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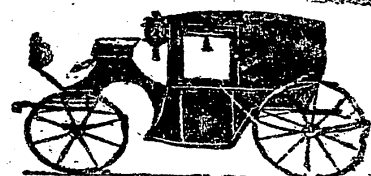
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THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

NO. 120]

LONDON, AUGUST 21, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

A WORD OUT OF SEASON!

So London is empty at last! "Not a soul in town, Sir," observes Bucksby as he meets me in Pall Mall; and from his point of view he is about right. Indeed, both I and Bucksby, when we do meet, express mutual surprise and astonishment at the fact that we *both* absolutely *are* still in town, for we each assume a devout and earnest belief in that social creed that, at the close of the Session, banishes metropolitan humanity to the moors, the sea, the continent,—anywhere, provided only it bury itself beyond the limits of the post-office districts. Such a thorough and abject bigot on the subject is Bucksby, that I know when he saw me on the steps of my Club he made a frantic but unsuccessful effort to turn up into Carlton terrace, and so avoid a fatal rencontre. He is perfectly conscious of the fact that the *crème de la crème*, to which both he and I, of course, belong, has no more right, at this time of the year, on the pavement in St. James's, than the Lord Chancellor has on the woollen sack at St. Stephen's. Only some great catastrophe or striking eccentricity could account for either breach of decorum. So Bucksby and I humbug each other, though he knows well enough that I am waiting for my quarterly cheque before I can think of stirring, while he (I heard it from an intimate friend) has not the remotest idea of leaving 117, Leamington Square, S.W., this autumn. Not that he is not enjoying a change, but it is one rather of aspect than of air. Bucksby just now is living at the back of the house, with all the blinds drawn and shutters up in the front. As he cannot move it is the only little tribute of respect he can pay to the prevailing sentiment of his set. The dregs, the mere refuse of society, stagnates in town at this time of year, and the world, that is, that portion of it only in which existence is possible, is away bathing, climbing, sketching, shooting, lounging, gambling, fooling, growling everywhere and anywhere all over Europe. Yes, most of us get our holiday and our "outing," even if it be merely a twenty-four hours' affair, of which a good nine are spent in running all the way to somewhere and all the way back, for half-a-crown, in a cattle van! That is the mechanic's and the small tradesman's idea of locomotive elysium, and I dare say, when nothing better is to be got, it is by no means bad at the price. For the middle class, *et hoc genus omne*, that is, from the Government clerk with six hundred a year and a family, down to the well-to-do shopkeeper, there is an extensive and enticing choice. There is the perfect *ton* of Margate, or, if fashion be less than fresh air the object in view, there is the retiring beauty of Southend or the majestic sweep of the old Bay of Herne.

In a word, there are now-a-days so many channels of communication open in all directions, that there are really comparatively few of the humbler members of society who cannot manage to get away from the smoke and stir of London for a few short days, or, at least, for a few pleasant hours. We rich ones make for the Alps, or turn our aristocratic steps wherever invitation or inclination may lead us. The mass who ape our peculiarities, take, on the whole, pretty good care of themselves. Yet, with all this, there is a vast substratum of society that never gets any change at all. The very poor! The inmates of dirty lanes and crowded alleys, the race of the semi-heathen, the neglected, degraded, forgotten London poor! I do not mean to say that among them the minister of religion never comes. On the contrary, they know the sound of that very consoling voice, and can tell you the shape of those most comforting and satisfying tracts. But for all this they are miserably degraded. They are, in a sense, the legitimate answer to the luxury above. They are the price paid by society for its abandoned surfeit! If there were not quite so much needless and reckless squandering in high places, there would not be so much hopeless and hapless misery in low. And now I trust you see whence these reflections spring. It is the general rush of everyone who can quit the big city, the general cry for fresh air and holiday, the universal body and mind restorative process, that suggests those who never move, who never ask, and who fade and wither away prematurely in the unchanging squalor and poison of poverty and sickness. The death-rate rises, but there is no escaping the tide. It may sweep on with its fatal waters of destruction, but there is no flight here. Crowded and hustled into dark corners, stifled in suffocating garrets, housed more like the brutes, it may be with a malignant fever raging among them—there lie our poorest poor. Think for a moment, my dear Lord Flinterden, as you pass a really harsh judgment on the bouquet of that Cabinet wine, and quit that elegant continental repast to take an evening stroll up the delicious Rhine valley—think, I say, of the poor creatures dying in your great capital for the want of a little clean water, through lack of a little unpoisoned air! Sniff up the scent of a thousand flowers and refresh yourself. Ponder on the lot of those who, from year's end to year's end, are buried away in the filthy gloom of grimy streets, and to whom the sight of a green hedgerow would be as a foretaste of Paradise itself. Think, I say, of how you have lived out the season, the very close of which has added fresh misery to the miserable homes of many, in taking away their one mainstay, work;—think, as you scatter your sovereigns about Europe, and grumble, in national pride, at the very luxu-

ries they procure you, think of how much *you* have personally done this year to lessen the misery to which I now direct your attention! I do not ask you how much you have subscribed to this society and to that when its agents have bored you for your name. A rich Englishman is a subscribing animal. What I do ask you is, how far these social ulcers have touched your heart? Well, it is true I cannot expect you to see that every poor man in London gets change of air: that is Utopian, at least in the year 1869. What I do expect, and those who, like you, who have the means at their command, is to be *personally* up and doing, with a view that you will at least give to every honest working Englishman a decent home, clean water, and pure air; that you will save him from the now almost inevitable infamy of bringing up his children in the grossest immorality, and give him at least a chance of living a life that will not be a disgrace to the nation and an eternal reproach to yourself. Remember, in these days even philanthropy pays a dividend of five per cent. ! For once, then, be magnificent, and say that you are contented with that wretched remuneration; I know there are better things—to wit, big hotels and music-hall companies! But, believe me, you will enjoy your own holiday more,—yes, even the bouquet of that *Steinberger*,—if you are doing something, I do not say *much*, but *something*, for your suffering and down-trodden poor.

LA-ING THE DUST!

WE are told that at the recent meeting of the Brighton Railway Company, Mr. Laing “spoke hopefully” of its prospects. Alluding to the prevalence of accidents and catastrophes, the worthy gentleman observed, in defence of the directors, that they did not, as it was erroneously supposed, deliberate over and plan collisions for the purpose of destroying human life. “Some writers in the public prints,” so Mr. Laing is reported to have said, “seemed to think that the directors of railway companies took a delight in annoying the public;” but he is also reported to have given a very emphatic and really cheering denial to so murderous a supposition. He went on to remark that “the contrary was the fact, and he might say that nothing annoyed the directors more than an accident to any one on their railway.”

This is very assuring. In these days of gross neglect, ending in frightful destruction to human life, it is a satisfaction to know that the Brighton directors, at all events, are touchy on the point, and are upset—even “annoyed,” when a dozen or so victims are sacrificed on their very well-intentioned line. His conclusion, however, is far from satisfactory. Notwithstanding the fact that the directors were most anxious to prevent them, “he feared that with a large number of trains and a large number of signals they could not always expect to avoid accidents.” And this is where we must join issue with Mr. Laing. The “annoyance” of a body of directors at death and destruction we can understand, especially when we take into consideration the heavy damages frequently awarded to the miserable survivors. A general recognised liability to accident in consequence of badly managed traffic and defective signalling we cannot understand. A boiler may burst or an embankment give way, but never ought a couple of trains to run into each other. On the present system, as now practised on the Metropolitan line, a collision becomes simply impossible, and any investigation into the origin of all accidents of this class will show a culpable negligence of the most obvious precautions on the part of those to whom the safety of the train has been entrusted. Some one wrote to the *Times* the other week to say that absolutely from a great central terminus like Euston square, one of the chief trains of the day, the eleven a.m., started twenty minutes late. Now, all we have got to say on the subject is this. When a train is started deliberately in this fashion—that is, with capabilities for throwing into dangerous confusion the whole business of the line as it proceeds on its way, everyone connected with its departure ought to be prosecuted for a misdemeanour, and imprisoned without option of a fine. This would save not only the sensitive directors, but the helpless public, a good deal of unnecessary *annoyance*.

DIRT AND DECENCY.

UNWASH'D through all my life I've been,—
And dirt *is* dirt although unseen,—
Were it not better to be clean?

Advertisements around my door
Suggest Sea Bathing, by the score:
And I feel dirtier than before!

Compell'd by sanitary laws
Hot Fashion all along our shores
Opes her aristocratic pores:

Obedient to such pleasant rule
Blue blood can keep its pulses cool,
And flounder in secluded pool.

ARISTON HUDOR you assert?
But Poverty can thrive unhurt
In life-long livery of dirt!

And Selfishness adopts the plan
Towards *us* to hinder, where she can,
What is amphibious in man!

Dare *we* invade the public stream,
How Indignation grasps the theme,
And covers foolscap by the ream,

To teach the vagabond he hath
No earthly right to want a bath,
Or dress upon the towing-path!

Aquatic Villas murm'ring “fie!”
Invoke in print with loud outcry
The sacred name of Decency!

But what are we poor souls to do,—
This grimy crowd that never knew
The daily lux'ry of the few?

True, on my head I turn at will
The pump's invigorating chill:
But, thus half washed, I'm dirty still!

Nor find I rise to make me clean
Deus ex machina—I mean
The god of some sea-side machine.

Nor money spent in prompt endeavour
Links of the dirty past to sever,
And wash me,—BETTER LATE THAN NEVER!

A FOUR-WHEELED PHŒNIX.

THERE is no understanding the London General Omnibus Company. A short time ago, before the Metropolitan Railway was in working order, and the omnibuses had the passengers all to themselves, omnibus shares were down, and the Company's reserve fund had to be squeezed dry to produce a nominal dividend of 2½ per cent. Now, however, when the streets are drained by the new line of railway from Brompton to Westminster, and the omnibuses would be perfectly justified in giving up in despair, the Company publishes its report and pays its shareholders a dividend at the rate of 6½ per cent. per annum. For our part we see no reason why with a little judicious management, both railway and omnibuses should not be made to pay; but it is a little startling to find that the omnibuses which seemed to be on their last legs (or rather wheels) a year ago, are, now that a crushing counter-influence has cropped up, well and doing. Perhaps it is only one more instance of the truism that there is never any harm in wholesome competition.

FUNNY THING TO SAY TO MR. CALCRAFT.—“I don't care a hang for you.”—[This is not exactly brilliant, but it shows signs of latent pathos.—ED. TOM.]

BY THE VERY SAD SEA WAVES.

As those people who have not already left London must have become by this time frantic to get away, it may not be out of place to offer to those who contemplate a trip to a watering-place within a moderate distance of town, the following statement setting forth the leading features and principal attractions of half-a-dozen of the most popular of our seaside resorts which are just now drawing off the cream of Bayswater and the flower of Bloomsbury from our deserted city. No doubt the counter attractions of the places we name will make it difficult for the intending holiday-maker to arrive at a decision as to where he will go; but we may as well point out that of course a visit to any of the below-named towns is much more enjoyable and pleasant than a trip to Brittany, a fortnight on the Rhine, or even a short tour in Switzerland, especially when it is clearly understood that, as a rule, the expense of staying in England is not more than double that of going abroad. However, here is our list, which speaks for itself:—

RAMSGATE.—A favourite bathing place, supposed to be suitable for children. High cliffs and no shade. Apartments three guineas a week and upwards. According to the Registrar-General's return just published, Ramsgate is the most unhealthy spot in England, the death-rate for the three months ended the 30th of June last having reached the proportion of 26'99 in every 1,000 persons.

BRIGHTON.—Easy of access from town. Good shops and all London comforts. Jewish population 25,000 or thereabouts. Brighton is celebrated for its fine sea prospect, and the indecency of its bathing. Railway terminus well adapted for collisions.

HERNE BAY.—The dullest place (but one) in England. Pier a mile or so long, but dilapidated and inaccessible. Good shingly beach. Butcher's meat, fish, eggs and butter fresh from London twice a week.

RYDE.—Patronized by Royalty, and extremely fashionable. Apartments from six guineas a week. Heat in summer terrific. Climate relaxing. Atmosphere muggy. The town has, however, a northerly aspect, and is nicely sheltered from the sea-breeze. Bathing dangerous.

MARGATE.—Fine position. Good bathing at the mouth of the town drain. Lodgings a caution. The great resort of negro minstrelsy. Considered to be during July and August the most expensive place in England.

SOUTHEND.—Opposite the Nore. Pleasantly divided from the mouth of the Thames at low tide by three miles of mud and London sewerage. According to the Registrar-General's return, Southend is the most healthy of the watering places, the death-rate for the three months ended the 30th of June last being only 12'99 in 1,000. Southend is at once the ugliest and dullest spot in Great Britain.

Really, when we enumerate the beauties and advantages of our English sea-side towns, when, at the same time, we remember that Ramsgate is only twice as dear as Lucerne, that Margate is not more than six times as expensive as Heidelberg, and that Southend and Venice, including the cost of getting there, are actually only about the same price, it is a marvel to us that Mr. Cook finds any votaries of his excursion system. Is it that Englishmen are losing their nationality, or that they refuse to be taken in and done for? Certain it is, however, that the British watering-places are as yet comparatively empty this year.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

Grettis Saga: the Story of Grettis the Strong. Translated from the Icelandic by EVIJKR MAGUSSON and WILLIAM MORRIS. London: F. S. Ellis, King street, Covent garden. 1869.

WHILE we are patiently waiting for a second instalment of that delightful nosegay of poems, the "Earthly Paradise," from Mr. Morris, we must thankfully accept this small scrap of his brain work, though it is only a translation, and only partly from his pen. As might be expected, the Icelandic tale is rendered in simple musical English prose, with the true flavour of quaint antiquity, which can only be caught by those who are thoroughly, not superficially, acquainted with the grand old English literature.

Occasional snatches of old Icelandic songs give scope for Mr Morris's command over rhyme as well as rhythm.

We will not enter into the story. We cannot discourse learnedly about Icelandic sagas, for a very good reason, that we have always been content to treat them as tales, and not as philological or ethnological studies. "Grettis the Strong" has all the charms of vivid verisimilitude and credulous simplicity, which to us constitute the charms of these old tales.

There is one sentence which we must decidedly object to, as seeming vulgar, if it is not so. At page 255 we find: "And in such wise did Thomatian keep it going till the evening." We must protest against such a phrase, as jarring on one's artistic sense most horribly; indeed, the whole of the latter part of the tale reads like a modern French novel in antique disguise. It is admitted by the translators in the preface to be very inappropriate, if not unnecessary. Perhaps this feeling led them into the error of admitting such a blemish as the above. This book, like all which Mr. Ellis issues, is got up with the greatest elegance and in the best taste. We wish he would publish more.

The Religion of the World. By H. STONE LEIGH.

THIS is a book on a very deep subject, written by one who has foundered in the depths thereof. It is an attempt to make a compromise between the barest Deism and true Christianity. It is an unsuccessful attempt. Such a work as this injures religion and does not benefit morality. Much that the writer advances is true and just; but the way to purify the religion of man is not by bringing down every aspiration of the soul to the level of the human intellect. You will not advance truth by destroying humility and reverence. If men would try and act up to the Christian religion, they would find their time better employed than in trying to drag it down to their own level.

Melete. Poems by JOSEPH ELLIS. London: Basil Montagu Pickering. 1869.

A COLLECTION of slight pieces in the main, interesting only to friends, but some of which show elegance and refinement of thought. Mr. Ellis would have done well to have got a stranger to select from his verses those most suitable for publication. As it is, he has apparently followed Wordsworth's example so far as to publish all he has written, though he often writes when he has got nothing to say. There are frequent instances of the liberty of inverting words, strained far beyond its just limits. On page 185 is an "Impromptu" of four lines, which makes us forgive the writer even such *ineptiæ* as the "Impromptu" on the opposite page. There is throughout the book evidence of a thoroughly good and genial nature. O publishers! would you but learn from Mr. Pickering the true delights of a margin! The ocean of pure white is the fit setting for gems of all sorts and sizes. We hate the miserably narrow margins of the present day.

A BLOOMSBURY BUBBLE.

LAST week a meeting was held to commemorate "the union of Poland, Lithuania, and Ruthenia into one commonwealth at the Diet of Lublin in 1596, on the principle of the free with the free, of equals with the equals." In the first instance, when we read of the affair, it was a matter of pleasurable surprise to us that the Russian Government had so far relaxed its rigour as to allow such an assembly for such a purpose; but at the same time we trembled for the safety of the promoters of the demonstration, who would, no doubt, sooner or later, we feared, pay the penalty of their temerity. We might, however, have spared ourselves the trouble of being either surprised or alarmed, for it appears that the Council was held at a place where neither Russian spies nor Muscovite policemen possess any terrors. In other words, the commemoration took place at the Cleveland Hall, Fitzroy Square.

It is difficult to see the object of the proceedings on the occasion in question; but it is satisfactory to be able to conclude that, at all events, if they did no good they certainly did no harm, and that the Emperor of All the Russias will not take the exuberant nationality of his absent subjects too much to heart. One fact is worth noting,—that Polish refugees in London can have very little to do if they waste their time in unavailing and unremunerative chatter.

BRITANNIA for SEPTEMBER,
NEXT WEEK.



LONDON, AUGUST 21, 1869.

"AN OLD SCORE" AND THE "TOMAHAWK."

AN article entitled "The Tormentor Unmasked ; or, How to Pay Off an Old Score," having appeared in the 118th number of this Journal, in which certain strictures were passed upon Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the author of the drama *An Old Score*, we beg to state that these strictures were directed against him under the conviction that he had in the said drama made a gratuitous and personal attack upon the Editor of this paper, and had reflected on our connection with the TOMAHAWK. Mr. W. S. Gilbert having since assured us that in writing the piece we spoke of, neither ourselves, nor the TOMAHAWK, nor anyone connected with it, entered his mind, and that, directly or indirectly, he did not allude to us, we gladly declare that we withdraw the said strictures, with an expression of sincere regret that we should have misunderstood him.

THE WEEK.

OF the ice exported from Norway last year out of a total of 45,593 tons, England took 44,055. Are not our neighbours justified in talking of the frigidity of our national character ?

MR. JUSTICE SMITH has a very kind heart. A girl of the name of Tipper appealed to the Creator the other day, and so impressed her judge, that, although to his knowledge she had been previously convicted four times, he abstained from visiting upon her the severity of penal servitude, and dismissed her to prison for eight months—a very light sentence. In spite of this clemency, we fear that Tipper's eloquence resembled strongly Tupper's poetry—that is to say, it was utter rubbish.

WHICH IS IT?

PRINCE ARTHUR, before he left Woolwich, is stated to have made several valuable presents to those officers and men of the Royal Artillery with whom he was associated during his service with that corps. The list of gifts is a long one. It begins with a gold cup to the mess, includes diamond pins and goblets to the officers, watches and pencil cases to the men, and ends with a black marble timepiece to the cook. It is pleasant to note his Royal Highness's liberality, but we trust that his "presents" have not been given on the same principle as of those recently distributed by the Duke of Edinburgh, which have had to be paid for by a Parliamentary vote. If Prince Arthur's pay and allowances (whatever these last may include) justify him in giving souvenirs of his presence with the Royal Artillery to his late comrades, we are glad of it, and the thought does him honour ; but if the public have to find the money for these precious little gifts, the sooner the custom of this royal liberality at other people's expense is put a stop to, the better.

LOOK AT HOME.

IT may be remembered that some time ago a vicar, who holds a living a short distance up the river, created some sensation by refusing to send up a young lady for Confirmation because she would not pledge herself to give up dancing. Those devout people who justify the atrocities and absurdities of all clergymen for "the Church's sake," were no doubt very much shocked at the hubbub that was made about the matter, and deeply sympathised with the conscientious parson for the annoyance he was put to, and the snubbing he ultimately received. What will these say when they hear that this self-same vicar has gone for a holiday, and let his house to a party of Jews, who outrage the better feelings of their neighbours by playing croquet on Sunday ? Will they congratulate him on the "good let" of his house to people who are proverbially "good pay," or condemn him to that place to which it is at once the privilege and delight of strictly religious people to send the wicked ? The question altogether seems to be one of some nicety.

FIGURES EXTRAORDINARY.

IT is officially reported that during the six months ended the 30th of June last 20,087,809 people travelled by the St. John's Wood, City, and Hammersmith branches of the Underground Railway. That every soul in London, man, woman, and child, visited St. John's Wood or Hammersmith ten times each in six months, which the above figures, taking the population at two millions, tend to show, we venture to doubt. Really the statistical department of the Company must be in a state of confusion, or such an alarming result could not have been arrived at. That the number given is the total number of passengers from all places and on all branches in the time named is neither impossible nor improbable ; but to suppose that St. John's Wood and Hammersmith have suddenly become the great centres of attraction for the whole Metropolitan population facts must disprove. Anyway, we conclude 20,087,809 people have travelled, and 20,087,809 have paid fares, so we congratulate the "Underground" on its successful half year.

LES FORE-OARRES.

BY JULES,

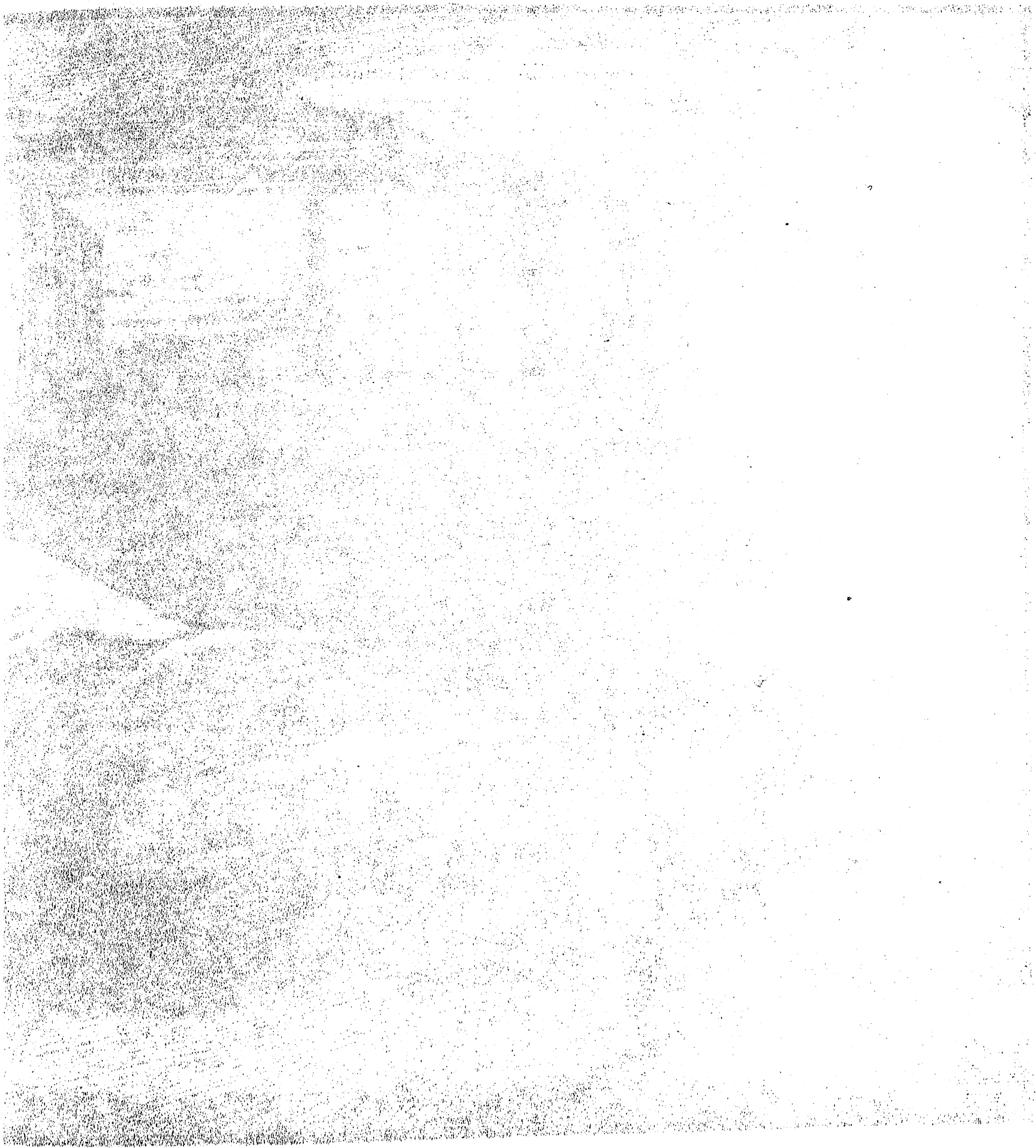
MEMBER OF THE PARIS ROWING CLUB.

Me voilà ! Yes, I am arrived, and in *mes quartiers* at *Putnè-reache*. I come to see the fair on this race. I come to give the odd on *le Harvard*, six ten on him, that is my stakes. Well, you ask me of the style of this noble *fore-oarre*, that has rowed from beyond the mighty prairies of the far west, that has cross the *Atlantiques* in their outrigge without *le steward*, or an admiral ! *Ma foi*, you ask me of their style ! Well, it is not yet that I have seen them. But what say your *Daily-news* ? Ha ! *what* does it say ? Listen ! *Le Oxfor* row like one man, *les Harvards* like four ! *mais*, dat is *le secret* ! It is four to one. It is odds on *les grandes Mohicainnes*. There is not chance for your bouledogues de College. At *perfide Albion* you laugh at the gallant young heroes, the oarsmen of *la France* ! It is now that you meet your box of matches ! Tremble for the result. *Nous verrons* ! More next week.

BETTING.

4 to 1 on Admiral Rouse.

[We cannot, of course, be held responsible for the opinions of our correspondent, whose knowledge of boating matters is, as our readers will observe, about up to the average of that possessed by the ordinary French rowing man. We shall, however, publish what he has to say on the chances of the respective crews, whether it be complimentary or the reverse. As far as our own feelings are concerned, we do not hesitate to express an unqualified admiration of the thorough pluck evinced by the American gentlemen, who have crossed the Atlantic to represent their University in this amicable contest. If they manage to pull in ahead of Oxford, they may depend upon it the British cheers to greet them will be loud and hearty.—ED. TOM.]





LEFT IN LONDON!
OR,
THE END OF THE SEASON.

[See LEADER.]



THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(Continued from page 76.)

XVIII.

"TAKE a glass of wine, Sir, before you begin," said Mrs. Rigsworth, who had evidently been a very pretty woman in her youth, and was still possessed of good looks.

"Thank you, I will," said Mr. Squigsby. There was a decanter of a dark-looking cloudy liquid upon the table. Mr. Squigsby poured himself out a glass. It looked uncommonly like physic, and when he had tasted it he was in considerable doubt for some time as to whether the medicine had not got decanted by mistake. Although, however, he thought to himself, "If I don't stick it on for this I'm a Dutchman," he said aloud as he drank it off, "I wish you better, Mrs. Rigsworth," and smacked his lips loudly, as if poison was his customary drink, and he preferred it to anything else.

"Thank you, Lawyer Squigsby," she said; "but I shall never be better any more,—that's certain; and now let us go on with the will. In the first place, I want to be buried."

"Good!" said Mr. Squigsby involuntarily, and commencing to write.

"I want to be buried in Kensal Green, and my funeral to be an ordinary one. I don't want to go to any extravagance in the way of mourners or mutes, or feathers or black, or hot luncheons or superfluous gravediggers."

"Very proper, ma'am," said Mr. Squigsby. "Those undertakers send in awful bills. It's money thrown away. It's hard upon the next of kin to bury the party's cash as well as the party, and in my opinion, it's a bad investment for everybody."

"I have not got many relations," continued Mrs. Rigsworth, "and those I have got, belong to my late husband, and are a set of wretches. They are all jealous of my having got the money. Those who come to see me only fawn upon me for the money, and those who stop away abuse me. I hate them all!"

Mr. Squigsby looked serious outwardly but chuckled inwardly. There was a hair in his pen, and as he held it up to the light, and shut one eye in order to see it before pulling it out, he looked so intensely shrewd that one would have thought some particularly clever idea was at that moment passing through his mind.

"Shall I put their names down?" said Mr. Squigsby blandly.

"Yes," said the old lady, apparently getting the better of her illness by her excitement. "Put them down. There's John Bilberry, the soap-boiler, my husband's nephew, put him down for £50. He said I was stingy. There's Richard, his brother, the City law-stationer, put him down for £50. He said I never had a glass of wine fit to drink—"

"A libel, I am sure," said Mr. Squigsby, and, with an apparently involuntary action, he extended his hand, grasped the decanter, and filled himself another glass of wine. As he proceeded to write, he several times checked himself just in time from dipping his pen into the wine glass instead of the ink bottle, so mentally impressed had he become that *they* contained the same ingredients.

"There's my old servant, Sarah Tompkinson," went on the old lady, "she's been a faithful servant to me. Put her down £1,000. She's got an old father, a market gardener, at Fulham, David Tompkinson. He once sent me a present of beautiful scarlet runners, put him down £500; and she's got a nephew, a compositor in a printing office, Jenkin Tompkinson, put him down £500. I've only seen him once; and when I did see him he was so black with ink that I should not know him again; but I've no doubt when clean he's a very tidy fellow. He once saved my little dog from some boys in the court—and I'm quite sure the money won't be thrown away upon him."

XIX.

So Mrs. Rigsworth went on—cutting off those she called her relations, who, confident of their one day possessing her money, had given her offence—and bestowing legacies on those who had at any time rendered her small kindnesses and civilities. Her memory appeared to be something wonderful in this respect. An old lady living alone, every attention she had received from even the humblest and poorest was remembered. There was a goodly slice, too, for various hospitals and charities whose proceedings had happened to come under the notice of the old

lady. The old saying of "civility costs nothing" had been more than strikingly exemplified—for it had been proved that civility might be a very profitable investment. Even the policeman on the beat was put down for a good sum for keeping away the thieves, and Mr. Squigsby gave quite a jump of satisfaction, and seized the ink bottle for the apparent purpose of drinking its contents, when he was directed to put down the baker's man for £100, as a token of her gratitude for his having introduced to her so excellent a lawyer as Mr. Squigsby!

XX.

"Well," said Mr. Squigsby, at the end of a long pause, and after he had cast up a whole monument of figures he had put down, "we have not got through the money yet by any means. I only make about £25,000 out of the £80,000, and that leaves £55,000 to be disposed of. What are we to do with the balance?"

"I have made up my mind what to do with that," said the old lady, quietly, "and I must take you thoroughly into my confidence, Mr. Squigsby, in telling you. Before I married Mr. Rigsworth I was attached to a young gentleman who was a teacher of music. He had no money, and depended solely upon his profession. My parents required me to give him up when Mr. Rigsworth presented himself. It was to my great sorrow that I did so. I was married. John Branscombe, that was his name, shortly afterwards also married. I have had no children, Mr. Squigsby, but I know that Mr. Branscombe, who never got on, and, if alive, is still very poorly off, has had one little girl. I also know that she was christened Maria. That is my name, Mr. Squigsby, and I wish to leave the balance of my fortune to Maria Branscombe, the daughter of John Branscombe, formerly of Charlotte street, Fitzroy square, musician. Make it secure, Mr. Squigsby—make it secure."

"But if she is dead, or—cannot be found?" said Mr. Squigsby. "She is not dead, I am sure, and she can be found with a little trouble," said the old lady. "However, if it fails her it shall go to her next of kin—not to mine—be sure it is not to mine!"

"What a wonderful old woman!" thought Mr. Squigsby. "Nothing wrong. Possessed of full disposing power. No evidence of incapacity. She's as clear in intellect as the Lord Chief Justice."

The old lady, who was rather exhausted by the excitement of the occasion, thought for a moment, and then added:—"Of course, I must have an executor."

"Of course," said Mr. Squigsby without looking up; "of course, and, what is more, you will require some one with a nerve of iron to carry out these directions, simple as they appear. You will have the soap-boiler and the law-stationer down upon the will as certain as that's a glass of fine old port."

"I know it," said the old lady; "that's what I fear."

Mr. Squigsby flicked the ink out of his pen with a sort of savage action, as if he were shooting it into the eyes of an imaginary soap-boiler and law-stationer, and he muttered as he did so, as if his feelings were too much for him, "I should like to have the managing of you, my boys: that I should."

The old lady overheard him, and, as if something had been passing in her mind which she had hitherto been afraid to express, at once said:—

"Mr. Squigsby, I am about to ask you a great favour: will you be the executor?"

Mr. Squigsby pretended to start, and to hesitate, and then he said something about the extensive business he had to manage without accepting trusts, but that, if it was insisted upon, he would not, under all the circumstances, refuse—more particularly as the interests to be cared for were of such importance, and the solemn directions in the will likely to be questioned by a revengeful soap-boiler and a litigious law-stationer; and, this concession having been made, the old lady was so grateful that she directed him to put himself down for £2,000 legacy, which was not to be considered (and this was cleverly suggested by Mr. Squigsby) in any way in satisfaction of any costs and charges he might be put to in administering the estate, which were to be altogether separate, and paid full out of any funds he might at any time have in hand. Mr. Squigsby accordingly, with great internal satisfaction, filled up the last little corner of the will, and then proceeded to fair-copy it. As he was doing this, the old lady watched him attentively for a short time, and then suddenly interrupted him:

"Oh!" she said, "there is only one alteration to make, if it is not too late. Make the legacy to the baker's man £200."

"Thank you for the baker's man," said Mr. Squigsby, and went on writing.

XXI.

"The will is now ready for execution," said Mr. Squigsby, when he had finished and had read it over. "We must have two witnesses, and no person in the will can attest."

"I have thought of that. Will you kindly ring the bell?"

Mr. Squigsby complied. The old servant entered.

"Sarah," said the old lady, "send round to Dr. Plummy, and say I am ready to see him as well as his assistant." The old servant went out.

"A marvellous woman!" thought Mr. Squigsby. "By Jove I'll do it"—and he drank off another glass of wine at one gulp, and shook his head in a waggish manner, as much as to say, "Ah! that's something like!"

In a very few minutes a bustling little middle-aged man rushed into the room, followed by a slim young man. This was Dr. Plummy and the assistant.

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Rigsworth, I am glad I was in the shop when your servant came. You are very much better. I've brought the draughts with me. They were all ready," and he took out of his pocket a series of bottles. "Good day, sir. Attest the will? Most certainly. I've also brought a box of lozenges, I think you will like, ma'am; they are very good," taking them from another pocket. "We've left the boy in the shop, so there's no hurry."

Mrs. Rigsworth complied with Mr. Squigsby's directions as to her signature, and then the doctor and his assistant attested it as witnesses. The will was then put into an envelope, sealed by Mr. Squigsby, and put in his pocket.

"Good-bye, my dear madam," said Dr. Plummy, "never saw you looking better. By the way, I think you would like the new patent Bolliver soap which has just come out. I'll leave you a packet to try, if you don't mind," placing it upon the table. "Good-bye."

The old lady took hearty leave of the lawyer and the doctor, and as these gentlemen stepped into the street,

"Wonderful old lady," said Dr. Plummy.

"So clear," said Mr. Squigsby.

"Yes," said Dr. Plummy, "but very ill—a great sufferer, sir."

"She may get over it," suggested Mr. Squigsby.

"Get over it!" said Dr. Plummy. "I'll stake my professional reputation and my knowledge of the commercial value of tooth-brushes, that directly the next cold weather sets in she's dead in a month."

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

E PLURIBUS UNUM!

SOME Oxford man has in the *Times*, very properly, indignantly repudiated Mr. Boucicault's picture of University life, and pointed out, with much force, that the worthy crew when in the midst of their final training at Putney do not, as a rule, rush about London loose in dark blue flannel, and sing boating-songs with an antic chorus, outside low public houses. Creditable as is the feeling which has prompted the gentleman in question to hasten to the rescue of his Alma Mater, still, we must tell him that he is evidently a novice in matters theatrical. What does he think would become of the *Times* were it to publish a protest from everyone against the glaring impossibilities and unrealities which are now accepted as a substitute for "pictures of modern life" upon our London stage? Where, in the drawing-rooms of the great, shall we meet with those eccentric veterans—those votaries of gaily dressed and independent refinement, the Adelphi guests? Need a Duchess rush into print to assure us that the truly noble do not wear Berlin gloves, and admire the furniture and decorations of their hosts' mansions in strikingly demonstrative attitudes? And are there not a thousand other anomalies present to us? What of the examination at Mr. Robertson's charming little establishment for young ladies? What of the "high life" scene in Mr. Burnand's very effective inundation piece? Honestly then let it be confessed Mr. Boucicault is only swimming with the tide. If people will go and see a piece because there is a naughty young lady, and

an Oxford crew in it, what can the author do but serve up the dish with popular flavouring? Hence, impossibilities in Fulham Villas and wonders in Basinghall street. The stage still holds the mirror up to nature, but we live in days of cheap glass, and British theatrical plate is but poor stuff.

A HINT WORTH TAKING.

MR. CARDWELL must evidently have been studying the "money" advertisements in the daily papers, which, after inviting would-be borrowers to make immediate application at the address given, supplement their announcement with the paragraph, "Forms, 2d." He has recently, in his official capacity, been inviting tenders for the performance of the necessary work in the erection of a police station at Aldershot, but it has been ruled that every contractor disposed to tender is to pay half-a-guinea. It is not for us to argue about the soundness of this entrance-fee principle which Mr. Cardwell has adopted, but it may be a convenience to those persons who may wish to address themselves to the right honourable gentleman if we publish the following statement of sums which, in postage stamps or otherwise, must accompany the applications specified:—

TARIFF.

	£	s.	d.
Application for a Commission	0	10	0
Ditto for a Paymastership	0	15	0
Ditto for a Clerkship in the War Office ...	2	2	0
Ditto for the Colonelcy of a Regiment ...	10	0	0
Ditto to succeed Sir Henry Storks, the Controller-in-Chief, who, it is believed, is about to resign	21	0	0
Ditto to succeed General Balfour, the Assistant-Controller, who, it is believed, is about to be got rid of	0	0	2½

As yet, it will be perceived that rates have only been fixed for applications regarding the patronage appertaining to the Secretary of State for War, but in time we believe the principle will be extended to the whole correspondence of the Department. In the mean time, however, the figures above stated will no doubt effect a very appreciable deduction on next year's estimates.

HOLIDAY TASKS.

MR. CARDWELL.—To reorganize the War Office by getting rid of 30 per cent. of the clerks, 60 per cent. of the staff and circumlocution generally.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.—To go to Central Asia himself and master "the question."

MR. BRUCE.—To study logic, and afterwards to apologize to the three bank clerks who, having been beaten and imprisoned by the police for no reason whatever, were for the same cause grossly insulted by him in a speech in the House of Commons.

MR. LOWE.—To learn that economy and efficiency are two very different things.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON.—To read certain articles in the paper called the *Queen's Messenger*, not those headed "Our Hereditary Legislators," but statements referring to the Foreign Office Agency system, which, if there be an atom of truth in what that paper avows, appears to be a positive disgrace to English administration.

MR. BRIGHT.—To stick to his desk and earn his salary.

EARL GRANVILLE.—To teach some of his *confrères* better manners.

MR. CHILDERS.—To remember that members of a First Lord's family cannot claim free rations on board Her Majesty's ships of war.

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.—To introduce a halfpenny post, twopenny telegrams, and five per cent. for savings' bank investments.

MR. GLADSTONE.—To take care of himself and get well,

MACBETH.

GRAND OPERA.

(PAR A—BR—ISE TH—M—S.)

PART III.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Third Part is mainly taken up with the murder of Duncan. Here some liberties have been taken with the immortal bard, but only such as to increase the horror of the scene, and to comply with the exigencies of the lyric drama. After a carouse, in which a quaint dance of Mummings is introduced, Duncan breaks up the party of revellers at Inverness Castle. He retires to his chamber, having first drunk a drugged posset prepared for him by Lady Macbeth. Macbeth is now left alone to commit the murder; the sight of the ghostly dagger fills him with strange fear, but the Witches appearing he invokes their aid, and on being promised their love declares he will dare all for such a reward, and at once enters Duncan's chamber to do the fatal deed. On his return he meets his guilty wife, but before he can escape, as prearranged between her and her lover, Banquo appears—and confronts Macbeth with the traces of guilt fresh on his hands. Here comes a magnificent situation—Macbeth goes to remove the tell-tale stains, and the guests are all summoned by Banquo. The horrid deed is discovered, and on Macbeth's re-entry, prepared to face the worst, Banquo suddenly informs the people that the grooms were the guilty persons, and that he had slain them. The Chorus are overwhelmed with horror, but Banquo recalls them to the exigencies of the moment by reminding them that they must choose a new king. To Macbeth's astonishment and delight he proposes him. The curtain descends upon the loyal congratulations of the Chorus, mingled with the dirge for the death of Duncan.

The Scene represents the Courtyard of MACBETH'S Castle of Inverness. On the right-hand side of the Stage is the entrance to the State Apartments of DUNCAN; on the left, the wing containing MACBETH'S Rooms; in the centre is the Grand Hall, illuminated, the windows hung with banners and wreaths of flowers; torches and Roman lamps fixed or suspended in all parts of the Stage. Above the Hall is the Clock Tower, illuminated, with a grand beacon fire burning on the summit, while below the Royal Banner of Scotland flaunts in the night breeze. On the Battlements are Sentinels, and rows of coloured torches, flags, &c. The sound of dance music is heard from the Hall. On the rising of the Curtain, the Dunmewassels, Ghillies, Reeks, Peasants, Lads and Lasses are seen assembled in the Courtyard. In one corner three oxen are roasting whole; in another a large tun of whiskey is running. The people carouse.

CHORUS.

We knew he would,
We said he would,
He plays the host
Most handsomely.
His beef is fine,
So is his wine,
But best of all
This bright whiskey.

Semi-Chorus of Females.—

How bravely bears himself the Thane!
Young Banquo glances bold and free.

(To one another.)

I'm sure I saw him wink at you.
Oh, fie for shame! it was not me.

Full Chorus.—

Macbeth and Banquo both are brave,
But Banquo is the merry knave.

Semi-Chorus of Men.—

The good King Duncan looks right hale—
That he lives long I will be bail.
He loves our noble chief Macbeth,
Who drives our foes to gory death!

Full Chorus.—

Macbeth and Banquo both are brave,
But Banquo is the merry knave.

The centre doors of the Grand Hall open, and KING DUNCAN enters, followed by MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, ANGUS, &c., &c.; Attendant Nobles, Ladies, Pages, &c.

CHORUS.—See, see, our noble King
With him all the chiefs doth bring.
Drink, my boys, laugh, girls, and sing,
Welcome to our Scottish King,
DUNCAN.—Friends, I rejoice you all to see,
Good cheer to all—and all cheer me!

*(They cheer vociferously. The welkin rings merrily.)**(Enter MUMMERS, fantastically attired.)**Grand dance of MUMMERS.*

DUNCAN *(yawning)*.—We've walked a goodish bit to-day,
I think good night we ought to say.

CHORUS.—Our King has walked so much to-day,
He thinks good night we ought to say.

LADY MACBETH.—Oh stay, my liege, I do beseech.
I have for you here just prepared
A most delicious draught,
It is a posset that doth curd with fear
The mighty name of Duncan, King, to hear.

(She presents the posset. KING DUNCAN bows, and then drinks to her.)

BANQUO *(aside)*.—A posset would she had for me.
Made by those fair hands
A black-draught would delicious seem.

MACBETH.—Within that posset what may lurk
The guileless Duncan little knows

KING DUNCAN *(rising)*.—Good subjects, all to bed—to bed.
Sweet sleep its spells weave round
each head.

CHORUS.—To bed, to bed—put out each light,
The King his subjects bids good night.

*(LADY MACBETH and MACBETH conduct DUNCAN to his chamber. The crowd go off. BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS retire through the hall.)*CHORUS.—*Da capo—as all retreat.*

The stage now becomes dark, except the beacon fire, which still burns fitfully. MACBETH and LADY MACBETH re-enter from DUNCAN'S chamber. They advance cautiously.

LADY MACBETH.—Courage! His posset I have drugged.
He will not move.

MACBETH.—To bed! to bed!
With valour me thou hast infused;
The signal give upon thy bell.

LADY MACBETH.—Good night; when thou hast done the
deed,
Sweet welcome unto thee I'll give.

[Exit slowly.]

MACBETH *alone*. He remains gloomily silent. The noise of
wolves howling in the mountains is heard. Bats fly across
the scene. The hooting of owls and the cry of the night-jar
echo through the air.

MACBETH *(starting from his reverie, and advancing towards centre of stage. Starting violently, as the airy dagger, dripping with blood, crosses in front of him)*.—What do I see?—a dagger? Come,
Let me thee seize.

(Snatching at it. The dagger eludes his grasp.)

'Tis gone. O Heaven!

THE WITCHES *appear, mounted on fiery broomsticks in the clouds at back.*

WITCHES a 3.—Ha! ha! ha! 'tis there—'tis there.
Duncan for death must now prepare.

MACBETH *(gazing at dagger, which dances up and down before him, going in the direction of DUNCAN'S chamber.)*
There is blood upon thy blade! Avaunt,
Thou mocking image!

(Tries to seize it.)

WITCHES *(as before)*.—Ha! ha! ha!

MACBETH.—That laugh, it is the sisters three,
That dance around the blasted tree.

WITCHES.—Hail, king that shall be!

MACBETH *(to WITCHES)*.—Come, lovely fiends, my soul
inspire,
And fill me with revengeful ire.

WITCHES.—Hail, king that shall be!

MACBETH.—That fatal promise, devils fair,
That float on broomsticks through the air,
With maddening love for you I burn ;
Say, can you this wild love return ?

WITCHES.—We can—we can—but blood must buy
Our kisses sweet. The man we love
Must quail before no mortal eye,
Nor dread the frown of gods above.

MACBETH.—I fear no man nor woman now ;
The wrath of heaven I defy.
Your bidding I will ever do,

(Going.)
And Duncan's blood your smiles shall buy.

(Bell sounds.)
I go—I go—Duncan, hear not the bell
Which summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[Exit to chamber, madly brandishing dagger.]

WITCHES.—Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! he's ours ; he's ours.

(They career furiously to and fro in the air. Thunder—howling of Wolves increases—wails of lost souls heard. The sky above the Castle fills with strange monsters, who flap their wings and howl ; crash after crash is heard, and red meteors flit across the sky. The horror of the scene culminates as MACBETH rushes in, pale, with bloody hands. LADY MACBETH enters from the other side in white drapery.)

LADY MACBETH.—Speak.

MACBETH (trembling).—'Tis done.

WITCHES (in the distance).—Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! he is ours ! he is ours !

LADY MACBETH.—Those fiends exult. O rage !

(To MACBETH.) Thou pale poltroon ! why stand'st thou shivering there ?

Go wash the witness from thy trembling hands.

MACBETH is going mechanically, when BANQUO enters from C. and confronts him.

LADY MACBETH.—Too late ! too late ! we are discovered.

MACBETH.—Banquo ! you here ! O horror !

BANQUO.—Yes, I am merely come to see

How Duncan, our dear king, doth sleep.

LADY MACBETH (aside).—He acts it well.

MACBETH.—Go find him ; he sleeps well.

BANQUO.—There is blood upon thy hands.

MACBETH.—Thou liest, 'tis the stain of wine.

BANQUO.—See how he trembles. (Enters DUNCAN's chamber.)

(MACBETH tries to stop him, but is paralysed by fear, and remains rooted to the spot. BANQUO enters the chamber.

LADY MACBETH tries to support her husband. A scream is heard as BANQUO comes rushing out.)

BANQUO.—The king is murdered : by his side

His grooms lie dead, with blood bestained.

MACBETH.—They did it, and I slew them : thus did I.

BANQUO.—A likely tale (with sarcastic emphasis),

You'd better go and wash your hands.

LADY MACBETH.—Yes, go within ; leave all to us.

MACBETH.—I go (aside), but with me goes remorse.

These blood-red hands pluck out my eyes.

[Exit into Castle, L.]

BANQUO.—He's gone ; for us all goes right well.

LADY MACBETH.—Ah me, I faint. Awake our guests.

BANQUO (shouting).—Halloa within ! arise, arise ! (Blows a horn.)

The centre door is thrown wide open ; the alarm bell sounds ; the Guards enter on battlements ; the Castle becomes alive with lights and people. Enter in a tumultuous crowd—ROSSE, ANGUS, Lords, Ladies, Lads, Lasses, Attendants, Dunniwassels, &c., &c.

CHORUS.—What means this noise ? O say, O say.

Why wake us at this time of day ?

BANQUO.—Seek there your answer (pointing to DUNCAN's chamber).

ROSSE, ANGUS, &c., advance to DUNCAN's chamber, followed by some of the Chiefs.

CHORUS.—My mind misgives me ; Banquo's pale ;

The lady, too, looks very ill.

What horror to this house has come ?

Strange terror does our bosoms fill.

A fearful scream is heard from DUNCAN's room ; ROSSE, ANGUS, and the others re-enter, pale and affrighted.

ROSSE.—The king is murdered.

ALL.—Murdered !

CHORUS.—We knew our fears were not nightmares ;
This dreadful tale our senses scares.

MACBETH enters, dressed as if aroused from sleep. He is pale, but composed. They all are hushed in attentive silence as he advances.

MACBETH (with great effort of self-control).—

Friends all, alone, within my room,

I sudden am from sleep aroused—

My wife—and fainting—Banquo, say,

What means this sight. Ah me I fear—

CHORUS (pointing with horror to DUNCAN's chamber).—

The good old king, he's murdered there !

MACBETH (wildly).—Who has done this ?

(BANQUO comes forward. MACBETH tries to hide his terror. As BANQUO advances he looks up with a piteous appeal upon his pallid features.)

BANQUO (looking at MACBETH).—His grooms—

ALL.—Slay—slay them—wretches foul !

BANQUO.—I slew them there, the blood upon their hands.

MACBETH (recovers himself. Aside).—

Brave Banquo, I thank thee.

BANQUO (aside).—'Tis for the Witches' sake—

(Looking at LADY MACBETH.)

CHORUS.—O horror ! horror ! wail, oh wail.

The good old Duncan murdered lies.

BANQUO.—Yet Scotland needs another king.

CHORUS.—'Tis true. 'Tis true. Who shall be King ?

BANQUO.—Who but our noble host, Macbeth ?

MACBETH.—Oh, Heavens !

CHORUS.—He's right. He's right. Hail, King Macbeth,
Before your Sovereign bow the knee.

(All kneel to MACBETH.)

MACBETH.—Friends, the fresh horror of this deed

Forbids my tongue to give thee thanks.

LADY MACBETH.—Forgive my Lord, forgive me too,

If now we cannot speak to you.

CHORUS.—Hail, mighty King, hail, mighty Queen,

This bloody deed is now revenged.

We'll bear the old King to his grave,

And dance before the new one here.

BANQUO }

ROSSE }

ANGUS }

(kneeling).—Hail, King Macbeth.

CHORUS.—To victory lead our soldiers brave,

Where we have dug King Duncan's grave.

Hail, King Macbeth.

WITCHES (in the distance).—Hail, King that art.

CHORUS.—Hail, King Macbeth. Hail, Mighty King,

We all our grateful tribute bring.

(As all kneel around MACBETH the body of DUNCAN is borne in by some of the attendants. MACBETH kneels and kisses the hand. BANQUO and LADY MACBETH exchange glances behind.)

(The WITCHES are seen at last, in an attitude of wild exultation, and amid a grand finale of orchestral effects the curtain descends.)

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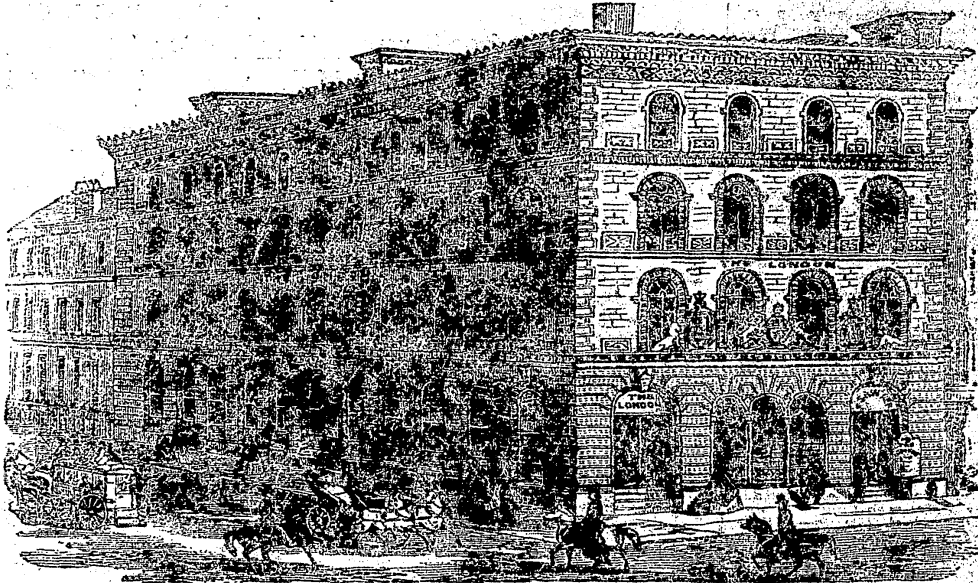
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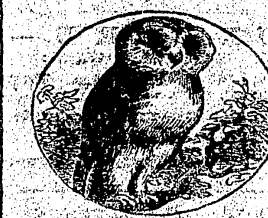
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