

# THE TOMAHAWK.

## A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



“INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT.”

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### THE LORDS' SURRENDER.

STRUGGLING on the brink of the cataract, down which, in another moment, they both might have been hurled, the champions of the two Houses have made an honourable, if a tardy, peace, and have saved the boat and themselves from destruction. In England the danger is over; not so in Ireland. But it is well that both sides of the House should contemplate the magnitude of the crisis through which they have safely passed, and should learn from the awful contemplation of what might have happened, the great lesson, that there is only one true principle of government,—an honest and sincere desire for the welfare of the people governed, irrespective of all party passions and prejudices, of all selfish ambition and avarice.

We can heartily congratulate the Lords, and especially Lord Granville and Lord Cairns, for the part they have played in this struggle. It is far more difficult to yield wisely than to fight bravely. It is far more courageous to avert certain defeat by wise concessions, than to bring hopeless ruin on your forces by foolhardy resistance. This wisdom and courage, rare in generals, rare in party leaders, rarer far in men who have been irritated by the overthrow of some cherished idol, by the loss of wealth to which long use had given a title, has been shown, first by Lord Cairns, and then by the main body of the opponents of the Bill. Fortunate was it for England that the Government possessed in Lord Granville a man who knows how to be victorious without being insolent, and who can reap the benefits of a defeat without exulting over the defeated. Had the Duke of Argyll been the Liberal leader of the Upper House, this compromise could never have taken place. We hope that some of the Government will take a lesson from Lord Granville in dignified courtesy, and a gracious habit of conciliation; these ensure peaceful triumph for a good cause which rude harshness and arrogant hostility very often endanger, if they do not ruin. “A gentle answer turneth away wrath;” and it is no slur on a man's sincerity that he should treat honourable foes with that consideration, which conscientious adherence to principles, in the belief, false though it be, that they are right and true, ever demands and obtains from the noble and the magnanimous.

It was but natural that the supporters of the Irish Church should try and obtain for their darling the largest share of that wealth, which she had so long unjustly held as to be entirely blind to the injustice of her tenure; but it was impossible, if the Bill was not to be a complete mockery, to allow the Pro-

testants to retain a share of the endowments so disproportionate, as to be but a modification of the very state of things which the Bill sought to destroy. But we hope that some of the professed Liberals in the House of Commons will remember the timely surrender of the defenders of the Irish Church, when there comes, as surely there will soon come, an earnest and vigorous assault against other abuses and shameful misappliances of public money by departments in the State, for which many now in office are partly responsible. The public opinion of the country will demand some more worthy sacrifice to the genius of economy and honesty than the salaries of a few clerks, or the wages of a few workmen. The nest of corruption which has so long existed in Downing Street and Whitehall, and which has been so warmly defended by the various temporary occupants, will soon, we trust, be robbed of its eggs, and the breed of jobbers, which have sprung from it, be for ever destroyed. When that good time comes, we hope to meet with ready compliance and perfect frankness on the part of those, who must not forget that the Irish Church is not the only evil which the zealous thinkers and genuine reformers of England have resolved to destroy.

Let us trust that we may say farewell to the Irish Church question for a long time. There are other questions, both English and Irish, waiting to be solved, of quite as much importance. With regard to Ireland, we have always been of the opinion that Resolutions on the Land question should have been brought forward at the same time as the Irish Church Bill. But men learned in the intricacies of Parliamentary government think otherwise. Let us entreat the Liberals to take up the matter of the Land law and Education in Ireland as earnestly as they have the Church question. Let us have no bigotry or restricted sense of justice here. If we are to pacificate Ireland, we must come to the work divested of all prejudices, be they Protestant or Catholic. We must legislate on purely moral grounds; at the same time fulfilling the pledge given on the disestablishment of the Irish Church, that we are willing to give perfect religious liberty, and to interfere with no man's creed. Better denominational education than none at all. We shall watch anxiously the tone taken by the Liberal members and the Liberal press on this subject. If we are in earnest in our promises of justice to Ireland, we must approach the Land and Education question in a more noble and just spirit than has lately been evinced on the Church question. If we have made up our minds to do what is right, let us do so at once. Delay increases difficulties, and too often diminishes enthusiasm.

## STANZAS FOR STONES.

BEING A COLLECTION OF POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

(Second Series.)

## THE POOR GOVERNESS.

1.

THIS our land is a good Christian land,—so they say  
In pulpit, on platform! Ah! well, I must doubt it;  
For the world, loving charity much, has a way  
Of managing wondrously sometimes without it!

2.

Have we serfs in our midst, then? No, perish the thought!  
For millions were spent but to break off their fetters.  
Yet the while here in England humanity's bought,—  
Each man has his price,—is the slave of his betters.

3.

And by *slave* I mean not the poor tramp of the streets,  
In body and mind, ruined, abject, degraded;  
But the man gently born, the fair woman one meets  
In circles by chivalrous feelings pervaded!

4.

Would you taste the dread bitter of slavery's lot,  
And, bred like a lady, be socially branded  
Till with shame the proud blood in your cheek mantles hot?  
A "governess" enter the world single-handed!

5.

Go ask yon city dame, as, in low vulgar pride,  
She turns o'er those letters, and "some one" engages,  
If she does not place you, and her cook side by side,  
Two menials together, to work for their wages?

6.

You came from your parsonage home, where your sire  
Fought bravely to keep you, but fell in the fighting,  
For this woman to treat as a thing let on hire,  
This woman, who can't spell a word she is writing.

7.

Nor does she stand alone, for my Lady de Vere,  
Who glides through the world on her exquisite mission,  
And whose charity shines forth so lustrously clear,  
Will take as much care that you *feel* your position.

8.

Nay, but she will do more; for her rank, not her gold,  
Gives her all her grandeur, so you'll have her daughter  
Both to rear, educate—her sweet nature unfold,  
Your stipend quite princely,—ten guineas a quarter!

9.

Yes, I own that the butler gets twenty, but then  
You must not mind that, for the world, a true preacher,  
Says that *he* should be envied, respected of men,  
And *you*—well, you know that you're only the teacher!

10.

What is more, when fine company comes, he must show  
A decent appearance, while you, truth to utter,  
Must be thrust out of sight, up on high, down below,  
Just hustled away in the kennel—the gutter!

11.

Ah! I own it's not right that a lady well born  
Her days to such mean cruel slights should be giving,  
Should be wounded, insulted, thus treated with scorn—  
But what can she hope for? she *works* for her living!

12.

Ah! her *living*. It's that which the world can't forgive,  
For a lady, a true one's a burthen to others,  
But the woman, who by her own labour would live,  
A poor helpless slave of these true British mothers!

13.

Yes, and rightly, for we here, instead of the man,  
Just worship his purse, like a good Christian nation,  
Heap up wealth upon wealth, and—an excellent plan—  
Always feed the well-fed, and starve out starvation!

14.

So it just comes to this, that there's naught can atone  
For poverty here, where King Croesus is ruling;  
So God help the poor girl that is left all alone,  
Her sharp lesson to learn in this world's cruel schooling!

## "THE WHIP" IN THE UPPER HOUSE.

THAT erratic philanthropist, the Marquis Townshend, has been induced to withdraw his Bill making it illegal for anyone but a parent to administer to children any sort of corporal punishment. It was very reasonably pointed out by one of his lordship's brother peers that, supposing a child to be living with its aunt, it would be monstrous to make it unlawful for her, under special circumstances, to box its ears; and that an absolute immunity of orphans from all personal chastisement, though pretty in sentiment, would be extremely inconvenient and objectionable in practice. Lord Townshend, however, is not the man to be daunted by such a slight reverse as the fate that has met his well-intentioned effort for the protection of naughty boys, and we shall not be surprised if his lordship next Session introduces into the House of Lords the following half-dozen little Bills, which rumour has already fathered upon him:—

1. A Bill making it penal to "bring out" a young lady until she has completed her twenty-fifth year.
2. A Bill abolishing the use of violet powder, blanc de perle, false hair, and other appliances of a lady's toilet.
3. A Bill lengthening the midsummer holidays of schoolboys from seven to twelve weeks, and the Christmas holidays from five to eight weeks.
4. A Bill for the removal of the houseless and hungry poor of the metropolis to the Kingdom of Dahomey.
5. A Bill prohibiting hot dinners on Sundays.
6. A Bill for putting aside six suites of apartments in Bethlehem Hospital for the accommodation of a like number of members of the House of Peers to be annually nominated by a select committee of that assembly.

Let us hope that next year, when the Irish Church Bill is settled, their lordships will be more inclined to give Lord Townshend's measures a more favourable reception than they have accorded to them this Session. We doubt not but that, with a little judicious moulding, some very excellent laws may result from Lord Townshend's activity. His lordship, however, wants a little more ballast before he can safely be trusted with the carrying through of the numberless social reforms which he evidently has in his prolific contemplation.

## A TRAP FOR TRAPPISTS.

It is stated that the Oxford men who are to row the Harvard crew at Putney next month are living in a condition of semi-seclusion, at a villa on the banks of the Thames near Windsor. They have been rowing out two and three times a day all through the recent hot weather, but in the evening they are allowed an hour to themselves, which they may spend in reading, or in fishing at their discretion. It is, no doubt, highly meritorious on the part of a batch of young men with home ties and numberless counter attractions, to sacrifice their liberty for the honour and glory of a victory over our American cousins; but is it not carrying the training system rather beyond the limits of reason and common sense when a batch of men are compelled to submit themselves bodily to be treated like so many race-horses, forbidden to do this, not allowed to do that, and packed off to bed like naughty boys at 8 o'clock in the evening? These gentlemen, however, evidently possess the virtue of a strict observance of "the rule of obedience." If Dr. Manning could only get hold of the Oxford crew and convert them to Roman Catholicism, what capital monks they would make!

DRAMAS OF THE DOOMED ;  
or,  
HITS AT THE SOCIAL STAGE.

## I.—AT HOME.

SCENE.—The interior of MRS. RAFFINGTON SMITH'S house—23 Glamorganshire Gardens, South Kensington, S.W., arranged for one of her "evenings." Time, half-past eleven, p.m. MRS. RAFFINGTON discovered, much fatigued, and hot, but standing as if she did not mind it, upon the large hearth-rug in the front drawing-room. Her features wear a perpetual yet painful smile, with which, together with funny little bobs of her head, she greets her guests, who struggle in slowly one by one at the back door of the other room, about thirty feet distant. Around her, L. and R., a stifling and immovable crush. Jammed into a window L., and trying to make a temporary seat of a little Indian table arranged with a set of highly-chased chess-men, RAFFINGTON SMITH. As scene opens, he is listening with much apparent attention to an abstruse disquisition on the latent properties of pulverised magnesium, with which he is being favoured by PROFESSOR HUNCH, who, in his turn, carried away by the beauty and depth of his subject, is backing on to the yellow satin skirts, the powdered shoulders, and richly-finished wig of the DOWAGER LADY MACTOFFY. In distance, but utterly engrossing the attention of her suppressed mamma, MISS FLORA MACGREGOR MACTOFFY (aged five and thirty), who has (by chance) been hustled against the REV. BURCHEM POTTS, aged seven and forty, and worth, without even counting his aunt with the asthma, eight hundred and twenty-five pounds per annum. At piano, U. L. E., playing, with rather dirty hands, his well-known "Tallopschicheifeilied," with variations, to which no one is listening, the celebrated Polish refugee, SHOPOROSKI. Tightly packed in, here and there, L. and R., LORD GIMP, MR. FLOGG, M.P., CHATTERBUSH—who has written a pamphlet on the main drainage question, KHOOLI WASHY KHAN, of the Persian Legation, and BILGER, the great African traveller, the lions of the evening. Crowding both rooms, the stairs, the conservatory, the upper landing, the hall, and every available nook and corner of 23 Glamorganshire Gardens, S.W., not absolutely locked in their faces, MRS. RAFFINGTON SMITH'S friends, who are enjoying her hospitality, and a temperature of 91° Fahrenheit.

YOUNG FOODLES (who is new to this sort of thing, and has just managed, by a good deal of physical exertion, to get upstairs, along the passage, and through the back door, addressing BOODLES, who has brought him). I say, old fellow, which is Mrs. Raffington Smith?

BOODLES (having seen GIMP, and made up his mind to get at him—vaguely). On the rug there. Salmon colour and butterflies. I'll tell her it's all right. (Makes a movement towards GIMP, and pushes PROFESSOR HUNCH on to RAFFINGTON SMITH.)

RAFFINGTON SMITH. Hulloah! look out—there it goes (seriously damaging the Indian chess-men in an endeavour to save himself from a serious fall sideways on to the DOWAGER LADY MACTOFFY)—not room to—to (intending to say "talk about pulverized magnesium," but generalising) do anything with your house crammed all in this fashion. (Suddenly seeing BOODLES, then brightly, as if he had been looking for him all the evening, and had something important to communicate to him.) Ah, there's Boodles. Must say a word to him (making a tenth effort to escape from the PROFESSOR, and managing it this time.) Beg your pardon—(playfully)—wonderful thing, pulverized magnesium!—wonderful! One ought to get it up. (Leaves him for life, then to BOODLES.) Glad you've come. (Cheerily, and as if it were a good joke.) Not much moving room, eh? (pushes forward, tearing two ladies' dresses, and seriously inconveniencing everybody in his immediate vicinity, but still treating it all as a capital joke.) Beg pardon, I'm sure, but five never would go into four, though, perhaps, Hunch could do it for you (does it himself several times over, and manages to reach the rug)—ah! that's better.

MRS. R. SMITH (in an undertone to him). What have you been doing? You know I can't stir from here, and Lady Chipp and the Pimples have been sitting on the bottom flight for the

last three quarters of an hour, and (bobs her head prettily to somebody who has just been squeezed into the room) you have introduced Lord Gimp to nobody, and not spoken a word to him yourself. I have noticed him make several attempts to get out—and—

R. SMITH. I don't wonder at it. I told you not to ask six hundred people; but it's the old story—you would do it. (Feels very hot, and quite ready for a row.)

MRS. R. SMITH (calmly). Will you bring Lady Chipp to me, dear? (This last with emphasis, and a smile, being suddenly conscious that they are watched by MRS. FITZDRAGONER)—do, dear—she's so nice.

R. SMITH. Bring her! I should like to know how the—(backs on to a tray of ices, is hustled off the rug, and forced gradually back into the neighbourhood of PROFESSOR HUNCH.)

LADY CHIPP (on the stairs, addressing MISS LEONORA PIMPLE, and concluding a general history of the Raffington Smith family, to which everyone who has been forced to pass the evening more or less on the first flight, has been listening with much quiet satisfaction.) And I will tell you what's more, my dear. She had a mere trifle settled on her, and if they have twelve hundred a-year between them, it's every penny they have. It can't last, take my word for it, my dear—it can't last, and (feeling the necessity of a telling circumstantial point) I don't believe a single scrap of all this new furniture has been paid for (sensation).

SWELL 1 (who has heard the close of the Raffington Smith history, to SWELL 2). I say, what is this fellow? (means his host.)

SWELL 2. Don't know. Think, though, he had something to do with the City—or something of that sort. Know him?

SWELL 1. No, I don't. D'you?

SWELL 2. O no!—seems a great snob! (also means his host.) I didn't come here myself, you know (then, as if it quite altered the case)—I was brought. I heard that they did things nicely—and (grows vacant)—

LADY CHIPP (still historically). Family, indeed! The grandfather was an ironmonger, or an iron-founder, or something or other at Birmingham, and as to Mrs. R. S.—well, they do say (drops her voice and says a great deal to the purpose)—

MISS HONORA PIMPLE (much interested). Dear me. I should like to look at her. (Conversation continued in same charitable and piquante strain for fifty minutes.)

STOUT SOMEBODY (with several daughters, who have all been jammed in between the back of the piano and HERR SCHOMPFEEL—married, and separated from his wife—addressing MRS. R. SMITH). Good night! (telling a good one while she is about it) We have passed a delightful evening!

THE SEVERAL DAUGHTERS (by mutual and tacit consent trumping the statement of the STOUT SOMEBODY). Oh, I'm sure we have—delightful!

MRS. R. SMITH (punishing the falsehood). Ah! you must come again (feeling sure they never, never will!)—you really must!

[Much consternation, and at times, danger, caused by the determined departure of the STOUT SOMEBODY and DAUGHTERS. LORD GIMP, who might have said a word for Young RAFFINGTON SMITH to the CHANCELLOR, resolves finally, this evening, not to do it. The other Lions, there not having been room to notice them, all feel more or less highly offended. SHOPOROSKI is happy over his fantasias, but having been refreshing himself with very doubtful sherry, his happiness is transitory. MISS FLORA MACGREGOR MACTOFFY fails in her attack on the REV. B. POTTS, who might have said something to compromise himself had the glass been anything under 86°. All talk here and there; those who do not know each other well saying it is very "nice;" those who do, hinting it is very much the reverse. All THINK it insufferable. KHOOLI WASHY KHAN wonders how people claiming to be civilised can consider a stifling crush of 493 people into two small, over-heated, and badly-ventilated rooms, for the sole purpose of envying, hating, abusing, but simpering at each other, an entertainment worthy of encouragement and support. Everybody also wonders very much the same sort of thing, but determines most sacredly to come again to-morrow if the RAFFINGTON SMITHS give another. General tableau of immovable and dogged despair.]

CURTAIN.



LONDON, JULY 31, 1869.

THE WEEK.

"THE Irish State Church is dead, Long live the Irish Land Question!"

THE ladies are still to have a grating in front of them at the House. Very appropriate—the gallery is so hot that they must have a grill (*grille!*).

THE Tory side of the House is deserted. The weather is so oppressive that, like the lawyers, they are obliged to dispense with the Whigs.\*

IN the Salmon Fishery Committee, every person that has been examined as yet has had a plan of his own for remedying the present dearth of that fish; in fact, to quote the poet,  
"A Committeeman on the dearth,  
Hasn't a very pleasant berth."\*

"SCHNEIDER" (*vide* her letter to the *Times*) has had a narrow escape. If it were not cruel to laugh about such a serious subject, one might say that the flames, in catching the young lady's ample skirts, were very *enfes* (unfair?)\*

THE Earl of Winchilsea is reported to have remarked, in the course of a recent debate, that "sooner than vote for the Government, he would let his head be brought to the block!" No great distance that, my lord!

WHAT has come to the Law Officers of the Government? The Lord Chancellor, the other day, in the House of Lords, at the close of the first debate on the Commons' rejection of the Lords' amendments, showed that those who gave him credit for moderation were rather hasty, for he gave vent to a burst of enthusiasm and hearty indignation which must have astonished the woosack. In the House of Commons, on Thursday last, the Solicitor-General was guilty of an unpardonable escapade, taking advantage of answering some questions to abuse the Lords most roundly for their rejection of the University Tests Bill. However much we sympathise with the opinions entertained by both the noble lord and the right honourable gentleman, we cannot think their mode of expressing them becoming in persons of their position and dignity.

A TIP FOR TOWN COUNCILS.

IT has at last occurred to somebody that the scroll, the usual form of an address presented to a royal personage, is slightly inconvenient. On the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit to Manchester, the Princess, instead of receiving the ungainly parcel of parchment hitherto *de rigueur* on such occasions, had handed to her a richly-bound little volume, "gorgeously illuminated" as the reporters tell us. This innovation is certainly in the right direction. Now that addresses to royalty have assumed the form of books, perhaps some radical corporation will go still further in the cause of reform, and let the beautiful binding shelter something worth reading.

\* The effect of the hot weather. *Very mild!*—[Ed. TOM.]

COMPETITION IN LONG CLOTHES!

A LAY OF NORTH WOOLWICH.

WHO felt the weight, and scanned the size  
Of rival yearlings with surprise,  
Yet doubted not to win the Prize?  
My mother!

The heat, the Baby-freighted train,  
To change thy purpose all were vain:  
Was't love of me? or hope of gain,  
My mother?

Who let the public eye make free  
With secrets of our nursery,  
That int'rest only you and me?  
My mother!

Who babes with piglings would confound,  
Show both for flesh, so firm and sound,  
And weigh their merits *by the pound?*  
My mother!

Ambition noble! to prepare  
Spring infants, fattened up with care,  
FIRST QUALITY, TEN POUNDS THE PAIR.  
My mother!

If breeders prizes be allowed,  
Maternity, to please the crowd,  
Concurrently must be endowed,  
My mother!

Home joys, my mother, now are cheap:  
I pass my time in healthy sleep,  
Yet win a cup to pay my keep,  
My mother!

PROMISES AFTER DATE.

IT seems to be the fashion now-a-days for members of the Royal Family to make long engagements. The Duke of Edinburgh, before leaving England, mapped out his time for two years in advance, but as his Royal Highness contemplated a trip round the world, he had a reason for doing so. In the case though of other Royal personages "who stay at home at ease," their long engagements appear to be somewhat unnecessary, even if they do not ultimately prove inconvenient. It is, no doubt, pleasant for the public to be kept *au courant* of the intentions of Royalty, and the recent announcement of Her Majesty's projected visit to Ireland *next year* has been received with respectful acclamation; but *next year* is a long time off, and "hope long deferred maketh the heart sick." We trust, however, that nothing may happen between this and then to interfere with a scheme to which the long delay is the only drawback.

NOT A BAD JUDGE.

WE do not agree with those journals which are inclined to carp at the appointment of Mr. J. C. O'Dowd to the post of Deputy Judge Advocate General of the Army, in succession to Mr. Vernon Lushington, Q.C., now Secretary of the Admiralty. Mr. O'Dowd is a barrister of limited experience, be it admitted, but he nevertheless possesses an intimate acquaintance with military law and military matters generally. Indeed, supposing that Mr. O'Dowd was not an intelligent member of the literary world, a much respected gentleman, and a personal friend of several people in high places, there could be no reason whatever why he should not be made Deputy Judge Advocate General of the Army. Perhaps on second thoughts, our contemporaries before alluded to, may come to the conclusion that Mr. O'Dowd has more than a just claim to preferment, and that no better man than he could have been chosen for the vacant appointment.





Mark Mayger

CHRISTIAN CHARITY!  
 OR,  
 THEY WILL SINK THE BOAT BETWEEN THEM.

(Dedicated to the Protestants and Roman Catholics of Ireland.)



## THE NATION.

## No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(Continued from page 42.)

V.

THE sudden incarceration of poor Quillets, which had the effect of bringing the action of Quips *v.* Quillets to a sharp and unexpected termination, and produced a complete settlement of the litigation, was one of the turning points in Little Squigsby's career. It is true Pawkins and Spoff tried all they could to set aside the arrest, and thereby get their unfortunate client out of prison, but they only succeeded in effecting this object by virtually settling the action. Nothing could get over the affidavit of Little Squigsby as to his attendance of the summons. Quillets, when he was liberated, brought an action against Pawkins and Spoff for neglect, and when he had pocketed the damages calmly walked into Mr. Slicker's office and gave him his business. Pawkins and Spoff were furious, and said all sorts of unkind things about Slicker, and about his sharpness being a disgrace to the profession. Slicker only rubbed his hands and chuckled, and Little Squigsby shared his delight, and made his employers roar with laughter when he suggested, with a sort of patronizing pity, "that it was a great misfortune a firm like Pawkins and Spoff did not understand their business."

VI.

Little Squigsby now made giant strides in Mr. Slicker's office and in that gentleman's appreciation of his talents. He was an apt pupil, and if he worked hard it was an enjoyment to him. No one could serve a writ like Little Squigsby, or hunt down a wretched defendant with more swiftness and precision to hand him a bankruptcy summons. No one could so well stagger the victim when he came to ask for time, by telling him what penalties should be inflicted upon him unless he immediately paid. To see the imp sitting on a high stool, with a pen behind his ear, in Slicker's back office, lecturing some unfortunate broken-down professional man about the impropriety of his conduct in getting into debt, and then calmly running his pen up a whole ladder of figures, and smacking his lips as he named the total costs the miserable wretch would have to pay, was really a charming and improving spectacle. In this probationary period of his career, too, he was very good at affidavits. He liked swearing. If any little hitch occurred in the satisfactory carrying on of the litigation of Slicker's clients, nothing put things so speedily right as an affidavit by Mr. Squigsby. Where he got the information from he embodied in the form of affidavits, and then swore to, was not one of the least wonderful of the mysteries which enveloped his abilities. It was almost with a sort of pride that he would hand his affidavit to the Commissioners to be sworn, as much as to say, "See my importance. Here I am, at it again; can't get on without me." When the oath was administered, he would kiss the book with a loud-sounding unctuous smack, that at least brought conviction to his own mind that everything he had sworn to or suggested in his affidavit was nothing but the truth. In getting up cases, also, for trial he was extremely clever. He would, under the instructions of Mr. Slicker, discover witnesses who could testify to facts in the box in the most remarkable manner. "The other side" was always taken by surprise by the witnesses Little Squigsby had unearthed. If the case should happen to be a "running down" one, for instance, what a number of respectable lookers-on could always be produced by Mr. Slicker, who always gave their evidence in favour of his client! Or in railway smashes, how astonished the company always was at the number of unfortunates who happened to be in the train at the particular moment when the smash occurred, and the extent and variety of the injuries they had received, and the losses they had incurred, and who had rushed off in a body to Slicker's office to obtain legal compensation for their afflictions!

VII.

Little Squigsby was invaluable to Slicker; and Slicker's business had increased, managed as it was by his conscientious clerk; and Slicker had grown fatter and greyer than ever; and he got as many clients as he could well attend to; and he had started a country-house; and he drove a phaeton in the Park; and he got such a plethora of money that he began to put his fellow creatures under fresh obligations to him by lending it to

them, under a system by which the borrower only escaped the prison or the Bankruptcy Court by paying back twice as much as he had received. Little Squigsby in this time, too, had grown older. He was now of age, and he had begun to picture to himself how long he was to continue grinding and grubbing for the benefit of Slicker. He had picked up all sorts of wrinkles of law; he was a clever practitioner; the clients had shown a disposition to consult him in preference to his employer; and the salary he received had only advanced in a very small proportion, compared to the gold he had enabled Slicker to accumulate; and he therefore commenced to feel a desire to enjoy more considerable personal advantages from the exercise of his talents and professional knowledge. Socially considered, Slicker had always kept him down, and had never admitted him to more intercourse than was necessary to the proper carrying on of the business. "I'll show him," said Little Squigsby, working himself up into a sort of indignation, and dashing down *Lush's Common Law* upon the desk; "I'll show him I can be as great a man as he is: that I will. I'm not going to be his scrub all my life. Not I. I'll take the first opportunity to make my proposition;" and he added with a chuckle, as he affectionately patted *Archbold's Criminal Law*, "I'll dare him to refuse me."

VIII.

The opportunity soon presented itself. It was after a great special jury action had been gained by Slicker, in which the peculiar exertions of Little Squigsby had more than anything contributed to the favourable result, that Mr. Slicker, hugging himself with his success, and mentally estimating what the cost would come to, in the fullness of his ecstasy, complimented his clerk upon his energy, and voluntarily offered him a small increase in his salary, and the immediate bonus of a five-pound note as a reward. Little Squigsby's exhibition of gratitude was striking and peculiar. He took up the five-pound note, read it attentively from the first line to the last, held it up to the light to see if it were genuine, rustled it in his hands, turned it over to see if any name had been endorsed, and then having satisfied himself upon all these matters of detail, he laid the note down again before his employer with his observation:

"You had better keep it, Mr. Slicker."

Mr. Slicker started.

"What do you mean?" he said. "Do you refuse it?"

"I do," said Little Squigsby. "You give it to me, as I understand, as a reward for what I have done for you. I require something more."

"Something more!" cried Slicker, "Well, upon my word, this is a joke. I'm not bound to give you anything, and yet you ask me for more."

"Yes!" said Little Squigsby, very quietly. "Very much more."

Mr. Slicker laughed.

"Ten pounds perhaps you want. Well, this is a cool proceeding, Mr. Squigsby."

"Much more still," said Squigsby. "Money certainly has something to do with what I require; but not all. I am bound to better myself, if I can; and I see an opportunity now of bettering myself, and I mean to do it."

Mr. Slicker looked very disconcerted. This sounded like a notice to quit. He was not prepared for this little bit of sharpness on the part of his clerk.

"What, leave me!" cried Slicker. "I, who have made you what you are; brought you up from nothing; a ragged boy I found on a doorstep; treated you in the most considerate manner. Is this your gratitude? Out with it. What is it you want?"

"What I want is this," said Squigsby, "I want my articles!"

Mr. Slicker gave a start from the table.

"Your what?"

"My articles—I intend to be articulated to you. I intend you to give me my articles—mind, I say to give me my articles. You shall pay the stamp duty, Mr. Slicker, and all the expenses, and I will serve you under the articles, as in duty bound, for five years, at the end of which time I shall be an attorney and solicitor as yourself. In order, however, that I may not starve during the interval of instruction, you shall, with a slight addition, allow me a weekly stipend. There! I had better go and draw the document at once, it can be signed to-morrow, and I can enter upon my duties in my new position."

Mr. Slicker almost lost his breath with astonishment.

"I will never consent to this."

"Very well," said Little Squigsby. "Then I know what to do—you mustn't complain if I take my own measures for bettering myself and advancing my position. I might even go and ask for an engagement at Pawkins and Spoff's, and I might even induce them to take up a few cases, the particulars of which I could give them in rather a strong light. There's Jenkins' will case. That might be re-opened with some profit to whoever undertook it, and some damage to Mr. Slicker. There are those trust accounts of Barkinson's which are as well kept out of any further examination. There——"

He was proceeding to enumerate certain other cases, and Slicker was turning whiter and whiter.

"Stop!" cried Slicker, "I see what you mean—I am in your power. You shall have 'what you want.'"

Two days after this, Little Squigsby was the articulated clerk of Mr. Slicker.

(To be continued.)

### OUR BOOKMARKER.

*The Puritans.* By ERNEST MYERS. London: Macmillan and Co. 1869.

THIS is one of those dramas (!) for which we must hold Mr. Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon* indirectly responsible. That wonderful work of real genius gave a stimulus to the revival of the classic form of drama, which has not as yet succeeded in producing any equal to its prototype. We may imitate the form of the ancient drama, but Mr. Swinburne's work is a solitary instance of success in attempting to reproduce its dignity, its majestic rhythm, and its deep tragic power.

*The Puritans* is not a classical subject like *Atalanta*, but it is treated classically. There are only four personages in the drama, and of these Milton is the chief speaker, except the Chorus. We must confess that the name of "drama," if meant to indicate any depth or passion, or a poem dealing with its subject in vivid picturesque language, is a sad misnomer. A more gloomy, not to say dull, piece of antique affectation we have scarcely ever come across, even in our researches amongst the literary lumber of the past.

Mr. Ernest Myers is a clever young man, and he comes of a clever family. His brother is the author of *St. Paul*, and one of the great leaders of the movement for dyeing all women blue. But we would entreat the author of the present work to pause before he tries to scale Parnassus again. No doubt he will find many people foolish enough to flatter him with the title of poet. There is an irresistible attraction for some people in a book nicely printed, written in blank verse, with choruses, and plentifully sprinkled with "yeas" and "nays," and other old-fashioned frippery. Women, particularly, are prone to pronounce such productions poetry—we are getting into alliteration—without enquiring whether there really are any poetical thoughts or even feelings lurking under that venerable disguise. Mr. Myers will, if he give the matter quiet consideration, soon perceive that there is nothing in this drama which might not just as well have been written in prose, and very little which need have been written at all. He will wish, with us, that he had consigned it to the limbo where his other school and college exercises repose. It would be too much to expect a man who had taken a first class to be a poet; but we have a right to expect from him correct versification. We select the following as specimens of inharmonious and incorrect lines:—

- "And angry clamour and pushing to and fro."—P. 15.
- "Shall presently in a kindlier clime of peace."—P. 16.
- "Still living, and deem that he has known on earth."—P. 17.
- "All saw full plainly, and how since war begun."—P. 31.
- "Look fearfully when they hear that Cromwell comes."—P. 32.
- "Holds yet wild revel; neither art thou, O friend."—P. 33.
- "Brave also, and he with all his routed host."—P. 44.

In our time blank verse used to have ten and not eleven feet; it also was supposed to have rhythm: but perhaps the advance of intellect has changed all that.

Instances of alternate or consecutive lines rhyming will be found in pp. 16, 17, 18, and 25, in the blank verse portions—a most inexcusable fault.

As for nonsense lines, we will not inflict on our readers all the "mysteries" of this drama.

"What time the young-eyed morning smote the sea" may be very poetical. It suggests to us a puppy lashing the sea with his tail.

P. 20, in chorus, we find—

"They wondered that none would uphold."

"They" probably had very little knowledge of grammar, or they would not have "wondered that none would uphold" when there was nothing for them to uphold. What is Mr. Myers' authority for "subtily"? Milton uses "subtly," and there is such a word as "subtilely;" but to Mr. Myers belongs the sole honour of inventing "subtily."

We should not have dragged this precious drama from the congenial "obscurity" to which it has, we hope, by this time been finally relegated, if it did not represent a class of publication which is becoming a real nuisance. Some industrious and intelligent boy succeeds in producing a prize poem at school; he repeats his achievement at the University; he learns to translate Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides with ease; he masters English sufficiently to understand Shakespeare, and upon these premises he concludes that he is a poet. The position which his perseverance and talents have fairly earned, makes his ponderous priggism accepted by many as brilliant originality; he is hailed as a poet by his friends because he has learnt the knack of imitating different modes of versification, and the outside world is expected to fall down and worship this new genius because they cannot understand him. Obscure affectation is to be accepted as deep significance; assumed mannerisms are to be admired as the inseparable crudities of genius. Thus it is that men who are respectable scholars, and who might be useful in their generation as compilers or commentators, are ludicrously exalted as poets and original thinkers. No amount of acquaintance with poetry can make a poet; no amount of study can make an original thinker. A man might just as well claim to be a Sir Walter Raleigh because he had hired an Elizabethan costume of Messrs. Nathan, as call himself a poet because he had taught himself certain antique and quaint expressions which are found in the works of great poets. It is as a pretentious piece of affectation, devoid of imagination, of grace, of elegance, of feeling, or of power, utterly wanting in poetic thought or expression, that we condemn this work. It has the name of a clever man to recommend it, but nothing else.

### MACBETH.

GRAND OPERA.

(PAR A—BR—ISE TH—N—S.)

[THE vast success of *Hamlet*, the Grand Opera of M. Thomas, has encouraged him to proceed in the adaptation of Shakespeare's great tragedies to the lyrical stage. We give here a prophetic libretto of the forthcoming work, with the plot, &c. We regret that we cannot supply the music.]

MACBETH.—PART I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Opera opens with a merry-making, which is taking place on the heath near Forres, in honour of the victories gained by the armies of Duncan, led by Macbeth and Banquo, over the Norwegians and their allies, the rebellious Thanes. The Scotch lads and lasses celebrate, in draughts of "Mountain Dew," and in "Highland Flings," the triumph of their favourite chief. Macbeth now enters, accompanied by Banquo, and followed by a train of pipers, dunniewassels, &c., such as generally formed the retinue of a Highland Chief of that period. He announces his succession to the Thanedom of Glavis amidst the cheers of the peasants; while Banquo (who, for the purpose of the lyric drama, is represented as a light-hearted young fellow) good-humouredly announces that he is *not* made Thane of Glavis, but declares his love for Macbeth's beautiful wife, an important addition to the interest of the fable, and one which Shakespeare must certainly have contemplated. Macbeth, in a wild outburst of gratified ambition, dismisses the merry-makers; but in the words "aroint thee" (preserved from the text of the immortal bard), he shows that his mind is dwelling on the Witches, whom, when

alone with Banquo, he informs him they have come to see. Banquo gaily announces their approach in a *presto* air. The Witches now enter, and here our librettist has taken a slight, but very allowable liberty with the text, by making those apparitions less horrible than generally presented on the stage; in fact, bringing them more into accordance with the genius of the lyric drama by representing them like the Syrens,—beautiful, but wicked. The exquisite words of the immortal bard "All hail," &c., are here preserved most religiously. The Witches hail Macbeth successively as Thane of Glavis, Cawdor, and, lastly, as "King that shalt be"—a kind of greeting which fairly staggers the victorious Chief. Banquo laughingly congratulates him in a passage of great brilliancy, and then asks the Witches, "What is to become of him?" the answer to which is, that "He shall get kings, though he shall be none." This excites Macbeth's jealousy, but he does not see the construction of which the prophecy is capable—namely, that if he were dead, Banquo would marry his widow. Macbeth, however, resolves to have Banquo's life, rather than suffer his descendants to share the throne.

The Witches now vanish, and Rosse, Angus, &c., enter, who announce to Macbeth the fulfilment of the first part of the Witches' prophecy; at the same time they announce the arrival of the King, who enters with a grand procession of captives, trained beasts, the head of the Thane of Cawdor, (just executed,) and other accessories of barbaric splendour. Duncan, after embracing Macbeth, announces his intention of coming to stay with him at Inverness Castle (painted by Matt Morgan). Banquo expresses his delight at seeing the object of his illicit affection, and Macbeth, in pregnant couplets, foreshadows the murder of the good old King. With this spirited *finale* the first act ends.

*The Scene represents "the Heath," illuminated as if for a fête. As the curtain rises, the virtuous peasantry of Scotland are discovered dancing the national dance, and quaffing the national liquor,—the men attired in half petticoats, the women in three quarters. Ornamental bowers and fountains of whiskey, kippered salmon, and oatcakes scattered about stage.*

## CHORUS.

We've come out on the Heath to-day  
To sip the dew and dance so gay;  
It is the Mountain Dew we mean:  
The same which the Irish call Potheen!

Dance away.  
Drink away.  
Dance away.  
Drink away.

We've come out on the Heath to-day,  
For Macbeth's made Thane of Cawdor they say.

(Enter MACBETH and BANQUO splendidly attired. Attendants, music, pibrochs, and dunniewassels.)

MACBETH.—I Thane of Glavis am  
By Sinel's death.

CHORUS.—Hurrah!

BANQUO.—I am not.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! hurrah!

BANQUO (*confidentially*).—I love Madame Macbeth.

CHORUS.—Oh!—Hurrah!

MACBETH.—Friends away

On this day,  
Everybody ought to be gay—  
"Aroint thee" then!

CHORUS (*exeunt dancing*).—Hooray! Hooray!

SCENE 2.—The Heath. Lights down. MACBETH, BANQUO,  
then the WITCHES.

MACBETH.—Banquo, to-night the Witches three  
You and I have come to see.

BANQUO.—They come. The darlings, see they come,  
Mounted on broomsticks, oh how rum!

(Enter WITCHES. They are fascinating young women, dressed like the virgins in the "Biche au Bois," by French Leaves.)

\*FIRST WITCH.—"All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee Thane of  
Glavis!"

\* Wherever compatible with the exigencies of the lyric stage, the words of the immortal bard have been retained.

SECOND WITCH.—"All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane  
of Cawdor!"

THIRD WITCH.—"All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king  
hereafter!"

BANQUO.—"Why do you start?"

Take heart, take heart.

MACBETH.—To think that I may be king some day,  
It fairly takes my breath away.

WITCHES (*a 3*).—Hail! King! that shall be!

MACBETH.—Again! how nice it sounds!

BANQUO.—It does. How pretty are they!

Let me to them speak—attend—

Tell me, my pretty messengers,

What is to become of me?

WITCHES.—Hail! Hail!! Hail!!!

BANQUO (*to MACBETH*).—Nothing but hail for me.

'Tis you alone that reign.

MACBETH.—Oh idle jest,

My anxious breast

Such thoughts distract.

[*He reflects gloomily (on his breast-plate).*]

FIRST WITCH (*to BANQUO*).—Thou shalt get kings, though  
thou be none.

MACBETH (*aside*).—Get kings! what mean they?

Perhaps they refer to draughts,

A game which Scotchmen love.

WITCHES (*a 3*).—Hail! all hail! Macbeth and Banquo.

(*They vanish through the air—singing.*)

MACBETH.—"Stay, you imperfect women!"

BANQUO (*gaily*).—I know one perfect woman,

It is his beauteous wife.

MACBETH (*reflecting—aside*).—He will get kings—ah! will he?

Then I must have his life.

(*aloud*) Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO.—But you shall be the king.

MACBETH.—Ha, ha, 'tis very strange—

BANQUO.—And Thane of Cawdor too.

MACBETH.—} Yes, all they say is true.

BANQUO.—} Yes, all they say is true.

(Enter ROSSE, ANGUS, COURTIERS, LADIES OF THE BALLET,  
&c., &c.)

ROSSE.—} Hail! Thane of Cawdor!

ANGUS.—} Hail! Thane of Cawdor!

(MACBETH starts. BANQUO "badines" with the ladies.)

ALL.—Hail Thane of Cawdor.

MACBETH.—Me?

ALL.—Yes, you—yes, you—yes, you.

BANQUO.—Yes, he—yes, he—yes, he.

ALL.—Come where the banquet waits.

The King is coming—see.

*Grand flourish of trumpets. Procession of captives. The late THANE OF CAWDOR'S head is borne on a cushion, preceded by the Executioners. Wild Beasts captured as spoil from the Highlanders. Bagpipers. Tame stags. Trained wolves. and a long string of captured maidens. Boys eating butter-scotch. Then, last of all, KING DUNCAN crowned. Lords, Thanes, fives, &c. After the KING has saluted MACBETH and BANQUO (and some of the Ladies of the Ballet).*

## FINALE.

DUNCAN.—(*to MACBETH—recitative*)—Cousin sweet, I am  
coming to stay with thee.

At Inverness Castle (painted by Matt Morgan).

MACBETH.—Your Majesty shall be welcome.

BANQUO (*aside*).—He will, indeed.

ALL.—The King is going to stay with him

At Inverness Castle (painted by Matt Morgan).

MACBETH.—"Stars hide your fires,

O, do not see "my black desires."

DUNCAN.—I hope that he

Will do the thing

Quite handsomely.

BANQUO.—I am sure that she

Will do the thing

Quite handsomely.

CHORUS.— Let's hope that he  
Will give to we  
Plenty of the best whiskey.

MACBETH.—Wink not my eye,  
But fear to see  
What I shall do ;  
"Yet let that be."

BANQUO.— I must not wink,  
Nor yet must she,  
But what may come ;  
Well, let that be.

DUNCAN.— But I may wink,  
For I am king,  
At my cousin's wife—  
Well, let that be.

ALL.— Oh, glorious fun,  
Delightful spree,  
He always gives  
The best whiskey.

MACBETH.—Eye must not see, nor tongue must tell,  
I'll play my part as host right well.

BANQUO.— Eye must not see, nor tongue must tell,  
My love will play her part right well.

KING.— Eye must not see, nor tongue must tell,  
My knife and fork I'll play right well.

MACBETH. } Eye must not see, nor tongue must tell,  
BANQUO. } I } will play { my } part right well.  
KING. } (a 3) } She } her } his }

and  
CHORUS.— Oh, glorious, &c.

(*da capo.*)  
MACBETH.—I shall be king, I feel I shall.

BANQUO (*looking at DUNCAN*).—  
I should not like the king to be.

DUNCAN (*going*).—Follow your king with mirth and glee.

(*The Procession forms, and the KING goes out, followed by  
Lords, Ladies, &c., &c.*)

MACBETH. } Eye must not see, nor tongue must tell,  
BANQUO. } I will play my part right well.  
CHORUS — Oh, glorious, &c.

CURTAIN.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

### THE SNOB'S GUIDE.

*A Continental Handbook for the British Traveller Proper.*

BY ONE OF THEM.

I SAID a few words last week, young travelling Englishman, to your papa, and now I am going to throw out a hint or two to you. In some respects you are a greater snob than the old gentleman, though, as he has the advantage of you in years, it would better become the dignity of his age were he, when on the Continent, to conduct himself in a more sober and Christian manner. You have one advantage over him, however, and it is a great one, for it pleads often most eloquently in your excuse. Unquestionably you *look* the bigger fool. You cannot always help it, for (your climate, very possibly, is responsible for the fact) by nature you are possessed of a gaping, dead, un-intellectual physiognomy, which does not allow you to make a very favourable impression at first sight. "*Il est vraiment curieux*" is the highest eulogy a Frenchman can pass on you ; and when I recall the tremendous types of you I have met with on the other side of the Channel, I really think it is very kind of him to confine himself to so limited a panegyric.

And I am not speaking now of your worst characteristics. I am not alluding to the vulgar blackguard who looks on the continental world from a sort of Haymarket-at-one-o'clock-in-the-morning point of view, and considers a tour undertaken on a foreign soil to be a sort of "spree," which justifies him both in outraging the feelings of the people among whom he is travelling, and bringing eternal discredit upon the British name wherever he turns his steps. Need I remind you of what young English *gentlemen* have accomplished in this line within the last few years? Are not the noble exploits of University men at a

quiet town in Brittany, and the considerate chivalry of Anglo-Indians at Cairo still fresh in your memory? Do not you feel your breast swell with manly British pride when you reflect that knocker-wrenching, street-yelling, rioting, and drunkenness have been exported from your native country to all parts of the world, together with her iron and cotton fabrics? Bear in mind, then, that if you wish to distinguish yourself as a leader of this great and respectable class, you must draw your model of the English gentleman from the title pages of raffish comic songs. The doings of "Champagne Charlie" must be your study, and his style and tastes must be yours. If, again, you wish to be more quiet, but yet worthy of your country, you may curtail his nocturnal proclivities, and merely copy from him what is flashy and remarkable. For instance, if you enter a *café*, treat the lady in the velvet chair at the counter with impertinent familiarity. You will notice that the Frenchman—your moral, physical, and intellectual inferior—addresses her with marked courtesy, and takes off his hat on entering and quitting the room where she presides. You are an Englishman, so mind you descend to none of this bowing and scraping humbug. Reflect—if you ever indulge your thick head in a reflection—that the buyer and seller are not two equals concluding a bargain, and that the one changes some commodity for money, and *vice versa*. Look at them both from your British standing point, and then you will see that the person who sells is a snob and the person who buys a gentleman. Convinced of this abroad, as you are at home, you will be sure to behave yourself with becoming vulgarity and bad taste wherever you go. This refers, of course, merely to matters of a pecuniary nature. To be thoroughly prepared to keep up your character, where moral and intellectual questions are concerned, you must bear several important truths continually in your mind. As these truths are of the greatest value, and worthy a separate discussion, I will reserve them till next week. For the moment, dwell upon the great fact that the key to your disreputable conduct abroad is to be found in your utter and pig-headed belief in—yourself.

### "THE GOOD OLD SCHOOL."

INSPECTOR TANNER has retired from the Police Force on a pension of £100 a year. Amongst the records of the ex-detective's good services may be found the capture of Mullens, who murdered Mrs. Emsley; of Forward, who killed the three children in the Holborn coffee-house; of Hunt, who committed murder in a cab; and of the notorious Müller, who killed poor Mr. Briggs. It is to be regretted that so useful an officer, who personally bears such a high character for his upright conduct in all matters entrusted to him, should be lost to the Police just at the present moment, when the Force is so sadly short of men of Inspector Tanner's type. £100 a year is but a mean provision for a man who has been of so much utility to the public; and Colonel Henderson would have acted more wisely if, instead of putting Mr. Tanner on the pension list, he had removed him from the active duty for which we presume he is now a little too old, and placed him in a position of control, where his vast experience and strict integrity would have had a favourable influence on our modern constables.

### ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN SPARROWHAWK.

H	o	B
E	lde	R
N	os	E
R	ifl	E
Y		C
M	arc	H
A	l	L
R	in	O
T		A (Tomahawk Almanack)
I	lia	D
N	or	E
I	se	R (and Iser rolling rapidly).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Veritas." Send real name and address, and you shall be attended to.