

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 136.]

LONDON, DECEMBER 11, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

DOWN WITH THE UNION.

TREASON is rampant in Ireland. Sedition and assassination have it all their own way. Ireland has a fresh grievance if she wants one; she can complain now not so much of mis-government as of non-government. Public meetings are held every-day, where rebellion and assassination are openly advocated. Newspapers are sold largely which are entirely devoted to the same principles. It becomes a question now for the taxpayers of England to consider—who have over and over again been burdened with contributions for the sake of Ireland—whether it is worth while to retain the nominal possession of a country which we either cannot, or dare not govern.

The cautious cut-throats and sordid scribblers of sedition who are allowed by the impotent cowardice of the Government and the loyal Irish to usurp the right of representing the national feeling of Ireland, clamour to be freed from the yoke of the invader, to be rid of the "bloody" Saxon. Bloody the Saxons certainly are, but it is with their own blood shed by cowardly assassins that they are stained; they are not, as they should be, red with the blood wrung by the lash from the backs of the howling scoundrels who infest Ireland. If the request (so politely urged) of these "patriots" were granted, if all the Saxons were to leave the Irish to govern themselves, and divide the land among themselves, the worst enemies of the Emerald Isle could wish them no more terrible fate. It may well be questioned whether, except in the most repulsive period of the French Revolution, such a collection of degraded brutes and bloodthirsty blackguards was ever got together, than the band of creatures who support O'Donovan Rossa, felon, and M.P. for Tipperary. The Irish know well enough that to be governed by these men renders slavery the most abject and the most loathsome, because it would imply subjection to the lowest form of humanity. Except oratorical power which manifests itself in shameless lying, and courage which manifests itself in committing treacherous crimes when there is no danger of being punished for them—it is difficult to say what qualities these patriots possess which can excite admiration, even in an Irishman. Talent they have none; self-devotion they are gloriously ignorant of; statesmanship it would be an insult to suspect them of; benevolence or generosity they would indignantly disclaim; they are certainly heroes, to worship whom one must be very hard up for an idol. There are no snakes in Ireland, but we daresay there are a good many vermin, to say nothing of respectable brute-beasts, that one could feel less disgust and contempt for than for these *things*.

Let them only govern the Irish, and all the sufferings then ever endured under the galling yoke of bloodthirsty England will be Heaven to what they will have to endure then. But to this result blundering, incapacity, and vigorous do-nothingness are rapidly leading us. The choice will be limited soon to a murderous war with the most despicable foes, or a clumsy concession of self-government to Ireland. If we persist in allowing murder and treason to go unchecked much longer, it will not be a few noisy, sordid braggards whom we shall have to put down, but half a nation, led on, in the blindness of their ignorance, and the degradation of their superstition, to acts of rebellion, which either must succeed, or must be rigorously punished. It is not a pleasant prospect, at least for Ireland. We have not the slightest doubt that the obliteration of Ireland from the British Empire would add to our power, as it certainly would add to our honour and to our happiness; but for the unfortunate land of patriots and potatoes, it would be a calamity terrible to contemplate. For let the fools who listen to these seditious rascals, understand this. If England does break with Ireland, it will be for ever. No apologies, however ample—no entreaties, however humble—no repentance, however bitter, will avail after that. The union once dissolved, it is dissolved for ever; the divorce will be complete; no alimony, no compensation will be allowed to the degraded wife. Let her drag herself starving and in rags to John Bull's door: that door is closed against her for ever; and, what she will feel more severely, his pockets are impregnable henceforth to her prayers or her threats.

It is because we fear that the long-suffering of England may not be proof against the constant provocation which she receives from these mongrel Yankees, who profess to represent the national feeling of Ireland, that we warn those whose interest or affection bind them to that country, of the danger which their timidity and apathy are fostering. It is no use for any resident in Ireland, be he Celt or Saxon, to profess a passive loyalty at this time. Every one who has any respect for the law, who desires to save Ireland from being torn to pieces by a pack of howling wolves, must consider himself a soldier on active duty. The more sincerely convinced he may be that there are still many reforms needed in Ireland, the more imperative it is that he should aid the Government with the utmost watchfulness and energy. If the respectable farmers of Ireland could only summon up the courage to act together, and to act decidedly, agrarian murders would soon be put an end to. No man, whatever his political prejudices or antipathies, can possibly respect himself, while he allows himself to be the slave of such

a degraded terrorism as these cowardly assassins have hitherto successfully exercised. It is not sufficient, we repeat, to be passively loyal or honest; it is not sufficient even to express openly abhorrence of Fenianism and agrarian crime; it is only by concerted action of the most vigorous kind that the law can be vindicated. It is not possible for the executive to bring these murderers and incendiaries to justice, without the aid of the more respectable portion of the community, except at the cost of many innocent persons; and the cowardly scoundrels, who direct those secret societies, know this. They know well enough that in any other country, and under any other government, the gaols would now be crowded with persons arrested on suspicion, or for previous complicity in murder. They know that under many other governments, in Poland, for instance,—under the genial sway of America's pet ally Russia,—the blood of the people would be flowing like water, were one hundredth part of the crime and treason to exist there that now flaunts itself before the public eye in Ireland. We have heard quite enough about Saxon tyranny, &c., &c.; it is time to put an end to all this lying, and braggadocio, and treachery, and violence; they are becoming mischievous, not to their professors and practisers, but to innocent industrious men, whose peace and prosperity are of some moment to this country. These vile vermin may begin to believe, as much as they can believe anything, that England fears them. It is because she does not fear them that she lets them alone. But this contemptuous treatment may inspire them with courage—if that is possible. They are not likely ever to face soldiers' muskets or cannon. Open warfare is not in their way, but they may take to thieving, and arson, and assassination on a still larger scale. We say again, therefore, let all the honest and true men in Ireland, of whatever party or creed, exterminate these abominations. There is no need to hang or to shoot them. A sound flogging would make them loyal to-morrow. They would not brave such a punishment twice. If the people of Ireland are determined to submit to the tyranny of these creatures, they must. We have warned them of the possible consequences: we have warned them that from wearied and disgusted England may come the cry to sever all ties between us and Ireland; that we may leave that country to the miserable fate which self-government implies, and for ever, in the positive assurance that, let who will conquer it, it will ever be a source of weakness and shame, not of strength and glory.

HONOURABLE THIEVES.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS' new novel, "Man and Wife," is to be translated into Dutch, and, what is more, Mr. Wilkie Collins is to be paid for the use made of his work. At least, so it appears from a letter addressed to one of our contemporaries last week, in which the novelist boasts that he has brought the Dutch publishers, who threatened to print "Man and Wife" without remunerating him, to their senses as to how foreign authors should be treated and dealt with. In this, the last letter of a not uninteresting correspondence, Mr. Collins retracts his severe strictures on the morality of the proprietors of the *Stiver* magazine, and proclaims to the world that they are no longer the thieves and robbers which, at first sight, he took them to be.

For our part, without entering into the vexed question of the laws of international copyright and the rights and wrongs of British authors, we are inclined to think that Messrs. Belinfante Brothers, of the Hague, have at no time appeared to disadvantage in the discussion now, we presume, concluded; and that their final decision, "to pay and have done with it," is a course of moderation and generosity which, after Mr. Collins's sharp attack upon them, that gentleman could scarcely have expected. However, if he has done his Dutch publishers an injustice, he now frankly owns it.

A POINT OF DETAIL.

GOOD Christians are already quarrelling over the particular form of religion which Mr. Peabody professed, and the Congregationalists, so far as the controversy has at present gone, seem to have got the best of it. "Take my word for it," writes Mr. Charles Reed, one of the executors, in a letter to an Independent minister, "Our late departed friend was a Congregationalist of our own order. I closed his eyes in death."

Would it not appear to be the more decent course here to let the matter rest? What Mr. Peabody was we all know well, and these bickerings of ministers of religion over his coffin can neither add to, nor detract from, the respect which the good man's name must ever command in the civilized world. Let us assume that Mr. Peabody held his own opinions, and stood aloof from all sects and parties. Not impossibly this may have been so, for his practice of religion had little enough in common with the Christianity of the nineteenth century in any of its many phases. We are generally ready enough to condemn the custom, not uncommon just now, of men giving men's names to the schisms they have been principally instrumental in effecting; but there are exceptions to every rule, and we would welcome the institution of "Peabodyism" as a new form of Christianity with heartfelt satisfaction.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE threat of the Sultan to deprive the Viceroy of the title of "Khedive" appears to us, in our matter-of-fact little island, something of a petty and pointless measure: but from what the Turkish and Egyptian papers say about the matter, it seems to be seriously considered in the East. If the *Gazette* were to announce that Mr. Gladstone was no longer to be officially alluded to as "the Premier," but simply as the "First Lord of the Treasury," we doubt very much if the right honourable gentleman would be very seriously affected thereby; but the Viceroy is evidently more sensitive, and he hangs on to his newly-adopted title with even more tenacity than he uses to retain the right of borrowing money, raising armies, or building ships. His Highness has certainly shown no lack of common sense in his proceedings since his accession to power; and it is a pity if his intelligent appreciation of what is important and what is not goes astray on a point so immaterial as this. It would be a good thing if the Viceroy's friends would advise him to adopt the argument of the coalheaver, who allowed himself to be beaten by his wife on the grounds that it pleased her and it did not hurt him. Surely, the patron and promoter of the Suez Canal has a stronger claim on the goodwill and respect of civilised nations than that contained in the title, "Khedive," which means very little if it means anything at all, and which adds not a jot to His Highness's influence and dignity.

ASSES IN TIGERS' SKINS.

THE parish of St. Pancras certainly intends to leave its mark on the parochial history of the nineteenth century. A meeting of the ratepayers was held last week at the Crown Tavern to take into consideration the present unsatisfactory state of the parish, and to pass resolutions of want of confidence in the Guardians, and of censure on their conduct; but, strange to say, instead of the discussion leading up to any such conclusion, it was unanimously agreed that the abuses arose entirely from the apathy of the ratepayers. This act of self-condemnation on the part of the parishioners was certainly as ill-deserved as it was unnecessary. The Guardians are only too ready to throw the responsibility of their proceedings on other people's shoulders; and if the whole body of parishioners is ready to accept it, it is difficult to see of what good Government interference can be. Let us hope that the Poor-law Board will take a more common-sense view of the matter, and bring the sin home to those people who can be got at. It is all very well for a parcel of maudling taxpayers to meet together and to cry "Peccavi" over the enormities practised by their nominees and representatives; but the Government cannot allow any such weak twaddle to stand in its way. St. Pancras Workhouse is a disgrace to civilization and humanity, and, if it be possible to cleanse this Augean stable, the refuse should be thrown unflinchingly to the dogs.

THE SUEZ CANAL AND ITS INFLUENCE ON THE BRITISH DRAMA.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Cairo, December 1, 1869.

THOSE of your readers who carefully studied my last communication will, I am sure, have fully realised the critical position in which I was placed at the hour of its despatch. To have exhausted one's last bottle of champagne on the back of a camel, who is *hard in the mouth*, and *has sat down* in the very midst of the desert, thousands upon thousands of miles away from home, is a serious matter indeed. In fact, I shall never be sufficiently thankful, that after a roll or two with Spagmore in the stirrups, the wonderful instinct of the brute triumphed over all our inducements to urge him forward, and led him back to Port Said at a brisk canter. Yes,—you will scarcely believe it—he took us safely into the place at 1 a.m. the next morning, and not only went through his stable door himself, which was extremely low, without waiting for us to get off, but threw himself suddenly into a pool of water on his back (Spagmore still being in the stirrups), and seemed to relish the ablution as if he had been a hot human being. However, as very important circumstances arose from this plunge, I will furnish you with my notes taken at the very moment of its occurrence.

November 29, 2 a.m.

Spagmore out at last, after great trouble. I told him he should never trust himself on a strange creature's back in water. He is very much annoyed at my manner, and says he would rather walk to Pekin and back on foot than come to Egypt again. I think I would too. He adds, that the "worst isn't over," and that if I only just wait I shall see that we shall have a precious long bill with the proprietor of the camel for nothing. I am to fetch him and settle. Spagmore says if we can settle *before* it is quite light, he might not notice that the beast is wet and has lost one stirrup and a headdress of walking-sticks and red wool. I do not know where the proprietor sleeps. Spagmore says, "On the top of the house, of course, like all Turks." I point out that he may not be a Turk, but a Nubian. Spagmore says it is all the same, and that if I mean to *refuse to climb up outside the house and look in to the top* I had better say so at once. I tell him I do not mind climbing up outside the house, but I know it will be useless, as I do not think *there is* a top to it, and that, as far as I can remember the arrangements of the Turkish building at the Paris Exhibition, I am sure the Turks do not sleep outside the house, but inside, on little squares of Kidderminster carpet, in full dress, behind the lattices. Spagmore says if I am certain of that he will *throw a brick through* one of them at once, and—

2.30 a.m.

Have been twenty minutes trying to quiet the camel, who has been shivering and singing in alto. It is no use, he won't be quiet. Spagmore says, "Let him go on, he'll wake up somebody." Spagmore is right. He has stirred up the proprietor, who has suddenly appeared at the other end of the yard. He does not sleep on the top of the house, or behind the lattices, but in the dusthole. I explain to him in French that there are seventeen hours and a half at threepence an hour, and that, as we are a little late, we do not mind making five and sixpence of it. He does not reply, but feels the camel's tail. Spagmore says I had better mention the stirrup and walking-sticks at once, which I do; but the proprietor seems to hear nothing, and seems to be sounding all down the brute's legs with a tuning fork. Spagmore is sure there is something wrong, and says, now he comes to think of it, he is afraid the camel took his second roll *over the champagne bottles*. I thought so. The proprietor is white with anger, and is gradually working himself up for a row.

5.45 a.m.

We have an *awful* row. Nothing will appease the proprietor. He has shaken his fingers twenty-seven times in Spagmore's face, and, I think, made use of some very dreadful language in the Upper Coptic, or Khooineeh dialect. We have both told him to shut up, and say what he wants.

7 a.m.

He is still at it. Spagmore says it is an oath, and that we had better let him have it out, but that it is a great pity we did not fetch an interpreter at once, as he may have to repeat it all again when we do get one.

8 a.m.

Several interpreters have come. Translation has been effected at last. It seems we have done for the camel, and that the proprietor says "it is no use to *him* now." He wants twenty-seven pounds down, and the saddle at a valuation. We laugh at the bare idea, and Spagmore has facetiously offered him a bill at three months. Nasty crowd getting up. Proprietor has again begun another oath in Upper Coptic. Spagmore says we had better walk quietly away.

8.30 a.m.

No use. The crowd, the proprietor, and the camel have followed us. There is no doubt about the matter—we shall have to *buy* the brute. Spagmore says that we might, if *forced* to purchase it, get a good figure for it at the Zoological Gardens, and that after all he does not think it will be half bad fun to bring a real live camel the whole way to London. We have told the proprietor that we "half see it," and are going to talk it over at breakfast. Spagmore says he has an idea—a "regular wrinkle."

10 a.m.

Everything signed and sealed, and we have drunk success to it in *Chambertin*. Spagmore's "*wrinkle*" is first-rate. I wonder neither of us thought of it ages ago. We are to make the camel the foundation for a great *Egyptian and Oriental Circus Company*. It is to be packed off *to-night* to Southampton direct. We are to engage at once a whole troupe, beasts and all. Spagmore is to take charge of the troupe, and leave by the next Marseilles packet. I am to follow on Tuesday next with the beasts. Spagmore says it will be a great go. I have not a doubt of it.

1 p.m.

Have had slight disagreeables over the details, but have finally settled on securing the following, with as little delay as possible:—

Another camel (to play *écarté* with the one we have).

Two elephants.

A man for them to step over and lunch with.

A hyæna (to spell our names, if we can possibly manage it).

A cage, for ditto.

A sheik, and his family (for drawing-room entertainment).

A bedouin (to eat champagne glasses).

An African tiger.

An African lion.

A dancing dervish, who will not object to taking charge of the beasts, swallowing carving knives, and making himself generally useful.

An Egyptian gentleman to play English parts.

A boa constrictor.

A portmanteau, for carriage of ditto.

A few Turks, for general utility purposes.

A dozen Arab horses, and

One crocodile, for a comic scene with the clown.

The only serious unpleasantness we had was over the hyæna. I told Spagmore I had *never* seen a "learned" hyæna. He insists the thing can be done, and that it would be a great feature. He says we can begin with words of one syllable and tripe letters, and have the capitals and full stops of liver.

I confess I foresee serious inconvenience in the training, but have given in on Spagmore undertaking to hand the brute over exclusively to the Sheik and family. I also objected strongly to the Egyptian gentleman who is eventually to come out as a Star and play Othello. Spagmore says, *until he has got the language perfect*, we can let him dance Sir Roger de Coverley with the Elephants, or send him in for a short scene with a red-hot poker, or let him undertake some trifling extra business of this sort, and then, when he *has* got the thing at his fingers' ends, we can try him at the Oxford in a negro song, and then let him open in Othello at Greenwich the following week.

5 p.m.

I am off to see about a hyæna. I have met the Contractor, who says he thinks he can introduce me to a party who knows a party who would let me have one on reasonable terms. More in my next.

"HAIRS YOU WERE!"—A new Club has been started in the Poultry—"The Oxford and Cambridge Toilet Club." Although the hairs will be plentiful and the scent strong, no hunting will be permitted in the establishment this season.



LONDON, DECEMBER 11, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WE believe that after the next Reform Bill the Chamber of Horrors, at Madame Tussaud's, will return a member. None but Irish need apply.

THE *Times*, it is said, will be shortly sold for a penny to the British public. This is returning the compliment—how often has the British public been sold by the *Times* for a price quite as *Lowe*?

WE understand that the War Office is about to abolish the use of the aspirate among the Volunteer Officers, for the purpose of obtaining greater uniformity. At present about two-thirds of the number invariably omit it in their conversation. This is as it should be!

NOBODY can be found, naturally enough, to touch the Spanish Crown. Why does not the Provisional Government raise their bid by two-and-sixpence, and boldly make three half-crowns of it? Perhaps then a Harrow boy might think the matter over.

A SLIGHT mistake has been made by Mr. Palgrave Simpson in the construction of his new piece at the Lyceum. As the hero is played by Mr. Allerton, he should die early in the first scene of the first act, instead of late in the last scene of the last act. Could not this still be managed?

SO disgusted has the Sultan grown with the Khedive and all his undertakings, that he has recently more than once alluded to the late brilliant assemblage of notabilities at Port Saïd as the *Suez Canaille*! This is the first joke that has ever been made by a Sultan of Turkey, and it has created much amusement in Asia Minor.

THE Emperor has announced his determination to preserve order in France. One cannot help being reminded of the policy of theatrical managers, who, when they find a real success impossible, try to create a false one by means of orders. The parallel holds still further, since, in both cases, it may be found advisable to fall back on the legitimate drama.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* is going to retrace its steps on and after the 1st January, 1870. It is to be a Daily Paper, price twopence. The erratic course of this journal suggests the reflection, that if there are a number of literary stars on the staff, they must be tied to the tail of a comet. However, we wish the new daily—price twopence—success. It will be very hard if the proprietors don't manage to make some money out of so much change.

WE are sorry to see that some of the priests in Ireland are lending their voices and influence to the band of seditious rascals known as Fenians. Putting aside the immorality of such conduct, on religious grounds alone it appears most infamous. These worthless marauders and assassins are the

bitterest enemies of the Church, and the highest authorities among the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics have repeatedly denounced them as mischievous villains. We hope that very strong measures will be taken by the authorities to repress what is a degradation of the priesthood, and an insult to the Christian religion.

A VERY ill-natured paragraph appeared in the pages of a contemporary the other day, implying that Calcraft was too old to exercise the small privileges that fall to him now in the way of flogging. If this estimable man is really getting old and feeble, why does not Mr. Gladstone give him a pension and a baronetage? Surely, he is as fairly entitled to the honour as the bearers of some recently-created titles. It is hard that the Home Office should take away his employment, and give him no compensation. We feel sure a Government so lavish of rewards to faithful servants will adopt our suggestion, in which case we hope Sir William Calcraft, Bart., will allow us also to suggest for a crest a running noose with the motto underneath *Voca dolum*, "Callcraft."

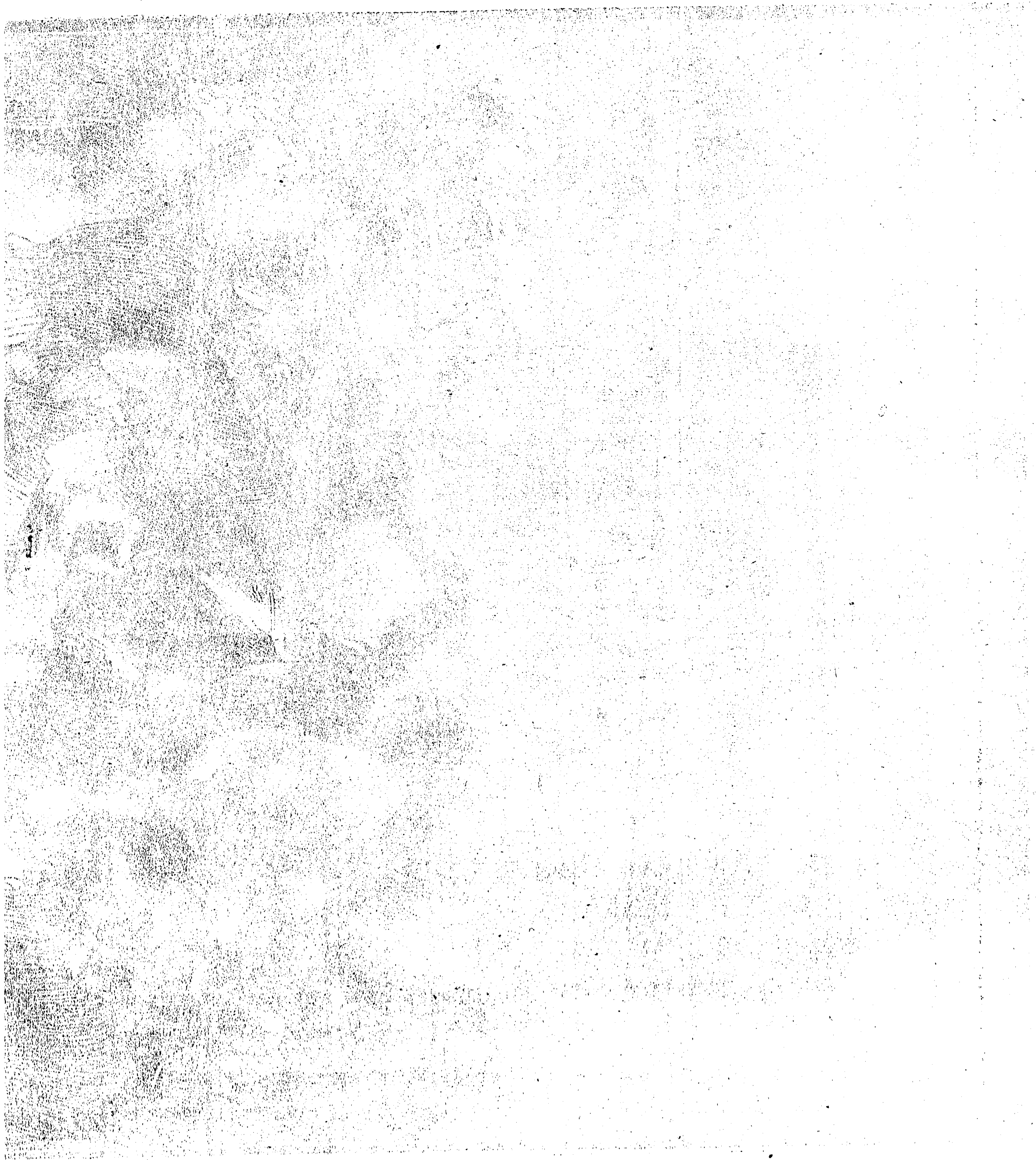
QUITE A LOAN.

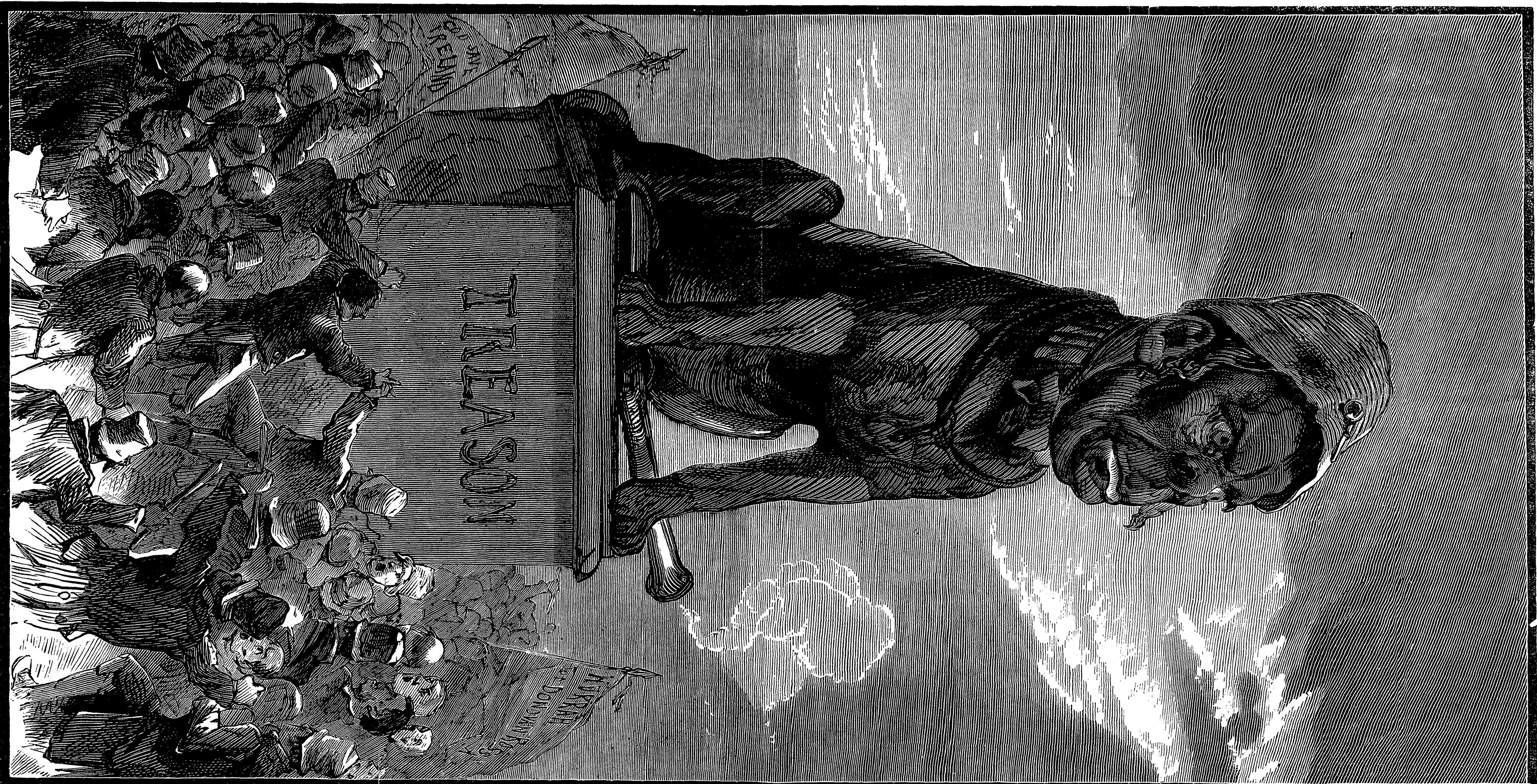
ANOTHER Turkish Loan! This time the amount is twelve millions, issued at 54, and bearing interest at 6 per cent., "the whole being secured," states the prospectus, "by sixty millions of unhypothecated revenue, chiefly Anatolian." Of course, the security is ample, as the fact that the money is to be borrowed at something between 10 and 12 per cent. sufficiently proves. But why does not the Turkish Government, if it needs assistance, employ assurance offices who just now are only too happy to lend money at 5 per cent. on approved security, and on the borrower ensuring his life? Is it that Turkey cannot find a couple of friends to go bail, or that the sick man is unable to pass the medical examination? However, we suppose that "the unhypothecated revenues, chiefly Anatolian," will suffice to provide for present necessities.

A BAD BEGINNING.

THE scheme for the International Exhibition of 1871 must be as yet very much in its infancy. Notwithstanding that it is announced that the work of the erection has been commenced, what the building—indeed, *where* the building is to be, is as yet a mystery. Although we presume that the vacant space south of the Horticultural Gardens is the spot chosen, there are as yet no signs of activity on the barren space which disgraces the "improving neighbourhood" of South Kensington, while in the Gardens themselves the greatest confusion exists, the colonnades having been pulled down in a very remorseless and irregular manner. No doubt, if we were in possession of the plans of the new building, we should see no reason to cavil at what is taking place, but, as things stand, they look anything but promising. First, there is the untidy site of the old Exhibition in an untouched condition; next come the Horticultural Gardens, temporarily, we suppose, pulled to pieces; after this a hideous edifice, which we take to be the much-talked-of Theatre of the Arts and Sciences; and then the whole is backed by the somewhat gimcrack Albert Memorial. No doubt the plan, when concluded, will be grand and complete enough; but for the next year or so the land of the Royal Commissioners of 1851, at South Kensington, is evidently doomed to be a disgrace to the West End. In France the whole thing would be finished in six months, or, in America, in six weeks; but we Englishmen are prone to take our time, and if we find South Kensington in order in six years, we suppose we must flatter ourselves we are energetic, and think ourselves lucky.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.—We hear on most reliable authority, that up to the time of going to press, neither Mr. Solomon Beyfus or Mr. Julius Calisher had accepted the peerage reported to have been offered them.





THE IRISH IDOL.

OR,
WORSHIPPING THE —!

(DEDICATED TO THE SUPPORTERS OF O'DONOVAN ROSSA, "M.P.")



"THE SIREN!"

[NOTE.—Mr. Palgrave Simpson, who has "freely translated" the *Dalila* of M. Octave Feuillet, frankly avows that his new piece is adapted from a novel. With the aid of Mr. Simpson's excellent (this is NOT satirical) play, and Mr. Allerton's splendid (this IS satirical) acting, we have attempted to give a short English version of the great French original.]

Part I.—The Cold in the Head!

It was a very great night at the Theatre of San Carlo, Naples. A new opera, entitled *Boabdil*, by Caspar Alvano, was being produced for the first time. Caspar was a young man of rather unprepossessing appearance. If we said he was ugly we might lay ourselves open to libel, so we will not say he was ugly but — — — ! He was very awkward, and did not know what to do with his arms, and had a way of sitting in ungraceful attitudes; but then he was a genius, and genius excuses a multitude of faults.

The auditorium of the St. Carlo was rather smaller than that of the New Royalty, but then the boxes on the grand tier were as large as the whole stage of the Lyceum.

On the evening in question two people sat in one of these gigantic boxes. The Princesse de Falconieri (a motherly female of an age demanding the respect that should be always paid to grey hair) and the Count Carnioli (a gentlemanly creature, chiefly remarkable for a very *very* false beard); and these two people were most intimate.

"Princesse," said the Count, "I am so glad you are here. I want you to listen to the tune of the Tenor's song. It is perfectly delicious—perfectly superb!"

"Oh," replied the Princesse, and she sneezed. Poor lady, she had a cold—a bad—bad cold!

By-and-bye the Tenor began his song. It was not good, in fact the Neapolitan critics on the next day described it as "commonplace and unmelodious, weak, and wretchedly sung." Yet the *claque* is mighty, and they applauded it,—applauded it so much that Caspar appeared to bow his acknowledgments.

So disgusted was the Princesse at this vanity that she actually for a moment forgot her rank and position, and flung a bouquet at the luckless composer's head! It was not ladylike, but it was natural—you would have done the same if you had been there, fair reader. But the Princesse was deservedly punished—with her bouquet she threw away her handkerchief! The Count soon discovered her loss. He at once offered his own bandana.

"No," said the Princesse, "I cannot think of such a thing. What would the world say if they saw me with your handkerchief?"

And then, poor lady, she fairly broke down, and—sneezed! Such is life!

Part II.—Loved by a Grandmother!

It was past midnight in the Princesse's boudoir. Her bedroom was neatly furnished. It contained a couch, a table, an organ, a garden, and a fountain. She was about to retire when a servant walked in and informed her that a gentleman (unknown) desired admittance.

"Show him up at once," she said, and then added, in an undertone, "He may have come to give me back my handkerchief. So annoying just now—I have a cold, and my other is at the wash!"

By-and-by the visitor was ushered in. It was Caspar, pale and ill, and on worse terms than ever with his unmanageable arms.

"What would you with me at this hour of the night?" she asked haughtily.

Caspar gasped, passed his hand across his brow, and tried to look like a codfish—tried, I say, and tried successfully!

"Are you ill?" murmured the Princesse, sweetly.

Caspar shook his head.

"Ah! then," she said, "pray play me a tune on the organ."

He obeyed. He sat down before the instrument, and indulged in the wildest gestures. Now his fingers were rolled over the notes with mad excitement—now his legs were dashed up and down fiercely, like a windmill. In spite of all this, the organ itself gave forth nothing more serious than a very mild hymn tune.

When he had played for an hour or so, the Princesse got slightly bored, and invited him to sit down upon a sofa.

"What do you come here for in the dead of night?" she asked sweetly.

"To give you back your handkerchief." He gasped this out, and played with his hat—played with it!—did wonderful things with it, like a third-rate—fourth-rate mountebank!

"My dear love," said the Princesse, "I have only seen you once in my life, but I doat upon you. Come with me and live a gay and guilty life. If you consent, we will order horses and elope to Florence. It's only a quarter to two, so, if we start at once, we shall be there the day after to-morrow. Come, sweet one, come."

He could say nothing; he could only gasp and play with his hat. His hands were now more in the way than ever. He felt a dreadful yearning to rush to the music stool and play another tune upon the organ. Oh! it was dreadful!

She saw his emotion, and cried out, "You love another, I know—the mild daughter of Sartorius, the mad buffoon. Give her up, and fly with me. Do you hear? I love you!"

"Oh!" he murmured, and once more that strange look appeared upon his face—that look reminding one so strongly—O, so strongly—of the codfish!

"You love me!" he cried. "I, so awkward—I, so very bad!—I, who am painfully weak in all I do? I? I? I?"

"Yes," she said, and taking him by the shoulders, kissed him. He, not knowing what else to do, fainted.

It was a pretty sight. The haughty woman loved him like her husband, and looked like his—mother!

Part III.—The Mad Buffoon!

It was the house of Sartorius, the mad buffoon. Being gay Bohemians, and foreign members of the Savage Club, he and his daughter Fides were still up, although it wanted only a quarter to three in the morning.

"Fill me up a bumper of gay gin and water," said the mad buffoon, wildly—"fill me up, I say!"

"I wonder, father, if Caspar's opera has been a success?"

"A success? Of course it has. Why, it was all robbed from me. Don't you remember that little thing of mine, beginning rum, tum, tumtitum, diddle—iddle—fol de ray?"

And he careered about the stage like a mad buffoon, as, indeed, he was.

"See," cried Fides, wildly, "do you observe that omnibus over yonder? It contains Caspar and the Princesse. They are eloping!"

She gave a terrific yell, and died. The maniac buffoon went through a sort of gymnastic performance descriptive of grief and bad acting.

"What shall I do with her?" he said at last. "Oh! I know. I will put her in a portmanteau and take her with me to Switzerland."

No sooner said than done. In ten minutes Sartorius was careering wildly to Switzerland in a broken-down cab, drawn by two superannuated omnibus horses.

He carried the portmanteau containing the body of Fides on the roof! On the roof, I say, on the roof!

Part IV.—The Massacred Noodle!

To return to the Princesse.

After Caspar had lived some little while with Leonora, she began to tire of him. He *would* play on the organ, and *would* look like a cod-fish, and both habits gave her much annoyance. This being the case, she determined to elope with the tenor who had sung in Caspar's opera. He at anyrate couldn't be *worse* than Caspar—he might, and he most probably would, be better.

In the meanwhile the Count Carnioli returned, and warned Caspar against the Princesse, or the Siren as we may now call her,—if we like.

"You cannot marry her," he said.

"I know, I know," murmured Caspar, "a man may not marry his grand—"

"Quite so," interrupted the Count. "Give her up."

"I will," he replied weakly.

He did, but then the Siren pretended that she really loved him, and sold him by bolting with the Tenor. Sold him! You hear? Bolted! You understand?

"I must follow them—the Siren and the Tenor," cried Caspar. "And I will take with me as luggage this tooth-brush and these horse-pistols."

He did so, and caught them up, the guilty pair, the Siren and the Tenor, in an old ruin, illuminated with a strange weird light, that was not moon-light, nor sun-light, nor candle-light.

As he stood waiting, he heard the noise of hard breathing—it was the puffing of two superannuated omnibus horses drawing with difficulty an aged cab.

In a moment he was at the door of the vehicle, and ready to shoot through the box.

The mad buffoon put his head out of the window.

"I am going to Switzerland with my dead daughter," he said, and pointed to the weird portmanteau on the roof.

Caspar was so unequal to the occasion that he could do nothing else but die, which he did.

And where was the Princesse all this while, all this while at the dead of night? At the time of the young man's death?

Why seated in a ball dress in a gondola. Who was in the gondola? Why, a very mild man in a black chimney-pot hat—it was her lover; a rough man in an overcoat—it was the boatman. And what were they doing?

Why, the lover (in the bows) was shivering!

The boatman (in the middle) was sniggering!!

And the Princesse (in the stern) was playing a tune upon the gay guitar!!!

THE END.

CHEAP, AND VERY NASTY.

THE "Penny Dinner" fever has once more seized the London public, and the papers are replete with descriptions of the mode in which Australian meat is packed for the English market, and dissertations on the boon it must ultimately prove to the working classes of the metropolis; but if we may judge from the description given by the *Times* reporter of the banquet at the Lambeth Baths, to which eighteen hundred working men were invited, it would seem to be more, far more likely, that the guests then and there made up their minds in future to live on herrings and potatoes, or other articles of food within their means, rather than invest 4½d. a pound in Australian mutton, its nutritious properties notwithstanding. The *Times* honestly remarks—

"The best that can be said for the meat at last evening's dinner is that it was wholesome; for, whether in a mince or a stew, it certainly was not particularly palatable. The sausages served with hot potatoes were something like the German sausage, though scarcely so eatable; but the criticism of some of the company on the meat rolls was that they tasted much better when the meat was taken out. The stew, as a whole, was not bad, but 'the minced meat and rice' was an execrable dish. There were large pieces of prepared meat uncooked on a side-board, but nothing approaching to the size of a mutton chop was laid before the guests. In fact, the Australian meat must be 'finely minced' before being cooked, and when being cooked it must be allowed to 'stew very gently, and be well stirred occasionally.'"

Notwithstanding that after-dinner resolutions were passed in favour of promoting the consumption of Australian meat in England, we cannot believe that the good Lords and gentlemen who got up the demonstration, any more than the eighteen hundred guests, are likely to give any practical support to the movement; but, nevertheless, if a Limited Liability Company were to take upon itself the benevolent task of feeding the hungry (at a cheap rate), it would surely deserve to succeed.

GHASTLY GAIETY.

Is Ramsgate becoming fashionable in its old age? It seems to have gone so far already as to start a "Winter Season," for a ball is announced to take place at the Granville Hotel one day this week, which, to judge from the sensation it is occasioning in the shape of small paragraphs in odd corners of the newspapers, is meant to be quite an event. As if the visitors to Ramsgate at the present season were not sufficiently numerous of themselves to fill the ball-room, the announcements above referred to state that "Special arrangements have been made for the conveyance of visitors to and from London." Ramsgate is certainly confident in its attractiveness. Imagine going this weather (or any

weather, if it comes to that) to a ball at a seaside town (Ramsgate, least of all), travelling eighty miles by train to get there, and coming back by a "special" at three o'clock in the morning! If the ball at the Granville Hotel does answer the expectations of its promoters, it will, indeed, be a gay and festive scene—with a vengeance.

REFORM IN OLYMPUS.

CHAPTER IV.—IN WHICH THINGS DO NOT GO ON AS SMOOTHLY AS COULD BE WISHED.

SOME six months had passed away, and the government of the world had undergone some wonderful improvements at the hands of the Provisional Committee of the Heaven and Earth Reform Association.

By the way, we ought to drop the epithet "Provisional," for the Committee had now become permanent, at least, for a year.

Olympus had been changed very much for the better. There were plenty of public-houses there now, at which the members of the various deputations, that were constantly travelling to and fro by the Aërial Navigation Company's cars, could refresh themselves. The tobacco and coal smoke together were rapidly making the atmosphere less painfully pure; and the oppressive blueness of the sky was being toned down.

It was always beautiful weather now on earth, owing to the admirable reform in the Sun's conduct, carried into effect at the suggestion of Publius Pryor. The only fault was that the constant summer days became a little monotonous: in fact, a slight modification had to be introduced, for, as there was no rain, water became scarce. As an external application, this useful fluid was not much missed; but as beer must be made with water, its value was tardily recognized. So it was resolved to have rain on one day in every week; the difficulty was to decide which day it should be. Against every one that was proposed some objection was found. First, Monday was tried; but then the working classes remonstrated strongly. Saturday, of course, was out of the question. On all the other days something was going on somewhere which stood in the way. So, in order to please all parties, it was arranged that it should always rain between three and seven o'clock every Sunday morning, and during church time. To this arrangement nobody could object.

But still, when three months or so had passed by, owners of land and farmers, in short, the agricultural interest, began to reflect that if there were no seasons there would be no crops. Upon this discovery the agricultural interest took to agitation. However, as they were in a minority, and as there was still plenty of beer and gin, and bread and cheese, their agitation was utterly disregarded.

Things had been made pleasant in many other ways. All taxes had been abolished; and no debts were recoverable at law; so that at first sight it would seem easy enough to live. But difficulties presented themselves even here; for the public officials and the army, having no pay, took to taking what they could get, a process which led to several disputes. Tradesmen, too, in the most unaccountable way, refused to give any credit. The police, too, refused to act, as there were no funds wherewith to pay them; and, consequently, crimes of robbery and violence became more common even than they were before.

But the most brilliant innovation introduced was the work of that original genius, Decimus Brutus Potts. It occurred to him that if men and women could take themselves to pieces, they might be able to discover internal complaints before they became dangerous. For instance, a man might clean his stomach, or wash his brains with cold water, or bathe his heart in salt water, or touch up his liver. So the mandate was issued, and the human frame became disjointable at the option of its possessor.

The result was rather alarming. Two days after this power was given, the up-trains for Olympus were loaded with a collection of human beings in the most strange state of distortion.

But we must reserve details for the next chapter.

HE WOULD AND HE WOODIN.—That very old favourite of the public, Mr. Woodin, has returned to London with his carpet bag. He is as amusing as of yore, and delights thousands by his clever impersonations and not less clever songs. To be guilty of a mild joke,—he has been "bagging" it quite long enough in the provinces; it was high time that he should return to town to take a haul! He has,—the Egyptian!