

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

NO. 60.]

LONDON, JUNE 27, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

SOMETHING LIKE PHILOSOPHY.

EXCEPTING of course that stereotyped and thrilling telegram from America, which daily announces the condition of "Fifties" and "Middling Upland," no bit of news furnished by Mr. Reuter during the present month can attempt to cope with the following on the score of interest:—

"Paris, June 11.

"The Emperor Napoleon has already sent his assent to the proposal of Russia tending to prohibit the use of explosive missiles by armies in time of war."

Everybody, it is to be presumed, has read the terms of the proposal to which the above assent is a reply, but possibly very few people indeed have inspected the private comments to which it has given rise.

On a question so momentous as this, affecting as it does all international interests, it is only right that our readers should be well informed. It is therefore with much pleasure we publish the original document itself, together with the various "notes" affixed by the several European Powers to whom it has been transmitted for approval. It need scarcely be added that many of them are of a purely non-diplomatic and confidential character.

IN THE NAME OF PEACE.

*To all whom it may concern, the Czar of all the Russias,
&c., &c., &c.*

We having heard, on very excellent authority, that the Prussian military chemists have discovered some preparation of nitro-glycerine which is said to be ten times as explosive as gunpowder, and as we, though going a-head in our own Slavonic way, cannot do anything of the same kind, hereby, fearing for our own safety in a war with Count Bismarck, call upon all civilised Christian and peace-loving communities to condemn, as dastardly, cowardly, unfair, and really too bad, the use of something in war said to be ten times as explosive as gunpowder, of which at present we are unable to obtain, on loan, even half a pound for purposes of purely scientific experiment!

St. Petersburg, June, 1868.

Private Correspondence occurring before the publication of the above Manifesto.

(1.)

St. Petersburg, May, 1868.

MY DEAR BISMARCK,—Send the prescription, and make your own terms. What do you say to a little fun with France?

Yours cordially,

ALEXANDER.

(2.)

Berlin, May, 1868.

MY DEAR ALEXANDER,—Can't. Must work it first.

Yours intimately,

BISMARCK.

NOTES AFFIXED ON SAME BEING SENT ROUND FOR APPROVAL.

Yes—? on the whole, yes. We are doing what we can here to perfect the useful preparation to which you refer; but it is somewhat difficult to handle. True, we have a nice thing out in revolving repeating guns; yet Niel tells me this nitro-glycerine is wonderful. No harm can be done by assenting to your

Christian proposition, and if we *should* happen to chance on the explosive substance, why then, of course, there may be ideas and destinies that in their inscrutable logic override even the oaths of Emperors.

N.B.—Bismarck ought to furnish Europe with the recipe as a guarantee of good faith—or if he likes, send it to me, and I will burn it.

Tuilleries, June 10, 1868.

The Spanish Government regards the manifesto with perfect indifference. The use or disuse of nitro-glycerine as an agent in time of war is not likely to affect the exalted position of Spain or interfere with her present vast influence on the politics of Europe. As regards its explosive character, which is said to be ten times that of gunpowder, Spain has no reason to be jealous, as she has long been in possession of a combustible force of her own in no way inferior, namely, that of her own Ministries.

Madrid, June 11, 1868.

The young King of Greece agrees cordially with Russia, but thinks he might have a little bit sent him to add to the collection in his "Youth's Chemical Cabinet," as he has been a very good boy lately. Wants to know if, in case of the general assent of Europe being obtained, he may not have a ton or two to throw at the Turks, who are a very dishonest set indeed, and do not understand Greek international law.

Athens, June 12, 1868.

The King of Sweden never heard of it in his life. Will sign anything.

Stockholm, June 12, 1868.

The King of Denmark wishes to open negotiations with a view to a matrimonial alliance between his own family and that of the inventor. Is partial to explosions, and congratulates himself on having fired up Europe more than once. Will sign, however, because it will irritate Prussia.

Copenhagen, June 13, 1868.

The King of Italy is against signing, as the expenses of war may be diminished thereby. Italy, to be really great, must spend a great deal more than she can possibly afford, and wipe out her creditors' accounts by the sword alone. Intends to order a million tons immediately of somebody who does not want ready-money payment.

Florence, June 13, 1868.

The Emperor of Austria wishes the Prussian military chemists, together with the inventor of the needle-gun, at the bottom of the Red Sea. Will sign with pleasure, Austria having completely worn herself out with anxiety, consequent on taking charge of explosive materials. Does not, however, think nitro-glycerine can be worse than Venetia.

Vienna, June 14, 1868.

Turkey *does* wish they would let it go to sleep. Wants to know whether some one will not send the King of Greece back to his nursery at Copenhagen? Is sick of that boy. Cannot write, but has no objection to making its mark.

Constantinople, June 12, 1868.

Her Majesty's Government, recognising no international law but that which tells in their own favour, refuse to negotiate. They, however, promise, that if the country gets hold of nitro-glycerine, they will do their best to spoil the invention by jobbery. As to new-fangled novelties, they beg to say England is a great naval power, rules the seas, and has 150 wooden ships in commission. They will sign nothing.

London, June 15, 1868.

KING STORK IN PALL MALL.

THE commanding position that has been obtained for the new system of Military Control by the determined attitude assumed by the new Controller-in-Chief may well be welcomed by the advocates of military autocracy as the first victory won in the approaching conflict which is to end the "dual government" of the army, by the defeat and subjugation of one party or the other, either the military being placed under the civil government as supreme, or else preserving its military "self-control" by military agents under the merely nominal cloak of civil officers.

Some persons may consider this first victory as a mere affair of outposts; but to those who have more closely considered the matter, it is not so. It is an undoubted step in advance by the whole military line. The civil financial control of the "War Office," already unduly weakened, has now been completely abolished. The new system of Military Control has brought a new military officer into full power, and he an officer of such brilliant talents, with such prestige of unbroken success in all his undertakings, that the advocates of Civil Control may well tremble to see the van led by a soldier of such ability, and so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his order. Nothing could be more masterly than the energy with which Sir Henry Storks has carried his great point of military supremacy. True, he has had but a very small champion to meet; well might he rejoice that neither a Herbert, nor a Lewis, nor a Panmure led the civil army against him. But be that as it may, he has conquered all that there was to oppose him, and remains master of the position, waving in the face of a dispirited House of Commons the banner with the strong device, "Power without Responsibility."

The Duke of Wellington said when asked to define Martial Law, that it was the will of the General in command. A precisely similar definition will explain Military Control. It is the will of the commanding officer, who is responsible to no one, since for every extravagance, for every waste, every increased expense, he pleads the necessity of the situation and his own right of supreme control.

And now at Pall Mall every one of the superior authorities is a military man, for on considering the balance of power the public need not take into consideration the egotistical but good-natured little gentleman who fills the office of Secretary at War. All the power is on one side—the Military, and even the House of Commons is deceived by the Minister. He who, before Sir Henry Storks's great victory over the civil check, promised to submit to the House his plans for the Control Department before carrying them out, now denies that he ever promised to do so. A captive in the hands of a vastly superior power, not even his fear of his legitimate masters can induce him to do his duty. The first act in the drama is fitly played out. The great Captain, if he cannot yet conquer the Commons, makes his slave—we beg Sir John's pardon—his responsible head deceive them. Of course all the supporters of the civil supremacy must hope that even a dying Parliament may have the spirit to assert its *ultimate* control—may refuse the unhappy Minister the vote by which he seeks virtually to destroy his and their financial check, and may compel him to distinctly show the grounds and particulars of the assumed saving of £25,000 a year, of which Sir John boasted when moving the Army Estimates. But that was before his defeat by his Under-Secretary.

There is but little difficulty in detailing the manner in which this pretended saving will be effected.

At any given station of the British army where the several duties of the Commissariat, Transport, Purveyors', Store, and Barrack branches now employ (say) some twelve officers, at an average pay of £400 a year, consolidation will be made, and one Control Department will be formed. Of the twelve existing officers, some six or so will be pensioned off at an average of about £200 a year each, three new appointments will be made, and

the duties will be performed by some nine officers, averaging some £450 a year each, instead of twelve at £400, saving £750 a year on the cost of the Staff. This for thirty stations will give a saving of about £23,000 a year.

But two points must be noted. First, that the operation involves an immediate addition to the Dead-weight or Pension votes of £36,000 a year. Secondly, that these controllers, while accepting their high salaries on the plea that they will consolidate the work into fewer hands, have at the same time "*Power to add to their number*," and there can be no doubt whatever that after a decent interval, for appearances' sake, the new chiefs will find that an extra assistant is wanted here, and an additional deputy must be sent there, until the old numbers are once more fully attained, and the supposed saving on the Staff is converted into an extra demand of some £27,000 a year, while the extra Dead-weight of £36,000 a year still remains.

This is the arrangement to which the Secretary of State for War has consented, and this is the true estimate that ought to be laid before the House of Commons.

PRINCELY PATRONAGE.

WE have read the following announcement with the sincerest pleasure:—

"Mr. Sothern had an audience of the Prince of Wales on Monday, when His Royal Highness presented him with a diamond ring."

Favour us with your hand, Mr. Sothern—the hand with the finger with the ring. Let us press the hand and the finger and the ring. Accept our congratulations, the warmest we can offer in this warmest of weathers. The Prince of Wales is, as all the world knows, a great patron of the drama. We honour him. He selects merit with extraordinary judgment for patronage and encouragement. We respect and admire him. It will not then surprise our readers to learn that H.R.H. has selected the following celebrities for special favours:—

Mr. Buckstone, a *papier-maché* snuff-box.

Mr. Alfred Wigan, a German silver gravy-spoon of the Queen's pattern.

Mr. Benjamin Webster, a photograph of himself.

Mr. Horace Wigan, a few French plums.

Messrs. Arthur Lloyd and Vance, each a superb dinner service in gold. The value of each service will be £20,000.

On reflection, we would rather be an over-rated Comic Singer than an over-estimated Actor.

ANSWERS TO INSANE CORRESPONDENTS.

Q.E.D.—It is ridiculous to say that Mr. Whalley wrote the song *The Pope he Leads a Merry Life*, and afterwards sang it with great success at St. Stephen's Music Hall.

CHAMPAGNE CHARLEY.—Mr. Babbage *has* cut his wisdom teeth, we believe; but we cannot see that this fact has anything to do with the grinders of any organ.

BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER.—We have carefully read the public reports, and cannot see anything in them to justify your foolish assumption that Lord Ranelagh is to be shortly created a Knight Commander of the Hot Bath.

NO JOKE.—Our correspondent asks, "Is it true that Prince Christian is about to edit a new edition of *Joe Miller*?" We are not on friendly terms with H.R.H. and cannot therefore say.

MURDER WILL OUT.—Maximilian's ghost is not yet modelled in wax at Madame Tussaud's. It is nightly to be seen in the immediate neighbourhood of the Tuileries. Pepper has not patented it.

UNDER THE HAMMER.—No, we don't think Mr. Rearden, M.P., has as yet been appointed Auctioneer in Ordinary to the Queen. "The Crown" advertised by him to be sold to the highest bidder is the Crown Inn at Windsor, not the British Crown.

IN THE STRAND, IN THE STRAND—A LOVER OF SATIRE—BRAVO TOMMY—AND 180,000 OTHER ENTHUSIASTIC CORRESPONDENTS.—Yes, gentlemen, TOMAHAWK will remove his Wigwam to No. 199 Strand next week. N.B. To these correspondents we do *not* apply the term "insane" at the head of our article.

"A VOICE FROM ERIN."

OH shame, cries Pat, the English Church
- To thrust upon our Irish Nation,
And parsons help to find a perch
Who cannot find a congregation ;
To make wry faces at our creed,
And theirs expect that we should swallow
When they themselves are not agreed
On what the Faith is they should follow.

Their Bishop in his carriage rolls
O'er ground which by our own priests trod is
With humble feet but lofty souls
In poorly-clad and ill-fed bodies ;
'Tis hard to bear this grievous wrong,
But, thanks to Gladstone's firm endeavour,
The time will not be very long
Before 'tis swept away for ever.

IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER.

MADAME RACHEL has not been idle. In her present retirement her active mind has not been uninventive, and she has requested us to announce to the fashionable world that, as soon as adverse circumstances permit, she will produce the following valuable adjuncts to the toilet :—

"The Lily of the (Borro) dale," a refreshing perfume for ladies anxious to marry.

"Blanc de Whitecross street," a preparation that will lead to whitewashing one for ever.

"Cosmetique de Ranelagh," a preparation to be used on empty heads.

As a sequel to "Kiss me Quick," Madame Rachel's new perfume of the season will be appropriately called "And let me go," a scent-imental parody of the Christy Minstrels' well-known song.

"Savon de Marlborough street," a soap peculiarly adapted for dirty hands.

"The Noble Lover's Enamel," a preparation for ladies with brazen faces whose vanity is more than skin deep.

NOTES ON THE ACADEMY.*

MESSRS. ROSSETTI and Swinburne have published some notes on the Academy Exhibition for this year.

Mr. Rossetti seems to know so many artists that he has not the courage to say what he thinks. If he means all he says his opinion is decidedly commonplace. When he does wish to be satirical he uses such mild terms that his point is imperceptible. Mr. Swinburne runs down most of the pictures admired by his friend, but has evidently undertaken the work to string his usual Lesbianisms on to Mr. Watts's *Clytie*. Mr. Ruskin's mantle has not fallen upon these shoulders, for, whatever the eccentricities discoverable in his *Notes on Art*, one felt they were written by a man.

"BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER."

MADAME RACHEL is once more in a Law Court. Most people will recollect that this benevolent lady made her first appearance some years since at the bar of public opinion in a not very popular character. A correspondent (to whose letters we should have paid some attention had they *not* been anonymous) informed us some weeks since of the existence of the "beauty bath." Everybody seems to have turned against this poor persecuted Jewess. However, she has two things to comfort her through all her trials—her box at the Opera and her loveliness (by this time of course she has made herself "beautiful for ever!"). We are looking forward to the vindication of her cruelly assailed character with the utmost eagerness. It is shameful to persecute a woman—and such a woman! After the completion of the Borrodaile case Madame Rachel may expect to hear once more from TOMAHAWK. This news will, of course, be pleasant to the lovely Hebrew!

* Hotten. Piccadilly.

ROCHE-TROF-FORT.

WELCOMING as we did with most hearty sympathy such wholesome plain-speaking as *La Lanterne*, for the most part, contained ; rejoicing also to see French wit divorced for once, at least, from indecency, we are the more pained to notice a small paragraph in the first number, which had escaped our notice, in which truth and decency are both violated. We refer to a would-be sarcastic comment on the execution of Barrett for his share in the murderous outrage at Clerkenwell. M. Rochefort states that the execution took place on the Queen's birthday, and he actually has at once the meanness and audacity to state that the execution was twice postponed in order that the event might adorn that anniversary. To begin with, M. Rochefort is in error as to the date. The Queen's birthday is on the 24th of May, which fell on a Sunday this year, so that the *fête* was kept on the Monday. Barrett was executed on Tuesday, the 26th. But this inaccuracy as to dates we forgive M. Rochefort ; not so the deliberate untruth of the reason which he assigns for the two reprieves. No one has a right to state facts without taking some pains to verify them, and any English newspaper would have told M. Rochefort what the real reason was. But this is not the worst part of the paragraph ; the great wit goes on to observe that this celebrating her *fête* on the part of the Queen with an execution, instead of a "*feu-de-joie*" resembles the conduct of the late Emperor Theodore, who for his birthday treat indulged in the massacre of several prisoners with his own hand. The resemblance, in fact, between Queen Victoria and Theodore is so striking, that M. Rochefort sarcastically asks why did our Queen refuse the hand of the late Emperor of Abyssinia ?

Now, can any vile calumny that the lowest political assassin—nay ! let us say, that the most brutal and profligate despot ever invented, be worse than this ? Is this M. Rochefort's idea of a jest ? Does he think that by insolently comparing a Queen—who, whatever we may think of her retirement, is, and ever has been, most gentle and merciful, whose voice has ever been raised in the cause of the suffering, and in plea of mitigation, not severity, of justice,—does he think that, on comparing Victoria with a blood-thirsty savage like Theodore, he is bringing anything but disgrace on himself and on the cause he advocates ? We know what French liberals too often are ; we know that, in their eyes, murder can only be committed by the sword of justice, never by the dagger of the assassin ; we know that, like some of our so-called philanthropists, their delicate sympathies are ever most actively engaged on the side of the perpetrator, not the victim, of a crime. But we really did believe that no man who cared for truth or honour at all, much less a gentleman of great reputation speaking on behalf of those who, while they justly censure the present Government of France, and the present morality of society, cannot be too careful of their own good name, could ever lend himself to so foully unjust an accusation against even an enemy ; but against a woman, who had never done him any harm—shame on you, M. Rochefort ! If you do not retract this venomous slander, you will have to fight many hundred duels before you can wipe out the stain on your honour.

In all the criticism of the English Press on this clever journal we have seen no reference to this insult to our Queen ; knowing the gushing loyalty of our contemporaries, Tory and Radical, we think it must have escaped their apprehension. Not because we sympathise any the less with the cause of true liberty in France, nor because we retract what strictures we have felt it our duty to make on the conduct of our Queen, do we thus, in emphatic and outspoken language, resent the words of M. Rochefort ; but rather because we love liberty and not license, because we love our Queen and not the Court.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Doncaster. 2. Sydenham. 3. Strawberry. 4. Opera. 5. Independence.

ANSWERS have been received from Junius, Lisa and Beppo, Jolly-nose, Break-her-Heart, Orpheus (Bedlam), Teetotaller, Peruvian Nicanor, Signor Sam, Owl (Forest Hill), C. T., Hal, Chum, Vaughan, Dupsey, Lordwalterfitzdoodleismyname, Milo H., Your Grandmother, Minnie Fitzwilliam, E. L. Orton, Jason, Ernest L. P., Anti-Teapot, Hughode Kilpeck, Cornubia, C. K. S., Baker's Bills, Ruby's Ghost, Mary C. Cotterell, Bran and Crib, Samuel E. Thomas, D. P. W. G. (Brighton), W. C. H. D., One of the Fraternity, G. J. R. (Camberwell), Chippeway Indian, Old Bogey, How's Your Garden.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

As soon as the extensive alterations are completed the OFFICE of THE TOMAHAWK will be removed to

199 STRAND.



LONDON, JUNE 27, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SOME mischievous wags declare that the proudest jewel in a certain Marquis' coronet is the Early Pearl!

IF delayed much longer the railings at Hyde Park will be supplied by the public instead of the Government.

POOR Mrs. Lyon, it is said, has been labouring under "severe indisposition." This is nothing new, seeing that she has been for a considerable time past subjected to Home-œopathic treatment.

MR. GLADSTONE seems very anxious to repudiate the allegiance of Mr. Rearden. But the leader of the great Liberal party forgets that, as an auctioneer, Mr. Rearden is bound to give his support to the highest bidder.

AT last we seem likely to get at the truth of the Lady Elizabeth and Earl affair. Admiral Rous has roused the Lion in his den (we mean that mysterious gentleman, the financial agent), and if his little trick is thoroughly successful, he will have to be re-christened Admiral Ruse.

IN a recent trial this journal had the honour of being called in court a scurrilous journal,—an honour, we deliberately say, judging by most lawyers' standard of good manners. But why are young lambs, like us, led to the slaughter when hoary old black sheep remain unscathed? Have the people who sneer at the TOMAHAWK as vulgar and scurrilous, and call *Punch* respectable, while admitting him to be stupid,—have these virtuous persons forgotten a certain cartoon representing the late lamented Prince Consort tying up his door knocker with No. 9 inscribed on it? Or another of the Duke of Cambridge taking "a back" at leap-frog over Prince Albert's head? They are polite and elegant, of course. Again, does anyone remember a certain paragraph, headed "Court Circular," which told of the doings of one of the Gillies at Windsor as the only intelligence from the Castle worthy of chronicling? We fear we have three unpardonable vices—we are young, successful, and speak the truth.

THE REAL VICTIM OF CHANCE.—Risk Allah.

THE INEVITABLE FATE OF 1868.—The Dramatic *Fête* at the Crystal Palace.

THE BALANCE OF COMFORT.—The Japanese father with his son on the ladder, at the Lyceum.

RUAT JUSTITIA.

WHILE architects and secretaries are disputing as to the site, construction, and elevation of the new "Palace of Justice," the Goddess herself is doing her very best, in a quiet way, to throw out a hint here and there with a view to their guidance. Everybody, for instance, knows that now-a-days something essentially ludicrous is suggested when a British jury is talked of. Indeed, that worthy will soon be as useful in a pantomime as the stock policeman. But this is not all. What immense fun has there not been in the proceedings of the Jamaica Committee, and what exquisite drollery has been displayed in connection with British ideas on international law! Yes, there is not a question of it—justice is getting comic. The other day she made some of the happiest hits in this line in the "Esmonde Will" case, when "Jack the giant-killer," "the devil," and several other extremely funny properties were turned to the very best advantage. What, for instance, can be richer than the following, culled from the reported proceedings in a recent case tried in the Court of Common Pleas:

"Mr. CHAMBERS.—Do you understand groceries? (*Laughter.*)"

"The witness was evidently puzzled by the question, and rubbed his nose."

"Mr. CHAMBERS.—You won't find the answer there. (*Laughter.*) Do you understand capers, except at a ball? (*Continued laughter.*)"

"Do you understand groceries? (*Laughter.*)" Of course, "laughter"—how could it be otherwise? The thing is irresistible!

Then the idea of the witness finding a reply in his nose, to say nothing of the terrible satire about the capers. But to pass on to a more august assembly, and to a graver issue—let us take a clip from a case in the Court of Queen's Bench.

"Incidentally he mentioned that in 1858, as he was coming back to England, he was shipwrecked between Civita Vecchia and Leghorn, but on that occasion nobody was drowned except two priests. (*Laughter.*)"

"Nobody drowned but two priests." Splendid fun! Imagine for a moment the racy humour running at the bottom of this. Everybody on board escaped a violent and horrid death but "two priests!" The thing is so good, it bears repetition. Two priests choked and stifled in salt water! Capital—really capital. The joke is excellent, and the "laughter" does high credit to the Court of Queen's Bench. But why multiply instances? A glance at any daily paper will serve to show how very funny justice is growing. Talk of her dignity! Nonsense. Let Mr. Street drop all erroneous notions on that point, and raise us a series of the largest music-halls in London. This accomplished, with an advertised bill of the promised fun, and a commodious threepenny gallery as accessories, there need be no limit to the success, from a commercial point of view. Why not let the profits pay for the "Palace" and all other Government jobs together?

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(*Continued.*)

Subscription.—The cover to good works, with a monogram outside.

Suburbs.—The whiskers on a city's face.

Sugar.—Like a sweet temper makes much insipidity agreeable.

Summer.—That which one swallow does not make: but which makes one swallow anything iced.

Swell.—A bubble on the Sea of pleasure.

Sword.—A glittering blade which makes most havoc in female hearts.

Taste.—A sense denied to most, and abused by many.

Tea.—The beverage which cheers three times three for China, and a little one over for Assam.

Tender.—The quality which tugs many a man-of-war to port.

Tenor.—A rare bird with golden eggs.

** 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. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The gentleman who sent the Editor of the TOMAHAWK a short while ago some Italian papers, &c., is informed that the parcels arrived safe to hand. Very many thanks for the kind wishes. This notice has been accidentally omitted, it should have appeared a month ago.





DEFENDING THE THRONE !
OR,
THE ENGLISH JOAN OF ARC.

