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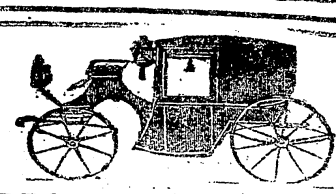

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THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 112.] *LONDON, JUNE* 26, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE GREAT MAGEE!

By the time this reaches our readers, it is to be hoped the Lords will have talked themselves out, and will have shown that they are wise, spite of Mr. Bright's fiat to the contrary,—at least, wise enough not to reject the second reading of the Irish Church Bill. There seem to have been some very fine speeches on all three sides, notably from the Bishop of St. David's, the Marquis of Salisbury, and, last not least, the new glory of the Tories, the great Magee, Bishop of Peterborough.

The vocabulary of praise has been exhausted on this performance; and we are told that we must go back to the days of Plunkett to find any parallel to the Bishop's eloquence. It is worth while to examine this great oratorical performance, as it certainly may be taken as a compendium of all that can be said for the doomed establishment.

Bishop Magee begins with ominous professions of modesty, which, experience teaches us, generally precede a display of self-confidence, if not of merit. Followed, as these flourishes of bashfulness were, by an accusation against the House of Commons "of howling down" all speakers on the unpopular side, we knew what to expect from the sequel. Abandoning the oft-repeated fallacies about the violation of the Coronation Oath, and the robbery of private property, which the Bill involves, he stated, somewhat epigrammatically, that revolutions "commence in sacrilege, and go on to communism,—that is, they begin with the Church and go on to the Land." Admitting the truth of this dictum, it may not have suggested itself to the humorous intellect of Bishop Magee that revolutions are produced by abuses of trust or power; that if they have generally commenced with the Church, it is because the Church had abused its trust and power more flagrantly than any other institution; or, if not more flagrantly, still the Bishop may consider that any neglect or perversion of her duty, that any attempt to ally herself with a tyrannical and unjust executive; that any avarice or cruelty, when practised in the name and under the authority of those whose sacred privilege it is to uphold justice and mercy, to afford in their own persons an example of Christian gentleness and forbearance, to preach goodwill and peace among men by actions as well as words; that any shortcomings or misconduct on the part of the Church and her ministers, is more keenly felt, and more violently resented, by the people in exact proportion to the reverence and love which they feel towards their religion.

We are now naturally brought to the great Magee's specious argument in favour of a dominant Established Church of the minority of the people. He says that the State supports the Church not for its own good, but for the good of the people; that the State contracts, as it were, with some religious sect, which it thinks best fitted for the task, to defend it against its internal enemies—"sin, ignorance, and crime"—just as it contracts with an army to defend it against its external enemies. Now, granting that the Protestant sect is the best adapted to fulfil this duty, have the clergy of Ireland carried on this defensive war with such skill and energy as the State had a right to expect? Have they fought against sin, ignorance, and crime to the best of their ability? Against what forms of sin or crime had they to fight? Against indolence, against an exaggerated notion of self-importance and individual rights, against an unreasoning vindictiveness, and a callous disregard of human life on the part of the tenant; against selfishness, rapacity, and a contempt for individual rights, and a corrupted sense of justice on the part of the landlords. Have they not only preached against but urged upon the tenants by every argument, whether secular or divine, the wickedness of conspiracy and assassination? Have they remonstrated with the landlords on the criminal neglect of their estates consequent on absenteeism; on the impolicy and injustice of disregarding the complaints of their tenants, and of always setting their face against any attempted reform of the Land laws? Have they, in short, recognised the fact that the first object of the Christian religion is morality, and not polemics?

As to the attempt of the Bishop to compare the Irish Church question with the Land question, we must say that this part of his speech was most mischievous, as tending to encourage, far more than even the spontaneous utterances of Mr. Bright, that mistaken notion of their inalienable right to the soil, which lies at the bottom of all the agrarian conspiracies and outrages on the part of the Irish peasantry. The Protestant clergy may be the most popular and constantly resident landowners in Ireland. It would be strange indeed if they lived elsewhere than among the flocks who set such a high value on their services; it would be more strange if, considering the select and somewhat limited nature of their duties among their own congregation, they did not try and do something to relieve the necessities of those around them who had no claim but that of misery on their benevolence. The Protestant clergy of Ireland have not been, as a rule, the objects of violence or assassination; but this does not prove the popularity of the Established Church; it only proves how entirely corrupted the minds of the peasantry are on the Land question—that they can respect the lives of those who are the visible signs of the Saxon domination, while they cannot forgive or show any mercy to those

who are the holders of land, not by the invidious favour of the Imperial Government, but by long prescription and right, and who of themselves, unaided by the State, bear the losses incidental to their possession, and out of their own funds expend much on the improvement of the land and the relief of the tenant. For, whereas the Protestant clergy have furnished very few victims to the Ribbon Societies—doubtless on account of their high moral character and great charity—yet the unfortunate landlords have never been able by any amount of benevolence or uprightness, by any amount of self-denial, or devotion to the interests of their tenants, to secure immunity from the assassin's bullet. The best have been sacrificed equally with the worst. It seems to us that the consideration shown towards the Protestant clergy shows that murder in Ireland is the result of a conscience diseased in one particular point, rather than of a wholly corrupt nature.

As to the boasted loyalty of the Irish Protestants, it would be strange indeed if they should rise against that Government which has so long secured them in exceptional privileges. But there are two sorts of loyalty,—one that requires to be paid—and beforehand; the other, that is founded on a high sense of patriotism, and which induces the subject not only to give in his adhesion to the Imperial rule, but to avoid anything which might excite angry feelings in his fellow-subjects who differ from him; and, above all, to submit to the decrees of the Government when constitutionally passed and carried out. Whether the Orangemen have evinced this sort of loyalty we leave to the logical mind of Dr. Magee to decide.

Useless were it, even if space allowed us, to follow step by step the whole of this showy speech. That it would have done more credit to an ambitious barrister at common law, than it does to a Christian Bishop, is a circumstance which only enhances Dr. Magee's merit, probably, in his own eyes at least. There is the eloquence of an injured sinecurist and an unscrupulous partisan in every sentence of the oration. There is not the slightest trace of any elevation of soul, of any power of looking at a proposed measure from the majestic height of pure justice, but only from the ordinary level of selfishness and sectarianism.

Bishop Magee is but a brilliant specimen of the paste which passes for a diamond among the narrow-minded and the oligarchical. He is, as are all who think with him, utterly unable to conceive that passionate love of truth and justice which are the noblest endowments of the human soul. He cannot see that in order to perform the work of pacification in Ireland, it behoves us above all to come before that nation with clean hands, to remove what has been felt for ages by those on whom it weighs as a gross injustice, as a monument of ancient hostility, as a record of a blood-stained conquest. Before we take the noble prisoner, whom the fate of war has placed in our power, to sit on the seat by our side, we strike off the chains that are the symbol of his defeat. We do not dangle the fetters before his sight, or wave in his face the sword that is stained with his blood. Grant that this measure, which the resolute conscience of England has decided on, may not conciliate the extreme faction that confronts us at every turn in Ireland; grant that the time-hardened misrepresentations, the ill-concealed sneers, the rancorous animosity with which the Roman Catholic religion has been alluded to by nearly every speaker in these debates may cause them to feel that this is an act of strict justice, not of generous conciliation; still our hands will be now free to deal with the other pressing evils of Ireland; one reproach, and that a great one, will no longer meet us at every turn. The moderate will be wooed to our side; the disloyal will be sifted from the reformers; the hearts, long galled by an ever-present symbol of arrogant ascendancy, will be healed of this wound which poisoned their whole nature; and with new and vigorous recruits, with wavering allies confirmed, freed above all from the hateful aid of those traitors who sought their own interest at the nation's cost, we shall be able to engage with that host of dangers and difficulties which has long baffled the efforts of succeeding governments, we shall be able to complete the work of which the foundation-stone has now been laid,—the long neglected work of justice to Ireland.

THE PEACE-MAKERS AND THE CRISIS.

We are always glad to see our old friends, the two Houses of Convocation, on their legs. They are genuine good old comic institutions; and though our special province lies more directly in the region of Satire, we can still accord a hearty welcome to a couple of earnest labourers, who have for so long done so much to amuse the public. For rich dry humour, of the real sort, give us a debate in the upper ecclesiastical chamber. For thorough racy and full-flavoured tomfoolery take us to the lower one, when Archdeacon Denison has got it by the ear. In truth, in these days of sorry wit and vulgar joking, it is refreshing to turn to the proceedings of these great clerical institutions. Their fooling is excellent.

Having said thus much, we shall not, we feel, be laying ourselves open to a charge of ill-humour when we call attention to a grave falling-off in a recent meeting held by one set of our worthy old friends. The Lower House absolutely talked some sense, did not hoot down the Dean of Westminster, and even went so far as to suffer a sentiment or two of an enlightened and Christian character to be uttered without the usual accompaniment of yells and shuffling!

It is, however, only fair in us, while making so direct and weighty a charge, to admit that on the occasion in question one worthy spirit did his best to redeem the ancient prestige of the assembly. We allude to a person referred to in the newspaper reports as Dr. Jebb. With a grim waggery that reminds us more of the early Roman comic poets than of anything else, this wonderful humorist opened his speech with a hint that he must keep a guard over his tongue lest a truthful expression of his feelings should carry him into the utterance of "actionable" language. This happy exordium from a Minister of the Gospel of Peace went home. The assembly, the report says, "*laughed.*" Thus encouraged, Dr. Jebb went at his work again. With a neatness and force beyond, from a comic point of view, all praise, he then indulged in a series of the most telling hits. As one bound to do unto others as he would they should do unto him, the holy Doctor was for carrying persecution into domestic life, and breaking off "private friendships" with those whose reason and judgment led them, on the Irish Church question, to a conclusion different from that held by himself. Indeed, he went to the very source and fountain-head of wit. He revelled in incongruity, &c., &c., &c.

And here we will change our tone. We began with badinage, but the fact is, the subject is too disgusting to merit a mere laugh. Convocation, it is true, is harmless enough, and, beyond wasting a good deal of time that might be better employed, possibly does little mischief worth speaking of. But the matter changes its aspect altogether when it is made the mouthpiece of sentiments such as those expressed on Wednesday last by this Dr. Jebb. In times of political rancour and religious animosity it becomes the duty of all wise—all Christian men to restrain the godless hatred of bigots and the dangerous sympathy of fools. It is a sin that any man should stimulate the frenzy of words into the murder of action; yet too many Englishmen recognise no other claims in the present crisis but those of their own narrow opinions and their own capacious pockets. Let it be confessed with shame that the most fanatical exciters of party bigotry, the worst firebrands in the existing struggle, have been the, so-called, peace-makers! The clergy have been in the van, and if anyone wishes to see to what a disgraceful level a clerical partisan may sink, at a season when the counsel of the wise should be offered with brotherly love and Christian charity, let him read Dr. Jebb's recent effusion before the Lower House of Convocation!

ARMY RESERVE.

1.
I AM a quiet, peaceful man :
I'm fat, and forty-three :
I take things easy as I can :
What's this RESERVE to me ?

2.
By Ballot you would fill the ranks ?
Leave no escape, and no,
No option to decline with thanks ?
No anything but—go ?

3
None safe except the Volunteer ?
To *that* I might aspire :
But which gives greater cause for fear,
The frying pan, or fire ?

4.
For, if in time of war I vow
To get my martial blade ground,
Between two stools why see me now
Let fall on the parade ground ?

5.
I'm middle-aged, in fact a porpoise :
And must I be a martyr ?
I'll throw myself on *Habeas Corpus*,
Appeal to *Magna Charta !*

6.
I'm not a soldier, that's the truth :
Go, leave me to my trade !
There's dormant energy in youth,
If zeal were better paid.

7.
Go ! rouse the youth ! nor take such heed
Of foolscap, tape, or quills !
Is there no harvest from your seed
Of pipe-clay, sown in *Drills ?*

8.
What threefold jumble of your Force
With half an eye I see !
To solve the problem why endorse
That worn-out Rule of Three ?

9.
The Army proper has its staff :
Militia, as we've heard,
Must have a second : did I laugh ?
The Volunteers a third !

10.
Reform, abashed by all this fuss,
Stands timid at the gate :
This regulation CERBERUS
Is watch-dog of the State !

11.
A three-fold failure ! and a mark
Of scorn to ev'ry dunce !
What common sense can drown the bark
Of all those heads at once ?

12.
O happy day ! when Time has brought
Those doomed cocked hats to feel
Reform's great car of Juggernaut,
Made one beneath the wheel !

13.
Try anything, but not that plan
Of Ballot : let me be :
I take things easy as I can :
I'm fat, and forty-three.

A PLACE TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY!

THE treatment of Oriental Grandees on their visits to England, with the class of amusements provided for them, has become one of our national standard jokes ; but the following announcement, which we quote from the columns of a daily contemporary, is more than ordinarily absurd :—

"METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.—On Tuesday last their Highnesses Hassan Pacha, the son of the Viceroy of Egypt, and his cousin, Prince Tussoun Pacha, son of the late Viceroy, Said Pacha, attended by Colonel Gamble, C.B., and their respective suites, made a minute inspection of the Underground Railway from Westminster bridge to Moorgate street."

Colonel Gamble, C.B., whom we presume to be playing dragoman to the Egyptian Princes, must be but a sorry caterer for their Highness's amusement if no more cheerful project for spending an afternoon suggested itself to him than "a minute inspection" of the Underground Railway. A visit to Rosherville Gardens or the Welsh Harp would surely have been far more pleasant and interesting.

"TOMAHAWK" IN PARLIAMENT.

THERE was nothing of any consequence in the Commons last week, and as for the Lords, TOMAHAWK was so frightened at the angry spirit raised by Mr. Bright's letter, that he didn't dare to go within a mile of Westminster. Next week he will have recovered from his terror, and (N.B.) his "Index Number."

"SPES GREGIS CLINTON."

"WHAT does the poor Duke of Newcastle live on now ?" asked a lady of her witty partner in the cotillon the other day.
"Why, *Hope*, to be sure," was the answer.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

"To this we have come."

When the next stage we reach in our success,
And pause awhile Dame Fortune's name to bless ;
Too tired to utter this small word in full,
At what implies the whole the cheek we'll pull.

Far better e'en than this you'll find,
Of our leaves the bitter rind.

What this is I must confess
I don't know ; let some one guess.

This is worse and worse—sky blue,
How I wonder what are you ?

How I curse this howling lover
When my head I try to smother,
Like a shy retiring plover,
Oh my ! heavens, there's another.

This for humbug or for crime
We will keep ; and not for folly ;
Fools forgive us ; there is rhyme,
Reason too, for being jolly.

NEWS FROM "THE HOUSE."—Why are Oxford men warriors ? Because they have all been concerned in the "*battels*" of Alma (mater).

"JOHN BULLISM" (ACCORDING TO LORD GRANVILLE).—Making a mud pie and then being forced to eat it. (*For further particulars apply to Mr. Bright.*)

TO THE DRAMATIC CRITIC OF A CERTAIN JOURNAL.—You should write seriously and not with Levi-ty. You find fault by *Telegraph* and only praise in *Era* (error).

LONDON, JUNE 26, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WE believe that the Paris Correspondent of the *Telegraph* is shortly to be decorated by the Queen of Spain. After the present month he will be known by the title of Don Key-hole.

WE understand that the management of the Gaiety Theatre is about to revive Dryden's celebrated opera of *The State of Innocence.* They have certainly capital materials at their command for the purpose.

WE see by the *Weekly Register* (the leading Roman Catholic paper), that the Collegians of St Edmund's Old Hall have been celebrating the centenary of their "Alma Mater." Mild young Romanists should go there—leaving those requiring stern treatment to be sent to the Ushaw (Usher?)

"WHY don't you write your own criticisms? Davy always did." These memorable words, spoken by Eva Garrick to Edmund Kean, seem to have sunk deep into the minds of one or two of our dramatic authors. It is rather hard on the readers of certain journals that these exercises in self-laudation are not placed where they ought to be—among the advertisements.

THOSE who deprecate the blessings of personal Government should read the account of the arrests made during the late disturbances, and the sufferings endured by these perfectly innocent persons, in number some seven or eight hundred, in the prison. Our own police cells are not pleasant places, nor our own police system very perfect, nor our own policemen very humane and intelligent. But, thank Heaven, such inhumanity as has been perpetrated in Bicêtre is impossible in this country even in a workhouse.

DR. CUMMING has again been playing on that very disagreeable instrument, his own trumpet. He now advertizes the fact that he has written to the Pope, relative to his (Dr. Cumming's) putting in an appearance at the approaching Œcumenical Council; where, let Dr. Cumming note it well, they talk *Latin.* As what the world at present knows of the Great Tribulationist's scholarship is not very satisfactory, it would be as well were his friends to offer him a copy of Old Delectus and Henry's First Exercises. In any event, however, a presbyterian is not likely to agree very pleasantly with a thousand bishops. And as Dr. Cumming has broadly hinted that his mission to Rome will be of anything but a peaceful nature, perhaps he would do better to stay quietly in the purlieus of Drury Lane. It is not likely that the Pope will care to listen to his Latin, dog and cat, or—even pure dog!

WHAT can Mr. Bright's friends say for him in excuse of his last offence against good taste and decency? It is evident that the injury which such a person does to a Government cannot be compensated for by oratorical skill or by popularity with the mob, be it ever so great. Mr. Bright is a demagogue and nothing else; he never was a statesman, and he does not promise to become one. He would have made a very fair member of a triumvirate or of a committee of safety, in which Government meant nothing but simple tyranny. He has no idea of consulting the feelings much less the prejudices of others; and as to responsibility, he has so long been accustomed to use violent language without being properly brought to account for it, that he cannot conceive that kind of sensitiveness which some of his colleagues possess, and which must be sorely tried by the spectacle of such vulgar excesses on the part of one who the public cannot forget is a Cabinet Minister, however completely he may do so himself. Surely the time has come when the Ministry might be relieved of the companionship of one whose only recommendation for such a position as he holds is that he has repeatedly asserted and proved his own utter inability to fill it properly, and has on one or two occasions flattered the Queen.

THE COLD SHOULDER.

"THE eleventh annual examination of the Orphan Working School, Maitland Park, Haverstock Hill, was commenced on Thursday last, Sir Francis Lycett presiding on the occasion." This highly interesting piece of information has appeared in most of the newspapers, and has set people wondering where Maitland Park is, who is Sir Francis Lycett, and what was the particular feature of the Orphan School examination which has called for special notice? The paragraph, which is worded alike by all our contemporaries, contains one line more, which may perhaps throw light on the subject. It is this: "After the examination a cold collation was provided for the visitors."

What mysterious institution is this that can afford to feast knights (is Sir Francis Lycett an Alderman?) at its board out of the funds earned apparently by orphans in a working school? Would not any surplus money that may rest in the treasurer's hands be better employed in clothing the fatherless than in ministering to the appetites of the Haverstock Hill gentry?

IN EVIDENCE.

TOMAHAWK.—Stand up, Bishop Magee, and let me hear what you have to say for yourself. I hear you have made a sensation lately.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.—Yes, I rather fancy I have.

TOM.—Come, Sir, put off that self-sufficient air, here. I don't like it, and it ill becomes your calling.

THE BISHOP OF P.—That may be your opinion; it is not mine. I rose to what I am by means of this very offensive assumption of which you complain. Some years ago I was the idol of old and young women in a fashionable watering-place in the West of England. I flatter myself I filled the Octagon at Bath to some purpose. You should have heard how I preached against purple and fine linen in those days!

TOM.—*Preached* against them, did you? And so now you are of a different opinion?

THE BISHOP OF P.—Oh dear no! On the contrary, I am more than ever convinced that these things—

TOM.—Cannot be secured on an income of some £5,000 a year!

THE BISHOP OF P.—Precisely. And then, I still hold that the interests of Christian truth are to be advanced lovingly only by—

TOM.—Insult and oppression!

THE BISHOP OF P.—Just so. And as to Christian unity and peace,—why they are only to be secured by—

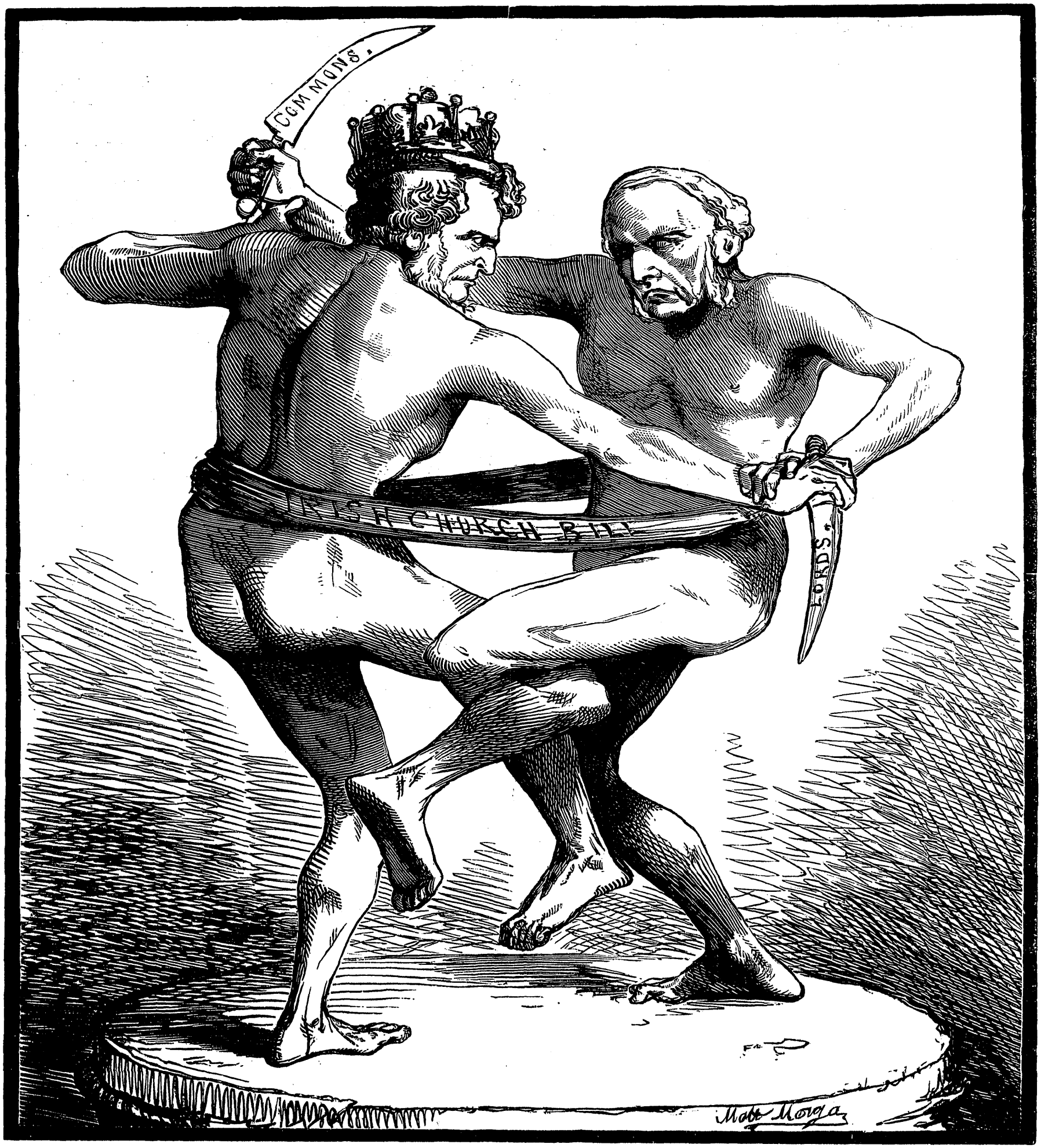
TOM.—Forcing the creed of the few into the face of the many!

THE BISHOP OF P.—Exactly—and by doing unto others—

TOM.—As you would *not* they should do unto you!

THE BISHOP OF P.—Yes, that is my gospel.

TOM.—Then get down, Sir; I am ashamed of you. You set yourself up for a clever man and enlightened prelate! Nonsense, Sir, you are a mistake. Stand down, Sir, and make way for better men. Where is the Bishop of St. David's?



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