

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



“INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT.”

No. 125.]

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

FASHION'S MUMMERS.

AUTUMN brings other things besides fruits to perfection, among them the extravagance of each year's Fashions. The season of general holiday-taking is a capital opportunity for the extravagant powers that rule the land of Le Follet, and they avail themselves of it to the utmost. At a time and at places when simple dresses would, one would think, be most suitable, the brains of the modistes and the fingers of their wretched workwomen are taxed to the utmost to produce the most costly, useless, and ridiculous sort of garments which can possibly be imagined. Arrayed in these, the queens of Fashion and the imitative apes who wait in their train, take their pleasure at the sea-side by walking up and down some few yards of terrace or esplanade, showing themselves and staring at others. This is their idea of pleasure—of the beautiful country around them, of the many interesting objects of Art or of Nature, they take not the slightest notice. They may rouse themselves to the effort of lunching, in a new and special costume, on board some yacht; or of being transported, in another new and special costume, to some old ruin—not to a picnic, but to an elaborate out-of-doors luncheon, where all the comforts and luxuries of a dining-room are imitated, if not exaggerated, and where a due regard for their dress prevents them from wandering far from their well-cushioned seat. None of these parties of pleasure would be deserving of the name unless attended with the utmost expense in the way of dress. Each excursion is made the excuse for some fresh enormity of extravagance, and the most religious care is taken by those who profit by this wicked folly that the nature of the dress shall prevent any healthy or vigorous exercise of the muscles; the shoes are made for anything but walking; while the whole dress is formed of the material most easily stained or torn, and generally adorned with lace, the safety of which is quite sufficient to occupy the mental powers of the puppet who is its temporary owner.

That this is not an exaggerated picture no frequenter of the fashionable autumn resorts can with truth deny. It is a very striking feature of modern Fashion, that it seems to have been one of its aims to render all honest simple enjoyment out of doors impossible. The time was when women were as ready as men to ramble through woods, or climb hills, or explore the mazes of some wild dell and scramble beside the mountain stream. But now all this is at an end except for the few who despise fashion. The tight stays that impede all healthy respiration, the dress which, while pretending in its shape to be

simple and comfortable, is so lavishly ornamented, and made of such costly material as to give the lie to the pretence; the useless high-heeled shoes, throwing an unnatural strain on the muscles of the instep, and, in time, deforming the foot, while they render walking martyrdom; the monstrous pinnacles of false hair, twisted and pinned and plaited and messed about so as to produce headache after the slightest exertion; when to these are added the, happily, not universal accessories of bismuth and other poisons gradually making their way through the pores of the skin into the blood, and producing sickness, dizziness, and a host of uncomfortable sensations; when all these items of Fashion's livery which now-a-days her servants are content to wear, it is not surprising that all pleasure should be confined to the gratification of that contemptible vanity for the sake of which such crosses are borne. The amount of perverted heroism which is displayed by woman in submitting to the monstrous caprices of *la mode* is enough to raise her, if properly directed, to any height in the social scale which she may desire.

Another equally distinctive feature of Fashion, but one which we believe she has generally exhibited in all civilised communities where female disciples have not been wanting, is the wanton extravagance which she enforces. Certainly now-a-days this seems carried to its utmost limits, but it would be dangerous to say so, for next year the inventive brains of the milliners' artists might produce some kind of garment in which money was more recklessly wasted than it is in the “costumes,” “drapeaux,” &c., &c., of the present season. We have not the slightest objection to women bestowing attention on their dress, it is one of the very few things on which they are capable of bestowing any, and it would be cruel to deprive their petty minds of such a congenial occupation. Let those who can afford it wear real lace, and dress as handsomely as they like. But let those who can't afford it not try and emulate them with trashy imitations, dear at any price, because in themselves utterly valueless, and of a most perishable nature. But lace is but a slight item in our wives and daughters' bills; we do not wish to dabble in the nauseous jargon of the artists who piece together that elaborate mosaic—a full-dressed lady of 1869; suffice it to say that by every device expense is added, and that no one ever seems to give a thought to real comfort or to economy, but solely to appearance and ostentation. Girls now-a-days *must* have this and *must* have that, till Heaven and their fathers only know the mean shifts and hard screwings which must be resorted to in order to provide these useless necessities. Even in man's dress, which remains monotonous only in its ugliness

ness, this reckless extravagance is gaining ground. Silk facings and velvet collars and satin linings, and the tailor only knows how many expensive items, are added at the bidding of Fashion. One sees not many, thank Heaven! but still, not a few men with their feet squeezed into finicking patent leather boots, and their clothes cut in such a manner as to make it dangerous to laugh, even if they were capable of so manly an exercise. Dandies, we thought, were things of the past, but *petits maitres*, to devise a very expressive synonym, seem on the increase. It is a bad sign when even ever so slight a tendency is shown to effeminacy in the young men of a country, especially if that is accompanied by a tendency on the part of woman to imitate man in no other point but in his dress. Neither good citizens nor good wives are to be chosen from such. As for mothers, now-a-days, the nurse usurps their place; maternity is a duty for which, like the conscription, every one who can afford the luxury gets a substitute.

This extravagance of dress is very stale food for the satirist. But he is none the less obliged to feed on it sometimes, for neither the physical nor moral effects of this folly are easily limited. Something more than imperfect respiration and injured digestion, than excessive vanity and levity, spring from this source. It is always said that the extravagance of the rich finds employment, and so food, for the poor; and to a certain extent it is so. But, various as are the materials employed in the adornment of the human form, from the excrement of the insect to the spoil of the corpse's head, everybody cannot live by dress-making and its kindred trades. Extravagance in mere ornament may enrich a few, but it does not benefit the many. The great branches of industry do not receive a stimulus from the elaborate shapes or excessive trimming of women's dress. Where servile imitation makes all society lavish of money on dress, it either compels families of moderate means to practise meanness in more useful branches of expenditure, or it lands them in the Bankruptcy Court. And, though Art, in its noblest and purest sense, is not much thought of now-a-days, we may say that it is invariably the case in a country where much attention and expense are devoted to the bastard art of adorning the human person, true art languishes. In the cause of intellectual and moral progress we plead for fashion in dress, handsome, but not extravagant—comfortable, but not indecent.

PUBLIC OPINION AS A POWER.

THIS is an age of humbug. We are continually saying what we do not mean, and deceiving not only everybody about us, but ourselves as well: for instance, we are never tired of canting about "public opinion." We allude to it as a sort of infallible despot, at whose power Poor-law Guardians, money lenders, statesmen, and anatomical museum proprietors grow pale and tremble. We know all the while that this is sheer nonsense. Over and over again we have seen public opinion howling frantic—literally kicking with tumid indignation at some momentary evil, but kicking hopelessly and in vain. A fat noisy baby would have had more influence in putting a stop to many scandalous abuses than our great flaccid and petulant demi-god. We know this well; yet we write leading articles about it, and repeat the conventional twaddle with unabated vigour. Here in England we shake our heads solemnly, and refer to "braving public opinion" as the culminating effort of the hero or of the maniac. Foreigners have caught the phrase from us. Dirty Frenchmen, with bad educations and worse incomes, allude to "*the opinion publique*" with fervour, and picture to themselves some strapping heathen goddess with a red cap, atheistical tendencies, and broad views on the marriage question. We do not undeceive them. We do not admit, except quite privately to each other, that the lady in question is nothing but a helpless, mumbling, querulous old crone, to whom nobody on earth pays the slightest attention whatever.

If a proof be sought, one is ready at hand. A reference to any number of any daily paper will supply it at once. There it is, the everlasting letter full of indignant complaint, shrieking to all-powerful public opinion to raise its mighty voice and put an end, once and for all, to some intolerable nuisance. Day after day the ball is kept rolling. Policemen, railway directors, organ grinders, foot and mouth diseases, and all the other social scandals of life take their turn. But nothing happens. The torrent of indignation pours down the accustomed course, but not a rock stirs an inch. The noise is terrific. The result is *nil*.

We make these very few commonplace remarks by way of preface to several appeals that have, from time to time, come into our hands. We are not in the habit, as our readers are aware, of publishing letters, but a perusal of the following will carry a short lesson of instruction to the least reflective thinker. All the grievances alluded to below have been, to say the least, suggested before. How far they have met with any remedial treatment, an occasional look at the column of the *Times* will show. Single cries for help appear to have produced but little result: possibly a chorus may prove more effective. We subjoin one:—

(1.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TOMAHAWK.

London, Sept. 19, 1869.

SIR,—To those who may, in any emergency, be induced to make use of the General London and European Cosmopolitan Telegraph Company's wires, I beg to recount the following facts, which speak for themselves. A grandmother of mine, who resides at Bermondsey, was seized on Thursday last with a severe attack of superficial *epistragitis*, and in the sudden crisis she had a telegram despatched to me at my town residence in Little Peter Street, Westminster. Six days were occupied in the transmission of the message, and I have been charged three shillings and ninepence for its keep at the Head Office during that period. I need scarcely add that I brought an action against the company for heavy damages; my grandmother, offended at my silence, having struck me out of her will, and died immediately afterwards. I lost my case, and have been mulcted in £259 3s. 10d. costs, the Judge having ruled that "no telegraph company shall be held responsible for its own defalcations provided the message be delivered within six calendar months." And this, Sir, takes place in England in the middle of the nineteenth century, and within ear-shot of Printing-House Square! I appeal to your powerful pen to assist,

Yours, &c.,

DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI.

(2.)

The Police Station, Bobbinham, Cornwall,
12th August, 1869.

SIR,—I took a ticket yesterday evening, from Blaxham, on the South Middle Counties Extension Line, asking at the same time most distinctly for a return second-class, *via* Pottsborough, to Piggletton Junction. I paid 7s., the fare demanded, and got into the first train that came to hand. I was, without any warning, taken three hundred and ninety-five miles in the wrong direction, to this place, SLUGGS HILL. The station-master has given me a black eye, and sent for a policeman, and my return ticket has been taken from me by force. What had I better do?

Your obedient servant,

FIAT JUSTITIA.

(3.)

Margate, Sept. 22, 1869.

SIR,—After beating about for 172 hours in an open boat with two old ladies, one suffering from tubercular paralysis, I have managed to reach this place. On the 19th of August last I took a passage by one of the Mid-Ocean and Overland Steamship Company's packets to Hull. After three weeks' severe weather in the Channel, during which every living thing was swept off the decks, I discovered that we were carrying a cargo of *live gorillas and gun cotton*. I remonstrated strongly with the captain, who, after putting me into irons, said I might do what I liked. The two old ladies to whom I have referred were at their own request let down in an open boat at a quarter to three in the afternoon, and it was only on their threatening to have their

passage money returned that I was allowed to accompany them. I have since applied to the Secretary, but his only answer is that it is a rule with their Directors *never to interfere* in the concerns of the Company. Trusting to the mighty influence of public opinion to investigate this scandalous case,

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED FREQUENTLY.

(4.)

Belgrave Square, N., 19th Sept., 1869.

SIR,—Yesterday afternoon, in Bray street, E.C., I noticed a policeman knocking out the brains of an apparently harmless old man of eighty. On my gently remonstrating with him about his unnecessary severity, he threw me down, broke my nose in, and jumped on my chest for three quarters of an hour. I have applied to the Chief Commissioner, but he refuses to interfere. I merely mention this case as a warning to others. I endorse my card, and subscribe myself,

JUVENIS OLIM.

(5.)

South Kensington.

SIR,—I live in what is supposed to be a quiet street. Last night, between the hours of ten p.m. and three a.m., I was disturbed by seven military bands, an open air meeting, an Irish riot, a howling dog, five organs, a drunken man selling bird-cages, a collision of three coal waggons, a man practising on the French horn, and the continual firing off of street crackers. I appealed to several police, who all said that I had *better go and live in Buckingham Palace*. Now, Sir, I do not wish to complain; but when I tell you that for years I have been such a martyr to nebulosous contraction of the nerves that the passage of a fly through the air throws me into paralytic hysterics, you may suppose that I passed a *very* uneasy night. I have spoken on the subject to my landlord, but his only reply has been to add £10 to my rent. Trusting to the aid of your powerful pen,

I am, yours, &c.,
NUDA VERITAS.

But we must close our list for want of space, for the urgent appeals to the "powerful voice of public opinion" in our possession would fill, not only one number, but every volume we have written. Would their appearance in print have touched a single grievance, or removed a single scandal? *Credat Judeus!*

THE ORACLE OF ROCHDALE.

ON Thursday, September 9th, appeared this sensation announcement, under the head of "This Evening's News:—"

"MR. BRIGHT, M.P., ON FOOLS AND KNAVES.

"Rochdale, Sept. 8, 1869.

"Dear Sir,—I thank you for the newspaper. There are knaves in the world and there are simpletons, and the one class preys on the other"!!!!!!

Wonderful discovery! How original in the great Tribune! He goes on to denounce the Tory party as usual. We do not certainly approve of Tory politics; indeed we suspect we are much more hearty and sincere Reformers than Mr. Bright; but we certainly hope that we have generally something more to the point to say than Mr. Bright has in his dogmatic, pretentious letter. If wages have risen from 20 to 50 per cent. since 1840, what does it prove? Certainly not that our commercial policy has been a wise one. How much have provisions and house-rent risen since then? How much has Pauperism increased since then? Mr. Bright has always been one of those who think that three things only are necessary to make the world perfect: Free Trade, an Extended Suffrage, and the Ballot. But we want something more than free trade, as he understands it. We do not want that free trade which allows the tradesman to adulterate the poor people's food with impunity. We do not want that free trade which encourages commercial dishonesty, and all the mean tricks and falsehoods of great speculators and petty hucksters. We should like to hear from Mr. Bright something a little less arrogant in tone, more truly liberal in spirit, and, above all, more honest, than this epigrammatic epistle.

A person who defends false measures and adulteration of food has only the choice of being classed among the simpletons, or among—the Tories.

THE POET'S PLEASANCE.

(SUGGESTED BY MR. BOUCICAULT "DE ARTE POETICA.")

YOU ask me, in what happy ground
The poet's garden may be found,
In gayest liv'ry dress'd,
With dazzle of perennial bloom,
And heavy with the rich perfume
Of Araby the blest?

Think not the Bard with blossoms bright
Can stay his heaven-born appetite,
For flowers of nobler birth;
The soul athirst for greater things,
Can find no joy in that which springs
From cold material earth.

The higher craving of his kind,
Choice Flora of a brother's mind
To gather in his sport,
Where, wet with fancy's dew-drop, peer
The leaflets of a stray idea,
In unmown fields of Thought.

To slyly pluck with furtive care
The buds of genius here and there,
Wherever he may find it;
And reaping where he has not sown,
Call the choice bouquet all *his* own
Who found the thread to bind it.

And, blending with harmonious skill,
The chosen flow'rets at his will,
To saunter up and down,
While wreaths of stolen blossoms, tied
Around his temples, serve to hide
His baldness with a crown.

So when we find our search repaid
By Wit and Fancy ready-made,
What need of useless pains?
The workers of our age profess
The noblest watchword of success
Is—SCISSORS *versus* BRAINS!

SCARCELY WORTH THE CANDLE.

A VERY sad accident happened the other day at the Edgware Road Station of the Metropolitan Railway. A passenger rushed on to the platform just as the City train was moving away, and attempted to force an entrance into the carriage. The guard, on seeing this, immediately struggled with the passenger in order to prevent him from effecting his purpose, and the result was that the unlucky old gentleman—for he was a man of sixty-five years of age—fell between the platform and the train, and the carriage-wheels passing over his body, was launched into eternity with the abuse of the officials ringing in his ears. We do not wish to offer any particular remark upon this particular case, but we cannot refrain from questioning the advisability of the rule generally adopted by the railway officials when a passenger is foolish enough to imperil his life in trying to catch a train, of so obstructing him in the attempt that the chances of his getting crushed to death become seriously increased. The rule should be to do all that is possible to prevent passengers arriving on the platform after the train is in motion; but when once there and they have managed to get half into the carriage, it should not be considered worth while to pull them out again simply to ensure their falling under the wheels. We can sympathize with the guards being indignant at an infringement of the bye-laws of their railway company; but this very proper and natural feeling scarcely justifies a reckless sacrifice of human life.

No. X., Price 1s.,
BRITANNIA for OCTOBER,
NEXT WEEK.

NEW NOVEL
BY
PALGRAVE SIMPSON,
"WORSE THAN DEAD,"
SHORTLY.

Vol. IV. price 8s. 6d.
THE TOMAHAWK.
Handsomely Bound, Bevelled Boards.



LONDON, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE Khedive, in the opinion of the Sultan, has been taking far too much *steel*, and the regimen is to be changed. *Cui bono?* For it seems very probable that the patient will fare no better. He will be expected now to swallow far too much *Porte*.

It is with great pleasure we write, for the first time, "Sir David Salomons." At a season when religious rancour and sectarian animosity are hissing themselves hoarse, it is refreshing to hear that a Baronetcy has been conferred by Her Majesty on one of the leading English Jews. And, more, there is no class of Englishmen who are harder workers, better men of business, and more respectable members of society generally, than those who are of Sir David's persuasion. The Snobbish bigotry of the day has received a satisfactory shock, and we congratulate Mr. Gladstone most heartily on his spirit and tact.

PROGRESS IN INDIA.

THE Maharajah of Jeypore has danced a quadrille! and one of our contemporaries has made capital out of the event to felicitate India on the satisfactory progress which this condescension on the part of his Highness indicates. We often hear of the *rapid strides* which civilisation is making, but we have hitherto failed to perceive the extent to which this metaphor might be made to admit of a literal interpretation. TOMAHAWK, however, takes his stand against humbug in every shape and form, and would like to ask the writer in the *Standard* what his idea of the civilisation of India is, which is to "advance" in harmony with the great fact of the Rajah's performance. If saltation is the gauge of progress, then cannibals must rank high in the human race; and we may hope to see Professor Huxley converted to the *can-can* soon, after he has finally demonstrated our community of origin with apes. Hindoos have already much, too much, of that superficial veneer of civilisation which manifests itself in eating meat and drinking brandy, and generally in aping European habits of vice and self-indulgence; and the Rajah of Jeypore has had the acumen to hit upon a new method of gaining a notoriety, which is to him cheap at some twenty thousand

rupees. If he and his fellow-countrymen will show that they have some love of good government and justice for their own sake, that they can be unselfish, and care more for the improvement and enlightenment of their wives and subordinates than for their own gratification, and learn to practise a mean between servility and presumption, between self-abasement and self-conceit, we can afford to let them remain for another century, if they like, in ignorance of the Lancers or the Deux Temps. Surely it is cruelly, not to say unjustly, sarcastic in the Conservative organ to declare that "no greater triumph has yet rewarded Lord Mayo's diplomacy." Perhaps ere his Excellency's diplomacy reaches its maturity, he may yet succeed in playing a rubber with Scindial, Holkar, and the Rajah of Puttiala.

A PROVISIONAL RULE.

RETRENCHMENT is still the order of the day at the Admiralty, and, notwithstanding Mr. Childers' absence from Whitehall, his agents are busy economising. The field for reduction has certainly become limited lately, since stores, clerks, and junior officers have been disposed of in that wholesale manner which has rendered the rule of Mr. Childers unenviably notorious; but a new branch of expenditure in which the pruning-knife can be used has been dexterously discovered, and we understand that the following Circular will shortly be issued:—

MEMORANDUM.

Admiralty, Whitehall, S.W.

In consequence of the immense waste of provisions in Her Majesty's ships of war resulting from the great and unnecessary number of articles of food at present supplied to vessels on their being put into commission; it is hereby directed that in future, the undermentioned articles only shall form the provisions for the crew of Her Majesty's sea-going ships:—

Biscuit (*hard*).
Water.
Salt pork.
Salt beef.
Salt.
Pepper.
Lime-juice.

As it has been ascertained that these articles are all that are really necessary for feeding the men, and as a simple diet has been recommended by a committee of naval medical officers as best suited for sailors, no other stores will in future be put on board the vessels of the Royal Navy.

The only exception to this rule that can be made is in the case of an officer of great rank (such, for instance, as the First Lord of the Admiralty) hoisting his flag on board a man-of-war, when, in addition to the usual stores of beef, mutton, poultry, &c., put in stock under such circumstances, the following articles may also be supplied at the public expense:—

Game (*if in season*).
Truffles.
Champagne (*any amount*).
Fruit (*from Covent Garden*).
Cigars.
Oysters.

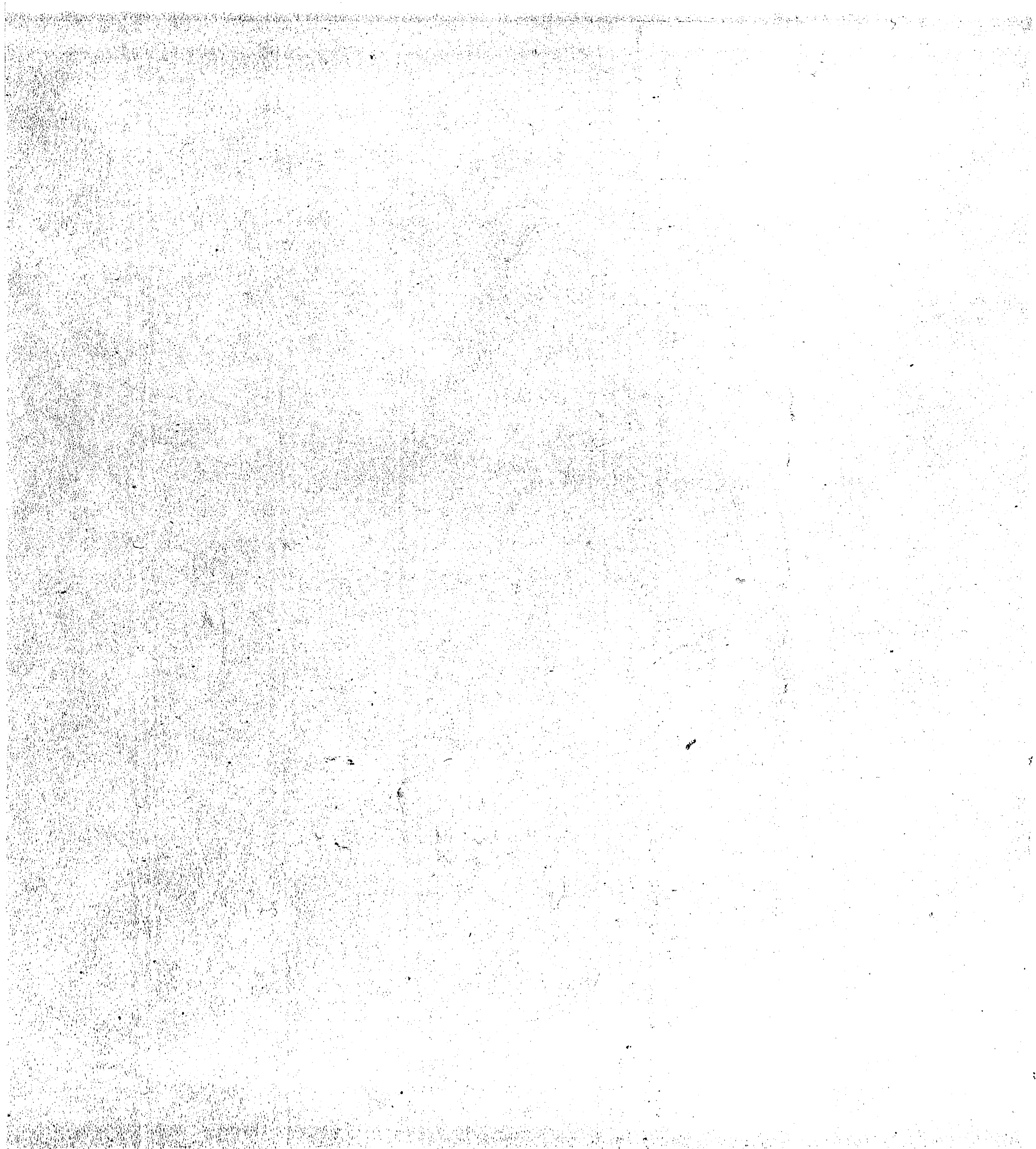
As the saving effected by the reduction of the present scale of rations will be considerable, the latter part of this Memorandum, referring to exceptional cases only, may be interpreted in a liberal spirit.

By order of the STOREKEEPER OF THE NAVY.

October, 1869.

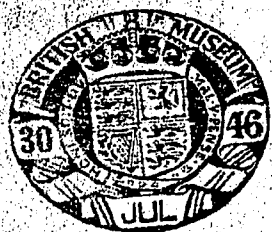
Although the above has not yet been promulgated officially, we understand it has already been partially acted upon, for our special correspondent at the Fleet reports to us that not only has Mr. Childers given several excellent dinners on board his flagship, but that the right honourable gentleman is extremely bilious.

THE NEW FLOWER FOR SPAIN.—The PRIM-rose.
A REAL PUBLIC SERVANT.—The Holborn Valet!





THE WASTE OF THE PERIOD!
OR,
A PLATE OF FASHIONS FOR THE BRITISH "FOLLY."



THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(Continued from page 133.)

XXXIII.

MR. SQUIGSBY proceeded to administer the testatrix's estate in a manner surprisingly expeditious, which proved, more than anything else could do, that Mr. Squigsby was personally interested to no small degree in getting the whole business wound up. Had he not been so interested the estate would have been administered under the usual system in his office. He would at once have thrown it into Chancery, where he would have kept it for a couple of years or so, driving the next of kin and creditors almost to madness by the delay and the ingenuity of his operations, and piling up the costs in a steady, methodical manner, that when they were made out no one could object to them, although the amount was absolutely bewildering in its enormity. In *Re Rigsworth*, however, it did not suit his purpose to administer in this fashion. He, therefore, went at it upon another system. He got his advertisements out for creditors. He got in the bills. He paid them all. He routed out the legatees, and paid them down upon the nail, himself included. He realized everything the old lady possessed, down to the last pair of boots she had worn. He paid himself the costs of administration. He made out the residuary accounts, and when he had struck the balance of residue coming to himself in right of his wife, he rushed up to Somerset House and passed the accounts in one day (he was a wonderfully energetic man, it must be admitted), and having paid the residuary duty, the whole estate was then legally administered, and the balance of upwards of £60,000 as completely Mr. Squigsby's property as a few weeks before it had been the lamented Mrs. Rigsworth's. What a popular lawyer, too, Mr. Squigsby became in the Golden-square district! What an honest one he certainly was to wind up the estate in such a rapid and straightforward manner! How his fame spread! The baker's man, the policeman on the beat, the printer's compositor, and the other legatees, went about showing their legacies in good crisp bank-notes within a fortnight of the old lady's death. What high jinks and revels were held in honour of the honest lawyer! From Marlborough-street Police Court to Blanchard's in Beak-street, Mr. Squigsby's proceeding was the topic of the hour, and never had that worthy gentleman more cause to congratulate himself upon his conduct of a difficult case to a successful conclusion.

XXXIV.

There were, however, two persons who, when the facts of the case had become known, were certainly not disposed to join in the song of praise to the lawyer's integrity; and these were old John Branscombe and his daughter.

"I told you, father," said Maria Squigsby, in an excited conversation they were having upon the subject, "that Mr. Squigsby would not take an interest in us for nothing. He made the will. He alone knew of the fortune that had been left to me. He got you into his power, and compelled you to give your consent to my marriage with him. He married me for the money, which is his now. I hated him then. I hate him now more than ever."

"The villain! the abominable villain!" cried old Branscombe. "And to think that my old flame, Maria, should have thought of me at the last moment; and that a villain like that should not only rob me of my child, but rob her of a fortune." And he dashed his hat upon the ground in his rage and disappointment.

"There is no help for it now, father," said his daughter quietly.

"And to think," continued the old musician, "what we might have done with the money. Why, we might have taken a theatre, and brought out English opera, and I would have got together a first-rate orchestra, and conducted it myself, and we should have doubled the fortune in a couple of years."

The mere idea of having lost the opportunity of making so valuable an investment seemed to add to the agony of the old gentleman's despair, and he promenaded the drawing-room like a caged animal, kicking down and striking the chairs as he

encountered them, as if each chair possessed not its own particular legs and back, but those of Mr. Squigsby.

"You must control your passion, father," said his daughter; "you must remember that you are still in my husband's power. I, of course, have no power to assist you. The money is not mine, and I have no influence with him to enable me to obtain any. You must be quiet and patient."

"Quiet and patient!" roared the musician. "I won't be. I won't accept a shilling from him; I'll play the oboe in the streets first, that I will. Let him throw me into prison for the money I owe him and the costs. I don't care. He's villain enough to do anything."

"I'm glad," said Mr. Squigsby, entering the room at that moment, and having overheard Mr. Branscombe's speech; "I'm glad, Mr. Branscombe, that you form so correct an estimate of me. I can assure you, Sir, that you are not at all mistaken. I am a lawyer; and so long as I exercise my talents within the limits of the law, I have as much right to make my fortune how and in what method I can, as you have to make yours by playing upon your instrument. Had you used the ability and intelligence you evidently possess in the earnest pursuit of your profession, you might have risen to a position equal to my own."

There was something particularly sardonic in Mr. Squigsby's manner as, with intense unction, he burlesqued the favourite dictum of the learned judges, so frequently used by them in passing sentence upon some hitherto highly respectable prisoner in the dock, who has brought himself, by his injudicious operations, within the meshes of the criminal law.

"Pursuit of my profession!" cried Mr. Branscombe. "I have pursued my profession: pursued it honestly and without doing any man an injury. If you had played on the oboe all your life, and done nothing worse, you would never have been in the position you talk of now. Look here! if I grind my flesh off my bones, I'll pay you back all I owe you—principal, interest, and costs. Don't forget the costs, Squigsby. Stick it on. Make all the six-and-eightpences you can into thirteen-and-fourpences; and don't forget the 'Term fees.' I'll pay it all—I will—sooner than be under any obligation to such a rogue as you. There!"

He was hurrying out when his daughter intercepted him. "Father," she said, "let me go with you."

The old man caught her in his arms and kissed her wildly. "Not now, dearest; not now. Not till I am free from him." He placed her half fainting on the sofa, again kissed her, and, with a scowl of defiance at his son-in-law, rushed from the room.

Mr. Squigsby walked calmly to his wife.

"My dear Maria," he said, "I think your father is most selfish and unreasonable in his request. He wishes his bill made out at once, at a time when really we have so many more important matters to attend to in the office. However, to show him that I can be generous, I will give orders that it shall be done immediately!"

XXXV.

Slicker was dead, and Squigsby was the sole surviving partner of the firm. Squigsby gave up the branch offices; but enlarged the West End establishment, and increased the number of his clerks. Squigsby now went in for mortgage business; that is, he lent money upon the mortgage of estates. He used his own money upon the best mortgages that came in. He got the money from clients when he didn't care for the particular mortgage himself. He combined his own with clients' moneys in very large affairs. He had the management of all the arrangements—and very profitable they were too. No lawyer ever sweated the mortgage money with more audacity, cold-bloodedness, and ingenuity than Mr. Squigsby. When a man wanted money upon his estate, and went to Mr. Squigsby, Mr. Squigsby would tell him to bring his deeds. If they were brought—and they often were, without the intervention of any other solicitor—then Mr. Squigsby would glance through them, and make a comparatively small advance, upon the understanding that when the title had been examined, and a proper legal mortgage was executed, a further advance should be made. Once having got possession of the deeds, then his operations commenced in earnest. He would send surveyors to survey the property. He would go into the title and make requisitions upon requisitions. He would have a score of "cases" submitted to counsel for opinions

in the course of the investigation. He would have the deed settled by counsel in consultation; and then, when he did "complete," and hand over the balance of the money to the borrower, after deducting the costs, how the borrower would stare to find that Mr. Squigsby, the lawyer, got nearly as much money from the transaction as he did himself.

It was in pursuance of some such operations as the above, carried out to their extremest limit, that Mr. Squigsby became personally possessed of the magnificent estate of Crockington. Young Sir Richard Crockington requiring money, and having borrowed it of Mr. Squigsby, and having executed a mortgage and gone abroad, and omitted to pay the interest, and being generally reckless and indifferent, and fond of betting, Mr. Squigsby took advantage to the full of these agreeable weaknesses, and proceeded to file a bill to foreclose; and young Sir Richard not having the money to pay him off, and Mr. Squigsby holding the deeds, and steadily refusing to give them up, or furnish abstracts, or do anything whatever in reference to them, except to stick to them, and there being no legal remedy to compel him to alter his amiable intentions, it followed that there was no one who would advance the money to take them up, and young Sir Richard still remaining abroad, and the suit in Chancery still proceeding, it also followed that in due course of law, Mr. Squigsby found himself the proprietor of the Crockington Estate, at something like half its real value.

"Well," said Mr. Squigsby, after he had accomplished this feat, "I think now I shall retire. I shall apply next term to be struck off the Rolls, and go in for county magisterial business and Parliament! I think I shall make an excellent member. I could at least, I am sure, give them some 'wrinkles' upon measures of Law Reform!"

L'ENVOI.

And here we must part with him. Artistically speaking, we ought, no doubt, to bring him down from his high estate, reduce him to poverty and misery, send him begging through the streets, an object of pity and the type of the dishonest man punished for his ill-doings, drowning the pangs of conscience in the tap-room, and lamenting over the days when he had strayed from the paths of honesty and commercial morality. Unfortunately we cannot do this. We meet so many (especially of Mr. Squigsby's profession) who, honest and straightforward, generous and kind, talented and hardworking, have not been able to keep pace in the race of life with those who regard all the finest principles of our nature as "folly," when exercised to the loss of money. A little of what an unscrupulous lawyer can do in the exercise of his profession we have endeavoured to show in the person of Mr. Squigsby, and, by so doing, point out some of the many abuses which call for remedy. How many hundreds in his profession are there who, rather than sacrifice one honest principle, would forego the most brilliant and certain chances of wealth, we all well know! These are the truly honest lawyers—but do all these rise to the position we have left Mr. Squigsby now enjoying? We fear not.

(Concluded.—Commenced in No. 116.)

NOVELTIES FOR THE SEASON.

IN consequence of the great success which has attended the introduction of paper petticoats, we understand that the following articles have been patented and registered, with a view to being immediately introduced:—

PAPIER MACHE BOOTS, manufactured from that million of used postage stamps which we have all, in our day, assisted to collect.

EARTHENWARE WATCHES, at a shilling each, being expressly adapted for the use of travellers on the Great Eastern Railway.

SAWDUST BREAD, as already largely consumed under the title of "Best Wheaten Loaf, only 7½d."

CAST IRON OVERCOATS.—To be worn, after dark, as a protection against the Police.

Fashions are said to be continually repeating themselves, so the rumour that "Mud Pies" will soon be in season again may be well founded. Indeed, we have reason to know that several influential persons possess the recipe for their concoction.

(POLICE) COURT AND FASHION.

IN this dead season of the year we admit that we do not make a point of studying the columns of the *Morning Post*, but that fashionable record within the last few days contained some such paragraph as the following:—

"Sir Robert Carden has returned from his trip to the Isle of Thanet, and is back at his business on the Stock Exchange."

We are sorry we missed noting so important an announcement at the time; but the fact that the irrepressible alderman was once more amongst us was soon promulgated by means of the police reports, which have already informed us that Sir Robert is as eccentric in his notions of justice as ever he was.

The case to which we allude was one in which a man (who himself had been beaten on the head with a heavy boot by a friend in a public-house brawl, for which the friend in question had received two months' imprisonment) came home to his wife with his head in a bandage, and assaulted her in exactly the same way (though with a greater show of cruelty and brutality) as that in which his recent assailant had served him. The man, when called upon to answer the charge, made no defence of any kind. The evidence went to show that the poor woman, fearing his violence, had tried to hide herself, but had failed, and the villain had actually beaten her in the chest with his hob-nailed boot within an inch of her life, for no reason whatever. For this outrage Alderman Carden sent him to prison for one month, being just half the term of the sentence imposed upon the man who had beaten the ruffian in the first instance.

If there was ever a case in which the extreme penalty of six months' hard labour should have been the sentence of the Court for an offence such as this, this was it; but Sir Robert Carden was on the bench, so the wife-beater got off next to scot free. We wonder if the injured woman will, in her turn, thrash Sir Robert with a hob-nailed boot. Were she to do so, according to the code now in force at Guildhall, she would have to be discharged with a caution simply. At all events, the point would be worth trying.

SLEEPING PARTNERS.

THE Foreign Office agency system has ceased to exist—at all events, we hear that the following arrangement has been come to. Mr. Alston (the chief clerk) and Mr. Bidwell have handed over their agencies to Mr. Stavely, on an agreement that the latter gentleman is to pay Messrs. Alston and Bidwell a large sum annually; and Mr. Stavely has resigned his post in the Foreign Office. How far this compromise will be tolerated by the public still remains to be seen. No doubt the agent is now no longer a public servant himself; but a couple of public servants are, nevertheless, in receipt of large incomes, which, of course, are derived from the business from which they have nominally retired.

We doubt that if Colonel Macdonald were to resign his post of Private Secretary to the Duke of Cambridge, and agree to pay his Royal Highness £2,000 a year for the use of his patronage, the authorities in Pall Mall would quite see the propriety of the arrangement; yet this is simply the plan which has been introduced into the Foreign Office. Really, we are getting tired of the agency scandal, and it is time to insist it should be finally put an end to. Who are Messrs. Alston and Bidwell that they should be allowed to degrade the service to which they happen to be attached by the introduction of a traffic which is as illicit as it is unquestionably remunerative? In these days it is not the fashion to show great consideration to Government clerks, and these gentlemen, of all others, have little enough claim to be exempted from the fate which has already overtaken so many of their poorer brethren. Let us hope that the day is now at hand when Foreign Office clerks will be made to understand their real position, and learn that the high opinion they entertain of their own merits is not shared in by their employers, the British public.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.—That Be-Stowed on a friend.

MOTTO FOR SOLDIERS.—Care killed the cat, and the cat the British army.

MOTTO FOR THE ALBERT ASSURANCE COMPANY.—"Your money and your life!"

THE PARROT PAPERS.

SECOND SERIES.

No. II.

STILL AT DIEPPE.—THE FINAL CAUSE OF THE CREATION OF FRANCE.—A PREPOSTEROUS NOTION.—A DISCUSSION.—MR. GEORGE, THE AUTHOR.—THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."—A DIGRESSION ON LOW PEOPLE AND THEIR WRETCHED STATE.—HOW TO BE REALLY CHARITABLE.—THE USE OF NEWSPAPERS.—MR. GEORGE'S LETTER ON BATHING.

I FIND I am better for the change of air. This country is of some use after all, for it possesses a climate which is found useful in restoring the health of Parrots and Englishmen. This must have been the final cause of the creation of France.

That pale-faced brat—Bobby, I think they call him—is also better. I heard some one say the other day that we came here not on my account, but on his. This is putting the cart before the horse with a vengeance. Next they'll say we came here on account of the servants.

My opinion of the French people has not altered. My opinions, as I said before, never do alter. There has been an amusing discussion here at which I assisted as listener, interspersing a few interjections or ejaculations when I thought fit.

One of our party, Mr. George, it appears, excited by my example, has taken to writing for the papers. He, by some underhand influence or other—for surely no editor in his senses, even though he was a man and not a Parrot, could have admitted anything from such a gaby on account of its merits, obtained admission into the *Pall Mall Gazette* of a letter in which he described the bathing at this place. I don't know much about the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but I believe, as papers go, it is rather a good one. It is apt to take up rather low subjects, but it is found in the houses of very first-class people. In fact, it is admitted into good society on the same grounds that prize-fighters used to be entertained by young noblemen; their art was a low one, but it was recognised by fashionable society. Your aristocracy likes to read about paupers and low women, so long as it is not asked to take them by the hand, or kneel in church beside them. Accounts of people dying in filthy cellars, of young boys sleeping four together in vermin-thronged beds, and swearing horribly, of women living like rabbits in a hole in the earth, give to those who have comfortable houses, good dinners, and plenty of servants, a very pleasurable sort of pain. Such pleasing relations are like the hot pickles which give a relish to meat. One can shudder and say "very dreadful," and perhaps go so far as to express an opinion that the wretches ought to be cleaner, that it is their own fault if they are not more comfortable—for, as we pay an enormous amount for poor-rates, &c., to say nothing of subscriptions to charities—whose fault can it be?—but having roused oneself to this laborious effort of sympathy, it is perfectly absurd to expect one to do anything else. And that is where it seems to me these newspapers are so useful, they drag to light these interesting secrets of the private lives of low people, and they express a great deal of indignation at such a state of things, in much better language than one could oneself, without taking a great deal of trouble, and one reads the article and agrees with it, and there's an end of it. One's conscience is satisfied; one feels one has been very virtuous and benevolent; and one is not fatigued. It would never do for well-dressed people with delicate constitutions to go near these creatures and see their dirty disgraceful condition. It might make one sick, or might spoil one's dress. I hate dirt and bad smell, I always did. I can quite sympathise with society in this respect. These newspaper fellows can do the thing—it pays them—and they really describe it all very cleverly; and I've no doubt everybody, including the dirty wretches themselves, are very much the better for it. This is what is called a digression. To return to my hempseed; Mr. George's letter duly appeared; it was smartly written, and it made out, that bathing, as carried on here, was very indecent, and that, spite of what some stupid people say, they do not manage these things much better in France. Everybody liked the letter very much among us, it made the young ladies blush a little, but girls like blushing, it's a change for them, and their lives are very monotonous.

One evening, shortly after the letter of Mr. George appeared, a man came to visit us, who had a copy of the paper with him, and he did abuse this letter most heartily. His name

I found was Plainman, and plain enough he was, uglier than a cockatoo, and not half as intelligent; add to this he was a nasty low radical, always speaking ill of his own country. Well, I saw everybody smiling when he came out with this tirade against Mr. George's letter, and I whistled loudly, in order to express my conviction that this time he had put his foot in it. Mr. George looked rather aghast, then he said in a sulky sort of tone—

"I wrote that letter!"

"Oh, did you?" rejoined Mr. Plainman, "I am very sorry for it."

"Why?"

"Because I think it from beginning to end a tissue of misrepresentations, if not something worse."

"Do you mean to insult me?" asked Mr. George, biting his cigar as if it was his enemy's nose.

"I mean to tell you the truth, and I am not afraid of you. If you want to quarrel wait till the ladies are gone; in fact, I should be sorry to discuss the matter before them for several reasons," said Mr. Plainman, very calmly.

One horrid trait in this low fellow's character is, that he is always most disgustingly in earnest, and that he is never afraid of speaking what he thinks, or believes to be right. Such fellows should be suppressed. They are always contradicting one, and are not fit for decent society.

The young ladies all got up to leave the room. I notice the young ladies hate Mr. Plainman. I don't wonder at it. He never pays them any compliments. As for me I loathe him, he called me a stupid bird once. He little thought I wrote for the papers.

Well, when they were alone he turned round to Mr. George and he said, "George, I have known you many years, and I repeat I am very sorry you wrote that disgraceful letter. You have fallen into the too common mistake now-a-days of thinking that to be flippant is to be clever. You are imitating a class of writers—I cannot dignify them with the names of authors—who have no respect for truth or decency. Under the pretence of correcting abuses, and defending morality, you pander to the lowest tastes of the most vulgar and the most degraded of mankind, and you care not one straw for truth, so that you can get what you call smartness. It is a dishonourable, a dastardly trade, and for God's sake, my dear fellow, give it up."

This was a pretty long sermon—once or twice I was on the point of whistling, but as I wanted to listen, I waited till the end, when I said "Bosh!" very distinctly. This remark, though not very original, was clever, and raised a laugh against Mr. Plainman. But that did not put him out, the low thing. He looked at me and said very quietly, "That bird is not a bad type of debased ignorance, you see it is with you."

Now, coming from such a quarter, of course the remark is not worth noticing. It would be folly to expect such an underbred dolt to understand Parrots. Debased ignorance indeed!

I should like to have Mr. Plainman's eyes on a biscuit—with a little brown sugar to help them down. I could dine off that dish. Mr. George looked rather sheepish for a few moments after Mr. Plainman's speech, then he said, "Everybody knows you are one of those fellows who admire everything that is French, merely because it is not English."

"A very good hit that," thought I.

"I am nothing of the sort," was the answer. "I don't choose to flatter my countrymen, or to blind myself to their many vices and vulgarities"—a nice creature to talk about vulgarities!—"while I admire their many good points."

"You're prejudiced, Plainman, you know you are; I suppose next you'll say Schneider is perfectly proper?"

"I shall say nothing of the sort, nor do I go and see her. But that has nothing to do with the subject."

"Oh yes it has; I suppose you think it decent for women to walk about in tunics and trousers. You're a nice sort of moral man—you are."

"If women were always so decently dressed as they are here when dressed for bathing, I should go to the opera and balls with a great deal more pleasure."

"Now you are going to talk rubbish about shoulders and bare bosoms and all that sort of cant. Pah! you'd like to see women as they are in *tableaux vivans*."

"You are talking rubbish. The question is, whether your letter is true or not. I say it is not. I say that bathing here is conducted very decently, that women do not go near the men's

side of the beach when they are bathing, that men do not go near the women's side of the beach. I say that women nearly always go straight to their 'tents' from the water. That opera-glasses are few and far between, and these directed at the ships, not at the bathers; that all the inuendoes which are contained in your letter, are catch-penny bits of prurient affectation, that you never saw what you describe, and that as a man of honour, you ought to retract your statements."

"If I did, the paper would not put it in. Editors can't afford to look like fools."

"It is better to look like a fool than be convicted of falsehood, and anybody has only to go down to the casino here to convict you of that at once."

"What the d—l do you mean by that?"

"What I say!"

"You confounded impudent thief, you—do you mean to call me a liar?"

Here the others tried to interfere. I enjoyed the noble warmth of Mr. George, and the dastardly coldness of that fellow Plainman; so I whistled and drew corks. That is my way of expressing delight. It is much better than laughing. Plainman stood quite cool. "The dispute is getting warm," he said. "I am sorry to speak what seem harsh words to you, George, but I am not going to retract anything I have said. I will not mention to any one, for your sake, that you are the author of the letter; but if I am asked my opinion of it, I shall give it honestly, fearlessly as I have done to-day."

George muttered something, and the other fellow put on his hat, and, without bowing to me, left the house.

"Plainman's a regular low snob," said George.

"A dangerous man," said another.

"A free-thinker, I fancy," said a clergyman brother who was there.

"Writes for the TOMAHAWK, I believe," said a talented individual who collects scandalous stories for a fashionable morning paper.

"This shows," said Mr. George, "what impure-minded creatures these social reformers are. Plainman's always clamouring for the reform or abolition of something or other. He admires the French just because they have had a few revolutions, and he thinks they are going to have another. I consider it the duty of a writer to show up the indecencies of the filthy nation of monkeys and—apes, as Voltaire called them. The idea of a man calmly defending such a thing as the bathing here! Why, look at the French stage—look at the French novels, perhaps he'll say next they are not immoral. Pah! I hate the anti-English cant of these snobs. Come along, Harry" (to his clergyman brother); "let's go down to the Casino and look at the people. Here, I may just as well take that novel of Paul de Kock's. One must read these things in order to judge of them. It's a blackguard sort of book. The French are, 'pon my soul, the most immoral nation in Europe."

And George and his clergyman brother went off to the Casino.

"Bravo, George!" said I to myself, "I agree with you, and in my opinion, and that's worth something, you had the best of the argument."

ANOTHER EASTERN QUESTION.

THE Viceroy of Egypt is certainly happy in the organisation of his invading expeditions. If we remember rightly, the Abyssinian affair cost England something between ten and twenty millions of money, but the whole sum which the Khedive has expended on the great exploring party which is on the point of leaving Cairo for Central Africa as yet only amounts to £25,000. The most extraordinary point though in the matter of the cost of the projected expedition is, that the expenditure is to be recovered by Sir Samuel Baker and his select band of 1,500 men in a year's time. If this really is the case and if Baker Bey is to be absent four years, as it is at present proposed he should be, the invasion of the Bari country will not only be inexpensive, but actually a remunerative speculation.

Of course we do not know enough of the plan of action which is to ensure this satisfactory surplus on the Egyptian army estimates to offer any criticism on the soundness of the principles on which the calculation is based, but from a superficial glance at the question, we should consider that a modern Rob Roy would be far better fitted for the command of

the Egyptian expedition than Sir Samuel Baker. Although perhaps it would not at first appear so, scientific research and wholesale robbery may be analogous after all, but we would rather it were left to some other than an English gentleman to give a practical proof of such being the case.

THE TROUBADOUR ON SALT.

I'm left here in London,
Yet happy to stay,
Though fashion and beauty
Are flying away,—
To roll in the billows,
To plunge in the sea,
To ride o'er the breakers
That—break not for me!
And yet by an ocean
In rapture I halt—
'Tis my bath, fresh and brined
With *Tidman's Sea Salt!*

Think you that I'm ailing,
Though wanting fresh air?
Just show me the burthen
That I cannot bear!
I toss up my dumb-bells
Like feathers on high,
The strongest of strong men
I simply defy.
You ask, "Whence these forces,—
Gin, brandy, or malt?"
Delusion! This muscle
Is *Tidman's Sea Salt!*

And 'tis thus I revel
In manhood's proud prime!
Don't fancy I'm dreading
The ravage of time!
My brow may grow wrinkled,
My teeth may fall out,
My legs may grow shaky,—
Yet still I'll not doubt.
But limp to the chemist,
And,—never at fault,—
Buy youth—by the gallon!
Youth? *Tidman's Sea Salt!*

HINTS TO LONDONERS IN SEPTEMBER.

FROM OUR DULL CORRESPONDENT.

YOUR HOUSE.—Pull the blinds down and live in the back rooms. Do not knock at your door, but come in quietly with a latchkey by the servants' entrance. If you are careful your neighbours will then fancy you are out of town.

YOUR GARDEN.—Plant mustard and cress in the form of your initial letters, and watch it come up. This will be found a never failing resource for the dull season of the year. To pick Michaelmas daisies and preserve them (after the recipe for making marmalade, as extracted from your Cookery Book) will also be found a pleasing and original experiment for your leisure evenings. In giving this compound away to your friends describe it as something someone has sent you from Japan.

YOUR CLOTHES.—Look out everything old you possess. Wear a wide-awake in Pall Mall, and tell everyone you meet that you have been travelling all night.

YOUR SERVANTS.—Insist that because everyone is out of town but yourself, that they have necessarily nothing to do. Attempt to reduce their wages, but failing to do so, let everything in the house undergo a "thorough cleaning" at least twice a week.

YOURSELF.—Persuade yourself that you are deeply to be pitied, and hate everyone you see riding in a cab with a portmanteau on it.