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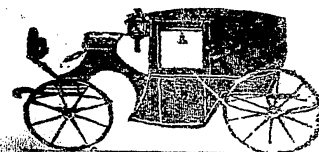
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Edited by Arthur à Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 118.]

LONDON, AUGUST 7, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE IRISH VAMPIRE.

IT is with unfeigned sorrow that we feel compelled to draw attention once more to the fearful prevalence of assassination in Ireland, and to the almost complete impunity with which the assassins are able to carry on their infamous trade. It is very wearying to be obliged to repeat the same stereotyped expressions on this subject; but the fact of there being little left to say but a repetition of what has been said so often before, and with no result, makes it more imperative on us to take heart once again, and try if the voice of humanity, of reason, of religion, cannot penetrate to the hearts of some of those, at least, who cherish these cowardly crimes by their indifference, their apathy, if not by their corrupted sympathy.

Much is often said as to the small number of crimes committed in Ireland as compared with England, allowing for the difference in the number of the population. We willingly grant that murders instigated by lust and avarice are very rare in Ireland. But we maintain that crimes of violence, assaults, outrages, and assassinations from revengeful motives, or in obedience to some secret society of bloodthirsty, cowardly scoundrels, who are living in constant friendly intercourse with, if not in humble dependence on, the man whom they have marked for their victim simply because he has done his duty instead of sacrificing his employer to their greedy selfish idleness,—crimes such as these, we maintain, are not only peculiar to Ireland, not only frequent in Ireland, but are rendered, by the constant impunity that attends them, the crimes not of individuals, but of the whole people. A murder in Ireland is not as in England—the work of some one wretch, driven mad by drink, or passion, or furious jealousy; but an act of deliberate, cowardly assassination, approved by hundreds, men, women, and children, whom no sense of right or wrong, no horror of bloodshed, no feeling of sympathy for the wife and children of the man suddenly cut down in the prime of life, without warning, without a chance of defending himself—whom, in short, no tender feeling such as the very brute beasts possess, can ever induce to declare themselves on the side of humanity and justice, to aid in bringing the assassin to punishment, to do what little lies in their power to remove the stain of the shedding of innocent blood from those near and dear to them. Some men may call this noble fidelity, we call it brutal cruelty and degraded ferocity. We must go to the jungles of India before we can find any parallel to the treachery, ferocity, and greed of blood, for blood's sake, which distinguishes the moral peasants of Ireland. It is with those who aid and abet these crimes, with those who shelter, encourage, nay, even laud

the assassin, that we have to contend. Until we can hit on some punishment which we can enforce on these parasites of murderers, we shall never do anything towards putting down assassination in Ireland. Affectionate mothers, chaste wives, pure-hearted maidens gloat over the bleeding body of some wretched man who has been battered to pieces by five or six cowardly blackguards, merely because the hideous crime was committed in the name of tenant-right. Well may the Government wish to provide lunatic asylums for Ireland, since four out of every five Irishmen and Irishwomen, if not mad on this subject, are so morally corrupted that one shrinks from the contemplation of such loathsome brutality.

It is a melancholy fact that the Irish, as a nation, cannot be roused to a sense of the pollution which attaches to their national character on account of the impunity which attends these crimes. To say that the Government is timid, vacillating, incapable, is to say no more than that it is an English Government of an alien land. To rule by tyranny and injustice, to insult and oppress her tributaries, is England's first idea of government; to this succeeds a dull confused sense of shame, and a drowsy, half-awake, half-asleep, state of conscience which if not true or strong enough to incite the Imperial power to repair past wrongs, and is so feeble and undecided as to fetter the executive power of the law. Between condemning harshly, and pardoning foolishly, the Government of Ireland seems to know no mean; it has not the grace to conciliate nor the courage to subdue its enemies; it is so oppressed with a sense of its past sins that it is incapable of any definite plan for the future. It pounces on harebrained enthusiasts, half crazy youths, who talk about liberty, and wear green sashes, and sing songs, which they suppose to be revolutionary because they cannot understand them; meantime it palters with assassins, and makes heroes of the strong and brutal by making martyrs of the weak and timid.

It seems to us that no serious attempt has ever been made to rouse the feelings of the Irish peasantry, as a whole, against these dastardly assassins. If in every district declarations were issued to be signed by the peasantry, in which they bound themselves by a solemn oath never to aid or abet any assassination, never to shelter, conceal, or associate with any known assassin, and at the same time might record their perfect loyalty, and their desire to maintain order if the co-operation of the priests were invited also in such a movement, we cannot but believe that it would make the detection of crime much easier in Ireland.

But this is a gradual remedy; what we want now is an instant

means of suppression. We must again urge on the Government that in this case severity is the true mercy—and that the whole population in disturbed districts must be made to feel the terrors of the law. We feel certain that by the severest punishment of all accomplices, as well as principals, in any agrarian murder, more lives would be saved than by any mistaken exhibition of leniency. Let us remember that now there is a strong desire to do justice to Ireland on the land question, as we have tried to do it with regard to the Church; but that desire will soon be destroyed by the constant recurrence of such cowardly and savage attacks as have lately taken place in so many parts of Ireland. Surely, in this matter, the Irish might for once recognize the fact that they are morally responsible creatures, and might suggest to Government, and aid in carrying out, some plan which would put a stop to this terrible increase of the most hateful form of crime, which has made the very name of Ireland hateful to the ears of those who can feel for suffering near home, for the calamities of men of their own kin and their own colour.

MACBETH.

GRAND OPERA.

(PAR A—BR—ISE TH—M—S.)

PART II.

THE ARGUMENT.

WE are now introduced to the interior of Macbeth's Castle at Inverness, in a magnificent room of which, hung with splendid decorations, and looking out on the hills and distant heath, we find Lady Macbeth with the open letter from her husband in her hand, in which he announces the prophecy of the Witches. The glorious panorama of gratified ambition spreads itself before her gaze, and in a scena of singular power and brilliancy, she pictures the splendour of the regal state. She at once springs to the same conclusion as Macbeth—viz., that Duncan must be murdered, and in a grand incantation, founded on the words of the immortal bard, she invokes the aid of all evil passions and spirits. Here we must observe our librettist exhibits a touch of divine inspiration of which Shakespeare himself might be proud,—we refer to the introduction of the supernatural element in the shape of the Witches at the end of Lady Macbeth's incantation. The idea of connecting the weird, yet beautiful, sisters of the blasted heath with every crime, that is committed by Macbeth, and his wife, throughout the piece, is quite worthy of the noblest poet of all time. No one can fail to be impressed by the accessories introduced at this point, including as they do the dire commotion of the elements, and the exultant triumph of the principle of evil embodied in the winsome but wicked Witches. The entry of Macbeth is very impressive; with spell-bound gaze riveted on the fascinating demons, he enters through the window, and finds his wife bent on the same crime that has dimly suggested itself to his ambitious soul. The duo which concludes the scene is very airy and graceful, while the phrases in which Macbeth gives assent to his wife's schemes, and the suggestive way in which he plays with his dagger, must heighten the effect of this incomparable situation. The noise of the crowds accompanying Duncan, the guileless unsuspecting King, coming as a guest to the house of the man whom he has loaded with honours, adds to the lyrical and dramatic completeness of this grand scene.

Banquo now enters travel-stained, but in high spirits; he laughingly sings the refrain of the Witches' Chorus, and bows his knee to the future King. Macbeth is much agitated; but is relieved by his wife bidding him go and prepare to receive his Monarch. He goes out, and Lady Macbeth and Banquo remain alone. Womanly curiosity induces her to inquire of Banquo about the interview of the Witches—and he artfully draws such a picture of their charms that the jealous temperament of Lady Macbeth is excited, and at length she becomes worked up to such a pitch that she vows vengeance on Macbeth, and entreats the aid of Banquo in her scheme. She admits the design to murder Duncan—at the same time showing how completely Macbeth will be in their power—and promising on his death to take Banquo as her second husband. Governed by a strange feeling of superstitious awe, he declines to be made King in title;

just now the Chorus is heard outside claiming admittance for the King Duncan—and, with a threatening vow against Macbeth, the scene ends.

SCENE.

Grand chamber in Inverness Castle, prepared for the reception of the King. The walls are hung with armour, banners, weapons, skins of rare deer, bears, antlers, &c. Large Gothic window at back, with stained glass, gold mullions, &c., &c.

(Enter LADY MACBETH, splendidly attired. The skirt of her dress is one mass of cairngorms and other Scotch stones, and is fringed with pure beaten gold. She holds the open letter in her hand.)

LADY MACBETH (*recitative*).—

“Hail, King that shall be!”

What glorious words! And yet I fear
My lord's soft nature is too full of milk.
Come, let me pour my spirit in thine ear,
And with my valiant tongue thy trembling heart chastise.

GRAND SCENA.

“Hail, King that shall be!”

To my heart

These words I fondly lay.

Thou shalt be King;

I shall be Queen—

My soul brooks not delay.

(With appropriate action).—

Now, on my brow, the crown I seem to feel,
Sweeping behind,

Majestic folds;

My jewelled train some chieftain holds.

Now subject Thanos I crush beneath my heel.

Oh, glorious sight!

Oh, strange delight!

Come, Glory, come; Ambition's splendours rise!

Born I to reign,

Regal disdain

Lurks on my lips and sparkles in my eyes.

Oh, glorious thought, the crown I seem to feel;

Now, on my brow, the diadem reveal.

For I am Queen—yes, I am Queen,

Yes, I am Scotland's Queen.

(INCANTATION.)

Come, spirits, come,

Come, fiends from deepest hell!

Come to my breasts and turn my milk to gall!

Come, envy, come!

Come, reddening murder, come!

Poison and dagger, swords and pistols come!

In Duncan's throat your greedy hunger slake,

Come, furies, come—my breast your mansion make!

(Deep thunder heard, and solemn music—in the midst of which the Witches' Chorus bursts wildly out. LADY MACBETH stands in an attitude of defiance—with arms outstretched. The air fills with strange lurid smoke, and through the window the WITCHES are seen riding on fiery broomsticks, amidst thunder and lightning. Electric sparks fly from their outstretched fingers. MACBETH is also seen through the window looking towards the WITCHES; he stands as if spell-bound, and then, with head still looking back, glides into the room. Loud thunder, in which the WITCHES vanish, singing—“Hail, King that shall be!”)

(Enter MACBETH. LADY MACBETH, at the sound of his foot-step, turns, and rushes into his arms.)

LADY MACBETH.—Oh, worthy Cawdor,

Nay, let me bend my knee (*kneeling*).

Thus I salute your gracious Majesty.

MACBETH (*much agitated*).—What say you? No! not yet.

Duncan is king.

LADY MACBETH.—He is.

MACBETH.—To-night he comes.

LADY MACBETH.—And goes—when?

MACBETH.—To-morrow—oh, to-morrow.

LADY MACBETH (*with strong meaning*).—There's no such day for him.

(MACBETH, much agitated, draws his dagger, and looks at it. In the distance is heard the WITCHES' Chorus—"Hail, King that shall be!")

Aria and Duo.

LADY MACBETH.—Look like the simple daisy,
Look like the moss so green,
Let wreathing smiles of welcome
Upon thy lips be seen.
Look like the simple daisy—
Look like the moss so green,
But be a very devil,
And keep your dagger keen.

MACBETH.—Yes, like the simple daisy,
Or like the moss so green,
I'll look—but be a devil,
And keep my dagger keen.

LADY MACBETH.— { Look like the simple daisy, &c.
MACBETH.— { Yes, like the simple daisy, &c.

(After the duo, the noise of the pibrochs is heard, and the shouts of the people and the procession of DUNCAN is seen winding down the hills.)

CHORUS (in the distance)—

O how delightful!
O what a spree!
He'll do the host
Most handsomely.

MACBETH.— { Look like the simple daisy,
LADY MACBETH.— { But keep my } dagger keen.

(Enter BANQUO gaily, travel-stained—as he enters he sings with much solemnity.)

BANQUO.—Hail, King that shall be!

MACBETH (recovering himself).—Ha! my dear Banquo here!

LADY MACBETH (smiling).—I cannot say as much,
But welcome to our hall.

(To MACBETH). You'd better go and dress.

BANQUO.—The King is near at hand;
He comes this house to bless.

MACBETH (aside).—It is the dying bless—

(To LADY MACBETH) I follow your command.

(Exit gloomily.)

(LADY MACBETH and BANQUO are left. She seems embarrassed. He goes up to her with a gallant obeisance.)

BANQUO.—Sweet lady, say—what trouble you oppresses,
(admiring her robe)

I swear that is the loveliest of dresses.

LADY MACBETH.—Hush, gay man of compliments!
I would ask you something—

BANQUO.—Ask, and have,
Whate'er it be.
I nothing can
Deny to thee.

LADY MACBETH.—These Witches? 'Tis concerning them
I would something inquire—
How met you them? what are they like?
This, sir, is my desire.

BANQUO.—The Witches! Ah! about them would you hear?
Then while I sing—lend me your lovely ear.

Aria.

Upon the lonely heath,
Whence all but we had fled,
Macbeth and I awaited
These dames with no small dread.
At last we heard the rustle
Of broomsticks in the air,
And then—ah me, that vision!
They all were wondrous fair!

(LADY MACBETH starts and listens intently.)—

BANQUO.—Flowing hair,
Pouting lips,
Bosoms fair;
Each darling skips,
With flashing eyes,
From off their steeds.
I think one needs

Some magic spell,
Else one might follow
Such to—well—
With soft round limbs
Beneath their drapery peeping,
They trip toward us, then,
Their bright eyes on us keeping—
Alas! for me no glance, no smile!
On him they flashed their charms the while
With rigid limbs, with fixed look,
From them the poison sweet he took.

LADY MACBETH (who, throughout the description, has become gradually more and more agitated).—

Oh rage, oh shame, my bosom cracks!
I'd like to break their broomsticks o'er their backs.

BANQUO.—Peace! Listen now: in sweetest tones
They hail him, Glavis, Cawdor, King—
The very marrow of one's bones
Must melt to hear such creatures sing.

LADY MACBETH (restraining her passion).—

What said they then to you?

BANQUO.—For me, alas! no favours sweet;
For him alone their wizard smiles:
Around him supple arms now meet,
Enchained I view him by their wiles.

LADY MACBETH (crossing).—Oh, monster!

BANQUO (laughing).—Ha, ha, ha! nay, laugh like me.
'Tis what we men should call "a spree."

LADY MACBETH (apart).—Burns now my heart with jealous
fire!

Oh fiends, my injured pride inspire.

BANQUO (apart).—The bolt has hit the mark—she's mine!
Macbeth shall reign, but not for long—
See how she writhes with jealous pangs.
Bravo! I'm paid well for my song.

LADY MACBETH (coming up to him, and seizing his arm).—
Say, do you love me?

BANQUO.—Oh, my Queen!

LADY MACBETH.—Revenge I crave.

BANQUO (aside).—The shaft was keen.

LADY MACBETH.—Swear to be true!

BANQUO.—I swear—to you—
With maddening love
My bosom's torn.

LADY MACBETH.—Duncan shall die
Before the morn.

Then on his throne Macbeth shall sit.

BANQUO.—Yes, so they said—

LADY MACBETH (wildly).—Ah! wait a bit.
The crime which sets him there shall place
His life within our hands—disgrace
And ruin hold we o'er his head. (Pause.)
You shall be king when he is dead—

BANQUO.—Never—Prince Consort I might be—
But never call me Majesty.

LADY MACBETH.—Well, be it so—to work—to work—
(Trumpets, bagpipes, drums, fifes, &c., heard outside.)

CHORUS (without).—Here, at your Castle gates we stand,
King Duncan entrance does command.

LADY MACBETH.—The King is here! away! away!
(He seizes her hand and kisses it.)
Revenge and love brook no delay;

BANQUO.—Sweetest, I go—we will be gay.

LADY MACBETH }
and } Revenge and love brook no delay.

BANQUO. }
CHORUS (da capo).

END OF PART II.

[Exeunt.]

KNOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL!—A certain well-known vulgar phrase seems likely to be exemplified in the case of Mr. Grenville Murray. We have no particular sympathy with that gentleman; but without knowing more of the case than has transpired up to the hour of our going to press, we should be inclined to think his telegram, illness, and plea for an adjournment, had not received proper consideration at the hands of the generally able and impartial magistrate who presides at Marlborough street. One day's grace would have been, we think to the purpose. We do not want, in a case of this sort, a cry of "more knocks than ha'pence."



LONDON, AUGUST 7, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WHY on earth do people cavil because Lord Carington's grandpapa possessed a rather common name? It is better, in these days of noble bankruptcy cases, to date from the *Smith* than come to the *hammer*!

THE most money-grabbing speech in the course of the Church debate in the Lords was made by that canny Scotchman, Archbishop Tait. There was an unmistakable ring of the counter about his Grace of Canterbury's peroration—one, too, that, had the public ear caught a little more of it, in times past, let him be sure to this day, instead of revelling in the godliness of lawn sleeves and £15,000 a year, he would have been plain Rev. Archibald Campbell Tait, and nothing else. It is well that at this season, when we have heard so much worldly nonsense talked about the true nature of charity, represented by fat incomes for thriving prelates, that the people should keep their eyes on those lights who have thus interpreted the plain Gospel precepts. If we are not mistaken, Archbishop Tait refused, not long since, to throw open the grounds of Lambeth Palace for the use and enjoyment of the poor in the dusky and miserable neighbourhood from the centre of which he proudly dates. We are not surprised, therefore, to find his Grace on the side of those who consider a good endowment and a comfortable parsonage-house a greater blessing to humanity than a ward for lunatics. Purple and fine linen came from a Gospel parable, and yet they will cling to its interpreters to the end!

IN a recent number we made reference to a report that had reached us, to the effect that Eton had declined to play a cricket match with Westminster on the score that the latter "was not a public school." It appears that this report was without foundation, and the Captain of the Westminsters has written to us to apprise us of the fact. As such a charge against the Etonians, had it been true, would have convicted them of very disreputable snobbism, we are glad to hear, that, as far as this matter is concerned, they can plead "not guilty." Hitherto, our leading public schools have possessed a soil on which it has generally been found the British snob has refused to take root, and it will be a bad day for us when this wholesome state of things shall have disappeared. As we remarked, however, when dealing with this subject on a former occasion, there are unpromising symptoms to be detected notably at Eton. As regards Westminster, the fact that its representative should generously step forward to clear the character of its not very chivalrous rival, shows pretty clearly that, at least at this, one of our oldest public schools, the feelings proper to English gentlemen are cultivated and rightly understood.

THE SNOB'S GUIDE.

A Continental Handbook for the British Traveller Proper.

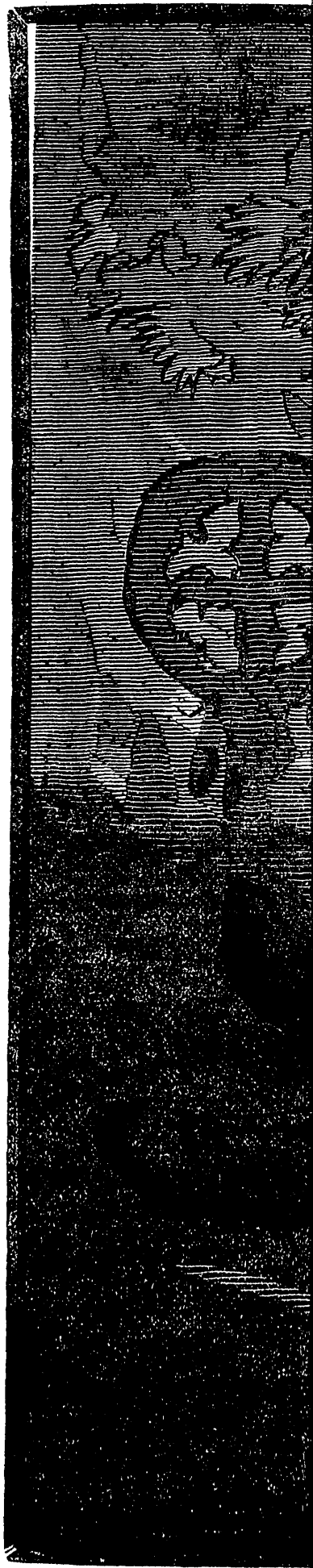
BY ONE OF THEM.

WHEN I last left you, young English Snob, I was discussing that peculiar vulgar manner of yours which you assume when

conversing with people you suppose to be your social inferiors. I was lecturing you on your bearish insular rudeness to everybody generally, and to shopkeepers in particular. I was pointing out to you that the root of all your ill-bred behaviour was your insufferable conceit. Now let us just see into what very unenviable positions its exercise may occasionally place you.

Come into this church. You quit the bustle of the busy city outside, and suddenly find yourself standing, rather amazed, I admit, in the cool shade of some wondrous old dimly-lighted pile. For a moment you *feel* you are in a region where a little decency in your demeanour, a little modesty in your carriage would be graceful and becoming. But it is only for a moment you do feel this. Soon your consciousness of superiority, moral, religious, and intellectual, comes to your aid, and you boldly drag out your *Murray*, don your eyeglass, and *do* the sombre church like any other "thing one ought to see." At first, unaccustomed to notice people in your own country, kneeling here and there on week days amid the formal pews of your own fashionable place of worship, in Raffington gardens, S.W., you feel a little touched at the sight of these quiet earnest figures, who are so wrapped up in their devotions that they do not even heed you, as you push in and out of them, *Murray*, eyeglass, tweed knickerbockers, and all! But you soon get hardened. You wisely reflect that they are either bigots, fools, or hypocrites. In either case their feelings are not worth respecting, and so away you march emboldened at every step, forcing yourself in this direction, backing yourself in that in a fashion you would think quite questionable at home, even in your own essentially "show" church, Westminster Abbey. And if you happen, on an occasion of this kind, to be accompanied,—to be with your party, how wonderfully you conduct yourself then! I have seen decent English girls,—girls who would blush to so misbehave themselves at home,—chatting, sneering, and giggling, even while some solemn service has been going on, and when their conduct has evidently been wounding, to a painful degree, the prejudices of every member of the congregation. Are you aware that the stringent notice now affixed to the doors of the *Madeline* is solely the fruit of the shameless and disgraceful conduct of British Snobs, male and female, who have done Paris the honour of a passing visit? If you think that I am severe, let me put a case to you, *mutatis mutandis*. Imagine, then, that London, not Paris, were the centre of the European world, and that, as a matter of course, it were in consequence thronged continually by strangers from all parts of the continent, but especially by Frenchmen. How many Sundays in succession do you think we should allow a gaping, talking, insufferably indecorous herd of Parisians, to cram themselves into the stalls, get hold of the best places, thrust themselves prominently forward, and occupy the seats meant for the ordinary congregation, say, in Westminster Abbey, for the purpose of misconducting themselves in every conceivable way? Can you picture to yourself some fifty or so "mossoos" interrupting the decorous harmony of the order of Morning Prayer, by standing up when they ought to sit down, sitting down when they ought to stand up, interchanging explanations, and staring through *pince-nez*, and not unfrequently through opera glasses, at the officiating clergymen during all the more solemn portions of the service? What do you suppose would happen? Do not you feel a strong conviction that in less than a month, not a foreigner, who could not conduct himself like a gentleman, would be allowed to set his foot within the walls of an English church? Of course you do,—and yet what have you to say when you know that this is the very sort of outrage you, and those like you, are committing in a greater or less degree from year's end to year's end every single Sunday all over the continent? You will bluster out some excuse about "idolatry" and "superstitious worship." Nonsense. If it be so, keep away. If you do go, however, behave yourself,—or confess that you cannot, because, with all your boasting, you are but a miserable Snob at heart, after all. There, Sir, that will do for to-day, for this peculiar way you have of conducting yourself in a foreign church is one of your most decided features. Do bear in mind that, however you may have reason to be thankful you are not the votary of a religion you do not understand, that the Christian is always the gentleman. Be quite sure of it, there never yet was such a thing as a Christian Snob!

SOMETHING GOOD FOR ST. PANCRAS.—*The Guardians' beverage. Small Bore!*



"Agrarian murder



THE IRISH VAMPIRE !

BROUGHT TO LIFE ^{OR,} BY THE MOONBEAMS.

"Agrarian murder in Ireland has increased tenfold during the last half year,"—*Vide Pall Mall Gazette.*

"It is said that a dead Vampire can be restored to life by the Moonbeams,"—*Old Legend.*



THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(Continued from page 52.)

IX.

THE transformation of Mr. Squigsby from the grub-clerk into the butterfly article brought with it some peculiar consequences. In the first place, Mr. Squigsby himself suddenly burst forth in all the effulgence to be obtained from a very shiny hat and very shiny boots, and a very bright scarf, and a very heavy watch-chain, and his splendour completely bewildered his former companions. Judges' Chambers and the Taxing Offices were overcome with astonishment, and the Bankruptcy Court regarded him with a sort of silent envy. In the second place, he did not hide his light under a bushel. He gave himself more airs than ever. He even commenced to speak of Slicker as getting beyond his business, as a man that he had pushed on in the world, and as one who would not have had a rap, if it hadn't been for him, Mr. Squigsby. What is more, he believed it too.

"He's old and useless for all purposes of business," Mr. Squigsby would say. "I must stir him up. If it hadn't been for me he'd have been struck off the Rolls long ago; but I must stick to him till my time's up."

It had not been through any deficiency of operations on the part of Mr. Squigsby that Mr. Slicker had not met with the fate to which his clerk referred. There had in truth been several very nasty threatenings to this effect, brought about by Mr. Squigsby's proceedings; but which, however unfortunately for the general public, had been nipped in the bud by compromises effected at the last moment. Mr. Squigsby, as Mr. Slicker's articulated clerk, was still as fertile of resources for making money as he had been as the junior clerk.

"I tell you what it is," he said one day to Mr. Slicker, "we're in one another's way in this office, we must have branches."

"Branches!" echoed Slicker.

"Yes," said Mr. Squigsby; "branch offices in different parts of London; we'll begin with one at the West-end—I'll attend to it, and we'll double the business in no time. You shall take it. I'll carry it on in your name."

"But the clients?"

"I'll get 'em," said Mr. Squigsby.

X.

And he was as good as his word. In a very short time Mr. Slicker found himself carrying on a West-end office and an East-end office and a South-end office. The bill he paid for brass plates of "MR. SLICKER, SOLICITOR," to be stuck up upon the door-posts of the various offices he had taken, was considerable. He never went near any of them. Mr. Squigsby managed them exclusively in his employer's name. Indignant clients and tortured defendants rushing violently into the branch offices and asking appealingly for "Mr. Slicker," were informed he was at his country seat, or on the Continent, but that Mr. Squigsby would attend to the matters in question; and well, too, he did attend to them. He attended to them, too, in a defiant manner, the responsibility arising through any blunder falling solely upon Mr. Slicker. The costs he made! and with him "making costs" was one of his greatest talents. The simplest piece of business coming into the office would, by the exercise of his ingenuity, rapidly resolve itself into a heavy bill of costs. If no one got anything out of the litigation or the business, there would still be the "costs," which would have to be paid, and if there were anything to be got, it was ten chances to one if the "costs" didn't swallow it all up, so ingeniously and artfully had they, in the course of the proceedings, been "made." Taxing Masters were powerless in cutting down the items. There they were—the business had been done—and the legal remuneration must be allowed. Mr. Slicker, however, didn't come in for all. Mr. Squigsby insisted upon gratuities and *bonuses*, and all sorts of presents, as a reward for his exertions. It wasn't shares—oh! no—that would not be allowed; but it was voluntary compensation on the part of Mr. Slicker for his clerk's expenses out of pocket; and is there a law so stern that shall prevent a liberal-minded master making a present to his indefatigable clerk—especially such a clerk as Mr. Squigsby?

XI.

From a pecuniary point of view Mr. Squigsby was getting on

remarkably well. He had got a bank of his own, a house of his own, a small trap of his own, and a variety of other appurtenances of his own, which are considered evidences of worldly advancement. He was even contemplating a wife of his own; but we must not anticipate. From an intellectual point of view, he was not progressing so favourably. His time of service was upon the point of expiry, and he would have to go through the ordeal of an examination at the Law Society, and whenever Mr. Squigsby thought of this arrangement it became immediately perceptible to his understanding that he was dreadfully deficient in any real knowledge of the law. He had never read. His cleverness was "wrinkles." All his information had been derived from an active practice in the lower branches of the science. He was going up to be examined by the Incorporated Law Society, and he must be prepared for the business. In other words, he must get through—he must obtain his certificate. That was the task he set himself to accomplish. So that he effected the object it did not matter a pin to him how he did it. In fact, if he could get through by hoodwinking the Examiners it would be, in his estimation, all the more convincing evidence of his sharpness, and consequently of his ability to act as an attorney.

XII.

"Seventy-five questions to be answered in writing," mused Mr. Squigsby, as he thought of the nature of his examination. "Fifteen in each department of the law. Common Law, Conveyancing, Equity, Bankruptcy, and Criminal Law, and I've never read a book. Something must be done. If the papers were given out I could pay another fellow to answer them for me, but they have to be answered in the Hall, in the presence of the Examiners—with the eye of the Beadle upon you—that's the deuce of it. By Jove, I wonder whether I could bribe the Beadle to let me copy another man's answers. It would be a glorious way of getting through."

Upon consideration, however, this arrangement didn't appear quite feasible, and, therefore, Mr. Squigsby determined to "cram." For this purpose, he engaged an individual whose occupation consisted in rendering students fit subjects for the most stringent legal examination in the shortest possible period. His operations were to obtain the old questions that had been put at previous ordeals, and cramming the answers to them into the heads of his pupils. The candidate would then have to depend upon the doctrine of chances as to whether the questions that had been previously asked should turn up again at his particular examination, in which case it would be just probable that his knowledge would be just sufficient to entitle him to pass.

"Mind," said Mr. Squigsby as he made the arrangement with his Coach, "no cure, no pay; if I don't get through, you get nothing!"

"All right," said the Coach. "You're sure to manage it if you attend to my instructions; and now let's go to work."

XIII.

They went to work with a vengeance. Mr. Squigsby soon found that the system was one of memory, and every aid he could think of in this matter in order to enable him to remember the proper answers to the most prominent questions was brought into operation. He wrote them on his finger nails, and took his Coach in several times by answering straight off. He had small pieces of paper with answers upon them in his watch-case, which he would refer to as if he were looking at the time. He even lent money to a student he had met in the Library of the Law Society, named Flibber, and who was well up, and was going up at the same examination in the hope that he might prove of service to him upon the important day. "If I sit near Flibber on the day of examination," thought Mr. Squigsby, "I'll make him tell me. If he won't, I'll sue him for the money he owes me."

XIV.

The important day came at last. In the Hall of the Law Society in Chancery Lane the candidates were assembled. The Examiners had taken their seats. The Chairman had made a speech concerning the importance of the undertaking before them, and then the papers had been delivered. Mr. Squigsby was in a fever of agitation. He glanced through the questions; he could make nothing of the majority of them. They were apparently all new ones. He referred to his nails, black with written answers; he referred to his watch-case: there was no

solution to the riddles. Upon looking up, however, he perceived Flibber sitting at an adjoining table. Now or never. He wrote on a small piece of paper, "Send answers to first four Conveyancing." This he folded up small, like a pill. He watched the Beadles with the eye of a cat, and when their backs were turned he flicked the pill across to Flibber. Flibber got it; wrote on a piece of paper and flicked a pill back to Squigsby. This was done twice. Squigsby was getting on capitally. Unfortunately, the third time of "pilling," the pill missed Flibber and hit another man. The Beadle turned, seized it, put the pill in his pocket, but said nothing. He had seen the whole proceedings.

* * * * *

Both Mr. Squigsby and Mr. Flibber were plucked.

(To be continued.)

OUR PUBLIC CHARITIES.

WOULD'ST thou be charitable? Good, my son.
My blessing with you; but the lesson keep
Of these few precepts. Let thy memory,
I charge thee, boy, stand sentry on my words.

Now secret charity is out of date;
And old-world sentiments of abstract good,
With other moral lumber of the past,
Are stowed away, and mouldy with neglect,—
But wrecks and dusty skeletons of thought
That rot unheeded in these days. Beware
Of bounty given in your private home,
And cheques that lurk between thy paper-folds.
Give ear to Fashion—we are all her slaves—
And wince not at the galling of the chains
Forg'd by that turn-coat Goddess: she usurps
The throne of conscience, and dictates, as law,
The latest etiquette of doing good.
What though "each morn new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face," dull not thy palm
With gold, unwitnessed. True, there is a joy
Of small donations chronicled in type,
And with such trifles thou may'st tune thy heart
(Whilst picking out thy poor half-guinea plum)
To th' old song of "How good a boy am I!"
Nor yet be out of fashion:—but this age
Of Show and Glitter finds a grander mode,
A pomp and circumstance of Charity,
A proud parade of Purses offered up,
In all th' enthusiasm of gentility,
At Fashion's shrine! Thrice blessed is the gift,
Laid bare indeed before the eyes of men,
Yet, in its modesty, that asks no thanks
But the short glory of a Princely bow!—
This above all,—put money in thy purse,
But give *by rule*,—and reap the rich reward.

"SIMPLE IGNORANCE, SIR."

OUR much-respected contemporary, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is not immaculate. In one of its "Occasional Notes" the other day regarding the Rev. Mr. Purchas, of Brighton, is published the following lively remarks:—

"Besides all the other wonderful ceremonies which he has introduced into his church, and for which he is about to be tried before the Court of Arches, he is charged with 'rubbing black powder on members of the congregation.' This certainly is the most incomprehensible development of Ritualism that ever amazed the bewildered Protestant mind. What can the process possibly be? What is the black powder itself? And when is it rubbed on members of the congregation? It is to be supposed that the members are themselves parties to the proceeding; but whereabouts are they rubbed? On their faces, their hands, or on some part of their clothes?"

Who ever wrote this can evidently never have been in a Roman Catholic church on Ash Wednesday, or he would have

had no difficulty in associating Mr. Purchas's vagaries with the ceremonies of the Roman Church on that day. Mr. Purchas seems bent on making himself extremely ridiculous, but this time he can bring forward some kind of precedent for his last bit of "Ritualism."

A FIRST OFFENCE!

THE Act for the better preservation of sea-birds, passed some time ago is having a beneficial effect. The first conviction has actually already taken place, a certain tradesman of Sheffield having the other day, been fined half-a-crown for shooting eight-and-twenty gulls at Flamborough Head. As this is the first offence that has been committed since the Act was passed, it is no less satisfactory to note the alacrity of the police authorities, who have dragged the offender before the tribunal of justice, than the severe punishment with which the magistrates have visited the crime. Really though, if we are to expect cases of this kind to occur once every two years, which, according to police experience, is about the rate to be expected, the force should, in all fairness, be augmented for the heavy extra duty imposed upon it.

TO THOSE IT SHOULD CONCERN.

Is there no one to look after Mr. Briarly, the aged barrister, who has been recently so sorely trying the patience of an English Court of Justice? It was only a few days back that, but for the kindly moderation of Chief Justice Bovill, Mr. Briarly would assuredly have got into trouble. But, nevertheless, within a few hours of his escape, the erratic member of the Bar was brought up at the Guildhall, before Sir Benjamin Phillips, to answer a charge of being disorderly in the roadway near the New Meat Market, and of assaulting a telegraph clerk. This time Mr. Briarly did not get off so easily, for Sir Benjamin Phillips ordered him to enter into his own recognizances in £50 to keep the peace for six months, and cautioned him that if ever he found his way to Guildhall again he might not expect any further leniency.

It is painful, not to say disgraceful, that an old member of an honourable profession should be permitted to make himself a laughing-stock of the town. Mr. Briarly has evidently got it into his head that he is a deeply-wronged and cruelly-persecuted individual. In the absence of friends or relatives it would not be out of place for the Inn of Court to which Mr. Briarly belongs to interfere to protect the aged gentleman from himself.

PLEASANT FOR THOSE WHO LIKE IT.

THE leave of absence of his Royal Highness Prince Arthur from Woolwich commenced on Saturday last, and, adds a military contemporary, "will probably extend over nine months." It is no part of our duty to inquire if it is usual to give junior lieutenants of the Royal Artillery leave of absence for three-fourths of each year. But if this even is the case, it may be satisfactory to remind the journal from which we quote that his Royal Highness Prince Arthur has no intention of being idle, but is about to proceed to Canada, there to join a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, with which he will serve during the winter months. It is the more surprising that this point should have escaped the knowledge of our contemporary, as we believe a rather lively discussion has lately arisen in the battalion of the Rifle Brigade to which Prince Arthur is to be attached, as to whether the honour of having his Royal Highness temporarily attached to it will compensate for the inconvenience to which both officers and men have been subjected by the return of their corps to this country (which in the ordinary course would have taken place this spring) having been delayed for an indefinite period to suit the Royal subaltern's whims and fancies. Whatever conclusion may be come to, however, on this point, that Prince Arthur intends to take nine months' leave in its usually accepted sense is altogether a mistaken notion, as some eight hundred of his fellow-countrymen, who are about to spend one more winter in Canada than the rules of the service award them, will cordially attest.

THE TORMENTOR UNMASKED!
OR,
HOW TO PAY OFF AN OLD SCORE!
A SUCCESS (?) IN THREE ACTS.*

BY W. S. GILBERT, ESQ.,†
Author of "The Pretty Druidess, a Burlesque," and other Tragedies.

[This piece, which is evidently no translation from the French (our "lively neighbours" have some idea of construction), is affectionately novelised by an admiring critic—the editor of the TOMAHAWK.]

CHAPTER I.
Calthorpe's Villa.

HAROLD CALTHORPE was a particularly nice young man—that is to say, he insulted his father, swore at his friends, and bullied his mistresses. His enemies said that he was coarse, and deserved a good thrashing for his impudence; his friends, on the other hand, declared him to be blunt if cynical, with an honest heart, but an unpleasant vocabulary. However, both friends and enemies agreed on one point—never to ask him to their houses. "He had the principles of a certain sort of nobleman," they said, "but the manners of a cad." Alas! Alas!!

One day Harold was lounging on a sofa in his father's house and listening to his cousin Ethel's performances on a cottage piano.

"Shut up that confounded row," said he, after awhile, with his usual politeness. "Your playing is simply beastly!"

"You used to like it once," replied the fair musician, making eyes at him; "before I was engaged to James Casby, a Bombay merchant."

"He's a jolly muff, I do think," was the retort. "A muff! Why he's a downright fool, a duffer, a h'ass, a filthy idiot!"

"Enough!" said the proud beauty sternly. "To judge from the vulgar language you use, one would imagine that you were acting the part of a 'gentleman' in one of W. S. Gilbert's comedies! Not only that—Casby is one of my intendeds—I might almost observe the chief of them!"

"But you loved me once?" whined Harold.

"And do now," cried the beauty quickly. She added with a smile full of bright joyous meaning, "Wait till I am married to Casby, and then you shall see how true is woman's heart."

At this moment Casby lounged into the room. After a row with Harold, conducted in not very choice Billingsgate, he ousted his rival, and seated himself beside Ethel, his wife elect.

"Darling," he murmured sweetly into her ear. "My darling," and then he continued in impassioned accents, "I once was a clerk in the city. I had been put into the office by Colonel Calthorpe, your uncle and Harold's father. Well I remember the day. Grey shirtings were at 23½, butter was firm, tallow lively, and Consols quoted at 92½ for a rise."

And he breathed with a lover's tenderness his commercial nothings into her unwilling ear.

"I never loved you," was all she said.

They wandered away together, and their place was supplied by Harold and his father, who now entered the room.

"He does not know that I have forged Casby's name to a bill," thought the old man.

"He does not know that I am making disreputable love to Mary Waters, the nursery governess," murmured the young one.

"I want £50," began Harold.

"You shan't have it," said the colonel. "If you have done any bills—they can't come down upon you—you are under age."

"Thanks for the information," replied his son, with more feeling than he had shown for months. He added, in a surly tone, "In spite of what you say, however, I must have £50. If you don't fork out I'll punch your head, you dirty old black-guard!"

"Such language to me!—is it filial?"

"No, but it's gentlemanly! Mr. W. S. Gilbert thinks me a an awful swell, I can tell you. Why, he's written a piece, and I am the hero of it!"

At this moment Casby, Mary Waters, and Ethel rushed into the room.

"Look here. I tell you what I will do for you," said Harold, wild with rage at his father's refusal, "I will just marry this girl, Mary Waters, and leave your house!"

"Come, don't be a fool," said Casby.

"Shut up!" cried Harold, "as for you—you are AN UNUTTERABLE CAD!"

CHAPTER II.

The Chambers in Gray's Inn.

Harold caught the scarlet fever, edited a satirical paper, and prospered. But he was sad, he said.

"My old friend, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, is having a row with me. I am awfully sorry. He declares that I sell my friends at a guinea a piece. Too bad. I know it's a crime in the literary world for a young man to succeed, but then it's really too bad! It's just what that literary hack, Type Bourgeois, observed when I wouldn't let him write for my paper. It's what they all say when I won't employ them. But then Bourgeois and some of the rest don't contribute to a rival and more satirical paper (price one penny) as Mr. W. S. Gilbert does, and that may make all the difference. I wish he was good enough for us. His 'Bab Ballads' in *Fun* were not bad; I mean some of them. The *Spectator* said they were coarse; well, I like coarseness. However, my friend W. S. G. has been too severe; he shall see that he has wronged me. *If I ever write a comedy I will never be such AN UNUTTERABLE CAD as to put a man I have regarded from childhood as my friend, and with whom I have never had a quarrel, into it for all the town to stare at.* NO, NO—THAT WOULD BE TOO COWARDLY AND BLACKGUARD! Yes, W. S. G., you shall see that you have wronged me—wronged me deeply!"

And Harold wept. He felt that his friend had been too hard upon him.

By-and-by Mary Waters entered, and the two young people spooned copiously.

"Is it wicked to marry?" asked Mary.

"Oh! it has been done," replied her lover, "as somebody has said already, in Tom Robertson's comedy of *Dreams*. I like Tom Robertson's pieces, and often quote from them. So does Mr. W. S. Gilbert in his pieces."

At this point Colonel Calthorpe entered the chambers, and explained that he was Lord Ovington Square—that all his relations had sunk with the Margate steamboat.

Harold, now "the Honourable" Harold, at once kissed Mary, and deserted her. What else could he do? Is he not the hero of my story, and a gentleman? Not only that, it's a way with some young authors.

CHAPTER III.

Ovington Grange.

Lord Ovington (without a collar) and Casby (in a wig with a false forehead to it) were together.

Said Casby to Ovington, "You are my benefactor, and I hate you for it."

Said Ovington to Casby, "Both facts are known to me."

Said Casby to Ovington, "You have forged my name to a bill, and I have stolen it, to the great loss of him who discounted it for you. Holding it, however, I can bully you or transport you. Being mean and pitiful, I prefer to bully you. You brought me from the gutter. I take you from the felon's cell." He continued in the same ungrateful strain for five minutes, and ended the interview by observing, "I burn the paper—we are quits."

Edith rushed in, and flung herself upon his breast.

"I never loved you," she murmured.

"Well, then, what do you want?"

"To marry you; no other fellow will have me."

"Well," said Casby, laughing, "as this story may some day be turned into a piece, I may as well consent. This incident would convert the drama into a comedy."

"Or (in the next act) into a tragedy," thought Edith; and she threw a glance full of love at her cousin Harold, who had entered the room with Mary.

"Now, no more larks," said that young man, elegantly, "I have made it up with W. S. G., and have given up my satirical paper (it caused too much jealousy), and intend henceforth to be a gentleman in the strict sense of the word. I will give you a

* For further particulars apply to the lessee of the Gaiety.

† Vide Play Bills.

glimpse into the future. I shall marry Mary, and perhaps leave her a good deal to herself (women like it), and perhaps write a burlesque, or something equally intellectual—and, oh! I shall be *such* a lady's man!"

THE END.

A LA MILITAIRE.

WITH a view to the possible recurrence of the hot weather of last week the following General Order has been issued by the General Officer commanding at Aldershot, who has obligingly supplied us with a copy:—

"Head Quarters.

"In very hot weather, when the sun is unusually powerful, all troops on parade between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. may be permitted to appear bareheaded, without helmets or shakos, as the case may be. The men will, therefore, in future have no reason to complain of the weight of their headgear in hot weather.

"On field days, when the heat is very oppressive, all belts should be worn an inch tighter than usual, and the black leather stocks should also be compressed, as such alterations will act as substantial supports to the soldier suffering from fatigue.

"Arrangements have also been made that, during the continuance of the fine weather, new boots shall be served out to all the troops in camp, who will have the advantage of using them before the ground becomes damp and muddy, and their shape is affected by exposure to the rain.

"If after these concessions men persist in falling out from the ranks (as numbers did on a recent occasion during a brigade and divisional field day, pretending to be in a fainting condition), such conduct will be considered as insubordinate, as it is subversive of discipline, and men so offending will be subjected to four hours a day extra drill until Michaelmas, and their pay will be put under a stoppage of 6d. a day for a period of not less than six months.

"By order of the General Officer

"Commanding the Troops in Camp.

"Aldershot, 20th July, 1869."

No doubt the authorities at the Camp know what they are about, for were we not assured by Mr. Cardwell (who had to answer an impertinent question put to him by Mr. O'Reilly in the House of Commons the other night, on the subject of field days in very hot weather) that the arrangements at Aldershot were in the hands of a "most distinguished and experienced officer." (?)

It was the old Duke of Wellington who defined martial law as "the will of the general in command." It seems now that experience is another word for inhumanity.

L'AMENDE HONORABLE.

MR. GLADSTONE'S apology for having sent the Peers "up in a balloon" has proved a good example. Certain gentlemen, who feel that they have recently exceeded the bounds of decency in their conduct to their opponents, have addressed to them the following letters, which we have much pleasure in reproducing:—

Apology No. 1.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

Lord Salisbury presents his compliments to Mr. Gladstone, and regrets that, in the heat of debate, he so far forgot what was due to his own dignity as an English Peer as to allude to Mr. Gladstone as "an arrogant man." Lord Salisbury assures Mr. G. that he had no intention of offending him, and that when he made use of the expression he did not think Mr. G. the sort of person to take it up. He promises Mr. G. that it shall not occur again, and that, should he ever be fortunate enough to find a seat in the Upper Chamber, Lord Salisbury for one will be glad to make his acquaintance.

House of Lords,
Saturday.

Apology No. 2.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, BART., TO CAPTAIN VIVIAN, "WAR LORD" OF THE TREASURY.

London, July 29, 1869.

SIR,—Perhaps you may remember, on a certain occasion early in the present Session, when a debate on a military subject was engrossing the attention of the House of Commons, I remarked in a spirit of *badinage* on your absence, and made a mild joke on the practice you indulge in of smoking in your room at the War Office, being well aware, as I was at the time, that your absence was really occasioned by a most shocking and crushing domestic bereavement under which you were at the very moment prostrate and broken. The "scandal" to which I allude having since become too public to necessitate my shrinking from an allusion to it, I now beg to remind you of the course I adopted at the time of its occurrence, and to apologise for any annoyance my remarks may have caused you. I have no hesitation in thus frankly addressing you, as I have always prided myself on being "a thorough gentleman," as my proverbial politeness, my patent leather boots, and my flowered button-hole serve to testify; and it very naturally puts me out that my little joke, to which I must again allude, should have been construed into a cowardly, dastardly, and vulgar attack on a suffering man.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

J. S. PAKINGTON.

To Captain the Hon. J. Vivian, M.P.,
War Office.

Apology No. 3.

MR. WHALLEY TO DR. MANNING.

House of Commons,
August 1, 1869.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,—My conscience at length compels me, in defiance of the provisions of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, to address your Grace in order that I may withdraw the many wanton misstatements I have made this year reflecting on your Grace, and on the Church of which you are so bright an ornament. It is not because I have received several threats of corporal chastisement on the steps of my Club from Roman Catholics, or because the assembly to which I have the honour to belong has so impatiently listened to my attacks on the Roman Catholic religion, that I now humbly express my profound regret for the violent abuse, the nasty insinuations, and occasional untruths of which I have been guilty; but because I am about to take my annual holiday, which it is impossible I can properly enjoy with these heavy sins on my head. Once more renewing my sincere apologies, in which, I doubt not, my friend Mr. Murphy (a gentleman whom I have always found most amenable to my direction) would join me if he were here,

I have the honour to be,

My Lord Archbishop,

Your Grace's devoted penitent,

H. G. WHALLEY.

To His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster,
&c., &c., &c.

We trust that other members of the Legislature may follow on the same side. We suppose that Peers and Commoners, in a greater or lesser degree, are endowed with consciences, and, such being the case, it is simply impossible that certain of their number can ascend the Righi, traverse the moors, or even dip themselves in the sea with any sense of enjoyment or mental repose until they have meekly done penance for their sins during the Session.

WHY did the Volunteers, recently encamped at Wimbledon, remind us of a member of Parliament, who, to gain his seat, has had to tout extensively for votes?—Because they thoroughly appreciated strong canvas.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—It turns out that the reverend gentleman who preached the recent *cat* and dog sermon at Woolwich was a Mr. Kisson!

August 7, 1869.]

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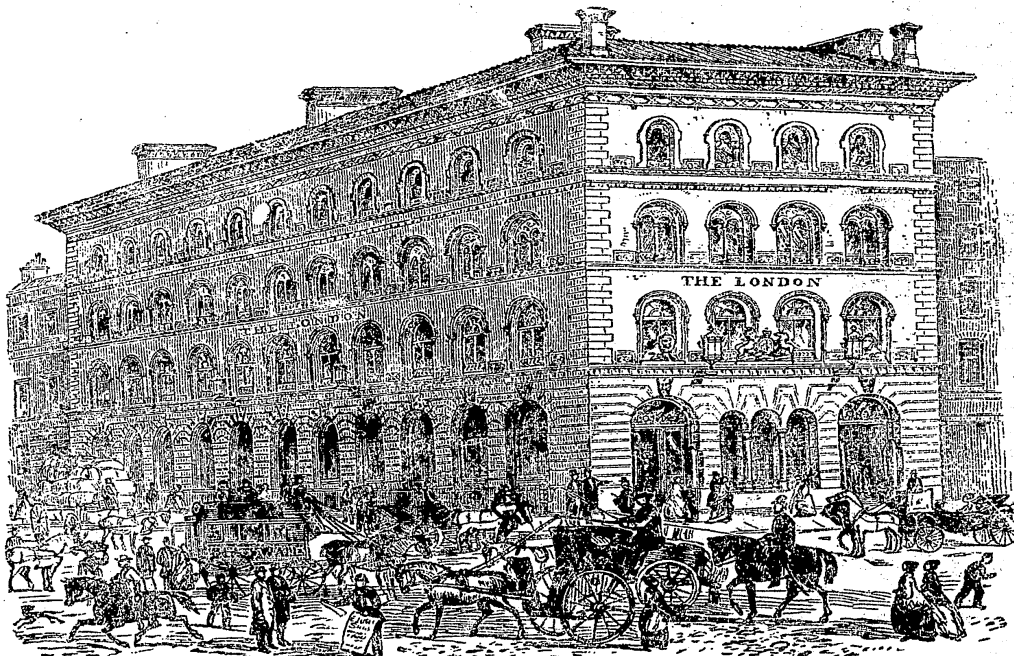
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