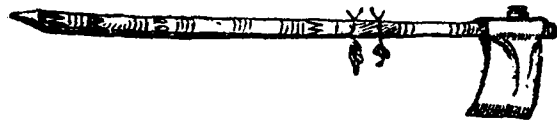


# THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



“INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PROETERIT.”

No. 12.]

LONDON, JULY 27, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

## THE CRAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight lately, might be seen a figure stately,  
In the Tuilleries sedately poring over Roman lore;  
Annotating, scheming, mapping, Cæsar's old positions sapping,  
When there came a something rapping, spirit-rapping at the  
door.

“’Tis some minister,” he muttered, “come, as usual, to bore.”  
So to Cæsar turned once more.

Back to Cæsar's life returning, with a soul for ever yearning,  
Towards the steps his promise-spurning prototype had trod  
before.

But the silence was soon broken; through the stillness came a  
token

Life had moved again or spoken on the other side the door.  
“Surely I've no trusty servant,” said he, “to deny my door  
“Now de Morny is no more.”

Rising, of some trespass certain, slow he draws the purple  
curtain,

On whose folds the bees uncertain look like wasps and nothing  
more:

Open flings the chamber portal, with a chill which stamps him  
mortal.

Can his senses be the sport all of his eyes!—For there before  
He sees an Eagle perching on a bust of Janus at the door:  
A bleeding bird, and nothing more.

Deep into the darkness peering, not in fear but only fearing  
Adrien's vulgar indiscretions, Marx\* of eaves-dropping in  
store:

“Though thy wings are torn and bleeding,” said he with a voice  
of pleading;

“Thou'rt a bird of royal breeding: thou hast flown from  
foreign shore.”

Quoth the Eagle “Matamore.”

Started with the stillness broken, by reply so aptly spoken,  
“Silence,” said he; “never utter memories of that field of  
gore,

“Where your poor Imperial master, whom imperious disaster  
“Followed fast, was tortured faster, till his heart one burden  
bore:

“Till the dirges of his hope, this melancholy burden bore—  
““Never see Carlotta more.””

Then upon the velvet sinking, he betook himself to thinking—  
How he'd forced the murdered Prince to leave his quiet home  
of yore;

How he'd made him wield a sceptre, which no erudite pre-  
ceptor

Might have told would soon be wept or lost on that forbidding  
shore,

Where earth cries for retribution, where for justice stones  
implore.

Quoth the Eagle “Matamore.”

“Wretch,” he cried, “some fiend hath sent thee, by that mock-  
ing voice he lent thee,

“Conscience-driven accusations rising up at every pore—

“Must my master-mind so vaunted, ever hence be spectre-  
haunted—

“Must I see that form undaunted, dying still at Matamore?”  
Quoth the Eagle “Evermore.”

“Prophet,” shrieked he, “thing of evil! Here we fear nor God  
nor devil!

“Wing thee to the house of Hapsburg! Up to Austria's heaven  
soar,

“Leave no bloody plume as token, of the lies my soul has  
spoken,

“Leave my iron will unbroken!—wipe the blood before my  
door!

“Dost thou think to gnaw my entrails with thy beak for ever-  
more.”

Quoth the Eagle “Jusqu' à Mort.”

## ARMA CANO.

WE rise from out our disappointments like the phoenix from  
his ashes, for we are in a position to state, on the highest autho-  
rity, that a Grand Military Review will take place in Hyde Park  
—some day or other. The complete details will be announced  
by the Horse Guards—sooner or later. This is very satisfac-  
tory. Nothing, we are assured, will be suffered to prevent or  
interfere with this grand military spectacle, save the death of  
some foreign potentate who is in no way related to our royal  
family. To guard against any such accident or misfortune, the  
Foreign Secretary will, with his usual foresight and judgment,  
forthwith send a liberal supply of Parr's Life Pills into every  
foreign Court. This is really good news. The following are  
some of the details connected with this approaching military  
display.

An enormous body of Cavalry will be in readiness to march  
into Hyde Park in a half-fainting condition.

The Commissariat will be thoroughly up to the emergency.  
Ample provision will be found to have been made for man and  
beast by the Commissary-General, in the shape of half-a-dozen  
sandwiches and a few bottles of lemonade.

The seats recently erected in Hyde Park, at a cost of £3,000,  
and pulled down at an expense of £2,500, will be re-erected at  
a further cost of £5,000, probably to be again razed at a still  
further expense to the nation of £4,000.

Her Majesty will review the troops in Hyde Park from Bal-  
moral.

People in crowds from all parts of London will rush to  
Hyde Park just in time to read numerous printed placards an-  
nouncing an “indefinite postponement” of the Grand Review.

They will return to their homes thoroughly pleased with the  
spectacle.

VIVAT REGINA!

“VIVE LA BELGE.”—Such has been the weather of the last  
few days, that our distinguished guests will surely leave with this  
reproach—that Englishmen do not possess even the *elements*  
of hospitality.

\*Adrien Marx, keyhole listener in ordinary to the Figaro.

## LES GRANDS PRIX.

A GREAT deal of dissatisfaction having been expressed at the manner in which the awards have been made at the Paris Universal Exposition, it appears that the Emperor has determined to investigate the matter himself. It is now said that several important changes will be made in the list of those at present destined for the *grands prix*, while many new names will be added. We subjoin a few of those who have already successfully forced themselves upon the Imperial attention, and as we have taken them directly from the "*partie non officielle*" of the *Moniteur*, there cannot be a question as to their perfect authenticity.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.—*Process for the Destruction of National Enthusiasm.* Gold Medal.

COUNT DE BISMARCK.—*New Treatise on Legerdemain.* Gold Medal.

THE LATE JAMAICA COMMITTEE.—*Various Machines for the Exhaustion of Air.* Honourable Mention.

COMMITTEE OF MUSIC HALL PROPRIETORS.—*Apparatus for Sailing near the Wind.* Honourable Mention.

DITTO OF ORIGINAL ENGLISH PLAYWRIGHTS.—*Complete English and French Dictionary.* Gold Medal.

THE RITUALISTIC COMMISSION.—*New Process of Playing with Fire.* Gold Medal.

THE EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA.—*Treatise on International Law.* Honourable Mention.

THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.—*Construction of Principles in Indian Rubber.* Great Prize.

JOHN BRIGHT, ESQ., M.P.—*Infernal Machines.* Honourable Mention.

JOINT COMMITTEE OF RAILWAY DIRECTORS.—*New Account Cooking Apparatus.* Gold Medal.

DITTO DITTO OF DEBENTURE AND SHAREHOLDERS.—*New Method of utilizing Blind Man's Buff for purposes of Speculation.* Gold Medal.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.—*Application of Soap to Theological Purposes.* Gold Medal.

THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT.—*Process for Silvering Political Pills.* Honourable Mention.

MR. WHALLEY.—*Original Applications of the Ninth Commandment.* Honourable Mention.

HENRY COLE, C.B.—*Essay on the First Personal Pronoun.* Great Prize.

THE TWO HOUSES OF CONVOCATION.—*Improvements in Speaking Dolls.* Honourable Mention.

MR. MARTIN F. TUPPER.—*New Material for Ship Ballast.* Gold Medal.

## A BALL FROM THE BALLET.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am one of the girls you have chopped at who was behind the stalls at the Spill-and-Pelt Fête held at the Crystal Palace. I happen to have had a good home education, and own frankly that I did not like making an Aunt Sally of myself, to be thrown at by the swells on Saturday the 13th, and sneered at by the ladies who, though not on the stage, are most of them acting their little parts in every-day life. But what was I to do? I am earning not only my own, but my mother's, livelihood in a theatre of which the manager is high mace-bearer to the charity, and I was threatened with loss of engagement and consequent salary, if I refused to go through the obnoxious ordeal. There was no help for it—not having any other means of gaining my daily bread I succumbed, and I suppose I shall do so again, unless I make a tremendous hit on the stage, which does not seem probable, as I believe my legs are not particularly good, and I know no one on the press who could call me a goddess or an angel in capital letters. But if I must do this, I should very much like to know who really benefits by the show? I am sure I don't, for I always catch cold, and am out of pocket by cabs and such small expenses.

Please Sir, is it true that there is a Dramatic College? Are the only inhabitants two demented ring-clowns, and a superannuated box-keeper, whose lives are a burden to themselves and everyone else? Have their lives, if so, been less a burden than before? And is it true that they are not even supplied with back numbers of the *Era* from the Warden's private library? My friend, Mr. Buskin, first tragedian at the Royal Whitechapel, and occasional comic at the Theatre Royal May Fair, begs me to ask at the same time, on what occasion the balance-sheet of the Fund was shown, and to whom? Also, if it is true that the *façade* of the College is painted on canvas by Danson? He does not believe it. Hoping you will insert this to excuse in some way those who were forced into the unpleasant dilemma.

I remain, Sir,  
Your obliged admirer,  
EMILY SAINT ALTAMONT.

## SOMETHING THEY DO BETTER IN FRANCE.

FROM the tone of some of the letters we have received, we fear that several Civil Service Clerks, a number of second-rate actresses, and a few crowned heads of Europe, are thirsting eagerly for our blood. Well, be it so; we are prepared to die in the service of the public, but we warn those who would dare to offer us bodily chastisement that we always carry about with us (concealed in our waistcoat pocket) a three-hundred pounder and a two-handed sword. Those who would pull our nose must do it over our dead body! For the caution of those who would molest us, we publish an account of the proceedings that *would* take place were an insult offered to us.

TOMAHAWK OFFICE, — — — th, 186—.

10 A.M.—A deputation, consisting of Miss Pussy Necklow, the Hon. Augustus Youngerson, and the Emperor of Boulevardia, waited upon the Editor and staff of the TOMAHAWK, to come to some understanding about certain articles which had appeared in the "Saturday Journal of Satire." The Editor said that the articles had been written conscientiously, and that he could offer no further explanation.

10.15 A.M.—The deputation held a consultation among themselves.

10.20 A.M.—The Editor was requested to retract the articles complained of on the part of self and Staff.

10.20½ A.M.—The Editor refused to comply with the request.

10.21 A.M.—Miss Pussy Necklow then advanced, and attempted (with partial success) to scratch the Editor's eyes out.

10.23 A.M.—The Hon. Augustus Youngerson then horse-whipped the Editor and the Staff.

10.30 A.M.—The Emperor of Boulevardia then boxed the ears of the Editor, and struck with his fist the faces of the Staff.

10.35 A.M.—The Editor and Staff then burst into tears, and declared it was "a shame."

10.40 A.M.—After a few parting remarks, the deputation retired.

2 P.M.—The Editor and Staff still in tears.

4 P.M.—The Editor and Staff sobbing.

5 P.M.—The Editor mastered his emotion, and declared that he "would tell his (the Editor's) mama." The Staff used words to the same effect. They then retired.

If our correspondents do not believe that the above would be a correct account of what *would* take place were they to put their dreadful threats into execution, we would advise them to judge for themselves by calling at our office. Certainly they would not find us there, but they would see our publisher, who, we have no doubt, would kindly consent to act as our deputy on the occasion, if the facts of the case were explained to him with *tact* and *delicacy*.

Seriously, we would remind our readers that it is our painful duty to have to act up to the policy of our motto, "Invitat culpam qui peccatum proterit."

JOKE TO BE UTTERED BY A CABINET MINISTER THIRSTING FOR FAME AS A "COMICAL FELLOW."—A tipsy naval officer at the Agricultural Hall Ball was heard to declare that the champagne was simply Belge-water.

THE MEN THAT YOUNG LADIES PREFER.—Hymen.

## SONGS FOR SULTANS.

It is encouraging to note the brilliant success of the Ode to the Sultan, for which we are indebted to the genius of Mr. Bartholomew, a name which, if the same standard of excellence is observed as gained the distinction for the great Young, will certainly be found among Lord Derby's next list of poetic pensioners. As the works of this poet are not so well known as might be desired, we have extracted a few specimens from the volume on which the claims of Mr. Bartholomew to the title of Poet Laureate to the Sublime Porte are based. The first is taken from a heroic poem entitled "The Infrequent Sequin :"—

How must the little vizier be  
Improved each shining hour,  
By gathering money all the day  
To pay unto the Giaour.  
And tho' the Turkish loans are at  
A discount, as we know,  
The interest is paid when'er  
The Sultan's out on show.

This again is from the warlike and powerful "Ode of the Osmanlis :"—

Sing a song of sixpence,  
Wimbledon is nigh ;  
For four-and-twenty black men  
Volunteers will fly.  
When the clouds were opened  
The rain began to sing,  
Wasn't that a fine review  
To set before a king ?

Then comes an effusion in a more tender strain :—

When'er I take my walks abroad  
How many fools I see  
Waiting to see the Sultan, though  
They never notice me.  
Not more than others he deserves,  
Yet he has got much more ;  
For he is blessed with fifty wives,  
While I'm a bachelor.

Perhaps, however, "The Apotheosis of the Paynim" is the most effective. The following is the concluding stanza :—

When the lily-vite Whalley heard the news,  
Both his eyes ran down vith vater ;  
Says he Mahomet, I approve,  
Since the Turk has got the garter.  
So he got converted at a Turkish bath,  
And gave up vine and vater ;  
And there was an end of the Protestant faith,  
Of its moke, and of the order of the garter.

## THE BELGIANS IN ENGLAND.

WE understand, that had the Belgian Volunteers been able to have extended the time of their stay in England another week, they would have been invited, by the Reception Committee, to the following entertainments, in addition to the Balls given at the Alhambra, Cremorne, &c. :—

*Monday*—Visit to the Judge and Jury Society, Leicester Square.

*Tuesday*—Bal Masque at the Holborn Casino.

*Wednesday*—Grand *Fête de Nuit* at Caldwell's.

*Thursday*—Supper *Dansante* at the Argyle Rooms.

*Friday*—Court Ball at the Eagle, City Road.

*Saturday*—Early *Déjeuner* at the California.

*Sunday*—Midnight Promenade in the Haymarket.

**SHOCKING USURY.**—The young lady who sold at the Dramatic Fête a bottle of scent for fifty sovereigns to the Viceroy of Egypt, confidentially tells us that she made *fifty per cent* by the bargain.

## LADY GRUNDY ON THE HORSE GUARDS.

"BEFORE I close this letter" we quote our dear Lady Grundy again, "I must tell you that I think the papers are very useful. You know I have been staying at Prince's Gate, which is not far off those unprincipled barracks at Knightsbridge, and I see the papers have taken them up. Well, my dear, and do you know it is shameful ; I took Topsy into the park for a walk yesterday, and there were a knot of tall creatures looking like flamingos standing about with their flaunting uniforms and useless legs. They were far too tall for me to see what they resembled in features, but they were redolent of cheap perfumes, like Tennyson's scented bulls—no, I think he talks about curled Hibernian bulls, but it's all the same—you know what I mean. And you would never believe it, my dear, but there were poor silly servant-maids gaping round them, worshipping the padding in their manly chests and ready to rob their mistresses for the honour of a walk in the park or a talk over their own area-rails. I felt I should like to have had the courage to pull those poor flies away from the hollow flames and whisper in their ears—(Life Guards indeed ! they'll be your death you silly husseys, if you stay fluttering round that red cloth any longer). Pah ! call themselves soldiers, and they are living on the wages of weak nursery-maids and female vanity, besides what the country pays for them. Now, I appeal to my country women and Mr. Disraeli. Can they be of any use to any one ? Royalty does not want them, their place has been long filled up by a pony and a gilly. So what do they do ? You will say they get on horseback once a day, to ride (if it can be called riding) down to the Horse Guards and be admired by the women on the road. You may also say, that the intelligent foreigner may get a notion of our splendid attainments in the way of height, when he sees them lounging about the different neighbourhoods infested. But, I say, they are an expensive nuisance, and should be put down, unless it can be clearly proved that they are an honour to the country and an ornament to their Queen." Poor dear Lady Grundy, she will talk, you know. We can't help it.

## BIS DAT QUI CITO DAT.

THE economy of that valuable commodity, Time, which has been practised so successfully in some recent state ceremonials, must commend itself to every prudent mind. We may shortly hope to see the Telegraph brought into play in these matters, and Deputations may flash their congratulations, and Lord Mayors spin out their pompous harangues along the electric wire. The idea of investing the Sultan with the Garter on board the Queen's yacht, whilst it was blowing hard, was both novel and pleasing. But could not the next Foreign Monarch on whom this honour is conferred, be decorated by Telegraph ? The Emperor Theodorus, who has already received so many marks of England's favour, would be highly gratified, we doubt not, by the honour. If our suggestion is adopted, the Telegrams might take the following form :—

(1.)

*Queen Victoria to the Emperor Theodorus.*

DEAR THEODORUS,—Be a good boy, and you shall have the Garter.

(2.)

*The Emperor Theodorus to Queen Victoria.*

DEAR VICTORIA,—All right. Look sharp, or shan't have a leg to put it on.

(3.)

*Queen Victoria to the Emperor Theodorus.*

I send the Garter by next post. Consider yourself invested.

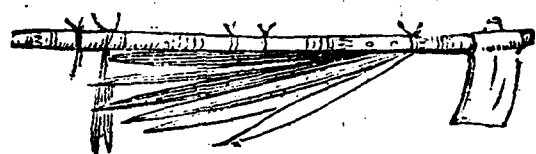
(4.)

*The Emperor Theodorus to Queen Victoria.*

I do. Thank you.

By the way though, at present, there is no telegraph to Abyssinia. Never mind, though no doubt we shall soon send out an army of navvies to make one if Theodorus wishes it.

THERE can be no question that the letter-carriers are an ill-used body, for they are continually being driven from pillar to post.



LONDON, JULY 27, 1867.

THE Viceroy must lead a jolly life here, for his Excellency's Agent is always Larking.

WHEN the tide of Government runs Low there is reason to fear a sudden drying-up—of pumps.

AS we had expected, the TOMAHAWK was seized in France last week. Ghosts, it seems, are not agreeable apparitions, even at the Tuilleries.

WE are credibly informed that the voyage out has been so prosperous that H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh will soon be half seas over. Very like a Wales.

"OUR trusty and well-beloved" is to be made Knight of the Boiler. The British invasion of Paris this year will long be remembered for the sack of Coles.

THE members of the House of Commons were all dreadfully sea-sick at the Naval Review off Spithead. No wonder, seeing that they had all been victims to a long and severe attack of Reform Bill-iousness.

WE hear every day of entertainments for the Sultan. The poor man gets mobbed up a staircase, shoved struggling through a crowd to have his hand wrung off, and is then mobbed out again, and they call that an entertainment. Allah forbid!

THOSE dear Belgians being invited, 800 strong, to a series of festivities in their honour, think there can't be too much of a good thing, so accept the invitations 2,400 strong. Luckily their private hosts are equal to the occasion, as the Highgate *fete* has proved *Coute que Coutrts*.

### THE PRICE OF "OPINIONS OF THE PRESS."

"WHICH IS THE BROADWAY TO A GIGANTIC MAGAZINE SUCCESS?" is a question which a most pertinacious advertisement has been lately suggesting to our mind. Pertinacity is a virtue, in your advertiser—else, poor beggar, he has no virtue at all—and virtue has, as we all know, its reward. Here then is the answer to the question. Let magazine managers note it. The Broadway to a Gigantic Magazine Success is the giving of a retaining fee for one or more articles to "all the talent," *i.e.*, all the young (and old) men of all the papers, and publishing their names as contributors. If this does not ensure a supply of good articles it will at least procure an abundance of good preliminary puffs; things the value of which for the floating of craft of this description no one who views the efforts already put forth on behalf of a certain "Atlantic Colossus"—a ship "which is not yet in sight"—can doubt.

THE man who is without the pale of "Society" can never thoroughly enjoy the cream of Fashion.

DO the nets that women cast around them before marriage bear any relation to the bassinets used by them afterwards?

### SAMSON AGONISTES!

(SEE CARTOON.)

CHORUS of the Men of Carlton.

O DEARLY bought revenge, yet glorious!  
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd  
The work for which thou wast foretold  
To Israel, and now *liest* victorious  
Amongst thy slain self-kill'd:  
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold  
Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoined  
Thee with thy slaughtered foes in number more  
Than all thy life had slain before.

SEMI-CHORUS of the Men of Brookes's.

While their hearts were jocund and sublime,  
Drunk with the taste of place and power—

\* \* \* \* \*  
Among them He a Spirit of frenzy sent,  
Who hurt their minds,  
And urged them on with mad desire  
To call in haste for their destroyer;  
They only set on sport and play,  
Unwittingly importuned  
Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Manoah*—Come, come; no time for lamentation now,  
(Ld. Derby) Nor much more cause: Samson hath quit himself  
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished  
A life heroic; on his enemies  
Fully revenged, hath left them years of mourning  
And lamentation to the sons of *Russell*  
Through all the old *Whig* halls; to Israel  
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them  
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion!

[We make every apology to the ghost of Mr. Milton for the very slight liberties which we have taken with his lines. We only hope Mr. Disraeli will properly appreciate the odious comparison.]

### ETIQUETTE AND STARVATION.

THE Belgian Volunteers really expected too much! Not satisfied with promised visits to Cremorne and free admission to the Alhambra, the "Nation's Guests" actually expressed a wish to land at Gravesend before the appearance of that august body of men, the Reception Committee! What if they were starving and parched with thirst? Was it not their duty to study the manners and customs of the English before visiting Great Britain? If they had known anything about us, they would have expected to find the usual bevy of ambitious nobodies (common to every patriotic committee), with the ordinary speech composed of sickening compliments and fulsome bosh, awaiting them upon their arrival. What if the "Reception" was a little delayed. It was no fault of Viscount Bury and his colleagues; on the contrary, the blame (if any) should have been laid upon the vessel that carried in state the self-chosen "Representative of Great Britain and Ireland" from London Bridge to Gravesend. We trust, however, that our readers will remember that the powers even of a penny steamboat are limited.

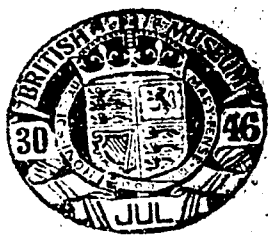
### NEVER SAY DIE.

IT may seem a paradox, but no sooner does a great man (and sometimes a little man) depart this life than the world is immediately promised his "Life." Dead in the flesh he must be revived in print. Scarcely cold, the literary vultures surround the carcase, clamouring for its "Life." And so it is with the late Emperor Maximilian. He is supposed to have confided to M. Louis Blanc, above all others, some "important papers" previous to his death; and so M. Louis Blanc is inundated with applications from enterprising publishers who are, like Juarez, eager for the *Life of Maximilian*. Is Paternoster Row situated in civilised London or in blood thirsty Mexico? In the name of decency we say to these resurrectionists—Leave the dead alone.



*SAMSON AGONISTES !*

(See the Verses.)



### THE LADY OF LYONS AT THE ADELPHI.

WHEN the Haymarket takes to producing second-rate melodramas, we need not wonder at the Adelphi producing third-rate legitimate dramas. We never could discover why *The Lady of Lyons* is treated with a reverence only second to Shakespeare. It is a most bombastic performance, full of stilted and forced language, and adorned with appeals to the gallery which would disgrace a Surrey melo-drama. The characters are, if well drawn, very conventional; and, except for the purpose of exhibiting the egregious egotism of a Macready, the part of *Claude* is not one which any actor of real talent should care to undertake. As for the comic element in the piece, it is of the mildest form, and the best joke is a deliberate robbery from Talleyrand. Why anybody laughs at *Glavis*, except that they are too glad for an excuse for laughing at anything in such a heavy piece, we never could imagine. However, enough about the play as a play.

Mr. Neville cannot play *Claude*. Bulwer Lytton wrote good blank verse, at any rate, as far as metre went. Mr. Neville does not seem to know what blank verse means. His recollections of the long speeches in the cottage scene were, to say the least, amusing. The only military evolution which he seemed to have mastered in anticipation of his career in the Grand Army, was that of halting. Mr. Neville was ambitious of being original in the part, so he determined to give the speeches in the great scene with *Pauline*, with an ease and nonchalance which were at least novel. He repeated the really pathetic justification which *Claude* offers for his conduct, as if he was reading his washing-bill. It must have been hard for Miss Kate Terry to have appeared to be moved by such a lover. However, if Mr. Neville was tame in the second act, he made up for it in the third, where he ranted like a madman. Why, by the way, this scene, in which *Claude* takes his departure for the army, should always be screamed by the actor, we never could discover. It is one of the "traditions" of the stage, we suppose; if so, the sooner it is forgotten the better.

Mr. Neville was best in the last act; he dressed the part well, which is more than we can say for his father, who played *Damas* for his son's benefit, and who obstinately clung to a brown dressing-gown throughout the piece, as the uniform of a colonel in the French army. This may be another "tradition," but we doubt whether it is correct. Mr. Stevenson has taken Mr. Neville, Senr.'s place since the first night, and we prefer his reading of the part and costume.

Immediately we saw Mr. Stuart's name in the bill our heart leapt with joy, for we anticipated a great treat. We were not disappointed. The genial humour of this truly great actor has never been properly appreciated. There is a rich, warm sympathy in the tones of his voice, which, while it smacks slightly perhaps of the villain of melodrama, nevertheless lends to his pathos a charm which is perfectly original. As *M. Deschappelles*, the father of *Pauline*, he had scarcely sufficient scope for his great talents. His reading of the part was, however, thoroughly original, and the idea of wearing an old blue velvet coat of the time of James II. was one which only a genius could have hit on. Perhaps it was in the last act that he accomplished his greatest success, when, with a glare of vigorous indignation, which expressed volumes, he heard himself pathetically alluded to as "that poor old man." Of the *Glavis* of Mr. Ashley we need not speak, of the *Beauseant* of Mr. Billington we would rather not speak. Where the latter gentleman got his dress from only Mr. Webster knows. It was about as like the costume which *Beauseant* would have worn as the uniform of a member of the Shoeblack Brigade. The piece was, as usual at the Adelphi, disgracefully put on the stage. For Miss Kate Terry we have nothing but sincere praise. Her *Pauline* is, in our humble opinion, one of her most perfect impersonations. The part has evidently been originally rendered subservient to the selfish vanity of Macready; but Miss Terry has bestowed on it an amount of delicate care and intelligent study which elevates the part, as well as her own fame. She has the great and rare merit of feeling what she acts. She does not act, but *is* Pauline.

One word with Mr. Webster before we have done. We trust that he will not succeed in engaging any good actors or actresses till he has reformed his theatre entirely. It is really unfair, to anybody of talent, to ask them to act in such a place. We thought that drawing-room from *Lost in London*,

with its faded curtains, and greasy furniture, had done duty enough, but there it was again, figuring as "A Room in the House of M. Deschappelles." But if the Adelphi is dirty behind the curtain, what shall we say of it before? It is enough to make one sick to sit in those stalls—so filthy are they to look at—whilst the want of ventilation, and the horrid smell, compounded of a circus and a menagerie, which greets one's nostrils, combine to render one perfectly miserable. Mr. Webster's name, as a manager, has become a synonym for stinginess. He really ought to have learnt, by this time, that the comfort of his audience is one of the first things to be considered in a theatre. Let him learn, "*de novis*," from Miss Marie Wilton, and Mr. Sefton Parry, both of whose theatres are models of cleanliness and comfort. The Adelphi, in its present state, as far as the Scenery, Appointments, and Fittings go, would be a disgrace to a small town in the provinces.

### WAPPING OLD STAIRS RE-WITTEN.

Your Cranborne has never been false, he declares,  
Since last time we parted on swopping old wares  
For new-fangled notions, and still is the same,  
Tho' he gave you a faithful account of your shame.  
There have passed through the session like me, but a few,  
Who ne'er gave a vote to the Radical crew;  
Tho' your dirty old coats still I washed and re-made,  
That I turned mine at last it can never be said.

When you promised this session to have the old ways  
To keep Pakington, Dizzy, and Northcote in place,  
In silence my cabinet seat I resigned,  
And gave you but quite a small bit of my mind.  
Why should Dizzy or Derby than me be more prized,  
For a heart that's true Tory should ne'er be despised;  
Then be faithful and true, nor your Cranborne forsake,  
I can still wash your coats and the party re-make.

### HEAR! HEAR!

SIR,—I do not for one moment intend to encroach upon the province of your musical critic, but I must say a few words on the subject of the Opera on the night of the State performance. I was certainly astonished that on such an occasion Mr. Gye could not provide something more attractive than a mutilated representation of *Massaniello*, with Monsieur, I should say Signor Naudin in the principal character. But when I observed the conduct of some of the persons in front of the house, my astonishment ceased. It was my good fortune to sit immediately under a large box occupied by some most distinguished members of the aristocracy. The men were *décorés*, the women *décolletées*, as much as, if not more, than one could desire. They, especially the women, made a point of talking in harsh, grating accents throughout all the solos, so that however much, in my vulgar soul, I might retain a kind of sneaking desire to hear Madame Sherrington sing, my bad taste soon met with a decided and stern rebuke by the classical conversation of a real live Marchioness being forced upon my uneducated ears. If I wanted to write two volumes of "Recollections of the British Aristocracy," or if I happened to fill the proud position of special correspondent to some petty provincial paper, or eaves-dropper to the *Court Journal*, this would have been a great advantage, but as it was, having paid five guineas for my stall, I was anxious to hear the singers (such as they were) as well as seeing the Sultan and other celebrities; so that I hardly appreciated the privilege which I enjoyed. When I saw that the many appealing glances directed towards the box, by persons who shared my low tastes, were totally unheeded, I began to think that I was sitting at the feet of some of the queens of the *demi monde*. But the sight of the ribbon of the Bath reassured me. And I could hardly believe my excellent young friend, Harry Fastman, when he pointed out to me, in the very next box to these distinguished conversationalists, a quietly behaved, though handsomely dressed woman, as the notorious—never mind. When the musical (!) laughter of the titled angels of propriety in the grand box effectually drowned the paltry music of Auber, I certainly was guilty of a wish that the *beau monde* would imitate the *demi monde* in something else than their dress. I know I was wrong, and that I ought to be deeply grateful for

the crumbs that fell from the table of such an intellectual banquet. I feel most humbly how utterly incapable I am of appreciating the gems of wit, and flashing darts of sarcasm that poured from those august lips; I sincerely deplore what is my misfortune, if not my fault; but I find that it is shared by so many persons that I venture to suggest a kind of compromise. Let those superior beings, who come to the Opera to talk, and not to listen—whose delicate nerves, unable to bear the noise on the stage, are obliged to seek refuge in the dulcet and soothing harmony of their own voices—let them be provided with a kind of loose-box, enclosed on all sides, but furnished with a kind of peep-hole, whence they can look on to the stage to see when the Act is over, and where they can talk to their hearts' content without—disturbing, I was going to say—I mean embarrassing others between the choice of two pleasures. During the *entr'actes* they might be let out to see and be seen, by which means it appears to me that they would enjoy themselves quite as much as they do now, and that I and those like me would enjoy the Opera much more.

Hoping, Sir, that you will forgive the irreverence and selfishness of this letter, as the natural and inherent faults of one who is not fortunate enough to belong to the upper classes of society, I beg to remain,

Your obedient Servant,

RUSTICUS.

### RUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

IT is said that the Sultan's visit to this country (unlike that of the Belgians) has not been without its influence for good. His Supreme Majesty has resolved to abolish the terribly concise punishment of the Bowstring. For the future, any high dignitary, or any other person of rank who shall be unfortunate enough to offend his Supreme Majesty, will be condemned, not to death by strangulation, but to a course of fashionable dissipation in London! Terrible fate! It is rumoured that to render the punishment complete his Supreme Majesty has absolutely retained the services of the Belgian Reception Committee for the purpose; and has bound over Mr. Bartholomew, by the most stringent compact, to write a hymn in praise of each culprit. We fancy, that after the publication of an ukase to this effect, the Sultan will not find his ministers very apt to thwart him.

The Marquis of Townshend has taken Astley's Theatre for a period of two years. It is said that he intends to revive the Circus, at this popular place of amusement; and that several aristocratic personages will perform on their hobby-horses. The first piece to be produced will be a drama of thrilling interest, entitled "St. James' and St. Giles' or the Marquis and the Mendicant," in four acts, in which the noble Marquis will play the principal part. It is the intention of each of the various distinguished amateurs to take a benefit during the season, on which occasion it is to be hoped that the profession will stand by them. The Free List will include the House of Peers and the inmates of the Chief Metropolitan Workhouses. Lord Arthur Clinton, whose intimate acquaintance with the World behind the Scenes is well known, will act as Stage Manager.

### CHARADE.

In my *first* 'tis reported that Mr. John Bright,  
When he travels, to take his abode doth delight,  
In all things a Birmingham democrat he,  
As plain as the alphabet, A, B, and C.

In his public orations Earl Russell, they say,  
Introduces my *second* whenever he may,  
Till his speeches by all men are stoutly averred  
To resemble the tail of a notable bird.

Ben Dizzy, who fishes with infinite skill,  
In yielding the cardinal points of his bill,  
Is stated with truth, from the first to the last,  
My *third* to have very successfully cast.

Though their politics differ, Ben, Russell, and Bright,  
Yet the excellent three in one object unite,  
And they strive to attain it through thick and through thin,  
For my *whole* is the box that they like to be in.

### ANSWER TO CHARADE IN No. II.

THIS scented kerchief she gave to *me!*  
(It makes me rave, like "The Moor" of the Poet),  
'Tis the old love-gift, I can plainly see—  
By its delicate fringe and its *Hem* I know it!

Shall I guard it still? say, will these sad eyes  
Whenever they see it endure the shock  
Of vivid remembrance that *must* arise,  
If I choose to prison it under *Lock*?

Away with the trumpery gaud, so fair:  
Against my own breast shall I turn a shaft?  
Let me view the past with a calm despair,  
As the Sage of old met his *Hemlock* draught.

R. R.

P.S.—There may be an allusion to Mr. Oxenford's "Hemlock Draught" intended to be conveyed by the sufferer's having gone to sleep while learning "a part"—for the soporific quality of that gentleman's dramatic writings is not unknown to the public.

ANSWER TO THE LAST ENIGMA—"Hemlock." Solutions have been received from T. W., S. B., Cinderella, J. M., A Modern Mohock, and twenty-four incorrect.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CINDERELLA, W. F. D., &c.—Your answers to the Enigma arrived too late for acknowledgment. We were obliged to call "Wo!" to all communications about "veal" days before your letters came to hand. If you are French scholars you will observe that we have just made a pun—it is generally believed (in Putney) that "veal" in Paris is always called "Weau." There, what do you think of *that*? Not much of a joke, eh? We agree with you that it is *not*, but between you and us we took it from one of Byron's burlesques. (Don't tell anyone.)

J. W. M. G.—You will be sorry to learn that the inmates of Hanwell Asylum do not *at present* publish a comic illustrated paper. You may rest assured that the moment such a periodical is announced we will immediately forward your "idea for a cartoon" to the editor.

J. C. S.—Your article is under consideration, not because you write for a well-conducted "monthly," but because there is something like talent in the paper you have sent to us. We may here observe that would-be contributors make a great mistake when they oblige us with the names of the periodicals they honour with their writings. We have not the slightest desire to learn what magazines receive contributions from Brown, Jones, or even Robinson.

A MODERN MOHOCK.—As you know perfectly well that we regard you in the light of "quite a comical fellow," not to say "a mad wag," you must pardon us for rejecting your "Anagram" this week, which, to tell the truth, is sadly wanting in wit, point, and humour. You will see however that we have printed your Charade in the current number.

W. T. R.—You must not feel offended if we inform you that we consider your communication utter rubbish. On second thoughts (as we feel that we have been too severe) we prefer to substitute for "rubbish" the word "bosh."

M. K. M.—Cruel and wicked man, you have had your revenge! Yes (to fulfil our duty as Editor), we *have* been obliged to read your attempts at wit and humour! Say, ruffian, what have we ever done to you to bring upon ourselves so horrible a vengeance!

BEAU PEEP.—Good, but not quite what we want.

AN ADMIRER OF THE "TOMAHAWK."—Of course it is very nice to be told that you like us, but really after what you have sent to us we can but have a very small regard for either you or your opinions.

C. D. P.—The subject "paint" has been worked to death, otherwise your parody is passable.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Angerona, C. Sharp, O. W. R., A. B. C., T. D. D., R. F. F., R. W. O., J. S., G. H., R. K. S., C. W. H., of M. G. A., "A POOR MAN," "L.," H. E. W., "A TWO-TON GENTLEMAN," L. S. B., F. W. G., "A CUCKOO," J. M., and C. S. M.