

# THE TOMAHAWK.

## A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 140.]

LONDON, JANUARY 8, 1870.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

### MR. LOWE'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

THE question, whether Mr. Lowe's ingenious method of collecting the taxes will produce more profit to the Revenue, or more misery to the individual subjects of the Realm, will soon be settled. We have always from the first maintained that the Budget was a most mischievous one; that it was most unjust to the poorer taxpayers; that it was made for the convenience and benefit of the wealthy only; that it was a dishonest one, for in pretending to grant remission of taxation, it really imposed the present burdens in such a way as to make them ten times heavier than any *bond-fide* increase.

We take our stand upon this point: that no man who had really studied the happiness of the nation would have proposed such a Budget; and for this reason: that the injury and loss inflicted on the majority of the taxpayers, viz., those of small or moderate incomes paid quarterly, or monthly, or weekly; in fact, all those who derive their incomes from their own industry, is far greater than the gain to the community at large; even accepting Mr. Lowe's remission of taxation as the best that could have been made. Mr. Lowe has taken a course very unusual on the part of a Cabinet Minister, he has written to a newspaper in defence of his policy. This is a recognition of the fourth estate, such as the celebrated manifesto of the Queen to the *Times* alone can equal.

Mr. Lowe says "he has been able to take one penny off the income tax, to repeal the corn and fire insurance duties, to abolish the license for the sale of tea, and to remodel the taxes on locomotion." These are the benefits which we get in return for the hardship of having to pay three months of the current financial year's taxes in advance, as well as all the assessed taxes of the current calendar year, within 20 days. Let us see how the account really stands.

To a rich man we admit the convenience. If you have £1,000 at your bank you may just as well draw a cheque for £50, and get rid of all your taxes at once, as draw four, or six, or eight smaller ones. But how is it with the man of small or moderate salary, paid quarterly. He gets his cheque, for £125 say, on December 31st. This is two quarter's salary. He has to pay out of this for one man servant, and for armorial bearings, besides land tax, house duty, &c., £13 for the current financial year before the 8th of January; and for the current calendar year before the 20th of January, for the excise licences, £4, for the income tax, £12 10s. This makes £29 10s., leaving him £95 10s. to pay his Christmas bills, if he has any, and his expenses in the current quarter. Now, if we spread the taxation over

the four quarters we get £7 17s. 6d. as the payment to be made, leaving £117 12s. 6d. for current expenses. We will presume that all this £500 a year is absorbed by the ordinary expenditure of each year. A person of these means, adopting the ready money principle, could live very comfortably; but the difference between £95 10s. and £117 12s. 6d., being as much as £22 2s. 6d., is quite sufficient to compel the taxpayer to abandon the ready money principle, and take to the credit principle, —or to live in a very different style for the first quarter. The second quarter of the year is the quarter which usually demands some sacrifice of its income towards necessary recreation, and change of air; so that to recover the excess of expenditure in taxation on the first quarter, he must deny himself and his family much of their annual holiday. This may all seem a slight matter, but it seems to us a very great cruelty, and to amount to deliberate confiscation; for, after all, what do these taxes represent? They represent to the taxpayer the benefits of Government, and the valuable services of the army, navy, &c., kept by the nation for the general good. But before he has received any benefit, the taxpayer has to pay for the chance of getting very indifferently governed. If a man buys a house, and chooses to pay ready money for it, instead of paying rent by the quarter, well and good; he has a solid consideration for his money. Or if any one advances money on the title deeds of a property of which he will not come into possession for a year, he has something for his expenditure. But it appears to us it would be just as fair for our servants to ask us to pay their wages one quarter in advance, as for a Chancellor of the Exchequer, who hungers after popularity, to extort taxes in advance, because he wants to have the credit of having reduced the taxation.

It is mere equivocation to say that really we are not paying in advance, because we are. The assessment under which we pay in January may be for the year ending 20th March, 1870; but the question is, do we not virtually pay four times the sum, at the most inconvenient portion of the year, that we should ordinarily? What neither Mr. Lowe nor these loud-mouthed supporters of his—who think anything done by a member of Mr. Gladstone's administration must needs be true and just, or who, having plenty of available funds themselves, rather look forward to the novelty of paying for anything three months before they ought, instead of twelve months afterwards—will see is this, that to a man whose capital is all invested in business, or whose income is earned by his own labour, therefore dependent on his health, and paid only at stated intervals, *after it has been earned*, it makes all the difference whether he has to pay a debt to the

nation, or any one else, three months in advance, or in easy instalments after it has become due. In fact, the most oppressed portion of the people, both by imperial and local taxation, are those very persons whose money represents hard labour, and who are taxed just as heavily in proportion to their means as the millionaire who has nothing to do but to write a cheque whenever he wants his thousand pounds. But Mr. Lowe would not be Mr. Lowe if he did not treat with contempt the claims of the obscure and the honest labourer, for such we consider all those whose pittances are earned by labour, whether of the brain or the muscles.

But what are the benefits we are to have in return for all this hardship? A penny off the Income-tax. We sincerely believe that many men of small means would sooner pay 6d. Income-tax if they paid 1½d. every quarter, than 4d., if they had to pay it all at once. It is a well-known thing—even Mr. Lowe will admit this—that hundreds and thousands are saved from ruin every day by having time granted them to pay their liabilities, just as many are ruined by having to pay at once the debt they expected to be able to liquidate by small instalments. Supposing a man had to buy all his tea or sugar for one year on the 1st of January, how many would have to give up these luxuries. As for other reductions, the 1s. duty on corn was never felt by anyone, and its abolition has neither benefited the consumer in England—at best, if bread is any cheaper we wish our baker would say so—nor the producer. Are our farmers making better profit on their wheat? As for the Fire Insurance duty, that was doomed; it is the only real relief given. The boasted readjustment of taxation on locomotion will, we prophecy, put a fine lot of money into the pockets of those very worst of petty tyrants and middle men, cab proprietors. The lucky public will be treated to a continual supply of such vehicles as are resuscitated on the Derby Day, and similar occasions, but which on ordinary occasions are mercifully allowed to afford shelter to the pensive bantam or the teeming dorking. We shall see. Meanwhile, Mr. Lowe, may your New Year be as happy as that of the numberless humble householders for whom you have loaded at the hour of its birth with burdens hard to be borne.

### THE SMOKING ROOM.

PRESENT.

SMITH (*a pleasant, chatty, satirical man about town*).  
BROWN (*another*).

TIME: 12.5 A.M., 1ST JANUARY, 1870.

SMITH.—A happy New Year to you, old boy.

BROWN.—The same to you, old fellow. Been anywhere to-night?

SMITH.—Not much (*lighting a cigar*). Been doing the pantomimes; East-End, too, by jove.

BROWN.—Good?

SMITH.—A 1. Went to the Britannia—really capital—so was the thing at the Standard. Great big house, with a first-rate transformation scene; and at the Victoria Theatre there was good scenery and plenty of broad fun.

BROWN.—How about Covent Garden?

SMITH.—Very good indeed. Prefer Payne though in male character. Both the fair Harrises good, ditto Nelly Power. Globe, too, capital under Fanny Josephs' Management—the place ought to be great go. The Alfred, good. The—

BROWN (*interrupting*).—Why you seem to have been everywhere?

SMITH.—Quite so, dear boy; but you see I got a little sleep at some of them. For instance, the stalls at Drury Lane are awfully comfortable.

BROWN.—Anything else going on?

SMITH.—Oh, only that good story about little Tommy Skittles and his new horse. Haven't you heard it?

BROWN.—No. Do tell me?

(*Cigars, red fire, and unlimited B. and S., and scandal.*)

CURTAIN.

### UNCLE MARIGOLD'S DARLING.

A DREAM (NOT BYRON'S).

I DREAMT I was in the Alhambra—at least it was not the Alhambra, because it was more comfortable—and I didn't feel Strange at all, but quite at home-like; and there was not any smoking.

I saw two young ladies sitting in a passage—and I recognized one of the young ladies—and I said, to myself, "Ah, you look very nice indeed." And presently in came a beautiful lady—oh so beautiful!—whom I had seen faint twenty-seven times in one evening; and since that I've seen her all dressed in black, trying to fall in love with Mr. Alfred Wigan, but he looked so like a French waiter out for a mad day's revel, that she could not; but she gave him a paper knife, with which he killed himself—but that was long ago.

And the beautiful lady said she was a school-girl, but I could not believe it, for she wore such very high heels to her shoes, and spoke so very funny.

And then a tall lady came in, who reminded me of Miss Herbert; but it was not her, and she was a schoolmistress—at least so they said—but she looked far too smart.

And presently I heard somebody say something outside, and all the people cheered wildly, and when he came on—and said "Mary dear," they clapped their hands and shouted; and no wonder, for it turned out to be dear Dr. Marigold—without his prescriptions—and yet I thought it was not the doctor—but was more like Podgers—and then again I thought it was Robson come to life again, but I did not think that very long; however, he had all the conversation to himself, and at last I found it was Mr. Toole giving a lecture on the *Æsthetical Philosophy* of the Nineteenth Century.

So I slept a little more; and when I woke next I found Dr. Marigold selling toasting-forks from a cart, and afterwards having his tea in a very greedy way. And while he was thus gorging himself, the Prince of Wales, somehow, in a pair of corduroy trousers and a leather belt, came running in, and the people cheered him; and quite right too, for when he took off his hat he looked very nice. But he turned out not to be the Prince of Wales, for I saw *him* come into a private box afterwards. However, he was a very nice young man—a blacksmith, he said he was—and he evidently was awfully spooney on the young lady in the very high-heeled boots. He soon went away, and then the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli appeared, only looking quite young again; and it seems he'd taken to call himself Chevenix, and he wanted to marry the young lady in the very high-heeled boots too, and he said he'd come at 9.30 for his answer.

Then Dr. Marigold fell asleep, and so did I; and when I next woke, I rubbed my eyes, and there was Mr. Dombey just as I remember him in Phiz's picture, legs and all; and I made sure I must be seeing a play by Dickens—but I wasn't. And here was the beautiful young lady in a bridal dress, though she'd been married ever so long to Benjamin D'Israeli Dombey, who bored her very much by learning his speech out loud in the drawing-room when she wanted him to play with her. But she soon found somebody to amuse her, for a young man came lounging on with very light hair, and dreadful bad manners. They said his name was Teesdale, and I suppose he had come to look after the Prince of Wales; but it was not that Teesdale after all. Meanwhile Dombey gave us several capital views of his back, which let us into the secret why his neck was so stiff. And then Marigold came on again—or Uncle Zacchary, I think he was called—and he got kissing the beautiful lady till the fair-haired young man came in, and was very rude, and they went away and left Dr. Marigold to himself; but a dreadful comic servant soon burst upon my bewildered gaze with a decanter full of stout, which Uncle Zacchary drunk very fast, and pretended it was port wine, and it had the effect of making him get very crooked, and jerk his head about, and his words out, till I fell asleep again. And when I woke I found there was an awful row going on, for the gentleman with the fair hair was talking to the beautiful lady, and Uncle Marigold had got more crooked than ever, and was objecting; and the schoolmistress, somehow or other, had got in; and Dombey, who was so angry, I was afraid his head would come off, what with the strain of passion and his stiff stock together; and everybody wanted everybody else to order Uncle Marigold out of the house but,

he would not go except for the beautiful lady, but at last the fair-haired young man got her to say go, when he did go, and she, after saying it, fell flop down all of a heap, and not a single soul, not even the comic servant, would pick her up again. It was Dombey's place, but as he could not bend his back without hydraulic pressure, I thought the schoolmistress and the fair young man might have lent a hand.

Again I fell asleep, and when I awoke the Prince of Wales—I mean the young blacksmith—was looking terribly cut up, and Uncle Marigold had bought a grey wig, and the two were in a forge, reading sensation paragraphs out of a newspaper. And I found out that the young man with the fair hair and the bad manners had been drowned at sea, and that Dombey Claveiux, Esq., in the Divorce Court. And presently there was an awful storm, and the beautiful young lady appeared and begged to be let in; but that horrid Uncle Marigold kept her out in the wet, while he got crooked and very hoarse with emotion. At last the nice young blacksmith would not stand it any longer, but let her in; and she was very ill and very pathetic, and I felt inclined to weep when she said she was going to die, because I thought it hardly seemed a case for punishment, especially after being married so long to a man like Dombey; however, just as I was getting quite miserable, Uncle Marigold took the beautiful lady away into another room, and the forge and the nice young blacksmith went down below, and I found that Doctor Marigold had crept round, and was fast asleep on the steps of his cart, in the middle of a landscape copied from a tea-tray, and painted entirely in sap green. Then the beautiful lady, again a school-girl, came running in, and H.R.H. the blacksmith took her in his arms, and I wished I was a blacksmith, and thought I should not have minded going through the agony speeches he had gone through if *that* was the end of it. Then the schoolmistress came in in a temper, and the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli no longer Dombey; and all was happiness. Mary married the blacksmith, who turned out to be Mr. Clayton, and Benjamin Disraeli said, after all, he preferred another even to Uncle Marigold's darling; and the last thing I saw was Uncle Marigold Toole shaking hands with Lord Byron before all the people, who were applauding him vigorously for showing such noble disregard of Mrs. Stowe's malignant slanders, and Byron himself for having written such a very clever piece.

Then I woke for good and all, and found it was a dream, and my ticket for the Gaiety Theatre was lying before me.

"Good heavens!" said I, "I may yet be in time for *Wat Tyler, M.P.*" But I resisted the temptation. "No," said I, "I must work now. I have slept enough for one night, and I have dreamt a pleasant dream, and I don't want to spoil the effect."

### UNPLEASANTLY SUGGESTIVE.

THE Director and the Representative of the Suez Canal Company in this country seems to be somewhat unwarrantably anxious that it should be clearly understood that the Canal is a *fait accompli*. The safe passage of an English ship from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea is generally telegraphed to London as a matter of the most immediate importance; and lately, the Director in question, dating from Regent street, has been writing to the papers to announce that the piece of rock between Ismailia and Suez has been so dredged, hammered, and blasted, that within the last fortnight it has been reduced seventy centimètres. Although it is a mistake to suppose that England has taken no interest in M. de Lessep's great work, it is quite unnecessary and, indeed, unwise on the part of the French authorities to be always trying to impress upon us that the Canal is to be trusted. Of this we are ourselves the best judges; and our national prejudices might lead us to regard all this undue canvassing for custom with suspicion. Does the Company wish us to express surprise that a ship has passed through in safety, or to rejoice with them that a sunken rock exists in mid-stream which is a shade less dangerous than it was a few weeks back? If the Director will take our advice he will not make a vessel's safe passage appear as if the event were rather the exception than the rule; and as to sunken rocks, the less said about them the wiser.

HOW TO BEGIN THE YEAR STRAIT (*dedicated to the Young Ladies of England*)?—By undergoing a course of Gymnastics at Madame Brenner's Gymnasium for Ladies.

### SCAMPS AND SCAMPS.

LAST week amongst a hundred and one other sad occurrences, a poor man died in a common lodging-house with no soul near to care for him. Indeed, his death was only discovered when some one stumbled over the body, and finding it in the way, wanted to remove it. It seems that the unfortunate deceased had been a "casual," and had only that day received a ticket from the relieving officer of his parish—it was Woolwich, for the man was a discharged artizan and pensioner from the Dockyard—to take to the Parish Doctor. On this document was endorsed "A thorough scamp; he would not remain in the Casual Ward." As it happened, the doctor was out, so the poor man betook himself to die at the nearest lodging-house; but should the question of the endorsement of the certificate be allowed to rest? At the inquest the relieving officer defended himself by declaring that there was a perfect understanding between himself and the medical man, who would not be influenced in his treatment of the patient by the character he bore; but this is scarcely enough. We should like to hear the relieving officer's definition of a "scamp;" if it means a man who is brutally inconsiderate and devoid of either pity or humanity, he applied the expression to the wrong person. Certainly it could not have referred to a dockyard labourer, whose only crime was his misfortune that he lived in retrenching times,—aye, and died in them.

### BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

THE stoppage of first appointments to the Army has already become a hardship. There are to be no more examinations for Commissions until further notice; "but," adds our contemporary which makes the announcement, "the cases of those candidates will be specially considered, who, in ordinary course, would have been examined on the next occasion, and who, owing to the postponement of the examination, will have exceeded the limit of age laid down by the regulations." As this is rather indefinite, it will, no doubt, be satisfactory to young men reading for the Army to know the precise conclusion the authorities have arrived at with reference to the proposed reductions. Notwithstanding, therefore, that the general order on the subject has not yet been officially promulgated, there can be no great harm in our drawing on our special sources of information to make it public. It is as follows:—

HORSE GUARDS,  
January, 1870.

As some misapprehension has been represented to exist on the part of candidates for Commissions in Her Majesty's Army, in consequence of the temporary suspension of first appointments, whereby it is supposed they may be debarred by age from entering the Service, it is hereby announced that to meet the requirements of those whose names are down on the examination list, the following will, in future, be the limits of age up to which gentleman can enter the Army:—

Life Guards .....	18 to 30
Cavalry of the Line .....	18 to 45
Foot Guards .....	16 to 35
Infantry of the Line .....	20 to 65

By this arrangement it is so ordered that the whole of those persons whose names are now on the Commander-in-Chief's list for direct commissions will be provided for between the present date and the year 1907.

By Order.

We are glad to be in a position to reassure those gentlemen who have been reading for Chelsea that their labour will not be thrown away. At the same time, it would doubtless be more satisfactory if the above circular were at once published, and there can be surely no reason for delay, for if the reduction scheme is to be held to, it must result in some such arrangement as this becoming a necessity.

"ERA" 'ERE!—A most excellent shilling's worth of "May's Theatrical" has been published by Mr. Ledger, of the *Era*, entitled the "*Era Almanack*." So wonderful is the compilation, that it might be called, coming as it does from the hands of Mr. Ledger, a case of *Ledger de main*!



## ACCIDENT TO THE "TOMAHAWK ALMANACK."

*It is with great regret that the Proprietors of the "TOMAHAWK ALMANACK" are obliged to announce that the publication of this Annual has been rendered impossible by a calamitous accident to the wood blocks. As these blocks have been months in preparation, it has been found impracticable to replace them before the end of January.*

*Under these circumstances,*

A GRAND EXTRA EASTER NUMBER  
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*will be published instead of the "ALMANACK."*

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LONDON, JANUARY 8, 1870.

## THE WEEK.

THE new Free Trade Act has given the cabmen unlimited delight. So enthusiastic are they about the principle that they will not allow any sort of protection to the public.

IT is with regret that we hear that the Elbe is blocked up with ice. We understand that English and French sailors declare, in a sort of an international patois, that there is scarcely Elbe *en* room!

STRANGE to say, M. Troppmann was found guilty of murder *without* extenuating circumstances. Surely the jury who tried him must have forgotten how serviceable his crime has been to the editors and proprietors of the French and English newspapers.

FROM the accident at the Croydon Theatre it appears that Lord Sydney was wrong in lengthening the skirts of the ballet; at least, this seems to be the opinion of some of our Metropolitan managers, who, accordingly, give their actresses no skirts at all.

IT is rumoured that the Pasha of Egypt has at length dived into the mind of the Sultan and found the key to the mystery of that Sovereign's wrath. On this account his Highness will still be known (by consent of his liège lord) as the clever Key diver! (Kedivch?)

A SUBSCRIPTION box for the St. George's Hospital at Tattersall's was opened the other day, after a rest of a twelvemonth. Nothing was found in it. It would appear from this, that, although the frequenters of this fashionable locality have any amount of faith and hope in horses, they have no more charity for men than for their own reputations.

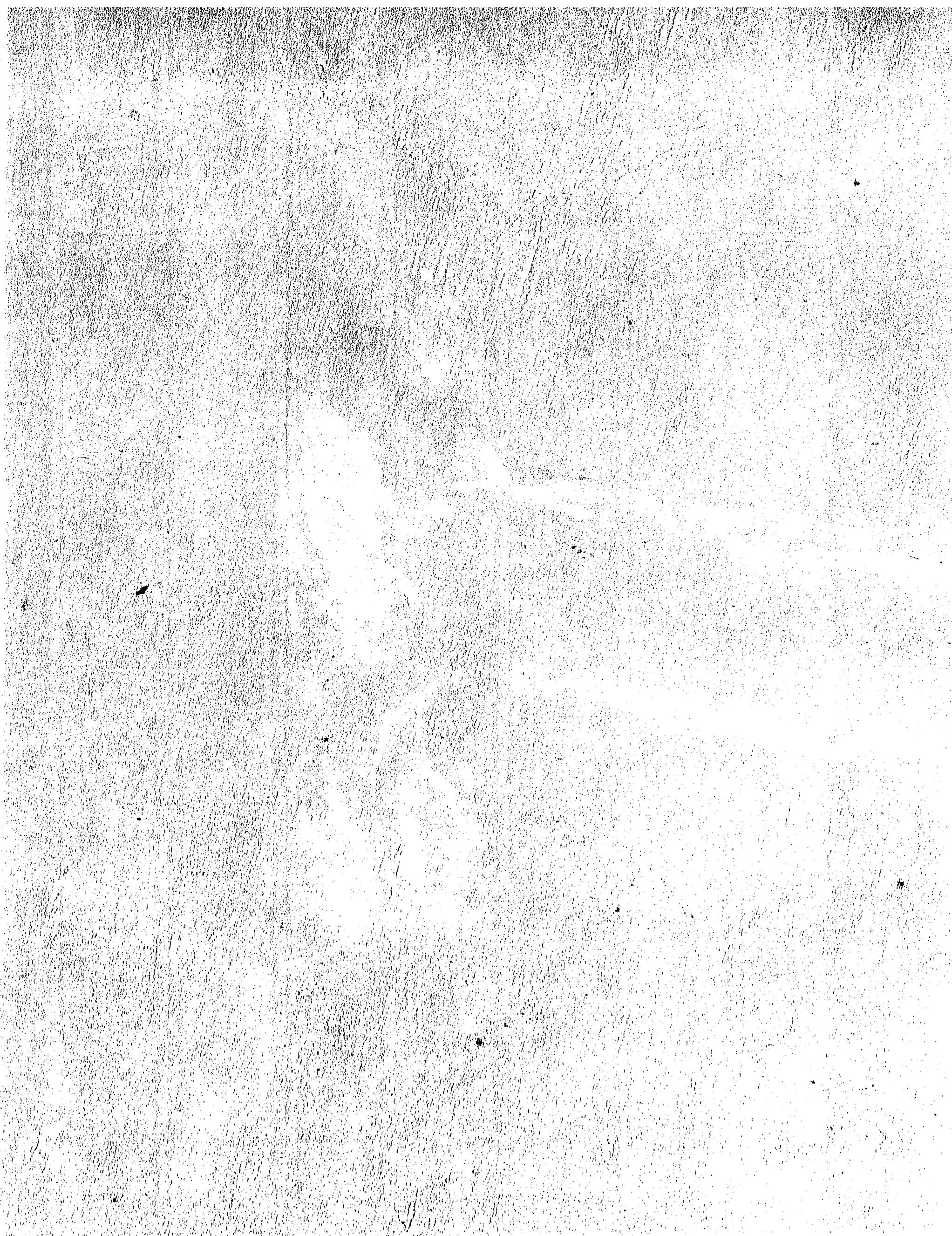
THE Under Masters of Rugby seem at last to be alive to a sense of the duty incumbent upon them in present circumstances. They must submit with a good grace to the appointment made by the Trustees. The discussion has been quite enough to satisfy most unprejudiced minds that Dr. Hayman is the wrong man in the wrong place; but this ought to have been found out before not after the choice of the Trustees had fallen upon him. Once chosen, it is very ungenerous, as well as unjust, to cavil at the selection. Dr. Hayman, whatever his deficiencies, now owes a sacred duty to society to defend the principle involved in his case, and stand to his colours. His voluntary resignation before he has actually had a fair trial would be regarded as a misfortune by all candid foes as well as by friends.

## MORE THAN ENOUGH.

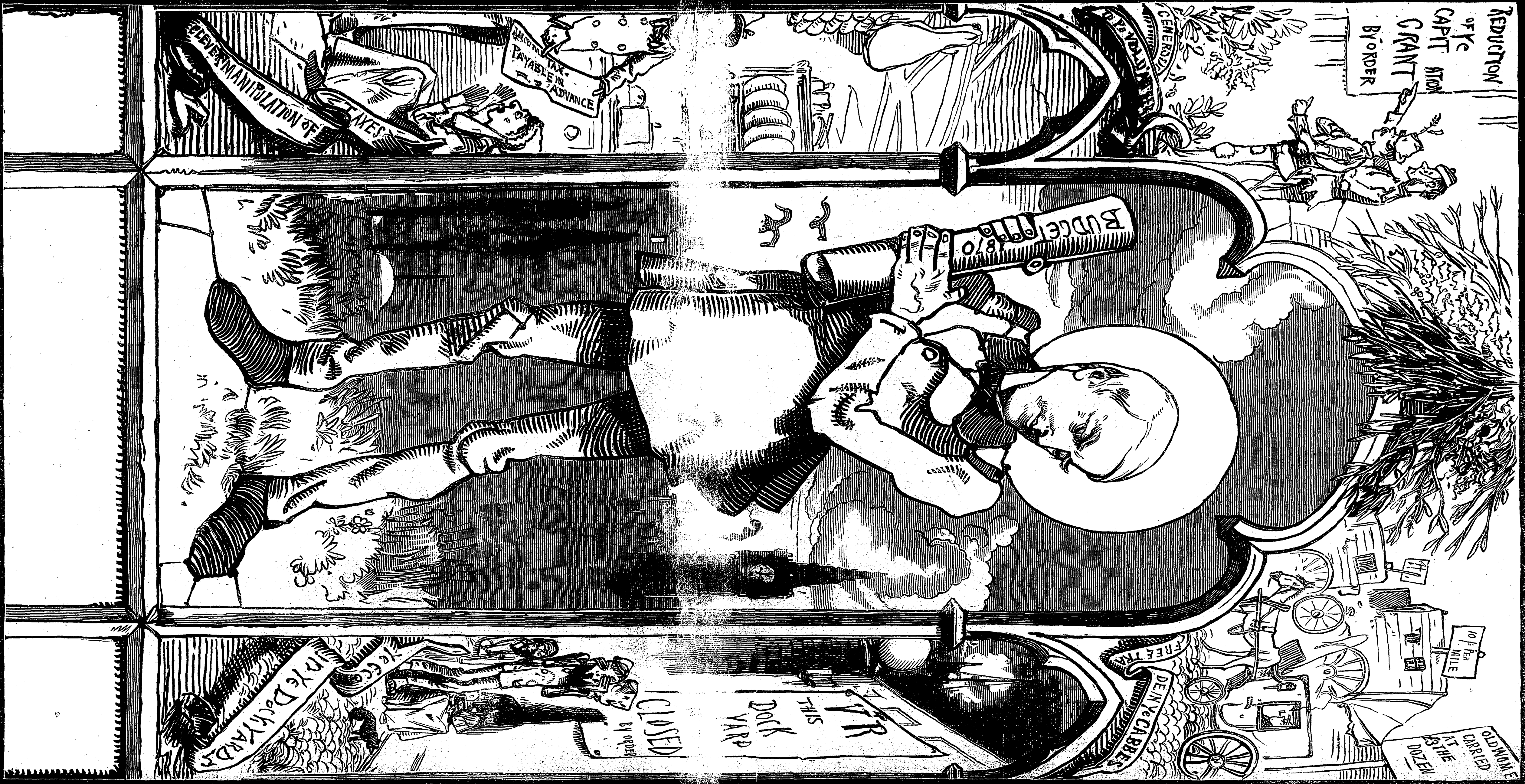
WITH every respect for the Bishop of Exeter, his Lordship, we are loth to confess, is becoming rather a bore. The papers for months past have been full of the sayings and doings of Dr. Temple; and last week we were favoured with several columns of description of his enthronement, including the transcription, *in extenso*, of a sermon preached on the occasion. We do not object so much to this though (although we think it a little *de trop*), as to the small chatter which has accompanied the reports, to which we refer. On the occasion of the enthronement it appears that the Bishop gave a schoolboy a sovereign, a fact which was chronicled at length in every one of the daily papers. It is scarcely fair, we admit to hold Dr. Temple responsible for the publication of such details as these, and we have no doubt the Doctor has been too much in the habit of "tipping" his boys to attach the least importance to such a proceeding, even if carried to the extent of a guinea; but we shall be glad to see the new Bishop left alone to his own devices. We are pleased to hear that his Lordship carries all before him; but it is possible to have too much of good things, including even sermons and proofs of generosity.

## TRUTH CAPS FICTION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the caprices of the press that the ghost stories and exaggerated "horrors" of the Christmas Annuals are quite out of place at the festive season, events have rather tended to prove that they are but feeble imitations of real facts. None of the story writers have gone so far as to describe the performance of a pantomime at a provincial theatre while eighteen bodies, of people who had been hacked and stampted to death in their attempts to get good places for the entertainment, were laid out warm, stark, and hale in the refreshment saloon, to cool into the iciness of death as the pantomime was played out. Nor did it occur to anyone to describe a fire on Christmas day in a London lodging-house, where a sick woman and her helpless children were burnt to cinders while the landlord of the house was saving his plum pudding, and too much engaged in looking after his own interests to bestow even a thought on the occupants of the "third floor front." Even supposing such an idea as this last had occurred to an author, the critics would not for a moment have tolerated as a sequel that the husband and father should have lost his senses over his misfortune, or that the landlord addicted to plum pudding would have fully insured against his loss. Perhaps next year the Annuals will profit by such ideas as these; but whatever else is said of them the stories must not be called improbable or even unseasonable.

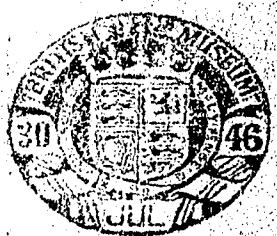






Mr. Greerable Bob.  
A LEGEND OF MR. LOWE-HYS BUDGET.





**THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.**  
BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE SUEZ NOTES.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

ALEXANDRIA, Dec. 31, 1869.

PERHAPS it will be as great a relief to you as it has been to me, to know that my threatened duel with the Italian Count has been postponed *sine die*; whether my practising the cavalry sabre cuts on a shower bath from morning till night made him think better of it, or whether the approach of the joyous season of Christmas put him into a calmer frame of mind, I cannot venture to say, but just as we were starting to have it out, a friend of his called upon Spagmore and made some peaceful overtures. He was instructed to say, on behalf of the Count, that his, the Count's, honour would be appeased, *on my undertaking to kill the hyena*, and pay substantial damages for the shock his nervous system had sustained, when he discovered it in the place of his hot-bottle. These last were fixed a great deal too high, and the matter came to an unpleasant dead-lock for several days. However, yesterday all was settled to our mutual satisfaction, the terms being that I need not be bound to kill the hyena, but might instead put it up to be raffled for as the chief prize in the Christmas Tree that we are going to have here on Twelfth-day, and as there is a good deal of reasonable novelty about this alternative, that is what we have made up our minds to do with it. As to the damages, they were arranged satisfactorily too, the Count happening to be interested in the *Campana and Finsbury Sparkling Wine Company*, and being willing to drop the matter, on my undertaking to order nine dozen of a light, dry, though slightly damaged Champagne of him at 22s. a dozen. Having paid for this on the spot, and the affair of honour having therefore been brought to a happy conclusion, the Count kissed me on both cheeks, after the fashion of his country, and has since volunteered to stay a month with me at Clapham when he visited England. Indeed, a very nice feeling has arisen among the English and other European residents here out of the affair, and at Spagmore's suggestion we are going to have a regular good old English celebration of New Year's Day, and endeavour, as he puts it, to "fancy ourselves going in for the regular thing, just as if we were in a jolly old English country house." He admits *there will be some difficulties* to be got over in carrying out the idea completely, but says the thing is to be done if we only set about it in the right way. We have already asked every European of any note in the place, and a good many Turks and Egyptians as well. More of this to-morrow.

PREPARATIONS FOR SPENDING NEW YEAR'S DAY  
IN THE EAST.

Jan. 1, 1870.

I HEAD my notes for to-day as you see above, for I have no doubt but that they will be of value to many other Englishmen, who, situated as we are, miles away from home in a foreign land, wish to remind themselves of the old country, and its cheery honest old ways and customs. Spagmore says *we will show the Turks* "how to do the thing," and I am sure I hope we may.

10 a.m.

Have had a long talk over our programme for this evening. I wanted to have a quiet evening party, but Spagmore will insist on "astonishing the natives," and has been looking over volumes of the *Illustrated London News*, with a view to getting hints from the back Christmas numbers. Spite my protest, he *will insist* on our having a regular old English mask, with a Yule log, and Father Christmas, and a baron of beef, and a lot of other things that I have never in my life seen in any country house, on New Year's day, at least, as well as I can remember. He says that that does not matter, and that it *will go down capitally* in the East, where they cultivate so highly the powers of the imagination.

It is no use arguing the point. He is going to draw up the programme while I go out and try to get some holly, crackers, a log, and a boar's head.

11.30 a.m.

Cannot get any of the things anywhere. Holly, to begin with, does not grow in Egypt, and though the waiter said *he* knew

what it was exactly, and could get me plenty, he simply brought me a jar of pickled capers. I did find one man in a bazaar, to whom I explained the nature of crackers, and who said he knew a friend who could let me have one; but when I went to the address they produced a torpedo, and I had some difficulty in getting off without purchasing it. As to the boar's head, I could not make any one understand what I wanted, though several of the more intelligent people referred me to the hair-dressers. With regard to the Yule log, the only thing of the kind I could discover, after endless questioning, was in a dirty room, in a back street, temporarily occupied by a native of the Garriwaa Islands. It, too, was not the proper thing, but slightly shaped off in a ball at one end. Besides, the owner said he could not part with it conveniently, as it was his god.

10.40 a.m.

Just as I have jotted down these lines the Garriwaa Islander has called. He says he has no objection to *letting his god out for the evening for ninepence*. I have explained that it would be useless to hire him, as we may, perhaps, wish to burn him. He wants to know what I will give for him out and out, and I have told him eighteen pence.

We have had a little parley, but I have got it at the price on saying I would not mind throwing in a pair of old boots as well. He has gone round to fetch his god while I look them out.

The thing is done. I have scraped off the expression, and given the Islander the nose and a necklace in a piece of paper with the boots. He seems thoroughly satisfied, and after a few parting prayers and a kick at his god, has gone into a cabaret and ordered eighteenpennyworth of rum. However, I can at all events tell Spagmore I have got a *Yule log*.

3 p.m.

Everything is ordered. Supper to be laid by contract with a *restaurant* for a hundred at one franc a head. It is to be thoroughly English, and the *restaurateur* says he knows all about it. Spagmore has also got some music. He could not find a regular cornet and piano accustomed to evening parties, but has arranged with three serpents and a pair of cymbals who know the bass parts of a Turkish hymn thoroughly, and have promised to be perfect in the necessary dance music by eight to-night. The "*Masque*" is to be the feature of the entertainment, and Spagmore has put it all on to paper with the requisite directions for those who are to take parts in it. Certainly he has picked up a lot of properties, and I should not wonder but that *now* it may turn out a great success. I subjoin his list:—

PROPERTIES FOR A "NEW YEAR'S REVEL" IN THE EAST.

37 yards of cocoanut matting.  
3 ditto of pink ribbon.  
Head of an Egyptian mummy.  
A Turkey carpet.  
A crocodile.  
A hearth rug.  
A set of aluminium egg spoons.  
A copy of the Koran (calf.)  
Thunder  
Mask of monster  
A double bass  
Scene from the *Merchant of Venice*  
Dress of English clown  
6 pairs of silk hose  
One striped ditto  
A water-mill (impracticable)  
2 flint-lock guns  
One stilt  
Ghost's dress (Hamlet)  
250 orders for the pit

Borrowed from the  
Grand Opera House.

PROGRAMME.

The scene represents  
A VIEW IN OLD ENGLAND (1)  
Old CHRISTMAS (2) enters  
and commands GOOD CHEER  
to hold her reign.

HOW TO MANAGE SAME.

(1) Scene from *Merchant of Venice*.  
(2) Old Christmas to be represented by a Turkish gentleman got up in the Ghost's dress, with the Egyptian mummy's head and hearth-rug (whitewashed) fas-



PROGRAMME—*continued.*HOW TO MANAGE SAME—*continued.*

He commands	tened into his helmet. N.B. If you can persuade him to make his entrance on the crocodile's back, all the better.
A FALL OF SNOW. (3)	(3) Shower the pit orders from the flies.
and summons	
his JOVIAL COURT, (4)	(4) Any two of the guests. Get up one in the monster's mask, a piece of matting, and the stilt. The other might manage something—two pair of hose and the egg spoons.
who execute A REVEL (5)	(5) First set.
and implore him to call on the	
GENIUS OF LIBERTY (6)	(6) Another Egyptian gentleman in the striped hose, with the clown's wig. Give him one of the guns and let him use the water-mill as a shield.
who	
SUDDENLY APPEARS, (7)	(7) Lower him down from the top, if he doesn't object. Do it quickly.
and	
in the joy of his heart	
abandons himself to the	
delights of	
DEAR ENGLAND'S	
NATIONAL DANCE. (8)	(8) Coach him up in as much of the hornpipe as you can before seven o'clock.
When	
RULE BRITANNIA (9)	(9) On the three serpents and cymbals.
is	
HEARD IN THE HEAVENS (10)	(10) Make them all get on to the mantelpiece.
and	
Old Christmas calls on his	
MUMMERS (11) to bring in	(11) A lot of Turks got up in whatever is left. N.B. There ought to be plenty of matting over. Couldn't you manage something with the double bass and the thunder?
their fare.	
They approach, and	
humbly offer	
THE YULE LOG, (12)	(12) The god. Give him another good bash first. His left eye still shows. N.B. Take some soda to it.
and the time-honoured	
GLORIOUS OLD	
BOAR'S HEAD. (13)	(13) The hyena. Make him hold a couple of washing pegs and a croquet ball in his mouth, and tie it up tight with the pink ribbon. Put a sham cardboard dish round his neck, and smother up his legs as well as you can in the clown's dress. He will look capital when carried round on their shoulders. If he gets restive, they can put him down, and so end the thing with a comic scene; but you had better muzzle him with the Koran, and hustle him out.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN	
by the whole company.	

Such is the outline of our little affair. Of course, there are difficulties in the way of spending a *thoroughly English New Year's Day in the East*, but, as Spagmore truly says, the Orientals have never seen the real thing at home, and it ought, therefore, "to go wonderfully." I will tell you *how* it went next week.

PUT THAT IN YOUR PIPE AND SMOKE IT.—Mr. Roberts, of the Poultry, has invented a very pretty pipe, which he has christened "The Girl of the Period." Without any offence to the inventor (who may be congratulated upon his work), we cannot help saying that the sooner the moral pipe of this very objectionable "girl" is put out the better.

A WORD TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Some months ago, a very pretty little operetta, entitled *Cox and Box*, written by F. C. Burnand, and composed by A. S. Sullivan, was produced at the Gallery of Illustration. It was very well acted for many weeks. But now it is not very well acted. The actors "gag" too much; and one of them (Mr. German Reed) is not *very* funny. This is a pity, and maketh TOMAHAWK exceedingly sad.

## OUR BOOKMARKER.

*Heathfield Hall; a Youthful Reminiscence.* By HANS SCHREIBER. London: Tinsley Brothers.

SURELY a pleasant book, Mr. Schreiber, and drawn from Nature too. Your characters are simple people, as we ourselves have found them; not the parcel of impossible heroes and impracticable ruffians the stock novelists would sketch. Besides, your work has a special charm, as have all tales which relate to schoolboy days and young lives; and we welcome its fresh tone and homely phrasing as an important addition to current literature. What more can be said, unless we seek an explanation of how it happens that Mr. Hans Schreiber, who should surely be a foreigner, can write a tale which is as English as sentiment and language can make one?

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

LOTS of men, lots of lads,  
Lots of fools—chiefly cads!

1.  
In winter's morn  
'Twill keep you warm!

2.  
An angel in form, too good for below,  
And yet written by dear sweet Beecher Stow.

3.  
Very like a row,  
Paris knows it now.

4.  
Found in the sea, found in the ground,  
Home of the flea, very well town'd.

5.  
It's piercing and sharp,  
But can't play the harp!

6.  
It isn't mews,  
It isn't pews,  
It isn't Jews,  
It isn't yews,  
It isn't dewes,  
But it is ———?

## THE "SURREY" AND ITS PANTOMIME.

ARE we sorry or glad that pantomimes are dying out? Not many years ago the theatre which at Christmas did not produce a pantomime was the exception, whereas now the rule is for the principal west-end houses to persevere in the even tenor of their ways, and to leave the fooling to the minor theatres. With the exception of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, no other theatres east of Temple Bar have this year acknowledged the season, or allowed their programme to suit it. Moreover, the Covent Garden entertainment is more a *monstre feerie*, produced in the most gorgeous and artistic manner, than a pantomime proper, and the entertainment at Drury Lane is not up to the traditional mark by any means. It is, therefore, pleasant to find that a really good old fashioned pantomime is to be seen at another theatre, and we commend playgoers to the Surrey as the only house at which a thoroughly seasonable evening's amusement can be obtained. The Surrey, which, notwithstanding its position, is as "respectable" as ever, has always been celebrated for its good pantomimes, but this year, under the management of Mrs. Pitt, it has fairly excelled itself, and *St. George and the Dragon*, all puffing apart, is not only highly amusing, but has been produced with an attention to detail, a recklessness of expense, and an excellent display of taste, which does great credit to the new regime. We cannot doubt that the enterprise will be successful, for, as the London playgoing public are proverbially sharp at finding out "the best pantomime," we suppose the Surrey Theatre will be crowded for months to come.