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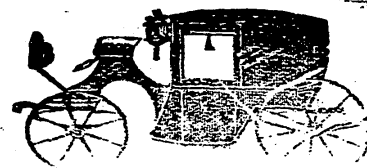
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THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 119.]

LONDON, AUGUST 14, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND YARD.

If anything were wanted to bring the state of popular feeling to a crisis on the subject of the Police, Mr. Bruce has supplied it in his answer to Mr. Eykyn, on Tuesday night. Mr. Bruce has distinguished himself during his short tenure of office as Home Secretary by something greater than incapacity: he has exhibited a callous ignorance of his duties, a mischievous perversion of trust, and a misapprehension of truth, of which any old Whig or Tory official, in the most corrupt and degraded era of Parliamentary government, might have been proud. Let us examine his speech of Tuesday last, in order to justify our laudation of the right honourable gentleman.

We quote the official reply in its entirety:—

"Mr. Secretary Bruce was unable to accede to the motion, inasmuch as there existed no correspondence whatever upon the subject. The hon. member was perfectly right in bringing under the notice of the House any case in which he thought the police had been guilty of improper conduct. He (Mr. Bruce) was not there to defend the police, but was simply there to listen to statements regarding them, and see that justice was done. What in this case he was asked to do, however, was to undertake the prosecution of certain policemen, whose guilt after the most careful examination he very much doubted (hear). His hon. friend had himself looked at the papers in connection with the case and had read the result of the inquiries made by the chief commissioner of the police; and having done so he candidly asked his hon. friend whether he believed the case against these policemen to be so very clear as was generally tried to be made out. He (Mr. Bruce) had himself carefully looked into the matter, and he hesitated not to say that very grave doubts existed in his mind as to the truth of the imputations thrown upon these men. And yet, having that doubt upon his mind, he was asked to institute a prosecution for perjury against them. The whole of the case was open to very grave suspicion. Some young men on their way home to Pimlico found it necessary to go to the top of the Haymarket in search of a cab, although it was proved that there were cabs upon the stand at Trafalgar Square. One of the most trusted and truthful inspectors in the force stated that passing by the Haymarket he saw a considerable disturbance, although he did not see the young men in question. He passed on his way, but finding that the crowd increased he turned back and found the police in conflict with the young men, who had their umbrellas raised over their heads. Since the case had been tried before the police magistrate a good deal of additional evidence had been obtained, and under the circumstances he declined to take the course suggested by the hon. member for Windsor. The remedy which the young men had was a simple and an easy one. They were not called on to prefer an indictment for perjury against the police, but had merely to go through the simple and inexpensive process of summoning the police for assault. The cost would be next to nothing, and if the young men were successful it would fall upon the police. Under these circumstances he declined to interfere."

Now we venture to assert that for cool insolence and utter disregard both of truth and justice this reply cannot be matched. Mr. Bruce begins by a paltry equivocation. He continues with

a delicious piece of impudence. He (Mr. Bruce) very much doubts the guilt of the Police—that is to say, he sets himself above the decision of the magistrate who tried the case, above the almost unanimous conclusion of every person who read or heard the case, that the young men were perfectly innocent. He sets himself above all law, truth, and justice, and because *he* "doubts the guilt of the policemen" on ex-parte statements, the truth of which had never been examined into, he declines to produce the papers which caused his doubts, or to take any step to prove the innocence of those whose guilt he doubted. Mr. Bruce next insolently demands of Mr. Eykyn, to whom he had shown these very papers, if they did not operate as much in favour of the Police on his mind as they had on that of Mr. Bruce. As if Mr. Eykyn would have brought forward his motion in the terms he did had they done so. Then this great official goes on to imply that it is a very suspicious circumstance to walk a few yards in search of a cab, instead of selecting one from the nearest stand. Now comes a wonderful piece of evidence confirmatory of Mr. Bruce's views. "A most trusted and truthful inspector of police passing by, saw a considerable disturbance, but did not see the young men in question." This paragon of policemen turned back and found the police in conflict with the young men, who had their umbrellas raised over their heads!!! This is truly satisfactory. If the young men were the attacking, and not the defending, party, why did not this spotless inspector come to the help of his subordinates? Why was not he called at the inquiry before Mr. Knox? If his evidence was so important as to be able to convince the colossal intellect of Mr. Bruce, surely it might have had some effect on the ordinary intelligence of Mr. Knox.

"A good deal of additional evidence has been obtained since the inquiry before the magistrate." Why not give it? This is the reason which Mr. Bruce gives later in the evening: "He could not publish these papers without gross injustice to these young men." Now, is it possible to conceive any conduct more utterly base and dishonest on the part of a Minister of the House than to declare, in his official capacity, that he is in possession of evidence which is sufficient to reverse the decision of a magistrate of great acumen and experience, given after a long and careful inquiry,—a decision which acquitted of a most grave charge three young men of respectable position, whose bread depended on their characters,—and to refuse to produce this evidence on the implied grounds that it would irretrievably damage the characters of those young men? We declare, without the slightest scruple, that Mr. Bruce deserves to be severely punished for the basest form of libel; and that,

after such conduct, his retention in the Ministry is a disgrace to it and the country alike.

But Mr. Bruce had not yet exhausted his stock of wise and benevolent utterances. "The young men could prosecute the Police for assaults;" "this would cost next to nothing," &c., &c. But the humorous intellect of Mr. Bruce could not perceive that the offence of the Police, paid servants of the State, was not an assault, but wilful malignant perjury; and that, in their official capacity as defenders of the public peace. There may be no precedent for a public prosecution under the circumstances, but we venture to assert that any Judge would, in any ordinary trial, have committed the witnesses for perjury in a similar case, if they had been mere private individuals. But we all know the Police are not private individuals; they are the pets of Scotland Yard, and are tried and punished (if at all) for such little failings as wilful and malicious perjury by a secret tribunal, of which the decisions can as little be questioned by public opinion as the evidence on which it decides, both being equally concealed from the knowledge of the outside world.

We have again and again pointed out that there is but one remedy for the present state of insecurity which, rightly or wrongly, people feel with regard to the Police, and that is, to insist that all members of the Force who shall be accused of any violence, or be practically condemned by a magistrate for giving false evidence, shall be tried publicly for that offence, and punished with severity. As long as the Commissioner of Police is allowed practically to override the law of the land by holding private inquiries into the conduct of offending members of the Force, so long will dislike and distrust of the Police exist in the minds of the public. It would be strange indeed if the Police did not number among their members ignorant and brutal creatures, who used their brief authority for the purpose of oppression. For the sake of the many worthy, brave, and honest members of the Force, these black sheep should be punished with as much publicity as possible. It is not too much to ask that the Crown should undertake in these cases, as it does in others, the punishment of those of its servants who betray their trust and abuse their power. Bankers might just as well leave to their customers the prosecution and punishment of defaulting clerks, as Government leave to individuals the expense and labour of bringing to justice those paid preservers of public order who convert themselves into licensed highwaymen. The Police do not need protection from the public so much as they do from themselves; it never ought to be possible for them to acquire in a public court the stain of suspected perjury and cruelty, which cannot be wiped off in an equally public court.

As for Mr. Bruce's share in the case, which led to the remarks which we have made, on him much more than on the Police Commissioner lies the disgrace of this scandal. It is impossible to expect any reform from within in the officials of Scotland Yard, if they can always rely on the unscrupulous support, and unblushing encouragement, of a Cabinet Minister in the case of any delinquencies on the part of their subordinates.

THE TOOL OF FORTUNE.—A paragraph has been slowly going the round of the papers to the effect that Mr. Toole was invited by the Prince of Wales to dine with him at the Dramatic Fête. This is called an honour to the drama. Mr. Toole is a very good farce actor, and a very fair burlesque actor; but if the Prince of Wales really wishes to honour the drama he can do so better than by patronising Arthur Lloyd, Schneider, or even Mr. Toole. Two of the best comedies were acted at the Holborn without attracting the patronage of Royalty. But they were by Sheridan and Bulwer, and not from the French

THE SNOB'S GUIDE.

A Continental Handbook for the British Traveller Proper.

BY ONE OF THEM.

ON SOME ALPINE SNOBBISM.

Now, there are many ways of making yourself conspicuous on the Continent. You may lounge about the Rue Rivoli in a shooting coat and towelled wide-awake. You may insist on being served with ham sandwiches and '47 port on the top of the Grimsel. You may take a paint-pot up the Drachenfels with you, and adorn that mediæval but well-lettered ruin with the aristocratic name of "**SNOB**," in red capitals, three feet high. You may empty your pockets, with the other fools, at the German tables, and be the hero of the half hour while you are engaged in that unsatisfying but stimulating business. Indeed, you have only to thrust yourself forward in any capacity, on any occasion, and make yourself sufficiently conspicuous, and you will attain to the proper elevation of British Snobdom proper. There is, however, one special road which I can recommend to you with much confidence. Go in for climbing. I do not mean, of course, by this, the ordinary climbing; that comes in the way of the sane and ordinary traveller, bent on health, recreation, and exercise. I refer you to that utterly monstrous break-neck, reckless, self-advertising, useless, dangerous, boyish, clambering, which it has lately become the fashion to extol, and invest with the dignity of pluck! No doubt a good many adventurous but really foolhardy spirits have been caught up by the influence of the hour, and risked their lives in crawling up on next to nothing, leading very often nowhere, with the view of reaching something that somebody has not been mad enough to reach before. But this is neither truly courageous nor manly; and while we have freshly before us the late catastrophe of the unfortunate clergyman from Brighton, I might pause for a moment on the more serious aspect of this indefensible pursuit. Often, as it appears to have been in the case to which I have just made reference, there is no motive beyond an exaggerated love of enterprise, coupled with erroneous theories as to the benefits of the mountain air at great altitudes. With no better reason than this, it is not thought wrong to run unquestionable risks on shifting ice and pathless crags, and jeopardise, in a Swiss ravine, one's life in a fashion that, were it attempted here in England on equally dangerous terms, one's friends and relatives would probably intervene and call in the family doctor. When a victim is sacrificed under such conditions, it is difficult not to feel the force of the remark made by the *Times* the other day on this subject, and bring in a verdict of "*temporary insanity*." And if this is the judgment passed on the better men, what shall I say of the refuse? What of the miserable Snobs whose *only* motive in this Alpine suicide-hunting is a contemptible love of ephemeral notoriety? What of these unsung athletes, who try to rival their brothers of the music-halls, without having an iota of an excuse to put forward—not even that of earning their livelihood by the process?

What can be more pitiable and little than the feeling which prompts a grown man deliberately to risk his life with no nobler jealousy than that of repeating the dangerous foolery that other fools have successfully accomplished; with no loftier aim than that of writing an account of his apeishness, which the *Times*, for want of news, at a dull season of the year, may possibly publish? Can anything exceed the childish vanity, the unmasculine self-consciousness of this? And yet, so little is the thing appreciated at its proper value, that there is absolutely a Club formed for the sole purpose of keeping alive, in all its pristine nobility and vigour, the spirit which animates it! Then lose no time, my good friend: get your gaiters, your boots, your alpenstock, your veils, ropes, guides, and the rest of the paraphernalia; up with you and risk your neck, scrambling along where there is nothing beautiful to see, nothing useful to learn. Up with you, I say: drop the intellectual, and try the animal; quit the paths of reasonable men, and see if you cannot get a line into the *Times*. You are a true British Snob: you must not be out of such noble work as this!

(To be continued.)

POPULAR WORK (*from the press of Public Opinion*).—*Resignation*. By Austin Bruce, late Secretary for the Home Department.

OUR STREETS.

(A Scene from a Comedy in several Acts, now in course of publication.)

INSPECTOR, CONSTABLES, &c., discovered, armed to the teeth with Beards, Handcuffs, Truncheons, and other Municipal Properties.

INSPECTOR.—Are you good men?

FIRST CONSTABLE.—We are, Sir.

INSPECTOR.—And untrue?

That you would answer so I always knew.

First, to assign (as is our senseless plan)

The gravest duty to th' unfittest man,

Come hither, sergeant. You possess the charm

That comes by Nature, to keep clear of harm,

And dares your greatest enemy to say:

When wanted you were ever in the way:

Of TRUTH with little you can make a shift,—

But TRUTH (you know) is Fortune's rarest gift,

And in the Force 'twould argue fixed insanity

To own in public so absurd a vanity:

If you have merit, you have kept it dark:

Of senseless excellence you've hit the mark:

Therefore, bear you the bullseye.—Now, your charge.

SECOND CONSTABLE.—If we see Burglars?

INSPECTOR.—Let them go at large.

A golden rule for those who safety prize

Is, touch no man if more than half your size.

At vagrant urchins you should rather fly,

That is, if brother constables are by;

Or even woman you may harshly treat,

If you are well supported on your beat;

Or men too drunk to offer you resistance

You can ill use in safety, *with assistance*.

THIRD CONSTABLE.—How if there be none drunk?

INSPECTOR.—Then, all the quicker,

Assume some gentleman's the worse for liquor.

By all our maxims no one has the right

To walk home sober after twelve at night.

You *must* do something for your pay.

FOURTH CONSTABLE.—That's true:

P'raps in emergencies a fit might do?

Who is incapable, is drunk.

INSPECTOR.—I see

You know your duty: you may count on me

Spite of all witnesses, in case of doubt,

To prove your charges, and to hear you out.

FIFTH CONSTABLE.—How if there be remonstrance? in the throng

There sometimes *is* intolerance of wrong:

The crowd may be too many for us.

INSPECTOR.—None

Need fear—you'll muster three or four to one,

And Might makes Right—whoever dares begin,

Down on his chatter sharp! and "*run him in!*"

This is your charge—prompt measures are the best—

You "*run him in,*" hard swearing does the rest!

[*Exeunt, to act accordingly.*]

THE PRESS TO THE RESCUE!

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, in its announcement of the reprieve of Fanny Oliver, said a great deal in a few words. "The Government," our intelligent contemporary observed, "does not doubt her sanity; but it does doubt whether she actually committed the murder for which she was tried. Therefore Mr. Bruce has determined that she shall suffer penal servitude for life for that offence."

This is precisely the state of the case: Fanny Oliver is not to be hung, because there is a doubt about her guilt; but Mr. Bruce seems to think that if he lets off the extreme penalty of the law, it is as much as circumstances warrant. The compromise is absurdly illogical; indeed, it is more than this, it is unjust and un-English. We therefore trust that the Press, to the efforts of which the commutation of the capital sentence is entirely due, will still further exert its influence to prevent a woman

(probably entirely innocent) from being incarcerated for the rest of her days, simply because it is agreed on all hands that she is not guilty enough to be hung. Mr. Bruce may be happy in the possession of an elastic conscience, and may have shelved the matter indefinitely as far as he is concerned; but he is mistaken in the supposition that the public will be satisfied if the case rests where it now does. What Fanny Oliver has a right to, is full justice, not small mercy; and we trust that her claim to this may eventually prevail.

"THE RAILROAD TO RUIN,"

or,

"BAD FORM, OH, SIR!"

[It is with deep regret that we analyze Mr. Boucicault's new piece of weird nonsense at Drury Lane. The lessee, actors, and audience have our heartfelt sympathy.]

PART I.—HOW THE FIRST ACT WAS MADE!

Take a few second-rate, middle-aged, minor-theatre tragedians, and call them the "Oxford eight." Let them perform a few vulgar antics in front of a badly-painted scene. Mix with these eight second-rate, middle-aged, minor-theatre tragedians a sprinkling of mild, uncertain, and nervous "walking ladies," with whom let them take low-bred lover's liberties. Add an old incident from a worn-out Surrey melodrama, a comic actor from an East-end theatre, and Mr. Barrett in the character of a mumbling imbecile and clerical buffoon. Season with Boucicaultian commonplace, and serve up hot in a well "papered" house.

PART II.—HOW THE SECOND ACT WAS COOKED!!

Take the heaviest, most middle-aged, and most stilted of the second-rate minor-theatre tragedians (whom you have called the "Oxford eight"), and dress him like a music-hall singer, in a blue coat lined with yellow; then let him go to the dogs in a lime-lighted scene, composed chiefly of dull vice and insipid Victoria-gallery sentiment. Flavour with snobbish twaddle, spoken by a burlesque actress got up in a light wig and black trousers, and mix, as before, with Boucicaultian commonplace.

PART III.—HOW THE THIRD ACT WAS MIXED!!!

Take a chapter out of a third-rate French novel, and mix up with it the heaviest, most middle-aged, and most stilted of the second-rate minor-theatre tragedians (whom you have called the "Oxford eight"), and dress him in a loud boating costume. Serve him up in this absurd "get up" at a grotesque evening party given in an old ball-room scene, once a feature in the "*Great City*." Flavour with a good deal of questionable morality and an insupportable load of Boucicaultian commonplace.

PART IV.—HOW THE FOURTH ACT WAS DISHED!!!!

Take the heaviest, most middle-aged, and most stilted of the eight second-rate minor-theatre tragedians (whom you have called the "Oxford eight"), and put him (still wearing a loud boating costume) in a sponging house, situated in the heart of London. Let him be rescued thence by eight plebeian-looking "supers," got up in light blue jackets (call them the "Cambridge eight") at seven o'clock in the morning. Make your villains commit a clumsily contrived forgery, and hand them over to the police. Wind up with a poorly painted scene of the River at Barnes Bridge; introduce two utterly ridiculous pasteboard boats, manned with sixteen unsteady and jerky pasteboard puppets, and flavour with derisive roars of laughter from the audience; add two pasteboard steamboats, with obtrusive chimneys and vague paddle-wheels, and flavour as before with derisive roars of laughter from the audience. Drop the curtain quickly, and drown the laughter and hisses of the audience with loud music from the orchestra. Give the mess a meaningless title, and puff it largely in gigantic posters on the hoardings, and long advertisements over the "leaders" in the morning newspapers.

IMPERIAL LOGIC.—The Ministry is solely responsible to the Emperor; the Emperor is the nation: therefore the Ministry is solely responsible to the nation.



LONDON, AUGUST 14, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THEATRICAL managers, as a rule, lead off with their trump cards at the commencement of the season. Mr. Vining, however, has played the oddest trick of all. He has kept in every one of his *Aces* till August!

THE *Oberland* is again claiming its victims. "Give a man enough rope and he will hang himself;" so the saying at present has it. "Give him too little and he will dash himself to pieces," is what it is coming to.

M. PIC, the celebrated Editor of the *Etendard*, has, it seems, relieved his employers of 700,000 francs. Will our Parisian neighbours mind, therefore, in future borrowing only half of that very ugly English word they have latterly taken from us? Let us mutually henceforth talk of *le Pic-pocket*.

MR. JAMES HENRY PARKER, the great antiquarian, has come forward, in a characteristic letter, to aid the cause of "Mosaics and Mr. Layard." We hope that these extremely creditable efforts of Dr. Salviati to restore one of the arts which is capable of producing ornamentation at once cheap, beautiful, and durable, will receive the encouragement which they deserve. We know the English, as a nation, hate colour, but we hope that they may be got to look more favourably on it when they find that it is possible to blend colours harmoniously, and to attain gaiety without vulgarity.

AN ADMIRALTY HOAX.

MR. CHILDERS, though unremitting in his attention to the duties of his office, appears to take very few people into his confidence regarding his personal intentions. It was known some weeks back that the "model" First Lord intended to deprive the clerks and officials at Chatham Dockyard of their annual holidays by refusing to provide substitutes for them during their absence at the public expense, but it has only recently transpired that Mr. Childers himself intends to forego his vacation. It is a fact, however, that in his self-sacrificing devotion to his country's service Mr. Childers will accompany Admiral Sir Sydney Dacres with the Channel Fleet, and will undergo the terror and hardships of a cruise in the Mediterranean during the autumn months. It is understood that in case the First Lord should break down under the severe task he has imposed upon himself, he will be accompanied by his son, who is himself an officer in the Royal Navy, and other members of his family, who will be on the spot in case anything should happen to him; but we trust that the serious apprehensions Mr. Childers evidently holds regarding his health may be ill-founded, and that he may return to his work at the Admiralty in a couple of months time none the worse for his cruise with the flying squadron. If such should not be the case, however, and Mr. Childers, on his return to town, should need medical treatment, he no doubt would, in the same noble spirit of self-sacrifice, have himself conveyed to Haslar Naval Hospital, into the arrangements of which institution he might make himself thoroughly acquainted; and should any of the little Childers's have caught the measles at Naples, or some such pestilent port that the fleet may have visited, their papa would no doubt allow them to accompany him, in

order that the capabilities of the Naval Hospital in all its branches might be thoroughly tested.

But to be serious. It is scarcely wise of Mr. Childers, when he is really himself taking a very pleasant and inexpensive holiday, while he is depriving others of a few weeks' immunity from their work, to pretend that he is making a sacrifice to the public service. The public do not care whether or not he accompanies the fleet to the Mediterranean, but when the fact becomes known that he does not go alone, they will have a very decided objection to his taking his family with him at the public expense. That things like this have happened before there is not a doubt, for only a few weeks back an iron-clad man-of-war took Sir Edward Lugard, the Under Secretary-of-State, from London to Margate! There may, or may not be, great harm in the Admiralty authorities utilizing Her Majesty's ships for private purposes; but we do not hesitate at once, and beforehand, to cry down the cant in which Mr. Childers has been indulging concerning the pleasant trip which he has planned for his vacation. He won't be wanted on board the Channel Fleet, and will only be in everyone's way.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

MR. COWASJEE JEHANGHEER READYMONEY, Companion of the Star of India, and a wealthy Parsee gentleman, resident in Bombay, has just contributed a drinking fountain to the Broad Walk in Regent's Park. Beyond stating that the fountain was opened by the Princess Mary of Cambridge last week, we have nothing to remark; for when we hear that Mr. Readymoney, though hitherto unknown in England, has in India contributed more than £100,000 to local charities, to say nothing of his having built two hospitals and a lunatic asylum, any fun that we could make out of his name would be in sad taste indeed. We therefore simply chronicle the event, and add Mr. Cowasjee Jehangheer Readymoney to that list of nobly munificent gentlemen with whose names every Englishman should be pleasantly familiar.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

ANOTHER dreadful death on the Alps! When will common sense and common humanity interfere to prevent these acts of insane folly and wicked temerity? Year after year young men lose their lives, simply because they are allowed to indulge what is really a spirit of bravado and excessive vanity. No really great or good end, no scientific or useful purpose is served by these dangerous ascents of snow mountains. All the beauties of Alpine scenery, all the beauties of Alpine vegetation, can be seen perfectly from points where there is little or no danger. A more silly, useless, ignoble mania than this for cutting holes in walls of snow and ice, and climbing up them, at the imminent risk of your life, it is impossible to conceive. Life is too serious a trust to be thrown away on such barren folly. What would be thought of a man whose idea of amusement was running up and down the parapet of Waterloo Bridge, or climbing up church steeples, or running in and out among the carriages in a crowded thoroughfare? Yet these amusements are quite as useful and rational as climbing up snow peaks merely to find they are made of snow. If researches in geology require that these dangerous heights shall be explored, let properly qualified persons do so with proper precautions. A convention with Switzerland for the suppression of these Alpine climbers would be one of the best treaties that we could conclude. It may be very exciting and very exhilarating to put nothing but a slip of the foot between you and death; but there are plenty of causes in this world to which, if human life be devoted, it can accomplish great and good deeds, which shall live on the lips and in the hearts of men long after the memory of these Alpine heroes shall have passed away. Other journals may think it consistent with their duty to encourage these annual suicides; we shall never miss an opportunity of raising our voice against the unprofitable destruction of the most solemn trust which is given to man, his life.

THE GREAT RESTORATION.—To Mr. Boucicault belongs the honour of restoring to Drury Lane its old character, in one sense at least. In times gone by, the Phrynes of Drury Lane were the theme of loose song and erotic lyrics. *Formosa* is worthy company in every respect for these demi-goddesses.





THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING!

OR,
THE NEW KNIGHT OF THE ROAD.

POLICE SERGEANT (to RESPECTABLE BANKER going quietly home to the bosom of his family).—Create a disturbance, will yer?—(rest of the speech quite unfit for publication.)



THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(Continued from page 64.)

XIII.

"OH! Plucked am I?" said Mr. Squigsby when he had read the Secretary's note conveying to him this pleasing intelligence. "I'll soon see about that. I'll appeal to the Judges. I'll instruct counsel to support my answers, and attack the questions. I'll kick up a pretty dust."

And he began to do so; but the dust he kicked up became rather more hurtful to himself than to anyone else. Mr. Squigsby possessed that invaluable instinct to the legal mind of knowing when to stop. He would threaten, he would bully; but, at the first indication of his getting the worst of it, he would pull up instantly. So it was now. He saw that he should be convicted of copying. Flibber's answers and his own were identical, and, what was worse, they were identically wrong,—and there was the evidence of the Beadle. He, therefore, satisfied his feelings by declining to pay one farthing to his unfortunate Coach, and issuing a writ against Flibber for the money he had lent him. "It's entirely their fault I didn't get through," said Mr. Squigsby, "and they shall suffer for it—a couple of prigs—and so shall somebody suffer for it when I do get through. I believe the Government have arranged matters so that it shall be as difficult and maddening to become a lawyer as possible. Look at the awful expense, and the time, and the work. It's intended, no doubt, as an encouragement. I'll have my reward when I do get through. If I am to be considered as a chartered brigand, they shan't be disappointed, I promise them."

With this soothing reflection he this time set to work in earnest, and under the direction of a grinding young barrister of sixty-five, who had his chambers in a cellar, and who made Mr. Squigsby pay in advance, he soon made rapid progress in the science of the law as affected by Examinations. The consequence of this well-directed industry being that within a couple of terms from the time he had met with his rejection, he had the satisfaction of swearing all sorts of oaths at Westminster, preparatory to his signing the Rolls, and being admitted as an attorney and solicitor.

As for poor Flibber, he never recovered from his rejection, and never went up again. The money his parents had spent for his articles was lost, and the time he had passed under them was lost. He found, like hundreds of others, he hated the law, and everything connected with it, just as he had completed his education in it. Providentially, he liked comic singing better, and the *quasi* lawyer soon became a distinguished ornament to the music-hall stage, and every night now drives his brougham about London for a "turn" at ten different music halls, where he warbles five different songs at each "turn," in appropriately fantastic costumes, and with boisterous choruses.

XIV.

It was only a few weeks after Mr. Squigsby had been enrolled—and he was still at Mr. Slicker's office—when one morning Topps, the out-o'-door clerk, rushed into his presence.

"O Sir! have you heard? Mr. Slicker, Sir?"

"What of him?" said Mr. Squigsby.

"He has had a seizure, Sir!"

"A seizure!" said Mr. Squigsby. "At whose suit?"

"O Sir! not at the suit of anybody particular—not a legal seizure, sir—but a fit."

"A fit!" said Mr. Squigsby—"that all? You frightened me. I thought he might have been arrested, or that the sheriffs had come in."

"No, Sir. He had a seizure last night. They say if he has another he can't get over it, but he'll get his immediate discharge."

"Well," said Mr. Squigsby, "that's better than being adjourned *sine die*. I thought he was breaking up. I'll go and see him."

He went and saw him. He found Mr. Slicker had been ordered to retire from all active participation in business for the future. There was but one thing to be done—a partnership. The arrangements didn't take long to perfect. They were extremely favourable to Mr. Squigsby—more favourable than they would have been had Mr. Slicker possessed the power to discuss the subject or to oppose the terms which his ex-cleik determined

should be accepted. In a few more days the brass plates on the different offices had all to be altered. They were enlarged in size; and an admiring public had now the opportunity of reading upon them, "MESSRS. SLICKER AND SQUIGSBY, SOLICITORS."

XV.

In this new and exalted position, Mr. Squigsby did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. He commenced by "winding up" the affairs which were in Slicker's hands alone, so as to put everything straight; and well and expeditiously he did it, to his own particular profit and comfort. What a quantity of business he found Slicker had neglected! What a muddle everything was in! What compromises were effected with those unfortunates whose matters were found to have got into such inextricable confusion that it was impossible to discover what moneys had been received on their account, and what was in hand to their credit, and how glad the unfortunates were to find that they would receive anything at all out of the chaotic jumble of accounts! And how satisfied Mr. Squigsby was to get rid of the unfortunates in question under any circumstances, and how the balance at his bankers increased! And then, what an onslaught he made upon the clients! The new firm was coming into operation; the affairs of the old business must be wound up. It was imperative. What bills of costs were made out and sent out, and cheques for the amount asked for at once—all, too, in the interest of poor old Mr. Slicker, who had had "a seizure!" What writs were issued to enforce poor old Mr. Slicker's requirements! How the fresh costs accumulated in suing for the old costs! How men were sold up, thrown into prison, made bankrupt, and outlawed, and all for poor old Mr. Slicker and his costs! He was being wound up; and so well did the new firm of "Slicker and Squigsby" wind up old Mr. Slicker, that it was almost impossible to decide when it was over who had made the most money out of the transaction,—poor old Mr. Slicker, Mr. Squigsby, or the partnership firm of "Slicker and Squigsby." To a man in business, perhaps the best way to understand what he is worth, and, having ascertained that, to be put into possession of his fortune—speaking paradoxically, is to die. The next best way is to be "wound up," and the best way to be "wound up" is to take a partner. Mr. Squigsby effectually "wound up" Mr. Slicker, and had enriched himself considerably by the operation.

XVI.

"Gents,—I am diricked by my missus, who is very ill with bad breath and can't go upstairs, to ask you to come and make her will. Come to-day at two o'clock, and you are to bring all the things to do it with. The baker's man has recommended you. My missus is Mrs. Rigsworth, and she lives at No. 6 Metal Court, Golden Square. Knock three times loud, as missus can scarcely breathe, and I am suffering from pains in the head.—Yours obediently, SARAH TOMKINSON.

"To Messrs. Slicker and Squigsby."

This was one of the letters that Mr. Squigsby had just opened.

"Topps," said Mr. Squigsby, "who's this old woman? has she ever been here?"

"No, Sir!"

"I wish the baker's man would mind his own business," said Mr. Squigsby. "I shan't go. Some talkative old woman who has got £100 to leave, and thinks it a million. Besides, there's that adjournment at Marlborough street to attend to-day. Write and say I can't come."

"Counsel is instructed in the prosecution, Sir, and I'll see to that," said Mr. Topps. "Perhaps you had better run round, Sir, and see what it is."

"Very well," said Mr. Squigsby, "give me the things."

"The things" consisted of some sheets of foolscap, some pens, some ink, some red tape, some sealing-wax, and some envelopes.

"I shall make short work of it," said Mr. Squigsby, as he went out. "I shan't be long."

XVII.

Metal Court was a paved court, and No. 6 was a respectable sort of private house, which was more than could be said for its companion houses. It was one of those houses which are so often found in the poorest districts, maintaining its respectability with a sort of freehold pride, surrounded by small shops let out as weekly tenements. It looked additionally

distinguished and conservative by comparison with its neighbours. All the blinds were down. Mr. Squigsby knocked three times. He waited. No answer. He swore, and knocked again. The door was opened by an old female servant. He was shown into the parlour—an old lady was lying upon the sofa. She was evidently very ill. The old lady told the servant to go.

"Mrs. Rigsworth?" said Mr. Squigsby, rather savagely.

"Yes, Sir," said the old lady; "you are the lawyer, and I wish you to make my will."

Mr. Squigsby ducked, and made his preparations. He sat down and spread out his papers with a loud rustling noise—sucked his pen—dipped it in the ink, and then said—

"You are a widow, Mrs. Rigsworth?"

"I am, Sir," said the old lady.

"It is usual, in the first instance, to ask of what your property consists, and the amount it represents."

"The amount it represents," said the old lady, "is what I do not exactly know; but I can say that it certainly is not less than £80,000."

Mr. Squigsby gave a great start, dropped his pen, looked steadily at the old lady for a few seconds, and then in his sweetest tones, and with a beaming smile, added, "I am all attention, madam!"

(To be continued.—Commenced in No. 116.)

TRIAL BY "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

MRS. FANNY OLIVER, condemned to death for the murder of her husband under most aggravated circumstances, has been reprieved. This is the woman who made such a wild and sensational speech in court, which to us seemed eminently characteristic of guilt. She afterwards wrote a letter, full of nauseous expressions of piety and quotations from the prison hymn book. This letter was published by the press, very unwisely, we think. If it is horrible that a crowd should watch the contortions of a dying criminal, it is scarcely less so that the religious contortions of the condemned should be made public; for it is calculated to produce as debasing an effect on the moral nature of the people as public executions. Nothing appears to us more revolting than these extravagant rhapsodies of creatures on the point of death: if they are sincere, they never should be made public; if they are not sincere, that hypocrisy and gross vanity, so often found to lie at the root of crime, cannot be better encouraged than by publishing these compositions in the public journals. The "cock-sure" manner in which the authors announce their intention of being saved, their monstrous affectation of magnanimous forgiveness of everybody, their canting commendation of their friends to the Divine keeping, all combine to bring religion into ridicule and contempt. The "edifying" end which so many of our worst criminals make, according to the papers, is likely to act as an incentive to rather than a deterrent from crime. To teach persons that they can pass in a few days from a state of hardened crime and degrading vice to a state of sainted fervour and profound piety is to teach them neither religion nor morality.

VERY COMPLIMENTARY!

THE Rev. Mr. Irvine, a gentleman of Orange proclivities, in an address to his congregation, has certainly entered fully into the spirit of the suggestion he submits to "the Orangemen and Protestants of Great Britain." Mr. Irvine concludes his address thus:—

"By those who professed to be your leaders you have been shamefully deceived!—one leader only excepted; and, as a compliment to that leader, worthily deserved by him, and as a lasting testimonial to our repudiation of the others, I propose that we all subscribe to a statue to the right honourable and right truly noble, the Earl of Derby; and I propose that the most eminent painter we can procure be employed to paint his likeness, taken as he left the House of Peers on learning the ignoble compromise of the Bill, and that an engraving of the same be taken to adorn the walls of every true Protestant in Great Britain."

As Lord Derby is proverbially a very good-natured nobleman, there is no reason to doubt that if Mr. Irvine's plan is carried out, his Lordship will submit himself to be modelled and painted to his admirer's heart's content. But we think it is rather too

much to expect that on each occasion he may give the artist a sitting he should be called upon to assume the expression he had on his face as he left the House of Lords on the eventful evening alluded to. In point of fact, however, it is not very likely that an old politician like Lord Derby would, on a party defeat, assume the diabolical expression with which Mr. Irvine credits him; but, supposing even that on this exceptional occasion Lord Derby did look, as well as felt, a little put out, it is too much to expect that he should permit an ugly likeness of himself "to adorn the walls of every true Protestant home in Great Britain." We do not suppose that at his time of life Lord Derby is given to care very much for appearances of any kind; but we think that, without being accused of undue vanity, his Lordship might reasonably object to being painted looking his worst by the most eminent artist his admirers are able to enlist into their service.

A GOLDEN RULE.

THE Foundling Hospital is, as everybody knows, a very excellent institution, and an institution moreover which enjoys a very liberal amount of charitable bequests. It is therefore more the pity that the authorities of the hospital should do their best to disgust us by grasping for even more than they receive. It appears from the statement of a Scotch clergyman who attended the service at the Foundling Chapel a few Sundays back, that on his putting a penny into the plate held at the door as the congregation dispersed, he was rudely informed by an official that "No coppers were taken." It is difficult to believe that this refusal of small offerings can be an authorised rule of the establishment, but if it proves to be so, it will do much to divert the donations of wealthier benefactors from an institution which possesses nothing but the prestige of a mission of a nature once really charitable, as a claim on the sympathy of the public.

AN INANE INNOVATION.

MR. INGHAM has been long enough one of the metropolitan police magistrates to know what is due to his position; and it is, therefore, with as much surprise as regret that we find that he, too, has been indulging in those laughter-provoking witticisms which are very much the fashion just now in the police courts. A few days ago, at the Wandsworth Police Court, a butcher was summoned by his housekeeper for assault, and, amongst other points in the unfortunate woman's evidence, she declared that she had a bump on her head, caused by her master's violence. This bump Mr. Ingham was inquisitive to inspect, so he made the woman remove her chignon and submit the excrescence to his inspection, amidst roars of merriment. Mr. Ingham remarked that he thought it was a case perhaps of injured feeling, but he was then satisfied that the complainant had received substantial injuries, so he fined the defendant forty shillings and the cost of the summons. We are at a loss to understand why the worthy magistrate refused to believe the woman on her oath, and subjected her to a great personal indignity in order to be convinced of her truthfulness. But if he considered the exhibition of her injuries actually necessary to the ends of justice, the operation of inspection might have been performed in a more decent and gentle manner. We are averse to all "scenes" in courts of any kind, but such things will occasionally occur in the best regulated establishments. This is no reason, however, that magistrates should indulge in a vulgar practical joke for the sake of the "great laughter" their waggery provokes from the appreciative underlings who surround the Bench.

BOOKS RECEIVED.*

Library Edition of the Works of W. M. Thackeray. Vol. XXII. Smith, Elder, and Co., 15 Waterloo Place. 1869.
The Religion of the World; Ellis's Poems; Booth's Life of Robert Owen.

ERRATA.—In leading article, "The Irish Vampire," of last week, page 55, 2nd column, line 22, for "if," read "is." Line 42, after "order" insert comma. Page 56, 1st column, line 16, for "hateful" read "baneful."

* Will be reviewed in our next.

August 14, 1869.]

THE TOMAHAWK.

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AUGUST, 1869.

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