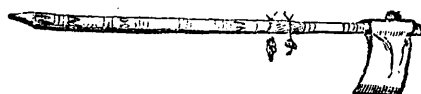


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 18.]

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

IN SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

WE write in a state of great depression. Our readers will forgive us if we are not sprightly this week; there is a time for everything, and now with us it is the time for grieving. We have fallen under the displeasure of Mr. HENRY COLE, C.B.!!

Gentle Public pity us!

Last week, when the blow fell on us with all the terrific suddenness of a thunderbolt, we confess we lost our head. We tried while tears of repentance were struggling towards our eyelids, to conceal the bitterness of our affliction with idle jests; but now we have no heart to trifle. We own we are crushed. The sublime and terrible lightning of his wrath has blighted us; we are crumpled up in the fiery furnace of his indignation.

Oh! Henry Cole, C.B., deal gently with us.

Oh! creator of South Kensington; oh! author of Mumbo Jumbo, don't be too hard on us.

We are sorry, and our heart is heavy within us. Oh! inexhaustible Cole, consume us not in thine ire!

What have we done that we should be smitten with thy fury? Did we ever insult thee by coupling thy name with high Art? Did we ever accuse thee of holding the interests of thy country higher than thine own? Listen while we praise thee.

Yes, we will now praise the great, the mighty, the gentle Cole. We will show him how deep, how sincere, is our love, our veneration, our worship, of Henry Cole, C.B.

Who is the very greatest architect of this age? Henry Cole, C.B. Who is the greatest painter of this age? Henry Cole, C.B. Who is the greatest military hero of this age? Henry Cole, C.B. Who is the greatest author of this age? Henry Cole, C.B. Who is the handsomest man of this age? Henry Cole, C.B. Who is the most immaculate statesman of this age? Henry Cole, C.B.

Having thus sung our prelude of supplication and praise, let us go on to recount his merits in detail. Other heads of departments advance their own relations, friends, and hangers-on, aye! even their own creditors to any place which their patronage can bestow, irrespective of their merit. Not so does Henry Cole, C.B. Other heads of departments wilfully waste the public money, and cheat the nation by demanding far larger estimates than they really require. Not so Henry Cole, C.B. Other heads of departments demand an exorbitant establishment, pay their employés at preposterously high rates, while they make their work as much a sinecure as possible. Not so Henry Cole, C.B.

Look at other offices "under Government." Where will you find any so economically—nay, so penuriously, conducted as the Department of Science and Art at South Kensington? Where will you find any officials so thoroughly fit for their work, so self-denying, so scrupulously patriotic, so determined never to take any advantage of Government, but to do their work well and thoroughly for a very inadequate reward, as the officials at South Kensington? What department selects its employés with so much care, with such searching and critical severity as to character? In other departments we have heard of men being appointed to responsible posts, in spite of a solemn warning as to their unfitness received from some one in a high position both public and private. We have heard even of a case in one Government Office where, after the appointment had been cancelled for reasons only too sufficient, the same man was reappointed in an underhand way a short time afterwards, when his patron thought that those who knew him would not notice it; and this reappointment received its thorough justification by the individual in question dying three days afterwards in a state of *delirium tremens*, and in the arms of his cook, out of compassion for whom he had deserted his wife and young family. But such things have never happened we know in the department which owns for its immaculate chief, Mr. Henry Cole, C.B.

Then let us once more in chorus praise, the high and spotless Cole; let us sound pæans to the glory of him, who after being treated by his

Sovereign and the nation with the greatest ingratitude (for he had rendered them services which none other could have had the courage to render); after having administered thousands of pounds, provided by the nation, without ever misapplying or wasting a single halfpenny; after having received no reward for these, and countless other acts of noble and disinterested patriotism, yet in spite of such cruel neglect, yes! in spite of misrepresentation and calumny, still remains bravely at his post, determined that whatever obscurity may bury the name of Cole, whatever oblivion may blot out his virtues and his genius from the memory of posterity, South Kensington shall still flourish, the chosen Retreat of persecuted and neglected Art, the Home of Intellect, the last Refuge of that poor outcast Economy, the Paradise of Integrity and Self-devotion!

Oh! Henry Cole, C.B., will you forgive us now?

THE COMING "STRIFE."

Old King Cole was a savage old soul,

And a savage old soul was he;

Captain Coles was his intimate friend,

And almost as savage as he.

Said Old King Cole, the savage old soul,

As savage as ever could be,

"My friend you must lend me a turret ship

In which I can put to sea?"

Says Captain Coles, while his eyeball rolls,

As savage as ever you see,

"For what do you want a turret ship,

And why sail o'er the sea?"

Says Old King Cole, the savage old soul,

As savage as ever could be;

"I want it to smash, and crash, and to dash,

The Ed. of the TOMAHAWKIE?"

Says Captain Coles while his eyeball rolls,

As savage as ever you see;

"I heard he had threatened you with 68 pound,

Of the finest gunpowder tea?"

Says Old King Cole, the savage old soul,

As savage as ever could be;

"If you'll only lend me a turret ship,

I'll soon annihilate he!"

SHADOWY PRAISE.—Mr. Tom Taylor, *à propos* of his striking appreciation of Miss Kate Terry's acting, most unnecessarily thought fit to assure us, that "he stands in no relation to the lady which can account for loss of reason, or suspension of the faculty of judgment, in relation to her acting." In the case of any other author, of one less original in his genius, less powerful in his plots, less condensed and witty in his dialogue,—of one, in fact, who had not bequeathed to the literature of his country such jewels as *The Serf*, *Settling Day*, *Sense and Sensation*, and last, not least, *The Antipodes*; who had lent the undying lustre of his name to many other dramas which else had been but the mis-shapen abortives of semi-sterile brains; in any other but the Shakespeare of the nineteenth century, we might have suspected that some of this praise of such an actress arose from gratitude for the life which she had infused into his works. But Mr. Tom Taylor is above such a suspicion. Alas! Miss Kate Terry will soon be lost to the stage; but, courage! Mr. Taylor! her sister still remains. No doubt, before the gods, jealous of mankind's enjoyment of your genius, transport you to Parnassus, your fertile brain may light upon some piece which may contain a character worthy of her talents, and which no irreverend scribbler shall dare to call *The Sister's Penance*.



LONDON, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867.

THE best news of the week is the announcement that the London General Omnibus Company (Limited) have earned no profit this half year !

A CONTEMPORARY informs us that an Italian poet has written a poem of 900 lines about "Strawberries." If this is the case it is decidedly a most audacious attempt to play Old Gooseberry with the Muse.

AN evening contemporary, of very "peculiar" politics, has hinted that some day or other the Metropolitan Railway will blow up London ! We trust not, all circumstances taken into consideration. They had far better blow up the *Globe* !

THE Abyssinian quarrel has divided the public into three parties. The first, the corps of peace, can only see the "Abyss" into which our army is supposed to be falling ; the second, the band of war, can only see the "sin" of King Theodore ; while the third, the army of martyrs, can only see the whole word "Abyssinia."

WE congratulate Mr. Edmund Yates on his resignation of the post of *Flâneur* on the "Star." The Editor of our radical contemporary will now we suppose (if we may be permitted to judge from the tone of his recent leaders) be able to declare to the intense delight of the "Great Unwashed," that there is not a single gentleman on his staff.

MOST alarming news has just reached us from Paris. The Emperor has stated in a speech delivered to a deputation from the sausage makers of Lyons, that there are Spots on the Sun ! In the present alarming crisis, such a statement from such a personage is pregnant with alarm. Some conjecture that as the sun rises in the East, the Emperor means to indicate that the Eastern question is on the point of involving Russia and Prussia on one side, in hostility with Austria, France, Turkey, and the Danubian Principalities on the other. In this case, disturbances in Montenegro, if not in Bulgaria, must be apprehended. Others imagine that because the sun sets in the West, the Emperor really means to annex Spain after making the Balearic Isles and French Guiana over to Portugal. This convulsion of Occidental Europe would lead to grave complications in Patagonia. Others, and these mostly of the quidnuncs, pretend that the modern Cæsar only wishes to break the news to France gently, that the Prince Imperial is threatened with scarlatina. In this case, of course, as in most of the others, the Bourse will be violently affected.

THE ABANDONED.

(See CARTOON.)

IT was a noble vessel, one that had defied storm and tempest, sunken rocks and open dangers for many a long year, and as it rode in its beauty, steadfast and immovable, in the ever troubled seas, ship-men of the lesser craft (as they were driven to and fro), would ever and anon gaze up at its fair proportions, wondering what mighty power had framed it.

Generations after generations of Englishmen had laboured in the building of that grand old vessel, struggling and labouring their lives through only so much as to drive a nail into the structure, and then died content. Each brought his work to the task ; thousands of them had given their blood like water in defence of it, even while it was yet a shapeless and ungainly mass ; and there was not one of them but would have counted it a gain to give up father, mother, and all, so that he might strike a single stroke in the great and glorious work. From father to son it went on, not always on the same design, but always with the same object. The artificers worked as they best knew how, each according to his lights, and the shape and form of the vessel changed under their hands, until at last it stood forth the noblest work the world had yet seen. Silently, imperceptibly, it was launched, and men were astonished to behold it at last floating on the bosom of the waters, so stout, so grand, so beautiful, that it seemed destined to live a thing of

beauty through all time. Who shall describe it or tell the plan of its building ? Rules there were none, for each workman had done that which seemed to him needful, and yet the ship was a marvel of symmetry and beauty. Those who knew best, said there were three decks, of which the highest, or King's, whence the ropes and engines were worked, struck the eye by its elevation, while the Lord's deck lent its power to sustain and beautify it, and the lowest bore up the whole structure in safety on its broad floor. The masts were stepped firmly, passing through all the decks, bearing aloft their pendants of law and religion ; and from them swelled out full and fair the sails which skilled navigators are wont to hoist to the breezes from time to time. Thus the vessel went on her appointed voyage loved and admired by all. Many a time the sea rose, the skies closed in, the storm came down, and the lightning and hail beat fiercely upon her ; but she held on her way and came out unharmed and scathless, when all else had gone down in ruin, to delight and amaze the world with her beauty and strength.

Alas for the fair and strong ship ! Alas for the men who had ventured their all in her ! Alas, for she is no more. Down in the depths she lies, whence she shall never be raised again, a mock and sport to the noisome things that live below the waters. But a short time ago she sat proudly on the seas, a chosen captain on her deck, a picked crew within her flanks, and when men said that her timbers were unsound and that there were worn out planks to be renewed, lovingly and cautiously they sought to strengthen and repair her as their forefathers had done, adding something here, taking away there, but ever on the ancient lines as they were laid down by the first great craftsmen. But the old spirit had died out, a new crew came and seized the ship, and no man prevented them, for they said they loved her better and would care for her more than all others. So they put to sea, and for a time sailed smoothly enough, for the trade winds waft all things softly along. Then there arose strife and mutiny, and the ship being laden with old lumber brought by the new crew, laboured and strained till her seams opened, and they knew not how to bring her safely to port, so that they said they must make repairs. Then one of them called upon craft that followed in their wake, and these came and stove in a plank, so that she began to leak still more, but they carried on, feasting and making merry, and the captain deceived them long with false pretences, saying that he would stand by the vessel. Thus they sailed on into the darkness, till when all was left behind, when the night came down and the water rose in the hold, the captain called the crew together, and told them that the leak was gaining, that the ship was utterly rotten, the masts worn out, and all the gear out of date and not to be repaired, so that they must abandon her and save themselves. To this they said nothing, save three of them, who declared they would never desert the vessel, but the rest took their treasure and filled the boats with it, and they cut down the masts and threw the cargo overboard, and afterwards entered the boats, shaping a course back to the place whence they had started, hoping to reach it by good luck, but they perished shamefully, and their names are a reproach and a by-word among all who honour truth and fidelity.

The grand old vessel still held up awhile, for the strength of her structure was great. Only the pale light shone down upon her, and the sea-birds screamed at the wreck. But the waves struck at her, and the seas rolled over her, sweeping her shape and beauty away, till she sank lower and lower in the water, and at last, nestling down, in one convulsive agony she sank, and the cruel deep closed for ever over the "Constitution,"—and all was silent.

THE TRUE ABYSSINIAN DIFFICULTY.

THE Government having at length determined upon an Abyssinian Expedition, it is highly satisfactory to learn that, notwithstanding the necessity imposed upon them of despatching 10,000 men to the Bombay coast, no effort will be spared to intermingle the stern demands of justice with overtures of a most friendly and pacific character. With a view to the difficulties of the task before them, they have drawn up the following programme, which will, as far as is compatible with circumstances, be strictly carried out.

It is only due to the Government to add, that in adopting the somewhat vacillating course they have felt bound to propose to themselves, they have been influenced solely by a desire to accommodate the varied phases of their policy to the very opposite points of view from which this important question has been regarded by the country at large.

In short, it will be seen from the following brief outline of the proposed campaign, how little ground for cavil will be left to either party on the meeting of Parliament, the proclivities of those on the one hand, who believe in the efficacy of friendly negotiation, or of those on the other who insist on an immediate resort to arms, having been alike judiciously considered.

(1.) As soon as shall be considered politic after the disembarkation of the troops, the Commander-in-Chief, accompanied by his staff, disguised, with a due regard to Eastern prejudices, as dancing dervishes, will approach the head-quarters of the Emperor.



CARRIED WITH THE TIDE!
OR,
A DANGEROUS CRUISE.



- (2.) They will then display flags of truce, and, in the event of any notice being taken of this proceeding, deliver an autograph letter from her Majesty, a dozen plated pickle forks, a ton of hardbake, a Noah's Ark, a sixty-eight pounder, a Mappin's shilling razor, a bottle of rum, and a life-boat, to whomsoever the Emperor shall depute to receive them.
- (3.) In the event of the above-mentioned presents being well received, the Commander-in-Chief and staff shall retire backwards, expressing a hope that they may be allowed to call again to-morrow. In the event, on the other hand, of their being massacred on the spot, they will express, as briefly as they can, the regret her Majesty will feel on hearing that international law, as understood in Abyssinia, does not admit of their return.
- (4.) On the day following, precisely the same programme will be adhered to, the only alteration being in the quality of the rum, which will be notably inferior to that offered on the preceding day.
- (5.) A week having been devoted to the carrying out of the above pacific preliminaries, the Commander-in-Chief will suddenly throw off his disguise, and, presenting himself in the full parade dress of an Officer in the Life Guards (Blue), demand the immediate restoration of the British captives, an indemnity of £700,000, and a bill at three months for the amount of the expenses of the whole expedition, threatening at the same time, to blow, as far as may be compatible with physical possibilities, the Emperor, his suite, and Abyssinia, out of the water.
- (6.) In the event of this threat costing the Commander-in-Chief his life, it will be the duty of his successor to repeat it on the following day, with such additions as may seem to him to meet the exigencies of the case.
- (7.) If, after a repetition of the above threat for seven successive days, the Emperor is still obdurate, it may be advisable again to resort to language of a more pacific character. Under these circumstances, the then Commander-in-Chief, in the undress uniform of a paymaster, will present the Emperor with another autograph letter from her Majesty, a copy of the "Early Years of the Prince Consort," in the Upper *Kash* dialect, a fire balloon, two omnibus horses, and a third bottle of rum. Should this last friendly advance, as it is not unlikely it will, lead to an immediate declaration of war on the part of his Majesty, the Emperor of Abyssinia, her Majesty's forces will protest and retire.
- (8.) Finally, it will be the duty of those to whom the conduct of the expedition is entrusted to bear in mind that, in any contingency for which the above directions do not provide, they will be guided solely by a due regard to the variations of public opinion at home, and it will therefore be clear to them, that an imposing display of force, calculated to a certain extent to indicate the honour of the British flag, combined with a determination to avoid any armed collision with the enemy, will be the key note to their policy in the absence of any direct communications from the Government at home.
- (9.) It will moreover be the duty of those in command to impress upon their subordinates the importance of that due regard to the dictates of humanity of which the people of England are so honourably jealous; and at the same time inform them that their country will watch each individual act of their judgment in trying circumstances with a nobly suspicious eye. By following out these directions it is to be hoped that that tone and confidence will be imparted to those composing the expedition, which will enable them to meet the difficulties with which they may have to contend, with spirit and success.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

(After GOLDSMITH.)

SWEET London, loveliest village of the plain,
Where wealth and fashion cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring the earliest visit paid,
And the rich summer dinner-tables laid,
Dear lovely bowers of indolence and ease,
Seats of my youth when every card could please,
How often have I done thy park so green
Where humble iron chairs endeared the scene;
How often have I paused the throng to tell,
Th' unnoticed clerk, the cultivated swell,
The never-failing talk, the riders' skill,
The indecent duke that topt the neighbouring hill,
The moving row with spots beneath the shade
For timid horseman's ease and whisperings made:
How often have I blessed the late-born day,
When play remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village swells from dinner free,
Led up the sports that fashion loves to see,
While much flirtation circled in the shade,
The young ones spooning as the old surveyed,

And many a galop frolicked o'er the ground,
And vales, lancers, and quadrilles went round;
And still as each repeated partner tired,
Succeeding suppers one more turn inspired.
The dancing man, who simply sought renown
By leading all the cotillions in town,
The swain mistrustful of his smutty face,
While secret riddles tittered round the place,
The younger son's shy sidelong looks of love,
The chaperons who would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village, sports like these
With sweet succession taught e'en town to please,
These round thy bowers their genial influence shed,
These were thy charms, but all those charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled and all thy swells withdrawn,
Within thy doors upholsterers are seen,
And water-carts alone the park keep green;
Almighty dulness grasps thy whole domain,
Of all thy people none with thee remain.
No more thy babbling talk reflects the day,
But in the country winds its shallow way;
Along thy park a solitary guest,
A sole policeman now laments the rest,
Amid thy drawing-rooms the spider toils,
Thy draperies the moth relentless spoils;
Gone are thy dinners, dances, parties all,
And early bed o'ertops the bygone ball,
And trembling, lest they last should join the band,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where working men increase and swells decay,
Leaguers and roughs may flourish or may fade,
Hardy may make them as Walpole has made,
But fashionable swells, their country's pride,
Once out of town can never be replaced.

LADY VIRTUE TO MISTRESS VICE.

NOT content with seeking out my society at all hours of the day and night, you thought proper, Mistress Vice, to address a letter to me some two or three months ago. I had, at the time, no intention of answering you, but I have changed my mind, seeing that my silence could be misconstrued by you into a tacit admission of the truth of your remarks.

You are greatly mistaken in supposing that I sneered at you the other day, when our carriages met in the park. I looked at you, certainly, for I have a good memory for a face, and I had seen yours before. If I am right you were at a haymaker's feast in Lincolnshire a couple of years back, and you were the prettiest amongst the pretty villagers whom I saw there. You are differently, though not more becomingly dressed now, and I daresay that such a simple and homely entertainment would no longer possess any attraction for you—moreover it is possible that you might not now be invited to take part in it.

As I have said, I am not aware that my face wore an expression of contempt when we passed one another in the park, but that I sneer at you in my own heart I will not deny; and you shall know the cause. You say that you do not seek my society; I can by no means endorse this statement, for it appears to me that, with the exception of a private house, through the doors of which you cannot pass, there is scarce any place where I can enjoy immunity from your presence. Have you such a passion for Music that you must needs go to the opera two or three nights a week? Is your love for Horticulture so insatiable that you cannot bring yourself to be absent from a single Flower show? Is it not, rather, that you like to show the world that your jewels are as costly as mine (and, truly, you wear more of them than I do) or that your dresses are as well made, or, in general terms that you can be as fine a lady as myself? Oh! *fi donc*, Mistress Vice, does there not linger in your breast one shadow of self respect? If I sneer at you, it is because you are for ever hovering round about the gates of our mundane paradise, and peering in at the half-closed doors in the hope of catching some stray glimpse of what passes within. Rest assured that, were you granted admittance, you would not care to cross the threshold.

In one respect, you say, we resemble each other, and you are right; our faces were our fortunes. You will probably concede to me, however, that mine was disposed of in a more respectable market than was the case with your own. Here, therefore, ceases all resemblance between us, for whereas my duty towards those to whom I owed obedience led me to the position which I now hold in the world, you will scarcely insist that it was a strict adherence to duty on your part which placed luxury within your reach.

You are full of indignation against numerous evils with which you are so anxious to credit me, whilst you appear to suppose that the mischief wrought by yourself is confined to ruining a certain number of young spendthrifts who would readily find their way to the bad without

the advantage of your assistance. Nay, Mistress Vice, I cannot hold your evil influence so cheap, for scarce a day passes by during which some honest child by the wayside has not contrasted her own condition of want and wretchedness with the luxury which you enjoy. The temptation she undergoes is hard to resist, and her soul must be patient indeed if she be content to await her reward until the time comes when she shall be summoned to receive it.

In conclusion, let me remind you that it is not by an endeavour to degrade me that you will succeed in raising yourself; nor is it by a comparison of my merits with your own that any good result may be looked for, but it is in contrasting what you are with what you might have been that a useful lesson may yet be learnt.

I pray you let us hear no more of each other. Go your way, and leave me to go mine. When our journey is over, who knows but that we may meet again!

A MAIDEN'S LETTER.

He asked me if I loved him,—
I gazed at the stars above,—
And felt, yes, I own the weakness,
For a moment, well then—love!

Only a moment, though, dear,
For he whispered into my ear,
'Midst sweet soft nothings, the softest;—
He had next to nothing a year!

You can fancy how I started!
He asked, what he had done
So stupid—having just told me
That he was a younger son!

Then he raved about love and honour—
And things more precious than gold;
Such nonsense—just as if I now
Were a child of eight years old!

And I told Mamma, and she kissed me;
You know I was always her pet:
And now more than ever—to-morrow
I'm to marry a coronet!

Park Lane—the Row—such a carriage!
With the best box on the tier.
Carte blanche for dress—a title,
And twenty thousand a year!

My Earl—well, never mind him: there—
It is pretty well tit for tat.
Over fifty,—but subject to fits, dear,—
And bad ones—think of that!

And mamma's so "naughty" about it;
You would laugh to hear her say,
"Poor man—he doesn't look strong, dear,"
In her own good quiet way!

Well, to-morrow, with sixteen bridesmaids,—
Dear me, how strange it seems!—
By the way, though—talking of strange things,
Do you ever put faith in dreams?

I've had such an odd one lately;
Not once,—but again and again.
A figure comes to my bedside
And says in a mournful strain:

"Marriage you call it? Death—
"That's the better word to say.
"Funeral plumes for flowers;
"A shroud for bridal array!"

"In sickness and in health—
"Till death—for better, for worse!
"Perjured, lying, false—
"A marriage that God will curse!"

Then I wake: it's an odd dream surely!
And I wonder—but there, I've done.
Your own, Cecile. P.S. Dear,
Don't you marry a younger son.

ON LOAN TO THE KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

How to aid Art without coming to a full stop.—Put a Cole on.

How to waste fuel at the Paris Exposition, and to keep up the fire of public indignation.—Put a Cole on.

THE BISHOPS IN COUNCIL.

As some curiosity has been manifested, especially in religious circles, in regard to the subjects selected for discussion in the approaching *Pan-Anglican Council*, we are happy to furnish our readers with what may be regarded as an official programme of the proposed *theses*. The one which we subjoin has been forwarded to us from an unquestionable source, and may therefore be relied upon as quite authentic:—

GENERAL.

- (1.) Of the moral weight of Bishops in Council considered in relation to the importance of their avoiding discussion.
- (2.) Of the condition of the underpaid clergy considered—not in relation to the incomes of their Bishops.
- (3.) Of the lawful use of church patronage, lawn sleeves, and £5,000 a-year, as gathered from reference to the practices of the Early Christians.
- (4.) Of the relation of the Episcopal Office to public duties considered in reference to the duties of a Bishop to his private relations.

PARTICULAR.

- (5.) On the importance of discretion, ambiguity, and unction in the confusion of popular questions. By the *Bishop of Oxford*.
- (6.) On the employment of gun-cotton in the manufacture of Episcopal charges. By the *Archbishop of York*.
- (7.) On the heretical tendencies of the Council generally. By the *Bishop of Salisbury*.
- (8.) On the deplorable ill-nature of the last proposition. By the *Bishop of St. Davids*.
- (9.) On the very bad taste of this sort of thing. By the *Bishop of London*.
- (10.) On the advisability of not summoning another Council. By the *Archbishop of Canterbury*.

MEN WE DON'T WANT TO MEET.

THE "LITERARY MAN," who writes a column composed of nineteenth twaddle to one-tenth Lemprière's Classical Dictionary, for a "genteel" weekly. Who, in his poetical moments, raves about "chubby maiden's waists," and "trips down the river to Richmond." Whose religion depends entirely upon his digestion, and whose greatest bliss may be summed up in the words, a hogshead of gin in the tap-room, with the bouncing barmaid of the establishment to help him to drink it!

THE "KIND FRIEND," who takes such a warm interest in your affairs, that he makes the whole world his (and your) confidant, after you have revealed to him everything. Who is so "sorry he cannot oblige you" when you come to him to ask him for a helping hand to save you from destruction. Who "draws you out" at your best moments, and takes care to sell your jokes afterwards as his own. Who, in short, would appropriate your very skin had he the chance, but lacking the opportunity, takes good care to make all the profit he can out of you, with the firm intention the while of casting you out from his friendship the moment he sees that you have become useless to him!

THE "CHIEF OF THE ROOM," who, having crept into the Civil Service at a time when it was the fashion for Members of Parliament to send their butler's offspring into public offices, never quite forgets his early breeding. Who offensively toadies a great man's son, and vulgarly bullies him who has to look for advancement to his own talents. Who, finding himself an associate of gentlemen, tries to hide his many shortcomings by the assumption of a heartiness that would be exactly suited to the servants' hall, and a bearing that might pass for dignity among those who spout in the vestry. In fact, who is a man to whom you would quite willingly surrender your boots for the ceremony of blacking, but to whom you could scarcely (except on *very* state occasions) offer your hand for the purpose of shaking!

THE "DISTINGUISHED AMATEUR," who (in his own and, of course, everybody else's opinion) is the only Romeo on or off the stage. Who looks upon Mr. Charles Mathews as his own disciple, and regards Mr. Phelps in the light of a pupil of his who has not turned out *quite* as well as might have been expected from such excellent teaching. Who spends from half-past ten to a quarter to four every day in the service of his country in a small room situated either in Pall Mall, Downing Street, or Whitehall. Who takes in the *Era*, and attempts to conciliate by offers of the part of the "3rd Officer in the *Lady of Lyons*," in the forthcoming amateur performance at Lady Gushington Baskinville's (an appointment in his gift) to little Adolphus Libeller, the theatrical critic of that influential "Daily"—*The Halfpenny Thunderbolt*. Who is, in fact, a small person at his office, a moderate-sized man at the Bijou rehearsals, and a great bore everywhere!

THE MAN "WHO IS NOT A BAD FELLOW AT HEART," but who, under the impression that you have wronged him, runs down your character in the most alarming manner in places where men most do congregate. Who emphatically describes you as a villain, a scoundrel, and a murderer, but who, upon discovering his mistake, makes you the

most ample apology. Who undertakes any number of important commissions for you, and invariably carries them out when he does *not* forget your directions. A man, in fact, who would in a moment of impulse shoot you through the heart, but upon finding out that he had wronged you, would spend the rest of his life in praying for the repose of your soul!

AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST (OF COURSE) WE DON'T WANT TO MEET, MR. COLE!

A. TAYLOR'S SUIT.

THE dramatic critic to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in an extremely sensible and temperate article on Miss Terry's farewell performances at the Adelphi Theatre, observed that it could not be admitted that the stage would lose "a great artist." Mr. Tom Taylor writes a letter in answer, which has appeared in the *Spectator*, for the purpose of proving that the lady is a great artist. Since this, he has indulged us, in the *Times*, with a repetition of his irrepressible admiration for Miss Terry, in two columns of *soi-disant* criticism on her performance of *Juliet*.

It certainly appears to us that Mr. Taylor's reasoning is scarcely logical. He informs us that the honest critic condemns what he imagines to be bad, and praises what is commendable; but it also seems that the honest critic does not allow others to do the same thing, unless, of course, they can agree with Mr. Taylor.

In his letter to the *Spectator*, we are told that great in art is a relative term, and that whatever the state of art around his pet star, she is great in comparison with her contemporaries.

But we were under the impression, there could be but one real standard of excellence, and though you might call a pygmy a giant among Lilliputians, you can scarcely say a full private of five feet one is a tall man, because all the other men in his regiment are of dwarfish stature.

Amateurs, who are always sitting at the feet of the Gresham professor, may call Dr. Wylde a great composer, and people with a limited knowledge of foreign literature may call Mr. Taylor himself a great dramatist; but we think the better-informed would be supported by facts in their denial of either proposition.

Then, again, art is universal. It is altogether unworthy to judge of an actor merely in relation to his country: as well judge of a poet by the town he hails from; so when Mr. Taylor ventures to claim for Miss Terry the first place among actresses now on the stage, he should add, "in London."

We repeat, art is universal, and we are sure that Mr. Taylor, who showed his appreciation of acting by writing ridiculous articles in the *Times* on the performances of a third-rate French company at the St. James's, will not rail at us if we advise Miss Terry that nothing would do her so much good as to run over to Paris and study for herself, and by herself, if Mr. Taylor will allow it, the acting of a Delaporte or a Victoria-Lafontaine, a Fromentin or a Jane Essler, when her own good sense, if not completely driven out of her by her friends, will show her in what essential points tending to greatness she is behind others who have learnt and been bred in the only city in the world where the dramatic art is cultivated, and where the best creations on the stage are ranked with the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the painter, the sculptor, or the musician. Such study would go farther to make an English actress than any amount of "butter," to use a coarse but expressive word, supplied by Mr. Taylor or any other critic.

At the same time, we can agree with the critic when he says that there is no better actress of her parts on the (London) stage. This is, alas, but too true, and no one can regret it more than we do; and nothing makes us more inclined to praise the qualities which exist in Miss Terry than the recollections of what other actresses are capable of on the boards of the metropolis.

It is because we advise Miss Terry and wish her all happiness in private and public that we protest against the indiscriminate praises lavished on her by a critic whose personal feelings are becoming a standard joke as palpable as the Adelphi guest or the stage management of Mr. Webster.

We are persuaded that Miss Terry is working at her own education, for without education the great in dramatic art is unattainable, and when she returns to the stage, which she will do, she will, by study and reflection, have added much to her chances of becoming the great artist, which as yet she is not. But as she hopes for such a consummation let her listen to advice as well as flattery; although the former may not be so sweet and tempting it is far more wholesome and beneficial.

Retirement will make her forget much that is conventional which her early training has bred in her; and liberty to study what is good and great with this opportunity she will have to improve her attainments will add charms, and excite powers which Mr. Taylor will be astonished to discover, if by that time, as a dramatist on the look-out for good actors, his involuntary admiration has not found some other star to worship as the most complete illustration he knows of the great in acting.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE greatest Riddle that the world has seen,
Which no one in the world has ever guessed;
First of all conjurors is He, I ween:
Strip Him, my Second's what He stands confessed!

(1.)

Monarchs and statesmen oft have fed
Upon this simple fare;
'Tis what mobs love the most, for 'tis
The Livery that they wear.

(2.)

Oh, would that I had ne'er beheld
That face so smooth and green!
In letters three I wrote my fate—
"Who cares?—my razor's keen!"

(3.)

And so, when feverish, I awoke
Upon the fatal morrow,
I seized my razor—thought, "On this
"How much, now, could I borrow?"

(4.)

For this it was came to my aid—
No better friend I know:
A friend we hope to find above,
Because so rare below.

(5.)

Ah! when I last beheld thy form,
'Twas with my darling Nelly—
'Twixt love and crush, like you I felt
Transformed into a jelly.

(6.)

"Come, Horace, you've had quite enough—
"Caesar, pray drive us home;
"Ovid, you're treading on my toes"—
I am in ancient Rome!

(7.)

Beneath the willow's pensive shade
I told my love, and swore
I'd kill myself—she, giggling, cried
Just this, and nothing more.

(8.)

This mystery I'll end: with what?
The strangest thing on earth—
Nor male nor female, yet from him
And her it takes its birth.

ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE IN OUR LAST.

IF UCAN

If you see Anne before
UCME SEND MRAN
You see me, send Anne after Emma
AND MECUM.
And come after me.

SOLUTIONS of Puzzle in TOMAHAWK page 184, have been received from Sewage, Chopstick, Bessie, Richard B., T. W. R., Pocahontas, D. W. R., Hesta, Toodlekins, Hawkeye, G. F. D., Ino, Jemima Pooce, King Cole, Bosh, Puer, A. Y. Z., S. P. F., Booth, Emma Sophie Louie, Nine Pins, F. F. Croydon, H. Cole, Alpha, Ayrton Convent, Tommy Oak, Timothy, Chas. W. Rickman, Bussell, The Arch Muff, Eoliah, E. S., Novice, Omega, B. W. C., Hal, Brownie (Tiverton), H. H., Cinderella, Alfred Brown, A. F. T., Ungeist, O. P., Relampage, A. J., Delta, Country Office, Vicious Vagrant, Brighton, Nemo Munshall, Via et Vita, Mohican, W. A. B., J. J. V., Jacksy Wacksi, Lively Chicken, Ginger, A. J. R., Joe, G. W. Willett, Thos. Miles, A. R. M., F. J. H., Pimlico, G. J. R. (Camberwell), J. C. Clark, and divers incorrect.

LATEST FROM SHOEBOURNESS.—The Editor of the TOMAHAWK is getting on capitally with his lessons in gunnery. Mr. H. Cole, C.B., is hourly expected.—(To be continued in our next.)

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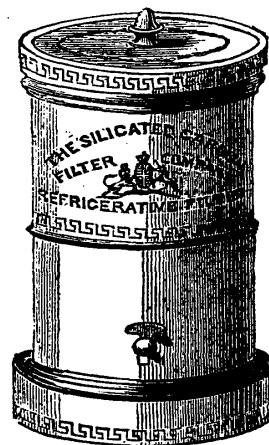
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