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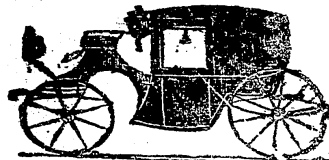
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THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



“INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT.”

No. 116.]

LONDON, JULY 24, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

AT THE FOOT OF THE VOLCANO.

THE great man has spoken ; France, through its Ruler, who, we know, is France as well as Peace, has spoken ; all danger is over. Napoleon III. has made concessions sufficient to satisfy some of his opponents, at least ; France will accept these concessions, and devote herself to peaceful progress.

So say the half-Liberals, the adherents or pensioners of the Emperor, and the official and semi-official papers in Paris. But all earnest Liberals, all moderate men and upright politicians, all supporters of constitutional instead of personal government, say far otherwise. They say that the Emperor's proposals are thoroughly insincere, inadequate to the demands and necessities of the country, and utterly incapable of satisfying the awakened cry for Reform which has sounded from one end of France to the other. If these concessions are granted, the Revolution, which might now be a peaceful and harmless one, will be deferred, until, day by day, it shall have gathered irresistible strength, and shall enforce its demands at the point of the sword, perhaps from the barricades.

The abandonment of the interpellation by the “Tiers parti” is what might be expected ; it has been partly dictated by that “*laissez aller*” disposition which hates the worry of any decided action ; partly by the ever-present spirit of toadyism which shrinks from openly offending the “person in possession” at the Tuileries ; partly, let us hope, from a spirit of statesman-like self-restraint which nobly consents to postpone the realization of its aims and hopes, rather than to call into existence the horrors of a civil war. The attitude of the Emperor is still more what might have been expected ; it would have been curious indeed, if the man, who from a needy exile, and a contemptible filibuster, rose by means of high-sounding professions, and by the voice of universal suffrage, to the proud position of President, and thence, by the paternal rigour of the *coup d'état*, to the prouder position of Emperor ; honoured and fêted not only by the grateful nation which he had rescued from anarchy, but by all Christian powers,—yes, first and foremost by virtuous gentle England, the home of the law-keeping, life-respecting Saxon ;—it would be curious indeed if the man who, having achieved all this, added to his glory the conquest of the Crimea, the liberation of Italy, the bloodless subjugation of Savoy, the regeneration of Mexico, the reorganization of Germany, and the control of the Belgian railroads, should, of his own accord, lay down his power at the command of disrespectful opposition, and should cruelly deprive France of her head, her heart, and her right hand at the same time. The Saviour of Society is wiser

than to go through the arduous process of salvation twice over. Louis Napoleon knows that were he to surrender the principle of personal government, he would probably be spared long enough to be called in again by a devoted nation to save France and society at the same time.

This is the Imperial view of the matter. But it is in the power of but few mortals to realize the magnificent ideas, or to trace the complicated motives, of such a magnanimous genius as the present Emperor of the French. Some have called him a purely imitative man ; they have attributed his apparent cruelties, his executions, his deportations to Cayenne, his tyranny over the Press, to a humble resolve to follow in the footsteps of other Governors of France before him. It may be this want of originality, his great-uncle and the Republican Government affording him no immediate precedent for his conduct under the present crisis—at least, not one that he feels strong enough to carry out—may ultimately drive him to seek for an example among the Kings of France, and so result in landing him once more on these shores an honoured exile. Were it not impossible to predict the future conduct of one so eminently ductile in the hands of his people, one might be tempted to think that his last attempt at offering the shadow for the substance could have no other end than a peaceful abdication, which Louis Napoleon would surely prefer to an internecine struggle, or a reproduction of the massacre which he once authorized with such reluctance, and at such terrible expense to his sensitive and generous nature.

The question is, does France—that is to say, the active, earnest, thinking, resolute, part of France—really require constitutional government, that is to say, the right to control the expenditure, to declare war, and the responsibility of Ministers to the nation not to the Emperor ? If France does require all this, the Emperor's rigmorole message does not even promise it ; that he will ever grant it, we do not believe. Ministers may sit in the House of Assembly, the Council of State may discuss affairs of State with the Emperor ; the Deputies may criticize the measures of the Government ;—but as long as the executive power is vested in one man, as long as there is no constitutional power vested in the people's representatives of stopping the supplies, so long is liberty an impossibility in France. It may be that the Emperor intends for the future to be the mere exponent of the nation's will ; that he intends to initiate nothing, but to receive his orders from the Assembly of the people's representatives ; if so, he will have some difficulty in persuading France, or any other nation, to believe it. He cannot destroy the memory of his past ; and the lesson which that has taught,

bitterly and cruelly, is distrust, if not hatred, of the present Emperor.

It is well that Paris particularly should realize the state of affairs; that those whose whole life is one mad pursuit of pleasure, who dance the cancan, and rush to see the drama in *deshabille*, should know that they are doing all this under the shadow of a volcano, the eruption of which is imminent, and in whose fiery streams of lava they will be destroyed, unless they take warning in time. Tyrants have always found in the apathy of satisfied sensuality their greatest support. They drug their victims, who then become their unresisting prey. The careless scoffer, the jaded voluptuary, the feverish debauchee may care little what course political events take, so long as they are left to their enjoyments. But when the mind and heart of a nation are fairly roused, the struggle is never doubtful between tyranny and liberty. The mere slaves of appetite and bondsmen of pleasure have only the choice between reformation and destruction. They are soon trampled under foot. But they hamper the hands of Right, without being any real support to Wrong. It is for them to consider whether the end is worth the cost.

AS CLEAR AS MUD.

IT is stated that Mr. Rammell's proposal of some time since for a pneumatic passenger tube under Hyde Park, between the Marble Arch and Knightsbridge, is about to be revived in connexion with the contemplated improvement of the Serpentine. The complete scheme for the tube, it seems, includes a second section from Knightsbridge to the South Kensington Museum. No doubt such a line of communication would be a great convenience; and, notwithstanding the objection some people may have to being shot through the earth on the cannon-ball principle, the new line would do a good business. Without any wish, however, to discourage the promoters of the undertaking, we cannot but think that there are difficulties in the way which will not easily be overcome. The very connection of the scheme with the clearing out of the Serpentine is lugubriously ominous; for the promoters will find ready made an immense supply of the very best mud available for them to stick in.

THE BATTLE OF (PANDORA'S) BOX.

COME hither, little grandson,
And sit upon my knee;
Come, listen to my story
Of modern chivalry.
No legend of the nurs'ry,
No silly fairy rhyme,
Nor is it tale of giants,
Or "once upon a time."
Here, in the wond'ring Forum,
The Box was bravely won;
One day last week before the Beak
The noble deed was done.
Eyes are still black among us
To mark the fearful day,
When stately swells of th' Upper Ten
Rushed wildly on, like common men,
To join in the affray.

Now you know, my little grandson,
That to fight is not "the thing;"
In these days we're far too squeamish
To patronise the Ring;
But Britons still are Britons:
Hearts are bold, and arms are stout:
Prod Dame Nature with a pitch-fork,
But no prong can keep her out.
Nowadays its very rareness
To a fight enchantment lends;

No craven heart can stand a-back
From all mischances of attack,
When ready means of self-defence
Are placed by all-wise Providence
At all our finger ends!

So the British blood was fevered,
When the Lawyers put with glee
Questions cross and crooked answers
To the Bench, as Referee;
When facts were turned, and twisted
Inside out, and proof was strong
That, if one side were in error,
Why, the right was in the wrong;
When the tongues alternate clashing
Hammered on with dire intent,
And opposing briefs came pounding
On the heads of argument;
Every hero with emotion
Felt his waistcoat madly heave,
Pulse at nineteen to the dozen,
Biceps swelling in his sleeve;
When he saw the prize of battle
Stowed away in box of tin,
Slyly turned he up his wristbands
In his ardour to begin!
And 'twas then the dormant spirit
Broke its bonds with clamour loud,
And a wild spontaneous frenzy
Took possession of the crowd.
Then straightway, thick as hailstones,
Came whizzing through the air,
Umbrellas, sticks, and inkstands,
All round his Worship's chair.
But the Box's trusty guardian,
Out of breath, and sore distressed,
Hid the keyhole with his shirtfront,
Hugged the treasure to his breast;
Dukes, and Earls, and cads, and commons,
Each to each, were deadly foes;
Bearded hirelings of justice
Felt the folly of plain clothes;
Vain were Henderson's blue Lictors
The unseemly mob to cow;
Reporters say, who saw that day,
Was never such a row.
Was none who knew the leader
That was foremost in the fray;
What's the odds? all hit like heroes
At whoever came their way;
Broken benches, hats by bushels
Lay in ruin on the floor;
Quoth his Worship, "Well, I never
Saw a scene like this before!"
Still the Box's trusty guardian,
With a half-expiring groan,
Like a leech stuck to his treasure,
Like a Lawyer held his own;
In adhesiveness of purpose
Bravely bore the hardest knocks,
For the evidence was safely
(Where it should be) *in the Box!*

There's my story, little grandson:—
When you're older, then you'll see
How our country grows in Freedom—
Hence our modern chivalry!

THE WAY TO KILL TIME (*dedicated to the Volunteers*).—
Shoot every day!

A GREAT HONOUR!—A paper called the *Tablet* (of the same faith as the leading Roman Catholic paper, the *Weekly Register*) is quoted from and praised in this week's *Queen's Messenger*.

CHAINS FOR THE CHAINED.—A ticket-of-leave man recently ran away with the jailer's daughter. His defence was that he was so accustomed to penal servitude that he could not live without a wife!

OUR BOOKMARKER.

Chefs-d'Œuvre of the Industrial Arts. By PHILIPPE BURTY, and Edited by W. CHAFFERS, F.S.A. London: Chapman and Hall. 1869.

THIS is an English translation, carefully edited, of a very elaborate work, which it would be impossible to review at length. Considering it is written by a Frenchman, we suppose that we must excuse the very slight recognition of English Art which it contains; for instance, in the portion relating to porcelain, not the slightest mention is made of the beautiful old wares of Derby, Worcester, and Chelsea. If the Turquoise Blue and the Rose Du Barry of the Sèvres porcelain are beautiful, so is the rich purple and curious olive green of the old Worcester. A great proportion of the space is devoted to an account of the revival of Sèvres ware; while no notice is taken of the wonderful revival in England of Wedgwood ware, and the great elegance and careful finish of Messrs. Minton's reproductions of old porcelain. The Capo di Monte ware is totally ignored, though the gracefulness of its designs and beauty of colouring might have secured for it honourable mention. There has been a very important movement lately in the direction of purity and simplicity of taste both in china and glass all through Europe. With regard to the glass, no notice is taken of the revival of the Murano glass which Messrs. Salviati and Co. have so nobly carried out. Nor is the work of the Axminster looms alluded to in the section which treats of tapestry and carpets, though surely the wonderful specimen of that work which is in Sion House is worthy of being classed among the masterpieces of industrial art. We could have wished to see the book better got up as regards paper and printing, but then it could never have been sold at the extremely moderate price which it now bears; and the engravings, we must admit, are excellent.

It is always easy to find sins of omission in such a book as this. The sins of commission are few. One cannot expect a Frenchman to write about anything without extolling his own country; their national vanity is so obtrusive, that whether it be history or poetry, or ethics, or philosophy, or fine arts, the pre-eminence of France must be asserted, if not proved. We quite agree with the writer's depreciation of those feeble imitations which pass for genuine specimens of ancient art; and we wish that collectors would only show half as much discretion as zeal, and a quarter as much prudence as generosity. It would be possible then to get real works of art for a moderate price, instead of spurious imitations for lavish sums.

The notes are carefully written, and are very useful. We would suggest an appendix to the next edition, supplying some of the defects which we have pointed out. As far as it goes, this book will be found useful as well as ornamental.

A CASE FOR THE POOR-LAW BOARD.

A FEW days ago, one Mr. Langston, a surgeon of Rochester, was fined one shilling by the local magistrates, for neglecting to forward to the Registrar of Births, a certificate, as required by the Vaccination Act, of his having successfully performed a case of vaccination. It appeared that there were as many as 800 children in one district of the Union alone, who had not been vaccinated, and the Guardians had, therefore, very properly appointed a public prosecutor to prosecute in all cases in which the provisions of the Act were not complied with. In this instance, the defendant was one of the public vaccinators employed by the Poor-Law Board, and, therefore, it was the more incumbent on him to carry out the provisions of the Act. Mr. Langston paid his shilling, however, but asked for "a case," which the magistrates declined to grant. We entirely concur with the magistrates in refusing to give a case, for if "a case," and a very bad "case" indeed, does not already exist, we do not know what the term "a case" is generally supposed to signify. We recommend Mr. Langston to pay his shilling and go on his way vaccinating without more ado. With 800 children in his district unvaccinated, he surely has better employment for his time than to rush into litigation.

MURRAY'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT (dedicated to the Editor of the *Queen's Messenger*).—A thick horsewhip!

THE SNOB'S GUIDE.

A Continental Handbook for the British Traveller Proper.
BY ONE OF THEM.

HAVING, in my opening chapter, enunciated in something like a business shape a few general maxims for the guidance of true British Travelling Snobs, I will now assume a more colloquial tone. The little hints I have to give on matters of detail can be far more agreeably suggested in a conversational and familiar strain, and I therefore feel no apology need be tendered for its adoption.

To begin with, then, we will imagine my dear Mr. Travelling Snob, that you have come from London to Dover, crossed the Channel, and reached Calais in your best manner. That is to say, we will suppose you have come first-class, treated the English railway officials with proper insular contempt and discourtesy (as, I allow, they would have treated you, had you travelled by second), and had a quiet, but supremely exalted grumble over French newspapers, claret, waiting rooms, guards, soldiers, and punctuality. We will further suppose that you have digested that excellent little *plat* you found waiting you, hot and well cooked, at Amiens, and growled about French dishes generally, until some new grievance fortunately presented itself to your notice. And this you know you will have done, all the while cognizant of the fact that your experience of English railway travelling can suggest to you no *Buffet* where you have been so well and reasonably served. Let us suppose all this, and watch you now comfortably located, straps, opera glasses, *Bradshaws*, *Murrays*, *Times*, hat box and all in your corner of a first-class carriage on the *Chemin du Fer du Nord*. There you sit, looking,—I can positively assure you it is a fact,—to the other travellers in your compartment rather an ill-tempered fool than anything else. How are these excellent Messieurs and Madame there to know that that unpleasant supercilious scowl you wear on your face is the result of a fanatical self-consciousness? Naturally enough, since the true gentleman is always to be detected by the perfect ease with which he accommodates himself to the company in which circumstances place him, they can only make out of you, some gross *bourgeois Anglais*, who knows less of good breeding than yonder decent spoken fellow in the blouse, who is playing an organ for ha'pence at that country station.

What do they know of your mansion in Lowndes Square? What do they care that you married the seventh daughter of a younger son of the late Lord Tinkerville, and that that excellent and accomplished lady was presented at Court last year, and has, by dint of much praiseworthy perseverance, on the strength of it, at length fairly forced herself into the Bangaway set? What dignity would it invest you with in their eyes were you to tell them that you belong to the Conservative, have got a place in Warwickshire, and dine with the Duke of Fishwater once a year? And mind you, my dear Mr. T. S., I do not deny that these things are very substantial advantages, of which a thoroughbred Englishman may well be proud; but what I do urge is, that there is no reason why, on the strength of their possession, you should try by mental jury, find guilty, and condemn to social death, these foreign gentlemen and ladies of whom you know nothing. No doubt you take Monsieur on your left to be a chocolate vendor, for you draw yourself away from him as if he were your bootmaker. Just now, when he addressed some polite remark to you, you know you replied with a clumsy and haughty coldness, that said (I admit in the very worst French) plainly that you were a great deal too big a man to be addressed at all, and that you considered his "opening" a bit of foreign impertinence. If you will analyse your thoughts, you will, I am sure, frankly admit that you are possessed, very completely, with some such snobbish sentiments as these. I dare say you would stare were you to know that it is your French fellow-traveller, and not you, who is condescending, if it be an act of condescension to engage in a civil conversation with a stranger. His family, my dear sir, can give yours two centuries start, and then leave it nowhere. He is a well-born, well-bred, French gentleman—a peer, and, being such, may read you a lesson in manners. Your conduct, Mr. Travelling Snob, to your fellow-passengers is, I fear, one of your worst features. I shall recur to it again.

(To be continued.)

"BELLES LETTRES."—Notes sent on Saint Valentine's-day.



LONDON, JULY 24, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE wedding of the Marquis of Huntley and Miss Brookes was so numerously attended by the "elite of society" that the occasion will be known as the great Hunt Breakfast.

CONCURRENT endowment is called so on the principle of *lucus à non lucendo*, because the Commons will never concur with the Lords on it. Let us hope the latter may conquer.

THE Mayor and Chief Constable of Birmingham have been served with notice of action for the false imprisonment of Mr. Murphy. If the imprisonment was really false, so much the worse. But cannot anything be done to the people who let him out?

MR. GRENVILLE MURRAY was sued at the Westminster County Court on Friday for the price of a pair of boots. He pleaded the Statute of Limitations, but the verdict was given against him. It would appear that there are no "limitations" to which boots may not go when Mr. Grenville Murray is in question. Quite right, too!

THE correspondence between Archbishop Manning and the Rev. C. P. Eyre, of Marylebone, has helped to draw attention to what has been acknowledged on several occasions to be a serious injustice to our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen. Nothing can possibly excuse the practice of sending Roman Catholic children from our workhouses to Protestant schools, simply because the established religion of this country is Protestantism. Any underhand attempts at conversion on the part of the Church of England can only serve to bring her into contempt with all her most worthy disciples; for religious freedom is the very basis of her existence. She does not claim the infallibility which the Roman Church does, and, therefore, any attempt to force her creed on children is a piece of tyranny pure and simple. We are sorry to say that a spirit of servility towards the most narrow-minded and bigoted section of Protestants is very apparent now on all sides. The Government is doing all it can, consistent with the professions which brought it to Downing street, and which must be fulfilled if it is to remain there, to flatter and favour that section of its supporters whose whole religious creed is summed up in the words, "I hate Papists," and whose religious practice chiefly confines itself to a vigorous and determined effort never to miss an opportunity of insulting, and, if possible, oppressing their fellow Christians. In fact, the hatred of these excellent persons against the Roman Catholics seems to increase in proportion to the frequent occasions which they find for boasting of the justice they are going to do them. With regard to the correspondence alluded to above, we must confess that we do not see that the Rev. Mr. Eyre has anywhere ventured to assert, much less to prove, that he did not encourage the forcible education of children of Catholic parents in the Protestant faith. The rev. gentleman's letters are remarkable for an instance of studied discourtesy. Dr. Manning always addresses him as "Reverend Sir," while Mr.

Eyre always carefully addresses the Archbishop as "Sir." This offensive assertion of religious independence is as little worthy of a Christian as of a gentleman.

A SCOTCH MIST.

THE mode of procedure in the election of the Representative Peers of Scotland is altogether beyond the comprehension of common people like ourselves. Last week the Earl of Kellie was unanimously elected a Representative Peer for Scotland; "but," adds the report, "the Duke of Buccleuch and the Earl of Kellie were the only peers present." This is rather like the little boy who boasted of being second when it afterwards appeared that there were only two in the class. We congratulate Lord Kellie (whose acquaintance we are happy to make, for we must frankly admit that, in our ignorance, we have never heard of his lordship) on his accession to the responsibilities of a seat in the Upper House—and as he cannot be said to come under the heading of "our hereditary legislators," we consider ourselves justified in believing that Lord Kellie will faithfully represent his constituents, who have been so singularly unanimous in his election.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY!

A NOTICE has just been published that in consequence of the Thames Tunnel being required for the East London Railway works, it will be closed for traffic on and after the 21st instant. It is difficult to suppose that our enlightened and tax-paying British public will quietly submit to be deprived of the vast advantages of this masterpiece of science, even for a few weeks. If they do, however, allow themselves to be robbed of this great necessity of their existence, we warn them that they may expect the following further incursions on their liberties to be shortly announced:

The Duke of York's Column to be only accessible to visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays—and after 1 p.m., on Sundays.

The Corinthian Bazaar in Argyll street, to be shut up.

The Fountains at Charing Cross to play at less frequent intervals.

The statue in Leicester square to be removed to the South Kensington Museum.

We trust, however, that before these lines are in the hands of our readers, London will be in arms to assert its right of way through the great thoroughfare now about to be closed, and that the above horrible possibilities will be less imminent than we are now forced to consider them.

THE I'S HAVE IT.

A GOOD deal of mild fun has lately been poked at the compilers of the Irish Church Bill for their spelling of the plural of the word "money," which is printed "monies," instead of "moneys." Of course if the House of Commons is correct, and the rule thus laid down is to obtain, we shall have "attornies" for "attorneys," "survies" for "surveys," "abbies" for "abbeys," "allies," the plural of "ally," for "alleys," and so on. Whether the Legislature really intends to sanction such wholesale changes as these we do not know; but we have reason to believe that in future the following words, when used in a Parliamentary sense, will be amended in the following manner:—

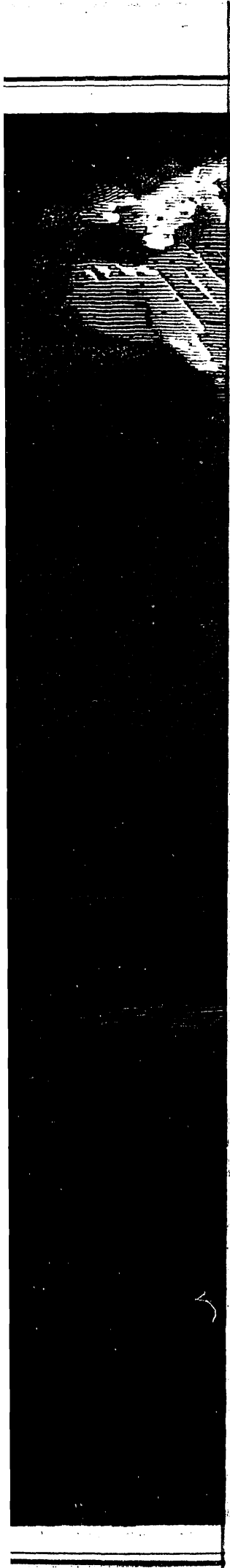
PATRIOTISM.—The "i" is to be omitted, so that "ROT" may be substituted for "RIOT."

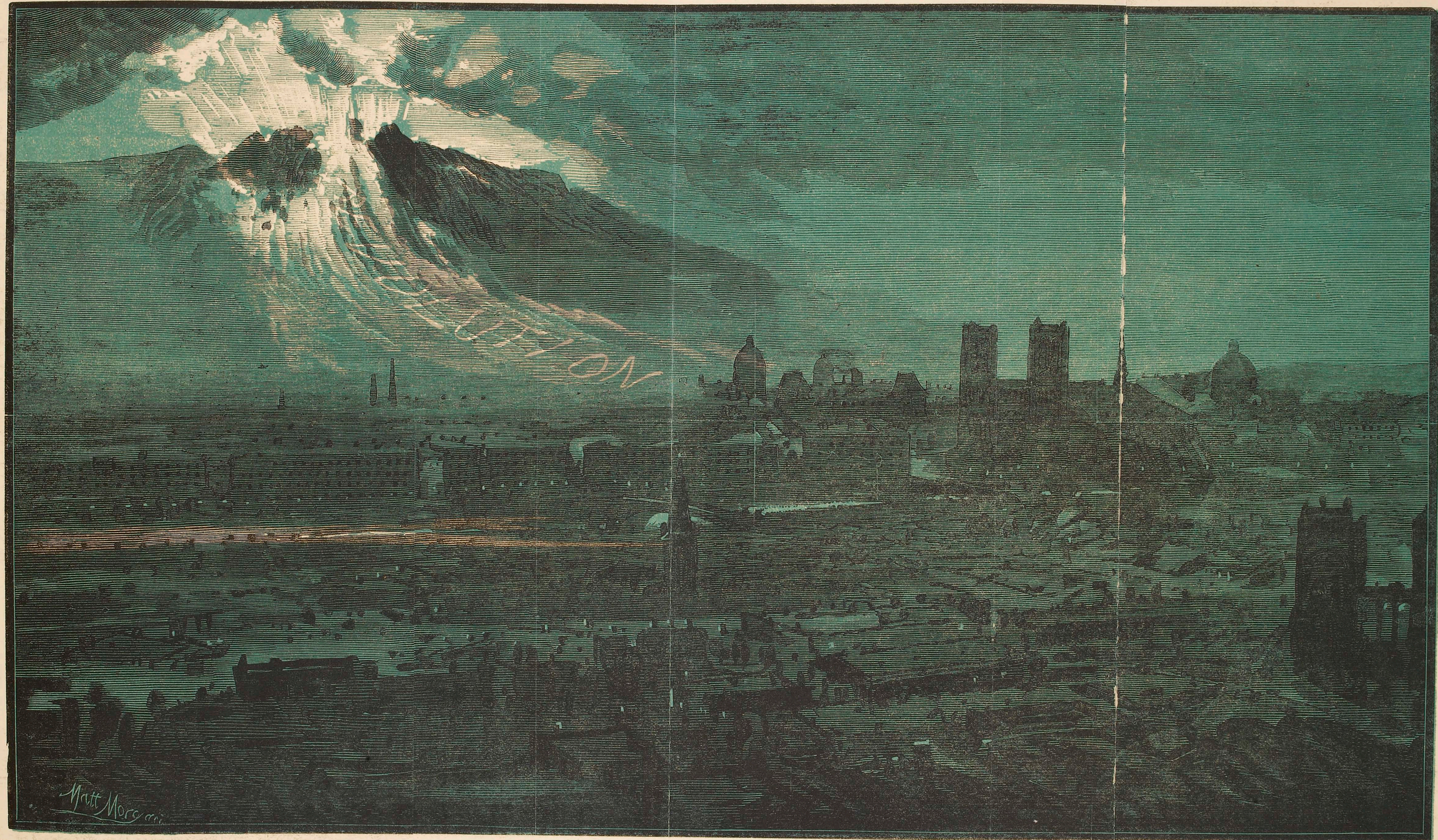
BUDGET.—In future to be spelt "SMUDGIT."

EXCHEQUER.—To be spelt "NO-CHECKER."

BRITISH LION.—As this animal is no longer accepted by our neighbours as representing us, "LIEN" is to be substituted for "LION," and the term "BRITISH LIEN" is in future to relate only to Customs' Duties.

We thoroughly concur with the House of Commons (should our facts prove to be correct) in this common-sense way of spelling words; at the same time we beg to point out that there are several other changes that might advantageously be made if the rule of spelling words with a regard to their real significance is to be generally adopted.





THE DOOMED CITY!

LIFE BENEATH—^{OR,} DESTRUCTION OER HEAD.

(“France is Paris—Paris is Napoleon.”)



THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

"PAWKINS and Spoff!" screamed Little Squigsby—"Pawkins and Spoff!"

He had been screaming this for one half-hour, twice every second. He was not hoarse. He liked it. The more he screamed the more he enjoyed the excitement. He had, during this half-hour, been knocked about, hustled, punched, cursed, and made the subject of every variety of blasphemous anathema. He had been steaming in a room with a low roof—half-yard, half-stable, called Judges' Chambers, in Clifford's Inn, Chancery Lane, with about three hundred other specimens of legal humanity. They were ragged men and boys. They were very greasy. They breathed ardent spirits and stale tobacco. Their temperament was passionate, their manners violent, and whenever they spoke to one another they spoke defiantly and loudly, and shouted into each other's ears with a sort of exultant savagery their particular grievances. "Pawkins and Spoff!" still screamed Little Squigsby—"Pawkins and Spoff!" He was jammed in now. The place was full. The hands of the clock were upon the stroke of half-past eleven. The steam was fearful. The ragged men and boys were as thick as eels in vinegar. £50,000 depended upon an answer being returned to Little Squigsby's scream!

II.

And this was how it was. Little Squigsby was the junior clerk in Slicker's office. Slicker was an attorney and solicitor; he was an old man, and a sharp man. Slicker had grey hairs, and was fat, and yet he was sharp. Slicker had grown up daughters—one of them pretty, and yet he was sharp. Slicker had made money in the old times, and had married well, and had dined well all his life; and yet he was sharp! He had never allowed his feelings to be blunted towards his fellow-creatures. Life to him was a grindstone, and as it went round and round, he was always sharpening himself upon it. Sharpness was his creed. No one, man or boy, was worth his salt unless he was sharp. An old man now, he was sharper than ever. So it happened that one night Slicker dines in his own house, with a chosen few, and talking of lengthened Chancery suits and heavy bills of costs, and actions fought and verdicts gained against all law and justice, and innocent men pursued and crushed; and talking of conflicts with judges, of tiring out feeble-hearted opponents, and gaining points thereby, of persistent threatenings and daring effrontery by which cases were gained when there was no case to gain. So it happened that the party, breaking up, and all the men staggering to the door, and struggling for their hats and coats, the front door had been opened by Slicker himself, and then a ragged dirty boy was found sleeping upon the door-step. He was so dirty and so ragged, and yet his poor, pinched, starved face, lying against the lintel, shone by the light of the gas-lamp with a startling purity of whiteness.

"Hulloa!" cried Slicker. "What's this?"

"What's what?" cried Mr. Bulbous, the criminal lawyer, who had long been hiccoughing through a story, as to how, acting for the prosecution, he had caused a perfectly innocent man to be hanged, and thereby secured his costs. "What's what?"

"Why, this!" cried Mr. Slicker, pointing to the sleeping boy.

They all crowded round, and looked out upon the boy, who still slept on, undisturbed by the noise.

"One of the criminal population!" cried Mr. Bulbous, forcing himself in front of the crowd of guests. "Prosecute him, Slicker; contemplated burglary, you may depend upon it. Look how white his skin is, and look at his filbert-shaped nails—a hardened criminal! Five years' penal servitude at the least. Kick him, Slicker!"

Thus enjoined, Mr. Slicker kicked the sleeping boy.

"Get up, you vagabond!" he said. "What are you doing here?"

The boy started to his feet, the fire flashing from his eyes; he seemed instantly to become a small giant. Without a moment's hesitation, and although apparently dazed by the suddenness of his being awakened, and the light streaming from the hall of Mr. Slicker's house, he rushed at his assailant. The guests in a body flew back into the hall. They were strong,

powerful men, and yet the ragged boy, advancing upon them suddenly and furiously, caused them to retreat.

"Who are yer kickin' on?" cried the boy, as he stood in the hall, confronting the staggered lawyers.

No one said a word. There was a pause. Mr. Slicker was the first to break the silence. "A sharp boy, this," he said to himself; and then, aloud, he added, "Who are you?—what's your name?"

"I'm nothing," cried the boy, with a sharp cry of agony. "I knows nothin', and I wants nothin'; but don't you come kickin' me again."

Mr. Slicker rushed into the dining-room and rang the bell. His man immediately appeared.

"Take that boy down-stairs," he said to the man, "and give him what he wants. What's your name, boy?"

"Well, sir," said the boy, as if in considerable doubt, and with a touch of melancholy in his voice, "they calls me Little Squigsby."

III.

And Little Squigsby was now attending a Judge's summons as the junior clerk of Mr. Slicker, attorney-at-law. Little Squigsby's duties in the office were not extensive; he pounced the writs, he filled the waterbottles, he cleaned the inkstands, and he attended the Judges upon summonses; he had personal interviews with the Judges of the realm sitting in Chambers, and argued before them as to whether certain orders should be made or certain proceedings taken. The learned dignitary who had been sitting at Westminster in a big wig, and to whom the most learned members of the Bar had bowed obedience at his smallest nod or suggestion, coming down to Clifford's Inn, it might be, in a Hansom cab or on the knife-board of an omnibus, had settled himself in a small room, without his wig or gown, to hear summonses which should be expounded or defended by the Little Squigsbys of the legal profession. They would lean over the table, and, breathing hardly and strongly in his Lordship's face, would argue violently. They would even threaten. Sometimes it became necessary for his Lordship to order the Little Squigsbys out of the room, at other times to seize the poker in personal defence, so furious and eccentric were their endeavours to expound the law and instruct the Judge. The placid-minded observer who strolls into Westminster Hall, and sees a row of grave and reverend signors sitting *in Banco* in one court, and one sitting in solitary grandeur in another court at *Nisi prius*, little thinks what is reserved for one member of the body that afternoon. That particular member must go to Chambers. About three o'clock he goes to Chambers, and for three or four hours he is baited by a greasy and ragged crew. They come upon all sorts of trivial interlocutory applications consequent upon actions going on. They take out summonses. They attend them. They go before the Judge. An order is made, or not, as the circumstances admit. But with everything that is done there is more violence, more indecency, more virulent animosity exhibited in one of these summonses than in any other condition consequent upon the trial of an action.

Should any Judge sit at Chambers at Common Law? Is not the whole thing an indecency and a disgrace?

IV.

"Pawkins and Spoff!" screamed Little Squigsby. He was attending a summons for time to plead. Slicker, his employer, had brought an action on the part of his client Quips against Quillets, the banker, for £50,000. The claim was disputed just this much, that by a trial it might be a question whether the jury gave a verdict for the one or the other, dependent upon the management of counsel, the way the case was got up, and the summing up of the Judge. The action had commenced by Quips issuing his writ for £50,000. Quillets, at the expiration of the eight days allowed, had entered his appearance by thrusting a small piece of paper into a hole in an office in the Temple. Quips had then delivered his declaration by delivering a written document to Pawkins and Spoff, giving the defendant eight days to plead. Pawkins and Spoff not being ready with their plea at the end of eight days, had taken out a summons for time to plead, returnable at Judges' Chambers at eleven o'clock. It had been served upon Slicker. Little Squigsby was attending for Slicker. He was bound to attend for half-an-hour, after that time he could sign judgment and issue execution. The action was then at an end.

For some reason or the other Pawkins and Spoff's client was not there, or did not render himself audible as Little Squigsby called out the name. The clock was at half-past eleven. The time was past, and Little Squigsby hurried away and signed judgment for want of a plea. How the urchin chuckled as he heard the name of Slicker shouted as he went away! He rushed back to Slicker.

"I've signed judgment," he cried.

"Signed judgment!" said Slicker. "Hoorah! Sacrifice the costs and issue execution."

That night Quillets, the banker, was in prison for £50,000. He was a sharp boy was Little Squigsby.

(To be continued.)

AN ADMIRALTY SLIP.

WOOLWICH Dockyard, which was to have been finally closed on the occasion of the launch of the screw-corvette, *Thalia*, on the 13th instant, is not so easily disestablished. When the time came for launching the last ship on the stocks, and the ceremony of christening, with its attendant sinful waste of a bottle of good wine, had been performed, the *Thalia* refused to budge, and steam tugs, hydraulic presses, and battering rams notwithstanding, stuck to her position in such an obstinate manner that the launch was necessarily postponed to a future day. Accidents, no doubt, will happen in the best regulated dockyards; and we therefore strongly deprecate a rumour which has been semi-officially circulated, to the effect that the launching ways of the *Thalia* had been tampered with by evil-disposed people in consequence of the dissatisfaction prevailing amongst the dockyard artisans, whose services were about to be dispensed with. We do not believe a word of such a suggestion; for, although the dockyard workmen have been dealt with as hardly and as remorselessly as it is possible that they could be, they have throughout shown a most uncomplaining and healthy spirit, and have accepted their fate with a dignity which might well be imitated by disestablished people in the higher grades of society. It is much more likely that the *Thalia* stuck on her cradle in consequence of some bungling on the part of the authorities, rather than owing to any other cause; and it is cowardly to put about a rumour which, devoid of the least foundation, is calculated to injure a class of men far more sinned against than sinning.

AN UNCLEAN SPIRIT.

MR. SCLATER-BOOTH stands in the unenviable position of being the only man of any position in the House of Commons who spoke against the grant of money recently voted for the purification of the Serpentine. The right honourable gentleman justified his opposition to the measure "because he was not aware that the Serpentine had been the cause of disease or death." We are not aware where Mr. Sclater-Booth lives, but it cannot be anywhere within a couple of miles of Hyde Park, or he would not have dared to make such a barefaced assertion. But allowing that Mr. Sclater-Booth was personally ignorant of the filthy and pestilent condition of the Serpentine, he might in common decency have taken for granted that what everyone else seemed to agree in was true. This sort of behaviour is beyond the limits of recognised "opposition," and Mr. Sclater-Booth should be made to feel that he has got himself into dirty water.

THE LAW'S DELAY.

IN the Court of Bankruptcy a few days back, there was a sitting for dividend under a bankruptcy which occurred so long back as the year 1826; the proceedings were very bulky, and were contained in a volume from which it appeared that the commission was granted by the late Lord Chancellor Eldon upon the complaint of a creditor. A dividend of 3s. 6d., in the pound

had been paid some forty years ago, and a further sum of £1,000 was now available for the payment of a second dividend. The order was given, and so the matter ended. What has become of the bankrupt, and if he still exists, the report did not state, or whether the creditors were represented by decrepid, elderly gentlemen, or their middle-aged grandchildren, was equally obscure. One fact alone was certain—namely, that the Court of Bankruptcy had taken its time over the matter, and, by so doing, had probably inflicted several gross injustices on the unhappy parties concerned. That a case should occupy close on half a century before it is disposed of, is absurd, no doubt; but it is beyond a joke that a large sum of money should be seized by the Bankruptcy Commissioners, and withheld from those to whom it properly belonged, for no assigned reason whatever. Let us hope that the new Bankruptcy Bill, whatever else its effects may be, will put a stop to such gross miscarriages of justice as this appears to be.

"EXCELSIOR."

THE first ascent for the year of Mont Blanc has just been effected. The *Mont Blanc Journal* gives the particulars of the journey, which was accomplished by two gentlemen, one of them a Mr. Gannon, an Englishman, and concludes a circumstantial narrative of the details of the ascent thus:—

"At last, after terrible efforts and with snow up to their waists, they reached the summit at 11.40 a.m. Here Mr. Gannon was immediately seized with a fainting fit."

We are glad to announce, however, that after having been subjected to friction with a mixture of snow and rain, Mr. Gannon got better, and was got down again by the guides; but, there is no doubt but that, in addition to the ascent under notice being interesting as the first attempt of the season, it was all but the last as far as Mr. Gannon was concerned.

Will this be a lesson to young gentlemen from the Universities bent on a Swiss tour, or shall we have the usual number of Alpine suicides this year to enliven the papers in the dull months? We shall see.

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ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Slodger and Tiney, Tot, and Samuel E. Thomas.

THE answer to Double Acrostic in our Wimbledon Extra Number, *The Sparrowhawk*, will be given in our next.

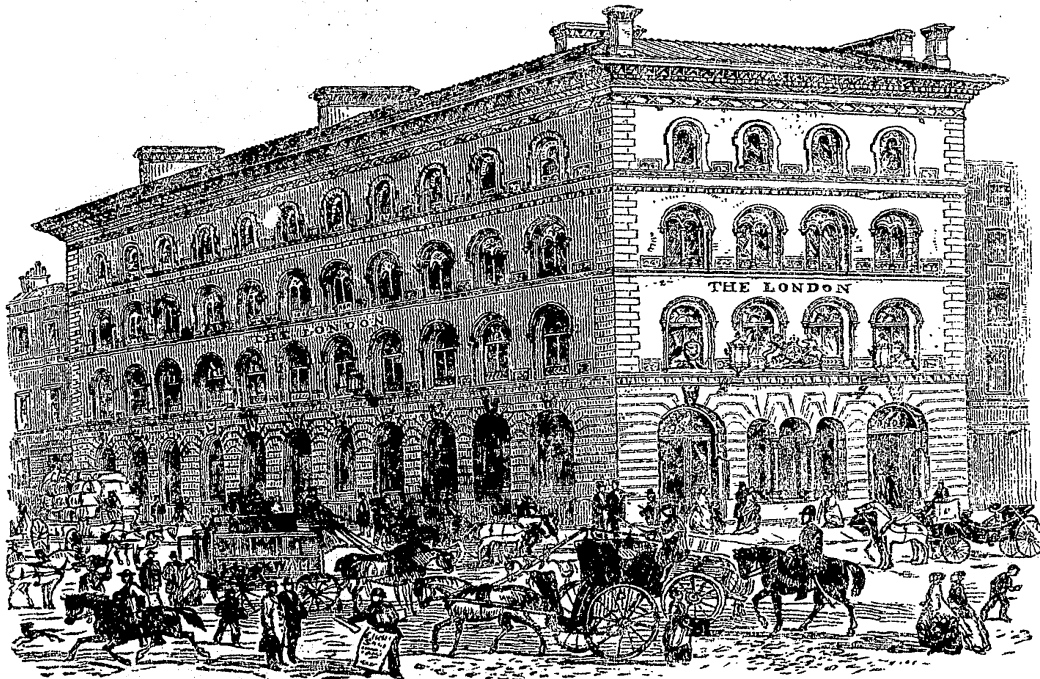
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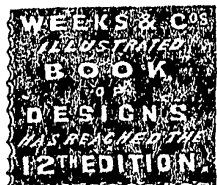


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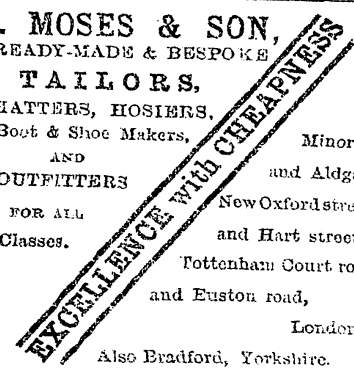
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At the commencement of the current year, BRITANNIA, without puff or gigantic advertisement, made its appearance. The Editor trusted to the worth of his Magazine, and to the worth alone, for obtaining that success which all publications strive to secure, if not to deserve. He preferred to provide good articles in lieu of monstrous "posters," beautiful pictures instead of columns of large letter "ads." "over the clock;"—in plain language, he set his face against puffery, and left the public to judge BRITANNIA on its own merits. He permitted them, in fact, to be their own reviewers, without "educating" their minds for the task by a lavish display of sensation placards and newspaper flummery. It was a bold experiment, but the experiment (like most bold things) has ended in complete and perfect success. Although but six numbers old, BRITANNIA has already secured a circulation which may be proudly compared with the circulation of any Magazine in the world. Everywhere the new venture has been received by the press most favourably,—the Editor might add, remembering, as he does, the kind notice taken of the leading novel,—almost too favourably. Everywhere the periodical has only had to appear to become established as a favourite. What was a speculation (some called it a rash one) in the winter of 1868 has become a flourishing property in the summer of 1869.

There is no doubt that the success of the periodical is mainly due to the exquisitely beautiful pictures of Mr. Matt Morgan and the sharp, honest writing of the members of the BRITANNIA staff. In the coming volume, Mr. Morgan will still be the sole illustrator, and the same writers who have contributed to the Magazine up to the present time will continue their labour, with the assistance of many authors of repute, who are under engagement to furnish special articles to this Magazine. At the termination of the "Commentaries of Major Blake," a New Novel, by two celebrated *littérateurs*, will be commenced. From the peculiar combination of the writing of these gentlemen the Editor anticipates the happiest results. The author of "Fallen among Thieves" has been engaged to furnish another "Novel of Interest," which will be published shortly after the termination of his present story. Other engagements of importance are pending.

With this shadowy sketch of the past, and hurried glimpse at the future, the Editor lays down his pen with a feeling of confidence that six months hence (D.V.) he will be able to resume it to record once more the prosperity of the Magazine he has had the honour to conduct.

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