

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

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[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE MODERN MOLOCH.

THE happy season of Christmas is over — that pleasant season when writs are as plentiful as blackberries in June, when bills come due and tailors clamorous,—that jolly time, when to be poor is more than ever a crime, and to lack bread more than usually contemptible. And being over its requiem can be sung in the Court of Bankruptcy, and its story may be written in the fat churchyard.

For the moment, we have done with the great religious festival of the year. No longer need we exhibit our piety by giving children's parties, our charity by forcing our luckless creditors into the arms of Mr. Justice Bacon, our faith by cutting down our expenses in every direction. It is a sad heart that never rejoices, so the fashionable world must spend the three hundred and sixty-five days of 1870 in keeping up appearances and enjoying themselves. Love must reign supreme, pleasure must know no end—ah, yes, all must be delight and wild merriment—very wild merriment. Perhaps, before the actors in this tragic comedy begin to learn their parts, it may be as well to give our readers a bill of the play.

First, then, the elders, age before honesty, size before worth. There are a mass of women who are guilty of the gravest crimes and yet who would be unutterably shocked if you told them that they were wicked—women attending the most fashionable churches, and possessing the most gorgeously bound prayer-books. These are they who shudder at the idea of a *mésalliance*, who cannot bear the contamination of the taint of trade. These are they who regard with horror the "creatures" of the vicious world, and who find leprosy in the names of younger sons. They are very good, these matrons—very—very good, and aristocratic, and noble, and refined—isn't it a pity that they should be merely hucksters and bargainers? They are both. They use their daughters' charms for merchandise, their children's souls for speculation. They are not so unreasonable, after all. In exchange for their offspring they require but little. They are willing to sell youth, and truth, and beauty on very reasonable terms. They don't demand youth, and truth, and beauty in return. No; they will sell their daughters without asking for a single quality in the purchasers they find. The huckster to whom they sell their children's charms may be old, a scoundrel, a thief, a bully. What matters it to them if the man is tottering on the very edge of the grave, is known as a man to be avoided, a man who has gained notoriety by violence and debauchery? What matters it to

them? So long as their daughters' husbands are rich and moving in society, they may be demons, and yet be respected by them. And it is these women who are the High Priestesses of Moloch; it is these wretches who light the fires the flames of which burn but to destroy the souls of the innocent and the inexperienced. It is these creatures who fill our hearts with the greatest disgust when we watch them plying their loathsome trade—striking their diabolical bargains!

After the assassins the victims. A painful sight! Beautiful paintings ruthlessly ruined! noble temples basely defiled! Set the world rolling and it rolls on for ever. Poor children, how quickly have they learned the lessons set for them! They have turned their hearts into money bags. What matters it to them if they gather up for themselves harvests of misery! They know no greater pleasure than display; have no grander ambition than the rivalling of their contemporaries. If Maria wears rubies, Blanche must be decked with diamonds; if Josephine inveigles a veteran Earl into matrimony, Louise must wed a gouty Marquis. False hair, false hearts, false lives must be their stock-in-trade. If truth is harsh, harsh truth must give the *pas* to honeyed lies—if Nature is not sufficiently seductive, to Nature's aid must be called the rouge, the *blanc de perle* of art! The end of their lives must be gold; the God of their souls Mammon. If a mistake is made—if the Earl is a thought too aged, or the Marquis a trifle too gouty, are there not others in the world? Yes, with their training the road is open to them; deception is their nature, a lie their commonest diplomacy—surely, then, a substitute may be found for matrimonial happiness. If the worst come to the worst there is always the Divorce Court ready to receive them, with a month of retirement in the present, and a score of years of tracts in the future! Avarice, a drama, Act I.!! Vice, a comedy, Act II.!! Sanctity, a farce, Act III.!!!

And so we have drawn Society as the Modern Moloch. Are we not right? What human sacrifice can there be more terrible than the mother sacrificing the child? what spectacle can there be more hideous than the poor victims hastening to the unhallowed altar? And for so little! For wretched dross, which brings with it no joy—for empty titles, which carry with them no distinction!

But it will continue. Sermons may be preached, and articles written, and yet the fires will be burning. Worship is natural to the human race. The Oriental bows down before the Sun, and prays to his idols; but the Europeans find a God in Society. A wretched deity, a false, false God; but one to be obeyed, and served, and respected. One to be loathed and cursed for ever.

"Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth !

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth !

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest nature's rule !

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straightened forehead of the fool !"

So cried Tennyson, and we echo the anathema from our heart of hearts. To be rich, is good ; to be honoured, is better ; but, to be loved, is best of all. While the Modern Moloch rears its head there can be no true good, and without truth Cupid lives not.

THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE SUEZ NOTES.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

ON BOARD E. AND A. V. I. K. C.'S STEAMER POOJAH,

Jan. 18, 1870.

I THINK I told you in my last that I was beginning to have some suspicions about the sea-going qualities, or, as perhaps I might more correctly put it, the safety of this vessel. I was quite right. The first bit of what the captain called "pretty" weather proved it beyond a doubt. Naturally I retired to my berth, and wishing rather to keep up a jovial character before a missionary, a very bad sailor, who occupied the one underneath, flung myself into it with a nautical oath, a proceeding which brought me right through the bottom of it, mattress and all, with much violence. I tried to laugh it off, but I can assure you at the time it caused a good deal of unpleasant feeling. However, as illustrating the shockingly rotten condition of the vessel, the accident is worth noting. I sent for the captain, who having been, ever since the storm commenced, upside down in a clothes-basket, with a bottle of rum, and a chart of the Goodwins, could not come. The mate, or the master, or somebody in a tarpaulin hat and bad temper, did come though, but only mumbled something to the effect that if that was the worst that came to us before we got into Hull (I find we are bound for Hull), we might think ourselves lucky ; in fact, ever since he left I have been trying to think where I remember having seen the life-buoy. On the captain? No. Round the mainmast at the bottom? I can't say. On second thoughts I am afraid it must have been in an india-rubber shop in the Strand. I am sure it was now, for I distinctly remember wishing to buy it, but was stopped by Spagmore, who wanted to know what use a life-buoy would be in the Desert, and promised to make me one of blotting-paper and champagne corks, if anything ever went wrong.

9 a.m.

Can scarcely jot down my notes. It is very rough, and they have "put out the dead lights." What makes everything more disagreeable is, that the steward is on strike. I have half a mind to tackle the missionary, or perhaps the man on the other side of our cabin, who has done nothing but eat apples and read "Henry VI." out loud since Tuesday last. He says it is an absolute remedy in sea-sickness ; but I can't try it, as I have neither an apple nor a Shakespeare.

10 a.m.

Have spoken to the missionary. He is returning from the Kajeboolah Islands with a convert. He says they are a very savage race, and that after nine years labouring among them, he has only managed one satisfactory conversion, and that was mainly brought about by a continual supply of Cambridge sausages. He appears to have been eaten out of house and home there. He seems very much cut up at having asked a party of sporting friends to come out and have a shot or two at the famous Kajeboolah grouse, who, on the very day they came, were taken and tried at tea by natives. He also had his grandmother out for the benefit of the fine air ; but her fate was equally tragic. The king happened to have a few friends in to dinner the same evening, and she was handed round with the walnuts at dessert. He managed to keep the king at arm's

length for some time by giving him a book out of his library to eat whenever he called ; but when he got to "Alison's History of Europe," bound in calf, the king came regularly every day. This went on for a considerable time, His Majesty sometimes asking for a pocket edition of something, or a pamphlet extra, till on one ill-fated occasion, when the library was three parts finished—2,375 volumes having gone—he tried the eye-piece of a telescope. That apparently settled the business. The next day he came, attended, and expressed a desire for a little religious controversy ; but the moment the missionary rose to get a tract, he, with his suite, dashed at the telescope, rapidly finished it, and washed it down with a footstool and seven bottles of blue ink. The next day the people came *en masse* and ate the house, and the king was seen that evening taking a meditative walk on the sea-shore, occasionally nibbling at some fragments of a three-ton Dutch stove. It is, of course, therefore, only fair to regard the native who stopped short at sausages as a triumph of civilization. He is, I am glad to say, in the fore part.

11.30 a.m.

Frightful weather! The contractor has looked in, and says if it lasts we must loose—at least, I understood him so—the mizen mast.

11.35 a.m.

He has looked in again. The captain is quite incapable, and a heavy sea has just washed over us, carrying the hot one o'clock dinner overboard. The contractor says if I will take the helm he will, on his own responsibility, command instead of the captain. I have told him I have only once steered in my life, and that was an outrigger four in a scratch race at Oxford twelve years ago. He says, "That'll do."

12.5 p.m.

Have taken the wheel from the man at it, who seems demoralised by danger, and says he means to "go down like a man with the capt'n," by which he means a reserved seat in the spirit room. I have asked him where I am to steer to, but he only says something about "keeping her well up," and something more about the compass sticking, and nor' nor' by nor' by east, which, as far as I can make out, seems the quarter where the waves are coming from.

12.15 p.m.

Can't hold the wheel at all. It turns twice and a half round whenever it likes. Then I'm sure the compass *has* stuck. I wish I could give it a kick and set it going again ; but I can't let go of the wheel.

12.30 p.m.

The contractor has put his head out of the engine-room, and bellowed something to me excitedly ; but I can't hear it for the roaring of the wind and the waves. I wish I knew what it was. Perhaps he meant I was to turn round. Yes, he must have meant that. There is a nice low rocky coast behind us, not a high one to dash up against, but low ; and with this wind and sea running we ought to be in in ten minutes.

12.45 p.m.

She is round. Went round beautifully ; but I can't see a harbour. I am glad we are going to land.

1 p.m.

The captain is on deck. He does not seem to notice anything but his boots. I will ask him the way. He says we will talk of that presently, and that what he wants is that the private theatricals we had arranged for to-night (I forgot to tell you of them) should begin at once. He says he saw "George Barnwell" nine-and-twenty year ago, and he would like to see "a bit o' summat more afore he goes down." This seems to have affected him, for he appears to be crying. I have asked him whether it is not rather an inconvenient moment for theatricals. He has called me some very disagreeable names, and threatened to put the crew in irons if "my game's mutiny."

2 p.m.

The captain has put a lot of people in irons. I have resigned the wheel to the contractor, who has left the engines to themselves. It seems I ought to have "stood out" for somewhere, and that the shore was a mistake. Captain is having his directions written down as he dictates them. I feel we must stop the theatricals.

2.30 p.m.

Have tried to enlist the missionary ; but as he was going to read a poem of his own, "On the Agricultural Prospects of the South Pacific," in seventy-two cantos, as a prologue, he says he does not see why they should not be merry, and have them. One other fellow-passenger, who turns out to be an actor of provincial celebrity—he says so—is already dressed for "Hamlet," but the getting up has upset him, and the steward has advised him to lie on the deck amidships, and keep his eyes on the funnel.

3 p.m.

The captain's orders are out ! I subjoin them. They appear to be taken down at his dictation :—

TO THE LADS ABOARD THE 'POOJAH.'

- (Order 1.) Here's a glass of rum to you, my lads, and many of 'em.
 (Order 2.) As the compass aren't no good now, overboard with her, along with them beasts to the fore.
 (Order 3.) If you likes to throw in the missionary, for luck, well, my lads, you can.
 (Order 4.) I'm your capt'n.
 (Order 5.) Let's have this here theatre business afore old Davy Jones turns up.
 (Order 6.) Here's another glass of rum to you, my lads.
 (Order 7.) Who says I'm drunk ?
 (Order 8.) Put him in irons.
 (Order 9.) I'll stand by the *Poojah*, my lads, like a capt'n should. So give the old gal her way, lads, and all hands for grog, and may the company be—

(Signed) G. R. So—M—TTS B.?
Capt'n.

WARNING UPON WARNING.

WRECKING on the Irish coast, which has been gaining ground lately, has met with a check. It seems that some barrels of paraffin oil were washed ashore at Galway a few days back, and were at once seized and secreted by the fishermen. When the division of the spoil was about to take place, however, two terrific explosions occurred, whereby a man was blown to pieces, and a dozen more, more or less injured. Although it will probably be held that the poor fellows brought the calamity upon themselves by their illegal act of meddling with what did not belong to them, we think that if it is only to prevent the recurrence of such accidents as this, the Legislature should do something towards putting paraffin oil under proper control. While on land the regulations for storing the dangerous substance are lax and unsatisfactory, on board ship the captain is left entirely to his own devices as to the method of stowing cargo of this description. Hence it arrives that very often the barrels are left loose on deck, to be washed overboard and ashore at the caprice of the winds and waves, and to cause such accidents as that which has befallen the Galway fishermen. The question relates to the Board of Trade, we presume, and as Mr. Bright has yet to earn a reputation as an administrator, he would do well to institute some practical reform in the matter at once, and not wait until a cart-load of paraffin has exploded in Pall Mall and blown every Club to pieces, or until St. Paul's Cathedral, owing to its unfortunate proximity to somebody's cellar where the oil has been stored, vanishes into thin air.

A GREAT SAVING IN SHAVING.

HAIR-BRUSHING by machinery is undoubtedly a great improvement upon the old system, but it is not unattended by danger. All ye who value your hirsute appendages be careful before entrusting them to the machine-brush that the operator be experienced in its use. The other day, a gentleman having his whiskers brushed, nearly had them brushed away. By the carelessness of the operator, a portion became entangled in the brush, and had they been long would undoubtedly have been torn out. As it was, their unfortunate owner suffered much pain, and he certainly had a narrow (hair oh !) escape.

SONG FOR THE PUBLIC (*when a certain "comic" paper shuts up.*)—"Oh, *Will-o'*, we have not missed you !"

AUTHORS OF MISCHIEF.

DURING the gales of last week great fears were felt and expressed in the newspapers for the safety of the armour-clad ship *Valiant* in consequence of a box, containing books belonging to the library of the ship, having been thrown up from the depths of the sea on the beach near Crosshaven. It subsequently appeared that the *Valiant* had arrived safely in the river Shannon, and was there moored ; but while the uncertainty as to her fate lasted, the anxiety was most painful. It would be well, therefore, if the Admiralty would take steps to prevent the recurrence of such alarms, especially as in the present instance the authorities at Whitehall are solely responsible for the fright which the supposed loss of the *Valiant* gave the friends of the twelve hundred souls on board of her. It has long been foreseen that if "My Lords" in their selections of ship's libraries would insist in forming them of only the heaviest, dullest, and most cumbrous works, something serious must happen ; and it can have been but in obedience to a law of nature that the books on board of the *Valiant* broke through all obstructing matter and found their proper level, at the bottom of the sea. Let us hope that the Service will profit by the occurrence, and that in future the libraries of our men-of-war may be composed of a class of literature of a lighter and more buoyant description than that which is just now "Regulation." Besides, the present system is really dangerous ; for, unless wrought-iron book-cases are supplied to the fleet, or the volumes are stored in the magazine, no vessel will be safe from an involuntary scuttling at the caprice of the laws of gravity.

MILITARY SCHOOLBOYISM.

A LIST of officers who have passed their final examination at the Staff College has been published "by authority ;" and the first idea that its perusal suggests is that it is quite time that the students should have completed their education. The list is arranged after the approved fashion of a public school report. The head boy's name appears first with the number of marks he has gained, and his schoolfellows follow in the order of merit, with notes attached to their names containing such information as is deemed necessary to account for their not getting prizes. Thus Lieutenant Baring, Royal Artillery, heads the list, with 3,371 marks, "having," to quote from the official document, "passed a very good examination in the higher courses of mathematics and topography." Lieutenant Jessop, 2nd Dragoons, whose name appears lower down, also has given satisfaction, having passed a "good"—remark the omission of the "very"—"examination" in the same subjects. Captain Blankley, Royal Marines, is excused for being last but two because he was "absent on sick leave for seven weeks during the term ;" and Lieutenant E. F. Chapman, Royal Artillery, who is literally nowhere, is stated in a foot-note to be "qualified, but not on the list, having lost his term through absence on active service,"—not a bad excuse for his absence, in our opinion, as he happens to be a soldier. Last of all, Lieutenant Baring is commended for having passed a very good examination in Greek as an "extra subject ;" and Captain Spalding, 104th Foot, is patted on the back for having done "fairly" in German.

Of what good this system of marks and prizes can be to the Service we cannot see. It is very right and proper that certain officers should be specially trained for the more special and important duties, even if they have passed out of the learning age. But to treat a College composed of men of thirty or even forty years of age as so many schoolboys is absurd. That the names of the best men should be noted at the Horse Guards for the best places is only right and proper ; but the publication of an annual report of their progress and general behaviour is subjecting them to an indignity which, had it not something of the ridiculous about it, would be monstrous. We have heard a good deal of Army Reform lately, and the newspapers tell us that "grave alterations in the present system are in contemplation." If this is really the case, we would suggest that the students of the Staff College should be treated as experienced officers who, on account of their superior intelligence, have been detailed for special and particular service, not as naughty boys who will be "told of" if they do not stand at the top of the class.



LONDON, JANUARY 29, 1870.

THE WEEK.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S arrival at Agra has been delayed. This case is *Agra waiting!*

FREE trade is doing wonders in France. Only last week more than a pound of soap was sold in Paris alone!

THE Noir family are hungry for damages in the Affaire Buonaparte. Naturally, they are fond of getting something to gnaw!

THE Columbia Market is to be turned into a fish *depôt*. This is not the first time that Columbia's proceedings have been "fishy."

THE Prussian press is to be free. After this we may expect it will exchange its national colour, blue (caused by harsh treatment), to be read!

GEORGE WEBBE DASENT, ESQ., D.C.L., has been appointed by Government to the post of Civil Service Commissioner. This is, as Paddy would say, a *dacent* appointment.

THE Parliament meets on the 8th of February. We trust that this meet will be attended by men and not hounds—we are tired of the Fenian sympathizers. They are emphatically the *curs(e)* of Ireland.

THE execution of Troppman will probably lead to the abolition of capital punishment. As a step towards this reform would it not be as well to send condemned convicts as seconds to arrange duels in Paris? *Some* of them might escape being shot.

WE understand that Lord Napier of Magdala will succeed Sir William Mansfield as Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India. As the superseded General was far from popular, the natives may expect an *'appier* time of it with the new warrior.

THEY are bullying the Jews in Roumania. They are not to be allowed to obtain the upper hand—so says the Minister of the Interior. In fact, they may accept pawnings, but no respawn-ability; they are to have no jurisdiction, except when they accept bills; no right except the right of being the sixty per centre of attraction.

THE Sultan is going to Mecca to see the Viceroy, Cairo, and the Suez Canal. *Apropos* of this rumour, it is said that the Khedive observed the other day, that "the Sultan would not Sue-he (the Khedive) about the affair of the ironclads, or Mec-ca (make a) row about it." A slave (it is whispered) who retorted that the Khedive "wouldn't Cair-o, even if His Majesty did," was bowstrung on the spot. And this is Egyptian civilization!

A KEY TO THE ORDER OF THE BATH.—C.B., or Companion of the Bath—the Shampooer. K.C.B., or Commander of the Bath—its Owner. G.G.B., or Grand Cross of the Bath—Boiling water by mistake.

THE IMPEDING POULTRY.

At last something has been done to remove the vestiges of City barbarism, to be found within a hundred yards of the Mansion House. A body of true citizens have formed themselves into a committee of management, to sweep from off the face of fair London one of its foulest blotches. When we say foulest, of course we allude to the Poultry. Our readers are already in possession of the names of these public-spirited gentlemen, a report of their first meeting having been published in all the principal metropolitan newspapers; still, as an admirer of true patriotism, TOMAHAWK must add his meed of praise to that already awarded to them; he can only wish them God speed. They possess collectively and individually those touchstones to success—influence gained by universal respect, and energy prompted by a noble and disinterested ambition.

CALCRAFT IN PARIS.

ALTHOUGH the French have not adopted our plan of private executions, they have hit on a compromise which, if it does not answer all the purpose of getting rid of the low rabble which all the world over congregates at the scent of blood, at least robs an execution of its chiefest horror. In the case of Troppman the other day, the hour fixed for the sentence being carried out was seven in the morning, before, in fact, it was light; and although some thousands of persons were assembled round the guillotine, it is asserted that not a dozen of them actually saw what took place. But why do our neighbours adopt half measures? If to see a man strangled on a gibbet is a disgusting spectacle, how much more horrible is the sight of a decapitation? We doubt not that of the two modes of destroying life, the latter is more merciful, but it is more revolting from an outside point of view. While, therefore, we lay no blame to the French for holding to their institution of the guillotine, public executions in France become greater scandals than even our English hangings of twelve months back were wont to be. Happily, capital punishment is all but abolished in France, and, therefore, to provide for the few cases which are not the rule, as they are with us, but the exception, would be no difficult matter. In this one respect at all events they manage these things *worse* across the Channel.

LEIGH MURRAY.

IT was in sadness that TOMAHAWK noted amongst the deaths in last Thursday's *Times* the following announcement:—

"On January the 17th, Henry Leigh Murray, aged 49."

Under this simple announcement ordinary readers probably failed to recognize the identity of a gentleman who was once an actor, popular and promising; but TOMAHAWK, with the recollection of Mr. Leigh Murray's charming impersonations fresh in his memory, at once realised the loss to the English stage of one of the few persons who have made it their profession who could enact the gentleman. The loss, perhaps, will not be so keenly experienced, as, unfortunately for some years past, Mr. Leigh Murray has been prevented by severe and protracted illness from appearing on the boards; but it is none the less a loss, because it has now become irreparable. The gifted actor's name, however, will not so easily pass into oblivion. Besides the lustre with which his own talent has surrounded it, he leaves behind him a widow, who, either from a public point of view as a charming actress, or from a private point of view as an exemplary and devoted wife, will keep it green in our memories. So few and far between are good actors and actresses in this nineteenth century that TOMAHAWK need offer no apology for laying down his scalping knife, and, in his sympathy, forgetting to be satirical.

FROM OUR SPECIAL MANIAC.—It is probable that Mr. Serjeant Dowse, M.P. for Londonderry, will become Solicitor-General for Ireland. Should he do so his re-election will be contested. If one of his rival's supporters were told he was sure to be returned, what would be his exclamation? "The Doose (deuce) he is!" of course.





THE MODERN MOLOCH!
OR,
A VIEW OF SOCIETY FOR 1870.



"BILLINGSGATE BILL."

WE have a great veneration and sympathy for the unfortunate; and our poor *dear* (2d. weakly!) contemporary, *Jack-o'-Lantern*, or *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, has been very unfortunate. It was (if we remember right) started in Brighton, to amuse the Brightonians, and then (we suppose, having failed in its very laudable endeavour) came up to London to try its fortunes in the great metropolis. Again, we fear it was not very successful in its gallant efforts to entertain the public, if certain rumours are to be believed.

Under these circumstances it will be obvious to the meanest comprehension that it is exceedingly painful for us to have to criticise it in a severe spirit—nay, we feel no shame to avow it—honestly, we could nearly weep at having to say an unkindly word of a publication afflicted with *such* cartoons and *such* "copy." But then we have a duty to the public, and we must not shrink from performing it. However, we will do our work generously, and will not be too greatly "down" upon the fledgling. A few quotations from his own columns will do *Will* more injury than anything we care to write.

Having lately extended its connection to the City, it seems to have grown enamoured of the East, and now appears to be seeking readers in Billingsgate. An article of four columns' length upon ourselves (we thank the Editor for his kindness—fancy an advertisement of four columns' length!)—we repeat, an article of four columns' length appears in the impression of last week, which really provokes our friendly rebuke. It is not good to tell stories, and we sadly fear that our poor friend *Jack*, or *Will*, has been betrayed (in that particular article) into uttering several very naughty fibs.

We have no wish to weary our thousands of readers with the heavy twaddle in which poor *Jack's* slanders are thinly wrapped, but we may as well give them the paragraph which caused our unlucky contemporary to forget himself. We wrote:—

Among the many "comics" published now-a-days, there is, or was lately, a paper called *Jack-o'-Lantern*, or *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, or some such name. We have been sent a copy of this paper, containing an attack (in our opinion a most pointless attack) upon the performances at the Globe Theatre. We make a quotation:—

"The public . . . do not throng to the Globe; on the contrary, keep away, and will keep away, in all probability, unless drawn by something more attractive than *Sir Simon* and *Lord Bateman*, a burlesque . . . which is about as weak a concoction of dull plot and poor word-twisting as can well be imagined."

So said *Jack-o'-Lantern* } ? and our contemporary had a perfect right to his opinion, although, for our part, we pity the taste of the critic who finds nothing good in Mr. Byron's excellent acting in *Not such a Fool as He Looks*. We should not have alluded to this paragraph had not a report reached our ears that the manager of one of the Strand theatres had been threatened with vengeance by a disappointed "comic" critic, who had been refused admission to the stalls of the theatre in question on Boxing Night. As anything written in malice is always discreditable, we trust that the story has nothing to do with *Jack-o'-Lantern* } ? Perhaps our contemporary (if he is still in the land of the living) will be kind enough to explain the matter. He has, we repeat, a perfect right to express his opinion upon the merits of any piece produced in public, but he has no right to bring discredit upon the profession to which we both (unhappily) belong.

Surely this was amiable enough. We had heard the report above alluded to, and gave our contemporary an opportunity of clearing himself. (Please to notice our delicate flattery in passing over the prior claims of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*, *Lloyd's List*, *The London Gazette*, &c., &c., to be considered "comics" in favour of *Will-o'-the-Wisp*!) And what is our contemporary's return for our kindness? After some mysterious allusions to one "Mr. Hudson," who, our contemporary seems to imagine, was the "chief of that distinguished tribe who wield the TOMAHAWK," and some weird twaddle written in execrable taste about "the First Lady in the Land," it continues in the following *spirited* (may we add "rum"?) style:—

That the *Tomahawk* should slay the defenceless we are not surprised, but that it should even in its degradation dare to assail us, though it ever commands a glib mendacity as plausible as it is unscrupulous, is a proof that there is a juvenility influencing the counsels of the savage reviler which should be checked. If the *Tomahawk's* pen has lost its cunning the grossness and indelicacy of its pencil must make amends,

though its coarse grotesqueness can only be excused by a mental inebriety, if not a bodily intoxication.

Very pretty, is it not? "In our degradation daring to assail" (may we be permitted to use a playful nickname?) *Billingsgate Bill*! Our artist excused by "bodily intoxication?" Refined and gentlemanly, and vigorous too. And yet it is whispered that *Peter Spy* and *The Queen's Messenger* are about to be revived—with our contemporary in the field! What folly!

Bill continues:—

In the *Tomahawk's* attack upon us, it contradicts itself in its first paragraph. It pretends to be forgetful of our existence in one line, and the next says that it has received "a copy of this paper, containing an attack (in our opinion a most pointless attack) upon the performances of the Globe Theatre."

Our notice of the "pointless attack" was written three weeks after Christmas, and we were *not* quite certain of "our existence." We are ashamed to confess that we had quite lost sight of our amiable friend until the packet sent to us recalled his name to our recollection.

As our contemporary insinuates that we gave a garbled edition of his notice we print it in its entirety, so that the public may judge between us:—

The Globe Theatre is content with a continuation of *Sir Simon*, followed by a new burlesque. Contentment in matters theatrical and managerial, as in matters of life, goes a great way. If it were not so, we should not have a double dose of Mr. Byron in one night. The public, however, do not feel themselves called upon to be contented and to suffer after this fashion. They do not throng to the Globe; on the contrary, they keep away, and will keep away, in all probability, unless drawn by metal more attractive than *Sir Simon* and *Lord Bateman*, the latter, a burlesque which, capitally dressed and done much for by the artistes concerned—notably Miss Fanny Josephs, Miss Minnie Sydney, Miss Rose Behrend, and Mr. J. Clarke—is about as weak a concoction of dull plot and poor word-twisting as can well be imagined. *Lord Bateman*, however, has one merit; the principles of Unity have not been forgotten. *Lord Bateman* has evidently been written to run in parallel lines of excellence with *Sir Simon*. The author has succeeded. By the way, what are the Globe managers about that they reserve such genuine artistes as Miss Lydia Foote and Mr. Henry Neville for introductory comedietta? This is, indeed, Simple policy, with a vengeance!

In conclusion, we cannot refrain from quoting the last paragraph of our contemporary's article. The italics are our own:—

The "noble savage," who so often demonstrates his uncivilized aptitude in the crime of wounding, *we warn. It may be that he is a cannibal, so fierce and intractable that words may not restrain him.*

Quite right, *Bill*! Your true power lies not in your pen and head, but in your hob-nailed boots and bludgeon. Use them if you will, but for your own sake, my dear good lad, do beware of the police!

HOW AND HOW NOT TO DO IT.

ADMIRAL ACTON, the new Italian Marine Minister, seems to be taking a leaf out of Mr. Childers' book. He has been in office but a few days; but he has already announced that he means to cut down the Navy Estimates by sixty million francs. This is not bad for a beginning, especially if the retrenchment is to be brought about in a legitimate way—namely, by the reduction of the strength of the Navy. If this is the principle on which Admiral Acton is going to work, Mr. Childers, on his part, might take a hint from the Italian Admiralty. It is very right and proper to be economical, and to cut expenditure down to the lowest point; but it should be remembered if a naval Minister has less money given him to expend than he has been accustomed to receive, if he wants to procure goods of the same quality, he must buy less with it. Here it is where Mr. Childers is making his mistake. Instead of really reducing the Navy, which he might legitimately do by ridding it of all the old and useless vessels, he attempts to keep up the tradition of numerical force at the expense of the individual members of the service, which is thereby demoralised, and in time will become inefficient. Admiral Acton, on the other hand, seems to be on the right road toward reduction. A little that is excellent is preferable to a great deal that is bad; and if our British First Lord would learn this lesson it would be better for the country, for the service, and for the right honourable gentleman himself, if he wishes to leave his mark on the Admiralty as a successful administrator.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

The Military Forces of the Crown: their Administration and Government. By CHARLES M. CLODE. 2 vols. London: Murray, Albemarle street.

THIS remarkable book is well worthy of a perusal by every real Army Reformer; for in giving, as it does, a mass of information, supported throughout by original authorities, on the principles, that is, literally, the rules at the beginning of the existence of the British Army, it points, with a clearness that cannot but be manifest to all careful readers, to the variations from first rules, which variations are chargeable with nearly all the abuses existing in the system, and a return to which rules would, in so many instances, remove the evils that Army Reformers are crying out against—proving that it is not the use but the *abuse*, or removal from its original use, that disfigures our present system.

Those of our readers who may bear in their memories the points that formed, from time to time in our pages, the subject of some short chapters on Military Reform, will find in the pages of Mr. Clode's invaluable work nearly all the points we have written on, and will find them treated in almost identically the same view, though, of course, far more elaborately and exhaustively. We would specially refer, in this respect, to his remarkable chapter on the new control system (pp. 390 to 430, vol. ii.), wherein, after laying down in a few clear sentences what should be the civil check or control over army expenditure, he proceeds with a vigour of denunciation which is only equalled by his clearness and power of argument, to expose the wickedness, the short-sightedness, and the danger of the new control system, by which the public treasure is handed over to a military body wholly above the check of the civil power. Mr. Disraeli, in his celebrated Manifesto to the Men of Bucks, boasted that he had at length concentrated into the hands of one man all control over military expenditure. He forgot to add that that one man was a military officer. Mr. Clode well remarks:—

"It is possible to feel (as I do) towards the army—what Sir James Graham's example in regard to the navy proves—the very highest admiration for the character of the service, and yet firmly to express the conviction that its civil administration ought not to be destroyed, or handed over to military officers, who do not, as a class, make the best administrators of civil affairs, although they may be those of their own profession. Hitherto it has not been anyone's duty to deal with the administration and government of the army at any length, in volumes like the present, and therefore much of the information which they contain has been necessarily drawn from original official sources. Possibly, I may be thought to unfold the subject in an aspect too exclusively constitutional. If that be so it must be borne in mind that of late this aspect—though of fundamental importance—appears to have been little considered, while the official records of the War Department prove to demonstration that the distinguished men who surrounded the throne, and governed both the country and the Army prior to the Crimean War, did not overlook the *ultimate* consequences that may be found to result to the *safety of the State* from disturbing the relationship in which the Army stands to the Parliament in matters of expenditure, and to the Crown in matters of government. Some of these were men of unexampled experience as soldiers and Statesmen; but they refused—and that advisedly—to assimilate our Military Institutions to those of Continental countries, while they adhered—and that deliberately—to the rules of Army administration and government under which our Royal Forces have been ever victorious abroad, and loyally non-aggressive at home."

Our space will not permit us to dwell longer over this interesting work. Every chapter is well worth the careful study of those who administer the Army at home, or in our colonies, as well as of those who would gladly see its administration reformed. Especially interesting are the chapters on:—

- (7.) The Control and Audit of Military Expenditure by Parliament.
- (12.) The Barrack Establishment.
- (14.) The Reserve Fund.
- (17.) The Action of the Military in aid of the Civil Power.
- (18.) The Employment of the Military in the Restoration of the Civil Power—with Notes on Martial Law.
- (25.) The Office of the Secretary of State.
- (29.) The Consolidated War Office.

The appendix is full of most interesting documents, many of which have never before seen the light. Among these we may specially refer to Lord Palmerston's most able memorandum

upon the office of the Secretary at War with reference to the General Commanding in Chief. (vol. ii., p. 689.) A paper which is truly a monument of the most skilful, manly, and independent dealing with the difficult subject of the dual government.

We rejoice to know that on this subject the present Ministry have determined to take a decided line for the due subordination of the Military to the Civil Power—as so strongly urged in these volumes, as well as in our own pages—and it is to be hoped that on very many other points the sound constitutional views of Mr. Clode's work may have full weight with those who have the power to restore the bewildered organization of the army, now almost a proverb and a bye word.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

SOME possibly may be inclined
To give him an ovation,
But Tory men will hold such names
Deserving execration.

1.
John doesn't like this, nor does Tom,
Nor Sam, nor Dick: if Bob
Brings it upon him, why he'll say
'Tis not a workman's job.

2.
Sound often heard from British throats,
When statesmen's tongues propound
Weak, shallow, wordy arguments
Which claim to be profound.

3.
Poor jester! wiser it may be,
With all thy quips and cranks,
Than men who kick their neighbour's shins,
And then expect their thanks.

4.
Tall! not like talk so termed, for thou
Art firm and stately too,
And rooted in our English soil,
And pleasant to the view.

A REAL HERO.

To severely punish the unfortunate constable William Smith for knocking down a man who was brutally illtreating his wife, and to let off scot free those highly respectable members of the force who bring false and utterly unfounded charges against respectable people,—truly, this is the way to raise the character of the force. Of course, every man has a right to maltreat his own wife, and we can sincerely feel for the unfortunate man who was prevented from carrying out his natural prerogative of gentle chastisement by William Smith. Poor fellow, it was, indeed, too hard that he should be so summarily cut down while practising the interesting game of wife beating, a game so innocent, so amusing, and so particularly pleasant to his better half. How terrible to hinder him in his charming recreation! Surely, it must be fearfully galling, then, to this "lord of creation" to find that the English public do not appreciate the excruciating delicacy of his position in finding a constable who held such different views in the matter to his own, who actually knocked him down to prevent him brutally ill-treating his wife, and how still more deeply must this much maligned and gentle creature feel the sympathy expressed for that most uncivilized of men, William Smith, who has been let off with a month's hard labour and ignominious dismissal. Why, it is actually a fact that a subscription is being raised for Smith, and everybody considers (except, we suppose, the magistrate) that he acted well. We do, indeed, feel for the unfortunate wife beater. Would that we could feel his back with a cat-o'-nine-tails; that, at least, would be a little recompense for the cruelty of his position. It is well that the magistrate failed to sympathize with the constable who so far neglected the area steps and the cold mutton as to save a woman from brutality. This is truly the way to improve the police force.