

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



“INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT.”

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[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE BEST WISHES OF THE SEASON.

CHRISTMAS! Our first Christmas. Christmas is the season above all others welcome to youth. What then can it be but especially welcome to us, who still in our early youth have been born in full vigour and complete in stature, like Minerva from the brain of Jove. Minerva, the goddess of our especial devotion, whose courage is our model and whose wisdom is our guide.

Welcome then Christmas to us all, TOMAHAWK and his readers alike, which we fondly assure ourselves includes “All.” For this season of brotherly love and good will we have no hard blows to give. Even on the follies around us we can throw an indulgent look and note them not. Would that our words might help to spread among all classes Christmas feelings of peace and brotherly union. Would that we might soften the rancours and jealousies which too widely obtain rule amongst us at all seasons. Would that we might aid to banish most especially the dreadful canker of distrust and enmity which the past year has witnessed between our sister peoples.

Would that our words might forward the many good works of love and charity which have been begun amongst us, and which the inevitable hardships of the falling winter convert into imperative calls upon us all. How can we catalogue these good works, how name any one before the other when all have such paramount claims. The noblest precedence of all is precedence in good works—while there is no republic so honourable as the republic of brotherly friendship and charity. Let our list, then, be alphabetical while we run over the names of a dozen of the many charities appealing to us for help and succour.

Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, 309 Regent street.

Boys' Home, 2 John's terrace, Primrose hill.

Field Lane Refuges and Ragged Schools, 31 St. Paul's Churchyard.

Girls' Home, 2 John's terrace, Primrose hill.

Hospital for Sick Children, 49 Great Ormond street.

Merchant Seamen's Orphans' Home, 117 Leadenhall street, E.C.

London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution, 200 Euston road, N.W.

Orphans' Working School, 59 Ludgate hill.

Providence Row Night Refuge, 22 Finsbury circus, E.C.

Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Boys, 8 Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn.

Rescue Society, 85 Queen street, Cheapside.

Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, Hibernia Chambers, London Bridge.

Many other excellent charities might we name did our space allow us. But as it is the above is a Roll that need not blush to find itself beside the noblest Roll of titles and dignities yet compiled by Herald or Chamberlain. And heartily do we recommend it to the attention and charitable aid of the millions—our Readers, to whom and to all we give a hearty greeting, and

“Welcome them and wish them long.”

EVERY PRECAUTION.

REPORT of detective policeman, Nobbler, detached on special duty :—

This morning was shown a letter stating that at twenty-five minutes past eleven o'clock, an attempt would be made to break into the cellars of the Bank of England from the street, and to carry off the bullion deposited there, and was directed to institute a strict watch over the Bank.

Two regiments of Guards and 500 police armed with revolvers, were posted inside the Bank.

According to instructions, I went on duty at six o'clock, and observing a suspicious-looking boy, asked him the way to Whitechapel. Boy refused to answer, so at once locked him up and searched him. Found upon him—

100 copies of the TOMAHAWK.

10 copies of *Punch*.

4 marbles (one of them chipped).

100 copies of *Times*.

At nine o'clock observed six men proceeding towards the Bank with shovels, pickaxes, and other tools. Asked one of them what they were for. He said they were going to break into the cellars. I went into Cheapside and then came back and watched them. Two waggons had driven up and were waiting by the men. They took measurements from the Bank wall into the road, and referred to a plan or map. At twenty-five minutes past eleven they began to break up the road and were digging a hole with their shovels and pickaxes. I went across the street and continued to watch them. In about half an hour one of them said, “Here is the roof of the vault,” and they all left the rest of the road and began breaking open the roof. Then one of them, whom I should know again, went towards the Exchange, and called one of the waggons. I went back and saw that they had made a hole in the roof, out of which they took several bags of gold, which they put into the wagon which drove off rapidly. I then gave an alarm. The wagon turned the corner of Moorgate street, and I never saw it again, and all the men who had been taking up the pavement ran off towards the Stock Exchange. I sprang my rattle and ran after them. I saw an orangewoman running away, and captured her as well as a man carrying a shovel. Am prepared to swear that they were among the original party.

As soon as the alarm was given, the military and police turned out and lined the road. A man in the crowd asked, “What they had been a doing of till then.” Took him into custody. Think the rest of the gang may be traced, and would respectfully suggest that a reward should be offered.

All is quiet at present. The Bank gates are barricaded and sentries posted all round the building.

SPECIAL TELEGRAM

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT IN ABYSSINIA.

Catchkijirr (?) Dec. 3.

Al swells—Spdition sss? (success). Hyonas sight-post. Temp. 192 to 34. Mis-post. Hyona—sneer 15,000. Alrigh—write Jebevjahug (Jaberhu?)

DIOGENES' TUB TALK.

A waggish knave said that he thought prophets were all fools. "No," said Diogenes, "but those who listen to them are."

Diogenes was asked if he feared to die,—“Why should I?” he answered, “I shall not be able to hear what my friends say of me.”

A certain author, Klepsippus, who was somewhat over-fond of borrowing from others, said that his ideas came so fast, they quite ran away with him. “Nay,” said Diogenes, “but I wonder at that, for they ought to run after you.” “Why so?” asked Klepsippus, “To cry ‘Stop Thief.’”

Lawyers have to invent so many excuses for crime in others, that they soon learn to pardon it in themselves.

A certain fop who was arguing with Diogenes on the immortality of the soul, asked him, “Now, where do you think I shall go after death?” “Wherever your tailor goes,” was the reply.

When a woman confesses a fault, you may be pretty sure that she has committed a crime.

A certain doctor asked Diogenes which he thought the best way to die. “Surely,” he replied, “you might have learnt that much from your patients.”

Men hate liberty so much that if they can find no other tyrant, they make themselves the bondsmen of their own vices.

A certain satirist who was at great pains to familiarize himself with the vices which he satirized, always when silent, affected an expression of bitter contempt. One blamed him for this before Diogenes, who answered—“Poor fellow! He cannot help it—he is always thinking of himself.”

The Government that will never be severe is sure to end by being cruel.

The Gods made us, and we make our Gods. It would be hard to say which of the two have succeeded in creating most monsters.

If men believe they are superior to beasts, it is astonishing what trouble they take to prove the contrary.

It was told Diogenes how a certain notorious malefactor had been let go. “Ah!” said he, “Death is too dear a friend to us that we should send him such a scoundrel.”

The man who drinks to drown care—is like one who strives to quench a fire by throwing oil on it.

When any one begins to pick holes in their own character, depend upon it they only want to prevent your finding out of what vile stuff it is made.

During a discussion concerning the authors of the day, it was observed how certain of them had out-written themselves. “Yes,” said Diogenes, “These scribblers have but a teaspoonful of brains, with which they try to fill a flagon.”

One, who was a coward, but of the most malignant disposition, when discussing with Diogenes the horrors of war, said, “There is one thing I cannot bear, and that is cruelty.” “I wonder at that,” replied Diogenes, “for look how easily you bear malice!”

A young wit told Diogenes that it was woman's mission to make fools of men. “How vexed they must me,” replied the philosopher, “to find how often Nature has forestalled them.”

Diogenes one day found a man weeping violently. “What ails thee, friend,” he asked. “Oh, good master, my wife has run away from me.” “Poor wretch,” said Diogenes, “you deserve that she should come back again.”

It is an unfortunate thing that those persons only commit suicide who are a plague to themselves, and not those who are a plague to others.

LATEST FROM AMERICA.

WE learn through the Atlantic Cable from our Special Correspondent at Washington, that Congress, having taken into consideration President Johnson's message, and having recognised the advantages of the doctrines therein advanced, has agreed to the following address, which it is hoped will be exactly what the President wants:—

“May it please your Presidency,—

“We, the Senators and Representatives of the American people, in Congress assembled, humbly thank your Presidency for the Message which it has pleased you to communicate to us.

“We humbly acknowledge the correctness of the first principles, which a long study of political science has enabled you so satisfactorily to impart to us, and we receive with the truest thankfulness and highness of mind they require, the axioms you are pleased to lay down for our behalf, and that of the world at large. We thankfully follow all the inferences which you draw from these principles and axioms, and shall ever endeavour to follow faithfully the course of policy which your Presidency is pleased to indicate. Accordingly, we beg that you will receive our solemn adhesion to the following set of opinions which we humbly venture to think we can gather from the message you have been pleased to deliver to us, that is to say:—

“The American Union has never been broken, or so much as cracked, either *de jure* or *de facto*.

“The Southern States, therefore, have always been in the Union, and the war was, on our part, an idiotic, if not a wicked, violation of the Union compact. When the Southern States declared that they had seceded from the Union, we ought to have disbelieved them; and when they supported their assertion by firing cannon-balls at us, we ought to have ducked our heads and relied on the Constitution for defence.

“We unhappily committed the egregious folly of going to war against our fellow-citizens, an event which we now are conscious was never contemplated by the most warlike of the Pilgrim Fathers, or in any way provided for by the Constitution; and we lost and won many bloody battles, spent rivers of blood and millions upon millions of treasure and broke every engagement and tradition we were bound to respect, and all in order, as we said, to make the Southerners respect them. In fact, as we now see, we trampled the Constitution in the dirt in order to cram it down their throats.

“And when the war was over, so misguided, so wicked, so ungenerous and selfish were we—we humbly confess it—that we actually required the South we had conquered to give us some guarantees that they would not revive the old grievances again. We see now that as the Union was never dissolved, so the Southerners were ever entitled to all the advantages which it has always conferred upon them. We now see that as soon as the war was over we should have given up every claim to the fruits of victory, and should have let the Constitution and everything else go on precisely as before. Having been smitten on one cheek, and having hit back pretty hard, we should have picked our man up and turned to him the other cheek also. Unhappily we have not done this, and hence all the difficulties and troubles of the question. We have done a good deal towards putting down Slavery—we will now undo it all. We have protected in the South those who were not able to protect themselves—we will now leave them to protect themselves. We have established negro suffrage—we will now take it away and appoint a Day of Thanksgiving for the revival in this continent of the great principle that neither one man nor one colour is as good as another.

“We trust that by following out the course above indicated, we may succeed in replacing all things in exactly the same position they had before the war began, which we understand is what your Presidency considers should be done; and if the same causes should again lead to the same quarrel between the North and the South, we shall endeavour to respect in all things the motives of the latter, and to let the former take care of itself and the Constitution.”

This address we need hardly say has been adopted unanimously.

ONCE MORE—"THE FIRE!"

MR. EDITOR,

The question for the last fortnight has been to everyone from everyone, "Were you at the fire?" I was, Sir, and though I do not (more's their loss) contribute my *quotum* to the *Daily Detonator*, I can say that my eyes never beheld such an awful volcarnic effect.

The flames lapped like a driving ocean round the cornishes that were left in blackened solitude, and as the dancing sparks rioted in frantic splendour over the smouldering shay doovers of the scenic Apellies and, and the black fiend smoke swathed itself in tumid drapery—I really must take breath: but I am coming to the cause of fire. Mr. Editor, were your attention ever turned to the unnatural redness noticeable in some ladies' complexions? Did it ever strike you that this inflammation were caused by internal fire, which requires promptly to be extinguished at the earliest opportunity? You may include in your own family circle some of the weaker sex a prey to this unpleasant tray. Then, Sir, allow me to recommend my Dalmatian Cream of Dahlias as the only remedy in such cases. In bottles at 5s. and 7s. 6d.

Your obedient servants,
SHARON AND POTTIFA.

MY FRIENDLY EDITOR,

I address these few words to you humbly desiring that they may find their way to the bosom of many a benighted pleasure-seeker. Oh! What an awful lesson that sight of flame and fire must have been to those who went to witness the destruction by Heaven's elements of that abode of sin and sorrow, and how it must come back to their wandering consciences. I have made a most impressive discourse at my Tabernacle, in Sniffley-le-bow, which has brought eight shillings and sixpence into the box for the maintenance of the Minister, and tears into the eyes of my most devout supporters. Oh Sir, only think the fearful judgment playing with such subjects, as final condemnation to a scene of future punishment as exhibited, I am told, in the last act, performed on the last night of performance in the theatre, which I grieve to say was Her Majesty's. It was I believe *Don Giovanni*, and this sad character is hurried to torment by the shade of a Commander-in-Chief who comes to a late supper with the reprobate in question. Can there be any doubt of whence the flames came? I think not, but it is awful, most awful, to think upon. My discourse on this subject is published at Hatchard's, and may be had on application, price 1s.

Yours in brotherhood,
MICAH MILKANWART.

COMIC OPERA IN LONDON.

ON Wednesday last Mr. German Reed threw open the doors of St. George's Opera House, Langham place, for the performance of English Comic Opera, and a large audience, amongst whom were to be noticed almost all the principal musical amateurs, assembled together to give their verdict as to the fate of the undertaking.

The programme, prepared by Mr. Reed, consisted of *Puss in Petticoats*, by Offenbach, *La Contrabandista*, by Mr. Sullivan, and *Ching Chow-Hi*, by Offenbach; with regard to *Puss in Petticoats*, we may mention that this was not the first occasion on which it has appeared before the public in an English dress; if we remember rightly, it was given at the Princess' Theatre, with Miss Louisa Keeley in the principal character. We do not, however, attach much value to this piece, which is deficient in musical construction, as compared with other works from the same popular pen, and we are inclined to think that Mr. Reed will do wisely to bring forward some other small work as a *lever du rideau*.

The interest of the evening was centred in the new piece by Mr. Sullivan, of which the *libretto* has been furnished by Mr. Burnand, and we have sincere pleasure in signifying our cordial approval of *La Contrabandista*; the words of the book are rythmical and fluent, and the fun is buoyant from beginning to end. We will not tell our readers the story (as they are sure to get it from some of our contemporaries), but we will merely inform them that the main

incident of the plot consists in the fact that a hapless Cockney photographer, by name Grigg, finds his way amongst a band of *Ladrones*, who insist upon his becoming their Captain, and marrying the widow of their late chief: it is needless to say that this matrimonial alliance is projected in spite of the fact that the unfortunate photographer has left a wife and children at home in England.

It will readily be understood that fun of this sort might chance to run riot, and the story would, thereby, cease to be appropriate for music; but we are glad to see that Mr. Sullivan understands what musical comedy should be, and although his music is gay, tripping, and humorous, he has in no single instance allowed it to degenerate into burlesque; from first to last his work is that of a musician, and we are all the more pleased with it, inasmuch as he has contrived to steer clear of the modern French school—which, however attractive in itself, will scarcely bear imitation. The piece was completely successful: there were musical *encores*, and both composer and author were called to the footlights at the conclusion of the performance.

A word or two about the singers, to whom we must extend some indulgence, as the extraordinarily short space of time which was allowed for the composition and the rehearsal of the piece rendered it almost impossible that they should be perfect in their parts. With regard to Miss Arabella Smyth, it may be said that she has a voice of agreeable quality, and good extent. She has clearly learnt in a first-rate school, for her singing (despite her nervousness) was artistic, and her phrasing excellent. Although Miss Smyth has everything to learn as an actress, we are disposed to look upon her as a real acquisition for such work as she is now performing. The good contralto voice of Miss Lucy Franklein rendered capital service in the music allotted to the widow of the Chief of the *Ladrones*, and her appearance is picturesque; but she is painted somewhat too much the colour of a saucepan: this is, however, a slight fault, and one easily to be remedied.

To Mr. Shaw, who took the part of *Grigg*, we must give a word of special encouragement, for he was really amusing, and sang his music with care into the bargain; Mr. Aynsley Cook (one of the *Ladrones*), may also be commended, but we should commend him a great deal more, if he would not overplay everything as he does; he has a good bass voice, and would certainly show it off to better advantage if he would sing more and bluster less. Let him take this advice, offered in perfect good will, and he will become fifty per cent. a better artist than he is now.

The evening's entertainment was brought to a lively conclusion by the performance of *Ching Chow-Hi*, and although the execution of all the pieces would have gained by more rehearsal, we trust that the satisfaction evinced by the audience on the opening night may be taken as an earnest of the support which will be bestowed on an undertaking, which has the object of supplying a want so long, and so universally felt in London.

TO THE LUNATICS.—This being our Index Number we have only space to give the answer ("Plum Pudding") to the Double Acrostic that should have been published to-day. In future an Acrostic will appear in these pages every week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S LOGOGRIPE.—FIRE. FIREMAN. Name, Firman, Mean, Mare, Fan, Fern, Mire, Fin.

ANSWERS have been received from Darby of the Squirt, A. D., This Child, z. x., Midge, Lucy Long, Ellen Orton, R. R., Baron Grog, Chux, T. H. B., Treble-clef, Caroline Bex, Avy, Two Chathamites, The Good Phil, Browtop, Ykcel, 'Ad yer there again, Bunny, First Attempt, Comanche, "zlu," E. Nainby, J. H. Mann, Ruby, Calumet, Jack Sprat, Circe and Aristides, C. L. Lister, James A. Bury, The Chichester Cockles, Macduff, A. D. Clarke, Lina, A Lunatic, Young Jeff, Clunch, Katharine Cadogan, Bonnie Dundee, Anti-Teapot, Curly Dog-Fat, Lisa and Beppo, H. W. R., Splendid Misery, Henri, Rances Low, A Sprig of Lavender, J. H. C., One Duffer, Mrs. Gumbo, Georgy, Samuel E. Thomas, Firefly, The Baron, Boomerang, Pons Homo, Trio, W. S. P., Manducks, Belsize, Isabel, H. C. G., W. C. H. B. I., C. P. L. (Hampton Wick), Idiotic Owl, S. L. C. (Highbury), G. E. Willis, W. H. T., Salalak, G. Allbeury, Joe, O and Sons, Young'un, G. J. R. (Camberwell), Veni Vidi Vici, and H. W.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention.

LONDON, DECEMBER 28, 1867.

THE Fenians threaten to destroy the gas manufactories of London. They had better destroy the lamp-posts at the same time, lest Judge Lynch should take to ornamenting them with some of these brave patriots.

WE believe that we may venture to contradict the report that the Chief Commissioner of Police has been authorised to pay a reward of fifty pounds to the intelligent officer who so nearly apprehended the man who lighted the squib at Clerkenwell—after he had done it.

THE Americans are anxious to declare the great and noble leaders who plan assassination for their dupes to execute, and who maim and murder women and children on the chance of getting one of their band out of prison, citizens of the United States—with all the privileges thereto appertaining: they are quite right; there should be no mistake as to the real country of such heroes.

IF any one wishes to understand what true Patriotism is, let him read the account of the proceedings at the Dublin Police Office on Monday the 16th inst. Such a disgraceful scene has rarely taken place in any court of justice; and the idea that to give evidence on behalf of the Crown in support of the cause of loyalty and order is a disgrace, exhibits a sensitive shame which none but an Irishman could possess. Sir John Gray should have known better than to countenance, directly or indirectly, such an exhibition as this procession. As for Mr. A. M. Sullivan, he is a blatant nuisance, and it was not to be expected that his vanity would allow him to miss the opportunity of "talking big," and of trying to make himself out a man of sufficient importance for the Government to go out of their way to crush. We dare say when they do want to imprison Mr. A. M. Sullivan, it will not be hard to find a reason. Creatures like him who encourage the ignorant and reckless in sedition and outrage generally know pretty well how to take care of themselves, but they are often forced by their own assumption and bluster into an overt act of turbulence which brings them within the province of the police.

MERRY NATURE AND HER MIRROR.

IS not this Merry Christmas time? Of course. Then let us get a recipe for a pantomime. Take an extraordinary villain, greatly deformed about the head, and addicted to a bad habit of speaking as if his mouth were full of potatoes. Lodge him in a well appointed dungeon, but cut off his supply of gas. Let him talk freely on the important political, social, and other questions of the day in verse, and let him do this to a frisky, though apparently select and intelligent set of monsters. Disturb the domestic peace of this eccentric philosopher by a sudden visit from a young lady, who appears to have purchased her clothes ready made, and to have got a bad fit in consequence. Let this young lady object to making her entry by the ordinary street-door, but burst in through the wall. Let them both, probably in consequence of this, quarrel, and threaten each other, and at last mutually agree to fight it out by interfering in the pri-

concerns of some local family. With a view to this, transport the young lady with the bad fit to some sort of glittering place where she meets a great many more young ladies, also purchasers of ready made clothes, and let them all debate over her troubles by frantically hopping and flying about for the space of a quarter of an hour. Be sure you do this, and you will enlist the intelligent support of the stalls. Having secured this, you will quit fairy-land for real life, and introduce—

AN OLD MAN.—*Let him be foolish, vicious, terribly deformed, and on terms of familiar intimacy with his servants. Let him strike every one as an athletic, and, with a few exceptions, triumphant tyrant.*

A MAIDEN, *whom one would rather not meet in society. Educate her to talk slang, insult her uncle (the before-mentioned old man) on every possible occasion, and conceive an attachment for some penniless gymnast, who has not a word to say for himself, but wears pointed slippers.*

A YOUNG MAN (the gymnast in question).—*Let HIS education be confined to dancing, and above all, let it receive its finish at a deaf and dumb asylum.*

A COOK, *whose ordinary occupation is to put the kitchen boy alive into a raging oven, and pierce his Master with a decent-sized spit.*

A PAGE, *who heats the poker red hot, gives the wrong end to unsuspecting tradesmen, and polishes the floors of his Master's castle with butter.*

OTHER SERVANTS, *who are hourly horse-whipped, receive no wages, and never take out a summons.*

A NEIGHBOUR, *who may be a rival suitor for the hand of the maiden, and on terms of affectionate intercourse with the political demon already mentioned. He may also be a colonel of a regiment of deformed dragoons, whom he is accustomed to mutilate on parade. The fun of this character consists in its pure and unprovoked atrocity, and to give it breadth, he should be able to intersperse his crimes with comic songs.*

A VALET, *Creature of the above, and of a still more treacherous disposition. Like his employer, he has weaker moments, in which he indulges in break-downs. Altogether a very revolting type of human nature.*

OTHER PEOPLE.—*Too horrible for description.*

Having worked at your story with these promising materials, bring matters to a climax, and again introduce your political demon and sparely-dressed young lady. Let them, as well as they can, point a moral, and by way of impressing a wholesome lesson on your audience, sweep everyone off to a very beautiful spot, built of tinsel, blue-fire, live women, cog-wheels, and gas-pipes.

Here you will require four new characters, being the legitimate development of the original vice and virtue as portrayed in your story. First take Vice, you will introduce

(1.)—*A wretched old ruffian, who, spite his having reached that time of life when hoary locks should lend a dignity to man, spends his days in hanging about the streets for the purposes of rapine, theft, and murder! Give this creature a crutch, and call him "Pantaloan."*

(2.)—*An unmitigated scoundrel. A brute. A coward. An ignorant, ill-bred butcher,—deceiving every soul he comes across; never satiated with bloodshed, and a traitor to the aged rascal, his only approach to a friend. Let him support the sunny element in your sketch, and call him "Clown."*

Represent virtue by—

(3.)—*A light-hearted and mischievous rascal, who is ashamed to shew his face. Let him be a poltroon, a fribble, a great coward, and the most consummate idler. Call him "Harlequin."*

(4.)—*A foolish and injudiciously-conducted young woman, who backs up the "fribble," to whom she is attached, in every freak. Let her take apartments in evening dress and caper about regardless of police regulations, and let her be known as "Columbine."*

With such materials you cannot fail to give a healthy and exalted tone to the mind of youth. More, you will instil into those manly and generous sentiments of honourable and merly good fellowship, so peculiar to this happy Season.





ALAS! POOR YORICK.

DEDICATED TO THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY AND MR. DISRAELI.

