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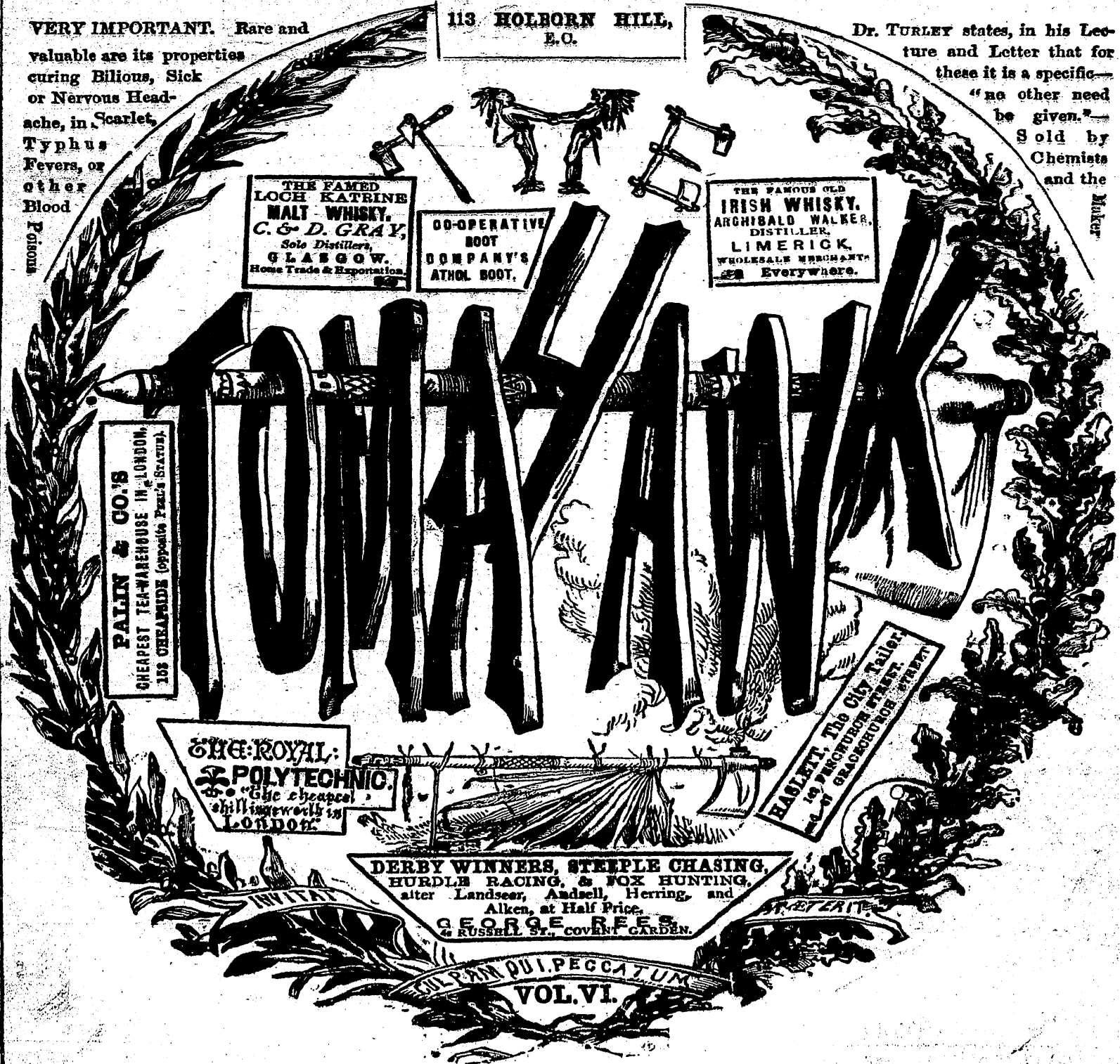
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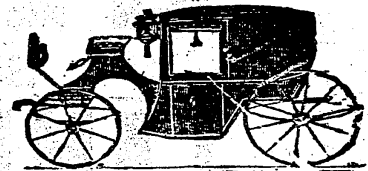
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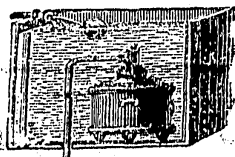
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THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 163.]

LONDON, JUNE 18, 1870.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

"THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD."

PRIDE is seldom becoming in Man, but if the vice is pardonable at any time, it is to be condoned in the Briton boasting of his national press. To say that the Fourth Estate of the Realm is Wisdom, Wagery, Truth, and Justice, all rolled into one, would be but faintly to hint at the many excellencies of English journalism. The Public (and our respect for the opinion of the Public is simply unbounded) regard the daily papers of the metropolis as so many knight-errants in search of adventure and glory. Woe to the mild magistrate who comes to a mistaken conclusion, the poor minister who slips on the thorny road to political honours; but woe, above all, to the rival "daily" who omits the dotting of an "i" or the proper crossing of the letter "t," for verily there will be no escape from the wrath to come. That the press is incorruptible has been proved a score of times by those who have attempted to purchase its approval—men who have traduced the fair fame of the Fourth Estate while smarting perhaps at the loss of the large sums of money extracted from their pockets by the proprietors of those papers they have sought to propitiate. That the press is thoroughly wholesome few who have read the reports of the Boulton-Park case will dare to deny. In fact, whether we regard the newspapers as gallant knights rescuing the Oppressed from the Oppressor, Truth from Falsehood, Virtue from Vice, or as an excellent medium for advertisements our admiration is still vast, immense, unbounded. That admiration is (very properly) shared by the Public. Happy Public!

As it is necessary in these material days to have a reason for everybody and everything, it will perhaps be advisable to state the cause of our reverence for modern journalism. It would be too colossal a task to point out the virtues of the whole press, so we shall satisfy ourselves with one paper, only one, but one worthy to serve as example for the rest—a very prince of periodicals—a paper with the grandest aspirations, and a circulation (to put it modestly) the largest in the world!

Our readers will possibly desire to learn the name of this flower of flowers, this judge of judges, and we hasten to satisfying their curiosity by telling them what it is *not* as a preparatory measure to informing them what it *is*.

First then we do not speak of the *Times*, which, if as weak as a weathercock, is at any rate honest and just, a journal seldom suppressing letters contrary to its facts, for fear of the results, a journal secured to good advertisements, and inaccessible to adventurers, baby-farmers, and *even* quacks.

Neither do we speak of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a paper whose circulation is no doubt as limited as it is unquestionably select. No, although the nobility of character which prompts it to hunt down the *Telegraph*, wins our awe, it does not secure our respect, and we cannot therefore single it out for the unparalleled honour of a special notice in the leading columns of the TOMAHAWK.

Nor can we award the crown of our attention to the sleepy *Standard*, or the flippant *Daily News*, the beery *Advertiser*, or the plush redolent *Morning Post*. No, we leave them respectively in the hands of their supporters. The *Standard* to the dunderheaded farmer, the *Daily News* to the light-hearted city clerk, the *Advertiser* to the muddled publican, and the *Post* to the eager hands of the genteel daughters of swell grocers, aristocratic bakers, and haughty vendors of butter and cheese: None of these is the equal of the wonder of the age, the pride of the universe—the *Daily Telegraph*.

Yes, the Penny Prophet of Fleet street, shall be our text—surely a preacher could require no better one. It is this wonderful journal that extorts our respect, as it has long gained our admiration. As Barnum is an admirable character, so is the *Daily Telegraph* respectable and loveable. It is Barnum reduced to print, humbug clothed in type,—and fed with printer's ink!

When we take up this glorious creation of the nineteenth century, the first thing that strikes us is the beautiful style of the writing, and the large number of the advertisements. The style is unique. Sense is not so much aimed at as a certain lofty kind of poetry which, if not exactly smelling of the green fields of the country, is, at least, redolent of the gin and brandy of commerce. A grand revel in metaphor and simile, without regard to context, is the delight of the leader writer of the *Telegraph*. Bad grammar and nonsense, in equal portions, are taken by the Editor, and mixed into a salad, or rather into a series, of articles week after week, and year after year. L'Emprière's *Classical Dictionary* and Hadyn's *Dictionary of Dates* very worthily represent the culture of the Penny God. Nay, we wrong our contemporary, for we have forgotten to mention that Ollendorf is sometimes laid under contribution by the gay and courtly correspondent who dates his letters "Paris."

Of the tone of the morality of the *Telegraph* we scarcely dare to speak. A throne is sacred from the vulgar gaze—a leading journal must not be criticised. Still, we cannot pass over the subject quite in silence. There is something wonderful and awe-inspiring in the mode in which the *Telegraph* extracts beautiful sentiments from nasty stories, holy improve.

ment from prurient facts. A *Telegraph* leader upon such subjects as the *Social Evil*, or the Secrets of the *Demi-Monde*, is suggestive of kissing the daughter of the parson while listening to his sermon! The words are very beautiful, but the act can scarcely be described by strict moralists as more than nice.

As to the foreign policy of the *Telegraph*, it is only necessary to say that our contemporary, like all other right-thinking papers, is of the greatest possible assistance to the Emperor of the French. A sense of justice makes us hope that the *Telegraph* finds a recompense for this aid to his Majesty in something more substantial than virtue, which (as we know while we are schoolboys) is its own reward.

After we have admired the style of the *Telegraph* (we prefer to leave the consideration of the law reports, &c., contained in the columns of our contemporary, to the *Saturday Review*, which shares our admiration for the Penny Critic of Fleet street) we come to the advertisements; and here, again, our words are unnecessary, for all who have read the story of the advertisement-canvasser, as told in faltering accents at Guildhall a week ago, will not need our testimony to declare that the *Telegraph* is the sternest of moralists. For the lowly nurse-maid seeking a place, the melancholy governess attempting to get a situation, a low rate of scale and much courtesy. But for the vile baby-farmer, and the viler quack, no mercy, no courtesy, no consideration! Ah, wretches, *they* must pay!

But, there, we have attempted too much—the subject is too great for us. We fondly imagined that the *Telegraph* would give us an endless theme. We were wrong—frankly, we were wrong. We admire it—we love it; but when we strive to give our reasons for our love and admiration we falter, and sink into silence. Sad thought! can it be that we are misanthropes, and hate mankind? It must be so, for the success of the *Daily Telegraph* testifies to Man's folly, ignorance, and even vice.

CORRUPTIO OPTIMI.

A PARAGRAPH in the *Times* of Friday, affords us an opportunity of saying a few words on a subject, the gist of which must have for some time past occurred to every right-minded man in the three Kingdoms. We refer, of course, to the publication by the almost universal British press of the evidence recently adduced in the case brought before Mr. Flowers at Bow street. But to quote the *Times* :—

"We should feel especially grateful if, in the case which comes on again at Bow-street to-morrow, Mr. Flowers were to insist upon secrecy in the reception of evidence, and were to save us from the obligation of reporting the details of an abominable charge. The mere examination of prisoners before committal is not a judicial proceeding, and publicity cannot be demanded as a guarantee of fair dealing. When persons are placed upon their trial on a criminal charge they may reasonably ask that the public should be informed of the chief testimony against them; but at present we are compelled to report twice over particulars which it is sufficiently painful to publish at all."

Considering the fact that the *Times*, though "under no obligation to report the details," has daily furnished, as readily as its contemporaries, the particulars of the case in question, this righteous reflection must be regarded as thoroughly worthless. We have an opinion about the conduct of the British press in regard to this matter, an opinion which is, we believe, shared not only by the authorities on the Continent, but by every English gentleman. Indeed, we lack language to convey it strongly enough. Disgraceful is not the word. That the whole of England should have been enlightened in this fashion, without let or hindrance, only shows to what a pitch of moral degradation the country has somehow sunk. To talk of "plain speaking" and "duty to the public," much aggravates the position. We do not hesitate to denounce in a matter like this "an open court," and "an out-spoken press," as a couple of filthy blots on our national character.

FLUNKYDOM IN A NEW PHASE.

OUR friend Jenkins, the *Court Newsman* (we do not mean the official personage, if such an office actually exists), has not hitherto gained the reputation of being spiteful. On the contrary, his contributions to current literature have been always regarded as harmless, though not inoffensive, and he has seldom been known to wander beyond the regions of flunkeydom. His assertion, therefore, apropos of the marriage of the Marchioness of Hastings and Sir George Chetwynd, which took place at St. James's Church last Thursday, that "there was an absence of the aristocracy on the occasion," is as much a digression from his usual style as it is wantonly impertinent. That Lady Hastings and Sir George Chetwynd had a perfect right to invite their own guests to their own wedding is indisputable, whatever Jenkins may say, and if the happy pair made up their minds to avoid calling half the peerage into requisition as witnesses of the ceremony, it was their business and no one else's. At all events, the "absence of the aristocracy" was a fact, if fact it was, entirely beyond the range of newspaper comment, and we wonder that our more respectable contemporaries should have inserted such an offensive line. The penny might have been judiciously saved.

AN UGLY MISTAKE.

IF anything could be more hideous than the far-famed Brompton Boilers, now, happily, in an advanced stage of decay, the huge and monstrous Hall of Arts and Sciences in the Kensington road would be it. Of the most ungainly dimensions, without even the redeeming point of getting a light roof out of the glass and iron of which it is composed, the Hall already asserts itself as a monument of the stupidity, waste, and execrable taste of Englishmen. In vain does the Albert Memorial over the way dazzle the eye with its gingerbread brilliancy, the neighbourhood is spoilt, and unless something is done to beautify the overgrown engine-house, for which the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 are responsible, must remain so. But we suppose our indignation will wear off, and long before the Hall of Arts and Sciences has been painted red, and arts and sciences having failed, been turned into a music hall or circus, we shall be regarding it with the veneration and affection for things of a certain age, which is so thoroughly British.

CITY FASHIONS.

"THE Lady Mayoress," so says a contemporary, in unbecomingly small type, "is about giving a *full-dress* Ball." As we have authority for believing that full-dress does not mean Court dress, and that tights and cocked hats are not meant to be *de rigueur*, we are anxious for some explanation of the term which is used in reference to the costume to be worn on the occasion of the civic festivity. It cannot be but that the invited guests, too, are as intrigued as we are ourselves by the phrase, and are eager for a solution of the enigma. Perhaps though, we can help them. At all events, the following suggestions for costume are at their service, and cannot be far wrong. Of course we can deal only with gentlemen's dress :—

MEMBERS OF THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY.—Black coat, with gold buttons, and bound with gold lace. Trousers with gold stripe, and fringe round the bottom. Watch-chains, studs, and rings at discretion. No gloves.

MEMBERS OF THE SPECTACLEMAKERS' COMPANY.—Spectacles. Coat, shirt, boots, and trousers may also be worn if necessary.

MEMBERS OF THE FISHMONGERS' COMPANY.—Linen aprons and oyster knives.

POULTERERS' COMPANY.—Feathers *ad libitum*.

The other City Companies (we have not a list by us, and our recollection is exhausted) will, no doubt, on applying the above principle, be able to solve the difficulty created by the Lady Mayoress's ambiguous expression.

THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[CONTINUED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

OXFORD, June 11th, 1870.

AT the last moment I hurry off just one line to let you know that the Chief actually has arrived here, and insists on matriculating. *How* it will ever be done I can't conjecture, but we are to dine to-night with the head of St. Ambrose, and talk the matter over. Spagmore, who is up here with some special purpose of his own in connection with the Chief's university career, has given out everywhere that he is an Eastern prince, and has been walking up and down the High street with him, dressed out in a musical doctor's gown, and an old Earl's coronet. I feel very apprehensive about the whole affair, and I must own I do not see *what possible use* an Oxford degree will be to the Chief on his return to Pokyar. Spagmore refuses to argue that, but says it will be such capital fun to know a man up at Oxford, and come up occasionally *for a lark*. Besides, he means, he says, to bet a good deal about the Chief getting through *Smalls*; thirty-five to one against him, or evens on him, if he, Spagmore, may coach him through. The *idea*, he says, will be to get hold of a broken-down Double First, who is glad to pick up a few shillings, and then smuggle him into the *schools*, under the Chief's gown. The common undergraduate's gown would, of course, be too small, but Spagmore says we must get Convocation to grant him the right to take his degree first by anticipation, and go in for *Smalls afterwards*. He could then wear a Bachelor's gown, a nice roomy sort of garment, and conceal the decayed Double First in the sleeves.

If this fails, Spagmore is going to insist that as the Chief took his D.D. at the African University of *Fow*, in 1859, he has a right to wear at Oxford the gown attached to that dignity. If *this* point be granted, the thing is done, for Spagmore is going to say it is made of wicker and oilskin, buttons up the front, has an arm-chair and writing-table in each arm, and measures forty-two feet round the waist.

The Chief then could have a *couple* of decayed Double Firsts inside, one for Latin prose, and the other for Euclid, and all the Chief would have to do would be to put his examination papers in at his collar, and receive them, fully answered, in his boots. Indeed, he assures me that this is the way the Chief floored all his examinations in Pokyar.

You must not mind my cutting this short to-day, as I prefer to give you all our Oxford news after Commemoration is over; but you must have already foreseen one great difficulty in our way, namely, the *viva voce*. Spagmore is now engaged on this matter, and will doubtless hit on a solution. But I must close this.

P.S.—I just open it to say that the Chief has been proctorised five and twenty times this morning, but has got off by Spagmore always giving out he is a Christ Church tuft, a little queer in his mind.

My latest items as under:

The Chief is to row in the St. Ambrose boat; play against Cambridge at Lords; have a D.C.L. conferred on him; dine with the head of St. Ambrose; speak at the Union; go to a wine at Worcester, and have his head done at Spiers.

We are all very jolly.

HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE.

THE tardy recognition of the merits of Indian officers in the promotion of General Sir George Pollock to the rank of Field-Marshal is a step in the right direction. Hitherto, all the "plums" of the Army have been reserved principally for the Queen's service, and John Company, or rather his representatives, have been left out in the cold. Comparisons are proverbially odious, and we do not wish to suggest that Queen's officers have inferior claims for promotion and preferment to those of Her Majesty's Indian Service; but we are inclined to think that, putting other considerations and influences aside, neither the authorities at the Horse Guards or in Pall Mall are inclined to properly appreciate that long and good service which consists of battling against disease, and of patiently enduring the hardships of a life spent in a tropical climate away from

home and friends. It is not only acts of gallantry in the field that are worthy of recompense; and we confidently believe that the Victoria Cross has been earned over and over again by hundreds of Indian officers of all ranks for gallantly sticking to their men at cholera times, when the chances of death have been a hundredfold in excess of those in an ordinary engagement with an ordinary enemy. All honour be to the men of whom we write, and dignity too. The Field-Marshal's bâton has been worthily bestowed.

In Memory
OF
CHARLES DICKENS,
Author and Philanthropist.

HE NEVER WROTE A LINE TO CAUSE A BLUSH.
HE NEVER PUBLISHED A THOUGHT THAT WAS NOT GOOD.
HE WAS A PROTECTOR OF THE POOR WITHOUT SLANDERING THE RICH.
HE FOUNDED THE "REAL" SCHOOL OF FICTION,
AND WAS THE FOE OF SICKLY SENTIMENTALISM AND
FALSE MORALITY.
HE WAS A GREAT WRITER.
A GOOD CITIZEN. A CHRISTIAN MAN.

"WACHTEL BE DONE WITHOUT HIM?"

IF we did not know that Herr Wachtel was a German, we should take him to be a native of Japan, judging from the extraordinary manner in which he seems to have sacrificed his professional interests to a quixotic sense of chivalry. It seems that a short time back during the performance of *Don Giovanni* at Covent Garden when Herr Wachtel was playing Don Ottavio, he made known to the Zerlina and the Masetto of the evening that while singing the air "Il Mio Jesoro" he should like to be left alone on the stage, instead of following the usual custom of addressing the lovely song in a semi-confidential way to the young couple. Either Madame Patti did not understand this, or would not accept Herr Wachtel's idea on the subject; but whatever the circumstances may have been when the band commenced the symphony, Zerlina and Masetto stood their ground, while Don Ottavio, with questionable politeness, motioned them to be off. These appeals at last took so demonstrative a turn, that Madame Patti rushed off the stage declaring herself insulted. The matter was shortly after cleared up. Herr Wachtel explained and apologised, and the story has it that Madame Patti accepted both explanation and apology; but, nevertheless, the German tenor thought himself called upon to ask to be released from his engagement, and his request having been complied with, he is now breathing his native air. From a public point of view his loss at Covent Garden must necessarily be much regretted; Mr. Gye's company is not strong in tenors, and, above all, a "robust" tenor could ill be spared from the company just now. It is all the more pity, therefore, that such a slight cause should have led to such—musically speaking—a serious disaster. The matter will be the more surprising too, to those persons who have taken part in private theatricals—and who, in their time, have not had some sort of experience of them—for the Don Ottavio's of the amateur stage are given to lose their temper and their manners, in a far more serious degree than did Herr Wachtel at Covent Garden the other night. The "rows" which are part and parcel of private theatricals, in which even Duchesses, to say nothing of Marchionesses, take part are always considered without the range of ordinary quarrels, and as such are condoned and forgotten. Why, then, cannot the real artistes take a lesson from the amateur stage, on this one point at all events? It seems a pity that for a few hasty expressions the public should be deprived of the pleasure of hearing Herr Wachtel, or that that gentleman should suffer materially in his professional career for a little, almost excusable, show of temper; but this last is his business—we only represent the "indignant British Public."

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Office : 199 Strand.



LONDON, JUNE 18, 1870.

THE WEEK.

IT seems that since the commencement of the session, which is now getting on for five months old, fourteen Acts of Parliament have been made. This is at the rate of about one in every twelve days, which, with an average of an eight hours' debate, gives close on a hundred hours' talk to each Act of Parliament. The talk this session has not only been tall, but long.

IF crime and disaster are good for the newspapers, our contemporaries must have been driving a roaring traffic for the last ten days. What with horrible murders, hideous trials, and wholesale losses of life, space has been at a premium. No wonder that we have not heard the complaint lately that there is "nothing in the papers." Even the monster gooseberry crop has failed.

THE West End water carts need something more than vestrymen and parish beadles to look after them. During the recent dry and dusty weather, instead of proceeding upon a fixed principle, they seem to have utterly neglected their mission. Although late at night, and early in the morning, when the streets have been comparatively empty they may have been seen about, at midday, when the traffic has been at its height, and the dust at its worst, they have been nowhere to be found. That twelve o'clock is the dinner hour, and that in this hot weather a *siesta* after the substantial meal is by no means unpleasant, is probably the solution of their disappearance at the time they are most wanted; but this would not happen if it were that the water-cart men were put under the direction of the police authorities. It may be urged in objection that the policemen themselves are always conspicuous in their absence when they are most wanted; but on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief the principle we advocate would no doubt be found to answer. We commend the point to the consideration of vestrymen in search of a grievance.

OUT OF TRAINING.

WE must indeed be a physically degenerate race when such advertisements as the following, which we have culled from the *Standard*, are found necessary:—

WANTED, ONE or TWO MEN, with good address, to push a new **PATENTED ARTICLE**, much wanted in all country houses, on liberal commission, samples weigh three or four pounds.—Apply by letter, stating what references can be given, to—

That it should require the united strength of a couple of men, not to lift, but only to push, an object weighing only three or four pounds, proves that it is time that something should be done. The appointment of a Royal Commission on Physical Strength, or the institution of a society for the supply of quinine and iron gratis to the multitude must soon become a necessity.

AN OFFICIAL REGENERATION.

THE new scheme for regulating admissions into the Civil Service has at length been published. As has been long since promised, all junior appointments in the Government offices are to be thrown open to public competition, but nothing has as yet been said about the subjects in which candidates are to be examined. As the new *régime* is not to come into force until August next, we suppose that sucking Civil Servants must bide their time patiently. If specimen examination papers, however, will be of any use to them, the following are very much at their service:—

FOREIGN OFFICE.

1. Have you a title, or how nearly are you related to a peer?
2. Have you a brother in the Guards?
3. What has been your average expenditure for the following articles during the last five years: (1) clothes, (2) flowers, (3) pomade, (4) gloves?
4. Show how you would accept an invitation to dine at Lord —?
5. Quote a passage from *La Grande Duchesse*, and give a free translation.
6. State (1) your private means, (2) the amount of your debts, (3) your expectations.

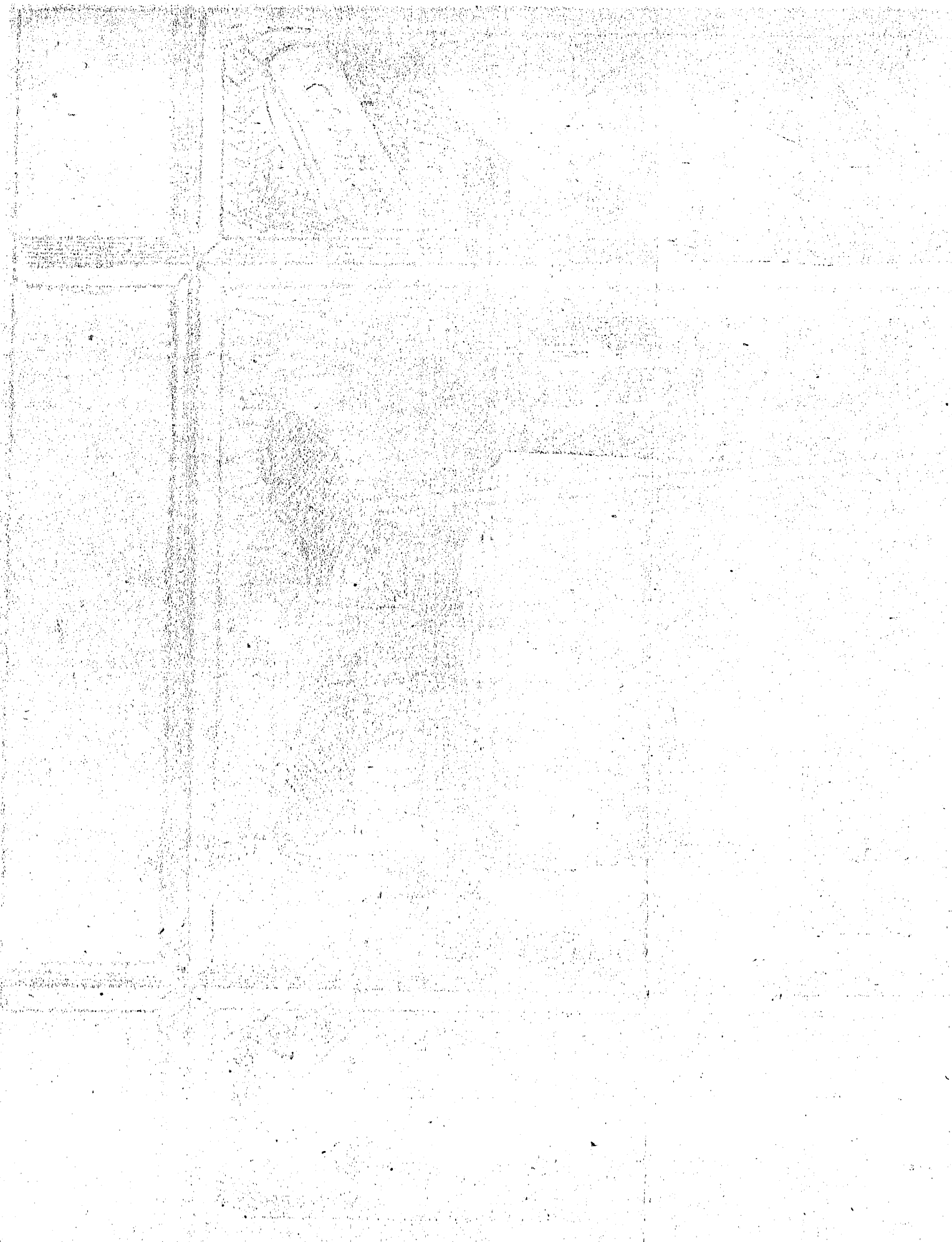
SOMERSET HOUSE.

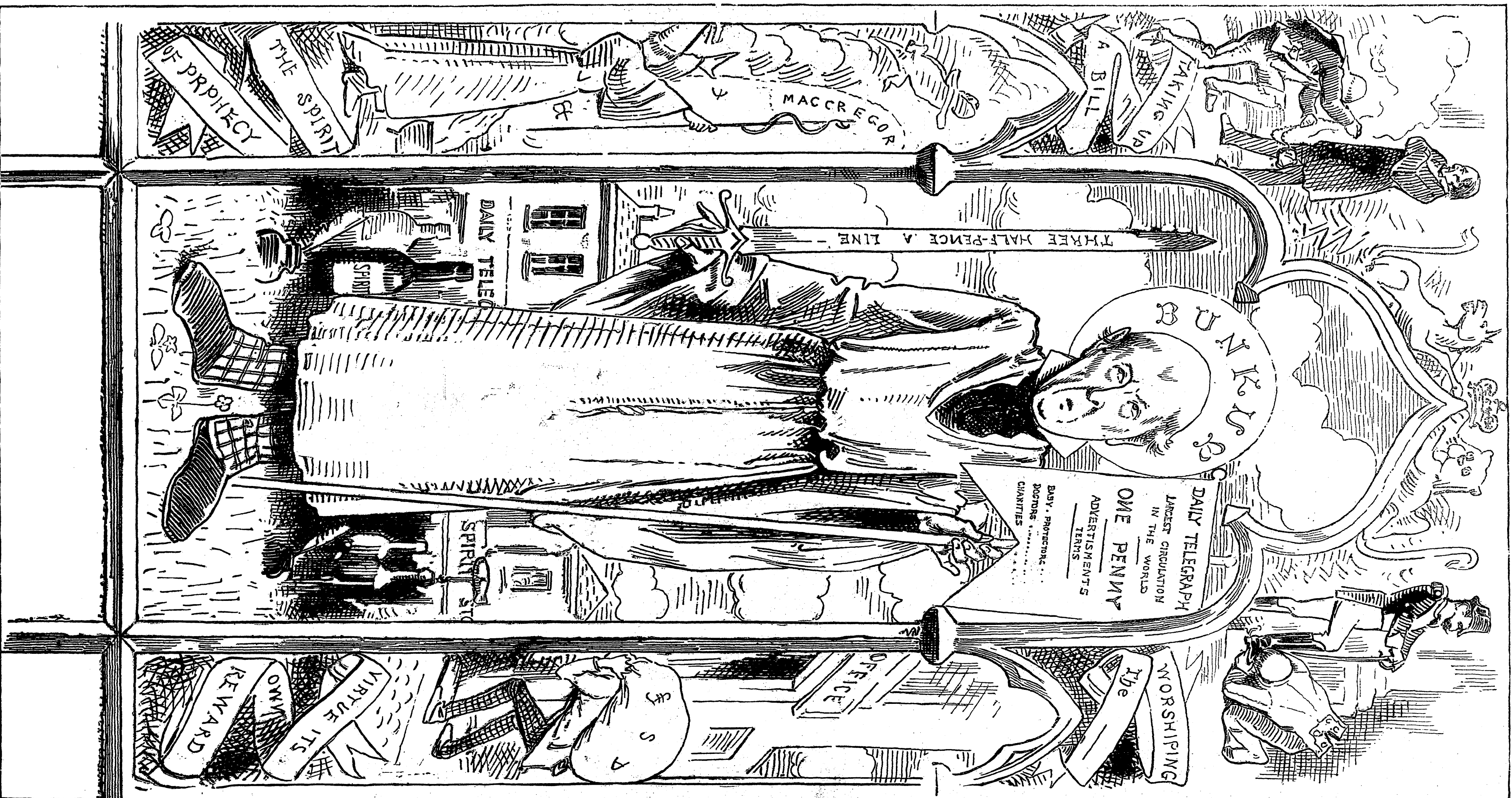
1. State the names of six families residing at Bayswater or Clapham with whom you are on visiting terms.
2. For whom did your father vote at the last election?
3. Have you ever been to a Grammar School? If so, define the words "chaps," "chink," and "bug."
4. Give a short history of one of your pipes.
5. Show how you would accept a bill, and state the difference between the execution of that document and of a promissory note, with reference to the Treasury Minute of 1867 on the subject of the bankruptcy of Civil Servants of the Crown?
6. Are you in the habit of going to the Derby, and how?

POST OFFICE.

1. Who are your parents? If tradesmen, whose names are on their books? Specify Members of Parliament and Heads of Departments.
2. Are you prepared to keep a wife and family on £90 a year, and to undertake not to agitate for an increase of pay?
3. Have you ever been a crossing-sweeper, or fulfilled any other position that would fit you for the duties of a clerk in the Savings' Bank Department of the Post Office?
4. How would you borrow five shillings? Look round the examination room and try to do it.
5. Will you promise to be particular in your dress, and to take Vance or Arthur Lloyd as your model?
6. Can you remember if you ever went to school?

Of course, the Civil Service Commissioners are already busily employed in making arrangements for the forthcoming examination. We understand that they are in treaty to obtain Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle or the Agricultural Hall as an examination room for the competitors for the first clerkship which is to be given away.





NOT QUITE A SAINT!

(DEDICATED TO THE "LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD"—WITH TOMAHAWKS RESPECTFUL COMPLIMENTS.)



NOI QUIE A SAINI

(DEDICATED TO THE "LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD"—WITH TOMAHAWK'S RESPECTFUL COMPLIMENTS.)

A NEW PIECE.

A GREAT many reflections have, from time to time, of late been cast upon the British drama, reflections, the justice of which the recent production of a new piece at the Vaudeville in no way tends to call in question. Managers have been attacked, and the fact that a writer, who could produce a play, in many respects, so good as *Two Roses*, should have been waiting an opportunity, while cartloads of vulgar twaddle have been accepted and put upon the boards, clearly demonstrates that the attack has been only too well deserved. Critics, too, have come in for their share of abuse, and, to judge of many of them from their last work, they also seem to have got neither more nor less than they have deserved. Having everlastingly poured vapid adulation over the miserable stuff that has been done into three acts by their friends, their critical acumen seems to have gradually got blunted. Consequently, utterly overcome by the unquestionable merits of a new writer, they have ceased to be critics, and have instead abjectly extended an excessive ovation to his work, regardless alike either of its true excellencies or palpable defects.

It must be admitted that usually a new name does not receive that affectionate welcome which has been accorded to the author of *Two Roses*; but, in the present instance, the real talent fell—rare occurrence—on a good soil, in the shape of the Vaudeville company, and so the public had it all their own way in the house, and the critics had to follow suit. Had Mr. Albery's piece been produced, let us suppose, at the Charing-Cross Theatre, we should have been told, possibly, that he was not without merits of a certain order; but depend upon it, we should have heard nothing of comparisons to Mr. Tom Robertson or even to Sheridan.

Every good critic ought to be able to detect a meritorious work, whatever be its interpretation at the hands of the actors; but it is this necessary second sight that, with one or two exceptions, we look for so vainly in the theatrical columns of the London press. Passing, however, to Mr. Albery's play, we cannot but feel that though he has a great deal, and that of a highly-important character, to learn, he is a decided acquisition to the ranks of modern English dramatic writers. Had his piece been more carefully criticised elsewhere, we should scarcely step to point out to him what are really one or two of its most serious defects. Still, it is not amiable literally to blind an author with congratulations. The process may be pleasant, on the instant, but the more substantial kindness is to point out to him what is really good in his work, what indifferent, and what bad. In the first place, *Two Roses*, in one or two phrases, strikes the ear as excessively coarse,—not bluntly so, but suggestively. It is a great error, whether the circumstance arise, on the one hand, from purpose, or, on the other, from mere chance, to leave passages in a play which are open to misconstruction. It is not pleasant to have to listen to, in the stalls, at least in the company of ladies, some passage which, by reason of their taking a refined view of it, falls perfectly harmlessly on their ears, but which is suddenly received by the less particular portion of the pit and the whole of the gallery as a downright good broad *double entendre*.

Doubtless, the experience of a few nights has remedied this; but, at first, it was a notable drawback to the excellence of the piece. Again, Mr. Albery's work is uneven. In one or two scenes his writing could not be better, and his aptitude for exactly hitting upon stage effect appears to remarkable advantage, but the next moment some grave mistake in the latter, or some very weak and foolish lines, betray the fact that the author has both hurried his writing, and insufficiently prepared the plot work to which they are fitted. Perhaps the weakest point in the piece is its sudden transition after the close of the second act. Nothing comes of the situation which effectively closes it, and both characters and story seem to have come from the pen of another author. The best defined part in the piece, Digby Grant, admirably rendered by Mr. Irving, fades out in the last act, and there is no less abrupt a change in the moral complexion of the blind youth, Caleb, a circumstance which shows that Mr. Albery would have done well to keep those excellent lines of Horace in his memory, and taken care—

"Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, et audes
Personam formare novam, servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet."

A forgetfulness of this most necessary principle mars, to a

great extent, Mr. Albery's work, and loses for him a vast amount of that influence over his audience that he would otherwise possess. That he should have succeeded as well as he has done, when greater labour would have given him such an additional claim to merit, at all events shows him to be a very promising *littérateur*. It cannot be denied that his leading character, together with his two daughters, suggests at once a sort of upper class Pecksniff, a suggestion which gathers weight from the chair speech in the last act. Still, there is unquestionably freshness and originality in the piece, taking it as a whole, and no one need be afraid of recommending the most *blasé* playgoer to sit it out. Good as is the author's work, the actors' work is still better. Mr. Montague might be better suited, yet, by his intelligent appreciation of his part, and the very conventional way in which he delivers rather trying and unconventional sentiments, he puts an amount of "real life" into it that it would easily lack in the hands of a less experienced actor. His love-making, too, is extremely unexaggerated, and therefore most pleasant. As to Mr. Irving, we cannot say more of him than this: He is one of the best character actors on the English stage, and derives immense advantage from the circumstance that he is able to speak the English language like an English gentleman. His *Digby Grant* is perfect. Mr. Thorne's *Caleb Decie* is again another artistic triumph, and it ought to be a matter for congratulation among the joint proprietors that one of their leading burlesque stars turns out to be a shining comedy light as well. Mr. Stephens is perhaps a little too "dry" as the lawyer; but what he had to do he did extremely well, and got through one troublesome scene, over-burdened with a refrain of "dear me," admirably. As to Mr. Honey, it is simply impossible for him *not* to be amusing. His part is an impossible one, but he made excellent stuff of it, and managed to be missed as soon as he left the stage. The ladies are all very good, a rare circumstance in these days of twenty female part pieces. Miss Amy Fawsitt needs more repose, but she is strongly at home always, and, with the exception of one exit, realised the devoted Lottie throughout.

To sum up, *Two Roses* is a very pleasant evening's entertainment; but it would be simply ridiculous to forget that piece, and actors apart, it is very doubtful if it would have made the least stir. The one suits the others, and together they are likely to please London for some time to come. Our best advice to Mr. Albery is to carefully look out all the defects of his first successful effort, and take care that number two has as much claim to lasting reputation as number one has to kindly welcome.

A VICAR'S VIEW OF CHARITY.

WE have, very gratefully, to thank the *Echo*, for the following admirable extract from some local paper. Not a line of it ought to be missed:—

"The Rev. R. C. Gibson presents his compliments to the Secretary to the Shrewsbury Infirmary, and in answer to a circular received from him, asking him to preach for it, begs to inform him that he must decline doing so, in consequence of a public announcement that they received a benefit from Bell's Circus. At this circus young girls are reported to have ridden on the horses. If a young girl appears in company at all, it ought to be in the company of an elderly woman, for young girls to be standing on horses galloping round a circus is subversive of the divinely-enjoined modesty of the woman, and totally repugnant to the shrinking delicacy which is their characteristic; and he cannot officially assist at an institution which derives income from such a discreditable source."

"Weston Lullingfield Vicarage, Shrewsbury, May 31."

Is there such a place as *Weston Lullingfield*, and is there such a person as the *Rev. R. C. Gibson*? The thing is almost too good to be true, and as we re-read the paragraph, to enjoy it once more, we almost begin to fancy the whole affair must be a hoax. If it be not, we confess to a feeling of something very like deep indignation with the *Rev. R. C. Gibson*, and are inclined to have him up like an ill-behaved schoolboy, and give him a sound lecturing. What do you mean by it, *Rev. R. C. Gibson*? What *on earth* do you mean by it? Passing over for the moment your uncalled-for attack on a set of charitably disposed circus riders, what *can*

you possibly urge in excuse of your own plea for not preaching in aid of the poor helpless sick in *Shrewsbury Infirmary*? Come, Sir, no hesitation, but give us your texts from Scripture to justify yourself! Show us, if you please, why you are to refuse food to Lazarus because he happens to have derived a little support from the crumbs that have fallen from the table of Dives! Now, Sir, no beating about the bush, if you please, but answer this plain categorical question—or do you find it difficult? Very possibly you do. Go to, Sir, take your Testament, and read it.

But to part company with this Rev. R. C. Gibson. Had we been so disposed, we might have laughed, or wept, at the terrible picture he conjures up of a double act of horsemanship, in which the performance is to be sustained by a young girl and an elderly woman. The thought of a poor old lady capering away for her bread on the back of a bare-backed steed is to us extremely painful; and though the words of the Vicar of Weston Lullingfield suggest the feat, we trust that it will never, under any circumstances, be attempted. To conclude, however, we will assure the Rev. R. C. Gibson of one thing, there is not a single member of the poor circus company, who volunteered his or her services in aid of the helpless and sick of Shrewsbury who does not preach a practical sermon on charity to him, that he will do well to take to heart. We strongly disapprove of his note, and, saying this, we have done with the Rev. R. C. Gibson.

THE COMIC DRILL BOOK.

[NOTE.—The military ardour of the British Public being now an accomplished fact, the author of these papers offers no apology for their appearance. He will attempt to lighten the walk of the weary recruit towards that pinnacle of excellence from which no adjutant returns. Being more or less (perhaps a little less) a Field-Marshal himself, he feels quite competent to perform his self-imposed task of teaching the young recruit how to shoot.]

Chapter I.—Of the Grades of the Army.

THE army, except in some particular cases, is composed of officers and men. This remark does not apply to the Volunteers, which are frequently composed entirely of officers. The author understands that there is a rifle corps not a thousand miles from Enfield which is thus composed. When this corps is out the junior major is always forced to act as a sentry.

The Colonel.—This is an honorary post. The officer is called a *colonel* because he has *nutting* to do.

The Lieutenant-Colonel.—Really commands the regiment when it isn't done for him by the adjutant. On obtaining the command, he generally refuses to dine at mess, on the score that he has just got out of his shell-jacket—in fact, is a *left tenant*—has cast off the *shell* and come to the *colonel*.

The Major.—Deputy of the Lieut.-Colonel. This officer generally pitches his voice in the *minor* key when in the presence of his chief. When the chief is absent, however, he *may jaw*!

The Adjutant.—A most unpleasant rank. Not quite a captain, and yet more than a sub. He is mounted. His charger is supplied by the Government. A gross piece of extravagance this, worthy the attention of Messrs. Cardwell and Lowe, as a *really* good adjutant, after the morning's parade, always finds himself a little *hoarse*!

The Captain.—Commands a company of about eighty men. Has to pay them and keep their money. If popular, he, like the Pope, "leads a merry life. Has pleasant authority without too much responsibility. If he is *bullied* by the Colonel he needn't be *cowed*. Is idolised by the ladies, that's to say, if they like him.

The Lieutenant.—The blossoming sub. Not much to do, and plenty of time to do it in. The name is a corruption of *loo-tenant*, that is to say, one holding to, or going in for, "loo" limited, or otherwise.

The Ensign.—Gradually being abolished. Has to hold the flag in the battle and the breeze. He may relinquish the colours if he is killed, except in Scotch regiments, when

this excuse is not received, as every Highland officer is required by the regulations to be entirely "kilt."

The Serjeant-Major.—The greatest of the rakers. A man with much authority. Subs feel uncomfortable when he salutes them, as he invariably pays the compliment with a lofty condescending air betokening rigid attention to the Queen's Regulations. He is regarded with awe by the privates, and absolute terror by the recruits. The army lose many men yearly from the overpowering attacks of Serjeant-Major upon the brain.

The Serjeant.—The right hand of the captain and the left hand of the subs. Dreams of drill in his sleep, and snores in quick time. Called Serjeant from *S-argent* silver because he is worth his weight in gold.

The Private.—So called because he is a public, or rather public-house man.

The Pioneer.—This man always marches in front of the band, so that any waggish musician can play (when so disposed) upon the *pioneer*.

The Bandsman.—Very properly put at the head of the regiment. If anything about the volunteers could frighten the enemy it would be their band.

The Bugler.—Sometimes in the Militia called the bungler. He too-toos on his trumpet while the men get into two twos.

A WANDERING JEW—EL.

WE cannot go to press without a word, *apropos*, of the musical event of the day, otherwise, "The Wandering Jew," by J. L. Molloy. It was sung for the first time at Kuhe's Concert, last week, with a success surpassing that of the talented composer's "Vagabond." We can only add that we always hail (in common with the entire British Public) the Molloy-dious strains of Molloy.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

IT is truly a novelty to learn that the army is a lucrative profession. Whatever honour and glory may be attached to the profession of arms, it has always been held that soldiering did not pay, especially in the lower ranks of the service. This theory, however, has lately most satisfactorily been proved to be at fault. From a Parliamentary Return, just published, it appears that several hundred thousand pounds have during the last few years passed through the War Office on account of the estates of private soldiers, and that after paying away as much of the money as possible to the soldiers' heirs, or to such persons who by being advertised for could be brought forward to lay a claim to the money, still a large amount of capital remains in the hands of the War Office. The question has already arisen as to what is to be done with the surplus, and there are, of course, a hundred and one schemes ready to hand for its disposal, but it should follow, and let us hope it will follow, that soldiers' earnings should go for the benefit of soldiers' widows and children. A fund for the amelioration of the distress of these poor persons who, as a rule, have but a meagre chance of earning a sufficiency, would be an excellent institution, and might well be organised by the authorities who now have the necessary ready money at their disposal. In this age of "how not to do it," probably we shall hear that the money has been appropriated for paying off a little of the National Debt, or possibly has been put aside to build a New Consolidated War Office, or perhaps to pension obstructive members of the Horse Guards staff; but this should not be allowed, and we look to Mr. Cardwell, who, after all, is but a public trustee, to see that the money he controls is laid out in a proper and becoming manner. The point, however, that soldiers seem to amass little fortunes to leave behind them should not be lost sight of, either as a sign of an advanced state of military civilization, or as a fact to be held out as an inducement to a better class of men to enlist than now take the sergeant's shilling. Surely, if it can be shown that the shilling bears good interest, and will in time multiply itself into a good round sum, the objection to the military service as the beggar's profession would be partially removed; in any case, we advise the War Office to make the most of the figures which an inquisitive member of the House of Commons has succeeded in bringing to light.

“ TOMAHAWK'S ”

TOURISTS' GUIDE.

ABERDEEN - - THE ROYAL HOTEL.
DOUGLAS HOTEL.
ABERYSTWICH THE QUEEN'S HOTEL.
TO LET.

BATH - - - - THE YORK HOUSE.
BEDFORD - - - THE SWAN.
BIRMINGHAM - THE NEW GREAT WESTERN.
BRECON - - - THE CASTLE.
BRISTOL - - - THE ROYAL.
CLIFTON DOWN FAMILY
HOTEL.
TO LET.

CAMBRIDGE - - THE BULL.
CARDIFF - - - ROYAL HOTEL.
CARLISLE - - - THE COUNTY.
TO LET.

DAWLISH - - - LONDON HOTEL.
DERBY - - - - THE MIDLAND.
DOVER - - - - THE LORD WARDEN.
TO LET.

EASTBOURNE - THE SUSSEX.
SUTTON'S HOTEL.
EDINBURGH - - MURRAY'S LONDON HOTEL.
DARLING'S REGENT.
KERR'S PRIVATE HOTEL.
EXETER - - - ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL.
TO LET.

FOLKESTONE - THE CLARENDON.
TO LET.

GLASGOW - - - THE QUEEN'S.
TO LET.

HASTINGS - - QUEEN'S HOTEL.
TO LET.

LANCASTER - - KING'S ARMS AND ROYAL
HOTEL.
LEAMINGTON - THE REGENT.
LEEDS - - - - THE QUEEN'S.
LEICESTER - - THE BELL.
TO LET.

MALVERN - - - IMPERIAL HOTEL.
MANCHESTER - WATERLOO.
MATLOCK BATH WALKER'S BATH TERRACE
HOTEL.
TO LET.

NORWOOD - - - ROYAL CRYSTAL PALACE
FAMILY HOTEL.
TO LET.

OXFORD - - - RANDOLPH.
TO LET.

PENRITH - - - NEW CROWN.
PLYMOUTH - - THE ROYAL.
POOLE - - - - THE ANTELOPE.
TO LET.

ROSS - - - - THE ROYAL.
TO LET.

SALISBURY - - THREE SWANS.
STAMFORD - - THE ROYAL.
STIRLING - - - THE GOLDEN LION.
TO LET.

TORQUAY - - - THE QUEEN'S.
TO LET.

WAREHAM - - - RED LION.
WINCHESTER - ROYAL HOTEL.
BLACK SWAN.
WINDERMERE - QUEEN'S HOTEL.
WORCESTER - UNICORN.
TO LET.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

THE TOMAHAWK.

[June 18, 1870.]

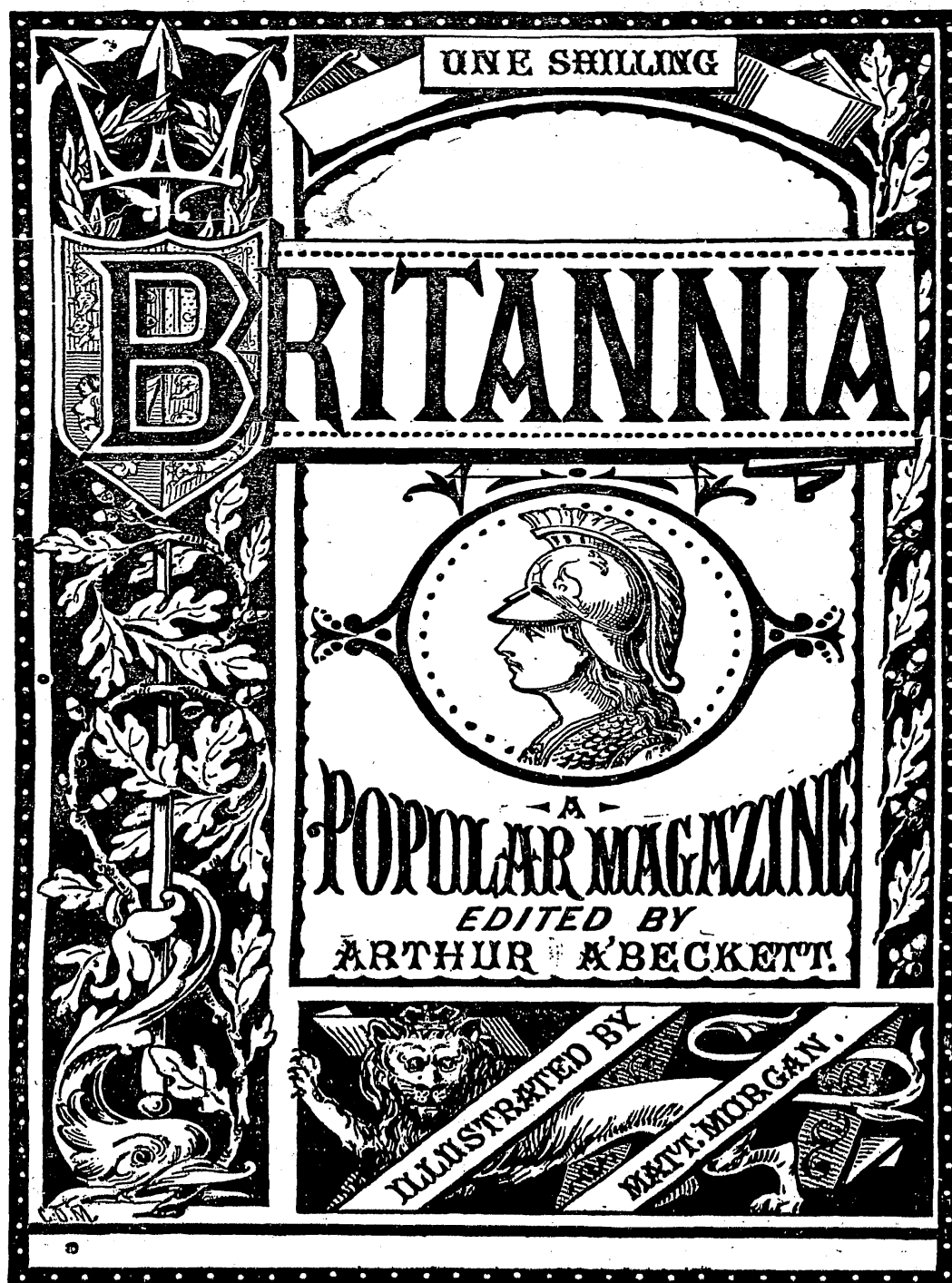
IN THE JULY NUMBER WILL BE COMMENCED

A NEW NOVEL,

By LADY DIANA BEAUCLEARK.

"GOOD SOCIETY!"

BY
THE EARL OF DESART.



£. S. D. BY F. A. MARSHALL.
ALSO,
MANY OTHER AMUSING TALES,
AND

ARTICLES OF GREAT PRACTICAL VALUE.

IN THE FEBRUARY NO. APPEARED THE FIRST PART OF
A NEW NOVEL
OF GREAT INTEREST, ENTITLED

"THROUGH THE FIRE!"

By ARTHUR A'BECKETT and SYDNEY DARYL.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

THE APRIL, MAY, AND JUNE NUMBERS CONTAIN

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT.—PRICE LIST.

| CLASS. | Zouave Suits. Height 3ft. | Zouave Suits. Hgt. 3ft. 4in. | Zouave Suits. Hgt. 3ft. 8in. | Zouave Suits. Height 4ft. |
|--------|------------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| A | 16s. | 17s. | 18s. | 19s. |
| B | 20s. | 21s. | 22s. | 23s. |
| C | 24s. | 25s. 6d. | 27s. | 28s. 6d. |
| D | 28s. | 29s. 6d. | 31s. | 32s. 6d. |
| E | 31s. | 33s. | 35s. | 37s. |
| F | 34s. | 37s. | 40s. | 43s. |
| G | 38s. | 41s. | 44s. | 47s. |

BOYS' CLOTHING.—
NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

EVERY succeeding Year the advantages of ordering Clothing from London Houses has become more impressed upon the Provincial community. Hitherto there has been a difficulty in sending prices with the Patterns requested for BOY'S CLOTHING, in consequence of the ages being quoted instead of the sizes. The age of the boy is no guide to his height. Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS have been induced to make the following arrangements, which will allow parents or guardians to receive patterns, and, after making their selection, at once to ascertain the price per suit, according to the height of the boy. Each description of suit is made in Seven Classes representing seven qualities of cloth. On each pattern is marked the Class to which it belongs.

ZOUAVE SUITS, with Knickerbockers or Trousers, NEGLIGENCE SUITS, and OVERCOATS, from the A to the G Class, are kept in stock for immediate use, or made to measure, and are illustrated in all the fashionable styles in the new Book of Fashions, containing 43 Figures, 37 of which are adorned with the portraits of princes, poets, and painters. Post-free for six stamps, deducted from a purchase. Patterns sent free.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT.—PRICE LIST.

| CLASS. | Zouave Suits. Hgt. 4ft. 4in. | Negligee Suits. Hgt. 4ft. 4in. | Negligee Suits. Hgt. 4ft. 4in. | Boys' Overcoats. Height 3ft. |
|--------|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| A | 20s. | 24s. | 25s. 6d. | 12s. 6d. |
| B | 24s. | 28s. | 29s. 6d. | 16s. 6d. |
| C | 30s. | 33s. 6d. | 35s. 9d. | 20s. |
| D | 34s. | 38s. 6d. | 40s. 9d. | 24s. |
| E | 39s. | 43s. | 46s. | 28s. |
| F | 46s. | 50s. | 54s. 6d. | 33s. |
| G | 50s. | 57s. | 61s. 6d. | 38s. |

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**PROFESSOR BROWNE'S
CELEBRATED HAIR-CUTTING ESTABLISHMENT,
47 FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.**

Hair-Cutting 6d. Annual Subscription £1 1s.
Shampooing 6d. And without any restriction
Hair Singeing 6d. as to Number of Times...£2 2s.
Gentlemen's Real Head of Hair, or Invisible Peruke from 30s.

PROFESSOR BROWNE
Has the Largest Stock of Ornamental Hair in the World always on view
at his Establishment,
47 FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON.

**THOMAS ELLIOTT'S
CITY HAIR-CUTTING CHAMBERS,
51 FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.**

Hair-Cutting..... 6d. Annual Subscription £1 1s.
Shampooing 6d. And without any restriction
Hair Singeing 6d. as to Number of Times...£2 2s.

ELLIOTT'S Golden Melana has restored the Hair upon Bald Heads.
ELLIOTT'S Tonic Lotion has produced Whiskers, Moustache, and Eyebrows. 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d. and 21s.
ELLIOTT'S Pilo Chromatic has restored the Hair to its Natural Colour.
Forwarded on receipt of stamps, 5s., 7s. 6d., 15s.
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**JOHN GOSNELL
AND CO.'S
CHERRY TOOTH PASTE**
is greatly superior to any Tooth-powder, gives the Teeth a pearl-like whiteness, and protects the enamel from decay. Price 1s. 6d. each.
Angel Passage, Upper Thames Street,
LONDON.

**PURITY
CONDY'S FLUID**

destroys all offensive odours, purifies the atmosphere of inhabited rooms and close places, frees water from putrescent organic matter, restores to perfect soundness tainted food, is harmless and inodorous. For use ONE part makes 200.

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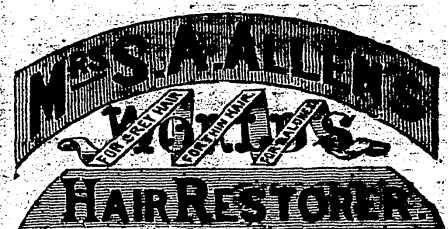
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