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JULY 16]

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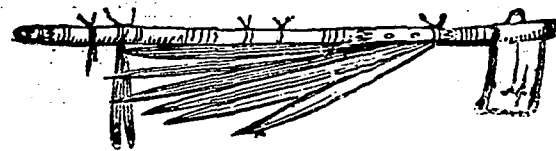


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THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



“INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT.”

No. 167.]

LONDON, JULY 16, 1870.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

“WIGGING THE WHIGS.”

STATESMEN are very nice persons. On grand occasions they wear very pretty uniforms; on small occasions they make very long speeches. A statesman must be a Member of Parliament, but few Members of Parliament happen to be statesmen. A promising young Member of 56 is often invited to join the Ministry; he is then called a Minister. If he happens to be particularly successful in his new sphere of action, he is invited to join the Cabinet. A Cabinet is generally associated with the words “nasty mess;” hence the well-known dish of the more degraded of the middle classes, “Cabinet Pudding.” In conclusion, Queen Anne is dead.

Above we have made several announcements, all more or less out of date. Our only defence is the absolute necessity of extreme care in these days of ignorance and misconception. From what Ministers *do* the British public might remain in entire ignorance of their existence “it may be for years, it may be for ever,” from what they *say* the aforesaid British public might fondly imagine that they were the hardest-worked officials under the sun. This being the case, we may possibly be pardoned for having summed them up in the words with which we have opened this article. The average Cabinet Minister has nothing to do save to make long speeches in the House, and to obey the commands of his inferiors in the department over which he is theoretically supposed to preside. If he happens to be a Chancellor of the Exchequer, he provides for the expenditure of the approaching year by the simple expedient of fixing taxes and revising the revenue. This should be a matter of no difficulty to him or even danger; he has but to toady a strong party at the expense of a weak one to conciliate the masses and to flatter the press. If he happens to be Minister for Foreign Affairs, his work is even simpler. Bearing in mind that England prefers infinitely to grovel in the most loathsome of mud rather than to pay fourpence halfpenny, he has nothing further to do than to carry out her wishes. If the Nation is insulted, it is his duty, in the Nation's name, to apologise to the aggressor; if Britannia's nose, so to speak, is pulled by the foreigner, it is his mission to thank that foreigner on behalf of that cowardly cur, the so-called British Lion. As a statesman, he must not tell a lie when the truth will do, he must not hesitate to discard the truth when a lie seems to be a necessity. If he happens to be the Minister of War, his work need not be particularly irksome, his rule of conduct should be contained in the words, — ruin for the Regulars, sneers for the Militia, and facetious snub-

bing for the Volunteers. If he happens to be First Lord of the Admiralty, he has only to reduce the estimates and to dishearten the Fleet. If he can only sell at 7d. a ton materials which have cost his predecessors in office £3,455 19s. 2½d. an ounce, he may consider himself a financier of eminent economy and wisdom. If he happens to be a Premier, he has but to support his colleagues in office through good and evil repute.

Voilà tout.

These duties are, and have been for years, thoroughly understood. The public has been satisfied, and the Ministers have been contented. It has really mattered very little whether the reins of Government have been held by tiresome Tories, waggish Whigs, curious Conservatives, languid Liberals, or rapacious Radicals. The same rule of conduct has governed each party on finding itself in power; to do unto others as you would not be “done” has been *the* motto of every Government. Well and good; we repeat, everybody has been satisfied, everybody has been content. Unhappily, however, we are obliged to speak in the past tense, as a Cabinet Minister of the present day has supplemented his ordinary duties by undertaking a task generally grappled with by the Admiral of the Fleet. As this task, if allowed to resolve itself into precedent, is likely to revolutionise the whole system of our Government, we feel it incumbent upon us to consider the matter with a seriousness befitting the occasion. This being the case, we devote a fresh paragraph to its discussion. Here followeth the fresh paragraph.

Who is Mr. Childers? Frankly, we don't know. We rather imagine that someone has told us at some time or other that he came originally from Van Dieman's Land, or Tasmania, or Australia, or Borneo, or Botany Bay, or the Pacific, or the South Atlantic, or some place of that kind. If he did come from Van Dieman's Land, or Tasmania, or Australia, or Borneo, or Botany Bay, or the Pacific, or the South Atlantic, or some place of that kind, all we can say is, Van Dieman's Land, or Tasmania, or Australia, or Borneo, or Botany Bay, or the Pacific, or the South Atlantic, or some place of that kind has not done much to deserve our thanks. We have no doubt but what Mr. Childers is admirably adapted to drawing his salary on Quarter Day, that he makes as good a minister as any other human automaton, nay, we will even go further, and admit that he may even be an excellent substitute for butter at breakfast; but there we must draw the line. Whatever the First Lord of the Admiralty may have been on board the ship that carried him to England from Van Dieman's Land, or Tasmania, or Australia, or Borneo, or Botany Bay, or the Pacific, or the South

Atlantic, or some other place of that kind, he is emphatically not the man to take the charge of the Channel Fleet. We have no personal objection, and we may safely suggest that the British public have no personal objection, to Mr. Childers purchasing one of the Thames Penny Steamboats with a view to cruising (even in the dirtiest weather) between Lambeth and Battersea,—nay, we will go further, we are quite sure that no right-minded person would have any rooted aversion to witnessing Mr. Childers dancing a naval hornpipe at the Surrey, or even the Bower Saloon; but there again we draw the line. Has the Right Honourable Gentleman any right to defy sea-sickness and public opinion in command of the Channel Fleet? Certainly not. We have no doubt he would prove himself an excellent Admiral in a minor theatre performance of *Black-Eyed Susan*; but he is a decided mistake “abaft the binnacle” (whatever that may mean) on a real man-of-war. So much for Mr. Childers; and now we come to another Minister, who is equally deserving of our censure. Here followeth another fresh paragraph.

Who is Mr. Cardwell? We decline to answer, for the simple reason that no one cares a pin who he is. We know that he is a bungler, and so, unhappily, do the officers and rank and file of the 9th Regiment of the Line. Only a few days ago that unlucky force were compelled to march miles upon miles in a heat that may be fairly described as tropical. Was it surprising that numbers sank and even died under the terrible ordeal? But then we must expect such little *contretemps* when we have to deal with a bungler. Is there no remedy to cure this Mr. Cardwell of his stupidity—we beg pardon, we mean lack of intelligence? Of course, we can't expect him to be a soldier, or to know anything about military matters. We have no doubt that if the truth were known it would be found that he imagines a gun is called a 32-pounder because it costs, at least, 25 guineas, &c., &c., &c. Well, we don't object to this. Mr. Cardwell has no intention of ever going out to battle; and even if he did find himself at the seat of war, as we should certainly not follow him thither, the fact that he attempted to form himself into a hollow square with the right thrown back, or gave the order to the Horse Marines to fire their cartouche boxes out of their knapsacks in slow time to quick music would be to us matters of the supremest indifference. In spite of this, we cannot allow him to march a body of men through Sunstroke to death. No; let him take a leaf out of the book of his colleague, Childers, and march at the head of the next regiment ordered to change its quarters. If this does not effect a cure, we must give him over to Dr. Forbes Winslow, for Hanwell will be better suited to his administration than the slow-working machinery of the War Office, Pall Mall.

In conclusion, we have no objection to Messrs. Childers and Cardwell doing nothing, but then let it be clearly understood that that nothing must not be pernicious. Again—*voilà tout!*

NOVELTY AND ENOUGH.

LET us premise our remarks by declaring that they are not a planned advertisement, and then let us declare that Messrs. Jenner and Knewstubb, of St. James's street, have introduced and largely advertised an article of their manufacture as “the Bag of Bags.” As we have not seen the Bag of Bags, we cannot say that it is useful, or that it is portable, or that it is elegant. All these it may be, but the only point we can deal with is the title, which we think very silly, very slangy, and very vulgar, and which has been forced upon the notice of the public *ad nauseam*.

EXPLANATIONS OF NAUTICAL TERMS.

COMPILED AT THE SEA-SIDE BY AN AMATEUR.

1. *An old salt*.—This term is much used at sea, as, after a long voyage, the salt naturally becomes old; it is nearly always crusty.
2. *Weighing the anchor*.—This is done to ascertain by the weight of it how many men should always be on the opposite side to which it is hung, to balance it and keep the ship even.
3. *Trimming the sails*.—The canvass naturally becomes ragged at the edges after a voyage. So this is, then, done with a sharp pair of scissors.
4. *Gibing*.—This is generally done by the boatswain, who, by bitter gibes, keeps the men from becoming bumptious or mutinous.
5. *Tacking* reminds us of the glorious days of Nelson. It is nailing the colours to the mast with small tacks.
6. *Going about*.—When the owner of a ship is tired of going in one direction, he goes about in another. It is also another term for pacing, or walking up and down the deck.
7. *Hard a port!*—After much rain the water sometimes gets into the wine, and, being soft water, softens it. The captain then cries for “Harder Port!” or, as the sailors spell it, “Hard a Port.”
8. *Mind your helm*.—This is a cockney expression. Ships are built of oak, but occasionally there are bits of elm, which are apt to be leaky; then comes the warning, “Mind your helm!”
9. *Hanging in stays*.—In the old pirate days—shame on them!—they were in the habit of murdering the ladies before giving them time to dress.
10. *Heaving the log*. } These two expressions are indicative
11. *Keeping the log*. } of whether the captain was capable of keeping in his stomach the port wine, or log (short for logwood) which had been spoilt by the rain, as mentioned in No. 7.
12. *Coming to an anchor*.—This is a grim pleasantry, meaning sinking, and so coming down to your own anchor.
13. *Beating*.—The captain, as his humour may be, is permitted to beat the drum, or the cabin boy.
14. *Manning the pumps*.—This is an expression used when the men put on the dress shoes provided for them, by law, by the captain.
15. *Hoisting the ensign*.—If a junior officer of an infantry regiment gets on board ship, he is frequently subjected to rough usage.
16. *Shooting the sun*.—This is very indicative of the conceit of seamen, who think their weapons carry *very* far.
17. *Taking an observation*.—The nautical equivalent for “taking a sight,” or “pulling a nose,” generally done by a mid. behind the captain's back.
18. *Sounding*.—On nearing land, a horn is always sounded on board, to order fresh milk and butter.
19. *Dipping the burgee*.—The burgee is a flag, which, when dirty, is dipped in the sea to wash it.
20. *Being on the right tack* is the nautical way of saying “Hitting the right nail on the head.”

OUR PILGRIM CHILDREN.

CANADA must be a big place, and, what is more, there must be plenty of room in the new country, or the Colonists would not be so deeply grateful to English Emigration Societies for the unfortunates they are good enough to supply them with. First, we hear of a ship load of gutter children being posted off; next, of a few hundreds of the class described as “friendless and fallen” being assisted to emigrate; and lastly, of a steamer being chartered for the conveyance away of the scrapings of our reformatories—and all are welcome, and find plenty of good employment in the new land. There is hope in this. If Canada serves as a field of employment for our surplus population it will have deserved well of the mother country; but if it perseveres in bringing back to a good and honest life the outcasts of our society, it will have fulfilled a mission,—aye, a Christian mission, indeed. If gratitude should make good citizens, the towns of the Dominion across the ocean will, in time, be able to boast of a patriotic population.

THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[CONTINUED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

OFF THE GOODWINS, July 9th, 1870.

YES,—it has come to this! I am dating this letter from the most dangerous spot in the English Channel in very little hope that it will ever come into your hands. It is of no use now to conceal the truth. Spagmore and I are unequal *alone* to the management of a yacht of 250 tons. Yet we have had this awful responsibility on our shoulders for the last four hours. Soon after I despatched my last we got on splendidly for about half an hour, having hoisted all our canvass with a view to running before the wind. This we did, I admit, *contrary to the advice of the Mate*, but as we both agreed that the only reason for his bothering us continually "to hug the shore" was to wreck us off the Reculvers, and then let us some apartments of his own at Herne Bay, we utterly ignored everything *he* had to say. This want of confidence appears to have wounded him a good deal, for as I pen these lines he is lying helplessly drunk on the floor of Lord Bolchester's cabin, and explaining to him, amidst repeated volleys of oaths, the state of the shrimping trade in the year 1835. *He* therefore is of no use to us, and we are in terrible danger. As to our crew, they got very queer the moment we passed the *Nore*, wanted to land, and refused to climb up to the top of the main top-gallant and look out for a policeman, or for anyone of whom we could ask the nearest way to Margate. They excused themselves on the score of feeling faint, and begged Spagmore to appoint a steward, but he flatly refused, and had them all put into irons and handed over to the care of the Chief, who has talked rather amusingly about serving them up for the one o'clock hot dinner; but we cannot waste time on the matter now, and he must arrange his own recreations, at such a juncture as this, independently of us.

In this condition of things we kept her well up, till at last we spied not a sail, but a handsomely decorated craft, painted red, and picked out neatly in white, with one mast surmounted by an elegant open-work nob. Most sensibly this vessel had its name painted on its side, and as far as we could gather from a hurried conversation with the owner as we swept past its stern, served him as a sort of summer residence when he was in want of continual sea air. We also caught something about "a couple of land lubbers," and "breaking up on the Mouse," and a few other disjointed fragments of phrases of an unsympathetic and rather disheartening character. I told Spagmore frankly I thought he *must* be a sort of nautical policeman off his beat, but Spagmore says he is doing it for a bet. The upshot of the meeting, however, was that we found him marked in the map, and now only too well understand his fearful sarcasms as to our ignorance of nautical matters! We have traced our exact position! In ten minutes more we must come straight upon the *Goodwins*! Of course, if the tide is out, we can get out and dig a little. Spagmore says it would be great fun to dig a grave for Lord Bolchester, and have a champagne funeral and leave him. For my part such a situation seems beyond a joke. "Breaking up on the Goodwins" has been always one of the horrors of my life, and now I am about to experience the thing itself, I do not feel inclined to laugh.

Wind terrible! A "squall" has just swept over us, carrying away the *mizen sheet* (airing for Lord Bolchester's bed), our "children's map of the Isle of Thanet," and Lady Toffey's wig. Spagmore does not seem to care about the crisis, but wants to fish, as he says you never can get a bite in a calm. After having a tremendous row with him on the subject I have consented to let the only life-buoy on board be used as a float. To this Spagmore has attached all the rope he can find, and baited it with pork sausages. He says we are sure to pick up *something*, if only a herring. The Chief has volunteered to get in the life-buoy and report bites.

Just as we were carrying out this arrangement a tremendous sea struck us on our "starboard beam," at least I think that is what the particular part of the vessel is called, but should my nautical readers be misled by any technical mistake on my part, I can describe it more accurately in maritime language as the part where a man would stand to take tickets on a Margate boat, I believe, in thorough sea slang, it is called "abaft the funnel."

Fortunately this catastrophe seems to have sobered Spagmore for the instant. He says we must throw "cargo" overboard. I have given the order "All hands to throw cargo overboard," but it has met with no response.

Have been looking for the cargo, but beyond a dark green box, labelled "*dangerous*," there seems to be nothing in the shape of *cargo* on board. Spagmore says we must "lighten her or she'll be shipping a sea," and that I must go down stairs and bring up anything I can lay hands upon. There is not a moment to be lost, for straight a-head of us is something that looks like a long strip of boiled beef, Spagmore says "*that's the Goodwins!*"

Have thrown *everything we can* overboard. The list may interest you, and if any of the articles should be picked up by cruisers in the channel, perhaps they would kindly forward them for identification to my solicitors, Messrs. Crengé and Bartee, 5 Old court, Holloway's Inn.

CARGO DROPPED "OFF THE GOODWINS":—

Lord Bolchester's dressing case.
Five quires of cream-laid note paper.
The lifebuoy (*a mistake of the Chief's*).
My aunt (*ditto, ditto*) but recovered again.
A soup plate.
Lord Bolchester's mattress, hairbrush, boots, false teeth, will, and cough mixture.
34 bottles of soda-water and a clothes basket.
The sails, three oars, a fog signal, and a hairpin.
A cold fowl.
An anchor.
All the furniture of Lord Bolchester's cabin.
And Lady Toffey's last quarter's annuity in *sovereigns*.

These items having been thrown over we found, I am sorry to say, no appreciable difference in the heavy floundering of our beam ends aft,—still, as Spagmore says, we have done our best, and must now trust to the pumps!

No pumps on board! Not even a mop! Spagmore has at once given the order "All hands to the sponge." This has been responded to by our scientific friend, myself, and the cook, but there is not a sponge on board. The Chief eat the last this morning!

Close on the Goodwins! I can't say I dislike their appearance. They have a nice clean tidy look. Spagmore says I must not be down-hearted, for if we do get on to them we can look out for a spot upon which to build a big hotel. He thinks it would pay *wonderfully*, if you could only get it up. The difficulty is of course the foundation, but Spagmore knows somebody who has a friend who invented some stuff for the bottom of cisterns, which he says would be the very thing! Really I think there is a good deal in the idea, and for invalids requiring the advantages of pure sea air, combined with the excitement of an occasional shift, *nothing could be better*. Indeed, I begin to believe that this yachting cruise will enable us to realise a large

Crash! We are on the Goodwins! The Chief is out, and has eaten a mouthful at once!

WHAT THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES.

THE Mitchamites are not to be found napping. At all events, they possess two separate associations for getting up at day-break, namely, the Upper Mitcham Early Rising Association and the Lower Mitcham Peep of Day Club. The rival societies played a cricket match last week on their Common, when the stumps were pitched at 3.30 a.m. and drawn at 7 a.m. The players must have been determined that their pleasure should not interfere with their duty, but at what time did they go to bed, and how fit were they for their several occupations by noon? Getting up early is very well in its way, but—like those who practise it in immoderation—it can "be done to death." As the song has it,

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes men lazy and increases their size.

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B R I T A N N I A,

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LONDON, JULY 16, 1870.

T H E W E E K.

THE *Philadelphia Ledger*, an American paper, states that, in a second edition of *Blackwood*, Mr. Disraeli replies sharply to the criticisms made on *Lothair* in that Magazine. A journal so well-informed should call itself the *Know-ledger*.

IT is rumoured that Prince Teck is exceedingly *exigeant*. It is said that His Highness was much annoyed at not finding a municipal deputation awaiting his arrival at a railway station to which he travelled the other day. Now, this won't do. Prince Teck is a gentlemanly-looking young man, and has some idea about dress, but after that—! Come, come, let's hear no more about it!

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER, in a recent speech after consecrating a cemetery at Bacup, observed that the only thing which had troubled him since he had been a bishop, was the fear that his determination not to be a partizan should lead people to think and speak of him as of a Laodicean. If, however, the offensive designation gets into the mouths of the bishop's enemies, he will have only himself to thank for having put it there. Who would have thought of calling him such a hard name? But his lordship is evidently determined to have his *back up*.

IT has taken the Admiralty half a century, or more to discover that midshipmen are officers whose existence might with advantage be officially acknowledged. It has long since been ruled that their relative rank is with the ensigns of the Army, but it is only now that their names have been admitted into the Navy List. That the innovation, however, should have occurred in Mr. Childers' reign, surprises us. Has the Right Honourable Gentleman forgotten the cost of type and ink? or perhaps it is that in the face of the recent reduction the *personnel* of the Navy has dwindled into such meagre proportions on paper that Mr. Childers wants to make as much as possible of what remains of the Royal Navy. Whatever may be the fact of the case we congratulate the reefers on their *débit* in print.

A MODERN MARTYR.

MR. RICHARD WEAVER, the Revivalist—on this occasion we will not call him the Reverend Mr. Weaver—is temporarily under a cloud. It seems that he lives with his family at Fallibroom, near Macclesfield, and that one of his maid-servants has secured an affiliation order against him, as being the father of her illegitimate child. The young woman entered Weaver's service in January, 1868, at the age of fifteen, and shortly after her master began kissing her. This was admitted; but Mr. Weaver asserted that in his Christian love he kissed all his household, and that his wife—who is evidently unconverted on this point—did not like it. However, the young woman swore that one Sunday, prior to his going out to preach a sermon at Broken Cross, her master committed the act imputed to him, and afterwards gave her a sovereign not to tell. The magistrates believed the girl, and granted the order against Weaver for 5s. a week for six weeks, and then 2s. 6d. a week, together with a special payment of £10 down for the girl's expenses in proceeding against him. The defendant's intention to appeal was immediately announced, and here the matter rests until the decision shall have been revised by a superior tribunal. The remarkable fact in connection with the little episode, however, is that the magistrate's decision was greeted with open applause in Court, and the large crowd outside made unmistakable manifestations of feeling against Mr. Weaver. We doubt not that Mr. Weaver's next sermon was on the base ingratitude of his flock, and the sure punishment that was in store for them—"a punishment to which half-a-crown a week would be but a drop in the ocean of their suffering, and ten pounds costs an oasis in the fiery desert in which they were doomed to pass eternity." We are only drawing from our imagination when we put these expressions into Mr. Weaver's mouth; but if we were converted and pious, like the noted Revivalists—which miserable sinners we are not—it would be exactly what we should say of the wicked world which persecuted us.

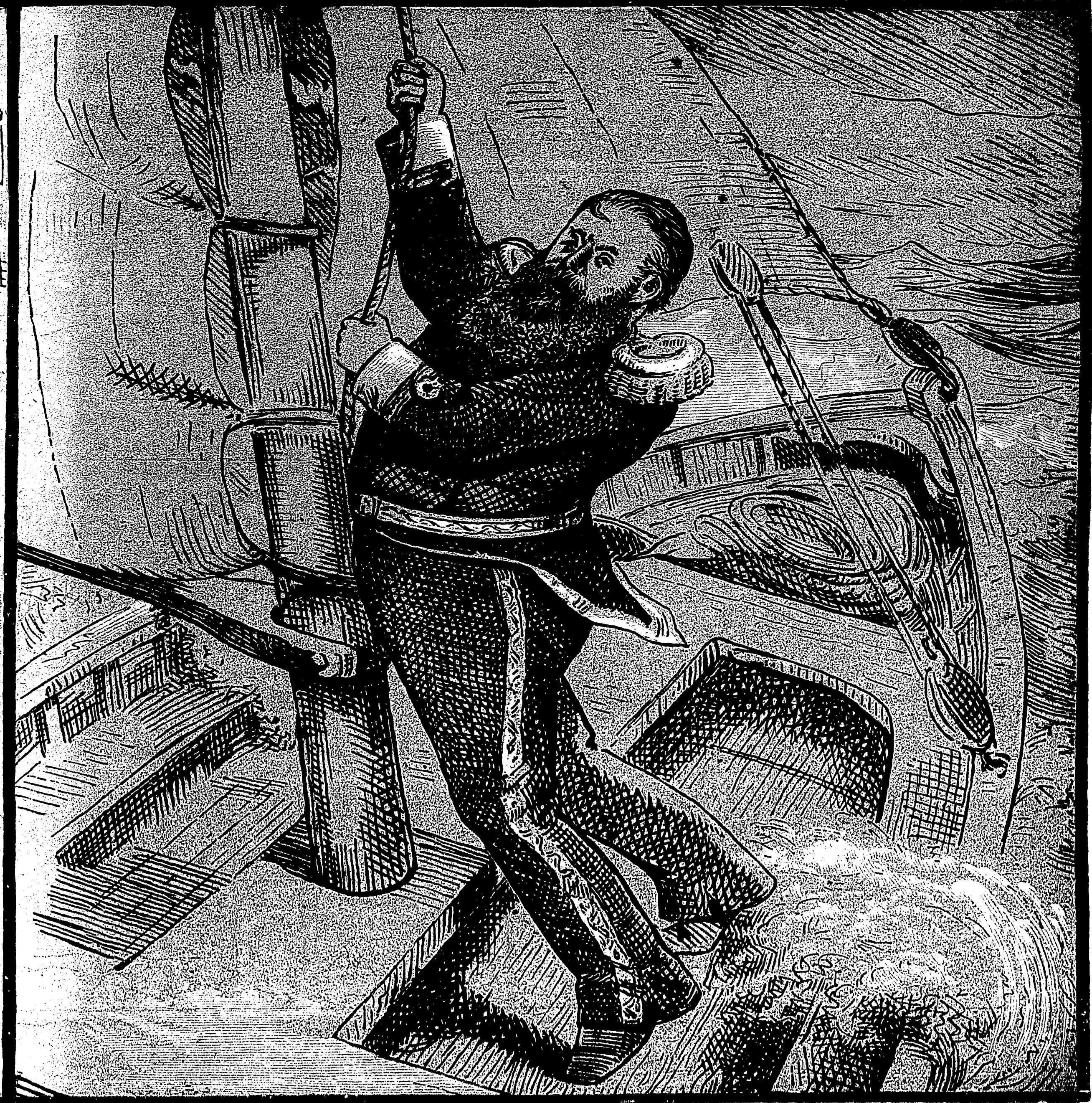
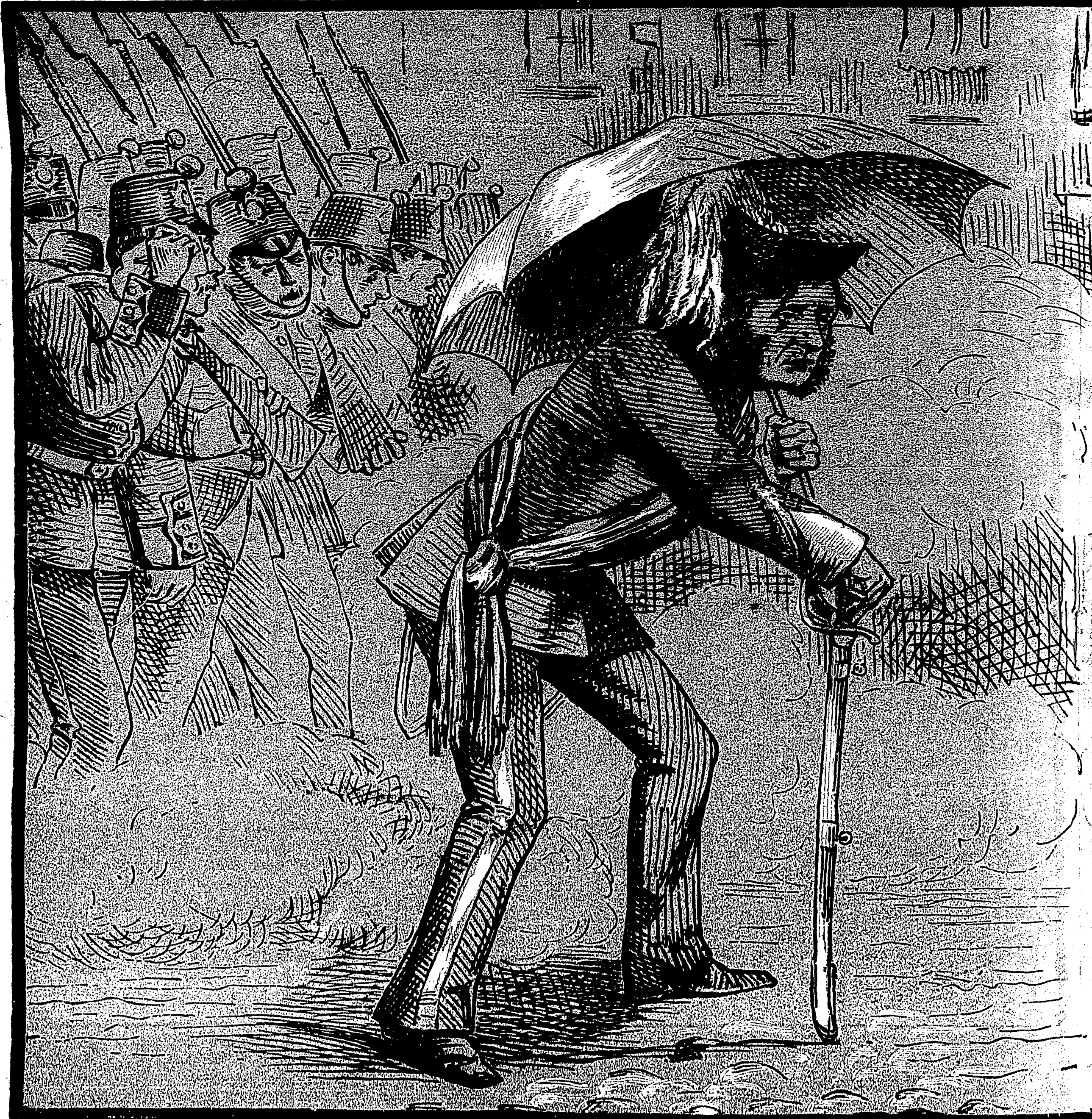
MILD WAGGERY ABOUT FAUST.

GOETHE'S play, or rather Gounod's Opera, has been travestied "in *his way*" by *Hervé*, for the Lyceum. According to this latest edition of *Faust*, Martha keeps a "finishing school," at which Marghélite wishes to *board* for a time—but gets *bored* in no time. Faust, the aged dancing master, falls in love with her, Mephistopheles makes him sign a document which proves a perfect *sign cure* for his old age—and the *springtime* of life returns in a *summary* manner. The heroine, Marghélite, with long golden tresses, and in a chronic state of elopement, may be said to be equally remarkable for her *locks* and her *bolts*! Mephistopheles is, throughout, the spirit and soul of the piece, and at the close of the third act proves the truth of the proverb—"on revient toujours"—by returning to his *old flames*, to which he consigns the faithful Marta, and all the rest of the company. Mdlle. Debreux plays the merry little fiend in a manner most inconsistently angelic. Miss Emily Soldene takes the part of the heroine with as much spirit as she could doubtless—on occasion—take her own. Mr. Maclagan, as Faust, acts and sings well, proving himself quite an eminent "high G-ist," and at times reminding us in voice and manner of Perren, "the *perennial*." The way in which he throws out big notes from his chest is astounding, and he certainly brandishes the largest "*bunch of fives*" that we have ever seen for a "*Tenor*." The gentleman who plays Siebel does for the part all that is possible, his share in the dialogue consisting of the frequent reiteration of his own name "Marry-us!!" to which a flat negative is as constantly returned by the *poor sweet*, to whom he played *poursuivant*! Martha, an *old maid*, who would fain be *made young*, is admirably portrayed. The lesser parts are all capitally sustained, the spice of French accent adds a relish to the dialogue, which, like the music, is sprightly and pleasing. The Corps de Ballet comprises a bevy of beauty—the *mise en scène* is admirable, and the piece altogether does credit to the management.

CHAFF FOR GRAIN.—There is no truth in the report that Mr. Grain, of the Gallery of Illustration (without his Corn-y) is seven and-a-half feet high. The rumour turns out to be merely *tall (s)talk!*



11110



MR. CARDWELL AS HE OUGHT TO BE (IMPROVING HIS MARCHING.)
We cannot allow him to march a body of men through Sunstroke to death. No; let him take a leaf out of the look of his colleague, Childers, and march at the head of the next regiment ordered to change its quarters.

MR. CHILDERS AS HE IS (VERY MUCH AT SEA.)
Has the Right Honourable Gentleman any right to defy sea-sickness and public opinion in command of the Channel Fleet? Certainly not. We have no doubt he would prove himself an excellent Admiral in a minor theatre performance of *Black-Eyed Susan*; but he is a decided mistake "abast the binnacle" (whatever that may mean) on a real man-of-war.

TWO MINISTERS!!!???



A MODERN PROPHET ON HIS TRAVELS.

WE wonder what M. De Lesseps thinks of his reception in this country. He has been, it is true, to a banquet at the Duke of Sutherland's, given in his honour; but the guests who came to meet him left early, to attend a party at the Prince of Wales's, next door, to which the distinguished visitor was not asked. Beyond this, M. De Lesseps has dined at the Trinity House, visited Lloyd's, been shown the Bank of England—considering the financial position of the Suez Canal Company, this was an uncalled-for piece of spite—and lastly, he has been well fire-worked at the Crystal Palace to the satisfaction of a shilling audience; but the Father of the greatest engineering work of our time might have expected, and should certainly have received some more legitimate recognition of his merit than has been accorded to him. With the exception of the Duke of Sutherland, no person, either official or unofficial, seems to have thought that M. De Lesseps should have been treated with distinguished consideration. We hope, after the hint we have given, that M. De Lesseps will receive a card for Her Majesty's next garden party. Besides, if the weather repeats itself, Monsieur's engineering skill might be invaluable in getting rid of superfluous puddles.

WICKED WASTE AND WOEFUL WANT.

THE removal of the scaffolding from the buildings of St. Thomas' Hospital once more reminds us of the gross misappropriation of trust money to which they owe their elegant existence. It is remarkable; however, that strong as the public feeling has been in the matter, in the face of the fact that each bed will have cost £1,000 (twenty times as much as it need have) and that twenty times the number of patients might have been relieved that it is now possible to admit, there has been no notice taken of the gross miscarriage of charity in the House of Commons, more especially as the windows of the committee rooms look upon the structure which has, by its extravagant display, condemned ninety-five per cent. of its legitimate dependents to seek succour elsewhere. It is perhaps late to cry out, now that the mischief has been done; but that it is mischief, and wicked mischief cannot be too clearly understood.

A STRANGE UNEVENTFUL HISTORY.

IT is sometime since the press has favoured us with little stories of Royalty. We suppose that the Queen's own book made ordinary second-hand Royal legends flat and unprofitable commodities, not even worth a penny a line; but the following paragraph, which we extract from a contemporary, is quite in the old style:—

“HER MAJESTY AT A SHEEP SHEARING.—Previous to her departure from Balmoral a few days ago, her Majesty the Queen drove out as far as the home farm of Invergedder to witness the process of sheep-shearing. Having arrived when the work was being executed, the carriage was stopped, and her Majesty, with seeming pleasure, viewed the work of shearing, at the same time taking down notes in a book.”

While we regret to see the recurrence to an old and worn out phase of flunkeyism, we the more regret to find it in such an attenuated condition. As a story the above is decidedly below the mark. That her Majesty, in her drive round Balmoral, should have come across some sheep-shearing is not at all remarkable, nor was it a startling occurrence that the carriage should have been stopped. The Queen's “seeming pleasure,” too, might have been taken for granted. We suppose, however, the note-book entries must be taken as the pith of the anecdote. It is a pity the author of the little story did not give them. Were they a compendious dissertation upon “Sheep-shearing in Scotland as compared with Sheep-shearing as practised in all other parts of the Globe, with suggestions for an improved system to be adopted at Windsor and elsewhere;” or was it that her Majesty's pencil traced the mystic words,—“Canadian Mail on Saturday, write to Arthur;” or, “Remember to send beef-tea and jelly to poor widow MacSavich.” Let's hope, in the interests of the advancement of science, and of the confusion of all loyal snobbery, her Majesty's notes belonged to the latter category.

LATEST CITY NEWS.

[BY SPECIAL REPORT.]

Friday, 12 o'clock.

THERE was a good attendance on Change this morning, but little business was done, it having been reported that the new helmets of the Metropolitan Police were shortly to be adopted by City barbers as ornaments to the tops of their poles.

2 p.m.

Spirits of the Bulls have revived a little, they having made some good tossing since one o'clock, but several were severely hugged by the Bears.

Saturday, 12 o'clock.

Everything fearfully dull; in fact, duller—no, I mean dullest. The members have been reading *Fun*. This always produces a serious aspect of affairs.

2 o'clock.

Spirits have revived. The members have been to luncheon at “The Tomahawk Restaurant,” 41 London Wall. They were not hungry, but the tempting viands and good wines soon taught them to do their *devoirs*!

5 o'clock.

Great excitement. Members delighted with their dinners at “The Tomahawk Restaurant,” where they intend to finish up the evening with cigars and cognac as a *consolation* for the state of affairs generally, and the Home Office in particular.

SLANG BY THE SEA.

A RAMSGATE resident has been writing to the *Kent Coast Times*, complaining of the backwardness of his fellow-town-people to make pecuniary provision for the local band. The writer very truly suggests that it is the special business of the residents, who hope to reap a good harvest from their summer visitors, to render their town as attractive as possible. We do not know whether Margate has been equally shabby in the matter of music, or whether Broadstairs has driven out its cornet and fiddle, and even Herne Bay, catching the infectious economy of the coast, has cast forth its one organ man, but the conduct of Ramsgate suggests a word of warning to all these once fashionable and still famous sea-side spots. No doubt there is good air to be got along the Kentish coast, and as long as cheap trains will deposit middle-class Englishman anywhere on the sea shore in two hours and a half there will be a rush for the pure breezes and vulgar society for which the several watering-places to which we have referred are justly celebrated. Still there is a limit even to middle-class English patience and stupidity, and if Brown, Smith, and Jenkins find they can get a better article for the same price, in the long run they will try it, and stick to it. There are many places now starting up very nearly as accessible as Ramsgate or Margate, where the purest air is to be enjoyed *minus* the disagreeable crowd that comes to enjoy it also. It may be cynical to say it, but there is no doubt but that cheap trains and out-and-home excursions are gradually ruining the character of sea-side places that some twenty years ago were yet to be considered within the range of respectability's annual holiday. Ramsgate sands are now hopelessly abandoned to a species of morning music hall society, while Margate Pier is loud with the fashion of the counter. In fact, the respectable visitor must confine himself and his family at both places to the more retired promenades and the newer and out-of-the-way portions of the town. At Margate there is already an exclusive *quarter* known as *Cliftonville*, which, spite its “genteel” appellation, does afford something like quiet and decent accommodation to that portion of the British public that does not necessarily associate a sojourn at the sea-side with yellow boots, shrimps, aunt Sally, and shilling sails. At Ramsgate, too, the enterprise of Mr. Pugin has come timely to the rescue, and at the *Granville* described, in the announcements, as at St. Lawrence-on-Sea, even Belgravia might make itself quite at home, unconscious of the awful stream of Cockney life flowing past it on the sands beneath. But the exceptions prove the rules, and these two select suburbs only serve to point out by contrast more strongly

the objectionable peculiarities of the two places to which they are respectively contiguous. We strongly advise the authorities at our Kentish sea-side places to take the hint early, and do what they can to render them more substantially attractive in every way. To be hustled about and overcharged may be the inevitable lot of the holiday-seeker for a season; but in these days of open market and commercial activity, such a state of things cannot endure for ever.

THE TOURIST'S TEXT-BOOK.

[N.B.—The want of a Text-Book has long been felt in the Tourist world. To the present hour Messrs. Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, have no good "conversation manual." The English-French dialogues of the nineteenth century are more civil in their tone than eminent for their utility. Thus, although after their perusal, one finds the means of paying a compliment to a laundress, the problem how to settle a dunning tailor, is never solved. To meet this want we have prepared a series of dialogues drawn up with a view to assisting the Tourist in his difficulties.]

No. I.—At a Railway Station.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
Now then, you sir, where are you shoving to?	Eh bien, vous monsieur, où est vous venant à?
What's that to you?	Qu'est-que'ce à vous?
A great deal!	Beaucoup.
Is it now?	Est-il à présent?
Yes, it is!	Oui, il-est.
Oh, is it really?	Oh, est-il vraiment?
Yes, that's it!	Oui, le voilà!
Yah!	Fi!
Yah!	Hein!
You're very clever!	Vous avez de talent!
You're another!	Vous etres un autre.
What's that you say?	Qu'est que vous dites!
Don't get angry.	N'envoyer pas du rage.
I'm not angry, — you!	Je ne suis pas enragé, — vous!
Don't swear.	Ne cassez pas le troisième Commandment.
Will you apologise?	Apologisez vous?
Do what?	Faites quoi?
Apologise.	Apologiser.
Ain't it likely?	C'est probable — n'est-ce pas?
Very.	Beaucoup.
Supposing I don't?	Si je ne faites pas?
Do you see this fist?	Voyez-vous ce main?
Yes, why?	Oui, pourquoi?
You will feel it bye-and-bye.	Vous le sentez toute de suite.
Will I?	Serai-je?
Yes.	Oui.
No I won't.	Non. Je ne serai pas.
Oh yes you will.	Oh oui, vous seriez!
No I won't.	Non je ne serai pas.
I will punch your head!	Je puncherai votre tête!
Do it!	Le faites!
Yes!	Oui!
Why don't you do it?	Pourquoi vous ne faites pas!
Ain't you going to apologise?	Apologiserez vous?
Not I. Punch my head!	Non moi. Punchez mon tête!
Punch my head!	Punchez mon tête!
So I will!!	Eh bien je serai!!
Do it!	Le faites!
Yes!	Oui!
Now, then, when are you going to begin?	Eh bien, à qu'elle heure commencez vous?
When are you going to begin?	A qu'elle heure commencez vous?
Yes!	Oui!
Yes!	Oui!
Yah!	Fi!
Yah!	Hein!

[Exeunt.]

NOTES ON THE NEWS.

NOT (B)ARFF BAD.

Travellers by the Underground Railway will be glad to hear that an inventor has discovered the means of getting rid of the sulphur which at present is given off so largely by the railway engines, and which makes subterranean travelling at this period of the year both unpleasant and unhealthy. The inventor is Mr. Barff, formerly an English clergyman, but who, having seceded to Rome, has adopted engineering as a profession, and with it, it would seem, every chance of success.

Evidently Mr. Barff hates Lucifer and all his works, or he would not have thus changed his religion to show himself a remorseless enemy to sulphur.

NOT QUITE PACIFIC.

A telegram from Salt Lake reports that on the 15th June, as a train on the Pacific Railway approached the Platte river, the engine driver discovered a band of 300 Indians crossing the line. As the train neared them they began to yell, and, supposing they were about to attack the train, full steam was put on, driving it through the band at high speed, and killing thirteen Indians.

It is cruel to suggest that this sad affair near the Lake of Salt was no more nor less than an Indian pickle!

BAIT OR "BATEN!"

Mr. Gladstone, the member for Greenwich, will not permit the whitebait dinner to be eaten at that once-famed locality. There is to be no such gathering this year or henceforth, we hear.

In spite of this the present Ministry will not escape the charge of being "fishy."

"A HALE FELLOW WELL MET!"

The Archdeacon of London has presented his son, the Rev. J. G. Hale, vicar of Tottenham, to the Rectory of Therfield, Herts, value £994. The living was held by the late Dr. Dale, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's being the patrons.

The Archdeacon of London was supposed to be on his death-bed when he made this appointment. Perhaps that is why he liked to see the vicar *Hale* and hearty!

BABOO! BABOO!

A number of the admirers of Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen propose to form a Theistic Society for the diffusion of the principles of the Brahma Somaj in this country.

The friends of the Baboo are little better than b(a)boobies!

MORE OF MORDAUNT.

A play has been brought out at St. Louis entitled *Lady Mordaunt*, in which the heroine, her husband, the Prince of Wales, Lord Cole, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Lord Penzance, and Sergeant Ballantine are represented in the flesh.

Well, there is nothing surprising in this! The whole proceeding of the trial and the verdict looked more like a comedy (some said a farce) than anything else!

A HORRIBLE CRIME.—Some little time since some country justices fined a man 10s. for assaulting a woman. Last Friday a little boy of twelve years old caught two fish, valued at one penny, in the Avon, where the right of fishing belonged to a humane farmer, who took this dreadful poacher before the more humane justices, who, after ordering him to pay a sum of 13s., which his father, a labourer, could not raise, sent him in the humanest manner possible to prison for ten days. We wonder these justices were not afraid to pass a sentence at all upon so dreadful and dangerous a poacher. Surely they deserve every praise for their pluck and wisdom. May we ask one question? Had they dined when they passed this amiable sentence? which, placed side by side with the one previously mentioned, gives us another proof of the justice of the law!

ARNOLD & SONS IMPERCEPTIBLE TRUSS

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS, Etc.,
 ABDOMINAL BELTS,
 CRUTCHES, ARTIFICIAL LEGS, HANDS, ARMS,
 AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF SURGICAL APPLIANCE,
 MANUFACTURED BY
ARNOLD & SONS, 35 & 36 WEST SMITHFIELD, LONDON.



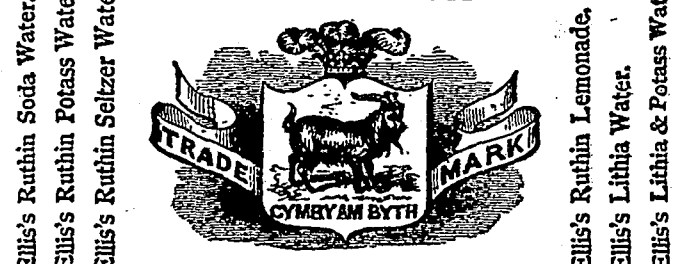
BREIDENBACH'S
 MACASSARINE,
 KALYDOR, ODONTO,
 TOILET VINEGAR AND EAU DE COLOGNE,
 ONE SHILLING EACH.
 PERFUMER TO THE QUEEN
 38, Lombard-street, & 157a, New Bond-street, London.

BREIDENBACH'S
 WOOD VIOLET 2/6

GLENFIELD STARCH,
 IS THE ONLY KIND USED IN HER
 MAJESTY'S LAUNDRY.

Those ladies who have not yet used the Glenfield Starch, are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package. It is rather more difficult to make than other Starches, but when this is overcome, they will say like the Queen's Laundress, that it is the best Starch they ever used.

PURE AERATED
WATERS.



FOR GOUT—The last-named is a splendid remedy.
 EVERY CORK is BRANDED "R. ELLIS and SON, RUTHIN," and every Label bears their Trade Mark, without which none is genuine. Sold by Chemists, Hotel-keepers, Confectioners, and Wholesale only from R. ELLIS and SONS, Ruthin, Nth. Wales.—London Agents—W. BEST and SONS, Henrietta street, Cavendish square.

TO DYSPEPTICS.
 BY reason of the great benefit derived from the use of TWINBERROW'S DANDELION, GAMOMILE, and RHUBARB PILLS, the MOST DIFFIDENT have testified to their great value, and Medical Men of the highest standing recommend their use in cases of Indigestion and Liver Complaints. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes at 1s 1/4d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 21s. Prepared only by TWINBERROW and SON, Chemists to the Queen, 80 Wigmore street, London, W.

THE ENGLISH RESTAURANT,

PANTON STREET, HAYMARKET.—
 MOST THINGS ARE PROCURABLE FOR MONEY—
 even a good dinner; but strange to say, no matter what one pays it is most difficult to get really good food well dressed away from home. Numerous as are our restaurants at the West and how many of their proprietors understand the art of catering well for the hungry public. Very few. The discovery then of a place where even connoisseurs and gourmards may satiate themselves is worth noting. That discovery we have made by finding the English Restaurant, Panton street, Haymarket, conducted by Messrs. Welch, Brothers, whose catering for the London Scottish Volunteers last year at Wimbledon, gained them so much credit. Yes! The English Restaurant is the place to dine. Without attempting to excel Buckingham Palace in size Messrs. Welch have equalled, if not surpassed in completeness the Queen's kitchen. The stove is capable of anything the culinary art may require, and the appointments of the kitchen neat and cleanly in the extreme. Indeed, everything is so excellently arranged, that upon the shortest notice, Messrs. Welch can put upon the table in a private or public room, a perfect dinner of any number of courses, while they also supply from a deliciously cool cellar, wines of the finest quality. Even the celebrated Count Rumford could hardly have fitted up a kitchen more completely. But not only is excellence studied, economy is also secured, and while Messrs. Welch can vie with any rival house for excellence, they surpass all in cheapness. A visit would repay any person, as would also an inspection of the culinary regions.—VIDE PRESS.

SAUCE.—LEA & PERRINS.—SAUCE.

THE WORCESTERSHIRE
 Pronounced by Connoisseurs,
 THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE!
 Its use improves appetite and digestion
Unrivalled for Piquancy and
Flavour.

Beware of Imitations,
 To avoid which, see the Names,
LEA & PERRINS, on all bottles and labels.
 Ask for "**LEA & PERRINS**"
 Sauce.

Agents:—**CROSSE & BLACKWELL,**
 London, and sold by all Dealers in
 Sauces throughout the World.



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L. A. HART,
CIGAR MERCHANT,
 24 St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C.;
 and at 66 HIGH STREET, GRAVESEND.

DIGESTION PROMOTED BY PEPSINE.

PREPARED by MORSON, and Recommended by the
 MEDICAL PROFESSION.
 Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. by all Pharmaceutical Chemists, and the Manufacturers,—
THOMAS MORSON & SON,
 124 Southampton Row, Russell square, London.

THREE PRIZE MEDALS,
 PARIS EXHIBITION, 1867.

PURE PICKLES,
SAUCES, JAMS & TABLE DELICACIES,
 OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY,

MANUFACTURED BY
CROSSE & BLACKWELL,
 PURVEYORS TO THE QUEEN,
 PROPRIETORS OF CAPTAIN WHITE'S ORIENTAL
 PICKLE, CURRY PASTE,
 AND OTHER CONDIMENTS.

Are sold Retail in all parts of the World, and Wholesale at the Manufactory,
SOHO SQUARE, LONDON.

COOL AND REFRESHING

RESTORATIVE AND
 BEAUTIFIER OF HAIR.
OLDRIDGE'S
BALM OF COLUMBIA.
WARRANTED not to injure
 health or skin. It prevents baldness and the hair from turning grey, cleanses from dandruff, restores when falling off, strengthens weak hair, causes eyebrows, whiskers, and moustachios to grow. Ladies will not only find it invaluable for themselves, but efficacious in the growth of children's hair.
 In bottles at 3s. 6d., 5s., and 11s.
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. W.



BENZODYNE

The great Cure for Chronic, Consumptive Cough, and all wasting diseases, cholera, blood-spitting, &c.
 Sold by Chemists.
 1s. 1/4d., and 2s. 9d. per bottle.
MR. PRICE, CHEMIST,
 2 LOWER SEYMOUR ST., LONDON, W.

NO ICE.

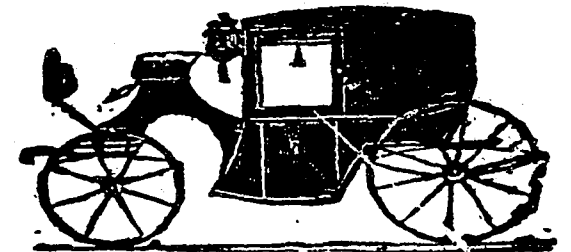
THE INDIAN REFRIGERATOR.
 COLD WITHOUT ICE,
 ALWAYS COLD DURING
 SUMMER-HEAT.

BUTTER, WINE, VIANDS,
BUTTER COOLERS.
 2s. 10d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d.

WINE COOLERS
 5s 9d, 7s 6d, 10s 6d.

PROVISION COOLERS
 6s 9d, 7s 9d, 8s 9d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d.

"A provokingly simple, but really valuable adaptation of an immutable natural law."—SCIENTIFIC REPORT.
 No Freezing Mixture. Never fails! Self-acting!!
 Only of the Patentee, at the Stella Lamp Depot,
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 HIRE FOR THREE YEARS, at Forty Guineas per annum, after which it becomes the property of the hirer. Carriages of every description Let on Hire with option of purchase, the hire being deducted as part payment.
THE DENMARK PHAETON—as built for H. R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.—Price 22 Guineas. This Phaeton is unsurpassed for its ease and elegant appearance, contains four persons comfortably, and can be made to suit any sized cob or pony.
 Particulars and Drawings on applying to
NESS BROS., Long acre, London, W.O.



THORLEY'S DELICIOUS
COMPOUND OF SUGAR & SPICE
THORLEY'S HORSE
 and CATTLE SPICE. in Penny Packets only, of all Corn-chandlers in London, and of all Grocers, Druggists, and Corn-dealers in the country.

INTERNATIONAL KINDLINESS.

TO THE PRESS.

We are informed that a Fund has been started in London and Liverpool for the relief of the families of those American Officers and Seamen who were lost through the collision between the *Bombay* and the *Oneida*, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK having consented to act as Treasurer in London.

We feel confident that this movement will be largely successful; and we congratulate the public of both countries upon the kindly disposition which has originated, and will carry out such a plan.

We hope the Subscription will extend to other parts of England, and be made as general as possible. It is quite unnecessary that it should be large in amount, for the frank and cordial spirit which it shows is of value to both nations not to be estimated in money.

Such efforts and such expressions of international good-will are "twice blessed." They do more to elevate humanity and solve political difficulties than all the treaties that could be framed by the ablest diplomatists.

What is the grievance of the American people to day against England? Is it one of money? No. There can be no graver mistake made than to think that America wishes to calculate and

Charing Cross, London, July 7, 1870.

reclaim the damage that has been done. The American grievance is one of wounded honour and self-respect—wounds all the more bitter that they came from the home of their forefathers. The very idea of receiving payment for such wounds only aggravates and deepens them. It is time now that the better sense of the two great countries should prevail.

Of what use is all this petty international bickering and fault-finding, which is kept up and fomented by a part of the Press on both sides? Will it settle the Alabama question? Will it disarm or discourage the Fenians? Will it repeal the odious American Revenue Laws, discriminative against England? On the other hand,—Will it fund the National Debt of the United States? Will it develop her Mines, Railways, and other resources which largely depend upon capital owned or controlled in England?

It is astonishing that these two people do not see that the enemies, political or other, of both are the *only gainers* by the present estrangement.

In the hope that the *Oneida* Fund may receive something, if only a penny subscription, from every friend of both countries who understands how much it may do to re-establish good-will between us, I have the honour to be faithfully yours,

A GRANDSON OF ENGLAND AND SON OF AMERICA.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

THE TOMAHAWK.

[July 16, 1870.

IN THE JULY NUMBER WILL BE COMMENCED

A NEW NOVEL,

By LADY DIANA BEAUCLEARK.

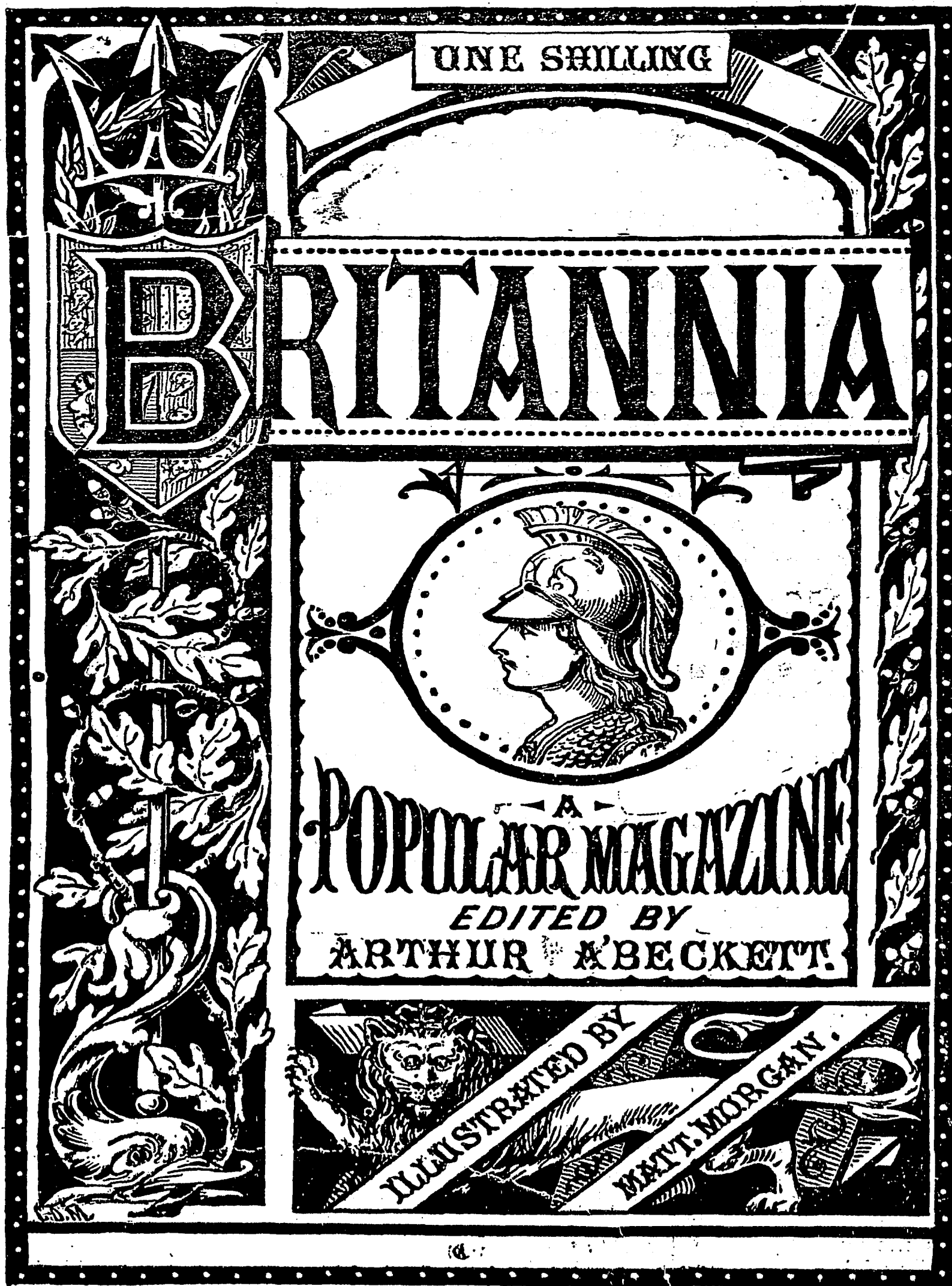
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

THE APRIL, MAY, AND JUNE NUMBERS CONTAIN

"GOOD SOCIETY!"

BY

THE EARL OF DESART.



£. S. D. BY F. A. MARSHALL.

ALSO,

MANY OTHER AMUSING TALES,

AND

ARTICLES OF GREAT PRACTICAL VALUE.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

IN THE FEBRUARY NO. APPEARED THE FIRST PART OF

A NEW NOVEL

OF GREAT INTEREST, ENTITLED

"THROUGH THE FIRE!"

By ARTHUR A'BECKETT and SYDNEY DARYL.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT.—PRICE LIST.

CLASS.	Zouave Suits. Height 3ft.	Zouave Suits. Hgt. 3ft. 4in.	Zouave Suits. Hgt. 3ft. 8in.	Zouave Suits. Height 4ft.
A	18s.	17s.	13s.	19s.
B	20s.	21s.	22s.	23s.
C	24s.	25s. 6d.	27s.	28s. 6d.
D	28s.	29s. 6d.	31s.	32s. 6d.
E	31s.	33s.	35s.	37s.
F	34s.	37s.	40s.	43s.
G	38s.	41s.	44s.	47s.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

EVERY succeeding Year the advantages of ordering Clothing from London Houses has become more impressed upon the Provincial community. Hitherto there has been a difficulty in sending prices with the Patterns requested for BOY'S CLOTHING, in consequence of the ages being quoted instead of the sizes. The age of the boy is no guide to his height. Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS have been induced to make the following arrangements, which will allow parents or guardians to receive patterns, and, after making their selection, at once to ascertain the price Per suit, according to the height of the boy. Each description of suit is made in Seven Classes representing seven qualities of cloth. On each pattern is marked the Class to which it belongs.

ZOUAVE SUITS, with Knickerbockers or Trousers, **NEGLIGEE SUITS**, and **OVERCOATS**, from the A to the G Class, are kept in stock for immediate use, or made to measure, and are illustrated in all the fashionable styles in the new Book of Fashions, containing 43 Figures, 37 of which are adorned with the portraits of princes, poets, and painters. Post-free for six stamps, deducted from a purchase. Patterns sent free.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT.—PRICE LIST.

CLASS.	Zouave Suits. Hgt. 4ft. 4in.	Negligee Suits. Hgt. 4ft. 4in.	Negligee Suits. Hgt. 4ft. 10in.	Boys Overcoats. Height 3ft.
A	20s.	24s.	25s. 6d.	12s. 6d.
B	24s.	28s.	29s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
C	30s.	33s. 6d.	35s. 9d.	20s.
D	34s.	38s. 6d.	40s. 9d.	24s.
E	39s.	43s.	46s.	28s.
F	46s.	50s.	54s. 6d.	33s.
G	50s.	57s.	61s. 6d.	38s.

SAMUEL BROTHERS, 50 LUDGATE HILL, E.C., LONDON.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S CELEBRATED HAIR-CUTTING ESTABLISHMENT, 47 FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.

Hair-Cutting 6d. Annual Subscription £1 1s.
 Shampooing 6d. And without any restriction
 Hair Singeing 6d. as to Number of Times...£2 2s.
 Gentlemen's Real Head of Hair, or Invisible Peruke from 30s.

PROFESSOR BROWNE

Has the Largest Stock of Ornamental Hair in the World always on view at his Establishment,
47 FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON.

THOMAS ELLIOTT'S CITY HAIR-CUTTING CHAMBERS, 51 FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.

Hair-Cutting..... 6d. Annual Subscription £1 1s.
 Shampooing 6d. And without any restriction
 Hair Singeing 6d. as to Number of Times...£2 2s.

ELLIOTT'S Golden Melana has restored the Hair upon Bald Heads.
 ELLIOTT'S Tonic Lotion has produced Whiskers, Moustache, and Eyebrows. 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d. and 21s.
 ELLIOTT'S Pilo Chromatic has restored the Hair to its Natural Colour. Forwarded on receipt of stamps, 5s., 7s. 6d., 15s.
51 FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON.

JOHN GOSNELL

AND CO'S

CHERRY TOOTH PASTE

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