

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



“INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PROETERIT.”

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[PRICE TWOPENCE.

CULTURE AND ITS FRIENDS.

Now that musical culture has arrived at that point in the *beau monde* that our Princes and our Duchesses crave after the songs of the music halls as a new sensation for their *blasé* palates, it is the duty of all who can string rhymes together to satisfy the demand for drawing-room ditties.

To meet the general desire of a very aristocratic circle, we propose to supply at aristocratic prices such ballads as may satisfactorily fill the vacuum so much felt in polite repertoires. Ballads, which combine the style of the “Great Vance” with the sentiments of the Belgravian drawing-room.

STYLE I.

THE BELLE OF BELGRAVE SQUARE.

Oh! look at me, and tell me where
You'll find a girl like me,
For I'm the belle of Belgrave square,
With half an eye you'll see.

There's not a swell,
I don't know well,
As I gallop down the Row,
While I tip the wink,
That each may think,
He's the favoured one, you know.
Who can tell? who will ring the Belle?
The Belle of Belgrave square.

Any amount of verses can be had on application at our office.

STYLE II.

They call me the Prancing Nell,
The Guards all know me well,
For I waltz all night,
'Till broad daylight
Drives us home in a crowd pell-mell.
In the peerage look,
That heavy red book,
And you'll find me down
Lady Eleanor Brown,
The daughter of Viscount Brook.
Coote and Tinney! Tinney and Coote!!
I know each swell by the cut of his boot.

N.B.—Only a limited supply of the above to be had, owing to its immense popularity.

STYLE III.

Aubrey De Lyle is my name;
A younger son! a younger son!
Though Mammams don't consider me “game,”
I'm up to fun! I'm up to fun!
I may fool, I may flirt,
If their hearts I don't hurt,
With all the young beauties about—
If mothers look black,
I give them the sack,
And laugh in their face as I shout,
Aubrey De Lyle is my name, &c.

Come early for this, as we have promised 63,000 copies.

NO PUFF NO SUPPER.

THE dignity of the Press is a pretty phrase—but meaning very little: the “independence” of the Press is a beautiful quality—if it had any existence: the “impartiality” of the Press we all admire—in theory. We are prepared for the whole body of penny-a-liners charging at us with the stumps of their harmless quills. Just as the Spaniard's lance goads the maddened bull into an insane frenzy, so will the probes of our little quill-drivers excite us into a state bordering upon contempt—if, indeed, we have not realized it already. Gentle reader, we assure you that we are not inspired with opium: our senses are clear and unclouded, but our sense of propriety has been just a trifle outraged. Thus. The secret of success, as we all know, is publicity by means of advertizing or—puffing. The puff direct is often courteously synonymous with the lie direct. Now for the fable. The enterprising lessees of the Hall by the Sea at Margate, recently gave a magnificent lunch. They sent into the highway and cordially invited the members of the Press to come and make merry and feed. A special express train hurried them merrily to Margate—to the Hall by the Sea, where all was music and song and dance and supper. At midnight another special express bore them (*very merrily*) back to London. We have nothing to say about our hosts: but we protest against the wholesale barter of numerous puffing notices in the newspapers for an evening's entertainment. We have said enough. Our free-spoken observations may, perhaps, be regarded as a *casus belli* by some portions of the Press. We agree with them, but not to the letter. It *is*, we fear, a *casus belly*.

LEARNING AFLOAT.

SOMEONE professes to teach the French language to travellers during the voyage from Folkestone to Boulogne—sea-sickness, we suppose, permitting. Those who have been sick of learning French on shore we are sure will feel sicker of doing so on the sea, and we cannot quite comprehend how the Frenchman's mother tongue can be pleasantly taught *sur mër*. To acquire “French with ease” on the high seas, during a voyage of a couple of hours' duration, is certainly a novelty in the way of swallowing knowledge at a gulph: but the question is, whether knowledge thus hastily and imperfectly digested, is not literally thrown away. Let the steward with the basin answer.

CONSULTING HIS FEELINGS.—Lest the Sultan should feel nervous on his first visit to this country, where civilization has reached its highest point, and where barbarism is so abhorred, a handsomely bound copy of the evidence taken before the Trades' Union Commission at Sheffield will be presented to him on his landing, just to re-assure him.

GOOD THING TO SAY IN A SERMON.—A correspondent hurriedly writes to us, with reference to our report of Convocation, that “we make a great mistake if we imagine that religious *schisms* can be put down by *witti-cisms*.”

LABELLED NOT LIBELLED.

THE great difficulty that we find at a large dinner party, where one doesn't know perhaps more than two people in the room, is to avoid the mention of subjects or expression of opinions which may be distasteful to your unknown neighbour. For instance, it does not do to abuse the Pope or Archbishop Manning to a violent Ultramontane; nor is it exactly polite to expend choice epigrammatic sneers at Lord John Russell to a distant relation of the great Elliott, or Elliot, or Eliot family. Even that apparently safe topic, the weather, often leads one into pitfalls, and it is unfeeling to exult in the long duration of summer weather to a farmer whose soul and turnips are thirsting for rain. We therefore propose that for the future at all large dinner parties each lady or gentleman on arriving shall be presented with a "m^énu" of the guests. It might be arranged in columns like this:—

NAME.	SPECIFIC CHARACTER.	SAFE SUBJECTS.	GENERAL HINTS.
<i>Dubarry, Lady.</i>	Widow. High Church.	Late husband—(good, if you want to eat in peace). Ritualism.	Don't abuse the Bishop of Oxford. Admire her hands.
<i>Stoutman, Viscount.</i>	Married. Hates his wife. Tory. Strong Churchman.	Eating and drinking. Indigestion (he'll give you an account of his symptoms). Listen as if you liked it.	Don't touch on the Irish Church. Praise his dinners, and perhaps he'll ask you next time.
<i>Stoutman, Viscountess.</i>	Wife of the above. Radical. Inclined to Contemism.	American Institutions, Bismarck, Byron, Swinburne—(praise them all).	Draw her out on the subject of her husband's political career, if you want fun. Don't look too close at her complexion. Tell her a good racy story— <i>sotto voce</i> , of course.
<i>Jones, Mrs.</i>	Wife of Old Jones. Evangelical. Hates any inquiry into anything. Carries tracts in her pocket. Would sooner die than go to the theatre.	High price of butchers' bills—Lord Shaftesbury—Missionaries—Muffins (Low-Church people always like muffins).	If you can manage to bring it in (in polite language, of course), consign Colenso to perdition. Don't admit that you've read <i>Essays and Reviews</i> , or she'll give you a tract.
<i>Chignonette, Miss.</i>	Of a certain age. Spinster. Gushing character.	Anything—from Chinese politics to <i>Le Follet</i> . Never mind her not understanding, as she can always shrug her shoulders, and she likes that.	If she tells you she's afraid "you're a very naughty man," look as if you were. When you help her to sherry, fill her glass, and don't mind her saying "Stop!"—she does not mean it.

We give this as a pattern, and hope that our suggestion will be adopted. It will relieve us personally, as a diner-out, of much anxiety and trouble in "feeling our way." Of course all information as to family should be given concisely, but clearly. It has happened to us to sit between mother and daughter without knowing it, and to remark facetiously to the latter how horribly the old cat on the other side of us painted. This was very embarrassing.

UNCANNY.—An "Arab" writes to the *Times* to say that no greater insult can be offered an Egyptian than to put him up at a "Khan." Was the idea of Claridge's meant to imply just so much cold water

A CABINET COUNCIL.

WE are now no longer committed to a policy of reticence. We are free to speak: to place before the public certain important facts, which will go far to establish the well-known character of the Government for liberality—we might almost say profuse, unbounded liberality—in reference to the reception of the Sultan of Turkey and the Viceroy of Egypt, about which the most absurd charges of niggardliness have been made against Her Majesty's Ministers.

We hope to prove to the world that in whatever else they may be wanting, no one, we are convinced, will deny that considerations of a generous hospitality and a lavish welcome to their illustrious guests, have not pressed themselves with the gravity they deserve upon their secret deliberations. We are "authorised" therefore, to publish a condensed report of what transpired at a recent Cabinet Council held last week at the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury in Downing street. The Ministers present were—the Earl of Derby, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Malmesbury, Lord Stanley, the Duke of Buckingham, Sir John Pakington, Sir S. Northcote, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Right Hon. H. T. L. Corry, the Duke of Richmond, Lord John Manners, Lord Naas, and the Right Hon. Spencer H. Walpole.

The EARL OF DERBY, in opening the proceedings, stated that the Viceroy of Egypt and the Sultan of Turkey would shortly be the guests of the English nation. Could anyone tell him why the Viceroy had left the Nile and the Sultan the Bosphorus, to come and trouble the Government at a time when it had enough to do with Reform? Where were they to be put up, and how entertained during their stay in England? (Hear, hear, from Lord Stanley and Sir Stafford Northcote.) It is all very well for some of his colleagues to say "here, here," but he would repeat the question, and like to know—where? The question was alike important and puzzling. It was a great bore, but some plan must be hit on at once. The press were raising an unnecessary outcry about it. Could anyone suggest anything? He couldn't: his gout gave him enough to think of.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE said he had not slept a wink for the last week, the Viceroy of Egypt (he wished he was at Jericho) having occasioned him much anxious thought. He had, however, drawn up an advertisement which, he submitted, should be inserted in the *Daily Telegraph*, and which he would, with his colleagues' permission, read: it ran thus:—

WANTED, for the Viceroy of Egypt, cheerful apartments, consisting of back and front parlours (with occasional use of drawing-room) together with a back attic for his suite and a loft for his luggage. The East end of London preferred. White-chapel, Shoreditch, or the rural and picturesque district of Hoxton, would be most suitable. Plate and linen not necessary. Address, stating terms (which must be low) THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA, Victoria Street, Westminster. N.B. Boot cleaning must be included and a latch-key provided.

It would be seen (Sir STAFFORD continued) that he had selected the East end of London by way of a delicate compliment, as the Viceroy came from the East. He hoped he would appreciate it. As a financier himself he felt it his duty to consider the importance of lodging the Viceroy with a due regard to economy. He thought the rent of lodgings should not exceed a guinea a week.

Lord STANLEY was of opinion that his colleague's suggestions were most judicious. A similar advertisement, he thought, might be inserted on behalf of the Sultan. The only addition he would suggest should be that the apartments intended for the Sultan be situated in the immediate vicinity of some Washhouses or Public Baths, as he believed people in Eastern countries were in the habit of taking a bath (which he understood was called "a hookah") every morning.

Sir JOHN PAKINGTON asked if it was known to any one present whether the Sultan was to be accompanied by his five hundred wives: but suddenly observing Lord John Manners blush deeply, he abruptly changed the subject, and vaguely added something in a confused and incoherent manner about "lumps of delight" (which made Lord John blush still more deeply), Turkish Bonds, and the Hammam in Jermyn Street.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER thought this was not exactly the time for joking. He had written a good deal about the East in his younger days, and knew something of the character and

habits of Oriental nations. Had any one present read *Tancred*? (There being no response, he smiled sardonically and continued.) Well, he had certainly not thought much about lodgings for either the Sultan or Viceroy; but there were some good hotels, he was informed, in Leicester Square. Besides this, the position was so central—the Alhambra was close at hand and the Coal-Hole within a sixpenny cab fare.

The DUKE of RICHMOND was of opinion that, as he had recently counted thirty-five sparrows' nests about the ruins of Buckingham Palace, and numerous cobwebs about Clarence House, the illustrious strangers might occupy — (Here a violent fit of coughing suddenly seized everybody present, drowning the rest of His Grace's observations.)

The LORD CHANCELLOR would offer a suggestion. He thought, *in re* the Sultan and Viceroy, that Bream's buildings or Cursitor street would afford a charming retreat. He had never himself been there, but had understood so from others who had. He believed they were favourite resorts for debtors: and as both the Turk and Egyptian would owe this nation a debt of gratitude, he thought the locality very appropriate. To do the thing gracefully and in proper form, he would recommend that a writ be served on their august guests immediately on their landing at Dover.

The Right Hon. SPENCER WALPOLE next essayed to speak, but he was evidently suffering from feelings of deep emotion. His sympathising colleagues begged him to "cheer up," and patted him consolingly on the back. This had the effect of rallying him. He said, with a faltering voice, that the whole subject had given him great pain, affecting him even to tears. He could not help it. Could any one lend him a pocket-handkerchief? He was of opinion that, as a great, a wealthy, a hospitable, a generous nation (here sobs interrupted articulation), we should act in a manner worthy of ourselves. He had, accordingly, that morning sent his valet to Pimlico in search for lodgings. What was said to Pimlico? He had intended to suggest the neighbourhood of the Strand, through which omnibuses were constantly and conveniently running to all parts; but when he recollected that the offices (a sob) of the Reform League (another sob) were situated in its immediate vicinity—(Here the honourable gentleman fairly broke down, and burst into a flood of tears.)

Such an unexpected and melancholy termination of the Cabinet Council prevented any one bestowing any further thought on either the Sultan of Turkey or the Viceroy of Egypt, and it is consequently very probable that these two illustrious strangers will, on their arrival in England, be left to shift for themselves as best they can.

IN PARIS.

I HAVE been sent over here to write something about the Exposition. It is too hot to do anything. Because this is the case, is it any reason why I should follow in the wake of would-be comic journalists, and send an imaginary correspondence with the editor—a correspondence hinting that the writer had entirely shirked his work—up to London? No, although such a plan would be *very* funny, I will avoid it. I will leave the exceedingly novel idea to the wretched Bohemians who contribute to our facetious papers. To say that I am enjoying myself at the cost of my employers, without attending to their business is remarkably humorous, but surely a little stale. However, if the public care for a really genuine description of the characteristics of the Paris of July, 1867, here is one at their service. Without further preface, I rush in *medias res*.

The Exposition.—A grand mistake. Englishmen are advised to carefully avoid it. It is merely the South Kensington Show of 1862 over again, with a spice of insincerity and a little tawdry theatrical display. The International *Cafés* are the dearest of dead failures. I went to the Prussian restaurant. They gave me a bad French meal, and charged me a Napoleon for it. I certainly would advise the public to patronise Herne Bay rather than Paris at the present moment. The Exposition is merely a large edition of the old Pantheon, mixed with a *soupeçon* of Greenwich Fair.

La Grande Duchesse.—When you arrive in Paris, you are told that you must go to the Variétés to see the last thing of Offenbach. I have been. Schneider is fair; she understands the best manner in which "the wink" should be given; but after all, one gets bored of low-necked dresses and *can cans*. The rest of the

characters are very mild. Dupuis is a third-rate Braid, and le General Baum a weak edition of Mr. Robert Romer. Of course, London people rave about the *Grande Duchesse*, to show that they have been to Paris, and *voilà tout*.

The Hotels are one and all expensive. You have to pay ten francs a-day for the most wretched apartment *au cinquième*. I certainly would advise *MM. les voyageurs* to avoid the large, and to keep away from the small, hotels. *Table d'hôtes* are miserable mistakes, and *diners à la carte* the most transparent of swindles.

The Sights of Paris are most often closed, and those that are open are so thronged with visitors that they are unbearable.

Paris generally, at the present moment, is hot, dusty, and expensive. It has not a single redeeming point. I would advise no one to pay it a visit. People who come here have nothing to do but to talk about the Exposition with its painted shop women, and the *Grande Duchesse* with its sticks of actors. The first, as I have said before, is old, and the second stupid.

There, I have done. What I have written is composed in sober seriousness. I have not tried to be funny, or even satirical. The simple truth, in simple words, is recorded above. Those that have ears, let them hear; those that have money intended for expenditure in Paris, let them keep it in their pockets.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE.

GRAND ARISTOCRATIC PERFORMANCE.

BY SPECIAL LICENSE FROM THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Great Attraction—Wonderful Programme—Marvellous Effects.

Real Duchesses!—Real Marquises!

Real Peers will appear for this occasion!

Crowd of Real Right Honourables!!

MR. STRANGE begs to announce that a Grand Performance, by members of the *Peerage* and the *Beau Monde*, will take place at the *Alhambra Palace*, on Thursday next, for the benefit of "The Society for the Diffusion of Chignons amongst the Undiscovered Islands in the Pacific Ocean."

The Performance will commence with a *New and Original Operetta*, in four acts. The Music by Lord Brougham, the Libretto by the Countess of Shaftesbury!! entitled,

Rule Britannia, or The Rainy Way,

In which the British Lion will perform a solo on the Unicorn. Characters by *H.R.H. Prince Christian, Lord Russell, the Duke of Devonshire*, and the whole of the Privy Council!!

Which will be followed by the highly-successful Domestic Drama (with new scenic effects, properties, gas fittings, &c.) of *Biondella the Bigamist, or The Ball and The Bravo*, in four acts.

In which seven real live Duchesses, and eight real live Dukes, supported by a talented *Corps de Ballet* (all with handles to their names, on which Slander dare not lay hold) will dance the new

Pas d'Amour, or The Modern Wedding Quadrille.

The whole to conclude with the celebrated Farce of

The Tory Squire, or Sold for a Place.

In which *The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli* will play his original character of *Jeremy Diddler*, supported by several Cabinet Curiosities.

Places may be secured at *St. James's Palace, The Treasury, Downing Street, Marlborough House*, and all the principal houses of the Aristocracy.

NOT FROM EDEN.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE is a howling wilderness already. But it is not yet broken up into furnished and unfurnished apartments, as a second Albany, or a modern lodging-house on a gigantic scale. Who knows, though, what it may be in a year's time? Judging from experience, what are we to suppose is possible? We are happy to inform our readers of a certain fact they may be pleased to hear. Her Gracious Majesty has shut up her house at Claremont. And what has she done with the garden? She has let out the garden to a market gardener, who is at present engaged in growing mushrooms on what were intended for flower-beds. After that, who shall say that thrift is neither a feminine nor a regal virtue?



LONDON, JULY 6, 1867.

MR. LOWE is a very indiscreet man. He has positively headed a deputation to Sir John Pakington, suggesting the removal of Knightsbridge Barracks. Belgravia in the kitchen is flooded in consequence with tears, and melancholy sits moodily in the nursery, refusing to be comforted. Everyone will see in these ominous signs "a warning."

THE operative tailors are anxious for arbitrating the points in dispute—of the needle, we suppose—with the masters. The latter sternly refuse, on the principle, no doubt, that the men shall reap as they have sown.

THE world dramatic has been enlivened with a scandal. Miss Lydia Thompson and Miss Marie Wilton have been wasting their substance in the law courts on a Shadow Dance. The fair danseuse got damages—one farthing. Well may it be asked, Whose was the Benefit?—and whose exchequer did this performance in the Court of Exchequer—empty?

SOME one has suggested that Mr. Horsman would be a fit and proper representative in Parliament for Hackney. Should he, however, be tripped up in his canvass, we venture to propose that Mr. Horsfall should be prepared to run in in a canter—if he thinks he has a leg to stand on.

LES TRAVAILLEURS DE LA SEINE.

THE "English and International Regatta," so long announced as a feature in the programme of the Paris Exposition *fêtes*, is fixed for Monday next, July 8th.

The preliminary races, open to French boats only, and constituted with a view to insuring a good Parisian crew to represent France in the more important contest above referred to, came off on Sunday last.

Desirous of giving our sporting readers a reliable account of these races we have secured a Special Correspondent on the spot. Moreover, wishing to avoid all impartiality in a matter in which national susceptibilities might be supposed to be aroused, we have obtained the services of a great French aquatic authority, who has undertaken the task of acting as our representative. Subjoined is his first communication:—

Paris, July 3rd.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

The boat-race! It is finished. It is complete!

France is magnificent. She is triumphant—elastic! She has put forth a new legion of heroes. Her sons are no longer her soldiers! They are her boat-race men!

But to our mutton—the Regatta. I was on the *quai*—the boats crowded, thick, intermingled, in the water! There they were—the *out-rigge*, the *lifeboat*, the *pair-oare*, the *col-barge*—true *race-skiff* of the French men. It was a great panorama—the navy of the future. But a gong resounds. *Ma foi*, I cried, they are off! But no, it is the signal for the grand dinner before the start. The French boat-race-men are like the gods.

Before the *bataille* they have the feast. This is the *ménu*:—

POTAGE.

Eau de Tamise.

ENTREES.

Poulet Oxfor-Cambridge.
Saucisses Sweeps-teck d'Angleterre.

LEGUMES.

Asperges Admiral de France.

SALADE.

Steward Imperial.

ROT.

Le Sport de France.

DESSERT.

Strokesman glacé.

Crème à la ropesend.

The dinner is finished. I make my book. It is two mille francs on the yellow with pink spot—the great six-oare. I know the strokes-man. He is *Jules, le vainqueur de la Seine*; and *Ma foi!* you shall see his "*intelligence*" plus tard. They row past, the boats, amidst the shout deep, responsive, sympathetic of their *compatriotes*. The great *course*—the *six-oare*—begins. See the list which I copy from your *Bellsife*.

PRIX DE L'EMPEREUR,

VALUE 1,500 FRANCS.

Open to the French six oars only.

THREE ENTRIES,

I.—THE PASSY CREW.

COLOURS.—Mauve stripes on pea-green.

UNIFORM.—Flannels, orange; shirt, do. Hat, Life-guards' helmet with pea-green feathers.

II.—THE "JOCKEY CLUB" CREW.

COLOURS.—Same as Club.

UNIFORM.—Flannels, pink, with top boots and spurs. Dress coats, hats (Rear-Admiral's), with swimming apparatus attached.

N.B.—This boat carries three coxswains, and will be steered by a committee.

III.—THE PARIS CREW.

COLOURS.—Yellow, variegated.

UNIFORM.—White alpaca, slashed with chocolate. Tassels, life-buoys, anchors, &c., to match. Hats, Louis XIV., out-rigged.

They are off. The yellow advances first. It is *Jules*, who is prodigious with the stroke-oar. He gives three *coups*, quick and decisive, before the time. It is a *ruse*. It is again magnificent. I wave my stick with a "*hurrah*," and he blows me, in return, the kiss. But see, the Jockey Club creeps near—their effort is great. It is a true brave who holds the second sculls. He effects five stroke while the strokesman makes but one. He is independent. *Vive La France!* Le Jockey Club is forward! Mais non—the three steersmen dispute. It is a quarrel to the death. The rope is pulled! The *Jockey Club* turns: *voyons!* it is a marine waltz! The day is lost. But where is the *Passy*? The "*hurrahs*," enthusiastic and terrible resound. It is the *Passy* that wins! *Corbleu*—they do not know *Jules*; he is passive, *immobile!* He is conscious of his great secret—his stroke is electric! See now; he will not rest. The wave holds the stroke-scul in the water. He is pushed from the seat; *Mais non*, he will not relinquish it. *C'est le courage de lion*. It is the triumph of the strokesman! *Jules* has the *crabbe!* Achievement glorious, but fatal. The oar crashes. Ah! the boat-race is not to the Paris! It is not to *Jules!* Is it the *Passy*—the heroes of the green feather that carry the victory? I say to myself, "I shall lose my *Mille francs*; the yellow and pink *me triche*; they are false." Once more I shout to *Jules*, blow to him the kiss of encouragement. He sees me—he revives—he dances! The broken scull is in the waves—*Jules* seats himself where the steersman—*il y a de la place*. He smokes the *segar*. He is serene; his secret, is it not *grandiose*? A fresh oarsman is in his place. He is from the cabin—hidden beneath the seat of *Jules!* It is a *ruse*, but it is the victory! The post is near!—it is as an effort of giants! The *Passy* strives with the *elan* of the young elephant. Each strokesman seizes the *crabbe*, but in vain! One, two, three—the *Paris* advances! the *Paris* wins. I save my francs.

Later by Telegraph.—The *Passy* disputes the *ruse* of *Jules*. *C'est infame*. More in my *prochaine*.

THE THREE B. DEGREES OF COMPARISON.—Beales, Bradlaugh, and Broadhead.



SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.



SOMETHING LIKE HOSPITALITY.

THE leading journal has been unnecessarily severe on the subject of the want of hospitality displayed by this country towards distinguished foreign potentates, who have lately been within a few hours' journey of our splendid capital. The *Thunderer* might have spared his bolts on this occasion, as we are empowered to state, that the most magnificent offers of hospitality have been made to nearly all the crowned heads of Europe, and other distinguished celebrities. We subjoin two specimens of the invitations:—

No. I.

From the Landlord of the "White Bear," Piccadilly, to the Emperor and all the Czars of Russia.—Greeting.

HONOURED SIR,

I am able to offer to your Imperial and all the Czars-ship, the gorgeous hospitalities of the British Lion—I mean White Bear, You shall have everything as man can desire—the run of the bar (up to a quart and a-half daily. N.B.—A pot of shandygaff in when the weather's extra hot), an excellent ordinary (cut off the joint and vegetables) at two o'clock; breakfast (ham and eggs) at nine o'clock; and a first-rate meat tea, with lots of muffins, at six in the evening. A glass of something warm and spirituous allowed at night. You won't get a better offer, your noble Czarship, that you won't; so your Imperial Highness had better come.

Yours to command,

MR. THE LANDLORD OF THE WHITE BEAR.

Piccadilly, W.

No. II.

From Mr. E. T. Smith, Royal Cremorne Hotel, to His Majesty the King of Prussia, the Regenerator and Spirited Proprietor of Germany.

YOUR ILLUSTRIOUS AND HIGH-MINDED MAJESTY,

The aromatic fame of your magnanimous and victorious achievements has dazzled the ears of all the civilized world, and Cremorne. The British people welcomes your Majesty to England (if your Majesty comes there). Floats there the flag, or blows there the breeze, which would not float and blow the stronger did they but know that oceans purple bosom bore the Conqueror of Sadowa on its ermine mantle? Certainly not. At Cremorne, the sumptuous home of indolence, and the aristocracy; the chosen retreat of Royalty, and playground of the Pope; the Eden of the Old World, and the Paradise of the New, your Majesty will find everything iced. Your Majesty's boots, strawberries, hair-oil, blankets, coffee, pocket-handkerchiefs, will all be iced. The air, the earth, the water—yes, the very waiters, will be iced; everything, in fact, except the Welcome. The dinners at the Cremorne Hotel are excellent. Everybody who dines there once comes back again; and, like Oliver Twist, or a pious admirer of England's gifted poetess, Hannah, asks for *More*. Fireworks, poetry, beauty, jugglers, sherry-cobblers, performing dogs and monkeys, and gorgeous flowers await your Majesty. Come to Cremorne. A bottle of Cremorne sherry shall be provided your Majesty every night. Drink that, and your Majesty will bless the day when you first set your foot within the precincts of this Heaven on Earth.

I am, your Majesty's most devoted, obedient,
Prussian Blue servant,

E. T. SMITH.

P.S.—If your Majesty would graciously bring the Count von Bismarck too, he might receive on the Crystal Platform. England's "Houris" would greet him with applause.

HARD LINES.

A FRIGHTFUL accident occurred on Wednesday last on the entire line of the Great Eastern Railway. About half-past 10 a.m. the whole of the trains on this unfortunate line somehow or other rushed headlong into the Court of Chancery, doing considerable damage—to the shareholders. One Laing, who had recently entered the employ of the Company, if not exactly as a stoker, at all events in a capacity in which he was to make everything go ahead smoothly, fortunately jumped off the engine just before the catastrophe. Strange to say, that when the Line rushed into Vice-Chancellor Malins' Court the

Solicitor-General (who had just previously been engaged in reading the last number of THE TOMAHAWK) dryly observed, that it had come *nolens volens Malins*. Suffice it for us to say, that the politeness of our Chancery Courts is marvellous. The Line was "received" most cordially by an officer known as a Receiver, whose motto is "Bis dat qui cito dat"—only he doesn't care to act up to it.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A CRITIC.

SCENE—Jones, a critic, seated in his chamber waiting the arrival of a boy, who is to bring him a parcel of books for review for the —; well, we will not mention the name of the paper. Suddenly a knock is heard. Enter boy, with books, which Jones straightway begins to examine, thus soliloquising to himself:—

"What! two volumes of poems and two regulation three vol. novels—and copy to be sent to the office by eleven!—and it is now almost eight. As for the poems, they may be dismissed speedily enough. (*Opens them.*) Good heavens! What egregious nonsense! (*Reads.*)

'Deep was his frenzy, and deep his devotion,
Fondly he pressed the fair maid in his love,
Wildly he gazed on the wilds of the ocean—
Uttered a prayer to the Godhead above!'

I am satisfied. I can read no more. Now, then, for a good pitch in. (*Seizes paper, and begins to write Poems by Maudlin, in two vols.*) But wait a moment! Who is the publisher? Smiffins, as I live! Smiffins is a man who is not to be sneezed at. Smiffins has at present in his hands my new novel, and in the plenitude of his wisdom he seems disposed to regard it favourably. Smiffins also knows that I take the whole department of *belles lettres* under my especial care in the —. Can I, then, afford to wound his susceptible feelings? Certainly not. Smiffins must be conciliated at any expense, and I must alter my tune accordingly. Here goes, then.

(*Writes.*)

'It is a pleasure in these degenerate days, when drawing-room cynics make it their special business to laugh at everything connected with sentiment, to come across a volume that displays to us in all their sublime simplicity poems that are at once tender, unadulterated, passionate. The brilliant owner of the obvious *nom de plume* of Maudlin is altogether unknown to us; but we may venture to say that he or she, as the case may be, is destined to achieve a celebrity beyond the mere limit of a narrow clique, and that at no distant period. It has seldom been our good fortune to meet with a collection of verses in which there are mingled together in such faultless proportions a burning fervency of poetic inspiration and the perfect culture of a highly-educated mind. This is, in fact, the touchstone of poetical ability, and it is in these compositions by Maudlin that we see it fully displayed. We feel at every line we read that the writer, while mounted on the fiery steed of poesy, is fully able to control its every movement, and the result is a series of productions which it gives us real pleasure to read. For instance, what can be better than this?—Confound it, I have forgotten the passage, and I have not time to open the book again. Oh, this I think was it:

"'Deep was his frenzy, and deep his devotion, &c.'

We are much mistaken if the author of these lines has not advanced more than one step towards the topmost peak of Parnassus. (*And so Jones writes on till he has completed three quarters of a column.*)

"Now that the poems are done, let me have a look at the novels. (*Opens them.*) Confound it, I wish those wretched publishers would send them out with the leaves cut. Really this is quite a relief. This book seems well written. From all that I can gather during my somewhat hurried perusal of these few pages, there is a go and spirit about it that deserves praise. As to the plot, I must say something of that. (*Turns over the pages hurriedly and reads for about ten minutes.*) Good, decidedly good! It is neither sensational, nor does it want sufficient spirit to keep up a proper amount of interest. The tone of the book is healthy; it abounds in terse, happy, epigrammatic expressions; it has evidently been thought out well and carefully (*reads.*) 'French novels, or, as they might more appropriately be called, a concentrated essence of the world,

the flesh, and the devil in yellow paper covers.' Capital! Miss Elstowe had a good opinion of herself, and the monopoly of it as well.' Sharp, unquestionably sharp! But what is this? (*A small note drops out from between the pages, which Jones hurriedly opens and reads: it is from the Editor.*)

'DEAR SIR,—Tomkins, the publisher of this novel, has been exceedingly uncivil. I should wish you therefore to treat his book accordingly.

'Yours, &c.'

(*Jones sighs*). And this is the way in which one is compelled daily to forswear oneself in print. Fortunately my scruples and my conscience are somewhat elastic in their nature, and I possess that happy gift of accommodating myself to circumstances, without which it would be very hard to live by one's brains just now. There is no help for it: that infernal Editor would give me the go-by to morrow unless I chimed in with his wishes. Let me begin: (*writes*)

"Just now every one seems to think it within the range of his or her abilities to write a novel. That the author of the volumes before us should therefore have ventured to palm off his superlative rubbish upon the long-suffering British public does not in anyway surprise us. The consequences the Author and the British public must be content to take upon themselves. It has seldom been our fortune, let us venture to say our calamity, to meet with three volumes into which there was condensed such an incomprehensible farrago of wild rubbish. The plot is essentially weak. Will our readers take our word for it?—we fell asleep no less than six times while we were endeavouring to unravel its tortuous and utterly irrational windings. The characters are mere barber's blocks, less animated and real than dummies at whist. The style adopted consists of one uniform level of platitudes. Once or twice we cannot help fancying we observe signs which might seem to indicate that the author regards himself as a wit. To tell the truth, however, it is then that we become most painfully sensible of his absolute and irredeemable imbecility. We lay down the book with a feeling of relief, as if we had escaped from the debilitating atmosphere of a hot room, or a home for incurables. We quote the following passage *in extenso*:—

(*Jones at once seizes the volumes, eager to discover some extract which by robbing it of its contents he can possibly pervert into nonsense. At this point we leave him, merely remarking for the benefit of our readers, that though this particular Jones is purely a creation of our fancy, he is not the less an essentially matter-of-fact character.*)

SEEING RIGHT AND WRONG.

ALTHOUGH that mighty organ, the *Times*, has ground out its little time before us we are not going to deprive the public of our remarks on a subject which demands such general castigation as that of the reception of certain pieces now playing at the St. James's Theatre to delighted audiences.

A third-rate company of French actors arrives in London and produces their *repertoire* of the Palais-Royal; a theatre to which women who respect themselves won't allow they have ever been, although no doubt many capital pieces are and have been played there which do not come into the category proscribed. Immediately everybody, which means those whose names are conspicuous in the fashionable column of the *Morning Post*, rushes to roar over anything that the manager chooses to put on the boards of the St. James's Theatre for their acceptance. The *Times* critic, who, for once, says what he thinks, probably because the pieces not being by a rival author, he has no fear for the safety of future dramas of his own, mentions the production of "*Le Caporal et la Payse*," in which Mons. Ravel was so intensely droll that the loveliest of chaste English maids and matrons were simply in fits at his performance.

The same critic charitably suggests that nine-tenths of the audience did not understand what they were laughing at, as much of the acting would have been hissed as a scandal at any East-end theatre.

Now, when you have once seen Ravel in the farce mentioned you must be perfectly aware that were he not to open his mouth during many of his *drollest* scenes no one but a short-sighted lunatic could doubt as to the meaning of his gestures. We can only say that when this gentleman (?) is left in care of the babies no one, but a French writer would dirty his pen with a descrip-

tion of the nasty pantomime which so many charming mothers and sisters of the aristocracy enjoyed last week with such gusto that even the *Times* remarked thereon with asperity.

Wright who could be vulgar enough heaven knows, never forgot himself to this degree in the farce of "*Seeing Wright*," which is a translation by one of our original dramatists of this same "*Caporal et la Payse*."

This week, among other Palais Royal gems, they are playing *Chez une Petite Dame*. The title is quite sufficient to explain the nature of the action.

We are thus left in a dilemma anything but flattering to our national pride, for either the modesty of our ladies is regulated by fashion (and we know how much that is *la mode* comes from Paris for home consumption), and is only a conventional veil, to be thrown aside at will, or the dear creatures are so helplessly unsophisticated, that the grossest jest beneath their very eyes is accepted as not understood by their chaste minds, and therefore fit to be repeated as often as Mons. Ravel likes, which generally happens as often as Mons. Ravel plays.

Many people, especially those who roared so at the St. James's, will cry "*Honi soit*," as usual on such occasions, though they might with equal justice lift up their legs to show the garter which originated the misused legend. To such we can only answer, "Go into fits if you find indecency funny, but don't lay claim the next day to being classed among the noble women of the land; or if you acknowledge that you don't understand French in word or gesture, don't go and laugh because the flock of sheep around you are doing the same thing."

One word before parting with the subject. We have said "third-rate" company of actors, and we might be asked on what grounds we say this. The names *en evidence* are those of Ravel, Mdles. Deschamps and Milla: so we have only to deal with the stars.

Ravel has plenty of talent, but that talent, when not disfigured by his coarseness, is very much impaired by age. Any one who knows Paris well must be aware how often Ravel may be met with in the provinces, and how seldom at his old haunt of the Palais Royal.

Mdlle. Deschamps is a pretty girl who was at the Bouffet, where she seldom played anything like a first part. She afterwards was taken as a *pensionnaire* at the Theatre Francais, where she had little chance of showing what talent she may possess. That she is graceful and agreeable there is no denying.

Mdlle. Milla has played burlesque pages at the Porte St. Martin and Châtelet, and as far as we could then judge, her talents were confined to showing the most possible of her legs, and fixing an eye-glass in her right eye.

We have so much admiration for everything connected with the stage in France, as far as regards the national sense of dramatic excellence and the instinctive knowledge of stage combination, that we wish it to be understood that our remarks are not produced by ill-nature, but by regret; first, sorrow to find that such pieces should be tolerated by the Lord Chamberlain and accepted by an educated public; and secondly, regret at feeling that if our London companies were better there would not be so much interest taken in such a *troupe* as that brought over by Mons. Raphael Felix to the St. James's Theatre.

MR. DISRAELI'S REFORM TACTICS DURING THE PAST WEEK.

IT does not require much knowledge of technical politics to form a pretty just notion of the value to be attached to all that Mr. Disraeli has done towards furthering his Reform Bill during the last seven days. Briefly stated, he has done two things, which, equally briefly stated, are these:

Firstly, on Friday last he allowed a proposition, which had originally emanated from Mr. Denman, to the effect that rates should not be considered payable before they had actually been demanded, but which, in the form that it was stated to the House, emanated directly from him, to be defeated. "Allowed to be defeated," we say, because, of course, had the honourable gentleman chosen to exert himself in any way for its success, there is not a shadow of a doubt that it would have been victorious by a triumphant majority. And what did Mr. Disraeli say with reference to this startling manœuvre? Simply this: that he had consented to the motion in the first place, because

he saw that he could not help consenting, and that he really failed to perceive in this any sufficient reason for pledging his support and interest to carry it. That was all. Creditable as such tactics may be to the intellectual acumen of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, what testimony do they bear to his sincerity? If Mr. Disraeli once adopts this line of argument, we have no security that he may not at some future day—carrying his principles to a perfectly logical conclusion—apply himself to passing some new-fangled amendment, the result of which will be to stultify his own Reform Bill. Taking the grounds upon which he now stands, he will then, too, be able to say that a Reform Bill was a concession which he had formerly made to a majority of the House, and that he does not consider himself bound to refrain from doing anything in his power to obviate such a concession.

Secondly, he gave us a practical illustration of the maxim, that it is significant and sagacity to change one's mind, even when one has publicly vowed that the change never shall and never will be made. A short time ago Mr. Laing proposed to add a third member to certain large towns. Mr. Disraeli then hinted to a trembling House that if the motion was successful it would probably necessitate resignation, if not dissolution. The motion was defeated, and Mr. Disraeli was all smiles. Now, in a slightly different and a slightly less comprehensive shape, the motion is passed, and Mr. Disraeli is all smiles still.

We believe it is not considered Parliamentary to use certain expressions, and therefore we shall refrain from doing so here. But what is to come of a Bill passed by such a lawgiver? When the elasticity of its framer's conscience is remembered, will popular agitation cease? Will people be content with what they have got when they see with whom they have to deal, or will they greedily ask for more? That is the question which we should like Mr. Disraeli to ask himself.

MUSIC.

WHAT a lot of "Ballad Concerts" we have been treated to lately! It would seem as though *entrepreneurs* of Concerts are being driven out of their operatic programmes, by the circumstance that seven operas, during the week, are now being offered to the public at one or other of our operatic establishments. Well, we will not complain, because so far as England may be said to possess any musical characteristic, it is in the simple Ballad that we must look for it; moreover, we would infinitely prefer hearing an unaffected musical setting of pretty English poetry at a Concert than many of the strident operatic pieces which are oftentimes presented to us, and which, by rights, and in justice to singer and composer, should never be heard off the stage.

But then, there are Ballads, and Ballads, and we regret to chronicle the fact that the songs which form the staple of the entertainments to which we refer, do not belong to that class which has made for us a respectable reputation in other countries, nor, indeed, are they such as in any way to advance that reputation. Ballads have been composed by Purcell, Arne, and Bishop, (to say nothing of those gifted ones whose names, even, are unknown), which will live so long as the world loves music, but alas! the so-called "ballad" of the present day is a very different matter. We venture to think that the whole system of our moderate song writing needs a complete reformation, the fact is that so long as composers remain in league with singers and singers with the publishers, no good results will be obtained.

If a man writes a good song a singer ought to be glad enough to get hold of it and a publisher to possess it (for, goodness knows, the meritorious songs which are composed now-a-days are few and far between), but this is not the case by any means; the only song which a publisher cares to print is a simple affair—no matter by whom—which a singer of eminence will be prepared to keep on bringing forward during the whole of the season. Thus the success of the song is made by the singer and not, as should be the case, by the composer. In proof of this we need only refer to the frequency with which a song is advertised as being "Mr. Sims Reeve's" new song, or "Madame Sinton Dolby's," or in fact anybody else's rather than the composition of the man who really wrote it, unless he has a good strong name to his back.

Now this is a serious evil. The interest of the composer should be entirely separate from that of the singer, we will not

say that of the publisher, because, if a composer is of opinion that he has produced a poem of extraordinary merit, there can be no earthly objection to his sharing with his publisher in its beneficial results, but there is every objection to the identification of the composer's interest with that of the singer. Let each have his or her success, but let them not enter into an unholy alliance with the publisher, an alliance which, in most cases, bears but sorry fruit.

One of the names most prominently before the public is that of "Claribel." The composer writing under this *nom de plume* is a lady, and the weapon of death which gives the title to our columns must not harm her too much, we cannot but ask ourselves, however, where her songs would have been had they not been "taken up" by Madame Sinton Dolby? Well, she has now the ear of all England, but, with every desire to be lenient to the gentle writer, we must state broadly that her songs are mawkish rather than simple, and that such merit as they may possess lies in their being unambitious and inoffensive, yet, with these negative qualities to recommend them, there is no such thing as a programme without one, and generally more, of her "ballads."

It may not improbably be asked, "Why is 'Claribel' to be blamed for writing songs, when, according to this statement, her works are enjoyed by the public?" The answer is this:—The public goes to a concert to hear a particular singer, or particular singers, and, in many cases, a concert may serve, to some, as a lesson as well as a pleasure. A good singer can bring to bear on any song, no matter how intrinsically wretched, the advantages of good voice and good training: small blame, then, if the audience, who know that they have been pleased by what they have heard, fail to separate the merits of the composition and its rendering, and, by frequent contact with what is weak and bad, end by not knowing, or perhaps not caring, for what is good and sound in art.

This subject requires dainty handling, but it is one which may well claim attention from such as take real interest in the art of music, and, at the risk of giving pain to some and offence to others, we shall feel it our duty to refer again to the matter on a future occasion.

CHARADE.

Tossing itself in its restless bed,
My First loud roaring lay;
Tossing myself on my restless bed,
I groaned the livelong day:

With feverish pains my head was racked,
My bones seemed all broken, my brain all cracked;
And I sighed for a glimpse of my First's dear face—
Oh! let me see that, and I'll mend apace.

Gravely my friends took counsel then,
For my Second they quickly sent;
Gravely he looked when he heard my First,
And his brows he solemnly bent.

"I'm not my Second, whate'er I seem;
That you'll take me in, Sir, pray don't dream.
Die donc!"—I fee'd him: he kindly said,
"All right in the heart, but he's wrong in the head!"

They let me go, and in one short week
I lay on my First's dear breast;
To Pain and Trouble I bade adieu;
To Labour and Duty—rest.

I christened her after my Whole as she flew
On her broad white wings o'er that bosom so blue,
And I vowed that who tried to part her from me
Should find his grave, like my Whole, in the sea.

ANSWER TO THE LAST CHARADE—Roe-buck.

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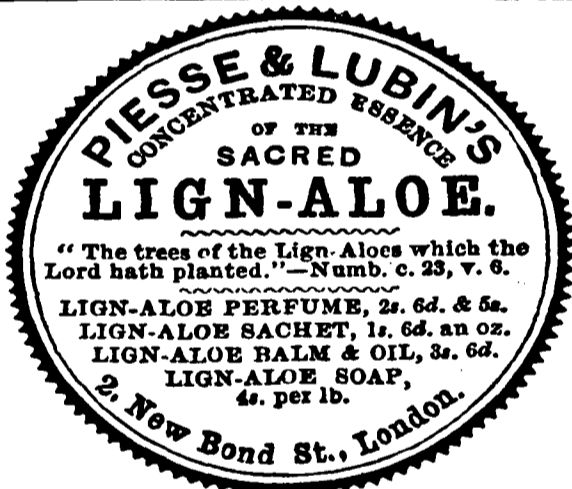
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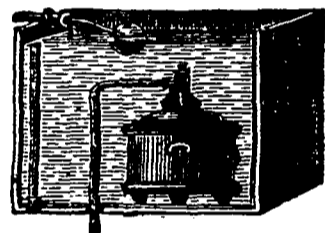
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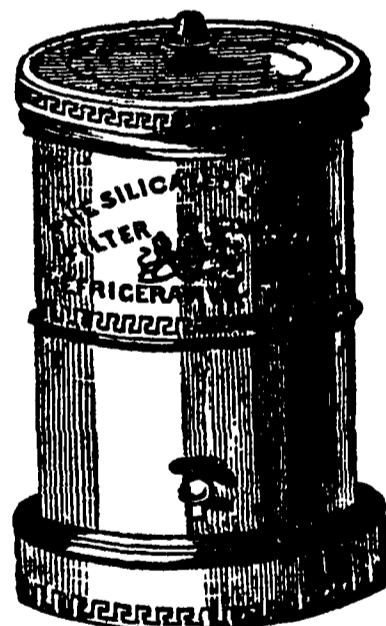
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