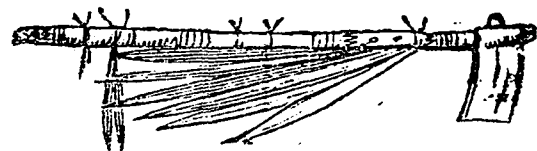


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

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[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

ADVICE TO A FRIEND.

"I HOPE you don't know any one who writes for the TOMAHAWK!" was the remark made to me yesterday on the shady side of Pall Mall by an old friend who happened to be in town this hot weather for a day or two.

"Why?" was naturally my diplomatic response, which scorned a lie, but did not care about confiding even in the friend of my youth.

"Why, my dear boy, it's a scurrilous print—a blasphemous Radical paper. It ought to be kicked out of the clubs, and swept clean off the face of the literary world!"

The torrent was not worth stemming in return, but the subject is worth stopping to inquire into.

Was there ever any use in giving advice? Don't most mothers say, if Poppet finds Doctor Panbolus's pills slightly disagreeable, that medicine is absurd? The child doesn't want it, or she will try another medical adviser until she discovers one who orders *sacch. dilut.* and syrup of tolu to Poppet's taste. But you don't find many mammas owning the pills are poison and the draughts disease while still employing the murdering practitioner.

But that is what the friend of my youth (I was very young) does, for he assures me, when I object that he probably does not read the columns of the journal he abuses, that he most religiously takes it in. He reads it regularly, and gives himself no end of trouble to get it sent to him in the country.

Read then with intelligence and you will see we are neither "scurrilous, blasphemous, nor Radical." These words are your own, remember. But stay—

Perhaps it is blackguardly to wish to see more care taken by those to whom heaven has given education and wealth, of those whose abject poverty deprives them of the means of enlightenment, and forces them into the groove of vice! It is blackguardly to expose the foul spots on the painted face of the society of the world, the seething cesspools in the byways of social life! Perhaps it is scurrilous to speak aloud advice to the fallen drowning in the stream of man's pleasure, to strive to catch the hand of the victim and lead her to a place of safety—scurrilous to publish abroad the facilities to flaunting crime and disease afforded by the blind prudery of canting officials—scurrilous to hint at cancers in parochial bodies. Then are we scurrilous.

Are we blasphemous because we leave religious discussion aside as too holy a subject to be bandied about in a journal with the topics of every-day ridicule? Are we blasphemous because, when one creed or another breaks its ranks and turns bigot, childish, or imbecile, we then draw attention to the follies of individuals playing the fool in the name of the angels of heaven?

Probably we are Radical because we believe that a Minister should be a Patriot, not a man whose policy is self, his king's ambition, but a man who will sacrifice self-ambition, place—aye, and party too, for his country's good, for the honour of his Government. We are Radical because we do not put our trust in princes—but Solomon was a Radical—because we do not believe in the infallibility of the Horse Guards, the efficiency of Sir John Pakington, and the economy of our national budget. We are Radical because we don't encourage the idle working-man or the industrious money-lender, we don't particularly care

about shining the boots of distinguished foreigners or subscribing our guinea to the statue of an alderman because he has been rich enough to give pecuniary assistance to someone in authority. We are Radical, blasphemous, scurrilous, because when the plague-spot appears in Whig, Tory, or Liberal Government or Opposition, secular or clerical, social or national, we put our finger on it to probe and to advise, but never to be a stumbling-block in the way of any. Friend of my youth, pass on; you will take in the TOMAHAWK as before, but you will think when you read, which is what you have not been accustomed to do heretofore.

QUESTIONS FOR SIR JOHN PAKINGTON.

EXPLAIN the difference between round shot and spherical? Do conical shot arrive at a greater velocity when fired from smooth-bore guns?

What would be the maximum of windage resulting from the discharge of a 9-inch rifled gun loaded with hand-grenades?

Have you yet tried to fire a group of rockets from the Rodman gun?

Are you able to teach the select committee how to exhaust shells?

Given a 12-inch gun, what will be the diameter of the shell discharged?

What is the formula for extracting the root of a Palliser shot from a Rodman gun, and *vice versa*?

Have you any distinct idea of the quantity of powder necessary to discharge any shot of any weight a certain distance?

Do you know a gun-stock from a wad?

We pause for a reply.

HIGHLY SATISFACTORY!

THE public mind must indeed be in a healthy condition to encourage the appearance of such advertisements as the following, which we quote from the agony column of the *Times*:—

"Messrs. ——— Private Inquiry Office.—The forthcoming Elections.—The services of Mr. ———, late principal police officer, &c., &c., can be secured for the above. Address ———. Confidential inquiries made in England and abroad."

Of course, the *only* object of the advertiser is to render assistance in putting a stop to the corrupt practices which for so many years have been a disgrace to the country.

How fortunate it is that the morality of our detective police is such an indisputable fact! Had the force ever laid itself open to a charge of want of principle or unscrupulousness, such an announcement as the foregoing might have created an uncomfortable impression.

NEWS FOR CRICKETERS.—Madame Rachel considers the public very *wicket* for not finding *ball*!

PLEASING INTELLIGENCE.—What is the difference between the drill ground of the London Scottish at Westminster and a certain popular Shakespearian reader? One's a famous hall and the other's a F. A. Mars-hall. [Only "our" fun.—ED. TOMAHAWK.]

THE BLESSING OF CONNECTIONS.

WHAT a delightful, heaven-sent blessing it is for a man to have *connections*! You think it doesn't much signify. You are under the impression that you, Lieutenant Criggs, with two G.'s, of the Royal Inexplosibles, for instance, or you, John Brownsmith, of the Flot and Jetsam Office, having each of you a talent for invention, or a ready turn for mathematics, can arrive at the top of the greasy pole without aid. If you are so young and guileless, let TOMAHAWK take up his parable, and just you lend your ears for a minute.

There was once an army, in which mules and donkeys played the principal part, sent out at an expense of six millions of money to attack a semi-barbarian tyrant, whose obstinate ignorance, encouraged by the imbecility of a consul or two, persisted in keeping some very common-place foreigners in a stronghold of his mountain kingdom.

How this army was supplied with all the inventions available, all the engines practicable, and all the animals obtainable for the purpose of invasion, we will not wait to detail; suffice it to say that, with great pluck and indomitable energy, this army, under the command of a great and good general, arrived in an incredibly short time before the stronghold in which were lying the very common-place foreigners who were about to be released.

After a charge on the part of the barbarian cavalry, whose only knowledge of the British army had been obtained from some penny theatrical scraps in the possession of one of the very common-place prisoners, whereby the general combat partook not a little of the nature of an Astleyan rally, preparations were made for an assault upon the stronghold of the semi-barbarian tyrant, who watched the proceedings from the walls of his rocky palace.

Now, be it known that the heights on which this stronghold is are so precipitous and so inaccessible that few, if any, citadels in the world can compare with it for natural defences. And the town was to be stormed, and the gates taken by force of battery. And all night previous the soldiers were on the alert, the general was cool and cautious, the officers were listening to his directions, and the engineers were planning the means of assault. The moment arrived: the storming party went forth, and up went the brave souls who were to be the first victims, and to stand the first fire, or fall, as the case might be. Up they went, with picks and levers, and all the engines of a storm. There might be thousands waiting behind those gates with mortars and guns charged to the muzzle with unknown missiles; but what did that signify? There would be no delay—no hesitation; all that was to be done lay in the gunpowder to be used for blowing up the portcullis; and now they had arrived up the steep entrance-way, all they had to do was to wait the officer's command. Of course, you see the discharge of the powder, the rush of sparks, the cloud of smoke, and the cries of the wounded natives. Not a bit of it: the Engineer in command had forgotten the only essential! He had had all the night to think of it, and there was no gunpowder forthcoming!! A British storming party have orders to blow up the principal gate of a stupendous fortress, on the success of which explosion may hang the fortune of the day, and the British Engineer officer in command has forgotten the powder!!!

Now, O guileless Lieutenant Criggs, with two G.'s, do you see the blessing of connections? Not yet—your honest brain does not connect explosions with relations. Open your ears wider. What we have related as a parable happened at the taking of Magdala. Luckily for England, luckily for our army, and still more luckily for the Engineer office in command, behind that gate were some dozen or two of ill-armed Abyssinians surrounding their half-crazed sovereign; so the storming party climbed, more or less, over the gate which ought, like the Engineer officer in command, to have been blown up, and which was not and never will be now, still like the Engineer officer in command. In a hand-to-hand combat, which only wanted the presence of Menken and a little green fire to be complete, Theodore was killed or shot himself, the dozen ill-armed Abyssinians were vanquished, and Magdala was ours.

Now, what do you suppose, my dear Lieutenant Criggs, would have been your fate if you had commanded that storming party and there had been no gunpowder ready for use? You know perfectly well you would have been Tried by Court-Martial, or if you like it better, TRIED by COURT-MARTIAL,

in the biggest of letters, and by this time might be expiating your offence by slow death on the Gold Coast of Africa.

Now—ah! *now* you see the blessing of connections. The matter has been allowed to blow over, the Engineer officer in command is lavishly praised in general orders, and we do not despair before long of seeing him raised to the peerage even before Sir Robert Napier. How good and blessed a thing it is in the social creed to have connections!

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Concluded.)

Waist.—A moveable feast offered by Fashion to sight.

War.—Pluto's recruiting-sergeant.

Water.—The lover's register.

Wedding-party.—The crowd at an execution.

Whim.—A fly that buzzes in the empty chamber of the brain.

Widow.—An old soldier on half-pay—ready to join at a moment's notice.

Wife.—A crown of glory to her husband—or a crown of thorns.

Will.—In her favour is as good as the deed.

Wine.—The juice to pay.

Wit.—The truffle of conversation.

Woman.—The first who added woe to man.

Wrinkles.—Time's telegrams.

Youth.—The only age which feels too young.

Zoo.—A place of worship for monkies.

AN APPEAL.

ALTHOUGH we English people set ourselves up amongst all nations of the earth for the most charitable of races, in no country more than in England do ostentation and caprice attach themselves so persistently to good deeds and noble gifts. When a subscription is set on foot for any great object of public interest, there are always people enough forthcoming with donations of from £1 to £1,000 to fill a couple of columns of the *Times* with their names. But somehow or other the great good objects seem to swallow up every morsel of the public sympathy, leaving the little good objects to take care of themselves.

These reflections are suggested by the many instances in which, during the past month, London clergymen have begged hard in the newspapers for a few pounds wherewith to give their school-children the treat of a day's holiday in the green fields. As it is impossible that anybody can have anything to urge against the "one holiday a year system," it is surprising that these appeals should have been met with so meagre a response. In most cases £20 or £30 is all that has been asked for, and one would surely have thought that such moderate demands would have touched the hearts of a few of those charitable well-to-do people who are ever ready with the £5 note or ten guinea cheque, where the demand is more formal and the object less kindly. But it appears, from the letters of thanks and acknowledgment which have followed the several petitions, that the subscriptions have been limited, almost without exception, to one or two odd half-crowns and a few shillings' worth of postage stamps; and in all cases the clergymen have had to beg for something more.

Is it that the spirit of real charity is dead amongst us, and that we are only prepared to associate ourselves with funds and subscription lists which stamp us in the advertising sheets of the press as good charitable souls; or is it that in our indolence we do not care to trouble ourselves with matters so insignificant? Whatever the fact may be, it is not creditable that the promoters of a good cause should have to beg so hard for so little.

POLICE-NOTICE.—Any policeman caught in areas or other places of cooks' resort without muzzles shall be removed to the nearest station, and there disposed of according to the Act.

"WELCOME HOME OUR SAILOR PRINCE."

(By our own Court Tailor—we beg pardon—Poet.)

This is a jolly, glorious day!
Whatever any man may say:
For home now from Australi—a,
With shouts which would a stone convince,
We welcome home our Sailor Prince!

He came here in the *Galatea*!
He never showed the slightest fear!
The rough sea never made him queer!
He ne'er looked sour like a quince!
Then welcome home our Sailor Prince!

Shout! Britons, shout! the assassin's blow
Has happily turned out no go!
Our Alfred is no more so so!
His cheek is red as coloured chintz!
So welcome home our Sailor Prince!

Bravely he stood upon the deck!
(His cousin Mary wed Prince Teck,)
His tie it floated round his neck!
He manned the ropes! he reefed the splints!
Then welcome home our Sailor Prince!

Bravely he furled the snow-white sails!
Bravely he mocked the merry gales!
Bravely he baled the boats with pails!
His hands are hard as any quince!
Then welcome home our Sailor Prince!

The nation sings this loyal song!
(The nation hopes it ain't too long,)
But not to sing it would be wrong!
So sing it loud and never wince!
But welcome home our Sailor Prince!

ENCORE VERSE.

Come let us load our Prince with gifts!
(For rhymes we are sometimes put to shifts,)
But this idea our bosom lifts!
Give him a pearl big as a quince!
Then welcome home our Sailor Prince!

* There, if our Glover will only fit that to music, what a success it will be!

MARIAGE A LA MODE.

THE oft-recurring controversy on the advisability of marrying on nothing and living on love has once again taken possession of half-a-dozen columns a-day of some of the morning papers.

There is one great objection, to these marriage or celibacy controversies. They never have led to any practical result, and they never can do so. Indeed, it is very doubtful if there is any sense in them at all. The question is really a personal one. Each case stands alone. The Marquis of Broadstairs having considerably outrun his means, and being head over ears in debt, with every wish and effort to economise, would probably congratulate himself on getting through the year on anything less than £4,000; whereas Mr. Smith, of Clapham and Somerset House, who married Miss Jones, whose father lives at Bayswater, and goes to the City every day at a quarter to nine, would no doubt consider himself in affluence if his annual income amounted to £400. Again, Lucy, who married ten years ago on £80, and is now repaid for the little self-denial she once had to practise by being surrounded by a family of six children, whose father has risen to the proud position of head clerk in the "house" with a salary of £150 a year, would probably have little in common with Lady Mary who married young Sparks, who sold out of the Guards on the occasion, and is now starving on £800 and an annual round of visits to a large circle of aristocratic acquaintances. Therefore the Marquis and Smith, and Lucy and her ladyship, cannot throw much light on the question of what it costs to live, although they may compare their experiences until doomsday.

Everybody knows what mutton costs, and how much one pays for house rent and servants' wages, and whole newspapers

full of opinions and sentiments cannot reduce the water-rate or stave off the relentless tax-collector. By the way, why do all the people who live on £150 a-year say they put aside £4 4s. a year for "Pew at church?" Nobody believes them. Indeed, such extravagance would be wicked while there are such things as free seats in the land.

The whole controversy resolves itself into a question of tastes and habits. A bachelor with £100 a-year who manages to live within his income will generally find it safe to marry on it, while a bachelor with £500 a-year who gets into debt had better remain single if he does not wish to drag his wife and family into poverty and want. *Voilà tout!*

L. S. D-LUSION.

OF all the crimes to which sensationalism must plead guilty, perhaps not the least is its never-failing habit of setting the public mind wrong on all great questions. In sensational language proper an International Exhibition means the inauguration of the Millenium; a Royal marriage a bond of amity between two States for ever; a new line of railway, peace, prosperity, and plenty for every one who happens to be domiciled within ten miles of a branch station. Sensible men, of course, read these things in their proper light, but not that gawky, gaping, gullible body the British public.

It is on this account that, amidst the stir of things of far greater moment, we pause to say a few words about the idiotic after-dinner gush that recently found its way into the papers under the guise of some anniversary dinner in connection with the Atlantic cable. During the banquet in question several messages were hurried across the Atlantic, to which, notwithstanding their arrival in America at the very unconvivial hour known as "tea-time," appropriate answers were returned. As a specimen, let us take a few lines addressed to the Chairman "by Mr. Cyrus Field's daughter:"—

"New York, 4.5 P.M.—I thank you most sincerely for the kind words you have spoken of my father, causing me to feel that we are friends, although our acquaintance is thus made across the sea and in a moment of time."

In this, of course, beyond the waste of labour and material occupied in the correspondence, there is no great harm. It is silly enough; but still, if a sort of relish is imparted to a series of dishes by the knowledge that two gentlemen are taking turns at twisting a handle at two ends of a long wire, then by all means let them twist. That electricity should travel at a rate considerably greater than that at which the surface of the earth moves, revolving round its own axis, is, if not a novel piece of information, at least capable of helping out after-dinner fun. The good old joke of somebody in New York getting news of a London repast five hours before it happens is not objectionable in itself, and if a little "sentiment" about the wonders of science gets superadded, as it naturally does, over the wine, every excuse ought to be made when the solemn misery of a public dinner is taken into account. However, excuses must end here. What is deserving of none is the conduct of men who get up and talk frothy balderdash about the Atlantic telegraph cementing the friendship of the two nations, the shores of which it materially connects. Why on earth cannot a lot of stock and shareholders congratulate themselves on the success of a purely commercial speculation, which pays uncommonly well, without inferentially assuming that they are a band of good angels whose mission it is to usher in peace and bestow blessing wherever they may rest their sainted feet?

As—as has been very truly remarked—the telegraph is a quicker exponent of men's angry passions, it is far more likely to bring about a serious issue between this country and the United States, if they ever set themselves to hearty quarrelling, than could have been possible under the old system of thirteen days' cold-blooded deliberation. For all the glorious purposes of money-making and supplying big type paragraphs to the newspapers, the Cable is supreme. It is the great boon of money-makers and sensation-mongers. To look at it as more than this is not only ridiculous, but mischievous; and we trust there will be in future less of the maudlin fraternisation to which we have referred. The thing, perhaps, is irritating rather than serious, yet still even in an age of shams it is better to call things by their right names, and designate money-making—money-making, and not philanthropy.

BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER.

O listen to the tale
Of Mrs. Borrodaile,
Who has hoped to turn out "Beautiful for ever:"
How she fell into a net
By a "smartish" Jewess set,
Who has shown herself a "leetle" bit too clever.

The Jewess has a name
Of advertising fame,
Which it Madame Rachel is as you're acquainted.
The art that she professes
(In Bond street her address is)
Is really twice as black as it is painted.

This sorceress, I'm told,
Can turn red hair to gold,
And smoothen wrinkled flesh to feel like satin;
Not an ill that flesh is heir to
But its antidote she'll swear to,
Like any hag of classic Greek or Latin.

To this Jewess of my tale
Went Mrs. Borrodaile,
At an age confessing fifty summers clearly,
With an infantine belief
In the artist, Time's own thief;
Unconscious of the art she paid so dearly.

Her dignity, she found,
For just a thousand pounds
She might lay aside, her beauty to recover;
So her wrinkled form she sold,
Which was getting rather old,
On receipt of promised youth and future lover.

Enamelling for weeks
White and red upon her cheeks,
Taking baths, too, of the costliest cosmetics;—
Performed in such a manner
As reminds one of Susannah,
The victim of the two old Jew ascetics.

(A parenthesis we take
This here question for to make
Of the ladies, Rachel following this path;
Don't you flush to your hair roots,
Or sink into your boots,
When you hear of this companion of the Bath?)

For this silly soul, it seems,
Of a coronet had dreams,
Which the lovely Hebrew managed well to foster;
For another thousand pound
A lord of straw was found:
Who knows what tears the volunteers have cost her?

So this lady's hair was stained,
Another purse completely drained,
By Madame Jezabel, the Jewish spider;
Who furnishes new wings,
And such like simple things,
To the flies who struggle helplessly beside her.

Like the bow-wow in the book
Whose bone fell in the brook,
The shadow turned out not to be Lord Ranular;
Madame Rachel smoked the glass,
Through which she now sees pass—
Total eclipse of purse, of ring an annular.

The moral of my rhyme
Is, washes can't kill time,
Whatever pains you take to ward off ravages;
Don't believe that Rachel's art
Could ever catch a heart,
And leave painting of your skin to idle savages.

TROUBLED WATERS.

THAT dear good man, Lord Shaftesbury, seems to be suffering from chronic indecision. That Light of the Gospel could not make up his mind on which side to vote about the Irish Church. He had neither the courage to defend his own convictions or to perform an act of justice; and now it seems that, after innumerable postponements of the trial, he cannot make up his mind to prosecute his steward on the charge of embezzlement. Some time ago, when the matter was partially investigated, something was said about some money transactions with members of his Lordship's family. We should like to know if this had anything to do with the postponement of the trial. It is a cruel thing, even in a pious man like Lord Shaftesbury, to keep a charge like this hanging over a man's head for nearly two years, and then in the end abandon the prosecution. The unfortunate Mr. Waters is ruined: if he can, as his counsel alleged, prove his innocence, we are sure Lord Shaftesbury will give him every opportunity of doing so, and if he succeeds, will see he is no loser by his misfortune.

ON TRIAL.—THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE Commission appointed to inquire whether &c., &c., resumed its labours this morning. The portion of the room set apart for the public was, as on the previous occasion, densely crowded, and the interest manifested in the evidence elicited from the witnesses summoned for examination appeared to be as lively as ever.

LORD CRAWLINGFORD'S EVIDENCE.

LORD CRAWLINGFORD having been called, said he was what was called a law lord. His family had not exactly come over with the Conqueror, nor had James I. sold them a coronet for a small consideration. He was the first Baron. His grandfather had been a provincial butcher, and his father a Radical attorney. Yes, he had been a Radical himself once, and written a pamphlet in favour of the abolition of the House of Lords. It was called *Take away those Baubles; or, a Word with the Crown*. His views had undergone a considerable change since then. He now believed in divine right, hereditary legislation, and the value of blood. Of course he had arms on his carriage door. His crest was a wheel *regardant*, and his motto *odi profanum*. He had voted against the Suspensory Bill, and should do so again. Yes, he could give an excellent reason for such a course. He was determined to show his brother peers that he was by no means a *parvenu*, and that he was, bone and blood, as good a Tory as any of them. Would like to wear his coronet in Piccadilly on Sundays. Liked to be called "my Lord," and should never vote for any measure in the least degree calculated to interfere either with his own personal opinion of himself or his supposed importance in the eyes of others. There were not many of his type in the House of Lords. He wished to take this opportunity of publicly stating his conviction that—

[His Lordship was here interrupted by the Chairman, who intimated that his examination was closed.]

BISHOP OF BOXMORE'S EVIDENCE.

The next witness called was the BISHOP OF BOXMORE. He said he was a "spiritual" peer. (*A laugh*.) He was educated at Snaggleton Grammar School. Went from there to St. Barnabas, Cambridge, and was nineteenth wrangler. Edited a Greek tragedy, published a volume of sermons—sound ones—(*laughter*)—and contributed seven essays on the Tower of Babel to the *British Churchman's County Family Encyclopædia*. He also married Honoria Lucilla, seventh daughter of the Earl of Tinkerville. Thinks that is how he may have become a bishop, though he always suspects the Greek tragedy had something to do with it. Liked being a peer amazingly. Meant by a "spiritual" peer a peer with lawn sleeves, a palace, several fashionable daughters, two carriages, a good stable, and £5,000 a year. Of course he voted against the Suspensory Bill. Should have thought it sacrilege to interfere with his own pocket. Yes, he strongly objected to Romish Bishops for two reasons. They not only wore mitres in church, but took a rate of remuneration that disgraced the order. He believed they "did it" on a beggarly £300 a year. He did not care what people thought of him. He had got a see, and meant to enjoy himself.

[The examination of the Reverend Prelate was still in progress as our parcel left.]

A SONG FOR INFANT STATESMEN.

If we may Dizzy's word believe,
His services Britannia needed,
And would have had much cause to grieve
Had not his crew to place succeeded.

He tells us foreign states were each
Becoming sick of our alliance,
And in their diplomatic speech
Using expressions of defiance.

So he and Derby office took,
And things abroad so well adjusted,
That our allies soon changed their look,
And Mister Bull no more distrusted.

This, with his usual bounce, he said—
The wily egotistic sinner,
To please the guests that with him fed
Their stomachs at a civic dinner.

But Duff has well exposed the lie,
And published in each daily paper;
We've seen the Premier's smart reply,
By Layard well-termed chaff and vapour.

But aught beside can we expect
From one whose selfish vacillation
Won't let his words his thoughts reflect
Without an eye to retractation?

MINISTERIAL MORALITY.

THERE is now little concealment regarding the intention of Sir Stafford Northcote to appoint himself Viceroy of India should the present Government last out the year, or rather until January next, when Sir John Lawrence's term of five years' tenure of office will expire. As an appointment pure and simple, there is little to be said against the promotion, or reduction (which is it?) of the present Secretary of State for India to the Governor-Generalship, for Sir Stafford probably knows as much about the affairs of India as any man in this country who has never been there; but such an appointment, excellent as it may be in itself, becomes highly dangerous as a precedent. Indeed, Sir Stafford Northcote's avowed intention of appointing himself to the most remunerative post in his gift has already had its effect, for there is no doubt that his novel example will be followed by several of his *confrères* in the Cabinet. We make our statement with every reserve, but we have good reason to believe that should any of the below-mentioned offices fall vacant between this and Christmas next the public may confidently expect that the successions will be made in the following manner:—

Archbishop of Canterbury.	Mr. Disraeli, First Lord of the Treasury.
Commander-in-Chief of the Army.	Sir John Pakington, Secretary of State for War.
Governor-General of Canada.	Duke of Buckingham, Colonial Secretary.
Admiral of the Fleet.	Mr. Corry, First Lord of the Admiralty.
Chief Commissioner of Police.	Mr. Hardy, Home Secretary.
Master of the Mint.	Mr. Ward Hunt, Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Contractor for the New Law Courts.	Lord John Manners, Chief Commissioner of Works.
Mr. Cole, C.B.	Duke of Marlborough, President of the Council.

It is fortunate perhaps that there is little probability of many of these important and lucrative posts falling vacant, for should such eventualities occur, and should Sir Stafford Northcote carry his point and seize the Indian Viceroyship, there is no just cause nor impediment that the appointments we have detailed should not be carried out. After all, why should not patronage, like charity, commence at home?

HUMOURS OF THE UNDERGROUND.

THE Metropolitan Railway Company are a lucky body. Like a well-pegged-down pot of verbena, they are sending out branches in all directions—branches which promise not only to thrive well in themselves, but to bring fat profit to the parent stock. What, for example, do the St. John's Wood Extension Company pay for running partially over the Metropolitan's lines? And what do the Hammersmith Extension pay, and the Great Western? And what will come in when the Bayswater branch is opened? Meanwhile the original Undergroundlings are paying a good dividend, and have got a bold bill through Committee safely in the House of Lords. They are a lucky lot!

Perhaps it is the enjoyment of fortune which inspires them with a peculiar facetiousness, consisting in the playing off of a series of practical jokes upon the public. In the eyes of most railway directors the public is a good-natured, doltish sort of dummy, created for the purpose of furnishing dividends and to be cozened in all sorts of ways. And the jocularities of the Underground directors finds vent in badgering this said dummy variously. They started, for instance, with providing good gas-light accommodation in the carriages—the only inducement for people to immure themselves in the stifling tunnels between Bishop's road and Farringdon street. Without ample light, one might with as much comfort sit in a sewer as in one of those tunnels. But finding that gas reconciled one to the sulphur vapours of the Metropolitan Erebus, the directors hit on the humorous design of lessening the lights by two-thirds, and now furnish two lamps to each carriage where there formerly were six. Another of their jokes is to turn the supply only half on in the morning, when everybody who is hurrying into the City has bought the morning paper. If you are a clerk, whose day is fully occupied, you are naturally eager to while away the sole leisure you have on Tuesday morning by studying TOMAHAWK, during the half hour between Paddington and the City. Very good; you may obtain hasty glimpses of your favourite journal at Edgware road and King's cross, where there is daylight, but sorrow a bit will you read it in the tunnels, unless you have eyes like a cat. At six o'clock, when you return from the office, the gas is full on, though the daylight is as strong then as at ten in the morning at this time of year, and though day and night are much the same in the bowels of the earth.

A joke as prime as making the public blind is to make the public deaf—which effort is achieved by aid of screeching and grinding appliances of ten-million sawmill-power. The manner in which a stridulous train grates round a curve and rasps its way into the station might shake even a parrot's nerves. Every note in the gamut of cacophony do these trains sound—from the gruffest "scrannel" to the shrillest squeak. An easy way to avoid this discord would be to roughen the breaks whenever they get smooth from use; but then that would spoil the joke. Then there are fiendish engine-drivers who have a taste for whistling on every possible occasion: they whistle on coming into the station and on leaving the station, and in the tunnels, and often half the way between Paddington and Westbourne Park. What there is to whistle at in places where trains pass every three minutes, and where a perpetual look-out is maintained, constitutes the creamy part of the joke. This same passage between Paddington and Westbourne Park is specially favourable for larks, and an essential bit of fun is to stop twice or thrice every journey in the narrowest strip of railroad and stare about, as though something were in the way. This affords a pretext for more whistling, and has the further advantage of frightening old ladies.

The dodge of hiding the names of stations amid a bewilderment of posters and advertisements, so that country visitors may imagine each station is called Maravilla or Panklibanon, is so obvious that TOMAHAWK forbears comment. The fun, too, of giving "eccentric" change—particularly at Bishop's road—if a passenger is foolish enough to proffer a sovereign, may be left for another season. If TOMAHAWK hears much more of this last joke, the officials may look out for something to their disadvantage. When the directors have introduced the two or three little reforms hinted at, he will be happy to reward them by pointing out a manœuvre by which roguish travellers contrive to habitually book third class and ride first without the least fear of detection.



LONDON, JULY 18, 1868.

THE WEEK.

TALK about turning swords into sickles, but what is that to the Marquis of Salisbury, known once as "Fighting Bob," turned peacemaker? The only parallel we can think of is Mars as a nursery governess!

THERE has been a great outcry against the conduct of the railway company that deposits its passengers at the foot of the Crystal Palace. The management of the line seems, like its engineers, to be contented with a very "low level."

How would the following read?

"On the 11th July, at Bollingford Park, Wilts, the wife of Sir Anthony Stubbs, of a baronet."

Yet this is the way the leading journals set to work, when another baby is added to the household of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Why on earth will the *Times* talk about the "Princess of Wales being safely delivered of a *Princess*?" Is there not the word "daughter" in the English language?

WE have a practical suggestion to make in serious earnest. If that most obstinate and narrow-minded of all officials, who bullies all the unfortunate inhabitants of London under the plea of protecting them, persists in *maintaining* that cruel order about muzzling dogs, we propose that a subscription be raised for the purpose of prosecuting Sir Oracle for cruelty to animals. We shall very gladly contribute our mite towards such a fund. It is quite time that some restraint were placed on the bungling incapacity and brazen stupidity of our would-be Prefect of Police.

AMUSEMENT FOR THE PEOPLE!

(SEE CARTOON.)

SPOKEN BY A SWELL.

ALWAYS go to see female gymnasts—good figures, you know, and all that sort of thing—chance of an accident—excitement, you know. Schneider great fun too—deuced good. Awful "go" about her—kicks up her leg in the "Sabre song"—much better than in Paris. Like her awfully. So does Polly (still the same, you see; but she slightly bores me, so I will introduce you to her one of these days if you like—you remember her, she used to dance at Drury Lane) and so do my sisters. Very jolly, indeed. Awfully nice combination, legs and music. Offenbach deuced good—specially the ballet! *Apropos*, knew a fellow who &c., &c.

(Here follows much unfit for publication.)

SPOKEN BY A "GIRL OF THE PERIOD."

Oh, so delightfully improper, you know. Great fun—Harry and Charley came up into our box during the marriage scene. They said *such* good things: on my honour they were so broad that to this very moment I can't make up my mind whether I oughtn't to have blushed or not. *Awfully* nice! One objection, laughing at Schneider cracks one's enamel. The scene between Fritz and the Duchess was so funny though, and so suggestive. Of course I am not going to make a fool of myself; but really, Charles, our footman, has splendid whiskers and &c., &c.

(In consideration of the lady's position in society we suppress the remainder of her remarks.)

SPOKEN BY A COUNTER-JUMPER.

Well, if there's anything as I thinks really the thing, it is these 'ere female gymnasts. I always pays with pleasure to see 'em. You gets such a lot of hexcitement for your money, you know. No rubbishing nets, or anything of that sort. No, if they comes down *they comes down*. That's the pleasure of the hentertainment. Oh, it beats 'Amlet 'ollow, and can give a couple of stone to them silly horatorios. It's "slap bang stunning," that's what it is. Went to see Miss Schneider the other night, up in the gallery. Oh, it was "O. K." I was glad as 'ow I didn't understand French very well, 'cos you see it might 'ave turned out as 'ow the words weren't as spicy as 'er acting. Oh, she was spicy! I says (in spite of most of the gents in our establishment disagreeing with me)—I says that I thinks Miss Schneider quite as good as Miss Annie Adams. I ain't joking, I really mean it!

SPOKEN BY A "ROUGH."

Law bless my lovely soul, but if this 'ere "female gymnast" ain't crummy, may I never pick up a lovely wiper for the next six months. Law bless my lovely soul, they is stunning (let's say, *Ed. TOM.*) *angels*! 'Owsomever, I 'ave been unkimmon unfortnit. Never seed a lovely haccident in my life! It's too bad. They're stopping heverythink now-a-days! Yer can't see a lovely cove lagged; and, you mark my lovely words, they'll do away with these 'ere "female gymnasts" next! As for that lovely furriner at the St. James's, my lovely missus won't let me go and see 'er: she says as 'ow a lovely "penny gaff" is quite spicy enough for me. O them women, them women! they never let yer do what yer like unless yer taps 'em over their lovely 'eds with a lovely poker!

SPOKEN BY "TOMAHAWK."

And this is what you call amusement!

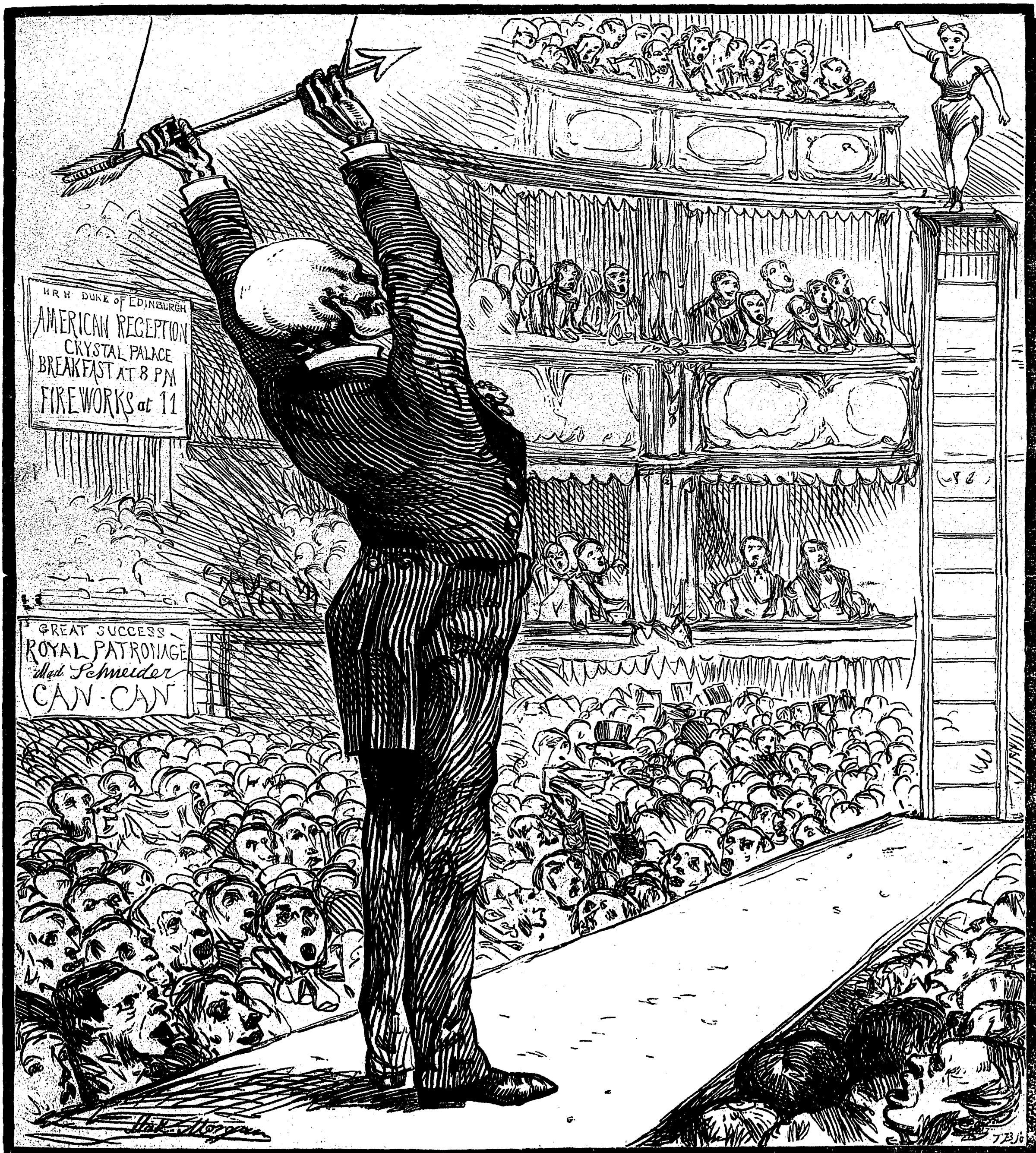
First, you miserable creature in the blonde whiskers and the moustache; you wretched barber's block and tailor's dummy; you libel on mankind and insult to the monkey race—so *you* like to see a poor woman imperil her life for the savage amusement of vulgar fools and heartless dandies? You who have not the heart to do a single charitable action, nor the brains to avoid the most open of pitfalls, or the most obvious of snares,—it is you who approve of and support this pointless barbarity! Did your forefathers fight and die in the defence of all that was chivalrous that you might pelt with mud the family escutcheon? Away fool! back to your favourite spot, the "Zoo." Try to find an empty cage and fill it with your folly!

And you, Madam, in the enamel and bare shoulders!—you who have brought men to look upon your sex as something worse than Othello's angry description of Desdemona!—you who have turned marriage into a farce, and the very name of morality into a jest and a bye-word!—have you so little of the lady left in you that you can laugh at the vulgarity and immodesty of the *cancan*, and sympathise with those who love to regard the progress of a *liason* between a graceful Duchess and her coarse-minded flunkey? Are you so regardless of your mother's memory that you would tempt the chance of losing for ever the heritage of honour and respect she left to you at her death, by striving to copy the manners of the poor uneducated wretches you pass so often and with so many shudders in the gas-lighted streets when your carriage wends its way on its road to the Opera? Fie for shame, Madam! Reform, and bless your stars that we have no Bridewell!

As for you, my men—you of the shop board and the police cell, beware both of you! We all know the story of the empty till and the broken cash-box. Policeman X is the best preacher to read a sermon to you, my lads!

And last I will speak to the poor woman herself. O one of a score of female gymnasts, listen before it becomes too late! Do not urge the excuse that you work for your husband or children. Die, and what will your family do? Become for life a useless cripple, and how will you assist your husband? Say not that your labour is easy or pleasant, for I solemnly declare to you that in your most confident mood you are trifling with a fatal dart, and have at all times—in the height of your triumph—at the moment of your greatest success—grim Death for your playfellow!

NIGHT THOUGHT OF A WAG.—I wonder if Sir Robert Napier is *un'apier* now he's going to be made *a'peer* (sleeps.)



AMUSEMENT FOR THE PEOPLE!

O one of a score of female gymnasts, listen before it becomes too late! Do not urge the excuse that you work for your husband or children. Die, and what will your family do? Become for life a useless cripple, and how will you assist your husband? Say not that your labour is easy or pleasant, for I solemnly declare to you that in your most confident mood you are trifling with a fatal dart, and have at all times—in the height of your triumph—at the moment of your greatest success—grim Death for your playfellow!

[See Sketch.

20
In. In. In. 21



ADVANCE AMERICA!

WE understand that in consequence of the great success of the "Sir Robert Napier, Admission One Shilling," *fête* at the Crystal Palace, entertainments of a similar character are contemplated by the directors of other places of instruction and amusement.

We believe that it is possible that the following advertisements will shortly appear in the columns of our leading contemporaries:—

ROYAL CREMORNE GARDENS.

Lessee, MR. E. T. SMITH.

The Proprietor has the honour to announce that he has made arrangements to give a

Public Reception

to

THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD,

in honour of the defeat of the

Suspensory Bill

in the

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Right Rev. Prelate will enter the Gardens at about 10 o'clock, and will immediately proceed to the

CRYSTAL PLATFORM,

Where he will assist at a performance of the celebrated

Cancan.

His Lordship will also witness a magnificent display of

FIREWORKS AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK,

And will, in conclusion, partake publicly of the renowned

CREMORNE SUPPER,

Which will be served punctually at midnight, at Half-a-Crown a-head.

Admission—ONE SHILLING.

Bishops in Canonicals admitted Free!

We beg to submit another programme:—

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

Professor Pepper, assisted by Mr. Dircks, has the honour to announce that in the course of his new and popular lecture, entitled

THE ETHICS OF AERONAUTOLOGY;

or,

HARLEQUIN THE GHOST, MR. KING, AND THE NINE LITTLE
TAILORS OF TOOLEY STREET,

he will have the sincere and loyal gratification of introducing to an indulgent British public

THE INFANT BUT ROYAL DAUGHTER

OF

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

(*Her Royal and Infant Highness's First Appearance here.*)

Professor Pepper, assisted by Mr. Dircks, trusts that the nobility and gentry of this mighty metropolis will seize this opportunity of testifying their undying loyalty to the Royal House of England.

Admission—ONE SHILLING.

Schools and Peers in Coronets Half-price!

And yet one more to be given as a conclusion:—

THE PAVILION,

BRIGHTON.

The Mayor and Corporation of Brighton have kindly placed the above popular mansion at the disposal of a

COMMITTEE OF FRENCH AUTHORS

desirous of giving

MESSRS. CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT

A Public Ovation in honour of their

Highly ORIGINAL Novel,

Very appropriately entitled

"FOUL PLAY!"

In the course of the evening

MR. CHARLES READE

will lecture upon

"*Auricular Confession.*"

(For further particulars see *Griffith Gaunt.*)

At Midnight precisely (weather permitting),

MR. DION BOUCICAULT

Will be carried out into

"THE MOON-BAMES!"

N.B.—A Brass Band will be in attendance—solo on the trumpet, Mr. Charles Reade.

Admission—ONE SHILLING.

Field Marshals in uniform and Judges in their robes will be admitted by refreshment ticket—Price Sixpence.

CHEAP MARMALADE.

WHAT may be the final issue of Mr. Disraeli's conversion to Orangeism, it is at this moment impossible to predict. One thing, however, is certain. He has done more to stimulate the weaknesses of that amiable society than has been accomplished by any leading statesman in the course of the present century. Without taking into account the antics of noisy nobodies of the Mr. Johnston-of-Ballykilbeg-type, one is not long coming to the conclusion that all the pent-up mischief of years is very soon likely to find some vent in Ireland. The Orange fever is on the increase in every quarter; and the usual glorification in their Dutch origin, their want of generosity to their enemies, their capacity for bawling into the very ears of St. Stephen's itself, have kept these *thoroughbred* Irishmen in a state of continual ferment for the last two months. However, this is only what must be expected when a Prime Minister degrades himself by patting such stuff on the back. There is no doubt but that all this looks threatening enough, and has a very serious aspect indeed. There is, nevertheless, a comic side to everything, and Orangeism has one of its own. Orangeism says its prayers. At the laying of a foundation-stone of an "Orange Hall" at Sandy Row the other day, somebody, whom a local newspaper styles the "Grand Chaplain," delivered himself as follows:—

"Bless the members of the Orange Institution. Let piety, truth, and justice, charity, brotherly love, and loyalty, concord and unity, and all other Christian virtues flourish among us, and make us acceptable in Thy sight," &c., &c.

The quotation is genuine; and there is very little doubt but that it is correctly reported. Taking into consideration the very great difficulty the would-be pious, just, charitable, and &c. &c. brethren find in impressing the outside world with a confidence in their virtues, it is something to know that although they miss the mark, they at least aim high. Unfortunately for "the members of the Orange Institution," very odd ideas *indeed* have got abroad about the meaning they attach to plain English words. For instance, an Orange dictionary is usually suffered to run somewhat in this fashion.

PIETY.—A fine rich word for mealy mouths. A pious man is one who blasphemes about every creed but his own, and calls God to witness what he is about.

TRUTH.—Something to be stifled at any cost. History always to be written in yellow ink.

JUSTICE.—Something too bad to be spoken of, if wanted for Ireland.

CHARITY.—Cursing, reviling, and hating those who differ from you with all your heart, soul, and strength.

BROTHERLY LOVE.—See *Gammon and Spinach.*

LOYALTY.—A conditional virtue dependent on the state of the Orange sympathies of the monarch. Cromwell was a thoroughly loyal man when in Ireland.

CONCORD.—A state of blessedness reached by exterminating five-sixths of your fellow-countrymen.

UNITY.—A beautiful bond—of red hot chains.

OTHER CHRISTIAN VIRTUES.—Powder and shot.

With such powers of interpretation it is not surprising that

Orangeism is at as decided a discount on this side of the water as it is on the other. Some "loyal" gentleman of Orange sympathies the other day threatened Her Majesty by inference, and talked disrespectful nonsense about crowns toppling over. When the disestablishment of the Irish Church is an accomplished fact, possibly this exuberant devotion to the throne may be put to the test, and roughly handled for its trouble.

A WORD WITH THE ACTORS.

WHEN will actors learn to subordinate their egregious self-conceit and greedy vanity to an appearance of decency and courtesy? No sooner does one of the profession get any praise than his head is immediately turned, and he gives himself as many airs as a bantam cock on the top of the great Pyramid. He is very sorry, but he "cannot play such a part because Mr. B. has got a better one, and he can't really play second to him." How contemptible this is! Surely, if acting really is an art, its professors might try and sustain the dignity of that art by *acting* good sense, if they have not got it. We know but one instance of a young actor (one who has succeeded in winning himself a name against much prejudice, and by overcoming many difficulties and disadvantages) who has not lost his head in success; and he has shown himself a true artist, for he has always undertaken any part, given to him, however small, and by care and study made the part, instead of waiting for some part to make him. It is for such actors that authors have a real respect, and the profession may depend on this, that the public will not long tolerate their insufferable egotism and assumption; they will support those actors who rest their fame on their merit, not on their name; who are not always forcing their own self on their audience, instead of the part they represent. Every dramatic author possessing any talent or self-respect, even if he be ever so successful, must become wearied and disgusted with the endless bickerings, the mean envy, and nauseous self-conceit of the Green-room. Women have a right to be silly and vain, but when a man is so to the exclusion of every other quality, he deserves to be well whipped.

We are moved to make these remarks by several considerations, one being that we have a great love and respect for the Drama, and wish to feel respect at least towards its exponents. The other night, the first one of a new piece, a certain actor who played the principal part, when called for at the end, came on alone without bringing on the lady who had more than shared the honours, and for whom more than half the applause was intended. The actor is a gentleman of long standing on the stage, of great talent, and one unusually courted by society; yet such is the generosity and courtesy that he showed towards a rising young actress, a most amiable lady, who had played a very difficult part with great care and judgment, subordinating her own interests to that of the principal actor. It would have served the gentleman right had he been hissed off the stage, for what he did was not only unmannerly, it was unmanly. We once saw an actor at the Haymarket Theatre, when bringing on a lady who had realised in the most delightful manner one of Shakespeare's heroines, allow her to stoop down and pick up a bouquet while he looked on complacently. He probably thought that in behaving thus to a *débutante* he showed a proper sense of his own importance and dignity, whereas he only showed his own abominable rudeness.

Any one who knows the world behind the scenes will confess that these are but slight instances of the intolerable self-conceit of actors. The reason why so few professionals can play a gentleman on the stage is that they are unused to playing the part off it. We do not associate with the word "gentleman" any ideas of birth or rank, or even education; it is possible, and anything but improbable, that a man who drops his h's, and who can't pronounce properly any word of more than three syllables, may be a greater "gentleman" than a duke who has been educated at Eton and Oxford. Every true artist is a gentleman; but any man who is in his own eyes the sole object of importance and interest never can be a gentleman. It is perfectly ridiculous to entertain any notions of regenerating the British Drama till the tone of actors' minds has undergone a wholesome revolution. When they are capable of sacrificing their vanity to their art, and remember that mere knack it not talent, much less genius; when they can contrive to forget

their jealousies and animosities so far as to unite in hearty accord for the complete representation of some of the masterpieces of our great authors, with a sole view to the most perfect rendering of all the parts, and not to their own personal glorification, then will men, who are not the trumpeters of managers upon whose favours they depend, own that acting and actors are worthy of the same respect and of the same honours which we accord to other arts and their professors.

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

1.

My first is the name of a famous city,
My second the letter O,
My third an English conjunction,
My fourth the seventh month of the year,
My fifth a French conjunction,
My whole one of Shakespeare's plays.

2.

My first is the name of a celebrated bishop of the middle ages, and the first two syllables of a five-syllabled beast; my second is the letter D; my third is the name of a fallen empire; and my whole is a place invented by the ancients for the celebration of festive games.

3.

My first is of sawyer's and carpenter's making,
My second each day makes hearts joyous and aching,
My third is not cleanly in habits or look,
But becomes very nice when it's been to the cook,
My whole is a borough, which if you're inclined
To search in the county of Wilts you will find.

4.

My first is myself,
My second a cry
That Marmion gave,
Ere he rushed on to die;
The two make the name
Of a beautiful play,
Composed by a lawyer
Not long passed away.

5.

My first is a colour, my second a snare;
The two make a dish of most excellent fare.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Backslide. 2. Hebe. 3. Leghorn. 4. Comedian. 5. Cymbeline.

ANSWERS have been received from A. O. Q. U., Moses in Bedlam, Bungaroo Bumblotwancker, The Binfield Road Wonders, Jack the Warnished Jersey Cabbage Stalk, Signor Sam, Owctihpargotilorelbircs, B. L. S. the Jew, A. Warley Lunatic, Ruby's Ghost, Venus and Adonis, Baker's Bills, John Cockles, E. J. Kiddy and A. W. Ryberg, Nodger, Goshawk, S. M. F., Poppy, Linda Princess, Gammong c'est tout-à-fait bosh, Ernest, T. W. Hussey, J. H. L. Winton, W. H. Hackney, Sarey Gamp, Hebe, Hermit Crab, Carry Bex, Towhit, Anti-Teapot, Birdham Mud-cockle, Ling, Blanche M., G. C. B., Fred. R. Bolton, C. T., Old Harry Felixstone, T. C. D. C., Samuel E. Thomas, Jack Solved It, Somelimejoleba, Q. W. R. V., Two Muzzled Pups, H. M. M., Gulnare (Hyde Park), Cornubia, J. H. Batey, Two Clapham Contortionists, Frank C., Retsof, Jasor and Reyd, Medicus, Ynnaf Nesuhlla, 32s. Twist, Awfully Easy, Blackshamingham, Edouard N. Ella, and Kingston-on-Thames.

* * 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. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."