAPTER IV. AND LAST.

"Oh! what an end was here."

—*Shakespeare.*

"Whom the Gods love dye young."

—*Heathen Author.*

Arthur Ernest Plinlimmon, frantic with grief, drove to Vauxhall Station.

In the congenial gloom of the waiting-room, he reflected on his wretched fate.

His resolve was soon made. He started at once for Clapham Junction, determined to bury his grief in the turmoil and bustle of active life. He may still be seen on the platform there, sometimes playing a melancholy air on the concertina to an admiring group of porters, sometimes endeavouring to soothe his anguished mind by counting the trains that go in and out during the day. He has never yet succeeded.

And what became of the lovely Clementina?

Few who in the gay saloons of Belgravia look with admiring eye at the forest of golden hair which mantles the head of the beautiful Countess of Hardupton, think what a melancholy secret lies buried in those tresses.

Oh! ye maidens of England, who live so fast and dye so early, reflect sometimes as ye sit before your toilet-table, on the poor broken-hearted Arthur, and taking warning from Lady Audley and her golden tresses, "Leave Well alone."

THE KNIGHTSBRIDGE BARRACKS.

A contemporary says:—

"We really think that, for the credit of the House of Lords, some explanation ought to be given of the statement hazarded on the 3rd inst. in that assembly by the Earl of Longford, the Earl of Lucan, and Lord de Ros, concerning the present condition of the Knightsbridge barracks."

We really think so too, and, therefore, with much pleasure, insert the subjoined, which has been forwarded to us with a view, we presume, to its publicity.

VINDICATION.

"What? turn out young *Waterford*, *Osmond*, and *Duncombe*? Leave Knightsbridge deserted! was ever such Bunkum!" Says *Longford*, "Think you thus the right to make wrong?—no."

Least not while a *Longford* has hold of a long bow.

So back with your charges; I'd like to know who can

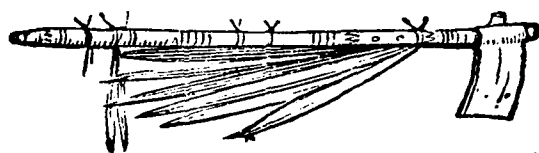
Have the face to talk over mere charges with *Lucan*!

While as to *de Ros*,—if the classics you knew,

Why you'd give to his name that respect which is *due*!"

A RECENT DIVISION.

"Here's the Government dust, Sirs, blown right in our eyes," Cries Gladstone; "Who'll hit on some method for staying it? We've found, 'pon my word, to our utter surprise, That the way to get rid of it—isn't by *Lay*(—)ing it!"



LONDON, JUNE 22, 1867.

"AUX ARMES" is the present war cry of the soldiers quartered at Knightsbridge barracks. The cry has no reference, we hope, to the arms of the servant maids.

We published in a recent number a petition to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, imploring her once again to gladden with her presence the hearts of her loyal subjects. We sought to point a moral, which we respectfully assure her Majesty was not Bal-moral.

IN reference to the report that Mr. Howell, the secretary of the Reform League, had his eye knocked out at the meeting of the Conservative Working Men's Association at St. James's Hall, on Monday last, we make the following announcement at once with pleasure and regret. That gentleman's eye was not knocked out, simply because he never had an eye—for either judgment or discretion.

MR. COSTA has been writing to the *Times*, to say he could not "entertain" the idea of conducting a concert at the Agricultural Hall, in honour of the Belgian Volunteers. What does he mean? Surely the Reception Committee can afford to pay him.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says, that Mr. SPURGEON has been preaching a sermon on one leg, at a place called *Peppard*. Sermons of a certain sort have been preached by a personage on two sticks, but this idea of one leg is new. The *ruse* looks very much as if Mr. SPURGEON would soon not have a leg to stand upon at *Peppard*. However, (as *very* "funny" people would say) he seems still to be worth his salt.

The *Times* says, that the City Authorities have determined to entertain the SULTAN, during the course of his forthcoming visit to the metropolis, in a "manner worthy of so extraordinary and suspicious an occasion." Such an announcement is in itself "suspicious," and we would express a hope, whatever may be the nature of the frantic orgies here hinted at by the Lord Mayor and his colleagues, that the Mansion House may confine itself to a programme that, if gluttonous, will at least be dignified.

PREACHERS tell us that there is a special blessing attached to the charity that ministers to the wants of the fatherless; but the "Albert Orphan Asylum" has undertaken the task of amplifying this, with a peculiar unction of its own.

TO LADIES.—Any Lady collecting or contributing Five Guineas or upwards to the ALBERT ORPHAN ASYLUM will have the honour of presenting a purse to the Queen on the occasion of Her Majesty inaugurating the Asylum and Laying the Foundation Stone of a Dining Hall and Chapel, on Saturday, the 29th of June.

If this is not a motive for charity, in the name of all that is fashionable and proper, what is?

SOME one has written to say, that the Turkish Suite at Paris is Ra-haat-la-koum.

SHOWS FOR SNOBS.

THE *Flaneur*, the "London Letter Writer" to the *Star*, complains bitterly that when the First Gentleman of England "by position" walks into White's the Members are not in the habit of waving their hats, hurrying, &c., in token of their delight at seeing him. Now, of course, his Royal Highness (who, in company with the crowned heads of England, Europe, and America, has subscribed to our aristocratic contemporary "from the first") has seen this attack upon his fellow Members. Quite agreeing with the *Flaneur*, that his Royal Mother's subjects treat him with scanty respect, H. R. H. has determined upon observing the following programme in his future visits to the club-house in question.

The Prince of Wales, wearing his robes as a Knight of the Garter over his uniform of a General in the British army, will leave Marlborough House in his state coach, attended by the Gold Stick in waiting carrying his crown, Mr. Herbert Fisher bearing his feathered coronet, and two or three noblemen exhibiting his uniforms as Colonel of the 10th Hussars, Civil Service Rifle Corps, Hon. Artillery Company, &c. The coach, which will be drawn by six horses, will be escorted by a guard of honour composed of a couple of battalions of the Grenadier Guards, a squadron of the 17th Lancers, and half a dozen batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery.

On his arrival at the top of St. James's street, H. R. H. will be received by the Members of White's dressed in the Windsor uniform, the committee appearing in full Court costume. An address will then be presented to the Prince, to which H. R. H. will return a gracious answer. H. R. H. will then be conducted to the reading-room by the Chairman walking backwards and carrying a candlestick in each hand. H. R. H. will then peruse for a few minutes a copy of the *Times* printed on silk. This done, he will be escorted to the smoking-room by the Committee—club boys strewing flowers before them—and conducted to a throne under a canopy erected in that department. A jewelled meerschaum will then be presented to him by the Editor of "*Whispers from the Clubs*" (wearing his handsome uniform of a club marker), which H. R. H. will smoke for five minutes.

H. R. H. will then be escorted to the doors of the club with the same ceremonies as those observed on his arrival.

Then H. R. H. will drive away in his state coach to Marlborough House, accompanied by his military escort, amid the shouts of the people and the boom of artillery, and then,

H. R. H. trusts that the *Flaneur* will be satisfied!

LONDON FASHIONS FOR JULY.

(Dedicated to the Maidens of England.)

HAIR.—There is not much change in this article of dress. Red is perhaps not quite so general as last month, but it is still much worn. Blue black is seen occasionally, but only where the complexion is swarthy. Auburn eyebrows are coming in. Long black eye-lashes have nearly gone out in favour of short gold-coloured eye-lashes.

MOUTH.—The lips are still worn cherry-coloured.

EYES.—The old fashioned double black line, *à la Mabilie* worn under the eyelid, is again becoming the mode.

COMPLEXION.—*Blanc de perle*, and *Bloom of Albania*, still keep their position in the market. It is to be regretted, however, that that vulgar pigment *rouge* (fit only for discharged servant-maids, or governesses out of place), is now much patronised by the young votaries of Terpsichore.

BUST.—Not quite so *prononcé* as last month.

EARS.—Worn very long indeed.

UTTERANCE SOFT AND Low!—A lady was descanting on the virtues of her son, a young gentleman given to backing horses and bills, who had uttered many promissory notes, to the small benefit of creditors. "Don't you think, my dear sir," she said addressing a friend who had suffered through this pleasing trait in his character, "that he is a very promising young man?" "Very promising, my lady, but—he never pays."



THE REVOLUTIONARY ANTHROPOGLOSSOS;
OR, PLACE NOT PARTY !



DRAMATIC CRITICISM MADE EASY.

A SUCCESSION of visits to the theatre on "first nights" has so thoroughly convinced us of the stupendous merits of all pieces now produced, that we find our terms of panegyric are quite exhausted. Our vocabulary of praise is come to an end. We therefore have determined to adopt for the future the following form of criticism, the blanks to be filled up as occasion may require:—

"We hasten to record the success of Mr. ———'s drama, entitled ———, produced at the ——— Theatre on ——— night. It is in the first case thoroughly new and original, at the same time that it recalls to the mind of the spectator all those more popular dramas which have been played for the last two years. This is the innate sympathy of genius. The plot is at once mysterious, intelligible, involved, simple, elaborate, and concise. The dialogue abounds with fervid poetry, flashing with deep pathos, sarcastic humour, comic colouring, and grammatic preciseness, while the construction is perfect. The acting of Mr. ——— in the principal part was a marvelously finished piece of art, while Miss ——— as the heroine achieved one of the greatest triumphs ever seen on the stage. All the other characters were equally irreproachable, and we cannot help noticing the wonderful contour of Mr. ———'s form, who, although he had nothing to say and less to do, elaborated out of these scanty materials one of the most perfect pictures of human nature which have ever been exhibited in the theatre.

"The situations were thrilling beyond imagination, particularly the one at the end of the second act. The very wings stood rooted to the spot with astonishment, while the curtain refused to descend, so great was its ecstasy of admiration!

"We must pay our homage to the manager for the immense treat he afforded us by his uncalled-for exertions in coming on sixteen times in the piece, each time in a new pair of boots. Any one who could not read his conflicting emotions in the varying aspect of his pedal extremities must have been either blind to all poetic imagery, or unable to soar above the level of the footlights. The delicate way in which the prompter whispered that he was present, while it established confidence in the breast of the most timid of the fair sex, showed the immense labour which he had bestowed upon his attire, which was irreproachable in its modest simplicity. We never remember to have heard a call-boy whose voice was more mellow and melodiously musical, nor can we refrain from bestowing a few words of praise on the dignified bearing of the faithful domestic who removed the chairs and tables in the fourth act. For silent eloquence we don't think this gentleman could be surpassed.

"It would be unjust were we to omit all mention of the carpet, whose graceful folds and admirable *pose* lent such significance to the great ball-room scene. The wealth of expression which lurked in every curve of the sofa, indicating that the wealth which glittered in profusion around was but the ephemeral creation of a passing smile of Fortune, shows us that we cannot pay too much attention to detail in these matters. We must also pay a tribute to the gaslights, whose brilliancy was even un eclipsed by the flashing witticisms of the author. The boxkeepers all displayed the most finished grace in showing the visitors to their seats, and their gorgeously generous notions of change for half a sovereign evinced a mind far above the petty meannesses of arithmetic.

"We can predict for this piece a long and successful career, more particularly if the manager, with his usual liberality, continues to send tickets gratis to his own, the author's, and the principal performers' personal friends."

CRAMBE REPETITA.

IF we cannot get brilliancy or originality of humour, we have at any rate a right to expect correctness. *Punch* of last week, gave us a joke which is so ridiculously superannuated, and which was, in this instance, so entirely misapplied, that some slight comment is necessary. A youth was represented as calling upon a college tutor previous to his matriculation, and in reply to the question of the college dignitary, as to whether he was willing to *subscribe* to the thirty-nine articles, expressing his readiness to *subscribe any sum* that might be required. The story is, of course, as old as the hills, and is related indifferently

of an il-informed literate from St. Bees, and a hunting North Devon parson. For all we know, it may be told in a hundred other connections as well. But no person, who knew anything about the matter, could ascribe the verbal misapprehension to a youth in the situation depicted in *Punch's* cut; for the simple reason that no undergraduate ever is, or ever was, asked such a question at the onset of his career. *Punch*, though the oldest of our weekly comic journals, is not, after all, so very venerable: it is at least too young to allow us to excuse that habit of repetition of stale jests and anecdotes and confusion of incidents which is usually supposed to be significant of extreme senility. *Crambe repetita* is bad enough in any shape, but it would not be rendered more acceptable by being served up in the same dish as trifle or ice-pudding.

HOW CHARITY COVERS A MULTITUDE, &c.

OUR dear old friend, Lady Grundy, has written to us several pages of horrified astonishment at what she calls the *impudence* of London young ladies; without actually endorsing all her opinions, we, at the same time, can't help thinking that there is a good deal of truth in what she says.

"You see," we quote her Ladyship, "I had only just left Shropshire for a day or two to stay with Mitty,—you knew Mitty had married Colonel Askew?—in Hyde-Park gardens. I really don't think I've been up to town since the first great Exhibition, and the first thing I was obliged to go to, though I should infinitely have preferred Madame Tussaud's, was what was called a Fancy Bazaar, at Willis's Rooms. Well, my dear, I don't want to describe the crowd and the dust, and the paper roses and white bed-curtains, which did duty for decorations, but I must say I should not have liked to have been Mitty when she was Miss Grundy, doing what Miss Dash and Lady Angora Threestars were engaged in all the time I was there.

"These two girls, my dear, and others besides, were dressed or undressed in the lowest of, I was going to say, evening dresses, but I believe a film of muslin, which suggests that what is shown ought to be covered, ranks these garments among morning costumes. My eyesight is not of the best, but even I could see the rouge on their cheeks and the wigs on the back of their heads, and these girls, for they were not more than eighteen, were stopping gentlemen of the species swell, a race far more washed out and less hardy than the buck of my day, were actually button-holding them, though they had never seen them before but at a distance in the Row or in the stalls at the Opera, and without further preliminary, appealed to their senses and want of sense for the better disposal of a few faded rosebuds which seemed to hang their heads for shame at their share in the traffic, fully convinced that there was nothing to justify the price of half a guinea, which these young sirens had put upon them. Of course, the young men flirted with them as they might have done across a bar, with Molly the maid of the Inn, whoever she was, and, indeed, had I been a young dandy, I should have done so too with less provocation. It is not the men I blame. It is these girls, who are to be our English mothers, to bring up future Britons in the way they should go. Here you may see them at this time of the year at any Bazaar almost you may mention, behaving in what my poor dear Knight would have called a most scandalous manner. Hail fellow well met with any man who buys a shilling's worth, and giving way to all the temptations for thieving, as they never return change, though you give a sovereign for a shilling article—for lying, as they invariably sell a dozen articles as originals for one pen-wiper worked by the Grand Duchess of Selzerwasser herself, and for slandering; as their *chaff* of which they seem full (I have learnt the word from Mitty), is principally aimed against the occupants of other stalls who are doing their best to depreciate the wares of their neighbours,—and the Bazaar you are at may be for the Brotherly Love General Benevolent Society,—perhaps that is their excuse for being so forward in their dealings. I have heard that Lady Angora took a branch of mistletoe round the room last Thursday, at Willis's, at half a guinea a-head. I do hope it is not true." Lady Grundy, we are afraid, will be looked upon by young ladies of the present day as an old mummy or something equally antiquated, but we shall be glad to receive her letters all the same.

"A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT."

"Oh learned judge, how do I honour thee!"

JUSTICE tempered with mercy is an admirable and wholesome mixture; but justice drowned in an effusion of weakness and folly constitutes a nauseous and a noxious drug. Of late, juries seem to have taken it into their heads to show of what irrationalities they are on an emergency capable; and judges seem to have thought it their duty to follow suit. The other day a couple of scoundrels were convicted of "feloniously and maliciously setting fire to a dwelling house, with intent to defraud the London Insurance Company"—a crime about as flagrant as any that can be committed, and one for which penal servitude for life is no unusual sentence. But the jury recommended the prisoners to mercy on the ground that they "had been the dupes of a third party." They were sentenced to seven and five years' penal servitude respectively, the judge—Mr. Justice Willes—carefully avoiding any expression which might intimate that he concurred in the view taken by the jury, and remarking, we suppose by way of reason for this lenity, that arson was becoming a very common offence. After this we need not be surprised if we find some learned expounder of the law, when a man arraigned for murder is convicted by the jury, remarking by way of sentence, that "as he finds offences of this description becoming so exceedingly frequent, he is determined to see what a new kind of policy will do, and he therefore will not punish the prisoner at all." After all, this would be merely pushing a principle to its logical conclusion.

SINGULAR WANTS.

HERE is a pleasant advertisement, cut (and dry, we might almost say) from the classic columns of the *Daily Telegraph* :—

"WET NURSE WANTED, in August next, by a lady residing near London. Must be *single and respectably connected*.—Address, stating age and terms, Z. Z., —."

What are we to think of this "lady" whose want is so chaste and ladylike? Mark the charm of the words "must be"—so reputably resolute, so innocently imperative. Does Z. Z. use *blanc de perle*, and paint her eyebrows? Does she live in St. John's Wood? Shall we meet her in the Burlington Arcade on a sunny afternoon? Does she like French novels! What does she think of Cremorne this year? We pause for a reply. We *might* almost anticipate it.

PUFFING.

A CERTAIN review some weeks back, animadverted with considerable severity upon the advertizing propensities of a certain sporting novelist as upon a tendency of recent growth. But the nuisance has existed for a long time. It is, however, principally confined to the columns of weekly gossip, in which the readers of a few choice journals appear to delight. The manner in which it comes that these puffs are introduced into compositions of this class is simple enough. The shrewd tradesman or dealer who wants to get his wares gratuitously puffed, knows tolerably accurately the nature with which he has to deal. He has a tolerably correct idea of the different avenues by which the heart of the denizen of modern Grub Street may be reached. Parliamentary aspirants are wont in the course of their canvass to send little presents of game and other similar delicacies to their constituency. In the same way, our cunning merchant distributes amongst such literateurs as he conceives may be likely to have it in their power to do him a kind turn, sundry specimens of the goods in which he deals. *Roma omnia venalia fiunt*, and there is not much less venality, of this description, prevailing amongst the small fry of literature than throughout the population of Great Yarmouth or Reigate. Jones, the eminent grocer, finds out who it is that writes the weekly letter for the *Orb*, and one fine morning, the amusing author of that effusion, on entering his office, finds awaiting him on his table bottles of various piquant sauces, a few carefully-selected jars of pickles, and perhaps one or two new sorts of biscuits. What is to be done? Were he to return them, he would wound the feelings of the susceptible Jones: were he to appropriate them without some kind of acknowledgment, he would be guilty

of inexcusable ingratitude. Hence that little paragraph about "the admirable and economical establishment of Messrs. Jones and Co., the eminent grocers." Or perhaps Messrs. Sword and Pool, the great restaurant proprietors, want a little gratuitous advertizing done for them. What so easy? One of the enterprising partners contrives to scrape acquaintance with Smith, who writes the "gossip" for the *Tom-fool*, and accidentally meeting him one day, straightway button-holes him, conducts him to one of his establishments, begs him to give him his opinion on a few choice wines, or if the hour be appropriate, dines him straight off. And so it comes that we are told in the next number "what a boon the exemplary Messrs. S. and P. have conferred upon the London lounge." These customs are not, perhaps, altogether dignified, but at any rate, they have the effect of conferring creature comforts in quarters in which they are far from unacceptable.

AN UNJUST CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE TOMAHAWK."

SIR,—You have sent me the following letter, which has been addressed to you, relating to a recent article of mine, with a request that I would answer it :—

"8 June, 1867.—Sir, — We would advise you to get rid of your musical critic as soon as possible, as his notice of the principal singers in *Don Carlos* in your paper of June 8th is thoroughly inconsistent with their known reputation. Faithfully yours,

"COMMON SENSE."

An anonymous communication would seem, as a general rule, not to call for any notice, but an exception may be made in the present case, as the paper on which the foregoing is written bears the stamped address of an eminent west-end musical publisher; this, however, I have purposely suppressed.

With regard to the first portion of the letter I must leave you, Sir, to decide whether you consider it wise to profit by the counsel which is so kindly placed at your disposal; but with regard to the remainder, I must beg you to accord me space for a few remarks.

In the first place, I can only presume that "Common Sense" conceives that the moment a singer has a "known reputation," he or she is thenceforth to enjoy immunity from all remarks of the critic save such as are offered in a spirit of laudation. I need scarcely point out to you that the critic's office would very shortly cease, under those circumstances, to possess the smallest possible utility. It is only by rigorous and impartial investigation, coupled, it must be presumed, with knowledge of his subject, that the critic can hope to render any assistance whatsoever to the public or to the art about which he is writing. Of course it is pleasanter to praise than to blame; but if a public writer says that a thing is good when it is bad, or indulges in tortuous phraseology which appears to express one thing while it implies another, he is untrue to himself and unfair to the public whom he is endeavouring to instruct.

Now let us turn to those singers who I am supposed to have used so badly that I ought at once to be turned away from your staff. With the exception of Mdle. Lucca, to whom I awarded the meed of praise which she so well deserved, and of M. Petit, whose performance of the character of *Philip* I said did not please me as much as that of M. Obin at Paris, I think I devoted my remarks chiefly to Signori Naudin and Graziani. Let us see what claims they have to the reputation for which "Common Sense" gives them credit. I doubt if much was known about the first-named gentleman in this country until some six or seven years ago (if my memory serves me right), when he appeared at Drury Lane. I heard him at that time in the *Puritani*, with Madame Persiani and Signor Badiali, and I did not like him the least in the world; nobody hearing him sing in the same piece as that admirable baritone, Signor Badiali (who was old enough to be his father), could fail to notice the immeasurable difference between the one who was a well-trained artist, and the other who was not. The next I heard of Signor Naudin, was that Meyerbeer had left instructions that to him was to be entrusted the principal tenor part in the *Africaine*. I need not point out to you what a windfall this would be to any singer, and to this circumstance I conceive that Signor Naudin owes a position in the musical world to which I cannot but think he is in no way entitled.

With regard to Signor Graziani, I consider that he has made little or no progress since he was first engaged by Mr. Gye. If

"Common Sense" would like to know why I consider that this gentleman is not a good singer, I will tell him. After the voice has been sufficiently worked to enable the singer to hold it completely under command (a task, by the way, which, with Signor Graziani's lovely voice, should have been one of no great difficulty), the singer must then turn his attention to phrasing his music, and it is in this branch of the art that modern singers leave the most to be desired. In this respect I consider that Signor Graziani's singing is eminently faulty; he phrases like a man who reads poetry without minding his stops, and he has other faults which I need not enter upon at present. Moreover, "Common Sense" will probably concede to me that Signor Graziani is by no means a distinguished actor!

On turning to my article on *Don Carlos*, I find that I spoke an unpleasant truth about Madame Tricci; this had escaped me, or I would have alluded to her before the two gentlemen whose merits have just now claimed our attention. Well, with regard to this lady, I suppose that her reputation is that of a sensible and useful artist. I have heard her occasionally in *Donna Anna*, in *Valentina*, and some other parts, when I have found her to be a careful singer; but with regard to her performance on the first night of *Don Carlos*, I am sorry that I can add nothing by way of qualification to what appeared in your impression of the 8th.

Now for a few words on the general question of the merits of the singers who are now before the public. We must not expect to hear artists, under present circumstances, so well trained as they were in days gone by, for the simple reason that the demand for music is so much greater than it was; and I need not remind you that quality will always go to the wall in favour of quantity. Again, the musical composers of the present day do not write music which makes great calls on a singer's artistic resources.

The music of M. Gounod, enchanting as it is, will never make singers; whilst that of Signor Verdi, with all its passionate strength, serves only to spoil them. Heaven forbid that we should ever return to the vicious style of extravagant ornamentation which disfigured the early works of Rossini; but certain it is that singers were of necessity very differently trained to get through such music than they need be to sing the music which is placed before them at the present time.

Allowing all this, I cannot but feel that, having regard to the enormous sums paid by operatic managers to engage singers, and by the public to hear them, the "principals" at both our Opera Houses are very far from what they should be; but, Sir, matters will remain as they are so long as critics accept so low a standard of excellence as they appear willing to put up with at present.

If "Common Sense" has followed me to the end of this letter, he may perhaps be disposed to think that I have not been so unjust after all.

Forgive me for taking up so much of your space, and believe me to remain,

Your faithful Servant,
"YOUR MUSICAL CRITIC."

HARD LINES ON SOUND SLEEPERS.

THE Committee appointed to investigate the affairs of the Brighton Railway Company, in their report, say, *firstly*, in reference to the Directors, that they have "systematically sanctioned the manipulation and cooking of the accounts for the purpose of making things pleasant, and to fulfil what they must have felt to be a necessity of their position, the payment of a dividend under any circumstances, whether it had been honestly earned or not."

Secondly, in reference to three branch lines Act they consider "by the misrepresentation and concealment practised, there are solid legal grounds for holding that the directors, who have obtained by false representation and suppression of the truth, these large sums from the Brighton funds, for the purposes of these three lines, are bound to repay those sums to the Brighton Company."

And *Thirdly*, in reference to a recent report that they "decline to characterize it as they think it deserves."

Language such as this, were it used, concerning a private individual, in relation to some personal matter, would immediately suggest a charge of "larceny," "fraud," or "embezzlement." Our Criminal Law tell us, that a "clerk or servant" who, in

virtue of his employment, "fraudulently" misappropriates sixpence, is guilty of the latter. "Directors," that is to say, servants of share and debenture holders, may, it seems, misappropriate six millions with impunity. This conduct is, of course, not fraudulent. It would be a shocking libel to say so. The sooner, however, an ugly word is found for this ugly scandal the better.

COPIES FOR THE 19TH CENTURY.

THE great advance that has been made in morality, as in all subjects, by the children of the present generation, necessitates an entire change of the present obsolete maxims which still do duty in copybooks. We beg to offer a few specimens, to which writing masters are welcome:—

Back no bills.

Never believe what anybody tells you.

Always think yourself wiser than every one else.

Modesty is the ruin of success.

Never expect a friend to lend you money.

Do others, or they will do you.

Debt is like a decoy; it is very easy to get in, but very hard to get out.

Think highly of yourself, and others will think highly of you.

Honesty is very useful as a profession, but fatal as a practice.

Such maxims as these are the best to inculcate into the minds of our children if we wish them to walk in the way the world goes.

ENIGMA.

I DECLARE it's no use, it's so frightfully hot;
I've tried to compose, but I really can not.
I'm all of a fume—and those bluebottle flies,
To say nothing of organs—the more that one tries
To get cool and collect one's half liquefied senses,
The hotter one feels. Chemists say cold condenses—
I've tried putting ice on the top of the head—
It only aches more. I wish I was dead—
There's that horrible devil (the printer's, I mean)
Sitting grinning, I know, just behind the large screen;
He's waiting for "copy"—the Editor's furious:
His stock of bad language (old, crusted, and curious)
Is exhausted, like me. I really can't think—
In this weather one ought to do nothing but drink.
A Charade? or Enigma? I must make up some one—
In the state that I'm in 'twill be rather a rum one.
I can't get a word—I can't find a rhyme—
And I know that my copy will *not* be in time.
Some classical theme? I've forgot my Mythology;
Some Scriptural subject? I'm bad at Theology;
Then something historical? much I fear History
For me, now at least, has the charm of a mystery.
What on earth shall I do? I'm really, I am,
In a regular—bother! without any sham
I feel that I—yes, I'll end where I begin:
The enigma you'll solve if you guess what I'm in.

ANSWER TO THE LAST CHARADE—Pie-Crust.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Modern Mohock.—Your lines are a little too strong. They might offend a certain Archbishop, who is a constant contributor to THE TOMAHAWK. He would think we wished to Mohock (mock?) him!

A Contributor to "Once a Week," &c.—Far too good for our pages; try the "serio-comic journal."

Emeu.—A good story, but not quite what we want.

Vagrant Club.—Thanks, but not quite up to the mark.

Declined with thanks.—A. W. R., S. L. G., A. P. (Fulham).

Correct answers to No. 6 Enigma, O. N. G., R. L., C. T. (by telegram), A White Owl, An Afflicted Uncle.

We have seen the announcement of a new work on "*Shorthand*" by A. Taylor. Now, we think, just at the present moment, a tailor would be the best authority on Shorthand.

PROTECTION FROM FIRE.

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

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

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

BRYANT AND MAY'S PATENT SAFETY MATCHES,

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

BRYANT and MAY'S PATENT SAFETY MATCHES, which are not poisonous, and light only on the Box, are sold by almost all respectable Grocers, Chemists, Iron-mongers, &c., in the United Kingdom.

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



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

PROTECTION FROM FIRE.