

# THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 132.]

LONDON, NOVEMBER 13, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

## "DOWN WITH THE POULTRY!"

FELLOW CITIZENS,—I greet ye. I, even I, the Child of the Prairie, the Son of Nature, the Offspring of the Great Forest, the Lover of the Grand Blue Sky, of the Good Spirit, the dweller in the wigwam, hold out the hand of friendship to ye of the warehouse, ye of the crowded street, ye of the teeming city. I greet ye as brothers—for are ye not indeed my brothers—my adopted brothers? Have I not dwelt among ye for more than the space of forty moons? Have ye not paid the weekly tribute of twopence for more than three years? Have ye not learned to love me, and to buy my words by the tens of thousands? Yea, verily ye have, and—ye are all the better for it!

When I first came to London I found it, oh, so unlike my own dear forest, where the green leaves make soft sweet music, as Kabibsnokka, the north wind, gently stirs the branches, where Shaw-shaw, the white bird, dwells in Peboan the winter. For the rustling of branches I found the noise of cabs; rain and fog for my own Minushaha, my darling laughing water, for love and truth and good—why, only smoke. But I dwelt among ye, and gave ye fine words, in the Moon of Bright-nights, or, as ye call it, April; sage words in the Moon of the Falling Leaves, or September; and praise-words in the Moon of Snow-shoes, or dull November. Why fine words? Because ye were sad and needed love—needed love now that trade was dead. Why sage words? Because ye were perplexed, and treason stalked abroad, and ye needed counsel. Why praise-words? Because ye were clever, and had built up glorious wigwams and lovely bridges, and had made London (even as I dwelt among ye) a town of palaces—the city of the world! And now I drop the Indian's speech, and talk the words of the white man—the glorious words of England—England home of freedom, England called the wise land.

FELLOW CITIZENS,—Ye have done well. The Thames Embankment is fine, the Holborn Viaduct graceful, the new Bridge beautiful, the new streets useful. But ye have not done enough. The picture contains a blot—a large black blot—the map of London is rendered ridiculous by a mistake—a great, stupid mistake. Ye must know what I mean. Have ye walked down Cheapside? Yes. Then what has struck ye as out of place—spoiling by its presence a noble thoroughfare? Why, the Poultry. Have ye driven to the Mansion House? Yes. Where have ye found a dead block—a dead block making locomotion impossible? Why, in the Poultry! Where has the business of the whole civilized world been brought to a dead stop? Why, in the Poultry! Is the Poultry beautiful?

No! Is it disgustingly ugly? Yes! Is it useful? No! Is it an obstruction to business of every kind? Yes.

Then what follows as a matter of course? Ye shake your heads and don't know! What, must TOMAHAWK tell ye? Are ye so dense that ye cannot suggest a remedy for this nuisance—this grievous nuisance? So it would appear from your supineness. Well, then, TOMAHAWK will enlighten ye, in large capitals too, so that ye may the better understand him.

### THE POULTRY MUST COME DOWN!

Come down, and immediately! There must be no shilly-shallying. For once and away the authorities must wake up and attend to business. They may sleep (as usual) for the rest of the year, and sweet dreams wait upon their slumbers, say I. But now—now is the time for action. We cannot afford to wait. A grand attempt has been made to render London (in an architectural point of view) worthy of her commercial fame as the first city in the world. A great deal has been done, but emphatically not enough. The new Blackfriars Bridge is something to be proud of; the Holborn Viaduct is something to be proud of; the Mansion House street is something to be proud of; but the Poultry is a disgrace to civilization!

Look at my Cartoon. What do ye see in it? The Fairy of Improvement waves her wand, and a City of noble proportions rises at her command. And yet she has left one spot untouched! The beautiful picture is spoilt by one disfiguring blot, the all but perfect gem is rendered nearly valueless by one fatal flaw! Yes, the ugly useless Poultry—pernicious and foul—is there in all its native deformity! Denounced by the Press as an eyesore, execrated by the commercial public as a disastrous impediment to business,—still it stands like some hideous stronghold of the middle-ages, defying the attacks of its invaders! Have we no knights who will do battle against it—have we no trusty swords, no gallant lances?

This subject shall not end here. The Child of Nature is uncouth in speech, but strong in purpose. He has seen the blemish of his adopted city, and that blemish must be removed. Yes, the Poultry MUST come down. The Indian has said it—and his own words (although sweet and wholesome, and very good) are not to be eaten!

And now the Child of Nature congratulates his fellow-citizens upon the beauty of the London improvements, and withdraws into his wigwam, that he may there smoke his pipe of peace while he sharpens the blade of his war knife.

(Signed)

TOMAHAWK.

The Moon of Snow-shoes, 1869.

## STAGE TRUTH.

SOMEBODY in the *Salut de Lyons* has been making fun of the British drama, and taxing it, as all honest men must admit most unjustly, with its disregard for the realities of daily life. Without giving a long list of English stage triumphs, comprising such literary gems as *Formosa*, *Lost at Sea*, and a *Life Chase*,—works by themselves powerful enough to vindicate the national dramatic honour, where a charge of improbability is concerned,—every candid spectator must allow that the mirror that is held up to the public now-a-days is of the very best British plate. We therefore are in a position that enables us freely and fearlessly to throw stones at our neighbours. Under these circumstances, we shall have much pleasure in supplying our readers with the text of a piece said at this moment to be in active rehearsal at the *Gymnase*. M. Victorien Sardou's success with history in the matter of *Patrie*, has, it is said, induced him to turn his attention to an English historical subject. With much tact he has selected a dark period of our annals, and chosen from the turbulent times of James I., a true hero. Guy Faux has attracted the great French dramatist. It is a melancholy fact that only French dramatists really know how to handle history effectively, and we record the circumstance with great regret.

The truthful picture of the great English conspiracy which we subjoin could only have fallen from a French pen. Here it is:—

## MONSIEUR LE GUI FOXE.

*A Drama-Comedie in two acts and various tableaux, par M. VICTORIEN SARDOU.*

## PERSONAGES.

LE FRIAR BACON (*Chancellor of England, possessed of the secrets of the gunpowder*).  
JAME-FIRST (*Fils de Henri VIII., surnamed LE MONSTRE*).  
MONSIEUR LE GUI FOXE (*rightful heir to the throne of England, inventor of the bath-chaire, and son of Henri VIII., surnamed also "le gallant," by Jeane-Shore*).

LE CATSBY

DUC-WELLINGTON

DUC-CAMBRIDGE (*a notaire*)

SIM-REEVE (*the betrothed to Gu-queen Bess*)

CHARLES I. ( *fils de Henri VIII.*)

EARL CHATHAM (*et Dourves*)

TITE OAT ( *fils de Henri VIII.*)

MISTER PUSEY (*un Medecin*)

BRYANT-MAY (*a lucifer man*) [Catsby]

LE PRINCE CHRISTIAN (*confesseur to Le*

ROBIN 'OOD (*supposed fils de Henri VIII.*)

MONSIEUR E. T. SMEETH (*a Spaniard*)

CHARLES II. (*his son*)

FORTNUM-MASON ( *fils de Henri VIII.*)

MI LADY BACON (*Queen of Scotchmen*).

GU-QUEEN-BESS (*Madame la Gui-Foxe*).

CATHARINE

ANNA

FIFINE

BETSY

LA FICHONNE

CORA

MEES TOM

MEES FOXE (*secretly married to Jame-First*).

*Conspirators, Pale-alesmen, Beefsteck-eaters, Clergymens, Lor Maires, Meeses, Ducs, Polismans, &c., &c., &c.*

COSTUME—*Reign de Charles VI.*

PERIOD—921.

## ACT I.

*House of Jame-First in le Haymarket.*

*Enter JAME-FIRST, MEES FOXE, and suite.*

JAME-FIRST.—I am not Scotchmans. O yes. I am Ang-lische. I spiks Anglische. Dam. Pale ale. Railw ay teekets. Cremorne.

COURTIERS.—He is the King!

MEES FOXE.—Then why not you gentlemans pro claim him?

COURTIERS.—Because it is Sondag! 'Oorah! (*They shout the "heep" for some hours.*)

JAME-FIRST.—Dam

MEES FOXE.—What do you make such compliments to me, Jame-First? I will summons *M. mon père*.

*Enter MONSIEUR GUI FOXE, in one arm chair, surrounded by his leetle sons.*

## CHORUS OF LEETLE SONS.

Ayez le bonté de vous souviendré

Le cinque de Novembrè,

Traihison de poudre de canon, et plot de poudre de ditto;

Nous ne voyons pas de raison

Pourquoi le traihison de poudre de canon

Serait jamais pas rappelé.

MONS. GUI FOXE (*avec energie*).—Hollère, garçons! hollère garçons! Dieu protège la Reine!

JAME-FIRST (*throwing one halfpenny to the leetle sons*).—I am the King. This is for your Monsieur Gui. Teekets! You see! I spiks Anglische!

COURTIERS (*aside*).—O dear me! away to 'Peekadilly. 'Oorah!

MEES FOXE.—You have not singed the refrain. It is here—

Gui, gui!

Lui stické dans l'œil.

JAME-FIRST.—O yes! That is very good.

M. GUI FOXE.—I will be revengé. Wait one leetle moment. (*Enters a Hansom cab with his sons and chair.*) Cabsman. To the 'ous of Parliament, in Wesminsterre! O yes!

## ACT 2.

*The apartments of M. Gui Foxe under the 'ous. Jame-First, Robin 'Ood, the Lor Maire, M. Gladstone, Statèsmen, Noblemans, Meeses, Mi ladis and Fortnum-Mason discovered in Council. In the salon of M. Gui Foxe is himself, Duc-Cambridge, Duc-Wellington, Charles I., Mister Pusey and the other Conspirateurs.*

DUC-CAMBRIDGE.—I am one German, but I am one Ang-lischemans. I wish blow up Jame-First.

MISTER PUSEY.—'Oorah!

M. GUI.—Silence! 'Ow can gentlemans blow up other gentlemans wisout le poudre? Hein? Tell me, M. Le Prince Christian?

LE PRINCE.—You must get it—on teek! It is the custom of my country.

M. GUI.—Silence! M. le Prince. You are young, ardent, and generous! It is your young blood which would speak words of honour and generosity. Mais, I cannot get the credit.

*Enter the FRIAR BACON.*

ALL (*presenting daggers*).—M. le Friar, would you have the complaisance to mention to us ze parsword.

LE FRIAR.—O yes! (*Smiling.*) It is *Lestarré Square!*

CHARLES I.—It is my 'ous!

CHARLES II.—No, Sar! I keeps my 'orse there!

M. GUI.—Silence! You have le poudre de cannon in your leetle pocket!

LE FRIAR.—Voici! (*Tite Oat, Henry VIII., M. Smeethe, Sim Reeve, and gentlemens of le Judge and Fury bring in some tons.*)

M. GUI.—It is well. Here goes. O yes! (*Lights it, an explosion terrific occurs. The 'ouses of Parliament is destroyed.*)

JAME-FIRST.—Mon Dieu! I do think I smells ze smoke!

M. GLADSTONE.—Yes, Sar!

LE LOR MAIRE (*to Jame-First, avec emotion*).—It is no use, then, that I conceals it any longer from you. You are mon fils!

HENRI VIII.—That is one lie, M. Lor Maire. He is the son of me.

MEES FOXE.—Fie for shames, Sir. Here is *M. mon père!*

(*Enter M. GUI FOXE, his chair, his leetle sons, DUC CAMBRIDGE, FIFINE, and other personages of distinction.*)

M. GUI FOXE (*embracing M. LE LOR MAIRE*).—Mon fils, mon fils!

JAME-FIRST.—'Ow is this gentlemans? Speeks, you sar!

M. GUI FOXE.—I have several wife! Corbleu! Sacrrr—'oorah!

JAME-FIRST.—Dam. Pale ale. Foxeton, Bromton, Peek

peekadilly. I am Anglische gentlemen. I will marry myself to Mees Foxe!

ALL.—Heep! heep! 'oorah!

M. GUI FOXE.—There, my leetle sons; once more the sweet chanson of me.

(Chorus of leetle sons as the curtain makes its descent.)

Ayez la bonté de vous souviendré,  
Le cinque de Novembrè,  
Traihison de poudre de canon, et plot de poudre de ditto,  
Nous ne voyons pas de raison,  
Pourquoi le traihison de poudre de canon  
Serait jamais pas rappelé.

JAME-FIRST.—C'est ravissante! Take me to the Cole 'ole.

TABLEAU.

### BUFFOONERY ON THE BENCH.

IT has lately become the fashion amongst the more junior of the Metropolitan magistrates to avail themselves of the police reports as the means of thrusting their jokes before the public. From what we have read we cannot say much for their Worship's wit, and still less for their good taste; but we have hitherto consoled ourselves that the pernicious custom of cracking jokes in a court of justice was indulged in only by magistrates new to their office, and that the seniors took no share in the unbecoming frivolity. We are sorry to see, however, that the much-respected Mr. Selfe is falling into evil courses. At all events, from the following paragraph which appeared in the police reports last week, it would seem that that gentleman can play the wag when opportunity offers:—

"Frederick Popjoy, described as 'a quiet-looking boy,' was charged with being drunk and incapable. Mr. Selfe said: So you are only fifteen years of age, Master Popjoy? Prisoner: That's right, your Worship. Mr. Selfe: I don't think it is, Master Popjoy, or you would not be here. You seem to be 'popping' into bad habits very early. What have you got to say to the charge? Defendant: My mates made me drunk; it wasn't my fault. Mr. Selfe: How long have you been indulging in habits of this description, Master Popjoy? Defendant: I was never drunk before this time. Mr. Selfe: Have you been sick? Defendant: No. Mr. Selfe: Generally at the beginning I have heard it makes the person sick; do you relish it so much that you mean to do it again? Defendant: No, I don't. Mr. Selfe: I hope not. It is a very early beginning. You are fined 2s. 6d."

Really, this beats even Sir Robert Carden. The play upon the name "Popjoy" is in the Alderman's best style, and the question "Have you been sick?" for its quaintness and piquancy, throws Sir Robert's ponderous pleasantries into the shade. We do not know whether Mr. Selfe's speech that he had heard that drunkenness in the beginning generally made people ill was meant seriously. We can hardly believe his Worship capable of making so grave an assertion on hearsay evidence, and we can only suppose that this allusion to the beastly effects of intoxication was meant for the crowning bit of the magistrate's fun.

### PARDONABLE IMPATIENCE.

IT would seem that we are not to expect to see anything of Dr. Livingstone for some time to come, for amongst the articles which the great traveller requested might be supplied to him in his letter to the British Consul at Zanzibar, dated August, 1868, was a "Nautical Almanac for 1870." It seems a pity that while the Doctor had a chance of availing himself of the Central African Postal Service, he did not write more explicitly as to his intended movements. Now that our anxiety concerning him is relieved, and we have reason to believe that he is safe and well, we can afford to take him to task for not gratifying our curiosity a little more fully. We can quite sympathise with the feelings of the mother in the song of the "Lost Child," who was heart-broken when it strayed but beat it soundly when it came home. We do not wish to treat Dr. Livingstone in this fashion, but at all events, in one sense of the word his reception will be "warm" when he sets foot on English soil.

### THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY.

WITH a heavy heart we record the death of the noblest man and the greatest Christian that our age has known, George Peabody. If any man's fame is to be envied, it is his. He almost sanctified money-getting by the use which he made of his enormous wealth. What drags most men down in the getting and in the spending, what debases the souls of most men, elevated and ennobled him. No widows' tears and orphans' curses dimmed the brightness of his gold, or turned his joy into bitterness. He held his wealth but in trust for God and for the poor. It was not so much the amount of money which he gave away, as the thoughtful care and wise discrimination with which he gave it. He taught the lesson that benevolence, to be of any value, must be the work of the mind as well as of the heart. He is mourned by all who love what is good; the tears shed on his grave are shed by eyes whose weeping he has often turned to rejoicing; the many sorrows he has lightened are all revived in the great grief which his death creates. But not for long: the good that such men do dies not with them; and to think of one whose path through life was bright with so pure a light, the only shadows across which were cast not by his own misdeeds but by other's sorrows, is in itself a joy such as men rarely know.

### A VERY OPEN BOROUGH.

THE Southwark election contest has already commenced, and as the polling cannot take place till January, the candidates have plenty of time before them to make their arrangements. Mr. Odger is already in the field, but as he announced at a meeting the other evening that he expected to be returned free, gratis, and for nothing, it is not improbable that a portion of the advanced Liberal electors will look elsewhere for a representative. A requisition, numerously signed, was presented last week to Mr. Milner Gibson, begging him to come forward, but the right honourable gentleman refused altogether to entertain the application, very naturally objecting to subject himself to the waste of time and money which a three months' canvass must necessarily entail. Of course, this objection equally applies to others who may be asked to stand for the borough (always excepting Mr. Odger), and it is, therefore, not improbable that the electors will have some difficulty in finding candidates to their taste. Really, it is most inconsiderate conduct on Mr. Layard's part to have gone off to Spain just when his resignation will cause the greatest amount of inconvenience. However, let us be just, and, if report speak truly, Mr. Layard is not the most to blame. Our special and confidential reporter at the Treasury has hinted to us that Mr. Ayrton was to be got rid of at once, and at any cost, for two grave reasons; first, because he was hopelessly obstructive, and, secondly, because the Premier's son was anxious to secure his seat on the Treasury Bench. The Commissionership of Works was deemed, it seems, the only position for which Mr. Ayrton was fit, and the vacant office of Minister at Madrid had to be thrown as a sop to the Nineveh Cerberus. Of course, all these little facts are of no interest to the Southwark electors, but they certainly show an utter want of regard to the convenience of the candidates. This, however, is a matter of no consequence whatever—at Whitehall.

JOKE BY THE LAST NEW BARONET!!!!—What did ex-Lord Mayor Lawrence say when he heard of the present Lord Mayor's election? Besley!



No. XI., Price 1s.,  
BRITANNIA for NOVEMBER,  
NOW READY.

## TOMAHAWK - ALMANACK

FOR 1870.  
PRICE THREEPENCE.  
SHORTLY.



LONDON, NOVEMBER 13, 1869.

### THE WEEK.

THE travelling sedition spout, G. H. Moore, is very angry at the chance of any measure being passed which would remove all abuses in the land laws of Ireland. He is afraid that when the people have no just cause of complaint, he and his fellows may not have such a good time of it. This *Moor* does not wish to be like Othello—"his occupation gone."

WE gladly draw attention to an admirable article on the Irish question in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Thursday last. It is called "The Truth about Irish Improvements and Evictions." It is evidently written by one who knows Ireland and the Irish well, and we are proud to find that the writer uses very much the same words as we have used in former articles and notes on this subject. Notwithstanding our hearty sympathy with the Irish in their endeavours to reform abuses, we are glad to see such a confirmation of our statement that cases of cruelty and unjustifiable eviction are very rare in Ireland, in spite of all the furious cry to the contrary.

ARCHDEACON DENISON is really a very ill-used man. He wants to pray for Dr. Temple, and that target for orthodox archers will not let him. The Archdeacon wished to publish the Bishop-designate's reply to his gushing letter, but, unfortunately, Dr. Temple marked it "private." However, the discharger of Archidiaconal functions (one of which functions, by the way, seems to be writing to the newspapers) was not going to be disappointed, and he published his missive of conditional absolution without the reply. It is dreadful to think of what the consequences may be when Dr. Temple is established in his See, and Archdeacon Denison cannot pray for him, but can only abuse him. We don't quite know which would do the object of them most good,—the abuse or the prayers. Perhaps the former.

THE unfortunate Countess D'Alteyrac, whom our readers will remember as the recipient of Lord Willoughby D'Eresby's lavish bounty, was again before the Commissioner in Bankruptcy the other day. It was stated that the annuity awarded to her could not be realised on account of her "obstinate refusal to disclose her age." Poor lady! she need not be afraid to tell "how old sorrow has made her." It appears that should she persist in her refusal, she may be "committed for contempt of court." This shows that the law does not favour the fair sex; for though Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, in attempting to elude the just claim of this lady, instructed his counsel to use a plea

which the lawyer did not dare to utter without an apology, and which the Judge pronounced to be an insult and disgrace to the Court which had to listen to it, the noble Hereditary Grand Chamberlain was not committed for contempt.

### A NOTE BY THE WAY.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the round of the papers with the unique heading, "Barbarity by a Gentleman;" but we are sorry to say it does not repay perusal. The "gentleman" in question (very much in question) is one Mr. Charles Gibbs, a farrier of Willersley, and was charged at the Petty Sessions with shocking cruelty to a horse. It appeared that the "gentleman" was drunk, and the horse he was driving became restive, and ultimately fell. Upon this the "gentleman" descended from the trap, and began an unrelenting attack upon the poor brute, repeatedly stabbing it about the neck and breast, until he was interrupted by a passer-by. The poor horse was removed, and suffered intense agony for a long time, but ultimately recovered. Whether this last fact was regarded as an extenuating circumstance by the Bench of Magistrates, or whether they considered horse-stabbing as a legitimate proceeding, it is impossible to decide; but the result of the trial was that the "gentleman" was only fined £5, with an additional £2 for costs. All we can do is to state once more that the name of the "gentleman" who, when diabolically drunk, brutally knived his horse, is

MR. CHARLES GIBBS, farrier, of Willersley.

### HIGHLY SATISFACTORY.

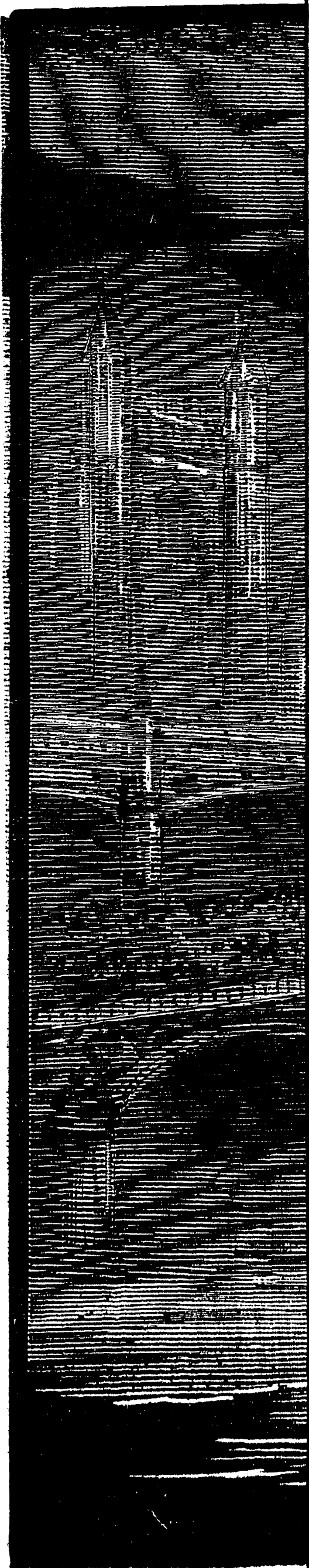
WE do not often interest ourselves in the money articles of the newspapers, but the following announcement is sufficiently unique to be worth quoting:—

"At a meeting of the India Freehold Land Colonization Trust and Agency Association (Limited), the report of the liquidators was presented. It recommended a return of fourpence each share, and resolutions were passed to dissolve the Company as soon as the balance in hand should have been appropriated."

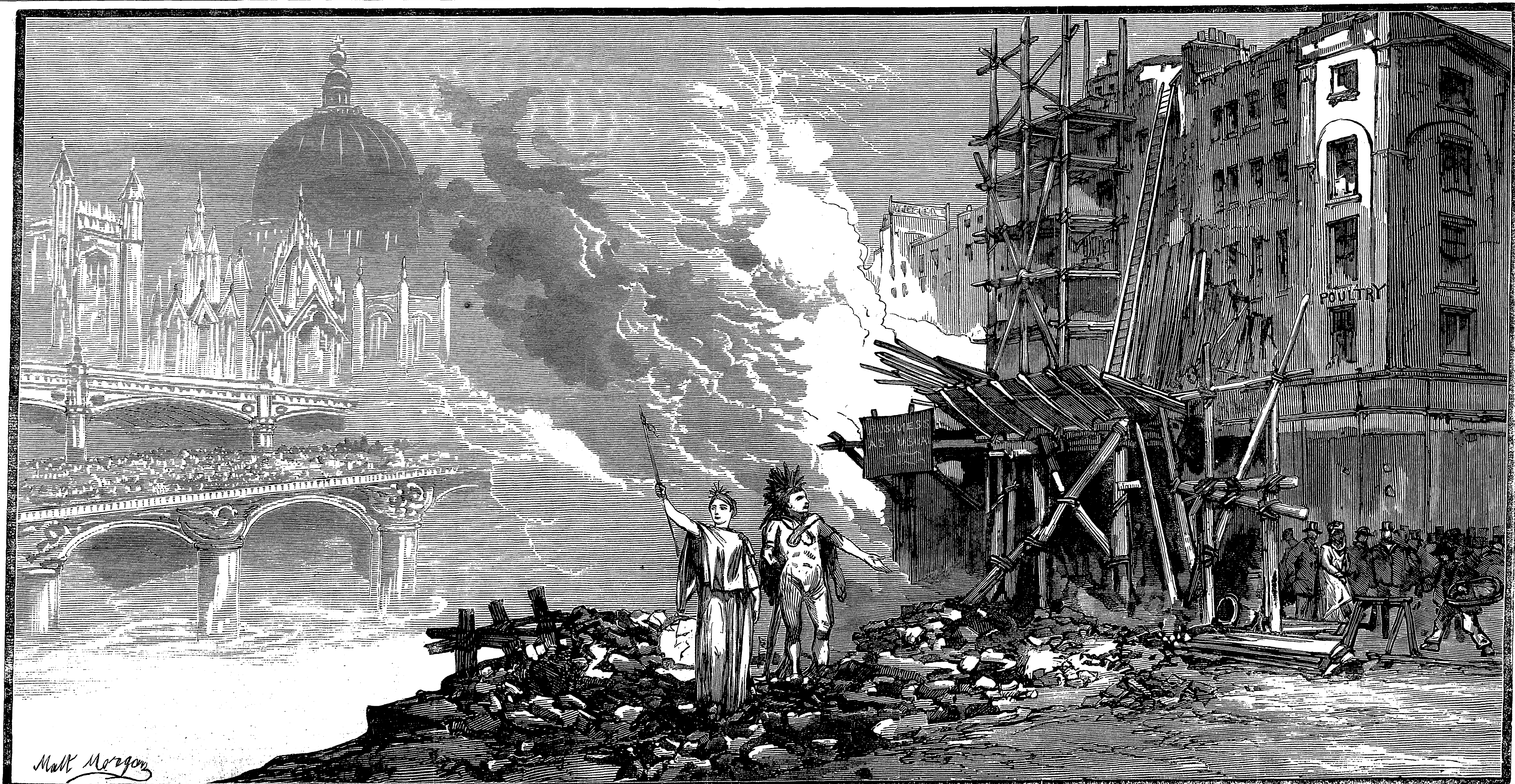
This is the first (and probably the last) we have heard of the India Freehold Land Colonization Trust and Agency Association, and it certainly seems to have been a complete venture. It often occurs that companies eat up every penny of their capital, or what they leave the Chancery Court devours; but here is an association solvent to the last. Whatever disagreeable things may have been said of other concerns which have wound themselves up, the wags cannot suggest "No Money Returned" as a fit motto for the I. F. L. C. T. and A. Association, Limited. They must find another.

### DOWN WITH THE BEGGARS!

WE notice with great pleasure that a "Society for Organizing Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicity" has been established, of which Lord Lichfield is the "Chairman of Executive Council." The plan will be found very similar to that proposed in *Britannia* of this month, in connection with a new system of Poor Relief by the State. We strongly urge all householders and residents in London to attach themselves to this Society; and all the public to observe this request:—"NEVER TO GIVE DIRECT RELIEF; but to give the applicant for charity a ticket." These tickets will secure to the holder a full inquiry into his or her case, and adequate relief in some shape or other. The only fault of this Society is that it proposes to do what the State ought to do out of the Poor Rates; and that owing to the present condition of the law the power of committing confirmed vagrants, and of refusing them relief, *unless in return for useful labour*, is denied to the magistrate and Poor Law officer alike. However, we regard the establishment of this Society as a move in the right direction; we only protest against individuals being compelled to do, at their own expense, what they pay such enormous sums to the officials to do for them. One of the great evils that lies at the root of the disgraceful pauperism of England is that private charity is always doing, and doing imperfectly, what Government ought to do completely.





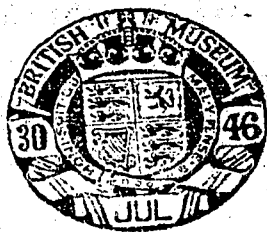


“OUT, DAMNED SPOT!”

(MACBETH, Act V., Scene i.)

TOMAHAWK (*to* INDUSTRIA, *the Spirit of Improvement*).—You have conjured up a beautiful city; but look at that ugly impeding Poultry; why cumbereth it the ground?





## REFORM IN OLYMPUS.

## CHAPTER I.—IN WHICH JUPITER RESOLVES TO RESIGN.

IT was after dinner, and Jupiter was sitting in Juno's boudoir,—a room which she used very often, but which her divine husband rarely honoured with his presence,—sipping his coffee and smoking. It was against rules, but then he was a god.

Mercury was playing Bezique with the Queen of Heaven. The King was reading his letters and telegraphic despatches, which Mercury had just brought in his natty little courier's bag.

Evidently the letters were, like most letters, unpleasant.

"It's all very well to call this Heaven," exclaimed the ruffled divinity, in a sulky voice; "but it never can be that while you are here, Master Mercury."

The Olympian Commissionaire looked up from his game. "Why, my gracious liege, I thought I had helped sometimes to minister to your Majesty's pleasures."

This was downright cruel, considering Juno was there. Jove saw what the patron of commerce and thieves meant; but he dared not resent the sarcasm.

"You are the greatest plague I have, not excepting even—"

"Me, I suppose," put in his handsome spouse.

"My dear, no such rudeness trembled on the tip of my tongue. My unlawful, not my lawful, loves cost me the most trouble; but, as I was going to say, Mercury, the only proper place for you is inside a barometer, there your lively disposition finds proper restraint."

"I am always ready, Sire, to give up my liberty for the privilege of being the only true prophet attached to your omniscient establishment."

"You're an impudent scamp," rejoined the offended Thunderer. "Hold your tongue!"

"Certainly, your Majesty; faithful to the laws of Court etiquette, I never speak except when I am spoken to."

Juno pressed his foot under the table, to show how she appreciated the joke—Jove went on grumbling.

"My idea of Heaven is a place where there is no post or telegraph."

"And no marriage, Sir, you would like to add, if you dared."

"My dear, you are quite wrong. I resemble our esteemed friend in—the other place, Henry the Eighth of England, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c. I have a passion for marrying."

"I regret that I have been the victim of that passion." This time she stamped her foot so hard that she really hurt Mercury's corns very much.

"You forget, divine Madam, that my feet are, like my heart, tender," he whispered.

"Yes, and for the same reason, because both have done so much travelling."

This was arch, and she accompanied it with such a look out of her great eyes that the wings on Mercury's feet trembled with passion.

Meantime, Jupiter had gone on reading his letters and despatches.

"I'll be — Pluto, if I stand it any longer," he shouted, as he dashed his foot on the table, upsetting the coffee all over the blue and silver tablecloth.

"My dear, what's the matter?" cried Juno, withdrawing her face from Mercury's, which she had been examining rather closely—only to see if his corns really were so painful.

The Thunderer was pacing up and down the small room with a step which made the whole house shake.

He weighed nineteen stone; and every step was a thunder-clap.

"My pet," said Juno, throwing her magnificent arm round his neck. She always called him 'pet' when he was out of temper.

Mercury squeezed her vacant hand—just to give her a little confidence.

"I will *not* stand it any longer. It's getting positively unbearable."

"What is it, my love?" She thought he had had another letter from Danae, asking for some more money.

"I know it's *very* provoking, darling, especially just now when we have got so many dinner parties to give; and your trip to Paphos must have cost something, though I know it did you *so much good*; and then that new thunder-machine, I daresay it will be cheaper in the end, but it's a great deal of money; and my crown is really very old fashioned. Tell her, dear, that you positively can't spare any money at present."

"What the Tartarus are you talking about? It's no money matter that bothers me. You ought to know by this time that I *never* pay my debts—my person is sacred—they can't make me a bankrupt."

"But they could put in an execution, could not they?"

"I should like to see the Sheriff's officer that would live in this atmosphere."

"Well, it is rather high up; but you know, my dear, executions have been served on Kings before now."

"Juno, I'm ashamed of you. You seem to forget I am immortal!"

"You think so; but Mercury tells me—"

"What does that vagrant rascal say?"

"Why, he says nothing himself; but he tells me there is a mortal, called Doctor Cumming, who says—"

"I know the fellow—I've cut him—I've sworn I'll never see him again ever since he took me in so about dear little Semele, telling me there was not the slightest danger."

"He had his reasons for that," replied Juno with great unction; "however, he says that, with your constitution, you cannot last more than five years, and many mortals believe him."

"Then why the Styx can't they let me alone for the five years I have to live, instead of pestering me with their perpetual complaints?"

Mercury here interposed, "The fact is, Sire, they *will* talk about Saturn."

"That's like their beastly ingratitude. When that respectable old God was in power, all the intellectual young men were crying out for Reform, for Progress, for Enlightenment! I put myself at the head of the movement. I banished Saturn; but only when I found that he would not fall into my views. And now, after doing all this, after putting an end to the old *régime*, instead of gratitude, I find nothing but constant grumblings and growlings, seditious rumours and treasonous cries. I'm getting quite tired of it."

"I told you that for every Titan you destroyed you would create fifty. Ah! they were such fine handsome men! but you never listen to me."

"Why should I? Your prophecies and warnings always come after the event. Besides, don't I know everything?"

"I suppose you do; but are you any the wiser for it?"

"I wish you goddesses would not interfere with affairs of State. The next thing will be, I shall be sent to earth by you and that old frump Minerva."

"Well, you have generally managed to enjoy yourself pretty well on earth—that would not be much punishment. We should imprison you here if we wanted to punish you."

Mercury laughed.

"Laugh away, you goose-footed courier! I can tell you, Madam, I mean to enjoy myself where I can be free from the constant grumblings and importunities of those mortals. As for you Olympian folk, you may all go to Pluto, or anywhere else, so long as you don't bother me."

"We shall not intrude on your solitude; so comfort yourself on that point, my Thundering Husband. You will make a very interesting hermit; and in retirement you will have leisure to repent of your peccadilloes."

"Peccadilloes, Madam! What do you mean?"

"Perhaps it is *rather* a mild word to use."

"Your insolence, Madam, passes all bounds—to talk of the King of Heaven and peccadilloes in the same breath! Don't you know that mortals have a monopoly of sin?"

"That might have been so a long time ago. But, remember, now you have established free trade."

"Mercury, leave the room," shouted Jove, now half mad with passion; "this conversation is not fit for your ears."

"Mercury, stay here," said Juno, with most dignified and aggravating composure; "I may want a witness."

Mercury had just begun to fly, and he stood poised in the air. The situation was so puzzling he nearly broke one of his wings in his confusion. But he obeyed the lady.

"If I wanted anything to decide me this would do it. I resign my throne, to-morrow, in favour of—"

"Me, dear?" whispered the smiling Queen.

"Not of you, nor of any immortal. I am omnipotent, and you are not; so I will first depose all of you, and then depose myself. The mortals can then carry on the world as they like. I shall receive a deputation from the committee of the 'Heaven and Earth Reform Association' to-morrow, and to them I shall delegate my royal authority."



Not all the thunderclaps that Jove had ever given could have startled his spouse as this announcement did.

She tried to speak, but fainted in the arms of Mercury.

Jove chuckled with malignant satisfaction, while Mercury was too much occupied even to think of the lovely burden which he now held.

"How lucky," he reflected, "that I have feathered my nest!"

(To be continued.)

### DINNERS AND DINNERS.

THIS is a week of feasting. The newspapers are full of descriptions of the banquets which are part and parcel of the ceremony attending the accession to office of a new Lord Mayor. It is generally the custom, we believe, for the leading papers to publish the bill of fare of the Guildhall dinner of the 9th of November, in extenso. We see no reason that the time-honoured custom should be departed from, but in our case, owing to some unaccountable carelessness on the part of the civil authorities, as we have not received our copy of the menu for Lord Mayor's Day, we cannot gratify our readers by presenting it to them. Happily, however, the feast at Guildhall is not the only gathering within the City of London which calls for notice; so, in the absence of the more important document, we append the following bill of fare of a dinner given by one of the leading shipwrights at the East end, who, having no occupation at present, is able to give his whole attention to the entertainment of his family:—

*Limehouse, 9th November, 1869.*

#### MENU FOR TEN PERSONS.\*

Potage.  
*A l'eau.*  
 Poisson.  
*Red Herring.*  
 Entrées.  
*The Wolf.*  
*The Broker.*  
 Roti.  
*Very dry bread (half a loaf).*  
 Sweets.  
*Twopenn'orth of gin.*  
 Dessert.  
*Mendions.*

Here is another bill of fare, equally interesting, for the same date:—

*Newgate, 9th November, 1869.*

#### MENU FOR 239 PERSONS.

Potage.  
*Bouillon.*  
 Roti.  
*Mutton.*  
 Legumes.  
*\* Potatoes.*  
 Sweets.  
*Rice pudding.*

Of course this latter dinner is less pretentious than the Limehouse feast, but for our part, not being epicures, we prefer it, especially as we think it our duty to set our face against gormandism whenever we come across it; and we hear, on good authority, that such meals as the first described are partaken of daily by thousands of the inhabitants of the East End of London. As luxurious extravagance amongst the lower classes should be discouraged as much as possible, we recommend the question to the serious consideration of the new Lord Mayor.

### FALSTAFF OUT OF PLACE.

WE read that the lessee of the Exeter Theatre, last week, applied to the city magistrates to prohibit the appearance of Mr. Mark Lemon as *Falstaff* in a building not licensed for dramatic representations. The Bench stated, through their clerk, that they could not issue an injunction to Mr. Lemon,

\* Two adults and eight children.

but his entertainment would unquestionably be illegal, and they advised the lessee of the theatre to give him notice that he would be prosecuted after his first appearance. We do not know how far Mr. Lemon, legally speaking, may have put himself in the wrong, but we quite sympathize with him in wishing to avoid theatrical associations. The fact is, Mr. Lemon has got out of his element, and in his desire to assimilate a high literary position with the vocation of a strolling player, is drifting into trouble. He has taken to the stage too late in life to adopt it as a profession, and as an amateur he has no business to interfere with the legitimate drama. At the same time, we think that the Exeter manager and the bench of magistrates might have had the good taste to have stood aloof, and allowed Mr. Lemon to choose his own ground for exhibiting himself.

### DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM.

THEATRICAL advertisements have of late years become offensively silly in their construction; but it is not often that such a production as the following announcement regarding Astley's Theatre is allowed to creep its way into print:—

**A**STLEY'S THEATRE.—Mr. E. T. Smith has succeeded for the management in engaging Mdlle. LILLIAN, who will appear on MONDAY, in the favourite Drama of MAZEPPA, with new scenery, dresses, and appointments. There is great curiosity to see this lady in the part, so ably sustained by the late Miss Menken, Astley's great favourite; report states that she is much like Menken in person and acting. This lady, unlike the men that have allowed a dummy to ascend the fearful precipice, will do it herself, and fight her combats. The press, in speaking of the lady's performance, alludes to the grace with which she enacted the part, and the daring on the infuriated steed in his wild career up precipices which appeared impassable.

What can be in more mercilessly bad taste than the allusion to poor Adah Menken? It may be remembered how, a year or two back, her death created almost a painful sensation, and how her apologists pleaded for respect for her memory. It is therefore wantonly inconsiderate of the managers of Astley's Theatre to drag up her name only for the purpose of reminding the public of her Mazeppa performances. It was never pretended that there was anything in Miss Menken's Mazeppa to admire, although it was something "to go and see;" and the public would willingly forget all about her. Now, however, Madlle. Lillian seems determined to assume the dead woman's mantle, —little enough, perhaps, but what there is should be let alone.

### A NEW DRAMATIST.

NEW dramas are plentiful, but not new dramatists. Boucicault, Burnand, Byron, and Robertson meet one at every turn, and one gets tired even of these protean geniuses. Mr. Wybert Reeve, a gentleman by birth and education, who has been managing the theatre at Scarborough for some time, is now playing in a drama, of which he is the author, at the Charing Cross Theatre. *Won at Last* is not a good play, but it is better than many we have seen lately. The dialogue is fresh, but not quite pointed enough; it savours more of Yorkshire bluntness. Mr. Reeve looks, what very few actors succeed in looking on the stage, a thorough gentleman. His voice is naturally very pleasant; but he mars its charm by tricks of stagy elocution, which he should unlearn. He shows that he wishes to be natural, and can be so sometimes; he should be so always.

A certain Mr. Beckett did all he could to secure the failure of the piece. Not content with being imperfect in his part, he had not even the sense to take up the prompt, but let the actress who was on the stage with him run to the prompter and bring back the words. The Press has been rather severe on Mr. Wybert Reeve, for he is a stranger to London, and not connected in any way with that constellation of literary and artistic luminaries which sheds its brightness over those semi-pothouses dignified with the name of Clubs. We are glad to see that critics are beginning to criticise according to their own judgment, and not as their worthy employers dictate to them. But we should like to see their terrible weapons turned against old offenders, and not sharpened against those only who have no clique to extol them, and no fellow-tipplers to anoint them with immortality.