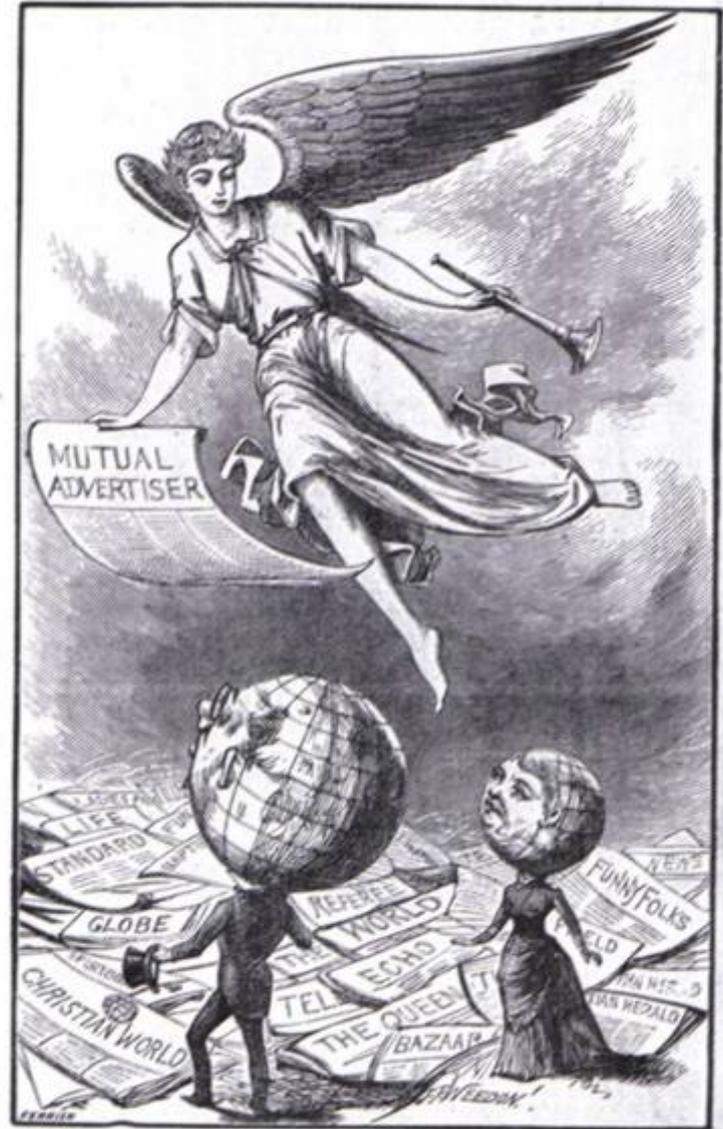


# Conflict and Competition in Nineteenth-Century Advertising

Jim Mussell and Suzanne Paylor  
Nineteenth-Century Serials  
Edition  
(ncse)

[www.ncse.kcl.ac.uk](http://www.ncse.kcl.ac.uk)



THE GENIUS OF THE PRESS ATTRACTING THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE.



# "Scotch Tea Dealers Versus Puffers," *Northern Star*, volume 1, 7 April 1838, p.1

But, as this is the age of hot competition, it is also the age of sterling patriotism. His attack upon us as a body proceeds from no selfish or sordid motive! Not it. Ottery, honest man, cares nothing about profits, if he can only benefit the consumers of Tea!! Such pure disinterestedness will surely meet its reward in a public monument! It is no fault of his if he cannot persuade the Public to buy his Teas, or to abandon those by whom they have been previously supplied. If his assertions are true, they (the Public) are a most stiff-necked and perverse generation, blind to their own interest, and himself one of the most neglected and ill-treated philanthropists of the age. As a proof of his sacrificing individual to public interest, we may adduce a fact worthy of notice. At the last Halifax Election but one, Mr. O. voted for the Blue Candidate, Mr. Wortley. No doubt a straight-forward and conscientious vote! At that time party spirit ran so high, that exclusive dealing was resorted to, and Mr. O. felt its effects in his most sensitive part, namely, his breeches pocket. He argued, begged, "bullied," and beseeched the Public to leave off such ridiculous ways, but in vain. He then remembered the old saying, that "if the bill won't come to the King, the King must go to the bill," and recanted. As a proof of his sudden and miraculous conversion, and as a token of his sincere repentance for his past dereliction, (not to the Public, but his till,) in a few days the little automaton coffee grinder, in his window, wore Egyptian mourning, the colour of which, need we say, is Yellow!

We assure Mr. Ottery, that we more frequently meet the

## SCOTCH TEA DEALERS VERSUS PUFFERS.

WE, the Scotch Tea Dealers in Halifax and the Vicinity, beg kindly to acknowledge to the Public the Favours which, for many years, they have so liberally conferred upon us; and we hereby most respectfully solicit a continuance of their support.

The object of this Advertisement is to direct their attention to one which appeared in the last week's *Northern Star*, and which emanated from the *Puffing Establishment* of Ottery and Co., in which are contained assertions as base as they are false, and as ungenerous as they are unjust.

The 1st Charge is—"That we are not able to buy Cheap, because we possess no knowledge of the Business in which we are engaged."

Now, a Scotchman, from his native hills, never begins Business on his own account; but invariably serves for a term of years with a Master; and is he more deficient in intellect than another man, that on such terms he cannot acquire a competent knowledge of the article in which he deals?

We totally deny the assertion that we are generally dependent for our Tea on Dealers in the Towns in which we are resident. And, as to the best Markets, we never yet made the blunder of seeking it at Leeds, instead of London or Liverpool, like our noisy Calumniator, who, from mere selfish motives, wishes to satisfy his avarice at the expense of his Competitors in Trade.

The 2nd Charge is—"That we are not able to Sell Cheap."

Having denied the Premises that the article is not Well Bought, the only other reason assigned is the serious item of Travelling Expenses, against which we must politely beg to balance their expensive Establishment of large Shop and House Rents, and high bred tide, and as weighty an expense as any *everlasting Puffing*—a never-failing symptom of asthma, and that the Patient cannot long survive.

We by no means dispute that Ottery and Co. keep Teas at the prices advertised, but, at such prices, it must necessarily be of the very lowest description, and if their customers desire a superior article, they will also ask a superior price. We could afford to sell at the same prices, did we keep such a commodity in our possession; but, for our part, we have been always of opinion that Teas of a higher quality were the best.

We assure Mr. Ottery that we more frequently meet the

But, as this is the age of hot competition, it is also the age of sterling patriotism. His attack upon us as a body proceeds from no selfish or sordid motive! Not it. Ottery, honest man, cares nothing about profits, if he can only benefit the consumers of Tea!! Such pure disinterestedness will surely meet its reward in a public monument! It is no fault of his if he cannot persuade the Public to buy his Teas, or to abandon those by whom they have been previously supplied. If his assertions are true, they (the Public) are a most stiff-necked and perverse generation, blind to their own interest, and himself one of the most neglected and ill-treated philanthropists of the age. As a proof of his sacrificing individual to public interest, we may adduce a fact worthy of notice. At the last Halifax Election but one, Mr. O. voted for the Blue Candidate, Mr. Wortley. No doubt a straight-forward and conscientious vote! At that time party spirit ran so high, that exclusive dealing was resorted to, and Mr. O. felt its effects in his most sensitive part, namely, his breeches pocket. He argued, begged, "bullied," and beseeched the Public to leave off such ridiculous ways, but in vain. He then remembered the old saying, that "if the bill won't come to the King, the King must go to the bill," and recanted. As a proof of his sudden and miraculous conversion, and as a token of his sincere repentance for his past dereliction, (not to the Public, but his till,) in a few days the little automaton coffee grinder, in his window, wore Egyptian mourning, the colour of which, need we say, is Yellow!

We assure Mr. Ottery that we more frequently meet the

Tea Dealer in Halifax; but we do detest that mean-bered vice—a compound of vulgar impudence and low cunning, which prompts him to ask people from whom they purchase their Tea. The quality of our Tea will always recommend itself. We would sooner have his censure than his praise. The former would be a kind of recommendation; the latter an *absolute discredit*. But observe how the hairless Quack bears testimony to the excellence of our Teas, for he represents people answering his impudent questions. "What do you generally pay for the Tea which you purchase from Travellers?" The answer is "Eighteen-pence, but it is GOOD TEA!" Well might the Oracle of the Tea Trade! Was there ever such a monstrous perversion of taste? "BUY IT AS GOOD." "Aye, there's the rub." This, and this alone, accounts for the impudent rage of the *SCOTCHGATE PUFFINGBOOK*. Amongst the respectable Grocers and Tea Dealers of the Town, his Advertisement has excited nothing but disgust: an old established Member of the Trade was heard to say, "That a man who seeks to rise by another's demerit, must be a despicable character." If Mr. Ottery is really so much galled at seeing the success of the Scotch Tea Dealers, the fair field of honourable Competition lies before him. Let him start, some fine Summer's morn'g, with "pack, stick, and umbrella;" (how we should like to see him so equipped,) and try the sweets of a kind of life of which he seems so invidious, especially on the score that it is an idle and an easy one. We presume he would find the labour so irksome, that he would soon wish himself at the back of the Counter again; and as we are on the subject of an easy life, we may also mention that our Puffing Friend has taken care to pick the Plains from the Puffing, by seasonally avoiding the laborious occupation of a Dealer in Sugar, &c.

Now for the cream of the matter. Mr. Ottery, you sell Twenty Chests of Tea where any Scotch Tea Dealer sells One. So you say, Mr. Froth! But dare you risk FIFTY POUNDS, to be given to some Charitable Institution in Halifax, on the strength of your assertion? If you can answer your courage to the sticking point, we will send a Scotch House in the Trade you deny, the sphere of whose operations lies principally in this Neighbourhood, who will dare you to the Trial before the eyes of the Public. If you prove your assertion, we will forfeit the above-mentioned Sum, to be applied as aforesaid; and if we prove that your allegation is only a bonnet, you shall forfeit the Sum, to be so applied. Now, on this point let there be no mistake; don't show the white feather.

In Advance  
Five Shillings

# The Northern Star, AND LEEDS GENERAL ADVERTISER.

EST. 1. No. 25. SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1856. PRICE FIVEPENCE EVERY WEEK, OR TWO SHILLINGS PER QUARTER.

### LEEDS AND LONDON FARED THE SAME MONTH.



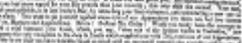
### STEAM SHIPS.

WEDNESDAY, the 1st inst. the **WEST** sailed for London, at 10 o'clock, by the **WEST**.  
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### THE NORTHERN LOUDEST AND HIS TUPES!

It is a well known fact, that the loudest of the North is the loudest of the North. It is a well known fact, that the loudest of the North is the loudest of the North. It is a well known fact, that the loudest of the North is the loudest of the North.

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### TO THE INHABITANTS OF LEEDS, AND THE SOUTH, CLERKS, GENTS, AND FAMILIES IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

It is a well known fact, that the loudest of the North is the loudest of the North. It is a well known fact, that the loudest of the North is the loudest of the North.



### OTLEY AND CO. TEA DEALERS A RESTAURANT, BRADFORD.

### SCOTCH THE DRALINK VERSUS JUFFERS

It is a well known fact, that the loudest of the North is the loudest of the North. It is a well known fact, that the loudest of the North is the loudest of the North.

### FRESH BAKED COOKIES

It is a well known fact, that the loudest of the North is the loudest of the North. It is a well known fact, that the loudest of the North is the loudest of the North.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD,  
175, BRADFORD, and also at 174, BRADFORD, Leeds, and at 174, BRADFORD, Leeds.

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Northern Star, volume 1,  
p. 1.

"Tea Hawking" and "Tea Controversy,"  
*Northern Star*, volume 1, 31 March 1838 and  
7 April 1838, p.5.

**SUICIDE.**—An old man, named Thomas Bates, lodging with John Pickles, wool-comber, Thompson's Buildings, Silsbridge Lane, terminated his existence on Tuesday morning, by hanging himself. Pickles had gone out early in the morning to wash his wool, and when he returned, he found his lodger suspended by a small rope from the stair bannisters, but life was extinct. He had been turned out of employment about a week since, and this circumstance was the probable cause of the rash act. He was upwards of 70 years of age.

#### HALIFAX.

**CAUTION TO COACH TRAVELLERS.**—Last week Mr. Ramsden, a very respectable person, residing in Gibbet-street, Halifax, booked his place to York, by a Halifax coach, when upon nearing Leeds the coachman told him that he could go no farther than Leeds, and returned him 5s., which was half the fare; Mr. Ramsden had paid 10s. to York, and consequently was cheated out of a shilling, the fare from Halifax to Leeds being only 4s. The proprietor would do well to call upon Mr. R. and make restitution for the insolence and overcharge, otherwise he shall hear from us again upon the subject.

**TEA HAWKING.**—We beg to direct the serious attention of our readers to the advertisement in our first page—"The Northern Locust and his Dupes." If *half* the allegations contained in it be true, it is, indeed, high time for the "Dupes" to "Purchase not only Ottley and Co.'s Teas, but those of other dealers, and see who supplies the best." A good market for their money is of vital consequence to *all*.

**LEWDNESS AND DRINK.**—A middle aged woman of the town was brought up before the magistrates under the following circumstances:—On Tuesday night, she was in Fox Ginnel, when a man, named Andrew Hartley, who was in liquor, went up to her. Some conversation took place, and she asked him to go to her house, which was in Gibbitlane. Hartley, a young man, who was standing near, and the woman, all accordingly went together. When they got to the house some ale was sent for; and, shortly afterwards, Hartley found that his watch was missing. He charged her with the robbery, which she denied. Hartley then went for a constable, leaving her in the custody of his companion. Three young men came into the house, while Hartley was away, and after talking with the woman, again left. Hartley then returned with Rawson, who took her to the lock up; and when Hartley got home his watch had been left there by three young men. The magistrates, after reprimanding the prisoner, and cautioning her not to appear there again, dismissed her.

**FRASER AND THE TOPERS.**—On Sunday last, in the forenoon, two persons were discovered in the street who had been drinking too largely of their morning potations (by Fraser) and one of them, being somewhat more sober than the other, was desired by the constable to carry his companion upon his back to the lock-up, "nay, none so," was the reply "if I am to go there myself." A cart was afterwards provided to take them both there.

**TEA CONTROVERSY.**—*Audi alteram partem*, hear both sides, is a very old and very proper adage. In our last we directed our readers to notice certain charges brought, in our advertising columns, against Tea Hawkers. To those charges a replication appears on our first page, and we hope all our readers will hear both sides.

Two advertisements for shredded wheat: the one below was designed to be placed next to news of the battle of Mukden. *Principles of Practical Publicity* (London 1909).

## Triscuit for the Japanese Army

### SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT

**May Change the Map of Europe**

A soldier's life calls for a strength-giving, highly nourishing food—a food that makes bone and brawn, steady nerve and clear brain—a food that supplies Heat and Power, and at the same time repairs the waste of the long march. A soldier's food must have the maximum of nutrition in smallest bulk.

Such a food is TRISCUIT, the new cracker made of shredded whole wheat, a compressed palatable ration, containing all the nutritive elements of the whole wheat kernel, good for all seasons and all climes—rich in muscle-making, tissue-building properties—easily digested.

A representative of one of the largest contractors for the Japanese forces visited our exhibition plant in Tottenham Court Road, London, and witnessed the process of shredding wheat. He became convinced that TRISCUIT is an ideal food for the soldier in the field, and instructed our London Agents to quote a price.

**If Shredded Wheat is Good for the Soldier  
it is Good for YOU.**

Newspaper "copy" for the same product in distinction from magazine "copy"

Newspaper "copy" for shredded wheat

## No Use For The Stork

if you can't feed the children properly when they come.  
The perfect food for growing children is

### SHREDDED WHEAT

because it supplies, in well-balanced proportion and in digestible form, every element needed for building healthy tissue, strong bones, sound teeth and good brain.

You can't build sturdy boys and girls out of corn or oats or white flour bread or pastries. A Shredded Wheat Biscuit supplies all the energy needed for work or play, for children or grown-ups, for invalids or athletes.

A Breakfast of SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT, with hot or cold milk or cream will supply all the energy needed for work or play. TRISCUIT is the same as the Biscuit except that it is compressed into a wafer and is used as a toast for any meal, instead of white flour bread. At all grocers.

**THE NATURAL FOOD CO.**  
NIAGARA FALLS  
NEW YORK



MAGAZINE COPY FOR SHREDDED WHEAT, IN CONTRAST WITH NEWSPAPER COPY FOR THE SAME PRODUCT  
By permission of The Frank Presbrey Company, New York

Magazine "copy" for shredded wheat



"Terms for  
Advertisements,"  
*Tomahawk*, volume 1, 29  
June 1868, p. 88.



LONDON, JUNE 29, 1867.

TWO ARTICLES FOR THOSE WHO LIKE  
LEADERS.

ARE we ever to have anything like government in London? Our highways and public thoroughfares are often dangerous to travel through. Our gas is execrable; our policemen are always inaccessible when wanted. Of all the nuisances with which we are infested, none can be more disgraceful than the practice which exists in some of the best neighbourhoods of town, of throwing broken glass into the streets. In the immediate vicinity of St. James's Square, particularly, this practice is very common. When is it to be put a stop to? How long are valuable horses to be lamed, ladies' feet to run the chance of being seriously wounded, and the human head of being broken or cut by these projectiles?

THE devil, we are told, is not so black as he is painted, and even the ghastly outrages of Sheffield may not in reality be so horrible as they seem to the world in general. After all, it may be a disguised form of patriotism which impels a select set of scoundrels to destroy the property and take away the lives of those who may differ from them on any given point. We are not, indeed, told this by the *Star*; on the contrary, that philanthropic journal uplifts its voice in pious horror at the disclosures which we have recently witnessed. "Still," we are reminded, "it is our duty to remember that evidence of this kind is not, strictly speaking, evidence against trades unions." Now we have a word to say on this. The great principle upon which trade unions rest, is the right of the majority to legislate for the minority. The recalcitrant individual is to be compelled by any coercion that his fellows can exercise, to do as they do, and as they wish him to do. The interests of the many are paramount: the interests of the few are as nothing. To advance the former, is the sole end and aim of these unions. Anything which can be done to drown the voice of the individual may be done, and should it so happen that murder is necessary, murder must not be stopped short of. This is what the Sheffield disclosures have proved. Now who can say that, unless the law enacts that trades unions shall be constituted upon a new basis, the Sheffield disclosures are not evidence against the whole system? Combinations of labour may have their value. But as they are at present allowed to be formed, we can never be certain that they will not result in assassination and violence of every kind. These, in fact, are merely incidental accompaniments, pushed to its furthest logical consequences.

PROPOSED VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO PARIS.

It is with great pleasure that we announce, that her gracious Majesty, being moved by the example of all the other Sovereigns of Europe, has been induced to emerge from her retirement, and to pay a visit to the head-quarters of Peace and Amity, as Paris may now be called.

The following arrangements have been made in order to secure that amount of privacy which her Majesty naturally wishes to preserve.

On arriving at Calais, the pier will be cleared of all *Douaniers*, *Sergeants de Ville*, and the public generally, while Her Majesty is conducted in a covered omnibus to the railway station.

No one, except the necessary officials, will be allowed on the platform, till the train containing Her Majesty shall have started. On arriving at Paris, the whole city will, by particular request, and by aid of sleeping draughts, distributed *gratis*, be hushed in deep slumber.

All blue-bottle flies, daddy-long-legs, sparrows, and other vocal animals found about, will be instantly executed.

Her Gracious Majesty will proceed, in a closed van, to the rooms prepared for Her Majesty's reception.

When Her Majesty visits the Exhibition, all the blinds will be drawn down, and the inhabitants of Paris will be expected to keep their beds, or to visit Versailles, or some other favourite place in the neighbourhood, at their own expense.

Her Majesty will not visit the Emperor of the French, nor will she receive any visit from his Imperial Majesty. The reason for this is obvious. Should H. I. M., or his Imperial spouse, show any desire to break through this reserve which the Queen has felt it right to impose on herself, her Majesty will feel it her painful duty to return at once to Scotland.

By Her Majesty's express request, 250 models of the Albert Memorial (as it is to be), will be erected at different points in Paris. Her Majesty desires to receive no addresses whilst residing at the French capital, except from any petty German Prince or Highland Chief who may happen to be resident in Paris.

*Later intelligence.*—We deeply regret to state, that owing to some unforeseen difficulty in carrying out the above arrangements, Her Majesty has decided to defer her visit to Paris for this year.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

WE have now been long enough established to sell our pages to enterprising advertisers, like the rest of our contemporaries. We beg, therefore, to submit the charges we make for advertisements in the "literary" part of our paper for their inspection, promising that their orders shall be attended to with wit, economy, and despatch.

*A good "quotable" Review of a trashy Novel.*—From half a dozen gratis copies of new works up to one insertion of a half-column advertisement.

*Superior ditto, with Latin quotations.*—From one insertion of a column advertisement up to twenty-five insertions of a page advertisement.

*A nice ditty Critique of a Condemned Play.*—From four orders for "Two to the Boxes" up to an "Admit Three to the Stalls."

*Superior ditto, with genial and humorous description of the Plot.*—From half a dozen private boxes to perpetual advertisement on the leader page "over the clock."

*A logical Defence of the Government's Foreign Policy.*—From three scraps of good information up to a consulship for the Editor.

*A Scholarly Support of a bad Ministerial Job.*—From a column advertisement of a contract for pipeclay up to a five years' advertisement of a fine arts catalogue.

*A pleasant notice of Grocery, &c. (warranted sound and serviceable).*—From a pot of pickles up to a five-pound note.

TAKE YOUR PARTNERS.

THE Belgian Reception Committee is not wise in its generation. A grand ball is to be given to the Belgian Volunteers at the Agricultural Hall. Well. Gunter provides vanilles and strawberries and cream. Well. Godfrey discourses the dulcetest strains of harmony. Well, again. But here the Committee should let well alone. But it perversely doesn't. It invites gentlemen—to probably means gents—to take tickets at a guinea, and ladies—is it of the *demi monde*?—at half a guinea. Of course, the result will be that the only thing select will be the music. Fast London, male and female, will, of course, flock to the ball. Reputability will shrink from a promiscuous partnership in valse and quadrille, with the prospect of an unlimited liability of outrage to decency and good breeding. The purlieu of London will no doubt yield up their skeletons gracefully draped in ball-room attire, and artistically painted to imitate—Nature. Ices will be swallowed; cold chicken devoured; and wine will be freely imbibed in copious and generous streams by the thirsty Frepsichoreans. The result will be a magnificent orgie in honour of our Belgian guests, who will depart to their native land to sing the paeans of the *ladies and gentlemen* of England. We wish the Belgian Reception Committee all success in their patriotic endeavours, but still there is a difference between the right and the wrong way of doing things.





"The *Tomahawk* versus Bohemia: Opinions of the Provincial Press\* (a Few Fair Specimens Selected from a Score of Notices)," *Tomahawk*, volume 1, 21 December 1868, p. 347.

The note at the bottom reads "\* These notices will carry additional weight with the Public when it is remembered that the *Tomahawk*, in his quarrel with Grub Street, has appealed to a jury composed entirely of literary men."

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE "TOMAHAWK" VERSUS BOHEMIA.

OPINIONS OF THE PROVINCIAL PRESS.\*

(A FEW FAIR SPECIMENS SELECTED FROM A SCORE OF NOTICES.)

*The Norwich Argus.*

"JUST now a good piece of fun is flying about. The success of the new satirical journal, the TOMAHAWK, induced the members of the 'Savage Club' (whoever they may be) to meet and repudiate in the columns of the London dailies, through their secretary, 'a current report' that the said satirical journal emanated from their body. This reminds us that some years ago the present member for Dudley, gratuitously repudiated all idea of being mistaken for a relative of the author of *The Revolt* and *The School for Scandal*. The Editor of the TOMAHAWK, however, returned to the charge, and pooh-poohed the notion of such a work issuing from such a source. Two or three flashes of the Indian's weapon followed:—No. 1 flash being 'A Voice from the Spirits'; No. 2 flash, 'The Peep-show.' Then the Savage Club collapsed and went under, while the 'noble Indian,' as Cooper would say, stalked majestically on his way. There is no doubt that the TOMAHAWK, if kept up to its present pictorial and literary standard, will have a great effect upon our daily literature, to say nothing of our theatrical entertainments. All that it says of the latter is true enough; any person who knows anything, knows the impossibility of getting a MS. accepted by a London manager, however meritorious the thing may be; Mr. Manager's drawers being invariably filled with Mr. So-and-So, of the *Times*; barbaque scolderies with wit (of course) by Mr. So-and-So, of the  *Herald*; and dramas from Mr. So-and-So, of any other London journal the reader pleases. When the trash is acted, these people regularly enlignise each others efforts, as

"They come like shadows—so depart,"

and as regularly exclude every other person from getting a piece further than the hall porter of any decent theatre, or, if it wriggles past, damn it when it comes on the stage. The strictures, too, of the noble Indian's side-arm on a large portion of the penny Press is unanswerable, and if kept up, must lead to a healthier state of things. It is not the TOMAHAWK's fun, frolic, and whim, so much as its deep and terrible teaching that we admire; and whenever it assumes the office of moralist, clap-trap is laid aside, sensation is extinguished, and in place of the libes, sinewy, and jovial savage, we have the hard, cold, caustic expositor of truth. We wish it every success."

*The Marylebone Mercury.*

"THE TOMAHAWK v. BOHEMIA is a reprint addressed 'To the Public Press of Great Britain and Ireland,' by the Editor of the TOMAHAWK. This journal, in a remarkably short time, has made a great name, and rumour with its lying tongue, attributed the authorship to the Savage Club. The secretary of this club, Mr. Andrew Halliday, indignantly repudiated the honour, and although the letter conveying the feeling of the Club was short, it was sufficiently offensive to call forth a rejoinder from the Editor of the TOMAHAWK, who in the closing sentence says:—'Will you kindly permit the staff of the paper in question, through me, to declare that nothing would be more distasteful to their feelings than the circulation of a report in any way associating them with the members of the Savage Club?' Another journal, which draws its inspiration from the said club, published a paragraph in which the TOMAHAWK was called a 'disreputable periodical.' In retort the Editor of the TOMAHAWK says that members of the 'Judge and Jury Club,' or some other equally respectable journal, and adds that the meetings of the Savage Club 'may be summed up in the words:—'extravagant self-praise, bad puns, rank tobacco, and unlimited gin.' A word of apology is offered to Mr. Halliday, who is represented to be one of the few gentlemen composing the Savage Club. On the 5th instant an article, entitled 'The Peep-show,' appeared in the TOMAHAWK, in which the supposition is described the meetings of the Savage Club. The article is severe, but we are afraid it is true. Literary Bohemians abound in London, but we were not aware that the Savage Club was the head centre. The members have, however, given evidence of snobism by disclaiming connection with the TOMAHAWK upon the following ridiculous grounds:—That some years ago royal patronage was extended to the Savage Club upon the death of one of its members; the TOMAHAWK had the courage to tell the public the Queen was not doing her duty; the Savage Club was associated with the name of the TOMAHAWK; therefore, the TOMAHAWK must be repudiated, or the club might not

hope for royal patronage again, and forthwith the disavowal was made, followed by such an exposure that few journals are so well able to make as the TOMAHAWK. It is no dishonour to belong to a journal that speaks out fearlessly and exposes the shams of the day in good English; and it is rather creditable than otherwise that faults and shortcomings in high places are rebuked. The rich and influential can purchase many immunities, but the TOMAHAWK teaches the lesson that a free man's press is beyond their allurements, and that interested cliques must give way to the truth, honestly but powerfully expressed. The TOMAHAWK is a masterpiece of modern journalism, and it matters little who are its authors. We care not. What we desire to feel is, that another journal, among the very few that live, has sprung up to resist organised cliques and to expose abuses even if they exist under the roof of royalty."

*The Shrewsbury Journal.*

"The Savage Club has tried a fall with the TOMAHAWK, and, as might have been expected, has bit the dust. They are a melancholy lot, those funny fellows, like most 'Royal and Noble authors,' and, with the instinct of their class, they are always endeavouring to attract attention to their merits or their grievances. The TOMAHAWK, as doubtless many of our readers are aware, is by far the most vigorous and trenchant humorist that has appeared since the early volumes of *Punch*. Its cartoons especially, are of rare merit and originality, and in reference to one of these, the Savage Club very needlessly gave out an intimation that they were in no way connected with the serial in question. Nobody supposed they were, as they well knew, but the opportunity for doing a little bit of toadyism was too tempting to be lost sight of. The result has been a pretty quarrel, and a merciless exposure in the pages of the TOMAHAWK."

*The County Times.*

"THE TOMAHAWK versus BOHEMIA.—A very pretty quarrel has been going on between the above-named remarkable journal, and the members of the Savage Club, in which the TOMAHAWK certainly has the best of it. It appears that the secretary of the Savage Club thought proper for some reason or other to write to the papers denying an asserted report of the connection of the club with the journal in question. This, to say the least of it, questionable proceeding, exhibiting an offensive want of taste, has been retorted upon by the TOMAHAWK, which in, an amusing and satirical sketch, entitled the Peep-Show, professes to give a picture of the penetralia of Bohemia. The glimpse is anything but a flattering one."

*The Worcester News.*

"THE TOMAHAWK versus BOHEMIA, is the title of a small pamphlet, containing a reprint of two letters, inserted in several London daily papers, which passed between the Secretary of the Savage Club and the Editor of the TOMAHAWK, and also two articles on the subject from the above-named paper. In the first place the Secretary of the Savage Club gratuitously insults the staff of the TOMAHAWK, to which the Editor replies in the caustic wit and sarcastic style peculiar to the TOMAHAWK, and then follow the two articles, bearing date September 28th and October 5th. To give even a brief outline of their matter and manner would occupy more space than we can afford, but we will say that the Secretary of the Savage Club has only met with his deserts in the severe handling he has received from what he terms 'a satirical journal bearing a savage name.'"

*The Border Advertiser.*

"The snobism of the Savage Club was fair game for the TOMAHAWK, and deserved the cutting up it has received."

*The Tunbridge Wells Gazette.*

"Mr. Halliday and his friends probably wish by this time that they had not meddled with the TOMAHAWK."

\* These Notices will carry additional weight with the Public when it is remembered that the TOMAHAWK, in its quarrel with Grub Street, has appealed to a jury composed entirely of literary men.

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who refuses brandy saks if she is 'a cursed toetotalist.' Evá keeps a journal, after the manner of Walkie Collins' heroines. In fact the book is dedicated to him, and doubtless he will feel the force of the sincerest form of flattery. It is a lugubrious book, full of ghosts, murderers, unbecky speculations, and unhappy incidents, which have a special charm for vast numbers of readers.

A very beautiful addition has been made to the 'Fairy Library' by Theodor Vernaleken's *In the Land of Marvols*. It consists of sixty folk-tales from Austria and Bohemia, and rivals the quaint sagas of all its fellows from other lands which this firm have collected. Here we have our fill of enchantments in which people are metamorphosed into animals or stones, and where the poor man, as in the story of 'The Magic Pot and the Magic Ball,' comes to sorrow. We have the envious brothers hating the youngest, and trying to harm him, but coming to sad grief themselves. We have fairies and giants and dwarfs and charming maidens and handsome princes. The earth, air, and sea are peopled with good and evil beings, who exercise their influence upon mankind according to their nature. The result, however, is always the same—virtue triumphs, and wickedness meets with its proper reward. It will make one of the most pleasant Christmas rewards that children could possibly wish.

Alphonse Daudet requires no special introduction in these columns, for all the readers of these pages will know as much about him as we can tell them. In *One of the Forty* ('L'Immortel') translated by A. W. Verrall and Margaret de G. Verrall, Daudet has been accused of writing harsher, more bitter, and more contemptuous things than anyone else; but who can read a page of his writing without coming to the conclusion that it comes from an acutely observing and deeply reflective mind? If he writes of domestic scenes, we see the picture as plainly as though we were present. If he depicts character, he brings us into personal relation with it. With the master hand of a genius he marshals his forces, and they become a brilliant pageant. All the powers of the human mind are accurately arrayed and portrayed, all its peculiarities shown as on canvas. In this work, if he has not surpassed, at any rate we may safely say that he has maintained his high position. Nor must we forget to accord the due meed of praise to his interpreters. The work is a valuable contribution in its English dress to English literature.

**An American Hero: the Story of William Lloyd Garrison,** by Frances E. Cooke. The story of this noble character is very pleasantly told. We get the pith of his truly great life, embracing such a wide and varied experience within a comparatively brief compass. He ranks with Wilberforce as a liberator of the slaves. He was not only one of the first to see the terrible evils of the system, but had the courage of his convictions to speak out, even at the risk of personal violence or loss of liberty. He fought the battle of liberty and obtained the victory. The book is admirably adapted for a prize book for the young, for whom it is written.

### The Religious Tract Society.

**THIS** year the publishing establishment of the Society has sent forth quite its usual average of excellently written and handsomely bound volumes. For convenience we will group these.

The volumes of the *Child's Companion* and *Our Little Dots* are of their kind the prettiest books of the season. Embossed silk on the boards is an attraction that will be irresistible to young folk, while the contents will be found suitable for little favourites whose eyes have been opened to the meaning of letters and little words. A little volume similar in size, entitled *Talkative Friends*, will be found singularly useful in giving lessons regarding favourites—field, farm, and forest. The annual volume of *The Cottager and Artisan* has a brighter cover than ever.

We now take in hand a group of very elegant, and withal cheap, gift books; the binding being in all cases chaste and vigorous in design. *Harold, the Boy Earl*, is a story by Professor J. F. Hodgetta. The story, which is reproduced from the pages of the *Boy's Own Paper*, relates to historical events in Old England, and with marvellous effect reproduces the scenes of the daily life and doings, especially in war, of our remote progenitors. Boys or girls who wish to know what their country was like in Pagan times should have this stirring and historically accurate book placed in their hands. The Rev. T. S. Millington has the art of writing stories of adventure without the intermixture of slang to a strong degree. His latest work, *Through Fire and Through Water*, is a story of peril and adventure which would reflect credit upon the best of our writers of adventure, without having the addition of strong language. It is a tale of the sea and of naval warfare principally. From the moment Jack and Jem enter H.M.S. *Haistero*, boys who read their adventures will be fascinated.

In a *Jessie Wet*, by H. C. Coape, belongs to a class of stories for which we confess we have scant favour. True in this case the author wields the pen skillfully and puts emphasis upon his leading situations, but the interest is rather mournful, and the sentiment savours more of ecclesiastical history than natural religion. The scene is laid in France in the time of Louis XIV. Eglanton Thorne has written *The Manse of Glen Clunie*, and a capital story it is, the life depicted being that of a Scottish manse, a very simple life, but still not without its share of quiet romance. **All for Number One**, by Henry Johnson, is a bright story for boys and girls. Many of the vicissitudes of city life are depicted with care and with an observant faculty.

No more appropriate time could have been chosen for the publication of a book such as *Irish Pictures*, which is uniform with the series of illustrated books of travel which have for some years come from this Society. The success of previous works will be enhanced by the brilliant appearance of the volume before us. To a greater degree it will depend upon the quality of its literary matter, and this, in the present instance from the pen of Mr. Richard Lovett, M.A., author of 'Norwegian Pictures,' will be found all that could be desired. Not since the publication of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's book has so good a work on Ireland appeared. It tells the story and delineates the scenery of that magnificent country with force and sympathy, and no one can read it without wondering where the causes of the mysterious misfortunes of Ireland are to be sought for. We commend the volume heartily.

A collection of smaller books, which deserve more than usual notice, is that embracing 'Breaking the Fetters,' by the author of 'Glancus'; 'Miss Elsie,' by H. Mary Wilson (a very affecting story); 'Dolly,' by M. F. W.; 'Higher Up,' by Nellie Hellis, who has written some charming stories; 'Geoffrey Heywood,' by Mrs. Cooper; 'Our Story,' by C. A. B.; and 'Therefore or, Nessie's Ideal,' by Florence E. Burch. All these are in general keeping with the high character of the Society's books. The illustrations are worthy of the text.

The annual volumes of the Society's magazines have long been noted for their usefulness as gift-books. Those of the present year stand on a footing of equality with, if not on a higher pedestal than, the volumes of past years. Improvements made at the beginning of the year in the monthly parts are well manifested in the yearly volumes. This year's *Leisure Hour*



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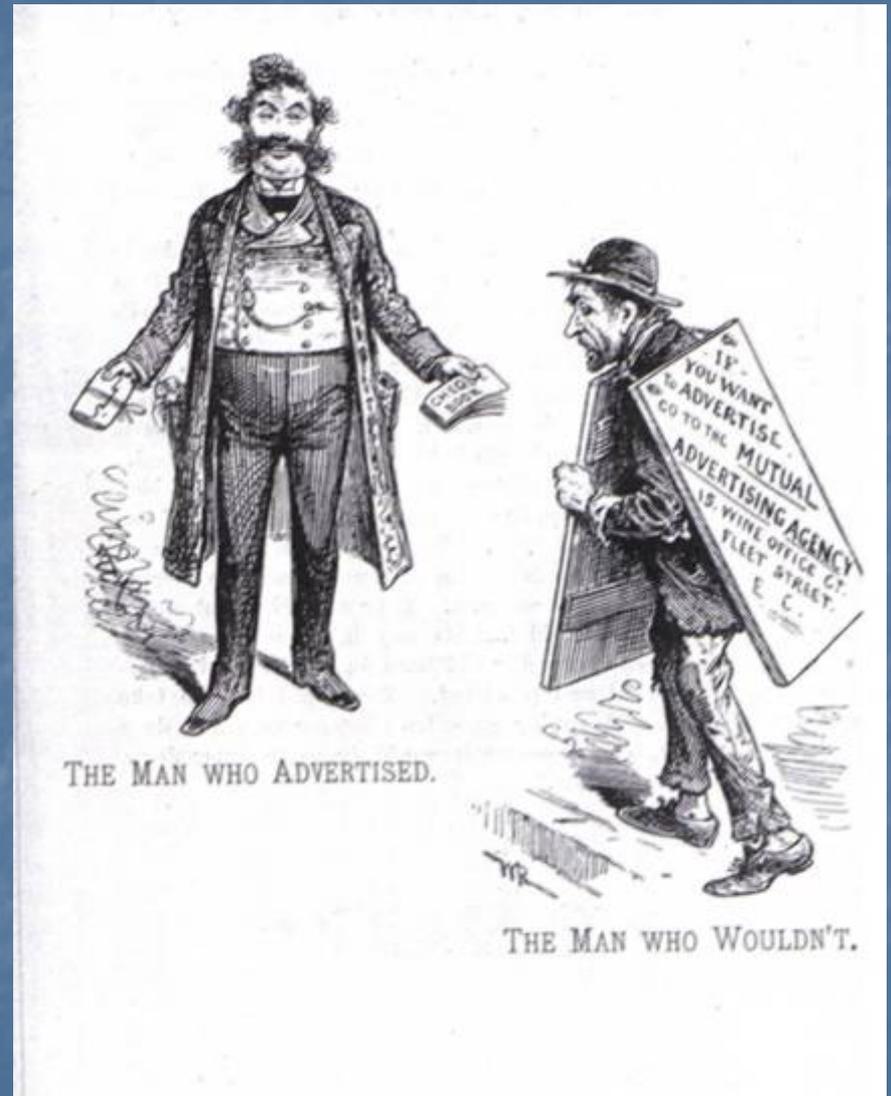
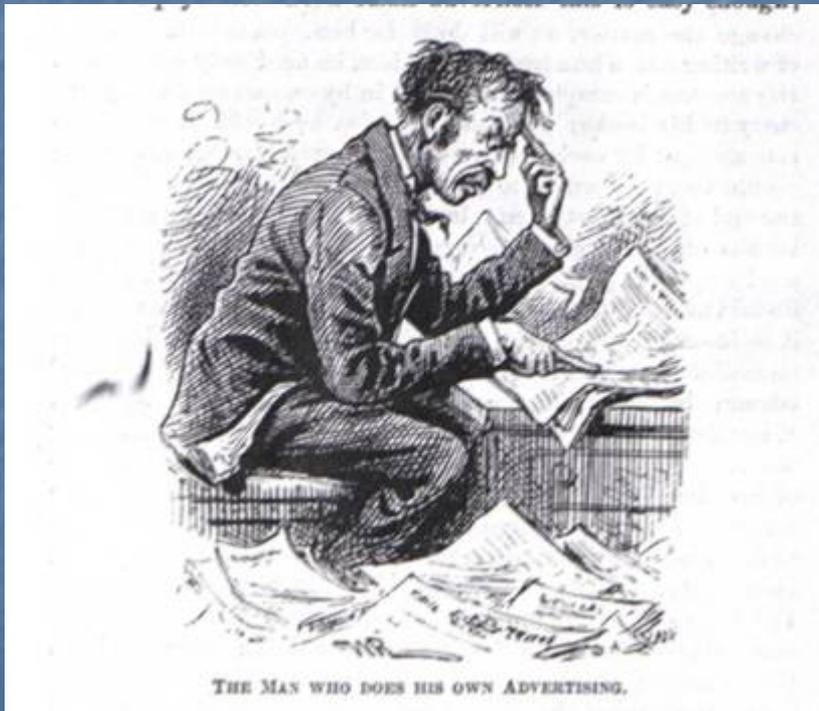
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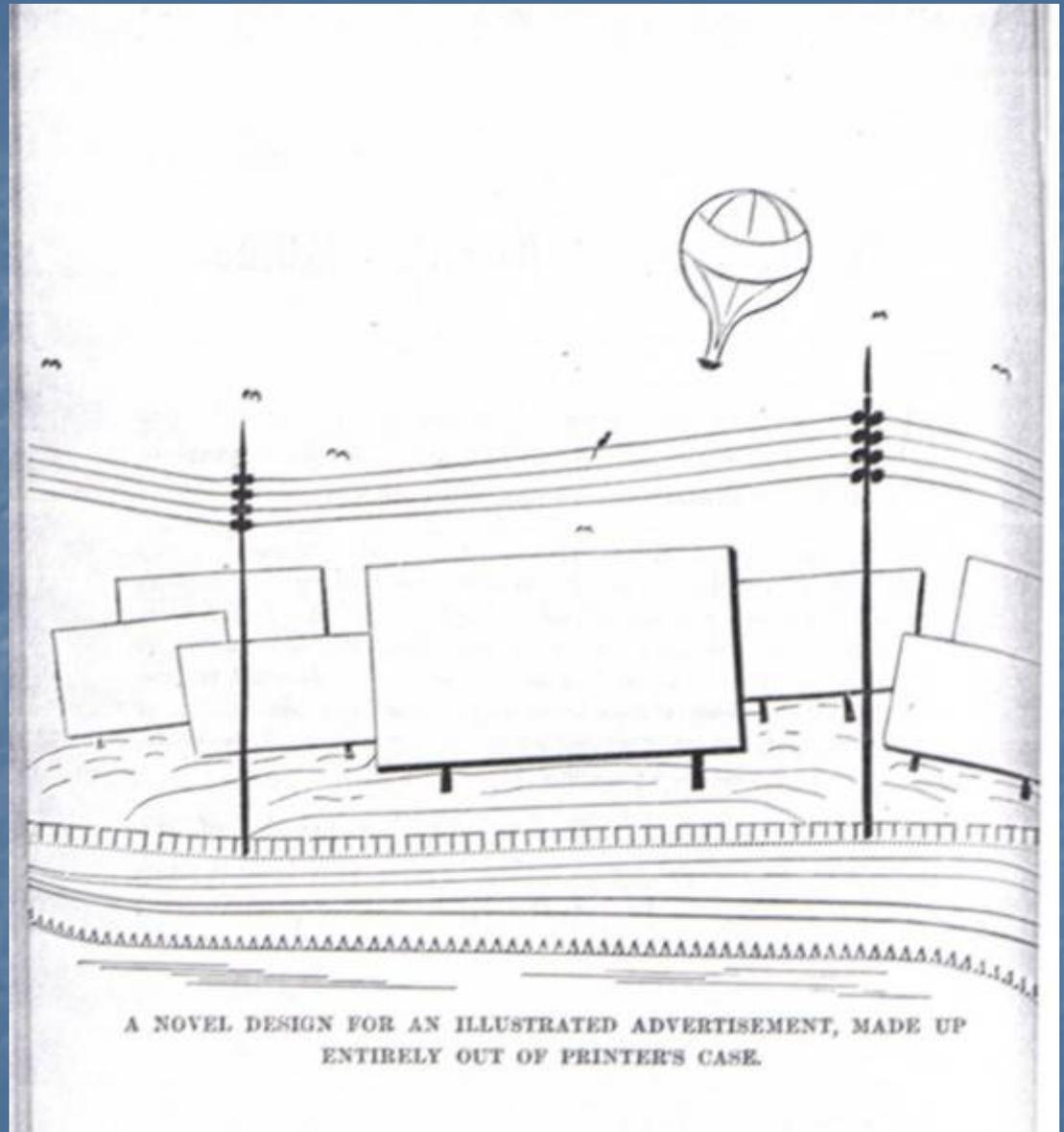
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"Sunday at Home" and "Girls Own Annual," Publishers' Circular, volume 51, 6 December 1888, pp. illustrations 20-21.

Cartoons from *Successful Advertising: Its Secrets Explained*, 7<sup>th</sup> ed. (London: Thomas Smith 1885), p. 51 and 68



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