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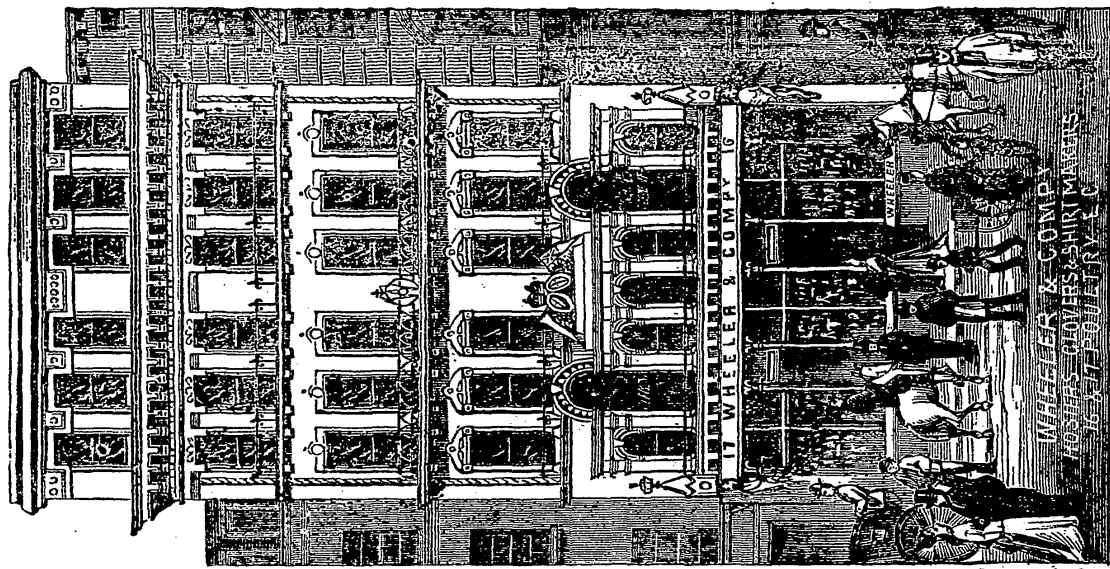
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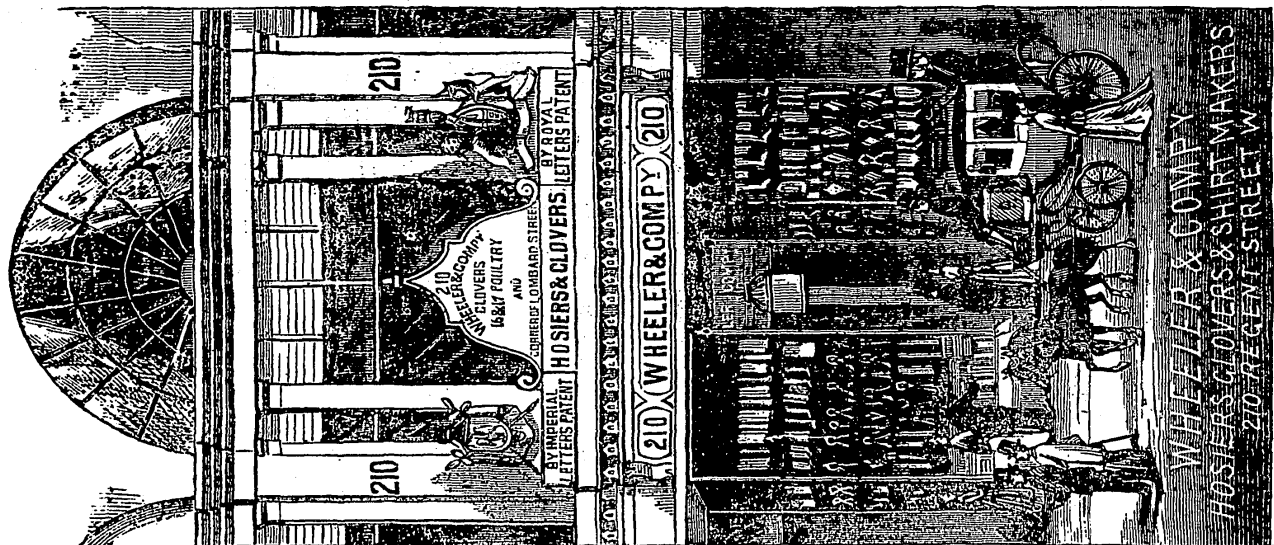
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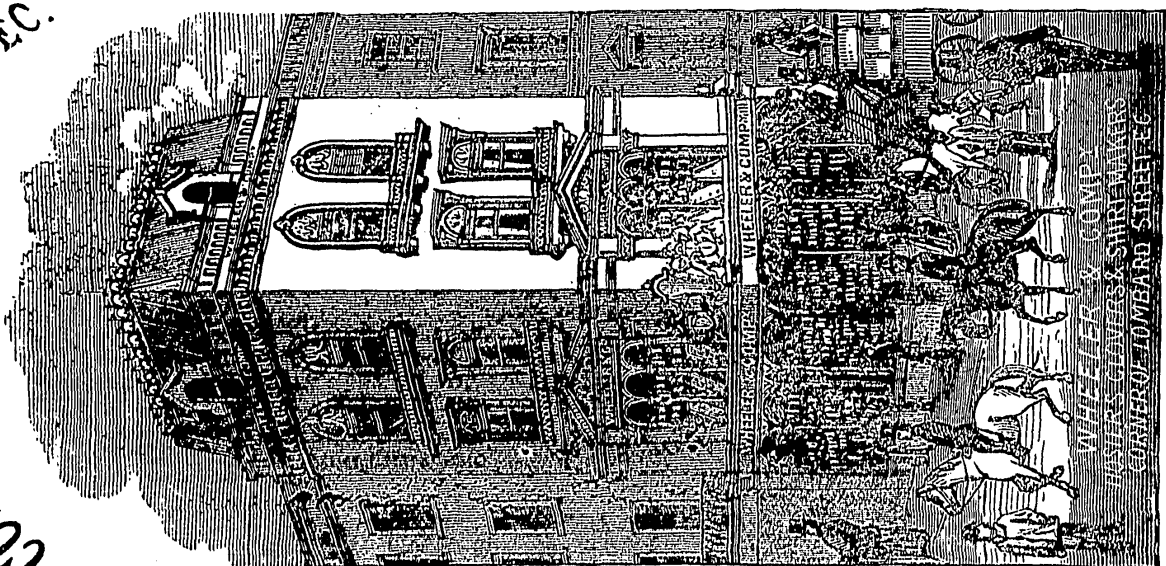
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THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 152.]

LONDON, APRIL 2, 1870.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE—"IN RETREAT"

HAPPY is the man who can exchange the troubles and anxieties of this wicked workaday world for the calm repose of Arcadia. There is something particularly pleasant in the notion of piping to lambkins and wearing silk tights and parti-coloured ribbons. The pictures *à la Watteau*, fill the minds of business men with visions of bliss. What can be more delicious than the soft shade of green trees, what more musical than the silvery ripple of tiny streamlets? So long as it does not rain, and the lambkins are patient and clean, the shepherd's life is one to be envied—one to be eagerly sought for. Without comparing for a moment such a very great man as the Right Honourable John Bright to such an insignificant personage as a keeper of sheep, we may perhaps be permitted to hint that his very sudden retirement from the labours and responsibilities of debate is not so unlike the Arcadian pictures to which we have alluded, as it might first appear.

Mr. John Bright for many years has been before the public, and during that time has appeared in three distinctly different characters. As it would appear that (for some time at least) the right honourable gentleman has no intention of changing his *rôle*, we will seize the present opportunity of reviewing his career. We will examine his morals and conduct in all three of his individualities, and will leave it to some future historian (we trust at a very distant time) to compose his epitaph. The first, and certainly most popular of Mr. Bright's characters, was that of the Agitator. Had we the pen of the now defunct *Morning Star*, we might enlarge upon his peculiar merits by the column—by the page. We might ruin ourselves in type by emblazoning his name in the biggest characters—we might dub him the "Tribune of the People," and hail him as the "Workman's Friend." Unhappily for us (if not for the world) the pen of the now defunct *Morning Star* was buried with that ill-fated periodical, and until the public taste undergoes a radical change, seems unlikely to be exhumed. This being the case we can only write of Mr. Agitator Bright according to our poor lights—poor lights that show us a statesman with sweet words on his lips and humbug in his heart of hearts. We frankly confess that we could never admire that ingenuity which set class against class, and which petted the Rough at the expense of the Aristocrat. More than once we have been favoured in these columns by letters from our "Working Man" Orator Stubbings, and although we have found our correspondent's communications particularly forcible, and very much to the point, still we have

not grown enamoured of his character. Mr. Bright, no doubt, regards our warlike contributor with feelings of deep-rooted respect and budding affection. In him, no doubt, the Great Agitator recognizes a Working Man of the best principles and the clearest arguments. In fact, if the truth be told, Mr. Bright is not unlike our exceedingly respectable Orator Stubbings. We do not wish to imply that the President of the Board of Trade (in retreat) carries a big stick, and wears heavy boots, with which to enforce his opinions more forcibly than other men. But we do say he is a bully, a "genteel" one, perhaps, but still a bully.

Unquestionably, Mr. Bright had a great deal of power in his first character. Invective and not argument was his forte. "To abuse" was the verb he conjugated in all its tenses. With him an aristocrat was really "bloated," a working man indeed a saint. He praised America because America was Republican, and the very opposite to England. He had sympathy with the Irish because the Irish hated their fellow-countrymen. Bitter, savage, and perverse, he cried down what was, to clear the way for the advent of what should not be—sometimes what could not be. By these means he gained the hearts of the illiterate and unthinking, of Jack Smith, the dram-drinking workman, of Bill Styles, the successful burglar, of Pat O'Dooley, the budding Fenian. When his arguments failed to move the "House," he found friends to fight his cause in the streets and parks. Long processions of "roughs" and disgraced vestrymen marched away to the music (?) of tenth rate German bands, rejoicing at the strains of the *Marsellaise*, and indulging in the ecstasy of "See the Conquering Hero Comes." These long processions meant nothing if not intimidation, and because they did mean intimidation they received at once Mr. Bright's warmest sympathy. "Bully and storm and possess" seemed to be the right honourable gentleman's motto at this stage of his career. If you cannot get the educated to listen to you, appeal to the Mob; if arguments won't avail, why turn to bludgeons and stones. So Mr. Bright played the part of the Tribune of the People, and prospered. He was the popular man of the day among the roughs and the petty tradesmen. Supported by bludgeons and cheered by beery voices, he found his way to the Treasury Bench, and on that stage played his second character, "The Cabinet Minister."

From the moment he assumed this *rôle* Failure marked him as her own. At first he tried to combine the chains of office with the freedom of Agitation. It was not a success. The Mob scoffed at him, and his colleagues frowned. The Right

Honourable John Bright was a very different person to "Jack Bright." He went to Court—to the very centre of that aristocracy which he had so often proclaimed to be bloated. He lost by this a large share of the popularity he had once enjoyed with the Mob, and to regain the position he had once held in the hearts of his many followers was guilty of the dangerous expedient of abusing the House of Lords. Half a traitor to his friends, half a friend to his foes, he dragged on a wretched existence without power or influence. He lost the support of the roughs, and did not gain the confidence of the country. Of course, this could not last very long. Popularity to Mr. Bright is as the breath of his nostrils. He took yet one more step, he made a bid for the love of the landowners. He deserted his quondam friends, the dram-drinking workman, and the discontented artisan, scoffed at their woes, and laughed at their demands. He talked about the rights of property, and would have nothing to say to the poor. And this last move proving a failure, he proceeded to fill his third and last character—that of the "Retired Politician."

We admit frankly we prefer him in this last rôle. He was a nuisance as an Agitator; a laughing stock as a Minister; but he is a public benefactor as an Absentee. "Though lost to sight to memory dear," is Mr. Bright—when at a distance. We often remember the benefits he has conferred upon us with pleasure when there seems little chance of his returning to our service. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"—very much so, indeed, in the case of Mr. Bright. We will love him very much if he will but stay away. As the "Retired Politician" his conduct is admirable. We do not hear his voice, we do not see his face, we do not read his letters! What more could we want?

An excuse is made for Mr. Bright's absence which we trust is no more than an excuse. Mr. Bright must not listen to the council of pretended friends. Let him but stay as he is in (we trust) pleasant retirement, and we will guarantee him a popularity as lasting as it will be wholesome.

HALFPENNY POLITICS.

LAST week we said a few words on the subject of a cheap rate of postage for printed matter. While arguing that, as far as the public were concerned, they had a right to the measure, we expressed a very decided doubt as to whether, after all, the spread of cheap printed matter was *really* a public gain. In short, we had a hit at what is popularly known as "cheap literature," which, by the way, by a certain class of reforming philanthropists, seems to be regarded as the one great moral educational medium of the age. Now, without picking out the choice little bits of news selected from racy police reports, the "seductions," "abductions," "outrages," and other stirring stuff of which most of the penny weekly papers are chiefly composed, we take, at random, a slip or two from what really is not at all a badly written letter, signed by its tremendous author, "Gracchus," and published in the columns of a cheap Radical organ of large circulation. Under the stinging title of "Damaged Idols—Royalty and Aristocracy," "Gracchus" indulges in a very unfair attack on existing English Institutions,—Princes, Lords, and Commons coming in for it pretty hotly. We note the article because there is spirit about it, and spirit just of sufficient force to carry conviction into not over-scrupulous intellects. Perhaps a specimen or two that *can* be quoted safely might illustrate the matter more clearly. For instance, *apropos* of the pluck of the English nobility, "Gracchus" observes:—

"We all know it was once imagined that the English aristocracy was the bravest and the best in the world. The Russian War showed them to be nothing better than a pack of poltroons, who seized the first opportunity to turn their backs upon danger."

Now this is, in the face of it, a hopelessly outrageous charge, and yet, no doubt, it is accepted as gospel wherever the "large circulation" carries the sparkling pennyworth of intelligence in which it is set. Along with it, of course, is swallowed the fierce onset that follows, in which Secret Service Money, O'Donovan

Rossa, the Impurity of the Aristocracy, the Immorality of the Court, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, furnish respectively material for some very telling and tall writing. Exhausted at last, however, "Gracchus" winds up, and before he does so, delivers himself of the subjoined happy *tu quoque*: "Royalty and aristocracy are accustomed to boast of the 'blood' that runs in their veins. But what decent person would care to be descended from such a thorough-paced scoundrel as Henry the Eighth, or be connected in any way with such a filthy profligate as George the Fourth. It may, in truth, be said, both of royalty and aristocracy, that

'A murky tide of foul and filthy blood
Runs through their veins, and curdles into mud.'

And then concludes, we cannot exactly see *why*, with an appeal to God to forbid that he "should write one word that might be construed as a reflection upon that fair young princess, who," and then he goes on rather unnecessarily, and perhaps a little vaguely "good and gracious as I well know her to be, has been transplanted from her own pure and virtuous home to the polluted atmosphere of the English Court. She is worthy of our utmost sympathy, and the warm-hearted English people will not give it grudgingly."

Now, it is difficult not to feel a sort of admiration for the style of "Gracchus," and appreciate the shrewdness of the management that secures his services. Newspapers are merely commercial speculations, and a Radical organ is only good when it is conducted socially and politically on the bull-in-china-shop principles. Whether any advantage to the nation is likely to arise from the conveyance of such sentiments to Land's End, at the reduced rate of a halfpenny, is another matter. Political and social discontent is no doubt an excellent thing in its way, but it would be better for the country if it came out on toned paper, priced sevenpence stamped.

THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[CONTINUED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

LUGWORTH HALL, March 25, 1870.

WHEN I closed my last from the Charing-Cross Hotel, you may remember that I had first heard that the Indian Chief, whom I have ever since been *unsuccessfully* endeavouring to get rid of, had got sole charge of the engine of a Greenwich train, and that he was last seen passing Spa Road at seventy-two miles an hour, *seated on the chimney*. It appears that at Greenwich, the Station officials were extremely uneasy about the arrival of the train at this pace, as not only would there be a difficulty in collecting the tickets, but a good deal of danger in the station itself, the trains at the Greenwich station somehow arriving *up stairs*. They calculated, therefore, that at an impetus of seventy-two miles an hour it would clear the newspaper stall, refreshment department, and secretary's private room, and take a full leap from the first-floor windows into the street below, depositing the passengers either somewhere in the mud in front of the Hospital grounds, or among the ferry-boats near the "Ship," both obviously inconvenient points to those making for Blackheath. At the last moment, however, a happy expedient was hit upon. It was determined that the train should not go to Greenwich at all, at least for the moment, but be turned off on to the South Eastern main line by the pointsman. By this happy *ruse*, a clear roadway was opened to it, and when it became evident that the same catastrophe anticipated at Greenwich might be brought about at Dover, at Reigate other points were opened, and the train again shunted off, still at full speed, for Reading. By this means it was reasonably conjectured that a collision could always be avoided, and that, with enough line to run on, the whole matter merely resolved itself into a question of steam and time. The last I heard of the train, was that it had been up to Glasgow and back, twice down the Great Northern, several times into Wales, and that the authorities at Clapham Junction had got accustomed to seeing it turn up about every seven hours. With this little affair on my hands, I received an invitation from a rich old aunt at this place, which, I need scarcely say, I jumped at. I arrived at Lugworth last night. It is a delightful old country house, and full of visitors, and, though the railway companies have got the address of my solicitors, thank goodness I have not heard anything from them *yet*!

March 26th, 1870, 9 a.m.

Post just in. Several letters. Have just rambled on to the lawn to look at them leisurely over a cigar. I subjoin them.

(1.)

From the Inspector of Police at Washford, Northumberland.

Police Station, Washford, March 25th, 1870.

SIR,

We have in custody here a wild gentleman, apparently a foreigner, who, as far as we can understand him, has referred us to you as his father and guardian. He arrived last night on the Tuesday's 2.20 down train to Greenwich, which, from the account given by several of the passengers, appears to have been badly managed. This, however, is the business of the Railway Company, I ought to add that the gentleman, who is singularly destitute of clothing, has no luggage beyond the safety valve of the engine, and two hundred of your cards. Hearing that you are at Lugworth, I have made arrangements to forward him to you at once, in charge of four constables. He ought, therefore, to arrive at about ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Thanking you for a cheque for the expenses in this affair amounting to £7 15s.

I am your obedient servant,

T. GOUSH, P. Inspector L.P.

(2.)

From J. Spagmore, at Cheltenham.

The Commercial Inn, March 25th, 1870.

MY DEAR OLD FELLOW,

My Eleven have been a great go; and hearing you are at your aunt's, I mean to run over with them next week, and play "All Lugworth." It's capital fun. They killed a long stop yesterday, and one fellow finished his innings by swallowing the bails. Mind you have a strongish team, and pick out a good tempered lot. Tell your aunt not to mind about an expensive blow-out. Lots of gin and rats, that's all they feed on. We will come by the 11.25, and leave by the 7.14. If we miss that, I daresay your aunt can cram us in somewhere.

Yours ever,

JACK.

(3.)

From Messrs. Givitt and Scraper, Lincoln's Inn.

The Greenwich, Great Northern, South Eastern, Midland, South Wales, South of Scotland, North Lincoln, Northumberland, and South British Railway Companies v. Yourself.

DEAR SIR,

We are waiting your instructions in the above. Please let us hear from you at once.

Yours faithfully,

GIVITT AND SCRAPER.

(4.)

From the Chief. Dictated at the Police Station, Washford.

BIG AND DEAR FATHER,

Coming by quick fire devil.

Your firstborn,

GOOSEBERRY-JAM.

* * * * *

Have seen my aunt and tried to break it to her. Said something about the pleasure to be derived from the company of a jovial friend, trying to bring in the Chief in that way. She likes society, but not noisy society. I have hinted that a distinguished foreigner, who has travelled a good deal in the centre of Africa (so he has), has talked of finding me out down here, as he is anxious to see what English country life is like. My aunt does not seem disagreeable about it, so I shall just throw out a few hints between this and bed time, and then sit up quietly in the hall myself, with a night-light and let him in. If he comes with four policemen, and I can have him immediately thrust between a couple of mattresses, we might, if we took our slippers off, get him to his room without waking up the house.

10 p.m.

Have thrown out a last hint to my aunt, laughingly saying something about my arrival at the Hamberly's at half-past twelve one night, last winter. She did not seem to think it a joke, and begged me not to laugh so loud, as Lady Poppins had gone to bed early with neuralgia.

* * * * *

Have just found out from the housekeeper that the Chief is to have the blue room next to Lady Poppins.

Midnight.

Everyone in bed. All still, except now and then a howl from the bloodhound outside. I feel a presentiment that we shall not get the Chief in quietly.

1 a.m.

Dull work, and very cold. I can't hear a sound, and I have been listening for the roll of distant wheels for the last half-hour. Fortunately, I have got the brandy out, as a glass or two of it has made me more confident about my aunt. As to Lady Poppins, I can't help it if we do wake her—the old fool.

1.30 a.m.

No sound yet. Another glass or two of brandy.

2 a.m.

All still. Another glass. Poor old Chief. Hope he's allright. Poor old boy. Shall be glad to see him again, 'pon my word I shall.

2.11 a.m.

Yes! Here they come. Wheels far off, and—yes, by Jove—a loud yell! It's the Chief, and (I know that row) he's in one of his noisy fits.

2.13 a.m.

A fearful howl from the bloodhound! Another howl from the Chief—he has heard it! 'Pon my word, it's too bad of the Inspector to send him at this hour. Another and a louder yell! The bloodhound has taken it up madly. There seems a struggle at the park gates. The air is ringing with yells, oaths, and howls. It's coming nearer.

* * * * *

Here it is!

THE POLICE v. PARLIAMENT.

WE might well have been spared the flourish of trumpets with which the press heralded the introduction of the new Cab Act. The long disquisition on the great benefits which must surely result from the new régime have after all proved to have been words and printing thrown away. It has taken some time to awaken our contemporaries to the real state of the case. When the first of January arrived and brought forth no alteration in the cabs of the metropolis, it was urged as an excuse that so stupendous would be the reorganisation and reconstruction when it actually did occur that, in the face of the provision of the Act of Parliament, it was necessary to put off the inauguration of the new system until the first of February. However, when the first of February came round and no sign was made, people began to think that there was something amiss, and the question was accorded some discussion, even in the House of Commons, but little by little the matter has been allowed to drop, and now we find ourselves on the first of April very much as we were this time last year. Even the few innovations which partially thrust themselves forward have faded away. The display of the metal flags was never universal, but now the standard lies recumbent and rusty on the roof, and is hardly ever seen hoisted aloft; as for the tickets which were to be presented to the hirer on the cab being engaged, they have probably no existence, at all events they have never seen the light, and as for the improved vehicles and reduced fares which we were promised, they are as mythical as even the cabmen themselves could desire. Who is to blame for this failing of the Act? If cabs were worth legislating about, it certainly follows that the law made should be carried out; but it seems that already it has been allowed to become a dead letter. We admit that the London cabman is a difficult man to deal with; but, by proper and judicious pressure, he could certainly be made amenable to the law of the land. It rests, therefore, with Colonel Henderson the Chief Commissioner of Police—who, by the way, is sadly disappointing his friends who saw in him the right man in the right place—to show cause why—pending any further enactments which Parliament may decide upon, as to the cab regulations of London—the provisions of the last Act have been allowed to miss their mark, owing to the assuming self-sufficiency, and bungling incompetence of the official whose duty it was to look after the matter.

A GRAVE QUESTION.—*The Burial Controversy.*

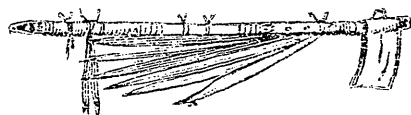
"FALLEN AMONG THIEVES,"

BY

ARTHUR A'BECKETT AND PALGRAVE SIMPSON.

SHORTLY,

ROYAL ALFRED THEATRE.



LONDON, APRIL 2, 1870.

THE WEEK.

SIR THOMAS BATESON'S explanation about "Orangeism," on Thursday last, was as acid as if the subject had had to do with lemons.

THE Khedive has had *billiard* tables set up in his summer palace, a novelty which has surprised the modern Egyptians! Why *Cheops* himself was a great hand at *pyramids*!

IN a list of adulterated articles finished the other day by a contemporary, a certain sort of paper was said to be weighted with "plaster of Paris." Can it have been a sheet of the *Daily Telegraph*?

THE Militia are not to learn the new drill because, like the British Fleet on a certain memorable occasion, it "is not yet in sight," and they are not to study the old drill because it is useless. From this it would appear that the Militia will have plenty to do this training!

THE sinking of the *Oneida* has caused a great stir in America. Some of the papers declare that Captain Eyre's name will, henceforth, be infamous in the annals of the sea. In fact, our cousins are attempting to make a national quarrel out of the affair. It was not our fault—the whole question resolves itself "into thin Eyre."

MR. WHALLEY has written to the *Standard* to declare that Mr. Murphy, "the Protestant Lecturer," is "in no way unworthy of the confidence of those who act with him." If we had said this instead of Mr. Whalley himself, he might have reasonably taken offence. We shall now know who to hold responsible for Murphy's next blasphemies.

SOME one has been writing to the *Times* and objecting to suburban races. The police are called away from their proper beats that they may keep order among the rabble attracted by what a cockney would call a carnival of "acks and haccidents." We sympathise with the writer. Every meeting has its drawbacks; but "publicans' races" are particularly abominable. On such occasions even Hampton Wick becomes Hampton Wicked!

MR. SCUDAMORE (we trust *not* at the expense of the public) has been going the rounds of the provincial telegraph stations lately. Could he not take the messages sent from London with him? We are sure that if he could contrive this, it would be a great saving of time, and would render those half-affectionate

letters, which he is so fond of addressing to the public, and in which he appeals so eloquently to their better feelings not to use such and such a line, unnecessary. It is said that Mr. Scudamore is to be made a Knight. Perhaps this is advisable, as he certainly is not up to the time of day!

WORTHY OF NOTE.

WE had occasion shortly since to refer to the establishment of the English Opera at the Crystal Palace, and we gave the Crystal Palace Company credit for having at length afforded a permanent home for the national lyric drama. We are, therefore, the more sorry to observe that, so far from persevering in the good scheme which we presumed had been adopted, the Directors have already so far stultified themselves as to permit the *Lily of Killarney*, a truly English work, to be succeeded by *La Sonnambula*. We should be sorry to believe Mr. Manns capable of a breach of musical faith, so we hold Mr. Perren, who is advertised as the Manager of the Crystal Palace Operas, as responsible for the unnecessary mistake. Why, when such works as Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, the *Sylphide*, the *Night Dancers*, and fifty other English operas are available, it should be deemed necessary to fall back on a hackneyed Italian work we are at a loss to guess, unless it be that the tenor's part in that opera is well suited for the display of the Manager's pleasant voice and correct singing. Should this be the key to the enigma, we caution Mr. Perren from sacrificing himself to his vanity. He will gain far more permanent popularity by establishing English Opera on a permanent basis than by favouring his hearers with Anglo-Italian songs, his capabilities for singing which have long since been admitted by his admirers.

A QUESTION NOT TO BE SHIRKED.

THE results of the disastrous collision between the *Bombay* and the *Oneida* are beginning to develop themselves. The surgeon of the ill-fated American ship, the only officer who was saved of the twelve who were dining when the crash took place, in writing to the American papers, declares that the *Bombay* was hailed and asked to stop, but she seemed to steam away as fast as she could, while the *New York Times*, expressing itself very strongly against the conduct of the captain of the *Bombay*, concludes in the following words: "We have a right to demand justice against this man; that he can ever again be put in command of a ship seems impossible—but a severer punishment than this must be his portion. If he is allowed to escape, farewell to all good feeling between the naval services of America and England."

Without endorsing this tirade, as regards the violence of its tone, it seems to us that the Americans have a just right to demand the very fullest enquiry, and the very direst punishment on those who are proved guilty of an improper discharge of their duty in the deplorable affair. The enquiry which has already been held does not even satisfy the British public, who would willingly persuade themselves, if they could, that the English ship was less to blame in the course pursued after the collision than has been stated. How, then, can we expect our American cousins to rest content with the vague proceedings which have already been instituted at the Antipodes with so unsatisfactory a result. Surely, if ever a matter should be made a "Government question," the loss of the *Oneida* should be—or if it is not, it may become something more than this, namely, a "national" question, which the Trinity House, or whatever the constituted authorities may be termed, will be powerless to solve and determine. We presume that it is for the Board of Trade to take the initiative in instituting the most open and searching enquiry into the circumstances of the disaster, so we demand of that Department to do its duty, not only by the persons immediately implicated in the affair, but by the great masses of both Englishmen and Americans.

THE FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.—A correspondent wishes to know whether a certain nobleman, celebrated for running about and interfering with everybody's affairs but his own, may not be suffering from the above malady.



RETIRED FROM THE STRUGGLE!

OR,
MR. BRIGHT IN RETREAT.



THE PROMPTER'S BOX AND COX.
A TALE OF THE PENINSULA WAR.
 (FOUNDED ON MR BYRON'S NEW PIECE AT THE ADELPHI.)

Chapter I.—The Veteran Lieutenant of Militia!

It was a fine old room. It was furnished with a large sword—the other things in the apartment were unworthy of notice. This sword was of gigantic dimensions, and belonged to the old, old prompter. It had once been used in a pantomime. Once! years and years ago!

Ernest Glendining stood before the sword and addressed it. "Ah," he said, and he sighed, "to think that that sword should belong to the father of the girl I love. To the old, old Prompter who, I'll be sworn, has 'cut' many a gallant piece with the trusty weapon. Can Florence suspect my love! I have hugged her and kissed her, and taken her out on Sunday—but no, she is so innocent (having been brought up in a theatre) that she cannot, cannot, guess my secret! I will write to her." And he sat down and wrote to her, telling her how he loved her—how he worshipped her. While e'en the ink was wet Miss Mountcashel (a provincial actress) having neatly broken into the old, old Prompter's house, came up to him and looked over him.

"So you love that chit, that hard-voiced creature!" she cried.

"I do!" he answered, "I do."

"You do! You who have loved me with an exceeding love, you who have promised me marriage, bought my trousseau, and paid for the license!"

"It was a youthful indiscretion," he said, and the subject was allowed to drop.

At that moment the old, old Prompter arrived, attired in a brilliant undress uniform, and accompanied by his pretty daughter Florence.

"Ah, Field-Marshal," cried Ernest, greeting the old, old Prompter, "Why this martial attire?"

"Congratulate me, my boy," replied the veteran, in a quivering voice, "I have just been made a lieutenant in the Militia, and attached (for training purposes) to the Coldstream Guards."

"But did not the officer commanding object to those sprightly but short-legged trousers of inkstained grey, which you still wear?"

"My dear old trousers!" murmured the venerable warrior, dropping a tear over the garments in question, "they accompanied me through the Peninsula, and were cut down at Waterloo! No no!" he continued more cheerfully, "the Colonel thought I was in the Volunteers—and *they*, you know, wear anything!"

But he was not listened to, for Ernest was kissing Florence, and Miss Mountcashel was swearing vengeance!

It was soon settled. Ernest declared his love and all was joy.

"Miss Mountcashel," said the old, old Prompter, "I must inform you, officially, that you are dismissed the service—hem—I mean the theatre."

"My curses upon ye," murmured the actress, and she effectively took her exit; that is to say, she stretched forth her hand, and laughed a laugh, and slammed the door after her.

A few minutes later, and De Lacy Fitzaltamount (a disappointed tragedian) and Gadsby (a provincial manager), entered the room, and gaily careered over the spot.

They spoke a great deal, but as their conversation was confined to playhouse "shop," and theatre slang, we need not report their words. Enough to say they were very brilliant and witty, but only actors could have appreciated their mirthful waggeries. "All the world's a stage," but then we don't all of us know the meaning of "flies" and "sticks," and "heavy ladies," and "utility men." We don't know the meaning, we repeat, of these joyous terms—to our shame, perhaps, to our confusion, certainly.

The party sat down to table to eat a mirthful meal. The old, old Prompter was describing his adventures at the Battle of Waterloo (played years before at Astley's), when the door was thrown open, and Sir Michael Glendining stalked in.

"I am your father," said the Knight to Ernest.

"I wish you were—farther!" retorted the youth, and the old, old Prompter was convulsed with merriment!

And so the world runs on; now a birth, now a death, now a murder, and now an amusing quip, crank, or rather funniment!

Chapter II.—The Unpublished Pun!

It was the next morning. The old, old Prompter had come off the morning parade, and had doffed his undress patrol-jacket for a tail-coat of peculiar construction. He had a visitor—Sir Michael Glendining.

"Give up my son and you shall have five hundred pounds," said the Knight.

"What! give up your son—he who will inherit at your death all your influence, for a paltry half thousand! You insult me, Sir! The door, Sir, the door! Withdraw at once, or must I get down my pantomime sword and kill ye!" and the old, old prompter foamed at the mouth.

"You wish me to go to the door. You seem to adore the door!"

The old, old Prompter laughed at the waggish conceit (for he was a merry soul, and, at one time, had played second low comedian parts at a minor theatre), and then he foamed again.

"The door!" he shouted; "the door!"

"Your *door*ter!" merrily quipped the Knight as Florence entered pale and agitated.

She had heard that her brother had robbed his employers of five hundred pounds. It may have been weak of her, or even silly, but still she was pale and agitated.

"You will give me five hundred pounds to release your son?" asked the maiden of the still chuckling banker.

"I will," he replied, pulling out several large bags of untold gold.

"Then I accept your terms! Hand over the money!" and she looked up to heaven with tears in her eyes.

Ernest came in at the moment.

"Mr. Glendining, I release you from your vows," she said.

"I do not insist upon your marrying me."

"But a breach of promise of marriage trial," faltered Ernest.

"Shall never come off!"

"Angel!" cried Ernest.

"Unsophisticated creature," murmured the Knight.

"Fool," hissed the old, old Prompter between his clenched teeth, and then he thought of a dreadful pun.

That pun was too dreadful for publication!

Chapter III.—The Tragedy Pantomime!

ERNEST Glendining had gone abroad!

Still he had written a piece—a tragedy.

It was Christmas time, and they were playing it as a pantomime.

As a pantomime it was not bad!

Miss Mountcashel was to have performed in the principal character. But Ernest interfered (by telegraph), and the part was given to Florence.

On the first night the old, old Prompter was, of course, not near his box. He was unnecessary—a prompter is always unnecessary—especially on a first night. This fact has been proved more than once—in the libel Court.

When we say that he was not near his box all the evening we exaggerate. As a truthful historian, we must admit that he occupied his post for two minutes, while the overture was being played.

"My daughter is the greatest actress of this or any other age," he shouted to all that would listen to him.

"How that fellow crows! It's quite a farce!" said the manager, pointing to the Prompter in his box.

"Yes," replied the leading tragedian; "it's a case of Cocks and Box!"

This pleased the manager so much that he immediately cast the tragedian for the leading part in a roaring farce on the eve of production.

At that moment the curtain rose up, the old, old Prompter left his box to caper about and rejoice in the green-room. His shouts were heard all over the front of the house.

Gadsby had to play in the pantomime, but having been drugged by Miss Mountcashel could not come up to time. So his place was filled up by Mr. Fitzaltamount, and that's all about it.

Chapter IV.—The Threatened Calamity!

THE old, old Prompter was very wealthy. He had had his old, old sword regilded and fresh "foiled." He had purchased

a new coat, and although he was still rather gloomy he (at home) lived like a prince. His sitting room was something between the Alhambra and the state apartments at Windsor Castle toned down with a tinge of Adelphi scenery. This wonderful study was furnished almost entirely with conjuring tables, which the old, old Prompter had purchased chiefly on account of their gorgeousness. He also kept an orange ready cut for him to greet him on his return from a morning stroll. This was probably a reminiscence of the ginger beer woman "of the pit"—it was also greedily.

Florence was embracing Miss Mountcashel.

"I have committed numerous murders, darling," said the London "Star," *naïvely*, "and my other offences can be numbered by the score. Can you pardon me?"

"I can!" said Florence, and they kissed copiously.

At this moment every body came on to announce that Ernest was going to marry the old, old Prompter's daughter.

This naturally caused great rejoicing.

"Look here," said Ernest, "when the delirious pleasure of clasping his bride to his breast was over. 'Why shouldn't we turn this story into a piece?'"

"There's not enough plot in it," said the old, old Prompter.

"And you are sure to make it too long," murmured Florence, who knew his ways.

"And put too many puns in it," observed Miss Mountcashel, relapsing for a moment into her disagreeable style of conversation.

"It shall be done, for all that," said Ernest, firmly.

Was it done, fair reader? And were the predictions of the characters verified? If you don't know perhaps you had better go to the Royal Adelphi Theatre and see for yourself.

VERY HEADY.

WE have heard of living skeletons, ladies with two heads, and six-legged pigs, going the round of the provincials as exhibitions; but the latest novelty in this line of business is even extra-extraordinary. The following announcement appeared last week in the window of a public-house at Camden Town:—

On view,

For a few days only,

THE HEAD OF TROPPEMAN.

Preserved in spirits.

Whether or not the member in question intends making the "grand tour" does not appear; but it would seem, from its short stay in its present quarters, that it has some such programme. However, it is not probable that it will ever again exhibit itself on such easy terms. If we remember rightly, Julia Pastrana used to be shown for a shilling; but here is an exhibition, infinitely more revolting, which is accessible for the price of a glass of ale.

"LE FOLLET" GROWN WISE.

WITH every respect for Madame Ollivier, who is just now creating a revolution in Paris on the vexed and ever-shifting question of ladies dress, we protest against so much weight being attached by English society to the raid which that lady has made against low-necked dresses. Before we pledge ourselves either to support or condemn the innovation, we should be satisfied that the change is desirable—and for our part we are sufficiently conservative on the point to demand at least some consideration of the question before the new fashion is accepted on this side of the Channel. If it can be proved that the health of the young ladies of Great Britain suffers from the exposure which ball-room attire entails we shall be the first to condemn low-necked dresses, and consign them to the limbo of the past—but if the objection is based on the score of immodesty the question assumes a different aspect, and must not be lightly judged. While we condemn those extremes of fashion which result in barefaced, or, rather we should say barebacked indecencies, we do not see why the exposure of a lady's neck and shoulders should be deemed improper. The nastiness of niceness is, to us, even more objectionable than the niceness of nastiness. Let Madame Ollivier convince us that she is not in league with Mr. Spurgeon, and her new fashion shall receive our best consideration.

QUESTIONS IN ST. PANCRAS.

Question.—If a poor girl were dying, and a little brandy would cure her, how long would it take to procure?

Answer.—Ten hours.

Question.—If a guardian had been drunk over-night, and required a brandy-and-soda, how long would it take to procure?

Answer.—Three minutes.

NOTE.—It is reported that the Guardians of St. Pancras are about to be sent to the Zoo., there to be preserved as fine specimens of a species of animal somewhat resembling the monkey tribe, but less sagacious, and far more vicious, and possessing many of the qualities of that charming animal the Jerusalem pony.

MORE FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

THAT the Duke of Cambridge and Mr. Cardwell are in complete accord with regard to the scheme for the abolition of the Dual Government of the Army.

That Mr. Childers is regarded with every sentiment of affectionate respect by the officers of the Navy, and that the Clerks of the Admiralty contemplate giving him a handsome piece of plate on his retirement from office.

That if a telegram from London to Liverpool is despatched at a given time, it may possibly reach its destination some time within a week, if the weather permits.

That Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, to whom has been confided the direction of the musical arrangements in the New Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences, is a musical genius.

That "I saw Esau kissing Kate" is a comic song.

That Mr. Lowe does not collect his own taxes.

That the Great International Exhibition Building, now in course of construction at South Kensington, is very much like the Lowther Arcade, and is nearly as big.

That the St. Pancras Guardians say their prayers.

That Mr. Gladstone intends to ask the minority on the Peace Preservation (Ireland) Bill to dinner one of these Wednesdays.

THE INTELLIGENT PUBLIC.

THAT Londoners are not all the most cute of mankind the numerous quack advertisements in the Daily Press have long since shown. Indeed, it may be doubted whether, if the British public were possessed of any very great amount of intelligence, many of the papers themselves would exist; but we were hardly prepared for such an utter want of common sense as the subjoined paragraph demonstrates:—

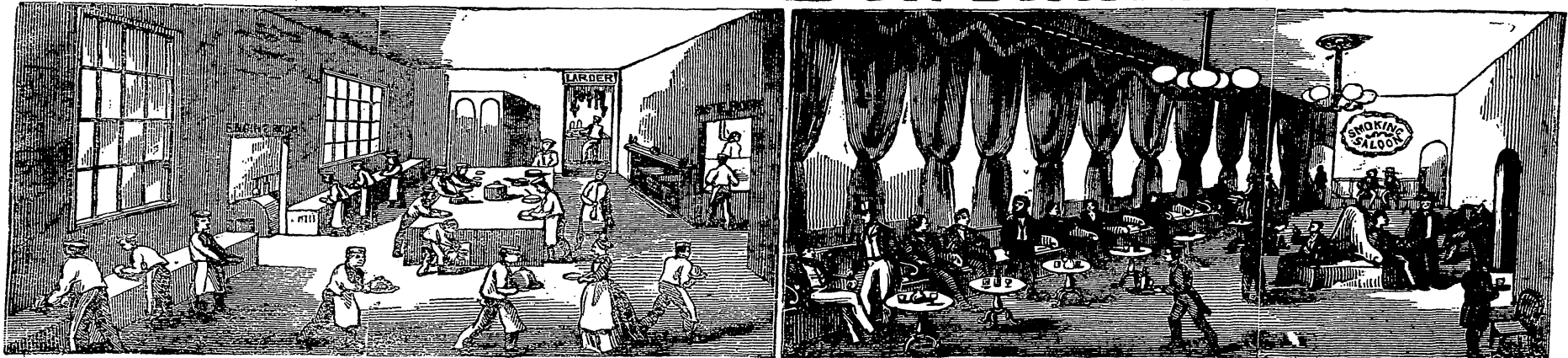
"The Marylebone Vestry have been informed by the Post Office that an old disused pump near Oxford street has been mistaken by some persons for a pillar letter-box, and several letters had been posted through the slit left by the removal of the handle. A request was added that the pump might be removed. A short time ago a similar mistake, on a more extensive scale, was discovered with respect to an old pump in New street, Dorset square. Numerous complaints had been made from that district of the loss of letters, and the matter remained a mystery until the pump was examined for other purposes, when it was discovered that twenty-seven letters had been put into it. The removal of the first-named pump has been ordered."

We know a sailor once addressed a letter to "My Mother, behind the Pump, Aldgate;" we have also heard of an inebriated man going to a pump to light his pipe: but that members of a civilized community should not know a pump from a pillar-box was certainly undreamed of in our philosophy. Would it not be as well to introduce a clause into the New Education Bill, making it compulsory to teach the difference between pumps and pillar-boxes. The amount of common sense displayed by the posters of these letters is, we should imagine, almost equal to that of a certain young nobleman, who, when entering on the duties of a Government appointment, was told to make a report, and immediately purchased a pistol and fired it.

A PILLAR OF SALT.—Sir Titus Salt is, *on dit*, to have a monument erected to him. This statement should be taken *cum grano salis*.

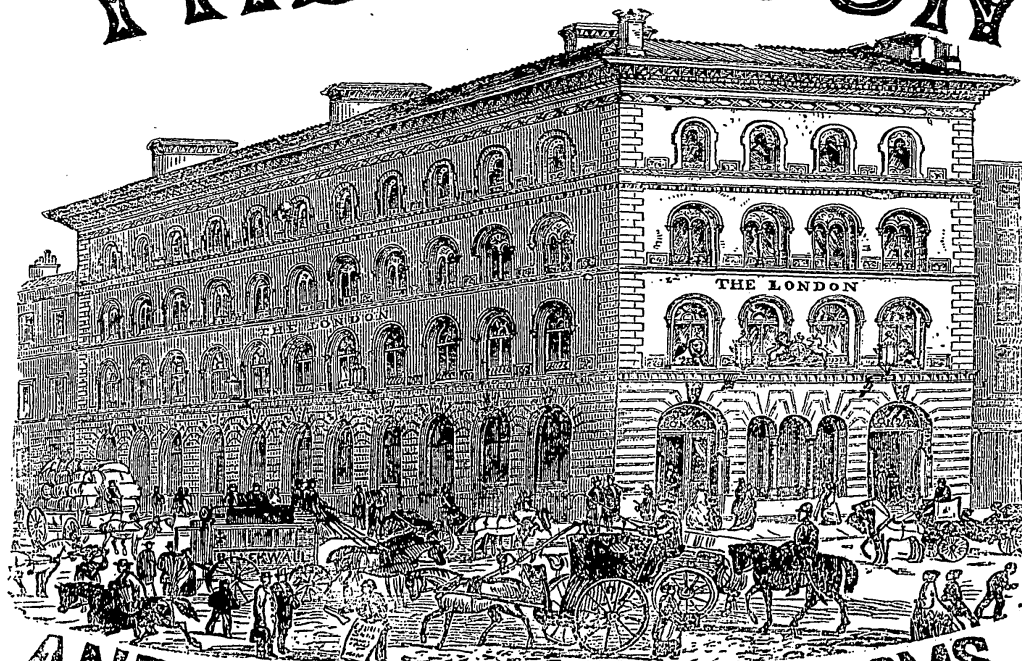
SAWYER'S

FAMOUS LONDON DINNER.



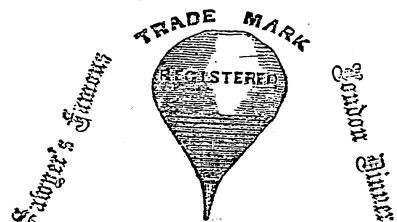
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All kinds of Poultry and Game
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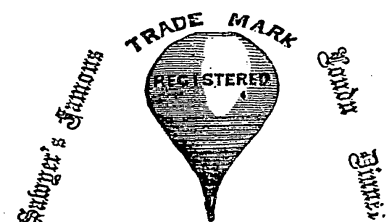
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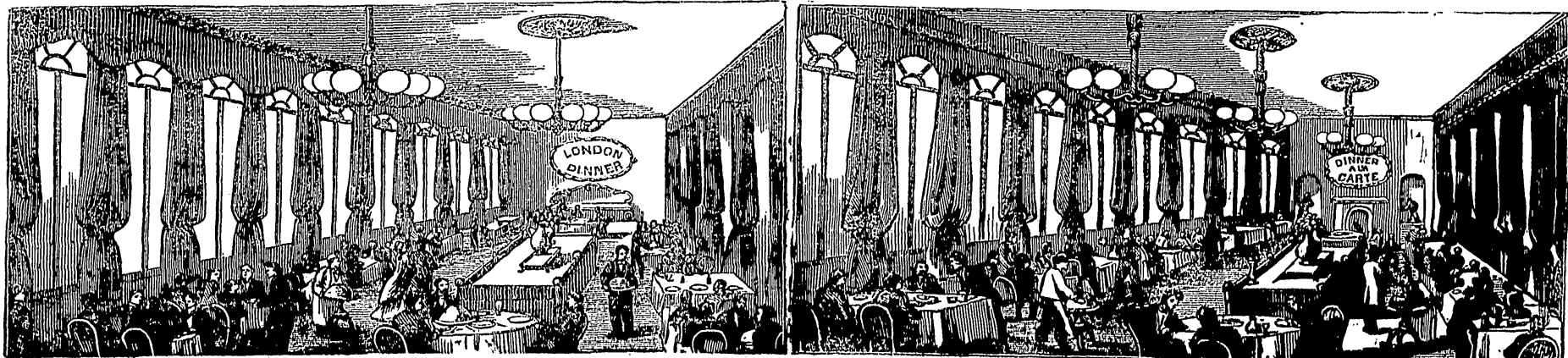
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C	30s.	33s. 6d.	35s. 9d.	20s.
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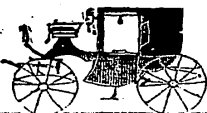


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