

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PROETERIT."

No. 10.]

LONDON, JULY 13, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

A CHAPTER FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

It will be interesting to the public to know with what pomp and ceremony the Viceroy of Egypt was received on his landing on our hospitable shores, and the splendid welcome—worthy of the British nation—that was accorded to him. The following is

(FROM OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.)

Dover, Saturday, 6th July, 9 a.m.

The Viceroy has just landed. The Chief Waiter from the Lord Warden, representing the Queen, was in readiness to receive him. He was welcomed with three wild and enthusiastic cheers, which were caught up and lustily echoed by a fisherman and two dirty little boys. The waiter (whose name is Thomas) then ceremoniously presented the Viceroy with a loyal address, in the shape of the day's Bill of Fare at the Hotel. The Viceroy returned a most gracious reply, seated on his portmanteau. A German band here struck up "Slap Bang." He was then conducted by the Mayor's valet and the waiter to the Railway Station, where he was comfortably placed, in great state, in a third-class carriage.

Charing Cross Station, 12 o'clock.

The Viceroy has just reached London. He has been received with the same pomp and ceremony by the Station Master and an Engine Driver. He was conducted to the luncheon-bar, where he partook of a splendid cold collation, consisting of a Bath bun, some mustard and cress, a few oysters, and a bottle of ginger beer. Here a battalion of the Mounted Police, consisting of two policemen, escorted the Viceroy to a four-wheel cab, which they requested him to hail, and which he entered, after having ceremoniously placed his portmanteau and hat-box on to the roof.

"Now, look alive—where to?" asked the cabman impatiently.

At this strange enquiry, both the Viceroy and the two mounted police were fairly puzzled, and there being no intelligible response, the cabman drove off to Scotland Yard, where, as everyone knows, all articles left in cabs are deposited until claimed by their owners. Here the Viceroy passed the night in sweet repose, surrounded by parasols, muffs, walking-sticks, umbrellas, bags, and a thousand other lost articles, dreaming of Marble Halls and vassals and serfs. On the following day (Sunday) Sir Richard Mayne telegraphed to the Secretary of State for India, and enquired whether the Viceroy was the property of the India Office during his stay in England. The reply returned was—"Certainly not: put him up at some respectable public-house." Whilst, however, arrangements were pending to carry out these instructions, the Earl of Dudley called hastily at Scotland Yard, and claimed the Viceroy as his private property. He was accordingly handed over to his Lordship, who drove off with him in his Lordship's private carriage to Dudley House in Park Lane.

Sunday Night.

It is said that the first observation made by the Viceroy to Lord Dudley was—"that he thought they managed these things better in France."

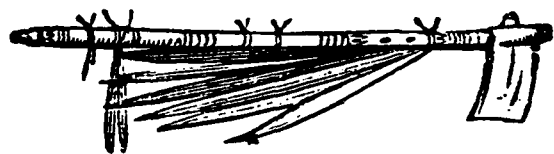
We, curiously, are of the same opinion.

THE STRIKE FOR THE INTIMIDATING TAILORS.—The lash.

PROH PUDOR! PROFESSOR.

THE great apostle of Conteism and future Positivist dictator of England has at last come out in his true colours. Beesly has cast his ægis over Broadhead. The Professor of London University, the highly educated and refined scholar, the brilliant writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, has, in a public meeting, attempted to palliate the Sheffield atrocities. We did think the climax of degradation and utter shamelessness had been reached when we discovered that the infamous wretch Broadhead was absolutely enriching himself on his infamy; that he was nightly the centre of an admiring circle at the bar of his own public-house. But when one whose duty it is to instruct and set an example to youth—whom we may fairly require to teach morality and common decency, however much he may try to unteach religion—who may be supposed to have enjoyed every advantage of a liberal education, and to have been exposed to the humanizing influence of respectable society—when such an one deliberately, in a public place, speaking through the press to the whole people of England, mentions the revolting crimes which have been revealed before the Commission at Sheffield, in any other language than that of unmitigated disgust and aversion, we really must be allowed to doubt whether Broadhead and his band of Thugs are such exceptional monsters as we supposed them to be. We all know what a fatal effect Exeter Hall has on the virtues of charity and truthfulness; we all know in what rampant excesses bigotry, prejudice, ignorance, and slander are apt to indulge beneath its sacred roof; we also know into what absurd extravagances of spite and malice the negro of Jamaica has led his sympathizers; we all know that the highest crime which anyone can commit in the eyes of these philanthropists is to show the slightest consideration towards, or to make the slightest allowance for, a brave man placed in a position of great difficulty and danger. We take all these points into consideration, but we can find no excuse for Professor Beesly. How long he will remain a Professor of anything but his own peculiar opinions remains to be seen. He is, we believe, one of those enthusiasts who hope to erect on the ruins of constitutional government and the Christian religion, a republican hierarchy of Positivists or Conteists, of which he is to be the dictator and high priest; but he will not do much to further his scheme by showing a kind of sympathy with the greatest atrocities that, since the days of Burke and Thuggism, have ever been perpetrated on system; atrocities from which the mind of the most rebellious Pagan, of the most arrogant Infidel instinctively revolts; which to have committed is, indeed, most execrable; but to half-approve or faintly condemn which, after their commission, is—what we cannot trust ourselves to describe. We have written thus seriously on this subject, as it is not one which can be lightly treated, and one on which were we to be silent, we should, indeed, merit the worst punishment which our motto can invite.

At a party where the priests were discussing the subject of imitating "the cries of animals," a very lovely girl said, "Oh, I can coo like a dove." "For Heaven's sake, don't, madam," said an old gentleman opposite, "or you'll give us all the *coups de grace*."



LONDON, JULY 13, 1867.

IT is not true that the Crown is going to be put into Commission—the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Dudley to be chief commissioners. But we believe that a new office is about to be made; the holder of which will be called “Dispenser of the Royal Hospitality,” and “Redeemer of the National Honour.”

WE are requested to contradict the report that “The Marquis of Townshend” has accepted an engagement at the Victoria Theatre. We believe it is his lordship’s intention to take his aristocratic troupe, including the talented Maitland family, on a tour through the provinces, where no doubt their talents will be as highly appreciated as they have been in the metropolis. At a time when the indolence of the aristocracy, and the unfitness of the Upper Classes to govern, are being so much discussed, it is highly desirable to show the country that this is all a mistake, and that, on the contrary, they are industrious enough to learn, and energetic enough to execute a nigger break-down, and clever enough to repeat doggerel verse, and sing flashy songs.

THE Review in Hyde Park has been postponed. We suppose this is as it should be, though we are not quite certain that it is. Nevertheless it is hope, or a forlorn hope, only deferred. We must perforce console ourselves with the idea that distance lends enchantment to the Re-view.

THE Emperor of the French has just acquired by the death of an intimate friend an enormous legacy. Well, may he live long to enjoy his luck. We have a Rothschild. Who will be the next Maximilian-heir?

“PALMAM QUI MERUIT, FERAT.”

(See Cartoon.)

ON the greensward of the Common—
Wimbledon the mighty Common—
At the threshold of his wigwam
Tomahawk, the chief of all chiefs,
Stood erect, and called his children—
Called his Volunteers together.

And they sat there on the Common,
With their weapons and their war gear,
Painted like the leaves of Autumn—
Something like the leaves of Autumn—
Green, mud-coloured, buff, *et cetera*;
Then to them with voice majestic,
He, their chieftain, spake in this wise:

“For one week in this my number—
Number very cheap at twopence—
I have taken soap and water,
Washed the war-paint from my eyelids,
Dropped my hatchet,—see, before you,
Smokes the Calumet, the Peace-Pipe,—
I have laid aside my slashing:
Slashing cherished by the public;
Halted in my war-dance,—something
New to me, I quite assure you!

“Chiefs, I greet you in my own name—
In my own and that of others—
In the mighty name of England,
For the service you have done her;

For your patient zeal, your toiling,
For the way that you have triumphed,
By your manly bold outliving
Of the snarling jeers of others.

“To your honour I have summoned
From the windy sides of heaven
Thousands round about my wigwam,
Thousands by the train—South-Western,
Thousands with returning tickets,
Thousands more—but this is prosy.

“So accept, in rough, my greeting—
Greeting to you all as heroes,
Drawn in friendly strife together,
Ready all to show your prowess
Ready, here before the peace-pipe,
As you would be were the thunders
Of invasion rolling round you;—
Ready—ay, for home and country,
For your darling wives and children,
To cry ‘On!’ and hurl the foeman
Back into the sea that brought him!

“But to-day you smoke the peace-pipe—
Leave the rest to the hereafter—
Strive as friends, and let the best man
Win the honours—wear the laurel.
Strive, and as you strive remember
The sweet wisdom of the poet:
‘All your strength is in your union;
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.’”

TO THE PUBLIC-AN.

WE have for some time past noticed the following strange advertisement:—

THE BOTTLE. In Eight Plates. By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.
Price 1s.

Now, we are fairly puzzled. Even if it were possible, it would be ridiculous to put “the bottle *in* eight plates.” Why not place the bottle *by the side* of them? Ah! we had forgotten: perhaps this is the “bottle trick” after Professor Anderson. But, if we regard the advertisement seriously we are equally puzzled. Who is Mr. Cruikshank’s wine merchant? Where does he get a bottle of anything worth drinking for one shilling, unless indeed it be South African or British? Besides, is not Mr. Cruikshank a teetotaler? We then deeply regret to see that he invites the public to take to “the bottle.”

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE Government has, at enormous expense, engaged one of the Citizen steamers to convey the Sultan of Turkey to Spithead at the forthcoming Naval Review. The interior has been decorated most chastely with pink-glazed calico and silver paper. The companion-rail has been sand-papered, and the wheel painted green with red spokes, a combination of colour most bewitching, and which will fascinate the eye of the intelligent foreigner. The arrangements for the creature comforts of the royal guest have been more than liberally cared for. An order for two York hams and a dozen of sparkling Moselle has been sent to Messrs. Mortnum and Fason; while one of our most celebrated market-gardeners has the Government’s commands to supply one dozen of British green strawberries on the day of departure.

The well known trio (harp, violin, and cornet), so often met on British steamers below bridge, has been engaged to perform the whole of their novel *repertoire*, including “Love Not” and “Jolly Dogs”—both so typical of the occasion. The shoe-black brigade has received orders from Sir John Pakington to hold itself in readiness to turn out and salute the Sultan on stepping on board the noble vessel, honoured by the presence of the King of Turkey.

NECK OR NOTHING.—The *decolletée* style of modern dress.



"Chiefs, I gro
In my own



"PALMAM QUI MERUIT, FERAT."

"Chiefs, I greet you in my own name—
In my own and that of others—

In the mighty name of England,
For the service you have done her;

For your patient zeal, your toiling,
For the way that you have triumphed,

By your manly bold outliving
Of the snarling jeers of others."



FAIRY TALES FOR THE RISING GENERATION.

THE STORY OF CINDERELLA.

WE owe no apology to our readers for the publication of the following fairy story. The fact is, the tales taught in the nursery in our youth are now sadly out of date, not to say immoral, and we are quite sure that Belgravian mothers generally will certainly bless us, and possibly (not probably) even carry their gratitude to the extent of asking us to an occasional "Kettle-drum" (of the third class), in recognition of our services in attempting to introduce among their children a healthier tone of morality than, alas! at present rules supreme. Without further preface we rush *in medias res*.

There was once a poor girl called Cinderella, who was most cruelly treated by her stepmother. Instead of being allowed to lie a-bed till eleven o'clock in the morning, and to read French novels, like her more fortunate sisters, she was forced to make her own dresses, and compelled to arrange her own back-hair. She was never allowed the use of a rouge-pot, and was sent to church on Sundays, not to improve her taste in bonnets, but simply to listen to the prosy sermons of the clergyman! In fact, never was there such a case of maternal tyranny. She was actually once asked to make a pudding; and because she refused to comply with the barbarous request, was actually deprived of her "Sunday Zoo" for more than a fortnight. Now, it must not be thought, from what we have written, that Cinderella went to the "Zoo" on Sundays to look at the beasts; on the contrary, she was a very good girl indeed, and knew nearly half the fourth commandment by heart (she had learned it in German), and consequently only visited the Gardens for the purpose of examining the dresses of her acquaintances and talking scandal. Now, it happened one evening that she was staying at home alone. Her cruel stepmother had gone out with the rest of the family, leaving poor Cinderella to make some clothes for a number of wretched beggars who lived in an infirmary hard by. This indignity so wounded the dear child's *amour propre*, that she burst into tears and wept bitterly.

"What are you crying for, my darling?" asked a soft voice by her side.

Cinderella raised her eyes, and saw standing before her her fairy godmother. Now, although the lady in question was not quite a person to be civil to (the fairy's husband had once been something in tallow), poor Cinderella felt in such low spirits that she at once poured out all the sorrows of her heart.

"Bohoo!" she cried, "I am so miserable. Here I have been left to make up these clothes for some disagreeable mendicants. [Cinderella made use of fine words not only before company, but at all times.] They are not for a fancy fair where I might flirt, but are going to a lot of ugly old people. It's cruel—Why, they won't even put my name in the *Times* as having made them. Bohoo! Bohoo! Why was I ever born?"

"My dear child," said the fairy, "your sentiments do you honour, and to prove how much I hold your noble character in esteem I will do you a service. Your mother and sisters have gone to the ball at the Palace. You shall follow them in a most magnificent costume"—Cinderella clapped her hands and jumped for joy—"on one condition. You will meet at the ball a prince whom you must marry within three weeks of the present date. On the day of your wedding you must pay me £2,000."

"You mean £1,000," observed Cinderella, with a smile.

"Don't let us quarrel about details, my dear," replied her godmother; "let us say £1,500, and have done with it."

"Far too much; but I have no heart to-night for bargaining. You have a bill stamp?" and within five minutes the matter was settled.

The fairy poured some liquid over the head of her god-daughter, and Cinderella's raven tresses changed to a fiery carrot colour. She waved her wand, and the ghost of a needle-woman appeared carrying a ball-dress. She waved her wand a second time, and a fat Jewess started from the ground and daubed Cinderella's face with enamel, Indian ink, and rouge. A few seconds later and the young girl was as beautiful as paint could make her.

"Not quite *decolletée* enough," said the fairy critically, touching Cinderella with her wand; "there, that will do. Now, my dear, you are ready to start. Here, wait one moment. If you stay after twelve o'clock has struck, your hair will become black at

the roots, your rouge will lose its colour, your chignon will fall off, and your dress will disappear altogether."

"The last calamity you have mentioned would scarcely be noticed in a modern ball-room," replied Cinderella with a smile. "However, godmother, I will be sure to mind what you say. Good-bye."

* * * * *

Cinderella was a success. She behaved admirably at first. She danced four quadrilles with the gouty prince, and treated with superb disdain all the younger sons. Alas, that we should have to write it! after supper she actually forgot herself so far as to waltz with a man who had little more than £500 a year, and scarcely any expectations to talk of. Her fault brought with it its own punishment. In the very act of dancing the hour of midnight struck, and the fairy's prophecy was accomplished. Cinderella rushed away, leaving her chignon behind her. She regained her home, and fell on her knees in an agony of sorrow. "Oh, why did I leave the white-haired prince with his gout and his thousands for the boy with his youth and his poverty?" she cried. "The prince had not five years of life in him, but his money bags would have remained for ever."

Scarcely had she uttered these words ere the fairy appeared, leading by the hand the aged aristocrat.

"Prince," said the supernatural godmother, "you are in search of the maiden who dropped the golden-haired chignon at your ball. Behold her!"

"Why, she has black tresses," mumbled out the prince, leering at Cinderella through his double eye-glasses.

"Always in the morning," said the fairy, in explanation.

Our story is over. All ended happily. Cinderella became a princess within a month, and a widow within a twelvemonth. For what happier fate could she possibly have wished?

PROFESSIONAL BEGGARS AND THEIR FÊTE.

WE confess we were always under the impression that the pen of a ready begging-letter writer is always, like the stiletto, used in secret. The fellow who writes to you for half-a-guinea does not stand in Pall Mall proclaiming want aloud and imploring relief in stentorian tones. Begging is a Science, its professional followers treading the pavement with a feline softness (so as the better to spring upon one's feelings), and whispering with bated breath and in half timid accents their tale of want, lest those ogres to the destitute the Marquis of Townsend or Sir Robert Carden might be lurking behind the nearest pillar letter-box.

But the last week has satisfied us that we know literally nothing of this wonderful Science. When we come seriously to think of it, how should we? We have run over our list of friends and acquaintances, but there is no mendicant among them; although, now that we think of it, some of them have borrowed from us—and forgotten to pay it too—a fiver now and then. We, however, never recollect having nodded familiarly to a "professional beggar." We don't remember either ever to have shaken one warmly by the hand. We are not in the habit of meeting him in Rotten Row or in "society." We have only read about him in the Romance of the Police Courts, in which, if we recollect rightly, he is always a victim to the extraordinary prowess of that Paladin of the Metropolitan Police Force, X 321.

It will be seen that we have somewhat primitive notions about "professional begging" generally, and we have therefore been a trifle startled to see in the columns of the daily papers a string of advertisements of the following character:—

ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE FETE and FANCY FAIR, July 13th and 15th, 1867.—Misses PELHAM, having been invited to preside at a stall at the Crystal Palace, would feel greatly obliged at receiving from their friends any contributions of fancy articles for disposal in aid of the above.

Now, where on earth is the noble Marquis we have referred to? Where the great Civic lawgiver? Where the fussy posse of officers whose duty and delight it is to eradicate mendicancy? Here we have a shocking case before us—a barefaced instance of public begging-letter writing. Contributions of "fancy articles" only are solicited, forsooth! Begging here literally takes flight into the regions of fancy, and seeks consolation in

worked cigar-cases and Berlin-wool slippers—of course without anything in them. But we must pass on :—

ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE FETE and FANCY FAIR. Miss AMY SHERIDAN begs to thank her numerous friends and patrons for their kind contributions on former occasions, and to intimate that it is her intention to again preside at a stall in aid of the above institution, July 13th and 15th, when further presents would be gratefully acknowledged.

There is something exquisitely touching in this appeal. "Know all men by the presents" received on former occasions, that Miss Amy Sheridan will acknowledge "further presents" with gratitude. Who, possessing a heart open to melting charity and fascination, can resist this? We cannot. Here, Madam, are twenty thousand copies of the present number of the TOMAHAWK containing our opinions on mendicancy generally.

We again move on :—

ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE FETE and FANCY FAIR at the CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miss ELSWORTHY begs to solicit contributions for her stall. Wreaths or bouquets or artificial flowers will be most thankfully received at 45, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood.

We quite agree with Miss Elsworthy—who, parenthetically we should say, is worthy of something else than public begging. Artificial flowers *do* possess beauty, delicacy, fragrance. The language of artificial flowers (as taught by Miss Elsworthy) must be poetry itself. Art has long since conquered Nature in the manufacture of flowers, as in everything else in the present day. We will send into the Burlington Arcade for an artificial bouquet or two, and forward them by parcels' delivery to St. John's Wood.

But, however much we might feel disposed, we cannot follow all the fair stall-keepers. Miss E. Farren, the Misses Addison, Mrs. Billington, and other ladies, all make eloquent appeals, which will no doubt prove highly productive.

And all this is unblushingly done (possibly the bloom of Albania preventing) in the name of Charity. In charity then we will say no more about the perfect propriety of this sort of thing. Let us imagine the Stalls on the *fête* day groaning beneath contributions, and fair ladies with fair fames, fair faces, and fair hands presiding behind them. May we venture to express a hope? Have we your permission, Mesdames? Yes? Well then we hope, in the first place, that Modesty will not, as it has done in previous years, overstep the bounds of the several Stalls, but hold the bit of ladylike propriety in its mouth. We hope kisses will not be bartered for sovereigns, the apology being urged that it is after all *only* a lip-salve in the cause of charity. We hope the Dictionary of Slang may be for once shelved, and any unintentional lapse into its use be received with cries of "Walker." We hope a gentleman's coat may be regarded as his own special property—whatever his tailor's opinion may be on the subject. We hope no one's whiskers may be playfully pulled (for they, like chignons, *may* be false), and that no fellow's pocket may be indelicately invaded by half a dozen white hands at a time. We hope smiles may not convey an invidious meaning, and words a sly *double entendre*. Above all, let the voice be modulated, for the ear is a sensitive organ. In conclusion, recollect you live for the day in a glass house, and that the critical *will* throw stones.

These are a few golden rules which, if strictly adhered to, will raise the character of the Dramatic Fête to the respectability of kindred fancy fairs, at which ladies of rank, position, and title are frequently known in the cause of philanthropy and in the name of charity to preside (of course) with that peculiar grace and dignity which so become a lady.

WINDY AND WORDY.

VERDI'S last does not seem to fill Covent Garden Theatre even with paper, of which there are reams in the stalls and boxes. Really, to look at the house the last night the opera was performed, one felt inclined to call it Don Deadloss.

If the opera made as much noise in the musical world as it does in the theatre, there would be some chance for it, but really Signor Verdi you might give us a piece without pressing Mr. Wombwell's band into your stage service, or if you do let us see the wild beasts as well. Fancy a chorus of laughing hyenas!

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO?

I CERTAINLY prefer the Zoo.

To be caged up in a hot church in the afternoon, be it High, Low, or Red Ritualistic, only gives me up an easy prey to the demon of dyspepsia, for we have a bad habit of eating lunch on Sundays; and I feel I have a conscience as of the dull monotone of the passionless parson drops word after word, like pebbles into my brain, and the circles formed go spreading into sleep, or something like it, until my head comes whack on the pew front, and I resume my position with a glare, which plainly says, "I defy any one of the congregation to say I was asleep."

So I decidedly prefer the Zoo.

Not that I don't respect the Church—and that's another reason. Ladies old and young have no alternative but to sit behind one another, when they come to Church, so they have a splendid opportunity to speak ill of their neighbours behind their backs. While the Voluntary is being played, Mozart's 12th Mass—"Katie, do look at that bonnet in front of you—Madame Elise's, I'm sure—how she can find money to go there—" "Oh, Charley, Miss Shewker's chignon is coming off; I knew she had no hair of her own;" and down they go on their knees, while dear Lady Tartuffe, who would not miss Church for worlds, looks all over the gallery, with an eye to scandal, while she humbly confesses "She has done those things which she ought to have done, and left undone the things she ought not to do."

For such a purpose I prefer the Zoo.

Fetid hassocks on a sultry July afternoon! who would not prefer the scent of roses and geraniums which in that Regent's Park paradise came floating o'er one's nostrils; varied occasionally with something which recalls the wily wolf or voracious vulture? Where can one hear a sermon with so many heads as here? Do not morals come back to every one there? Can Colonel Gashleigh hear the hyena laugh and not smile bitterly behind his black whiskers? Can Major Ursa, M.P. for Barchester, see the big brown bear at the top of the pole without thinking what it cost to get up there? Does he wonder whether Bruin really finds the stale bun worth the steps he has taken? Look at Augustus Singe, of the War Office, in the Monkey House. If he doesn't see any resemblance, depend upon it Lady Edith does, for she is going into fits at the sight of a big ape Augustus is teasing. There must be something to draw so many to the Monkey House; and that something, no doubt, is the pleasure of seeing ourselves as others see us. I never leave that house without being physically sensible of scandal thereabouts. I know I must have once had a tail-sprout, and it makes me humble in the presence of those active gymnasts, the spider-monkeys.

I do like the Zoo, indeed.

But you don't go to the Zoo to see the beasts. Well! we won't be so coarse in our expressions, but we do go to see the creatures, wild and tame, biped and quadruped, and though the crowd comes and sits and swarms about the sitters, without giving a thought of the beasts after the terrace cages have been passed in review, I confess hearing more about the dumb animals than the others who are noisy without being instructive. Everyone resembles some animal, they say; and when the resemblance is more than striking, the animal has the best of it. The serpent is a lovely creature! What splendid eyes! What a lovely skin! and what a luxurious back-hair! No, at that instant I was watching a descendant of Eve who had much of the serpent in her composition—but then all of them have that since that first flirtation under the apple-tree. Look, how she is fascinating the poor young swell, who is under the influence of all those treacherous charms. Take care! you are not the first she has charmed, caught, and strangled, till there was no more to fatten on, and the carcase was thrown aside. Beware! there is a poison under that nimble tongue; perhaps death is under those glittering scales.

Look at Caboose, of the Royal Navy, shambling along in the wake of Lady Catchgull. He can't open his mouth without saying a rude thing, however polite he means to be. She looks round on everyone, with her feline air like a spoilt leopardess, and she calls Caboose a sea-bear. By Neptune! he's more like that than anything else.

The Zoo, then, is the place for me.

Can I learn faith, hope, or charity, in those savage precincts, demands of me some reverend stickler for the Propagation of

Mutual-Misery-on-the-Sabbath-Principles. Certainly I can. Faith in the idea that love of creatures is praise of the Creator. Hope that the example set by these noble animals in confinement may serve as a lesson to the fretful and impatient. Charity towards the brute creation, so maligned by a comparison with so-called intelligent beings.

Faith in the necessity of enjoying God's gifts of health and beauty as much or more on a Sunday of all days in the week—Hope that the day will come when gardens of all kinds will be thrown open on Sunday afternoons to the public at large—and Charity enough to make me ready to offer my whole for the advancement of such a desideratum.

As I passed the portly Bishop of Brown-Windsor, who looked as if he could have swallowed the camel which was browsing close by, I heard him remark to Sir Nat. Strainer, "Heaven forbid, Sir, that the museums should be opened to the poor on Sundays. They want spiritual food most of all." Of course, poor people, they can't all afford to be fellows of the Zoological Society, and that is the reason no doubt why the wish to be a bird is so popular among the lower classes. It must be so refreshing for an inhabitant of Whitechapel or Drury lane to turn into a mouldy London church for a mouthful of fresh air. I should much prefer the Zoo!

MUSIC.

A FEW words about Mdle. Christine Nilsson. This lady might well have claimed earlier attention at our hands; but we were satisfied that her attraction would not prove ephemeral, and, as pressing matters have made demands upon our space, we have not been able until to-day to furnish our readers with the opinion which we entertain of the new-comer.

The motto borne by the critic of the present day seems to be, "*Rien ne réussit comme le succès*," and when an artist achieves a success, there would appear to be nothing left for the chronicler but to nib his pen and write in superlatives till the end of the chapter. Nor is he far wrong, for the world will be found a fair judge in the long-run; but, were the entire public as wise as that portion of it which subscribes to the TOMAHAWK, it would be too much to expect that a satisfactory verdict could be pronounced as to the precise merits of an artist who has, as yet, been heard in two or three parts only. In the present case, however, we think that public taste will not be found at fault, and that Mdle. Nilsson has a brilliant career before her.

The characters with which her name is most intimately associated in Continental cities, are the *Queen of the Night* in the "Zauberflöte," *Violetta* in the "Traviata," and *Marta* in Flotow's opera of that name. We will pass by the first, as the "Zauberflöte" has not been played this season; we will dismiss the second, because it is a revolting part in a revolting opera; and we will come to the third, in which, if we mistake not, Mdle. Nilsson will be heard to her best advantage.

This lady has a legitimate soprano voice of extensive register and level quality; it is neither robust nor powerful, but, as she is a mistress of the art of light and shade, her voice appears to be, and practically is, sufficient for all purposes. She is essentially what the Italians call a singer *di piccolo genere*; but by this we must not be understood to imply that she would fail were she to undertake the principal part in a purely tragic opera, for Mdle. Nilsson is too good an artist not to give an interesting interpretation of any character which it might fall to her to have to play; we would simply say that her natural means and her musical training render her better fitted for parts of light or romantic interest than for the acknowledged *répertoire* of lyric tragedy.

In *Marta* it would be hard to single out acting more easy and refined, or singing more delicate and artistic, than Mdle. Nilsson gives us; so we gladly welcome her to the establishment at Her Majesty's Theatre, which, so far as the soprano element is concerned, was sadly in need of reinforcement.

The part of *Lionello* is taken by Signor Mongini, and it is difficult to know how to speak of him. There are three classes of tenor singers now before the public—namely, those who have voices and know not how to sing; those who, having learnt the art of singing, have lost their voices; and those who have never possessed voices nor learnt how to sing. Signor Mongini must be placed in the first category, as he has the finest tenor voice

now before the public; but as for criticising his singing, we cannot undertake to do it, and we can only deplore that such wealth of means should have been turned to so little account, so far as regards an artistic result.

By the way, why are all the critics so wildly bitter against the music in *Marta*? It is extremely tuneful, which is an advantage in these days of sterile melody, and it is easy to listen to and appreciate, which is more than can be said for the *Africaine* and similar works. It is said to be "flimsy," but flimsy things wear out, whilst the music of *Marta* has stood the test of time in the handsomest manner. The fault of the piece is that French, Italian, German, and even English music will be found there, but when this has been said, really we cannot see that there is much the matter with it, and we would infinitely rather hear *Marta*, with its unambitious prettiness than certain pretentious but empty works about which sagacious chroniclers are ready to rave.

The general performance of the opera is good, but whilst on the subject of Her Majesty's Theatre we would ask Mr. Mapleson what he can possibly mean by the "rider" which he tacks on to his advertisement in connexion with *Don Giovanni*, and which seems to point to an immense accession of choral strength to do honour to "*La Liberté*," the Finale to the First Act? The truth is, the piece, in which so much is to be done to help Mozart to make an effect, is not a chorus at all, but is a quartette of solo voices, whilst the words "*la liberté*" do not, properly, form part of the text of the opera. The position in which this number occurs is where Don Giovanni throws open his doors to his guests and begs them to make themselves at home; thus, a jubilant rejoicing, as though a country had been delivered from the hands of an oppressor (which this multitude of singers and the words employed suggest) is an unseemly and ridiculous innovation upon such a work as *Don Giovanni* which is quite strong enough to hold its own without such fanciful alterations. We hope, in sober seriousness, that we shall hear no more of this sort of nonsense.

ENIGMA.

HALF dead, scarce half alive,
Of a slave the better half—
Companion oft of one wise man,
Though only born—a calf.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANSWER TO THE LAST CHARADE.—Sea-gull.

Correct answers received from J. M.; A Modern Mohock and 83 incorrect.

NOTE.—The allusion in the second syllable is to the celebrated physician Dr. Gull. There was an unfortunate erratum in the third line of the second stanza, which made the charade very difficult to guess. The line should have been,

"Gravely he looked when he heard 'my case,'"

instead of "my First."

W. F.—Many thanks. Strange to say, we had hit upon the same idea. For further particulars see our next number.

A MODERN MOHOCK.—Your enigma is good, but on the whole we prefer our own—we mean the one that appears in the present number.

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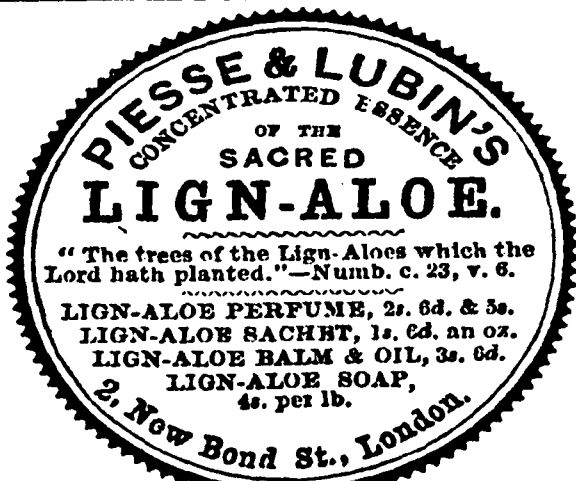
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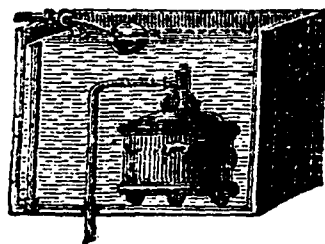
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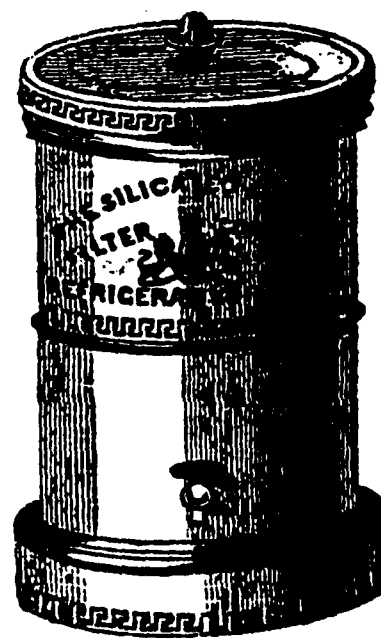
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