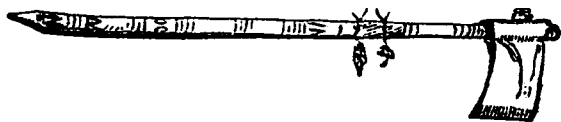


# THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PROETERIT."

II.]

LONDON, JULY 20, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

## THE LATE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN TO THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

IMPERIAL BROTHER,

At a time when you are gathering around you all the crowned heads of Europe to celebrate the nuptials of Peace and a Napoleon, I feel that, though absent in the body, I must be present in the Spirit. The circle of your guests would be incomplete without me, the Emperor of your creation, the Spirit of your latest and proudest dream, the Witness to your latest and proudest success in a policy of peace and conciliation. You are the Providence of Europe, the Jupiter who rules the celestial circle of monarchs, who hurls his dread thunderbolts on those who rebel against his paternal sway; whose voice is law, whose faintest whisper bears more power than the roar of the mightiest tempest. I appear to you at the moment of your triumph. You have gathered around you in friendly intercourse those who should have been your bitterest foes; you have clasped in cordial welcome the hand that should have drawn the sword against you; and those, whose cannons should have thundered at your gates, have joined in pæans of praise to Peace and Unity. You may well be proud, you may well call all Europe to look at this encouraging spectacle, and forget that one place is vacant—forget that where the Emperor of Mexico should have sat there sits only the victorious general who brought his army back, having saved their lives but not your honour. It was a loss that you could endure. It was a loss that you asked me to share, and if I preferred another course what blame rests on you? You could not teach me the policy of success. You could not teach me to trust to time and trickery to efface the memory of my cowardice. You are the successful Emperor of France, I am the unsuccessful Emperor of Mexico. You are the prudent sagacious ruler, I am the rash and obstinate enthusiast, who pays the stake that in his quixotic folly he risked—his life. Yes, the cheers of the shopkeepers, whom your prudent statesmanship has saved from the terrors of a temporary injury to their trade, are ringing in your ears; but listen awhile to me. I speak to you from the grave, when the scales, which the world forges, have fallen from my eyes.

I will not go back too far in your history. The purple of your Imperial robe has served to hide many a blood stain; the glory of your success has dazzled many eyes, and blinded them to the treachery and cruelty by which you won it. You have preserved France by cleverly playing off class against class, by throwing sops to each, as each became too clamorous in their demands to admit of their being treated with contempt any longer. If the sop was a sham, and what seemed bread was but a stone, you managed so that they should break their teeth before they found that out. You bullied and oppressed where you could, and when that was no longer possible, you cajoled and cheated. To appease the cry of the army for military glory, you embarked in the Mexican expedition; and when your allies, seeing your aim was confiscation not compensation, withdrew their forces, you undertook alone to regenerate Mexico. On the faith of your promises of aid I became Emperor—the sacrifices which I made on that occasion I do not mention—I believed your promises; I was content to face the difficulties which lay in the way of success, relying on your help. The North, having conquered the South (on the possibility of which

you with your marvellous foresight might have calculated) found themselves with a large victorious army strong enough to demand the withdrawal of your troops from Mexico. You, the greatest military Power in the world, the Arbiter of the destiny of nations, whose slightest nod made Europe tremble, withdrew your troops at once without a murmur. You entreated me to follow your example. What more could you have done? If I was fool enough to think, that having pledged my faith, I could not break that pledge without disgrace, it was evident I was not fit to be an Emperor. Your interest bade you yield, and you yielded amidst the approbation of all prudent rulers. I have sealed with my blood the contract to which I had signed my good name; opposite your name there is no seal now, but there *shall be!* Believe me, ghost though I be, that not all the Commercial Treaties which you can by cunning or servility piece together; not all the triumphant hymns to Peace that your pensioned poets can write; not all the temples that you can build to Industry with money plundered from your visitors; not all the gingerbread images of Liberty which you may offer the subjects of your paternal government; not all the fair glozed professions of liberality and mercy that you can teach your tongue to repeat, can save you from the ruin and disgrace which await you. Already do your long blinded worshippers perceive the ends of the straw with which their idol is stuffed; already does Memory, long lulled to sleep, recal the shrieks of the murdered victims which made that December night hideous; already are the voices of the giant intellects, the muzzles on whose mouths you have half unloosed, ringing through the land; already is Young France beginning to learn that there are worthier toys for men than painted harlots, and gorgeous shows, and splendid Boulevards. That Liberty, whom you would represent by a puppet and a string, is a power greater than yours; and your shams and pretences are but paving the way for the triumphal entry of the reality which you loathe and detest. Your beginning was in meanness and brutality, your end shall be in insignificance and shame; and the dynasty, which you fondly hoped to found, shall be destroyed ere well begun: may your descendants learn to serve with true honour and courage that country which you have enslaved by deceit and cunning. (Signed)

MAXIMILIAN.

## THE HOSPITALITY OF THE LORD MAYOR.

THOSE military martyrs, the Belgian Volunteers, were regaled last week at the Mansion House with all that munificence so long associated with the name of the Lord Mayor of London. We have much pleasure in publishing the *menu* of the banquet in question:—

POTAGE.

L'eau froid à la Themise.

POISSON.

Sardine au l'huile à la bon chose pour les cheveux.

ENTREES.

Beurre au naturel à la critique theatrale.

ROTI.

Pain au discretion.

DESERTS.

Oranges à la deux pour trois ha'pence.



LONDON, JULY 20, 1867.

SOME of our cotemporaries, *à propos* of the melancholy death of Maximilian, have been speculating on the feelings which will torture the Emperor Napoleon on his death bed. Until this time arrives, we are certain His Majesty will never give up the ghost.

THE French papers, in spite of the late display of international courtesies, are exceedingly disgusted with the Czar. His Northern Majesty, it appears, has been far too civil to Gortschakoff to please the "Empire which is the peace." Consequently, it is declared that Alexander's visit to Paris was a mere blunder—in fact, a *russe* worthy of a Russian!

IN honour of H.I.M. the Sultan, an extraordinary Musical Festival has been given at the Crystal Palace. A Turkish Ode specially written for this Fête was sung in the original language. To everybody present this was a very intelligible epis-ode (no doubt) in the day's amusements.

A CERTAIN "Royal Sailor" (we leave our readers to supply for themselves his nationality), it is said, exhibited such a decided taste for the votaries of Terpsichore during his last stay on shore, that it has been proposed to produce a naval drama founded upon his personal adventures, to be entitled "*True to the Corps—de Ballet.*"

THE Editor of the *Figaro* has been drawing the long bow about the execution of Maximilian. Henceforward his paper (which it must be confessed is scarcely worth a *Fig*) should drop the first syllable of its name, and be known as *The Arrow!*

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON, rumour says, has been offered, and has declined, the honour of knighthood. We are glad of it. What would Aldgate pump be without a handle? What would not Sir *Athenæum* be with one? Let young authors say.

FOR fear that the British flag should be trodden under foot by foreigners, it was suggested, we believe, by a very Common Councilman, that during the stay of the Belgians in England the whole of the London pavement should be taken up, and its place be supplied by asphalt. By the bye, this reminds us that all our illustrious guests were exhibited on Sunday last at the Zoological Gardens! The compliments of the "Reception Committee" are occasionally exceedingly neat.

CROQUET is to be superseded. Young ladies are tired of it, as they tire of everything but their attire. The new game is called *rouge et blanc*, and is quite a boudoir game, at which men, of course, are only expected to look on.

THE Viceroy of Egypt gave £500 to the Royal Dramatic College on Saturday last, after inspecting the "Revels" in the Crystal Palace. This munificence should cause us no surprise, as it has ever been the fashion in the East to treat mountebanks with the utmost liberality.

OUR Government are going to do something at last in aid of Consul Cameron and his unhappy fellow-prisoners. An army has been despatched from Bombay to crush the King of Abyssinia. We trust, however, his Black-leaded Majesty will spare our countrymen until we have had time to effect their rescue.

As it is, we have the best reasons for dreading that our interfering at this late hour will be a case of shutting (up) The(o)dore of the S(t)able after the steed has been stolen. If it were not cruel to joke upon so sad a subject, we would further explain our meaning by saying that his long-continued cry for help must have made poor Cameron a little *hoarse!*

## OPENING OF THE ALBERT HALL.

You don't believe in second sight? Sorry for you; we do.

A Highland correspondent has obliged us with the following, which, if it does not satisfactorily prove the possession of that supernatural gift, must be a pure invention.

"At length the expected day has arrived and is past into history. The Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences has been opened, and as an honest chronicler it is our duty to the public to relate the events of this remarkable day from first to last. (Don't be alarmed, we shall only indulge you with extracts.—ED.) Our yellow ticket admitted us, before the general public, into the tribune allotted to the Press, and we could admire at our ease the splendid details of the lobby (equal in size to the old Agricultural Hall in Islington) which led to the hall itself.

"Words cannot describe the effect on our mind on entering the Grand Amphitheatre, whose ceiling spanned our heads like a second starry hemisphere.

"I may as well mention that the committee had very kindly supplied each of the members of the Press with an Admiralty telescope, without which indeed we should have been utterly incapacitated from rendering an account of the proceedings.

(We skip the accounts of the regiments present, the acting police, the flags, the faces, and the flowers.—ED.)

"Punctually at one o'clock Her Majesty the Queen, whose restoration to the British people is now an accomplished fact, arrived in an open carriage drawn by four splendid arabs, the gift of the Sultan on his last visit to London, driving with her suite into the area of the hall and alighting at the dais, which, with Voigtlander's best glasses, we could make out beneath us.

"The united orchestras from the two opera houses, assisted by the bands of the Guards, Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and Fusiliers, and materially assisted by the combined Germans of the metropolis, immediately struck up the National Anthem, but though we were tolerably near we were unable to hear more than an occasional grunt, indicative of the energy displayed by the Teutonic basses present; but the effect was thrilling, as all those brass instruments were turned up at once gleaming in the sunlight like the flash of an oar on the distant sea.

"His Royal Highness, who on this occasion acted as spokesman for his august mother, could just be made out from our tribune as a speck removed from the masses around, but though we were most of us provided with sound-magnifiers we were unable to catch a word of the charming speech delivered on this occasion, but the defects in sound were remedied by the ingenious idea of creating a chain, when the phrases were passed round from one spectator to another, like buckets of water at a fire, and with much the same effect.

"We have no space for the interesting description of the arts and sciences displayed. There was a hippodrome in the centre, in which races were run for the Kensington Cup. There was a lecture, which nobody attended to, at one end of the hall; while towards dark an exhibition of fireworks took place, which would have been enjoyed immensely, owing to the new effects rendered by the reflection of the roof, had not an unforeseen accident happened, which will render the Hall useless for some time to come.

"The architect seems to have put too much faith in the contract for iron girders, anyhow the span appears to have been too great for the weight supported, and more than half the ceiling gave way with a crash which could be actually heard all over the building. Owing, however, to the distance it had to fall, the public had ample time to make its escape from that side of the Hall which was threatened.

"It is confidently reported that Mr. E. T. Smith has already made tenders for the lease, in case the original purpose was not carried out.

"The name of the Hall will remain the same."

THE TOMA







*BANQUO AT THE BANQUET !*

MAC BETH OF FRANCE TO BANQUO OF MEXICO. — "Thou can'st not say, I did it !"





## AT THE COUNCIL.

(BEFORE MR. TOM-A-HAWK, THE PRESIDING MAGISTRATE.)  
(*Gross Case of Defamation of Character.—A Sermon from the Bench.*)

Mr. J. L. TOOLE, several young men who described themselves as the "White Lilies of the Prairie," some music-hall singers, and a large number of females, ranging in age from twenty-five to fifty, were charged with wilfully damaging a most honourable profession in the eyes of the civilised world, and bringing it into utter disrepute.

*The Magistrate.* I think the best way to deal with this case will be to examine some of the prisoners so that I may arrive at the truth of the story. Now, Mr. Toole, what have you to say in answer to the charge?

*Mr. Toole.* Well, you see, your worship— (Roars of laughter.)

*The Magistrate (severely).* Mr. Toole, I must request you to remember that you now stand in a court of justice, and not on the boards of the Adelphi Theatre. Your levity is unseemly.

*Mr. Toole (earnestly).* I can assure your worship that I meant no disrespect to the bench. I am obliged to admit that the public roar the moment I open my mouth. They laugh at me rather more in my serious characters than in my low comedy parts.

*The Magistrate.* Then you would imply that the public are idiots?

*Mr. Toole (with slight hesitation).* I fear so; at least I only know that they come very often to see me.

*The Magistrate.* Exactly. Now, Sir, how do you justify your conduct on Saturday and Monday last?

*Mr. Toole.* Well, Sir, the Royal Dramatic College is a most excellent institution, and deserves the warmest support of every actor.

*The Magistrate.* That is no defence, Sir. What is your excuse for delivering the bosh you described as a "Lecture upon Japan?"

*Mr. Toole.* It was given in the cause of charity.

*The Magistrate.* And do you mean to tell me, Mr. Toole, that you could not have employed your time to better advantage than in insulting the common sense of the public?

*Mr. Toole.* Certainly I do, Sir. The public like to see us playing the mountebank. They love to be able to cry, "There, see how Toole is grinning through that horse-collar! Look yonder—what a fool Clarke is making of himself in that motley!" They like to see us degraded into a parcel of buffoons, and they pay for the pleasure of witnessing the (to us) painful spectacle.

*The Magistrate.* Mr. Toole, I don't want to preach a sermon, but I must remind you that the end can never justify the means. And now, who are you that have assumed the names of the "White Lilies of the Prairie?" Answer carefully, for a lapse from the path of truth will be attended by the severest punishment.

*The Lilies of the Prairie (speaking together).* We are a pack of conceited amateurs, without a particle of sense or a grain of talent. We are just tolerated by the theatrical profession, who accept of our services, while they regard us with feelings of the liveliest disgust and contempt.

*The Magistrate.* Just so. And now, you young ladies over there, what have you to say for yourselves? As I expected—not a word. You must be aware that your conduct is calculated to bring your whole order into disrepute. An actress is often obliged to brave the coarse stare of a public composed of snobs and cads to earn her bread—she has often to submit her genius to the criticism of a gross and uneducated mob. Still, she can live two lives—one in front of the footlights and the "gods," the other in the bosom of her family. Oh, don't let her surrender the second life to the snobs as well as the first! You know well enough that you stand behind the stalls at the Crystal Palace for the express purpose of submitting your faces and forms to the gross criticism of would-be libertines and men-of-the-world from the shopboard. None of you should like to undergo such an ordeal. Those who do are no proper associates for the pure and the good. Henceforward let all honest women avoid the stalls at the Dramatic College Fête, and leave them to the wantons—the only people who can preside over them without injury to their reputations and good name. Remember that you cannot touch pitch and remain undefiled. For Hea-

ven's sake, do not bring the fashions of the Haymarket into the Crystal Palace. It is the mode now-a-days to regard actresses in the light of so many articles of barter. Do not, as you love your husbands, brothers, and children, lend your aid to spread the shameful creed. On the present occasion I shall dismiss the case. However, should the prisoners be brought before me again, I shall treat them with threefold severity.

The prisoners were then discharged from custody.

## A RIGHT ROYAL WELCOME.

THE Council of the Braves was at an end.

Take your partners, said Tomahawk gravely, for the War Dance: and the assembled group in feathers and paint (for Fashion uses the brush even in the prairie) stood ready. The Dance, too (which we may style a War-soviana), was over. And Tomahawk arose, and with scalping-knife in hand, strode from out his wigwam into the Strand.

He hailed a Hansom. "To Trafalgar Square," he cried, and in a few minutes alighted at the base of Nelson's Column. "Your fare?" "Half a crown," said the honest cabman. Tomahawk smiled. The distance was barely a quarter of a mile, but doubtless he had been mistaken for a lady. He paid the fare demanded, and with one gigantic stride leaped on to the manes of the entire group of Landseer's menagerie, and with another leap he stood on the summit of Nelson's Column, side by side with the hero of Trafalgar Square. With war paint and feathers, with tomahawk and pipe, he stood erect, in attitude dignified, while Nelson, thus startled from his metallic repose, nearly stumbled from his pedestal into the fountains below.

"Be not alarmed," said Tomahawk, as he observed the gallant Admiral place his hand on the hilt of his sword. "I am not an apparition or phantom, or even the ghost of Bloomsbury Square. I am Tomahawk, Chief of the Tomahawks, and the hero of a hundred literary fights."

Hereupon the two heroic spirits embraced affectionately.

"What is stirring below?" inquired Nelson, after a pause.

"Do you not read the TOMAHAWK?" retorted the Chief with an almost imperceptible sneer: and Nelson stood mute.

After another short pause spoke Tomahawk thus: "The Sultan of Turkey will be here in half an hour."

Nelson started with surprise.

"He is to be England's guest. Look below, and behold the preparations made for his welcome."

Here Nelson delighted, danced the sailor's hornpipe on the coil of rope at his feet. At length, out of breath, he paused, and Tomahawk continued.

"England is a great country: you did a trifle to make it great in times past: but if you were living in the present day, you would, instead of being an Admiral of the Red White and Blue, probably be the captain of a Citizen steam boat." (Nelson winced). "Don't be offended: I only wish to satisfy you how great this country and its children of the present day really are. But see, the Sultan comes: the muffled bells of St. Martin's steeple peal a merry welcome. Behold those banners of crape floating gaily out on the house-tops. Watch the crowd: it is in tears: but that is its way in the present day to express delight. Its tears are tears of joy, you know. The men are sombrely clad, and the women wear black robes and veils. The English nation is a serious, not a frivolous, people, like the French. Now mark the gallant cortège as it passes along."

Nelson gazed down mournfully.

"Why gaze so sadly?" observed Tomahawk. "Those are State Carriages, not funeral coaches. The horses certainly look Shillibeerish, but then it is only the consciousness of high breeding. Hark! The band of the Horse Guards strikes up the lively strains of 'The Dead March.'" (Here Nelson was about to dance the "Shadow Dance"—not after Lydia Thompson—but a look from Tomahawk rebuked him.) "That," continued the speaker, "is the Duke of Cambridge, in a suit of dark grey tweed: just before him, in the first carriage, is the Prince of Wales, in evening costume. In the other carriages are some of the magnates of the land."

"But why do they look so gloomy?" asked Nelson with surprise.

"It is their way now. The whole nation has become serious. Gloom surrounds the throne, and its mantle falls around the

cot of the peasant. The shopkeeper makes money with a sigh, and the maiden dances in the ball-room with tears in her eyes. Life is endured by one and all with patient resignation. Ah! the English people have changed since you knew them." Here Nelson drew out his pocket-handkerchief and wiped away a tear.

"Cheer up," said Tomahawk soothingly; "hearken to those subdued, whispered sounds of welcome!" and the cheers of the multitude floated upward as if wrapped up in a wet blanket.

"Surely the English nation has caught cold," suggested Nelson.

"Loss of voice merely: it needs a 'sovereign remedy,'" replied Tomahawk. "But," he added hastily, "I must away. The crowd below has silently dispersed. The Sultan will shortly be on his way to Windsor, where, if he does not arrive by 3.25 sharp, he will lose a royal welcome, as Her Majesty starts for Osborne at 3.26"—so saying, with a cordial shake of the hand, Tomahawk at a bound descended, and was lost amid the crowd below.

Nelson looked after him a minute—thought within himself "can such things be?" and resumed his usual attitude and accustomed repose.

### ANOTHER MAGAZINE.

MAGAZINES, *mille é tre*, are making, or going to make, their appearance in the literary world. Among others we are promised a Ritualistic Review, to be called the *St. Alban's Magazine*. We are not breaking faith, we believe, in publishing the contents of the first number.

#### No. 1. *St. Alban's Magazine*.

1. Saint Corryn's Corns, or the Blessed Toe-nail. A Romance in Three Chapters. Chap. I.
2. On the Colours most agreeable to Heaven on the Feast of Saint Cramoisie. By the Bp. of O . . . . .
3. Lily-Culture and its Enemies.
4. Lines on the Sweet Parting of Brother Philagree's Hair.
5. On the Divine Monotone employed by the Gregorians. *Illuminated*.
6. A History of Religious Costume from the time of Adam. Chap. I. By the Rev. A. S. S. . . .
7. Ode—To my old Hair Shirt!
8. Miracle-Plays. By a distinguished Amateur.
9. The Sacred Character of Wax.
10. Sense and Incense. *Illuminated*.
11. How to make Roman Candles: with diagrams.
12. Answers to Confessing Penitents. By the Editor.

\* \* With the first number will be presented, *gratis*, a *fac-simile* of the impression made on the Editor's mind by the blessing of the Holy Father, Pius IX.

††† The Editor begs to inform a numerous circle of sympathisers that subscriptions will not be received in flowers or wax-candles, although he has no wish to refuse them when accompanied by a P. O. O. to the amount demanded.

### THE RELAXATIONS OF PRINCES.

THE intellect, the culture, the experiences and the tastes of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales cause us doubly to prize any remark, which he may vouchsafe us, on that much vexed question of the present day, the education of the rising generation. The public therefore must have been as much delighted as it was doubtless edified by his highly original speech delivered the other day at the London College, on the value of combining a knowledge of the tongues of modern Europe with those of ancient Italy and Greece. It was perhaps rather unkind and inconsiderate on the part of H. R. H. to raise hopes in his audience which he did not eventually fulfil, and after hinting in the commencement of his speech at treating his hearers with a neat little disquisition on the comparative value of a modern and classical education, to announce to them that he would forbear pursuing the subject any further. When an authority so eminently qualified to speak on such subjects is silent the loss is the whole world's. We are delighted however to hear that the Prince does not persist in carrying this modest reticence to an uncharitable length, and that he purposes, at no distant date, delivering addresses on certain coming occasions, on other sub-

jects which fall as naturally within his range as that of education. The following list will, we believe, be found to include the most important of the intended series:

*Firstly*. At the opening of a new Metaphysical and Philosophical Debating Club, H. R. H. will in this address take a survey of the past history of philosophers, dwelling on the life and opinions of its most eminent professors, and giving his own views as to the probable future of metaphysical enquiry in this and other countries. *On dit* that H. R. H.'s speech on this topic is at present being carefully prepared by a fit and proper person. That the quantities to all the difficult names are being duly marked, and that the royal lecturer has already succeeded in mastering the principal heads of his address.

*Secondly*. At the opening of a Woman's Right Society, H. R. H. will deliver an address on the "Causes which have led to an elevation in the standard of womanly dignity."

*Thirdly*. On an occasion not yet decided, H. R. H. will speak at length on the "Whole duty of princes."

*Fourthly*. A variety of minor but equally elaborate and instructive addresses will be delivered by the illustrious heir to the throne, on such occasions as the inauguration of several penitentiaries, the jubilees of temperance societies, the founding of new churches, and the like.

### MUSIC.

M. GOUNOD'S *Romeo and Juliet* has been produced at Covent Garden, and Mr. Gye has thus redeemed another important pledge. What shall we say about the performance? It really is rather difficult to know. The scenery and decorations are magnificent, Mdle Patti sings and acts in a manner which calls for the highest commendation; Signor Mario looks ideally handsome; M. Petit and Signor Neri-Baraidi as Capulet and Tybalt, respectively, are weak and uninteresting; Mdle. Nau, as the page, is inaudible; Signor Tagliafico, as Gregorio, has a few notes to sing, and he sings them very much out of tune; Signor Bagagiolo's good voice is useful in the music allotted to the Friar, &c., &c. So our readers will conjecture that we have some difficulty in making up our mind whether the performance, as a whole, is a good one or a bad one.

Mr. Costa has made some excisions in his usual autocratic manner. He begins by entirely removing the vocal prologue which occurs in the middle of the orchestral prelude. This is, to our thinking, an unwarrantable and altogether indefensible proceeding. The music which is thus omitted is as beautiful as need be, and serves as a much more fitting prelude to the tragedy than the somewhat commonplace dance music with which it is now made to open. There are numerous other *coupures*, some of which are perhaps unavoidable, but we must in truth say, that we think it is due to M. Gounod not to slash about his opera so unmercifully on the very first night of its performance in London. We will grant that some curtailment is advisable, but, for goodness sake let an unfortunate composer say what he has to say, if it is for *one* night only. The piece can always be cut afterwards—in fact the whole work can be cut out and another opera substituted if it does not please, but a garbled version, such as is now to be heard at Covent Garden, is, to say the least of it, doing but scanty justice to M. Gounod, who, it should be recollected, is the foremost composer of the present day.

And now, O readers of the TOMAHAWK, know ye by these presents that ye are at liberty to go and hear Mdle. Patti in the character of *Juliet*, and also to admire the innate charm and grace of her performance. It is the best thing she has done, and gives her the right to be classed in the category of those great artists in whose path she has honestly and earnestly striven to walk. With regard to *Romeo*, we can only say that we have rarely seen anybody on or off the stage to compare with Signor Mario, in the beauty of his costumes and personal appearance. We have said nothing about the way in which he sings his music, and we don't mean to do so; our readers are, therefore, at liberty to hazard their own conjectures, and it is possible that some of the shrewdest may not be far wrong! Mdle. Nau did not sing the song of the Page particularly badly, and for what those of the audience, who were in the upper tiers of boxes, received, we dare say they were truly thankful, but it must have been uncommonly little; for, as we have said, she has no voice for Covent Garden. It was on this account, no doubt, that Mdle. Nau was hissed and jeered at by

some young gentlemen in the stalls, who (very properly) like to get as much noise as they can for their money!

There are some other alterations in addition to those which we have already mentioned, and the advisability of which we are disposed to question; Mdlle. Patti transposes her valse from G. into F., which may be good for the singer, but may not be good for the music. The valse is ugly, but we doubt if it gains anything by being transposed from a bright key into a "dummy" one. Then, again, the quartette in the marriage scene is transposed a note, and the duet in the fourth act (*Nuit d'hyménée, o douce nuit d'amour*), is lowered a semitone. All this *may* be necessary, but it seems a pity not to let the composer have his way, if it is for one night only.

We shall, perhaps, recur to the subject of *Romeo and Juliet*, meanwhile our readers may go to Covent Garden to praise Mdlle. Patti, to look at Signor Mario, to exalt the name of Mr. Augustus Harris, and to marvel at the rare beauty of Mr. Mat. Morgan's scenery.

### WHAT THEY WILL TAKE HOME WITH THEM.

IT really would appear that it has been the object of the Reception Committee to utterly destroy the tastes and morals of our Belgian guests. From first to last they have been hurried from one dissipation into another until the quietest and most virtuous of them must have at length become the most vicious of libertines that ever gave the Surrey Theatre a subject for a melodrama. We have the very best reasons for believing that they will carry home with them

A horrible admiration for the great Vance.

A wild thirst for gin.

A frantic enthusiasm for skittles.

And a passionate and unreasoning love for the Syrens of Cremorne.

### LAW BY JURY.

THERE at least seems to be a faint gleam of hope that the British jurymen is gradually allowing himself to be transported from the deceitful ground of speculative irrationality to the *terra firma* of common sense and adherence to actual facts. The change must necessarily be slow; but if we can be quite sure it has begun we have more than enough to be thankful for. One of the stereotyped charges of criminal assault was last week brought against a respectable dentist. The absurdity and inconsistency of the evidence at once showed the nature of the accusation. Few persons capable of forming an opinion could have hesitated a moment as to what the verdict ought to be. These jurymen, however, in their infinite stupidity, hesitated for several hours, and when they returned into Court announced that they experienced considerable difficulty in arriving at a conclusion, but that they had at last determined to give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt, and that they accordingly found him not guilty. With boundless gratitude we accept this step towards improvement. A British jury cannot be reformed in a day, and cannot at once make its sensitive feelings proof against the lying imputations of a prurient feminine hypocrisy. Perhaps, however, after some considerable time has elapsed, when an unoffending man is accused of a gross offence by a designing woman, we shall hear of the jury giving the benefit of the certainty of his innocence, and not of the doubt of his guilt.

### VENUS TURNED SHOPKEEPER.

WE understand that on future occasions the following tariff will be observed by the ladies who keep the stalls at the Crystal Palace fêtes in aid of the funds of the Royal Dramatic College, Maybury, in their dealings with strangers:

|                                 |    |    |
|---------------------------------|----|----|
|                                 | s. | d. |
| A wink ... ..                   | 0  | 6  |
| A squeeze of the hand ... ..    | 1  | 0  |
| A leer ... ..                   | 2  | 6  |
| Ditto (superior quality) ... .. | 5  | 0  |
| A kiss ... ..                   | 12 | 6  |

For further particulars enquire of the stall-keepers.

A TENOR OF PROMISE.—Mr. Sims Reeves. (But how about performance?)

### CHARADE.

ALONE at last! not a sound to be heard—

Yes, all are wrapp'd in sleep!

And I, alone, in my chamber here

My sorrowful vigil keep.

Oh! would that my burning, aching eyes

Had but one tear to weep!

I'm past all weeping; that brings relief—

There's no such comfort for me!

Once more I'll gaze on the pledge that she gave—

That lying and cruel She!

I know from my First 'tis the very same—

Oh! can such falseness be?

Will she come to look on my face when I'm dead?

Will she feel one single pang?—

My Second's all right?—Will it wake the house?

"The sound through the stillness rang!"

Stop! where have I heard those words?—Why, Yes,

They were part of the song that she sang.

Oh! but for a draught of my whole to still

This throbbing pain in my heart!

"What's this?" "Tis here!"—"Let me drink!"

—"Halloa!"

I woke with a sudden start;

And I found that I'd dropped off fast asleep,

Instead of learning my part.

Answers to be sent to No. 9, Burleigh Street, Strand, before Wednesday, the 24th.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANSWER TO THE LAST CHARADE.—V. E. A. L. [The wise man alluded to is, of course, Bacon.] Solutions have been received from A Modern Mohock, O. E. J. Sears, J. Matthews, Alpha, "Poor Little Bobby," "Old Cackles, the Painted Bombardier," Mrs. Ferren, Thingamy, J. Winslow, R. S. T., The Author of "The Murderer of Putney, a Tale of the Crimean War," W. L. T., R. P. Q., A. Z., N. B., "Two Idiots," A Constant Reader of the TOMAHAWK, Anti-Owl, A Liar, B. O. S. H., and thirty-three incorrect.

A MODERN MOHOCK.—Many thanks for your contribution. We shall print your last Enigma one of these days.

B. B.—Your joke about "Strikes" (we believe) was originally the property of Adam and Eve.

IMPRIMATUR.—If you had read your TOMAHAWK, you would have known that we made that joke—"in-Sultan,"—about three weeks ago.

WM. READE, JUN.—We were very pleased indeed to receive the list of the "various periodicals for which you wrote." You can add our own name to the list if you like to send us an advertisement.

LOST OR STRAYED.—It will gratify you to learn that your contribution reached our waste-paper basket in perfect safety.

SCOTUS.—Your poem has been sent to Alfred Tennyson. You will consequently find a vast improvement in the next production of the Laureate.

DECLINED, WITHOUT THANKS.—G. E. H., F. C., A. T., F. A. M., G. A. B., T. S. E., M. M., and AWAB.

A NAKED TRUTH.—The season for excursions has commenced, and middle-class gentility hurries to Margate and Ramsgate. To this we can have no objection, so long as it avoids a life on, or a dip in, the ocean wave *au naturel*. Now, your poets of the Swinburne school may sing eloquently and voluptuously of "beauty unadorned," but we must say there is nothing so becoming to modest English maidens as a bathing dress. A sea bath conduces to the health of the body, but we are sure, without a bathing dress, the health of the mind is, to a great extent, impaired.

NOVELS FOR THE SEA-SIDE.—For young ladies: *Flirtation*. For young gentlemen: *The Sea Gull*.

A POSER FOR MARIO.—"Wherefore art thou Romeo?"

LAMBERT THIBOUST is dead—a Parisian who has supplied our dramatists for years. Weep, O Tom Taylor! Mourn, O Oxenford! But Sardou lives! You may still be original—in your method of translating French idioms.



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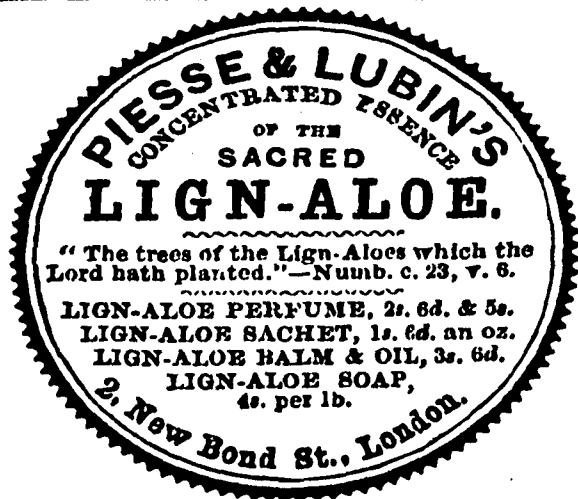
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gance, fit, and finish of the best Paris makes. The  
ladies' gloves are beautifully and permanently per-  
fumed. Every colour in stock. Ladies', 4s. 2d., Gentle-  
men's 4s. 8d.; post free, two extra stamps.

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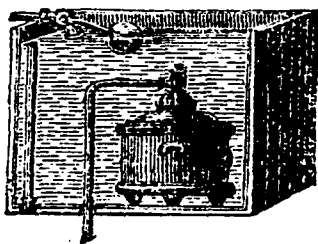
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application.

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matism is the inflammatory state of the blood, attended  
with bad digestion and general debility. A few doses  
of these Pills, taken in time, are an effectual preven-  
tive against gout and rheumatism, but anyone who  
has an attack of either should use Holloway's Oint-  
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bined with the effect of the Pills, must infallibly  
effect a cure. These Pills act directly on the blood,  
which they purify and improve. They also regulate  
the secretions, and give tone to the stomach, and thus  
the whole system is invigorated, and put into a condi-  
tion which enables it to stop the approach of the  
disease, or throw it off.

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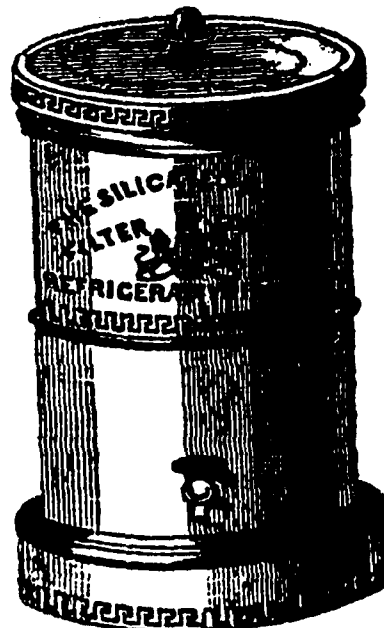
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ence to all others at the Government offices, the General  
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