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# THE TOMAHAWK: A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE. 


"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRETERIT."
No. 103.] LONDON, APRIL 24, 1869. [PRICE Twopence.

## TO THE RIGHT LOYAL ORANGEMEN.

My most Excellent Friends,-You have now an opportunity which never has occurred before, and which can never occur again. The great union between Church and State in Ireland, the-as you fondly hoped-immortal legacy of Protestant ascendancy bequeathed to you by William III., "of glorious memory," is now not only threatened, but attacked by an all powerful majority of the House of Commons, and must fall within the year. Such a chance of distinguishing yourselves by an exhibition of your loyalty, your zeal, your temperance, your discretion, and, last not least, your charity, ought to reconcile you almost to the inevitable fate of your idol. But it evidently does not, for were you less angelic beings than you are, your conduct might be stigmatized as bitter and narrowminded, not to say rebellious. Let us just see what your position is as defined by yourselves, and how worthy you have shown yourselves of retaining that religious supremacy over your fellowsubjects which you would demand as your inalienable right.
After mature thought and prolonged discussion a large majority of the people of Great Britain and a much larger majority of the people of Ireland have come to the conclusion that the Protestant church ought to be disestablished and disendowed, not out of any sordid motive, much less out of any hostility to the Protestant church in itself, but because that Establishment has been long resented as an injustice by the great body of the Irish people, and has been found to act as a stumbling block in the way of those who would make an honest attempt to redress the grievances under which Ireland alleges that she suffers. You call this concession to the prayers of the people an act of gross injustice and confiscation.

Now, are not many of you Orangemen advocates of tenant right, or at any rate of some great change in the land laws? I mean of course those amongst you who are not landlords but tenants. Of course any concession to your demands which may interfere with any prescribed rights of the landlords will be a gross injustice. But this is an argument which does not concern many of you, let us come to more universal ground.
Taking any property from the Church is confiscation, mere robbery. The State that gave it cannot take it away. Very well. How do you stand then, many of you living on lands taken from a Church centuries older in her form of creed than your Church i How does your Church stand, the greater portion of whose revenues are derived from property confiscated or plundered (I am using your terms) from the Roman Catholic Church? Is the doctrine that Church
property is inalienable to apply only to the property of the Established Church of England and Ireland? If so, why? Do you believe your creed to be the only true one, or do you admit that other forms of Christianity may not be fatal to their believers: If the Reformed Church is really founded on the assertion of individual liberty, and a wide basis of toleration, you cannot claim for it infallibility, which could be your only excuse for attempting to impose it on millions of your fellowsubjects against their will-against their earnest faith. I think, my excellent friends, that the less you talk about spoliation and confiscation the better, or you will revive animosities which the concession, so deprecated by you, is calculated to allay.

Now we will come to the means by which you yourselves have declared it to be your intention, or your desire, to defend your Church's faith; no-I beg your pardons humbly-your Church's Establishment and Endowments. You talk with most admirable zeal of defending these appurtenances of your religion with the sword. You threaten -oh terrible threat !to desert the Sovereign to whom, as the faithful representative of William III., of glorious memory, you have ever professed such devoted allegiance, not because the ministers and disciples of your Faith are going to be persecuted, deprived of all civic rights, harassed by extortionate imposts, degraded by petty insults, pursued even unto death-no, on no such trivial grounds, but because they-by your own showing, the wealthiest and most influential portion of the population-are going to be deprived of that aid from the State which they have hitherto received. What noble conduct! You deserve well of your country, better of your Church. Why cannot such unselfish defenders of the Truth be canonized? It is a monstrous thing that neither Earth nor Heaven contains adequate rewards for such brave disinterested servants of Religion.

But of what do you accuse the wretches who are leading this attack against your citadel, against all you hold most dear ? Do you accuse them of avarice? Money is mere dross to you. Do you accuse them of bitterness? How sweet, how gentle your harangues are! Do you accuse them of sacrilege? How reverently you treat religion when you measure its duration by its income! Do you accuse them of spoliation? Your ministers have laboured for the poor pittance they receive-they have indeed! Do you accuse them of treason? Your loyalty is above all reproach, that counts the sovereigns you receive before it will let you cry "God save the Queen!" Shame on you! You are mean, you are contemptible, you are sordid, you are selfish, you are bloodthirsty, you are treasonous, by your own showing. Have you no self-respect-have you no love, no reverence, for the faith you profess, that you make it thus foul and loathsome before the
eyes of all honest men? As I read your virulent slanders, which you call indignant eloquence ; as I watch your greed of wealth, long pampered by indulgence, now turned to fury by a sudden check, I hide my face in shame at the thought that I belong to a nation whose professed religion is the same as yours, whose monarch is the same, but, thank God, whose heart is not the same. Didit lie with you, and such as you, when would oppression be relaxed, when would injustice be remedied? Never! You would grind the bones of your own countrymen to make the dust which the wheels of your grand chariots might scatter. You do not know what Truth and Justice mean. Your natures are eaten up by falsehood and extortion. You have lived so long on fraud and tyranny that you writhe at the very thought of being forced into honest and generous conduct towards your fellow creatures.

Have I said enough? Will you pause now? Will you gag your zealous spokesmen, and innoculate with common forbearance your letter writers? Will you show one gleam of manliness, of courage-I had almost said, of religion-before the battle is quite over? Or will you go on as you have begun, waxing in spitefulness and turbulence from day to day, till your very name is a synonym for all that is hateful and base-till, amidst the execrations of your countrymen, you are recognised as the Real Traitors to Ireland-aye! to England too.

Yours, with unfeigned disgust,
TOMAHAWK.

## CHEAP TINSEL.

Is it, or is it not, true that the honour of Knighthood has been offered to, and accepted by, the ex-conductor of the Covent Garden Orchestra? Judging from the intense snobbishness that usually is associated with intelligence of this sort, we should think it more than likely that such was the case. Mr. Costa, as a representative musician, is just the sort of man Court interest would select for its favours. Not that he, talented as he is, would have quite risen to the dignity by his own merits. He had first to be rendered, as it were, discernible to eyes polite by a little gracious notice at Berlin. An English composer could never hope to be put upon the same level with fat aldermen and the vulgar rich; that would be expecting too much. However, decorated with the Black Eagle and patted upon the back by Royal hands, he may become a fitting subject on which to lavish the empty nothingness of one of the most comic titles under the sun. There is really no "honour" of course about the matter; but the magnates, who have been interested in its bestowal, imagine that they are exalting their protégé magnificently. And here is what is disgusting in the business. Why select Mr. Costa? Far be it from us to run that clever gentleman down ; but, at the same time, it must be obvious that if "honour to whom honour is due" is to be the motto for patronage of this kind, we can in no way endorse the promised grace. Granted, music is to be recognised through its leading representative,-where is the baronetcy for Mr. Balfe? If Mr. Costa is great enough for his Knighthood, surely Mr. Balfe is rife for something far better. Or are things to go on an inverse principle? If so, let us send Mr. E. T. Smith to the Peers, canonise Close, and raise a statue to His Royal Highness Prince Christian.

To come to the pith of the matter,-if the offering of Knighthood to Mr. Costa is intended as a sort of compliment to English musicians, it is one of a very clumsy kind. Mr. Costa, to begin with, is not an Englishman, and were he one, he would certainly have no claim to be considered England's first composer.

To offer Mr. Balfe the same sort of dignity that is considered a due reward to some successful City coal merchant, whom chance has hustled against the feet of Her Majesty, would be to insult him. We trust, therefore, Mr. Costa will feel, that though very far inferior to our great composer, he has still enough talent of his own to render him illustrious without his acceptance of a mark which is about as respectable in its way as the Royal arms over the shop-fronts of happy tradesmen who cater for the Court.

## A MODEST REQUEST.

Chelsea is crying out for a Thames Embankment, and has petitioned the Board of Works to supply the want. The Commissioners have naturally replied that there is a little difficulty in the shape of the pounds shillings and pence, but that if anybody will advance the necessary funds the matter shall be at once put in hand. However, it seems that the Board has not only exhausted its resources, but even its credit; so for the present Chelsea must rest content in the possession of its Bun House and its Water-works (by the way, where are the Chelsea Waterworks? not at Chelsea surely), and leave the construction of an embankment to a future generation. So much the better for Chelsea present, and the worse for Chelsea future.

## THE CHURCH IN D $\dot{A} N G E R$.

We have lately been hearing a great deal too much about Prince Thomas of Savoy, Duke of Genoa. Prince Thomas is a little boy who has just been sent to Harrow School. The fuss made about him is not, however, because he is a Prince (for Lordlings and even Princes are no innovations at Harrow), but because he is a Roman Catholic. What it matters to the public whether the Prince goes to mass or morning service it is difficult to perceive; but the newspapers seem to regard it as a great concession on the part of the school authorities that on Sundays His Highness should be at liberty to attend a Roman Catholic service in London.

Flunkeyism is always objectionable; but when it is asso ciated with religious intolerance it becomes revoltingly offensive, so we hope that our contemporaries will let the subject drop, and permit the young Prince to pursue his studies unmolested by the bickerings of a number of persons who can have no possible interest in his proceedings.

## A PRINCELY PROFESSION.

Prince CHRistian is advertised to preside at the Annual Lecture at University College Hospital, on the 23 rd of June next. This will be His Royal Highness's first appearance in such a capacity, but we understand by no means his last, for it is rumoured that, should the Prince prove a success in his chairmanship, the following engagements will immediately be offered to him :-

July.-Evans'.
AUGUST.-Royal Alhambra Palace.
SEPTEMBER.-Judge and Jury Society. (By kind permission of $M r_{\text {. }}$ Knox.)

Really His Royal Highness seems inclined not only to become an useful but even an ornamental member of the communitybut if he intends to make a practice of letting himself out like a Siamese twin, to be exhibited at a fixed charge for admission, he should have chosen some more accessible locality than Gower street for his dêbut. For our part we sћall have to reserve our criticism on the performance until we have an opportunity of witnessing His Royal Highness at the West End.

## AND WHY NOT?

Now that Mr. Costa has been created a Knight (to which event we have already alluded in another column) we may fairly expect that the following appointments will shortly appear in the Gazette :-

Sir W. M. Balfe, Bart.
Baron Phelps.
Anthony, Viscount Trollope.
Adelina, Counters of Patti.
(Peeress in her own right.)
Thomas, Marquis Carlyie.
Charles, Duke of Dickens.
As it is some time since Her Majesty has been pleased to confer any title on a member of the musical, scientific, or literary world, we trust that these rumours have some foundation in fact, and that the knighting of Sir Michael Costa may be accepted as a small beginning to a new régime.

## STANZAS FOR SZONES: Being a Collection of

POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

## MAMMA JEZABEL

1. 

A tragic song! Oh! dear me no, For such I have no passion,
And as to telling truth.-who could When lying's quite the fashion?
Ah! but you ask "'twixt you and me," If I'm a model mother
Who gets three daughters off her hands Can't well be any other?

Their education,-well, I hope, That that was not neglected,
Although I own they've not turned out So well as I expected.
Louise, my eldest, talked of love When I discussed her marriage ;
Yes love and honour-stuff like that She weighed against a carriage !

## 3.

But as a tender mother should, I held the balance nicely. She's Lady Wigblock now? The Earl Is sixty-three? -precisely.
Louise is twenty. Does she look Unhappy? -with no reason;
Her husband's old, it's true-but then, She's all the rage this season!

Unhappy? Is it love that makes Life's pathway bright and sunny?
My dear, you know as well as I
True happiness means money.
The Earl has plenty. If you say, Her stupid heart is breaking,
I only can reply, my dear,
That marriage was her making!
5.

Yes, praps she loves young Courtenay still, And will grow paler, thinner ;
And pr'aps her Lord and Master is A venerable sinner !
Still coronets are coronets,
And they are blest who wear them.
And sorrows,-well, good breeding, dear, I trust knows how to bear them.
6.

And that's Louise. My second, Kate, I've placed as well. You pity ?
Ah you should hear how I sold Grace, My youngest, in the city !
You'd rather not! Well, go and seek Some other tragic story,
You'll find that none beats Jezabel Mamma in all her glöry !

## CRUELI

IT is not often that we are called upon to chronicle "city" wisdom. However, for once at least, we may give vent to our feelings of satisfaction that something of a creditable character has happened on the other side of Temple Bar. The Court of Common Council has properly determined not to endorse the memorial movement which has already done so much damage :o the reputation of the late Prince Consort. With closed doors it debated the matter, and finally determined not to erect a statue at a cost of 3,000 guineas, or thrust a stained window nto the western end of Guildhall, from no better motive than ;hat which may be inspired by a servile following up of a very
stupid example. What on earth has the late Prince Consort done that every public body should thus conspire to render him a ridiculous object to posterity?

Can we imagine the historian of the future doing his best to reccincile five or six hưdred vulgar effigies of England's great German Prince with the frequent attacks of a cotemporary press? There is a sort of non sequitur about it that ought at least to suggest caution. No,-the hero of the Albert Memoriai movement had his virtues, and everyone is ready to admit and honour them, but even virtue may be smothered by too much plaster of Paris. What these bold Common Council gentlemen did say "with closed doors" does not, of course, transpire, but their judgment goes forth, and it does them credit. The late Prince Consort has, for some years past, been a sort of art scapegoat. Let us hope this city verdict may rebuke the general snobbishness that has driven him forth.

## DAMAGES ?

By this time it is probable that, spite the fulsome adulations of a few friendly critics, an intelligent public will have formed their own judgment on the trifle recently produced, under the protection of Mr. Robertson's name, at the Globe Theatre The piece is too slight for criticism, and were the fact that the name of the author of Caste is attached to it to be ignored, it would not merit a moment's notice in these columns. How ever, such association does direct attention towards it, and challenge remark. To those, therefore, who imagine that by seeing the name of Mr. T. W. Robertson figuring in the bills, they are necessarily going to listen to something after Mr. Robertson's own best manner, we will just say a few words.

The comic drama is an extravagantly stupid French farce translated badly, and in some places apparently verbatim, from the text of the original. There is not a suggestion of Mr. Robertson's handiwork from beginning to end. Any novice in stage matters could have done as much-possibly more, with it. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Clark, and especially Miss Brennan laboured to their utmost, but their acting was shamefully wasted on such a farrago of nonsense. In one act, not by Mr. Robertson, A Breach of Promise might have served as a good type of the screaming farce. In its present shape it is not likely to prop up Leonard's cooling love.

## " BRAVO/ MR. ARTHUR CECIL."

TOMAHAWK has lately had so much to do in successfully conducting the " Irish Church Bill" through the House of Commons, that he has not had the time to drop in at the Gallery of Illustration. Some of TOMAHAWK's young braves, however have been there, and declare that the music in "Cox and Box" is charming, the libretto in "Cox and Box" is humourous to the last degree, and the acting and singing of Mr. Arthur Cecil in "Cox and Box" is emphatically admirable. TOMAHAWK, the moment he can get away from the House, will certainly go to see Mr. Arthur Cecil. He looks forward to the visit, knowing full well that he has a treat in store. "Advance, Arthur Cecil, and prosper !"

## MANNERS $1-B U T$ NOT CUSTOMS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Pall Mall Gazette, who signs himself "A Bloated Aristocrat," makes the following complaint :"A member of the House of Commons was lately seen, in the reading room of that assembly, to take his boots off preliminary to the enjoyment of his newspaper. Lounging in one chair, with his feet reposing in their stockings upon another, he made in the sunshine a very striking, if not quite an agreeable figure. To be sure, Tuesday was a very warm day; but that, I venture to think, is no excuse for this particular breach of good manners."

If this sort of thing goes on, we shall shortly find members sitting in the House in their dressing-gowns, and debating in their shirt sleeves. The "Bloated Aristocrat" does not state the name of the be-socked M.P., and we assume that it was neither Mr. Disraeli nor Mr. Gladstone; but whoever he may have been, he surely should have been looked after by the whipper-in, who, on this occasion, might have performed the duty of a whipper-out.


## LONDON, APRIL 24, 1869.

## $T H E \quad W E E K$.

" What raise Mr. Costa to the rank of a knight," remarked a certain vulgar city "Sir," " why they will be giving the dignity to costa-monger's next!" Ah! Sir R—— they've done that before now.

A certain West-end Theatre, the financial condition of which is said to be not of the most flourishing, has at last hit upon a decided draze. The hit in question is entitled a Bill at Three Months, and was, when offered to the management, most eagerly accepted.

MORE reductions ! Hurrah for economy! The whole establishment at the Warley depôt has been broken up, and the offi-cers-mostly old Indian servants, who, when Old John Company was abolished, still thought that they were going to be under the authority of men of honour-are dismissed without any compensation, at a month's notice. This shows a noble contempt of jobbery, and encourages us to believe that a clearance will soon take place at certain offices in or near Downing Street, where Rumour says some persons may be found receiving handsome salaries just for the trouble of drawing them.

OUR friend, Louis Napoleon, now of the Tuileries, formerly of Ham, of Dieppe, and of Church street, Marylebone, has again drawn attention to his great ancestor, whose name he has so kindly usurped, and whose glory he aspires to share. Napoleon I. made him "from nothing what he is," that is, raised him from an obscure plotter to a successful assassin,-we beg pardon, Emperor. "To render homage to the memory of great men is to recognise one of the most striking manifestations of the Divine Will." Nothing is more wonderful in this great man than the easy assurance with which he drags in the name of the Deity into his letters and speeches. Napoleon I. was sent by Heaven, so is a pestilence ; of the two, we prefer the latter. It is astounding that a man, who, to do him justice, at craft and cunning is "facile prenceps," should be so fond of parading his connexion with one of the greatest scourges of mankind that ever lived, of whom he is such an excellent reproduction, save in courage and talent. Poor Louis ! all your life through, in your poverty and in your splendour, your best friend has been your Uncle!

What a happy little kingdom Cumberland and Westmoreland make! For years the Lowther family have ruled those two counties with parental sway, have saved them the trouble of returning more than one or two of their members to parliament, have appointed their magistrates, \&c., \&c., and now it appears that, even in this age, when mischievous doctrines subversive of such paternal government are gaining ground, that even should some Liberal Minister feel inclined in the wickedness of his heart to depose the reigning house, he could not do it, for the two counties do not contain a single gentleman, except a Lowther, capable of filling the post of Lord Lieutenant! What a
fortunate incident! By the way, one little evidence of the disinterested way in which the Lord Lieutenant uses his power was not mentioned in the course of the debate, and that is that the nomination day for East Cumberland, where the Conservatives gained a seat, was postponed till the latest possible day for no other reason than to allow a gentleman, who had been Lord Lonsdale's electioneering agent for many years, to contest the county if he failed for Carlisle. Had the election been held at the proper time the Conservatives could never have won the seat; so, we see, against their will, the party reaped some little advantage from the dispensation of Providence which has given the practical government of two counties to one family.

## A STRONG ARM OF THE LAW.

A Few days since the Duke of Wellington, as Lord Lieutenant of the County of Middlesex, gave an entertainment at Apsley House to the county magistrates, on which occasion about four hundred gentlemen presented themselves. If four hundred magistrates are found necessary to administer justice in Middlesex (excluding the City and the Metropolitan Districts which are otherwise provided for), what a wicked little county it must be. Perhaps, however, the justices are commissioned on the principle of the German armies-six officers to one private, or six magistrates to one criminal. At any rate there is one feature in common between the two services, which is, that neither of them get paid, which, as far as we are concerned, is, under the circumstances, a comfortable reflection.

## THE SUNDA Y QUESTTON FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER.

" Will I sign this 'ere paper ${ }^{\text {" }}{ }^{\text {I. }}$ I don't rightly know, For I signed t'other side not five minutes ago. Your's may be the better, t'other may be the worse, But you're both on you equal in chapter and verse.
2.

You preach innocent pleasures as guides to salvationT'other puts up the shutters on God's whole creation. Either way this 'ere question's a hard one to grapple, Day of rest? I thought that meant "do nothing and chapel."

## 3.

What is rest ?-there's a question! Do you think me a fool? Rest is rest; so I takes it, on Sundays, by rule. Musn't work-you grant that much ? so I sleeps, don't you see. I am strict-that's the Gospel according to me.

Yes, I'm worked hard enough, as for years I have been,Five days for twelve hours, on the sixth for fifteen! Open Gall'ries, Museums, whatever you will, Is that rest when one's heart is locked up in the till :

## 5.

Let me be : let the Sunday be Sunday. I know
What that means for rich folks (but we've read where they go). Where's your text now for feeding those beasts in the Park? Is it Noah? He was forced to, when shut in the Ark.

## 6.

Well : you make out your case. I don't say it's a sin, If you know where to pull up when once you begin. There is sunshine, you say, and we turn it to gloom,There are flowers, but need we be blind to their bloom?

I suppose you know best. Yes, I've felt it is true, That there's no rest for one who has nothing to do. If you'd only come sooner to me with your say!
But I've signed t'other paper, worse luck! so, good day.


## THE REAL IRISH TRAITOR!

"The Irish Church Bill must be resisted even until the death. (Tremendous cheering.) England must beware in these days, when Europe is one vast camp and her hour of danger may be at hand."


## THE PARROT PAPERS.

## " Pol, me occidistis, amici."

No. V.
MORE ADVICE TO THOSE WHO GOVERN.-A FEW REMARKS ON MARRIED LIFE.-HOW TO KEEP WOMEN IN ORDER.-THE PRACTICAL ADVANTAGES OF POLYGAMY.-WOMAN'S RIGHTS. HOW TO MAKE WOMEN USEFUL. -A NEW EMPLOYMENT FOR A WIFE.-HINTS TO EMPERORS, ETC.-THE FIRST PRINCIPLE OF GOVERNMENT. -THE FOLLY OF CONCESSLON. -HOW TO TREAT TROUBLESOME SUBJECTS. -THE BEST WAY OF GAINING POPULARITY. -ON TRUMPETERS; THEIR VALUE, AND HOW TO BIND THEM TO YOU.- 1 HINT FROM SHAKESPEARE. -AN ANECDOTE OF PARROT GOVERNMENT.-ON POLITICS.-WHY MEN AND WJMEN TALK SO INDISTINCILY.-THE TWU SYS TEMS OF POLITICS.-ON "'PRESERVERS" AND "6 SMASHERS."

I think that while I am on the subject, I may as well give a few more hints $t$ ) heads of governments, such as emperors, kings, dictators, presidents of republics, and masters of houses - where there is a master.

It is a singular thing to me, how a man can be so weak as to be the slave of a woman; nobody ever heard of a henpecked Parrot. We nearly al ways live alone to show our superior wisdom. I should like to see the she that would bully me!

Before I came to visit this country, I had two or three wives; and I'll tell you why I had so many. Whenever any one of them came to bother me, I always used to tell her that one of the others had said that the feathers in her tail were false; on which she went off straight to fight "her traducer," as she called the other one ; and so I got rid of her most effectually for the rest of the day.
I need scarcely point out what a deal of trouble this saved me, as, if I had had only one wife, I should have had to fight her myself; which would have been waste of time.

I do not think myself that women are much use. I hear a good deal of talk now as to their Rights. The only right that I would allow them, is the right to hold their tongue, which I am afraid they would not care about exercising. I am not fond of puns ; but I must say that Marriage Rites are all the rights women ought to want.
I have also heard some discussion as to how to employ women. I think I know one employment for them. Your social philosophers, as you call them, are welcome to the suggestion.

I knew a man-a married man-who kept a small dog, a most odious little animal, who was always yelping and yapping"sound and fury signifying nothing"-which I hate. I heard this man once say, when asked why he kept the dog, that it was a very useful animal-a capital house dog-for it would make such a noise if robbers came, that it would awake the whole house. It struck me that if it only made a noise when robbers came, a good many robbers must be coming in the course of the day. However, I did not say anything about that, for something else struck me; I wondered, as the man had got a wife, what on earth he could want with any other animal in the house to make a noise. If a noise will keep away robbers, my suggestion is, that women might be made useful as a protection against robbers.

But this is a digression. It is like taking a peck at a lump of sugar in the middle of a plateful of seed. I must return to my subject.

To all emperors, kings, dictators, \&c., \&c., then, I say this -There is only one true principle of government; and that is your own interest-not as others interpret it, but as your own passion, fancy, caprice, or inclination, may interpret it.

If once you deviate from this principle, and try and study the welfare of your subjects, as distinct from your own, you cease to govern; you become but the tool of factions, and the hobbyhorse of every crack-brained enthusiast in the country.

How on earth can common people know what is good for them? If government means anything, it means the right to decide for those you govern upon every question.

For instance, your people tell you they want more liberty of speech, of writing, or of action? If you think that they will use their liberty in praising your speeches, your writings, and your actions, let them have it ; but if you think that they will only use it in abusing all these things, why on earth should you let them have it? It would be a pretty thing, indeed, if a ruler were to be bound to put arms into traitors' hands for them to
strike him with. No. I will tell you what to do in such cases. If the people get troublesome; if you can't carry out my first simple rule, and get rid of them on the gallows, take this course :-

Address an amiable letter to your subjects, assuring them of your love for them, \&c., \&c., and promise them the liberty they ask, as far as is compatible with the safety of the State; and then issue an edict granting the liberty asked for ; only be careful to shackle it with such conditions as to make it utterly impossible for them to exercise it. You will by this means get the credit of having done a liberal action, without having relaxed in any degree the safeguards of personal government.

All men who wish to govern should remember that of them, more than any men, this is true; the world takes us at our own valuation, if we have only the courage to cry up the article loud and long enough. Talk to your people always of your clemency, your magnanimity, your love of liberty, your reverence for the rights of the individual. When any opportunity offers of doing a showy act of kindness to some individual - the humbler the better-do it ; and you will find that you will be able, by following this advice, to oppress the general mass of your subjects as much as you like.

Always have plenty of trumpeters about you, and pay them well. If self-interest is the motive and justification ot all you do, let it be so with those around you. Besides, remember it costs you nothing; the people pay for you and for your trumpeters too. Be careful to have plenty of gaudy spectacles for the people; soldiers in clanking armour and splendid uniforms ; and whenever you suspect that the thinking portion of your subjects are getting troublesome, give a grand fête or ball ; it will distract public attention. There is nothing the vulgar herd like so much as plenty of finery and fuss. As that man Shakespeare says -who, I believe, was half a Parrot, he was so sensible-" Inexplicable dumb show and noise" is what "the people" best understand and admire.

I remember, when in my native country, that we had conquered a large nation of cockatoos and paroquets, whom we found useful in their way ; and that on one occasion they rebelled. It was very hot weather, and too much trouble to kill them all ; besides, it would have made a great mess about the place; so we let them meet together, and talk as much as they liked. They did talk, and soon talked themselves tired. We never had any more of their complaints, for everybody had so much to say, and took such a long time in saying it, that they entirely forgot by the end of the time what their grievances were; while they had set on foot so many quarrels among themselves, that they never could agree upon any common plan of action for ever afterwards.

I certainly don't like politics, they bore me very much; so let me get over the subject, and have done with it for good and all. I sonetimes get so exasperated when I hear the people who come to see me talking their tiresome politics, that I, though I am not fond of speaking to men much, say, with pardonable emphasis, "Damn politics!" which, I believe, is thought very clever of me.

The fact is, men are so deaf that they cannot hear generally what Parrots say. Yet we talk distinctly ; you don't-and I will tell you why. Men and women talk with their teeth, we talk with our tongues. And yet you have got tongues, but you can't talk with them alone. You are very imperfect animals.

But about politics. There are only two systems of politics which I can recommend.

The first is, to say that everything which exists is perfect, and that to alter it would be sacrilege-that "it is part of the glorious Constitution which our fathers sealed with their blood, and stamped with their swords, \&c., \&c."

The second is, to say that everything which is is bad, and must be done away with.

Both these systems are simple, and very little trouble is involved in learning or in carrying them out. The former declines to see any demerits in existing institutions-the latter declines to see any merits in them. Perhaps the latter is the easier and pleasanter in practice. It is more lively work smashing things than taking ridiculous care of them. Besides, finding fault is at all times easier than praising ; at least, when the subject is not yourself.

And so I have done with politics. If you are well off in the world, by all means be a Preserver ; if you are badly off, go in for being a Smasher.

## PATRONAGE IN PALL MALL.

People who have never entered the sacred precincts of the War Office know it only as a comfortable-looking and wellproportioned brick building, situated in the best part of Pall Mall, with presumedly a back view on the Park. People who have entered the sacred precincts know that the comfortablelooking and well-proportioned brick building is a sham, and is, in point of fact, the mere centre-bit of a range of houses formerly mansions, milliner's shops, agencies, banks, tea warehouses, and what not, extending from the Carlton Club nearly to the Oxford and Cambridge Club, but which are now connected together by unnatural passages forced through walls of partition, and arranged with something of the ingenuity of the Hampton Court Maze.
The unfortunates who have ever had business to transact at the War Office also know that without lucid directions it is impossible to find one's way to any given branch of the department, and that the difficulty of finding the way in is only distanced by the difficulty of finding the way out again. It would be sup. posed therefore that the War Office messengers, whose duty it is to direct and assist the public under these trying circumstances, would be chosen for their civility, good conduct, and general intelligence, but unhappily this is not the case; for the unfortunates before mentioned, whose business takes them to Pall Mall, are only to well aware that for disobligingness, carelessness, and general impassability the War Office messengers stand unequalled, even in comparison with the messengers at Whitehall.

It will naturally be asked, whence come these officials who have become so conspicuous in their inefficiency as to warrant an article being devoted to them? Shortly, then, they are the butlers, valets, and footmen of successive Secretaries of State, who have availed themselves of the patronage entrusted to them to provide handsome annuities for their servants at the public expense. The point, however, we wish to raise, is not what these public servants were and are, but what they should be.

We have heard a good deal lately of the desirability of improving the prospects of worthy non-commissioned officers. Those officers (with whom, by the way, we do not agree) who are opposed to the practice of promoting men to the commissioned ranks, generally urge, as a great primary objection to the system, that the soldiers themselves do not care about it ; that they feel uncomfortable and out of place in the messroom; that they are both too old and too poor to have any feeling in common with the other ensigns or cornets, as the case may be, of their regiments; but these officers tell us that the men look for some respectable amployment in civil life, in which they may pass their days in freedom and competency-such employment, for instance, as that of a messenger in the War Office: For a salary ranging from $£ 90$ to $£ 150$, or even $£ 200$ a year, with no heavy expenses made incumbentupon them, old non-commissioned officers would gladly exchange their commissions, preferring freedom from care, solvency, and congenial associations, to the undefined uncomfortables and pecuniary anxieties attendant on living on an ensign's pay in a marching regiment.

There is a good deal of sound sense in this, and the argument might well be met by the authorities by the appointment of old soldiers of good character to these places, as an earnest of the good intention of the State towards the rank and file of the army. Facts now prove that few men enlist with any thought of the possibility of one day becoming commissioned officers, but many of the most respectable classes would be tempted into the service if they but knew for certain that there were a number of good appointments-such as messengerships and office-keeperships-set aside as rewards for well-conducted soldiers, when their term of service should have expired.

According to the War Office list there are now upwards of fifty persons employed as messengers in that department, and more than half of these are recruits from the pantries of London mansions. Of the remainder, who are the most efficient messengers, about ten or a dozen may be said to represent the "military element," for there are some "special cases" in which old soldiers have received nominations; such a case for instance as that of an appointment on the recommendation of Lord Strathnairn, who had his life saved twice over by the personal bravery of a non-commissioned officer, to whom his lordship gave the character of having the "courage of a lion and
the heart of a woman," and who thereon received an appointment in Pall Mall ; but such instances as this are few and far between, and, as a rule, the "civil element" has it all its own way. However, it is really time now that a stop should be put to a villanous monopoly, and we look to Mr. Cardwell to effect the wholesome reform.

## THE INDISCRIMINATING BRITISH AUDIENCE.

Pantomimes do not answer in hot weather-even at Drury Lane. "Puss in Boots" was withdrawn a month before Easter, in the full tide of an almost unprecedented success, to make way for the production of the legitimate drama; but the management promised, however, that the pantomime should be revived on Easter Monday, "with new dresses and appointments." The promise was more than kept, but the fickle public changed their minds, and the Christmas piece has now been withdrawn, after having been played to indifferent houses for a fortnight. What the holiday folks flocked by thousands to see in January and February, they altogether ignored in April, and Mr. Chatterton's spirited experiment has failed.

The worst part of the story is, however, that a capital play by Bayle Bernard, founded on Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" (which, had it been produced as the sole Easter attraction, would, by its magnificent scenery alone, have commanded a fair share of success, and probably a three months' run) has suffered from its association with the unfortunate "Puss in Boots," and has likewise been shelved. What can be more provokingly illogical than the proceedings of the public in affairs theatrical ? In this instance, the house is crammed the night the pantomime is withdrawn, and comparatively empty on the night on which it is reproduced ; while a play which, if given alone, must have been, to a certain extent at least, successful, is consequently damned.

It would serve us right if Mr. Chatterton were to shut up his theatre altogether, and give up catering for our amusement in disgust. As it is, he has fallen back on Shakespeare for the present, and the capricious public is quite satisfied ; but who would be a theatrical manager?

## A.SONG FOR SNOBS.

What has the young Duke of Edinburgh done that the musicians and rhymesters should be so hard upon him? Last year they were down on him with a string of lyric balderdash about a "Sailor Prince." This season they are in full hue and cry after him with an appeal to God to "bless the Galatea." This is profane. We admit that most probably, composer and poet feel the subject. They have not possibly any idea that their united supplication to heaven got $u p$ on good paper, and published at two shillings, savours to less enthusiastic ears of irreverence. Such, however, is the case. If a blessing is really to be sought from above upon one of the commissioned ships in Her Majesty's Navy, because a chip of the royal family is on board of her, why should there be any limit to this style of musical devotion? The Prince of Wales has been in all sorts of places, and has travelled by all kinds of conveyances lately. Why not then invoke benedictions, published at two shillings, upon the various hotels, asses, railway saloons, and state coaches which have been honoured by recent association with his Royal Highness? Why too select the Duke of Edinburgh in preference to other equally worthy objects of British enthusiasm? A hymn to the great Prince Christian's cab, or to the little Princess Beatrice's doll would be both excellent things in their way, and full of the most orthodox profanity. But to come to the point, the young Duke is no doubt a very excellent youth, attentive to his duties, and a good average seaman. It becomes, therefore, profanity apart, a piece of cruel vulgarity to hunt him up every now and then as a subject for silly rhyme and appropriate music. His papa has been rendered too illustrious already-for it is possible to exalt even a great and good gentleman too much. With such a lesson before him, he must feel especially grateful to those who are doing their cringing best to serve him up continually as a standing comic dish !

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