

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



“INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT.”

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[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE “WORKING MAN”—HIS SENTIMENTS.

“One man is as good as another, and—better!”

HE SAITH SOMETHING ABOUT THE PEOPLE AND THE PARKS.

OH, ain't it just a glorious sight just to have a look at the 'eavens on a starry night? Oh don't it fill one's soul with majesty and awe? I never looks at them stars, at them ever twinkling planets, at that milky moon, at them cheese-coloured clouds without feeling better for it! It reminds me of Christmas, or rather of plum-pudding. I looks at them stars, and says “'ow like you are to plum-pudding,” and it does me good, and I fee's better for it. I says to the moon “Oh ain't you like a slice of turkey,” and a sort of 'eavenly creeping comes a crawling over me and I feels just like what I seems to be when I've 'ad a little too much gin! Oh its werry beautiful! I've got this sort o' creeping on me to-night, and that's why I'm a going to let yer bloated ones off cheap—not because I thinks as 'ow you're not bloated, but because them stars is werry beautiful to-night, and awfully like plum-pudding!

Now then!

I think as 'ow I've explained to you 'ow the honest artisan, with his horny hand of industry, is your better. I'm a practical man, and I did it practically. Yer seemed to think as 'ow you was better than me! Just so. Well then I came out with three argumints:—

1st. I smashed yer winders, and pulled down yer park railings.

2nd. I brought tears to the eyes of yer Home Secretary.

3rd. I got my way, spouted treason by the yard and the furlong, and absolutely 'eld a meeting in one of your government offices!

And if them argumints wasn't conclusive I should like to know what argumints *would* be conclusive!

But law bless yer, I ain't a going to bully yer. I'm a reasonable being, that's what I am, and I don't mind a argumint now and then, so just let's you and me 'ave a little quiet chat. If I get the best of the argumint, so much the better; if you get the best of the argumint, I still can fall back upon winder breaking, can't I? so no 'arm will be done whatever comes of it.

First of all, yer says as 'ow Hyde Park is yer property. Why is it yer property, just tell me that? Ain't the honest artisan, with the horny hand of industry, every bit as good as you? Ain't he got the same fine feelings, the same talents, the same cultivation, as yerselves? Now, I knows werry well what yer would *like* to answer to this. Yer would like to say, “the honest artisan with the horny hand of industry, the man who talks by the day and works by the minute, is a great, big, hulking scoundrel. He fattens upon our money and charity, and has only to show a little intelligence to rise from the depths into the ranks of respectable citizenship. He is a fool and an idiot; he is led like a donkey by the merest bosh and the most vapid twaddle, by the most pretentious of humbugs and the most ignorant of demagogues. He is of the mud muddly. In fact, he forms the link between the dog and the gorilla, and should be caged in the Zoological Gardens.” That's what yer would *like* to say,

but yer knows werry well yer daren't say it, cos why? yer knows as 'ow I answer *them* kind of argumints like a practical man. You gives *me* words, and I gives *you* stones. Exchange is no robbery, yer knows! Ha, ha, had yer there!

'Owsomever, to return. Yer says as 'ow Hyde Park is yer property. Oh is it? well, that *is* news! Ain't the parks for the people, and ain't I the people? “Oh,” says you artfully, “but Hyde Park is for them as lives near it. 'Ow would you like us to invade the Wictoria Park?” 'Ow would I like you to invade the Wictoria Park? 'Ow would *you* like to 'ave 'alf a brick chucked at yer 'edd? Inwade Wictoria Park!—I should just like to see yer try to do it!

Anything more to say? If yer 'ave, now's the time for saying of it. What, nothing? I thought so. No, you've got a werry long tongue, but yer sees I've got a werry 'eavy stick. And we knows which is the best for argumint! Ha! ha! 'ad yer there again, 'adn't I?

But law bless yer, I can't bully yer at Christmas. I can't abuse yer with the 'olly and the misletoe a 'anging about my 'ouse. No, this ain't the time for quarrels. As I sit before the fire with the little ones a playing on the floor round about me, with the missus a filling my pipe and a mixing of mygrog (bought with the money I gets from the Union for keeping away from work), I feels a glow a warming up my 'eart. I feels at peace with all men. And as I looks into the red fire-light and listens to the silvery laughter of my little ones, I says softly to myself with a werry gentle smile, “Oh! Bill Stiggings, Oh! Bill Stiggings, ain't it prime? None of them rich beggars will ever get to 'eaven!”

STAR AND GARTER CHAMBERS!

It appears that the Board of Guardians of the Strand Union have resolved, that for the future all their meetings shall be held with closed doors, and that, on no pretext whatever, shall any reporters hereafter be admitted to their deliberations. This decision, for which at present no sort of reason is alleged, was arrived at at a secret council recently held by the body in question. So the matter stands for the edification of the public. The event is worthy of some comment. In the first place, the fact, that a set of men can be got together at a time like the present, when the whole country is keenly alive to the monstrosities of our legislation as regards the poor, who do not hesitate thus to fly in the face of the popular feeling, is in itself not remarkable. The gross stolidity of Englishmen in council is proverbial, and these gentlemen of the Strand cannot, of course, be expected to bear in mind that they are servants of the public, administrators of the public charity, that is, of the public money, and accountable to the public for their behaviour. It is not again remarkable that at a time, when all institutions of this class should be courting, rather than shunning enquiry, these honorary and unliveried flunkies should be closing their doors. This is only thick-headedness and as such it is natural. But what is remarkable, is this—and that is that as yet, their names and addresses in full have not been gibbeted at in large type in the columns of the daily papers. This is the way to deal with collective assumption.

THE LATEST MOTTO FOR CABMEN.—Rank and Passion.

WAITING FOR THE HANGMAN!

(Being the Christmas Extra Number of "ONCE A YEAR ALL THE WEEK ROUND.")

"Too bad, on my word," said a chubby, red-faced, little man, with a head of hair that looked like a wheatsheaf. "Too bad, on my word. Ten minutes past the hour, and not come yet!"

"Well, gents, it's no fault of mine," replied the official, in a soft, sweet voice. "I suppose he's missed the train, or overslept himself, or forgotten the appointment."

"But he *oughtn't* to have missed the train," persisted the little man, getting ruddier and ruddier; "and he *ought* to have remembered his appointment. It's absolutely scandalous, and deserves a good showing up. Can I write to the *Star* about it?"

"I'm afraid there won't be time, sir. You see, when he *does* come we shall have to look pretty sharp about the matter, and what's more, its against the rules to supply pen and ink and paper."

"Well, gentlemen," said the little man, turning to his companions with a short laugh, "it seems we are all of us to be kept waiting here until after the arrival of the next train at Shore-ditch. What shall we do?"

"Ave some gin," suggested a wretched-looking creature, who seemed to be all neck and eyebrows.

"I guess, stranger you won't get much liquor in this infarnal place. Try again." It was a cute Yankee who made this observation.

"Hum, haw. You know, I say, 'twill be deuced slow doing nothing, won't it?" It was a swell who said *this*.

"Stop! I've got an idea," broke in impulsively the red-faced little man, with his hair looking more like a wheatsheaf than ever. "What do you all say to a few stories?"

"Slow, I should say," said the swell.

"Wal, I'm not so sure about that," answered the citizen of the United States. "For my part, I like stories."

"Say rather lies," exclaimed the "rough" maliciously.

The American blushed up to his hair-roots, but kept silent.

"No quarrelling, pray," said the fussy-looking little man. "Really I think the idea of story-telling most excellent, and if you like I will begin the series by letting you hear my own history."

The proposition was hailed with the greatest delight. Accordingly the little man commenced as follows:—

THE STORY OF THE BANKER'S CLERK.

Twenty-five years ago I entered the house of Tremlet and Co. I was &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c. (for six pages.)

Within a week Mary was my wife!

"Capital," said the Yankee at the conclusion of the banker's clerk's narrative. "I've seldom heard anything more interesting. Now I suppose it's my turn."

And he began as follows:—

THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN INVENTOR.

New York is a fine city. Say what you like, I repeat it's a fine city. I was there in 185—, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c. (for six pages.)

The next morning he was gone, and I've never seen him since!

"Bravo!" exclaimed the banker's clerk at the conclusion of this extraordinary narrative, his hair looking more like a wheatsheaf than ever. "If all you've said is true, the affair is most wonderful!"

"My turn now," said the last of the strangers, waking up from a heavy sleep. "Well 'ere goes."

And he began.

THE STORY OF THE "ROUGH."

I never did like Betsy! She was ever so much too stuck up for me, so you see as 'ow we didn't live very 'appily together. Well, one day &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c. (for six pages). So the verdict they brought in was "accidental death," but you as know the facts of the case will say as 'ow they was wrong.

The verdict should have been "*murder!*"

A dead silence followed this horrible revelation, which was at last broken by the entrance into the condemned-cell of a warder, who, with a nod to the Yankee, and a bow to the banker's clerk, exclaimed,

"Now gents, look sharp. Mr. Calcraft's just come, and is ready for you in the pinioning-room. 'Aint it funny? Just now you were a waiting for the hangman, and now the hangman's a waiting for you. Howsomever, such is life!"

UNLIMITED PLIABILITY.

It must be pleasing to all those who love their country to see how the wise and enlightened Government under which we live has profited by the examples which have been set, and the warnings which have been given, by its predecessors. Other Governments may have lost their places through holding fast to their principles,—but not they; others may remain faithful to a faith that is proscribed and persecuted,—not they; others may resist encroachments on the authority of the Crown and the dignity of the Ministry—but not they, for they have discovered that the best and safest, the noblest, greatest and most creditable method of governing is that which is conducted on the principle of Unlimited Pliability, which they have accordingly elaborated into a perfect science—and this principle has been carried out with no half-heart or want of confidence in it. There is a kind of waverer who even while he wavers, manages to keep up a semblance of self-respect, and to persuade outsiders that his wavering is due to profound calculation, or an apprehension of occult truth too deep for ordinary minds, but this kind has failed to appreciate the admirable principle in question to its full extent. It is the other kind of waverer—he who manifestly wavers because he has not sufficient head to balance himself into steadiness, and who takes any direction anybody likes to give to him, however opposed it may be to his former direction, without a struggle, and manifestly because he feels himself powerless to resist. This is the waverer pure and immaculate, the true personification of Unlimited Pliability, and we owe the Ministry a debt of gratitude for having shown us so many instances of the kind. It is pleasing to learn too that a more extensive use is to be made henceforth of the power which it gives to the people. Beales and Potter are entitled to the credit of having first discovered how pliable the Government is. They bullied, and it gave way. The Fenians took the cue, and are even now relying upon it for protection to their idiotic processions and twopenny-halfpenny treason-spouting. The costermongers—*after* they had been abolished by Act of Parliament mind—had only to meet and say that they were 50,000 strong in order to squeeze what they wanted out of the pliable wind-bags of Whitehall, and they will only have to meet again in the same way in order to squeeze out the other concessions which they have discovered that they also want. The cabmen, too, had only to strike, and to upset a few growlers, to get their case considered, if not ameliorated, and taking example from these, some other of the suffering classes have resolved to take the same means of gaining their objects. The following are a few of the movements which will be undertaken shortly:—

The burglars of London will meet in Exeter Hall to procure the modification of the criminal laws, especially the repeal of all the penal statutes, and to require the instant dismissal of all the criminal judges.

The garotters will meet in Hyde Park in the evening (during the intervals of business), to protest against the barbarity of the cat, with which they have recently made acquaintance, and to require that the police should be abolished.

The dog-stealers will memorialise Mr. Hardy against the dog-tax, on account of the harm it does to their trade.

Bank directors will protest against the Bankruptcy laws.

Each of these meetings will be followed by a monster demonstration, which will, of course, procure the desired concessions; and anybody who has a grievance should attend and support, in order that the like may be done for him when his grievance comes. In this way we shall shortly redress all grievances, and arrive at a state of universal contentment, all which we shall owe to the blessed principle of Unlimited Pliability.

MAXIM FOR THE TURF.—Those who begin by plunging, end by bolting.

WANTED, A FEW PRINCIPLES.

ALL people who think at all—and we fear that they are not many—are beginning, slowly and unwillingly, to perceive that the times are somewhat out of joint. We are not referring now to mere alarmists, the very shallowest of mortals, who never can hear the rumbling of a waggon without being sure that an earthquake is coming, but to those who, when they observe certain phenomena in society, do not try and adapt them to some crotchety theory of their own, but patiently observe and reflect, and so endeavour to trace the effect to the cause.

We fear that there is little doubt that the whole of society in this country is in a very rickety state. The indolence and apathy which exist among the upper classes, coupled with a spiritless luxury and a sullen self-indulgence (which seem to afford so little real gratification to themselves, that one wonders they are at such pains to pursue them) simulating, as they do, the stolid self-satisfaction of those who have only to eat, drink, and be stupid, may incline those who look no further than the surface to think that everything is going on quite pleasantly; but the state of muffled discontent and hatred of existing institutions—to say nothing of that open defiance of the laws, and unblushing adoption of violence as the ordinary method of expressing their desire for, or a dislike to, anything which distinguish the lower classes—cannot but cause grave anxiety to all who take any pains to study the social condition of their country. Recognising, as we do, this very grave condition of things, we look around to see if any section of our countrymen are making any serious attempt to remedy it. It is impossible that any fight against injustice or abuses, especially when sanctified by a long existence, can be carried on without earnestness.

Now the only political party who seem to us to possess this indispensable quality are the extreme Radicals, not to say Democrats. But there are others who refuse to believe that a panacea for all existing evils can be found in Manhood Suffrage and Vote by Ballot, and who are perseveringly and zealously striving to reform these social abuses which are the real blots on the fair fame of this country, and which possess a grave reality, before which the grievances of political enthusiasts shrink into insignificance. We only wish that these two parties would work together, for we believe their end to be the same, though unfortunately the extreme Radicals refuse to believe that there is a straight road to their object, and prefer making several experiments by different circuitous routes, which may lead they know not whither.

It appears to us that the real cause of the plague-spots which are forcing themselves into notice through the whitewash with which we assiduously endeavour to conceal them, is the utter want of principles which distinguishes upper and middle and lower classes. We do not mean to say for one moment that this virtuous age can vie with others whose vices we contrive to detect in all their hideous deformity through the illuminated mists of time; for men and women did wrong then and gloried in it, they never professed virtue; but it has been reserved for this enlightened age to invent a system of morality which invests those vices that are at once pleasant and profitable with a respectable suit of propriety, which easily passes muster before a lethargic conscience, and enjoys such ample recognition at the hands of the majority of our fellow-creatures, who, enjoying the advantages of the deception themselves, are not in a hurry to reveal the trick. There are many societies being formed every day, for various purposes—moral, benevolent, and commercial; let, then, some enterprising individuals, who are sufficiently sincere in their faith not to fear ridicule, establish a Society for the Promotion of Pure Morality, and we venture to say, that if they only contrive to obtain a very few members, they will do more to destroy those evils, the existence of which few deny, but still fewer dare to face, than many of those most excellent institutions which lose sight of Morality and Religion in a vehement Sectarianism. When vulgar craving after notoriety ceases to be accepted as patriotism—when dishonesty, whether practised by a petty tradesman or a wholesale dealer, ceases to be called commercial industry—when shameless indecency is not required as a necessary accomplishment of every girl who aspires to enter society—when slow torture of the poor and helpless is no longer dignified by the name of administrative economy—when organised assassination is no longer sanctified as martyrdom—then, and

not till then, shall we be able to acknowledge with truth that Reform in this country is anything more than the plaything of political charlatans, or the crowbar of designing traitors.

JUSTICE FOR JAPAN.

WHAT has become of the Brother of the Tycoon of Japan? Prince Tokugawa Munbutaiho landed at Dover about a month ago. He was made something of at first, and Royal salutes of 21 guns were fired in his honour. We afterwards heard of him at Woolwich, inspecting the Arsenal; at Deptford, inspecting the Dockyard; and if we mistake not, the Prince received the honour of an invitation to lunch with Her Majesty at Windsor Castle, but this was the culminating point of His Highness's importance. Since then the Royal visitor has been little heard of. If he has inspected any more arsenals, or visited any more dockyards, he has done so on his own responsibility; at all events, all but unheeded by the newspapers.

To a Prince, who, in his own country is surrounded by far greater state than are any of the European potentates, this seeming neglect, has, we understand, been the cause of considerable disappointment and irritation. We rejoice to say, however, that the Government, on hearing of this, have taken immediate steps to render the Prince's progress in this country more in accordance with the dignity and state to which so august a personage would be entitled in his native land, and arrangements have been made for a series of state visits to the principal objects of interest in London. After much anxious deliberation, in which the claims of the Thames Tunnel and the Foundling Hospital were duly considered, it has been decided that the ascent of the Duke of York's Column shall be the first of the series.

The following is the programme which has been submitted to, and approved by, His Highness for the rest of the week's amusement:—

Tuesday.—Geological Society's Museum, Jermyn street.

Wednesday.—Ditto.

Thursday.—Ditto.

Friday.—Ditto.

Saturday.—Ditto.

Sunday.—The Pier Hotel, at Southsea.

The following gentlemen will be in attendance on His Highness on these occasions:—

Monday.—The Lord Mayor, the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, the Judge Ordinary of the Divorce Court, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, the Quartermaster-General, the Elder Brother of the Trinity House, the Board of Green Cloth, the Manager of the Dead Letter Department of the Post Office, and Mr. G. F. Brown, of Crutched Friars.

Tuesday.—Mr. G. F. Brown.

Wednesday.—Mr. G. F. Brown.

Thursday.—Mr. G. F. Brown, jun.

Friday.—Mr. G. F. Brown, jun., and friend.

Saturday.—No one.

Sunday.—(Trip to Southsea) The Lord Mayor, the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, the Judge Ordinary of the Divorce Court, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, the Quartermaster-General, the Elder Brother of the Trinity House, the Board of Green Cloth, the Manager of the Dead Letter Department of the Post Office, Mr. G. F. Brown, Lady, and party.

Nom de Plume FOR MISS ADAH ISAAC MENKEN.—The Poet No Close.

MOTTO FOR THE CHIEF CLERKS OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.—“*Semper Agentes.*”

RIDDLE FROM YORKSHIRE.—*Q.* What does Mr. Swinburne mean by a kiss which stings? *A.*—A *smack* on the face.

EXCLAMATION on seeing “*An Entirely New Comedy, Never before Acted,*” by Mr. B. Webster, Jun., at the Olympic Theatre.—“Bless thee, Bottom, thou art translated!”



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention.

LONDON, DECEMBER 21, 1867.

THE following advertisement appeared in the *Whitehall Gazette* last week :—

TO BE DISPOSED OF BY A PRIVATE FIRM (in consequence of the chief partners going abroad), *Several First-rate Agencies*. Apply to Messrs. _____ and Co., F. O., Whitehall Gardens. N.B.—Very pretty pickings.

THE papers say that several shiploads of Australian beef chemically preserved, and packed in tin canisters, have recently arrived in this country. This is good news. The high prices of food have by degrees all but robbed us of our nationality. Once upon a time, there were few families who could not scrape together enough money to buy themselves a Christmas dinner, but for the last few years, the Roast Beef of old England, or rather, the unroast beef of old England has been a shilling a pound, which is more than a good many people have been able to pay. Australia has now come to the rescue, by deluging the market with a good wholesome article at threepence. This is no doubt very satisfactory, but the less we talk about the national fare, and Christmas cheer, and king of joints, &c., &c., the better, when we have to fetch it all from the Antipodes.

A NICHT WI' BURNS.

ENCOURAGED, probably by Mr. Dion Boucicault's *very* practical suggestion *à propos* of the destruction of Her Majesty's Theatre, to the effect that "theatrical fires" might be prevented by the conversion of Play-houses into gigantic shower-baths, several Correspondents have forwarded to us the following useful hints and notions on the subject :

One who has never entered a theatre in his life, suggests that the stage might be made of stone covered with concrete, and faced with iron. (Our correspondent has been anticipated by a leader writer in the *Times*.)

A Supporter of the Drama suggests that all the scenery should be made of iron, and no lights be allowed in any part of the theatre under any consideration whatever.

A Practical Man suggests that the auditorium should be converted into a large swimming bath. The seats should be so arranged that only the heads of their occupants should appear above the water. In winter of course the water should be hot, in summer, cold. The audience should come to the theatre in bathing dresses. In support of his suggestion, our correspondent declares "that water won't burn."

A Lover of Liberty suggests that theatres, "the haunts of the wicked and the frivolous," should be put down by law.

A young Lady Reader suggests that a very large tank should be suspended by chains over the theatre, filled with *cold* water (she sagely observes "of course the water *must* be cold because if it were hot it would not put out the fire"), on the appearance of any flames this tank should, by means of the chains, be tilted over. The chains should be padlocked to keep children from playing with the machinery—the keys of the padlocks should be kept by the clergyman of the parish.

An American Cousin suggests that a law should be passed through Parliament, making the use, by the lessees of theatres, of his "*Anti Fire and Explosion Paste*" (in boxes, 1s. 1½d.), compulsory.

From the above suggestions, it would appear that Mr. Dion Boucicault is not the only practical man in the world!

WHAT IS A COMEDY?

THE want of a dictionary which should define words according to their new meaning, is sorely felt every day. The science of definition is terribly behind hand. Going the other night to see a "perfectly new comedy, never before acted," we expected to see something very different from what we did. After floundering through disjointed ditches of dull conversation—we cannot describe the dialogue otherwise—we suddenly found ourselves pulled up at the end of an act by what we suppose was meant for a situation, but which consisted of one of the characters tying his head up in his great coat, and the rest knocking up against one another, and tumbling over any available chair. One of the actors seemed conscious that the situation was somewhat lacking in humour, so he sprinkled the stage with some papers out of his hat. Whether they were bills, or prospectuses, or copies of "the Confessional Unmasked," we cannot say; however, this impromptu drollery had nothing to do with the plot. In the next act the chief points seemed to be the introduction of a portly lady, in a riding habit, into a lawyer's office; and the shutting up the hero in a sort of loose box, over the top of which the rest of the characters tried to peep with varying success. A few extracts from a sermon on "Suicide," delivered by a charming young lady, constituted the grave element of this scene, while the gay was represented by an Irishman, in breeches and boots, who was so painfully conscious of the dismal dullness of his part, that he was not quite so spirited as we could have desired. This act ended with an equally relevant situation, in which the policemen handcuffed as many of the characters as they could before the curtain came down, and no doubt had the audience shown the discretion to demand its being drawn up again they would have been found still continuing their innocent pastime. It is perhaps, needless to say, that this event left the author perfectly unfettered, and that not even an action for false imprisonment came of it. The next act continued amidst the audible groans of the souls of those compelled to witness it—till at last a little playful confusion having been thrown over the plot by the mention of a dead body (of which nothing came), and the expectations of the audience having been unfairly aroused by a gentleman, in a white hat, being alluded to as "the boys" (which seemed to promise a dance), the act concluded with a rhymed tag which bristled with points so carefully concealed, that the curtain came down before we could discover one of them. This Comedy was entitled *From Grave to Gay*, and but that Mr. Charles Mathews gave some excellent imitations of himself we think we should have reversed the title, and ended in the Grave. Having recovered by dint of a long course of Congreve and Sheridan—we went to see another Comedy. This time it was original, and written by a gentleman who is the dramatic critic of our leading journal, and who, we have been assured, possesses the most refined taste, the most exquisite judgment, and the most undoubted talent. This time we made certain that we should see a real picture of human Nature, lighted up with brilliant flashes of wit, and teaching under cover of genial satire, a true lesson from the book of life. We were rather disappointed. Certainly a farce in three acts is amusing, but we should like to have seen one character at least which might have lain under the grave imputation of having been drawn from Nature. We suppose the author is not to be held responsible for the conclusion of the second act, in which a Pantomime baby was banged about by all the characters with an amount of gusto, which induced us to believe that in early youth they must have aspired to the part of "clown." The extraordinary indelicacy of a young lady, who consenting to appear as a young man's wife, avails herself of her equivocal position to convert the pretence into a reality, seemed to us a creation which would be more at home on the corrupted stage of Paris than in one of those inviolable temples of morality, an English theatre. However, the audience seemed to think otherwise. We may only mention that in our humble opinion Mr. Buckstone ought not to try and "imitate" Dundreary as long as he retains any friendly feelings for his audience, and record our earnest hope that Mr. Sothorn may soon find some character which may be strong enough in itself to prevent the necessity for his introducing a representation of that too familiar creation. We conclude with our original question—"According to modern notions" what is a Comedy?

A LAY FIGURE.—"The Odds on the Favourite."





THE POLITICAL FIREMAN:
OR,
HOW NOT TO PUT IT OUT!

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT IN
ABYSSINIA.

Zehoiylla, Dec. 4th.

YOU may remember that when I despatched my last I was on the eve of closing with the "Chief" about the double-acting condenser. He was to give me 27,000 acres south of the *Gilberjulu* range, 150 slaves, a rattle-snake's skin, and his wife. I told you, I think, that he threw in his sister at the last moment, hoping to clench the matter, and promised to look in, in half an hour, to hear my decision. From that day to this he has never turned up at all. On the whole, I am glad he hasn't. The land alone would be more than I should care to have on my hands out here; while as to the slaves and the ladies—I might make something out of them, if I could only see my way to the Egyptian Hall—but I don't, so it is as well that things have turned out as they have. Besides, the condenser has really proved a success, for I now use it regularly as a bootjack. I may as well take this opportunity of saying that you must not mind my occasionally giving you these sort of domestic details, for they illustrate the kind of life one leads out here. However, to come to the more important items: The troops are arriving from Bombay by dozens—I mean, there seems a good lot of them about. Of course they have all brought 200lbs. of baggage instead of 40. Some mistake, but as they will have to carry this, it will be great fun to see them start, especially if it's hot.

Our exploring expedition is to move forward to-night. It is to consist of two officers of the 100th, Colonel Bracer (a capital fellow), a Missionary interpreter (German), a small staff of Engineers, several neighbouring chiefs (not mine), Slopper (my scientific friend), and myself. We are to have three mules a-piece, lots of provisions, tents, and all that sort of thing. I'm looking forward to it immensely. The chiefs walk, of course. However, they seem an influential set out here, and appear to have left their respective kingdoms to take care of themselves, while they accompany us. I told the Colonel I thought this was very courteous, and he said he should certainly mention it at "head-quarters." Capital fellow, the Colonel; one of your regular out and out military men, and an ornament to the Service. The Missionary is remarkably quiet, and is always at his grammar. To tell the truth, I don't think he is quite up in his *Koosh*, but the natives don't seem to mind it, as he gives them lots of little neatly-bound books, which they ingeniously wear as ear-rings. As far as I can make out, this is what he thinks the *Abyssinian difficulty* has been got up for. I noticed, however, that the chiefs did not take to the books, even as trimming, but showed a decided preference for rum. Slopper, taking a scientific view of the matter, says, that this is possibly because they use the *Hoo-Koosh* dialect. Perhaps Slopper is right, but the fact is remarkable.

I feel that, as I am sent out here by you, simply to chronicle abuses, and protect the interests of those who, from their position are unable to redress their own grievances, you will be expecting a great deal more from me under this head than you have already had. I know my duties as a Special Correspondent. It is all right; but I am keeping *all* the scandal back for a strong letter. I want to send you a good list. Wait till everything is ready to move into the interior—then you shall have it, I promise you. I have jotted down a few heads at random, and perhaps I may as well send them on, and you can make use of them if you like. They are only in the rough, of course, from a note book; so, if you can, you had better put them into some sort of shape, and write up to the ideas.

NOTES ON BOARD THE "POOJAH," SEPT. 21ST, OFF
SOUTHAMPTON.

Capital vessel—sister to the *Hoogley*—lying over there. Seventy-five feet in the beam—both of them. Steward thinks we shall have it rough off the Scrape. Bell for starting—leave-taking—farewells. (Note): Write up to all this. *Byron*:—Native shores, &c.—"living" freight—*Britannia*, &c.
N.B. Badly built vessel—rolls—captain says the *Hoogley's* worse.
(Note): Write to P. and. O., *Times*—later.
Scrape in sight—go on with—

NOTES AT ALEXANDRIA, OCT. 6TH.

Poojah a wretched vessel. Captain's address, 94 Upper Elizabeth street, N.E.
Alexandria *puzzles* to be reached overland—Paris, Vienna, Rome, Malta, then straight across.
Coffee good here, but troublesome.
Climate hot—try it at Gaito.
(Lost the notes I made at Cairo—but they were all about a bad mutton chop. Seven of us wrote to the *Times* about it, so I dare say you have seen the correspondence already.)

NOTES ON ARRIVING AT ZEHOIYLLA. NOV. 23RD.
Red Sea the wrong way to get here. Too hot.
No cabs, or lamp-posts, and no daily paper. No towels.
Governor wears a sort of *drab* kitchen table-cloth in full dress.
Place wants showing up.
N.B.—Title for book "A Month Among the Zehoiyllans."
Insects dangerous. (Note)—Advise the Governor to take in the TOMAHAWK.

And that's all I've got down. Talking of insects, the *Draconulæ scleptopeda* swarms here.

I got the name from Slopper, who has got one in a bottle, which he wants to take home to his *fiancée*. It's a horrid looking thing. Something like a carving fork with wings, only longer in the body. It attacks without provocation, and the sting is said to be fatal. However, Slopper says they won't touch you if you chew camphor. They don't seem to care about the natives, who, in some districts, worship them, regard them as a relish, and make them into jam.

I must finish this, as we are just off. The Colonel has put me in the rear. Slopper and two chiefs go first. I am well armed, because in the Upper Groosh range, which we reach at sunrise, there are lots of hyenas. I have only just found this out, but Slopper thinks I can't get out of the thing at the last moment. I don't agree with him, but the Colonel seems in such excellent spirits that I don't like to throw a damp on the whole affair. I forgot to tell you the Colonel is in the middle.

Just off. I will write from Kimberjahiba if there's a post-office.

VERY FOREIGN IDEAS.

It has transpired from a Return presented to Parliament that certain of the clerks of the Foreign Office received some thousands a year for acting as Agents in this country to our Diplomatic Agents abroad. As the duties of these clerks are, in their several degrees, to superintend and control the aforesaid Diplomatic Agents, it would seem to sensible people that this payment is little short of corruption, not to speak about bribery. We do not mean for a moment to impugn the perfect honour and probity of the gentlemen in question. They have found the system and have found it pay well, and they pursue it with the knowledge and consent of their superiors. But we trust that the Government will now put a stop to the system, or if it is considered to be a system that tends to the advantage of the country, that they will order its extension to the other offices under the Crown. If the latter course is decided on, the following suggestions may be found useful.

The Clerks of the Admiralty should at once engage themselves as the paid agents of all Naval officers looking for employment.
The Clerks at the Horse Guards, ditto, ditto—of all Military officers wishing for early promotion.
The Clerks at the War Office, ditto, ditto—of all paymasters and commissariat officials, whose accounts it may be their duty to examine and allow.
The Clerks at Somerset House ditto ditto—to all solicitors passing legacy accounts.
The Clerks at the Custom House ditto ditto—to all merchants having foreign relations.
The Metropolitan Police should place themselves in the regular pay of all ticket-of-leave gents, and the better classes of pickpockets and area sneaks.

Mutual confidence being thus pleasantly established between the public servants and the public in general, things may be expected to go on throughout the Government service as satisfactorily as they are found to do at the Foreign Office.

DIOGENES' TUB TALK.

[THE Table-Talk of many illustrious men, such as Luther, Coleridge, Southey, Rogers, &c., having been given to the world, we propose to follow the example thus set, and to publish extracts from the conversation of Diogenes, when receiving in his Tub, which we are enabled to do through the kindness of some members of the family, and personal friends of that distinguished philosopher, who have kindly entrusted us with their valuable notes.]

The fewer relations or friends that we have the happier we are. In your poverty they never help you; in your prosperity they always help themselves.

Mention was made of a man who had died, and whose heart, when he was cut open, was found turned to a large chalk stone. "Many more," said Diogenes, "would die of this complaint, were it not for the vinegar in their dispositions."

It was told Diogenes how one Lesbia, a very beautiful girl, but of a wanton disposition, had married her lover, though he had become blind and deaf, and she was much praised for her devotion. "Indeed, it *was* kind of her," said Diogenes, "thus to reconcile him to his afflictions."

Make friends of your creditors if you can; but never make a creditor of your friend. It only gives him another excuse for being disagreeable.

If you have talent and ambition, never look to your family to help you on in life. They will do all they can to keep you under; but if you still succeed in rising, they will all want to stand on your shoulders.

When a rogue means to utter a worse lie than usual, he generally prefaces it with "To tell you the truth."

If you are a clever man, never let your wife speak of you as such: for women always call fools clever, and clever men fools; the reason being that they only admire the intellect which is on a par with their own.

If you surprise your mistress alone, and she receive you with smiles, be sure that they are not meant for some one under the table.

A tailor and a priest are alike in this: They both are indebted to their cloth for their characters.

One came to Diogenes who had lately married a beautiful wife, but was obliged to go to the wars, and asked his advice as to whose charge he should place her in, during his absence. "There is only one friend," said Diogenes "to whom I would trust my wife under such circumstances." "And who may that be?" asked the young husband. "Death," replied the Philosopher.

A certain Poet was in the habit of asking his friends to dinner, in order that he might read to them his tragedies afterwards. Diogenes on hearing this, said "I suppose he provides them with beds."

Men show such gross credulity in love, that they cannot wonder if women show a little in religion.

It was told Diogenes how the great Emperor had said that he loved peace, "I do not doubt it, since it gives him time to prepare for war."

Demagogues are always for giving liberty to the people, that they may have the pleasure of taking it away again.

A certain rich merchant having been observed to go into the Temple to pray—Diogenes said "He supposed he had gone to see if the Gods would compound a felony."

A rich old man of an ill-favoured countenance asked Diogenes in what disguise he could best pay his court to a young girl whom he desired to marry,—"In your shroud" was the reply.

A father who prided himself on the disinterested affection and dutiful behaviour of his son, told Diogenes that he intended to settle so much of his fortune on him, as would make him independent. "I see," answered the Philosopher, "you want to get rid of him."

When a wife is indifferent as to how her husband spends his time, you may be sure she is more indifferent as to how she spends her own.

Men say truth lives at the bottom of a well—and they take care not to disturb her.

Take this as a general rule in life. The more reasons a man or woman has to be grateful to you, the more excuses he or she has to injure you.

LOGOGRIPE.

I am a foe most fearful,
A friend am I most cheerful.
A humble slave to all when kept in hand,
I toil to make the riches of the land.
But the curb once relaxed, I start away,
My rage in blood and ruin to allay;
With Death I stalk throughout the gilded halls,
O'er mangled men, o'er crumbling blackened walls,
I dance and leap, my debt of vengeance paid,
As I devour the riches I had made.
I live in all things, and without my power
The Universe could not exist an hour.
Without me sun and moon must fade and die,
Without me motionless the world must lie,
And fall with all things else deep into space,
Without the help of gravitation's grace,
In dire confusion—Bow then to my sway,
And trace me out, but in a cautious way.

Cut off my head, and anger fierce and deep,
Shows what vitality my wrath can keep;
Cut off my tail, and you will find the wood
That most delights me for my daily food.
But when my master has become my slave,
You fain must tack him on to me to save
The least of all your riches—start again,
Thus, tandem fashion, and it now is plain
That you have made for me my enemy,
Who battles with me ever valiantly.
But him I laugh to scorn however skilled,
And rather kill myself than will be killed.
Then take my enemy and backwards go,
Till you have counted five; in doing so
You'll get, if you believe your catechism,
What his godfathers gave in his baptism.
Now reconstruct him as he was before,
Leave out his second vowel and no more;
And straight you'll get from him the dread decree
By which the Turk declares what is to be,
If only Russia will allow. Also meseems,
You'll find in him what lies between extremes,
A horse's better half, a lady's toy,
Through which her glances work us dire annoy,
A verdant plant, much mud, the choice tit bit
Of turbot. Come, now, guess me them and it.

ANSWER TO THE LAST CHARADE.

A.	B.	C.	}	Q.	E.	D.
L.	S.	D.				
I.	O.	U.				
R.	I.	P.				

ANSWERS have been received from Jane's Fido, Manducks, Bread and Cheese, The Baron, B. Thorne, Porcupine, Calumet, J. B. Doyle, Nevvy Mo, R. R. Bath, Anti-Teapot, A Pump, Henri, Lisa and Beppe, Joe, F. G. Renard, Goat, Baron P. F., Rances Low, Comanche, Carpe Diem, Salalak, Ermine, T. H. B., Katharine Cadogan, Chux, The Buzzard.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE "TOMAHAWK" VERSUS BOHEMIA.

OPINIONS OF THE PROVINCIAL PRESS.*

(A FEW FAIR SPECIMENS SELECTED FROM A SCORE OF NOTICES.)

The Norwich Argus.

"JUST now a good piece of fun is flying about. The success of the new satirical journal, the TOMAHAWK, induced the members of the 'Savage Club' (whoever they may be) to meet and repudiate in the columns of the London dailies, through their secretary, 'a current report' that the said satirical journal emanated from their body. This reminds us that some years ago the present member for Dudley, gratuitously repudiated all idea of being mistaken for a relative of the author of *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*. The Editor of the TOMAHAWK, however, returned to the charge, and pooh-pooh'd the notion of such a work issuing from such a source. Two or three flashes of the Indian's weapon followed:—No. 1 flash being 'A Voice from the Spirits'; No. 2 flash, 'The Peep-show.' Then the Savage Club collapsed and went under, while the 'noble Indian,' as Cooper would say, 'stalked majestically on his way.' There is no doubt that the TOMAHAWK, if kept up to its present pictorial and literary standard, will have a great effect upon our daily literature, to say nothing of our theatrical entertainments. All that it says of the latter is true enough; any person who knows anything, knows the impossibility of getting a MS. accepted by a London manager, however meritorious the thing may be; Mr. Manager's drawers being invariably filled with Mr. So-and-So, of the *Times*; burlesques redolent with wit (of course) by Mr. So-and-So, of the *Herald*; and dramas from Mr. So-and-So, of any other London journal the reader pleases. When the trash is acted, these people regularly eulogise each others efforts, as

" 'They come like shadows—so depart,'

and as regularly exclude every other person from getting a piece further than the hall porter of any decent theatre, or, if it wriggles past, damn it when it comes on the stage. The strictures, too, of the noble Indian's side-arm on a large portion of the penny Press in unanswerable, and if kept up, MUST lead to a healthier state of things. It is not the TOMAHAWK's fun, frolic, and whim, so much as its deep and terrible teaching that we admire; and whenever it assumes the office of moralist, clap-trap is laid aside, sensation is extinguished, and in place of the lithe, sinewy, and jovial savage, we have the hard, cold, caustic expositor of truth. We wish it every success."

The Marylebone Mercury.

"THE TOMAHAWK *versus* BOHEMIA is a reprint addressed 'To the Public Press of Great Britain and Ireland,' by the Editor of the TOMAHAWK. This journal, in a remarkably short time, has made a great name, and rumour with its lying tongue, attributed the authorship to the Savage Club. The secretary of this club, Mr. Andrew Halliday, indignantly repudiated the honour, and although the letter conveying the feeling of the Club was short, it was sufficiently offensive to call forth a rejoinder from the Editor of the TOMAHAWK, who in the closing sentence says:—'Will you kindly permit the staff of the paper in question, through me, to declare that nothing would be more distasteful to their feelings than the circulation of a report in any way associating them with the members of the Savage Club?' Another journal, which draws its inspiration from the said club, published a paragraph in which the TOMAHAWK was called a 'disreputable periodical.' In retort the Editor of the TOMAHAWK says that members of the 'Judge and Jury Club' will be writing to 'disavow their connection with the *Saturday Review*, or some other equally respectable journal, and adds that the meetings of the Savage Club 'may be summed up in the words:—'extravagant self-praise, bad puns, rank tobacco, and unlimited gin.' A word of apology is offered to Mr. Halliday, who is represented to be one of the few gentlemen composing the Savage Club. On the 5th instant an article, entitled 'The Peep-show,' appeared in the TOMAHAWK, in which we suppose is described the meetings of the Savage Club. The article is severe, but we are afraid it is true. Literary Bohemians abound in London, but we were not aware that the Savage Club was the head centre. The members have, however, given evidence of snobbism by disclaiming connection with the TOMAHAWK upon the following ridiculous grounds:—That some years ago royal patronage was extended to the Savage Club upon the death of one of its members; the TOMAHAWK had the courage to tell the public the Queen was not doing her duty; the Savage Club was associated with the name of the TOMAHAWK; therefore, the TOMAHAWK must be repudiated, or the club might not

hope for royal patronage again, and forthwith the disavowal was made, followed by such an exposure that few journals are so well able to make as the TOMAHAWK. It is no dishonour to belong to a journal that speaks out fearlessly and exposes the shams of the day in good English; and it is rather creditable than otherwise that faults and shortcomings in high places are rebuked. The rich and influential can purchase many immunities, but the TOMAHAWK teaches the lesson that a free press is beyond their allurements, and that interested cliquism must give way to the truth, honestly but powerfully expressed. The TOMAHAWK is a masterpiece of modern journalism, and it matters little who are its authors. We care not. What we desire to feel is, that another journal, among the very few that live, has sprung up to resist organised cliquism and to expose abuses even if they exist under the roof of royalty."

The Shrewsbury Journal.

"The Savage Club has tried a fall with the TOMAHAWK, and, as might have been expected, has bit the dust. They are a melancholy lot, those funny fellows, like most 'Royal and Noble authors,' and, with the instinct of their class, they are always endeavouring to attract attention to their merits or their grievances. The TOMAHAWK, as doubtless many of our readers are aware, is by far the most vigorous and trenchant humorist that has appeared since the early volumes of *Punch*. Its cartoons especially, are of rare merit and originality, and in reference to one of these, the Savage Club very needlessly gave out an intimation that they were in no way connected with the serial in question. Nobody supposed they were, as they well knew, but the opportunity for doing a little bit of toadyism was too tempting to be lost sight of. The result has been a pretty quarrel, and a merciless *exposé* in the pages of the TOMAHAWK."

The County Times.

"THE TOMAHAWK *versus* BOHEMIA.—A very pretty quarrel has been going on between the above-named remarkable journal, and the members of the Savage Club, in which the TOMAHAWK certainly has the best of it. It appears that the secretary of the Savage Club thought proper for some reason or other to write to the papers denying an asserted report of the connection of the club with the journal in question. This, to say the least of it, questionable proceeding, exhibiting an offensive want of taste, has been retorted upon by the TOMAHAWK, which in, an amusing and satirical sketch, entitled the Peep-Show, professes to give a picture of the penetralia of Bohemia. The glimpse is anything but a flattering one."

The Worcester News.

"The TOMAHAWK *versus* BOHEMIA, is the title of a small pamphlet, containing a reprint of two letters, inserted in several London daily papers, which passed between the Secretary of the Savage Club and the Editor of the TOMAHAWK, and also two articles on the subject from the above-named paper. In the first place the Secretary of the Savage Club gratuitously insults the staff of the TOMAHAWK, to which the Editor replies in the caustic wit and sarcastic style peculiar to the TOMAHAWK, and then follow the two articles, bearing date September 28th and October 5th. To give even a brief outline of their matter and manner would occupy more space than we can afford, but we will say that the Secretary of the Savage Club has only met with his deserts in the severe handling he has received from what he terms 'a satirical journal bearing a savage name.'"

The Border Advertiser.

"The snobbism of the Savage Club was fair game for the TOMAHAWK, and deserved the cutting up it has received."

The Tunbridge Wells Gazette.

"Mr. Halliday and his friends probably wish by this time that they had not meddled with the TOMAHAWK."

* These Notices will carry additional weight with the Public when it is remembered that the TOMAHAWK, in its quarrel with Grub Street, has appealed to a jury composed entirely of literary men.

