

# THE TOMAHAWK.

## A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

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### THE BYRON SCANDAL.

It is difficult to believe, even of Byron, the mad debauchee of whom we catch a glimpse at Venice in the memoirs of the friends or companions of his after-life, that he could be guilty of such deliberate and fiendish villany as Mrs. Beecher Stowe imputes to him. But if the accusation is true, surely it should have been boldly advanced in his lifetime and in the lifetime of the so-called "partner of his guilt," or it should not have been made at all. If this terrible crime was revealed to Lady Byron in the carriage on the wedding day, as Mrs. Stowe says, and if Lady Byron's charity and long-suffering patience were sufficient to sustain her after such a revelation in the endurance of cohabitation with her husband, and of the terrible disgrace of bearing a daughter to such a monster, surely no person who, on whatever slight grounds, calls herself the friend and confidante of Lady Byron, can, with any semblance of truth, pretend that she is vindicating the character of her departed friend by publishing this revelation years after the deaths of all the principal persons concerned. We can imagine nothing more cruel to Lady Byron, we can conceive no more deadly injury to her, than the course which her friend, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, has thought fit to take. If Lady Byron's chastity, if her fidelity to her marriage vows, had been called in question, if she had suffered under the filthy imputations so freely brought, without a tittle of evidence, against her husband in his lifetime,—then the heroic vindication of her character might have been necessary. But the very last person who, in body or in spirit, can be gratified by this ecstatic and sensational tribute to her virtue which Mrs. Stowe offers, is the wife who, to the last, through years of separation, embittered by the imprudent enthusiasm of friends and the malignant malice of enemies, still loved her impulsive, violent, dissolute husband; who, in spite of the loathsome degradation into which he had sunk, according to Mrs. Beecher Stowe, still confessed that there was somewhat of the angel in him. If there is any certain fact to be evolved from the inspired rhapsody of the guardian spirit of Lady Byron's reputation, it is that to the end, through all provocation, through all insults, through all outrages, the forlorn wife loved her unfaithful husband. In proportion as this increases our reverence, our love, for the memory of Lady Byron, in proportion as it adds to the bitter sorrow with which we deplore the viciousness of Lord Byron's life, are we infuriated against this lady authoress, who, in order to snatch from the pollution of the grave of the suffering loving wife, and the suffering erring poet, some ray of

that glory and that fame which must ever cling to them, with which to decorate her literary reputation, thus mercilessly drags into light the wicked scandal of years gone by, and revivifies the buried monster of crime past, and, let us hope, repented and atoned.

We fearlessly challenge that reckless malignancy which, biting its lips over such a congenial morsel of scandal as this, imputes to all who will not join in its rabid assumptions of virtuous indignation, the crimes that it gloats over while it deplores. We are content to be classed by such creatures with the irreclaimable votaries of vice, because we have protested against the beastly curiosity which lays bare the repulsive secrets of the lives of those who were great in spite of their moral blemishes. Even if the next week produces indisputable proof of the truth of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's Great Revelation, we shall be proud to have protested against the publication of it. If we are to add to the acknowledged vices of that fitfully noble poet the indelible stain of incest, the time has gone by for the expression of any more vindictive feeling than heartfelt pity. It is easy to exalt our own virtue by denouncing the vices of dead men,—vices which have happily lost all power for evil, all power of injury, except for the unhappy author of them, if even for him. We shall be the last to falter in the fearless execration of all evil, whether in the dead or living, which is illumined by the halo of success, or which is held up in the disguise of good by facile parasites to the admiration of the world.

But even as no sense of our own demerits can cause us to falter in the advocacy of right, or in the impeachment of wrong, so can no false and hypocritical assumption of the lives of virtue's servants delude us into the sin of worshipping what is really the corrupted curiosity of degraded minds. We would respect the sanctity of the grave, even if it conceals the bones of the most vicious, so long as we are not called to worship the mock image of a saint set over them. If the growing apathy of mankind, if the revolting insincerity of public morality, robs us of the glorious privilege of being gentle and indulgent to the sins of the present, at least we may hide our heads under the silver-lined cloud of mercy that protects the dead from our weapons. If there is any occasion when man may, without presumption, ape the graced toleration of a god, it is when life no longer gives to the sinner the power of doing evil. In words more vehement than it may seem fit to the well-disciplined writers of the present day we have pleaded for reticence, if not for truth and justice, towards the dead Lord Byron; we know that we plead in vain; and that if the fierce rebellious spirit that for comparatively so

short a time inhabited that beautiful but crippled form, can feel in its present abode pangs other than those which a just God may inflict, it will writhe with torment at the impatient torrent of execration which this Revelation of Mrs. Stowe's will invoke against the name of Byron.

### PRINCE NAPOLEON'S NONSENSE.

PERHAPS there is not a place on the face of the earth where more humbug, *pur et simple*, is laboriously spun out than in the columns of a French Liberal newspaper. The recent stupid speech of Prince Napoleon, for instance, gave this department of literature a text, and it has, in consequence, preached plenty of sermons. There has been the usual talk about English, Italian, and Prussian liberty, as compared with French, and a good deal more to the same purpose on the subject of press privileges here and in other favoured spots on the Continent. The fact is, the whole story is baseless. French liberty is about as perfect as it can possibly be. No one who has resided any length of time in France can help admitting that, for all the purposes of personal security, liberty of the subject, protection from lawlessness, prompt legal redress—in a word, for a comfortable existence in *equity*, one is a great deal better off than in this country. The general contempt for the executive and unfettered licence given to evil-doers, strikes an Englishman on his return to his native shores most forcibly. We may boast more talk, more bombast, more what is called "free discussion" in our papers; but then the opposition to Government with us does not mean revolution. If a thundering leader in a penny Sunday paper meant with us red-caps, barricades, blood, gunpowder, and an exiled Queen, we should soon be down upon our press liberties with all our hearts. Across the Channel, men of the *Henri Rochefort* stamp do not aim at a change from a French Gladstone to a French Disraeli: they want—and would fight for it too, if they had a chance—a French Cuffy, or a French Donovan O'Rossa, dressed in a Roman toga, consigning bloated aristocrats to execution at a French Charing Cross. On the whole, *liberal* France has got quite enough liberty. Prince Napoleon therefore talked nonsense, and possibly no one was more thoroughly aware of the fact than the hero of the *Palais Royale* himself.

### A JACK IN OFFICE.

THE Russian naval journal states that during the late manoeuvres of the Russian Fleet in the Gulf of Finland, a large frigate of 57 guns went to the bottom in consequence of an accidental blow from an iron-clad steam ram. The hole made by the steam ram in the frigate's side was so large that she sank in a quarter of an hour; but the journal expresses its satisfaction, that owing to the sea being calm, that only sixteen men were drowned. We are not aware if Mr. Childers is a subscriber to the publication we quote, but anyhow the story is particularly applicable to him in his present position, for he may reason with himself, that if an experienced admiral, when in command of a fleet, can make such a disastrous mistake as to lose a fine ship by such means as these, what risk does not a landlubber of a First Lord run if disposing of a whole squadron when he puts himself into the false position of a Commander-in-Chief? Is the sinking of half-a-dozen men-of-war a new phase of Mr. Childers' tendency towards wholesale reduction, or is the right honourable gentleman really an experienced seaman, who is desirous of teaching the officers of the British Navy how to navigate their vessels? If all First Lords are to be like the present gentleman, we hope and trust that he may be the last of them.

MOTTO FOR M. LEDRU ROLLIN ON HIS REFUSAL TO RETURN TO FRANCE.—*Rollin*-g stones gather no moss!

THE CHINESE MANDARIN ON EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION.—"I don't care a *button* for it."

A FLIGHT OF FANCY.—The removal of the dog-seller's shops from Seven Dials.

### SHAKSPEARE'S APOLOGY,

Addressed to

MANAGERS, AUTHORS, ACTORS, AND THE  
WORLD IN GENERAL.

MISLIKE me not, good Managers, that I  
Have brought a plague of ruin on the house  
That gave me shelter, frightened troops of friends,  
And left your benches empty as the purse  
Of managerial indiscretion. True,  
Much evil have I done, in that I wrote  
Too well to be forgot, and that my memory  
Is green as those who would do honour to it.  
More have I wronged you yet: you love to shout  
The praises of my master mind; unearth  
My hidden beauties to the groundlings' eyes;  
And, with th' allurements of a mammoth type,  
Parade me through the provinces, where none  
Are found to listen. Such uncivil outrage  
I own with sorrow melts your ducats down  
To form the diadem of ill success.  
Forgive me for my genius, whence you reap  
A certain Ruin—O that stone could speak,  
And my poor bust could ope its marble jaws  
To cast up your account of moneys gone!

A greater burden yet of crime I bear.  
I scorned the dazzle of a painted cloth—  
Nor witch'd the eye with gay habiliments—  
Nor padded Nature to the actor's fit—  
Nor dwindled human passions to the scope  
Of some poor player's manner—nor events  
Have I so twisted as to fit the groove  
Of realistic cravings—nor have shown  
My paste-board profiles for two hundred nights,  
The last abortion of a shallow brain—  
Nor have I gilded Sin—nor held to Vice  
The lying mirror, nor have hung her neck  
With the false jewels of attractive name—  
Misruled indeed by genius!—I have left  
No opening for the idol of the day  
To supplement my lines with passing jest,  
Or foist his own poor humour on the crowd.

Thus have I wronged the stage. These faults have power  
To make remembrance bitter: and I blush  
To see myself, who did these thousand ills,  
Enshrined in gaudiest morocco, lie  
The gift book of the season,—or in type  
Of meanest style to suit the humbler purse,—  
My name on every lip, as he who wrote  
For all time, *but the present*. So, farewell.

### "TOMAHAWK" AT THE SEA-SIDE.

#### No. IV.—Dieppe.

A VERY pleasant place when you get there is Dieppe; but the getting there from England is the difficulty. From Paris it is easy and pleasant enough; but from London the journey, unless you go round by Calais, combines all that is disagreeable.

In the first case the steamers start at the most fearful hours—four o'clock in the morning—two o'clock in the morning; and this involves waiting some four or five hours at that dismallest of dismal places, Newhaven. To the one merit of the Newhaven route that it is cheap, we may add variety. The railway is one of the worst in England. On no line are the servants so rapacious. Everybody, from the police-inspector to the porter, expects to be "tipped" for doing anything, however small a part of their duty. By the evening train there is only one carriage that goes direct to Newhaven, so that if there are more than six passengers they must change at Lewes. The pace of the train is leisurely. To be in time is neither its aim nor its desire. "Three quarters of an hour late," cheerfully remarks the ticket-collector; "I dare say you've missed the tide," as if this was

part of the programme. To wait from 9.30 or 10 o'clock, to 4 a.m., is not pleasant. You can't go to bed, and you can't keep awake. There is no delightful train like that on the Chatham and Dover Line, which takes you quickly and surely, almost up to the boat, starting at a most convenient hour, and enabling you to arrive at Calais just in time to have an excellent supper. The authorities of the Newhaven Line played a pleasant little practical joke on TOMAHAWK, which he begs to record, as an instruction and warning to others. Wishing for a private cabin for himself and spouse, such as are always obtainable on the Calais boats, he inquired at the Telegraph Office whether he could get such a thing on the Newhaven boat. He was told he could, and in the innocence of his young heart, he telegraphed to Newhaven for one. The result was, that the very worst berth in a small stuffy cabin (the only one for ladies) was reserved for his wife's use. TOMAHAWK thought it strange that a benevolent company should induce him to waste his money in telegraphing for what they must have well known he could not get.

The passage to Dieppe! what misery! The most uncomfortable boat—the deck occupied by contributors to ocean's store—the cabin occupied by contributors to steward's basins! The passage is just long enough to make it impossible to keep awake all the time, and not long enough to make it worth while—supposing one could do so, to go to bed! Then you arrive at Dieppe—at least, we did, at 5 o'clock in the day, and had to wait an hour before the luggage could be passed. This is cheerful. We recommend all persons going to Dieppe to go by Calais and Paris, if they can afford it, and, if they can not, to go somewhere else. In spite of its financial catastrophes, we place the London, Chatham, and Dover Line first of all lines in England for comfort, civility, and punctuality—at least, as far as concerns passengers to Calais; while decidedly last for comfort, civility, and punctuality, and for every other good quality, we place the London and Newhaven Line, or whatever it may call itself.

But Dieppe is reached at last. It is a queer old town. It consists of two parts. The one part is a long terrace, or rather collection of houses of all sorts and sizes, looking on the sea, which we may call La Plaze, and the other a number of houses looking on to each other, or to nothing in particular, but all absorbing through their noses, if they have any, the most horrid smells. Cologne must yield to Dieppe as a "bouquet de parfumes naturels." The shopkeepers may be briefly described as the most impudent and most exorbitant which we have ever had the happiness to encounter. There are a few exceptions, but even they rob you while they bow and smile. Nearly every other shop is a "magasin d'ivoirerie," or otherwise a shop where the articles in carved ivory would (if they could feel shame) be dyed red with blushes at the monstrous prices asked for them by their proprietor. We do not write without some experience of the various "marchands." We have "kept house" at Dieppe; and can safely say that for insolence, imagination, and high prices, the butchers of Dieppe cannot be matched. The only civil robbers are the fish women in the market. We have not included "Le Pollet" in our description of Dieppe; but there the odoriferous portion of the town will be found in superlative form. It is a study for amateurs of dirt and squalor. It has almost shaken the proud boast of TOMAHAWK that for downright filthiness and horror Seven Dials had no rival in Europe.

The hotels of Dieppe are well known. They are comfortable and expensive. The Royal swarms with English. The Imperial is more cosmopolitan, and the hostess has a pleasant way of sitting at the receipt of custom. Dear as these hotels undoubtedly are, it is possible to get what we never got yet in any English hotel, notwithstanding any amount of mendacious professions, viz., a good bottle of wine at a reasonable price. Many worse places might be selected for a temporary home than the Hotel Imperial, Dieppe. Here Prince Napoleon, hero of the recent great debate in the Senate, descended from Olympus for a short time to refresh his mind and body previous to his great effort of oratory. TOMAHAWK saw the noble individual more than once, and he remembers only one thing about him, he wore a white hat. Perhaps for the same reason as the miller, to keep his head cool.

Life at Dieppe may be varied at your pleasure. You can commit suicide in two ways; rapidly, by jumping down from the very high and steep cliffs; slowly, by walking about the smaller streets of the town. Other modes of self-destruction will suggest themselves to the ingenious. For example, you can drink iced soda American drinks—this mode is slow, but

sure; or you can go and see the performance of a comic opera at the Casino—this method is slower, and not quite as sure, as you may fall asleep during the process. The ordinary way of passing their days in vogue with the visitors to this "elegant and fashionable watering place" is to get up in the morning and go to the Casino; bathe, go back to breakfast, back to the Casino; go back again to dinner, and after that again to the Casino. This place of amusement provides balls and concerts gratis for subscribers. It also, as mentioned above, occasionally provides theatrical or semi-theatrical entertainments. We do not, as may be believed, go with the mob. But, speaking of one concert, we can say that the instrumental music was fair, and that one of the singers was very fair. But her style! Grasping her music (in a roll) with both hands, she fidgeted it round and round (without ever looking at it); meanwhile she oscillated the upper half of her body in a manner highly suggestive of one's experiences on board the steamer. She did not keep time either with the music or with her body. Our advice to the very fair songstress is, "Play as often as you like, but never sing." One of those fearful creatures, a local favourite, sung, through several layers of throat, some utterly inaudible words. The whole concluded with a comic opera, which, we rejoice to say, was hissed. This concert was for the benefit of the poor. If the incapacity of the performers in the opera fairly represented the incapable nature of the objects of the charity, let us hope the receipts were enormous.

The bathing at Dieppe is excellently and modestly managed. This, TOMAHAWK most positively asserts, spite of the account given by some prurient snob a few weeks ago in the *Gentleman's Journal*. We were amused for some time by trying to guess who the fellow could have been who possessed such a vivid and cleanly imagination; but it was decided that he was probably some relation of the widow of William Wiggins, proprietor of bathing machines at Ramsgate and Margate—perhaps the immortal Mr. Knox himself. The most remarkable thing at Dieppe is that the people on the terrace trouble themselves with anything but the bathers. No men are allowed on the women's side, not even husbands with their wives, while no women ever are seen on the beach by the men's bathing place. Men are not allowed to bathe with women. Every precaution is taken against any accident; in fact, such a thing as a person being drowned is almost impossible. TOMAHAWK does not think that everything is managed in France better than in England; but certainly bathing is. Last year we visited a quiet place in South Devon. Here women bathed, not in tunics and trousers, but in bathing gowns. They bathed within a few yards of men. They displayed their limbs very liberally. This was considered proper. One lady ventured to bathe in a French costume. A mob crowded around her machine. "How improper!" sneered the virtuous matrons and virgins who had been just before floundering about in limp dressing gowns.

As for men's bathing in England, TOMAHAWK used to bathe at a very quiet place in Yorkshire. There were four benches within one yard of the men's bathing machines—always crowded with women. The men bathed stark naked, and that in water so shallow that for twenty or thirty yards it did not come much above your knees. The Chief, as a gentle hint, always bathed in a coat and pair of trousers. He was jeered, but he preferred ridicule in this case to admiration. It was at this quiet village in modest England that the clergyman once saw a whole girl's school undress on the shore and go into the water without any more protection than conscious innocence could give them. Scenes worse than this might be witnessed. We withhold the name of the place only because we do not wish to send a troop of pure-minded inquirers there. But there was no one to interfere with these exhibitions of modesty, any more than there was any one to prevent any bather who got out of his depth being drowned instantly. If people want to bathe comfortably and modestly, let them go to Dieppe, not to a quiet watering place in England.

The country round Dieppe is beautiful. It reminds one constantly of English landscapes; but nowhere in England can you get such butter as you do at the farm-houses about here. It is worth being bilious for. Very few things are.

TO ALL SPIRITUALISTS.—TAKE NOTICE!—The real medium for moving furniture—the broker.

No. IX., Price 1s.,  
BRITANNIA for SEPTEMBER,  
NOW READY.

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



LONDON, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE Sultan is still angry with the Khedive. Nothing will persuade him that the Suez Canal was not meant for the *cut direct*.

ONE Insurance Office has put itself under the protection of the *Phoenix*. Considering the revelations made of the state of the affairs of several others, a bird of less amiable omen suggests itself. The next time an absorption process begins we would suggest the *Albert-ross*.

Low and High Church organs are in a fever of excitement at the reported determination of Mr. Gladstone to "move up" some of his late clerical friends. Fancy a shuffle that will find Stanley a Bishop, and Jowett head of a College! Well, if the list is not very long, it is certainly *broad* enough! What more can the extremes want?

"LOST AT SEA," the title of Mr. Boucicault's new piece, fairly puzzles us. He talked of the new thoroughfare he meant "to keep open." Can it be possible that he is still to remorseless pursuit of the unhappy Oxford eight? If these lucky veterans are to go down, mid ocean, rowing, for £5,000 a piece, a race against time, across the Atlantic, let us hope at least they will have *Formosa* on board!

THE NEW DRAMATIC THOROUGHFARE.

IN another place we have confessed ourselves at a loss to fathom the plot of Mr. Boucicault's new Adelphi piece. This was a mistake. A little serious thought would have told us the truth in a few minutes. Mr. Boucicault has declared his determination to "break down barriers" and "keep new literary thoroughfares open." He began by a good fling at the Universities. What next suggests itself, as most intimately allied with those time-honoured institutions, but the Church? The title is most striking. Surely it is a misprint for *Lost at Sea*! This granted, it *must* be a hit at the Bishops, and we may confidently look for the same truthfulness to existing facts, the same clever spicing with strong sauce that has so distinguished the great national drama at Drury Lane. Really, if it were not for the fear of not only breaking down, but of literally sweeping clean away, the barriers, one might almost be tempted to anticipate the leading dramatist in his heroic task. The capabilities for startling effect and racy novelty possessed by such a subject are simply enormous. The very thought of Mr. Romer, let us say, as the Bishop of St. David's, is in itself overwhelming! Mr. Eburne

again, as a young Curate, suggests much food for serious reflection; while Mr. Stewart, as an ambitious Rural Dean, affords grand scope for the introduction of unhackneyed situation! The scenes might be laid here, there, and everywhere. We might have the Sheldonian at Commemoration time, with Mr. Benjamin Webster as the Vice Chancellor, surrounded by a thousand clerical Adelphi guests. With such elements adroitly turned to account, by the introduction of a dance of Dons, a song and chorus in Convocation, and a headlong young fellow in Deacon's orders, the dramatic interest might be rendered tolerably strong. Then, again, the Bishops might be supplied with mitres as well as lawn sleeves, and rove about Piccadilly after the fashion of the famous, careless, and one-suited eight in *Formosa*. The "siren" and the "tigress" being used up, fresh spice might be secured by a deeper dig into the social *substrata*. There are things even worse than the evanescent life in Fulham Villas! Indeed, when one reflects how much putridity there is underlying society, one feels that there really are magnificent opportunities for an author of a dashing and not over-particular turn! The new dramatic school is to abolish vice by dragging it out of its holes and corners for two hundred night runs. Is not this something like a prospect opening upon the playgoer of the future? But to pause. We may be quite at sea ourselves about this or any other new piece. One thing, however, is quite certain. The Lord Chamberlain's amiable reading of his duties to public morality has prepared us for anything!

A HINT TO MEN ABOUT TOWN.

IT is no doubt a particularly hard fate to be left in town at this most depressing season of the year; but, after all, London in September may possess its advantages. There are few people who are not willing to add to their stock of general information when they have nothing else in the world to do; and for the use of these unfortunates we append a programme for getting through the week in a manner at once exhilarating, inexpensive, and original.

*Sunday*.—Take a Hansom to Kew Gardens (after church, of course), and thence go by train to Hampton Court. Return by omnibus through Bushy Park to Richmond, and get a steamboat from there to Hungerford and Greenwich. Spend the evening in the park, and be careful to come home by the last train.

*Monday*.—Pass the day in the Tropical Garden at Battersea Park, with a few light volumes of reference and a sausage roll in your pocket.

*Tuesday*.—Take a Favourite omnibus from Charing Cross, and wait until it turns you out, which will be in the course of two or three hours. Make acquaintance with Hollo-way, and get an unexpected view of the Alexandra Palace. Avoid it carefully, however, and walk home through Colney Hatch.

*Wednesday*.—Go to all those sights which, as a dweller in London, you have never before visited. Your round may include St. Paul's and the top of the Monument, the Tower, the West India Docks, London Wall, half-a-dozen manufactories, and as many museums as possible.

*Thursday*—*Friday*.—Try and find out where the Victoria Park is. The attempt will occupy two clear days; and, if you are particularly intelligent, may prove successful. *N.B.*—It is better, however, as a rule, if you are earnest about the matter, to begin on a Monday.

*Saturday*.—After a busy week, a quiet day will no doubt be an acceptable change. You may therefore walk down to St. James's street and Pall Mall. Exercise may be taken in these solitudes, without danger of intrusion, between the hours of noon and 6 p.m.

If this programme is strictly and conscientiously adhered to, it will prove an excellent substitute for "change of air" in its accepted sense. Indeed, some people, capable of forming an opinion, consider it more enjoyable than a trip to Boulogne or a week at Baden. We ourselves, however, are not quite sure about this; but, from our experience, we are ready to aver that the tour we have laid down is better than going to the British seaside; or, at all events, to Margate or Ramsgate in September.

MOTTO FOR MRS. BEECHER STOWE.—"Brass, not (B)yron."







PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON IN THE COLLECTION OF  
MRS. BEECHER STOWE.



PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON IN THE HEARTS OF  
THE BRITISH NATION.

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THAT."





## THE NATION.

## No. 1.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(Continued from page 121.)

XXX.

MR. SQUIGSBY'S honeymoon was not of long duration ; but, short as it was, Mrs. Squigsby was enabled to form an excellent opinion of the industry and attention to business of her lord and master.

In order that the time might not hang heavy upon his hands, he had taken with him a whole portmanteau full of legal papers which required his attention, and to these, during the brief period of his absence, he devoted himself with unremitting attention. He "settled" huge bills of costs. He read and annotated for answering voluminous Bills in Chancery. He prepared "Cases for Counsel" to be submitted on his return ; and, in doing this work, he took the unfortunate Mrs. Squigsby into his confidence. It was extremely agreeable to that patient lady to have to listen to the long and incomprehensible paragraphs of a Bill in Chancery, or the still more monotonous items of a bill of costs, for hours together, in their private rooms in the Grand Hotel in Paris ; and it was real ecstasy to Mr. Squigsby to be able to indulge his newly-married wife with this diversion.

"It is really much more amusing and interesting, my dear," Mr. Squigsby would say, "doing this sort of thing than driving up and down the Champs Elysées, or promenading the Boulevards, looking at the shops, or going to see those stupid fairy pieces at the theatres. This gives you an insight into the business of the law, and enables you to take an interest in the proceedings." When he did put down his work his conversation was equally entertaining, relating, as it did, exclusively to the "cases" he had in hand, and what he could do, under the circumstances, to obtain advantages over his opponents, garnished with anecdotes of what he had done in other "cases" of a similar description, and how he had come off triumphant. Mrs. Squigsby's lot was, indeed, one to be envied. Even her occupations were furnished for her by an ever-attentive husband. Mr. Squigsby wrote dozens of letters every day to England, and as he had no letter-press with him, and as he never sent out a letter without, of course, keeping a copy, what better employment for his wife—who wrote a fine bold hand—than to make her do the copying ? "I had no idea a wife could be made so useful," thought Mr. Squigsby, as he watched his partner for life doing clerk's work. She proved to be an admirable writer, and never made any mistakes, although, when Mr. Squigsby examined her work, he found many curious-looking blots upon the paper. Were they of tears ?

XXXI.

She was thus writing one bright afternoon. The windows of their apartments looked out upon the Boulevards, and now were heard the *sonnettes* of the horses, the distant drums beating, the joyous cries of children, and the thousand and one sounds which go to make up the harmonious and exhilarating life music of the streets of Paris. Mr. Squigsby, pen in hand, was peppering a bill of costs with omitted six-and-eightpences, and thirteen-and-fourpences, and guineas, when a tap came at the door.

"Come in," said Mr. Squigsby. A waiter with a telegram.

Mr. Squigsby opened it, read it hurriedly, looked steadily at his wife for some seconds, and then said :—

"Leave off writing, my dear Maria. We go back to London to-night."

A smile of pleasure mantled her face, the first that had shone upon it since she had been married. "Thank Heaven," she murmured to herself, "at last it is over." She now asked him what had called him back, or what was the nature of the intelligence he had received. Her heart was too full of thankfulness that the honeymoon was at an end.

When they were in the *coupé* of the train, on their journey home, Mr. Squigsby said suddenly to her—

"Oh ! Maria, did you ever know a Mrs. Rigsworth ?"

"No," she replied ; "never ; why ?"

"Nothing," said her husband. "I thought perhaps you might have heard of her." Presently, and once again for the hundredth time, he took the telegram he had received that morning from his pocket and read it to himself with avidity. It was from Mr. Topps, his clerk, and it ran as follows :—

"Come back. Mrs. Rigsworth died this morning. The servant has been here and left the keys."

XXXII.

Mr. Squigsby, in his position as executor of the deceased old lady, took possession of everything. She had not over estimated her fortune. He ransacked the drawers, the safes, the cupboards. He found the property in the shape of "securities" everywhere. He carried them bodily away. They represented quite £80,000. He inserted no announcement of her death in the papers ; but the next of kin and expectant legatees seemed to have acquired a mysterious instinct of her decease, and hurried in a crowd to the spot. They were referred to Mr. Squigsby. Mr. Squigsby dealt with them all calmly and coldly. "Was there a will ? Had the poor dear lady arranged her affairs by testamentary disposition, or would the property be distributed by administration ?" These were the questions. Mr. Squigsby only made one answer. "He was the executor. There was a will. It was in his possession. It would not be read till after the funeral." In the meantime, Mr. Squigsby quietly took the will down to Doctors' Commons and proved it. "It's better," he said to himself, "to get these things done as quick as possible. The duty on £80,000 is a good round sum, and I don't see why Government should be kept out of their money. Besides, it saves a good deal of trouble to prove the will at the earliest possible moment."

When, therefore, the funeral being over, at which solemn entertainment Mr. Squigsby had assisted the next of kin as one of the mourners, that is, he had steadily carried a white pocket-handkerchief to his mouth, and kept his eyes shut throughout the ceremony, and had partaken of a good many glasses of sherry, and eaten a great many sandwiches, and had felt uncommonly cold in his feet, and had sneezed several times, and had wondered who it was that made undertaker's gloves, and why the fingers should always be too long, and why the sensation of wearing them should always be like putting tight eelskins on to your hands, and why it was necessary to wear cloaks which smelt abominably, and when he had been driven in a stuffy coach flavoured with coffins to the cemetery, and jolted back again to the house, when, in short, the funeral was over, then it was Mr. Squigsby produced the probate of the will, and, with an air of authority, which the appearance of the document (now no longer upon a few sheets of foolscap, but written in fair round-hand upon a sheet of parchment, stamped with blue and silver, and having hanging to it a portentous seal) in no way diminished.

He read it to the crowd of next of kin and expectant legatees, and when he had finished there was a general shout of disappointment and disgust.

"But who," cried Mr. Bilberry, the law stationer, "who is Maria Branscombe, the residuary legatee, who comes in for upwards of £60,000 ? Who is she ?"

"Ah ! who is she ?" echoed everybody.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Squigsby, quietly folding up the probate, "Maria Branscombe is Maria Branscombe no longer. Her name is Maria Squigsby. She is my wife. A married woman, I need not inform you, can hold no property ; the amount, therefore, you refer to, comes to me ! Gentlemen, I wish you good morning."

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

## RADICALISM WITH A VENGEANCE.

A RETURN has just been issued by the New Zealand Government, showing that the number of "rebels" killed in the recent skirmishes at the north part of the Island during the year ending June, 1869, was 260, which, considering not 1,000 of the natives have at any time been in revolt, cannot but be regarded as a satisfactory result. We scarcely think, though, that the New Zealand Legislature has much right to take credit to itself for thus reducing their enemies. Extermination is at the best but a clumsy mode of putting a stop to rebellion ; and there are means quite as effective, but more gentle, of winning the New Zealanders back to their allegiance. Perhaps the Government will try some such method of reducing the seven hundred odd Maories, who are still at large ; after all, the stamping-out process does not seem to have been particularly successful ; for the New Zealand authorities cannot altogether congratulate themselves on the success of the vigorous policy they pride themselves upon having adopted.



## "PROGRESS."

SCENE.—*A street near the Strand. Enter DION BOUCICAULT and TOM ROBERTSON, at opposite entrances, meeting.*

DION B.—Do I indeed behold the modern Sheridan?

TOM R.—Is this the modern Shakespeare that I see before me? *(They laugh heartily, and shake hands.)*

DION B. *(recovering himself)*.—Well, how are you, old boy? I think I am astonishing them with *Formosa*, eh? Got up a sensation this time with a vengeance, haven't I? I've just posted six more letters to the newspapers. The six will be answered by twelve correspondents. Fourteen leading articles will be written upon the eighteen letters. There's an advertisement for you! Everybody says nobody ought to go and see it, and that's the very reason everybody comes to see it.

TOM R. *(wiping away a tear)*.—Precisely the system that made *School* go. Let the correspondents fight about something. That's all you want.

DION B. *(with animation)*.—How's *Progress* going on?

TOM R. *(with great animation)*.—Oh, very well indeed. I have got a good sound plot—besides, you know, I go in for moral lessons. My idea in the piece is to show that we must always keep progressing,—always keep pace with the times,—never stand still.

DION B. *(laughing sardonically)*.—Especially in dramatic matters, eh? We don't, do we?

TOM R. *(continuing)*.—So I arrange my *dramatis personæ* in this wise:—Old fogies who are always talking of the past as better than the present, who always appreciate what was higher than what is, and who are averse to change or improvement in whatever form it may come.

DION B. *(explaining)*.—The idiots—men who prefer *Lady Macbeth* to *Formosa*! I hope you lash them well, Tom.

TOM R. *(still continuing with increased animation)*.—I make my hero an engineer, who comes to survey the grounds of an old aristocrat for the purposes of a railway.

DION B. *(interrupting)*.—Railway! That's good. Had it mechanically in *After Dark*. Got it figuratively in *Formosa*. How do you do it? Do you explode, or run off the line?

TOM R. *(explaining)*.—No, the railway is not seen; hero only comes to survey for one. Heroine, relation of old aristocrat, sees him surveying from the window. Falls in love with him because he surveys. Love so powerful that it gives her a fever. Atheistical doctor attends her, finds out her complaint, prescribes for her, sends her to sleep, and tells her in her sleep that her love is returned by surveyor, and that old aristocrat has given his consent to her marrying him. Surveyor comes on—meets heroine—grand love scene. Surveyor indifferent, not knowing he is loved. Heroine affectionate, believing herself loved and engaged. Heroine works upon surveyor; surveyor gives way, and declares his passion. Heroine happy. Canting old woman comes on, informing heroine that it is only a scheme on the part of doctor and old aristocrat to bring her round from her love-sickness and cure her of her fever, and that surveyor does not love her, but pities her, and has lent himself to the arrangement. Heroine, left alone, gets delirious in consequence of conduct of surveyor. Long window at back leading to balcony. Snow seen to fall. Heroine, more and more delirious, rushes out of window. Snow falls harder than ever. Heroine tears off all her things in her delirium to get her death. Everybody rushes on. Heroine falls insensible into arms of surveyor. Her teeth chatter as the curtain falls. That's a strong act, isn't it?

DION B. *(with excitement)*.—By Jove! it's done at last. I've waited for it. I've passed sleepless nights thinking who would be the first to do it. I congratulate you, my dear Tom. You are, indeed, making progress. You are increasing your dramatic reputation with giant strides. I must look to my laurels.

TOM R. *(flattered, raising his hat and wiping his brow)*.—I'm glad you like the plot as far as I've told you. I'll go on with it.

DION B. *(with gentle irony, interrupting him)*.—No; don't. Let me continue. Last act. Heroine in a very bad way. Atheistical doctor in attendance. The doctor again prescribes the mixture as before. Tells old aristocrat that she must marry surveyor. Old aristocrat must get consent from still older aristocrat—the Duke of something—not Loamshire, my dear Tom. Sick-room business all over again. More physicking. Surveyor arrives; again declares his love. Heroine repulses him because

she has not got old aristocrat's consent. Tableau. The older aristocrat, having overheard her, pushes the door open, and gives his consent. Tableau! The heroine is immediately cured, and marries surveyor. Curtain!

TOM R. *(with astonishment)*.—Why, you know the piece!

DION B. *(patting him on the back)*.—Know it, my dear fellow? I should think I did. That rascal, Victorien Sardou, is under sufficient obligations to me to make me well acquainted with him. Didn't I open a thoroughfare for him upon the English stage with his *Seraphine*, in the same way that you opened a thoroughfare for him with his *Dégel*, or what you called *A Rapid Thaw*? And to think I shouldn't know *Les Ganaches*! However, it shows progress on your part, old fellow. I'm glad to see, my dear Tom, you are leaving off writing such rubbish as "Caste" and "Ours," and going in for good healthy dramatic literature—such as "Home," or "A Breach of Promise," or "Progress"—you do it much easier; and, as you have got a name as I have, it pays. Remember that it pays. What's the screw?

TOM R. *(timidly)*.—A mere trifle—£200 a night.

DION B. *(with passionate gesticulations)*.—That all! You are spoiling the market, old fellow. Why, the dramatic critic of the *Times* would have done it for that, with a column of *Kudos* in the leading journal into the bargain.

TOM R. *(apologetically)*.—I think, perhaps, I ought to have had more; because, you see, I go in for dialogue.

DION B. *(placing his glass in his eye and smiling wildly)*.—Precisely. You write in the English language; Sardou writes in the French; or Benedix in the German. The critics say, "This is thoroughly Tom Robertson," as they used to say of Labiche's farces; in English, "This is thoroughly Maddison Morton." You've got your critics into a groove, old fellow, as I have. Make money. You ought to have had £500 a night for *Les Ganaches*. Bucky, of the Haymarket, or John Hollingshead, of the Gaiety, would have given it you; I've no doubt. *(Stopping, and after looking round.)* Between ourselves, it's an awful bad piece; but that's all the greater reason why managers would jump at it. It is frightfully discursive, and there is nothing but sickness and physic bottles from the commencement to the end. It's the *Traviata* with the best part cut out—the immorality. The only acting part is the old aristocrat, played by Lafont; and where can you find any actor to play Lafont on the English stage? My system is, train mediocrities; get them to do what you want, and you make them respectable. Take this as a rule: No English actor can "create" a part. The author must create it for him, and it is much easier to do it with a mediocrity than it is with an obstinate first-rate conventional, who fancies he knows more than you do, and spoils your whole idea.

TOM R. *(exultingly)*.—You're right, Di! But I'm sorry you don't think much of *Les Ganaches*, or, I should say, *Progress*.

DION B. *(affectionately)*.—I don't say that, old boy; only let them snow hard in the great scene. Have plenty of paper ready—I don't, of course, mean in the front of the house—and don't snow brown, and you are safe! The snow will bring them down, you'll see.

TOM R. *(with emotion)*.—Thanks! a thousand thanks! It comes out on Saturday, the 18th, at the Globe Theatre. But where are you off to?

DION B. *(with volubility)*.—Off to, my dear Tom! I'm so busy that I don't know where to go to first. I've got to superintend *Anonyma*, at the Princess's; then I've got to read my new drama of *Skittles*, at the Gaiety; and after that I've got to put the finishing touches to my new comedy, entitled, *Who is Mabel Grey?* which I think is exactly suited for the Holborn!

TOM R. *(with envy)*.—Well, good-bye. I hope *Progress* will be a hit. *(They shake hands with fervour.)*

DION B. *(with enthusiasm)*.—Sure to be. You have done it, old boy; that's enough. You have made *Progress*, my dear Tom—*(quietly aside)*—like a crab! *[They exeunt severally.]*

## DRAMATIC MEASURE.

- |    |                              |     |     |     |                              |
|----|------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|------------------------------|
| 2  | "Traviatas"                  | ... | ... | = 1 | "Dame aux Camelias."         |
| 2  | "Dame aux Camelias"          |     |     | = 1 | Holywell-street Publication. |
| 3  | Holywell-street Publications |     |     | = 1 | "Confessional Unmasked."     |
| 1½ | "Confessional Unmasked"      |     |     | = 1 | "Formosa."                   |
| 1  | "Formosas"                   | ... | ... | = 1 | Pint of Laudanum.            |



## RATHER "FULL" DETAILS OF AN EVENT!

BEFORE the Boat Race of the season is quite a thing of the past, with a graceful acknowledgment of the perfect good temper and kindly feeling of the American press, we must just note the *personal* strain in which some of the New World papers indulge when dealing with events of this sort. What would any random Oxford Four say if disposed of in the *Times* in this fashion?—

NO. 1.—Mr. Blank, a son of Mr. Blank, the celebrated member for Loamshire, who paid his creditors 5s. 6d. in the pound in 1848. He is a wonderful oar. The development of his muscle, fine reach, and open brow, place him at the head of English rowers. In 1867 he won the Kilkenny sculls. He is of a melancholy temperament, and is said to be engaged to a youthful heiress, whose name begins with K. He stands 6 feet 2½ inches in his shoes.

NO. 2.—Mr. Dash, related to the renowned General of that name. His maternal uncle married late in life a half sister of Lord Star, and his condition may now be regarded as perfect. He has the real grip of the water, and is an excellent mathematician. Report says he is intended for commercial pursuits, but the Bar or the Church have been more reasonably suggested by his admirers. He pulled No. 13 against Cambridge in 1865 to 1869, and is slightly blind in the left eye. He has a cousin in trade in Manchester, with whom he is not on good terms.

NO. 3.—Mr. Cross, related to the firm of Cross and Lines. The finest oar in the boat. His father is said to be enormously rich, though divorced from his second wife. It is impossible to watch the fine sweep of his oar without feeling that he must contribute immensely to the success or defeat of his crew. He is said to be most amiable to ladies, and sings comic songs. His present weight is 172 lbs., and his views are Evangelical.

NO. 4 (STROKE).—Mr. Asterisk, a nephew of Lord Asterisk. A perfect athlete, from whatever side he is regarded. He is to be married to Lady Augusta Points soon after the race, unless money difficulties, about which a good deal has been said, stand in the way. He seems to have the veritable catch of the water at the commencement of the stroke, though his great grandfather was reported to have realised an enormous fortune out of damson cheeses. His *biceps* measures 29½ inches in circumference. His tailor is Mr. Poole, of Saville row. His bootmaker and hatter he changes continually. He can row 52 strokes to the minute; and there is said to be a serious mortgage on his uncle's estates in Paddingtonshire.

COX.—Mr. Spot, only son of Mr. J. Spot, of the City. The house of Spot realised £100,000 alone by one operation in damaged shoe leather. Mr. Spot has a wonderful eye for the river, though report says he is on bad terms with his father!

Such is the Oxford crew, and it ought to be a slick and slick match.

## A HINT TO HOLIDAY FOLK.

WHEN enlightened Englishmen (by whom we mean Londoners) make up their minds to take a holiday and go out of town their first consideration is where *not* to go to. Margate is healthful, but hopelessly cockneyfied. Ramsgate is almost as unbearable, and as for Ryde, Hastings, and Brighton, they are all more or less fashionable, hot, uninteresting, and expensive. It is, therefore, something to find out a "new place," and as such we recommend Aldborough, in Suffolk, to people who want real change. To begin with, Aldborough has none of the usual watering-place attractions. Pleasantly situated on the sea, it has no pier, no esplanade, no town band, no niggers, and no extravagant prices for the necessities of existence. No doubt, as soon as the place is properly appreciated, it will be as certainly spoilt; but, pending its fate, we recommend it to those who want a few weeks of real holiday at comparatively little cost. Our most respectable contemporary the *John Bull* has taken the initiative in recommending Aldborough to the notice of the

enlightened public, a recommendation which we in all sincerity endorse; for the paucity of English watering-places which are by any means enjoyable is becoming a national nuisance.

## OAKUM OR STONES!

SNUG in insolent ease of good worldly position,

Sitting, feet on the fender, and dreaming of gold,  
Shut the door of your hearts to forlornest petition

Of paupers who dare to be hungry or cold!

Is there place for stray thought in your happy seclusion,

Of fevers, starvation, or bed-ridden crones?

Wake one instant, and softly reward the intrusion—

Sleep again, with a murmur of OAKUM or STONES!

See the widow who trembles, so cowed and heartbroken!

Is this one of God's creatures so humbled and worn?

Sleep on, deaf to the truth—leave her story unspoken—

Mute appeals of her agony answer with scorn!

She is poor,—odious crime!—to the Board she is debtor

For bread—what but labour for hunger atones?

Give her vicious companions,—she'll serve you the better—

Soothe her sorrow, good Guardians, with OAKUM or STONES!

Bent with age comes another—misfortune has made him

Unfit—see the jail bird is striving to shirk!

To the yard with the idler! for illness upbraid him!

Paralysis? pshaw! send the beggar to work!

Gentle words of your charity go on repeating,

"The parish we'll rid of these pestilent drones—

"Show your face here, my friend, at our next merry meeting,

"Ask relief, and you'll find it in—OAKUM or STONES."

Fit reward for long years of privation and meekness

Hard words,—cold neglect,—cruel insult,—the street,—

Strength in well-fed security trampling the weakness

That crawls, as a worm, at gentility's feet!

Guardians,—only in name, when your charge is forsaken,

And self-love the prompting of conscience disowns,—

Look around! Let strange Pity your slumber awaken—

Find a text in your OAKUM, read sermons in STONES!

## WORDS AND WIND.

Now that the Emperor is really "out of danger," the recent satisfactory official reports of the state of his health are vanishing into thin air. It appears that he has really been very seriously ill, and, for once, those most unscrupulous of all news-makers, the Radical French papers, have told the truth, and no merit to them for having done so. The malicious reports unceasingly propagated in their pages in reference to the approaching death of Napoleon III. have so thoroughly established in impartial minds the conviction that with them the fear of the catastrophe is very nearly related to the wish for it, that their paragraphs about "Serious illness of His Majesty" have lost their force. However, as far as this last occasion was concerned, their "grave solitudes" had the warrant of facts. While we heard that the Emperor was taking walks in the gardens of St. Cloud, he was literally lying on his bed in a dangerous condition. The only personal friends with whom he was associating in a quiet way, turned out to be his medical man and his nurses. Such society as there was at the Palace consisted of a bevy of doctors, discussing in anxious consultation the latest development of their master's symptoms. But this crisis, fortunately for Europe, has passed by. He seems on the road to recovery. As spectators of a farce such as this, we can only be on our guard for the future. And perhaps the easiest method of avoiding subsequent delusion will be to table out some sort of standard by which "official" news may be correctly translated for our benefit. Judging from the authorized language used by Government organs on former occasions, something of the following kind might prove very useful to the European stockholder. A trustful reference to the equivalent might show him the true state of the Emperor's health, and protect him from the effect of that



sudden confusion in the Money Market which will inevitably follow upon a change of Government across the Channel :—

REAL STATE OF THE CASE.	OFFICIAL RENDERING OF THE SAME IN THE GOVERNMENT JOURNALS.
A cold.	A State dinner at St. Cloud.
Taking a Seidlitz powder.	Private theatricals.
A toothache.	An interview with the Chinese Embassy.
A touch of neuralgia.	Distributing the prizes at an Agricultural Show.
Influenza ( <i>mild</i> ).	A Cabinet Council.
Ditto ( <i>aggravated</i> ).	Giving an audience to the Minister of War.
Gout.	Promulgation of a new Liberal measure.
Ditto ( <i>rheumatic</i> ).	Reception of M. Jules Favre.
Fever.	Arrangements for a review of 100,000 men.
Paralysis ( <i>partial</i> ).	A promise to be present at the opening of the Suez Canal.
Ditto ( <i>total</i> ).	A walk in the grounds at St. Cloud.
Highly dangerous state.	A slight attack of rheumatism.
Considerably worse.	Much better.
Life almost despaired of.	Symptoms quite disappeared.
Consultation, and scarcely any hope.	Quite well.

### AS CLEAR AS MUD.

THE question of the real state of the Emperor's health threatens to become one of those mysteries which are never to be cleared up ; such are the reports and counter-reports, statements and counter-statements with which the French newspapers have been teeming for weeks past. Seeing, however, the numerous bulletins which are semi-officially issued from St. Cloud several times a day, it appears quite unnecessary that there should be any room for doubt about the case. If the French authorities were entirely silent there might perhaps be cause for alarm regarding the Emperor's health ; but, as on the contrary, they are extra communicate concerning His Majesty's doings, the feeling of uneasiness which prevails cannot be well-founded.

As a rule, of course we never make use of the showers of telegraphic despatches which pour in upon us at our office at all hours of the night and day, but as the true condition of the Emperor is a moot point which it would be a charity to set at rest, we for once depart from our custom, in order to insert the latest intelligence, derived from the highest official sources showing the state of His Majesty's health during the last five minutes before going to press.

(TELEGRAM NO. 1.)

St. Cloud, 13th September.  
10.6 A.M.

The Emperor has passed an excellent night, but the morning being cold, he will not leave his room to-day.

(TELEGRAM NO. 2.)

St. Cloud, 13th September.  
10.7 A.M.

The Emperor, though pronounced to be decidedly better, had

his sleep interrupted by a slight return of the rheumatic pains. His Majesty, therefore, rose at 5 a.m., and rode unattended into Paris, for the purpose of correcting the proof sheets of the *Journal Officiel*.

(TELEGRAM NO. 3.)

St. Cloud, 13th September.  
10.8 A.M.

The true condition of the Emperor can no longer be concealed, His Majesty is alarmingly ill, and the worst fears are entertained concerning him. Seventeen of the leading doctors of France are in constant attendance at the Palace.

(TELEGRAM NO. 4.)

St. Cloud, 13th September.  
10.9 A.M.

The Emperor is perfectly well, but is so busy with arrears of business, that no one is admitted upon any pretence whatever into the royal presence.

(TELEGRAM NO. 5.)

St. Cloud, 13th September.  
10.10 A.M.

The Emperor has eaten a hearty breakfast, and, notwithstanding the heavy rain now falling, has gone out shooting.

Should any slight discrepancy be apparently detected in the facts recorded in these despatches, we should remind our readers that they are purely official documents, which of course cannot be incorrect, and as such must be accepted as not admitting of question.

### FRIENDS IN COURT.

MR. DOUGLAS STRAIGHT has certainly fairly earned his reputation of being the leading counsel of the day for making the best of a bad case ; but, notwithstanding the undoubted advantage the firm of Messrs. Harwood, Knight, and Allen derived from being represented by that gentleman at the Mansion House last week, they appeared but to sorry advantage. Yes, we regret to state that the "Great City Robbery Case," of which Messrs. Harwood and Co. were the victims, has come to an untimely conclusion, and those gentlemen having withdrawn from the prosecution, Mr. Clement Harwood, who stood charged with stealing bills and securities to the amount of £15,000, the property of his employers, has been set at liberty. Mr. Straight, in withdrawing the charge, covered the retreat of the prosecutors with much eloquence and tact ; but the bare facts still remain that a clerk in a City office embezzled an enormous sum, and that, owing to private influences being brought to bear in the matter, he has been let off.

We do not think that any but a civic magistrate would for a moment have listened to the idea of an abandonment of the case ; but as Mr. Clement Harwood was fortunate enough to have committed his depredations within the liberties of the City of London, we cannot of course say what would have happened if he had figured at Bow street instead of at the Mansion House. However, here is the moral of the story as it stands :—

### TO THOSE ABOUT TO EMBEZZLE.

If you want to effect this desirable proceeding without fear of punishment, first take care that your father is a "senior partner," and then rob his friends of say ten or twenty thousand pounds. Afterwards, get an alderman to hear the charge who has a proper appreciation of a "painful case," and you will find yourself "an unfortunate young man, much to be pitied."

### ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

T ida L  
O at S  
N ake D

ANSWERS have been received from Mumbles and Co., Sid, Ponteland, Cabana Chica, and Samuel E. Thomas.

ERRATA.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. CXXI.—First stanza, fourth line, for *And toil, alike* read *And toil alike*. Last stanza, third line, for *sights* read *sight*.—PARROT PAPERS, No. CXXII, Page 110.—Title, seventh line, for *Le Plage* read *La Plage*.—In answer to Double Acrostic, page 112, for *Ichthyophagi* read *Idumai*.