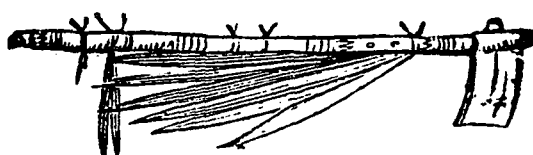


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 61.]

LONDON, JULY 4, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

VÆ VICTIS!

WHAT the Lords will do with the Suspensory Bill is at the moment of our writing these lines still a matter for discussion. If the prophets, however, are to be believed, it will not long remain in that interesting condition, for in all probability by the date this, our sixty-first number, is in circulation, it will have been disposed of in a very beggarly manner. Some of those who know all about it can even now tell to a fraction the precise majority by which the august assembly to which we refer is doomed to throw itself into violent opposition to the nation. The *Times*, for instance, the other day was very unhappy on the subject, and got almost pathetic while it told naughty and obstinate peers how they ought to vote. It "hoped against hope," as it expressed itself, cried a little, and talked about the impossibility of maintaining injustice, and so forth. The Radical Press has, of course, been Radical, and the old and really not bad jokes about a useless and tinselled assembly have been burnished up, and have looked as splendid as ever. What Mr. Gladstone has been thinking about nobody knows. On the other hand, Mr. Disraeli has—well, Mr. Disraeli has been Mr. Disraeli, and that is the most disagreeable thing that can be said about him. As to the State and Church party, they have been talking bigoted rubbish by the mile, rubbish which has been going down wonderfully in clerical assemblies to the cheering uproar of Kentish fire. Both parties are therefore quite eager for the struggle, and it is on this account that some unusual amount of excitement has attached itself to that most dull and insipid of all schismatic performances, a division in the House of Lords. It need scarcely be added that "decisive results" are to follow a content or non-content issue, and it is the nature of these that really gives a very exciting character to the whole business. As a sort of guide to the future in either event may act as a hint or a warning to both parties, and prove especially useful to trimmers, we publish a couple with much pleasure:—

COMPILED BY THE
GOVERNMENT.

June, 1868.

Suspensory Bill carried in the Lords by a majority of 1.

Creation of 400 new peers, and re-reading and subsequent rejection of bill by a majority of 399.

Proceedings of Mr. Disraeli questioned in the Commons, Parliament dissolved, and appeal to the country.

July.

General Election. Massacre of every Roman Catholic in Ireland by Orangemen. Explanation and defence of Mr. Disraeli. £10,000,000 taken, without the consent of Parliament, for the purpose of influencing the elections. Triumph of Ministry in all quarters.

ARRANGED BY THE
OPPOSITION.

June, 1868.

Suspensory Bill thrown out in the Lords by a majority of 599.

"Upper House Abolition Bill" read three times running in the Commons, and sent up to the Lords the same evening.

Same thrown out in Lords, riots all over England, and Mr. Gladstone proclaimed dictator at Wapping.

July.

The second great English Revolution.

The original guillotine, from Madame Tussaud's, carried in triumph to Tower hill. Preparations to be-head 600 peers, Mr. Disraeli, the Editor of the *Standard*, and all the Court tradesmen. Refusal of guillotine to act.

August.

Meeting of New Parliament.

Following bills carried with enthusiasm:—

That voting be by ballot.

Carried unanimously.

To abolish Jews, Dissenters, and Roman Catholics.

Majority, 657 to 1.

To increase the salaries of English bishops, re-establish the Star Chamber, and pinch Archbishop Manning, Messrs. Samuel Brothers, and Mr. Spurgeon.

Majority, 657 to 1.

To call upon all the civilised Governments in the world to establish the Irish Church in their midst.

Majority, 657 to 1.

September.

Partridge shooting begins.

Patriotic spirit aroused. The English army scours the Continent and establishes the Irish Church at the point of the sword in Russia, France, Prussia, Austria, the Papal States, India, Japan, the North Pole, and several volcanic islands in the Pacific.

Universal discontent and appeal to British Tory Government.

October.

"Levelling up" of Roman Catholicism, the Oriental Church, Mahometanism, Quakerism, Buddhism, Paganism, Mormonism, Mesmerism, at a cost of 290 millions a-year to British tax-payers.

Extinction of the world, and triumph of English Church and State principles everywhere!

And a great deal more, under both heads, to the same effect. Perhaps each prophetic utterance is the least bit too wild, inasmuch as the most noble Lords will, in all human probability, throw out the Suspensory Bill to-day, for the purpose of showing the world with what relish they are capable of eating their own words—to-morrow. That will be about the worst thing, at least we hope, that will happen.

A NEW READING OF KEATS (DEDICATED TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE PRESENT AGE).—A thing of beauty is a *toy* for ever.

A BREACH OF PROMISE FOR WHICH ONE WOULD NOT LIKE TO PAY THE DAMAGES.—The Breach in the Plymouth Breakwater Target at Shoeburyness.

August.

Despatch of aristocrats to French penal settlement, by special arrangement with the Emperor.

Escape of same from their gaolers, and re-establishment of Church of Ireland in Cayenne.

Lord John Russell (without his title) in the Foreign Office.

Despatches sent to all the European Cabinets.

Invasion of England by everybody.

United attempt of the Sultan, the Emperor of China, and Count Bismarck to re-establish the Irish Church, and offer of two Irish archbishoprics to Mr. Gladstone. Conditional acceptance of same by him, and panic.

September.

Partridge shooting begins.

Patriotic spirit aroused, foreigners driven out, and the Emperor of China and the Sultan engaged at the Alhambra, Leicester square, for life.

Return of the Tories to office.

Messrs. Beales, Bright, Rearden, Citizen Disraeli, and Archbishop Gladstone sent to the Tower.

Reaction.

October.

Fresh beheading of aristocracy, and triumvirate of Messrs. Bradlaugh, Disraeli, and Rearden. Universal truth established by Act of Parliament. Arch-priest Dr. Colenso supported by a talented company. Collapse of Great Britain as a power. "Essays and Reviews" pronounced canonical, and apostasy of everybody!

"THE SPANISH GIPSY."

The Plaça Paternostéro.

THE lithe fandango charms the listless crowd,
Who called to gaze with staring orbs, stare on.
Many have danced with more or less success,
And no one dancer seems to fire the air;
Sudden, with irksome movements like a hen
That on some stream would swim as ducks at home,
A figure far from feminine now flashed
Across the midst with mem'ries of success
Achieved in other circles, but now fired
With aching yearn to crown her tripping feet.
Silas stood fixed; pale Adam Bede retired
Back to the row; while many voices fell
From shouts derisive to more earnest tones,
Half meaning sorrow, half astonishment.
"Will Lady Romola then dance for us?"
But she, sole swayed by doubt irreverent,
Feeling all Christianity was lies—

Persists in dancing, and though there is something grand and masculine about her attempt, the Lady Romola certainly does not seem to feel music in her movements. She is much applauded by Don Dallazzo and other well-known critics, but at this moment TOMAHAWK steps in and fixes her with a piercing look. Romola leaves the *Plaça Paternostéro*, and follows where he leads, when the following conversation takes place:—

TOMAHAWK.—Lady, why have you left the charming fields of romance, in which you were almost worshipped by your admirers, to fly at poetry, for which your talents do not fit you?

ROMOLA.—But do they not? Does not harmony flow in every line?

TOMAHAWK.—By no means, madam. There is much that is fine in figure, much that is noble in idea, and almost Shakespearian in grasp, but no music, no harmony.

ROMOLA.—But surely much of my descriptive worth is rife with chords?

TOMAHAWK.—You use continually what you are pleased to call *multitudinous-sounding* words, a compound epithet which is difficult to construe.

ROMOLA.—Oh! I do so love that word *multitudinous*—five syllables—so useful! It makes one feel strong, like the *mountainous elephant*.

TOMAHAWK.—By the way, what is a mountainous elephant? I have heard of mountainous country, and a camel's back might fit the word when blessed with two humps. Your ladyship is rather fond of a nice derangement of epitaphs.

ROMOLA.—No, but really, I wish for your opinion; don't you like the sentiment?

TOMAHAWK.—It seems to me that the atmosphere is impregnate with sacrilegious atheism. Down with all faith! all love—all is powerless by the side of race. Blood is the only religion. Christianity is the hated Inquisition.

ROMOLA.—I think I have not spared the hypocrisy of cant.

TOMAHAWK.—What do you mean by

"The only better is a Past that lives

On through an added Present stretching still

In hope unchecked by shaming memories

To life's last breath?"

Did you ever love?

ROMOLA.—Love is only Platonic—but I prithee question me as a poet, not as an individual.

TOMAHAWK.—You are right; I will remember what I have loved in your past work—that work which has raised you above the level of most women—that work which has inspirations George Sand has not approached. Ah! why did you leave those fields for this?

ROMOLA.—TOMAHAWK, don't be unkind. You said just now my grasp was almost Shakespearian.

TOMAHAWK.—I repeat it. For instance, that about the sentinel mounting guard and feeling every inch a king.

ROMOLA.—Quote correctly, if you do quote.

TOMAHAWK.—All the critics have quoted it correctly.

ROMOLA.—Then don't quote at all. Surely you think me womanly?

TOMAHAWK.—Womanly! and leave your love to follow blindly in the track of a gipsy band you never knew or cared for. But I forgot, you never loved. Womanly! why, madam, there are more sentences than one in your book which few men,

which perhaps only one man now living, would soil a pen with writing. No, we will not quote; but a flagrant example is to be found on page 73.

ROMOLA.—You are getting rude. Many greater critics than you have lauded me, and I am happy.

TOMAHAWK.—You must be; your faith, if it is the Zincalo's, ends most ruefully. *Cui bono?* Fedalma overcomes her love, her promises, her religion—for what? Miss Evans only knows, for the Spanish Gipsy ends in a hazy void, an abject *néant*; as, indeed, all life must do without a faith based on religion.

THE ENTIRE.

OWING to the numerous instances in which, on the occasion of Her Majesty's Breakfast at Buckingham Palace last week, the noblemen and gentlemen who were honoured with invitations were mistaken for their own butlers, in consequence of the official announcement that an evening dress coat worn over morning clothes would be *de rigueur*, the following regulations have been framed for the costume of gentlemen attending the next Royal entertainment of this nature, which may be expected to take place in 1871:—

Rules to be observed by the Noblemen and Gentlemen attending Morning Entertainments given by the Court.

Coat.—Cloth, swallow-tail, of a dark colour. May be worn open with a striped waistcoat, or buttoned with a bouquet of flowers.

Buttons.—Gilt, emblazoned with the crest and coat of arms of the wearer.

Breeches.—Plush.

Stockings.—White or pink, at discretion.

Shoes.—Patent leather, very broad, without heels.

Necktie.—White.

Hat.—Black beaver, ornamented with a band of gold or silver lace. Persons holding Queen's commissions, or Members of the Houses of Parliament, may also wear a black leather cockade attached to the left side of the hat.

Hair.—Must be powdered.

These regulations, it is hoped, will prevent the recurrence of the serious mistakes which, on the occasion of the breakfast at Buckingham Palace, gave so much unnecessary pain to the butlers and gentlemen's gentlemen out of livery in the metropolis.

VENUS v. PHŒBUS.

CERTAIN it is that were the worship of the heathen gods once more to find a stand-point in England (and really there is no saying where change of creed may stop), Apollo, we fear, would have no fane dedicated to him by the Women of the Epoch.

The Girl of the Period, we have settled, does not exist, so we beg leave to use the expression, Woman of the Epoch.

But Apollo is godfather to the Muses, and patron of German bands and Italian organs! That may be; but, my dear madam, you should have seen the Far-darter in the Drive ruthlessly flinging his satirical rays into the front windows of the broughams and other chariots filled with Women of the Epoch. We say ruthlessly, because there was not the slightest respect for personages. His arrows of light brought out the paint on the Countess of Kickenville's features just as palpably as on the face of Miss Dalilah St. Evremont; the flood of glory tipped the salient points of Mrs. Mactartuff with a metallic hue which was quite as prominent on the countenance of Miss Jimmy Slangable, the little actress at the Strand.

When will the Woman of the Epoch find out that the brain that has wit can give points to beauty and win a love game? She can't paint wit, and if she has it she won't paint beauty. If she paints, it is to attract man's attention to her complexion; man, on looking, finds her complexion is purchased, which proves she has no wit; and though man may be, and often is, attracted by beauty without wit, a kiss is no kiss through a veil, especially when that veil is a meretricious one. This hankering after the paint-pots of Egypt is a bad sign, and Phœbus shows his sense by telling Venus she can't dazzle with false charms while he stares her in the face.

TO THE POINT.

THERE is often nothing like a bold compromise, where certain grievances, involving a great deal of party rancour, have to be settled, and we therefore suggest the following without apology. The Church Establishment in Ireland is an acknowledged offence to all Roman Catholics and to a vast majority of liberal Protestants. On the other hand, an influential and desperate minority revel in its existence. Under the circumstances, the shortest way to please both parties will be

1. To let the Church of England and Ireland continue to flourish undisturbed, and
2. Throw open all its prizes to public competition by examination.
3. Let every candidate bring a certificate, signed by two or more people of known respectability, to guarantee
 - a. That he knows some hanger-on to the aristocracy.
 - b. That he can write dog Latin.
 - c. That he has never expressed a definite religious opinion in his life, and
 - d. That he is eminently respectable and worldly.
4. Let him be examined in the following works :—
The XXXIX Articles,
The Court Circular,
Burke's Peerage, and
How I Manage my House on £5,000 a-year.
5. Let him write an essay on one or more of the following subjects :—*Purple and Fine Linen, Opera Boxes, Marriageable Daughters, Dives and Lazarus,* and *Rotten Row.*
6. Show how he can, at one and the same time, live in ease in Tyburnia and govern a diocese in Kamschatka, without neglecting his duty as a bishop and damaging his position as a man of principle.
7. As candidates may reasonably be expected from all denominations, let a committee of examiners be appointed, consisting of Mr. Mackonochie, Mr. Jowett, Dr. Pusey, Dr. Colenso, Dean Stanley, Mr. Maurice, and Dean Close, for the purpose of ensuring his assent in some sort to the leading *formulae* of the Church of England.
8. Failing this, let him take six lessons in reasoning from the Bishop of Oxford.

THE NEW TRAGEDIAN.

FOR some time past, among the theatrical advertisements, the appearance of Mr. Allerton, of the Theatres Royal, Birmingham, Brighton, &c., &c., has been announced with the usual prelude of flourishes. On Monday, the 15th ult., the great genius—this gentleman of *haut-ton*, who veils his identity under this *pis-aller* of a *sobriquet*—appeared at the Princess's Theatre. We wonder that the shade of Mr. Charles Kean did not revisit the scene of his many triumphs to witness the *début* of this rash intruder. We fancy that, had it done so, the shade would have scented the morning air some few hours before the proper time, and have fled in horror—anywhere from the hideous spectacle of the murder of *Hamlet* by Mr. Allerton.

Were Mr. Allerton capable of improvement, it would be worth while to criticise his performance in detail. But he evidently has reached, in his own mind, such a high standard of perfection that to offer him any hints would be presumptuous. He could not understand, and he would not accept them. It is evidently his ambition to be original in his conception of *Hamlet*—and he quite succeeds. Mr. Allerton does more with a chair than any street acrobat that ever was seen. If to sit down when he ought to stand up, and to stand up when he ought to sit down, to walk about when he ought to be still, and be still when he ought to walk about, be original, Mr. Allerton's originality is unquestionable. But there is such a thing as original sin. However, actions are nothing without words in a play, and in his delivery of the text Mr. Allerton follows no guide but his own good taste and discretion. The result is very satisfactory—to himself. To the audience the sensation of novelty rather overpowers their delight. It is quite startling to find that those soliloquies, which we had always looked on as gems of powerful self-analysis and storehouses of beautiful thoughts, are nothing after all but arrant nonsense; their only philosophy peripatetic, their only expression gasps.

But stop! it is just possible that all this time we have been

the victims of a practical joke, and that Mr. Allerton, after all, is nothing but a new species of automaton, very cleverly made by one of Nature's journeymen; in which case his creator must be congratulated on his complete success.

If not, and Mr. Allerton is a breathing human being and not a gasping machine, he need not despair, notwithstanding our encouragement, of making himself a name on the stage. He has left upon our mind a deep and lasting impression—he *really does walk very nicely!* We have heard of such things as walking gentlemen on the stage. Surely of these Mr. Allerton might be *facile princeps*; or, if he would only deign to carry on a banner at the head of some procession, provided he abstained from opening his mouth, we prophesy that his success would be so complete, so brilliant, that it would almost, if not quite, satisfy his appetite for applause, which at present, owing to the unappreciative density of the public, seems likely to starve upon a very meagre diet.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

Testament.—An act which proves the value of a husband.

Theatre.—A place of exhibition where the only serious comedy is played in the front of the house.

Thin.—A quality which, in woman's vintage only, recommends a good whine.

Thought.—A bird which flies too rapidly for woman to put any salt on its tail.

Time.—Woman's rival: for no tight lacing can compare with the waist of Time.

Tinsel.—The patent of stage nobility—but all the world is a stage.

Tobacco.—A pleasant weed before marriage, a foul habit after. N.B. Widows' weeds are the only ones which don't end in smoke.

Tombstone.—The stamp on Death's little bill.

Tongue.—The unruly member for Ply-mouth.

Tooth, Teeth.—Singular, a tusk. Perfect-plural, a set of pearls.

Treasure.—The husband who has left you a widow.

Truth.—An invisible girl condemned in hatred of chignons and false charms to remain at the bottom of a well.

WHY NOT?

EVERY DAY we see the necessity arising for the improvement of London as regards the facilities required for free traffic and public convenience. A proposition was made not long since, seeing the loss of time and money many of the inhabitants of the west and south-west quarters incur at present, to create a sunk road across Hyde Park, connecting Tyburnia and Knightsbridge. That a road is absolutely necessary across the Park no one will deny, except those grand ladies who are capable of suggesting, when there is no bread for starving families, that they might eat buns. But why should the road be rendered an absurd expense by sinking it? What is there to prevent the authorities making a road across the Park from Westbourne Gate to Albert Gate, with a branch from the Knightsbridge end to the Marble Arch? The "swells" will be very slightly annoyed by the sight of occasional four-wheelers, and if the aristocrats clamoured much against the common element what would be easier than to make the public road go under the Row and the Drive by a tunnel? But to make a big ditch right across Hyde Park because Lord Dundreary or Lady Delicutt can't abide the sight of four-wheelers and omnibuses is too preposterous for consideration.

SOMETHING WORTH READING.

MR. HAIN FRISWELL has just published a very readable little work called *Other People's Windows*. Not only do we recommend it to the public because it is readable, but because it contains much wholesome matter—matter which is doubly welcome in this age of shams and trickery. Mr. Friswell has our best wishes for his book's success, and in saying this we but invoke a blessing on the reading public.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

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

199 *STRAND.*



LONDON, JULY 4, 1868.

THE WEEK.

A WAGGISH M.P., who heard an H dropped near Buckingham Palace at the evening breakfast, remarked, "that it was enough to make your *constitution 'ill.*"

MADAME RACHEL'S extraordinary and sudden illness on the occasion of the adjournment of her case was not caused by her having rashly supped off some of her own pigments. It was caused by her having swallowed Sir William Ferguson's certificate, a calamity which Mr. Knox wisely avoided.

A PUBLIC School education has never been held to imply necessarily any extraordinary cultivation of the intellect. But there is one thing that everybody is supposed to learn at our public schools, and that is, to find their own level. Mr. Labouchere informed the House of Commons the other day that he had been three years at Eton, and had learned absolutely nothing. The honourable gentleman, on this occasion, had the whole House with him.

APROPOS of the great faction fight at the Guildhall, it is amusing to observe the indignation of the Radical Press at having their own weapons turned against them. Considering how often the Reform League has, through its mouthpiece, Beales, boasted of having educated the Tories, they should not be angry at finding that they have profited by the example as well as by the precepts of the Reformers, so far as to learn the value of an alliance with the roughs.

WE thought that the brutal sport of prize-fighting had been quite put down. We are sorry to see that on the 22nd ult., under the cover of a meeting at the Guildhall to discuss the question of the Irish Church, that this degrading pastime was revived, and in presence not only of the police, but of the Lord Mayor of London. The fight between Alderman Sir William Rose and Mr. Beales for an apology a-side was fully reported by the daily Press, so that we need not recapitulate the details. "One of the Fancy" who was present remarks that the only claret tapped on this occasion was *La Rose*.

THE FOLLOWING NOTICE HAS BEEN PUT ON THE PAPER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:—Mr. Disraeli, to move, That in order to advance the state of public business the standing disorders of this House be suspended.

A DITTY FOR THE "D. T."

LOUD roars the dreadful *Gusher*,
His pen a deluge showers,
His columns prove a crusher
For mortal readers' powers.
A Syrian prisoner dark
The *D. T.* finds a lark;
So all day
Pegs away
At that Bey,
Poor Risk A., oh!

Before a Belgian jury
The Oriental view.
Our friend conceives that sure he
May try and hang him, too.
What old Brabantio cried,
Now be that phrase applied:—
"Whining way,"
"Beard turned grey,"
Marks the Bey,
Poor Risk A., oh!

At length one dismal morrow
The jury cry, Acquit!
The *Gusher* sees with sorrow
That biters may be bit.
A sell, when libel's found,
Worth twelve times eighty pound!
Moral: Play
With a Bey
In a way
Less frisky, oh!

THE SPIDER AND THE FLIES!

(See CARTOON.)

THE spider is a very ugly insect. It is of the earth earthy. However high it may rise, it never can quite leave the earth behind it. Where'er it builds its nest, it weaves a web made of dust and dirt—a web which shines in the sunshine, but which ne'er the less is nought but dirt and dust. It is easy to break this web when you know how.

The fly is much better than the spider. The fly has wings, and is, on the whole, a harmless insect. Men who would stamp upon a spider would scorn to injure a fly. The fly is simple and trustful—the spider is a monster of cunning and deceit. So long as he only gives the spider a wide berth the fly is safe, for the spider can do nothing. The fly has wings, the spider has only legs. But once let the fly (attracted by the bright colour) get into the spider's clutches and then the fly finds it very, *very* difficult to break the spider's web.

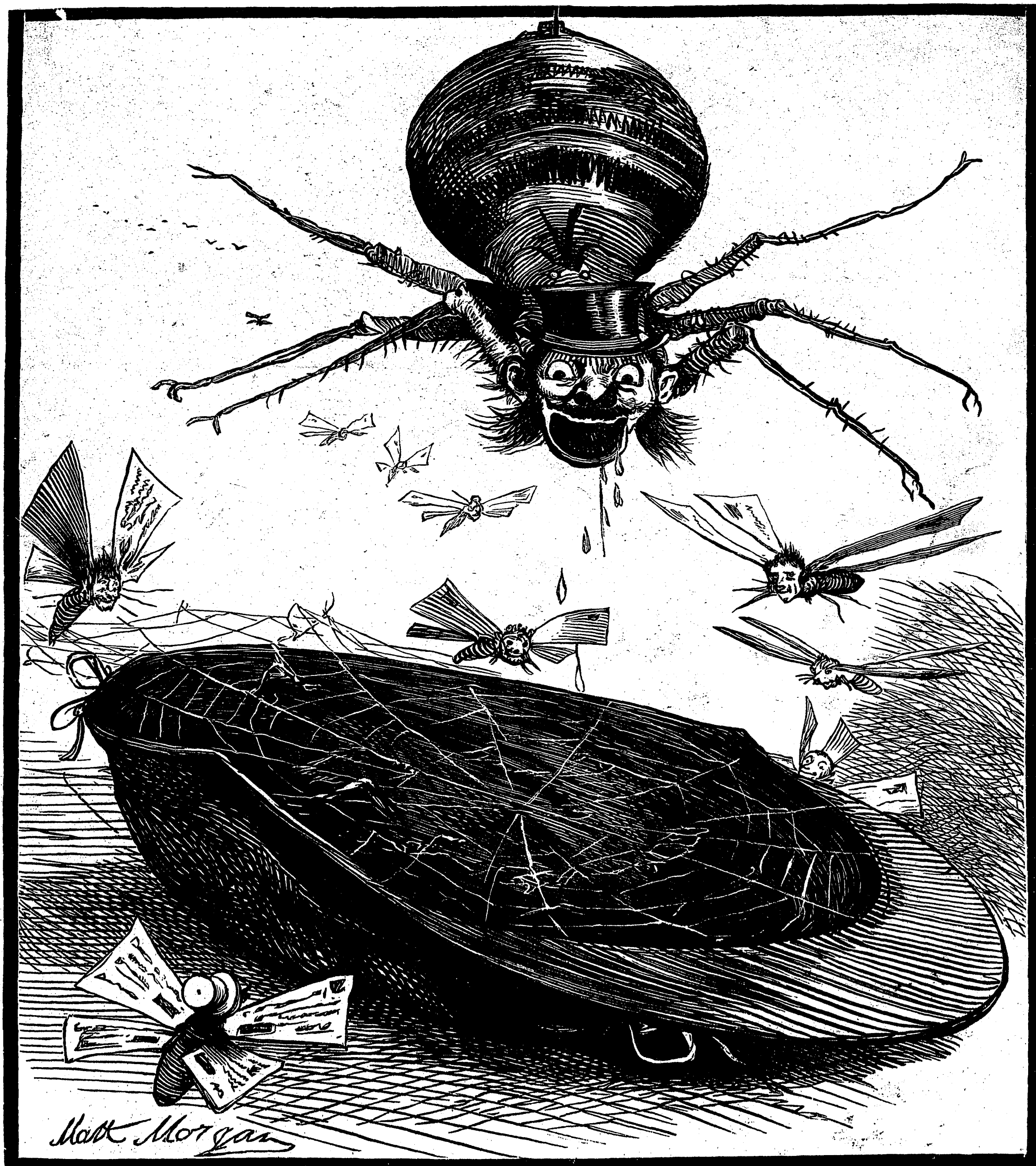
Now there are human spiders and human flies.

The human spider is a very ugly creature indeed. He is very, *very* earthy and vulgar, and it matters not how many human flies he may catch he never changes his nature. He grows sleek and bloated, but he never looks quite like a fly. You see he has risen from the earth, and the earth sticks to him. He weaves two kinds of webs—webs made of bets and webs made of bills of exchange and promissory notes. And both webs mean ruin to the human fly. The human fly sometimes escapes, but not without leaving his substance behind him.

The human fly is very, *very* silly. Not contented with the glorious sunshine and the joys of the earth, he hankers after the bright colours of the spider's web. From pure recklessness he tempts his fate. He flies about the web nearer and nearer, until at last he is caught by the meshes. Once in the clutches of the human spider he has to bid adieu to wealth, honour, and all that makes life enjoyable. He may pull and struggle, but his efforts to escape will be made in vain. The captor has nothing to fear from his captive, and his only enemy has consented to overlook him.

The human spider's web can only be broken by the strong arm of the Law, and, unhappily for the public, Justitia is sleeping!

NEW MOTTO FOR THE "DAILY NEWS."—Penny wise, pound foolish.



THE SPIDER AND THE FLIES!
(A TALE OF THE TURF.)

[See Sketch.]



IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

Time—MIDNIGHT.

Place—ST. JAMES'S STREET.

Present—TWO GENTLEMEN.

FIRST GENTLEMAN (*languidly*).—Hallo, old fellow, how are you?

SECOND GENTLEMAN (*in reply to other gentleman's question, languidly*).—How are you?

(*Silence and smoke after this for five minutes.*)

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Awfully hot, isn't it? Been anywhere lately?

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Ya'as—been doing some of the theatres.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Tell me all about it as shortly as you can, that's a sweet fellow. It's too hot to read the papers.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Ya'as; and if it weren't, who'd believe them?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Quite so. Light up another cigarette, ring for some more ice, and fire away.

(*Directions complied with.*)

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Saw Schneider the first night at the St. James's. Instead of taming down the amiable Duchess to suit the taste of the Barbarians of Albion the Perfidious, the female Gerolstein, in crossing the Channel, has picked up a little novel vulgarity. Her Grace never used to kick up her legs in the "Sabre Song" in Paris. I think the King Street version much "stronger" than the reading of the Boulevards. The Boom over here is the best I've seen—much better than poor Couder, the original creator of the part. The present *Fritz* is far inferior to Dupuis; and as for the *Puck*, he is simply wretched. *Prince Paul* is just fair, *Grog* very bad, and (*getting irritable*) the helpless and painfully silly representative of *Nepomuc* should be —

FIRST GENTLEMAN (*interrupting*).—My dear fellow, pray moderate your indignation; it's really too hot to get angry about anything, much less an actor.

SECOND GENTLEMAN (*languidly*).—I s'pose you are right. However, *Nepomuc* was a fearful infliction. I hate paying a guinea for a stall unless I'm to see good acting.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Seen the burlesque of "*Fowl Play*?"

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—I've seen two pieces founded on the Reade-Boucicault novel, and they both were burlesques! One at the Holborn, the other at the Queen's.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Which was the better of the two?

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Oh! the play at the Queen's was truer to nature than its rival, but the Holborn piece had the pull over the Queen's piece in point of liveliness. Miss Farren was much better than Miss Josephs as *Nancy*, but Miss Henrade as *Helen* was infinitely better than Miss Hodson. Mr. W. H. Stephens never makes me laugh, and there was a great deal too much of Toole. However, the Queen's piece is far from bad: with Miss Nelly Moore in Miss Hodson's part, and some new actor instead of Mr. Stephens, the cast would be greatly improved—of that I'm sure.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Anything worth seeing at the Olympic?

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Well, perhaps Mrs. Howard Paul as the *Grand Duchess*; but take my advice, don't go. I'm sure you will be bored.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Haven't the smallest intention. Anything funny anywhere?

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—I should think so! The funniest thing seen in London for years is the appearance of Mr. Eburne as a dashing *roué* in the "*Day of Reckoning*" at the Adelphi. This promising young actor (mark my words), when he has had a little more experience, will take the town by storm! He is ably supported by Mr. Stuart, the comic tragedian. *Apropos*, have you seen Mr. Allerton in *Hamlet*?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—No: but I've been told all about it. Too bad, on my soul, to burlesque poor old Shakespeare,—but the notion's funny. By-the-bye, who is Mr. Allerton?

SECOND GENTLEMAN (*whispers*).

FIRST GENTLEMAN (*laughing*).—No! you don't say so? Oh, I must go and see him. Many's the right merry laugh I have had at his performances.

(*Enter a SERVANT.*)

SERVANT (*confidentially*).—Supper is ready, gentlemen.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Ah, that's right. If we cannot realize all Sydney Smith's "hot weather wish" about taking off one's flesh, we at least can manage the greater part of it—we can sit among our "bones!"

(*Exeunt smilingly towards the supper room.*)

ONE SWALLOW-TAIL DOESN'T MAR A SUMMER.

IT will now be the correct thing to call a five o'clock tea a breakfast, though you may have had a *déjeuner à la fourchette* at ten *ante* and a lunch at one *post meridian*. Men who consider themselves *chic* will wear that most charming of German fashions the swallow-tail coat over the grey trousers at these meetings. But as Fashion no sooner gives an order than her votaries exaggerate and add flourishes of one kind or another, we shall soon have such invitations as the following sent us, if we are in the really fashionable world.

I.

The Prince and Princess Paul request the pleasure of * * *s company to a dinner at Sardanapalus House, at 10.30 a.m., punctually. Gentlemen will wear white ties and top boots on this occasion. R.S.V.P.

II.

The Duke and Duchess of Gerolstein propose giving a ball and supper at noon on Friday next. No gentleman admitted without his hair powdered. Green pea-jackets and black trousers *de rigueur*.

III.

The Baroness Grog at home at three o'clock in the morning for five o'clock tea. Guests are requested to appear with their waistcoats over their coats, and their stockings outside their boots. No gentleman to dance unless asked to do so by a lady.

IV.

General Boom invites the officers of the mess to a cold lunch at midnight. Every officer receiving an invitation to appear in a dress shirt and stable overalls. Swords to be replaced by umbrellas in waterproof sheaths.

We rather prided ourselves upon our taste in never confusing morning and evening gear like our friends in most German and some French saloons, but it seems our few virtues are rapidly passing away. We muzzle our dogs in spite of our veterinary knowledge, we encourage the *cancan* in its worst stages, and we appear in full dress with a swallow-tail and light trousers!

RANELAGH REDIVIVUS.

FROM OUR OWN TROUBADOUR.

LORD RANELAGH is rapidly becoming famous. A dashing cavalier he always has been, and his very name speaks of feats of gay devilry and refined dissipation, illumined by brilliant flashes of wit, and sallies of mad humour. Widows pine in secret for him, and ladies, whose judgment is seasoned with maturity, weave spells in their secret bowers to draw Sir Paladin within the circle of their charms. Jauntily sits his casque on his hyacinthine curls, as he smiles condescendingly to the bowing crowd, and proudly whispers to himself that "this indeed is fame!"

Shame on the vulgar, irreverent hand, woman's though it be, that lays low his hat and his pride at once in the dust. But Sir Paladin has a noble revenge in the Court of Marlborough, name suggestive of military glory; once more will he march to victory amidst the pæans of the people. Vainly does the sacrilegious amazon urge her claims; Sir Paladin, she says, owes her some paltry dross; to the winds with the accusation and the dross too! Bind her—not with chains—bind her over to keep the peace; and the injury to the honour and hat of Sir Paladin is atoned for. So the gay cavalier rides away to new scenes of triumph.

THE LIBEL TARIFF.

IT is highly satisfactory to note the amount of precision and discernment which now-a-days are exhibited by British jurymen in assessing the damages in actions for libel. The uninitiated public may have had some difficulty in accounting for the nicety with which the jury arrived at their verdict in the case of *Risk Allah versus the Daily Telegraph*. At first sight it may have appeared rather a difficult matter to estimate the exact amount of compensation which is due to a given individual for being branded as a murderer and forger in the sensational columns of a penny newspaper; but the enlightened jurymen who sat in the case had no difficulty in fixing the sum to a penny, and awarded the much-wronged Bey the sum of £960, almost without leaving their box to talk it over.

We have hastened to avail ourselves of the extraordinary powers of intelligent discrimination evinced by these twelve worthy householders, and have submitted to them a few atrocious calumnies which we meditate some day or other inserting in the columns of this Journal, with a request that they would be good enough to let us know, in the event of actions for libel being brought against us, the precise amount of damages which we may expect would be awarded to the plaintiff in each case—a request with which we are glad to say these highly-gifted individuals have most courteously complied. We annex the result of our application:—

	£	s.	d.
For asserting that his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury is a season ticket holder at the Alhambra	0	2	6
For believing that the Marquis of Hastings is about to retire from the Turf	1,000	0	0
For hinting that Mr. Gladstone is the richest commoner in England	21	0	0
For stating that the Crystal Palace is badly ventilated	1	0	0
For reporting Mr. Rearden's speeches in the House of Commons	1,532	6	6
For calling Sir R. Mayne's recent order for muzzling the dogs brutal	0	0	9½
For expressing a wish not to be a shareholder in the London General Omnibus Company	960	0	0
For wanting to know if Sir Robert Carden is not rather an inane magistrate	0	0	0¼
For contradicting the fact that the circulation of the TOMAHAWK is over two hundred and fifty thousand copies per week	1,000,000	0	0

SILLY FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

WE read with consternation:—

"A motion in the Leeds Town Council that the members should 'wear Court hats on special occasions' has been lost by a large majority."

Is it possible that these sapient Town Councillors having so little in their heads should seek to hide them with "Court hats?" Our friends in the Town Council of Leeds should know that their foolish aspirations smack more of the alley than the court—unless we regard the words "alley" and "court" as synonymous.

THE CORSET AND THE CRINOLINE.*

THIS volume—nicely bound, by the way, and not badly illustrated—contains 224 pages of vapid letter-press, on a most paltry, uninteresting, and contemptible subject. The history dwells for a chapter or two on the crinoline as worn by the ancients, scampers with it very vaguely through the Middle Ages, and finally subsides into an advertisement of "Thomson's latest Zephyrina Jupon." We recommend the perusal of this little work to no one.

* *A Book of Modes and Costumes, from the remotest period to the present time.* (Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Paternoster row.)

THE MANIAC'S COLUMN; or, PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

BOTH gaol and palace claim my first,
Wild beasts are in my second nursed;
My whole's a pleasant spot where art
And nature each perform a part.

2.

A SILVER thread through vale and hill—
Now like a brook, now like a rill—
My first describes; it wants some wit
My second's meaning quite to hit,
'Twill either hinder or permit;
My whole the town and city shuns,
And only in the country runs.

3.

My first's a thing not very clean,
In London's streets and suburbs seen;
Of service to you it may prove,
If once you set it on the move;
My second with the traveller goes,
And barristers who briefs uncloze;
My third's a Latin word—don't start!—
Of which the English is "thou art";
My whole a vegetable speaks,
Which is not lettuce, peas, or leeks;
Unlike asparagus with goose,
'Tis seldom served up "*à la Russe*";
Aristocratic tables don't
Provide it, and some vulgar won't;
And there are some fastidious prigs
Who say it's only fit for pigs.

4.

My first is a word that two languages claim,
Monosyllables each, and their accent the same;
In Latin 'tis but as an adjective known,
And only as substantive used in our own;
It expresses equality; they that excel
Are said in the regions beyond it to dwell;
'Tis the name of a scholar renowned for his Greek,
And one of whose age men continue to speak;
My second's a word which denotes capability,
None the worse if displayed with becoming humility;
'Tis the name of a holy man scriptures relate
As falling a victim to envy and hate;
My whole is a fiction so wisely composed,
That truths of deep meaning are by it disclosed.

5.

ONE of the four Evangelists to name
Will be my first sufficient to proclaim;
A French conjunction will my second show,
And now of course my whole you wish to know:
Let your steps be to Covent Garden bent,
And there if apt you'll find out what is meant.

6.

My first is chiefly known to railway ground,
My second's light and fragile as a feather;
Yet mightier far than steam power is it found—
Nay, than all earthly forces put together.
My third's a word that signifies endeavour;
My whole's a trade fast growing to an art.
No builder from its services can sever;
And peer and peasant in its use take part.

ANSWERS were received from the following too late for insertion in our last number:—Lunatic, A Paralysed Toothpick, A. H., Polar, and Two Clapham Contortionists.

** 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."