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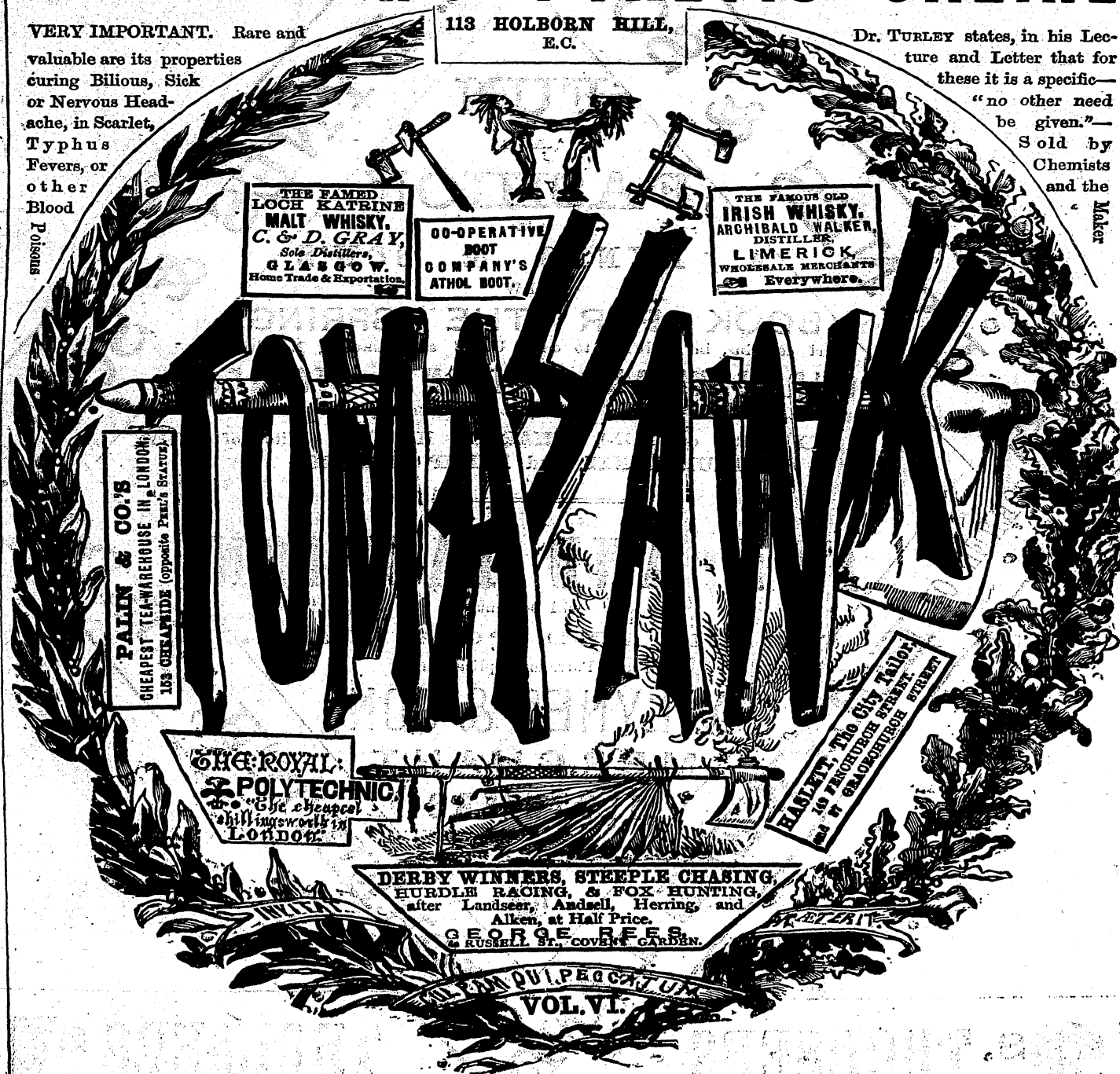
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A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 159.]

LONDON, MAY 21, 1870.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE "HALF WORLD" OF LONDON.

THE time has arrived for some one to "speak out," not in the smoking room or boudoir, not with a half-drunken chuckle or a quite prurient giggle. That is not the sort of "speaking out" that is required—that *we* want. The "speaking out" that brings dishonour to man and disgrace to women will not do for us. Fitz-Faddle, with his scandalous stories, is a ruffian for all his white waistcoat and velvet-collared, brass-buttoned, rose beflowered tail coat; and Lady Lydia Balmarino, with her French *double entendres*, is a wanton, in spite of her diamonds, of her well-salaried maid, and her much-bullied, all-enduring and hopelessly desponding "companion" and slave. No, we want the "speaking out" of the journalist—if you will the preacher. The *Pall Mall Gazette* in the full-blown pride of large pages, and a small circulation, abused us some months since for aspiring to the pulpit. For all that, we shall not be turned from doing what we consider to be right—yes, verily—in spite of the *Pall Mall's* braying, braying—quite so—rumour has it that braying is the nearest approach to *paying* that the *Pall Mall* can accomplish. Unhappy *Pall Mall*—happy public! To return, we shall certainly call a spade a spade, and (as a change) a club, a club.

To commence then, the inhabitants of the "half world" of London are on the increase. That horror of vice, that dread of the unseemly which was wont to characterise our mothers and grandmothers has passed away. Now it is the thing to talk about "improper" persons, read "fast" novels, and witness disgusting plays. The innate brutality of the English people which has secured for them as a representative creation that revolting monster, John Bull, has made their vice coarse and vulgar. In France there is something refined about sin. A halo of sentimentality shines round the head of the breaker of the seventh commandment, and the faithless wife has always an air about her of dying pathetically to slow, soft, and solemn music. But in England adultery is simply and purely adultery. It means so much to lawyers and so much to petitioners. The wages of sin are not death, but only damages. In France the discovery of a little *liaison* between *cousin* and *cousine* usually leads to an encounter in the grey dawn of the morning at some lonely spot near the frontier. In England such an affair has no more significance than a barrister's brief. The injured husband coolly appears before a jury, and unless the Queen's Proctor intervenes (which is often the case) secures his verdict, and pays the damages thus obtained into the private account at his bankers. To tell the truth, divorce has become so common in

England that we shall not be at all surprised at finding some one some day getting up "in his place" in the House and asking the Secretary of State presiding at the Home Office if he sees any reason why the laws affecting adultery should not be struck out of the statute-book—"they having fallen into disuse."

To go to the fountain head of this foul stream, the real reason why so much vice exists in London is to be found in the tolerant tone adopted towards the *demi monde*. We will leave out of the question for the moment the conduct of our women. After all said and done the wives and daughters of men are what the husbands and fathers make them. If a creature (we can't call him a man) is such a miserable nincompoop that he is unable to keep his wife in proper subjection, he deserves his fate—a wretched one. If women are allowed to fill their photograph albums with *cartes de visite* of prostitutes, and their bookshelves with novels adapted coarsely from the French, it is the fault of those nearest and dearest to them. We repeat then, that we will leave out of the question the conduct of our women, and will confine our attention to our men, and it is not an uneasy thing to prove that in our men's thoughtless behaviour is to be found the key to the looseness of the age we live in.

In London there are a number of most excellent fellows, who, in spite of their amiability, are thoroughly pernicious. They are generous, and perhaps, clever, *au fond* gentlemen in every sense of the word, and yet they spend their short lives in committing a series of mistakes ending in incalculable harm. Their errors may be summed up in one word—"toleration." They are too good-natured, too free, too easy. It is a bore to be *exigènt*, so they smile upon vice because they haven't sufficient energy to conjure up a frown!

We will admit that these men are thoroughly good fellows, quick to resent an insult, ready to shield their womankind from the very shadow of vice, eager (in their languid way) to do their duty as Christians. And yet these men are the applauders and upholders of wickedness—the reason for the being of the *demi monde*. Simply because they prefer the wavering word "tolerate" to the curt syllable "cut." They will consent out of pure sloth to know blackguards because it is too great a bore to give them the cold shoulder.

How many men are there not in London who are hopelessly irrevocably out of society through their own misdeeds? Men who once holding their own have been *chasséd* from drawing-rooms and turned out of clubs. Men who are shunned in the streets by those who were once their intimates, and dare not show their faces in their ancient haunts. And yet these men will still be permitted to rub shoulder to shoulder with those

whose duty it is (if "Society" has a meaning) to cut them as absolutely as if they were malefactors on their road to the hulks—as if they were lepers flying from a tainted city of the dead!

But no, "it is too much bore;" so the man who has been ostracised by respectable society, finds acquaintances, if not friends, in the clubs he cannot enter, in the families he dare not approach, and thus toleration renders vice attractive, for vice shows all its advantages while it boasts no punishment. So much for the male "half world" of London.

Of the female portion of vicious society, we can scarcely speak without some sort of compassion. We feel that kind of regret at seeing an occupied St. John's Wood brougham that we should probably experience if we ever came across a broken musical box of no great value. What a pity! *Voilà tout.* Miserable creatures, they are too utterly contemptible to preach over. Let them repent and be well flogged, and then it will be, perhaps, worth someone's while to look after their immortal souls! As for the wretched cads who associate with them, and by doing so often bring ruin upon their own heads and the heads of their families, they are beneath even our contempt; Nature should have made them clodhoppers instead of (heaven save the mark!) gentlemen!

But there—the theme is distasteful to us. Leaving the female portion of the "half world" of London out of the question, a great remainder is to be found. That remainder exists because it is the fashion to tolerate it. We have not sufficient space at our command to pursue the theme further on this occasion; the reason (a good one) why we drop the subject for the present. One thing we must assert before we conclude, vice can be spelt in two ways—either VICE or L. S. D.; as for its votaries, only one word will describe them, that word is spelt as follows,—FOOLS!

MINISTERIAL COOKERY.

- TO MAKE A DUKE.—Take an Irish Marquis or an English Earl. Put him in a false position. Pat him on the back, and promote him.
- TO MAKE AN EARL.—Any Baron with ready money and Liberal principles will answer the purpose. Stir him up briskly at election times.
- TO MAKE A BARON.—To a City banker add a marriage with a Duke's daughter, and a series of good dinners. Serve him up hot under any ancestral name he likes.
- TO MAKE A BARONET.—Having put yourself under an obligation, remember it, and the thing is done.
- TO MAKE A KNIGHT.—A Lord Mayor out for a holiday will serve admirably, but Aldermen, grocers, mountebanks, cads and enemies may be substituted at discretion.

CRABBED CRITICISM.

APROPOS of the recent capture of a salmon in the Thames, a contemporary states that a monster crab, weighing 40lbs., has recently been taken in Yokohama Bay, Japan, which had legs 5 feet long and 2 teeth! "Such was its strength," adds our contemporary, "that in the water it could easily have overpowered a man." As to this part of the story we, for our part, are ready to admit that we should collapse in a struggle under such circumstances with a crab of the ordinary two-shilling size, but beyond this we are inclined to be incredulous. It is a strange characteristic of English journalism that when anything unusual happens, the papers are for a certain time full of still more unusual events founded thereon. Thus, a monster gooseberry brings forward a giant mulberry or a stupendous mushroom, and on the same principle the Thames salmon has given us a Japanese crab. But shame on the editorial imagination, we might have had some more original natural phenomenon than this.

VERY SMALL TALK.

EVEN in these days of mild and meagre "good stories," the following—which we copy from a daily paper—is unusually deficient in point, interest, and moral:—

"On the 12th ultimo, Mr. Chisholm Anstey, while defending a prisoner at the Criminal Sessions of the Bombay High Court, was committed for contempt by the Judge, Sir Charles Sargent. At the close of the case the Judge said—Mr. Anstey, I committed you in order to maintain peace and quietness in the Court. That object has been attained, and there is no occasion for detaining you further, and you may therefore consider yourself discharged and the matter at an end. To this Mr. Anstey replied—it shall not end with me, and quitted the Court."

In fact, the story begins after Sir Charles Sargent and Mr. Anstey had quarrelled, and finishes before they had made it up. As the subject of the dispute is kept back—even who was right and who was wrong does not appear—the "good story" is altogether unique.

TOO MANY COOKS.

AMONGST the announcements of books, which will shortly be published, appears "Fjeld Isle and Tor," a volume for tourists in Norway, the Channel Islands, and Cornwall. English tourists have certainly, of late years, become somewhat erratic in their movements, and now no place on the Continent of Europe can be said to be safe from them; but the idea of a circular tour from Norway to Jersey, Guernsey, and Penzance is a novelty even in tours. Where "Fjeld Isle and Tor" is we frankly confess we have not the least idea; but, even supposing they are in the neighbourhood of Norway, or the Channel Islands, or Cornwall, it does not account for the inventor of the new tour having fixed upon three out of the way places in the most opposite direction possible as suitable halting places for a summer trip. We can only suppose that the excitement of competition in the tourist agencies has driven somebody mad.

LOYALTY AND ITS LAWS.

ACCORDING to the report of the proceedings on the occasion of the opening of the new buildings of the University of London by the Queen, on Wednesday last, it seems that an equerry in attendance upon the Prince and Princess of Wales rode in advance of their Royal Highnesses' carriage down Bond street, shouting at the top of his voice to the assembled multitude on the pavement, "Hats off." As the rain was falling pretty heavily at the time, the summons did not meet with the abject obedience that it was intended to inspire. Indeed, the crowd not only kept their hats religiously on, but not even umbrellas were "dipped" as a salute of honour as the Royal *cortège* trotted by. The point, however, of the little episode, is, as to whether it is part of the catechism of an equerry to provide for the uncovering of the heads of the populace on public occasions, or whether it was by the express and especial command of the Prince of Wales that a member of his suite galloped in front of the carriage, commanding the public to bow to their royal master. On the first proposition, that it is only part of an equerry's duty to provide a loyal reception, we cannot express an opinion, as TOMAHAWK was never an equerry himself, or in the confidence of so exalted a personage. With regard, however, to the second explanation of the proceeding, that the Prince himself had said to his attendant, "Ride on, and tell them to take their hats off," we can speak, however, with greater confidence, as we are quite sure His Royal Highness is sufficiently convinced of his popularity to require no such token of respect, and would, moreover, be the last person in the world to insist on four or five thousand persons getting colds in their heads to gratify the momentary, but used-up pleasure, which a great reception would probably give him. Rather let us solve the problem by assuming that the equerry in question was new to his work, and moreover made himself remarkably ridiculous by showing the public that he looked on loyalty as a necessary accompaniment to a royal progress down Bond street, and did not believe in the depressing influence of pelting rain on ordinary people.

OUR NATIONAL FLOWER.—Bank Stocks.

MONARCHY AT A DISCOUNT.

THAT the re-election of a Chairman of the Honourable East India Company should be chronicled in one line at the fag end of a City Article must be an affecting episode to those who had to do with John Company twenty years ago, when its chairman was a little king, and its directors a good deal more influential than everyday princes. What the chairman is now, beyond that he is Colonel Sykes, we do not know; but that the office has found its level is very plain; and, alas! the level is a low level indeed.

ALMAIRVA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "L—TH—R."

ALMAIRVA sat, clad in a morning costume of one of those glittering gauzy substances that seems to carry our imagination to the luxurious atmosphere of the far East, and pondered, his hands (covered with rings wherein sparkled jewels that would have shamed the Koh-i-nor) before his face. Outside the ebony door, with its crystal handles and golden panels, treading softly to and fro on carpets from the looms of sunny Persia, were the two butlers, conversing now and then, when in their peregrinations they met them, with the six grooms of the chambers, behind whom, radiant in brilliant uniforms of gold and sky blue, with their silk stockings flashing in the tempered light of the sun streaming through the Venetian glass windows, might have been observed a group of five-and-twenty stalwart and respectful footmen. These were not the whole of Almirva's servants, as may well be imagined, but the remainder were engaged in the multifarious duties of the princely establishment. The head butler entered Almirva's apartment, and approached him with noiseless tread.

"Your Lordship will see the tailor—your Lordship made an appointment with him?"

Almirva looked round carelessly, letting fall on the tablecloth of finest linen, which was honoured by bearing on its silver sheen his brilliant breakfast equipage, a hand shaming even that in colour by its dazzling whiteness.

"Yes, let Mr. Rule be admitted to my presence."

"Your Lordship would honour me with some commands," said Mr. Rule, approaching Almirva's chair, bearing in his hand the measuring implements of his calling.

"Yes," said Almirva, starting, as from a reverie, "let me have a hundred coats, a thousand pairs of pantaloons, and a hundred and fifty waistcoats. Let some of them be of cloth of gold. Place as many precious stones in the waistcoats as you can. Let there be every thing that money can command and good taste allow."

"The price will be four thousand pounds," murmured Mr. Rule, reverently withdrawing.

"My steward will give you a cheque," said Almirva, sinking again into a reverie.

There was a ball at the Duchess of Splendorifico's. The Ladies Mignonette and Eudosphryne sparkled in gem-set gowns that paled even their splendour when the lovely eyelids were raised, and the floods of outlook from their flashing orbs burst forth. The Duke, having but just returned from an audience with Her Majesty, at Windsor, was well and happy. But there was a cloud upon the Duchess' brow. Her eldest son, heir to the grand old name, and to the family £500,000 rent-roll, had fallen in love, and the Duchess feared—the very thought chilled her with horror—that the family from which he wished to pick his bride was fifty years less ancient than their own.

Suddenly the Lady Mignonette approached, with a tear trembling on her beauteous cheek, ready to fall on the equally beauteous parquet floor.

"What is the matter, Mignonette?" said the Duchess.

"I have been grossly insulted," said the Patrician beauty, with streaming eyes.

"Who by?" and the blue blood of the Duchess mantled on her brow.

"I have been spoken to by a commoner."

There was a breathless silence—a fearful pause, and the effect of the communication might have been terrible, but that at this moment Almirva neared them, and claimed Lady Mignonette's fair hand in the approaching valse.

"Are you fond of waistcoats?" asked he, when they rested from their first wild whirl in the vivacious valse.

"I have seen so few. Are you fond of waistcoats?"

"Ah, Lady Mignonette," and Almirva sighed, "I have made so many mistakes. The world is a riddle."

His partner looked up at him when he gave vent to this withering sarcasm, and blushed slightly.

"Cannot you guess riddles?" she said timidly.

"O no," said Almirva, "for I make mistakes. I am so rich, and yet I make so many mistakes. The world is very flat, Lady Mignonette."

"My dear Lady Mignonette," said the Duchess of Carabbas, approaching them, "the Duke of Grandblessington and the Prince Tortonibullico are dying to be presented to you. May I have the pleasure?"

Almirva turned away and bit his lips, then, sauntering through the scented saloons to one still more odoriferous, he coquetted daintily with a truffled ortolan.

TRAMWAYS IN LONDON.

HOWEVER much we may estimate the advantages to be derived from the institution of tramways, it is certainly not advisable to run them through our principal thoroughfare. In proof of this, we give the following observations written by Mr. Henry Gotto, upon the non-advisability of running a tramway down Oxford street:—

"The lowest estimate of the space required for the double line of tramway is 15 feet 9 inches, viz.: 5 feet 3 inches between outside edges of each tram-line, 4 feet roadway between the two lines, and 7½ inches overlap of carriage on each side of the rail. Now, Oxford street, with its enormous traffic, is at one place only 31 feet 4 inches wide; but, take that part opposite the Oxford Music Hall, which is 32 feet, this would leave 16 feet 3 inches unoccupied by the tramway, and only 8 feet 1½ inches on each side of the tram carriages. As it was in the case of large furniture, plate-glass, or railway vans, which vary from 7 to 9 feet wide, one would, until loaded or unloaded, entirely stop the tram carriages, to say nothing of the passage of boilers, large girders, &c., before 10 a.m. and after 7 p.m.; it is quite clear that if a vehicle was standing at a door, it would be impossible to pass between it and the tram carriage. The Company, to get over the difficulty in the narrow parts of Oxford street, may propose to reduce the 4 feet roadway between the two lines; this would be impossible, as even a 4 feet roadway is too narrow to be safe, leaving, as it would, after allowing for the overlap of tram carriages, only 2 feet 9 inches, scarcely standing room for passengers alighting. By Act of Parliament, drivers of omnibuses are bound to set down their passengers near the kerb; tram passengers, being obliged to alight near the middle of the road, would very likely be run over. Their own engineer admits the impossibility of working a double line with an occasional single one. The delivery of coals, furniture, &c., with the tail end of the waggon against the kerb, would cause a stoppage for some time; a brewer's dray or other slow conveyance passing over any part of the tram, would compel the tram carriage to go equally slow.

In slippery or frosty weather three or four horses may be seen down within a distance of half-a-mile, and a horse falling, or an accident on any part of the line, would cause a stoppage of a line of tram carriages (which, with the horses, are each 28 feet long) until the obstruction could be removed. It is not unlikely that a horse would fall on part of *both* lines, causing a block right and left. A tram carriage, running in a groove, cannot avoid an obstruction; an omnibus can, of course, turn to the right or left. The greater number of omnibuses would still remain, as the tramway is not intended on this route to go further than Hatton Garden. A tram carriage carries 50 persons, and must necessarily stop twice as often as an omnibus which carries 25. Should tram carriages take the place entirely of omnibuses, 70 will pass up or down Oxford street every hour. In case of an accident causing a stoppage of only 15 minutes, there would be eight of those carriages occupying a line of 224 feet of the roadway, thus, the inlets on both sides of the street would be blocked. The repairing of gas pipes, water pipes, sewers, &c., would also stop the tram traffic, and the passing of street rests would prove a difficulty. It only requires an unprejudiced person to visit Oxford street between 3 and 5 o'clock on a fine day to satisfy himself of the utter impossibility of using a tramway in so crowded a thoroughfare. It would prove most obstructive, and highly dangerous."

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LONDON, MAY 21, 1870.

THE WEEK.

THE fight for the Championship of America went off capitally. After ten rounds, which lasted three-quarters of an hour, one of the combatants had his shoulder dislocated. The other won.

IN the new arrangement of the business in the Court of Queen's Bench, the Lord Chief Justice announced that there would be no *Nisi Prius* sittings on Wednesdays in Term, firstly, because there would be no room to sit in, and secondly, because there would be no judge to preside. These are not lawyers' reasons—but they are good ones, nevertheless.

THE musical correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* tells us that an honour of a *novel* character has just been paid to the memory of Rossini, the Genoese having given the name of the illustrious composer to a ship, which, before being launched, was christened *Il Gioachino Rossini*. Although, of course, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* insists on it, naming a ship after a great man is an original idea, yet we have heard of such vessels as the *Duke of Wellington*, the *Prince Consort*, and a few thousand others belonging to the same class of nomenclature. We are glad, however, that our contemporary appreciates originality when it sees it.

WHY are operatic "prospective arrangements" always snares and delusions? Both at Covent Garden and Drury Lane this season, the Operas promised for given days have been altered almost without an exception, and the public, instead of gaining any idea of what performance they are buying places for, for that day week, are only let into the confidence of the management so far as to know that the Opera announced will not be given. Thus, if people secure their seats for *William Tell*, they probably will be treated to the *Trovatore*, or if they chose the *Sonnambula*, *Medea* will most likely be the musical feast provided for them. Surely this policy is unnecessarily erratic.

OVERDUE AND UNDERDONE.

THE Americans, notwithstanding their advanced views and exalted sentiments, are slow to accept the responsibilities imposed upon them; at all events, in the case of Mrs. Lincoln, they appear to have shirked the question of pension for an indelicately long time, and now that it is settled, we cannot think that the terms of settlement do our cousins much credit. Mrs. Lincoln, it seems, has been granted an annuity of £600, and the grant is trumpeted by the American press as an act of great and unprecedented munificence on the part of the House of Representatives. As to the unprecedented nature of the pension we cannot speak; and, indeed, we think it most likely that Congress is not in the habit of putting its hand in its pocket for such purposes as this; but that the Americans should pretend that £600 a-year is a liberal and ample provision for the widow of their murdered President, is so absurd, that we can scarcely think them in earnest. We have no doubt that Mrs. Lincoln, being an American, and knowing Americans, thinks herself lucky to obtain any pension at all, but we here, with our Old World prejudices, can only regard the after-date concession as indecently and sillily shabby.

PATRIOTISM IN THE SCALE.

IT is indeed a matter of fact age in which we live. Even revolutions are only viewed in the most vulgar lights, as the following telegram from Paris, which appeared in the papers one day last week, shows us:—

"Groups of people have congregated this evening in the 'Place de Chateau d'Eau.' The Belleville omnibuses have changed their route."

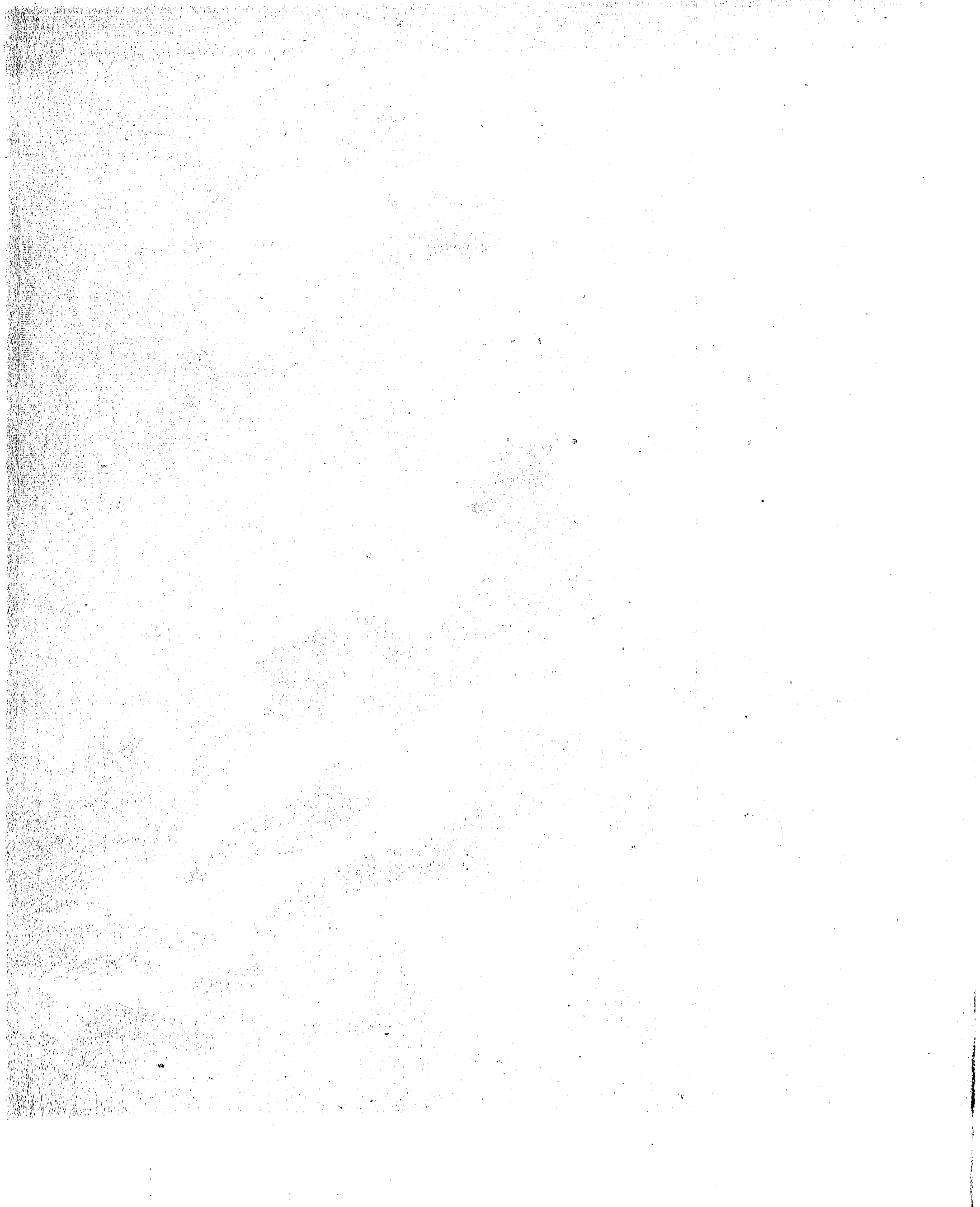
Thus, even at a momentous crisis, the point which is thought worthy of telegraphing all the world over, is that omnibuses are driven from their course. If it is unromantic, after all, there is something sensible and practical in the words we quote. After all, a revolution is above all things an inconvenience, and as such is little likely to be successful. To tacitly sanction any amount of outrage and murder the Parisians are quite ready to do. But directly they are delayed for a few minutes in any business or pleasure on which they are bent, they are Imperialists to a man. So much the better.

A WICKET SUGGESTION.

THE incivility of the servants of the Metropolitan Railway has become so proverbial that it has been deemed useless long since to attempt to battle against it; but the new phase of Metropolitan Railway aggression is preposterous past a joke. It is now arranged that, on an arrival of a train at a station, all means of egress from the platform shall be hermetically sealed up, and impatient travellers, who go under ground to save time, are generally left to kick their heels, or rather their toes, against the gate until it has occurred to an official that it would be advisable at his leisure to unlock the door and let them out. As the officials are by no means an intelligent set, the idea generally takes from two to five minutes in maturing itself, and consequently the passengers are kept in durance vile for that period. This is an interference with the liberty of the subject that cannot be tolerated. Our advice to passengers, therefore, is first to try the lock of the gate with their latchkey, which, as a rule, will fit, or failing this, with a strong kick, a long kick, and a kick altogether, to kick the obstructive gate out of the way. The most placid temperament gives way to irritation on forced detention of the person, and we admit ourselves to be irritated.

THE NEXT WAR OFFICE BILL.—Sir William Mansfield.

SPRING.—Messrs. Bertram and Roberts, the celebrated caterers for *Déjeuners* and private dinners, are not satisfied with providing for the public all the creature comforts and luxuries of good eating and drinking, for they have now opened their Grand Saloon and Private Rooms overlooking the exquisitely laid-out grounds of the Crystal Palace, which view is in itself such a *feast of nature* that we cannot help thinking the appetites of their patrons must be diminished before even they commence their repast. So far Messrs. B. and R. are wise to themselves.

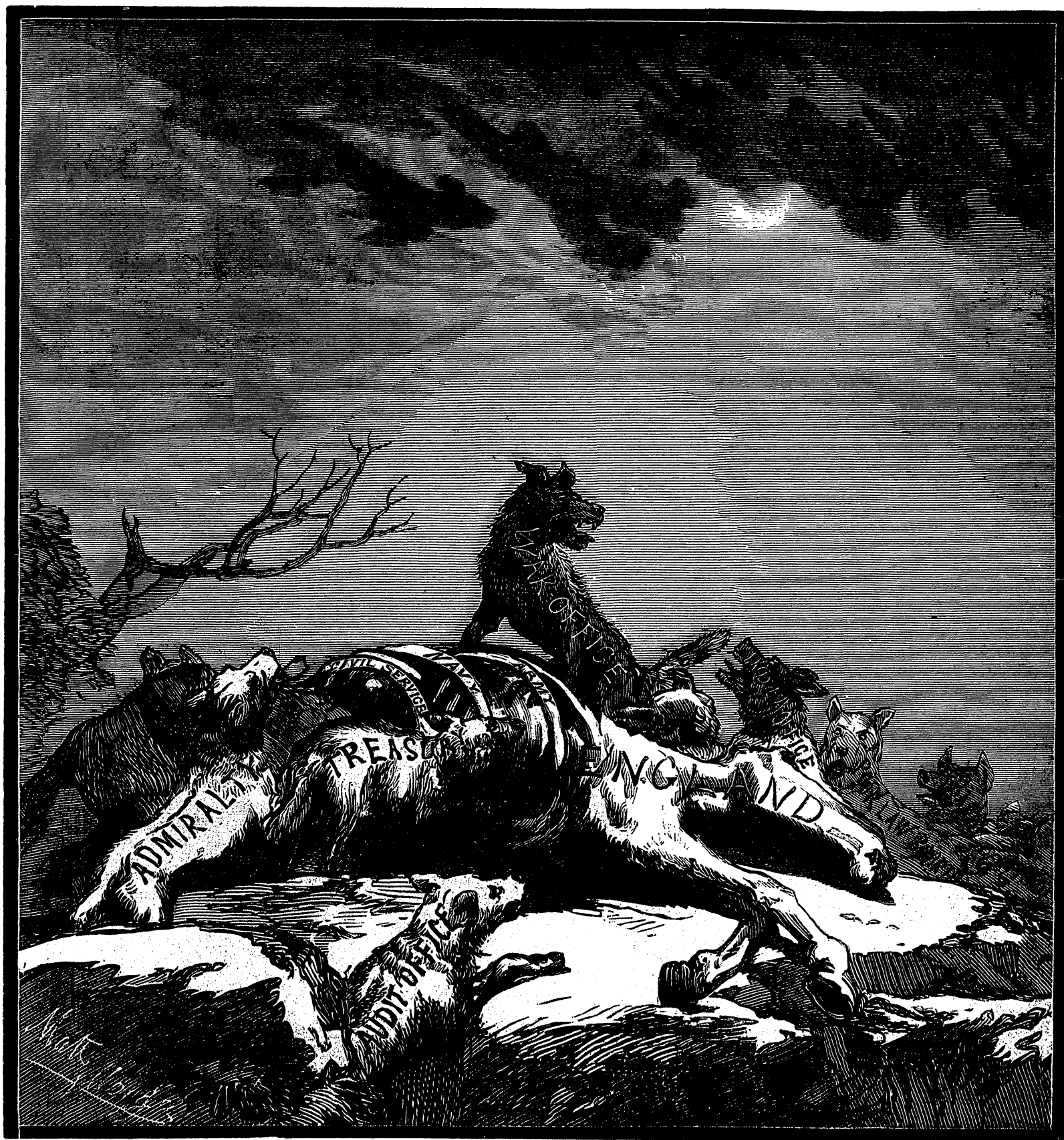




TOO STRONG FOR THEM!

"We understand that Mr. Bright is about to retire from the Cabinet."—*Morning Paper.*

MR. GLADSTONE.—You're a nasty rude boy, and we won't play with you any more!



THE WOLVES OF ECONOMY!



ADVICE TO ADAPTERS.

It is now, we conclude, an established fact that the Law of International Copyright is in a highly unsatisfactory condition. Not by this, however, is it to be understood that it is in a condition to drive British authors to despair. Quite the contrary. The French playwright may raise his voice against it, and deplore a state of things which robs him of the profits of his work; but that essentially British institution, the *adapter* proper, must dance for glee.

It appears from the case of *Wood v. Wood* that, in the first place, the rights of a *translation* alone can be secured. An *adaptation* does not fall within the meaning of the Act—a useful arrangement, inasmuch as a *translation* must be sheer balderdash, whereas the only possible way of producing a French piece in English is to cut it, dress it, take great liberties with the dialogue—in a word, *adapt* it. That this has not always been done can be gathered from the very obvious translations of French pieces that have been, from time to time, added to the glories of the British drama by enthusiastic British authors, dictionary, but not grammar, in hand.

The subject, however, is a highly entertaining one, and we may as well illustrate it by taking, say a passage, from *Chénier*, and *adapting* it, first, in a fashion to ensure its protection under the International Copyright Act; and secondly, in such shapes as may enable enterprising dramatic authors to extract its honey gratis.

The following few lines, from his *Henri VIII.*, will serve our purpose:—

HENRI VIII.

ELISABETH (*regardant les chaînes de sa mère*). Ce fer est trop pesant; il doit blesser tes mains.

BOULEN. Je subirai bientôt de plus cruel destins.

ELISABETH. Quel est donc le méchant qui peut causer ta peine?

BOULEN. Un puissant ennemi m'accable de sa haine; Pour prix de ma tendresse, il a proscrit mes jours.

ELISABETH. Eh! que n'appelles-tu mon père à ton secours?

BOULEN. Ton père?

ELISABETH. Il te chérit, il viendra te défendre.

BOULEN. Lui, tu le crois?

ELISABETH. Mon père! ah! s'il pouvait m'entendre! On fait tout ce qu'il veut.

BOULEN. Oui! je le sais trop bien.

ELISABETH. Allons auprès de lui. Tu ne me réponds rien?

BOULEN. Enfant n'hérite pas du malheur de ta mère; Surtout dans ses rigueurs crains d'imiter ton père.

(1.)

TRANSLATION (*almost protected*) within the meaning of the International Copyright Act. Purest Grub street style.

ELIZABETH (*regarding the chains of her mother*). This iron is too weighing; it ought to wound your hands.

BULLEN. I shall undergo in a short time of more cruel destinies.

ELIZABETH. Who is, then, the naughty man who can cause your pain?

BULLEN. A powerful enemy has me overwhelmed with his hate;

For price of my tenderness, he has proscribed my days.

ELIZABETH. Eh! that not call—thou my father to your assistance?

BULLEN. Thy father?

ELIZABETH. He thee cherishes, he will come thee to defend.

BULLEN. Him, thou it thinkest?

ELIZABETH. My father! ah! if he could me listen to.

One does all that he wishes.

BULLEN. Yes! I it know too much well.

ELIZABETH. Let us come in the neighbourhood of him. Thou, not me answerest nothing?

BULLEN. Infant, inherit not of the disagreeables of your mamma;

Overall, in his shivering fits, fear of imitation of your papa.

(2.)

STAGE ADAPTATION.—Well masked, and suited for fashionable audiences. Arranged by Mr. T. W. R.—n.

LIZZIE (*playing with Lady P's bracelet*).—I don't care for

bracelets—they hurt—and, what is much worse, hide your wrists, if you have got pretty ones.

LADY PULLEYNE.—The more one can hide, my dear, in this life the better.

LIZZIE.—A woman never yet hid anything from a woman! Now, tell me—you are worried—who is the wretch?

LADY P.—The old story, my dear. Men treat their wives as they do their bills. They turn them into gold just at first, and in three months never care to meet them again!

LIZZIE.—Bills! dear me, that reminds me of dear papa!

LADY P.—(*Sneers.*)

LIZZIE.—Why he adores you!

LADY P.—After twenty-five years of marriage—men don't adore, they wear slippers!

LIZZIE.—Why shouldn't they? I'm sure they win our hearts in tight boots. You must let papa have a little more room now. Tight boots grow into slippers, and courtship grows into marriage!

LADY P.—And marriage again into courtship—County Courtship, dear, as your papa's bootmaker might tell you.

LIZZIE.—There, make it up—won't you?

LADY P.—My dear, after a certain age we all *make up*. May you manage it as well as your mother. As to your father, it is to be hoped that, in leaving you his good name, he will not leave you his *credit* as well.

(3.)

PIT ADAPTATION.—High-pressure sensational style, but free and independent after the manner of Mr. D—n B—t.

ELIZA.—Mother, dear, mother! The roof is falling in—the floor is giving way! Flames and boiling water are bursting in on all sides, and there is no escape from the most horrible of deaths save this! (*Points to heavy chains on Hannah's wrists.*)

HANNAH.—Escape! First, child, I must reveal the secret that has been tearing this tortured heart for years! The monster who placed these bitter irons on my poor thin hands was—

ELIZA.—Oh, spare me!

[Enter Henry Hate.

HANNAH.—Your father!

(*The roof gives way, the floor falls inn, flames burst from every part of the scene, and, as ELIZA escapes from the seventh story, hanging by the chains, which gradually assume a red heat as HANNAH holds them out of window, the BENCHERS of the MIDDLE TEMPLE and the OXFORD EIGHT for 1872 enter and form tableau.*)

(4.)

UNDEFINED ADAPTATION aiming vaguely at pit, stalls, gallery, or upper boxes. Domestic dramatic school suggested by Messrs. A—w H—y and J—n H—y B—n.

BETSY (*looking at the fire-irons*).—Ah! mother, you may talk to me of your grand aristocratic home in Bedford Square, where you lived as a child with your papa, the naughty Duke, but, believe me, there is nothing so touching, so honest, and so true in the whole proud peerage of England, as the seat of a good conscience by the side of a cleanly-kept, though lowly, British hearth.

THE HON. LADY DE BULLEYNE SMITH.—Bettsinia, my daughter, the blood of one hundred English Earls is flowing in your veins. Do not forget yourself! If your exalted grandfather, who is doubtless at this moment smoking three-penny cigars, and eating nuts and oranges with crowned heads on his balcony in Bedford Square, could hear your low-bred reflection, he would dash the proud golden and highly-jewelled coronet from his lofty and snow-capped head into the magnificent area beneath.

BETSY.—Then why did you marry father, who, though his name is Smith and his profession that of a cabman, has as honest a British heart beneath his honest badge (of which he is not ashamed) as the most velvet-clad and luxurious Peer who ever lounged on pampered cushions and trampled on the people's rights?

THE HON. LADY DE BULLEYNE SMITH (*grimly*).—Because being a cabman he was at least a man of rank. Ah, that is his voice.

[Enter Harry Smith.

H. SMITH.—The which it is, your Ladyship.

BETSY.—Home again, father! and right too for the humblest, &c., &c.

H. SMITH.—The which it should, my dear.

THE HON. LADY DE BULLEYNE SMITH.—Yet when I stepped from the enchanting circles of Bloomsbury, where we had champagne and ices, even at tea, to pick you my husband, the father of my child, the pledger of my coronet, out of the very gutter, I was mad—I was mad—I was mad. (*Faints.*)

H. SMITH (*laughing*).—The which you *wos*, my dowager. (*Immense laughter from people delighting in the social rearrangements as exemplified in modern domestic British drama, and so on, AD INFINITUM.*)

But we need not continue the specimens. Enough has been given to show what chances are open to the vigorous adapter, and what little hope there is for the registered translator. *En somme*, the law as it stands is extremely creditable to English justice, and highly characteristic of that never-failing English virtue—love of fairplay.

AN INDELICATE COMPLIMENT.

A GREAT point has been made of the guard of honour on the occasion of the opening of the New Inner Temple Hall by the Princess Louise having been supplied by the "Devil's Own" Volunteers. We should have thought that a hundred men of the "Celestials" would have been a better choice. However, let us hope that Her Royal Highness was unaware of the demoniacal character of her body guard.

REGULAR RUBBISH.

THE Easter Volunteer Review at Brighton has concluded, as it is the wont of each Volunteer Review to conclude, in the publication of a little series of letters of mutual admiration on the part of the officials who were implicated in the proceedings. General Sir James Scarlett, after a few passing remarks on the Volunteers, gives a graphic description of his plan of battle, and finally indulges in a little modified praise of his subordinates in command. After this comes a letter from Colonel Wright, the Acting Inspector-General of Reserve Forces, who, for the want of a better subject for eulogy, patronises the Traffic Manager of the Railway Company, whom he declares to have comported himself "excellently well." The Duke of Cambridge too, of course, has his say, and in forwarding the reports to the Secretary of State, expresses his satisfaction at all that happened, while Mr. Cardwell, in a neat communication, acknowledging the Duke's letter, says Amen. This is all very official, and no doubt very proper, but we doubt whether it is very interesting. We are already looking forward to *next* Easter, and half-a-dozen communications on the subject of what happened a month back, are, to say the least of it, out of date, especially as they only show us our military system in its most unpractical and unsatisfactory phase.

THE TWO KINGS OF MACASSAR.—We do not wonder that the bar is an overstocked profession. As long as diversity is attractive this will always be the case. The scope of its functions are unlimited—from murder to Macassar oil; and, what is more, the latter subject has recently been engaging more attention than ordinary murder cases usually enjoy. Messrs. Rowland obtained an injunction against Mr. Briedenbach, the well-known perfumer of New Bond street, to prevent him selling an oil called "Macassarine." Forgetting that Macassar oil, properly speaking, is the oil from safflower seed at Macassar, in the island of Celebes, Messrs. Rowland claimed a personal interest not only in the substance of the compound, but even in the name Macassarine, and expressed themselves scandalized that Mr. Briedenbach should sell Macassarine at a shilling a bottle when they charged three and six for their Macassar. Mr. Briedenbach, of course, appealed to the Court of Chancery, and it was decided that the injunction, which was obtained by Messrs. Rowland on an *ex parte* statement, should be set aside, those gentlemen paying the costs. We think Messrs. Rowland would have been wiser, commercially speaking, had they let litigation alone, for the principal result of the Chancery proceedings has been that the public have been made aware that Mr. Briedenbach, who stands in the first place in his trade, sells Macassarine oil for a shilling a bottle.

CALLING NAMES.

THE great success of *Frou Frou* on the English stage as a title, has suggested to the authors, whose names we subjoin, the following plays, which will be produced at the earliest opportunities:—

<i>Ducky Darling</i>	.	.	.	By Mr. Byron.
<i>Ma Kushna!</i>	.	.	.	By Mr. Boucicault.
<i>Tootsey Pootsey</i>	.	.	.	By Mr. Robertson.
<i>Rustle Rustle</i>	.	.	.	By Mr. Tom Taylor.

This last title, in consequence of its startling originality, has been registered, and all rights of translation reserved.

THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[CONTINUED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

THE ALBANY, May 14, 1870.

THERE is a crisis in the affairs of every man once in his life, and mine has come. My aunt has struck me out of her will, and the Chief has at last got himself into an ugly scrape. In this fearful pass of things I cannot well despatch to you more than a few most disjointed notes, but such as I have I send you. You may remember when last I wrote I was a guest with the Chief at the wedding at Lord Bolchester's, and was that very night expecting the arrival of Spagmore and his circus at my aunt's. The Chief, refusing to quit the breakfast table, I was compelled, through having to catch a train to enable me to anticipate Spagmore, to leave him behind. From this point I have kept a few notes, here they are:—

LUGWORTH, 7 p.m.

Just back. My aunt says she is so glad the Chief has stayed at Lord Bolchester's, as she looks forward to a quiet evening. Just as she has made this remark I fancy I detect something like a top humming far away. My aunt has noticed it, and says it *must be* the wind blowing the creepers; but I *know* what it is! It is Spagmore's band of Turks playing the Devil's March in *Wagner's Gröfölehausen*. They are coming, and there is no escape. I shall hint to her a friend may drop in to tea. Perhaps I had better say a *musical* friend, and, to account for the circus, if I cannot hide it, that he is awfully fond of dogs.

I have said this. My aunt seems afraid of my friends, after the Chief. I have pacified her, but the Devil's March is getting louder. Feeling concealment is useless, I have alluded to it myself, in connection with my friend's musical tastes, by saying "Ah, here he is."

My aunt is listening attentively. We can hear distinctly the tramp of horses, the roll of wheels, oaths, shouting, the Devil's March, the howling and roaring of wild beasts, and some awful scuffle on the lawn just outside the drawing-room windows. I am trying to persuade her it is the wind, or that Spagmore is a ventriloquist, or that she is ill, or that ———

Horrible crash! A rhinoceros furious, at bay, and followed by thirty-eight keepers, with crowbars, is backing into the room, carrying away the shutters, window frames, curtains, cornices, and plaster like so much paper!

The floor has given way, and he has gone through into the kitchen. I have hazarded something to my aunt about Spagmore being fond of animals, but she is sitting on the mantelpiece in hysterics.

Spagmore, who has been pursuing the rhinoceros on the back of an elephant, has backed into the room and gone through into the kitchen too, but the height of the beast brings him on a level with us. He has given me the following telegram, which speaks for itself:—

FROM MESSRS. CRUSH AND FLATTEN, LINCOLN'S INN.
We regret to inform you that the Chief was brought up at Bow street this day, and has been committed for trial on a charge of wilful murder.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.—Justice Ireland.

ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Maldon-road Greyhound, The Defender of the Nigger, and Rataplan.

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THE TOMAHAWK.

[May 21, 1870.]

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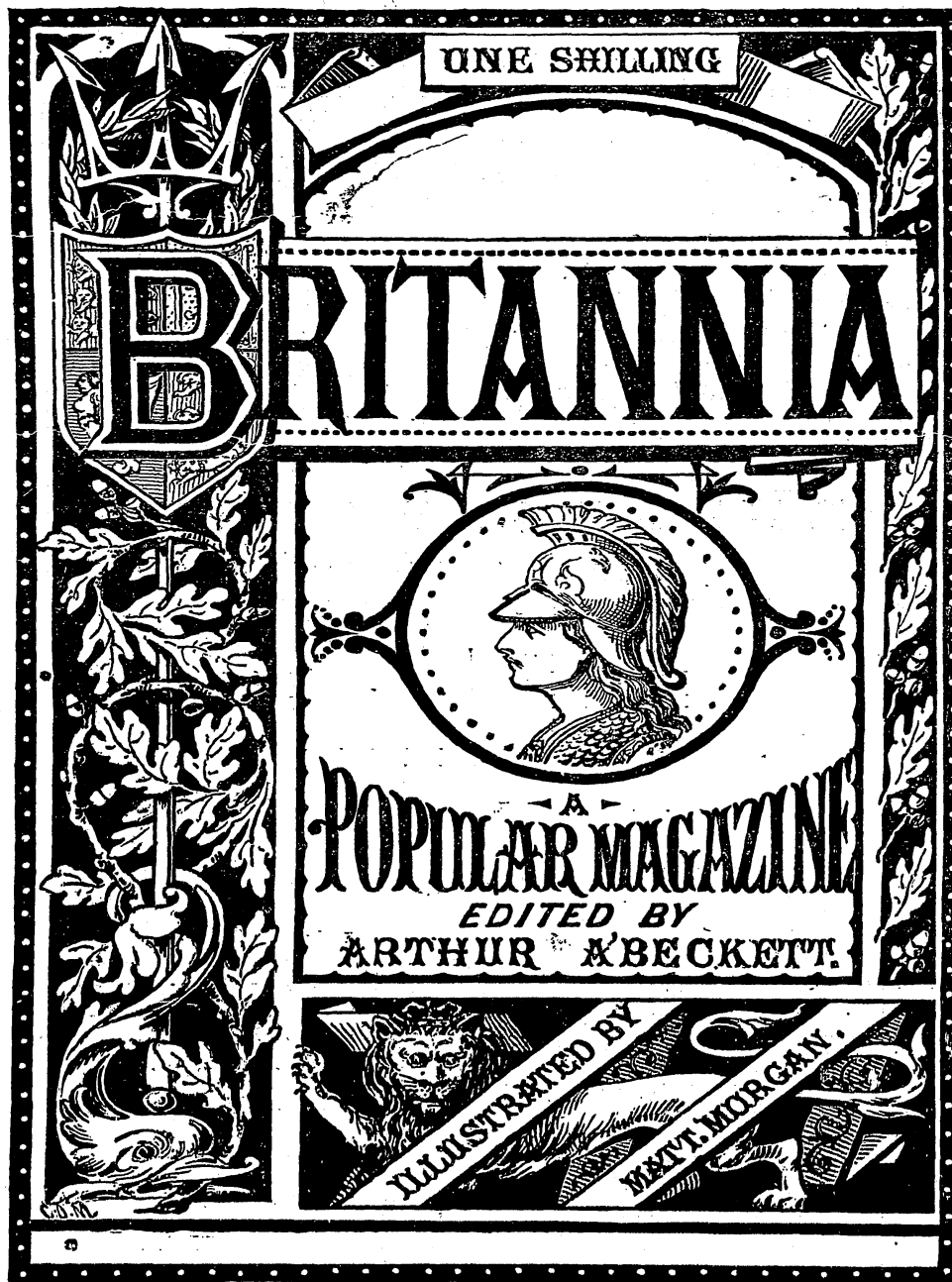
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May 21, 1870.]

THE TOMAHAWK.

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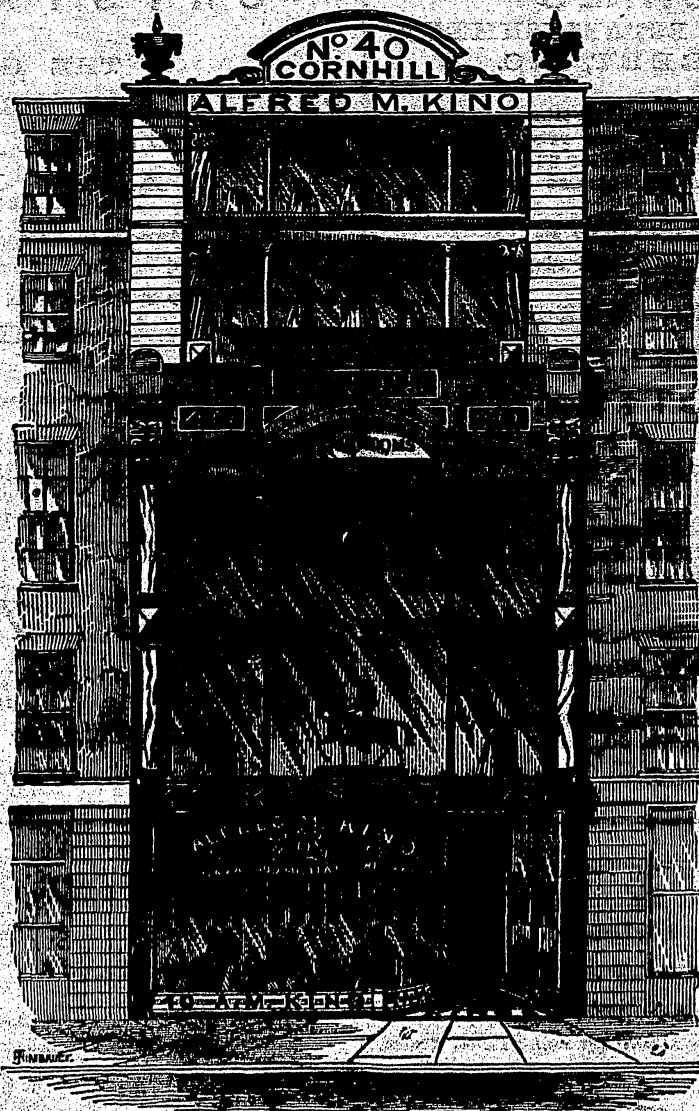
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