

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 46.]

LONDON, MARCH 21, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

"TOO CIVIL LAW."

IF there is one fiction which we cling to more persistently than another in this land of pretences it is, that the law knows no distinction of persons, that justice does not bow the point of her sword before rank or wealth. A pleasant fiction, which as long as we can get the people to believe, we shall be able to prevent them from demanding the reality.

On the 5th of the present month, a Motion was made before Vice-Chancellor Malins to commit Sir Robert Peel to Whitecross street prison for having refused, spite of repeated applications during the last two years, to furnish accounts of Tamworth School to the Charity Commissioners. Sir Robert had been personally served with the notice, but he did not appear either by person or counsel. "The Vice-Chancellor said that the notice might have been served on Sir Robert when he was going out to shoot, and therefore he might not have read it," and he ordered the motion to stand over till a quarter-past one o'clock, to give Sir Robert an opportunity of appearing, if in town. Sir Robert was not in town, and the case was put off for a week.

Such are the facts of a case on which the only comment which we have seen in the press, was a very mild piece of irony in *Punch*. Perhaps it is rather rash, but we must presume that had there been any explanation of such an insolent defiance of the law, Sir Robert Peel's sense of propriety would have induced him to offer it at once.

To omit to render an account to the Charity Commissioners is certainly not a criminal offence, but it is a neglect of duty, if not a breach of trust, which those in the position of Sir Robert Peel should be careful to avoid. The conduct of that Right Hon. Baronet is characterised throughout this transaction by a contempt of courtesy, propriety, and the respect due to the Law which would have surprised us only by its absence. Sir Robert Peel is one of those men whom, had their fathers possessed the gift of prophecy, they certainly would never have named after themselves; it is fortunate for the memory of the late Sir Robert Peel that he has left behind him other monuments of greatness besides his son.

The amount of blame which attaches to Sir Robert Peel in this matter is easily determined. His offences would have been almost justified had they received the punishment which they deserved, for he would have furnished a salutary proof of the theory that the Law is impartial. But the person who is responsible for the iniquitous leniency that has been shown to him; that man, who sitting as the representative of the Law, himself turned that Law to ridicule, and instead of performing the grave duties of a judge stooped to the most impudent devices of a counsel, deserves an amount of blame which it is very difficult to determine.

Vice-Chancellor Malins receives a certain salary, and occupies a certain position, on the understanding that he administers the law. Can he pretend for one moment that if, we will not say a poor man, but some plain gentleman had been in the place of this baronet, bearing a name with associations which he has fortunately been unable to destroy, that he, as judge, could have found such a ridiculous excuse for that plain gentleman's not appearing to the summons, or would have dared to adjourn the case for a week without the shadow of a pretext.

Either Sir Robert Peel ought to have rendered the accounts

in question, or he ought not. If the latter were the case he was bound to show cause for his not doing so. If he ought to have, and for two years had refused to do so, he certainly deserved to be punished. Supposing that his neglecting to appear, either in person or counsel, were the result of carelessness—such carelessness is itself a serious offence, and no excuse for one. In any case the motion ought to have been proceeded with as quickly as possible; and no longer delay ought to have been granted than was sufficient to allow of the court ascertaining whether such singular contempt was owing to design, or to accident. Such indulgence as this, after personal service of summons, would never have been granted in any ordinary case, and hardly a day passes but insignificant persons are sold up and turned out of house and home, to whom only one day's delay would have been an incalculable mercy. How can we expect that the law will be respected by the ignorant and the desperate, when those who are paid to uphold its majesty degrade it by such revolting sycophancy and toadyism?

Supposing Sir Robert Peel had been summoned by his party to a great division, would he himself (and his effrontery is, we trust, unequalled) have dared to offer as an excuse, that he was just going out shooting when the summons arrived? In this age of apathy, when men live, like alligators on a sandbank, dozing away the hours till a flood or an earthquake come to rouse them, this matter may seem a very slight one; but for all the amiable placidity which does duty for philosophy with society, they may be exposed to worse shocks than being required to think, if they pass by such gross perversions of the Law which is the great bulwark of property, as well as of person. It may matter little to them that some vulgar creature gets his or her head broken, and the assailant only gets a reprimand; but even their *insouciance* would be roused to a show of energy, if the conviction once took hold of the men and women in this country that the Law had obtained a thorough divorce from Justice. We shall watch with anxiety for the end of this episode of flunkeyism, and we trust that Vice-Chancellor Malins may, by diligently studying the extant speeches of the gentle baronet, learn that the present Sir Robert Peel, although not to be confounded with his father, may be confounded by a little display of firmness; at any rate that the necessity for his sacred person being at large is not of such national importance, but that the Law may venture to enforce the penalty which his contempt for it deserves.

NAPOLEON III. ACCORDING TO MR. KINGLAKE.—"The green-faced monster!"

THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT TO MEMORY DEAR.—The Rev. B. Speke. (N.B.—The £500 reward was paid away to the police of Cornwall.)

A SCOTCH JOKE!—"A Highlander" writes to us to say that he can account for the name of the people of the Salt Lake. With so many women of course they want "*more mons.*"

A CANARD ABOUT A DUCK.—We can scarcely believe the report in the dramatic world that a certain well-known Metropolitan manager is about to bring out the drama of *Cupid and Psyche*, Mr. Algernon Swinburne and Miss Adah Menken in the principal characters; but we have seen a photograph representing the bare-faced poet and the bare-backed actress together, so there may be some truth in it after all.

CARTED AWAY.

A FAREWELL ODE TO THE BROMPTON BOILERS.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
There's a work I wouldn't miss for worlds at present going on
here;

Well, I know you'll not believe mother, a word of what I say;
But they're carting the boilers away, mother, they're carting
the boilers away.

There's many a black eye, of course, a moral one I mean,
Has been exchanged about them, for many a fight they've seen;
But no more need of cavil now, the fact's as plain as day,
They're carting the boilers away, mother, they're carting the
boilers away.

Good taste had slept so sound, mother, I thought t'would never
wake,
But the Press at last has given it a most decided shake;
Yes, at length its up and doing, oh! and is'nt Brompton gay
While they're carting its boilers away, mother, they're carting
its boilers away!

As I came up from Knightsbridge whom think ye should I see
But Mr. Cole my ancient friend, best known as the C.B?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday—
And he carted the boilers away, mother, he carted the boilers
away.

You know it is his boast, mother, that in bricks red and white,
He means to raise, on what appears an eligible white site,
A palace for which Parliament will very gladly pay,—
When the boilers are carted away, mother, the boilers are carted
away.

The turnstile and refreshment-rooms, umbrella-man, and charts;
The chimney pots, paints, plaster casts, and analysed jam tarts,
Yes, all are gone! No longer art her triumphs can display,
For they've carted her boilers away, mother, they've carted her
boilers away.

The cabs they come and go, mother, the omnibuses pass,
The public scarce believe their eyes; they think the thing a
farce—
They've got resigned to Brompton, think its boilers mean to
stay!
Yet they're carting those boilers away, mother, they're carting
those boilers away!

South Kensington no more, mother, need fear to be despised:
The three most ugly things on earth man ever yet devised,
No longer shall scare fashion off, and keep the world at bay;
Yes, the boilers are carted away, mother, the boilers are carted
away!

So please call me very early—oh! I mean it—mother dear,
For I wouldn't miss the sight for worlds, it's such a bright idea;
They've nearly done—a pole or two to go, and then—hooray!
The boilers are carted away, mother, are carted for ever
away!

PAINTED SHIPS AND PAINTED OCEANS.

WE have just been awakened to the striking fact that England
is no longer a first-class maritime power. Thanks to statistics,
the matter is beyond dispute. That we have a fleet, and an
enormous fleet, nobody, not even a British taxpayer, will deny.
The worst of the thing, however, is that the enormity, such as
it is, happens to be of a very cardboard and tinsel character.
Let us get out a schedule and look at figures. On the 1st of
December, 1867, we had 432 vessels of all kinds in commission.
Of these just 35 were what they represented themselves to be,
namely, of some sort of use for warlike purposes, the immense

surplus of nearly 400 ships being nothing more or less than a
gigantic sham. The long and short of the matter is, that more
than nine-tenths of our fleet was, on the 1st December, 1867,
made up of wooden vessels. Three or four first-class American
Monitors could have disposed of the whole 400 as easily as the
same number of well armed men could have effectually settled
a rabble of defenceless children. It is to be presumed there-
fore that the whole naval power of Great Britain is at this
moment represented by about 35 iron-clads of various sizes,
and we leave it to those acquainted with the actual strength of
foreign navies to judge whether this force justifies national
sentiments about "ruling the waves," and self-complacent
allusions to "Britannia," and "tight islands."

Of course nothing will be done. Magnificent and expensive
three-deckers, with captains and crews, drawing, by the way,
largely on the pockets of the British taxpayer, will go waltzing
about the Pacific to the end of time. Perhaps a period may be
put to this monstrous folly at a much earlier date, for a squabble
with some obscure South American Republic, boasting how-
ever its fleet of five iron-clads, would blow a good deal of it out
of the water with unpleasant rapidity and effect. One thing
however, Parliament should insist upon, and that is, that as
this enormous paper fleet is utterly useless, it should cost as
little as possible. As a specimen of what could be done with a
view to economy in this way, we beg to offer the following to
the consideration of the authorities at the Admiralty:—

COST OF ARMAMENT, &C., &C., OF H.M.S. HUMBUG.
121 GUNS.

	£	s.	d.
121 Guns (best deal, bronze painted, with toy springs), as per contract	242	0	0
1 Sham Telescope (gilt cardboard)	0	1	0
Theatrical Thunder and Big Drum for imitating roar of artillery in foreign ports	1	1	0
Gunpowder to make smoke for ditto	0	0	6
Ballet Master's Salary for teaching sailors, captain, and first mate, hornpipe and " <i>Grand pas des Marins</i> "	5	0	0
500 Pea-shooters for crew	1	2	6
1 Peck of best dried Peas for use of ditto	0	0	4
A Log Book (imitation, to open like a back- gammon board)	0	2	6
A copy of " <i>Black Eyed Susan</i> " (burlesque) for captain's private use	0	0	6
Compass, Needle, &c. (fixtures)	0	2	6
Hand-book to Nautical Expressions, Paper Cocked Hat, Tin Speaking Trumpet, Timbers (for shivering), Small Part for a leading comic man, and Copy of Speech for Captain, to be used on going into action, the lot	1	1	0
Prompter's Salary	2	0	0
Anchor, Capstain, Chairs for Court-martial, Blue Fire, and other necessary properties	1	3	9

And so on.

But, to be grave. Such a list as the above would be about
as much to the purpose for the defence of this country in a
crisis, as a very much longer one that costs us annually about
ten millions of money. The sooner such a fleet as this is
blown out of the water the better.

RE-APPEARANCE OF MR. SPEKE FOR
ONE NIGHT ONLY.

So the naughty boy has promised to be good, and has been
taken to the play. We quote the following very interesting
paragraph from the columns of a contemporary:

On Thursday evening the Rev. Mr. Speke, accompanied by Mr.
Murdoch, occupied a private box at Drury Lane Theatre. The comedy
of *The School for Scandal* he seemed to enjoy heartily; and the pan-
tomime, with its scenery of Cornwall, evidently afforded the distin-
guished visitor, who was unconsciously the object of considerable
curiosity, a vast amount of enjoyment.

The entertainment selected for Mr. Speke's amusement was
not ill chosen. Though the scandal-mongers of Sheridan's
comedy have nothing whatever in common with the scandal of
Mr. Speke's creation (thank goodness!), yet the buffoonery of a
pantomime with the scene laid on the Cornish Coast, would ap-
pear to be particularly suited to the reverend gentleman's tastes

THE "WORKING MAN"—HIS SENTIMENTS.

"One man is as good as another, and—better!"

ORATOR STUBBINGS ON IRELAND.

YER thought yer'd got rid of me, didn't yer?

Of course yer did. And wasn't yer pleased! Says you to yourself, "The honest artisan with the 'orny 'and of industry is collapsed. He 'as been squashed by the Editor of the 'TOMMY,' who 'as werry properly murdered of 'im, or assassinated of 'im. The Editor of the 'TOMMY' 'as read 'im to death with Martin Tupper, or 'as pisoned 'im to death by taking 'im to see *Martin Chuzzlewit*. That's what the Editor of the 'TOMMY' 'as done!" O, indeed! is that what 'e 'as done? Law, yer surprises me, yer do, upon my word! 'Ow comes it then that I'm 'ere a speaking of to yer, with a werry loud voice and a werry 'eavy stick? Yer, answer me *that*! Why yer'e quite ridiculous! y'are—quite absolutely—riling! Get out with yer!—y'are a fool—a h'idiot! Yah!

Well, yer sees, I aint *quite* done for yet. So now per'aps yer wants to know what it is I'm a going for to say to yer? All right, I'll tell.

I'm a going to 'ave a little chat about Ireland.

The other day I was a reading an article (it was either in the *Times* or the *Newgate Calender*, I forget which), which couldn't 'ave been better even if I'd written it myself. Says the writer says 'e "Now I tell you what I'd do to the Irish. I would bully them and I would persecute them till not an Irishman stayed in the country. And when they was all gone why *then* Ireland would become peaceable." Just so, why them as lives in Ireland wouldn't be 'alf of 'em Fenians if it was'nt for them mischievous Irish, who are always a kicking up of a row somewhere or other. What I says is this, "be firm and all will be well." I says "don't give into them, mind as 'ow you are a good bit stronger than them. Keep 'em down, trample 'em 'under foot—and mind yer put on your 'ob nailed boots before yer begin the trampling." Oh, if I was Mr. Disraeli I'd werry soon larn 'em to be Irish!

Fair play's a jewel, so now I'll just listen to their grievances. Now then out with 'em!

"Well first," says you, "they 'as a lot o' parsons which doesn't agree with 'em a living in their midst." Well, and why not? Ther's a lot o' parsons a living in *my* midst. I don't agree with 'em, but they agrees mightily well with me. Comes the parson to my place, and he says, says he, "Mr. Stubbings, you was not at church last Sunday." "Right yer are," says I, "and what's more" says I, "yer wont see me there *next* Sunday," "Then," says he, "when may I expect to be'old you a listening—to my sermon?" "When?" says I, "why when yer comes and preaches of it in the public 'ouse round the corner—that's my church," says I, "and a werry good church it is." Then when the parson finds as 'ow 'e can't get any thing out of me, 'e goes it at the missus. Says 'e "Missus Stubbings," says 'e, "I did not see Johnnie at divine sarvice last Sunday." "No," says my missus, "you did not, sir." "And, why not?" says the parson. "'Cos sir," says the missus, "'e aint got no clothes for to go in." "Well," says the parson, slowly, "perhaps I might find 'im some clothes. What do you think 'e'd require, Missus Stubbings for to go to church in?" "Well," says my missus, "'e'd want two pairs of trousers, 'alf-a-dozen pairs of socks, two coats, a pound of best mixed tea, five fancy waistcoats, and four boxes of composite candles!" "Is that all?" says the parson, "No," says I, "it is *not* all. 'E will likewise want," says I "two and a 'arf ounces of shag; and likewise," say I, "'e will want (not to put too fine a point on it) a bottle of whisky, with a preference for Scotch." Says the parson, "'E shall have the clothes." And, as 'e goes out, 'e says, "Mr. Stubbings, I wish as 'ow you was awakened." "Why?" say I. "'Cos," says he, "if you *was* awakened, Mr. Stubbings, you with your talent, Mr. Stubbings, might write a werry nice book." "Wot would yer call it," says I. "Well," says the parson, "I think I would call it Mr. Stubbings, *Revelations of a Reformed Ruffian*, if you 'ad no objection, Mr. Stubbings." And 'e says good bye, quite pleasantly, and takes 'is departure. O, I likes the clergy!

Now, then, wot's grievance number two?

Tenant-right, eh? Now, that *is* 'umbug! Wot on earth do the Irish want with leases of their 'ouses? "Oh," says you, "suppose as 'ow they improves them 'ouses, oughtn't they to

get some benefit out of them improvements?" Not a bit of it! Wot I say is this: *wot right 'ave they to improve their 'ouses?* Wot did for their fathers ought to do for them. Oh, I 'ate your revolutionists! I don't mind breaking a few windows for Mr. Bright, or pulling down a 'andful of park railings for Mr. Beales. That's all right; but wot I *do* mind is revolutionists a pulling down the bulwarks of the Constitution—a demolishing of our glorious laws and liberties! Do you think the old Union Jack would 'ave braved the battle, likewise the breeze, if everybody was always a altering of everythink? Not a bit of it. And if the Irish *do* loose their money in making these rubbishing improvements, I say, so much the better!

But why need I argue about it? I've answered you a many questions, and now you shall answer me a question. Which is the stronger, England or Ireland? Yer knows wot yer *must* answer;—England. Just so; werry well, then, what I says is this: Rule them Irish with a rod of iron. Persecute 'em and bully 'em until yer drives 'em all away to America. Don't redress none of their grievances; on the contrary, rather add to their bothers. Insult 'em, and show 'em yer don't look upon 'em as equals, but as an inferior race, until they're thoroughly weary and disgusted. Then, when they 'ave all gone away, divide their land among yer, and live 'appily for ever afterwards.

I want to see 'ow your plan succeeds. Do yer want to know why?

Well, I'll tell yer. Me and my mates are stronger than you and yours. If I finds as 'ow you can bully the Irish to death, why then it will teach me that I can drive you away. I'll play the same game. I and my mates will break your windows, and insult you, and bully you until we 'ave driven *you* away; and when *you* are driven away, *we* will live 'appily for ever afterwards!

You mark my words; when you've done larning them beggars over the water wot it is to be Irish, me and my mates will larn *you* wot it is to be rich! Yah!

OFFICIAL.

WE have the very best reasons for believing that our literary Premier purposes several changes in the muster roll of his officials. We trust we are guilty of no breach of confidence in publishing the following list of probable appointments:—

LORD CHANCELLOR	Mr. H. J. Byron. (Barrister-at-Law.)
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER	Bishop Colenso. (on the resignation of his Sec.)
POSTMASTER-GENERAL	Mr. Edmund Yates.
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS	Mr. Babington White.
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR HOME AFFAIRS	Mr. Greenwood. (The "Amateur Casual.")
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES	Sir Samuel Baker.
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR	Mr. James Grant. (Author of <i>The Romance of War</i> .)
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA	Mr. Wilkie Collins. (Author of <i>The Moonstone</i> .)
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR IRELAND	Mr. Dion Boucicault and Mr. Charles Reade. "Limited."
FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY	Mr. Percy St. John.
PRESIDENT OF THE POOR-LAW BOARD	Mr. Charles Dickens.
PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE	Mr. Morier Evans. (City Editor of the <i>Standard</i> .)
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF	Col. A. B. Richards. (Author of <i>The Prisoner of Toulon</i> —A farce-tragedy.)
FLUNKIES, &C.	The Editors of the <i>Globe</i> , <i>Imperial Review</i> , <i>Music Hall Advertiser</i> , &c.

PITY THE POOR AGENTS!

WHETHER Messrs. Alston, Bidwell, and Co. contemplate an appeal to public charity by going in procession through the streets with placards setting forth their wrongs, we do not know. They have addressed an appeal *ad misericordiam*, in the shape of an address to the House of Commons. They have also converted Mr. Layard, who once gave strong evidence against the system of agencies. The arguments used to make the Bully of Nineveh change his opinion must have been very cogent ones. The agents, viewing the proposed abolition of their pleasant perquisites with consternation, demand compensation. This is a proof of their guileless nature. If the practice is an abuse of the public service, surely it would be more just to ask them to refund some of their profits than to pay them for relinquishing an improper source of gain.

The question seems to us to be a very simple one. If it really is an advantage to the consuls and foreign ministers abroad, that their salary should be received, and payments made for them by their agents at a charge of 1 per cent., and if such an agency is absolutely necessary, and the machinery of the office is the cheapest by which it can be carried out, by all means let us retain the agents, only let them be recognised by Government, and let their just gains be considered as part of the emoluments of their position.

If, on the other hand, this charge is unnecessary, and presses heavily on the poorer members of the diplomatic service, surely Government should provide some means of paying them direct, free of any extra charge, and without any middleman intervening; or should make up the loss to them by a corresponding increase of salary. It certainly seems to us a very indefensible thing that within the walls of a government office certain clerks, who are supposed to receive ample salary, and who certainly are twenty times better paid than nineteen out of twenty of their hard working brethren in other departments, should be allowed to carry on a sort of half-recognized trade, the earnings of which amount in two cases to the salary of a cabinet minister, while the duties are ridiculously trivial.

To sum up our remarks: These agencies are necessary, or they are not; if the former let Government provide for them being carried on, if the latter let them be at once abolished. Our opinion is that a banker would perform all the offices of an agent quite as effectually and cheaply as a private agent, though he might not be able to exercise so much influence as the agent does in procuring the advancement, and promoting the official interests, of his client.

One word to Messrs. Alston, Bidwell, and Co.—Before they persist in demanding compensation, let them remember that in some matters if Silence is golden, Speech is *brazen*.

EMPTY "HEADS."

WHAT an infatuated set of noodles are those (*block ?*) Heads of Colleges who have affixed their signatures to the Oxford Address to the Archbishop of Canterbury! The Right Reverend Prelates, Noble Lords, &c., whose names have already been published as having signed this "large-hearted" document may perhaps have been influenced by a desire to rescue from destructive influences the souls of undergraduates yet unborn. But what could these "Heads" have been thinking of? Do they wish to witness the process of ploughing transferred from the victims of "smalls," "mods," and "greats" to the quadrangles of their respective colleges? Instead of encouraging the development of wild oats, do they want to see *bond fide* crops growing up to their very doors? Because if they really have any inclination to join in a haymaking after the manner of the ancients, or to see how far *Virgil's Georgics* could be practically applied to the fertilising of "Wadham," they are going the right way to effect their object. Can they imagine that because they are in a perpetual *statu quo* that the world is not rolling on faster and faster every day? A few years ago Oxford's light was burning with a brilliancy equal to that of a tallow candle that wanted snuffing; the snuffing came at last, and the operation was successfully achieved by the advent of *His Royal Highness* the Prince of Wales. But the wick is growing terribly long again, and this Address will act like a Decree for the Abolition of Snuffers. For can it be expected that in the present state of society any of the "Upper Ten" will care to

be bored and betwaddled by the stupefying ponderosity of the present catalogue of Professors? All this quiet humdrum respectability did very well for our fathers, but we want something more in keeping with the spirit of the age—a spirit whom we venture to consider identical with the "angelic power" who caused the *Ancient Mariner's* vessel "to drive northward faster than human life could endure." For instance, is it likely that Prince Albert Victor would ever be sent to encounter the slow stagnant influences that are at present fixed *halos* round each professional chair? Oxford has no doubt had an ugly vision; but though ugly, it threatens to be very real, and no amount of Addresses will avert the inevitable blow. Radical changes will come, and these "Heads" had better submit with a good grace. The most inveterate teetotallers will swallow an infinity of the strongest brandy and water medicinally. Let, then, these capitals of the pillars of the University accord a tranquil advent to some such scheme as the following:—

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

NOTICE is hereby given, that on the 1st of April next the new Hebdomadal Council will elect Professors, Officials, &c., in the following Departments:—

DEPARTMENT.	CANDIDATES.
Public Orator	{ Edmund Beales, M.A., Esq. G. H. Whalley, Esq., M.P.
Keeper of the Archives	{ Dr. Forbes Winslow. Chaplain of Bedlam.
Regius Professor of Divinity.....	{ Rev. A. H. Mackonochie. Bishop of Carlisle. Reverend C. Spurgeon. Archbishop Manning. S. G. O.
Regius Professor of Medicine	{ Mr. Knaggs, of St. Pancras. Dr. Burrows. Professor Holloway.
Regius Professor of Hebrew	{ Mr. Moses, of Holborn. Baron Rothschild. Mr. Disraeli.
Regius Professor of Greek.....	{ Archdeacon Wordsworth. The Executors of ex-King Otho. Mr. Denman, Piccadilly.
Margaret Professor of Divinity....	{ Rev. Wm. Rogers, of Billingsgate. Rev. Morley Punshon. King Theodore. Mr. Hepworth Dixon.
Professor of Music, with Offices of } Choragus and Precentor..... }	{ Mr. Wallerstein. Arthur Lloyd, Esq. Claribel. Dr. Corfe.
Professor of Poetry.....	{ Martin F. Tupper, D.C.L. Sir Robert Walter Carden. Mr. Bradshaw. Mr. Mortimer Collins.

We regret that want of space forbids us from inserting the whole list. We can only say that if any of the "Heads" object to the candidates as a whole, they had better be taken at once on "a voyage to Laputa." Their poor twaddling old "occiputs" can there be conveniently and safely sawn open, and a few not sprightly atoms intermixed with the frozen curds which do duty for brains in the "Heads" of Oxford.

MILITARY REFORM.

ONE would have thought that the important question of the double government of the army might perhaps be shelved over this session. But the Government—that is to say the authorities at the War Office—would seem to be anxious to raise the question at once, judging from the manner in which the Estimates just laid before Parliament blazon forth the *military* status of so many of the officials at the *civil* department in Pall Mall.

It appears by the Estimates, taken in connection with the *Army List*, published "by authority," that the Permanent Under Secretary-of-State is a Lieutenant-General, the Controller-in-Chief is a Major-General, as is also his assistant, the Parliamentary Under Secretary is a Colonel, the Military Assistant a Colonel, the Compiler of Statistics a Major, the Assistant Under Secretary-of-State a Retired Captain, besides

a host of Heads of Departments, Admirals, Generals, Colonels, Captains, *et hoc genus omne*.

Now this is a goodly array of military men for a civil office of civil control. But what does this office control, or rather whom is it supposed, by the theory of our constitution, to control? *Answer*—the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief.

But how can any army officers be properly employed in controlling the military head of the army—in fact in controlling their own commander?

It is quite comprehensible, and wholly in unison with the spirit and intention of the constitution of this country, that a civilian, or a body of civilian officers, should control the very highest military authority because the civil power is supreme in this land—the military power is its servant in every way, existing merely on sufferance annually renewed in the most formal manner. The Mutiny Act, by which alone it is legalized, rehearses annually the preamble “Whereas the raising or keeping a standing army within the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in time of peace, unless it be with the consent of Parliament, is against law.”

It is thus plain that the control of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army by civilians is formal and constitutional. But surely the control of this great military officer by his own subordinate officers is anomalous, and absurd in theory, and what is more, *impossible in practice*; and it therefore follows, of necessity, not by any question of whether this Under Secretary is hard working, or that Controller-in-Chief clear headed, but of the necessity of the case that the control of the War Office, bristling with military men, over the Commander-in-Chief, is a fiction, a delusion, and a snare.

But unfortunately it is a very expensive fiction, and it is to be hoped that some real army reformer in the House will call the attention of Parliament to the question of whether it is necessary to pay enormous sums for the control of the Army Department, when that control is inevitably merely nominal, and really mischievous, as removing the responsibility from the actual working head to the nominal controlling head.

Let the Commander-in-Chief be really the head of the army, restricted only in what he does by the force of public opinion, or else let Parliament reassert her right to the civil control over the army, abolishing all the military powers at the War Office, and restoring, once more, the old constitutional check of civil employés carrying out the orders of the civil power.

“M-HISTORY THE AVENGER.”

EVERYONE has by this time heard of the celebrated *Vengeur* of the *Châtelet*. That sensational establishment is nightly crowded to the roof, to witness the heroism of the Republican vessel, defying the English guns to the last, and going down with all hands to the shout of *Vive la France*, and the tune of the “*Chapeau de Marguerite*.” Unfortunately, the whole thing, from a historical point of view, is a myth. Spite this, however, the situation, like the *Vengeur* itself, goes down with the Parisian public. French historians—dramatic historians especially—have never been renowned for accuracy, and it is, therefore, not surprising that the simple facts of the case—namely, that the *Vengeur* struck her flag to the *Orion*, landed her crew to lunch on cold mutton, and went down in the quietest and most business-like manner possible, should have been completely ignored in *le grand spectacle*. Indeed, the success of this “adaptation” of history has been so marked that a series of the same kind must follow. Should the management be at a loss for a telling subject, suppose they try *Waterloo*, and fill up the following sketch:—

WATERLOO.

DRAME EN CINQ ACTES ET CENT TABLEAUX, ETC., ETC.

ACT I.

THE STEPPES OF RUSSIA. *The French army discovered in bivouac by night. Sentinel asleep at his post. Enter NAPOLEON.*

NAPOLEON.—This is the grand army. It is my child—this France. It is time I wakes them. Ah, this sentinel! He has the two eyes shut. (*Strikes sentinel.*)

SENTINEL (*presenting arms*).—Who go there?

NAPOLEON.—The Emperor.

SENTINEL (*fires at him*).—It is my duty. I am a child of France. (*Army wakes.*)

EMPEROR.—It is right to fire at the stranger. I make you one leetler corporal.

ARMY.—*Vive l'Empereur.*

EMPEROR.—Soldiers! we have destroyed the Russia. Soldiers! next it is with the Angliche. On to *Vaterloo*!

ARMY.—*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Impératrice! Vive le Prince Imperial!*

ACT II.

QUATRE BRAS AT DAYBREAK. *Enter HIGHLANDERS and LES HORSGARS.*

1ST OFFICER.—O yes! Portarre bierre! Sunday. (*I speaks the French.*) *C'est moa.* O yes! (*Exit.*)

2ND OFFICER.—Shak-es-peare — Bouldogues. Galignani! (*Exit.*)

ACT III.

THE FRENCH POSITION AT WATERLOO ON THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE. *Enter NAPOLEON, 50 MARSHALS, and THE GRAND ARMY. R.*

NAPOLEON.—Soldiers, before you is the death, behind you is the France. Soldiers, it is the choice I give you.

ARMY.—*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Impératrice! Vive l'Exposition de 1867.* (*Exeunt all. L.*)

ACT IV.

THE BATTLE-FIELD AT 3 O'CLOCK. *Enter 500 BRITISH SOLDIERS running away and crying, pursued by a VETERAN OF THE OLD GUARD. Enter A CANNON BALL. R. It takes off both legs of the VETERAN OF THE OLD GUARD, then exit. L.*

VETERAN OF THE O.G. (*falling to the ground*), *Vive l'Empereur, Vive l'Impératrice. Vive le Prince Imperial!*

THE 500 BRITISH SOLDIERS.—O Yes! (*they stab him in the back.*)

VETERAN OF THE O.G.—Sacrrrrr — — — Bouledougues—O Guè! (*flourishes a tricolor.*)

THE 500 BRITISH SOLDIERS.—Rosbif! (*All exeunt in terror and confusion. L.*)

ACT V.

THE FIELD AT 6 O'CLOCK. *Enter the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, several BOULEDOGS, and two MEES eating plum-pudding and running away.*

THE DUKE.—The fight, is it not finished! I not spicks French. Bifteck—Lestarre squarrre, O yes. Third cass—Baggage. Foxtone. Pal-ale!

1ST MEES.—Sunday.

2ND MEES.—God saves the Queen! I shall dance one horn-peep! dam!

Enter NAPOLEON, FIFTY MARSHALS, and the GRAND ARMY.

NAPOLEON.—Soldiers! It is the victory. (*Knocks WELLINGTON and the two MEES over, and stands on them.*)

ARMY.—*Vive l'Empereur, &c.*

Enter BLUCHER.

BLUCHER.—Mein Gott—das Kreutzee Zeitung—Bismarck! Fredrichs!—Baden-Baden.

NAPOLEON.—Soldiers! thus is it perishes the enemies of the France. (*Degrades him.*)

BLUCHER.—Mein Gott!

ARMY.—*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Impératrice! Vive Le Prince Imperial! Vive — (hesitates).*

NAPOLEON.—*Vive Le Vaterloo!*

CURTAIN.

A “NOOSE”-PAPER.—The *Newgate Calendar*.



LONDON, MARCH 21, 1868.

THE WEEK.

So compulsory Church Rates are at last abolished. We may check the Church's power of rating, but when shall we be able to check its power of wrangling?

A MAN was recently treated as a lunatic from the accident of his being deaf. If natural infirmity were always punished with incarceration, who would be safe? Not even Sir Richard Mayne.

THE first debate on "the state of Ireland," was not without result. It led to the important discovery of a real panacea for everybody's sufferings. Let Lord Mayo address them for three hours and a half; if that does not make their "sorrow sleep," "sorra" anything will.

IT is reported, that in anticipation of the possible difficulty that may arise in getting the Government Ship safely "into port" in the Upper House, Mr. Disraeli has already determined on taking strong precautionary measures. Danger will be avoided by the construction of some new "peers."

THE swaggering charges brought by M. de Cassagnac against the journalists of the Opposition have ended in the expected froth; and the accuser is stigmatised as a quack. We have often heard that *L'Empire c'est la Paix*: it would also seem that *l'empirique c'est le Pays*.

THE plunge that has lately been made, on all sides, into Mr. Disraeli's letters, works, and speeches, has served to strengthen the theory which insists that certain mental bents are hereditary. The world has just been treated to a second edition of the most unquestionable *Curiosities of Literature*.

MR. NEATES' honesty is well known. Not so his eloquence. Next time that he feels inclined to propose epigrammatic resolutions for the pleasure of withdrawing them immediately, let him remember the words of Gratiano:—

"Silence is only commendable,
In a Neates' tongue—, and a maid not vendible."

OUR Fenian contemporary, the *Irishman*, is indignant that Messrs. Pigott and Sullivan are not supplied in prison with every hotel comfort, that they are not allowed to eat, drink, and sleep, as generously as they could wish, at the expense of a tyrannical Government. The Fenian organ would naturally prefer that every traitor should have his *traiteur*. What a pity our gaols cannot yet boast the comforts of a restaurant!

FOR some time past a fierce discussion has raged in Dublin concerning the rival claims of the candidates for musical knighthood. Three Irish professors of music are eager for the honour. By way of settling the dispute in a purely Hibernian fashion, and also in view of conciliating an august personage shortly expected in Dublin, we understand the Lord Lieutenant has sent for Mr. Vance.

THE strongest argument for the independence of the press in France has been furnished by the circumstances connected with the name of M. de Kerveguen. When papers, supposed to be devoted to the Government, think that the best way to support it is by slander and calumny, it must dawn upon the perceptions of that Government that even honest enmity is better than dishonest support.

THE new Head Master of Eton has shown some wholesome common sense in doing away with the practice of giving leaving books; but there are numberless still more nonsensical and injurious customs, the abolition of which should fairly take precedence of this, which marks the close of the boy's scholastic career. Mr. Hornby has commenced at the end of the chapter; let us hope he means to read it backwards.

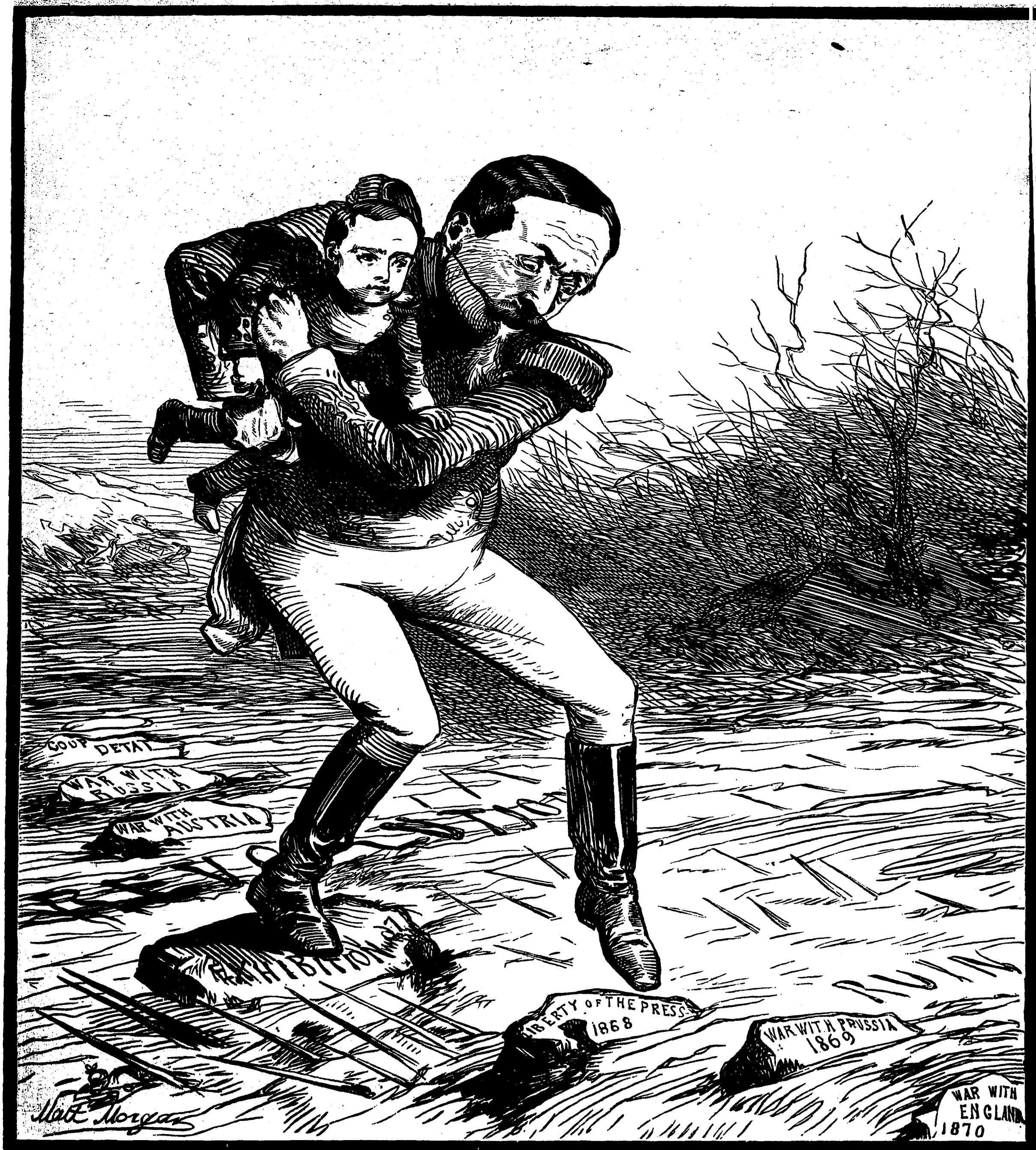
COLONEL A. B. RICHARDS, disconsolate at the tardiness of the British public in endorsing the testamur of the press certifying him a successful dramatist, has chosen a more suitable field for his next attempt. He thinks of writing a drama for the Distinguished Amateurs who lately excelled on the boards of the Strand and Holborn Theatres. His poetical publisher will supply the polysyllables of the dialogue.

LIBEL, henceforth, cannot exist across the channel, for private interests are so completely protected by the new French press laws, that the publication of a "birth, death, or marriage" becomes punishable by a heavy fine. The idea, however, has no novelty to English ears, for there is many a contract entered into at certain fashionable West End churches, which, notwithstanding the absence of any penalty, it is not the less a gross libel on that sacred institution to call "marriage."

THE other Sunday, in the interval of several free fights in a city church, the Rev. Joseph Leicester Ex-Ignatius Lyne selected for his text the following cheerful passage:—"But the fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake," &c., &c. On the doom in store for his congregation the reverend gentleman dwelt with extreme unction. How lucky it is for Mr. Lyne that there is no Inferno assigned to noodles.

THAT august patron of the drama, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, was, the paper informed us, graciously pleased to call Mr. Toole into his box after the performance of *Dearer than Life*, and congratulate him on the success of the piece, and his (Mr. Toole's) admirable acting in it. Well, this is a step above Arthur Lloyd; and we may hope some day or other to find that H.R.H. has been present at one of Shakespeare's plays, and congratulated Mr. Phelps, let us say, "on the success of the piece."

LOVERS of wine, who trust more to their knowledge of vintages or growths than their palates, are frequently seen in clubs and elsewhere, inspecting the corks which bear the brand of their favourite firm. It is not generally known that club butlers realize something like 10s. a dozen for champagne corks branded with the names of "Moët and Chandon." Other corks tariffed according to merit. These corks are forced by a machine into bottles of gooseberry, or other vintage of similar value, and reappear with forged labels as the real thing. The cork is genuine.



A FALSE STEP!
OR,
THE ROAD TO RUIN.



PARLIAMENTARY PANACEAS.

(1.)

An easy method of ridding yourself of troublesome visitors :—
BLOW UP YOUR HOUSE! By Mr. MAGUIRE.

(2.)

A way of disposing of an unpleasant connection with break-downs :—

NEVER SPEAK WITHOUT COPIOUS NOTES. By LORD A. CLINTON.

(3.)

How to look a greater fool than you are :—

BE PONDEROUSLY JOCULAR ON A VITAL QUESTION. By Mr. NEATE.

(4.)

How to taste the sweets of office :—

GIVE NO DEFINITE EXPLANATION OF A "TRULY" LIBERAL POLICY. By Mr. DISRAELI.

(5.)

The best method of extinguishing a conflagration :—

DENY THAT IT EXISTS. By LORD MAYO.

(6.)

A new recipe for flummery :—

LISTEN TO ME. By Mr. CORRANCE.

(7.)

How to render gunpowder perfectly harmless :—

SET IT A LIGHT. By Mr. LOWE.

(8.)

The best way of forcing yourself into public notice :—

GET IN THE WAY OF A "MILL." By Mr. AGAR ELLIS.

(9.)

How to make light of your reputation :—

PIN IT TO PAPER. By Mr. MILL.

(10.)

The best method of destroying a ministry :—

TELL THE TRUTH. By Mr. HARDY.

PORK QUOI?

SOME good people of Salford have been recently enjoying a little manly sport, in the shape of a "boar hunt." The sport in question having to a certain extent died out in England, the thing had to be managed in accordance with the necessities of the times, and so the boar, or rather "pig," had first to be purchased by subscription, made as savage as was possible under the circumstances, and then induced "to be hunted." The poor brute having been brought on the day fixed for the "run," to a field selected for the start, where the subscribers were waiting its arrival, "armed with guns loaded with small shot," refused, very naturally, to move. Thereupon these determined sportsmen "commenced 'peppering' the boar, not with the intention of killing it, but to make it run; and when, after awhile, its skin was riddled like a colander by the shot, the wretched boar did run—into a pond, where it was ultimately killed by a man named Midgley. About thirty shots were fired at the animal." Of course, this is very horrible, and a great deal worse than running a fox to death, breaking a horse to pieces over a steeple chase, and a host of other manly British sports; but the fun is not over yet: a Mr. Trafford, a magistrate, had to give his decision on the case, and here it is. He ventured it, as his opinion, that to treat a pig in this fashion for amusement was not cruelty to the pig, but added, "that if it could be proved that any publican had allowed a subscription for such sport to be got up at his house, the licence of the house would be in great peril." If this is the law, the sooner the Duke of Beaufort is apprised of it the better. Perhaps the truer view of the matter would be found in the fact, that custom and use lend their authority to what, in a novel shape, becomes apparently indictable as cruelty.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(continued.)

Afford, to.—Not to spend more than double your income.

Age.—An indefinite article, added to as a minor but never allowed to increase after thirty.

Agree, to.—Women seldom agree but to be disagreeable.

Agreeable.—Epithet for any one who carries flattery to its farthest limits.

Agriculture.—Something which produces strawberries and green peas during winter.

Air.—Haughty or otherwise—an element of success.

Allowance.—A paltry pittance made by a father or husband to compare one with slaves for hire.

Amusement.—The aim of life.

Angel, fem.—To be found poetically, before marriage and after death.

Appetite.—A wolf in sheep's clothing. Ignored in public, but carefully nurtured in secret.

Arithmetic.—A torture invented by tradespeople.

Avarice.—Any attempt to spend less than double our income.

Awkward.—Being brought to the point by two men at once, to each of whom she has promised encouragement.

Ball.—Hymen's Tattersall, where unmarried ladies are trotted out for inspection, and knocked down to the highest bidder.

Bank.—A gold-field somewhere in the City, where any man can find money when it is to be spent on himself.

Bargain.—Goods which cost 20 per cent. more than they are worth.

Baron.—Not to be despised.

Bear.—A being impervious to the rays of beauty.

Beggary.—Reduced to keeping one footman and a pony for the children.

Blush, to.—An art almost extinct. Can be had, however, on payment of a large sum.

Break.—Used in connection with a heart; perhaps the only thing which was never known to break.

Bridal.—What every female neck bends to willingly, as long as there is no curb.

Brute.—A husband who uses the curb after the bridal.

Business.—Anyone's but her own.

Butterfly.—A bachelor who looks before he leaps.

A QUESTION TO THOSE IT MAY CONCERN.

WE beg to ask the Admiralty whether the following correspondence (or something very like it) between the Rev. ———, of ——— Vicarage, ———shire, and the Admiralty, regarding the substitution of H.M.S. *Bristol* for H.M.S. *Britannia*, as the Naval Cadets' Training Ship at Devonport, has taken place or not? It appears that until recently the *Bristol* has been employed as flagship on the West African coast, but was sent home to be paid off in consequence of the great amount of sickness on board, which continued in the vessel long after she had quitted her unhealthy station.

—— Vicarage, ———shire.
Feb. 18, 1868.

MY LORDS,—I have read in the newspapers that orders have been given to fit out the *Bristol* to take the place of the *Britannia*, as training ship at Devonport. Your Lordships must be aware of the circumstances under which the *Bristol* returned from the West African station. I hear that for the whole period of her stay in those waters the yellow fever never left her, resisting all the usual expedients which have hitherto proved effective in driving away that terrible malady. As it became apparent to the authorities that the contagion had worked its way into the ship's timbers, the *Bristol* was sent home to be paid off, with a death roll unparalleled even for a ship on the West African station. As a father of a naval cadet, I venture to beg that your Lordships will inform me if the statement I have read is true, and it is really contemplated to confine 300 children in a plague-stricken ship, with the pro-

bability of the coming summer re-engendering the terrible disease which still lurks in the *Bristol*.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

Admiralty, Whitehall.
Feb. 23, 1868.

SIR,—I am directed by my Lords Commissioners to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 18th instant, and to acquaint you in reply that H.M.S. *Bristol* has been selected to take the place of H.M.S. *Britannia* as a training ship for naval cadets at Devonport.

I am,

Rev. ———.

——— Vicarage, ———shire,
Feb. 24, 1868.

MY LORDS,—With reference to your letter of the 23rd instant I would humbly beg to remind your lordships that while informing me of the proposed change, you have apparently omitted to take into consideration the extreme danger to the lives of the naval cadets, which their transfer to the *Bristol* threatens. May I beg that your lordships will cause enquiries to be made regarding the possible existence of contagion in that ship, which enquiries I feel assured can only result in the abandonment of the scheme for employing the *Bristol* on this particular service.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

Admiralty, Whitehall,
Feb. 28, 1868.

SIR,—I am directed by the Lords Commissioners to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 24th instant, and to refer you to the communication from this department addressed to you on the 23rd instant.

I may add that no case of yellow fever has been reported on board H.M.S. *Bristol* since that vessel has been paid out of commission and her crew discharged.

I am, &c.,

Rev. ———.

——— Vicarage, ———shire,
Feb. 29, 1868.

MY LORDS,—I regret that I cannot consider your reply to my last letter by any means satisfactory. Your lordships do not appear to appreciate the heavy responsibility you are incurring. Failing, however, to obtain a satisfactory communication from the Admiralty regarding this matter, I shall place the case in the hands of my friend Mr. B——, the Liberal member for ———shire, who has expressed his willingness to call for an explanation on the subject in the House of Commons.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

Admiralty, Whitehall.
March 10, 1868.

SIR,—I am directed by My Lords Commissioners to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th ultimo, and to acquaint you in reply that H.M.S. *Bristol* has been selected for the purposes of a training ship, after due consideration; and that their Lordships see no reason to alter the arrangement of which you have been made acquainted.

I am to add that this letter must be considered as a final communication on the subject.

I am, &c.,

Rev. ———.

THOSE WAGGISH PRINTERS!—We were made to say in the article "Carlisle Christianity," that we ought to be thankful that such a pastor as Bishop Waldegrave "*dupes* to illumine us." It should have been *deigns*. Samuel Carlisle "*dupes*" no one but himself.

A NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS.

WE don't like extortion, but then we believe very firmly that it is well to act up to the proverb, "Live and let Live." Tradesmen are not angels (we all know that only the "upper classes" belong to the angelic order of human architecture); still we prefer to see the gentleman in his mansion, the salesman in his shop. What do we mean? Simply this,—co-operative societies are derogatory to gentlemen and injurious to men of trade. No good can possibly come out of them. They have been called into existence by a greedy craving after cash, fitter for the Jew than the Christian, by a paltry thirst for halfpence unworthy of a great nation, and utterly beneath a civilised community. The economy which would carry a man of substance into a co-operative store would be found to resemble the feeling which would induce a wealthy duke to blacken his own boots, to wash his own door-step—a feeling of miserly, shameless self-contempt. Napoleon has called us a "nation of shopkeepers." Well, the word "trade" brings no blush with it. Still, it is better that the cobbler should stick to his last, and the gentleman to his acres.

ENIGMA.

Oh, all who love marvels, come look well at me !
I'm the strangest Enigma you ever did see ;
The Chameleon's true colour, you all will agree,
Is more easy to catch than the real hue of me.
Now red as a lobster, just boiled to a turn,
In a deep-glowing furnace of blushes I burn ;
Now white as the foam of the rock-kissing wave,
I stalk like a spectre fresh loosed from the grave.

Gay, sad ; gentle, fierce ; wise, foolish ; sharp, green ;
Enticing, provoking ; storm-troubled, serene ;
Proud, humble ; harsh, mild ; now noble, now mean ;
Such a *cento* of qualities never was seen.
Without me the world were a desert, God knows ;
Without me this life were but perfect repose ;
But for me earth were Heaven—describe me who can,
Half demon, half angel, and more than half man.

I was born to be ruled, yet I govern mankind,
Though weak is my body and weaker my mind ;
The monarch whose frown e'en the bravest might dread,
At my feet as a suppliant bows his proud head ;
The tyrant, to whom all the world knelt in awe,
The humblest of slaves owned my fancy as law ;
Unarmed, I have crushed whole armies' vast might,
And the conquests of years have regained in one night.

Though such be my power, yet am I not free,
For a despot's caprice plays the lord over me ;
No man, no, nor woman, this Thing without breath,
Enslaves my whole life and ensnares me to death.
I smile as around me I wind the foul chain,
And stifle with laughter the cries of my pain ;
How hideous soe'er be the shape It commands,
I obey ; and deform myself as It demands.

To this Idol of wire, and tinsel, and paint,
I bow down and worship as holiest saint ;
Though both body and soul corrupted must grow
By Its pestilent influence, yea, though I know
That Its service is death to all mind and all heart,
Yet no effort I make from this service to part.

ANSWER TO LOGOGRIPHE.

MINISTRY. Miry. Mint. Miss. Try. Tiny. Sty. Trim.

ANSWERS have been received from the following:—Your Loving Flute, Ruby, Ruronunaluldud Mumenunzuziesus, Signor Sani, Homatawk, and Samuel E. Thomas.

* * * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."