

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 29.]

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[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

LOWE IDEAS ON EDUCATION.

A NUMEROUS and highly influential meeting of young gentlemen was held on Tuesday the 5th instant, to consider the propositions recently enunciated by the Rt. Hon. Robert Lowe, M.P., on the subject of education in this country.

The large room was appropriately decorated with cartoons representing the "Burning of the Alexandrine Library," the "Extinction of Learning in the Dark Ages," the "Banishment of Cicero," &c., while numerous appropriate legends on the walls indicated the advanced views of the assembled scholars—such as "No more Classics," "Down with the Deadmen," "He'd whip us, the Tyrant," "The Lies of Plutarch," Cæsar's Common Stories; and over the chair was a portrait of a well-known public speaker, with the inscription, "Lo! the Conquering Hero."

The chair having been taken by Master Playfair, the first resolution was moved in a neat speech by Master Bob Slow, to the effect that it was expedient for the due encouragement of learning in this country and for the development of education that all Greek and Latin books should be at once devoted to make the bonfires with which an enlightened people were about that evening to celebrate the abolition of all bigotry, and of all civil and religious discord. He (Master Slow), fully concurred in the expediency of ceasing to learn anything that required study—he would have the youth of England learn English, (*hear*),—and read Milton and Shakespeare—(*Hear, hear*),—Tennyson and Ingoldsby—(*loud cheers*)—and when they had read those authors through, then they might spend a month or two at Paris or Vienna, or Boulogne—(*cheers*)—and their education would be happily completed. (*Hear*). As for the dead languages, it was useless, in fact, wicked to learn them. This was a momentous crisis, and all must be prepared to fight for their principles. The Englishman's motto had long been "Britons Strike Home;" for the future, their's should be "Britons Strike Homer!" (*Oh, oh! and cheers*).

Master Tom Use rose to second the motion, and further to propose that the Euclids and other works on Mathematics should also be devoted to the excellent object of lighting the bonfires so eloquently described by the last speaker. (*Hear*). He considered Euclid dryer even than the Classics, dry as they were, and equally obsolete. "I," he added, "like the Right Hon. gentleman whose opinions we are here to support, always have considered that both the one and the other were useless for the education of all classes—high and low. We both think alike. (*Oh, oh,* and interruption.) A knowledge of our language, and of some two or three of our manly sports, is quite enough learning for the true-born Briton. (*Cheers*).

Master Benjamin Keely would oppose the motion; (*Cheers*) he might say, motions, for the opposite party were, as usual, not quite agreed among themselves. (*Laughter*). He would not say but that he entirely concurred in the views of the previous speakers—perhaps his own views went even further—but he would put it to the large and important party of which, by their favour, he had the honour to be the leader, whether the institutions and customs of long ages were to be put aside at the suggestion of any one person. (*Hear*). "Quæta non movere" was his motto; and unless extreme pressure from without was brought against them, why should they alter any-

thing? (*Cheers*.) If there must be a surrender, or even a leap in the dark, either of those steps should only be the result of external pressure. As he had said, theirs was a large and important party, and it would be his duty to educate them up to this question. By-and-by it might fall to his lot to propose a measure of reform on this subject; but if so, he should object to any half-measure. Where could they draw the line as to Classics? Was there any hard or fast line in Greek or Latin? (*A Voice*, "Some very hard lines indeed." *Laughter*.) He thanked the Hon. boy for that remark. There were many hard lines, doubtless, in the Classics; but were there any *fast* ones? If any alteration were to be made, he saw no use in stopping short of the abolition of books altogether; (*Tremendous cheering*)—coupled with personal liability to speak English correctly, as the last speaker had so aptly observed: But so long as the opposition to the present system was confined to merely speculative philosophers, it would be his duty, and the duty of his party, to oppose any change with a direct negative. (*Loud cheers*).

The Hon. young gentleman's views having met with the consent of a decided minority, the meeting agreed thereto; and dispersed to foot-ball with somewhat unseemly alacrity.

Later in the same evening a still more numerous and enthusiastic meeting was held by the schoolmasters, who unanimously agreed, that it was a painful, and generally fruitless, task to attempt to teach young gentlemen anything they did not like to learn. A committee was thereupon appointed to prepare a scheme for substituting out-of-door games for in-door lessons, and the meeting separated in the highest possible spirits.

GUSH!

JOYFUL news! Play the drums, and sound loudly the trumpets! Seize the hero by his good right hand, and crush with friendly warmth the captured palm! Rejoice, Europe, and cheer, America! Oh, Africa, be happy, and Asia become exceeding glad! A great man is on the seas. One who has been likened unto the Atlantic Cable is on the waters. Gather together ye Browns and ye Jones! Come and let us talk of the great sights ye have seen, of the enormous privileges ye have enjoyed. Where is Robinson? Call him hither that he may join with us in our joyous song. Oh! rejoice ye that have gloated on a hero and have listened to a lord! Oh ye noble army of snobs! Oh ye splendid nation of flunkies! Down on your knees, oh smirking Smith, grovel on the ground, oh simpering Snooks, and begin merrily to lick up the dust, oh cringing Tompkins! Come and cheer. Let one and all bellow the loud "hurrah," the quaint "hip, hip, huray!" Fire the cannons! beat the drums!! ring the bells!!! Crack your voices with enthusiasm, roar yourselves hoarse with "bravos!" That's right, shout and shout again, and yet once more, and tell to a wondering world the important fact that—

Mr. Charles Dickens has gone to America to make some money!

THE PUBLIC IDEA OF FULL DRESS IN THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.—A black choker.

THE QUARREL OF THE DAY.—The new railing at Hyde Park.

BABES AND SUCKLINGS.

THE following notes have been found at the Charing-cross Railway Station. If they belong to the Honourable Member who is to move the address in the House of Commons, he is at liberty to take a copy of them.

MEMORANDA FOR THE 19TH.

- 1.—To enquire of Disraeli whether I am to consider myself educated.
- 2.—If so, to ascertain what my opinions are at the present time, and what latitude I am to give for future modifications.
- 3.—To read the Reform Bill, or get some other fellow to do it for me.
- 4.—To gain a clear and precise idea of the benefits which it is calculated to bestow upon all classes of the community, especially the compound householder.
- 5.—To find out what is a compound householder.
- 6.—To find out somebody who knows something about the Abyssinian expedition.
- 7.—To get a correct list of the prisoners, emperors, commanding officers, bishops, muleteers, &c., engaged in it.
- 8.—To discover the cost respectively of
 - The Peloponnesian War,
 - The Feuds of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines,
 - The Siege of Corinth,
 - The Massacre of Glencoe,
 - The Walcheren Expedition,
 in order to show that the present fighting is going to be done cheaper than anything ever yet heard of.
- 9.—To ask some fellow how much income-tax he pays.
- 10.—To look at a cottage in order to describe the comfort and ease in which the people live in my own county. (N. B. quotation—"Ex uno disce omnes.")
- 11.—To think of something good to say in case anybody laughs at me, or in case I get confused.
- 12.—To read all the leaders in the *Times* from this day to the 19th November.
- 13.—To profess my devoted attachment and love for—
 - My Country,
 - British Constitution,
 - Working Man,
 - Protestant Religion.
- 14.—Not to forget to keep up my voice and to speak slowly.
- 15.—To practice looking modest in order to be able to do so when I am congratulated on my brilliant success.
- 16.—To write to Prince for a racquet court for the next morning.

ON DUTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'TOMAHAWK.'

SIR,—A peeler got an ugly crack on the head the other day from a cove what aint cotched. I am that cove. I was a bringing some swag to our commander-in-chief, and this bobby obstructed me in my duty. Yes, in my duty. I am a soldier, and I obey my superior officer. We are beligerents. We are at war with society. Society is a large power, and spread about a good deal. It's here and everywhere. It goes and makes laws, and makes money which ought to come to others as deserves it more than them as tries to keep it, and it's wot we aint a going to stand. So we've up with our standard, and we mean fighting—we mean to take all we can get, and keep it. We believes in an equal distrybushun of everything worth having, and them as don't believe it we pitys, and knocks on the head, when they gets in the way. When I tipped that bobby one for his cranium, I was doing of my duty, as I ever shall, being a faithful soldjur in the army of "Free and Enlightened Brothers," and, therefore, I considurs that I've done whot's right, and no more nor no less. I don't feel no Remors, and I shan't give myself up—not I—

So I remanes, yours, etseterer,

"THE COVE WHAT DID IT."

P.S.—If the peeler dies, I says, bury him with the honners of Wor.

CRY FOR THE ULTRAMONTANES.—While there's life there's hope!

A BADLY-BRED ACTOR IN QUITE A NEW RÔLE.

IT is with great pleasure that we publish the following extracts from the journal of a certain noble-minded patriot. Were we to sing the praises of the great creature to whom we have made allusion we should immediately be accused of plagiarism. There is not a paper in Great Britain that has not rung at one time or other with the glories of Garibaldi. This soul-stirring name but once whispered in the ear of a leader writer for the *Telegraph*, has prompted the speedy composition of articles absolutely reeking with misquoted Lèmpriere, bubbling froth, and rancid butter. Far be it from us to compete with our brothers of the "gasping" school. Our words are homely and our "Dictionary of Quotations" has gone the way of all flesh (or rather paper) like other "cribs" of our childhood, and now is seen no more. Nay, we will not attempt the hopeless task of gilding refined gold, of burnishing brilliant brass! No, while others *write* the praises of Garibaldi we will only *quote* a couple of passages from his journal.

We may add, that the second of the two extracts given below has evident reference to the claim put forward by the noble-minded soldier—the "Great Knight Without Fear, Without Reproach"—to be considered in the light of an American Citizen by the officials sent by the Government of King Victor Emanuel to arrest him on his arrival on the Italian Frontier, immediately after executing his well-known military manoeuvre from before the gates of Rome. This, by the way, and now to our task.

No. I.

"Caprera, 1st October, 1867.

"Glorious nation of the South, Garibaldi, the Italian by birth, the Roman by adoption, hails thee with joy and a thousand *vivas*! Oh Italy, dear Italy, my own beloved country, receive the vows of thy child. Dear land art thou severed from thy daughter, art thou weeping for thy offspring? Where is the noble Roma? Where is that widowed mistress of a far off world? Of a world that like the fabled Phoenix has died a hundred times—died, yes, but only to live once more. Where is thy first-born daughter, O fair Italia? Is she not trodden down under the sandled feet of a pretentious priesthood, under the haughty toe of a blood-stained pontiff? Ah, for the days when the peoples of the world rushed to the altar and set up the Grand Idol in the Churches, when they worshipped the Real and the True—the Goddess of Reason—the Great Intellect of Man! Alas, that those sweet days should have passed away. But be of good cheer O my country, be of good heart O Italia of my bosom. It is Garibaldi, the child of Italy, that speaks, and the words he utters are 'Rome—or death!' (Oh! posterity, oh! unborn nation of a future age be my judge, my historian, or my avenger!)"

No. II.

"In a Railway Carriage—after Mentana.

"Wal, I guess I've been whipped from gigantic pumpkins into partikler small po-ta-toes. Its no laughing matter, I calculate. It occurs to me that if I hadn't cut pretty sharp after that there scrimmage I should have found myself very much on the wrong side of the store door! Howsomever it is all right just now, for I guess my name is Joseph Garibaldi, and that I am a free-born citizen of the U-nited States! (Oh Jerusalem! won't my old pal Barnum just hollar a few when he *does* read this!)"

IMPORTANT FINANCIAL WORKS.

The Royal Road to Ruin, by a Shareholder in the Royal Bank of Liverpool: dedicated to the shareholders in every bank throughout the United Kingdom. We strongly recommend this work to bank directors.

Cent per Cent.: or, the Ups and Downs of Life, by "One of the Israelitish Persuasion," dedicated to Minors. This will no doubt be a work full of interest. Who can doubt it?

How to Spin a Yarn, by a Cotton Broker, being an Essay on the Sophistry of Borrowers requiring Advances.

The Adventures of a Promissory Note: or, the Perils of Dishonour, by the author of *How to Fly a Kite, &c., &c.*

I. O. U., by "One whose Alphabetical Knowledge Ignored"

these Obnoxious Letters," being a Dissertation on waste-paper currency.

The History of Most Bills of Exchange, from their Infancy to Maturity, by a Commercial Man of Undoubted Standing—in his own opinion.

The Asylum for Idiots only—viz., Whitecross Street, by "A Rogue who has managed to keep out of it."

No Effects; or, the Effects of Insolvency, being a dignified Reply by an indignant Debtor to an impertinent Banker's Clerk.

Basinghall Street; or, Three-halfpence in the Pound, being thoughtful Meditations on the best method of making a purse for one's self.

A New Way to Pay Old Debts, a practical Treatise on raising a laugh at the expense of a body of Creditors.

ANOTHER WHITE LIE?

WE see that a new story from the learned pen of "Mr. Babington White" (who is he?) is announced for appearance in the "Belgravia Annual" (what is it?). We believe we are guilty of no discourtesy to the fair (or unfair, we leave the choice of an epithet to our reader's discretion), author of "Circe" in giving the following interesting extract from the promised tale. It is scarcely necessary to say—"This is not a translation from the French"—for obvious reasons. If any one *did* make such a startling announcement, of course *everybody* would believe it!

"Alphonse Jones hurried down Regent street, passed the rag-picker raking up treasure in the gutter, by the liquorice-water vendor with his bell-decked can and his oft repeated cry of 'There it is, there it is,' until he came to a policeman. He stopped then and confronted the official, who was pulling the hood of his cape over the tip of his cocked hat—I mean helmet, and resting his hand on the hilt of his sword—that is to say, truncheon. 'Sir,' said Alphonse, 'Can you tell me where is the house of the Marquise Marie of Thompson?' 'But yes, Sir,' said the policeman, stroking his moustache and imperial, 'the Marquise lives on the first floor of St. Montmartre street, No. 6.' 'I thank you Sir,' replied Alphonse, and he hurried on.

"He commenced again his promenade down Regent street. As he passed the gay coffee shops with the merry customers seated outside the shop-fronts, drinking glasses of absinthe, leaning on small marble-topped round tables, and reading copies of *Illustration* and the *Amusing Journal*, he was obliged to bow. Every now and again he would recognize in the joyous groups a friend—first it would be the Conte of Cremorne, next the Baron Brompton. As he approached an eating house he reflected and hurried on—but not for many steps—he stopped—turned back and entered the magazine.

"Send at once, Madam," said he, addressing the lady who presided at the raised counter 'some fat-liver-pie and some cutlets of mutton with a sauce-made Tartar to Madam the Marquise of Thompson.'

"But certainly, Sir," said the shopwoman, 'but where Sir does Madam the Marquise reside?' 'On the first floor of St. Montmartre street, No. 6,' replied Alphonse, and he hurried away.

"Five minutes more and he had passed the porter's lodge, had bribed the *concierge*, and was in the presence of another man's wife,—of the woman he loved.

"Marie who was kneeling on a *prie dieu* before a Madonna, looked up as he entered. She glared at him and cried 'Oh leave me, I've confessed to my director, the Rev. Mr. Smith, and he has forbidden me to see you.'

"This for all the abbés in the world!" cried Jones with a little shrug of his shoulders, 'I've a story to tell you Marie, and you must listen to me. First, let me throw a block of wood on the fire. And now to begin—But stay, I've ordered breakfast-like-a-fork, from the eating house. Let us wait for it?'

"She sat still as a statue with her eyes fixed upon the fire, the breakfast-like-a-fork, was brought in and then Jones commenced. 'Your husband dear one has a hundred thousand of rents—what!' He stopped and knelt beside her.

"At the mention of her husband's name, poor Marie had fainted!"

There, we think we have quoted enough to have piqued the curiosity of our readers. For the sake of our author we do trust that none of the French *feuilletonists* (who are always on the look out for novelty), will be tempted to translate this pretty little tale for the benefit of the Parisian public. Such conduct on their part would scarcely be honest!

A RING THAT HAS NO BELL.—Q. Why do misfortunes on the Turf never come single? A. Because they are always connected with the Ring.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR POOR-LAW INSPECTORS.

Question 1. Who is your father?

Answer. A thorough supporter of the Government, and a friend of (). (Here insert name of some member of the Cabinet.)

Question 2. Have you ever been inside a Workhouse?

Answer. I should hope not.

Question 3. Do you know anything about diet, ventilation, the treatment of the sick, or anything likely to be of any service to you in your character as Inspector.

Answer. I thank Providence I do not.

Question 4. Will you promise never to learn these things?

Answer. I will.

Question 5. What is required of you by the Poor-law Board?

Answer. To do nothing, and to think the same.

Question 6. And what is your duty to the Pauper?

Answer. To shut my eyes, to close my nose, to stuff up my ears, and to freeze my heart, so that I may not see, smell, hear, or feel anything which may be unpleasant to him or to myself.

Question 7. How should you behave towards the public?

Answer. I should hold my tongue, so that I may help them to continue in a comfortable state of ignorance, whereby their consciences may remain at ease, and the rates not be increased by any transitory display of enthusiasm.

Question 8. What do you profess?

Answer. I reverence the President of the Poor-law Board, and the Secretaries of the same. I believe most implicitly in the Inspectors—and especially in myself. I have the utmost confidence in Poor-law Guardians, and in their perfect truth and charity to all men. I swear by all Masters of Workhouses, so long as they do not want to make any improvements. I also believe in official enquiries (when held with closed doors), and these shall be my sentiments all the days of my Inspectorship.

Question 9. Tell me any further principles that you possess.

Answer. I abjure truth and all its evils. I hate the Press most heartily, and I do most solemnly detest the *Lancet* and its iniquitous and cursed Commissioners, and I will war against the same with all my strength, until I retire from official life with a well-earned pension.

CONFIDENTIAL EXORDIUMS.

THE POPE observed that he had reason to complain—

The EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA said that he felt some hesitation—

The KING OF ITALY remarked that he strongly protested—

The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA replied that he saw no objection—

The QUEEN OF SPAIN observed that she would only be too happy—

The BRITISH LION said he hoped No Popery—

The SULTAN OF TURKEY confessed he really wondered—

COUNT DE BISMARCK remarked he had watched most anxiously—

And the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH said he had quite determined—

LIBERTY À LA FRANCAISE.—WE hasten to do justice to the paternal Government of His Imperial Majesty Napoleon the Third, the infinite clemency of which we confess we have not hitherto sufficiently admired or praised. All the persons who were arrested at the cemetery of Montmartre for making a demonstration of respect at the tombs of Manin and Cavaignac, have been liberated after only a week's solitary confinement, the law officers having discovered that they were illegally arrested. What fearful punishment is in store for the police who violently and lawlessly arrested these innocent men, we shudder even to guess! Equally unwilling are we to make any attempt at divining the splendid compensation which the Father of Peace and Liberty and France will doubtless bestow on his wronged children.

*The TOMAHAWK ALMANACK.—Early in December.
Five Cartoons in Colours. Full of Engravings. Threepence.*



* * 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. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 23, 1867.

THE Marquis of Hastings seems unfortunate with his jewelry. He lately had several rings stolen, and now he has lost a stud.

WE are sorry to hear that in Whitechapel, Seven Dials, the neighbourhood of Lisson Grove, and other parts of London, the new disease, Epileptical Kleptomania, is very prevalent. We have as yet heard of no fatal cases, Close confinement, with regular employment and abstemious diet, constitute the treatment hitherto most successful.

The following announcement extracted from the Italian papers is interesting:—"To be let, with immediate possession, the Island of Caprera, a very suitable retreat for any ex-Dictator, a stern patriot of simple and temperate habits, who may be out of employ, and wishes for a quiet place in which to write his own memoirs preferred." Why does not Mr. Edmond Beales, M.A., hide his venerable head there? Or let the great E. T. Smith take it and establish a Mediterranean Cremorne there. The "Garibaldi Grotto" would not look bad in the bills. "Grand display of Fireworks every night, ending with a beautiful design representing the Pope and Cardinals consumed in the flames of Revolution!" This would be sure to draw the usual kind of patrons—fools!

COULEUR DE ROSE;

OR,

FANCY AND FACT.

A PICTURE did you say? Let us put on our spectacles and pass judgment. Ah! This is something worth looking at. A sweet, comforting sight!—sight worthy of a great, good, charitable, God-fearing land like ours. And so these are our poor! Yes, there they are, dependants—but softly with the word, lest we should wound them—dependants on the over-flowing charity of their fellow-countrymen. Again, let us repeat it,—sweet, comforting sight! See how the toil of years is crowned in its old age. Those good old men—God bless them!—are chatting over the old times—happy old times;—but what were they to these? Call this a workhouse? Tush! This is the poor man's home. We know that they will leave that honest fare, and form in little groups, and chat over the bright fire awhile, resting their aged limbs, and blessing the good angels that have sent them here. Oh! beautiful last days, passed in Elysium—in pious Elysium too—with visitor and guardian, with nurse and chaplain,—with all that soothes and softens man's declining years! But even these must pass away at last, yet see how beautifully. Each moment lightened by some gentle ministry, while watchful eyes and loving hands aid every little want. Hush! This is death. And yet what happier death than this? See the good, kind doctor, the never-weary nurse, the holy Minister of God. See how they glide softly to the room, and form this touching group. Ah! one might almost hear the angels singing in the air. It is too touching—too—too beautiful!

Yes, we are a great, good, Christian people, and can we not quote a little Scripture, and say, "Yea, verily," we love the

poor? Grateful reflection—pleasant, pious, roseate hue! What can we appropriately exclaim, but, "thank God, we are not as other men!"

Self-deceiving fool—take off your lying glasses—quick, drop your fancies—let us come to facts.

Ah! now you can see things with your own eyes—see them as they are, and I promise you they are worth the looking at. Now then, for the plain raw truth, in black and white. Good honest fare! Come here and you shall have it. Yes it is being ladled out to those hungry wretches right royally. "Are they pigs?" No—But what of that? And now they are thirsty—and wherewith shall we give them to drink? You ask if that is water—water of course—with vermin in it? Thin nauseating miserable food—filthy and poisoned drink—but why not give it them? Why not forsooth! We are a Godly Christian people and they are, curse them—poor!

But forward. Labour, Sir. This is "forced labour." Pretty, is it not, and clever? We feed the brutes, and we must get this out of them. That man is ill,—is fainting at his work. What of that? Kick him. See here again: there's coming death upon this face; the work is just too much for him. You are right Sir; there is a respectable Society that intervenes for the protection of brute animals. But mark you the distinction: they are brutes, and animals; but these are only men—and poor!

Do they like this—these paupers? No, but they have no help in them. Here they are, driven by the biting miseries of the world without, to seek some refuge even here. Yes, you are right again, Sir—this picture too is taken from the life. See how they crouch and cower about the workhouse steps. Vagabonds and outcasts, tramps and knaves—let us try and comfort them, by telling them that it is by their own fault that they have come to this. By heaven, Sir, it serves them right—huddled, shivering beggars that they are. "Where is the Godly Christian people at this hour?" Where! why between clean comfortable sheets, dreaming as Godly Christian men should dream, of the wicked Publican and the poor Pharisee. Yes, it is cold enough perhaps, but what of that? Have they not that pleasant light above, and see, even the protection of the law. Come, let us give them a stone for their pillow, and a curse to smooth it down with. "Horrible!" My good Sir, you are maudlin, you forget—these things upon the steps are—poor!

Ah! now here we have almost our strongest point. This wretch is mad—not only poor, but mad; but we shall make him pay for it. "Gentleness, pure air, and kindly discipline!" Excuse me, Sir, but I shall lose my patience with you outright. I told you he was mad—not only a vagabond, but troublesome and mad! Blows, chains, and oaths, foul filth, and stark neglect—and then a rare black hole. Show me the sin that equals his. Had he been rich, let him go mad and rave—and welcome. But here, a burthen to the State—the vagabond, the wretch! Ha! he shall feel it yet, senseless maniac that he is. "No mind," you say—true; but the body still is left to work upon, and that, at least, shall feel that it is—poor.

And now the end—a death-bed? Yes, there is a pauper's death-bed. "The nurse, the doctor—minister?" You ask for them? Come, Sir, such pretty fictions are for a pious people, not for men of sense like us. "Dark?" of course it is. This is a common thing enough—this dying in the dark. It saves all stupid and unnecessary fuss. This man has given us a deal of trouble. Has dared to last—to die hard. We could not kill him—but now, thank Heaven, he is off. Wringing his hands, is he?—the fool! Thinking of early years, green lanes, of mother—home—of wife. Longing, from the bottom of his breaking heart, for one kind, gentle word—one kiss of peace in his last hour. Fool! he is poor, and we will teach him how to die. Perhaps he is begging for a little water to moisten his parched lips. Let him beg—and choke. We have never given that "cup of cold water" yet, and do not mean to give it now. Come, Sir, come, if you do not like it—come. In a few moments he will have finished this—be lying there stark dead, the guilty wretch! Yes, guilty! We are a Christian, pious people, and know that he has gone into another world. If we could care about such souls as these, how we should shudder when we thought of his!

Imagine, if you can, that awful moment when he comes before his God, and stands—convicted, guilty, sentenced—poor!

TH





C O U L E U R D E R O S E !
 OR,
 FANCY AND FACT.

[See Article.

THE INTERPRETER.

FALSE HAIRS AT LAW.

"In the Court of Vice-Chancellor Malins, in the case of *"Hayam v. Rushton,"* an application was made for an injunction to restrain the defendant from making chignons."—*Vide Law Report.*

Chignons have at last got into Chancery, where they ought to be, and where we suppose they will supersede wigs and become the rage among the heads or leaders of the bar. Be this as it may, we are very glad to find that they really are in Chancery, and we sincerely hope that the Vice-Chancellor will never let them get out of it. In the report of the case above-referred to (to which we direct the special attention of all young ladies), the cheaper kind of chignon it appears is manufactured from common wool (by-the-bye, what else could we expect to find on sheep's heads!) Now, if Vice-Chancellor Malins will so far do an important service to the heads of families—as well as those of young ladies—he will never permit the chignon to evade the caresses of equity. If he aspires to the woollack, what better stuffing than the chignon could he desire?

LIVE AND LEARN.

"An order has been sent down to change the name of the venerable old Naval Reserve training-ship, now moored in our south docks, from the *Active* to the *Tyne*, in honour of the river on which Sunderland stands."—*Sunderland Times.*

Does any one, but the Admiralty, require to be told that Sunderland is situated at the mouth of the river Wear? We confess we are alarmed for the welfare of our Navy—the finest in the world—if the general marine experience of the Admiralty is equal to its geographical knowledge. A Commission we think should be at once appointed to examine the Lords of the Admiralty, and the clerks employed in that important branch of the public service, in the elements of geography. Who knows whither the vessels carrying war matériel for the expeditionary force to Abyssinia have been sent by these geographical sages? We shudder to learn, if the fact above-mentioned be true. It is not, we think, at all improbable that the expeditionary fleet of ships may have been ordered to unload their war matériel at Herne Bay, as the capital of Abyssinia. It is too true that a little knowledge is a very dangerous thing.

A POETICAL FLIGHT.

"General Halpin concluded his defence speech in the Dublin Commission Court by an appeal to the jury, who, he said, were trying a man who had lived all his life in a country where freedom is venerated and adored. They might believe that they had the spirit of freedom here, but he claimed that the real spirit of freedom had fled these shores many a century ago—had sped across the Atlantic and perched upon American soil."—*Newspaper Reports.*

There is something very quaint in the idea of the "real spirit of freedom" making an undignified bolt across the Atlantic in a fit, we suppose, of disgust or despair, and "perching itself" upon American soil. The adulteration of freedom seems to us to be quite a novel notion. There is, according to General Halpin the "spirit of freedom," the spurious article, and the "real spirit of freedom," the genuine article which is said to be sitting p aintively on a perch. Why it should elect to occupy such a position of discomfort we are at a loss to imagine. Surely an arm-chair would afford greater ease—but then knocked off its perch it would lose all its poetry and beauty, and clap-trap would miss its aim.

AN ACTOR IN AN ACTION AT LAW.

"The plaintiff was non-suited."—*The Times.*

We recognise in Mr. Emery, the eminent actor, who appeared the other day in the new house in St. Martin's Court—i.e., the Court of Exchequer, before Baron Martin—an old and valued friend. We have seen him there before, we think—*vide* the Law Reports during the last few years—in his well-known character of *Plaintiff*. In the present instance the piece selected for performance was *Emery v. Parry*—no sneaking translation from the French, but a genuine English farce. It was admirably supported by a host of legal talent, while Mr. Emery acted with his usual ability. The plot of the piece was not intricate, though the lawyers did their best to make it so,—*vide* again the law reports,—and the *dénouement* was what was ex-

pected by all save the plaintiff himself. We are forced to say that the parts played by the several actors suited them admirably. The rôle of Mr. Emery was unsuited to him, as the general verdict nonsuited him. Speaking in all seriousness, we don't altogether dislike Mr. Emery as an actor: but the atmosphere of writs, and subpoenas, and briefs, and six-and-eight-pences, smells horribly musty, and in our humble opinion it should not be permitted to infect the green-room—the only dignified locality for an actor of Mr. Emery's recognised position. We assure Mr. Emery that law, like laudanum, is a slow poison, destructive alike to health and peace of mind, and possessing the quality in an eminent degree of emptying one's pockets.

THE AIOUSSAS.

A SELECT and literary company was entertained and sickened at the Egyptian Hall, on Monday 11th, by the performances of some seven members of a tribe of North Africans, called Aïou Houssas, or Aïoussas, who contrive by a series of most revolting experiments, to prove that their constitutions are blessed with an immunity from pain and torture, and that their internal economy is a physical paradox. But if these ghouls can rip themselves up, lay the orbits of their eyes bare, and take pleasure in eating scorpions and Bath-brick, we cannot see the pleasure to be derived from witnessing the same; and though curiosity may be satisfied by a visit—not to say satiated—we cannot suppose that as a recreation it will be successful. How would it look?

Gallery of Maceration—Egyptian Hall.

This truly disgusting Entertainment will include all the most refined tortures of this nauseous Company's repertoire.

Revoltng Details of Programme.

Benb-igdis-gusta will appear, and swallow with apparent relish, a bushel of live cock-roaches, washed down with a pint of Thames-water.

After which, Fadug-li-broot, the Desert Scavenger, will give his elegant episode of snake-charming (more or less than of the latter). He will allow a cobra, which the visitors are requested to examine, to enter in at one ear and re-appear at the other, after which he will excite the cobra, by, and eventually to bite him. Fadug will then let the cobra swell, but on eating the head and tail of the snake it has bitten him, will visibly recover, and continue the performances with delight.

O-jus-Norra will introduce his comic interlude of the disembowelled. This has always given the greatest satisfaction, and must be seen to be appreciated.

Ori-ul-reed will be spitted on a lance and roasted over a fire lighted by the audience. He will make his own bread-sauce during the performance, and will be served up as soon as done. His friend Fadug will stuff him with tarantula spiders, imported in vast quantities, especially for this troupe.

The hideous spectacle will conclude with the fearful repast of the tribe. The whole company will sit down to a meal of lizards, toads, newts, scolopendra, rats, mice, earwigs, &c., &c. (N.B. Contributions requested as a favour). After gulping down or which the survivors will rip each other up, to show that there is no deception.

This is an entertainment to set before a king. These repulsive men and brothers—no, hang it, not brothers—have been performing in Paris during the Exposition with some success. Cruelty has always run in the traces with unbridled luxury, not to use a harsher word of one syllable—and one phase of cruelty is the enjoyment of horrible sights. We hope sincerely our senses don't want this edge putting on them, and that the exhibition will not meet with the success it does not deserve. Whoever the Barnum may be for pity's sake let him take back his dismal show to the wilds from whence it came, and if they must make beasts of themselves let them have the hyenas and the jackals to look on; the only spectators fit for such a sickening spectacle.

COARSENESS IS THE SOUL OF WIT?—To distinguish exactly between Wit, Humour, and Fun, has always been difficult. We have found out at least what Fun is. Fun is talking of a young actress, who, in a character called Josephine, is placed in a very delicate situation, as "Old Jo kicking up behind and before." This seems almost too delicate for Fun. We are not certain if it is not Wit and Humour too.

THEATRE ROYAL, NOTTINGHAM.

THAT capital burlesque entitled *The Court of Momus; or, the Funny Fellow and the Laughing Lambs*, was played last week to crowded houses at this well-known place of entertainment. Bernal of the Broad-grins was really too comic, producing such inextinguishable laughter, that Lambskins will be sore for months to come in Nottingham. The scene where Bernal appeared as the protector of Disraeli changing to the Eulogist of Hume, and finally transforming himself into the champion of John Bright was inimitable.

We thought the burlesque so much better than most of those we have seen, that we cannot refrain from giving a long extract:—

This Session's been a hard one, you'll remember—
It's been and cut off many a soft old member.

(Laughter!)

They tried the fashionable game "conversion,"
Which brought them little health and great exertion.

(Laughter!!)

Look here, and wonder! In a single night,
Form becomes Reform—black has turned to white.

(Laughter!!!)

To Coventry, the Tories send their *clique*:
You'd think them working men, to hear them speak!

(Laughter!!!!)

Perhaps the workmen hadn't time to talk—
So occupied were they with knife and fork.

(Laughter!!!!!!)

They leap into the dark without decorum,
Not unlike Jumping Curtius in the Forum.

(Laughter!!!!!!)

And that reminds me, while we look at home,
His Holiness has found a *Hole* in Rome.

(Laughter!!!!!!)

But Curtius, gentlemen, it much is feared—
Once down the trap, has never reappeared.

(Laughter??????)

Don't groan at Disraeli, honest friends;
I've promised to protect him if he mends.

(Laughter??????)

There's Cranbourne, too, which Cecil is his name,
Though not a pal-o'-mine, will come to fame.

(Laughter??????)

So one and all have strained at Gladstone's gnat,
And swallowed Dizzy's Dromedary, pat.

(Laughter?????)

But be the mess they've made all plums or suet,
Bernal has sworn to see the Gov. well through it.

(Laughter????)

You now might wish to know my broad opinions,
About the Fenians or the Abyssinians?

(Laughter???)

The first is pure revolt—the last revolting:
You won't catch Bernal, when the tug comes, bolting.

(Laughter?)

Now if Sir Robert please you, be it so:
You're not for Bernal Osborne, not for B. O.

(Laughter!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!)

This is quite sufficient to show how excellent was the burlesque, and Mr. B. Osborne will carry all before him in burlesque, more especially if it is true that he proposes introducing a ballet of compound householders in the shortest of petticoats and the brazenest of faces on to the hustings.

The bleating of the Lambs is a joke to the braying of this—M.P.

SOMETHING WORTH 'ERIN.'

WHEREAS it is notorious, that at the present moment there exists an abominable society known as *Fenianism*, formed for the sole purpose of levying war against Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, throwing bottles of combustible matter into parlour-windows, with a view to the dismemberment of the British Empire: And whereas it is considered very politic and wise to presuppose that the term *Fenian* includes the word "Irishman," in order that, by means of a series of judicious blunders, a national prejudice against the Sister Isle may be so

stimulated, as to create an Irish sympathy for an American conspiracy. *It will* be your duty to give directions to those under your immediate authority, not only to watch, trace, track and otherwise treat, as heretofore, with suspicion, every person who may happen to be a native of that part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, known as Ireland, but as far as is possible act up to the spirit of the following additional instructions, which have been carefully and judiciously drawn up:—

Arrest everybody who appears to have the brogue.

Take the names and addresses of all the members of the Board of Green Cloth, and watch the movements of the Green Park.

Warn the comic Irishman at all the Minor Theatres, and obtain a warrant for the arrest of Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault.

Track out the man who first hinted the Moon was made of Green Cheese, and follow ladies in poplin generally.

Seize every Irish bull.

Note the movements of Mr. Harry Emanuel, and find out what he does with his Emeralds.

Summon every one who has any green in his eye.

Arrest Mr. Truefitt, or any other renowned *head scenter*, and all those politically involved in the revival of the *Colleen Bawn*.

Suspect everybody generally, and accustom yourself to swearing fearlessly and liberally in all cases of identification.

A hearty attention to these instructions, it is hoped, will materially hasten on those feelings of sympathy and good-will which should always exist between this country and the Sister Island, and which recent policy has done so much to strengthen.

A LITTLE MUSIC.

So the *Grande Duchesse* will, after all, make her appearance in an English dress. The truly royal sway which she has exercised over all who have beheld her—and they are of many nations—leads us to hope that our insular prejudices may not prevent our public from according to her the welcome which she has received elsewhere. Still, the experiment is not unattended with danger, and the size of Covent Garden Theatre, and the masses of people which are required to give a becoming appearance to the vast stage, are not in consonance with the spirit of the piece, which has gained for M. Offenbach his latest, and in some respects, greatest success. We are not, however, going to indulge ourselves with the luxury of a prophecy, and as the fate of the venture will be known before these lines meet the eye of the public, we shall merely state that expense has not been spared by Mr. Russell in the endeavour to give a fitting representation of the piece, and, having said so much, we shall defer any further remarks until our next impression.

Meanwhile, news has reached us of a forthcoming speculation which bids to give to light opera a better chance than it has hitherto enjoyed in this country. We are informed that Mr. German Reed is about to become the lessee of St. George's Hall, for the purpose of placing before the public light musical works from the pens of native, as well as of foreign, composers. We speak advisedly in saying that the fate of English *Opera Bouffe* could scarcely be entrusted to better hands: Mr. Reed is an accomplished musician—he has catered long and successfully for the public entertainment, and, it may almost be said, that his name is a guarantee that the enterprise will be carefully and liberally conducted. The names of some of those to whom he has applied for the composition of new works, have reached us, but we refrain, for the present, from making them public. In conclusion, we sincerely hope that good results may attend the experiment. We stated our conviction, in an article which appeared in these columns a couple of months since, that the reason wherefore *Opera Bouffe* has not proved successful in this country is attributable rather to the *libretti* than to the music. The fact is that the books which are set by M. Offenbach, witty as they undoubtedly are, and full of *finesse*, do not appeal to the sympathies of an English public. French wit and English humour have little or nothing in common with one another, and by the time that the sentiment as well as the words of a foreign work are forced to undergo a very material modification, in order to meet the exigencies of the English stage, it will readily be understood that the result stands but a poor chance of finding favour at the hands of a public, for whom

the work itself, in all the cleverness and brilliancy of its integrity, would never have possessed any great attraction. To return for a moment to the *Grande Duchesse*, it is clear to anybody who knows the work, that much of the third Act must be omitted and altered before the piece can be presented in England. We have no doubt but that Mr. Charles Kenny (an experienced and accomplished writer) who has made the English adaptation, will be found to have done his work well, still, from the mere fact of such alterations being a necessity, it is evident that, in theatrical matters, French taste is not English taste.

These are the considerations which have led us to the conviction that light opera will scarcely enjoy a fair chance in this country until the composition of both music and book is entrusted to English hands.

WELL-BRED RIOTING.

It may interest those of our readers, who are unacquainted with the facts, to know something about the recent despatch of the Guards to Oxford. It is therefore with much pleasure we publish the following brief summary of the course of events inaugurated on the 5th of November last :—

Nov. 5.

Meeting in young De Blanc's rooms at Balliol. Arrangements made for adding to the *éclat* of the "Town and Gown." Vote of adjournment to the High street. Consequent row and results.

Nov. 6.

Discontent of bruised bargees. Determination to have revenge. Reciprocity of feeling in Christ Church. Repetition of previous evening's amusement. Police interference and more results.

Nov. 7.

Popular growls and groups. General order of police to "move on." More growls about everything in general. Happy thought—growl about bread in particular—assault on a baker.

Nov. 8.

Assault on another baker. Application of Mayor to Government for Military. Letter of young De Blanc of Balliol, to De Blanc the elder of the Guards. Reflection of elder De Blanc that a run down to Oxford wouldn't be half bad. Intrigue generally. Another stone thrown at somebody. Despatch of Guards.

Nov. 9.

Restoration of general contentment. Confidence at Bakers. Bivouac of Guards at Oxford. Grand *soirée* at young De Blanc's. Supper at Oriel.

Nov. 10.

Continuation of bivouac. Bread at 8d. Breakfasts at Christ Church, Merton, and Trinity. Luncheons at Exeter, Corpus, and Pembroke. General wines. Satisfaction of Guards.

Nov. 11.

Intention of elder De Blanc to get old Buckram to speak to the Colonel, to hint to "Tommy," to make the Government to quarter the Guards at Oxford. Arrangements for forthcoming week. More wines.

Nov. 12.

Plot to bonnet the proctors, blow up Mercury, and get up another "Town and Gown," &c., &c., &c.

Recall of guards; general grief of everybody; and promise to come up next 5th!

SAILING UNDER FALSE COLOURS.—Last year a book, with a savage name, was published, purporting to be the handiwork of a certain "Literary" Club, in aid of a charity. Among the names of the contributors there were many who had never seen the inside of the Club, and who consequently had no connection with the not very distinguished Society advertised as the authors of the volume in question. This year a sister work is announced, and it would appear that the Editor intends repeating the tactics of last season. Already the names of several non-members appear in the list of contributors, and it is well known in the literary world that an extensive canvas has recently taken place for "copy" among authors who have not the slightest connection with the Club or its *habitudes*. From this it would seem that charity sometimes is called upon to cover a multitude of sins!

VOLUNTEER INTELLIGENCE.

WE understand the nomination to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the London Rifle Brigade of Alderman Sir W. Rose having proved a gigantic success, that the following appointments are in contemplation at the War Office :—

- To be ADJUTANT OF THE STEPNEY SLASHERS, Dr. Cumming.
- To be MAJOR OF THE PUTNEY ZOUAVES, Alderman Sir Robert Carden.
- To be FIELD-MARSHAL OF THE BROMPTON AND ISLINGTON INVINCIBLES, The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.
- To be COLONEL OF THE HACKNEY HUSSARS, Japanese Tommy.
- To be MAJOR-GENERAL OF THE GRAVESEND GYMNASTS, Mr. R. Romer. (By the kind permission of Mr. Benjamin Webster.)
- To be LIEUTENANT OF THE FOLKESTONE FLASHES OF LIGHTNING, Mr. Banting.

LOGOGRIPE.

The home of misfortune, the shelter of crime,
A madhouse, a hospital, and, in my time,
A nursery first, then a school for the young,
A good meaning perverted, a great word unstrung.

If the Graces were squared, they my length would complete;
But yet, strange to say, I have only two feet;
And as they must have six,
This appears like a fix;

Let us then split the difference 'twixt them and me,
The result is a number which—as you will see
It at once—I am not going here to disclose,
But take so many letters from me out of those
That come first, and you'll find that you've now got a power,
Which were it but used I could not live an hour;
While the rest of me shelter and comfort will give,
And with both when combined any creature can live
(Unless that the creature a "person" should be)

Without thinking of me,
Independent and free,
And, if taxed, have a vote for the local M.P.
But my three final letters produce such effect,
That from them, and from ignorance, drink, and neglect,
I am liked but too well,—
And yet, strange to tell,
I enclose a sweet flower of fragrance divine.

The nethermost garments, a mother of swine,
A quadruped noble, the Lord Mayor's— No,
You shall say what it is. Now be careful, each guesser,
To name all the words, both the greater and lesser;
For idleness, if you indulge it, will be
The cause of your days being ended—in me.

THE following answers to the Acrostic in No. 27 (Tomahawk Almanack) were received too late for insertion last week—89th, J. O. G., West Tom of Lincoln, Upper Kosh, Two Clapham Contortionists, Whittington, J. Kidson, Two Chathamites, and Carlton.

In future, answers must be sent to the Office at or before Eleven o'clock on Thursday morning to receive acknowledgment at our hands.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S CHARADE.—Alderman.

Correct answers received from Marian and Allan, E. L. Orton, Ensign Groves, One Duffer, Kathinka, Lady Frank, Mac Duff, Varney the V, W. T. C., A. & H. W., Ruby, Sancho and Gyp, Lawyer, Ædipus, E. G. M., Mistress of the Mill, Aurora Floyd, North, Spartan, J. W., H. C. G., Two Chathamites, Sharper than he Looks, Ahn, Tiddy, Cinderella, Gobbo, Trissie, and Chang.

AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL,

COVENT GARDEN (under the Sole Management of Mr. J. Russell). Production of *LA GRANGE DUCHESSE*. Monday next, November 18th. On Monday November 18th and during the week will be produced with New Scenery, Costumes, and Appointments. Offenbach's Operatic and Spectacular Extravaganza *THE GRAND DUCHESSE OF GEROLSTEIN*. Principal characters by Messrs. W. Harrison, Stoyler, Frank Matthews, Odell, Fred Payne, and Avonley Cook; Miss Augusta Thomson and Miss Julia Mathews (her first appearance in England). Conductor, Mr. Bettmann. The National Anthem will be sung at the conclusion of the performance. Commence at Eight. The Box Office is open daily, from ten till five.

THEATRE ROYAL,

DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager Mr. F. B. Chatterton.—*TRIUMPHANT AND BRILLIANT SUCCESS*. The Carnival of Venice, at the conclusion of the first act has been unanimously pronounced by the press and the public to be one of the grandest spectacular effects ever witnessed on the stage. On Monday, and during the week, Her Majesty's Servants will perform the new Romantic Play in Four Acts, entitled *THE DOGE OF VENICE*, adapted by Bayle Bernard. The play is under the direction of Mr. Edward Stirling. Principal characters by Mr. Phelps, Messrs J. C. Cowper, H. Sinclair, E. Phelps, Barratt, James Johnston, C. Warner, W. McIntyre, C. Harcourt, W. C. Temple, C. Webb, &c. Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Miss Grattan, &c. To conclude with *THE LAMBS CLUB*. Misses Beatrice Shirley, Kate Harcourt, Grattan, Hildesheim, Wilton, Mrs. H. Vandenhoff; Messrs. J. Rouse, Barratt, Harcourt, James Johnston, W. C. Temple, M. R. and J. &c. Doors open at Half past 6, commence at 7 o'clock.

ROYAL LYCEUM

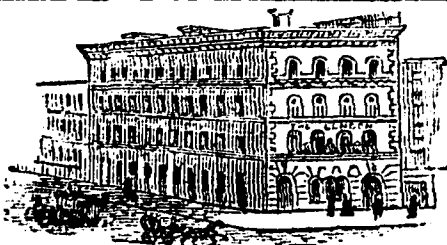
THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager Mr. Fechter.—First appearance of Miss V. T. V. L., the world-renowned Saksperian tragic actress, as *ROMEO*, a part she has played upwards of 300 nights in all the principal cities in Europe and America. MONDAY, November 18, and during the week.—Box office open daily.

THE PHILHARMONIC

HALL, Islington (Sole Proprietor, Mr. Samuel Adams). Increased attraction. Another change. Miss Betrice Bernard, the admired erio-comic, and of Luburn, the Lion Comic. Great success of the Grand Comic Carnival—Fraser, Renolf, Alice Dunning, and Beatrice Bernard, one of the Burlesques, &c. by G. Loder, Valentine, St. Clair, De Silla, and Mesdames Grosby, Belmont, &c. &c. Open at Half-past Seven. N.B.—The handomest Public and Private Billiard Room, and American Bowling Saloon in London.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA

PALACE. (Managing Director Mr. F. Strange). Three Ballets, 200 Dancers, 60 Instrumentalists, Singers, Acrobats, Mimics, Pictures, Latest Telegrams, Saloons, Supper-rooms, Lavatories, Smoking-rooms, Evening Paper; Ten Orchestral Pieces Every Night. Open at Half-past Seven, begin at Eight. Prices—rs., 2s., and 6d.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Private Boxes from 12 to 15. Box Office open from Eleven to Four.



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Corner of Chancery Lane, Temple Bar. Mr. FREDERICK SAWYER begs to announce that he is again SOLE PROPRIETOR OF THE LONDON; and having received substantial proof that the prices upon which he relied formerly were consistent with the views of the public generally, has reduced the tariff to its original sale, viz.:—Dinner from the joint, including vegetables, cheese, bread, &c., 1s. 9d.; Fish dinner, 1s. 6d.; Dinners for small parties, in private rooms, from 3s. 6d. to 5s. per head. A Table in the Grand Saloon may be engaged by giving a half hour's notice.

The famous London Dinner, at 2s. 9d. per head, will be served on and after Saturday, the 9th of Nov.

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After Olympic Theatre, EVANS to SUP.

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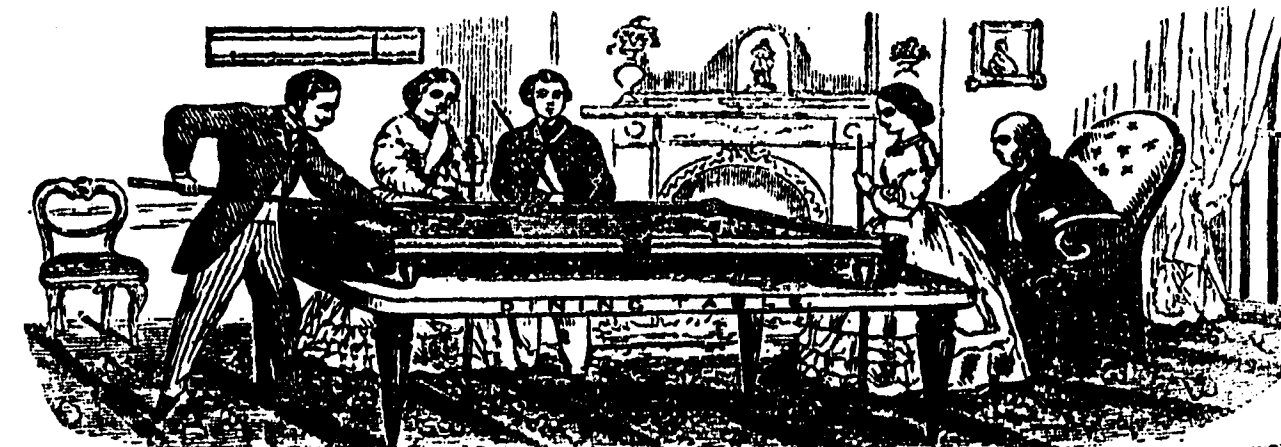
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