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THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 148.]

LONDON, MARCH 5, 1870.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE SCANDAL OF THE DAY.

WE have really the best reasons for being proud of our country. We are so charmingly ingenuous, so delightfully *naïve*. When we have to wash our dirty linen, we call in our friends, and enemies, and neighbours, and the ceremony commences. There is no deception, no disguise—all is open, and straight-forward, and decent—particularly decent!

Perhaps never was there a case which so fully and so delightfully brought out our national characteristics than the Mordaunt trial. Proud may we be of the actors in that legal drama, or rather farce, from the Judge on the bench to the fashionable young maiden of sweet sixteen in the gallery. We do trust that the report of the case will appear in the foreign papers, so that our neighbours may learn how courteous are our judges, and how curious are our dames. Without entering into the merits of the suit, we will award that meed of praise which is due to those who took part in the matter.

First, then, who will not praise Judge Penzance? A rumour having reached his Lordship that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had been subpoenaed as a witness, he hurried to show that respect which Royalty demands. He was willing, nay, frantically anxious to place his private room at the command of His Royal Highness; he was desirous, nay fearfully eager to open the Court at a time calculated to suit His Royal Highness's convenience. We can picture to ourselves the worthy Judge considering the hour that would be devoted to the Royal breakfast, the Most Gracious Cigar, the Matutinal Siesta, we can imagine how the good and learned man, with smiling lips and beaming eyes, thought the matter over, and gloated,—respectfully gloated at the notion of entertaining the Heir Apparent—in the witness box! For a moment his Lordship's hopes were dashed to the ground by the news that the Prince of Wales did *not* intend to appear in Court. We can conjure up the vision of Lord Penzance's dream 'ere learning the unwelcome intelligence. Doubtless, the Judge taxed his brain to please His Royal Highness. Probably, his Lordship decided upon "doing up" his room in a tasty manner in honour of his august visitor. The walls were bare—they must be covered with white muslin, decked at intervals with artificial flowers; the place was plainly furnished—it must be fitted up with a gorgeous cabinet, and a "true" billiard table! Possibly, the good Judge arranged a little speech of welcome, something to this effect—"May it please your Royal Highness, my 'little all' is heartily at your service. Your Royal Highness will find that piano (constructed of ivory and sandal wood) in

good tune, there are a number of songs printed on satin in the corner. You will find 'All among the Hay, boys' particularly effective. If your Royal Highness will condescend to hum it over I will join in the chorus. Then to the right there, on a golden easel, is a canvass. If your Royal Highness is fond of painting you will find brushes and pigments. If your Royal Highness likes landscape sketching see over yonder, through that window, a charming view of London chimney-pots—if, on the other hand, your Royal Highness prefers portrait painting, I am sure I shall be delighted to sit to your Royal Highness. Those cigars are of a very fair brand, and I think you will like this champagne. Pray don't spare the *paté de foie gras*. When your Royal Highness is required in the Court I will send word, and now, if your Royal Highness will permit me, I will return to my duties. *Adieu*, or rather, *au revoir*." We say that the good judge possibly composed this little speech for the benefit of the august witness. When the Prince did come we are bound to say that he was treated in Court with perfect impartiality, as the *Daily Telegraph* has with delight, not unmingled with awe, most wonderfully discovered. And here we may say H.R.H. gave his evidence with perfect ingenuousness, and cleared himself (on oath) from every imputation cast upon him. We trust that Lord Penzance treated H.R.H. with that profound, that excited, that enthusiastic respect that seemed to be shadowed forth by his Lordship's offer of his private room. Years ago we had an uncouth fellow on the bench who knew no difference between rich and poor, prince and peasant, his name was Gascoyne, and he lived in the reign of Henry IV. This silly uncourteous man had once to do with the Prince of Wales of *his* period, and instead of making pretty little speeches about H.R.H., and perhaps even letting, or getting the Usher to let off, a few squibs in H.R.H.'s honour, treated the Heir Apparent as our Lord Penzance would have treated John Smith, or Henry Brown! This rude bore never said anything about private rooms, or arranging the time of the Court to suit H.R.H.'s convenience. Certainly there was this difference, that the H.R.H. of *his* period was something of a "man about town," whereas the H.R.H. of ours is noted for his many domestic virtues, and his generous heart. We cannot consequently take adieu of the Mordaunt case without awarding our warmest praise to Lord Penzance. That judge who has taught us how enthusiastic respect can be blended with justice, how a great and important trial may be made to suit the convenience of a Prince's breakfast, an Heir Apparent's cigar!

And now we come to a subject even more charming than our

Judge's enthusiastic respect. Those who have read the loathsome details of the Mordaunt Divorce case will scarcely believe that there are ladies in London so pure, so modest, that they actually put in an appearance in a crowded Hall of Justice. We call them pure and modest, because no lady whose mind was not above understanding the filth poured unctuously into the well of the Court would have been present at such a scene. We are bound (for we learn that the ladies in question belong to the aristocracy) to take it for granted that they are as white as driven snow—as virtuous as angels. But, pshaw! the irony is distasteful to us, and we must speak out.

Whatever may be thought of the enthusiastic respect of Lord Penzance—who is one of the best of our lawyers, and the fairest of our judges—there can be no two opinions about the conduct of those brazen hussies who thronged the Divorce Court on the occasion of the Mordaunt Trial. When the Argyll Rooms, Cremorne, and the Haymarket are open to them, they have no right to intrude their loathsome presence upon our Halls of Justice. If the adultery they practise at home is not sufficient, let them promenade the streets while their husbands are away at the “House,” or in the country. But for Heaven's sake, let them keep their berouged cheeks and dyed hair from the Courts of Law. It is a dreadful disgrace to find their names figuring in the pages of the “Court Guide” and the “Peerage”—it is an intolerable nuisance to discover their brazen painted faces leering and gloating in Westminster Hall! Hide your sin, Jezebel!

CRIMEAN IMPROVEMENTS.

WHAT is the use of Treaties? If our memory does not betray us, we are under the impression that amongst the terms for peace at the conclusion of the Russian war it was expressly stipulated that Sebastopol should not again be fortified; but the *Eastern Budget* proclaims that the whole of the works have now been completely restored, and that the Redan and Malakoff are in the most satisfactory working order. We do not pretend to say that we think this refortification of any vast importance, for there is no immediate fear of another Russian war, and even if there were, it would probably be deemed advisable in another invasion to try a fresh place, and leave Sebastopol to its own devices; but, nevertheless, a bargain is a bargain, and should be adhered to. At all events, as the new Russian scrip is still at a good premium in England, we suppose that the two countries understand one another.

CLERKDOM AT A DISCOUNT.

If we may believe the *Pall Mall Gazette*,—and why should we not?—the Foreign Office Agencies are not only to be forthwith abolished, but those who perform the duties and pocket the emoluments are to receive no compensation whatever. We trust that our contemporary's statement may turn out to be well founded, for, of course, this is the only reasonable and proper termination of the Agency Scandal. We feared at one time, though, that the influence brought to bear on the Government by Foreign Office clerks would result in securing a compromise. As a matter of strict justice, it is scarcely necessary to point out that the fact of certain persons having carried on an illicit trade successfully for a period of years, gives them no title to compensation when their malpractices are at last recognised and brought home to them. Indeed, the Foreign Office Agents should consider themselves fortunate that they are not being called upon to relinquish the money they have improperly received. For ourselves, we have no wish to force matters to this stage; but we do trust that it is true that all idea of compensation has been definitely abandoned. Compensation for what? Not for services rendered to the State. By the way, this reminds us to inquire how far their agency business has interfered with the performance of departmental duty by the Foreign Office clerks. Let us hope that now these excellent gentlemen will be able to give their full attention and intelligence to despatch copying and such-like intellectual pastimes.

THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[CONTINUED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

MARSEILLES, Feb. 23, 1870.

As I closed my last, you may remember I was about to ascend the ladder with the Indian chief round my waist, under my great coat, and I think I told you I was beginning to attract attention. It was a great pity I tried the thing at all. I might have seen there would be great difficulty about it, and that even on one of the penny steamboat piers in London there would have been obvious hazard. The result was what might have been expected. On the humorous remark we had settled on “*tiens, qu'il est grosse, ce Mounsier la! mais voyez vous c'est le sea air*” being made, the French official, with a rolling oath, made a dash at my legs, below the knee. It appears that the chief had kept, as they say of a boat's crew, “pretty well together” till I reached the top step, when he suddenly detected a little gold lace on the bottom of the official's trowsers. As in the year '67 he sold five wives, two billion acres of arable land, all his children, a gold mine, and his right to the throne to an American speculator for a quarter of a yard of this material, the sight of it, unexpectedly, was too much for him. He immediately put his head out. The fact is I had begun to fear something of the sort *before* I mounted the ladder, for I noticed a kind of discordant rumble, which I knew was the refrain to the celebrated hymn to the great African god, Jow. As the *Pokyars* only sing this when at lunch with a life guardsman, or in great trouble, I felt assured he was not at all comfortable. Indeed, some people near me evidently noticed the noise which I tried to laugh off, with allusions to not having yet lost my sea legs, and something rather more vague about the sound of the engine in one's ears. However, the moment the chief's head was seized by the *Douanier*, a very awkward scene followed. Of course he left me with a tremendous yell and leap, clearing twenty-nine hotel touters, who followed him hotly with shouts of “*Spiks Anglishe—yes Sarr—*” to which he paid but indifferent attention. I tried to look as if there was nothing odd in the proceeding, and attempted a joke with the ticket collector, who only shook his head with a remark about “*gentlemen* ought to leave such larks as them behind them in the Indies.” He also wanted to know how he was to get the “other gent's” ticket. The French officials took a much more serious view of the matter, associating the act, I admit, now I come to look at it, not unreasonably with an attempt to introduce Spanish republicans into France. I was arrested on the spot, and all my papers, consisting of a valentine, a recipe for an Egyptian pudding, a threatening letter from my tailor's solicitors, and a little work on the management of boa constrictors, were seized then and there, and I was marched off, which made the thing far more serious, surrounded by troops, and in the midst of a furious but sympathetic mob, singing the “*Marseillaise*.”

Since I jotted down the above I have been through a sea of troubles, having had a narrow escape of a long imprisonment. I found it very difficult to give any rational explanation of my attempt to smuggle the chief on shore, and the *Commissaire* of police refused to let me go till he had telegraphed the whole affair to Paris, and received instructions. What has become of the other eleven I haven't the faintest idea; and I have just heard that the chief, after running all over *Marseilles* at full speed, with the touters and a mob at his heels, finally, giving a terrific war-whoop, dashed through the window of a fashionable pastry-cook's, and was last seen on the Boulevards, covered with whipped cream, and wearing an ice-pail as a hat. But my own proceedings on this eventful morning may interest you. I subjoin my notes, as they stand:—

10 a.m.

Just brought before the *Commissaire*. After a good deal of preliminary unpleasantness, such as having my boots taken off and examined, and my coat and waistcoat given up to the detective department, and their place supplied by an old light blue silk dressing-gown, it has been ultimately settled that my examination shall be proceeded with at once. The *Commissaire* insists on questioning me in English, and as I am sure he is but an indifferent English scholar, I am sure it will be wiser in me, unless I wish seriously to jeopardise my interests, to reply in French.

11.30 a.m.

I have been called, and the examination is over. The following is a correct account of the *Commissaire's* questions and my answers. I don't know his decision yet, but I think it must be all right.

COM.—Well, Saar, you Anglische, is it not?

ME.—Oui, votre worship.

COM.—I spiks Anglische one leetle, leetle bit! O yes, 'ow is your i?

ME.—Merci, Mossoo, joli bieng!

COM.—Dam.

ME.—Je suis du même opinion. Vous êtes un autre, comme nous disons en Whitechapel!

COM.—Var good! Thanks you, Saar! *Mais*, 'ow that flesh gentlemen 'angs on to your leetle coat! 'Ow is that?

ME.—Well, Moosso, je means, votre worship.—Well c'était comme ceci. J'ai en un amis sur le paquebot qui avait achetez un douzaine de gentils hommes sauvage, pour un entertainment que nous allons donner à Londres peut être au Gallery d'illustration (vous savez), et non desirant de payer le duty sur le lot, mon amis a proposé a moi de smuggler M. le chef au de sus de mon habit de voyage. C'était une petite rusé.

COM.—O yes!

ME.—Quand nous avons ascendé le ladder jusqu'au dernier stick, le Mounsier qui demand—

COM.—Les teekets! Oh yes—I knows, I can say teekets, furs-classe, thir-classe. Red-cele—'oorah—Portaires; cabsmen! Sandweech! (*a laugh*).

ME.—Oui, vous parlez stunning! Well, where was? Ah—when nous avons come to that point le chef a venu undone, et a jumpé like mad. Je suis bien fâché votre worship. Ce la shall not occurer again!

COM.—Saar, I do hear your temoinage. It is forgiven. You will go prison nine year, or pay two franc. 'Oorah!

ME.—Thank you, your worship.

I was then set at liberty; still, however, in my blue silk dressing gown, which was a great nuisance, as some of the hotels would not take me in. However, here I am at last getting comfortable, and in the midst of civilization.

I open this to say the Chief has been brought here after me, and the police insist that as I landed him, I shall look after him! I have had to take a room for him on the top story, and he is now having breakfast on a live turkey and salad oil. If I can quiet him down by five, he is to dine at the *table d'hôte*. The landlord takes to it, and thinks it will be a good advertisement for him. I am to say he is a foreign prince going to Oxford to finish his education. I shall be very glad when dinner is over!

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES A LA MODE.

THE officers of Her Majesty's ship, *Monarch*, are being *fêted* in America. A telegram states that a ball was given to them last week at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, which was largely attended by the American Naval officers and Government officials, and that dancing was kept up till daylight. While we do not wish to grudge the officers of the *Monarch* any decent amusement, when we remember the mission on which the vessel has been employed we think that balls and festivities are entirely out of place. It is not often that a British Man-of-War acts as a hearse for the conveyance of the corpse of a private gentleman home to his native land, and this fact alone, if the memory of Mr. Peabody was not sufficient to command a decent bearing, should have prevented Captain Gommerel from merry-making while yet employed upon a sad and mournful duty. In ordinary funerals it is a tradition that the hired mutes pass the evening at the public house; but, until now, the introduction of dancing on such occasions has not been tolerated in civilized land. We suppose our American cousins are getting above common-place prejudices—at all events, they seem to have lost their sense of incongruity.

"KI-KI-KI-NO!"—Our friend De Lacy the other day, having to order mourning for the funeral of his Uncle, from whom he had great expectations, declared that is motto should be "Kith and Kin-o." Did he mean by the last word the world-famed Cornhill tailor, who spends nights in making West-End mourning and mornings in clothing (city) Knights?

A LOSS OF LAW!

OUR readers will be glad to learn that in future all names will be suppressed in the law-courts. Acting upon a precedent given in the case of *Mordaunt v. Mordaunt*, Cole, and Johnstone, we beg to supply the report of a cause that will be tried in the future:—

COURT OF ———.

(Before MR. JUSTICE * * * and a ——— JURY).

——— v. * * * and Another.

This was a case of ———, which caused much interest in the Court. The proceedings were of course conducted with the greatest delicacy and secrecy.

Mr. Serjeant ——— and Mr. ———, Q.C., appeared for * * *; Messrs. R. C. ——— and Douglas ——— for the

The first witness called was * * *, who said that she or he? was a ——— by profession, and lived at ———, on the 4th of ———, the ———, came to ———, and when asked ———, replied ———. The witness then deposed to the other facts of the case.

The judge having summed up, the jury returned a verdict of

A WORD WITH SOME WISEACRES.

AMONGST facts not generally known, the announcement that an International Exhibition is to be held in London in 1871, should be inserted. More than this, not only is an Exhibition to be held in 1871, but in 1872, 1873, 1874, and, in fact, we are to have International Exhibitions annually until further notice. The mysterious individuals who have made the arrangements, and who, up to the present time, have succeeded in keeping their scheme a profound secret, are no less a body than the Royal Commissioners of 1851, who, having some money on their hands to get rid of, have entered into an arrangement with the Royal Horticultural Society with presumably this one object in view. Already the Horticultural Gardens are in a state of partial annihilation. The arcades have been pulled down, piles of bricks and cement have taken possession of the flower beds, and confusion reigns supreme. It seems that the idea is that the permanent exhibition buildings shall extend the length of either side of the gardens behind the old arcades, the buildings themselves being divided from the road by a terrace of houses, for private occupation. Added to this, a new conservatory is to be built on the summit of the circular arcades at the top of the gardens, which will connect the Exhibition with the Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences, which the Royal Commissioners in their report vaguely suggest may come in useful, in some way or other, but how they do not hint. Now all this points to a gross and enormous failure. International Exhibitions, if anything is to be exhibited in them, above all things want advertising, and putting the propriety of the present scheme out of the question, the Commissioners are lamentably neglecting this most important consideration. We suppose running up a few hundred yards of public buildings is "good for trade" when money is forthcoming to meet the cost, and moreover the funds in the possession of the Royal Commissioners have been so persistently dwindling away in renewed efforts to memorialize the memory of the late Prince Consort that perhaps it is as well before all the balance in hand has been disposed of in that service, that some more original use should be made of it, but beyond this we think that the Commissioners might as well build a theatre, discover a diamond mine, or adopt any other reasonably certain method of ridding themselves of their capital, as invest in an International Exhibition. At the best, such shows are out of date, and will scarcely bear repetition even at intervals of a dozen years, so what can be the fate of an Exhibition which recurs like the Whitebait season, or Ascot races. It is fortunate the Bankruptcy Court has been reconstituted with a view to getting through its business, for, from 1871 upwards, if our forebodings prove correct, it will have enough to do.

"JUST CAUGHT!"—What is the difference between the Old Bailey and Mr. Yates' new paper?—One is the Circular Court the other the *Court Circular*!

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LONDON, MARCH 5, 1870.

THE WEEK.

DEPTFORD DOCKYARD has been sold at last at, we believe, a reduced price. We are told that Mr. Childers strenuously denies the rumour that the place is haunted by the ghosts of starved artizans.

THERE have been lately a few more spots visible in the sun. One of them, we are told, was 1,458 millions of square miles big, and the others were somewhat larger. These are grand figures. What a pity they mean so little.

SMALL-POX, we are sorry to hear, has broken out on board the *Britannia*, the Naval Cadets' training ship, at Dartmouth, but we are assured that the authorities have "taken steps" to check the disease. By this, we suppose that the Captain has reported to the Admiral, who has reported to the Admiralty, who have communicated with the Medical Department with a view to the facts being inquired into. In the meantime, in the absence of any scheme for general vaccination, would it not be wise to send the cadets, who have as yet escaped the disease, to their friends, or is this another scheme for the reduction of the Navy?

A STRIKING IDEA.

THE editors of the Vienna newspapers have hit upon a scheme which really might be advantageously adopted in London. It appears that the Vienna compositors have recently struck work for an advance of wages, and the editors, with a view to allowing the strike to run its course, have entered into a contract with each other so as to get the greater portion of the contents of their journals set up for common use. The example is at least worthy of consideration. Two-thirds of the columns in our morning papers contain the same identical matter, and it would certainly be a vast saving of money if the same type were used for one and all of our daily contemporaries, especially in law reports and contributions of that description. What a saving of time, to say nothing of morals, would it not have been, if only one set of compositors, instead of half-a-dozen, had been employed in printing the Mordaunt case. It is the old story, necessity is the mother of invention. Let us hope, as an exception to the rule, it may be profited by.

WELL MINT, NO DOUBT.

MR. LOWE'S Bill for the reorganization of the Mint constitutes himself its Master, and all duties must be transacted "before him or his sufficient deputy." This sentence is a little vague ; but the speciality of the new Act is that it repeals several Acts of Charles the Second, Anne and William the Third, and *partially* repeals an Act of Henry the Sixth. What the unrepealed portion of this last statute may be we cannot guess ; but it cannot have any very practical connexion with the present establishment on Tower hill. While the Chancellor of the Exchequer was employed in his work of reorganization, it would have surely been more satisfactory if the new Act for the Mint had been made complete and comprehensive in itself without being jumbled together with the ordinances of the Plantagenets. We should have expected something more practical from the present Chancellor of the Exchequer than this. But, after all, Ministers at their best are but men.

THE LATEST FASHION.

THE upper ten thousand last week completely appropriated the law courts. While the Mordaunt case was occupying Lord Penzance in the Divorce Court, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset were eating humble pie at the suit of Dr. Williams, in the Court of Exchequer. Added to this, Mr. Hamilton Eden was very properly being mulcted in £200 damages, in an action of seduction, in the Court of Queen's Bench ; and at Judges' Chambers, Thursday last was devoted to the Duke of Newcastle's business, the names of Mr. Gladstone and Lord de Talbey being pleasantly associated with that of Mr. Padwick. If this sort of thing is kept up, the law courts will become quite a fashionable resort in the afternoon as the season progresses. Rotten row had better resign its name in favour of Westminster Hall, without any change of spelling, except the addition of an *s* to *row*. The title as signifying unseemly brawls will be particularly appropriate.

IN THE SMOKING ROOM.

Present :—BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON.

Time :—The hour of coffee and cigars.

SCENE :—As usual, a mixture of "*Globe*," smoke, and conversation.

BROWN.—Not much in the paper to-night?

JONES.—No, not much. Now that the Mordaunt case is over there is nothing to talk about.

ROBINSON.—Quite so—nothing. By-the-bye, did you hear the story about S——'s last canvas at Shrewsbury?

JONES.—No, what was that?

ROBINSON.—Oh, he only got one vote, and if he had got in with it they say he would have been *turned out for bribery*!

JONES.—Not a bad idea that. *Apropos de rien*, what are they doing at the theatres?

ROBINSON.—Nothing. Byron is a "go" at the Adelphi, but as for the *Nightingale*—good heavens! you should see it! You would *roar*!

JONES.—What is it like?

ROBINSON.—Something between "*Box and Cox*" and the "*Battle of Waterlow*."

JONES.—Funny then?

ROBINSON.—Very. By the bye, I dropped in at the Alfred the other night. Not bad by any means. The only fault in the place is the audience.

JONES.—What's the matter with *them*?

ROBINSON.—Oh, only a little eccentric. The kind of people who would call upon the Ghost in *Hamlet* for a hornpipe, and like "blue fire" in their farces!

JONES.—Why you're positively waggish to-night!

ROBINSON.—Then let us go and see some waggery.

—Where?

ROBINSON.—At the St. James's. The Dutchman's Wee is excellent. In fact the whole thing is capital.

JONES.—All right. It's only over the way.

(*Exeunt into the Hall. After this a grand procession of Ulster coats and cigarettes.*)



THE TOMAHAWK, March 5th, 1870.



WASHING DIRTY LINEN!

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WASHING DIRTY LINEN!

[SEE THE SCANDAL OF THE DA

"PINNOCK."—A TRAGEDY!

ENCOURAGED by the success of *'Twixt Axe and Crown*, Mr. Tom Taylor is about to produce another historical drama, furnished by the events of the reign of William III. We have reasons for believing that it will be found to resemble the following, which, it will be noticed, is strictly derived from the annals of our native land. The dramatist has to mingle with his work, as an historian, a story partaking of romance. How well Mr. Tom Taylor has contrived to combine the two will be seen by the rough sketch of the first act, which we now proceed to give:—

Pickaxe the Crown!

OR,

THE KING WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.—*Fleet street in the Olden Time.—Temple Bar by Moonlight, &c., &c.—Enter the YOUNG PRETENDER and his sister, QUEEN MARY.*

MARY.—My brother, what doest thou so late?

PRETENDER.—By my halidame, my sister Moll!

Give me a kiss, Moll—I say, a kiss.

MARY.—Thou were ever a madcap, Jim. (*They embrace.*)

PRETENDER.—But what doest thou so late, my lass,
Hast heard the bells of Bow peel out,
Like kettled tin, their joyous songs of dawn,
Telling how the sun like a ruby god is pressing
To the day?

MARY.—Thou wouldst say that it is late—as late
As one in the morning?

PRETENDER.—Ah, that I would;
But tell me, dear Siss, what is the news—
Thou knowest I've not seen the shores
Of bounteous Albion for many a day.

MARY.—Ah, dear Jim, a sorry tale, indeed!
Our father has been outward turned like a distasteful dog
From off his throne. His grey hairs have fallen
Like flakes of scanty snow to the cruel ground.
His throne usurped.

PRETENDER.—By whom?

MARY.—A vile usurper,
Who to call a man would be a deed of flattery—
Flattery most foul and fulsome.

PRETENDER.—His name?

MARY.—My husband.
Who with I (for I love him dearly)
Have offered for your head a thousand pounds.
(*Smiling.*) A large sum for so small a treasure.

PRETENDER.—Sister, you do but jest?

MARY.—Thou art deceived as my frequent cries of "Police,"
Shall prove.

PRETENDER.—Then would you take my life?

MARY.—(*Smiling.*) That would I right merrily.

PRETENDER.—A merry jade!

MARY.—Thou would'st look so funny without that head of thine.
Thou wouldst not miss it, that would I be sworn!

PRETENDER.—A merry jade!

MARY.—Now, brother, I give thee warning,
I go for help! (*Exit, crying, "Police! police!"*)

PRETENDER.—A merry jade; but 'een she
The madcap will have my head.
It was not wise to dare so much;
Nor would I, had I loved not Jenny.
Jenny, sweet Jenny. See, here is the door,
And now the signal.

(*Knocks three times at a door in flat.*)

(*Enter JENNY.*)

JENNY.—My love, my dear, how sweet is it
To see thy face so beauteous and so fair.

PRETENDER.—Sweet maid, if England's crown
E'er decks my boyish brow, thou, and only thou,
Shall share the precious bauble. Art pleased?

JENNY.—Oh, am I not, sweet James! But now,
Hasten, like a ship full-sailed, away,
For see, on yonder dismal wall (*pointing to Temple Bar*),

A placard, offering a large reward for thy fair head.
'Tis not safe to remain—at least, not here.

PRETENDER.—Sad fate.—I fly.

(*Enter MARY and soldiers.*)

MARY.—Arrest the traitor. And, now,
With fearful speed, hurry him away
To my Tower of London, where let him be
Both hanged, and drawn, and quartered.

PRETENDER.—A merry jade!

TABLEAU.

SCENE II.—*First Grooves. The battle of the Boyne. (For incidents of this scene see Mrs. Markham's "History of England," page 432.)*

FROU-FROU.

As it is said that seven dramatic authors have "done" this celebrated piece into English, and that at least six theatres are going to produce it; though there is only one company in London that can cast it, and only two actresses capable of filling the leading part. It may interest our readers to know *what* it is all about, we therefore subjoin the materials of which it is composed:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BRIGARD (*a French papa of the degraded type*).

SARTORYS (*Le Mari*).

VALREAS (*indispensable in a French menage*).

FROU-FROU (*sauce piquante*).

GILBERTE (*goody-goody*).

LA BARONNE (*with much experience—French*).

&c., &c., &c.

ACT I.

VALREAS is after Frou-Frou, who is after no one in particular, but agrees to marry Sartorys, who, strange to say, is after her, but has Gilberte after him. Brigard and La Baronne naughty throughout.

ACT II.

FROU-FROU going it with Valreas, and, ignoring the arguments in favour of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, puts Gilberte in her place. Sartorys perfectly happy. La Baronne and Brigard as before, if possible, a little naughtier.

ACT III.

GILBERTE immensely jolly. Sartorys more perfectly happy. La Baronne as usual. Frou-Frou bolts.

ACT IV.

UNADAPTABLE.

ACT V.

EVERYBODY tolerably (resignedly) jolly. Frou-Frou expires.

It will be amusing to see what the adapters have done with the piece, especially with the 4th Act.

MONEY AND MONEY'S WORTH.

THE official *Giornale de Roma* is highly indignant at the scandal that has been set on foot to the effect that the Roman silver coinage is short weight and bad quality, and stigmatises the rumour as absolutely unworthy of credence by right-minded persons. Of course, while we should be glad to take the word of the *Giornale de Roma* for granted, under circumstances in general, it is a little hard to be condemned as "wrong-minded" because the money of France, Switzerland, and Italy on accepted analysis is better value than that of Rome, especially when the opinion is forced upon us by the countries in question refusing to accept the Pontifical coinage as a fair equivalent for their own. With every wish to be right-minded, we do not think we can manage the matter at an approximate loss of a couple of shillings in the pound,

SLOW AND SURE.

THE officers of the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers, or such of them as take an interest in their prospect of promotion, have been employing an actuary to report on their respective chances of obtaining their steps, and the result of this gentleman's calculation is not a little discouraging. While immediately the subalterns cannot look for promotion under 15 years' service, their position gradually must become worse and worse until, in 1899, the age of the senior subaltern (who entered at 18) will probably be 46 years and 4 months. We hear that there is a War Office committee or two sitting on this question; so, between this and 1899, there is just the possibility that something may be done for the unfortunates. Ensigns used to be called "Ancients." Now that the former rank is abolished, it would be appropriate to revive the title for old subalterns generally.

AN OLD WAY TO MAKE NEW DEBTS.

THE new Prefect of the Seine seems determined not to ignore the traditions of his office. Letters from Paris state that Baron Haussman's successor desires to borrow no less a sum than 250 millions of francs—ten millions sterling—to complete the Avenue Napoleon, and urges as an excuse for the loan, that the sudden cessation of employment has caused a great deal of distress amongst the working classes. This is the old, old story. The occupation of the masses is the only safeguard against political troubles, and it is the duty of the Prefect of the Seine to attend to this matter. But the present official would seem to be bent upon out-Haussmaning Haussman. After all this expense Paris should be a beautiful city indeed. Let us hope that its streets will never more be disfigured by barricades. In any case there is no immediate fear of such a *contretemps*, for it takes a long time to spend ten millions,—even in Paris.

TOO CIVIL BY HALF.

THE alarm which was occasioned a few weeks back by the rumour that all admissions to the Royal Academy at Woolwich were to be suspended, has at length been definitely set at rest by the official announcement that the usual examination will be held in July next, the only alteration in the arrangement being, that instead of, as heretofore, the examination being held at Chelsea, the competitors will be handed over to the tender mercies of the Civil Service Commissioners. While we are glad to hear that the appointments to Woolwich are not to be suspended—for such a course would have entailed gross injustice on the young men now cramming with the view of getting in—we cannot understand what has induced the authorities to alter the existing arrangement. What Civil Service examiners can know about gunnery, and other such military matters, we are at a loss to guess, and it would have surely been better, at all events, until the report of the Council of Military Education on this point has been considered, to have adhered to the old rules. But do not let us be presumptuous, for, of course, the War Office is incapable of making a mistake.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN FRANCE.

APROPOS of the nauseating adulation with which the English press has, almost without an exception, bespattered the recent blood-thirsty manifestos of French Radicalism, it is an act of pleasing justice to single out one paper that appears to us to be in many respects admirable. We allude to the *Cosmopolitan*. In an article in its last week's number it comments very sensibly and very ably on the disgusting ingratitude of the French Liberals, and plainly states the fact, which the vapouring Liberal journals over here are so slow to admit, that the liberty, at the present moment, enjoyed by the French press is greater than that accorded to our own. It has been the fashion on this side of the Channel to howl at the Emperor because he hesitated before granting to a set of desperados and cut-throats that license which may perhaps with safety be yielded to ordinary men. Now at last, under a specious clamour, he has yielded,

and the result shows clearly how wisely he judged the situation. France is at the present moment literally disgraced in the eyes of Europe by her radical press, and yet every day one has to read columns on columns of balderdash, written by Englishmen, in honour of principles which, if put into practice in their own country for half-an-hour, would turn them into rabid Tories, and send them, with arms in their hands, eager into the streets to shoot down such *canaille* by the score. When will this country be consistent? Liberalism is excellent in its way, but the gulf that divides an English Liberal from a French Radical is the chasm that separates constitutional pressure from assassination. We commend the particular article in the *Cosmopolitan* to all those who have any doubts on the subject. It categorically states what we have so often put forward in these pages, and we note the circumstance, for writers who think for themselves are rare, with satisfaction.

OXFORD INTELLIGENCE.

[N.B. IN consequence of the interest excited by the approaching boat-race, the following has been *specially supplied* by Mr. Tom Burrows (*Formosa*) for the benefit of University readers.]

Oxford, Feb. 28, 1870.

The O. U. B. C. met yesterday on their barge, by the meadows. The crew were all properly dressed in their uniform, and on practising the swing a little on a few benches on the towing path, adjourned on board. On the stroke oar being voted in the chair, he called the rest of the men to order, and rose.

He said: He was glad to see so good a muster of the "darkies." (*Laughter.*) They must bear in mind, however, that their fellow-undergraduates of Cambridge University (*prolonged hooting*)—he liked those hoots; they showed him his team meant business, and were determined to enter into the approaching contest with the right sort of spirit—well, they must remember the sky blue (*a groan*) was doing all it knew to win. He had it on good authority that they had bribed a West End money-lender to advance sums to every member of the Oxford crew, to enable them to pay their tutors' bills. (*Cries of "We'll be even with 'em."*) Yes, they had done this in the hope of seizing one or two of the more important oars in the boat on the morning of the race, and so winning their money, and not disappointing the public who might lay on them.

A MEMBER.—Would our gallant captain give up the name of the party who is his authority? (*Hear, hear.*)

The PRESIDENT said he could not do that, but he was a gentleman who stood high in the list of dramatic authors. (*Prolonged cheers.*) However, what he had to say was this. He heard that every one of the crew were living at neighbouring vicarages, and not in college or in licensed rooms, as undergraduates usually do, and that each had been able to secure the services of a special "don" (*cheers*) in his establishment.

A MEMBER said that it was quite true. Convocation had met and passed the statute. For himself, he highly approved of it, as he was at present staying at Ferry Hincksey. Number Five and Three were put up at a neighbouring parsonage, where they were able to put on the gloves in the drawing-room, wear flannels all over the house and at lectures, and kiss the young ladies of the establishment whenever the "old don" was not looking, like thorough-bred Oxford men. (*Immense cheers.*)

The PRESIDENT, rising, said he would have something to say on this next week; but as he had suddenly to attend a party at a gambling hell in Chelsea, he must beg leave to adjourn the meeting, as he never went up to London except in evening dress! (*Great uproar.*)

We shall resume our report next week; but for the moment we particularly recommend the above to our Oxford friends.

LATEST BETTING AT THE UNION.

Monday, Midnight.

30 to 1 against Oxford rowing fair (wanted); 10 to 1 on Cambridge getting a "foul" (taken freely); 5 to 1 against the Oxford stroke being ill on the day (taken).

There is no truth in the report that Mr. Boucicault is to act as umpire.

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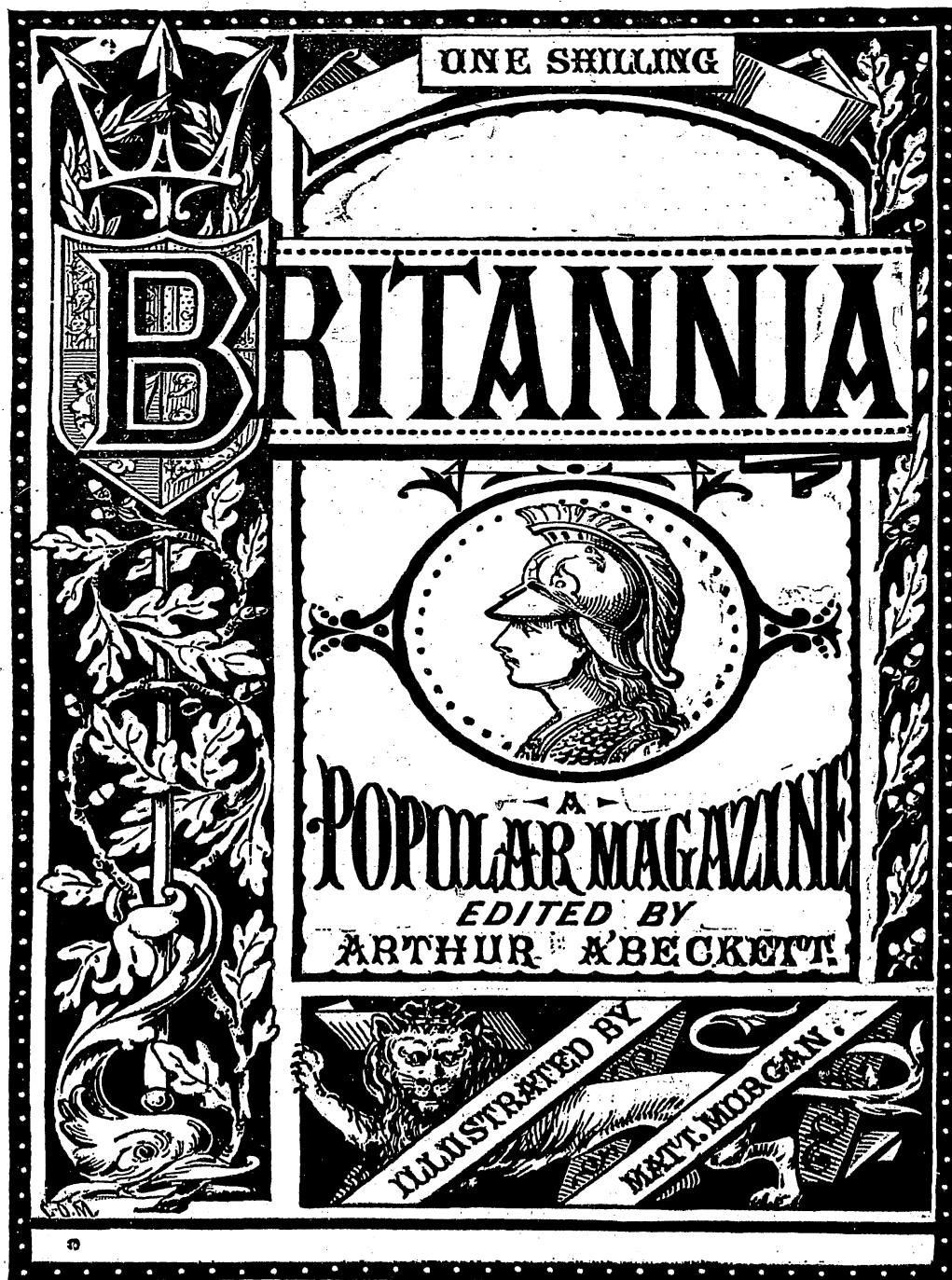
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OF all the causes which deter-
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There is nothing in the whole "*Mat-ria Medica*"
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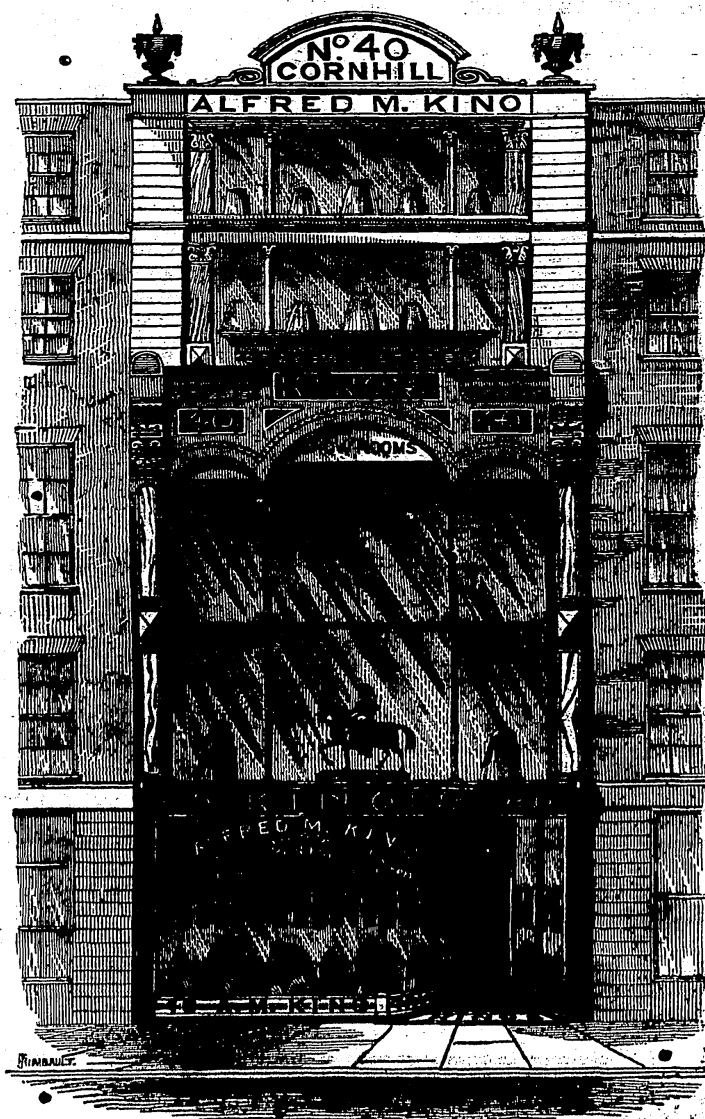
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