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THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur A'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 171.]

LONDON, AUGUST 13, 1870.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

MOUNTEBANK MINISTERS!

THE cry for war first raised in this paper has at last found an echo in the hearts of the English people.

When the Press of London were shrieking out in the trembling accents of fear for "peace at any price," we and we only called for a policy that would preserve the national honour and would save Britannia from disgrace. It has been inexpressibly gratifying to us to find that we only anticipated the public opinion of Great Britain. The recent debates in Parliament, the talk of the town, the leaders of the converted "dailies" have demonstrated clearly that England will go to war if her honour demands the sacrifice. This is most satisfactory. One can hold up one's head again and feel no shame in bearing the name of Briton. The old blood, the blood of Agincourt, Blenheim, and Waterloo still flows in our veins, cheese has not quite entered into our souls, as a nation we are gentlemen in spite of those among us who sell hats and candles, and pork and calico, and all is well—very well indeed. Heaven be praised that we can say so!

As a people, we have returned to the paths of honour. Patriotism is a word that has not yet lost its meaning, glory is a sound that can still cause the quicker pulsation of our heart's blood. So much for the people, but what can we say for the Ministers of the Crown, the trusted advisers of Her Majesty?

Why, this.

If ever a body of men deserved impeachment, the body of men now in office have merited the punishment. If ever a body of men betrayed England, the body of men now in power are traitors. The Gladstone Ministry is a disgrace to the country. We write this sincerely and deliberately. We repeat, the Gladstone Ministry is a disgrace to the country, and these are our reasons for making such a sweeping announcement.

First, from the admissions of Lord Granville, there now remains no doubt about Lord Clarendon's knowledge of the Franco-Prussian Secret Treaty. That knowledge had been shared for years by Mr. Gladstone, and yet in the face of it the armaments of England were reduced week by week and month by month, until our strength had left us—in the position of a fourth-rate power. Mr. Gladstone knew that at any moment we might find ourselves called to take part in a war against the most powerful nations on the earth, and he stole from us our swords and robbed us of our fleet! He left us unarmed, either to face ruin or accept disgrace! This he did that he might gain praise for an economy which was as false in

theory as it has proved itself disastrous in practice! This he did that he might offer pleasant sinecures to his friends, well-paid posts to his relations, and that he might keep a seat on the Treasury Bench to himself!

Secondly, when the Secret Treaty was made known, we have to accuse Mr. Gladstone of pursuing a course of conduct which would have been more becoming in a degraded, grasping usurer than in the First Minister of the Crown. Until pressed to the point by a threatened vote of want of confidence (a calamity too great for such a lover of office as Mr. Gladstone to bear), the Premier refused to pledge England to keep her word, to preserve her honour. This great and noble statesman, this hero of expensive economy and unlimited jobs, actually wished to place England in such a position that disgraceful humiliating submission would be the only course left open to her! This Adviser of the Crown would have allowed the country to be insulted and wronged that he might enjoy office, and men with souls like his, might sell their cheese and eggs and lard in peace! Mr. Gladstone had weakened our resources so greatly that war was out of the question, and we *could* only have accepted dishonour. If France and Prussia had pressed their claims we should have been too unprepared to fight, too weak to remonstrate, too utterly contemptible to utter a threat or to make a demand!

Thirdly, Mr. Gladstone has done his best to keep us in the dark about our danger. He has shirked taking up the position which he, as the representative of Great Britain, should have assumed; he has actually (evidently fearful of losing his post at the Treasury) descended to making statements treacherous and false. Although at the present moment our Forces were never in greater disorder, he has declared from his place in the House that they are all that could be desired. This he has done, although every military man in England knows that his facts are as false as his policy, that his words are as truthful as his patriotism is great!

We trust that the English people will show their appreciation of the blunder (we had almost written crime) of these unworthy Ministers by driving them from power. They came into office for an idea. Pandering to that love of destruction which is one of the characteristics of the Briton, they promised the overthrow of the Established Church in Ireland. That object has been accomplished, and Ireland is not a whit more peaceful than of old. Their policy has been to yield to the most depraved tastes of the least respectable of their supporters. The more radical the idea the easier has been found the con-

version of Mr. Gladstone to its cause. It has been said of the right honourable gentleman, that "had he been a worse man he would have been a better Minister"—quite so, his forgiveness to his enemies has been *too* great, his desire to agree with the majority *too* marked, his love of his neighbour and his neighbour's goods *too* strong. He has proved himself a statesman without a policy, a leader without a conscience, a patriot without an atom of pride. He has changed his opinions as frequently as his coat, and his last consideration has ever been the honour of England, as his first thought has always fixed itself upon his own tenancy of the Treasury Bench.

The conduct of our Minister has its comic side. Lord Granville was guilty of a really diverting joke only the other evening. His Lordship actually complained that the country did not seem to repose any confidence in him and his colleagues! Confidence in men who had deceived the Nation into false security, who, under the pretence that the political sky was clear, had left us without the means of protecting ourselves from the fast approaching tempest! Confidence in men who, knowing of the Secret Treaty, had actually destroyed our Army and ruined our Fleet! His Lordship actually grieved that we had lost our confidence in men who had shown themselves to be helpless fools or reckless knaves!

It would be as well that the mighty sneers of Disraeli, and the contemptuous tone of the Liberal and Conservative Anti-Gladstone Party should be translated into plain English. The fact of the matter is this, England has lost all respect for the present Cabinet. Go where you will (it matters not what is the party of the speakers), and you will hear but one opinion—that Gladstone and his crew are the very mountebanks of the Senate. It is generally felt that in entrusting the fortunes of England to his hands we have made the government of the country a job worthy of Barnum, but worthy of no one else.

It is time that the Nation should speak out, and plainly too. We can pardon a job here and a job there, we can pass over a mistake in this matter, or a fault in that, but the policy of an English Ministry must be straightforward, gentlemanly, above reproach. In a word, to rule this great Nation we require the services of patriots, not of office seekers. We want the noble daring of the lion, not the sly cunning of the fox. Mr. Gladstone has deceived the Nation. For our own sakes, we trust that the price of his tenancy of office may not be found to lie in England's disgrace, and her children's dishonour!

THE LITTLE FRENCH PRINCE AND HIS CRITICS.

PERHAPS nothing in the sad history of the last few weeks has pained and shamed all Englishmen who can lay any claim to a possession of the feelings of Christians and gentlemen, than the dastardly abuse certain organs of the English press have not scrupled to heap upon the French Emperor, and all that in any way has concerned him since the commencement of the present war. Not satisfied with recklessly flinging at him that sort of insult which appears to be the common property of anonymous press writers, where political or international questions are involved, some of the English newspapers have not hesitated to descend to the very lowest depths of malignant scurrility. We write strongly because we feel strongly. Indeed, we can with difficulty find words to convey the disgust with which we read certain comments on the little episode in the capture of *Saarbrücken*, that must have touched the hearts of every generous spirit through the length and breadth of this country. We are referring to the conduct of the Young Imperial Prince. It is not our purpose to recapitulate here the circumstances. They are known over the world, and will form part of the history of youthful heroism. Let us, however, quote the *Standard*, for it spoke on this occasion, as it has latterly in the course of this struggle, honestly, and to the purpose.

"One can understand the feeling of half interest, half anxiety, with which a parent watches his son backing a colt, or taking a fence for the first time, and the keen delight with which he recognises that the little fellow has plenty of pluck; but it was a far braver and sterner ordeal with which the Prince Imperial was confronted last Tuesday, and it was a State necessity, far more than a father's speculation upon the courage of his child, which imposed so severe a test. A Napoleon must be a soldier, and the baptism of war is a sacrament which the French nation regards with peculiar devotion. Henceforth he is born into the army, in a sense far beyond what is signified in the induing of coat and epaulettes, sword and shako, and the formal parades of the Tuileries. When we are told that 'many soldiers wept at seeing him so calm,' we perceive that the incident may have its theatrical side to English eyes; but to Frenchmen it is an episode not easily forgotten, and it may be that in after years the memory of the baptism of fire at *Saarbrück* will serve the Prince better than all the traditions of his house."

It would surely be thought that no one could dwell on this *Saarbrück* picture unmoved. One would surely, for a moment, even though he were filled with hatred for Napoleonism, forget the ruler and think only of the man while dwelling on the agony it must have been for the poor father to see his one dearly-beloved child undergoing this deadly ordeal. Whatever may be the faults of Napoleon the Third, no one has ever yet questioned his intense affection for his little son. However legitimists may have sneered at the future of the Prince Imperial, not one of them has ever yet cast a reproach on the known sweetness of his disposition, and the wonderful intelligence with which it is so happily allied. When any man with proper feelings reflects on the incident of *Saarbrück*, displaying as it does so boldly and so painfully the hidden anxiety of the father, and the perfect answering courage of the child, he can but look on and admire. It would seem scarcely possible for a generous Englishman to do anything else. Unfortunately, there are Englishmen whose hearts' hatred of Imperialism seems to have turned to the very ugliest and hardest stone. To give an instance. We will venture to affirm that this paragraph which, we regret to say, we have cut from the pages of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, sickened and disgusted nine out of every ten people who chanced to read it:—

"One might have supposed, however, that the boy prince, who had never seen fighting before, would have felt some emotion; but we are told by his father that he was not in the least moved (*nullement impressionné*). If France were practically, as well as theoretically, an hereditary monarchy, there would be something alarming in this precocious insensibility to war and bloodshed. As it is it may not much matter. We may hope, moreover, that the paternal account is somewhat exaggerated, and that the poor child felt more than he showed."

Let us compare the above for a moment with what we should have said could we have boasted of the presence of a young Royal Prince—say at the Alma, and of a young Prince behaving with equal bravery. Why, we should have shouted paeans over the event; and well we might have done so!

The extract from the *Pall Mall Gazette* is lamentably only a specimen of much the same sort of thing we have noted elsewhere. We may, perhaps, be excused for expressing surprise at the appearance of such a paragraph in the pages of the *Pall Mall Gazette* at all, seeing that that journal is admirably conducted as a rule, and, on several occasions latterly, has done good service to the cause of justice and truth. We can only conjecture that even the most careful of Editors, in times of pressure and excitement, is apt to overlook grave blots in the copy of his correspondents.

Our readers may perhaps think we have dwelt too forcibly on this little matter. We think not. It is one of these significant straws indicating very significantly the direction of a particular wind. The Emperor of the French has been shamefully abused by many influential organs of the British press, from the *Times* downwards, and this sort of *animus* is the traitorous stuff that will, sooner or later, bring us into a bloody conflict with him. He has been our best ally; and only the other day has given the most cordial proof of his sincerity and friendship. It is the fashion, we know, to cry up the Prussians, and howl down the French; but for what reason beyond that German infidelity and stolidity are more agreeable to British blundering than are French catholicism and wit, we do not know.

At all events, whatever be our sympathies, or on whatever

basis they rest, we are Englishmen, and we boast to be, if we are not, just and generous. The attack on the brave little French Prince is a scandal. Let us bury and forget it.

"PEACE AND PLENTY!"

Too long in soft and wanton slumber lapped
Upon thy purple cushion's billowy swell,
Lulled by the choral sounds of sweetest music,
Hast thou, my country, dreamed. Most soothing songs
Thy slaves do sing thee—most alluring tones
Of flattery—great swelling words of praise,
Writ by the servile poets to please the ear,
That would be lulled by sweet forgetfulness.
First, to a lofty strain they tune their harps,
And sing of the great days, when in this land
Heroes and warriors dwelt, holding their lives
As less than honour. "But, these times are flown."
They sing—"With murderous weapons now no more
Do men compete in bloody barbarous strife;
Their swords are beat to pruning hooks—their shields
To ploughshares—and the nations, hand in hand,
United by one universal tie—
Self interest—with tuneful measure sweep,
Harmonious with the circling of all Time,
In the millennial dawn of Peace and Love."
Thus, thus they sing—O God! and England listens
As though well-pleased—her mighty limbs outspread
Upon her couch of plenty—her great eyes,
Half closed in drowsiness, see not the truth;
See not the vine whose rankly spreading boughs
Have need of pruning; see not all the land
Which, rioting in wasteful gaudy wealth,
Yet bears unseen the greatest mortal sore
Of all the nations, poverty and crime
Incredible, beneath her purple robe;
See not the stagnant waters, sad and dark,
Where never stirs a breeze; but where foul slime
Accumulates, until, to rescue it
From sheer abomination, it must needs
An angel should come down to trouble it,
Even were it a war-angel. But those eyes
Which erst so clearly looked on earth and sun,
Now seem o'ershadowed—do not read aright
These portents, and not even in the masks
Which hide their faces who do minister.
Yet, yet she may arise; her clarion voice
May raise the battle cry, until the hills
Re-echo with the sound. The jackalls now,
And wolves and tigers fight around our lion,
Who lieth calm and careless. But, at last,
She may awake, and teach that snarling herd
That England, though she sleepeth, is not dead.

A MUSICAL MISSIONARY.

THE war fever has even seized upon the popular composer of the ever-charming ballad, "Clochette." Mr. James Molloy's latest work is a military song, the refrain of which runs thus:—

"Marching along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song."

While we praise the music, which is clever and inspiriting to a degree, we must take a slight exception to the words. After all, "fifty score strong" only implies an army of a thousand men; and this, even supposing the "brave-hearted gentlemen singing the song" keep in tune and time, is scarcely sufficient to secure England's position as a great military Power. Perhaps, however, we have not taken Mr. Molloy's meaning, and the allusion to "fifty score strong" is a neat hint to Mr. Cardwell to increase the establishment of regiments of the line stationed at home from the recently-fixed number of 500 to the 1,000, so neatly alluded to in the verse. If this is Mr. Molloy's intention, not only will "brave-hearted gentlemen" sing the song, but the whole nation will join in the chorus.

A GOOD MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISING.—Your wife, when you have previously cautioned her to hold her tongue.

THE PERILS OF PATRONAGE.

WHEN the mountain would not come to Mahomed, Mahomed had to go to the mountain. They manage, however, these matters differently in the nineteenth century than they did of yore. After a recent visit by the Princess Louise to the Doré Gallery, the Queen sent her commands that the collection should be sent to Windsor Castle for Her Majesty's inspection. The order was immediately obeyed, and it is stated that one of the pictures has been since purchased for the Royal collection. But surely the transportation of a whole exhibition of works of art from Bond street into Berkshire was putting to a somewhat severe test the loyalty and obedience of the proprietors of the collection. We believe that the Doré Gallery is not quite so extensive as the Royal Academy, but pictures, especially M. Doré's pictures, possess a value, and it is scarcely on them that their precious lives should be committed to the care of railway porters and luggage. Of course, the Queen's patronage of high art should be appreciated, but at the same time, it would add tenfold to its value were it a little more considerably bestowed. However, we trust M. Doré's valuable pictures are as well as they can be expected to be under the circumstances.

HE WOULD BE AN AUTHOR.

It is announced that the Earl of Crawford is about to publish a volume, entitled "Œcumenicity in Relation to the Church of England." This, no doubt, his Lordship intends to make its mark as a valuable addition to current literature, and perhaps it may; but before the work is published, and solely with the charitable object of, perhaps, preventing it being even printed, we would offer a couple of remarks concerning the promised work. The first of them is, that we have never heard of the Earl of Crawford as an author, nor, indeed, as anything else, and we would, with all deference to his Lordship, express a doubt whether the public at large will care for his opinions on the subject he threatens to write upon. The second is, that "Œcumenicity in Relation to the Church of England" is, on the face of it, a snare and delusion, for who ever for a moment suggests that Œcumenicity has either directly or indirectly anything to do with the Established Church. If the Earl of Crawford must be an author, we suppose he must, but let him choose some other line than "A Dissertation on Potatoes Growing in the Eighteenth Centuries," or, "An Address to the Landed Proprietors of England on the Advisability of Reducing Servants' Wages by 50 per Cent.," is more the sort of work that would just now command a sale. While there is yet time we hope Lord Crawford will take the hint and leave Œcumenicity alone.

A GRUMBLE FOR GRUMBLING SAKE.

WERE it not for the war news, there would be just now literally "nothing in the papers." In fact, town in a few days will be at its dullest. The operas are closed, and the great stars have, with a power of foresight which the members of the Stock Exchange must have envied them, flown away across the Atlantic to fulfil their American engagements. The theatres, too, are blinking with benefits, and are gradually going out. Even Mr. Woodin has had his farewell benefit, and the hearings of *causes célèbres* are indefinitely postponed till the Winter term. The very war news, too, on which Londoners depend for their daily food, is meagre and unsatisfactory in a degree. News in its proper sense there has been little enough, to begin with, but this has been so shorn and distorted in its passage to this country, that any person of moderate intelligence and imagination could act as Special Correspondent at the Seat of War to a London paper, without leaving his second-floor back at Peckham, except to post his MS. in time for the morning issue. In fact, we are beginning to question whether such a thing as the excitement of war exists. Perhaps it is that the weather has been hot, and we are disgusted at being obliged to stop in town, but we are inclined to see nothing in anything just at present, not even in the fifteenth edition of the *Echo*. Why will not the French and Prussian fleets come up the river and fight it out at Gravesend? Surely the Directors of the Tilbury Railway possess influence enough to organise some such arrangement, and how well would it not pay.

VOL. VI., price 8s., of
T H E T O M A H A W K ,

EDITED BY ARTHUR A'BECKETT;
ILLUSTRATED BY MATT MORGAN.
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VOL. III. OF
B R I T A N N I A ,

Edited by ARTHUR A'BECKETT,
Illustrated in Colours by MATT MORGAN.



LONDON, AUGUST 13, 1870.

THE WEEK.

A WAR-OFFICE advertisement announces that "tenders" are wanted both for carts with springs, and carts *without* springs. We would advise "tenders" to offer themselves for the former conveyances only.

IT is doubtful, says a contemporary, whether the Cologne Musical Festival will be held this month. Without knowing much about the matter, we are inclined to agree in thinking it very doubtful.

IT is untrue that the Earl of Ducie has joined the committee of management of the Royal Agricultural College in order that, in case a difficulty should arise, his lordship's brother members of the Board may be able to say, "Ducie take it."

IT would seem probable that the "Marseillaise" will once more be proscribed in France. This time not by the authorities alone, but collectively, by the national will. And it cannot be wondered at. The most patriotic nation in the world must tire of an air when they have heard it shrieked incessantly out of time and tune by thirty-six millions of people in three weeks.

IT is stated that a discovery has been made in the vaults of the Bank of Bengal of a million of money, deposited there thirteen years ago by the Nawab Nazim, and overlooked. The oversight is magnificently eastern, of course, but a little unbusinesslike. What a capital Limited Liability Company His Highness might be made of. We wonder the idea has not occurred to directors out of work.

AS it seems to be decided that the establishment of the army of this country is to be in no way affected by the political position, we can only conclude that the Council of War, stated to have been recently held in Pall Mall, meant nothing; in fact, that the term was only applicable to the ordinary conduct of a discussion held on any subject whatever between the Secretary

of State and his subordinates. Indeed, it is time that the quarrellings and bickerings at the War Office became a proverb.

MR. LOWE, in returning thanks for the ladies at the Mansion House dinner, did his best to clear away the gloomy effect which Mr. Gladstone's excellent speech had created. He commenced by a jocose allusion to Lord Hartington as the only unmarried member, and ended by quoting French and German poetry *à l'occasion*. It would not appear, however, that the right honourable gentleman was successful in his well-intentioned design, for the report states that the company separated directly he sat down. We fear Mr. Lowe is but a feeble satirist, and from an after-dinner point of view, not much of a poet; but his speech sufficed to clear the hall.

A LITTLE DISCOURAGING.

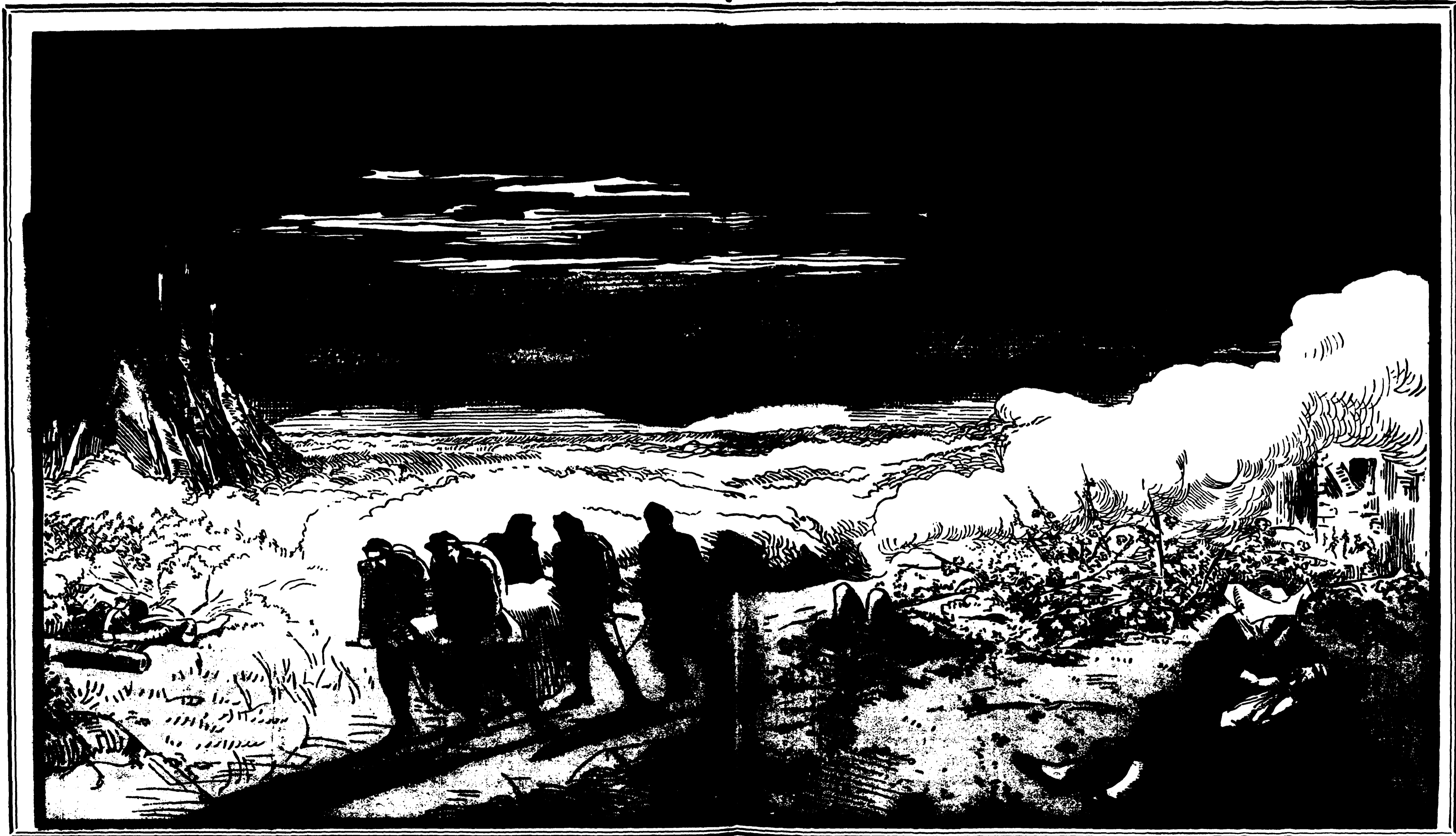
IT is a tradition that all theatrical undertakings must, sooner or later, ruin somebody; but Colonial speculations seem to be promising, even below the common average. The following paragraph, which appeared in *Public Opinion* of last week is a gloomy confirmation of the fact:—

"There are some theatrical disappointments in India. Miss Wiseman, who went with a theatrical company by Kurachee to the Punjaub, has met with little support; and Mr. Carson, who went round by Madras on his way to California, was shut out from every public building in the City."

We do not remember to have heard either of Miss Wiseman or Mr. Carson before, but we offer them both, nevertheless, our warmest sympathy. Of course Miss Wiseman knew what she was about when she proposed to introduce Haymarket comedies and Adelphi dramas amongst the natives of the North Western Provinces; and Mr. Carson must have had some knowledge of Madras, as a centre of civilisation in urgent need of a dramatic establishment, when, seeing that Madras and California are on the opposite sides of the globe, he took the former in his way on his road to the latter. If such undertakings as these fail, who can hope to succeed? But Miss Wiseman and Mr. Carson must be clever managers to have undertaken so vast a speculation. We would advise them not to waste their talents; but failing its having already been secured by Mr. Falconer,—as report states it to be—to engage Her Majesty's Theatre, and thus inaugurate an enterprise to which starting an Italian Opera in the mountains of the moon would, from a financial point of view, be mere child's play.

PITY A POOR PUBLISHER.

MR. JOHN MURRAY, the publisher of Albermarle street, is a bold man indeed. Were it not that all other feelings seem in him to be subservient to a devoted loyalty to the Crown, we should stigmatise him as the embodiment of all that is rash. It is announced that he is preparing, by the command of the Queen, an illustrated volume on the subject of the Albert Memorial. Of what the leading features of the work will consist, we have not yet learnt. It would seem at first sight that the various stages of the progress of the Memorial would be anything but likely subjects for a picture book. We suppose, perhaps, that "The ground before the Memorial was thought of," "Hoisting the first scaffolding pole," "Horrible accident to a man with a wheelbarrow," "Putting up the palings," "Paying the workmen on Saturday afternoon," will suffice for pegs to hang sketches on. The grave point at issue, however, is, at whose risk the new volume is to be issued. With the fate of previous royal books in our mind, we tremble for the pocket of the bold man who has entered into the speculation. Even now, booksellers present to our view beautifully illustrated volumes of past Royal Marriages originally published at we know not how many guineas, but now to be bought for about 3s. 6d. "uncut." If we dared offer a hint to Royalty, it would be to suggest that the Albert Memorial is sufficiently big, and occupies a sufficiently prominent position in the metropolis to tell its own tale; and that neither in its own interests or any one else's is the publication of the volume just now announced either necessary or desirable.



AFTER WEISSENBURG !

THE HARVEST ^{OR,} OF THE RHINE.
(TOMAHAWK'S CARTOONS OF THE WAR.—No. 3.)

HISTORY FOR ASTLEY'S!

It is with great pleasure that we publish the following drama, written by the Emperor Napoleon in anticipation of the re-opening of Astley's Amphitheatre. His Majesty has been encouraged to attempt the task by finding that he has acquired a "flow of words" similar to that possessed by the late Mr. Gomershall. Our readers will have noticed that His Majesty's proclamations to the Army, &c., have been redolent of Fitz ball and blue fire:—

The Battle of Saarbruck!

OR,

THE BABY-WARRIOR OF THE IMPERIAL NURSERY.

A HISTORICAL HIPPODRAMA,

BY

LOUIS NAPOLEON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF CÆSAR," "THE COUP D'ETAT," ETC.
IN THREE ACTS.Produced under the immediate superintendence of the Author
and his Infant Son.

ACT I.

SCENE.—The Courtyard of the Tuileries, with Balcony of the Palace. SOLDIERS carousing. Several TROOPERS (on piebald horses) cross and recross the stage.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS (raising to their lips tin goblets foaming over with cotton-wool).

All the Rhine,
With its wine,
Shall be mine!

OFFICER IN VAGUE UNIFORM (tenor).—

The sil'ry Rhine! the sil'ry Rhine!
How dearly loved its banks!
I cry and sigh, and moan and whine,
And offer up my thanks;
For the battle cry is raised, my boys,
And soon you'll all be praised, my boys.
The sil'ry Rhine! the sil'ry Rhine!
I cry and sigh, and moan and whine!

CHORUS OF MAIDENS OF FORTY.—

He cries and sighs and moans—a whine!

OFFICER IN VAGUE UNIFORM.—

I cry and sigh and moan and whine!

ALL.—The sil'ry Rhine! the sil'ry Rhine!

(At the end of the song MARSHAL LEBCEUF and JOHN SMITH—Special Correspondent of the "Pedlington Mercury"—enter R.)

LEBCEUF.—No, Mounseer, if you come to the front with us you must not mind a hasty meal, a draughty tent, and an occasional bullet in your abdomen.

SMITH.—No, old boy, I shall not be affronted!

(The SOLDIERS laugh, and SMITH and LEBCEUF retire up.)

OFFICER IN VAGUE UNIFORM.—Come, my lads, it's a sad heart that never rejoices—what say ye to a dance?

ALL.—A dance, a dance!

(Ballet of VIVANDIERES with magic bouquets. At the end of the dance LEBCEUF and SMITH come down.)

LEBCEUF.—Well, Mounseer, are you still decided upon accompanying our bayonets to the Frontiers? Mind the Prussian is no greenhorn—he is not to be trifled with.

SMITH.—Green horn—I hope to see the Prussian-blue!

(All laugh.)

OFFICERS IN VAGUE UNIFORM, — See, here comes the Emperor!

ALL.—Veeve Lomperaw!

(The EMPEROR appears at the window, L. All cheer. SMITH "hurrahs" grotesquely. All laugh.)

THE EMPEROR (when the laugh is over).—Soldiers of France! (Cheers.) This war will be a long and serious one. The Prussians (groans) are fine soldiers, but we are finer. (Cheers.) We take our Eagles to the Rhine. (Cheers.) The Rhine! the resting place of our grandfathers' bones. (Cheers.) As for you, Mounseer Smith, you are the representative of a great nation. With British sympathy French glory will never lack

the aid of English steel. (Great cheering.) Soldiers of France I greet ye. Oh Rhine!

(Immense cheering. The EMPEROR bows and retires. The VIVANDIERES execute a dance, waving French flags.)

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS:—

Yes the Rhine
With its wine
Shall be mine.

OFFICER IN VAGUE UNIFORM.—Veeve Lomperaw!

ALL (enthusiastically).—Veeve Lomperaw!

(The EMPEROR appears on the balcony, L., leaning on the PRINCE IMPERIAL. Immense cheering. SMITH puts up a comic umbrella, the TROOPS form a group with the VIVANDIERES, and LEBCEUF waves his sword. Blue fire and Tableau.

ACT II.

SCENE.—The Private Cabinet of COUNT BISMARCK. Maps hanging to the walls. Doors R. and L. C. a table covered with Treaties. BISMARCK and KING WILLIAM discovered seated. The KING speaks with a strong German accent.

KING WILLIAM.—That frog-eating Frenchman—he would not accept Belgium?

BISMARCK.—He would not, your Majesty. He declared that England was his firm friend—that he would not betray his old allies of Alma, Inkermann, and Sebastopol.

KING WILLIAM.—Bah! What old John Bull! What absurdity! He would not fight to save his own mother-in-law.

BISMARCK.—Quite so, Sire! (Aside)—Fight for his own mother-in-law! Of course not. He's not such a fool!

KING WILLIAM.—Push on the war, Bismarck. I insulted Beneditti, the representative of France, at Ems, and now my soldiers must beat France herself at Saarbrück. [Exit L.]

BISMARCK (looking after the King).—Insulted France at Ems! Ah, you'd better mind your P's and Q's! (rings a bell on the table.) Yes, your Majesty—you bully me as if you were a St. Pancras Guardian!

(Enter a GORGEOUS FLUNKEY, R.)

GORGEOUS FLUNKEY.—'Is H'excellency rung, I think?

BISMARCK.—I did. Send up the prisoner waiting downstairs in the hall. I mean the English journalist.

GORGEOUS FLUNKEY.—'Is H'excellency's h'orders shall be attended to. [Exit R.]

BISMARCK.—How will this war end? Ah, how different am I now, as Premier of Prussia—the favourite of the King—the all-powerful inscrutable Bismarck. I repeat, how different am I now to what I used to be when I was a child—an infant lisping at my mother's knee!

BALLAD.

First Verse.

The moon is shining brightly, dear,
The water trickles down the lea,
The stars I'm watching nightly, dear,
I'm lisping at my mother's knee!
I'm lisping, lisping, lisping at my mother's knee,
I'm lisping, lisping, lisping at my mother's kne-e-e-e!

Second Verse.

The sun is shining gaily, dear,
The maiden dances o'er the lea;
The rain I'm feeling daily, dear—
I'm lisping at my mother's knee!
I'm lisping, lisping, lisping at my mother's knee,
I'm lisping, lisping, lisping at my mother's kne-e-e-e!

Ah, well-a-day, I must not allow these sad thoughts to oppress me. Prussia is in my hands, and I must do my duty.

(Enter SMITH—he carries an umbrella.)

BISMARCK.—So, sirrah!

SMITH.—I can't sow; I haven't a needle-gun!

BISMARCK.—Ah, you laugh at me!

SMITH.—Do I? You know best whether there is anything to laugh at!

BISMARCK.—You were found taking a sketch of the fortress at Coblenz. Do you know that your doom is death?

SMITH.—You be doomed!

BISMARCK.—Your levity will not save you from instant death. Your execution will take place here—in my house.

SMITH.—Well, if you can't help having an execution in your house, I may as well be the man in possession!

KING WILLIAM (*without*).—Bismarck, Bismarck, come here; I want you!

BISMARCK (*aside*).—The King's voice! I must go. I don't like leaving this Englishman with the project of the Secret Treaty between Prussia and France, but what can I do! (*Aloud*).—Stir a step, sirrah, and you're a dead man! Coming, your Majesty. [*Exit.*]

SMITH (*looking at the Treaties on the table*).—Well, this is an excellent opportunity of picking up a little information for the *Pedlington Mercury*. Hullo, what's this—a project for a treaty between Prussia and France! Belgium to be ceded to France! By jingo, this is a discovery (*puts it in his pocket*). I will send it to the *Times*. *Re-enter BISMARCK and EXECUTIONERS, L.*

BISMARCK.—There is your prisoner—do your duty.

(EXECUTIONERS approach SMITH, he knocks them down with his umbrella. BISMARCK draws his sword and SMITH knocks him down. SMITH strikes an attitude. The BAND plays "Rule Britannia." Blue-fire and tableau).

ACT III.

SCENE.—The Fortress of Saarbrück, with open country beyond. As the curtain rises cheers are heard. The FRENCH storm the Fortress and retire. Grand cavalry engagement between six PRUSSIANS, on horseback, with wooden spears, and three FRENCHMEN, on horseback with swords and shields. The PRUSSIANS are defeated. Advance of the whole FRENCH ARMY (eighteen strong), and taking of Saarbrück. Grand discharge of musketry, and arrival of the EMPEROR on horseback, and the PRINCE IMPERIAL on a pony.

THE EMPEROR.—Frenchmen, you have gained a great battle! (HIS MAJESTY'S horse sniffs about the stage as if in search of the CIRCUS CLOWN, with whom he may possibly wish to take a friendly glass of wine). Frenchmen, you have won a great victory! (Cheers). My son helped you to win it! (Cheers). Yes, my son, over whom you wept when he did not get shot. (The horse careers). Wo-hoe! Yes, soldiers, France is proud of you! (Cheers).

(Enter SMITH leading in BISMARCK in chains, R.)

SMITH (*à la GRIMALDI*).—See what I've got! (*All laugh.*)

THE EMPEROR.—Your services deserve a reward, Mounseer Smith. Allow me! (HIS MAJESTY invests SMITH with the *Legion d'Honneur*. Great cheering.) And now, if our friends in front will only applaud, no happier party will sit down to supper than the—

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—Baby-Warrior of the Imperial Nursery!

THE EMPEROR.—Or the Battle of Saarbrück!

(THE EMPEROR and his SON take off their cocked hats, the TROOPS cheer, the OFFICER in a VAGUE UNIFORM waves a large French flag over the fortress, the BAND plays "The Marseillaise," blue and red fire. Tableau and CURTAIN.)

THE END.

THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[CONTINUED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

SOMEWHERE ON THE COAST, August 7, 1870.

YOU must have been anxious to hear what occurred after the shell, ready to burst, fell through the skylight, and was discovered by me, to my horror, in the Chief's soup plate! I will tell you. To begin with—at first, no entreaty would induce him to relinquish it, and all I could get from him was, that he wanted to try it with pickles. Spagmore appeared, however, and then by a joint promise on our part to let him have a quart pot full of gunpowder, morning and evening, for a month, he relinquished it—still hissing awfully, and evidently on the eve of explosion. To get rid of it was our only thought. At first we tried the cabin window; but I daresay you are aware that for some reason or other cabin windows are the size of oranges, and open with a corkscrew. We could not get the shell through it, or anything like. Our next idea was to knock at the door of my Aunt's cabin, and say (in fun) that we had got a little surprise for her, then thrust the shell in, and beg her to pour a jug of water over it. She, however, said she knew we were up to something ungentlemanly, and we were obliged to hit on another plan. One suggestion of Spagmore's was to put it up for a raffle, and force the crew to throw for it at once. This fell through because we

had no dice. Another was to get the scientific gentleman to lecture on combustion, and to introduce the shell into his experiments, and then hold him responsible for consequences. This did not seem half a bad way of getting out of it; but he refused to get out of bed and lecture at once on the cuddy table as he was, so this fell through as well. Finally, expecting the shell could not go on much longer without bursting, we hurried upstairs with it, and were about to throw it over, when Spagmore said it would be capital fun to run to the cook's quarters and put it into the soup. We did this, but it failed to put the shell out, though as a practical joke on the cook it was capital, for we had hardly dropped it into the kettle with a sally about "full flavouring," when it exploded, and blew the yacht to atoms. The shock was terrific. I was shot some hundreds of yards into the air, and on my way down met Spagmore, who said it was a pity we had not brought the chessmen with us, as we might have had something to amuse ourselves with till we came down. I saw all the crew at various altitudes, the Chief, who had gone to bed in the powder magazine, being very much the highest. We, however, all came down at last, a little shaken, into the water, and were quickly picked up by the French gunboat. As we were being handed on board, black and dripping, Lord Bolchester remarked that we knew nothing of yachting, and my Aunt assured us if she had only known half the inconveniences to which she was destined to be subjected before she started, she would either have stayed at home, or at least come in a fur cloak. The scientific gentleman seemed very much annoyed at the yacht having blown up without his having sufficient warning, as he was conducting a very delicate experiment at the moment, and his hand was so shaken that he was compelled to abandon it. The Chief alone seemed satisfied with the finale, and has bothered me ever since to let him go to Woolwich. As to the Mate, he merely observed that "it was like his luck," and that "he ought to have knowed our larking would lead to a bit of a scrimmage," and stayed on shore. Thus were we all hauled on board the French gunboat. Spagmore had to apologise for us. Here I resume my notes on the spot.

ON BOARD H. I. M.'S GUNBOAT "BOUCHON," Aug. 6, 1870.

Captain very angry, and says we are Germans. The Chief has sung him a Pokyar ballad to convince him we are English. He is satisfied and wants to know what the refrain—

"Gollorwishy tibbity chicciluriky baganay tooorrooppittly ho" means. We have said it is short for "Three Cheers for Napoleon the Third." He seems very pleased, and wants to learn the language at once.

We have offered to leave my aunt on board to teach him for the rest of his life. She is to have £5 a week, payable three years in advance, in a round sum to us. The captain has courteously delined this arrangement.

We have had a long talk with him about our future plans. At length we have decided upon forming a Foreign Legion to assist the French. We are to be landed, if possible, at Boulogne, and he has already supplied us with several revolvers, rifles, and old uniforms. Lord Bolchester has again protested against being dragged, as he expresses it, into some new catastrophe, but we have assured him he shall have the management of the band, and not be obliged to fight, unless we call out the reserves. The Chief will, of course, take the command, and I must own I think this will be his proper place. Descended from a long line of warlike kings, whose first and last breath has usually been drawn upon the field of battle, he will at least feel at home at the head of troops. I look forward to our arrival on French soil with the keenest interest. Ha, here we are!

BOULOGNE, August 7, 1870.

Landed at last, after considerable trouble. The Chief was extremely excited in the custom house, and, when asked for his passport, forced himself with a wild whoop through the little pigeon hole behind which the French official, who was making the ordinary inquiries, was situated. A deadly scuffle ensued inside, and lasted for some minutes, at the close of which the Chief was brought round by a back door, struggling violently in the hands of fifty soldiers of the Line. We, of course, interfered; but, as he had torn the moustache from the face of the *Chéf de bureau*, hammered an inkstand into the head of an assistant clerk, swallowed somebody else's Foreign Office passport, and broken every pane of glass in nine windows, our explanations were but coldly received. More in my next.

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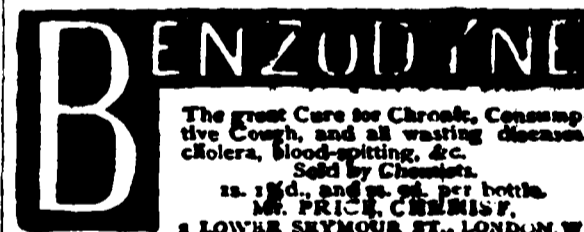
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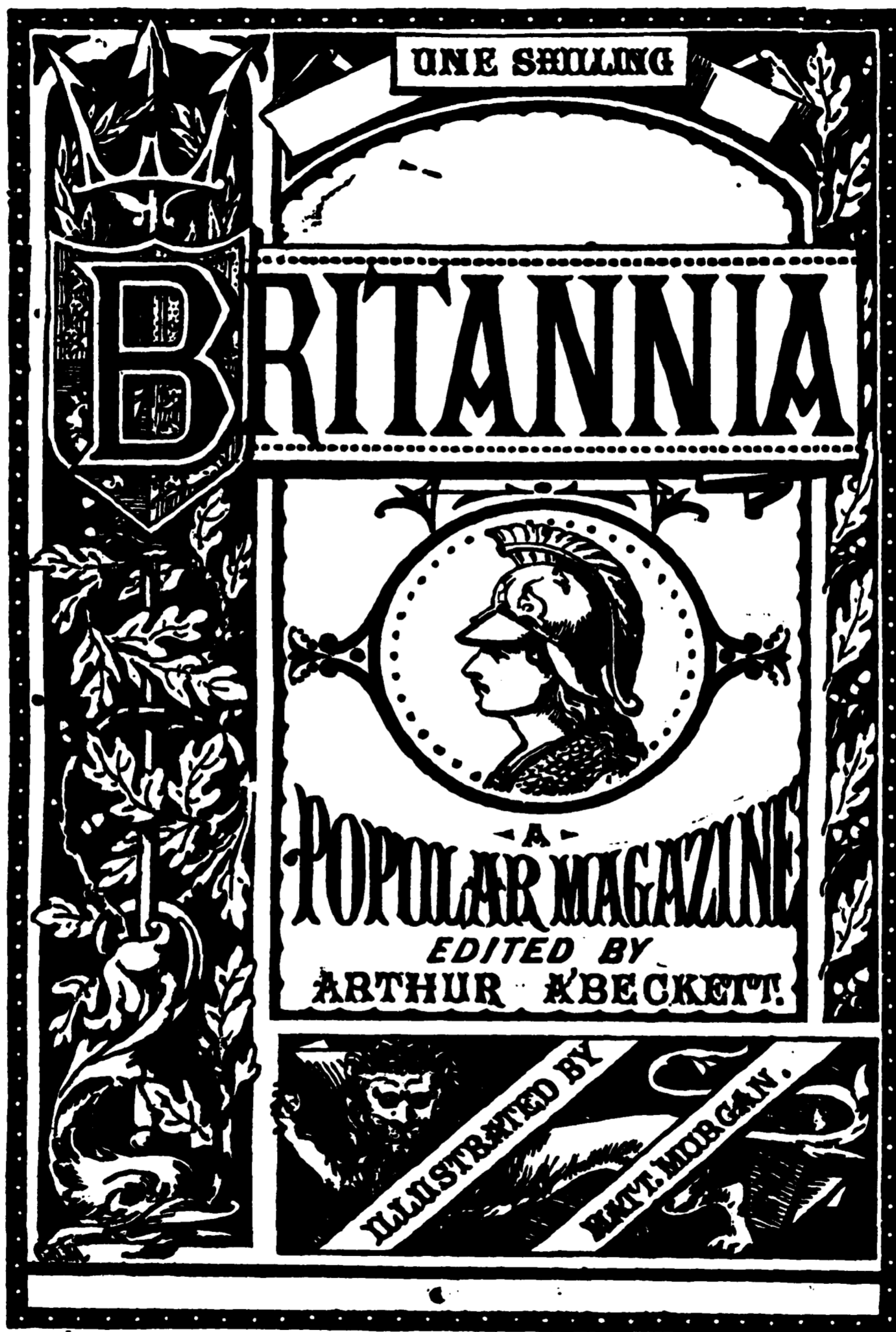
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