

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 30.]

LONDON, NOVEMBER 30, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

GAGGING THE RECRUITERS:

OR,

WHITE LIES FOR THE RED AND THE GREEN!

SCENE.—*The Parlour of the Marquis of Granby Public-house. Sergeant Pitchit Strong and Corporal Joseph Longbow are seen spelling over a recent Horse Guards Memorandum.*

SERGEANT STRONG (*log.*)—I can't make it out at all! How can the 'thorities expect us to get the recruits they want, when they go and tell the chaps the real state of the case. (*Reads.*) "A soldier from his first joining the army receives, besides his lodging, food, and clothing, a weekly sum quite at his own disposal of two-and-sixpence or more." Half-a-crown a week, indeed! why, I always tell 'em they'll get that much a *day*, and even then it costs me—take 'em all round—seven pints and a half of beer apiece to hook 'em.

CORPORAL LONGBOW.—I feel it's all up with us, sergeant, and we'd better go back to our regiments. As for making any more money here in nabbing recruits, that's all over now. I remember when I was listed, the sergeant told me I'd have my shilling a day to put in my pocket. I felt mad at the way I was took in, and could a'most have murdered the man that trapped me. But, however, I got over it in time, and now that I'm a recruiter myself, somehow I don't think it worth while to explain to the boys that the shilling's only given 'em to be took away again in stoppages. Ha! ha!

SERGEANT STRONG (*appreciating the joke*).—Ha! ha! ha! and quite right too. It ain't our places to expose the frauds of our betters, is it? And we're quite reasonable-like compared to what we used to be. Why, I remember my respected father, how he used to make us young'uns at home laugh at the tales he told the chawbacons. He used to laugh himself when he told us how he picked up fifty men for the 160th Foot in 1815. The regiment was under orders for India, and he got the country lads to 'list by telling them what lots of pay they'd get in India, with blackies to do all their work. But then Boney turned up all of a sudden, and the regiment was ordered off to Belgium. And as they was a toiling along through the rain and the mud atween Brussels and Waterloo, the governor heard one of the lads say to another, "Dang it, Jim, this is what they calls five shillings a day and a nigger to wait on you!"

CORPORAL LONGBOW.—That's not bad; but *he* could'n't have known they was going to fight Boney, could he? There's no amount of gammon that those country chaps won't swallow. I was out for the Long-tailed Cattle Corps (as we used to call the Land Transport Corps) in '55, and the boys were rather backward in coming forward, as you may say. "What shall we get to eat in the Crymear?" says one. "What shall we have to do there?" says another. "Well, boys," says I, "as for eating, you'll have a comfortable rasher of bacon every morning with your hot rolls and coffee. (I didn't say nothing about the coffee being green—I'm not *that* colour), and you'll get the best of food for dinner and supper, with a slice of buttered toast with your tea. And nothing to do all day but just amuse yourselves a fishing in the beautiful rivers that run through that lovely country, where the grapes grow out in the fields." Blest if they didn't bite at that, and not only 'listed by dozens, but lots of 'em took out their fishing-rods with them to

Ballyclaver. "What have you got there, men?" says the officer as they landed. "Fishing-rods, your honour," says one. "Sure and didn't the gemman that 'listed us say we'd have little to do here but just fish all day long and enjoy ourselves." "I needn't tell you that the rods was all took away and broken up for firewood before long, and glad too they were to get a bit of warmth out of them out there in the snow. But I heard afterwards from the sergeants that it was lucky that I didn't happen to be out there too, when the men came to find out what they'd got to do, and what they'd got to eat.

SERGEANT STRONG.—Ah, ah. If they'd too much of one, they'd too little of 't'other, so that made it all square. But just look here, what this here Horse Guards Mem. says about promotion. (*Reads.*) "If the soldier should qualify himself, he will be before long promoted." Bosh! I says; I never knew one of these country clod-hoppers promoted under a dozen years, except one, and he was promoted not because he was so *long* in the service, but because he was so fat. It's a fact, 'pon my oath! He was a stupid good-natured chap; no use anywhere: but he had grown that fat a swilling mutton broth 365 days in the year, that there wasn't a sentry box in the garrison that would hold him; so the colonel made him a corporal, and that way got him off guards.

CORPORAL LONGBOW.—Well, it ain't many that get fat on soldiering. However, we must try and get over this here cussed Memorandum as best we can. You see there ain't one in twenty of these clod-hoppers who can read; so we'll get into the way of reading it to them, and I think we know the old tale by heart well enough to read *that* out to 'em instead of this poor stuff! There's a lout just come into the bar. He's two-thirds tipsy already, so I daresay another pint of the Marquis of Granby's pick-em-ups, as the governor here calls his collected heel taps, will do the job. A-doo. (*Exit to bar.*)

But it was not *a do*, for the clod-hopper had *smarted* already, and was proof against Mr. Joe Longbow's persuasions.

"He's not for Joseph," muttered Sergeant Pitchit Strong, as he resumed, much disquieted in spirit, his study of the Adjutant-General's sensible and business-like Memorandum "on the advantages obtainable by young men who faithfully serve Her Majesty as soldiers."

A LITERARY TABLE.

(Dedicated to the DICKENS' Dinner Committee.)

2 Smart Squibs	...	equal	1 Magazine Article.
3 Magazine Articles	...	"	1 Short Story.
4 Short Stories	...	"	1 Novel.
5 Novels	...	"	1 Success.
3 Successes	...	"	1 Small Income.
4 Small Incomes	...	"	1 Fair Fortune.
3 Fair Fortunes	...	"	1 Tol-lol Reputation.
6 Tol-lol Reputations	...	"	1 World-wide Fame.
2 World-wide Fames	...	"	{ 1 Public Dinner at a Guinea a head!

* A fact! For further particulars, see the Report of the Army Recruiting Commission.

MACHINE-MADE DIPLOMACY.

DIPLOMACY has been much ameliorated of late years by the introduction of modern improvements and machinery, and that there may no longer be any misapprehension as to the advantages which the present possesses over the old system of manufacture, we give the short sketch of it which is to be found in the common-place book of a certain noble lord, and which indicates the answer unpaid attachés are expected to give to the Civil Service Commissioners when asked, "What is diplomacy?"

Diplomacy is the eternal struggle between the nations of the world, in which each is striving to stick to what it has got, and to get as much more as it can.

It was formerly the duty of diplomats to appreciate and arrange in their due order and relation the incidents of the struggle, to work and wriggle and worry and chatter till passions were smoothed down, jealousies appeased, prejudices removed, and things generally had become tranquillised and brought nearer to an intelligent settlement.

It is the duty of modern diplomatists to write prize essays on trade and manufacture as soon as they can understand which is which, and to let public affairs settle themselves.

In order to facilitate so desirable an end, there has been invented and perfected a kind of diplomatic sausage machine, into which, if treaties, words, acts and promises, denials and squabbles are put at one end they come out Peace at the other.

This machine is called a Conference.

As any meat (if not mixed with too large a proportion of buttons) will make sausages, so any question will make conferences; for instance:—

If your august sovereign wants a slice of territory belonging to another august sovereign, and the other august sovereign objects, that is a case for a conference.

If Emperor A. sees King B. allowing people to invade Pope C. from his dominions, that is a case for a conference.

If Emperor A. in the case above cited proposes a conference, and B. and C. won't assent to its being held, that is a case for another conference.

Or if, when a confederal decision has been enactually arrived at, B. and C. won't agree to be bound by it, that also is a case for a conference.

In fact, any difficulty is a case for a conference.

It will be observed that by this admirable arrangement the rude, and, as it were, manual labour to which diplomatists have in former times been obliged to devote themselves is much lessened, and, indeed, all those wranglings and janglings which were formerly done by them may be now left to the newspapers to the great amelioration of the diplomat's lot. And when the wrangling is over, the steam of the conference machine can be got up, and the diplomat need do nothing more than watch its puffings and snortings, feed it with raw material, collect the manufactured article of Peace as it comes out, and thank Providence which has cast his lot in an age of constructive ingenuity and engineering skill.

THE ROWDY IN BRITAIN.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the account of Mr. Finlen's polite visit to Mr. Gathorne Hardy we have received letters from several correspondents which strike something like what the *Daily Detonator* would call "the tocsin of terror" in our souls. We ask ourselves calmly, and after steadying our nerves with twenty drops of ether, "Can such things be?" And yet we must accord faith to our hitherto trustworthy contributors. To judge from the following accounts, it would appear that the spirit of revolution has spread upwards.

CAMBRIDGE, NOVEMBER 19TH.

(From our Tried Correspondent.)

Yesterday afternoon a most extraordinary occurrence took place at the Lodge, the residence of the Rev. Master of Trinity, owing to the fact that it had been found necessary to rusticate some disreputable members of the College. Two of the students, Messrs. Barnwell and Slum, repaired with several of their admirers to the Master's lodge to request that the sentence on their peccant comrades might be cancelled. Admitted into the hall, their petition was forwarded by the porter, and these gen-

tlemen naturally looked about for some employment while waiting for an answer to their demand for an interview. Messrs. Barnwell and Slum were soon occupied in carving memorials of their visit upon the oak panelling of the corridors. Mr. Crosstree the well-known comedian at the Hoop (A.D.C.), lost no time in turning all the hall-chairs upside down, and sewing the sleeves of the Master's gown together; a piece of cobbler's wax in the crown of the Master's cap completing this talented artist's morning work. Lord Dunbooby who has been plucked twice for the Little-go, showed his classical attainments by chalking "Cave canem"—"Beware of the bull-dogs" on the walls. These intellectual occupations were interrupted by the return of the Porter, with a verbal refusal, couched in the three words—"Not at home"—upon which Mr. Barnwell, placing a chair on the stove, which was not lighted (more's the pity) addressed his comrades thus: "Bhoys,—This is the most infernal insult I have yet had the pleasure of resenting. Those low-minded, bumptious sons of sea-cooks, who call themselves heads of colleges, as if we were the tails—(groans)—those disreputable, paltry, purse-proud Dons—(interruption by the Porter, nervously).—"Now, Gentlemen, do retire!—I assure you the master is —"

BARNWELL.—What are you talking about?—Masters to us you rascally old plunderer?—Shut up. Dunbooby, old boy,—tie your handkerchief round the old thief's mouth next time he opens it. Gentlemen, I repeat, we've had enough of this bullying. Those fellows who have been sent down were roaring bricks—sympathetic buffers—and I'm proud of them. They kicked the Proctor's bull-dog on the ground, and there is little chance of his leaving hospital. Serve him right, I say. Three groans for the bull-dogs—(3 groans); six ditto for the proctors!—(6 ditto); and three times three for the impostor who calls himself Master of Trinity!—(3 × 3 as before.)

LORD DUNBOOBY.—Where is he?—Bring him out—aw—and let's punch—aw—his head!

PORTER (hysterically).—O, Sirs! Good Gents! for evving's sake, there's the bell going for chapple.

SLUM.—Chapel—you hoary-headed sinner talking to us of chapel! Don't struggle, you'll spoil that pretty nose of yours. Leave off? I'll see you gated first, and then I won't. (Proceeds to hoodwink the victim with the Master's gown.)

MR. SPOONBILL (present by accident).—Really, I think we have no right to—

BARNWELL.—Sir, you are a Freshman, and as you belong to my boating club, I condemn you to go down every afternoon in the tub till further orders.

At this juncture, the Master was seen approaching across the Old Court, upon which the deputation decamped, leaving the porter in a state of helpless mummy at the door.

(Further details by next post.)

HORSE GUARDS, NOVEMBER 20TH.

(From our own Confidential Clerk.)

I have the honour to inform you that a disturbance took place yesterday evening in our office, which as yet is unprecedented in the military annals of our department. It may have come to your notice that Lieutenant the Honourable George Paplover was among the officers forming the advance corps of Her Majesty's army in Abyssinia. This officer's mother, the Countess of Coddleby, has used her utmost endeavours to obtain for her son leave of absence on important family affairs. This, however, has been steadily refused, on the ground that the authorities at Headquarters intended no longer to favour scions of the aristocracy (?). On the evening of the 19th inst. her ladyship arrived with Colonel Blusterton (H.P.), and Mr. Hatherwick Starcher, M.P. for Duffershire. After knocking up the staff of officials retained on the premises her ladyship requested that the deputation might be immediately conducted to the presence of H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief. On being politely assured that office hours were over, her ladyship seized the affable official by the ears, and with a shake that made his false teeth fall out, and set all her diamonds trembling (for she was in full dress), exclaimed "Don't try that on me! Millicent Coddleby is not caught with chaff—hireling. I must, I will see your master. Where's His Royal Highness? Colonel! thrash this hound until he speaks. Starcher, speak up as if you were in the House."

STARCHER.—Sir, I mean your Royal Highness, for I know that you are within earshot—the aristocracy is being trampled on! Their rights are being ignored! A mother's heart

bleeding for her son cries out to you! Her boy shall not be lost in the wilds of that savage Theodore.

LADY CODDLEBY.—That brute! How I should like to scratch his eyes out. I would if he were here. Here Varlet bring me a cup of tea.

VARLET.—Tea, madam! We are all on board wages here.

COLONEL BLUSTERTON.—Contemptible worm. Fetch the tea, and add three muffins, or you shall feel the weight of Blusterton's bold arm.

(The Officials have retired, and left the deputation locked in for the night. Details to-morrow.)

NEXT, AND NEXT!

A FEW days since the proceedings of the Oxford Congregation were actually interrupted by the presence of some curious females who had taken up their position in the Strangers' Gallery. In the middle of an important debate upon a proposed statute for allowing undergraduates to lodge in the town more freely than they do at present, Professor Jowitt (probably prompted by a fellow feeling for the old women whose cause he so kindly espoused), considered it his duty to interrupt Professor Pusey, on the score that it was wrong to allude to "improper" things before "ladies." The poor ritualistic Doctor, taken aback by the nature of this charge, collapsed, and quietly sank back into his seat, and was heard no more. And thus a very important University question was abandoned to save the prurient from blushing and the nasty from being shocked! Well, we must put up with this instance of womanly boldness and manly weakness, and accustom ourselves to the appearance of such reports in our newspapers as the following—reports which to-day supposititious may to-morrow become the sternest of realities.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. JOHN TORIWIG rose to move that the Sunday Morality Act be read a third time. The Honourable Member said: London is one of the wickedest places in England. (*Oh, oh.*) Go where we will we find vice (*loud cries of "Order."*) I repeat vice. (*Great interruption.*) I do not object so much to wickedness on a week day. There is a vast difference between sin (*renewed cries of "Order"*)—I repeat it—between sin on a week day and sin on a Sunday. On a week day you are not expected to be a Christian, on the Sabbath you are. (*Hear, hear.*) Now this Bill would be aimed at the public-houses. I would propose closing all taverns and refreshment rooms on the Lord's Day. Of course the Act would not interfere with the clubs. (*Hear, hear.*) Why I would close the public-houses on a Sunday is not so much because of the temptation to drunkenness they hold out to working men, but because in the neighbourhood of Leicester square (*murmurs*) and the Haymarket—(*great confusion, and cries of "Order," and "Chair."*)

THE SPEAKER: The Honourable Member has evidently not observed the presence of "persons" in the Ladies' Gallery, to judge from the tone of his speech. (*Loud cheers.*)

Mr. TORIWIG: From the bench on which I have taken my seat the Ladies' Gallery is invisible. I must apologise to the House for having brought forward such a measure at such a time. (*Hear, hear.*)

The Act was consequently lost, and the matter dropped.

On this fact becoming known in the Ladies' Gallery there was some slight hissing and a general rustling of moiré antique.

NEWSPAPER NEWS.

ENCOURAGED, we believe, by the success attending the publication of the *canard* about the "Submersion" of Tortola our daily contemporaries are making arrangements for the "coming off" of the following startling events. Already the Leaders destined to "illustrate" the various items of news are in a forward state of preparation, and it is said that abridged copies of Lemprière's Classical Dictionary have during the last few days been in very great demand, when the state of the season is duly taken into consideration:—

Razing of Paris by the Caving in of the Catacombs!

Submersion of Cambridge by the Overflowing of the Cam!!

Thawing of the North Pole by a Heavy Fall of Thunderbolts!!!

Overflowing of Edinburgh by an Eruption of the Grampian Hills!!!!

Destruction by Fire of London by a Conflagration of the Thames!!!!!!

SOMETHING "NOO" FOR THE "ZOO."

THE Government have really behaved very handsomely to the Zoological Society of London in providing Lieutenant R. C. Beavan, one of their corresponding members, with the necessary outfit and accommodation for a trip to Abyssinia. So many people are Fellows, now-a-days, of this popular association that, of course, the Council, in availing themselves of the ministerial kindness, will have to study the public taste in the matter. We mean that they will have to give their heroic explorer a hint to pick up persons rather than animals, men rather than brutes, for all the world knows very well that Society in the season goes to the Zoo on Sundays, merely to look at false hair and painted faces, and that Society cares just two figs and perhaps a half, for the barred cages, the grisly bears, and the lazy hippopotami. We are quite sure that a vast number of people will be awfully disgusted with Lieutenant Beavan if he doesn't, on his return from the land of Theodore, satisfy their general notions of Abyssinia by bringing home with him the following *objets-de-virtu-or-otherwise*:

1. A fine specimen of the *Ethiopijs Negronis*, or Common Ethiopian Nigger, with banjo, bones, long-tail coat, gigantic collars, big buttons, and Christy *répertoire* complete.
2. A young specimen of the *Corypha Amazonis*, or short skirted Amazon, with tin shield, shiny but unsubstantial helmet and breastplate, silk stockings, satin shoes, and diamond bracelet complete.

Of course we all know what the natives of Abyssinia are like—have we not seen *L'Africaine*?

UNCOMMON PRAYER.

THACKERAY, in his day, made a prodigious stir in the world of snobs. In his day—for we know that in this good time present, the snobs are as fresh and as flourishing as ever. The great "snobographer" grew indignant with these creatures—their ways, and their organ. He especially hated their *Court Circular*. To us, on the contrary, there appears to be a harmless vulgarity about that portion of the day's news, which is usually gibbeted as *Court and Fashion*, that places it beneath the notice of reasonable men; and it is not, therefore, worth our while to expatiate upon its merits. However, as there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so is there but one skip from the vulgar to the profane. Hangers-on to the flunkies, whose delight it is to dawdle about the back drawing-rooms of the third-rate great, may be interested in knowing what H.R.H. and Co. have been about all the week; but who on earth asked anybody to publish this?

"The Prince of Wales, attended by General Sir William Knollys, Major G. H. Grey, Major Teesdale, Mr. H. Fisher, and Mr. Holzman, attended Divine service at Sandringham Church."

We merely call attention to the fact, that if this opening paragraph has any possible meaning whatever, it takes the shape of an impertinent and public reflection on the spiritual condition of H.R.H., and the excellent gentlemen who followed his example, and went with him to church. But to proceed: Not only are we informed that this well-meaning cavalcade actually got to church, but we are further told, that when they did get there,

"The Rev. W. Lake Onslow, the rector, preached the sermon from 1 Peter, chap. v., verse 7, "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

Excellent advice this, and highly interesting to the general public. Indeed, there is almost a relish about this spiritual food, and as we gaze upon this exalted party at their devotions how consoling to reflect that

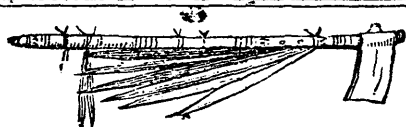
"The service included the *Venite, Te Deum, Glorias*, musical responses in the Litany (Goss), and that the hymns were sung to the music of the Austrian national airs, "Belmont," and "The Princess" (Captain Shaw Hellier)."

It is more consoling still as we dwell upon this pious picture, to be assured, as we are, in conclusion that

"The musical responses in the Holy Communion service were by Dr. Warren."

There is, of course, a snobbishness which affects to despise everything as "Snobbism." Is there much fear of stepping into that pit-fall, in denouncing the whole of the above quoted paragraph—as an offensive and profane bit of impertinent vulgarity?

The TOMAHAWK ALMANACK.—On the 5th of 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 30, 1867.

THE following notice has been posted up in all the offices of the Secretaries of State :—No Deputations “in arms” admitted.

WE understand that a return is kept at the Lyceum Theatre of the persons (male or female) whom the wonderful Vestvali's performance has afflicted with “suffusion and tenderness on the heart,” and “spectral visions of Paradise on the brain.” We are happy to learn that up to the present time the return is not a heavy one.

THE inquiry at Farnham Workhouse promises to fulfil Mr. Sclater Booth's modest hope that it would be satisfactory to all parties. The late master has had an opportunity of badgering the doctor ; the doctor has had an opportunity of showing he can't be bullied into not telling the truth ; the *Lancet* Commissioners have been proved to have told the truth ; the public has learnt a little more of the truth ; and the Poor-Law Board has had the satisfaction of stifling, or at any rate, of putting off the evil day of a full inquiry into the system of outdoor relief.

CERTES ! there are some things they *do* do better in France than in England. A certain M. Hautefeuille (as the *Temps* relates), steward of an estate near Jouy le Chatel, having offended a sergeant and private of gendarmes by replying sharply to an insolent threat of the officer's, the defenders of the law struck him and maltreated him in every way, and then dragged him off to the barracks, where he was “imprisoned without food for eighteen hours in a dark dungeon full of vermin.” The authorities before whom he was brought absolutely set him free, telling him at the same time that, “the gendarmes were fully justified in what they had done.” Verily, gendarmes are easily justified at that rate.

THE BLACK PLAGUE.

THAT school of politicians who are always anxious for the dishonour of their country is showing very prominently in the front of the opposers of the Abyssinian Expedition. These intellectual Radicals (who are mostly Positivists) have no idea of any war being just which is not waged in the cause of Revolution, and the object of which is not to kill as many kings and priests as possible. These men are brimful of benevolence, and what they call large sympathies, and they hound on the North in its severest measures against the South. If anybody treads on a negro's coat tail, they are loud in their yells for vengeance. But a nice concise massacre of whites, or a more tardy process of murder by way of imprisonment or starvation, when inflicted on their own countrymen, is rather gratifying to them than otherwise—at least they regard such events with majestic resignation. We hope that the better sense of the country has learnt to hold at its true value the mock patriotism of these large-minded philosophers ; for whenever England has to undertake a war for the defence of her honour and property, she knows that her open enemies will not cost her half the trouble, or embarrass her movements half so much as these double-

faced sons of her own, who would set the whole world in a blaze for the gratification of some sentimental whim, but who hold the national prestige and honour not worth the risk of a life or a shilling.

A DICTIONARY FOR DRAMATIC AUTHORS.

ADAPT. TO.—To be able to translate French into English not only literally but sensibly. For instance, had you to turn the following into English “*Un salon dans le chateau de La Marquise de Chateaubriant*” you would adapt it thus “*Morning room at Oaklands, the country seat of Lavinia Marchioness Fitz-Trevyllian.*”

ACTING.—[See BUFFOONERY.]

DIALOGUE, A.—The string of talkee-talkee upon which you thread your pearls of scenery. Dialogue in a play has been in fashion for many years, but it seems now to be gradually dying out before the approach of the artist's paint-brush.

EXTRAVAGANZA, AN.—A sort of Christmas pantomime, brought out at all seasons of the year. It consists chiefly of bosh, bunkum, folly, and twaddle. It is necessary to carry a Slang Dictionary, with your Opera-glasses, when you pay a visit to one of these entertainments (?)—[See also BURLESQUE and LUNACY.]

ORIGINALITY.—The art of sucking other men's brains. To be original you must turn somebody's novel into a piece and call it your own. Thus, if a story is published which proves a great success, it is your business as an “original” author to steal the plot, the best situations, and all the characters for a new piece, which of course you must register as your own property.

PIRACY.—The act of stealing from an “original” dramatist the plot he has already pilfered from an original novelist. Fortunately, this scandalous crime can easily be put down with all the terrors of the law.

WORKED BY THE DEAD ;

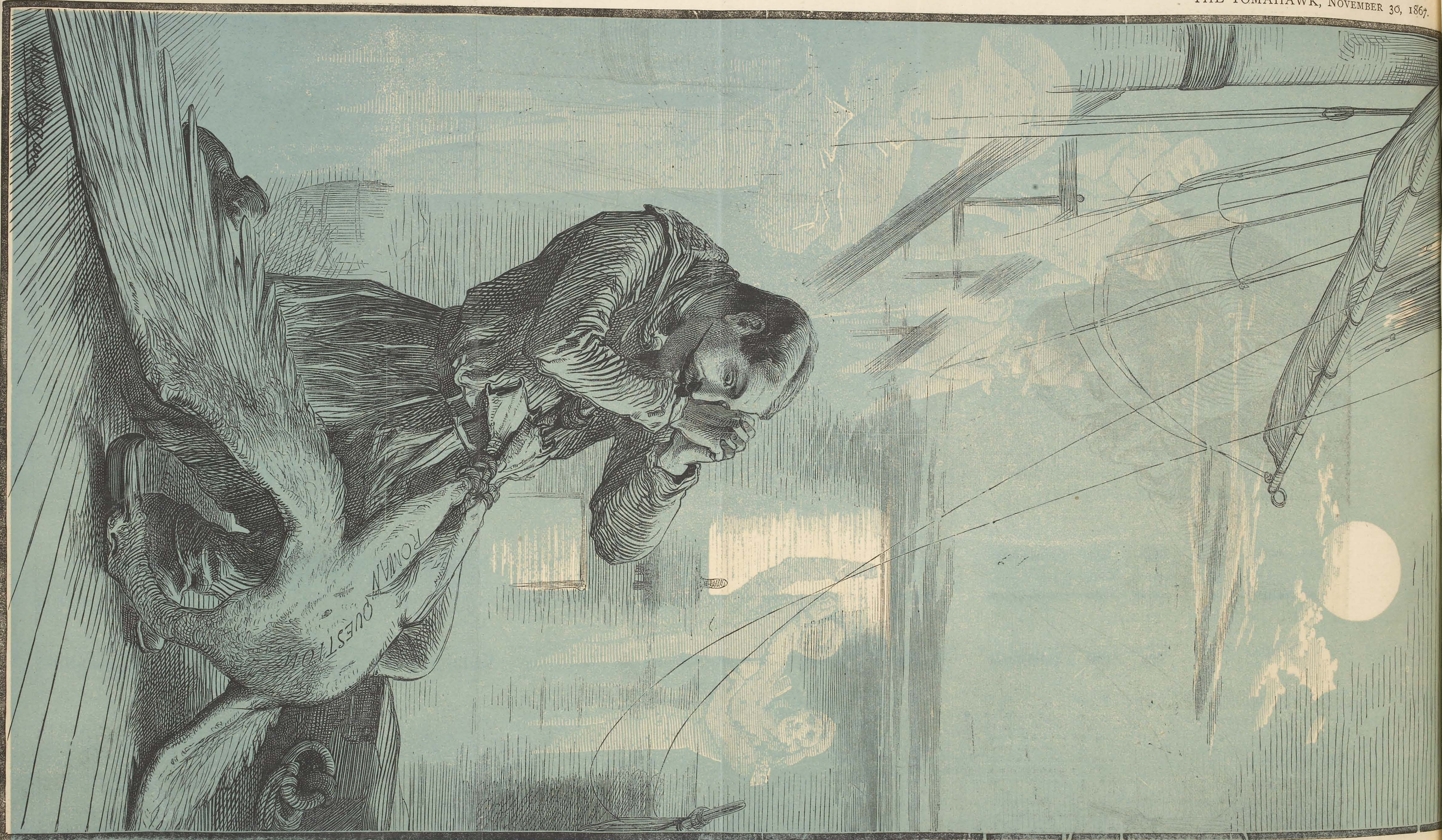
OR,

NAPOLEONS' ALBATROSS.

THERE he kneels in the agony of fear, with the fatal bird about his neck. Fatal—but bound to him for good, for evil, for to-day, for to-morrow, for he will not, dare not, shake it off ! Pity him ? No ! His own right hand launched forth the bolt upon its errand of death. Help him ? No. His own right hand must undo what his own right hand has done—Look at him terror-struck and silent ! He moves not, but the ship glides on. Glides on at last, without his word, or help, or counsel. Glides on a thing that feels the prestige of a vanished day, the splendour of another age,—glides on, the mighty vessel of the state, with powers from an Empire passed away. No living thing gives motion to that ship. It moves, but moves beneath the sway of men long dead !

What shadowy forms are these ? Spirits that rose obedient to the magic of a splendid name—*Napoleon* ! Name that could wake a world to lull it on blood-stained battle-fields into the cold sleep of death. Name before whose mystic spell even to-day the *Fleur de Lys* grows pale—under whose ægis the beautiful vessel *France* floats on, the terror of the seas. But he—the boasted hero of the home, sits still and silent. He gives not word nor help, nor counsel now. The barque glides on without him—He knows his ruin, and is bound to it—bound hopelessly and helplessly, and there is no escape—The master-mind of Europe. This ?—the wretched slave of a mistake ! Go to—and wait the end. The end that now is slowly surely coming on—Sooner or later, later or sooner, the inevitable end. For this is but a ship of phantoms ; an unreal thing. Its chief has wantonly struck down the Albatross, and if his vessel still glides on, it is because the power to move it springs from another age. Let the cold sea murmur it, let the wild wind whisper it, let the awful silence tell it—it moves—but moves—worked by the dead ! Worked by the dead !





WORKED BY THE DEAD!

NAPOLÉON'S ALBATROSS.

The Master Mind of Europe, this? The wretched Slave of a Mistake! Go to, and wait the inevitable end. For this is but a Ship of Phantoms—an unreal thing. Its Chief has wantonly struck down the Albatross, and if his vessel still glides on, it is because the Power that moves it springs from another age. Let the cold sea murmur it—let the wild wind whisper it—it moves—but moves, worked by the dead!—worked by the dead!

[See Sketch.]



THE PEEP-SHOW.

DUNDREARY IN OFFICE HOURS.

SCENE.—A large "stuffy" room (sadly in need of a visit from one of Rimmel's vaporisers), fitted with long tables and long forms. On the long tables numberless inkstands and official envelopes, on the long forms some eighty miserable-looking clerks, hard at work scribbling. Windows fitted up with ground glass, overlooking a crowded thoroughfare. The sound of eighty pens scratching, at express-train speed, no less than eighty sheets of paper. At the end of the room, near the fire-place, a vulgar-looking old man, seated at an office desk, not far from him, resting on a stool, a vulgar-looking young man. The vulgar-looking people talking to one another.

There, what do you think of that? Not very inviting, eh? Scarcely your notion of comfort! Of course not. Well, you know in my Peep-Show I can't always introduce you to magnificent scenery and sensational effects. Like other metropolitan managers, I'm obliged to follow the prevailing fashion, and just now it strikes me that "realism" is very much the prevailing fashion indeed. Why it was only the other day that a "Hansom cab" made the fortunes of a stu—(stay, I musn't be libellous—instead of "stupid" I will substitute "very first-rate,") of a very first-rate piece then, called the "Large Metropolis," or the "Gigantic Village," or the "Monster Something or Other" (after all, the name of the play is of little consequence), and I hear that even to night will be performed at one of the Transpentine theatres a drama which certainly owes a share of its popularity to the introduction in its plot of a few dismal looking hounds and a particularly lively specimen of the common porker! Then as "realism" is now in vogue, I will "go in" for the "Casual Ward" style of literature for once and a way, leaving gorgeous scenery and magnificent effects to those who take a delight in them, to the gentlemen who adapt Irish novels into London plays, and to those clever authors who nobly disdaining to have anything to do with pieces "from the French," exert their energies in translating the dramatic works of Lord Byron into the language of his countrymen—in fact into English! So much for an introduction, and now, for the second time, what do you think of the tableau before you?

You don't like it! Of course you don't. I knew you wouldn't when I set it up for you. It is rather painful to see those poor fellows so hard at work. That scribbling has been going on for the last five hours, and that scribbling will have to be kept up for five hours more before those wretched clerks will be allowed to leave their seats. But I can see at once that you don't object so much to the scribbling as to other things you observe in the room. You don't like to notice so many people huddled together. You have no very great opinion of those two vulgar-looking creatures at the end of the apartment, &c., &c. Quite right. The room is unhealthy, and the two vulgar-looking creatures are certainly offensive. The magnifying glasses to my Peep-Show are not quite as powerful as I could wish them to be, or you would see even more. Look at that young fellow over there. See how he is straining his eyes over that letter, a scrawl that might have been scribbled better by an imperfectly-educated charwoman in the last stage of intoxication, or by a spider lately rescued from a death by drowning in an overflowing ink bottle. See, he holds it up to the light, and—(pull the string)—there's a face for you! I won't describe it, because it has been painted before—by the man who wrote the "Song of the Shirt." Hood told of a woman however, and here we have before us a man, no—not a man, that poor lad will never live to be a man!

One of these days I may show you the work-room at a Jewish tailors, the interior of a coal mine at the collieries, or the labour yard of a parish union, but I shall scarcely match the picture before me, as far as hard work is concerned. Those poor fellows scribbling at express train speed, in an overcrowded room, are miserably paid. They get about 5d. an hour for their labour! For wearing out their eyes, softening their brains, and destroying their constitutions, they get about a third of the pay of a bricklayer, a fourth of the pay of a haberdasher, and a fifth of the pay of a butler! Why, there are many porters who receive larger salaries than these poor people! Many there are scores—hundreds! You may well ask what they are doing for some of them look respectable and worthy of better things. I will answer your question. These foolish lads are here because they are proud. They have crammed for a competitive examination,

and having passed it, are here waiting to be worked to death like galley-slaves or paupers, or to be bullied to despair like strayed dogs and scape-goats. You've seen them at work, but I'm rather pleased than otherwise that you've not heard them bullied. It is not a very charming sensation to hear a gentleman insulted by a snob, especially when the gentleman is powerless and the snob too secure of his position to be silenced. Those two vulgar-looking creatures at the top of the room are the bullies of the establishment. You see before you the "chief" and his subordinate. They are "h—less, dirty, and violent. They crept into the office in the days when Cabinet Ministers used to secure clerkships for the sons of their flunkies and gamekeepers, when "younger sons" turned up their noses at the "F. O." and gave the Treasury the cold shoulder, when the Bar was not overcrowded, and the Church was a safe, if "slow" haven for the destitute and extravagant. Could you hear these poor fellows scribbling on the table, bullied by these vulgar-looking creatures chatting at the desk, I think, nay, I know, you would be disgusted. As for me, I'm surprised to find gentlemen submitting to such treatment while the "professions" of crossing-sweeping and boot-brushing are still left open to them for securing an honest if precarious livelihood. And now you want to know what I call the scene that is set before you in my Peep-Show!

Well then, it is the interior of a Government Office east of Temple-Bar!

There, I think I've said enough. It is unnecessary for me to wind up my lecture with an indignant peroration. My words must speak for themselves. You know the class of men from which the Civil Service is recruited. You know that Government employees are supposed to be, and should be, not only gentlemen but scholars. *Bien!* I can only add that I've studied from life. The scene you've been gazing upon may not have been very effective, but at least it has been founded upon fact, and has had nothing to do with fiction! Mr. Dickens has taken for his type of Government official life the Circumlocution Department: in making such a selection, our "great novelist" has given no slight evidence of short-sightedness. "All that glitters is not gold." Very true—and it is not every Government clerk that plays between the hours of ten and four!

THE INTERPRETER.

THE POT AND THE KETTLE.

Mr. Doulton made his appearance at the Metropolitan Board of Works on Wednesday to reply to certain charges which it seems have been made against him. Those charges arise out of evidence given in the Bankruptcy Court by Mr. Furness, contractor for part of the Thames embankment. Mr. Furness seems to have stated that Mr. Doulton got or shared in a large sum of money which Mr. Furness paid for obtaining securities for the due fulfilment of the contract. Mr. Doulton, on the other hand, complained bitterly of the conduct of some members of the Board, and especially of Mr. Roche, and made a charge against that gentleman of having promised to vote for Mr. Furness having the contract if he would use the Lundy Company's granite.—*Vide Newspaper Reports.*

We assure both Messrs. Doulton and Roche that playing with a Furness is a proceeding very likely to burn their fingers. Whether these gentlemen will come out of the fiery ordeal of investigation white as snow, we, poetically speaking, don't exactly know, and time will only show. Nevertheless, a blast from a Furness is calculated to burn sadly, and we all know that a scar produced by such an accident is frequently carried by us to our graves. We hope neither Mr. Doulton nor Mr. Roche is much disfigured.

A FEW ACTORS WANTED.

"There are now no less than thirty theatres in and around London."—*Court Journal.*

True: but how many actors are there within the same radius? Are there as many as thirty? Take most of the "thirty theatres," watch the curtains as they are drawn up, take value for your money by sitting out patiently—very patiently—comedy or tragedy, farce or burlesque, until the curtains fall again, and as from gaslight you emerge into starlight, from the fetid atmosphere within into a purer ether without, say whether the self-styled actor is not a melancholy misnomer?—except on the principle that chimney-sweeps and costermongers are self-styled Esquires, in these days of equality and progress and reform.

CRIES FROM THE RANK.

"The controversy between cab-owners and the Government which has arisen out of the new Traffic Act, has led to the ventilation of the whole system of public conveyance in the streets of the metropolis."

Report says that we are to have improved cabs. So let it be: but we refuse to pin our faith to mere rumours or empty promises. We shall await the result impatiently, though without suffering ourselves to be elated with hope. Our cabs, as they are, are a disgrace to a civilized country, and an insult to a civilized nation. Comfortless, dirty, rickety, the modern four-wheeler should be swept away from our streets without delay. Away with them into the fire! Of the cabman we will not speak with disrespect, although he has sometimes, probably thirsting for information, enquired of us "Whether we called ourselves a gentleman?" We desire publicly to record several instances of liberality on his part when, on being paid his fare, he has handsomely offered to return it to us, suggesting with a kindness of heart, which has startled us, "that we might want it for our next day's dinner." Some wit has called the cabman "a rank impostor." This is a libel. His fares are not high, and he ought surely to be pardoned for seeking a *hire*.

THE MAKING OF THE PUDDING.

How our reporter obtained access to the room in Lord Derby's house, in which the materials of the Cabinet pudding were selected and mixed up together, history may or may not discover at some future day; but for the present we shall not disclose it. This, however, is the report he gives of it.

The Cabinet being assembled, Lord Derby rose and said he was deuced glad to see them all again, and hoped they had spent their quarter's salaries in an amusing manner. The old Whig hacks had gone dead lame ever since the passing of that awful swindle, the Reform Bill, and although their owners tried to make out that they were getting better, in reality their case was quite hopeless, and they would never do another day's work as long as they lived. He himself had tickled them a little at Manchester, and that dear boy Dizzy had chaffed them within an inch of their lives at Edinburgh. They were now met in order to concoct the Cabinet pudding, with which the little boys at St. Stephen's are always regaled on their arrival from their homes, in order to stodge them with an inexpensive article of diet, and to take away their appetite for the solid meat which follows. He should be glad to have an account of the materials which each of the noble and intelligent cooks then before him had brought. He must remind them, in conclusion, that this was only the second time in eight years that the party had had an opportunity of showing its culinary skill in the preparation of this famous dish.

Order was at this moment slightly disturbed by a dispute between Sir John Pakington and Mr. Corry, as to the existence of a corps of breech-loading highlanders in the army of the King of Abyssinia, but Sir John having been quieted by the promise of a new mountain gun warranted to stand fire, and not to recoil more than half a mile, business began.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE said that he had written a very telling paragraph about the troops to be employed in the Abyssinian expedition, and —

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON begged pardon, but he had written a paragraph about them too—they certainly belonged to him.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE could scarcely see the grounds for that opinion, but he was afraid the troops would get into a mess yet.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON.—That's just it,—and then I shall reconstruct the army.

LORD DERBY said the zeal of the two distinguished ministers did them honour, but he rather thought that Abyssinia was somewhere abroad, and if so the matter would seem to belong to the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

LORD STANLEY said that he had thought so too, and had prepared a sentence on the subject, which he would read. "The Emperor Theodorus" —

MR. DISRAELI asked if it was certain that he was an Emperor, or that his name was Theodorus? Would suggest "The Sovereign of Abyssinia."

This was passed, and the paragraph was read to the end, and allowed to stand as written, with the addition of the words "persistent" and "adequate," which were put in where they looked best.

LORD STANLEY went on to say that the TOMAHAWK had disclosed the scheme of fortifying Massowah, and making Abyssinia an English colony, so that it must be disclaimed. He had disclaimed it in a neat paragraph, and mixed it up with the "support and co-operation of Parliament," the "honour of the Crown," and "papers." Then there was Rome, and as Napoleon had been what Etonians used to call "cheeky" to Italy we might as well be cheeky to him. Accordingly, he had stuck it into him that the French troops must leave Rome directly "in order to remove any possible ground of misunderstanding" between France and Italy. It was a safe thing to say since the Italians would like it and the Emperor would not care for it.

MR. DISRAELI said he had no plums to offer equal to those provided by Lord Stanley—in fact he had nothing at all but the Estimates, and two Reform Bills, which nobody would care a bit about except for the sake of quarrelling over them.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH said he could supply the old Public schools bill which had already done a good deal of duty and could also give a neat paragraph as to education in general, about which so much nonsense was being talked just now. It would be seen that he had called it important and difficult, which he had found to be strictly true, especially the latter. Wondered why they had put all the Dukes in the worst places—but supposed now that it was to educate them.

This remark was followed by an interval of silence, which was broken by the DUKE OF RICHMOND, who said he had been trying to get the officials in his office to tell him something about trade. It was a difficult and harassing subject, the railways were a perfect nuisance, always wanting to be inspected or something; storm signals were also a great worry, and he understood generally, that the mercantile marine was in great need of something being done which would release the President of the Board of Trade from some of his difficulties—begged to hand in a paragraph, which Farrer had suggested and which would meet the case.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR said they ought to put in a general promise to amend the law. He had several measures in view, among others he of course intended to bring in his own Sunday Observance Bill again, and should expect that it would be supported cheerfully, by the whole Government.

MR. HARDY here remarked that it was necessary to say something about Fenianism, and he had said the only thing he could think of very successfully—he had said that it must be "rigorously put down." That might not be legal phraseology or Queen's speech English, but it was true, and he would stick to it!

MR. DISRAELI then suggested that a general promise of other questions should be thrown in to round it all off and bind it together, and the whole of the materials thus furnished having been well mixed up, were boiled down into the heads of the movers and seconders of the address, and having been allowed to simmer there for twelve or fourteen hours, the pudding was dished up to the Parliament, and was at once discussed, abused, sniffed at, denied, but nevertheless, eagerly devoured as puddings always are.

RESPECTABILITY AT THE POLICE-COURT.

MR. ELLIOTT, the other day, had to deal with two "respectably connected" youths, brought before him, charged with having stolen several articles of value from off the Crystal Palace show-stalls. The worthy Magistrate having discovered that the poor young prisoners were victims to a strange sort of malady, known (in "respectably connected" society) as "epileptical kleptomania," dismissed them "with an admonition." This quaint decision reminds one not a little of the verdict of an Irish jury, who found that their prisoner "was not guilty of beating his wife, but in acquitting him, strongly advised him not to do it again, for he wouldn't get off so easily next time." Encouraged by the example set by the eccentric but worthy Magistrate to whom we have referred, we understand that several jurymen have made arrangements for the appearance in the newspapers of the following reports, under the heading "Middlesex Sessions."

A FUNNY DISEASE.

William Sykes, a well-known burglar, was brought before the Assistant-Judge, charged with brutally kicking a woman, one Nancy Bell, in the face, arms, &c.

Several witnesses were called to prove the assault, and a

hospital certificate was handed in to account for the absence of the poor woman, the victim of the prisoner's brutality.

There was no defence.

After a few minutes' consultation, the jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," on the score of the prisoner "suffering from nervous energy in the knee-cap." The Foreman added, "We think, my lord, that the prisoner is a great scoundrel, and deserves hanging." Sykes retired from the Court grinning, after having expressed his determination of "being the death of Nancy, for all they'd done to him."

RATHER A LONG CATALOGUE OF CRIME.

Henry De la Mere de Courcy, a young gentleman of fashionable exterior, was charged with having forged a cheque for £1,000; with having stolen two pounds of beef-steak from a butcher's shop; with having swindled a poor relative of her little all; with having pilfered a box of tin soldiers from the Lowther Arcade; with having wrenched off the handles from his uncle's coffin; with having extracted a handkerchief from the pocket of his mother's laundress; and with having carried off the communion plate from the vestry of St. Frigidus Without.

The charge was proved.

For the defence, Dr. Muddlehead was called, and stated that the last time he saw the prisoner, he (the prisoner) was four months' old. On the occasion in question, the prisoner clutched at his (the witness's) eye-glass. In his opinion the prisoner was suffering from "*prigomniomania*."

The jury found a verdict of "Not Guilty."

Considerable amusement was created in Court by an old Irishwoman calling out to the prisoner as he left the dock, "Ah, Surr, it's maself that wishes I'd only har'r'f yer 'onner's complaint!"

SERVE HIM RIGHT.

Jeremiah Fenesis (aged seven) was charged with stealing a halfpenny from the beadle of St. Frigidus Without, who had dropped the coin on his road to the popular place of worship, of which he is the well-known official.

The charge was proved, and the youthful prisoner was sentenced to six months' hard labour and a flogging.

THE GRAND DUCHESS.

"How do you like the *Grand Duchess* at Covent Garden?"

We should be glad to know how often this question has been put to us! We have, in most cases, been content to return an evasive answer, for, in truth, it would be no easy matter to pack up our opinion in the small parcel which is generally supposed to suffice for a simple question of the kind. In the first place the *Grand Duchess* of Covent Garden bears no resemblance to the *Grande Duchesse* of the Variétés, partly because Madlle. Schneider and poor Couder could not be matched in this country, and partly because, at Covent Garden, drollery goes to the wall in favour of spectacular display, whilst the reverse is the case at Paris. A portion of the extravagant fun of the piece, as played at Paris, consists in the fact that the Royal army is supposed to consist of half-a-dozen soldiers of various heights; at Covent Garden, however, there is, at the conclusion of the first act, a military spectacle, which, however attractive to the eye, cannot but destroy, to a certain extent the purpose—absurd though it be—of the piece. Mr. Harris could scarcely have done more for the army of Peter the Great than he has accomplished for the military defenders of the *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*. In mentioning the points wherein the performance of this piece in Paris and London differ from one another, it may be observed that, the end of the second act, as presented at Covent Garden is singularly weak and ineffective; in Paris the curtain comes down upon a wild and characteristic dance well-known and highly-prized in the French capital. We must not be understood to advocate the importation of this dance to our saint-like shores, even if there were anybody in England who could dance it (which we incline to think there is not), still we must tain admit that the second act of the *Grand Duchess* stands sadly in need of something to bring it to a more effective conclusion. With regard to the third and fourth acts, we can only say that they are not much duller here than they are in Paris, and herein lies the fault of the whole piece; for whereas the first act is musically and dramatically excellent, the second act is not so good, whilst the third is weak, and the fourth

is downright bad. Having regard to the fact that, the common soldier, Fritz, is raised to the position of Commander-in-Chief in the first act, and is degraded to the ranks in the last, it seems almost a pity the piece cannot be played backwards, beginning with the last and ending with the first act!

We now come to the manner in which the *Grand Duchess* is performed; and we cannot but feel that the actors have some claim to indulgence, inasmuch as the majority of them are new to their work. It may, in point of fact, be said of all of them that their acting wants lightness, and their singing wants brightness; still, we are happy to say that, in some cases, the task has been nearer achievement than we anticipated; for instance, the "Couplets du Regiment" were trippingly sung by Miss Julia Mathews and Mr. Harrison; "Voici le sabre de mon Père," and one or two other pieces were sung with a certain "dash" if with no great amount of finish.

With regard to Miss Mathews, we are constrained to admit that she has grave faults, and perhaps the gravest is her pronunciation of the English language. Thus, in the song "Dites lui," *anglicé* "Say to him," we must urge her not to speak the words as though they were written "Sigh to him;" this is but one example out of many, and the defect is one which claims her earliest attention. As respects her singing and acting, we may say that if it is not over-refined, it is, for the most part, brisk and bright; she is not stagey, which is a comfort now-a-days, and, with more experience, we see no reason why she should not prove an acquisition.

The other characters are fairly well filled; the *Wanda* of Miss Thompson is, vocally, the best performance, whilst the *Fritz* of Mr. Harrison is more than creditable. Mr. Aynesley Cook seems to have blustered away all his voice in the part of the *General*, and he may be reminded that there is music, and good music too, for him to sing if he chooses. Mr. Stoye is rather amusing as *Prince Paul*, and his voice, properly delivered, would prove to be a good one.

The band, though too large, is excellent, and sends forth Offenbach's racy tunes with appropriate swing; the advantage of a good orchestra is sensibly felt in the finale to the first act, which (despite all Offenbach's detractors may say to the contrary) is a first-rate piece of music, both as to construction and fancy. The vast theatre (alas! how much too vast for the nature of the piece!) has been well filled, and it is with pleasure that we record our opinion that the *Grand Duchess* at Covent Garden is, on the whole, the best performance of Offenbach in English which has yet been heard in this country.

CHARADE.

Smarting beneath their fancied wrongs,
My First besought my Second's aid,
Their prayer most graciously was heard,
And for their good my Whole was made.

But soon again the suppliant cry
Is raised by every tortured soul:—
"Thy direst punishments inflict;
Spare us the mercies of my Whole!"

ANSWER TO LOGOGRIPE IN OUR LAST.—WORKHOUSE.
Work—House—Use—Rose—Hose—Sow—Show.

Correct answers have been received from Hurlthrumbolus, F. G. R., A. D. C., Henri, Ruronunahildud Mumenunziesus, H. W. R., One Duffer, J. H. D., Calumet, B. G., Paul, A. Y. Z., D. D., Samuel E. Thomas, E. L. Orton, Philo-Tiny, Little, Emma, Red Alf, Two Hackney Swords, Bull's Oil, Ulcoats Kathinka, Macduff, B. Nias, Œdipus, Jectee, North, Sawday the Spliced, "Συ," Mr. Jorrocks, Carpe Diem, Little Sixteen, Farnham, Manducks, Salalak, C. F. S., 2 Fountains, Relampago, F. H. B., Balaam Slapton Lea, Huz, Fuz, and Buz, Gnutrah and Eteolc, Flipp, The Walrus at ye Zoo, Gumbo, W. T. C., W. S. P., G. J. R. (Camberwell), D. C., Young Jeff, Jiniral Fladdock, Chang, A Casual Reader, M. A. D., William B. Wallace, Jones Fido, Twyncham, F. P. Bawtree, H. C. G., Joe, Fenian (Highbury), M. H. Faust Hoolahan, Foundling, Two Chathamites.

A LICENSE THAT SHOULD BE REFUSED. — The Poetical License of some of our modern poets.

AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL,
COVENT GARDEN. Great success of the Grand Duchess. On Monday next and during the week, Offenbach's Operatic Extravaganza, **THE GRAND DUCHESS OF GEROLSTEIN**. Principal Characters by Messrs. W. Harrison, Stoyke, Frank Matthews, Odell, Fred Payne, and Miss Y. Cook. Miss Augusta Thomson and Miss Julia Matthews. Commence at Eight. Pit, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 3s and 2s.; Gallery, 1s. The Box Office is open from Ten till Five.

THEATRE ROYAL,
DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton. **TRIUMPHANT AND BRILLIANT SUCCESS OF THE DOGE OF VENICE.** 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. New and Magnificent Scenery by Mr. William Beverley. The play is under the direction of Mr. Edward Stirling. Principal characters by Mr. Phelps, Messrs J. C. Cowper, H. Sinclair, E. Phelps, Barrett, James Johnstone, C. Warner, W. McIntyre, C. Harcourt, W. C. Temple, C. Webb, &c. Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Miss Grattan, &c. To conclude with **THE LADIES' CLUB**. Mesdames Beatrix Shirley, Kate Harleux, Grattan, Hudspeth, L. Wilnot Mrs. H. Vandoren, Messrs J. Rouse, Barrett, C. Webb, F. Moreland, Harcourt, James Johnstone, W. C. Temple, &c. Doors open at Half-past 6, commence at 7 o'clock.

NEW QUEEN'S THEATRE
ROYAL.—(Lessee and Manager, Mr. Alfred Wigan).—Monday, November 18th, and every evening, the performances will commence with **HE'S A LUNATIC**. After which (by particular desire) the celebrated Comedy by Tom Taylor, Esq., called **STILL WATER RUNS DEEP**. Principal Characters by Messrs Alfred Wigan, W. H. Stephens, Charles Wyndham, W. M. Terrott, C. Seyton, Miss Ellen Terry, and Mrs. Alfred Wigan. To conclude with the Comic Drama called **THE FIRST NIGHT**, in which Mr. Alfred Wigan will sustain his original character of Achille Talma Dufard, supported by Messrs John Clayton, L. Brough, Sanger, W. H. Stephens, Vincent, Miss Henrietta Hodson, Miss Pauline Markham. An Engagement has been made with Mrs. Scott-Siddons and with Mr. J. L. Toole, who will make their appearance in this Theatre at Christmas. Doors open at Half-past Six; Performance to commence at Seven, Acting-Manager, Mr. W. H. Liston.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN
REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY, in **A DREAM IN VENICE**, by T. W. Robertson, in which Miss Annie Sinclair will also appear; after which Mr. John Parry's "Merry-making," **EVERY EVENING** (except Saturday), at eight. Saturday, at three—**ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATIONS**, 14 Regent street. Admission 1s. 2s.; stalls, 3s.; stall chairs, 5s.; which can be secured in advance.

THE PHILHARMONIC
HALL, Islington. (Sole Proprietor, Mr. Samuel Adams). Increased attraction. Another change Miss Beatrice Bermond, the admired serio-comic, and of Laburnam, the Lion Comic. Great success of the Grand Comic Carnival—Fraser, Rennell, Alice Dunning, and Beatrice Bermond. Comedy, Burlesque, &c., by G. Loder, Valentine, St. Clair, De Solla, and Mesdames Grosvenor, Belmore, &c., &c. Open at Half-past Seven. N.B.—The handsome Public and Private Billiard Rooms and American Bowling Saloon in London.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA
PALACE. (Managing Director, Mr. F. Strange.) Three Ballets, 200 Dancers, 60 Instrumentalists, Singers, Acrobats, Minors; Pictures, Latest Telegrams, Saloons, Super-rooms, Lavatories, Smoking-rooms, Evening Paper; Ten Orchestral Pieces Every Night. Open at Half-past Seven, begin at Eight. Prices—1s., 2s., and 6d.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Private Boxes from £1 1s. Box Office open from Eleven to Four.

After the OPENING of the QUEEN'S THEATRE, Long acre.—EVANS' to SUP.

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After COVENT GARDEN Promenade
Concerts, EVANS' to SUP.
After Drury Lane Theatre, EVANS' to SUP.
After Haymarket Theatre, EVANS' to SUP.
After Lyceum Theatre, EVANS' to SUP.
After Adelphi Theatre, EVANS' to SUP.
After Olympic Theatre, EVANS' to SUP.
After Strand Theatre, EVANS' to SUP.
After New Royalty Theatre, EVANS' to SUP.
After St. James's Theatre, EVANS' to SUP.
After Prince of Wales's Theatre, EVANS' to SUP.
London Singing and Supper Club, EVANS' to SUP.
Covent Garden. Vocal Entertainment at Eight.

DR. CULVERWELL'S
TURKISH BATHS, REMOVED from 15 St. Martin's Lane to 3 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, Regent street, W.—Single tickets, 1s. 6d.; twenty, 25s. Saturdays, 1s. Advice on Bath gratis. Dr. C's Medical Work, "Ourselves," 1s., Mann, Cornhill.



THE LONDON, 191 FLEET ST.

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 scale, 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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