
This is an image of the inside cover of the boards in which the hard copy is bound. It should be extracted.

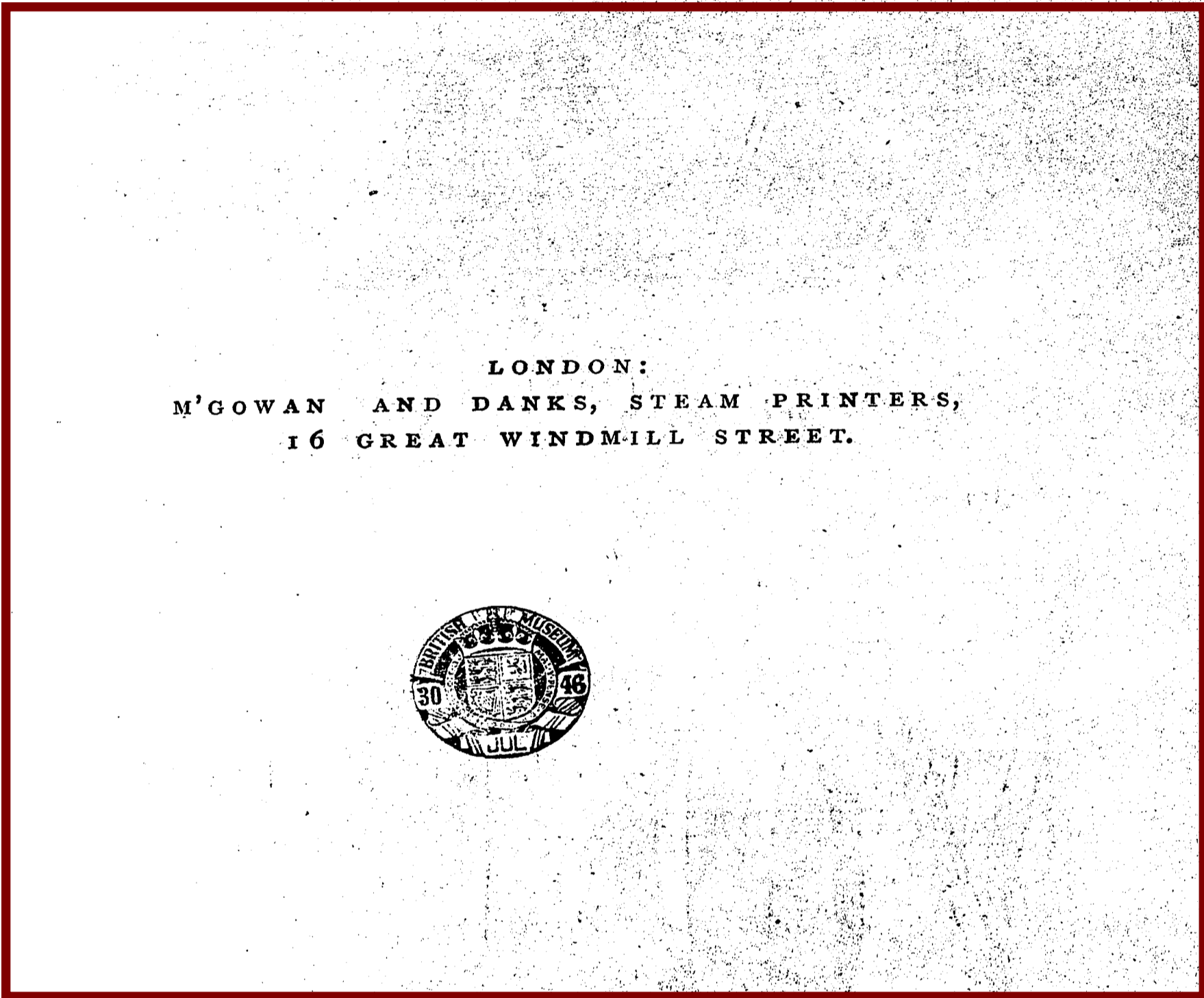
This is the volume frontispiece and should be segmented as two items. The picture and the imprint as indicated.

P. P. 5272



LONDON:
OFFICE OF THE TOMAHAWK, 199 STRAND, W.C.
1869.

This is the back of the cut that forms the volume frontispiece and should be segmented as a separate item.



This is the title image of the volume 'Preface'. It should be segmented as a separate item from the text and marked as an image so that it is returned in user-image searches but it should also be associated with the text which follows it so that the text and picture appear together in the pop-up viewer window and export functions. The 'Preface' is also a department and here it should be easily recognised because it conforms to our rules for recognising departments- it is the first text on the page and is followed by a horizontal line.



P R E F A C E .

FLOATING WITH THE TIDE!

Yes. Floating with the Tide of Right and Virtue, TOMAHAWK pursues his course towards the Great Deep Sea of Truth. Afar off, afar off, perhaps never to be achieved, never to be arrived at, still the Canoe shall travel on towards the happy waters as it has for Summers twice-told, as it has for Winter twice seen.

Floating with the Tide, beside the dark dread banks of falsehood, the sharp strong rocks of slander, for ever moving, for ever conquering, the Canoe and its steerer float past the shores and shoals—shores full of danger and shoals yet more deceitful.

Floating with the Tide o'er the rapids of opinion, down along the Stream of Time. Light as the feather of a dove, strong as the eagle's claw. Onwards, onwards, for ever onwards. Firm and fragile, with power and pleasure, sweet and mighty. Ever ready, ever wrathful with the wicked, the proud, and scornful. Strong and loving with the weak, and poor, and helpless.

Floating with the Tide away from sun and pleasant sunshine to the lands of mighty princes—princes great and very haughty. Away, away. Yes, far away from home.

Floating with the Tide beside the Neva's best-loved city. By the palace of the Pope-King—Alexander the Czar—Czar of all the Russias—Mighty Sovereign full of weakness—worldly priestling nursing error!

PREFACE.

Floating with the Tide beside the Frenchman's barracks—to the land of many riots. To the town of swords and war songs to the place of much dissension. Beside the Despot's throne with the soldier's gun, so often used for bloodshed; beside the "bunkum." Near Napoleon, the aged, Napoleon the making friends of plaster!

This is a continuation of the previous item

where much is humbug—humbug so soon retracted—retracted and forgotten. To the place where lies—lies so sweet are told,—where thieves are only wise and rogues the only masters. To the States we call United, because they hate each other!

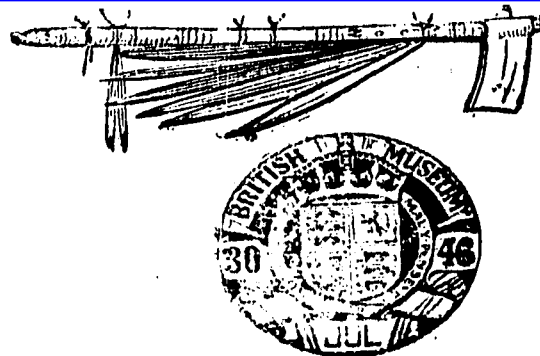
Floating with the Tide to the land of Spain and Treason, where men who'd rule the world, love wine, and scoff at Reason! Where men are mad, and women sad, and laws are bad. Where they think their king's a bore, and their queen's a something more!

Floating with the Tide to the land of Sand and Sphynxes. Where the lord is not the king, where the king is not the lord. Where Egypt loves to lurk, feasting princes, and scoffing at the Turk!

Floating with the Tide to the land of Rome and olives. Where Victor is the King, and yet is not the Victor. Where the South loves not the North, and Garibaldi wildly fumes away and fiercely twaddles—"froth!"

Floating with the Tide to Ireland, the much oppressed. Where wrong is called right, until wrong is asked to fight. Where men are either fools, the slaves of Orange rules, or knaves, with wretches for their tools!

Floating with the Tide to the land of his birth, TOMAHAWK leaves off writing rhythm, and getteth back to work!



THE GREAT MONTHLY



	SUN.	MON.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Frid.	Sat.		SUN.	MON.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Frid.	Sat.
Jan.	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	July	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16		11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	Aug.	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30		25	26	27	28	29	30	31
	31								1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Feb.	7	8	9	10	11	12	13		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	Sep.	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	28								29	30	31				
Mar.	7	8	9	10	11	12	13		5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20		12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27		19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	28	29	30	31				Oct.	26	27	28	29	30		
April	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17		10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24		17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	25	26	27	28	29	30			24	25	26	27	28	29	30
May	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		31						
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	Nov.	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22		14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29		21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	30	31							28	29	30				
June	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19		12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26		19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	27	28	29	30				Dec.	26	27	28	29	30	31	



THE TOMAHAWK ALMANACK.

LETTER FROM THE DOG STAR.

To Sir Richard May

MISERABLE MAN,—I suppose you flatter yo so far off, I have not had my eye on you all this I cannot say that I have been surprised at the you have been guilty, because I know of what capable. I have seen your cowardly cruelty to your myrmidons carrying out their master's iniquities, that dogs have no souls, but they have—ar I shan't forget it. You think, in common with run up to this star, where they bark in a chorus the cruelties which they have suffered, and the ferer, on earth below. It's all very well of sive and ribald verses such as—

“Let dogs delight to bark and For 'tis their nature to.”

It is not their nature to bite—they learn that peace, all is gentleness, and kindness of heart course with one another. But the crimes which you and such as you have perpetrated against our noble race are known here—and, trust me,

This is a department heading and should appear in the TOC

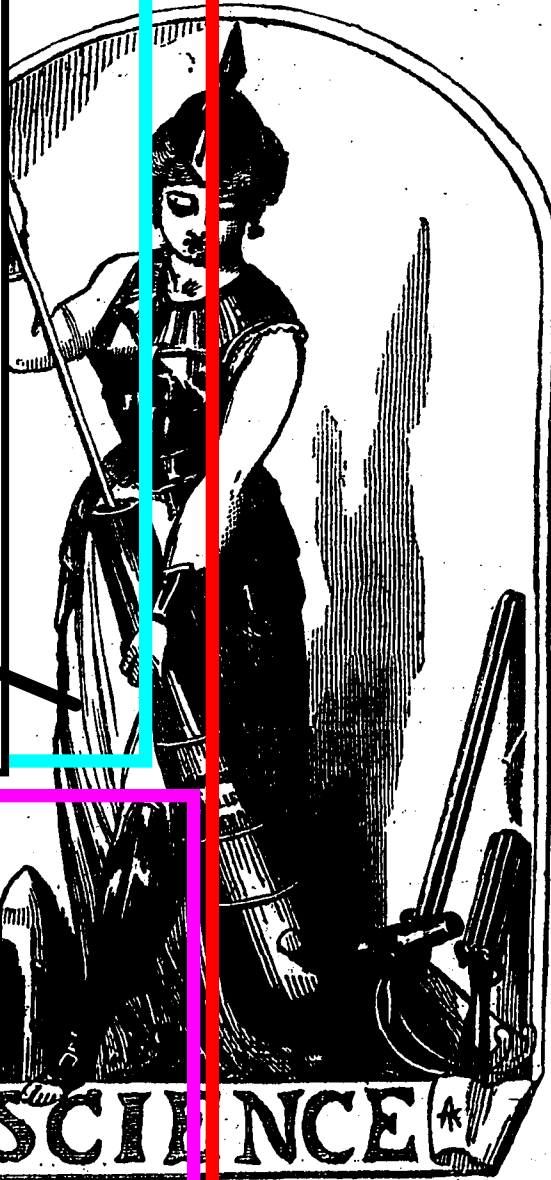
CHRISTMAS FARE FOR EUROPEAN COURTS.

- FOR BERLIN.—Strasbourg patties.
ST. PETERSBURG.—Roley-Pole-y, pudding.
ROME.—Italian cream.
ITALY.—The Pope's eye.
COPENHAGEN.—Wedding cake.
MADRID.—Jugged heir (to the throne).
LONDON.—Palace cake (the Crystal).
PARIS.—German sausage, served up with T-rifles.
VIENNA.—Hungarian w-h-ines.
ATHENS.—Ra-haat-la-koum.
CONSTANTINOPLE.—Greek bitters.

TERMS FOR 1869.

- EASTER TERMS.—Apples, 1d. Oranges, 1d. Ginger-beer, 2d. Bill of the Play, 1d.
MIDSUMMER TERMS.—Strawberries and Cream, 1s. 6d.
MICHAELMAS TERMS.—Good Geese for the Table from 5s. a-piece. All others a farthing a dozen.

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CONNUBIAL CONUNDRUMS.

- WHAT does a husband's promise about giving p tobacco end in?
Why, in smoke!
What does a drunken husband's thirst end in?
Why, in bier!
If your wife "kills you with laughing," what crime does she cause to be perpetrated?
Why, mans 'laughter!
If you refuse your wife any boxes for the opera, in what condition do you find boxes and wife?
Why, in tiers!

TOMAHAWK'S PROPHECY FOR 1869.

JANUARY.

BAD time for colds. A Prince of the Blood Royal will sneeze this month. As Mars gets in the way of Leo, in the fourth house of Mercury, we may expect a very fine crop of turnips, and an earthquake in Timbuctoo.

FEBRUARY.

The Emperor Napoleon will have reason to dread this month. Scorpio tumbles over Gemini at the side of Virgo, meaning great economy on the part of a German Prince, Christian in name and Christian in nature. The Czar of Russia, and all people born about this time on a Tuesday, will find great danger in drinking oil of vitriol.

MARCH.

Aquarius interferes with Capricornus, and tries to force himself into the third house, and Napoleon ponders over his fate. This will be an unlucky month for the Thames Tunnel; it also will be fraught with danger to Sir Robert Carden and summer cabbages.

APRIL.

Napoleon must beware of this month, as his star gets nearer to the Sun than usual; and as Leo falls out of his own circle, and gets into the company of Venus, I am afraid that a German Prince, Christian in name and Christian in nature, will be put to some annoyance about this time by losing a fourpenny bit.

MAY.

Sagittarius starts for the Milky Whey via Neptune and Uranus, a journey which causes great anxiety to the Emperor Napoleon. People born on a Thursday must beware of treading upon poisonous serpents this month.

JUNE.

A German Prince, Christian by name and Christian by nature, is very waggish about this time. Verbum Persona gets into the same house with Rara Avis, while Capricornus removes elsewhere. These changes denote that there will be rain some time this year. The Empress of Austria may be expected to make a pun about the 15th of this month.

PLOM-PUDDING.

PREPARED BY JULES.

It is Christmas, and you shall require the recipe. It is this: Take two boule-dogues, and them to little bits, and put them into a tub. Then into the tub mix well with a l(1) four bottles of le Jamaica ginger-re. Add to this nine pounds of red rosbif, s of real Scotch-marmalade, with raisins, brand-ball, peckles, and two quart of the re's veritable turtle-soope (3). Then take bere and chop till it is all chopped into ll mince, and as one chops there must be added leetle bits of moffin, meeslertoo, twelf-caake, and le gin. Then let it all ed before a slow fire, and served in pie-plates (4) with hot por-re. C'est excellent!



This is a department heading and should appear in the TOC

HOW TO MAKE A WILL.

BY A CRUSTY OLD BACHELOR.

First Method.

To twenty expectants' friends adopt six orphans from the Foundling Hospital; to them add every third nephew. Gently stir with a revisionary interest to your cousins' grandchildren, and leave to settle.

Second Method.

Take twelve nieces, and four intimate friends; divide them equally; then take a codicil and leave to a moderately useful charity.

Third Method.

Seize a godchild, make a will in its favour, and let its mother see it; omit attestation, and it is done.

(1) You can get this at the 'ustings. (3) Sold in cups at le Mansion-'ouse.

(2) The great depot in a little street in Lambeth. (4) That is why it is called "le mince-pto."

Every one that takes in his neighbour is a Good Samaritan, one need not fear amongst thieves.





ON THE ELDER OF TWINS.
 Proteus declares he hates deceit.
 So he does—but in another;
 Before his birth he learned to cheat—
 Whom? d'ye ask, why his twin brother.

Benjamin Disraeli,

BORN (politically) 1837. DIED (politically) 1883.

Constant in purpose, inconstant in principle,
 Greedy of fame, more greedy of infamy,
 Resolved to succeed once, if he failed for ever,
 He gained his end by forgetting his beginning.
 By nature an ardent Radical, he deformed himself into a cynical Tory,
 And subdued his conscience by the power of his intellect.
 The abuses that he saw he scorned to destroy,
 And preferred to fight for evil rather than be at Peace for good.
 He could bear the hate of men, not their indifference,
 And their execration better than their ridicule.
 Aping independence while he cringed for patronage,
 He had the courage to revile his benefactor—not to be grateful to him.
 Treason earned him the notoriety which fidelity could not.
 Thus step by step, without ever scraping the dirt off his feet,
 He rose to be Leader of the party which had bought him for a slave.
 Hated by his followers, despised by his colleagues,
 But equally necessary to both,
 He set to work to reduce both to his own level.
 Cunning as a serpent, persevering as a mole,
 He dragged his party into the disgrace
 Which they, not he, could feel:
 He laughed at their threats, derided their shame,
 And prostituted his talents that he might corrupt their ignorance.
 Never angry, because never in earnest,
 He stomached an insult as easily as his own words.
 No taunt could rouse him, as no disgrace could crush him.
 Defeat became him better than Victory,
 And his end best of all.
 He exalted cleverness at the expense of honour,
 And extorted men's admiration
 While he earned their contempt.
 May he be content with the glory he has won,
 Is the prayer of all who love their country!

TO LUCY.

Lucy vows no man is true;
 'Tis the truth, fair girl, you say;
 How can man be true to you,
 Since you change, love, every day?



TO THE MERRY MOMUS.
 Momus the wittiest is of witty knaves,
 They say he makes the dead laugh in their graves.
 It may be so: his jokes are all so old,
 There lives no man can laugh when they are told.

ON A WEDDING RING.
 This little ring I give to you
 Of life's an emblem sweet;
 In life no happiness is true,
 Except where both ends meet.



THE TOMAHAWK ALMANACK.

ODE TO THE OBSCURE.

AMBITIOUS souls of England,
Who sit at home at ease,
Yet sigh and chafe meanwhile to share
The battle and the breeze

This is the next department. Its title is preceded by a double line and followed by a single line. It should appear in the TOC

A path to splendid woe!
I speak not of the meaner kind
Who nurse no noble aim,
For whom there beckons in the wind

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With dominant delight ;
Who to th' embraces of a foe
As to a maiden's cleave,
Who dearly love to deal the blow,
And dread not to receive.

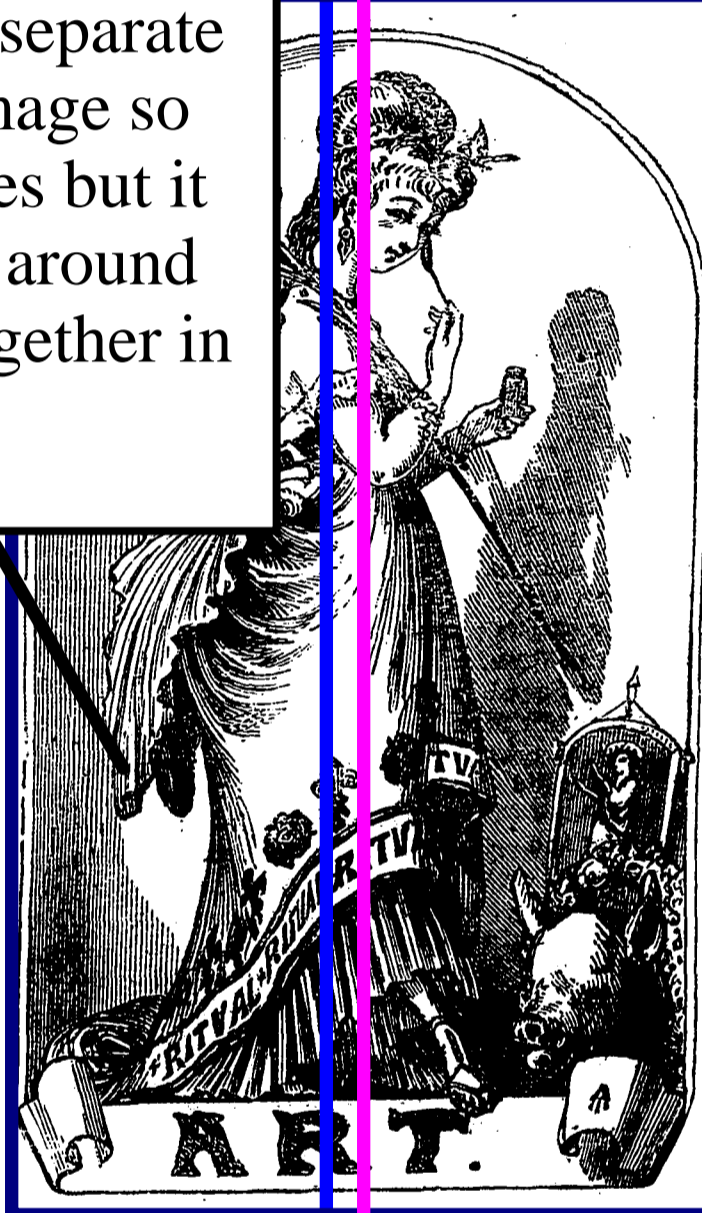
That, their reward—the pulse of fight,
“The rapture of this strife,”
The self-exalting sense of might,
Enlargement of their life.
Yet rare joys these, and brief as rare,
And these are all they gain,
E'en when they win, to help them bear
Their Pelion of pain.

For Slander dogs them to the death,
And stabs them from behind,
Mingles with theirs a noisome breath,
Misrepresents their mind.
Malice their motives doth distort,
Belittles all they do,
Draws their gigantic stature short,
And points their path askew.

For this the phrensied fools abjure
Tranquillity, that best
Sure born by which we mortals poor
Are by the gods left blest ;
Give up for this—oh, how they err !
The haven of the Home ;
To soft and smiling sands prefer
The rudeness of the foam.

For them no constant warm fireside,
No nightly hearth's content,
No arms of welcome opened wide
With chattering voices blent.
Their busy spouses Fashion court
Whilst they are courting Fame ;
The windy fervour of the sport
Blows out Affection's flame !

Oh what a madcap scheme of life
That men Ambition call !
Whereby they scarcely know their wife,
Their children not at all.



What I forfeit to a gaping crowd
All that can make life sweet !
Rather the worms were in my shroud,
And the cold clay round my feet !

Therefore, unwise, ambitious souls,
Who sit at home at ease,
Yet sometimes weakly sigh to share
The battle and the breeze,
Which stir the walls of Parliament,
And set the world on fire,
Think of my lay and cast away
Your folly-fledged desire.

DIALOGUE IN OLYMPUS.

Dramatis Personæ, Illustrious Musicians of Bygone Days.

HAYDN.—Well, Rossini, now that we have tried to make you feel at home, tell us the news.

ROSSINI.—I declare I don't believe there is any news, and if there were, I should be the last man to know anything about it. You see, during my later years, I didn't much like music, and I got out of the way of it when I could.

WEBER.—Don't say that ! The world has at least appreciated your *Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell*.

ROSSINI.—Well, perhaps ; but some people think the latter too long, which it is, and the former too short, which it isn't. Upon my word, it is very hard to say what the public *does* like just now. People will go and hear anything in the present day if singers of decent reputation are announced.

GLUCK.—Surely you wrong the public. I understood that my *Alceste* was revived with enthusiasm at Paris.

ROSSINI.—True, folks went to hear it when Viardot was engaged, but when Madlle. Battu sang it, nobody went, and those who did go would sooner have stayed at home.

GLUCK.—But my *Orphée* ?

ROSSINI.—Certainly, that did pretty well at the Lyrique, but *Orphée aux Enfers* did better at the Bouffes.

GLUCK.—Pardon me, I never wrote a work of that name.

ROSSINI.—Of course not, but Offenbach did.

CHERUBINI.—Offenbach ! Who's he

ROSSINI.—A clever fellow, assuredly. His compositions don't sound much like music, but they are brisk enough to listen to.

CHERUBINI.—Is he a good writer of comic opera ?

ROSSINI.—Gracious me ! Certainly not ! Ask Auber when he comes here. I merely mentioned Offenbach because he is the fashionable man just now. But he makes money too easily to do any good to his art. *Auri sacra fames* !

BEETHOVEN.—Making money too easily is a danger to which I was never subjected !

MOZART.—May I ask if you ever hear, now-a-days, of a couple of pieces called *Don Juan* and the *Zauberflöte* ?

ROSSINI.—*Oh parbleu !* They will live as long as the sun shines ! But, truly, Mozart mine, you are too hard on the public in forcing upon them such a libretto as that of the *Zauberflöte* ! The story is really too hopeless.

BEETHOVEN.—And *Fidelio* ?

ROSSINI.—Humph !

BEETHOVEN.—Thank you.

SPONTINI.—And my *Vestale* ?

ROSSINI.—Well, I'm sorry to say that I haven't heard much about it lately.

MEYERBEER.—Does the *Africaine* get on better than it did ?

ROSSINI.—Well, it doesn't get on at all now. They have replaced it with Ambrose Thomas's *Hamlet*, and, odd as it may seem, I think they would have done better to stop where they were.

MEYERBEER.—Thomas is an able man.

ROSSINI.—I'm sure it's very good of you to say so. And now, as everybody has cross-examined me, I should like to ask one question.

OMNES.—Certainly !

ROSSINI.—Well, can I get any maccaro ni here ?

(Diversity of opinion and change of scene.)

MAY

JUNE



EPIGRAMS.

I.
Said Athene to Paris, I wisdom will give
To you, though you always have shunned it;
And during your life, and e'en after you live,
The world shall pronounce you a pundit.

Curious Document.

Picked up in every Town in England.

TO A PAPER

which has for years
Supported a Policy of Perfect Fairness
to all things and everybody;
which has become the Hope of the Weak,
the Terror of the Wicked,
the Particular Horror of

H.M.

NAPOLEON III.,

Emperor of the French,

and all who Support his Policy;
which has Put Down Quacks
of all Kinds and every Denomination;
in fact,

TO TOMAHAWK,

The Wonder of the Age,

the gift of

an Enormous Circulation

is presented

by a

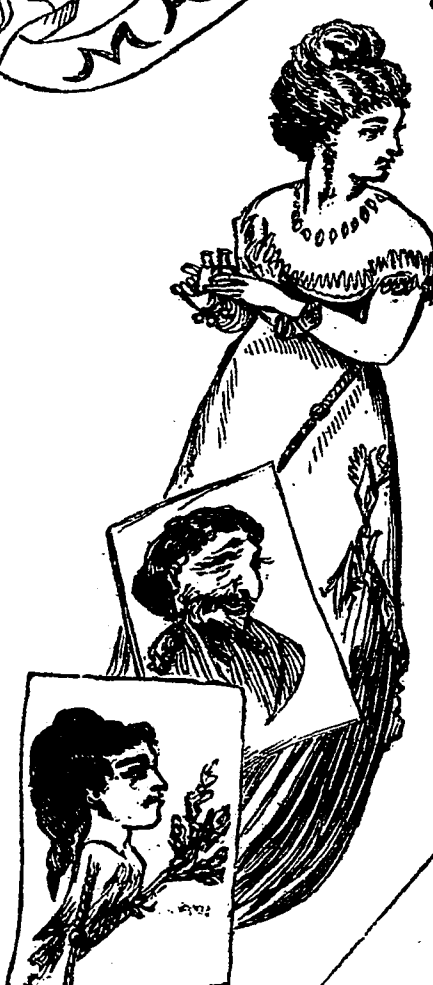
GRATEFUL PEOPLE.

IV.

To Juno, Athene, Venus, Paris said,
With your gifts 'tis not easy to grapple;
But since I am lazy and vain in the head,
Aphrodite! here, take you the Apple!

III.
Said Venus to Paris, I'll give you the fair,
Young, ripe, rosy, luscious, and fruity;
And though you've no power nor wisdom to spare,
You never shall fare ill with Beauty.

II.
Said Juno to Paris, you potent shall be,
In one, Consul, Tribune, and Licitor;
And whether the fight be on land or on sea,
I promise that you shall be victor.



JULY

AUGUST

This is a department heading and should appear in the TOC

THE TOMAHAWK ALMANACK.

THE NEW CLEOPATRA.

The Viceroy of Egypt's cry for pleasure, more pleasure, has gone to His Excellence, or Highness, or negative Majesty, has seen the Great Duchess of all the Pericholles, and has dreamt of exquisite contortions and indefinable charms ever since he was last year.

The Viceroy must have a theatre—a theatre where he and his subjects may be amused. The Turks and infidels have, as yet, only tasted the dubious charm of listening to a fourth-rate Italian singer, accompanied by a Turkish or Egyptian band. They are sick of those humbugs the Almee, and the common acrobat is an abomination in their nostrils.

Egypt wants a theatre and the Schneider. *Rien que ça.*

It is not astonishing, then, that the Sultan should have been disturbed by a similar desire to reproduce in the city of the Faithful some such entertainment as he witnessed when in the city of shopkeepers.

It is now therefore a race between Turkey and Egypt as to which

a public place of real entertainment.

ed, at all hazards, to carry off by his agents

and tragic-comedian and comic-tragedian M.

been credibly informed that M.

own watching for an

Miss Nelly Farren to

snapshot of the Sultan's

we have received

ident in Alexandria

regulations concerning

which will be con-

pyramid.

keep the secret, and

turned into a cafe-

Vance is already

the stay of H.R.H.

fit of our readers:—

PYRAMIDS.

tations.

actress) engaged by

his or her shoes and

ge door.

at rehearsal without

the exigencies of the

propriety absolutely

ess) shall be engaged

to lift his or her leg

as high as the great and only Schneider

the Great Duchess of all the Pericholles.

- 4.—Any player forgetting his part, not arriving at rehearsal at the hour called, or incapable of gagging, is liable to be enclosed in a sack and thrown into the Nile, there to remain for a period not exceeding five days.
- 5.—Every player to be capable of performing either in English or French, as the season may demand. (No Egyptians need apply.)
- 6.—The Can-can to be practised by the entire company at least twice in the week.
- 7.—No Backsheesh to be accepted on any account by any member of the troupe, unless handed over immediately to the Directors.
- 8.—No performance to be stopped on any consideration, unless His Highness the Viceroy shall be conversing behind the scenes at the time.
- 9.—The Great Duchess Schneider to have all the receipts at the door, if such be Her Excellence's good will and pleasure, otherwise the salaries to be paid out of the profits as regularly as the cashier will permit.
- 10.—The Viceroy will be Director, Cashier, and Treasurer of the said theatre.

(Signed) ISMAEL PACHA,
Viceroy of Egypt.

Women are angels. Certainly they are where there is no marriage or giving in marriage. What a pity it is they should become wives!

There is a great charm about the modern French novel, but unfortunately there is always something which offends. One's sympathy is cooled for a lovely girl who tells you in the same breath that she loves you and has had onions for dinner.

DIAMONDS OF IMPURE WATER.

DEAR TOMAHAWK,—I am an English actress—only an actress, as yet I am sorry to say have never received a part of any great eminence.

At the same time, small as my part may be, I wish to make the most of it naturally, and take the greatest pains possible to dress it. But, as you must well know, modern dresses have to come out of the pockets of actors, and consequently of actresses who are earning their livelihood on the stage, and in many pieces the costume required for the position of the character represented is one in which much money must be spent, if it is to bear any resemblance to its prototype.

Now I am continually hearing of the superb *toilettes* worn on the Paris stage by the different celebrities of the day, and a few days ago I was happily enabled to judge for myself, owing to the kindness of a relative of mine who is resident in the French capital.

Oh, sir! Such extravagance of female dress I have never dreamt of! Such prodigality would not be pardonable in a director who supplied the dresses himself, and indeed is only ridiculous, as exposing the vanity of those who appear in them, but I give you my word I saw one actress, a very pretty woman no doubt, appear in three different dresses in one ordinary farce.

The first, a love of a dress, certainly was a morning dressing-gown of Chantilly lace—nothing but lace—with long mediæval sleeves of the same, and a *sac* hanging from the shoulders (our great grandmothers called it a sack, I believe). The second was a morning dress of grenat silk reps, with a double petticoat looped into a bow behind, much like the dress worn by Madame de Maintenon in her later days. The third dress, which reminded me of a transformation scene at Christmas, was apricot silk trimmed with long fringes of the same colour, and eighteen small flounces on the skirt, with an elaborate upper ditto looped up as in the second, behind. This costume was completed with a small coronet bonnet of same silk, trimmed with an aigrette, and fastened as to its "strings" with a diamond brooch under the chin.

I cannot deny that each dress was a marvel of fabric and artistic taste, but far too splendid for the position supposed to be held by the character, and utterly unattainable with the actress's salary.

I am not going to pretend that I ignore the way in which such elegance and lavish expenditure is defrayed; but, as I have no intention of giving any Russian prince or Brazilian potentate my fair name in exchange for the run of his still, I cannot see how I am to cope with them, even to the extent necessary to give the English stage a reputation for being well dressed, which it has not got, as you may know by calling on any Adelphi guest to whom you may chance to be introduced.

Surely a comedy should be put on the stage with as much care as a burlesque, and if large sums are spent upon the fancy costumes of a folly, which only lasts its run, why should not a director of a theatre see that those who represent ladies in the best society should be as near the right thing in dress as the nymphs of the land of Nectarines or the court of King Nincompoop?

We need not appear in three different suits of fine feathers in the same farce, but let us have at least one well-made *toilette* in the course of three acts.

I am, dear TOMAHAWK,
Yours,
ROSALIND.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

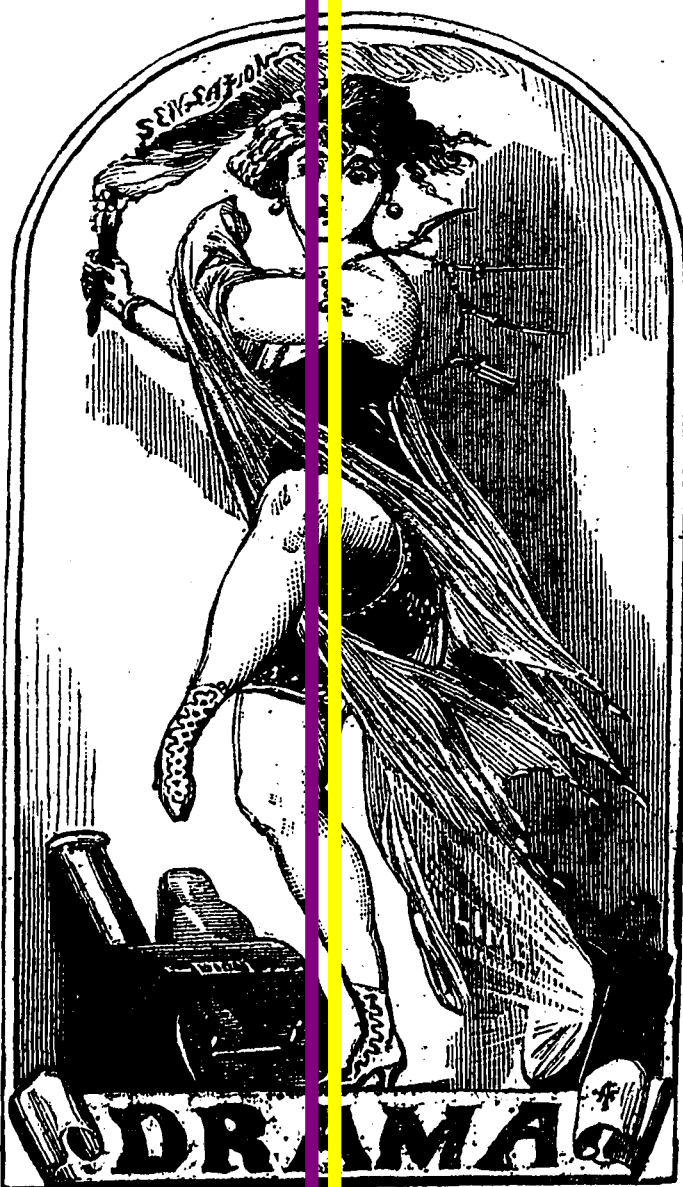
Communicated by the Reporter at the Bow street Police Court.

- "Fined five shillings."
- "Bail refused."
- "Forty shillings, or a month."
- "Discharged with a caution."
- "Committed for trial."
- "A pound from the Poor-box."
- ** And very proper language, too, Mr. Flowers.—TOMAHAWK.

It is certainly a great incentive to genius the hope of living in the world after death. Rossini will never be dead for the lovers of music. "Tell est la vie!"

This is a department heading and should appear in the TOC

This picture should be segmented as a separate item from the text and marked as an image so that it is returned in user-image searches but it should also be associated with the text around it so that the text and picture appear together in the pop-up viewer window and export functions.





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* Intended for Sir P. Mayne we are not however quite sure of getting like him



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Matt Morgan

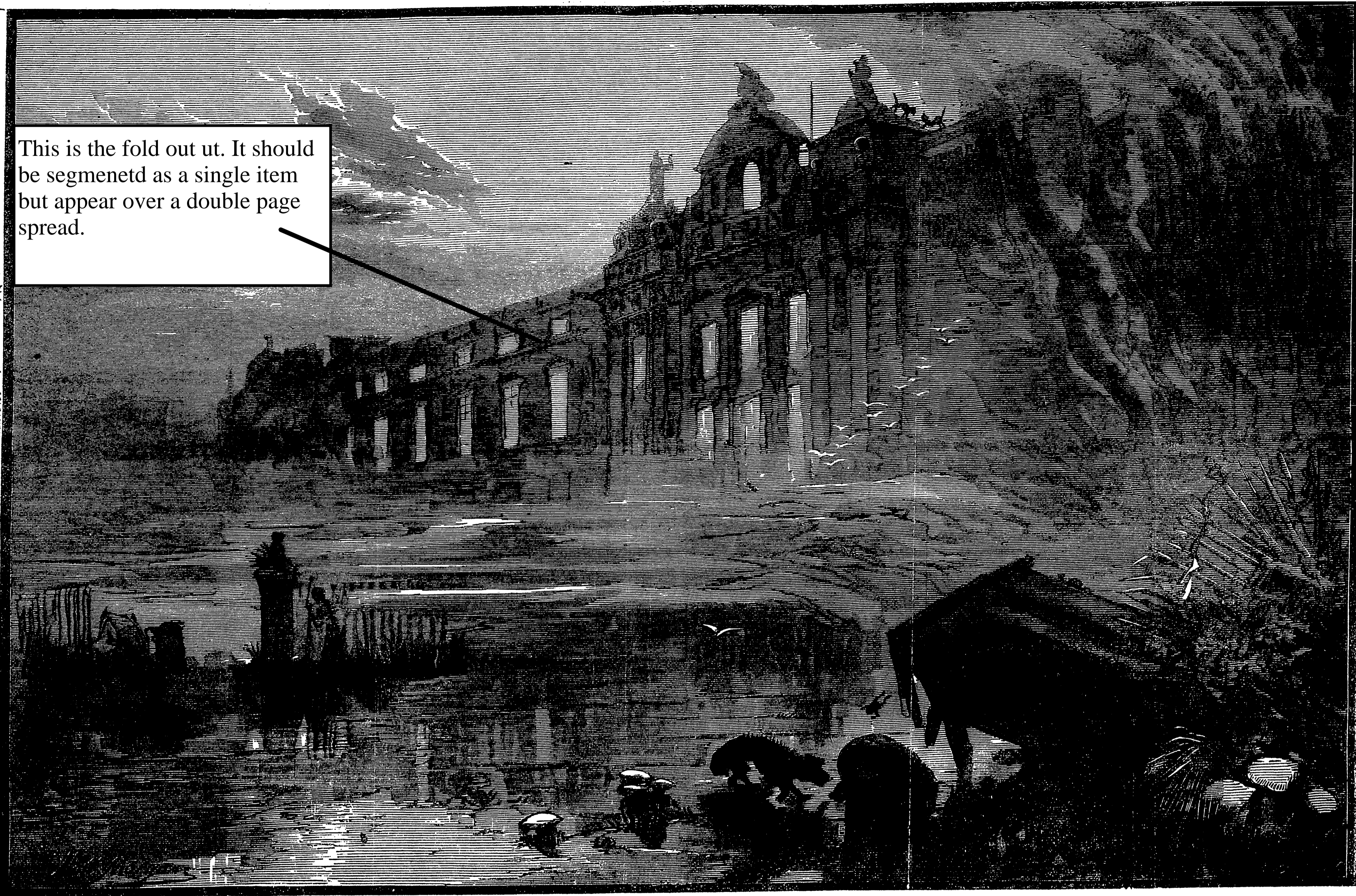
* Instructed by Sr. T. MAYNE we are not however quite sure of being like him.

TOMAHAWK'S HIEROGLYPHIC FOR 1869.



(See Article.)

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“UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.”

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THE TOMAHAWK ALMANACK.

DAYS OBSERVED IN THE GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

Eastern.
 HOUSE.—None.
 OF ENGLAND.—Sundays.
 OFFICE.—St. Valentine's Day.

Western.
 SOMERSET HOUSE.—Queen's Birthday. Ninth November. Christmas Day, etc., etc., etc.
 WAR OFFICE.—Two days a-week.
 FOREIGN OFFICE.—Every day except Saturday.

TAXES FOR 1869.

Dogs.—Sir Richard Mayne's brutal decree of June, 1868, will probably be in force from the adjournment of Parliament till the end of November.

Horses.—Much greater trouble than they are worth.

Powder.—More of it than ever this year. Very trying to husbands.

House-Tax.—As the season will be a dull one, dinner-parties may be reduced.

Income-Tax.—A dreadful tax to make ends meet.

Dressmakers, Doctors, Drains, and Children. } Same as in A.D. 1868.

Wives.—Same as in the Year of the World 1.

TELEGRAMS FROM UTOPIA.

EVERYBODY knows that Utopia has lately been discovered by a adventurous philosophers; and as the occupation of the most distinguished of them all has lately gone by his rejection at Westminster, we strove to engage him as "our own correspondent" in that happy locality. We are glad to say that Mr. Mill was glad to accept the agreeable and remunerative post. We gave him instructions to write us pretty regularly, and to telegraph if anything of importance occurred in the newly-found country. We received the following

MR. DUNUP ON THE SEASON.

CHRISTMAS by any other name would sound as sweet,—
 That is to say, when spent in Whitecross street!

This picture should be segmented as a separate item from the text and marked as an image so that it is returned in user-image searches but it should also be associated with the text around it so that the text and picture appear together in the pop-up viewer window and export functions.

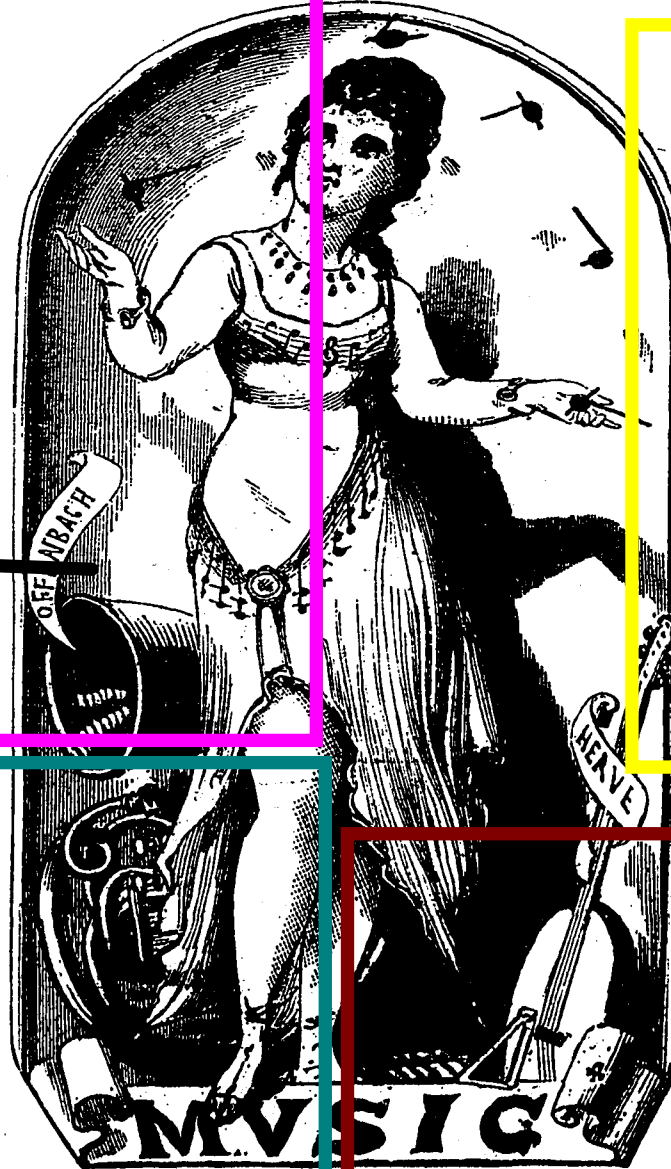
Thursday, 11.30 a.m.
 Mill, late M.P. for West-

down with the Lamb.
 phenomenon observed early
 more easily imagined than
 when they are in a
 r, however, we received
 ary telegram, from the
 me authority:—

opia, Thursday
 y accurate. The Lion
 Lamb. Only, unfortun-
 e him."

GENERALLY KNOWN.

s the most economical
 ublic departments.
 is compiled at Colney
 lam.
 Mr. E. T. Smith are



THE MORAL INFLUENCES OF THE SEASON.

THAT the line dividing virtue from vice is very finely drawn indeed.

That the wicked have big heads and a poor supply of gas, and that the good wear far too little clothing, and waste a vast deal of time.

That the highest type of human excellence culminates in a being who dresses like a vulgar snob, hits people when they are not looking, rushes about the metropolis with a young woman in short evening dress, taking apartments and hanging about shop doors for the purpose of joining in old and silly practical jokes.

That ferocity is the natural basis of mirth, and that murder of the most atrocious description, if committed when the victim is either a member of the police force or a baby, is not only legitimate, but delightful.

That Master Tommy would like to try all this

TOMAHAWK'S PROPHECY FOR 1869.—PART 2.

JULY.

By gazing in the heavens it may be gathered that about this time there will appear in the mornings a very large globe of fire of great brightness. This globe of fire will cause the weather to be exceedingly sultry. A Prince,

Christian by name, and Christian by nature, may expect to see his name in print this month in the *Court Circular*. On the 14th, the hat of the Emperor of the French will be threatened with great danger. If His Majesty is a wise man he will never leave the Tuileries without an umbrella until the 30th. People born on the 15th of this month should beware of throwing themselves from the top of St. Paul's Cathedral.

AUGUST.

The *Magnum Bonum* escapes from the clutches of *Capricornus*, and falls through the skylight into the house of *Saturn*. A large plate of white light will appear this month in the evenings. It will be situated in the sky, and will be very much larger than the stars, and will cause the houses of London to throw shadows on the pavement. The Emperor of Russia will find an enemy this month in Poland, but will overcome him to a certain degree by treating his secret and unacknowledged ill-will with dignified silence. People with purple and pink-striped eyes will find a great difficulty in living this month. The Emperor of China must beware of swallowing boiling lead between the hours of two and four on the morning of the 10th of this month.

WHAT TO AVOID ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

- An experienced man says, your creditors!
- Master Tommy, anything under five mince-pies!
- Several people who have tried it, a family dinner!
- One who dines, plum-pudding without brandy!
- One who has met him, a funny man!
- A guest, that peculiar old port Brown keeps for this special occasion!
- A philosopher, gush!
- A popular man, showing the magic lanthorn without lamp scissors!

MOTTO FOR THE NEW RADICAL ADMINISTRATION.—"Honour Bright!"

CHRISTMAS WEIGHTS (*very heavy*).—Plum-puddings and Annuals.
 THE REAL METROPOLITAN "EXTENSION."—The patience of the shareholders.
 THE way to throw cold water on the efforts of true burlesque.—Force it to call in the *Can-can*.

This is a department heading and should appear in the TOC

THE TOMAHAWK ALMANACK.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT AURICOMUS CASTLE.

Every guest had gone to rest
At Auricomus Castle ;
Bachelor, damsel, madam, and ma'm'selle,
Worn out with flirting and wassail ;
And over the head of each fogey in bed
Nodded the night-cap tassel.

All the world knows that Sir Roger De Chese
Is the Lord of Auricomus ;
All the world hears that though mellow in years,
He still is as merry as Momus.
And all the world vows that his jolly old spouse,
Whether it be for a wild carouse,
Or the sport that September the first allows,
Is the very best woman from Perth to Cowes,
In making a *dulce domus*.

A happier company never met,
Than had sate at his board this Christmas Eve ;
Aged and youthful, blonde and brunette,
Spooney young gentlemen, sly coquette,
Gouty old boys, Love's decoys,
Middle-aged queens, girls in their teens,
Holders and feeders of Cupid's net,
More than I ever in verse could weave,
Had set themselves down from country and town,
That noon at his door, where a thousand more
Would only have been too glad to receive,
Were it not that e'en in the coldest weather,
Though sleeping alone is a bore I own,
Folks can't very well all sleep together.

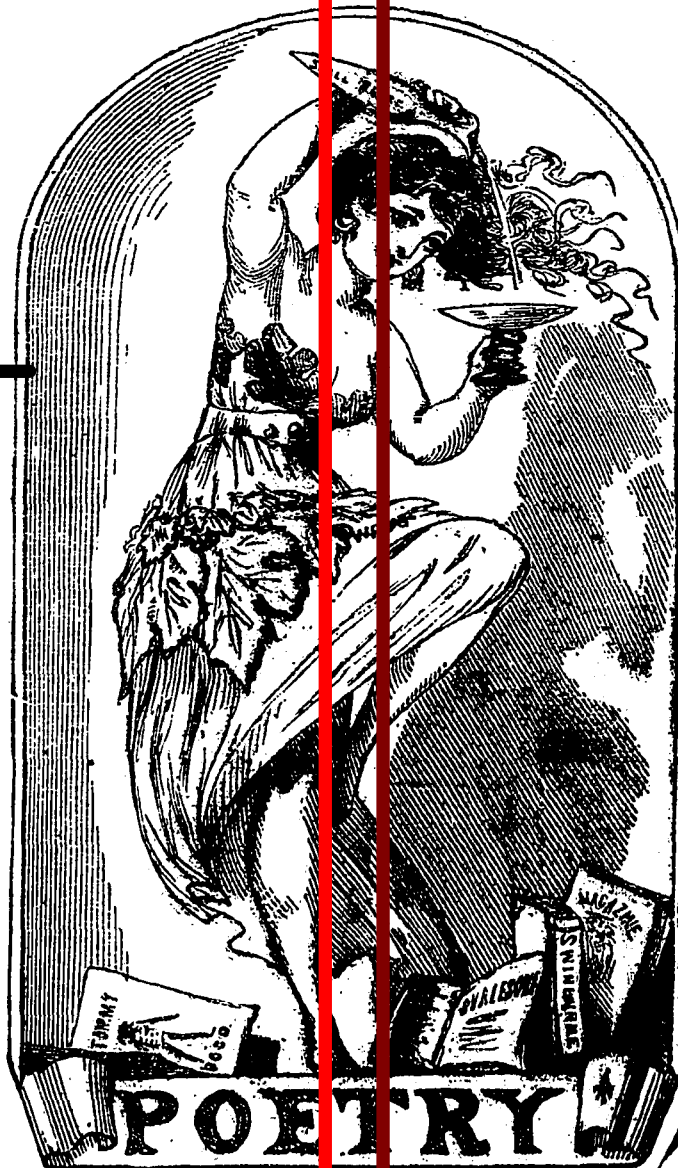
It was, wherever a bed could go,
Or a fellow himself deposit,
Right and left, above, below,
In passage, cupboard, and closet,
As somebody thrust, and fortunate they
Who only got half of a garret,
Here I've heard folks say, perhaps in play,
You could scarce have caged a parrot.
It now from the very best room in the castle,
To the tiniest crib of the lowliest vassal,

Had any one stirred he could not have heard
A sound throughout the house.
The sea is deep, and deep is love,
And very deep is mire ;
Deep the receding sky above
To which our thoughts aspire.
The files are very deep we know,
And deeper still is debt ;
And deep the obligation, oh !
Tomorrow we forget.
It deeper far than these, and more,
Is that tremendous deep,
When three or four score guests with closed door,
So long in their beds that they cease to snore,
Are sunk, sunk, sunk, sunk, sunk in sleep.

Bang ! bang !
With a terrible clang,
The sound of a gong through the castle rang.
There was not a heart but woke with a start,
And out of its bed incontinent sprang.
The castle's on fire—I smell the smoke,"
Was what each one heard as in turn he woke.
They rushed with their hair unbrushed,
In their old buff and gay young sprig,
Lady De Chose without her clothes,
And dear Sir Roger without his wig ;
Guest upon guest a quarter dressed,
And some of them scarcely a quarter ;
Jenny and John with one shoe on,
And Mabel with only a garter.
Old maids with their scanty locks in papers,
Young maidens with tresses dishevelled ;
Rollicking boys that kept cutting capers,
And lame ones that "damned," and "devil"
"You'd better make haste,"—"I'm half unlaced ;"
"Look at me ! I'm nearly unbodiced."
"But where's my shawl ?"—"Why I've nothing at all,
This isn't a time for being modest."
So out they hurried, bustled, and scurried,
All of them down the staircase,
"My darling ! my darling ! your calves are shown."
"O ! nonsense, mamma, why, look at your own,
I never did see such a bare case."
Some were quite loosely draped in a sheet,
Some swathed tight in flannel ;
Some of them seem'd as if they'd the colic,
And made of their bodies a curve parabolic,
And some of them cried from passion,
But it must be confessed there was many a guest
Of the fifty-six souls, very nearly dressed
In the very pink of fashion.

"It's all a mistake ; now why did you wake ?
There is neither flame nor smoke,
But either old Nick has played us a trick,
Or some rascal a wicked joke ;
But though there isn't a trace of fire,
You are all, my dears, in such sweet attire,
And I'm such a jolly old bloke,
That I vote before we return to our beds,
We all of us dance on our heels or our heads."
Thus wigless Sir Roger spoke.

The words have scarcely come from his lips,
Ere all about the hall



Young to the old, and short to the tall,
Waits "yes" nor "no," but gallantly grips
The very first person he sees at a glance,
And without a bow or "with your grace,"
Just tells her merrily flat to her face,
That willy, nilly, wise or silly,
The time has come for a dance.

Never was known such a country dance,
Since dancing was first invented ;
I'm sure if they'd seen the thing in France,
They'd have thought the folks demented.
Crossing of hands, and down the middle,
While jolly Sir Roger scraped on the fiddle :
Never was seen such a twirl and a twiddle,
At Auricomus, or out of it ;
For full twenty minutes young and old,
Skinny and buxom, shy and bold,
Sans skirt and sans vest, unstockinged, unsoled,
Made a regular bout of it.

They were all so gamesome, reckless, and frisky,
And moved in a state so uncommonly risky,
You'd have sworn they had first been primed with whisky
In a pothouse sacred to codgers ;
Instead of their being what they were,
The very fairest of all the fair,
The noblest born from Kent to Ayr,

And honoured guests of Sir Roger's.
Never was seen such a show of charms,
Polished ankles, and rounded arms,
And now and then old maids' alarms
Of still more shocking exposures ;
But nothing came of it save the display
Of things that are not seen every day,
Except in the windows of hosiers.

"Now to bed let us flit !" "Not a bit of it yet !"
Answered gay Fulke Champaign.
(Such a wild dog is he, 'tis strange he should be
Unmuzzled by Dicky Mayne.)
"Not a soul of you passes, or matrons or lasses,
Back again to the beds you have quitted,
Until of the duty of youth and of beauty
To Christmas you all are acquitted.
Now, let's have no row !
There's the mistletoe-bough !
And it's Yule-tide Eve, you'll all allow."
He pulled out a pistol,
"I stand here with this till,"
(He stood at the staircase's bottom)
"Each girl, aye each woman,
Is well kissed by some one,
Or I, they resisting, have shot 'em !"

Such gambols, such scrambles, such smirking, such
shirking,
Such jumping on chairs and tables !
Such gliding, such hiding, such screeching, beseech-
ing,
Never was known in story or fables.
Yet there wasn't a maiden but quickly was preyed
on,
And dragged 'neath the mistletoe berries,
And covered with busses, until the young cusses
Were some of them red as cherries.
And when each did gain
The foot of the staircase,
Gay Fulke Champaign,
"I was scarcely a fair case,
For himself demanded another,
And if she resisted, the young scamp insisted,
With "Am I not, pretty, a man, and—a brother ?"

And so it went on till the women were gone,
And the men were left alone.

"Now, bring me the bowl !" said the jolly old soul
Who called the castle his own.

"We'll drink to the ladies before we go ;
We'll drink to each friend and—why not ?—to each foe ;
We'll drink to the death of all that's slow,
To the glory of the Nation.
To our well-to-do selves, to the hind that delves,
To the Queen, to the Church, Army, Navy, and Bench,
To every lad that loves a wench,
No matter what his station !"

When at length they had drunk each separate toast,
Off they toddled to bed,
Singing, "Long live our glorious host !"
And rather light in the head.
I am bound to say that their notes were not
As dulcet as those of Orpheus ;
But hushed were soon the uproarious lot
By the drowsy drugs of Morpheus.

FINIS.

"The child is father of the man," was a most unfortunate prophecy, which has been fulfilled in our age, for now fathers obey their children, and not children their fathers.

Man's honour now-a-days seems to require pen and paper to keep it to the stocking-place. The colour of it is very doubtful when you have forgotten to have it down in black and white.

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

ON A MARTYR.
If persecution constant, keen,
And gibes and taunts of bitter spleen,
Remorse, the deeper since unseen,
Opposite.)

ESSENCE OF PANTOMIME.
DISTILLED BY AN OLD HAND.

SCENE 1.—*The Abode of Despair.* Despair discovered in a green phosphorescent face, with red worsted locks, mixing nothing up in a mortar, and surrounded by very anxious devils.

DESPAIR. I am Despair, my business though is mean,
I'm here to lead up to the ballet scene.
(Gong, and change to)

SCENE 2.—*The Realm of Bliss.* Bliss discovered in short petticoats, enjoying herself in the society of empty-headed but active people.

BLISS. Scene one was vague, you'll find scene two more puzzlin',
Our life is passed in capers, blaze, and muslin.

SCENE 3.—*Antichamber in the Castle of the Baron.* Continual call of tradesmen with various domestic details, and practical joking on the part of the Baron's one servant.

SERVANT. To me my master this great charge confides,
To trip the world up, and make butter slides.

SCENE IV.—*The Baron's banquetting hall.* Tremendous entertainment going on.

BARON. I am the Baron, up to any sin,
I have a daughter, who loves Harlequin.
I know it's he, though each the fact denies.
I've seen his slippers, under his disguise!

SCENE V.—*A wood.* Enter a deformed murderer, Baron, and others.

MURDERER. We're simply here, you know, while (wretched blind!)
They set the transformation scene behind.

TRANSFORMATION SCENE.—*The Spirit of Justice descends in a cockle shell drawn by young women on sticks.*

JUSTICE. As Justice, I produce a work divine,
That fribble harlequin, and columbine,
While full of mercy, I'll let loose on town
Those two good angels, pantaloons and clown.
Results and Curtain.

And woes more dire than I can paint,
Can give man claim to rank as saint,
Oh! tell me why Sir Richard Mayn't?

ON THE NEW MINISTRY.

Is the millennium near or no?
I really think it must be so.
For when in peace, without despite,
(See opposite.)

Love office takes beside John Bright,
All will confess, most sure I am,
The Lion lies beside the Lamb.



NOVEMBER

HAPPY NEW YEAR

DECEMBER

THE TOMAHAWK ALMANACK.

TOMAHAWK'S HIEROGLYPHIC.

This is a department heading and should appear in the TOC

TOMAHAWK mused. He was weary of the year's work; he was heavy-hearted, and knew no joy. He had striven hard to make the world better, and yet there were still very bad. He was sad, but he said, "If the Peoples of the World will not hearken to the sin, as theirs is the folly!"

It seemed to him that the air was full of visions. He looked up at the blue sky and followed the Eagle in its lofty flight. As he cast his eyes downwards he saw this:—A Demagogue who was speaking to a scanty audience—a Demagogue who had failed to convince the people who made the tub his rostrum, and who was the object of "roughs"—the applause of the vulgar. TOMAHAWK knew that the Demagogue was called a man who paid the greatest attention to his reputation, and that the most in his antics, was a gentleman—the man in search for a Christmas Pantaloon!

Then TOMAHAWK saw the coronet of a noble smeared with white wash—and the sight surprised him much. "What," said he, "what is the meaning of this disfigurement? Surely no man of gentle blood would drag his title through the mire—the Bankruptcy Court—for the Peasant, and knows not the face of the Peer!"

Next passed before him a sad procession. A coffin was borne along by four mourners, and there followed after it a string of men who wept bitterly—men who had made hats and cut out coats, who knew the wants of the wealthy, and like good (and commercial) Samaritans had ministered to them. And TOMAHAWK sighed, for he saw written on the coffin the word TRADE, and he knew WITH THE DEATH OF TRADE DIED THOUSANDS! And he cried out aloud, "Oh, where is Britannia? Where is the Mother of England? Why does she let her children starve?"

Next saw he two great mysteries—the first the Winner of the Derby for 1869, and the second (a greater wonder) a literary man who had been made a Peer!

He gazed again into the air, and strange fancies floated before him. Ladies who had usurped the rights of Man, who had stolen from him his judicial wig, his sailor's hat, his policeman's truncheon. The last seemed no change to him. "For," said he, "has not the head of the Metropolitan Police been always an old woman?" And he heard wafted on the air a yell of dogs in agony, and the yell seemed to mean "SIR RICHARD MAYNE HAS NOT YET RESIGNED!!!"

And, TOMAHAWK learning this, became exceeding wrath, and said unto himself, "Very well, Sir Richard, thou shalt find that a pen is as powerful as a staff, that I will never forget thee!"

Next it seemed to him that a dear, well-beloved Princess was playing upon a piano an accompaniment to her husband's lecture. And he said "Thou give a lecture, oh Prince! Oh, Prince, dost thou know anyone of thy acquaintance who deserves a greater lecture than the poor unoffending Nile?" And, hearing no answer, TOMAHAWK whispered, "Are there no looking-glasses at Marlborough House?"

Then saw TOMAHAWK a wily Statesman gone mad. He had crowned his wife with a coronet, and she prayed him on her bended knees to throw down the sword of Revolution and the mop-cap of Liberty. But the Statesman said, "I am sick of deception, I'm a-weary of my mask. Let me return to the ideas of my youth. Come of the People, let me be once more the People's friend. See how I honour the empty bauble of a diadem—I cast it from me, and drop it at the feet of my wife! She may ennoble it by wearing it—let her try!"

Next saw TOMAHAWK a Premier at the grindstone, sharpening the noses of a batch of Irish Bishops—and he was horrified at the sacrilege. "For," said he, "without their money will these poor men be like unto the eleven bishops, their predecessors in the Church, who sailed on the Sea of Galilee more than eighteen hundred years ago!"

Then saw TOMAHAWK the Emperor of Russia firing a cannon loaded with rose leaves, and teaching his soldiers to use scent instead of gunpowder. And TOMAHAWK laughed and said, "Wait till the day of war has arrived, and then we shall see whether it is wicked to use explosive bullets—whether it is fair to slaughter our enemies?"

Then he heard the sound of a "comic" song, and saw Schneider as "Black-eyed Susan," and a certain Naval Duke dressed as "Captain Crosstree," and he shuddered and cried, "Oh! tell me not that any one from France is vulgar—that our Royal Sailor is a mariner only of burlesque!"

And he looked once more, and saw Prince Arthur riding on a toy horse in a real uniform. And he marvelled much that so gallant a soldier should have been a year in the Army without having become a Field Marshal!

Then he saw the King of Denmark "trotting out" sundry German Princes for the inspection of Queen Victoria and her unmarried daughters, and he wept bitterly, for he said, "Has the English aristocracy

degenerated that we must seek alms for Foreign beggars when we want to marry the children of our Sovereign?"

Then he saw a Demagogue giving himself the airs of a Cabinet Minister. And he laughed and murmured, "Every man has his price, glitter for some, gold for others—every man has his price!"

Then saw he honest John Bull, and he was pleased to notice that the old fellow was merry. But when he saw the cause of the old fellow's joy, he wondered no longer. "Who," said he, "would not be happy if presented with a copy of that best of magazines—*Britannia*?" Would that I, too, could obtain it without paying the paltry sum of a shilling, for I know it to be worth its weight in gold!"

Then saw TOMAHAWK a newly-made Member of Parliament, and in his hands he held an Address. And he was pleased to see him in spite of his party views. "For," said TOMAHAWK, in a Johnstonian tone, "a good citizen will never make a bad statesman. Of a verity Mr. W. H. Smith, Member of Parliament for Westminster, is a most excellent man. He is respected by his political enemies, and well beloved by his friends."

Next appeared a vision of a certain Nobleman cleaning the shoes of a beggar. And TOMAHAWK laughed and said, "Cannot ye be charitable without blarney? Cannot ye give to the poor without calling their vices virtues, and their shortcomings the attributes of a saint?"

Then he imagined that he beheld Gladstone and Disraeli walking arm-in-arm.

BOOK-KEEPING BY DOUBLE ENTRY.

1st January.—Call on Jones and borrow a book.
2nd January.—Call on Jones and borrow the second volume.
3rd January.—Cut him.

THE BACHELORS.

[A TRAGEDY FOR CHRISTMAS.]

SCENE.—The exterior of an Eating House in the neighbourhood of Soho.

Enter BROWN and RINALDO.

BROWN. This is the place. From here to Golden Square I know no joint to equal that (*points*). Then scan That pudding—

RINALDO (*moodily*). But the figure?

BROWN (*with energy*). What? The cost! Shall cost on Christmas Day wake up. To stand betwixt Rinaldo and his hope, Like some pale damned ghost? Oh! I could weep When men grow mercenary, and play The miser o'er a sight like that! (*points to joint*) Let's in: I would be Antony, and laurel crowned, Raise such wild revelry within these walls, That all Soho should ring again, and shout "Police! Police! Police!" (*fiercely*). Let's in!

RINALDO (*restraining him*). Nay, hold! That windowed cheer has touched a hidden chord Within this breast, that gives me pause, and stays Upon the brink the purpose of my soul!

BROWN (*with bitter sarcasm*). Rinaldo, it would seem, must ape the sphinx, While steaming joints grow cold, and hungrier men Ache i' the eye with watchings. Come, look sharp, And snap that ugly chord ere Brown and he, Who was Rinaldo once, part company, And dine, like the Colossus' feet, apart. Dost hear?

RINALDO. I do, and hearing make my choice (*seizing BROWN by the arm*). You see yon dish on which that royal meat Reposes like an Emperor! Mark well Its pattern—some far Eastern scene, where trees Bear footballs, and pagodas rise, and birds Kiss in mid air (*with emotion*). That willow pattern plate Recalls my youth, my youth the cheery board, At which, a careless boy, I gorged, and gorged. Sent five good times for beef, and saw my plate So piled with greens and other dainty things, That but for my swift appetite it must Have cracked beneath the load! (*BROWN starts.*) And for the rest, The day was ended in such gut of fare, That even now, after the lapse of years, I sicken at the thought!

BROWN. Be calm!

RINALDO. What? Calm, When now I have to meet the chilling blast, And face my Christmas revel through the panes, Panes not my own, but to be hired and bought. Bought with the waiter's hollow welcome! Bought Like the steel fork I use, the beer I drink, The lying "Merry Christmas" of mine host! And this when all the ready cash I have Is ninepence farthing!

BROWN. Gods! and is that all?

RINALDO. All, as great Cæsar lived!

BROWN. Then I'll away, Dining on ninepence farthing ne'er will pay.

[*Exeunt.*]