

# THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

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## JUSTICE FOR IRELAND.

A SENTIMENTAL grievance. That is the stock phrase with which it is fashionable to sneer down the question of disestablishing the Church of England in Ireland. A stale subject, some one says. Stale? Yes, one might well expect that the whole thing had been publicly blown to atoms by this time, but we live in the light of a glorious constitution, and just now, moreover, happen to be blessed with a wonderfully honest and conscientious Government. The sentimental grievance has, therefore, occupied the attention of Parliament for a considerable time without any practical result,—occupied it to the intense edification of lookers on, if to the neglect of other imperial duties,—occupied it till British hearts have swelled proudly beneath British coats, and flushes of excusable British pride have crept over British cheeks at the glorious spectacle before British eyes. Just let us think of it. "A fine party struggle, Sir, with intellect arrayed against intellect, and swingeing divisions one after the other! And the Ministry! Ha, ha! Gladstone is no match for old Dizzy, I can tell you. Dizzy will beat him by some dodge or other yet, and *doesn't* mean backing out of his place, whatever else he means. A fine struggle, Sir, a fine struggle, and shows what British institutions mean." Excusable pride all this, of course: for when it is a question of Gladstone turning out old Dizzy, or old Dizzy proving one too many for Gladstone, who cares that the eyes of the world are watching keenly to see whether self-righteous England really means to dispose of the greatest enormity in Europe, and do justice to 5,000,000 of her much-tried and persecuted children? The thing really sickens one as one dwells upon it, for who is there who will deny that this, save in a few notable instances, is the tone that is taken by the mass of Englishmen on this, perhaps the most momentous question that has ever come before the House of Commons. So much for the immoral lethargy, the negative and paltry earnestness of the country at large. But that sinks into comparative insignificance when compared with its fruit, the intense pig-headedness and illogical bigotry of the "influential minority," who are petitioning, and praying, and croaking at the tail of the "Government." These people, if their logic were only equal to their prejudice, would set up a torture chamber at the Castle, make hearing the mass penal, and force, with the aid of rack, hot pincers, or not less brutal money fine, the Thirty-nine Articles down every Popish throat in Ireland. That is the proper conclusion drawn from their own premises, though they are probably, like most ignorant and selfish people, quite unconscious of the *ultima ratio* before them. Of course, to enter into the Irish Church question here would be superfluous and absurd. The matter is, as far as its broad and obvious principles are concerned, now thoroughly ventilated, and reasoning men can only stare when they reflect that this is the year eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, and that justice has not yet been done. Still nonsense is talked, a good deal of it too, by what one may call the amiable advocates of abolition. They admit the injustice of paying a hierarchy out of a people's pockets to teach them something to which they refuse to listen, but add that, as far as the feeling of humiliation alleged to be felt at the predominance of an alien creed is concerned, the grievance, such as it is, is sentimental; in short, that it does not exist at all. Now, this is the absolute

reverse of the truth. Ask any Irish Roman Catholic, and he will tell you that so intolerable does he feel this "sentimental" grievance, that though he abhors agitation, revolution, and bloodshed, he would welcome anything—even, if his Church would allow it, Fenianism itself,—could it only rid his country of the burthen, the shame, and the humiliation of being garrisoned by a Protestant Church Establishment.

To him it will be, to the end of the chapter, the badge of a foreign supremacy, and as long as it is linked to the State will be by him hated with all the vigour of galled religious rancour. The Hindoo is better off than the Roman Catholic Irishman, and the Irish Protestant knows it, assumes upon it, and looks down upon the immense majority of his fellow-countrymen as an Indian Civil Servant does upon the millions he is sent to rule. A couple of facts may illustrate this state of things with tolerable force. It is within the memory of men still living, that a little child cried out after a yeoman who was lounging down one of the principal streets of Dublin. What the poor urchin said did not transpire, but it touched the dignity of the armed representative of the "ascendant" race, and he took up his carbine and shot the little offender dead on the spot. The yeoman was tried by an "ascendant" jury, and acquitted.

That is fact number one. Fact number two is less dramatic and dashing, but equally significant. The other day, a certain public appointment, that had usually been, as a matter of course, bestowed upon one of the *ascendancy* party, was given to a Roman Catholic. Notwithstanding the fact that the position was one to which every mark of public courtesy was due, and that therefore, by an unvarying precedent, all the local gentry regarded it as an obligation to call upon the official in question, not one thought it requisite to fulfil it in the instance referred to. This particular case is a sample of some hundreds of others of greater or lesser notoriety; and though lacking the murderous brutality of fifty years ago, can, in its own particular line of utter vulgarity and offensive snobbism, do quite as much mischief socially among a people who are generous, sensitive, and proud. It is this sort of tone, well-informed and unprejudiced Irishmen insist upon it, that has resulted solely from the self-conscious superiority and boundless assumption of those who look down upon Ireland from the bulwarks of the existing Established State Church. Slight and insult meet the native Irishman at every turn, whether in the country hall or by the road side; and it is little to be wondered at that the whole nation to a man is willing to turn to any one who will promise it freedom from an insufferable thralldom such as this.

Sermons are dry things, and the trumpet of warning is not an agreeable instrument to play upon; but as a dangerously influential minority of the English people do not seem to take in what is at stake in the present crisis, it is everybody's duty to preach and blow when and where they can. Lord Macaulay predicted the advent of a very ugly day for this country in connection with this same Irish question. Whether he was a true prophet the future will show. Certain it is, however, that an unprincipled Government, whose greed of place is a source alternately of irritation and amusement to their opponents, and a patent scandal before the whole world, is not likely to cope with a question on the equitable solution of which the future safety of the empire depends.

"MONEY TABLES."—Those used by Mr. Home, the Spiritualist.

### THE NEXT WAR.

THE success of the Chassepot and Snider rifles at Mentana and Magdala must ultimately revolutionise the existing system of warfare. Instead of sensational accounts of hard-fought battles, we may expect to see the newspapers giving currency to mere sums in arithmetic. The next despatch received at the War Office will probably run to the following effect :

British Camp before Paris,  
20th June, 187—, Noon.

SIR,—I have the honour to forward, for your Royal Highness's information, the enclosed correspondence which has recently taken place between His Majesty the ex-Emperor of the French and myself.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,  
Your Royal Highness's most humble, obedient servant,

COLENSO,

Bishop of Natal, and Commander-in-Chief of  
H.M.'s Army encamped before Paris.

To H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief,  
the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., &c.

I.

British Camp before Paris,  
18th June, 187—, Noon.

SIRE,—I beg to inform your Majesty that the British Army have arrived in perfect safety before Paris. I have the honour to command

#### INFANTRY.

		Men.
3	Regiments of Guards - - (6,000 men strong)	18,000
32	" of the Line - - (8,000 " " )	256,000
190	" of Militia and Volunteers (4,000 " " )	760,000
		<u>1,034,000</u>

#### CAVALRY.

46	Regiments of Dragoons, Lancers, and Hussars - - (2,000 men strong)	92,000
4	Regiments of Mounted Police - (8,000 " " )	32,000
		<u>124,000</u>

The whole of the Infantry are armed with the Patent Robertson Revolver Hand-Cannon, delivering 240 shells per second. The Cavalry wear suits of the Electric Bomb-proof Cuirass (Limited), and are supplied with 30,000,000 tons of the Patent Portable Thunderbolts (as advertised).

Awaiting an *immediate* reply,

I have the honour to remain, Sire,  
Your Majesty's most humble, obedient servant,

COLENSO,

Bishop of Natal, and Commander-in-Chief of Her Britannic  
Majesty's Army encamped before Paris.

To H.I.M. the ex-Emperor of the French, K.G., &c.

2.

Palace of the Tuileries, Paris,  
18th June, 187—, 3 p.m.

RIGHT REVEREND SIR,—As my army (consisting of 124,000,000 Infantry and 24,000,000 Cavalry) have been unable to obtain any weapon more formidable than the common Polytechnic Steam Gun (yielding one bullet and a half per second), I am forced to own myself defeated. What terms do you propose?

Accept, Right Reverend Sir, the assurance, &c.,  
NAPOLEON, Emperor.

To the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Natal, Commander-in-Chief  
of the British Army encamped before Paris.

3.

British Camp before Paris,  
19th June, 187—, 10 a.m.

SIRE,—I undertake to withdraw the British Army from before Paris on the following conditions :—

1. That your Majesty retires (after giving twenty-four evening "monster levees" and four Saturday afternoon "monster levees" at the Egyptian Hall, in aid of the funds of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts) to Heligoland for life.

2. That your Majesty relinquish (for self and descendants) all claim to the throne of France.

3. That your Majesty pay into the hands of the Chancellor of the

Exchequer (within three days) the sum of £112,600,000 to defray the expenses incurred by the British Army in their expedition to France.

4. That your Majesty's son, the Prince Imperial, accepts a junior clerkship in the Savings Bank Department of the Post-Office.

Awaiting an *immediate* reply,

I have the honour to remain, Sire,  
Your Majesty's most obedient, humble servant,

COLENSO,

Bishop of Natal, and Commander-in-Chief of Her Britannic  
Majesty's Army encamped before Paris.

To H.I.M. the ex-Emperor of the French, K.G., &c.

4.

Palace of the Tuileries, Paris,  
19th June, 187—, Noon.

RIGHT REVEREND SIR,—I agree to the first, second, and third conditions, if you will allow me to pay one-third of the sum specified (£112,600,000) by you as the necessary compensation for the expenses of the British Expedition, in pictures from the Louvre.

As to the fourth condition, I must beg you to reconsider it. In spite of the knowledge that a rupture between us would be the signal for the certain slaughter of all my supporters, I would rather defy you to the death than counsel any gentleman in whom I am interested (much less my own son) to accept an appointment in the English Post Office.

In the name of humanity—in the person of a father, and not of a ruler—I beg you to spare my son the crushing misery you would strive to force upon him!

Accept, Right Reverend Sir, the assurance, &c.,  
NAPOLEON, Emperor.

To the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Natal, Commander-in-Chief  
of the British Army encamped before Paris.

5.

British Camp before Paris,  
19th June, 187—, 6 p.m.

SIRE,—After careful consideration, and from feelings of humanity, I consent to alter the fourth condition. Instead of being forced to accept the appointment specified, the Prince Imperial may undergo ten years' imprisonment at Portland, with hard labour. This degradation will sufficiently meet the exigencies of the case.

I have the honour to remain, Sire,  
Your Majesty's most humble, obedient servant,

COLENSO,

Bishop of Natal, and Commander-in-Chief of Her Britannic  
Majesty's Army encamped before Paris.

To H.I.M. the ex-Emperor of the French, K.G., &c.

6.

Palace of the Tuileries, Paris,  
19th June, 187—, 7 p.m.

MY DEAR COLENSO,—A million thanks for your kindness. I have informed my army of my determination to surrender. Although sorry at losing me, they quite agree with me that it would have been folly to have fought the battle out. I will look you up to-morrow with my traps. By-the-bye, couldn't I go into the provinces with the "monster levees?" If so, I should be delighted—for *your* benefit, understand, my dear friend.

Yours affectionately,  
NAPOLEON, ex-Emperor.

P.S.—Eugénie sends you her most grateful thanks for the kind feeling you have shown towards our boy. Ten years will soon pass away, but the other —! *Mon dieu!* the very idea makes me shudder!

### DAMPING TO THE ARDOUR.

ETONIANS had better move their Fourth of June to some other time, when the weather is likely to be a little more to be relied on. As it is, the Montem is an annual failure, as for years past the weather at Eton on Prize Day has been wretched. On the last occasion, although Wednesday and Friday were magnificent days, steady rain set in at noon on *the* day, the intermediate Thursday, and it poured till near upon midnight. It seems a strange fatality that the smart uniforms of the boats' crews should be each year saturated and destroyed by the inclemency of the weather. It almost seems as if the very elements thought the procession of boats, manned as they are by school-boys, in admirals' cocked hats and gold-laced coats, a little too ridiculous and absurd, and are attempting to abolish the custom by the administration of a little wholesome cold water. If this is their object, they have a fair chance of success.

## WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

*Reform.*—Beauty's Conservatism.*Religion.*—A great temptation if we only had time to give to it.*Repentance.*—A death-bed review, or sham fight with conscience.*Reproach.*—A traitor's shots during an armistice.*Republic.*—A nation of kings.*Reputation.*—The ermine, once spotted, leaves a sad tale behind.*Respect.*—A vanishing point of modern etiquette.*Rib.*—Eve's limited liability in the firm of Adam and Co.*Riches.*—The golden cars which Phaeton finds so difficult to drive.*Ridicule.*—The ogre who keeps so many good actions in prison.*Ring.*—The padlock to a pair of handcuffs.*Ripple.*—The dimple on Neptune's face.*Ritualist.*—A Romish Autolycus.

## A QUESTION OF VERY EXISTENCE.

Two of the morning newspapers, for the want of some more interesting topic to disagree upon, have been wrangling over the cost of living in England at the present day as compared with the prices of food and necessaries ten or fifteen years ago. The *Times* commenced the discussion by asserting that, while our wants have been vastly multiplied, the cost of satisfying them has been vastly increased; that house rent has gone up fifty per cent.; that servants' wages have risen in a like proportion; that most articles of costume are very much dearer; and that hardly any commodities have fallen in price except those which have been affected by the operation of Free Trade. Upon this, the *Daily Telegraph* immediately followed upon the other side, by characterising every one of the statements made by the "leading journal" as transparently false, and, in an article of something over two columns in length, arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that, with the exception of fish, fresh butter, butcher's meat, and cigars, everything that we spend money upon, from a coach and four to a stick of sealing wax, is considerably cheaper than it used to be.

It appears strange that there can be any room for discussion and disagreement on a question in which facts can so easily speak for themselves, and on which most people must have formed their own personal opinion, not to be altered or shaken by any amount of disquisitions on the law of demand and supply, or theoretical essays on the increased or diminished price of money. It would have been far more to the point had the *Times* and *Daily Telegraph* put their heads together and tried to arrive at some estimate of what it may be expected the cost of living will be ten or fifteen years hence—at the same time giving the public some hints and suggestions for checking the exorbitant demands of the retail tradesmen to whom the British householder is certainly indebted for any increase in the prices of necessaries which may have taken place since the first Exhibition time. Although it may be interesting to a small class who have never been obliged to take note of their expenditure, to know how much more or how much less the large class of the public who are compelled to consider such trifles are now paying for certain goods compared with what they used to pay for them once upon a time, a discussion of such a nature can lead to no practical result, and can do no good to any one unless it be carried further than a mere disputed statement of facts.

The object of the discussion should be to let us know what we may expect to have to pay in time to come. As neither the *Times* nor the *Daily Telegraph* have thought it worth while to enter upon this phase of the question, we have taken the task upon ourselves; and, with a view to arriving at some definite conclusion as to the cost of living a few years hence, have, with the assistance of a dozen or so accountants, a select committee of the Statistical Society, and a ready reckoner,

obtained the following results, showing the probable cost of some of the necessaries of life in ten years' time.

TARIFF FOR 1878.

	£	s.	d.
Butcher's meat, per lb.	0	3	6
Milk, per quart	0	2	0
Fresh butter, per lb.	0	5	0
Chickens, a couple	1	1	0
Potatoes, per lb.	0	1	6
Truffles, per cwt.	0	0	9
Fish—salmon, soles, and turbot, per oz.	0	15	6
Wine—sherry, port, and claret, per doz.	0	1	0
Ale, per quart	0	6	6
Cigars, per lb. :—			
Foreign manufacture	5	5	0
British do.	0	2	0
Chignons, per yard	2	0	0
Newspapers, per dozen	0	0	1
Books by weight, per lb.	0	0	2
Sitting at church, per annum :—			
Under a popular preacher	8	0	0
Under an "Hon. and Rev." incumbent	10	10	0
An opera-box, per night	21	0	0
Cab fares, per mile	0	0	1½
House rent, from £10 to 5,000	5,000	0	0

The prices of Muffins, Jewellery, Precious Stones, Dogs, and Coffins will remain unaltered.

## WORKED BY WIRES.

MR. REARDEN, his extremely ill-worded motion, his rapid collapse, and his burst of apology will not probably be heard of again, but before the "stir" to which he for a moment gave rise passes to limbo, it is only fair to call attention to the source from whence his unhappy inspirations evidently sprang. We are very much afraid it was the Balmoral leader in the *Times*. That, in its turn too, may possibly be forgotten as rapidly, for the "fifth estate of the realm" is a marvellous hand at eating its own words; yet it did give expression to a certain sort of floating grumble, and having done this is worth a little comment. Of course the *Times* was sufficiently diplomatic to level at Mr. Disraeli its earnest remonstrance, but a not over-particular portion of public dropped the diplomatic view of the matter and read the article in a very different spirit. What lasting effect it had in high or low quarters we are not in a position to state, but it has had one good result. It has set ingenious people at work to discover new methods of carrying on government by machinery. Some one has suggested this :—

1. The House of Commons, not being large enough to accommodate members, to be destroyed, but no new one built as in future.
  - a. The Premier will take up a permanent residence upon the Treasury bench, which will be painted green, removed to Hughenden Manor, and fixed under a tree in the park.
  - b. He will there enter into consultation by post (enclosing a stamp) with the other members of the Cabinet.
  - c. And refuse to attend to anonymous communications from the country at large.
- 2.—The members of the House of Commons will reside in or about the counties or boroughs which they represent, and
  - a. Communicate their views to one another by telegraph.
  - b. Send their speeches, which they can make either to a few and select constituents, their families, or a row of cabbages, up to the *Times* for publication.
  - c. And carefully specify the points where they think it likely they may be interrupted by loud cheers, cries of "Divide," and other "chaff."

N.B. As a rule, they may insert the word *laughter* at every full stop.
- 4.—These regulations will not apply to Mr. Whalley, with whom some special arrangement will be made.
- 5.—As the Ministry will never go out, there will never be any



necessity for a division, though one can be occasionally taken in fun, for the double purpose of furnishing material for leading articles, and edifying the country.

6.—As it is calculated that the carrying out of the above programme may possibly lessen the *prestige* of the British Parliament, by depriving it of those opportunities it has hitherto enjoyed of displaying its special peculiarities, it has been determined that

- a. Members shall meet once a year for the purpose of enjoying a bear fight.
- b. The Government and Opposition shall make their customary charges against each other of dishonesty and national pocket-picking.
- c. And that one personal division, at least, be taken, for the purpose of assuring the world at large that a British Member of Parliament prefers his party to his country, and himself to both.

### WANTED—A FEW FIG-LEAVES.

PATERFAMILIAS may grow fig-trees to sit under, but he will, ere many seasons are over, discover that he has chosen the wrong plant for an umbrella, as his female relatives will be soon stripping off the leaves in order to adorn their denuded persons.

Mothers and daughters may revile, the *Saturday Review* may even prove satisfactorily their abhorrence of paint and falsehood, but there are very few of them who do not countenance the low dress of the period. "The dress of the period too low!" screams Miss Venetia Callepidge. "How ridiculous!" "Cant!" "Prudery!" "Nasty jealousy!" chorus the would-be fashionable scribblers. And yet the climax of indecency is, we hope, nearly reached when Her Majesty's own sentiments of modesty are affronted to such a degree that she is forced to give her Lord Chamberlain orders to reprove one among many of the ladies presented at the last drawing-room as an example for future occasions. Yes, in this year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, Her Majesty returns, after many years of sad retirement, to take her share in the receptions of the Court—that Court which once was renowned for its morals and good taste—and Her Majesty is gratified by finding that, by withdrawing the presence of the Royal example of domestic virtues, vanity and immodesty have taken the bit in their mouths and are running away with self-respect and good breeding.

A lady of rank, whose name we conceal with greater care than she does her nakedness, appears at Court in these days of low dresses in such a garment that Royalty feels necessitated to rebuke its wearer. What must that dress have been? thinks the seasoned Londoner who was not present at the drawing-room. There is Lady Flabbyson, whose shoulder-blades appear midway above her *corsage*, and in whose back you may count some ten vertebrae when she is not even stooping. There is the Hon. Mrs. Molespeckle, who boils over as to her flesh in the most disreputable way, and would be much more presentable if she had a fig-leaf attached to her necklace instead of a locket. Then there is Miss Callepidge herself, whose dress one's hand fidgets to pull up above her elbows; and young Lady Mary Barebones, whom no ensign can look at without blushing; so that speculation turns red at the idea of what the Court beheld and the Queen rebuked.

And this brings us to consider the subject of dress—a subject which has always proved all-engrossing to the female mind, but which has perhaps never occupied so much of woman's time, or been such a consistent drain on man's pocket, as at the present day. Here is woman clamouring for suffrage and a recognition of intellectual rights, while she is all the while sacrificing hecatombs to the false gods Vanity and Selfishness, Envy and Pride. It may be all very good for trade, though even tradesmen find the disease rampant in their wives and daughters; but that might be an argument for the admirers of Lais and Phryne, who waste more money now-a-days than ever in luxury and extravagance, and who find plenty of tradespeople ready to support their character for a share in the profits of their sale.

Modesty really seems to be a thing out of fashion. That is just it: the fashion. If it is the fashion, woman will do anything, as a rule. As we heard a lady remark to another, "My dear, dresses are going lower and lower—where will they stop?"

"I can't say, love," was the rejoinder, "but I for one have made up my mind to follow the fashion." So we head our article, "Wanted—a Few Fig-leaves," for that is what we are coming to. But *ne pas confondre*. My dear sir, your wife's fig-leaf, or your daughter's sporran, will cost just as much as a dress does now. They will be made of the richest materials and trimmed with the most expensive *garnitures*, while chains and jewellery will demand a larger consumption than ever. No, it is not economy that prompts to this untoward display of what seldom can be called female charms, as few women are perfect in form and feature, and the most charming are usually the most modest—it is vanity.

Every woman believes she is a Venus, more or less; nothing but a positive hump will satisfy a woman that she has one shoulder higher than another, while crutches are necessary to prove that she has a tendency to malformation in the leg. The short dresses which are worn by most women now out of doors prove this axiom, for nothing can be less becoming to thick ankles; and yet what eccentric pedestals are exposed to view in the park, or wherever we may meet a well-dressed crowd, by this fashion of short petticoats.

For the last forty years, with the single exception of an absurd breaking out of crinoline, which only influenced the existing fashion by its size, there has been little or no positive change in dress; but the female costume of the present epoch, dating from the beginning of sixty-seven, is as distinct in its type as that of Louis XV. or Charles II., and has the weaknesses of both those periods. There is as much false hair displayed as ever appeared under powder, and as little of the bust covered as Rowley could have desired in his loosest days.

Falseness in externals predicates a state of rottenness within. The military buck of eighty who dyes his remnant of a moustache and wears a wig, not for warmth but to deceive, is attempting to offer spurious goods for sale. The woman who puts false hair on her head, who, in fact, wears a wig, and who wishes every one to suppose it is her own, is just as ridiculous as the general of eighty, and has not the excuse of second childhood to fall back upon. But there is one thing they don't seem to see, that no men are deceived by purchased charms. A woman must indeed be clever who can pass a made chignon off for a real one, or who can appear in broad daylight, or even at night, in Madame Rachel's colours without detection.

In the evening *corsage* the bare reality is too conspicuous for any surreptitious aid which can prove deceptive, and, though it is difficult to make an ugly foot pass for a Cinderella, there is sufficient evidence of the attempt and its consequent suffering in the advertisements of corn-cutters which now appear in the papers.

Paris can boast, with a good deal of reason, of its pretty feet, and certainly the Parisian foot is far neater as it appears in its stocking and boot than the English, but in no city in the world are so many pedicures to be found as in Lutetia. The high heel throws the toes forward, and corns follow as a natural effect; but we may hope, as our clever friend Cham suggests in a late number of *Le Charivari*, to see false feet attached to the hem of the short skirts in front as an additional grace to those ladies who are denied elegant extremities.

It is productive of some amusement to speculate on the probable eccentricities which fashion may reserve for future years. The petticoats are creeping up and swelling over at the hips; the shoulders are returning to the days of Marie Antoinette, and will probably be fitted with muslin wings before next season is over; the chignon has arrived at the crown, and will, ere long, be gathered into a graceful horn over the forehead; the mantilla is taking the place of the bonnet, which indeed only exists as a flower on a tuft of *tulle*. Even the shape of parasols has changed, not to hint that the sun casts his rays otherwise than of old, but simply to prove, by taking the old Egyptian form, that there is nothing new under the sun. What will the next change be?

Whatever the change may be, let us hope it will be quieter and more inclined to modesty and good taste. Her Majesty's presence among the flowers of her Court would be of the greatest service in bringing about such a *dénouement*, for it would be impossible for a young princess to take the same notice of glaring *inconvenances* that our Queen's maturity and position admit. And one now sees how much of the simplicity of a nation's dress and manners may be due to the domestic example set by the highest lady in the land.

## ON THE BOOKS.

NOT so long since a contemporary, in whose pages undeniably well written and interesting articles are by no means few and far between, devoted a column and a half to the subject of "Successful Books." The bent of the article in question may be gathered from its opening lines, here subjoined:—

"Ingenuous people usually believe a brace of propositions about books: first, that no book succeeds without possessing a good deal of merit of some sort or other; and second, that no book of real merit in any order fails in the long run to command success. Each of these notions in the sense in which they are usually accepted, is about as untrue as the other."

That the above is absolutely true, no one who has the slightest acquaintance with the ins and outs of modern literature will attempt to gainsay. The truth however is of a negative character, and not of a stamp therefore likely to be of much assistance to the crowd of aspiring young authors, who daily witness success achieved before their very eyes, and yet are at a loss to discover the secret by which it is so continually and rapidly attained. In a purely philanthropic spirit then we are happy to come to their aid, by directing their attention to the following rules, which we assure them will prove infallible in the irrespect spheres. They have been compiled with considerable care, and if religiously adhered to must lead to "success."

## HOW TO BECOME A RISING YOUNG POET.

Study Pindar, lounge about Holywell street, then fire away.

## HOW TO WRITE A SUCCESSFUL SENSATION NOVEL.

Produce it in a serial, and take care to have a well-written and highly interesting first number. After this, pad in with improbabilities, monstrosities, rubbish, bad construction, wretched diction, and let it be carefully illustrated with comic cuts. Call it—what you like, but say it is written by two well-known men—say Messrs. Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault.

## HOW TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

Lunch off iced pumpkins, and never take tea without a couple of Marquises, who talk state secrets.

## HOW TO BECOME A SECOND SHAKESPEARE.

Take your tragedies—no—on second thoughts, you had better give it up. Bury your work, and leave it to the judgment of a couple of centuries.

## HOW TO BECOME A GREAT MORALIST.

Dip your pen freely into decent ink, and then spin out snobish, semi-religious, but, above all, highly respectable twaddle, whenever any one gives you a chance. If this will not go down, sign it A. K. H. B.

## HOW TO BECOME A GREAT PHILOSOPHER.

Take, of Solomon's wisdom . . . . . One grain.  
Of Self . . . . . One ton.  
Dilute the mixture with 5,000 gallons of tepid toast and water, and serve out in pap spoons. Call this mixture "Idioms for Idiots, or, Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy."

HOW TO WRITE A GOOD, NEW, AND ORIGINAL COMEDY.  
Translate it.

## HOW TO PRODUCE A REALLY NEW AND ORIGINAL COMEDY.

Take a theatre—and do it (and yourself at the same time!).

HOW TO WRITE A SUCCESSFUL *Times* LEADER.

Let the tail contradict the head, and the middle refuse to join either party.

## HOW TO BECOME A GREAT AND SUCCESSFUL PROPHET.

Seize hold of the Book of Revelations (never mind what you do with it); frighten old women; and go through seven editions. If this does not do, be highly respectable, and hang about the back stairs of third-class noblemen.

## HOW TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL LITERARY MAN.

If your name is either Thomas, Henry, or Obadiah Brown,

be sure you call yourself either Tom, Harry, or Ob Brown. Be peculiar in appearance; wear a big moustache, or a big beard, or long hair, or something out of the way. Happy are you if Nature has given you a big nose or long legs—anything peculiar, in short, so that some one may say to somebody, "You see that fellow with the peculiar nose; that is Ob Brown." Be sure, too, that you wash. That is again the fashion among modern *litterati*. Talk of the place you get your chop and penny paper as your "club," and allude to your friends as "Fred" This and "Joe" That, taking care to throw in the name of a superior class hack now and then. Cultivate brass, and the tag-rag and bob-tail of the publisher's trade, and do not mind begging for a job. Let your food be simple. Feed on humble pie. This course will possibly lead you up the ladder of success, which, when you have mounted comfortably into the temple of competency, if not of fame, you can kick into the face of the various friends to whom you have hitherto had to cringe. As to your brains—never mind them—take them out in brass.

## ANOTHER ABYSSINIAN DIFFICULTY.

ENGLISHMEN are usually backward almost to a fault in incurring responsibility, and have thereby earned themselves a reputation abroad as the most unsympathetic and selfish nation in Europe. It is therefore the more surprising that the Government should have taken upon itself the office of guardian to the youthful son of the late unfortunate Theodore. Whatever the prospects of the heir-apparent to the throne of Abyssinia may be in his own country, short of being murdered, they cannot be very much inferior to what is in store for His Highness if he be handed over to the tender paternal care of the English nation. It may be all very natural, just at present when we are full of compassion for his friendless and forlorn condition, to agree with accord that the child should be sent to Bombay to be educated and reared in the family of a Church of England clergyman; but when the son of an Emperor arrives at man's estate, it will become a very awkward question how he is to be disposed of.

It is very doubtful if a dozen years hence, when the story of Theodore and the Abyssinian captives is only remembered as the period of an additional 2d. on the income tax, which we shall probably then declare the circumstances of the case did not justify,—it is doubtful if we shall be at all disposed to grant to Theodore's heir such an allowance as will enable him to live as "becomes a king;" or, still further, that we shall be willing to make a provision for his children and their children for an indefinite period. The case of Duleep Singh was altogether different: we took a country from the Maharajah, which formed a valuable and important addition to the Indian Empire. We have received no such advantage from the Abyssinian campaign. All we now have to do with Theodore's country is to hurry out of it as fast as we can, never, we hope, to return; and all we carry with us, which may be considered as any part of the estate of the late monarch, is his crown and mantle, and a few thousand shields. The crown and mantle have already been disposed of, having been offered to, and accepted by Her Majesty. The shields, when converted into money, cannot be expected to realise anything beyond the price of old iron, even if that, so there can be no justification in time to come for making a grant to the Royal Family of Abyssinia, on the plea that we have ever had our money's worth out of their country. The Government mean to be kind, no doubt, but it may be well to consider that when the period arrives for "doing something" for the young Abyssinian Prince, it is not likely that the English people will miss a chance of being just and ungenerous at the same time. It therefore, becomes a question if we should not be doing a greater kindness to Theodore's son to leave him to the care of what friends he may possess in his own country, rather than educate him to be ignored, degraded, half-starved perhaps, in ours.

HOW TO REVENGE YOURSELF UPON A MAN WHO HAS MURDERED YOUR MOTHER, ROBBED YOUR CHILDREN OF THEIR LAST FARTHING, POISONED YOUR BROTHER, DESTROYED YOUR COUNTRY, BURNT YOUR HOUSE AND MARRIED YOUR WIDOW!—Make him attend a representation of *Foul Play* at the Holborn!

## NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

As soon as the extensive alterations are completed the OFFICE  
of THE TOMAHAWK will be removed to

199 STRAND.



LONDON, JUNE 13, 1868.

## THE WEEK.

MR. HOME has, we understand, sent in a most urgent appeal to the Court of Chancery, that it is very cruel to charge him with his own costs; for, owing to his state of health and to the unaccountable reserve of the spirits, he really has not got a rap with which to pay them!

SOME of the Clergy are determined to show that it shall not be their fault if the Establishment of the Church of England is not done away with. The Rev. J. D. Massingham, LL.D., incumbent of St. Paul's, Warrington, compares Mr. Gladstone with the Todmorden murderer, not disadvantageously to the latter, and then says that "hanging is too good for such a man." And people are expected to accept this man's interpretation of Christianity! We will not pronounce the Rev. Mr. Massingham too good for hanging, for he is certainly not too good to be *suspended*, and that promptly!

## TOWNSHEND'S REFORMATION.

"THE Marquis Townshend has rebuilt the nave of East Raynham Church, Norfolk, at a cost of £4,000."—*Daily Paper*.

The Marquis of Townshend, 'twould seem, is inclined  
By lights less eccentric his actions to rule.  
Well, better by far, as his lordship shall find,  
Is working the nave than playing the fool.

THE *Daily News* is a very clever paper; and when it informs us that "honest payment of the national indebtedness" is one of the principles of the Republican party in America, considering the intimate connection which exists between the American Radicals and the *Daily News*, we suppose we ought to give the statement credit. Otherwise, it is rather difficult to believe that the party which has created greenbacks, and would pay English holders of American securities in that valuable commodity; and which would prevent the conquered States from paying those debts contracted when they were a *de facto* Government, whether they wish to or not, is so very sound upon the subject of honest payment of the national indebtedness. But then American notions of honesty always did puzzle us: they are so much in advance of the age.

## BLACK AND WHITE.

When Jamaica's grim niggers were ripe for revolt,  
And to murder the Whites had concocted a plan;  
'Tis a pity that Eyre, from the Isle didn't "bolt,"  
And leave them to finish the work they'd began.

The leash to be named would have lauded him then  
As much as they slander and worry him now;  
At least, if they would not, they're false spoken men,  
And don't know the meaning of what they avow.

For what is their language—"whene'er an outbreak  
Of Blacks against Whites is blood-thirsty shown,  
If one life of the former their Governor take  
He shall do it at peril of losing his own.

"If sedition be preached by a clergyman's tongue,  
Let him talk till excitement and fury it breed;  
And if any should say he deserved to be hung  
Stop the mouth that would counsel the murderer's deed."

Yes—such are your doctrines Mill, Buxton, and Bright!  
Though your words may not such, in their utterance, be  
'Tis strange you should want them thus dragged into light,  
Or need any helping their folly to see.

Till you do you had better make off to some land,  
Whence wiser and juster you'll learn to come back;  
And admit, what you don't seem to quite understand,  
That the White man is human as well as the Black.

Just one little hint—as your funds are so large,  
That subscriptions to prosecute you can afford;  
Look out for the care of some criminal charge,  
That by a grand jury will *not* be ignored.

## FROM THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

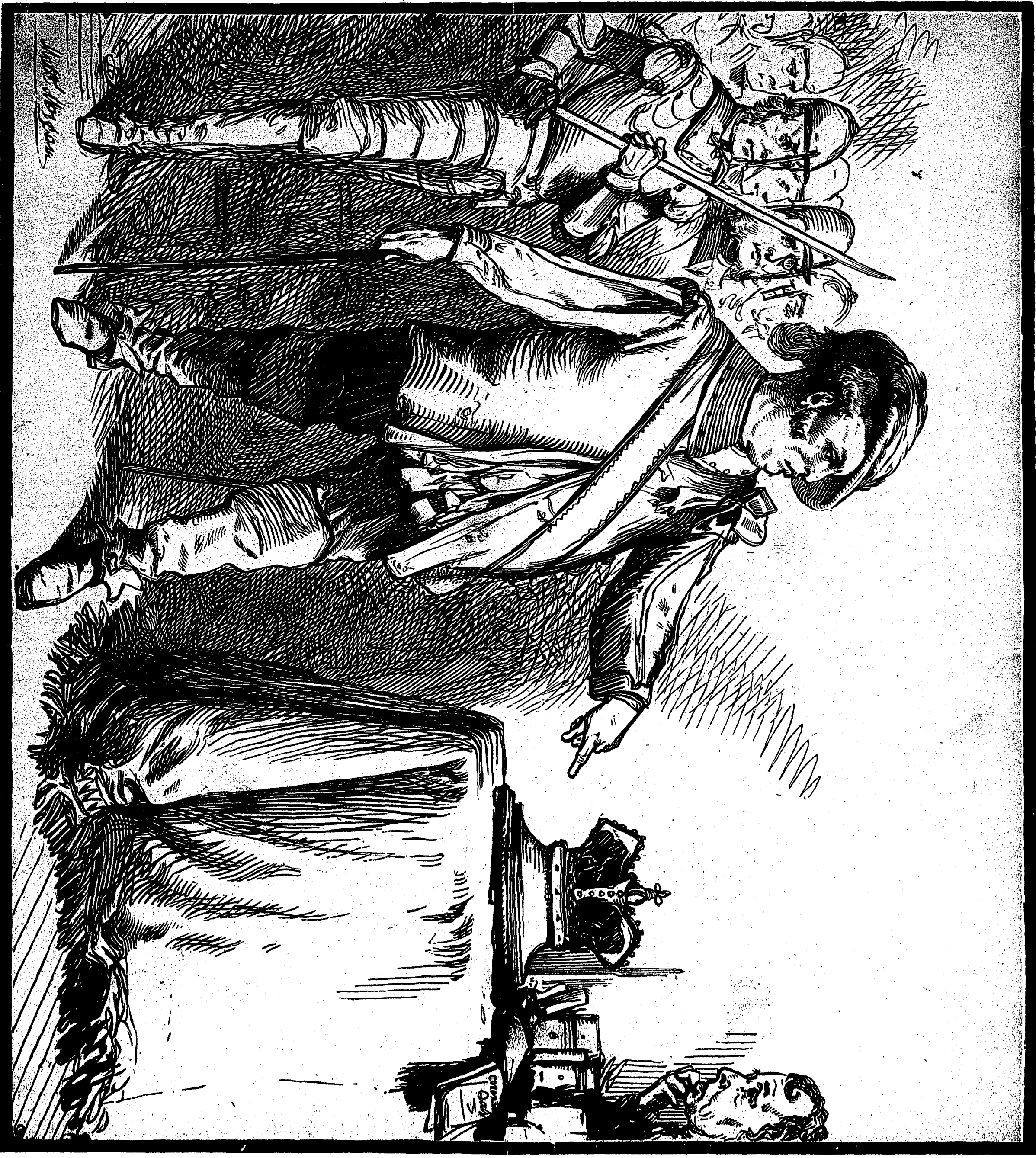
"THE Man of the Hour—the very Prince of the Asteroids, courses through the dark black destiny of the infinities like one mad drunk with the blue blood of the purple robes of Ephesus! This is no age for butter fingers—this is no time for puny mouthings at garbled historiettes; the nineteenth century teems with noble aspirations after the Fine Old Port of the Heavens. The Mighty Mother has taken the bit between her teeth, and with eyes hard set, hoofs heavy with pearls and the Spoil of the Ages, rushes wildly, white hot and boiling over with a passionate lava towards the Great Goal of the Terrible Hereafter! A man must have something in him, or he falls crushed to the ground before the advance of a thousand feet, a million planets, an innumerable host of blazing suns and wine-spilling systems of moonbeams! This is no exaggeration, and although differing with the Sensation Premier in some points, we hail him Disraeli the Demi-god, proudly and boldly—the Caucasion Mystery explained as the Man of the Day! Let him go on and prosper, like a knight of old—like some Dinan Du Guescelin armed *cap-à-pie* with Front of Brass, and Grandeur in his Rear!"

## CRUEL SPORTS OF THE FAR WEST.

FRANCE.—Author hunting!  
RUSSIA.—Woman beating!!  
ITALY.—Church robbing!!!  
SPAIN.—Bull fighting!!!!  
ENGLAND.—Eyre baiting!!!!

SOMETHING *very* SMART FOR THE WAGS!—A *Seaside Annual* is talked about! We imagine that the forthcoming work will be scarcely popular among the juveniles. The best known "Annual" at the seaside is the "*Guide to the Mysteries of the Ocean*,"—in other words, the miserable hag who teaches the young idea not to shoot, but how to submit to a ducking!





"TAKE AWAY THAT BAUBLE!"  
OR,  
WHAT IT MUST NEVER COME TO.





## NEWS! NEWS! NEWS!

(FROM A VERY SPECIOUS CORRESPONDENT.)

EVERY one who reads the papers, that is to say every one who can read, must have been often depressed by the terrible lack of news at certain portions of the year. When Emperors and nations obstinately refuse to go to war, and therefore we are cruelly debarred from all chance of receiving as a relish for breakfast those pleasingly exciting telegrams headed "GREAT BATTLE! DEFEAT OF THE —!! 175,000 KILLED AND WOUNDED!!!"—when Imperial Parliament is not sitting, and the Honourable Members of the House of Commons cannot submit to us that ever-varying but never-fatiguing puzzle, "What is Parliamentary language?"—when we can no longer beguile the sweet hour of mid-day leisure by counting the number of opprobrious names which have been applied to the Prime Minister of this glorious country in one night by an assembly of its choicest gentlemen,—when no charitable and benevolent individual, in a humble and conscientious endeavour to do what he can towards providing some food for the excitement-craving stomachs of his fellow-creatures, commits a "*Horrible Murder!*" or bears upon his shoulders the whole burden of an "*Awful Tragedy!*" or, if his genius is not capable of these high flights, is content to fill some spare corner with such a trifling contribution as a "*Shocking Suicide,*"—in fact, when our leading newspaper is reduced to treating us to such bread and scrape as four columns of *Historicus'* researches in Encyclopædias and Blue Books, or half a sheet of S. G. O.'s amiable twaddle, or twenty-three letters on the price of pork-chops in some retired village in Cornwall; when that genteel two-penny nightcap (the *Pall Mall Gazette*) is compelled to send a special commissioner disguised in beer, and suffering from a temporary paroxysm of morality, to the Cider Cellars; and the low "penny paper," in despair at seeing the cheaper forms of copy gobbled up by its betters, has to despatch a successful novelist with a limited knowledge of English, and an unlimited capacity for salary, to do the Continent, and retail his hotel bill, at five pounds each item, for the benefit of their wholly-sold readers,—in short, when things are dull, and there's positively "no news," there is no one, however patient, who does not turn with pardonable irritation from the disappointing sheet, and exclaim on the stupidity of the journal he or she happens to be reading.

Sitting in the calm retirement of my own arm-chair on Whit-Monday, "engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing to the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core"—I allude to the pipe of bird's-eye to which poverty has reduced me—having in vain tried to get my penny-worth out of the *Times* (lent to read for two hours) engaged in guessing where the Paris correspondent of that excellent paper could live, rejecting the somewhat fantastic idea that he lay buried under the statue in Leicester square, and communicated his funeral gossip by means of Mr. Home's rapparees, I gave it up; and then lapsing into vague musing, suddenly, by a flash of inspiration, the idea lighted on my brain, "Why should not I puff away poverty as I now puff away the cloud of smoke, and become at once a benefactor of myself and my species?" I will—my mind is big with its purpose! I will deliver myself of my grand invention. I will supply the gaping mouths of the hungry public with the stimulating diet on which they thrive half the year, and lacking which they starve the other half; I will provide a never-ceasing torrent of sensation, on which the giddy mind shall be whirled from January to December every year without any shallow or calm water intervening! But I must first, like many other aspirants for fame and money before me, get my Company.

How will this look at the head of the prospectus?—

THE  
GRAND UNITED  
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND COMPANY,  
(Limited),

FOR  
SUPPLYING INTELLIGENCE

TO  
DESTITUTE JOURNALS AND NEWSPAPERS.

That is innocent and inventive enough. Now for the means by which I intend to work our end.

By getting up *canards*, and contradicting them next day?

Oh no! That would not pay; the public would soon get tired of that: besides, any fool could do that. The *Globe* has done it—often. No! my idea is to get a company of jolly fellows together and go about the country committing sensational crimes—in the slack season, of course. The newspaper that subscribed most should have the news of the crime telegraphed to its office first of all—before it was committed if necessary, and the others in their proper turn, with variations (extra charge for very novel incidents). One crime would last a week at least on this principle, with details properly filled out, and one paper would be made to contradict another so decidedly that the public mind might be kept on the stretch (in the case of a very horrible murder) for nearly a fortnight. For instance, three of the Company's servants, let us say, would go down to some quiet village in Wales. One confederate would remain at the nearest telegraph station, to send off the news at the time agreed on. The *Times*, let us suppose, has paid on Saturday £500 for the refusal of the next sensation produced by the Company. On Monday morning, just in time for its first edition, arrives this telegram:—

## "MYSTERIOUS MURDER AT PENRHYMMOM!"

"Late on Sunday evening a shepherd, returning home across the hills, discovered on the summit of Penrhyymmom the bodies of two gentlemen who had evidently been barbarously murdered. Their heads had been hacked off, and were placed each on the other's walking-stick, a ghastly grin lighting up their blood-stained features. A blue parasol and a packet of sandwiches were found at a short distance."

Then, in time for the second edition, would arrive a despatch, with this additional information:—

## "THE HORRIBLE MURDER AT PENRHYMMOM!"

"The two heads have been recognised as belonging to two gentlemen who left Glyddyddym for Penrhyymmom on Sunday morning, accompanied by a lady with a blue parasol. It is not known yet whose the bodies are."

The other papers would receive accounts slightly varied: of course, each could copy from the other, but the one that got it first would have the best chance of increasing its sale.

Some stupid persons, devoid of imagination, may ask how I intend to avoid the interference of the police. I answer, that is my business. I do not mean to say that the Company could be carried on without some loss of life; but then, what an admirable opportunity for would-be criminals or suicides!—the latter could either be passive or active, as of course information could be supplied to or withheld from the police at the Company's pleasure. It is against all precedent that the police should discover anything of their own unaided efforts, and no reward could tempt any member of the Company to peach, as he would get much more by keeping his own counsel.

Then, what a nucleus for all conspiracies would such a Company furnish! All those tiresome knots of timid assassins who bungle over their work, or do it with such nervous recklessness as to involve much unnecessary loss of life, would have their energies concentrated, their excesses tempered, and their impulsiveness organised, by being under the control of such an admirable Company, and they would have the melancholy satisfaction, if they failed in their high political aims, that they had at least ministered to the delight and edification of their fellow-creatures. In fact, as the highest office of Government is to employ vice in the service of virtue, I think I am not presumptuous in hoping that Parliament might vote a sum of money for the support of such an excellent Company, formed on such enlightened and liberal principles, with the sole object of procuring the benefit of the public at the cost of their own individual prejudices, and perhaps comforts. The scattered gems of invention and ingenuity which adorn the annals of crime, and which are but dimly recognisable in the imperfectly developed designs of the individual, would be burnished up by the united talent of such a Company as I propose, till they were really worthy to take their place in the crown of those martyrs who have suffered for the benefits which they sought to confer on an obstinately ungrateful society. But my enthusiasm carries me away; I feel already as if I were chairman, with a salary of £5,000 a year, besides my profits from shares. I feel as if there were no longer such a thing as a dull paper—as if the despairing cry of "No News" could never again chill the heart of the lonely bachelor, as he sits over his cup of tea and *Times*. Whatever be the fate of other monarchs, the Reign of Sensation is established for ever!

## A MATTER OF COURSE.

"THE Alexandra Park Races," whatever they may be, are advertised to take place "on Tuesday, June 30th, and Wednesday, July 1st, under the Newmarket Rules." The Duke of Newcastle, followed by the Marquis of Hastings, heads the published list of stewards. Mr. J. F. Clark is to be "Judge," Mr. J. F. Verrall, "The Mulberries," Denmark Hill, S., is to be "Clerk of the Course and Handicapper," and the admission is to be only one shilling.

There is nothing very interesting in all this. The inventive genius who hit on the idea of a sort of turf company and the confident shareholders excepted, no one has probably thought much about these "Alexandra Races" promised for Tuesday, June 30th, and Wednesday, July 1st.

They, however, possess one remarkable feature. They are to be highly respectable races. Dogs are to be hung rather than they should assist at the vulgar bit of comic business that degrades the ordinary race-course. Nor is this all. People of a doubtful character are to be excluded at the doors, and not even the payment of a shilling is to gain them admittance. In a word, the whole thing is to be extremely select. How all this will answer remains to be seen, for there is an impression somehow got abroad that a respectable race is an impossibility. Companies do certainly sometimes manage things adroitly, and so perhaps a wholesale condemnation of a moral race-course scheme may be premature. The other day we were promised all sorts of wonders in the air at Sydenham, and so there is no reason why we should not look out for a few castles in the same region at Muswell Hill. How the proprietors intend to carry out their threat of excluding "any person they think proper" is at present a mystery as far as the public are concerned, and if they themselves should not have thought of any simple and effective method of putting it into execution, we beg to refer them to the inevitable examination system. A few well-selected questions handed to each candidate for admission might be readily answered, and the right of entrance granted or refused on a perusal of the result. What do they think of the following?

## QUESTIONS FOR MORAL TURF CANDIDATES.

- 1.—Have you ever gambled at home with a few friends, or passed an evening at a "hell"?
- 2.—If so, show that putting a thousand pounds on a horse coming in first, and ten pounds on a card turning up trumps, are two very distinct and different things.
- 3.—Why is the first called "supporting a great national institution," and why is the second called "gambling"?
- 4.—Write out the history of the Derby of 1868, and say whether you have ever heard of anything like it in the annals of gaming. What do you mean by running "dark," and do you think it a pretty and modest performance?
- 5.—Of course you know that Baden Baden is a terribly bad place. Do you think English noblemen and gentlemen would tolerate any approach to such an abomination over here for a moment?
- 6.—A. is heir to a great estate, but an ardent supporter of "the only true method of keeping up a good breed of horses." He cuts down his timber, does away with his entail, and gets £180,000 to the bad, through devotion to the national reputation for horse-flesh. Show, if you can, that the game is quite worth the candle.
- 7.—A private gambling house of fifty years ago was open to a select few, and ruined a limited number of devotees. Another great national institution, of more modern growth, carries on its operations under amiable names in the plain light of day before the whole world, is flattered by a jockeys' column in the Press, and not only ruins its influential supporters, but exercises a baneful influence upon every grade of society from the highest to the lowest. Show again, if you can, what a despicable, vicious, and illegal thing was the former, and what a noble, virtuous, and lawful institution is the latter.
- 8.—Imagine the Derby run for honour alone. Do you think dukes, marquises, fine gentlemen, butcher boys, snobs, blacklegs, costermongers, and earls would all hurry-scurry off to Epsom, if they did not feel that ruin, loss, wealth, despair, success, shame, penury, and possibly death, were the real stakes to be run for on the great Derby day?

Having answered these questions to the entire satisfaction of the proprietors (the Marquis of Hastings might undertake the duties of Examiner), the candidate can pay his shilling and enter into the midst of the pure joys and innocent excitement of the Alexandra Races, "proper."

THE MANIAC'S COLUMN;  
or,  
PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.  
AN abyss and Inigher will make up the name  
Of a country whose king all a warrior proclaim.

2.  
SUPPOSE to my eldest of sons I should say,  
Your pillows and feather beds all send away,  
That hard you may lie, what word would suffice  
To convey to his ear what I wished in a trice?  
By way of a hint then, before I have done,  
'Tis three monosyllables rolled into one.

3.  
A BIRD and fish, connected with an isle,  
Make up a beast at which few care to smile.

4.  
A BISHOP who, in Southey's lines,  
By rats is eaten on the Rhine.  
A measure from which cabmen sip  
The beer which wets their thirsty lip.  
An animal that is defined  
By words of different tongues combined  
Two words, you've seen it in your house,  
In Latin runs and Latin mouse.  
Together put, these things compose,  
The ugliest beast that nature shows.

5.  
MY first at their breakfast most folks like a bit,  
My second means much the same thing as permit;  
My whole is a character a poet expressed  
In a tragedy many consider his best.

6.  
MY first people do when they let their tongues loose,  
And instead of remonstrance indulge in abuse.  
My second's a track, and my whole is proclaimed,  
When my first and my second are properly named.

7.  
MY first's a god who dwelt on earth,  
In shady wood and sylvan bower;  
My second, taken from the word  
In which the Romans named the hour;  
My third, who into nurseries dips,  
Will oft hear cried from children's lips;  
My whole's a beauteous work of art,  
That shows the world in every part.

8.  
MY first's combined of good and evil,  
An angel half and half a devil—  
The word I mean one creature names,  
But to include another claims;  
Half of a christian mane's my second,  
Whose number cannot well be reckoned;  
My whole's a drama, strange and wild,  
By famous British bard compiled.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Wayside Thoughts. By D'Arcy W. Thompson. Nimmo.  
Moral Causation. By P. P. Alexander, M.A. Nimmo.  
Last Leaves. By Alexander Smith. Nimmo.  
The Spanish Gypsy. By George Eliot. Blackwood.  
The English Revolution. By John Baker Hopkins. W. Freeman.