

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



“INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT.”

No. 47.]

LONDON, MARCH 28, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TODMORDEN TRAGEDY.

WE have no desire to encourage that morbid craving for sensational crimes which is one of the characteristics of the age. The fulsome details of every crime, and the minute description of the criminal, which are given so prominently in all the papers; and the feverish curiosity of the public to know every particular of his life, every little item of his demeanour, do, in our opinion, tend directly to encourage crime, especially in those natures the most liable to yield to a criminal impulse, which are regulated by no principle, and utterly unpractised in the habit of self-restraint; in which the finer fibres and the deeper roots of feeling are alike wanting, and which are remarkable for nothing but an uniform pettishness, which may sink into apathy or rise to cruelty, being at the mercy of any evil passion, and particularly of that meanest and cruellest of all passions—vanity.

We are no advocates for the extension of capital punishment, but we are certainly strongly opposed to its abolition. It is not necessary here to go over all the arguments *pro* and *con*; but we may safely assert that the fear of capital punishment does operate as a strong check against homicide. We can quite understand the motives of those who would do away with it altogether; but we must protest against that cowardly method of evading it, which threatens to become more and more frequent—namely, by assigning all morbid or vicious impulses—the cause of which we cannot understand—to Insanity; in other words, denying the moral responsibility of all men who take away human life without any design that we can trace, or any reason that we deem sufficient. It seems to us that we are guilty of much less injustice in presuming that a human being, who has hitherto enjoyed all the rights and privileges of a sane citizen, is sane though he or she should commit a crime, for the commission of which we were as unprepared as the victim, and most probably the author of it. It is impossible, without entering into the minutest details of the inner life of the criminal, to pronounce whether it was probable or improbable that he or she would commit such a crime. It is the grossest presumption in anyone to state, “Oh, I am sure such an one could never have attempted murder if he had been in his right mind.” Weak natures shrink from acts of violence; but, unfortunately, weak natures are at the mercy of strong passions, and it requires but a moment to do the crime of which it would take ages to repent.

We feel sure that Justice is much hampered in crimes like the Todmorden Tragedy by our utterly ignoring that the mere act of taking away human life is one which offers great temptations to our nature. Not only does it present itself to the mind as the perfection of revenge,—since death is what the murderer, in his own heart, dreads the most,—but it exercises a fascination over us, insensible perhaps, but none the less strong, as being the supremest effort of mere human power. And since there is no person, however mean or contemptible, who cannot, if he choose, compass murder, the meanest and most contemptible natures hug this reflection as some consolation for their inability to accomplish any brave or noble action. They can become infamous if they cannot become famous. And here that inordinate vanity steps in which is generally inseparable from the weakest natures, and which blinds the murderer's cowardice to the consequence of his act; for it requires very little courage to

commit a murder where the judge and the hangman are out of sight. The most practised and hardened criminals invariably count the cost of their proposed crime. We would rather predict that a vain, weak egotist would become a murderer than one who had been a robber from his youth. No burglar could have been capable of the useless brutality which the attack on Mrs. Plow exhibited.

This infamous and contemptible assassin is an instance of the power of that passion for blood which is dormant in man, which civilization subdues though it cannot stifle. Once having tasted the sweets of violence, he becomes possessed with a fiendish greed for murder, and even when captured, and when the result of his devilish fury might have been sufficiently manifest to have induced reflection, he tries to kick the table to pieces in his impotent thirst for destruction.

Command over one'sself is only to be attained by habit—intellect restrains passion because, even in the moment of rage, it at once perceives the consequences of the act which passion prompts; but in a weak, stupid nature, a fancied injury to its feelings or its vanity continues to rankle, because that nature is as incapable of despising as it is of forgiving the injury. And it is only the most trivial circumstance which in such a case either saves such a nature from, or brings it to, crime. “Lead us not into temptation,” is a prayer which even the most holy need often utter.

The most revolting feature about the case of Miles Weatherill is the sort of sympathy which he has managed to enlist on his behalf. The incident related of Sarah Bell's throwing her arms round him after his confession of his brutal crimes, showed that she was fit to be his wife. We will say nothing more of her. In some cases the malignant hatred which certain persons feel against all “parsons,” as they call them (probably because the parsons would try to make them better, a liberty which they justly resent), has absolutely given rise to the expression of a kind of paltry pity for this dastardly assassin, because forsooth “the parson” tried to interfere and tyrannize over the poor young man and separate him from his sweetheart; a kind of pity which is quite worthy of the person on whom it is bestowed.

Finally, in such cases as this we deprecate the plea of insanity on every ground; it is no mercy to the criminal; it is a great cruelty to the public at large. If there really exist an insanity which shows itself so suddenly, and only for so short a period, and with such disastrous results, it is better such a person be executed, as a warning to other such insane persons; for such insanity may be too easily feigned, and to ordinary eyes is not to be distinguished from voluntary crime. If the murderer showed symptoms in his previous life which pointed to the likelihood or possibility of his ever being seized with an uncontrollable impulse to take away life, why was he allowed to remain at large? Man's mercy, no more than man's punishment, can reach beyond the grave; it is better to leave such doubtful cases to Omniscience, than to invent a theory to excuse crime, which would make every passionate fool, and every vindictive fiend an irresponsible agent.

PROVERB FOR HUSBANDS.—Where suspicion finds one fault it creates twenty.

A FREE TRANSLATION.—Giving the Popish priests who do work the endowments of the Protestant clergymen who do none.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

THE Civil Service Co-operative Companies have supplied a want to a large and deserving class of Her Majesty's servants; but admirably adapted as the system no doubt is to the requirements of the great body of clerks, with small salaries and large families, yet it has proved of little convenience to many gentlemen, members of the more aristocratic government offices, living in chambers, and at their clubs, to whom the option of purchasing blacking, rice, and pickles, at a reduced price, for ready money, is of no material advantage. These gentlemen, who may be fairly considered as the flower of the service, while warmly approving of the economical spirit evinced by their poorer brethren in the establishment of their trades' union, have observed, with regret, their persistent exertions to secure the total abolition of the credit system. With a view therefore to strengthening the existence of so time-honoured and valuable an institution, a number of the most aristocratic and influential employés of the Secretary-of-State's Departments have formed themselves into a committee for the establishment of a society to be called the Civil Service Co-operative Credit Company, of which we subjoin the preliminary circular:—

PROSPECTUS.

- 1.—It has long been a just complaint of the Civil servants of the Crown that London tradesmen, anxious as they may be to grant credit, should have it in their power to call for payment at the promptings of their caprice, without reference to the convenience of their customers. The Civil Service Co-operative Credit Company is established for the purpose of supplying to the members of the West-end Government Offices the best goods at prices calculated for the longest possible credit.
- 2.—The capital of the Company will be £100,000 in one thousand shares at £1,000 each. One pound will be paid on each share, and it is not contemplated to make any further call. Each shareholder, however, will (as a matter of form) render himself liable, by his note of hand, for the full amount of the share, or shares, for which he subscribes.
- 3.—Each Shareholder must deposit with the Company a policy of assurance on his life for the amount of £1,000 for each share that he may hold.
- 4.—Accounts will be opened by the Company on behalf of the Shareholders with the leading West-end tradesmen for the supply of clothes, hosiery, gloves, jewellery, boots, horses, carriages (broughams and tea carts only), hats, wine, stationery, cigars, opera boxes, articles of vertu, millinery, &c., &c.
- 5.—The tradesmen will render to the Company an annual account of the goods supplied to each Shareholder, which are to be charged for at prices calculated for ten years' credit.
- 6.—The notes of hand referred to in Article 2 will be portioned and deposited with the various tradesmen in the Company's employment as a guarantee for their ultimate payment.
- 7.—Shareholders will be permitted to open accounts to the amount in the aggregate, not exceeding one half of the nominal value of the shares they hold. Thus, a member holding three shares, may contract liabilities to the extent of £1,500.
- 8.—Ten years' credit will be allowed to the Shareholders. At the expiration of ten years they will be called upon to pay their bills, together with compound interest thereon for that period, at the rate of 15 per cent.
- 9.—In case of a Shareholder failing to comply with the provision of Article 8 he will be called upon for the balance due to the Company on his shares. His liabilities will then be discharged by the Company, and any sum that may then remain in their hands will be distributed as a dividend amongst the other Shareholders.

FORCE OF "HABIT."—The Rev. Mr. Lyne has again dressed himself up as a Benedictine.

BEAUX AND BELLS.

THE usually monotonous character of "University Intelligence" has been recently enlivened by a very pleasant item, for which we are duly thankful. It appears that lately "the Cambridge magistrates have had before them two cases on successive days in which undergraduates have been charged with ringing bells without lawful excuse. The magistrates have threatened that the next offender shall be sent to prison without the option of a fine."

Now, what can these "Cambridge magistrates" have been thinking of? Do they pretend to consider this a judicious administration of justice? Can they be recollecting with whom they have to deal? Morally speaking, with beardless youngsters, who nearly up to the present time have probably passed their days huddled-up, gipsy-fashion, in the rosy seclusion of a schoolmaster's M.A.-hood, and are now just beginning to enjoy their freedom, and to indulge a little elephantine fun. Very possibly the crime was perpetrated on their way from some "wine," where an unwonted glass of genuine Undergraduate Port had unduly exhilarated these frisky boys; or perhaps they were returning from a debate at the Union, and, sharing the "fine frenzy" of some embryo Bright, fancied that at each bell they rang, they were tugging at Disraeli's heart-strings; or perhaps they acted with a deliberate and serious intention of doing their part in helping the University to preserve its character as a *nursery* of learning. This bell-ringing is by no means bad, so far as it goes; it evidently has the promise of better things. We confess we should have been far more pleased to have heard of a few knockers wrenched off, or, in some very safe and secluded spot, a few windows smashed; or, if it could be ascertained that a garden belonged to some defenceless old lady, a few rose-trees and flower-roots dragged up, and a good bagful of dandelion-seed thrown over the beds, would have been capital! How cheering it is, in these gloomily-respectable days, to see that the true old-fashioned fun of the right sort is not quite dead, after all, in Cambridge. We had an Oxford proof of its vitality in the gentlemanly and glorious achievement at Dinan, last autumn. But Cambridge need not be downcast; let her be resolved not to be beaten; she evidently has the seeds of excellence; let them only be well-watered and cared for, and we may venture to predict that these high-spirited bell-ringers will, if they go on as they have begun, redeem her from the charge of respectable stagnation; and in some place, abroad perhaps, where they believe themselves safe from magistrates and their cruel threats, will shed a brighter lustre on the English name even than that reflected from the decorations of Du Guesclin.

We would offer one suggestion to the Cambridge Bench: When next they have to deal with such cases, let them lay aside the "sword," and administer justice with a rod. To a bell-ringing undergraduate, a "fine" is an imperceptible punishment, and imprisonment is finer still, with its tinge of romance and martyrdom. Let these riotous papsters be threatened with the birch, and if these nuisances be repeated, let them have it. They have been warned, and if they disregard your *Cave-cane* 'em.

"A HERO OF ROMANCE!"

THE new piece at the Haymarket is very beautiful—very beautiful indeed. To be *very* hypercritical, it only wants a little "action" to make it "go" splendidly. At present the plot is rather devoid of incident—just the least bit meaningless. In fact we think we could improve it. Shall we, eh? Very well then, we *will*. Now let it be clearly understood that in what follows half is (more or less) the original, and half (less or more) our own addition. That which is written *before* the "asterisks," in every act, is "the adaptation from the French of M. Octave Feuillet, revised by Westland Marston;" that which is written *after* them is entirely new and original, and, in fact, our own. Having explained this we draw up the curtain.

† PROLOGUE.

SCENE—VICTOR'S LODGINGS IN PARIS. *Enter* VICTOR, *Marquis de Tourville*.

VICTOR.—Here am I, a Marquis, starving, with nothing to eat save some dozen suits of the most expensive clothes, which

† Written by Mr. Westland Marston.

I purpose wearing in the next eight or nine acts. (*A knock.*)
Ha! what is that?

(*Enter URSULA, with a tray containing wine, &c.*)

URSULA.—My Lord Markee, pray eat of this humble fare.

VICTOR.—Nay, churl, you insult me! It is degradation to be seen talking to you, much less eating your dinner!

URSULA.—My Lord Markee, I beg your pardon. (*Exit.*)

VICTOR.—And now to dinner.

(*Enter "DOCTOR LAFITTE, formerly of the French Army, and now — MR. BUCKSTONE."*)

DR. LAFITTE.—I've got a place for you as steward.

VICTOR.—On a Folkestone boat! Nay, anything but that!
(*Bursts into tears.*)

DR. LAFITTE.—Nay, I meant not this! It is steward of the *Shartoo Doo Mont*. Let us drink to your success. (*Takes up a glass of wine.*)

VICTOR (*imitating his example*).—Then "Here's to the steward of (at least) forty-five!"

¶ * * * * *

(*URSULA rushes in, seizes the glass from VICTOR'S hand, and drinks the contents.*)

URSULA.—Stop, rash man, the drink was poisoned. Poisoned, and by me! (*Sinks on to a chair. DR. LAFITTE attends to her.*)

DR. LAFITTE.—Great heavens! my mother! Unhappy woman, what have you done with the will?

URSULA (*gasping for breath*).—Under the castle. (*Whispers into the Doctor's ear and dies.*)

VICTOR.—What did that whisper mean?

DR. LAFITTE (*wildly*).—It meant ruin! Rank ruin—to you! And death!—cold, horrible death!—to me!

VICTOR.—Unhappy man, you forget (*raising his arm*) that there is a heaven above us!

(*DR. LAFITTE falls on his knees and bursts into tears. VICTOR regards him sorrowfully. Curtain.*)

† TABLEUX I AND 2.

SCENE.—MORE OR LESS IN THE SHARTOO DOO MONT. A number of NOBODIES discovered surrounding VICTOR. M. DE VAUDRY and BLANCHE—AGED 19 (*see play bills*) sneering at VICTOR in corners.

1ST NOBODY (*fair and forty*).—Ha! ha! M. Victor, you are indeed a clever horseman—have you not tamed Wild Harry in two and a half seconds?

VICTOR.—Nay, you are a pretty flatterer!

2ND NOBODY (*a howling nuisance*).—Boohoo, boohoo! Yowl! Yow'w'w'l! Boohoo! How clever you are M. Victor. Boohoo! You can sing, and are an accomplished artist? Boohoo!

VICTOR.—Nay, this *must* be flattery!

3RD NOBODY (*more clothes than body*).—Ya'as. On my soul you are a doocid fine fellow. A little Briton girl told me to quote her "h"-less words "that you 'ad killed a great 'orrible dog" who would have murdered her grandfather.

VICTOR.—Sir, you are a booby! (*3RD NOBODY subsides*) and now madam will you permit me?

1ST NOBODY.—Certainly.

VICTOR.—Thank you (*rings the bell—enter immediately a servant who has evidently been listening at the key-hole*). Antoine, be good enough to order dinner for seven o'clock sharp, lay six extra covers—I expect some friends to dine with me. Put some of the best champagne in ice at a quarter to six precisely. Be good enough also to place my portmanteau in the best bedroom, lay out my evening clothes, and take up some hot water.

1ST NOBODY.—How he orders the servants about—in a strange house too! Oh, he has *quite* the manners of a gentleman!

VICTOR (*addressing BLANCHE—AGED 19*).—Dear girl! (*BLANCHE starts*). I beg your pardon, I know my station. I am but a menial! *Mamselle*, your hair is lovely as the bird of Paradise, your face seems like the gate to Heaven. Your form is graceful as the young gazelle. Who on earth would ever think you were only nineteen years old?

BLANCHE (*haughtily*).—A compliment, when spoken by some people, isn't thought a compliment by some other people!

† Written by Mr. Westland Marston.

¶ Written by Ourselves.

(*Enter DR. LAFITTE.*)

3RD NOBODY.—Boohoo, boohoo! Oh, doctor, when I was nineteen I had —

DR. LAFITTE (*interrupting*).—How very shocking!

(*Everybody retires as if 3RD NOBODY had said something unfit for publication.*)

3RD NOBODY.—Boohoo, boohoo! How *very* scholarly and epigrammatic, and refined is the writing of Mr. Westland Marston! Boohoo!

¶ * * * * *

(*Enter ANTOINE (a footman) masked, and armed with a long knife. He rushes upon 3RD NOBODY and attempts to stab her. Terrific struggle.*)

3RD NOBODY.—Murder! He would kill me! Murder, murder! Help, help! Murder!

(*DR. LAFITTE rushes in, seizes ANTOINE'S arm, and wrenches the dagger from him. 3RD NOBODY faints away.*)

DR. LAFITTE.—Unmask villain!

ANTOINE.—For your peace of mind be warned doctor. Force me not to reveal myself!

DR. LAFITTE.—Unmask ruffian, else I stab thee to the heart!

ANTOINE (*taking off his mask*).—Behold!

DR. LAFITTE (*wild with horror*).—My father! (*Curtain.*)

† TABLEAU 3.

SCENE.—RUINS OF THE TOWER OF ELFIN. *Low Comedy on the part of MR. ROGERS. Enter BLANCHE and VICTOR. They are locked in.*

BLANCHE.—Ah! I see your plan. You would trifle with my reputation, and then force me into a marriage. I've never left my native village, and am but nineteen years old. Still, you will find me well acquainted with *roués*, their manners, their ways, and their tricks.

VICTOR.—Angel of innocence! Believe me 'twas the fault of Mr. Rogers—he thought we were gone, and locked us in. However, to satisfy you I'm not what you think me, I'll jump a couple of hundred feet. Nay, start not; among my many accomplishments I number athletics!

(*Struggle between BLANCHE and VICTOR. VICTOR throws BLANCHE off and leaps from the battlements. BLANCHE faints.*)

¶ * * * * *

(*The scene at the back opens and shows ANTOINE dying in the arms of DR. LAFITTE. A miserere is heard as the curtain falls.*)

† TABLEUX 4 AND 5.

SCENE.—AGAIN IN THE SHARTOO. VICTOR discovered burning title-deeds, wills, &c. *Enter OLD DOOMONT.*

OLD DOOMONT.—It is my Lord Markee. He is covered with blood! Take all I've got and more, Lord Markee. (*Dies in BLANCHE'S arms.*)

(*Enter all the NOBODIES, headed by M. DE VAUDRAY.*)

1ST NOBODY.—We have found a confession of Old Doomont saying that he had robbed your father of lots of money, consequently you are his heir! (*Everybody sees this clearly.*)

BLANCHE.—Then, Markee der Toorvil, here is my hand!

¶ * * * * *

(*DR. LAFITTE rushes in wildly in a dying state.*)

DR. LAFITTE.—Before I die, before I die! I must see him. Here boy come to my arms (*sinks on the floor.*)

1ST NOBODY.—What is the matter doctor?

DR. LAFITTE.—Antoine stabbed me e'er he died with a dagger that had been dipped in poison! Oh, how I burn! (*faintly*), Victor, Victor!

VICTOR (*supporting him*).—See doctor here am I! What would you with me?

DR. LAFITTE (*feebly pulling off his moustache and wig*).—Do you not recognise me?

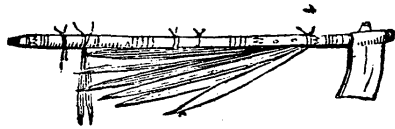
VICTOR.—My mother!

DR. LAFITTE.—To save you my son to save you! (*dies*). (*VICTOR buries his face in his hands. A miserere is heard as the curtain falls.*)

THE END.

† Written by Mr. Westland Marston.

¶ Written by Ourselves.



LONDON, MARCH 28, 1868.

THE WEEK.

ROYALTY is to pay its accustomed visit to Ireland during the approaching season. At Easter, the Prince of Wales will spend *several days* at Dublin!

THE Duke of Argyle, having written the *Reign of Law*, has just supplemented that noble book by another work even more noble—*The Shower of Abuse*.

“SAVE me from my friends” has no doubt often risen to the lips of the new Premier; but “Save me from my publishers” would be more to the point now.

WHATEVER may be the end of man, there can be no doubt when we see those long trains gracefully sweeping the floors and roads, that the end of woman is—“Dust.”

TO be sent to Coventry used to be considered equivalent to a sentence of social transportation. Recent disclosures, however, prove that Coventry, far from being a Limbo, is a Paradise—for the friends of Mr. Knapp, the election agent.

MR. DISRAELI is “warned” of his early faults by a well-known firm, who are calling attention to fresh editions of “Alroy” and “Ixion,” which might have been left out of the number of successful novels which we owe to the Prime Minister.

IRELAND seems sinking lower and lower, till she threatens to deserve Juvenal’s sneer at Hannibal,

“Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias,”

which, being freely translated, means Ireland is becoming “a mere plaything for ‘the boys,’ and food for talkey-talkey.”

LORD CHELMSFORD cannot deny that he has been treated with honour by the hand that destroyed him, an honour all the more valuable to a truly conservative mind, as it was one bestowed on kings and chiefs in the very earliest ages. Has not the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli erected *Cairns* to mark the spot where Chelmsford fell?

MR. SERGEANT GAZELÉE objects to executions taking place within the prison walls, because he thinks it is the right of the poor man to be hung in public. We suppose, for a similar reason, he would object to confine his speeches to the privacy of his own study, because it is the right of (shall we say) “very wise men” to exhibit themselves in public!

So Sir Robert Peel had the best of the Charity Commissioners after all, and Sir Richard Malins was saved the terrible shock of having to decide a point against a baronet and an M.P. If Sir Robert Peel had such a very good defence, why did he not bring it forward before. Next time he takes such liberties with the law, he may find justice is not represented by a—Justice Malins!

EARL RUSSELL is constantly reminding the nation how much we owe to him. As if the nation wanted a reminder! The Civil Service Estimates are published every year. But why does not England do something for this child of hers, whose mind is even smaller than his body? Let his grateful countrymen erect a mansion for him! Where, do you ask? Why, in Vinegar Yard.

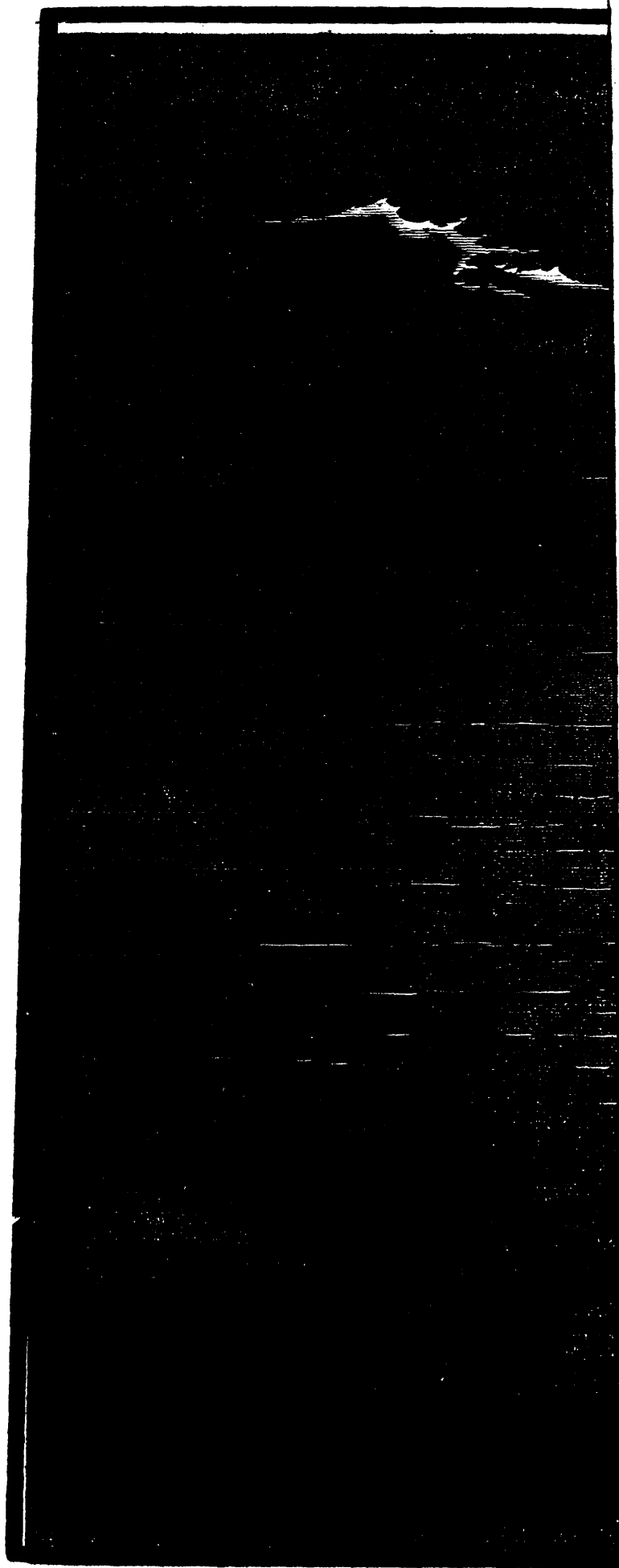
MR. DISRAELI has reached nearly the highest point which a commoner can reach. But for him there is one step higher yet. We do not mean the Upper House, that respectable vestibule of the grave, where worn-out statesmen rehearse for “the Long Sleep.” No, Mr. Goldwin Smith declares that only when he hangs where Big Ben does now, will he have attained the greatest elevation of which he is capable.

THE Queen, in the kindness of her heart, has given a copy of *A Journal of our Life in the Highlands* to each of the metropolitan hospitals. We wonder if the libraries of these excellent institutions are accessible to the inmates. We do not think so. Should it not have occurred to the hospital officials that books are meant to be read. Let us remind them that in this instance the Queen has intimated that her little gift is *for the use of the patients*, and that it should be allowed to find its way into their hands, even at the risk of its pages getting thumbed and grimy in the service.

ADMIRERS of the poet Swinburne, of whom there are a few who are yet neither lepers nor Phrynes, declare that a *carte de visite* which brackets him and the Menken is a mere trick of the photographer. We would fain wish it were so. We know that photographers can produce *cartes* which resemble Barnum’s manufactured mermaid, of which the upper part was a monkey and the lower part a fish’s tail. Of course, in the present instance, it is nothing to the point whether the monkey had reason to be ashamed of the scales, or the scales of the monkey. This matter is a *very* different affair!

WE cannot quite follow Mr. Gladstone’s logic. The endowments of the Protestant Church in Ireland ought to be done away with because nearly all the inhabitants are Roman Catholics; but a Roman Catholic College ought not to be endowed because the Roman Catholics are a mere section of the population! Does not a good deal of this paltry self-contradiction which distinguishes English advocates of Ireland’s wrongs, arise from the fact that they really, in their heart of hearts, hate the Roman Catholic Church, while they are not capable of fidelity to their own?

KING LOUIS, of Bavaria, is said to be meditating abdication, so as to devote himself more exclusively to music. He would have done so before only he did not like—sensitive soul—to impose on Bavaria, while the elder Louis was alive, the cost of supporting three kings at once. But why should an useless king be supported at all by the State? When will a monarch learn that he is morally bound to discharge certain duties attendant on his position, and that when he abnegates the sovereign he should also abnegate the pounds sterling? If Louis is unfit for his place let him earn his livelihood honestly elsewhere. Even quack doctors advertise “no cure no pay.” But kings would seem less honest than quacks.





AT LAST!

(DEDICATED TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES).



PUTTING IT TO THE TEST.

WHEN a nail is well set, the harder it is hit on the head the better. It is not, therefore, out of place to say a few more words on the subject of the Oxford Tests' Abolition Bill, especially as that particular nail has received one or two very satisfactory and decided blows in the course of the past week, and is, in short, getting rapidly driven well home. Spite the protest of a lot of Oxford "nobodies," with whose names no one, who does not get up the *University Calendar* by heart, has the remotest chance of making an acquaintance, a few very pertinent facts have come to light in corroboration of the liberal view of this matter. The usual howl about "Christian education" has already been disposed of in these columns, but the nature of the "Christian education" referred to, that is to say, that at present guaranteed by Oxford, has yet to be explained. Fortunately, a few words suffice for the purpose; it is as follows:—

- 1.—Attending a Latin chapel every morning.
- 2.—Getting up some Greek Testament.
- 3.—Cramming up the XXXIX Articles and Bible history for the Great Go.

Add to this, that the first of these is regarded by nine-tenths of the conscript chapel-goers as about an important piece of business, as "showing in hall" at dinner, and that the other two are quite optional with those who do not care to swear by the XXXIX Articles, and the sum of "Christian" influence as at present understood at Oxford may be easily appreciated.

However, the loaves and the fishes must be retained at any cost, and so a mass of respectable mediocrity "earnestly entreats" that this kind of thing may be suffered to go on in the interests of Christianity, and as a barrier against infidelity. So many *exposés* of this rather wicked twaddle have already appeared, that it is not now worth pen and paper to add to their number. Against the excellent principle of weeding education of any approach to infidelity we have not a word to say; but we would suggest that a few things are yet required to render the position of the Oxford memorialists sound.

Do not let them come limping forward with such nonsense as they have hitherto paraded, but let them go to the root of the thing.

If they only do this they will at once take proper precautions to make the "religious" training of their University a reality and not a myth; and to effect such a desirable object they had better act upon the subjoined hints which we cheerfully and freely throw out for their consideration. Let them—

- 1.—Give an unquestionable explanation of the XXXIX Articles.
- 2.—Explain the points of similarity between Mr. Spurgeon and a Pagan.
- 3.—Forbid the use of penny papers, French novels, waltzing, and clay pipes.
- 4.—Encourage going to bed not later than half-past nine.
- 5.—Give up their own emoluments, and behave as much as they conveniently can like early Christians.
- 6.—Extinguish all logic, thought, and debate, and provide tea, tracts, and muffins, *ad libitum*.
- 7.—Burn Mr. Jowett, or if he object, his effigy, every 5th of November.
- 8.—Employ Dr. Colenso, Brother Ignatius, Dean Stanley, the Bishop of London, and Mr. Mackonochie to preach, jointly or severally, on the immense blessings of "definite creed."

OWL'S LIGHT, OR, DARKNESS VISIBLE.

WE often meet with paragraphs in different journals to which the title "*Owl's Light*," appears as heading.

The title seems excellently well chosen, for as the bird sacred to Minerva is only happy in the twilight, which is sometimes poetically spoken of as owl's light, and as by this light we remark the absence of the greater luminaries, so in the paragraphs chosen do we observe a gloaming which indicates the disappearance of the sun of intelligence, and sends all respectable birds to roost.

The most serious papers quote these paragraphs, and seldom

see the sun rise on them without being forced to contradict the observations hooted forth in semi-darkness.

The Owl in question is, it seems, a small "*Wednesday Journal of Politics and Society*," the only elevated idea in which seems to be the price, which is sixpence for four and a half pages of political and social twaddle: a remuneration which might almost be called exorbitant in these days of cheap literature.

Of course, any amateurs who can afford themselves the amusement may publish their thoughts at any price, even if they can insure the support of three hundred aristocratic subscribers, and a wide circulation in Belgrave square from number one to forty inclusive, without attracting public notoriety or risking criticism in any form; but as the abuse of quotations from the *Owl's* well-informed columns is gaining ground, we should like to look through the four and a half pages of the current number to judge for ourselves whether the publication deserves to be honourably mentioned, and for what.

So we have bought a Number; and though we have always understood that good wine needs no bush, we see that four pages and a half of *Owl's* light requires a whole page of *Ivy-bush*, by Richard Doyle, to make them acceptable.

With the aid of the little school-Latin left to us after a university education, we opine that the *Owl's* motto being translated means that nothing will be undertaken in word or deed which may not be agreeable to the Goddess of Wisdom. From which we infer, on inspecting the first page that the Goddess passed most of her days on the back stairs of Government offices, and finished her evenings with convivial but too confidential Queen's messengers.

Most of us could advance the probability of Mr. Disraeli doing this that or the other without possessing the Premier's ear, or attaching his button-hole; but to be given to understand that the office of hereditary Drysalter to the Admiralty, or to hear that the Governorship of Bohea Tea-gardens is to be bestowed or not bestowed on Sir Jeremy Diddler, Bart., or was offered to or refused by the Hon. Rowland O'Donto, can only emanate from gentlemen posted up in all the latest news at the fountain-head.

The only real fact suggested after a perusal of these short paragraphs is that there must be some of the civil servants of the Crown who are making "copy" of the unpublished and private intelligence of which some inklings pass through their own departments. Here and there, too, a suspected engagement, or a stray flirtation, leads them to announce marriages in the aristocratic world which makes one almost imagine that the *Owl* must be conducted by Jenkins himself—dear old Thackeray's own Jenkins—the sub-editorship being confided to Buttons, who, in consequence, is continually tripping up in his efforts to imitate his powdered superior.

But we have turned over to what may be called the Leader, which appears to be a very feeble effort to get fun out of the ark. The writer has certainly got little fun in his article, and still less sense. He tells us "*At the end of her cruise* (the ark's) *nothing besides herself was left on the surface of the ocean.*" But the ark was left, at the end of her cruise, resting on Mount Ararat.

But of course, Scripture History does not form a part of modern education, so we can proceed to "The Matrimonial Co-Operative Association." We have remarked, whenever we have taken up this journal, that there is always at least one column reserved by a contributor for the expression of his scorn of mammas who have rejected him,—him, a clerk in the Wafer and Sand Department, with a prospect of £150 a year in seven years, and the talent to write satire against mammas-in-law.

Another class of contribution, of which this pithy paper seems to possess reams in hand, is typified by an article rejoicing in the heading "Tail." A tedious prosy account—anything but a description—of an after-dinner party: such a would-be satirical detail of matter-of-fact incidents as a Shropshire clergyman's clever daughter, who had never quitted her native county, might have written for a local bankrupt newspaper. Without wishing to be hard on what is evidently the first attempt at literature on the part of Buttons, we echo his last words—"a tail is a mistake."

After fording with some difficulty a parody on *Bonnie Dundee*, which seems to be to parodists what *Box and Cox* is to amateur actors, we arrive at two columns of verse in prose, or prose in verse, entitled *The Premier*. This also is evidently the work of Buttons, and is for the most part in words of one syllable. As

a specimen of what can be done at odd moments in the servants's hall, with the aid of Jenkins's talent, we give an extract :

" Still in the ranks we hear it said
Some do not like him for his head ;
But the old taste of SNOB and CO.
For merely rank—is *rococo* ;
And if you ask the people they
Will one and all (I know them) say
' The man of talent is the man
To lead us—place him in the van !'"

Out of this 93 per cent. of the words are of one syllable. As to the last line, were it not for the evident respectability of Buttons, we should imagine he was prompted by reminiscences of a police court.

Here we fell asleep. But we have some memory of some easy-tripping verses to Bouverie, and the usual atrocity, we mean acrostic, as a tag: the tag, we have heard, which makes Buttons acceptable to so many young people who have nothing whatever to do, and are consequently grateful to anyone who will occupy their fallow brains for an hour or two in the day.

Before we finish with our friend we must remark on the happy absence of a contributor who writes in French, with a strong English accent, and signs himself "*Jean-qui-rit*." Buttons is under the impression that he has a name to keep up for the pure Parisian article, and there are great people as firmly convinced of his correct French as they are that Mr. Charles Matthews has no accent when performing in *Un Anglais timide*, or that Lord Dundreary proved anything but a *fiasco* in Paris last year ; so in order to keep up the pleasant fiction seldom a number appears without airing the accomplishment. We cannot drop the subject without a parting word of advice to *Jean-qui-rit*, and as he probably prefers being addressed in his adopted language, we say to him "*Pleure, mon ami, pleure ! car tu me fais l'effet d'être diablement triste quand tu ris*."

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(continued.)

- Cackle*.—A term only applicable to female poultry.
Cajolery.—A powerful arm allowed too often to rust after marriage.
Calf.—Padding my dear. A part of the stocking trade.
Calls, to make.—The eleventh commandment.
Canter.—Two hours' hard galop on the high road.
Captain.—A uniform expression for any one connected with the army, navy, or volunteers.
Caress.—An expensive luxury.
Change.—The subject.
Chop.—A roast leg of mutton at lunch.
Church.—In London, the Sunday opera. In the country, quiet digestion.
Circle, our.—Grosvenor or Belgrave square.
Claw.—A lovely hand driven to extremities.
Clergyman.—When young, an excellent substitute for the military; when old, a necessary accompaniment to wedding-cake.
Coffin.—A private box we are all presented with when the curtain rises on eternity.
Colour.—A charm given by Nature in the country and sold by Art in the metropolis.
Company.—The shades of evening.
Compliment.—An involuntary recognition of merit.
Confession.—A trap to catch a sunbeam. The ray renders darker what is left concealed.

CREDAT JUDÆUS.

HERE is a very well-meaning but clumsy endeavour to sensationalize at, we presume, the usual remuneration for such literary efforts. A Paris correspondent referring to the famine in Algeria, says—"The most appalling tales of destitution daily reach this country; in one of the famine-stricken districts a Jew, who had entertained an Arab at dinner, was during the night, almost murdered by his guest, who wished to sup on his dead body." Now the dinner must either have been a Barmecide entertainment, or this Arab must have had a rabid desire for a Rabbinical fillet. And even that, not for supper—it must have been with an eye to a *Jew-cy* steak for breakfast that

Moshesh was "almost murdered," or as the Arab wished to sup on his dead body, we presume he aimed at converting his host into a dining-table—or if supper was indeed his object, perhaps he meant to let the Jew "hang" till the following evening, when he would have enjoyed a *morceau tendre*. Evidently neither Jews nor penny-a-liners can bear *dissection*.

SOCIAL ANOMALIES.

THE more a woman undresses herself the more she is supposed to be dressed.

The gayer the festive occasion, the blacker is man's apparel.
The louder the company, the stiller the champagne.
The dearer the hands, the dirtier the treachery.
The slower the acquaintance, the faster the friendship.
The firmer the attachment, the softer the kiss.

LOGOGRIPHE.

WE are twins of equal weight,
Of equal length ;
Ourselves we also rate
Of equal strength.
Tho' the advantage we're supposed to give,
Depends upon the countries where we live.
Our parents are Mistrust,
That coy but faithless dame,
And her fit husband, Lust
Of conquest, tho' his name
In the certificate of our baptism
Is oft concealed for fear of making schism.
Among our votaries so true
Lest they their offerings should rue.
For we are worshipped with seas of blood,
With mines of gold,
With tears that flow for us in streams untold,
A melancholy flood.
And these, when as men give,
We tell them they shall live
In peace, security, and happiness ;
For which in crowds they to our temple press,
And bid us live in honoured idleness,
And deck us out in garlands gay,
Rich garments, nodding plumes,
And twine around our head the bay
False glory oft assumes ;
And give us o'er their liberties to nurse
Which while we're babes we tend—but 'tis our curse
That once we're weaned and don't know where to sup
Them and their liberties we eat clean up.
Yet those with equal mind
Who seek, in us may find
A beam of hope, a short negation, and
The month that spreads the flowers thro' the land ;
The name most honoured among womankind, }
A tale best suited to the sailor mind, }
Also the better part of all mankind. }
The front of battle, and a Scottish town,
On which the muses shed a bright renown ;
An edible that's found in tropic climes,
An animal whose name unto it rhymes,
A member of the body, and a word
Which changes when and wheresoe'er it's heard :
Here are a dozen words which, if you find
Among the rest, you too shall be enshrined
And raise yourselves, so far above your kind.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.—Woman. Answers have been received from Burreisboolah Gah, W. H. H. (Islington), Macduff, Hessib, Penfold, E. H. Y., Orpheus (Hyde Park), Samuel E. Thomas, G. J. R. (Camberwell), Calumet, Skunk, Col. B., Your Loving Flute, R. T. P., Two Noodles, Hermit Crab, G. S. M., Double Buffer and the Old Woman, C. S. (Surbiton), Dobinson, sen., Ruronunaluldud Mumenunzuziesus, and Georgewalterellenwilliamannietteddykatieemmyseppreyd.

* * * 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."