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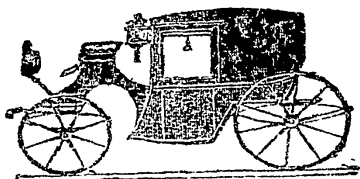
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**BRUSSELS,**  
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Good ditto, 3s. 3d. to 4s.  
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2s. 11d.  
Good ditto, 2s. 3d. to 2s. 9d.  
**CARPETS**

# THE TOMAHAWK:

## A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur A'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 95.]

LONDON, FEBRUARY 27, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

### THE SPHINX TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

O, NOBLE Prince! you are now beneath the shade of the greatest and oldest monument of man's industry and perseverance, with the ghosts of forty centuries looking down on you. Heir to the richest, if not the most powerful, kingdom in the world, you appear before the face of one who has seen more dynasties pass away than you can number principalities. Listen to the voice of the Great Enigma, and learn wisdom from the experience of ages.

You enjoy advantages which very few princes, if any, before you ever enjoyed. You have been brought up under the watchful eyes of parents whose virtues are known and admired throughout the whole civilized world; you have had constantly before you in your youth a living example of blamelessness and purity of life to which history affords no parallel, and you have been indeed happy in winning a wife who is fit, not only to prompt but to take her share in noble deeds. You have, through circumstances which should not be without their lesson, been compelled to take a more active part in the duties of royalty than generally falls to the lot of an heir apparent, and have thus the opportunity of securing an apprenticeship to your kingship which ought to enable you to mount the throne with the confidence as well as the affection of your subjects.

I have seen many great monarchs fall from their high estate through their own faults, as well as through misfortune. Ambition I do not think is likely to be your failing; but the love of pleasure, which has been almost as prolific a source of ruin to kings and princes, may be. This is an age when the ingenuity of man finds vent in elaborate schemes for amusement and appliances for luxury as well as in steam engines and great guns. Pleasure is worshipped now as zealously under a Christian religion as she ever was in the days of gorgeous idolatry. Look upon the vast and solemn monuments of stone that tower above you—no less enduring, no less venerable is the memory of a good king. The ruler who employs his people in building up their country's progress will never need a pyramid to perpetuate his name. But the memories of dissolute princes and bad rulers are buried in the sand, the only trace of their greatness being a few whitened bones, round which the hyæna prowls, on which the vulture perches. You will tell me that you will have no power as King of England. I tell you that you will have the greatest power which belongs to royal rank, that of inculcating virtue by your example. Even now your influence is almost boundless. Young men of the present day are courtiers enough to offer to their prince the flattery of imi-

tation; they will exaggerate his vices, if they fall short of his virtues; and you have only to look not far from your home to see how a profligate monarch creates profligate subjects, and in what wide-spreading waves the degradation of intellect passes over a whole nation.

The world is very clever now. If I were to come back to life I should give up asking enigmas, for in this age of double acrostics the trouble of inventing and of solving ought to be enough to turn one's brain inside out. Everybody would guess them, and I should have to pass most of my days in knocking my head against a stone. In my day few princes knew how to read, fewer still could write their own name; now everybody, even the very dogs and horses and pigs, are educated, and it is in your power, Prince, to guide the literary and artistic talent of your country into a noble or into an ignoble channel, according as you suffer your declared tastes to be vulgar or refined. Believe me, the irksome monotony of regal ceremonies will be much easier to get through, if your leisure hours are passed in striving to aid struggling merit, and advance the progress of growing intellects, in encouraging what is high and noble in art, in discouraging everything that is vulgar and debasing. There are many enigmas which a prince might do well to try and solve now; enigmas far more difficult than the simple one which Œdipus answered, but which, like that, involve the question of man's progress. Cut the gordian knots which entangle so many vital problems of social life, and your fame will outshine Alexander's if not Alexandra's. Ponder, O Prince, on the few words which I have spoken, ponder on the memories which surround these grand and silent monuments of the past, and your visit to the Sphinx will not have been useless.

### BOTH SIDES OF IT!

It appears that the Emperor of Russia has telegraphed to that unhappy youth, the King of Greece, to congratulate him on his adhesion to the Conference. This is all the public knows of the matter. The real explanation is as follows:—

[PRIVATE TELEGRAM.]

St. Petersburg, Feb. 17, 1869.

If you don't knock under at once I'll take away your wife, your toys, your pocket-money, and send General Ingaestshikof down to Athens with a mustard-plaster and a stout cain.

[PUBLIC TELEGRAM.]

St. Petersburg, Feb. 18, 1869.

The Emperor of Russia congratulates the King of Greece on his courageous determination to adhere to the decision of the Conference.

## STANZAS FOR STONES:

Being a Collection of  
POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

—  
DÉMON FRED.

1.  
WELL,—yes, I've read the papers ; yes,—  
An awful bore, you know.  
The leaders? Well, you see,—that is,—  
I think the leaders low.  
The Convent case? Yes, that was good,  
I read it all ;—great fun.  
Distress in Bethnal Green? Oh! no.  
That sort of thing I shun.

2.  
Let me explain myself a bit,  
My style is quite unique ;  
I am an English gentleman,  
On *that* myself I pique.  
I move in a good set, you know ;  
Am, what you call, well bred,  
And don't quite see how I have earned  
The name of Demon Fred!

3.  
It's true, of course, beyond myself  
I haven't got a thought.  
To bore about a hundred things,  
What decent fellow ought?  
If dirty people starve and die,  
That's hardly my affair.  
I've other calls upon my time,—  
My boots, my gloves, my hair.

4.  
It's bad enough, just now and then,  
To see the brutes one meets,  
Without being told they've got no homes,  
And live upon the streets.  
For if they're hungry, better starve ;  
I'm sure they might as well :—  
How can one dine, if one can't have  
One's *truffles* and *Moselle*?

5.  
Yes, I have seen subscription lists,  
And charities, no doubt,  
But must confess I never yet  
Have cared what they're about.  
I take it that your pious ones  
Will listen to the call,  
Yes, Bethnal Green's all very well,—  
But where's my opera stall?

6.  
Ah, want's a dreadful thing! By Jove,  
I know it is, of course,  
For full three weeks I've set my mind  
On Charley Palgrave's horse.  
You know—the bay, fine action! Why,  
Most any price 'twould bring!  
I'd like to show him in the Row,  
Oh, want's a dreadful thing!

7.  
A deathbed going on down there?  
Ah, disagreeable sight!  
I'm more concerned, of course, to know  
My necktie is all right.  
What, eighteenpence would save a life,—  
Perhaps a fellow's soul?  
Dear me—but I must get a flow'r,  
To fill this button hole.

8.  
You think I'm cynical? Well,—no,  
I can't say I see that,  
I own I like to have things nice ;—  
I'm careful of my hat :—  
My coat's well made,—and for the rest,  
They know me in Pall Mall,  
I beg your pardon, did you ask,  
If I'd thought much of *hell*?

9.  
Why should I? I'm good company ;  
Will tell you what's correct.  
I do the proper thing. By Jove,  
What more can you expect?  
I wouldn't cross the road—who would?  
To give a fellow bread.  
But I've no tail or hoofs, so why  
Misname me Demon Fred?

—  
AT THE COUNCIL.

Before MR. TOM-A-HAWK, the Presiding Magistrate.  
*Very sheries case—"I stand on my Ambiguity."*

Mr. Watts Phillips, who described himself as a dramatic author, was brought up charged with loitering about in a suspicious manner. It was proved by a detective attached to this court that the prisoner had, for the last few nights, taken up his residence at the Queen's and Holborn Theatres to the intense annoyance of the Press and the Public.

THE MAGISTRATE.—What was he doing there?

WITNESS.—He said he was amusing the public with some of his pieces.

THE MAGISTRATE.—Was he?

WITNESS.—Oh dear no, Sir! On the contrary, they declared themselves frightfully bored.

THE MAGISTRATE.—What was it all about?

WITNESS (*laughing*).—That's what none of us can make out, I never saw any thing so mysterious in all my life.

THE MAGISTRATE (*turning to prisoner*).—Can you tell us what the pieces were about?

MR. WATTS PHILLIPS.—Certainly not, Sir. I stand upon my ambiguity (*laughter*).

THE MAGISTRATE.—Come now, let's try to get to the bottom of this matter. We will leave the Holborn drama out of the case as *too* hopeless of comprehension, and confine ourselves to the Queen's—I see you call your piece there *Not Guilty*. Surely, that title was used more than a year ago by another author?

MR. WATTS PHILLIPS.—Yes, it was.

THE MAGISTRATE.—But won't your assumption of the name cause a little confusion?

MR. WATTS PHILLIPS.—Of course it will. I told you I stood upon my ambiguity! (*Renewed laughter.*)

THE MAGISTRATE.—Well, we had better perhaps call a few witnesses—they may be able to help us to find out the plot of the piece.

MR. WATTS PHILLIPS.—If you are going to call any of my characters, I tell you once for all that it will be useless. They all of them stand on their own ambiguity! (*Roars of laughter.*)

SILAS JARRETT was then called.—He hadn't the remotest notion who on earth he was. He only knew that he broke into a house in Southampton. Took the command of the Madras boat, was threatened with a pistol, jumped into the paddle-wheels, swam to shore, and was made a warder of Dartmoor Prison for his services. There misbehaved himself shamefully by allowing the convicts to sing comic songs, neglect their work, plan mutinies, &c., &c. On account of this he was promoted to the command of a regiment in India, was knighted and made a hero of—unhappily, falling in love with the heroine of the piece, it became necessary to transport him for life. Accordingly he *was* transported for life. And that was all *he* knew about the matter.

THE MAGISTRATE.—Can you tell us nothing more?

WITNESS.—Nothing ; unless it be, I wore in India a pair of white trousers, with a gold stripe let in down the side. My laundress refused to wash them.



MR. ST. CLAIR called.—Didn't know very much about himself. Had a vague idea that he was running through a large fortune by giving away £5 notes to beggars he met in the streets. Fond of excitement. Had a very eccentric lawyer.

MARGARET ARMITAGE examined.—Thought she was married, until the third act, to Robert Arnold. Found out there was some mistake. Dyed her hair and married him in the fourth.

ROBERT ARNOLD examined.—Was a workman, with a most excellent education and *très distingué* manners. Thought he was married to Margaret Armitage, until he found that he was in love with her daughter Alice. That's all he knew about it, except that he was forty years old in the first two acts and only seventeen in the third and fourth.

MR. JOHNSON called.—He painted the scenery and lived on board the "Madras Boat." Knew that the piece had something to do with a battle-field and India. That's all he knew about it.

THE MAGISTRATE.—Really, this is trifling with the time of the Court. Why, no one seems to know anything about the piece.

MR. WATTS PHILLIPS.—I told you before, as I tell you now, that I stand on my ambiguity! (*Roars of laughter.*)

The Magistrate's Clerk here whispered to the Magistrate.

THE MAGISTRATE.—Why, I have just heard that the piece is a mere translation from the French. Really, Mr. Phillips, if you must "borrow," you might as well choose something of value. The case is dismissed.

### THE KALEIDOSCOPE REFLECTIONS.

#### ON SOME SOCIAL GLORIES OF ENGLAND.

FOLKESTONE, FEB. 22, 1869.

I SUPPOSE that there must be a special providence ruling over all great and noble designs. I am induced to commit myself to this opinion, because having, as you know, long hungered for an opportunity of displaying the social glories of England in their true light, one, and I think I may add, a golden one, has occurred to me at last. I can scarcely keep calm as I jot down the welcome news, as a fitting heading to this communication. A Mons. *Paul Brioche*, with whom I struck up an acquaintanceship and changed cards at *Etretat* last year, has absolutely suddenly accepted my invitation to spend a month with me at my charming *propriété* at *Brompton*. I certainly asked him after dinner—but never mind, he is the very thing I want just now, and that's something. I have never even "done" London myself, and here is an occasion not to be lost. We will do it together. I mean to lionise this Frenchman everywhere, and note how he is struck with English customs, ideas, and institutions. Must stop here. Waiter says the boat is in sight. Go on with this on the pier.

#### CASUAL NOTES TAKEN ON PIER.

Ah! there's the boat. Roughish weather, but a fine sight. Sea looks like—like, well—like rolling spinach! Sailor says, meaning boat, I suppose, "lively as three pints of grog, ain't she, Sir?" I don't quite follow him, but she is "lively" certainly. I wonder whether Mons. *Paul* is a first-rate sailor. Better he shouldn't be. This fine fresh blow around our old weather-worn coasts will show him what a rugged hardy race of islanders we are. Couldn't be better weather to *impress* him. Hulloah! there goes my hat! Sailor will stop it. Sailors stop anything. No, he's missed it. Doesn't matter—there's something British and characteristic in seeing a boat in without a hat. Here they are alongside. I wonder which is Mons. *Paul*!

#### NOTES ON BOAT.

Only six people on board. Two smoking, one waving at me for some one else, and three on their backs. But they all look comfortable. No, he can't have come. Steward says they have been four hours and a half, and that it was "very dirty outside." "Yes, there's a foreign gentleman in the cabin." Has he suffered? Steward says, "Dreadful, Sir! Enough to kill a porpoise." Steward doesn't laugh when he says this. When the steward doesn't laugh it generally means real distress—and even danger. I thought so—it's Mons. *Paul*!

#### IN THE RAILWAY STATION.

It *was* hard work, getting him up the ladder, but we managed it. He looks very bad certainly—like a wreck of something that may have been stylish once. As far as I can make him out he seems to have started on the other side bran new—a sort of nautical dress, with a good deal of unnecessary fur about it. He has lost his hat. I try a French joke about this, but it doesn't take: he's not up to a joke yet. Of course, he wants refreshment. I tell him we have ten minutes before the train starts, that there's nothing like a meal after sea water, that the English restaurants at the stations are first-rate, and strongly advise him to try bottled stout, boiled beef, and parsnips, or some trifle of that sort. All this in English of course. He doesn't understand, or pretends not to. I try French:—

"Après le voyage, c'est mieux de prendre un pœ de quelque chose. Supposez vous tryez de pâtisserie Britannique." (This pointing to a Bath bun.) No, he won't. "Quelque autrer chose?" (That meaning a plate of acid drops in tins, two sponge cakes, some hot water, and an advertisement of Fry and Sons' chocolate creams.) Just like my luck. When I wished to impress him, this is the kind of thing that happens. Of course he refuses. I smile, and tell him it's *not* the *buffet*, but little remedies for sea sickness, and point to the *Pavillon*. "Voilà le vrais restaurant Anglais. C'est magnifique dedans." He doesn't follow me, and evidently thinks it's a military hospital. Can't help it. Ah! the train. We'll show him the rate we go it in England. None of your French creeping over here. We are in a first-class carriage at last. Mons. *Pol* (he calls himself "*Pol*") seems happier.

"Tickets, if you please, gentlemen." I give mine, he fumbles for his.

"Ils sont bien civil ces guards de chemin de fer en Angleterre," I throw in to fill up the pause, and impress him slightly. He has found it.

"Here, you can't do this. This is only for first and second. Yours don't go till 8.52."

I suspected as much. Mons. *Pol* has come third. However, I remonstrate, and say something laughingly about "strangers" and "mistakes."

"Oh, he knows what he's about fast enough. They're always at it. Never a boat comes in but one of 'em tries to sneak up like this. Here, you—you must turn out; turnè out, unless you're agoing to pay one pound three and ninepence—and you don't look like it."

This last is said with a wink at me and a couple of other guards, who, apparently having nothing particular to do, hang about with iron pincers on the chance of a ticket turning up.

"This gentleman is a friend of mine," I observe at last, for the thing seems to be getting disagreeable, and it's better to stop it while it's quiet.

"Well, Sir, you'd best get him out. He's no rights in a fust with a night ticket." I thought my manner would have "carried him off"—it won't. Why do they always humiliate and insult third-class passengers in England?

#### ON THE PLATFORM AGAIN.

Train off without us. I explain to him in French that *Folkestone* is worth seeing. He talks vehemently now, and says something about the docks. He takes it for Portsmouth—but it doesn't matter. I thought so—it's going to rain. And we have got five hours and a half before 8.52. I feel convinced I *shan't* be able to impress him.

"Avez-vous jamais vu le grand tour de Martel—'le Martello tower?'"

"Non, jamais!"

"Eh bien,—nous le ferons ensemble," and we're off to do it!

### LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

WASHINGTON, FEB. 23, 1869.

General Grant to Mr. Reverdy Johnson.

WAL, you old cuss, you. Darned if we don't mean to ketch hold of that British lion of yours by the tail, and not let go till he's paid up slick every darned cent. I'm General Grant, I am, darn you.

LONDON, FEB. 24, 1869.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson to General Grant.

I'm cussed sorry to hear it.

*Now Ready, Price 8s.,*  
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LONDON, FEBRUARY 27, 1869.

### THE WEEK.

THE momentous question, "Who's Griffiths?" has given place to the still more momentous one, "What's Phillips?" Whether the answer—viz., "The Safe Man"—is the same in both cases, we leave to the managers to say.

THE Lord Chief Justice is likely to have a cheerful time of it, if the example set in the case of *Saurin v. Starr* is followed by many people. We may expect to see Mrs. Fitzmaurice Jones bringing an action against Lady Adela Flash for excluding her from the celebrated Tuesday evenings in Perceval Square. Or, what is more of a parallel in the aspect of the case, Mr. Bill Lockit will bring an action against Her Majesty's Government for refusing to accommodate Mr. Lockit any more in Millbank.

WE understand that a new ecclesiastical appointment of great importance is about to be made. A Bishop unattached will be created, whose duty it will be to go about with the Right Hon. John Bright to all public dinners. Before dinner is served the Bishop will accompany the Minister into a small private room, when the right reverend gentleman will be expected to take off his coat and receive heavy punishment for ten minutes (no hitting below the waistcoat allowed), after which invigorating appetiser it is hoped Mr. Bright will be able to get through dinner without any exhibition of violence, but, if necessary, he will be allowed to take a similar "refresher" after dessert.

Q. E. D.

It is strange that our contemporaries should have chosen the present season of all others, when we have really some serious home affairs to interest us, to ventilate once more that stock bugbear of newspaper readers the Central Asian Question; but such is the case, and the *Times* has been doing its best to persuade the British public that the position is serious, and that there is really something to be alarmed about. What England wants, what Russia wants, what course events have taken, to what end they are tending, and, in point of fact, what

the events themselves are, are some of those things which "no fellow can understand," and few pretend to. At the same time, however, as the question seems to have occasioned a feeling of uneasiness amidst a certain class of people, who probably neither know nor care where Turkestan is or to whom it belongs, the Government have deemed it wise to take the matter up, and, with the view of allaying any possible anxiety that may be felt regarding it by the general public, have published the following correspondence, which we trust will once and for all satisfy the alarmists of the honesty and straightforwardness of the policy which Russia is adopting towards this country:—

(LETTER NO. 1.)

Foreign Office, Whitehall,  
 15th February, 1869.

SIR,—I have the honour to forward for your Excellency's consideration, copies of certain statements which have recently been published in the columns of the London press, regarding the proceedings of the representative of the Russian Government in the provinces of Central Asia. In submitting these documents to your Excellency, I do not for a moment hesitate to believe that you will assist Her Majesty's Government to set at rest a question, the unravelled intricacies of which are of universal importance, although the results of the complications, which I may venture to hope may never arise, are not only unappreciated, unknown, and misunderstood in this country, but are even totally at variance with all rules of international and intercolonial controversy.

I have the honour to be,  
 &c., &c.,

(Signed) CLARENDON.

To His Excellency the Ambassador of Russia,  
 at the Court of St. James.

(LETTER NO. 2.)

Chesham House,  
 16th February 1869.

MY LORD,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordship's letter of yesterday's date, and I am glad to be able to reply to it in the same unreserved spirit of frankness in which it is written.

With regard to the political tendencies of the diplomatists of Afghanistan, and in justice I should add of Turkestan as well, I have no hesitation in informing you on the part of the Government of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, that the progress of civilization far outweighs the proceeds of an accidental and precarious monopoly, and that the strongest mountain barriers of the world need not be disestablished, while they may render utterly inevitable the absorption of the natural exigencies which are alike ambiguous in their nature and soul-stirring in their development.

I have the honour to be,  
 &c., &c.,

(Signed) BRUNNOW.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Clarendon, K.G., Secretary  
 of State for Foreign Affairs, Whitehall.

(LETTER NO. 3.)

Foreign Office, Whitehall,  
 18th February, 1869.

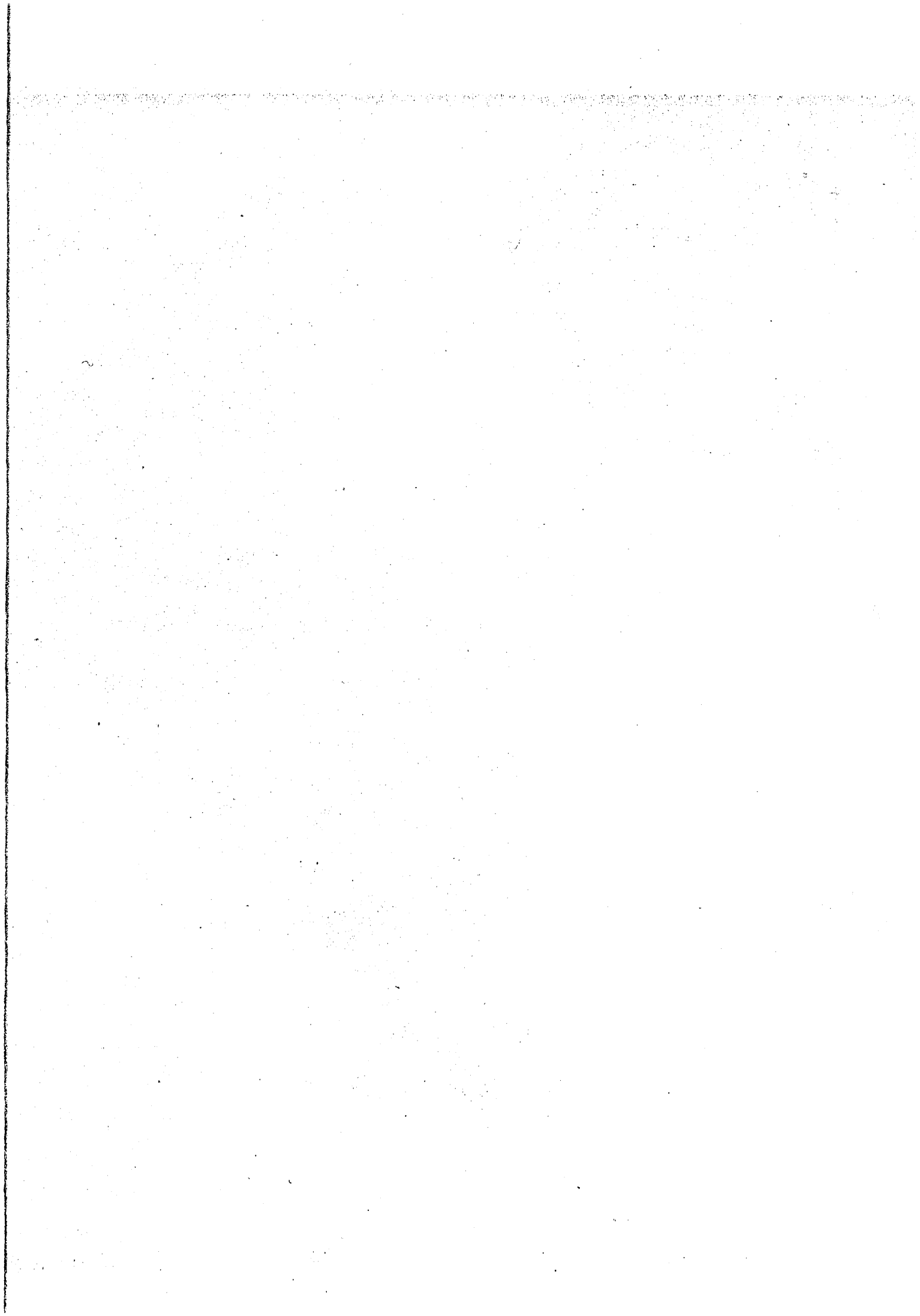
SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your Excellency's communication, and to convey to you my appreciation of a policy, which, embodied in a few convincing sentences, has most completely set at rest any uneasy feeling that may lately have arisen regarding the attitude of Russia in the affairs of Central Asia.

I have the honour to be,  
 &c., &c.,

(Signed) CLARENDON.

To His Excellency the Ambassador of Russia,  
 at the Court of St. James.

Two great points have been gained by the publication of these letters. In the first place, any suspicion of bad faith on the part of Russia towards this country is shown to be unwarranted, and in the second, the lucid statements both of Lord Clarendon and Baron Brunnow, have reduced the hitherto inexplicable Central Asian Question to a basis of such simplicity as to be comprehensible to the very meanest intellects.





THE TOMBAHAWK, February 27th, 1869.



## *Beware!*

OR,

FORTY CENTURIES LOOKING DOWN UPON HIM.

(DEDICATED TO THE ROYAL TRAVELLER IN EGYPT.)





# "DROPPED AMONG THE PRIGS."

A NOVEL OF PRINCIPLE.

(N.B.—Not taken from *Britannia*.)

## The Prologue.

A LEGACY WITH A VENGEANCE.

### CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH LADY RIZZIO DOES NOT COME DOWN TO  
BREAKFAST.

Alas ! alas ! it came to pass  
My lady kept her room,  
With gloomy tick, in a shady nick,  
The deathwatch sounds her doom.

"DITTIES OF DEATH," BY AN EX-M.F.H.

MORNING breaks.

Hearts break. So do banks (1), so do heads—when they are hit hard enough.

The first to join the morning was the cook.

She opened the shutters,—a second Aurora, with a decided red glow on her face.

"Just my luck," she muttered, "the sun a shining away as if there weren't no kitchen fire nor no hot plates to stew over."

The sun is thoughtless ; he has too much to do to think of everybody's comfort.

In came Jane, Susan, and, last of all, very white and puffy about the eyes, John Thomas.

"Lawks, John, you do look fishy," says Jane.

"Ah, Jane, you would not talk like that if you knew what we found in the cellar last night."

"Oh ! What, John ? do tell us ! was it a rat ?"

"A rat ! it was a man."

"A young man ?" asked Susan with a giggle.

"Well, I don't know whether he was young or no. All I know he was dead," replied John Thomas, sulkily.

You see he had a right to be sulky : he was sole proprietor, at least is, as far as that company was concerned, of a great sensation (2), and somehow or other the great sensation had not gone off as well as he expected.

But he was rewarded now. Everybody turned a dirty white and leant up against one another.

"Yes," continues John, getting a little more genial, "he was as dead as I ever seed any one, and, what's more, he was murdered !"

Great sensation. If all the blackbeetles (3) in Christendom had got loose, there could not have been greater consternation.

"How ?" asked Jane, breathlessly.

"How ? Why, with a corkscrew, screwed right into the top of his spynal vertybreeze."

General faint.

Leave we the regions of the kitchen, let us mount to the more refined regions of the breakfast-room.

Flossy and Eliza, pale, subdued, eating toast in sippets. Enter Ferdy in a gorgeous velvet suit.

"Oh ! Mr. Ferdy, have you heard the news ?" asks Flossy of the golden hair and banjo.

"No, but I've seen a ghost."

"Tell us about the ghost."

"No, tell me the news."

(1) They do indeed, and the infamous directors reap the profits. Hitherto Major B. has only been a shareholder—a confiding shareholder. The time may come when he will be a director.

(2) This reminds Major B. that he is the inventor of two most remarkable sensations, which are certain to make the fortune of any theatre. Managers may be liberally treated with. P.S.—No Irish need apply.

(3) Major B., whose resources are boundless as his information, has got a certain cure for black beetles. It is very simple, and consists in killing all the black beetles before they breed ; which in a short time must completely exterminate them.

They tell him. It discomposes him. A murdered man ! and the body in the next room !

Ferdy shuddered, and waved his scented cambric in front of his nose.

"But your ghost story ?" asked Flossy.

"I intend to publish it. I cannot tell it gratis."

"Oh, you stingy wretch ! I'll give you twopence."

"Done ! that's a penny more than I should have got for it in my fashionable journal."

He was just going to tell the story, when Eliza rose up and said in a stately voice :—

"Lady Rizzio is very unwell—in bed. She has got the tic very badly. I must send for the doctor."

The tic ! Poor Lady Rizzio ! She had caught it of the clock.

It never does, reader dear, to play with old Father Time ; no, it does not do at all. (1)

John Thomas was looking at his watch.

"Good 'eavens, if 'taint two hours slow ! And yet I set it by the 'all clock last night. I remember it well."

But the watch was two hours wrong for all that, and Lady Ruth Rizzio had got the tic !

### CHAPTER XV.

FERDY FINDS A CORKSCREW. (2)

I've got it.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (*Waverley Novels*).

FERDY wandered forth into the garden with a cigarette.

He was thinking.

Presently up came the butler.

"Would you mind letting me look at the cellar ?"

The butler was a good butler—first rate ; not young. No ; butlers should not be young ; they should be of some age—in fact, of a good vint-age. (3)

He was civil. He took Master Ferdy at once towards the cellar. As they passed the pigeon-house they heard voices.

Flossy and Leopold.

"You will meet me ?"

"Well, yes, if you like."

"Like ? Oh, Flossy ! You know I worship your very chignon."

"You silly boy ! Be it so, then. At the dairy at four."

Ferdy passed on. They were in the cellar. The butler showed him where IT was found.

"Ah ! he had not got at the thirty-four."

No, no, he had not ; he was only in the "24s. per dozen, bottles returned," bin.

That's lucky ! Ferdy stooped down and picked up something.

What ?

A silver corkscrew case, and on it a name.

He reads it with the eye in which his glass is not stuck.

"Bravo, Ferdy ! that's the ticket for soup. (4) Go it, my hearty, you want to shut that young spooney snob up, you want some ready, you want a banking account, you want a new dress suit, you want a yacht, you want some cigarettes, you want a moor, and a few toothpicks. This will do it."

And whistling gently to himself an air out of *Robert the Devil*, Ferdy sauntered off to the Baronet's private room.

(1) Quite true, especially if limited to three or four months, and the stamp of that demon of oppression, the Inland Revenue Office, is set on it.

(2) The Major can recommend his own patent safety one, warranted not to shake the wine.

(3) This pleasant jest has caused many a hearty laugh—long ago, when the Major's hair was curly and never streaked with grey, when he used to get up early and his heart was always so gay. Oh, Templars ! Oh, Maories ! Tempus tintax rarum. Rare rum it used to be, at the convivial meeting at the "Three Pots."

(4) May one who has himself known the ups and downs of the world, the hunting field and the Clare market, and who is ever prone to aid the poor and miserable, may this pillar of integrity draw attention to his "Equitable Universal Pentonville Pauper Soup Kitchen ?" Tickets (three basins once a week), is., to be had solely of Major B.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## A SHUT UP.

GODFREY.—How say you?

[ANSELMO *nods*.]

GODFREY.—Indeed?

ANSELMO.—Aye!

THE PLUNDERERS, a Drama (*not yet acted*). (1)

LEOPOLD and Flossy stood in the dairy.

"What delicious milk!" she whispered.

"Oh Flossy!"

"I love cows."

"So do I."

"No! Do you? How funny!"

"Ah! if I was a calf and you were a cow, do you think you'd take care of me?"

He says this vibrating with passion. Poor boy!

"Perhaps, if you were a nice calf, and did not kick."

"Kick you! Oh Flossy!"

"Did you ever eat mangold wurzels?" she asks, with a smile.

"No, but I would do anything for your sake."

"What! would you live on Thorley's food for cattle?"

"Oh, try me—dearest—try me!"

"Or on thistles?" This with a twinkle of her blue eye.

"Yes, on anything."

"Oh you donkey!" she laughs.

"Why do you torture me? Oh, Flossy, be mine"—

"And live on thistles? No, thank you."

Her eyes drop. Eliza enters calm, angry—

"Go, menial," she says, waving Leopold away.

"Menial! Miss Eliza, you are vituperous. My father is"—

"ARRESTED ON A CHARGE OF WILFUL MURDER!" sneered Ferdy, as he entered the dairy.

Too true! too true! he had lent the stranger the key of the cellar. And we know the result.

## A PLEA FOR VELOCIPEDES.

BY THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

## I.

THE Centaurs, we learn from old classical source,  
Were in shape a man's body spliced on to a horse:  
But this freak of Dame Nature by art is outdone;  
Man, carriage, and horse we can now see in one!

## 2.

They may say that our stables are not what they were,  
That the Turf is declining,—well, try Shanks's mare!  
Never fret about stamina, think about breed!  
The nag always in training is Velocipede!

## 3.

No shying, and no broken knees to regret:  
Better pay the coachbuilder, than call in the "Vet":  
'Tis the idiot alone who his money devotes  
To curbs, splints, or spavins, or bruising of oats!

## 4.

The old saw about "*shoulders*" we now must repeal,  
And, instead, let us say—put your foot to the wheel!  
*Four* legs you think needful your journey to do?  
In these days of retrenchment I'll beat you with *two*!

## 5.

Jove's messenger, sent with a note from the sky,  
With wings on his heels was accustomed to fly:  
So we imitate Hermes of classical song,  
Like glorified knife-grinders, treading along!

## 6.

And this new style of coaching is now such a rage,  
One may say with some truth that "*the world is a stage*,"  
With the why and the wherefore I'll prove it the more,  
For 'tis nowadays legs, and legs only, that draw!

(1) Apply to Major B. All rights reserved. Terms: Half share of profits.

## 7.

And who knows but, when Science is running a race,  
Neck and neck with Improvement and forcing the pace,  
Soon the diligent wife in the park may be seen  
Going out for a drive on her Sewing Machine!

## 8.

Take advice, and away with your groom—lock the door  
Of your stable—the horses are not worth their straw—  
Shanks's mare for my money! I speak what I feel—  
Who so fit to be *spokesman* as th' *Man at the Wheel*?

## OUR PRIZE COMEDIES.

## NO. I.—PLUCK.

(By the Author of *His'n, Cash, Style, &c., &c.*)

## CHARACTERS.

Bob Points . . . . Mr. TOTNAM CORT.  
Beau M'Thuselar . . . . Mr. FEENIX.  
Aniline Dighe . . . . Miss MARIOTTA WIDDISON.  
Young Ladies, Grooms, Butlers, Wild Animals, &c., &c. by a host of auxiliaries.

## ACT I.

## THE MEADOWS.—BULLSOBATION.

*Girls' school passes at the back, singing*

(AIR—Home, Sweet Home.)

Abroad in the meadows

To see the Ba Baas,

Run sporting about

By their woolly Mammas.

*Enter BOB POINTS.*

BOB.—Fellows don't seem to have brought the lunch. After all, what is lunch? Something to fill up time and one's interior in the middle of the day.

*Enter at back grooms with lunch.*

POINTS.—Thought M'Thuselar would be here. Beau M'Thuselar, we call him. Poor old Beau, he's made up of paint and hair—good deal of hare. Still believes he is killing when he ought to be killed for making love to that charming girl Aniline. I think I could die for her. O love, love, why do you carry all your canvas spread when the hands have gone ashore? Ah, here you are at last—thought you had died of old age on the road.

*Enter BEAU M'THUSELAR.*

BEAU.—Bob, my boy, lunch ready? *Paté de foie gras*, champagne cup. Lunch is doosed good.

BOB.—After all, what is lunch?

BEAU.—Lunch, my dear fellow, is hunger's siesta. Had any sport?

BOB.—Not winged a solitary cock. Sport is only knocking birds up for the pleasure of knocking them down again. You've been married, I think?

BEAU.—When I was quite a boy. My wife died, bless her, or I should have been another man.

BOB.—Davy Jones, probably. After all, what is marriage?

BEAU.—Or celibacy?

BOB.—Or butter milk? Both very good things, but join them with a hyphen and they are like the Siamese Twins—monstrous.

BEAU.—What a thing it is to be at college! That's where all your force comes from. I never was at college.

BOB.—Why not matriculate? Everybody matriculates now-a-days.

BEAU.—Gad, sir! That is an idea. I'll take my degree and come out junior op.

BOB.—It's the only thing wanting to make a young man of you.

BEAU.—Bob, I quite agree with you, and I'll go as sure as my name is M'Thuselar.

BOB.—Who gave you that name?

BEAU.—M. or N., I forget which. What is that noise?

BOB.—Noise is the concussion of sounds.

*Passes at back ANILINE, pursued by a bull.*BOB and BEAU rise. BOB makes off, singing "*Thro' the Wood*."

BEAU.—Where's my valet? A bull is an unpleasant beast to meet. O nature! why do you put all your unpleasant beasts in the fields? [*Totters down to front.*]



*Enter, while BEAU's back is turned, ANILINE DIGHE.*

ANILINE (*smiling to BEAU*).—O, my preserver!

BEAU.—The bull! the bull (*turning round*)! No, not a bull, but a deer.

ANILINE.—Don't be afraid!

BEAU.—Dear me, I'm not afraid. In point of fact, what is a bull?

ANILINE.—Listen. Just now I was pursued by a mad cow. Suddenly a lovely tenor voice struck my ear and that of the cow at the same time. The tune saved my life, for the cow died of it. That was good fortune.

BEAU.—Good for tune, but bad for cow!

ANILINE.—I must be off to find my preserver. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter BOB.*

BOB.—Quite an adventure.

BEAU.—That you, Bob? Such a long way off—thought you were the ghost of the bull.

BOB.—Don't trifle.

BEAU.—If it comes to that, what is trifle? Soapsuds at top and all the cake and spirit at the bottom.

BOB.—You mean what is pluck? A bull rushes or a cow slips—a girl is frightened and a man becomes a hero. See what I've found (*brings out a pair of Balmoral boots*).

BEAU.—Scarcely the young lady's size.

BOB.—Can't say. Found them close to the dead cow.

BEAU (*looking with his glass*).—Must be half-calf I should say.

BOB.—Or Bullmorals.

BEAU.—What do you suppose I've got?

BOB.—A pick-me-up I sincerely hope.

*BEAU shakes his head.*

BOB.—Cigars more probably.

*BEAU brings out babies' shoes.*

BOB.—Socks by jingo!

BEAU.—*Sox et præterea nihil*, as Cicero says. But here comes the charmer.

*Re-enter ANILINE DIGHE.*

ANILINE (*to Beau*).—Oh, my preserver!

BOB.—No; he's only preserved. I was your preserver.

ANILINE.—Oh, my preserver. I knew you were. Have you found anything?

BOB.—Found? I have a heart, which I never knew before, and a pair of soles.

ANILINE.—They belong to the Master of Trinity, my father.

BEAU.—Gad! I shall matriculate to-night. Also a pair of socks.

ANILINE.—They belong to the Dean, my uncle. [*She takes both.*] I should like to stay longer, but duty takes me away. Do not follow me. [*She retires slowly, looking over her shoulder.*]

BOB. } This is pluck. [*They look after her as she goes.*]

*Curtain descends.*

## ACT II.

### THE LECTURE-ROOM.—BOTHERATION.

*Enter BEAU.*

BEAU.—Jolly being at college! I get younger every day. [*Looks about for his desk.*] Very short-sighted still, but that gives me a fashionable appearance. Don't know my Latin Grammar yet, though; confounded nuisance these lectures. [*Sits at desk.*]

*Enter BOB.*

BOB.—Hallo! you're the new freshman, ain't you? What do you think of college life?

BEAU.—I like the life, but don't care about the college. The dons will persist in thinking I ought to be more serious at my age. After all, what is my age?

BOB.—Can't say. Anything the other side of a hundred.

BEAU.—Gad! Bob! I shall be angry if you talk nonsense. Come down the river after lecture?

BOB.—Boating, sailing, or how?

BEAU.—I shall go in a funny. I like handling sculls.

BOB.—Like Hamlet, rather a grave subject at your age.

BEAU.—Confound you. My age! I'm young enough to punch your head. [*Gets up and hits out. BOB returns, when—*

*Enter ANILINE DIGHE.*

ANILINE.—Gentlemen, I beg.

BOB. } A lady. [*Both take off their caps and bow.*]

ANILINE.—You may think it odd that I should be here, but the fact is, my father, the Master, is at Newmarket, and my uncle, the Dean, has been gated, so I have been requested to examine the gentlemen at lecture.

ALL.—Hear! hear!

ANILINE.—Hush, if you please. You are begged to look upon it as a matter of course. I had asked several ladies in to assist at your examination, but they were passing a rigorous examination themselves in "Mangnall's Questions" in the Senate House. So I am alone.

BEAU.—A loan we will repay with heartfelt thanks.

ANILINE.—Silence. [*They are trotted out. Afterwards sit.*] We will first take Roman History. You. What remark was made by Brutus to Cæsar when Mark Antony returned from Brundisium?

BEAU.—"Tityre! tumque cano vox populi tegmine fagi."

ANILINE (*to Bob*).—You always know. Why did Quintus Curtius shoot the geese of the Capitol?

BOB.—In order that he might be Dux of the Roman army.

ANILINE.—You (*to Beau*). What does Dux mean?

BEAU.—Don't know.

ANILINE.—Next.

BOB.—A Leader.

BEAU.—Leda had nothing to do with Dux. It was a swan.

ANILINE (*to Bob*).—Why did Pandora slip down when she went to the play?

BOB.—Because there was Hope (soap) at the bottom of her Box.

ANILINE.—Let me see.

BOB (*to Beau*).—I shall send her a Valentine.

BEAU (*to Bob*).—No; I shall. I said so first.

BOB.—I don't care.

*They are squabbling when*

ANILINE.—Attention! I mean silence in the court. Now 760 U.C., the Romans were looking for a Dictator, and the times were troubled, and their choice was difficult. Who did they consider a safe man?

BOTH (*rising*).—Griffiths.

ANILINE.—No, no. Who's Griffiths? Why was the Greek historian Herodotus charged with lying?

BOB.—We charged him because He rode at us.

ANILINE (*shutting her book*).—You may go.

BOB.—That's a blessing. I shall send her a Valentine.

*(Goes out with his head over his shoulder.)*

*(BEAU is going too.)*

ANILINE.—Stay. My back hair wants brushing. Be good enough to remember you are a freshman. (*Aside.*) I like humiliating him.

*(BEAU takes small brush out of his pocket.)*

BOB (*putting his head in*).—The brush is for the winner. Let me pluck it from him.

BEAU.—This is more than pluck.

*Curtain.*

## ACT III.

### THE RIVER-SIDE.—LONG VACATION.

*Enter BEAU, with camp-stool under his arm. He looks about, and finally sits in centre. N.B.—A real pump in foreground.*

BEAU.—Charming, charming! This is life. I feel the young sap rising in my old trunk. The Long Vacation will soon begin, and still I feel inclined to stay where I am. I adore the college head, the college porter, and the college puddings, but, more than all, I adore the College Belle—Aniline Dighe. Let me read over the Valentine I am going to send her:— [*Read.*]

My dearest love, I feel quite shy.—

To thee I write, my Aniline!

With thee I'll live, with thee I'll die,

If thou wilt be my valentine.

I'll fetch thee cottons, lemon-peel,

Shirtings, shallots, or sherry wine,

Indigo, starch, and cochineal.

I've spelt cochineal with two e's ; but bad spelling is made up for by good intentions.—

Indigo, starch, and cochineal—  
Say only I'm your valentine.

There. I don't know about the poetry, but the sentiment is all there. If our college governess, Miss Brix, caught me at the back of the college at this hour, I should most likely be rusticated ; as it is, I shall not wait in the damp, but go and leave this at Aniline's door. Before I go, however, I should like to ask Bob what is love. He does not seem to be here. Never mind, that will keep.

[Exit.]

Enter opposite, BOB POINTS, with a milk-jug.

BOB (coming towards pump).—I had asked one or two men to tea, and, finding the commons short, I came out to add to the limited portion of milk left by the gyp. How like Society this is ! Show us ever so little of the milk of human kindness and we pump cold water on it. [He pumps.] No water ! Leave well alone. [He takes off cap and gown and leaves them on pump.] I will creep out past the porter and buy the rich cream itself.

As he goes, enter ANILINE DIGHE. Silence for a time.

ANILINE.—Mr. Points —.

BOB.—Call me Bob.

ANILINE.—Mr. Bob Points —.

BOB.—Plain Bob, I beseech, you, Miss Dighe.

ANILINE.—How is it, Mr. Points, that I find you out at night with a jug—like a nightingale ?

BOB.—I was going to fetch the milk for my tea.

ANILINE.—O ! let me fetch it with you —.

BOB.—We are not at school now, but at college. I am not sure whether the authorities —.

ANILINE.—Say no more ; I will go with you. [The moon comes out.]

BOB.—Does it not make you feel good to look at our shadows ?

ANILINE.—Truly it does. I wonder why shadows are given us ?

BOB.—That is only known to artists, lovers, and Professor Pepper.

ANILINE.—See ! We are now together—and now apart !

BOB.—And now like two convicts in a prison, the jug unites us.

ANILINE.—That completes the pitcher, does it not ?

BOB.—We understand each other, Aniline ?

ANILINE.—Bob is not half short enough.

BOB.—Then call me Tizzy, love. [They go out together, gently.]

Enter BEAU.

BEAU.—What did I hear about jug ? First catch your hare !—

Sweet Aniline,  
My valentine.

Charming, charming ! I think I said that before. [Sees pump.] Stay, there is Bob. I may ask him now. [Takes pump handle.] Bob, my boy—What is love ? [Pumps.] An outpouring, a gushing —. Why don't you answer ? Your heart is too full, I know. It brings the water to your eyes. It makes me feel inclined to sing. Music, Bob is the food of love ; and my particular dish is Handel. Handel, Bob, stick to that. Bless you !

Enter BOB and ANILINE, running. BEAU starts back.

BEAU.—Ha ! what is this ? My Aniline in the arms of another !

BOB.—Beau, my boy, the proctors are out—where can we fly to ?

BEAU.—Don't be alarmed, Bob, my boy. I'm fly, and we'll fly together. Miss Dighe—[takes pump handle]—trust to me, I will come to your succour.

BOB.—I hear the bull-dogs !

BEAU.—Their bark is on the shore. Follow me to my rooms.

ANILINE.—I will fly with you.

BOB drops on his knee to ANILINE, BEAU drops on his knee to pump.

Curtain.

#### ACT IV.

THE DENOUEMENT.—PERSPIRATION.

A drawing-room full of furniture, a piano, &c.

ANILINE.—What a lovely apartment, so homelike and snug !

I wish I could find a seat without knocking everything over. I have passed the night on the sofa, while those two brave hearts kept guard outside in the passage. Here they come.

Enter BEAU.

BEAU.—I feel so young, Miss Dighe, when I see you.

ANILINE.—Do not flatter me, Mr. Methusaleh. Where is Mr. Points ?

BEAU.—Bob has gone down to pass his *post-mortem* examination. We all have to pass it sooner or later.

ANILINE.—May all good angels help him through it !

BEAU (sitting at piano).—Sweet thought ! Nice girl. Are you afraid of lightning, Miss Dighe ? (Plays "Up in a Balloon" slowly.)

ANILINE.—Afraid ? Oh no ; I like thunder.

BEAU.—She likes thunder. (Plays bass deep.)

ANILINE.—When two sympathetic clouds approach there is a flash, a roll of thunder—the love of the storms.

BEAU.—She is splendid ! Miss Dighe, let me say Aniline.

ANILINE.—Certainly not. You know Bob is away.

BEAU.—She calls him Bob. Do not call him Bob.

ANILINE.—This is ridiculous ; doubly—trebly so. (BEAU plays treble.)

Enter BOB.

BEAU.—Trebly so ! Bass deceiver !

ANILINE.—At last. Oh joy ! What news ?

BOB.—Plucked again. After all, what is a degree, more or less ?

ANILINE.—Plucked ! then I am yours. (Falls into BOB'S arms.)

BEAU (starting up behind piano).—This is too much for me ; refused by Aniline, my Valentine—overcome with grief at the failure of my best friend, I feel old age creeping, creeping on ; and whereas I felt scarcely more than forty, I am now going gradually below piano. O age ! age ! why do you go before honesty ? (Sinks out of sight.)

BOB.—My dear girl, I will go in again and again for my degree, and will yet come out wooden spoon.

ANILINE.—May we spoon for ever, dear ! The Governor will fork out.

BEAU comes from piano an old man in white hair, &c.

BEAU.—I find I no longer draw, so have given up painting, and take kindly to my wrinkles and grey hair. I have been good for so little during my silly existence that I will now write you a blank cheque which you can fill up on your wedding day to any amount under three million four hundred seventeen and a penny.

BOB.—My own Aniline ! Beau, you're a good plucked one as well as I.

BEAU.—I will not stay here longer to disturb you with my hated presence. You are in my rooms ; keep them, and bless you ; but I would say before I go that the errors of my youth and the frivolities of my old age are not my fault. I never knew a mother's care, and so have fallen into paint, pearl-powder, and puerilities, which otherwise I should have despised. I am an orphan.

BOB.—I have often thought as much.

ANILINE.—We did not know this, Mr. M'Thuselar, or would have treated you as such. Pray live with us, and make yourself at home !

BOB.—That being settled, let me once more ask—What is Pluck ?

Tableau

BOB, ANILINE, BEAU.

END.

For one short hour we have played the fool,  
Burlusquing College life instead of School ;  
There Robertson has met his usual luck,  
And shown what genius does when back'd by Pluck.

Curtain.

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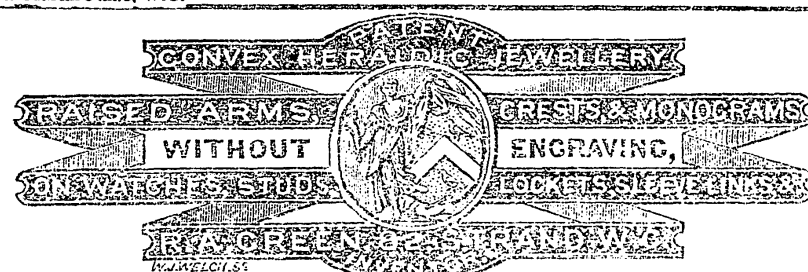


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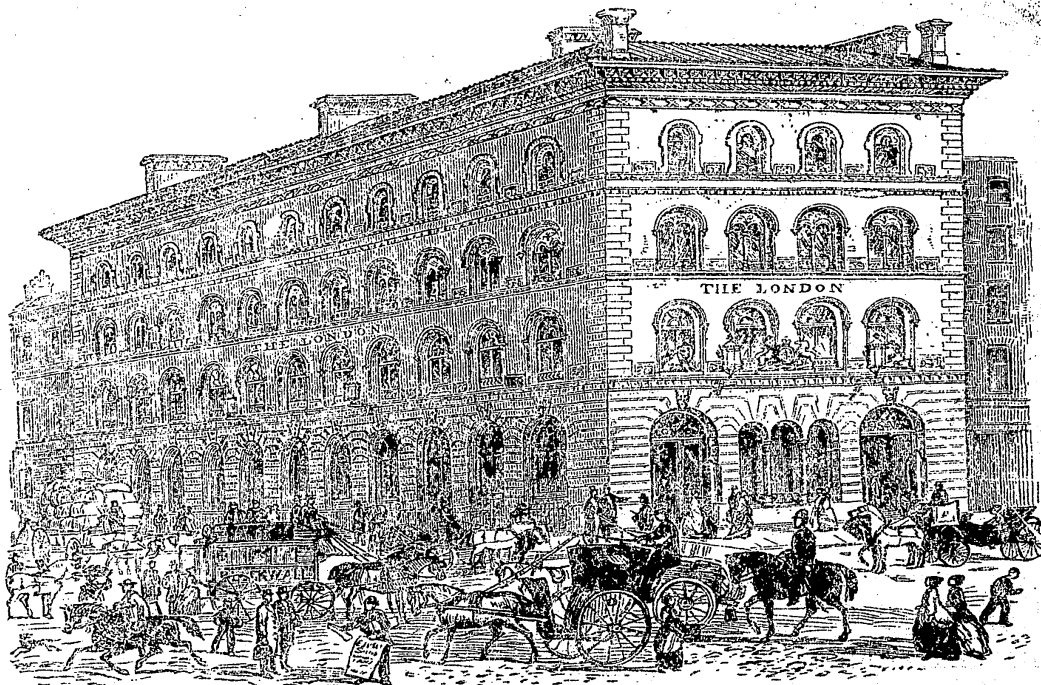
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