

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



“INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT.”

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1870.

WE bid good bye to 1869 with much pleasure. Except the passing of the Irish Church Bill, we do not know that there is much to congratulate ourselves upon. Even the satisfaction with which we have seen an act of tardy justice performed, and an obstacle to useful legislation removed, is very much modified by the utter absence of that conciliatory effect which we promised ourselves would be produced by the concession. In fact, the state of Ireland bodes but ill for the peace and happiness of this realm in 1870. Murder, outrage, robbery, treason, have it all their own way at present. How long this state of things will last we do not know; but it cannot be very long; for, unless Justice asserts its power, Rebellion will.

Carrying our glance homewards, we do not see much more cause for congratulation. Pauperism, starvation, fever, seem getting the better even of such miracles of administrative capacity as the St. Pancras guardians. If persons of such vigour of mind and body find themselves unequal to a struggle with the gigantic powers of evil and misery, there is little hope for those who have only ordinary intelligence and humanity to aid them. But, seriously speaking, a hopeful sign for the future may be seen in the awakened activity both of the Poor-law Board, and of private charitable organizations; and by the practical recognition by Government officials and benevolent individuals of the fact, that hearty co-operation is necessary, in order to battle with the enormous array of imposture, vice, and genuine distress which threatens, most seriously, the prosperity of this metropolis, and, indeed, of the whole country. Let us trust that at the end of 1870 we may have to report that the earnest efforts which are now being made to relieve distress, and suppress imposture, have been blessed with success.

Abroad, the present year closes with very threatening prospects. Spain is still tossing about on the waves of anarchy; Italy, her king just rescued from the clutch of death, is agitated by ministerial crises, the result, most probably, of the state of the finances, which demand an increased taxation; but to that the people will not submit. Prussia is Prussia, and is still governed by the robbers who plundered Denmark—a sufficient affliction, we should think. France is living on the edge of a volcano, listening to the menacing rumblings below her feet, but, unfortunately, she cannot make up her mind which way to escape. Some talk has been heard of a disarmament, but nothing seems likely to come of it. If such a phenomenon does take place, it will be because the poverty of nations, and not their will, consents.

Altogether, the chief thing which 1870 has to depend on for its chance of being brighter than its predecessor is Hope. But we may learn something from the dying year—we may learn certain precautions which will be very useful to us in the work which lies before us. With regard to Ireland, we may learn that, if we do intend to do justice in the matter of the land, we must contrive to do it without converting enemies into rebels. We want a little less exalting of one class or creed above another (let the Roman Catholics and the Protestants have the same freedom, the same rights); a distinct declaration, and a consistent adherence to the same, that our object is to favour none at the expense of others, but to do justice, and, above all, to make the Law, stripped of its abuses, respected and obeyed by all. We also may learn that something more is wanted to constitute a genuinely Liberal Ministry than the names of a few paralyzed Radicals figuring in the list of a Cabinet; that something more is wanted to make true economy than paltry cheeseparing, and the heartless severance of all engagements and all bonds of honour with the poor and the helpless, while but a faint show is made of touching those who have titles and influence, but who, none the less, are practically sinecurists and jobbers. We may also learn, perhaps, not to rejoice at a Budget promulgated by a supercilious jester, whose chief recommendations to the important post of Chancellor of the Exchequer are that he has eaten every word which he ever uttered, and has consented to sit side by side, and to eat of the loaves and fishes with, those whom he has over and over declared with vigorous invective, and an admirable simulation of earnestness, the betrayers of their country and the subverters of the Constitution. People are beginning to see now the good sense and justice of those vehement protests which we made against Mr. Lowe's iniquitous Budget at the time of its first proposition. Unfortunately, our feeble voice was drowned in the bravos of selfish millionaires and of those usually apathetic members of the upper classes who are comfortably off, and who thought they saw in Mr. Lowe's ingenious scheme of robbery a means of saving themselves, what they detest, trouble. For the sake of this inestimable boon, the comfort of hundreds of industrious and struggling men and women will be sacrificed. We do not often indulge in prophecies, but we may safely predict that during the first month of the new year one name, at least, will be uttered by thousands of voices in tones of execration, and that is the name of Mr. Lowe. No one, we trust, will go through the mockery of wishing him a happy new year, unless his happiness consists in causing misery to others.

Finally, let us hope that no one may sit down on New Year's

Day to enjoy himself, or herself, unless they have just done something, if ever so little, towards making some of their fellow-creatures less miserable, if not happy. Let us show that we do not want some sensational calamity to rouse us to exertion; but that the sight of silent, patient woe is quite enough to move us, not only to pity, but to aid.

PEACE WORK.

MR. CARDWELL seems to have at last perfected his programme of retrenchment and reduction, for the fiat has already gone forth that there are to be no new appointments to ensigncies and cornetcies; in fact, the Army is to be reduced with all possible despatch. As the War Secretary has shown his principal card, we are at a loss to understand why he does not lay down his whole hand. If we are to do away with our Army what want have we of its etceteras (?); and Mr. Cardwell need not fear that the announcement of the following arrangements, which we believe have been decided upon at the War Office, will create the smallest surprise or dismay:—

- 1.—On the first of January all guns will be forwarded to the Mint for the purpose of being melted down into penny pieces.
- 2.—The Royal Arsenal at Woolwich will be let as furnished apartments as soon as a few necessary alterations can be completed.
- 3.—After the first of April all General and Field Officers will be dismissed the service, a firm of city accountants having contracted to perform all their united duties for £1,500 a year.
- 4.—There will be from the present date no fresh consignment of Red Tape supplied to the War Office. The stock in hand, however, will last several years. This arrangement, it is expected, will ultimately effect a saving of several millions annually in future Army Estimates.

As an instalment of the promises of last Session, the above programme is not so bad.

THE SUEZ NOTES.

A CONTINUATION OF ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

ALEXANDRIA, 24TH DEC., 1869.

YOU see I am not off yet. I had hoped to have passed Christmas Day in old England, but circumstances have arisen which have knocked the idea completely on the head. And I can assure you I feel very uncomfortable about the whole business, although Spagmore says that "Christmas in old Alexandria won't be half bad." The fact is, the real cause of the delay of our departure is this duel with the Italian Count. It is most annoying. I think I told you that the *fons et origo malorum* was that brutal hyena. Well, it now seems that matters were *even worse* than we thought. I told you it was discovered after a three hours' absence, by the Count *in his bed*. I did not tell you, though, *how* he found it there. He had actually put the light out and got in himself, having taken the hyena for the warm bottle. The Count's feet naturally stirred the brute into action. And a terrible scene ensued, for, true to its instincts whenever a situation occurs, it burst into a fit of savage laughter, and snapped wildly at the bed clothes. The Count, terrified out of his wits, struggled furiously to get away, and, stumbling over the furniture in the dark, made his way to the door. As it was locked, it might have gone hard with him, had not the hyena delayed his pursuit a little while he swallowed the under-blanket. This, however, accomplished, he dashed after his victim, and a wild chase followed, which resulted in the Count bursting into the midst of an evening party that was being given in the saloon of the hotel, by the Danish Consul. Here, fortunately, the brute, who sprang over a refreshment table after his prey, was captured in an ice-pail. The Count retired as best he could, but vowed to have the blood of the man to whom the hyena belonged. His anger, too, has since been increased by the fact that the Danish Consul is under the impression that the whole thing was a got-up affair, diplomatically arranged beforehand

purpose to lower the political and commercial status of the Scandinavian races in Egypt. I have heard that he has written to his Government for instructions on the matter, and has very plainly intimated in his despatch, that he believes the Italian Count left Florence specially appointed for the purpose. The Count in his turn will hear of no apology from me, but looks on me as a political spy, sent out by the party in England opposed to Italian unity. Spagmore has been round this morning to attempt an explanation, but I feel it will be of no use.

I was quite right. Spagmore has come back. His attempts to bring the affair to an amicable conclusion have entirely failed. I am to fight this afternoon with cavalry sabres. It seems that the Count cannot speak English, and that Spagmore cannot speak Italian, and that though the interview was of a very stormy character, neither of them clearly understood what the other wanted. Spagmore says he knows that I am to fight the Count at three because he did nothing but flourish about a large sword and hold up three fingers. I confess this seems a little vague, and I really would be glad to call on the Count, and hear from him—for *I can understand Italian*—what he wants. Spagmore says it would never do for *me* to call on him, and that the seconds always arrange these matters; and that when two fellows fight, they have nothing to do with it till they meet to have it out.

We are just off. I feel very nervous, though I have been practising the double under cut on the hyena with a broomstick ever since half-past eleven.

WEATHER—OR NOT.

LORD HIGH ADMIRAL CHILDERS is certainly a salt of the old school,—one of that gallant class of officers now, unhappily, all but extinct, who court danger for danger's sake, and are not to be influenced by any considerations of common prudence or the safety of their subordinates. Otherwise, why did the mighty potentate at Whitehall sanction the putting to sea of H.M.S. *Donegal* in a gale of wind so terrific that it must, as it did, thoroughly disable a fine ship? The cost of the repair of the damage sustained by the *Donegal* is stated to be something over a thousand pounds, which sum will have to be voted in next year's Navy Estimates. It will be as well if this fact is noted and remembered. Little charges of this description so completely lose their identity in the pages of figures of which the Navy Estimates are composed, that, under some such heading as "Miscellaneous, £1,292 16s. 8d.," it will probably be difficult to recognize the results of as glaring a piece of pig-headedness as ever disgraced even Mr. Childers's administration of naval affairs. It is to be hoped, however, there may be some inquisitive member who, when the estimates are moved, will question the propriety of the charge.

LITERARY UNDERTAKERS.

THE evening papers of last week, for the want, we presume, of some better occupation, alternately killed and brought to life again a series of public characters. Of these, the two persons whose rumoured deaths created the most painful sensations, were undoubtedly Sir Stafford Northcote and Signor Mario. While the former was summarily sent to the bottom of the Mediterranean, when, in reality, he was safely enjoying himself in Paris, the latter was actually made to poison himself, the reasons assigned for the rash act being suggested in faultless taste as "grief at the loss of his wife and fear of impending destitution." We do not know or care to trace which of our contemporaries were respectively responsible for the libels,—for such announcements are morally libels if they are not so legally—but we protest against paragraphs being inserted in newspapers of a nature calculated to cause distress or, at least, the gravest annoyance, to the relatives and friends of the unfortunate people who are set upon by penny-a-liners as material for sensation paragraphs. The editorial appreciation of the limits of a practical joke is very much at fault when it admits of such specimens as we have lately been favoured with. We admit a practical joke is usually calculated to provoke a tear; but grief at the loss of our friends and pity for people we think fools are too widely-different sensations.



A PROMISING COMMENCEMENT.

THE Army Control Warrant has been promulgated, and the new regulations are supposed to be in full working order. It is, therefore, an interesting fact to note that, on the occasion of the arrival at Portsmouth, a few days back, of a brigade of Royal Artillery on its return from foreign service, sixty-five men, women, and children were thrust into three rooms of limited size, and, for aught we know to the contrary, are still in the same quarters, "pending," as the authorities would say, "other arrangements."

Really, if such a disgraceful disregard of every feeling of decency and humanity is to be a leading feature of the new system, the sooner we go back to the old regulations the better. In this case there was no possible excuse for the absence of a proper provision for the men and women on their arrival. The day and hour at which they were due was well known at Portsmouth, and had been for weeks before, so it cannot be for a moment pretended that the appearance of a brigade of artillery was a surprise. We hear a good deal of "military reformers" and their schemes just now, but here is a case in which, if there is to be any real reform, it must emanate direct from headquarters. Will Mr. Cardwell tell us who he is going to dismiss for a piece of mismanagement so gross as to be remarkable even amongst the bungling stupidities and the dishonest neglect of duty of those to whom the welfare of the unfortunate British soldier is entrusted?

"A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS."

THE Wrexham Board of Guardians (where is Wrexham?) have inaugurated a new system for taking care of pauper children. They have decided upon "farming" them at the rate of three shillings a week per head to the benevolently-disposed parishioners. At first sight this appears to be not only a reasonable but a humane plan, for we have recently read so much of the horrible cruelty to which pauper children are exposed within the walls of the workhouse, that the idea of these being taken in and cared for by private individuals of sympathetic tastes is quite refreshing. The tariff of the Wrexham Guardians, however, unfortunately let us into a secret. The three shillings a week is to be paid for children until they reach the age of 13, but after that the money given is only to be two shillings. To use a vulgarism, "the change is to be taken out" of the unfortunate youngsters themselves, who, directly they are thirteen, are, as the price of the previous support, to become the creatures of those who have had the looking after them during their earlier years. Such a regulation, however well adapted it may be to keep down the local poor rate, is not in accordance with the spirit of the time, and will scarcely be allowed to pass unchallenged. It is too ridiculous that the slave trade, which cost millions to abolish in our colonies some years back, should, in 1870, be revived in the very heart (we will assume Wrexham to be somewhere thereabouts) of this country. We leave the matter in Mr. Goschen's hands.

BEYOND A JOKE.

DR. TEMPLE'S appointment to the Bishopric of Exeter has certainly been made the most of by the penny-a-liners. Our contemporaries have exhausted all that could be said about him; the sayings and doings of his youth have been revealed, the actions of his more matured years have been duly chronicled, and his present position has been carefully defined. But one paper, a little more advanced than the rest, has even gone so far as to find him a wife. A few days back the *Exeter Gazette* published a report that the Bishop elect was about to be married to Lady Mary Feilding. The report, we should add, was utterly devoid of foundation, but it nevertheless was copiously copied by the press, and required an immense amount of contradiction before the mistake was rectified. Now, although we have nothing to say against Dr. Temple being written about, and his appointment discussed to the fullest extent, we think the newspapers should put a limit to their chatter. We daresay the new Bishop himself is by this time so fully accustomed to see himself praised and censured, extolled and condemned, that he is not much

affected by what is printed of him; but it is altogether unfair to drag before the public the name of a lady who is not and probably does not wish to become a public character. To say the least, it is ungallant to couple together the names of two people, however honourable both names may be. If a Bishop were not a man of peace, who is supposed to be unacquainted with the use of a horsewhip, we cannot think that the mistake would have been made; but as he is, we call upon our contemporaries to make such amends as may be in their power for the commission of an act of indecent absurdity.

A REAL TRAGIC ACTRESS.

THERE is a good deal of realism on the stage now, but not much reality. Those things which should be illusory are real, and what should be real is too often illusory. Real tragic actors of either sex are very scarce. We have striders and bawlers—the muscles without the brains of tragedy; but those men and women on the stage, who have any power of portraying real internal passion, may be numbered on one's fingers. When we attempted the feat of sitting out a five-act historical play, we little thought that in the end we should have our reward. We can certainly recommend all who can appreciate genius as distinct from knack and trick, to go and see Mrs. Lander in *Queen Elizabeth*. They will be much prejudiced at first by a villainous style of elocution, which seems to have found as congenial a soil across the water, on which to flourish with alarming luxuriance, as many other things that have been imported by America from the mother country. But, exasperating as this blemish is, it cannot serve to conceal the natural melody of Mrs. Lander's voice, or to destroy the wonderful mobility of her features. They speak correctly where her voice speaks falsely. We may point to the scene in which she signs the death-warrant of Essex as one of the great features of Mrs. Lander's performance, particularly where she looks at the signature with silent horror, as if scarce able to believe that the letters have been penned by her hand. But the real gem of the representation, the part which certainly stamps Mrs. Lander as a *genius*, and not only a lady of talent, is the last act. So fine a representation of old age has never been seen within our memory. It is infinitely above the mere tricks of dress or make-up. It contains the true essence of tragedy. It is full of the most subtle and delicate touches, of lights and shades, so tastefully contrasted, that you can hardly believe it is the same actress who jarred one's nerves, in the previous act, by occasional lapses into the worst style of rant. Never has a finer moral lesson been taught upon the stage than is taught by the death-scene of this clever, but cruel and unprincipled Queen. Her horror as the victims of her tyranny and malice appear before her; her desperate struggles against the feebleness of old age and the pangs of illness; the flashes of imperious pride and fiery rage kindling faintly in the old ruin are finely portrayed. And when at last, with the shouts of "Long live King James!" ringing in her ears, she pours out the last faint drop of life in the effort to clutch once more at the crown, and bid the people cry, "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" the impressiveness of her death was none the less awful because, instead of gurgling and kicking her legs out, she sank quietly back, voiceless, colourless, motionless. The piece itself is dull and wanting in relief, and poorly mounted. The character of Elizabeth is ably drawn; but the rest, with the exception of Essex, are feeble shadows.

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

THE Anti-Council has held at Naples its first meeting, which at the same time turns out to be its last, for it has been dissolved by the authorities. We think the Neapolitan Government has acted wisely. A religious society which assembles in a theatre, and declares that its object is to create a human religion, founded upon liberty, reason, and truth, is, indeed, a novelty, and not an acceptable one. Letters, the report states, were read from several absent sympathisers, amongst whom were Littré, Edgar Quinet, Michelet, Henry Martin, Victor Hugo, and Garibaldi. In fact, the Anti-Council seems to have been something of a limited liability company, with all available European "free Members" for its Board of Directors. We cannot regret that such an association has been compulsorily wound up.

NEXT WEEK.
GRAND ALMANACK AND NEW YEAR'S NUMBER
OF
THE TOMAHAWK.



LONDON, JANUARY 1, 1870.

THE WEEK.

IT is said that the doctors in Ireland will be soon arrested as believers in *physic-all force!*

THE new Bankruptcy Act will come into operation on New Year's Day. Most bankrupt cases will be tried in future at the Old Bailey.

WE rejoice to learn that the Archbishop of Canterbury is better. What (as the French world^d would say) would the English Church do without its *Tête?*

AN Irish attack upon the Militia Barracks at Salford was expected on Tuesday last. The Fenians (like the French Democrats) seem to be partial to the *raid* (red?).

THERE is (we are told) no truth in the report that the new piece at the Gaiety, entitled *Wat Tyler, M.P.*, is a tragedy. On the contrary, we are given to understand it is a sort of second-rate burlesque.

THE Volunteers are to be put upon a better footing. They are to receive a larger capitation grant, and their officers are to be taught their duty. This last idea will give the drill instructors a gigantic amount of work!

HAVING made a bungle of the strangling of the late Mr. Hinson, of Wood Green, the veteran man-slaughterer Calcraft (we believe), will shortly retire. Next year he will be elected (so it is whispered) to a seat on the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy.

WHATEVER may be the shortcomings of other churchmen, Archdeacon Denison has again promptly played his part as Pantaloon in the Christmas Piece of Harlequin Bishop Trower and the Tragedy of Exeter. The venerable gentleman, whose motto is, we understand, *Vox et præterea nihil*, has discovered his vocation in the Church of England to be that of protesting against everything distasteful to him, as a discharge in full of his duty towards God, and then submitting, as a similar discharge in full of his duty towards the Crown. He has just accomplished his first-named obligation in regard to Dr. Temple's appointment, and we are happy to hear that he is quite ready to go on with the second. Seriously, however, we must confess our surprise that Archdeacon Denison cannot see himself as others see him. It is undignified in the extreme, prejudicial to his own character, as well as to that of his party, to bark and growl when the experience of years has satisfied everyone that nothing will ever induce him to bite.

TOO MUCH OF A BAD THING.

WE have not yet heard the last of the Kelly Divorce suit. The reverend respondent has given notice that he will appeal to the full Court against Lord Penzance's decree for a judicial separation. More is the pity, for we have already seen too much of Mr. Kelly during the six days the case lasted. Fortunately, the time of the Divorce Court was not wasted, for the judgment arrived at was in accordance not only, let us hope, with the letter of the law, but with the dictates of reason and humanity. But we protest against the Court again being occupied for another week or so in the investigation of an appeal to upset its former decision. The right of appeal is peculiarly an English institution, and should be open to all classes to claim; but, were it not for Mr. Kelly's propensity for bringing actions for libel, we should hint that he was making a grave mistake in again tempting the powers of the law. As it is, we therefore merely mark the fact that he does not seem to be satisfied with the sensation he created as a special pleader at Westminster Hall, and intends to try again.

AMBASSADORS VERY EXTRAORDINARY.

WE are sorry to hear bad accounts of the behaviour of the Chinese Ambassadors, who some months ago were in this country. A Berlin paper states that the appearance of the Ambassadors the other evening in the lower House of the Prussian Parliament created a considerable sensation amongst the members. The report goes on to say that "their Excellencies had been dining with Mr. Bancroft, the American Minister, and came to the House afterwards." For the representatives of the Celestial Empire to drink too much wine at dinner, and crawl into a House of Parliament afterwards as if it were a Music Hall or Cremorne Gardens, is scarcely in keeping with the dignity of the office; and we wonder that an enlightened American, as Mr. Burlingame undoubtedly is, should have allowed the champagne to get the better of him. We trust that the next morning brought soda-water and repentance.

A MUSIC HALL MISSIONARY.

MR. ARTHUR LLOYD makes fresh friends everywhere. Not satisfied with the right hand of fellowship of Royalty, the "Champion Comic," or "the Monstre Comic," or whatever Mr. Lloyd's dignities and titles may be, is now making a great tour of the provinces, "with," says the advertisement, "immense success everywhere." But the great point of the prospectus is the thrilling announcement that the entertainment is patronised by "the Clergy of all denominations." We congratulate Mr. Lloyd on having done something towards the "unification" of sects. In these days of Œcumenical Councils, it behoves all classes of society to do their best for their respective denominations. At the same time, it does not say much for the religious feeling of England that the only place that the priests can be got together in is a Music Hall.

A CLASS PREJUDICE.

A LETTER headed "Sir Stafford Northcote and the Suez Canal" has found its way into print, and we need scarcely say has been generally read; but the communication proves to be a snare and a delusion. Instead of any practical disquisition on the great work itself, Sir Stafford Northcote's letter is nothing more than a lengthy complaint at the treatment certain distinguished Englishmen experienced at the opening ceremony. Although he does not hold the Khedive personally responsible for the want of attention shown to "the distinguished Englishmen" in question, he abuses everybody who had charge of the arrangements, and his indignation culminates in the announcement that he himself saw a British nobleman put into a second-class railway carriage! We think that Sir Stafford Northcote is one of those old English gentlemen who, for their own sakes as well as for their country's, would do better to "stay at home at ease."