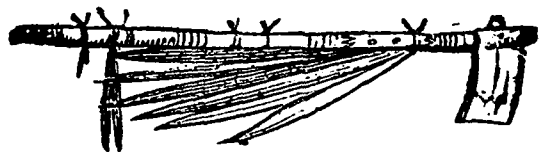


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 70.]

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

TOMAHAWK'S ELECTION ADDRESS.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN AND COUNTRYWOMEN,—Some hundreds of declarations of political faith are now being circulated throughout the country, by those anxious to represent various towns, or counties, in the next Parliament. The constituency to which TOMAHAWK appeals includes the whole of our country; no vestries, no revising barristers can decide who is to vote, or who is not to vote, amongst you; wherever the English language is spoken or read, there are those whose suffrages he solicits, whether here at home in our native land, or in the most distant colonies and offshoots of Great Britain, or in foreign countries where English men and women have found a resting-place. To all whom a common language, if not a common love, unites with us; to all who wish, and pray, and strive, for the good and happiness of their fellow-creatures,—yes, to all who love the truth, and hate falsehoods, shams, and pretences of all sort; who prize earnestness and sincerity above expediency and well-seeming; who detest hypocrisy and humbug, though they may be sanctioned by long custom, and cherished by the rich and influential; to all who seek the welfare of the many before the advantage of the few or the indulgence of self, TOMAHAWK appeals for support.

Wearing the badge of no party, pledged to follow no leader, saddled with no prejudices, hampered by no precedents, free to praise or blame as the conduct of persons deserves, not as personal likes or dislikes may dictate; free to fight on whichever side has the right, not the might; free to change opinions but not principles, ready to confess himself in the wrong if he is, but not because the world says he is,—on these conditions, and on these alone, TOMAHAWK seeks your votes.

With regard to the great question on which this election mainly turns, he has frequently expressed his opinion. Anxious to remedy injustice by whomsoever inflicted or suffered, he hopes to see the Protestant Church no longer trying to force itself on a reluctant majority of the people of Ireland. The great principle that everyone is free to choose their own religion, and to exercise it without let and hindrance, is a more powerful engine for conversion to Christianity, than all the Establishments that man can devise or money support. Since we cannot rob the mind of its freedom, let us not try to shackle the expression of its thoughts; in such free discussions more errors are destroyed than are created, and in eternity truth will prevail, though for a time the false may triumph.

The great Reform Bill of 1867 will soon be judged by its fruits. Let those who have received the suffrage show that they know how to use it, and by fighting manfully against all corruption, whatever form it may assume, teach a lesson to those whose privileges they now share, and prove that they are pure leaven which will leaven the whole lump. Those late members of Parliament who fought against purity of elections from their seats in the House of Commons will now give practical effect to their honourable opinions. Let the electors refuse to be made their tools, and by indignantly repudiating their bribes and their promises teach them the lesson in honesty and manly independence which they so much need. Such a lesson may console them for the loss of their seats.

We are told by some that the time has now really come when the Throne and the Constitution are in real danger. There are,

no doubt, some fighting in the ranks of the Liberals who would destroy them: for such, TOMAHAWK has shown, and will show, no mercy. It is not because he has dared to tell his Sovereign the truth, because he has refused to toady and flatter every member of the Royal Family, whether born so or made so, that he loves his Queen any the less, or is less loyal to her and to her Throne. Jealous of the honour of both, he will ever refuse to play the courtier; and not all the scurrilous taunts and malignant slanders of those whose own degraded natures teach them to flatter in public and snarl in private, whose loyalty is a thin and tinselled cloak meant to attract attention and not to stand wear; not all the buzz of this cloud of parasites, nor their paltry stings, shall turn TOMAHAWK from what he knows is his honest course.

There are questions, too, fully as grave as the Irish Church and Electoral Reform before the country now. England is backward in Education, her system is too narrow in every sense; ignorance is ill supplanted by knowledge only half or badly taught. Education is a duty which the State owes to its subjects, which parents owe to their children, which children owe to themselves; and the system of education should be as nearly free as is consistent with morality, and the funds to provide it should be raised from every man in the land according to his means. You may compel a man to send his child to school, you cannot compel that child to learn anything; but by punishing idleness and rewarding industry, you will establish, practically, compulsory education; for self-interest will teach people its value. Education cannot make people moral, but it makes them less immoral by giving them another appetite, that of the mind, to satisfy, in addition to those of the body. Drunkenness, one of the great curses of this country, will be thus, we trust, diminished, more than by any temperance laws. Much may be done to remedy the evils caused by drink, by purifying our national liquors, and training the people to the use of less fiery stimulants than vitriol gin and potato brandy. But drunkenness must be never held as an excuse for crime, and adulteration must be punished as the crime it really is, before any progress can be made towards reform in these matters.

It is to be hoped that the next Parliament will devote more of its time and attention to measures which shall have for their object the real benefit of the people, than to elaborate party manoeuvres and disgraceful personal squabbles. Whatever may be the result of these coming elections, it can scarcely be the return of a House of Commons as contemptible as the last, in which every good measure that was passed was stained by the most unscrupulous audacity of a political adventurer, or the self-interested professions of disinterestedness on the part of a restless ambitious genius, hungering after the power which his own ill-regulated caprice and temper had thrown away. We want men whose convictions are not the offsprings of altered fortunes or momentary impulse, convictions which are not ready to give way to the next crotchet which may attract their unstable fancies; we want men who, having made up their minds as to what is the right course, are determined to pursue that course with single-minded energy, turning neither to one side or the other, courting, not the applause of the mob, but the approval of their own consciences.

It is by the aid of such men that we may hope to gain those ends for which TOMAHAWK has ever striven; a Poor Law, which shall enable the recipient of its bounty to preserve his self-respect, and not feel that he is condemned, without any

trial, for a crime which justifies his gaolers in treating him with every species of indignity and torture, which, at the same time, shall sternly refuse to support in a life of useless indolence the professional vagrant; a supplement to Mr. Torrens's Artisans and Labourers' Dwellings Bill, which shall make the packing of the poor into styes of filth and vice a crime as great as the crimes which such conduct produces; a thorough reform of the laws affecting the relations of the sexes, which now give every facility to a designing heartless coquette who is shameless enough to expose her petty affectations of modesty, love, &c., before an open court, in order that she may recover the price of her broken heart as assessed by an impressionable jury, while the same law renders it impossible to punish the man who deliberately seduces some really modest and trustful girl under a promise of marriage, provided he is sufficiently well off to pay the price which is set on such indulgences.

When the future Parliament meets, it is for reforms of this kind that TOMAHAWK will struggle with all his might and main; his weapon will still be raised against all fraud and dishonesty, whether in the petty tradesman or the great financier; against all humbug and pretence, whether in the Court or in the cottage; against all false morality; against all calling of right wrong and wrong right because it suits our convenience, whether in the saloons of the highest society or in the lowest public-houses of the poor. Confident in the honesty of his intention and in the justice of his cause, TOMAHAWK calls for support on you, his fellow countrymen and countrywomen, wherever and whosoever you be.

(Signed)

TOMAHAWK.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE V.

*From Willie to Florence.**[Never received.]*

O FLORENCE! Florence! if you knew the pain,
The heavy-hearted sense and loss of pride,
I carry with me since I broke the chain
Which long has bound me captive at your side,
I think that you mine speedily would gain,
And world and worldlings' frown be all defied.
Falsehood at best is but an inutility;
And I now lie too low to ape humility.

So why should I dissimulate, or strive
Either from you or self to hide the truth,
I have been in your heart as bee in hive,
And there have garnered up the sweets of youth;
Sweets which alone, as long as we're alive,
Can save from wintry Life's long wants and ruth?
Me from that hive you vainly will expel;
My impress will remain in ev'ry cell.

Oh yes! you love me, though you would not speak
The words I late besought with unlocked lips,
But still continued obdurately weak.
But there are truths which suffer not eclipse.
The mouth may close; but through the eye, the cheek,
The shrinking form, the silent passion slips.
I know that you do love me; and you know
You are Life's breath, Life's life to me below.

Why then not curst Convention's fetters break,
And be the God-created thing you are,
And the grand thirst of Nature's instincts slake,
Despite the arms that baulk, the laws that mar?
For none can ever of their rights partake
Who against wrong proclaim not open war.
And Fashion is a coward which will yield
Its vain pretensions if they take the field.

Oh! take it with me, Florence, as my wife.
I have not wealth, but I have competence;
Enough against all possible ills of life,
That thus wise can be fended, for defence.

To wish for more is but to covet strife

Among that vulgar struggling concourse whence
My aim 't has been to snatch you, and to bear you
Where Nature, Love, and I alone may share you.

I should not grudge you to the ambient air,
Or to the starlight, or to your own soul.
You to the Universe yourself should bare,
And commune with the everlasting Whole.
But I do fume to think that each foul lair,
Simply because 'tis gilded, should control
Your steps, and lure you through the painted portal,
'Neath which who pass soon cease to be immortal.

For heed me, Florence, when I say that we
Can kill the soul as well as kill the flesh.
It does not die so soon, so easily;
For, crushed, it long time springeth up afresh.
At last, all efforts maugre to be free,
The body doth the spirit fast enmesh,
And drags it to their common death and doom.
No angel's trump shall ever stir *their* tomb.

Let them not kill you, Florence, thus outright!
Why, look! they want to link you to the dead,
Whilst living—you, a thing of life and light!—
And then to tell you mockingly, "you're wed."
If conscience sleeps by day, in dead of night
Do you not start from dreams, and quake for dread?
Remember, Florence! Heav'n grants no divorce
From what you marry—no, not from a corse!

No superb palaces, no perfumed room,
No gold, no wealth, no splendour, no display,
Can more than but luxuriously inhume
Their tenant, when that tenant is but clay.
Even a temple is but as a tomb,
When the Divinity is scared away;
Whilst Heav'n can make its home within a hovel,
If souls be there which know not how to grovel.

Yes! I conjure you to confront them all,
Parents, and friends, and slaves, and sycophants,
Who would but make of you base Custom's thrall,
E'en whilst they fancy that they feed your wants.
Let no vain terrors your resolve appal!
What courage asks, a craven swiftly grants;
And though it tries to play the hector's part,
Society is craven in its heart.

Defy it—spurn it—leave it—be yourself!
Show how you scorn the things it hugs the most—
Its barren pleasures, still more barren pelf,
And fouler toys wherewith it lives engrossed.
And it will own at last that Love's the elf
Which can alone Contentment's secrets boast.
And we will lead the simplest, noblest life
That e'er became a husband and a wife.

EPISTLE VI.

*From Florence's Father to Willie.**[Containing the above Epistle, returned.]*

HEREWITH I send you back your foolish letter,
Than to write which, although I comprehend
Scarcely a word, you ought to have known better.
Your cousin can no longer be your friend.
As for still more than that—you'll *never* get her;
The thing's absurd; so let there be an end.
Of this be sure: whatever she may do,
And come what will, she'll never marry *you*.

THE GAS IS ESCAPING FROM SCOTLAND YARD!—Turn off
the Mayne.

MOTTO FOR THE SELFISH SNOBS OF FOLKESTONE.—*Sick
nos non nobis.*

A POWER THAT WANTS CURTAILING.

"BRITONS never, never"—every Englishman knows the rest ; but by this time every Englishman must be aware that whatever his rights once were, he is now the abject plaything of a puny dictator. There is absolutely a man in London, the capital of Great Britain, the metropolis of liberty (whatever that may mean), who, when his Queen is absent, and the Ministers knocking up the grouse, issues edicts and publishes decrees which begin in the first person, and continue in the most arrogant tone it is possible for such a person to assume. The Englishman abroad, or the intelligent foreigner, will probably be under the impression that this individual is a Prince of blood Royal, or a Commander-in-Chief, or at least a Colonel of Volunteers. Not a bit of it ; the self-created Prefect of London is a Policeman. His inexperience and youth have probably turned his head, and led him to imagine that his powers are greater than they really are. Still less near the truth. Our offensive Policeman is an old gentleman of seventy-three years of age, having come into the world he was to adorn under the auspices of Sirius, in the year 1796. Son of an Irish Justice, and brought up at Trinity College, Dublin, Sir Richard Mayne seems to think that, like other Irishmen, he need not apply for permission to promulgate Acts, but simply issues his Bull and looks down from his pedestal on the poor forlorn Britons who have accepted his authority.

If this new Dictator has autocratic powers, where will he stop? We shall not be astonished to see a proclamation tomorrow to the effect that Inspector Wiggins of the A force is to be made Censor of the Press, and by next week we shall probably receive an intimation informing us that the TOMAHAWK has been suspended, or at least we shall be favoured with a long *communiqué*, to be published at our own expense on our first page, under a penalty of six months' imprisonment and a fine of twenty pounds.

Joking apart, an edict has been issued muzzling our dogs for any time that the Dictator shall settle at his good will and pleasure. It is not a question of dogs' comfort or discomfort now. Youatt, the best authority, will tell you how muzzling affects dogs. But such treatment gives great annoyance to owners of dogs ; and even those who do not possess the faithful animals, and even fear them, must have seen the continual nuisance to owner and passer-by caused by the necessity of holding a dog in leash.

If this aged Dogberry has power to issue such edicts, he may improve each shining hour, the slavery of the subject, and the tyranny of the police. Neither Sir Richard nor his myrmidons are popular, and they know, to their cost, that the people is the stronger when it likes. To the people then we simply say, Don't muzzle your dogs until you are perfectly sure that this Policeman has power of himself to command. If he has, counteract such power at the next elections, and if we are to be slaves, at least let someone else but an Irishman of seventy-three years of age be the man to hold the whip.

We subjoin a copy of a proclamation which it is understood will shortly appear on the walls of this good city of London :—



WE, RICHARD, by the grace of God, Emperor of all the Crushers, King of Scotland Yard, Protector of the Bobbies, Knight Companion of the Bath, and Daily Receiver of the Public Chaff, do hereby will and decree that any person or persons possessing a dog, cat, or other wild animal of domestic tendencies, shall be under the strict surveillance of the Police. Also, that Members of the Force shall be encouraged to enter forcibly, if necessary, all domiciles of such person or persons in order to ascertain whether such dog, cat, or other wild animal be muzzled and otherwise maltreated, according to our last edict (Ric. Mayne 2). Also, that any canary bird discovered without its beak filed and its wings cut, shall be seized and committed to prison during such time as we shall think fit and proper.

Witness our hand and seal,

RICHARD.

Given at Scotland Yard, this September 1st, 1868.

SELF-SACRIFICE !—A "waggish Cockney" informs us that Mr. Du Cane is about to cut his stick !

LOW—TO A DEGREE.

AN age that has produced the girl of the period, endorsed the *morale* of the *Grand Duchess*, and put up with Mr. Disraeli's Government may be excused many foibles on the score of eccentricity.

When virtues that the mothers of another day held sacred are set down as abominable prudery, and parties turn political somersaults rather than let go their hold of the country's purse strings, it may be fairly taken for granted that the day has peculiar tastes of its own. What wonder, then, that when all things are righting themselves upside down, Oxford should suddenly declare itself Radical, and offer the advantages of a University degree to bakers, butchers, and candlestick-makers for a small payment, comprising an entrance fee of £5 5s., and three annual subscriptions of £3 10s.

When pearls of this kind are thrown broadcast, if not to swine, at least to the British public, it is more than probable that a fine crop of genuine snobs will answer the welcome challenge. The superabundant halo investing college life will, it may be imagined, overflow on to the surrounding outsiders, and many a lawyer's clerk or second-class tradesman, who ought to be beating his eldest son into shape by courses of book-keeping by double entry and ledger-balancing, will be sending him up to the University to waste three precious years of his life in unfitting himself for any possible useful purpose now or hereafter.

That nothing could possibly be more disastrous than this, everyone interested in the welfare of England's youth must readily admit, and no body of men ought to be more alive to the dangers it must inevitably involve than the University authorities themselves. Under these circumstances, it is tolerably certain that Oxford, always up to time and equal to any emergency, will meet the crisis by the bold expedient of making her degree dependent on the attainment of useful and practical knowledge. She will, as a matter of course, appoint a whole batch of new professors, and plunge *con amore* into the sweeping torrent of the times. It is useless to offer white kid gloves to a costermonger, for that respectable but roguish member of society would set far more value on a new girth for his donkey or a cup of train oil for his trap-wheels. Bearing this in mind, and with a laudable determination to meet the requirements of the age, let Oxford set to work and forthwith take the matter boldly in hand. When the new race of undergraduates takes the old place by siege, the "*University Intelligence*" must occasionally give the world some such information as follows :—

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.—September 1.

At a congregation to be held on Friday next, the 4th inst., a new statute, establishing a new Final Honour School—the subject-matter to be Boot-cleaning—will be promulgated.

The Sydenham Professors of Trousering, Messrs. Samuel, will give a course of twelve lectures on "The Double-breasted Waistcoat, and its Influences on the Civilisation of the Nineteenth Century." These lectures will be delivered at the *Taylor Institute*, every Wednesday and Friday, till the course is completed.

The Regius Professor of Dyeing and Scouring, S. Wilberforce, will continue his series of lectures on "Soap" in the ensuing term.

The Fortnum Mason Prize for the best essay on "Tea Leaves" has been awarded to Mr. Dipworth, of Jericho Hall.

The subject for the competition for the Fitzgibbon Historical Prize for 1869 is "The Rise and Fall of the Price of Butchers' Meat under the Stuarts."

Ambitious Englishmen who think they can turn their sons into fine gentlemen by sending them up to Oxford for the purpose of hanging about college gates are invited to peruse the above intelligence over and over again. When Oxford suits *their* requirements, it will, oddly enough, cease to be *Oxford*.

Now Ready, Price 8s.,
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* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868.

THE WEEK.

A FEW days since the French police made a raid upon a jeweller's shop in Paris to discover, and appropriate when found, miniature lanterns. We can quite understand the Emperor's objection to M. Rochefort's publication—Napoleon and his doings cannot bear even the smallest light !

IN spite of Mr. Charles Reade's remarks about the "Mock Sample Swindle," which lately were published in *Once a Week*, we cannot call the plot of *Foul Play* original. We know perfectly well that the talented author of *Hard Cash* has great confidence in his own abilities, but imagine that he must have put his trust in another "reed" when he commenced a novel with the aid of a partner. We all know what comes of leaning on "reeds"—don't we, Mr. Boucicault ?

THE Great Reformer and Modern Brutus who sacrificed his children to the good of his country (we don't care to print the fellow's name, but it appeared recently in the Police Reports) has forwarded to us a "Defence" in which he admits the soft impeachment made in the House of Commons of having taken part in the proceedings of a disreputable mock-law "Society" flourishing (or rather, let us hope, languishing) in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. He attributes his dismissal by the proprietor of said "Society" to the persecution of the Police. As lovers of Justice, we trust that the "myrmidons" of Sir Richard Mayne will some day be able to make him reparation. Nothing would please us better than to see the worthy Chartist appearing once more before a Judge and Jury !

ON TRIAL.—GOOD SOCIETY.

THE Commissioners resumed their labours at ten o'clock this morning. As might be expected from the great interest already manifested in the proceedings connected with the present investigation, the room was again densely crowded.

The examination of Mrs. Fitz-topham was continued. She said she certainly considered that the Grawleys were people to be cultivated. Her reasons for this opinion were many and various. She could give some if required: In the first place Mrs.

Grawley was of an excellent family. She was second cousin to Lord Stuffington. Her set too was unimpeachable. One met everybody at her "at homes." By "everybody" she meant everybody worth knowing. Yes, she could give names. The Cabways, Larksbys, Lady Pumbleston, Mrs. Washborough, Sir Harry Grubbs, Colonel Mattigan, and the Bilchers—in fact, *everybody*. No, she had no special regard for Mrs. Grawley personally. On the contrary, she considered her to be a stuck-up, impertinent, and scandal-talking old woman. She did not mean to signify by that that she had no virtues. She certainly dressed well, and had shown considerable skill in marrying her two eldest girls, the one to a retired but extremely successful soap factory, the other to an aged baronetcy and ten thousand a year. No, she did not *enjoy* the evenings at the Grawleys', but she considered it a solemn duty to be seen there. The amusement was of a rather sombre character. She generally arrived at about eleven o'clock, stood either on the stairs or on the landing for one hour and three-quarters, with the thermometer at 86, had a glass of sherry and pink wafer, and then went home. She did not mind spending an evening in this fashion, as she often derived considerable satisfaction from the proceeding. Yes, she was on the whole satisfied with her last evening at the Grawleys'. On that occasion she caught a glimpse of the back of young Sir Charles Foodle's head, received a gracious nod from Lady Bankey, *when* Mrs. Macstinger was looking, and noticed that Young Brodfinch (£2,000 a year and three uncles) took no notice of Flora Stoooper (the banker's daughter), but chatted half-an-hour on the nursery stairs with her own dear Letitia. This was not all her recreation on the evening in question. She had later the gratification of treading on Mrs. Macstinger's yellow train (by mistake) and hearing it crack where it joins the waistband. Yes, she would call *this* a pleasant evening. Season after season she was in the habit of indulging in the same round of gaiety. She used that term advisedly. She could not exactly say what good she hoped to get from it. Of course she received herself, and gave dinners. Her dinners were highly sociable entertainments, and as dinners were great successes. Eighteen people, not well acquainted with each other, sat down in evening dress to a repast, provided at so much a head by the pastrycook (wine included), and served up by the greengrocer and his assistant, in white neckcloths. This took place at her house six times in the season. No, she did not consider that life would be worth living unrelieved by bright spots of this kind. Could not say that her dinners secured her any real friends. Fitz-topham had made some remark to the effect that their expenditure was too high, and that they were exceeding their income. Of course they could not help it, as it was indispensable they should know the Grawleys. She supposed if worst came to worst, they should travel for a couple of years or so. By travelling, she meant putting up in cheap apartments in an obscure Belgian town, and living on £220 a-year. There was nothing odd or humiliating in this. Lady Tuffins, it is true, gave out that she was going to Rome, but she appeared not to have succeeded in getting farther than Boulogne. She had been seen lately in a back street of that fashionable place, bargaining for two pounds of pork sausages.

The witness was here requested to stand down.

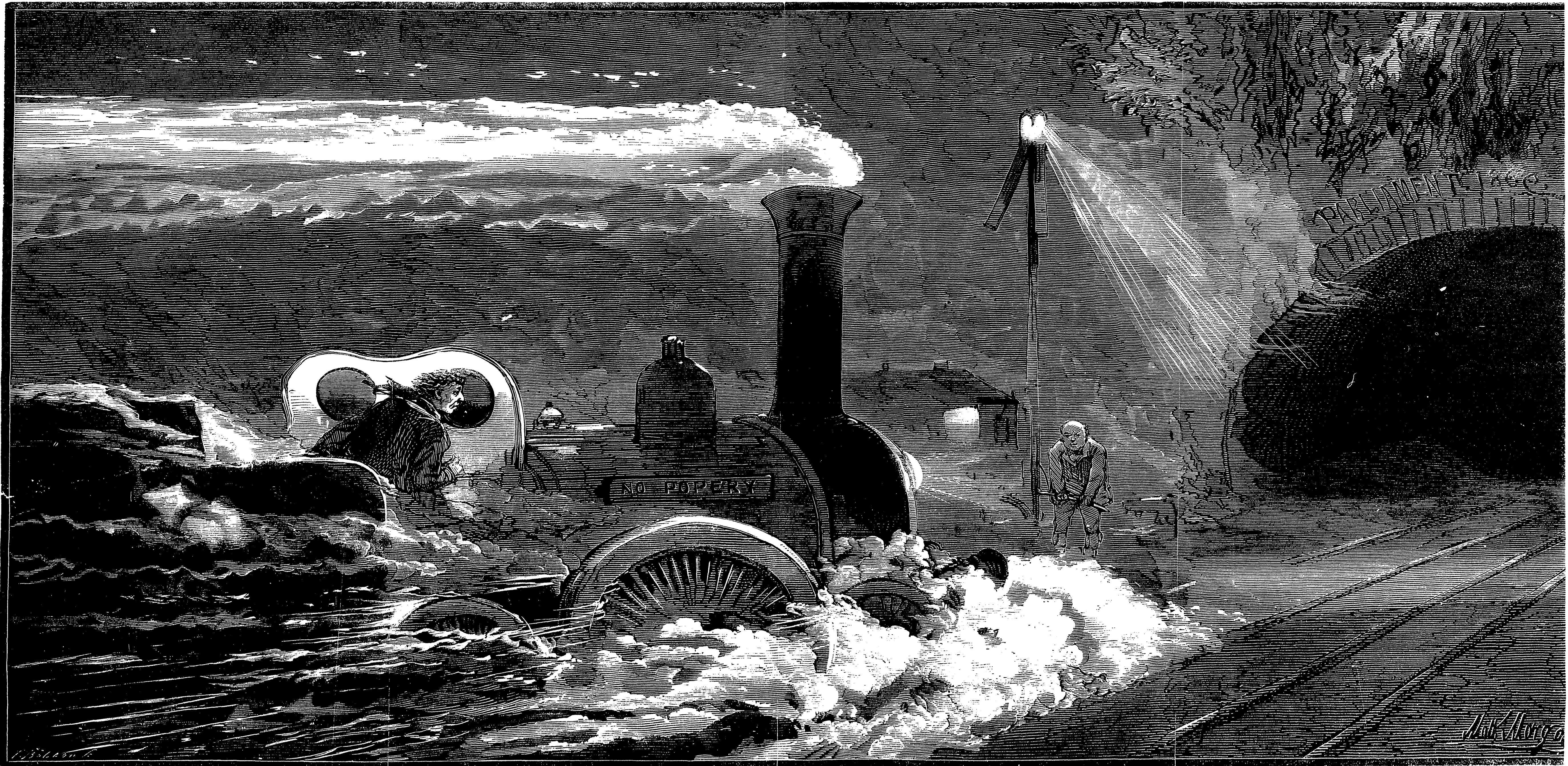
THIEVES, THIEVES !

WE are glad to see that at last somebody is in earnest, and means to cut down the present over-stocked establishments of our Government offices. The newspapers announce that a prize of one hundred guineas is offered for an essay on Kleptomania, "with a view to determine whether kleptomaniacs should be held disqualified for employments of trust and authority under the Crown : also to inquire under what circumstances this mischievous propensity becomes criminal."

Fortunately, the inquiry can have but one result ; and the public may confidently expect to find a substantial reduction in the Civil Service Estimates of next year, caused by the dismissal of about two-thirds of the present officials.

To characterise persons receiving large salaries for neglecting their duties or doing absolutely nothing as being under the influence of kleptomania, shows a spirit of gentle forbearance, blended with a strict sense of justice, which, to say the least of it, is uncommon in the present generation.





RUNNING INTO DANGER !

(DEDICATED TO THE RT. HON. B. DISRAELI.)

OUR ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

SCARBOROUGH.—Mr. Anthony Trollope arrived here yesterday about the same time as the mid-day post, having started from London by the earliest possible train in the morning, and having sat up all night working at a love-story in order to catch it. Mr. Trollope did not appear at all tired by his journey; only he seemed a little put out at express trains being, as he complained, so abominably slow. The carriages likewise shook so, he said, that he had been able to write only during two-thirds of the time. When it was suggested that the *excessive* pace was accountable for that, he answered "Stuff and nonsense;" a reply which caused one or two members of the deputation which had gone to meet him to remark that he talked uncommonly like the female characters in his own books, and that they feared he was rather illogical and hated contradiction. When they offered him some lunch, he answered them in much the same fashion, pulled out his watch impetuously, declared that he wished to commence the campaign at once, and proposed going straight off to the Spa. It was objected that the band was playing, and that the young ladies had not quite done bathing. "Well, they soon will be," he said; "probably by the time we get there. And as for the band, that's the very thing. It will have already collected a crowd for us, and the very sort of crowd I want."

When it was known at the Spa that Mr. Anthony Trollope had arrived, the enthusiasm and curiosity of the ladies on the ground were such as to beggar all description. The bluff, honest appearance of the candidate seemed rather to disappoint them, and there were a good many whispers to the effect that he certainly did not *look* like a ladies' man. But when they heard that he was about to address them, all their interest revived; and so completely did they desert that portion of the Spa dedicated to the band, that the musicians folded up their quadrille books and their galops, and left in high dudgeon.

Mr. Trollope then scowled upon his audience and commenced speaking in the most colloquial but fluent manner imaginable. He wished to tell them frankly that there had been some talk of his standing for one of the divisions of Essex, in which county he lived. (Here some ladies waved their handkerchiefs and cried out "Three cheers for Essex, the county in which Mr. Trollope lives!") He had, he continued, hunted in Essex for a good many winters, thereby losing an awful lot of valuable time, and written some letters on the subject in a twopenny paper, which, however, were not altogether thrown away, inasmuch as he had been handsomely paid for them. These things, he confessed, he had done in order to win the suffrages of the Essex farmers. But it appeared that they preferred a lord, or a colonel, or a somebody or other, and the days he had spent in wooing, in chasing and pursuing, had been wholly wasted, the moral of which was "Put not your faith in fox-hunters." But there was a section of the community in which a man might safely put his trust, and that was the ladies. (Tremendous cheering; young ladies running in from the beach to the Spa with their hair all down their backs to join in it.) But he should be asked, Had ladies a vote? That was a question which appeared undecided. All he could say was that a number of them had been put on the register, and Mr. Disraeli—a wretched charlatan who had also written novels, but far inferior to his own—(loud screams of applause from the young ladies, with some expressions of disapproval among a few of the so-called superior sex)—Mr. Disraeli had refused, through his Secretary, to express an opinion one way or the other. Let the question be tried. He need scarcely say that he was strongly in favour of their having votes; for, without their influence, direct or indirect, he quite despaired of ever getting into Parliament. He had lately started a magazine in which political articles of a strong party character regularly appeared. He begged them to make allowances for these articles, which were inserted when he had hoped to get in for Essex. But he would take care that his magazine should never be spoiled, much less swamped, by such worthless padding. He should always remember the great motto, "The novel's the thing." (Here the audience became frantic with enthusiasm.) He wanted to go into the House in order to obtain fresh materials with which to amuse them. If returned, his very first proposition would be that the ladies' gallery should be carried all round the House; and if more room still was wanted for them, he should be delighted to see them made comfortable in the body of it. He

should consider himself bound, if they returned him to Parliament, to devote himself exclusively to their interests, and therefore to spend the hours lost by other members in listening to wretched debates, almost entirely in the library; and he need scarcely add, in manufacturing an unfailing supply of novels for their delectation. (Enthusiastic screams, and cries of "That's something like a member!") There were, however, two or three measures for their benefit which he should have to advocate in the body of the House. The chief of these was gratuitous and compulsory education. He should certainly press upon the Government the necessity of founding free libraries, of filling them with novels—especially his own—and compelling everybody to read them; inasmuch as he had good reason to think that there was a certain class of people who would never do so, save under compulsion. (Cries of "Oh! oh!" and "Incredible!") Yes, he feared such was the case, incredible as it might seem. Only let them send him to Parliament, and he thought he could remedy so melancholy a state of things.

A committee was at once appointed for securing the return of Mr. Anthony Trollope, and its first meeting was arranged to be held on the following morning in the water, in front of where the ladies' bathing-machines ply. (Members of the male sex rigorously excluded from the committee.) We understand that Mr. Trollope has pledged himself, in case he is returned for the borough of Scarborough, to pay unremitting attention to its local wants and interests, and undertakes to bring out a fresh novel for his fair constituents at the commencement of every sea-side season.

THE PAST OPERATIC SEASON.

THE operatic season, which came to an ineffective conclusion some weeks since, calls for but few remarks, and such attention as it deserves might have been accorded to it in an earlier impression, but, in truth, there is so little to chronicle in a season which has been almost entirely destitute of novelty, that the history of the operatic campaign of 1868 has, up to the present time, given place to matters more worthy of notice in these columns.

With regard to Mr. Mapleson, it must be owned that under the circumstances against which he had to contend, it was very clever of him to be able to get up any opera at all, inasmuch as he had to procure a new theatre, to provide new dresses, and scenery, to obtain fresh scores, and, in general terms, to make up, so far as possible, for the serious damage caused by the destruction of Her Majesty's Theatre. Having regard, therefore, to the difficulties which he encountered in mounting every one of the operas which were played at his theatre, we must not blame him too much on account of the non-production of any work new to this country. He was wrong, however, to adorn his prospectus with the names of Auber's *Gustave*, of Wagner's *Lohengrin*, and of other novelties, as it can have needed but a slender amount of prescience to foresee that, after re-forming his *répertoire* of standard works there would be left to him scarcely any time for mounting new operas. With regard to *Lohengrin*, which, by the way, was put into rehearsal before the close of the season, we may observe that we have some doubt as to the policy of having selected this work for Herr Wagner's *début* before the English public. That the opera possesses great beauties and a certain amount of poetical feeling few musicians will dispute; but the absence of sustained melody is singularly noticeable, even for a work of Herr Wagner, who, as a composer, is unquestionably deficient in melodic fancy. We are inclined to think that *Tannhäuser*, which, despite all that has been said and written against it, is the best of its composer's efforts, or the *Flying Dutchman*, the story of which is known in England, would, either of them, have been better cards to play than *Lohengrin*. We need not go into this question, however, because none or other of them has been produced here as yet.

With regard to Mr. Mapleson's singers, it may be mentioned that they were much the same as they have been before. The principal ladies were Mdles. Tietjens, Nilsson, and Kellogg, and Madame Trebelli; amongst the gentlemen, the principal names were Signori Mongini, Gassier, Bossi, Foli, Herr Rokitski and Mr. Santley. We have real pleasure in stating that Mdle. Nilsson has made unquestionable progress since last

year. Her singing and acting in *Lucia* were, alike, admirable, and she deserved the triumphant success which she achieved: she appeared, also, in the *Flauto Magico*, in *Faust*, in *Don Juan*, in the *Nozze di Figaro*, and in *Marta*. She was completely successful in all she undertook, but her best performances were in *Lucia* and *Marta*. Of Mdle. Tietjens it may fairly be said that, in *Fidelio* and in *Medea*, it would be hard to find her equal; with regard to Madame Trebelli there can be no two opinions as to her being the best contralto now before the public. Mdle. Kellogg improves and ought to have a good career before her. Concerning the male singers, there is not much to be said; everybody knows what an excellent singer Mr. Santley is, and what a bad singer Signor Mongini is. In one respect, they meet on common ground, namely, in the possession of fine voices—but here ceases all resemblance, for whereas the Englishman makes steady progress, the Italian stays where he has always been; he has never advanced beyond the threshold of his art. He possesses earnestness, however, and declamatory power, and in the present dearth of tenors, it is small wonder that he should have received a cordial welcome at the hands of the patrons of Her Majesty's Opera. From the list of singers whose names appear above, we have omitted the name of Signor Fraschini. This tenor, who sang in England about twenty years ago, has at no time obtained any success in this country. In Spain and in Paris and elsewhere he has been triumphantly received; but we incline to think that the verdict of our countrymen is just, for Signor Fraschini is not, and never has been an accomplished artist. He has (or rather had) a coarse and powerful organ, which, when it possessed the bloom of youth, was doubtless rather a fine voice, but although he has now partially learnt his work as an operatic singer, he has almost entirely lost his vocal means, and with a new public, ignorant of what he may have been in days gone by, Signor Fraschini must not hope for success.

There was also another tenor, one Signor Ferensi, or Ferenesi—we don't know which is his right name, but it does not much signify, as he will probably not sing here again. He sang in the *Huguenots*, and, although he was not utterly bad, he did not contrive to "hit it off" with either the press or the public. Mr. Mapleson brought out some more tenors towards the close of his season, but we did not hear them.

In conclusion, we may congratulate Mr. Mapleson upon an excellent chorus of fresh and resonant voices, upon a capital orchestra, and upon a conductor who, for operatic purposes, is second to none.

We will now turn to Covent Garden, where aught in the nature of novelty was again conspicuous by its absence. Mr. Mapleson, at the rival theatre, opened the ball with *Lucrezia Borgia*, and Mr. Gye, who was determined not to be outdone, mounted *Norma* for the edification of his subscribers, allotting the part of the *Druid Priestess* to Madame Fricci, who, possessing, as she does, certain good qualities, is decidedly a hard and unsympathetic singer. The *Pollio* of the evening was Signor Naudin, the most threadbare of tenor singers; we have, before now, intimated our views as to this gentleman's pretensions, and we can only record our opinion that the position which he is permitted to hold at Covent Garden—the most renowned Opera house in the world—is one of those mysteries which must be left to the wisdom of future ages to unravel. The other tenors at Mr. Gye's establishment were Signori Mario, Baraldi, Fancelli, and M. Lefranc; the last-named singer appeared twice only, in *Guillaume Tell*, and made a *fiasco*. He is not without promise, however, and will probably be heard again; when he sang here he was frightened out of his wits, forgot his music, sang flat, and richly deserved the adverse verdict which he obtained; still he possesses some natural advantages, and will do well, if he chooses to take pains. Signor Fancelli did not sing often, and when he did sing he produced little or no effect. The tenor of the season was (as he has often been before) Signor Mario, and, in the wreck of his once peerless voice, and the possession of ever-improving histrionic means, there is no doubt that his place cannot as yet be filled. Amongst the baritones were Signor Cotogni, a useful and pains-taking singer, Signor Graziani, whose voice is as mellifluous, whose phrasing is as meaningless, and whose acting is as graceless as ever, and M. Petit. The latter is in some respects a good artist, but he has a tendency to exaggeration, and his voice is tremulous to an extent which passes permission; he is in no way comparable to M. Faure. Amongst the basses must

be mentioned Signor Baggagiolo, whose admirable voice promises a good career for its owner, for he is young and likely to improve; M. Coulon (we forget his Italian name—perhaps Signor Coloni) came over here for Meyerbeer's music, and made his first appearance in that most tedious of operas *Robert le Diable*; he is intelligent both as actor and singer, but he made no great effect here.

The list of *prime donne* was not very strong, but the presence of two names—those of Mdle. Patti and Mdle. Lucca—was practically sufficient for all purposes. As to Mdle. Patti, it is a pleasure to write about her, as she has taken public favour in the right way; her first appearance in the *Sonnambula* some years back was a triumphant success, but she has still gone on studying, and improving, until she has now ripened into a brilliant and accomplished artist, richly deserving the good opinion which she has earned in England.

Mdle. Lucca has a beautiful voice, and an immense amount of talent; she is as earnest as she can be, and, with good advice, her claims should be second to none; her phrasing, however, is faulty, and her execution cannot always be trusted. Still she is a most interesting artist, and evinces, now and then, an aptitude for the lyric stage of the very highest order. A third soprano, Mdle. Vanzini, was engaged; she has a voice of pleasant tone, and sings reasonably well. We must not forget our countrywoman, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington; her claims are too well known to render it necessary that they should be canvassed here; she is, in point of fact, one of the very best singers before the public in this or in any other country. The principal contralto was Mdle. Grossi, who can boast of a good voice, but not much else.

It will be seen that the list of tenors was extremely weak, and this is more reprehensible inasmuch as the finest dramatic tenor in the world could have been engaged. We allude to Signor Tamberlik, who, in operas such as the *Prophète*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Polliuto*, and so forth, has not his equal. Whilst every real lover of operatic music, in London, was deploring the absence of fine tenors, Signor Tamberlik was sending all Madrid wild by his singing in the works which we have mentioned above. We sincerely trust that Mr. Gye will let us hear this really great artist next year; and, if he will mount *Polliuto* with Mdle. Lucca and Signor Tamberlik in the principal parts, we can almost venture to predict a great success. The opera, one of the finest which Donizetti ever composed, was performed at Covent Garden about fifteen years ago. It ought not to have been shelved up to the present time.

The production of Auber's delightful *Domino Noir* (one of the promised novelties) was delayed until the last few days of the season; it was then performed with singers other than those which were promised. The general execution was not satisfactory, and it would have been better to put off the production of this charming work until next year.

What may have been the pecuniary result of the season to Messrs. Gye and Mapleson we know not, but the result, so far as concerns the production of novelty or the advancement of music, may be said to be absolutely nothing whatever. Let us hope for better times next year.

CHURCH SNOBBERY.

CAN any possible explanation be given of the appearance in the leader-page of the *Times* of the following paragraph, which we will take the liberty of subdividing?

"ST. MARY-THE-LESS, LAMBETH.—Mr. Stephen E. Gladstone, of Christ Church, Oxford, a son of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., will be ordained at the next ordination of the Bishop of Winchester, and will serve as curate of one of the most densely-populated districts in the neighbourhood of London."

If this means anything at all, it is this: Mr. Stephen E. Gladstone, who might, from his exalted connection, have revelled in perpetual purple and fine linen, has determined upon a tremendous sacrifice. He is going, like an ordinary clergyman, to visit the poor.

"His 'title to orders' will be given by the Rev. Robert Gregory, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary-the-Less, Lambeth, who, curiously enough, was the Chairman of Mr. Gathorne Hardy's London Committee, on the occasion of the contest which deprived Mr. Gladstone of his seat for the University of Oxford."

Wonderful coincidence, and smacking of brotherly love and

Christian charity! Crying out "hooray" for the Rev. Robert Gregory, M.A., let us proceed:—

"St. Mary-the-Less, Lambeth, lies to the south of the Thames, by Vauxhall bridge, and embraces a district called 'Salamanca,' a bone-boiling locality, which few who have ever gone by the boat between Lambeth and Nine Elms piers, when the wind blows from that direction over the Thames, will easily forget."

Terrible news this, and sends a thrill of horror through us as we picture the youthful martyr holding his pocket-handkerchief well over his nose. An ill wind that blows nobody any good must be this "Salamanca" wind. But courage; let us take in the last line:—

"In this place Mr. Stephen Gladstone will commence his clerical career."

In *this* place? No; unsay those awful words! The son of an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer in the neighbourhood of bone-boiling! The thing is too terrible—it cannot be!

Soberly, Mr. Stephen E. Gladstone is, doubtless, an excellent young man; but why on earth are these purely private and domestic details thrust into print as matters of public interest? That the future curate of St. Mary-the-Less, Lambeth, will end life as a bishop, possibly an Irish one, is more than probable; but for all that, we do not want ecstasies about a man's doing his obvious duty even in "Salamanca."

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

A STANDING army as a proclamation of peace: a sitting parliament when a general election is demanded: look both like lying attempts to deceive some one or other.

I noticed a young lady condemned by the wind to the ignominy of having her chignon blown away. She could not but look foolish under the trying circumstances. This invention of vanity appears to add brains to some heads on which it is raised; but young ladies would do well to remember that all the vicious bumps are at the back.

Members of clubs are often to be noticed airing themselves on the steps of their co-operative palaces. Were clubs beehives, we might almost take these specimens for drones.

Love certainly ought to be deaf as well as blind, for when he awakes to the reality of his idol, he could then be spared the disparaging remarks made by his friends on the worth of the worshipped and the weakness of the worshipper.

Hansom cabs and express trains are now an absolute necessity for the support of the drama. The stage has now so long been running on Legs, that it is time to try wheels as a mode of progression. When will the turn come for brains to be the motive power?

The police are the servants of the public. I fear we shall have to give them warning before long.

Justice in a free country and law in a despotic land look very much alike. So do smoke and steam, but one descends in blacks which soil all they touch, while the other falls in a gentle rain of mercy.

If hearts are ever broken, the pieces are generally worth mending, and the cement of second love will often make the whole as strong as ever.

THE HOTEL QUESTION.

SINCE London has been on its holiday we have been overwhelmed with correspondence regarding the extortionate demands of the hotel keepers, both at home and abroad. It is not generally our custom to insert such communications, but the following letters so thoroughly expose the imposition to

which travellers on the Continent are subjected, that we have for once departed from the usual course:—

To the Editor of the TOMAHAWK.

— Hotel, Jersey.

SIR,—Pray give your aid in putting a stop to the extortionate charges of the hotel keepers. I have been staying for some time in this lovely island at one of the principal establishments, and on asking for my bill I find to my horror that the charge for my bed-room, breakfast, dinner, and coffee averages nearly five shillings a day. I must admit that the prices of the wines and spirits are moderate, but this fact does not nullify the gross over-charge for board and lodging, which is scarcely superior to that in the hotels I have been at in Brighton, Dover, and other English sea-side places.

I am, &c., &c.,

A RETIRED LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

Pension —, Vevey, Switzerland.

MR. TOMAHAWK,—The Lake of Geneva is a lovely spot, and Vevey and Montreux are delightful places, but although they both abound in *pensions*, you cannot get taken in at any comfortable house under three francs a-day, while the best hotels charge five or even six francs; and for this they only give you four meals and a bed-room. I can't imagine why the places are so full. I suppose it is because the travelling expenses from London are now pretty reasonable: you can get a return ticket, first class, about £6, and second class about £4; children half-price. If the people about here were not particularly civil and attentive, and the fresh mountain air did not agree with my family, I would not submit to such abominable cheating for another day.

PATERFAMILIAS.

Hôtel de —, Burger-on-the-Rhine.

DEAR TOMAHAWK,—I am now enjoying my annual holiday. I made up my mind to spend my two months on the Rhine, as I heard that hotels were cheap, but, instead of this, I find that my hotel expenses, staying a week at each of the usual halting-places, have been about two thalers a-day, which, you know, is six shillings in English money. This, of course, includes the wine of the country. But is it not monstrous? I was tempted to come here because the travelling expenses were so ridiculously insignificant; but I need not say that this is no compensation for the extortion of which I have been the victim.

Believe me, &c.,

A GOVERNMENT CLERK.

Dinan, Côtes du Nord, France.

MY DEAR TOMMY,—People who complain of the extortion of the Irish and Scotch hotels have evidently never travelled in Brittany. Here I am at Dinan, attracted by the beauty of the neighbourhood which surrounds it (which they say is the most healthy in France), and my expenses at one of the boarding-houses (an English one, and therefore the best and dearest) have been, for myself, wife, six children, a governess, and two servants, as follows:—

	Francs.
For one month's pension for Monsieur and	
Madame, 150 francs each	300
Ditto, for six children	350
Ditto, for governess and two maids, 75 francs a-	
month each	225
Wine, beer, &c., &c., about	75
	<hr/>
	950

Now, 950 francs is close on £40—£38 is the exact figure. Who can afford such expenses? No wonder people stay at home and draw down their blinds when the London season is over.

Your devoted admirer,

AN IRISH PEER.

Perhaps it would be an advantage to those persons who have been writing to our contemporaries regarding the extravagant prices of the hotels in our own country, to study carefully the facts given by our correspondents, all of whom, with a single exception, it will be observed, date their letters from the Continent. If English holiday-makers would compare their experiences and profit by them, the solution of the great Hotel Question would be a matter of little difficulty.

LADIES' MILES.

THE Lords of the Creation will soon have no speciality left to them. At the Isle of Man Regatta the other day a novelty was introduced in the shape of a boat race open to lady competitors only. The prizes consisted of two lockets, as the boats were pair-oared, and a couple of young ladies belonging to the island carried them off. There can be no doubt but that the females are running the males a close race for proficiency in what once upon a time used to be called the manly sports. There are now numbers of ladies who are as much at home in their saddles when following the hounds as their lords and masters, while there are hundreds of fair creatures who can fish, skate, swim, smoke (we almost added drink and swear), as well or better than many of the nobler sex. In fact, there are few feats or accomplishments which of late years the ladies have not attempted, and with them to attempt generally means to succeed. Now that two of their number have managed to overcome the difficulties of pulling a pair-oar, they may fairly consider themselves capable of acquiring the remaining masculine exercises. It is rather late in the season now for an athletic sport meeting, but if next year Lord Ranelagh would lend the grounds of Beaufort House for the occasion (which no doubt his lordship would, for he is a polite nobleman, devoted to the softer sex), some such programme as the following might easily be arranged:—

FEMALE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The Meeting to be held at Beaufort House in the Spring of 1869.

EVENTS.

- 1.—Quarter of a mile Flat Race. Open to ladies of all ages. First prize, an emerald ring; second prize, a bonnet.
- 2.—Running High Jump. Open to ladies of the age of forty years and upwards. Prize, a patent sans flectum crinoline.
- 3.—Steeplechase, over twenty flights of hurdles, four feet high, placed twenty yards apart. Open to ladies of all ages. First prize, a gold hunting watch; second prize, a work-box.
- 4.—Boxing Match. Open to ladies of a certain age only. Entries to be made on the ground. No scratching allowed. Three blows out of five to decide the heat. Prize, a dozen pairs of white kid gloves.
- 5.—Four-miles Walking Race. Open to young ladies who have not passed their third season. The boots worn must be of the ordinary description, viz., with heels not more than an inch in diameter and not less than an inch and a half in height. First prize, some diamonds; second prize, a sewing machine; third prize, a copy of Mr. Lawrence's works, neatly bound.
- 6.—Consolation Race, one hundred yards flat. Prize, a plain gold ring.

Admission to the ground five shillings.

N.B.—No gentlemen allowed in the enclosure.

Such a programme as the above would prove attractive, and the ladies might count on a large attendance of the harder sex before whom to exhibit their strength, endurance, and prowess. In truth, the public have had rather too many of the athletic sport meetings latterly, and a novelty would prove acceptable.

A DIRGE.

THE days of the existence of the Colosseum in Regent's Park are numbered, although its walls will not be allowed to crumble and decay into ruin (a fate which lately has threatened them) like its great Italian namesake. Its stones are on the point of being whitewashed into lots, to fall beneath the hammer of the remorseless auctioneer; the bird's-eye view of Paris by Night will be rolled up and disposed of at an immense sacrifice; and neat villas will shortly occupy the spot where Lisbon has been so frequently engulfed in the most terrible of earthquakes. It is a melancholy fact that the Colosseum has long since lost its attraction. The Swiss mountain with the artificial lake are not what they used to be. The mountain, now-a-days, suggests the idea of a weather-beaten canvas screen; while the lake is evidently nothing better than a muddy tank. The

waterfall—there used to be a waterfall once—has dried up altogether; and the very eagle, although, poor bird, he held bravely to his work, is no longer to be seen on his own particular rock. The grotto once celebrated is now but a bad imitation of something of the same kind at Margate; while the dark mystery of the ascending room has long since faded before the numberless "lifts" which are now in ordinary use in all modern buildings that pretend to be tall. The public will no doubt regret the loss of the Colosseum, but there appears to be no help for it; and if blame attaches itself to anyone it is to Londoners themselves, for the want of whose countenance and patronage the poor old Colosseum has been permitted to languish and die.

THE MANIACS COLUMN; or, PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

What is my first? A merry little devil
Who likes a bit of humour in his evil.
What serial means you all know, I suppose;
Remove the s my second will disclose.
The two together name a rank which boy
As well as man in this strange world enjoy.

2.

My first all carpet factories contain,
You'll know my second by his early strain,
My whole's a toy with which our children play,
And warm themselves upon a chilly day.

3.

My first is a popular engine of death,
One kind of my second is taxed by the state,
My whole is sufficient to take away breath,
And in army and navy its service is great.

4.

My first is a word which is friendly though low,
My second's a card in a game which is high,
My whole is a place to which great people go,
And a word which you'll easily guess if you try.

5.

A fruit of native and of foreign growth,
Though not of equal excellence in both;
Its hue's like that of gold and cheese and flame,
Princes are still distinguished by its name,
And of confections which shopkeepers sell
Those with it made do all the rest excel.

6.

My first is a drink, my second's a tax,
My whole may be taken in stone, paint, or wax.

7.

My first is a river, my second is known
As a passage of iron, of wood, or of stone,
My whole is a town in that part of our land
Where the buildings are most of them spacious and grand.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Waterfall. 2. Beauty. 3. Limestone. 4. Faithful. 6. Garibaldi.
ANSWERS have been received from Jack Solved It, Linda Princess, Three Stray Buzwings, Old John, Awful Duffer, La Bécassine de Brompton, Gulnare and Orpheus (Ramsgate), Slodger and Tiney, Samuel E. Thomas, Annie (Tooting), John S. F., Washperle and Her Lunatic Husband, Alte Volare, Four Hastings Scalps, T. H. N., Our Charlie, A Staunch Jacobite, W. McD., Mabel May, Grannie-pilgrimlardidida, W. B. W., Burley, Owl with Toothache, and Baker's Bills.