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Stitches if the Needle  
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Families,  
£7. 10s.

BALM OF COLUMBIA.

A rich and invigorating Balm for the Hair.  
OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA prevents baldness and the Hair from turning grey. 2s. 6d. 6s. & 11s. per bottle. 22 Wellington Street, Strand.

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Use Silk, Cotton, or  
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LOCH KATRINE  
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C. & D. GRAY,  
Sole Distillers,  
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Sole Distillers of the  
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S U C C E S S  
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ENTERTAINMENT  
Every Evening

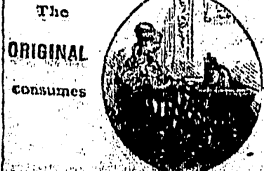
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MICHOLSON'S  
SHIRTS, 500 each, Post Free  
5s. to 12s. 6d. (incl. 1s. 6d. yard)

FINE DRY PALE SHERRY, 30s.  
per doz. D. G. Gordon's shipping. Splendid Golden Sherry, Fer-  
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Wines. HAVANA CIGARS—La Patria, 30s. El  
Principe de Gales, 40s. per 100. Continental Palmars,  
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ASHLEY & CO., 24 Garrick St., Covent garden.



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ORIGINAL  
WEED SEWING MACHINE.

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MACHINE FOR SEWING.



Very simple and strong.

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PATTERNS FREE, 103 to 108, OXFORD STREET.

THEATRE,  
LONG ACRE.

"DOT" and "GNOME KING."

MR. J. L. TOOLE,  
At 7 o'clock.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1869. — NO. LXXXIX. — PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE CELEBRATED MACHINE-MADE JEWELLERY - 18 CARAT GOLD,  
See 20s. Lockets. See 10 Guinea Suits. See 30s. Earrings. See 60s. Brooches.  
Only at Mr. EDWIN W. STREETER'S, 37 CONDUIT STREET, Five doors from (1869) ST. MARK'S LONDON.

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**BEGONE ENNUI. — UNUSUAL BARGAIN.** — Brilliant MUSICAL BOX, playing many delightful operatic melodies and inspiring ballads, 24 ros. — **ELLIS BROTHERS**, general agents, 20 Spring gardens, Charing-cross.

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**OPTIC MARVELS BY STEAM,**  
With Odorator Combined.

Amusement for every Evening, for old and young. Packed in case, 2s. 6d.; post free, 2s. 10d.

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**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.

## NOT POISON.

Sheepkeepers and Housekeepers need not fear selling or using Preston's Essence of Bitter Almonds, it being guaranteed free from Prussic Acid. Sold by Grocers and Chemists everywhere, in bottles from 6d. each, and wholesale of Preston and Sons, 53 Lendenhall street, London.

## PAINT! PAINT!! PAINT!!!

Mixed in Oil, and Ready for Use.

**BEST ANTI-CORROSIVE**, 3d. per lb. or 5s. 6d. per gal.  
**PATENT METALLIC**, at 3d. per lb., or 5s. 6d. per gal.  
**PAINT** — as generally used by Painters, 3d. per lb., or 5s. 6d. per gal.

**DRUMS** of 4 gals., 22s.; ditto, of 10 gals., 50s. Carriage paid to any Railway Station in England, upon orders for one cwt. and upwards. Cheques and Post Office Orders payable to

**FRANCIS JAY**,  
Woodham Works, Vauxhall Station,  
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N.B. — Sample Drums, 5s. 6d. each.

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16s. 6d. each or the Pocket.

**GUN COVERS**, 7s. 6d. each.  
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Sent on receipt of P.O.O. to

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**H THE ECONOMICAL TAILOR.**  
**A STANDARD TROUSERS,**  
**S all Wool, 13s. pair, 2 for 25s.**  
**L THE ANTI-DUST & WATERPROOF**  
**E OVERCOAT, 21s.**  
**T Patterns sent to all parts of the Kingdom.**  
**T 142 FENCHURCH STREET.**

**PATENT KID GLOVES, DELICATELY PERFUMED.**  
**WHEELER AND CO.,**  
210 REGENT STREET, W.;  
16 & 17 POULTRY, E.C.;  
AND  
Corner of LOMBARD STREET,  
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MANUFACTURERS OF SILK HOSIERY.



TRADE MARK.

**HAVE BEEN CELEBRATED FOR HALF-A-CENTURY FOR PERFECTION OF FIT, FINISH, STRENGTH, AND DURABILITY.**  
**Gentlemen's - 4s. 8d. } POST FREE FOR TWO STAMPS**  
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AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF GLOVE BOXES SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS.

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Dublin Exhibition, 1865. — This celebrated old Irish Whisky gained the Dublin Prize Medal. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in bottles, 3s. 8d. each, at the retail houses in London; by the agents in the principal towns in England, or wholesale at 3 Great Windmill street, London, W. — Observe the red seal, pink label, and cork branded "Kinahan's LL. Whisky."

## WINES AND SPIRITS.



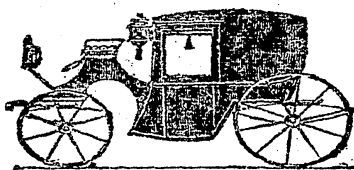
## BARKER &amp; CO.,

22 & 23 Great Tower street, London (late of Bucklersbury), invite attention to their extensive and varied stock of first-class Wines and Spirits, and whilst they refrain from offering Wines at prices which must ultimately prove unsatisfactory to the consumer, they offer to guarantee their Wines and Spirits to be of unequalled excellence. Their Wines are the finest imported, quality for price, and they have every confidence the quality of their Wines will invariably produce a repetition of orders. The following list of prices of some of their Wines and Spirits, considering quality, is not to be questioned.

**PORT**, 24s., 30s., 36s., to 120s. **SHERRY**, 24s., 30s., 36s., to 84s. **CLARET**, 18s., 24s., to 96s. **BURGUNDY**, 30s., 36s., 42s. **CHAMPAGNES**, 36s. to 80s. **MASSALA**, 18s. to 24s. **BRANDY**, 42s. to 54s., to 84s. **OLD RUM**, 42s. per doz. **GIN**, 75s. per gallon. **IRISH and SCOTCH WHISKY**, 25s. per gallon. **HOLLANDS**, 24s. per gallon.

**TRICHANOPHRON.**  
**THE Best Preparation for the Hair.**

No Lady or Gentleman should be without it. Sample Bottle, 2s. 6d. Prepared by **NICOLI**, Hair-Cutter to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, 40 Glasshouse street, Regent street.



**BROUGHAMS LET ON 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 cab or pony.

Particulars and Drawings on applying to  
**NESS BROS.**, Long acre, London, W.C.

**DINING and DRAWING ROOM CHANDELIERS**  
For Gas or Candles.  
**LAMPS and CHANDELIERS FOR INDIA.**  
**TABLE GLASS, CHINA, AND EARTHENWARE**  
Dinner Services in great variety.  
**J. DEERIES & SONS'**  
NEW CITY SHOW ROOMS, 147 BOUNDARY STREET.  
Mess & Furnishing orders promptly executed.  
**CRYSTAL ILLUMINATIONS**  
**BALL ROOMS, GARDENS, AND CONSERVATORIES**  
Lighted and illuminated with GAS or OIL, upon the most approved principles.  
ESTIMATES FREE.

**WHAT IS YOUR CREST and MOTTO? Send Name and Count** to **CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE**, 35, 6d. plain; Sketch in Heraldic Colours, 7s. Crest engraved on Seals, Book Plates, and Steel Dies for stamping paper, 7s. 6d. Manual of Heraldry, 3s. 6d. post free by



**T. CULLETON**, 25 CRANBOURN STREET, CORNER OF ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

**CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX OF STATIONERY** contains a ream of the very best paper and 500 envelopes of all one or three sizes, beautifully stamped with crest and motto. Monogram or address, and the steel die engraved, free of charge, on receipt of post office order. **T. CULLETON**, Seal Engraver.

**VISITING CARDS by CULLETON** — Fifty, best quality 2s. 3d., post free, including the engraving of copper-plate. Wedding cards 50 each, 50 Enbossed Envelopes with maiden name, 13s. 6d. **T. CULLETON**, Seal Engravers.

**MONOGRAMS by CULLETON**, Quarter Ream of Paper and 125 Envelopes, stamped with Monogram in rich colours, 5s. 6d., and sent to any part for stamps. Charge for engraving die. **T. CULLETON**, Die Sinker to the Board of Trade, 25 Cranbourn street, Corner of St. Martin's lane, W.C.

## MADEIRA POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Richly embroidered with choice designs. By great favour we have received the whole of an immense consignment of the above goods, and in consequence of taking the lot, we are enabled to offer them at considerably less than half-price, — 18s. 6d. the Dozen, 9s. 6d. the Half Dozen, Post Free.

**T. G. YOUNG, FOREIGN HANDKERCHIEF IMPORTER,**  
128 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

## PARIS EXHIBITION, 1867.

SOLE SILVER MEDAL OF HONOUR AWARDED.

With the

**JURORS' VERY FLATTERING RECOMMENDATION, — "Perfection of Preparation."**

**MAIZENA**  
TRY IT.  
"Exceedingly Excellent Food."  
JURORS' REPORT.  
ONLY PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED.  
LONDON EXHIBITION, 1862

## THE NUTRITIOUS

of A 1 Nutritious Cocoa Extract, by the North British Company; there is no for horses, cows, &c., cocoa as it is for human beings. It horses with cocoa. The lover Admited to the equal steel shall bear 250 feeds as free for 1000



TRADE MARK.

34s., on application to the Company's City Depot, 171 Bishopsgate st., Without, E.C.

## COCOA EXTRACT.

AND CATTLE.

**WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES** from their great strength and accuracy are superseding all others. Prize medal, London, 1862; Paris, 1867. Gold from Fifteen Guineas, Silver from Six Guineas. 68 Cornhill, and 260 Regent street.

## HAIR JEWELLERY.

Artist in Hair — **G. DEWDNEY**, beautifully MAKES and MOUNTS in fine gold, HAIR BRACELETS, Chains, Brooches, Rings, Pins, &c., at about one half the usual charges. An illustrated book sent post-free. — **G. Dewdney**, 172 Fenchurch street, City, London.

**SUPERIOR CARTES DE VISITE**, 5s. per dozen, taken in the exquisite and elegant French style by the **IMPERIAL FRENCH PHOTO COMPANY**, 4, Haymarket, Pall Mall end. N.B. — A proof sent. It not approved of another taken free of charge. Copying and colouring portraits in all its branches. Private dressing room for ladies.

**ELSTOB'S RIDING BELTS, BREECHES, TROUSERS AND DRAWERS**, At 64 SOUTH MOLTON STREET, ONLY. A few doors out of Brook street. LATE OF 60 NEW BOND STREET.

**FURNISH YOUR HOUSE THROUGHOUT.**

**OETZMANN & CO.,**

FURNITURE, BEDDING, CARPETS, DRAPERY, CHINA, GLASS, BRUSHES, &c.

67, 69, 71, and 73, Hampstead road, London.

A Descriptive Catalogue, containing Prices of every Household Requisite, post free.

# THE TOMAHAWK:

## A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 89.]

LONDON, JANUARY 16, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

### THE REAL CURSE OF IRELAND.

"THE agrarian war in Tipperary—Another landlord shot." Such are the words in which the *Irishman* announces the brutal murder of Mr. Baker. The recognised organ of Irish Radicals has no other comment on an act at which every man, who is not degraded to the level of the most savage and cowardly brute beast, shudders with disgust. The men who thus glory in assassination, and who would represent the shooting down of a defenceless man from behind a tree as an act of fair and open warfare, are the poor oppressed creatures to whose just demands England is pledged, in the person of her Prime Minister, to yield complete satisfaction! What sense of justice, what moral sense at all, can exist in natures to whom the most dastardly outrage seems a noble self-assertion? Self-assertion in one sense it is, for it is only when one of these murders occurs that we gain an insight into the real degradation of the Irish. This insight is afforded us frequently enough, and forcibly enough, to prevent our forgetting the sort of persons with whom we have to deal, when we talk of yielding to the just demands of the Irish peasantry.

It is quite time, indeed it seems to us the most proper time of all, now, when the nation is on the eve of abolishing an undoubted abuse in Ireland, to utter in the strongest language our heartfelt hatred and contempt of those who directly or indirectly defend such crimes as the murder of Mr. Baker. There is something so ineffably repulsive in the attempted association of all that is worst in man with such a holy name as Justice, that any half-hearted expressions of sympathy with the wretches who commit such crimes seem to us the most shocking blasphemies of which a Christian can be guilty. If we really hated the Irish, or felt towards them any of that cruel tyranny of which the conventional Anglo-Saxon is always accused by Irish demagogues, we might pour forth fervid denunciations of English misrule by the yard, flatter the vanities and vices of the peasantry, glorify their self-indulgence and idleness as noble independence, misname their arrogant self-conceit honest pride, call up the ghosts of past miseries and crimes and galvanise them by lying declamation into active agents of still greater misery and crime. But we leave such honourable tasks to the professed friends of Ireland, while we ask those who really love her or care for her welfare to aid us in some attempt to awaken into being among the Irish people that righteous loathing for such crimes which should be the pride of every civilised man, but which has been destroyed in them by ages of misconception enforced by the very worst teaching.

It is but a very useless exercise of philosophy to speculate on the causes which led to this gradual depravity of moral feeling in the Irish peasant. Those causes have ceased to exist, except in their effects; it is to the removal of those effects that our energies ought to be directed. The history of the past we cannot alter, any more than, it appears, the Irish can forget; but as we have learnt from the past at least to correct its errors, and as we have promised for the future a policy of conciliation and justice, we might expect to be met by some attempt, on the part of the people of Ireland, to render the task of reform less difficult by aiding us in the suppression of crimes committed under the pretence of revenge for injuries, of which the memory, but not the suffering, has been inherited. The present generation in Ireland seek an excuse for cowardly assassination in the wrongs suffered by their forefathers; and this excuse is too often admitted by those, who should be the first to encourage them in striving to gain those advantages by their own industry, which they now seek by outrage and murder. With what justice to those tenants of Irish land who have by their prudence and frugality improved their tenements, and converted barren bogs into remunerative pastures, can we pass a law which shall confer the privilege of lengthened and undisturbed tenure on those who have never sought to do anything but perpetuate the desolation which they found, or too often had assisted to create, and who resent any interference with their fancied rights by robbery, violence, and assassination? If we wish to pass a land law in Ireland, we must first be sure that agrarian outrages will no longer be sanctioned by the active aid of some, and the tacit acquiescence of all the peasantry.

The great mistake which the English Government has committed during the last ten years is in showing a most mischievous mercy to perpetrators of agrarian outrages, and crimes committed under the cloak of patriotism. It is difficult enough to apprehend these criminals at all, and when you have caught them it is more difficult to get a jury to condemn them; but when both these difficult conditions are fulfilled, the English Government too often yields to the clamour of political agitators, or the persistent twaddle of sham philanthropists, and commutes the capital punishment so justly deserved into some mild penalty utterly inadequate to the offence. This leniency makes the Irish people think that the laws under which the criminals were condemned cannot be just, since we shrink from enforcing the punishments awarded by those laws. If an Irishman beats his wife's brains in, the voices of his countrymen are not raised in his defence; they admit the justice of his execution, and indeed would be angry if it were not carried out. The vicious sympathy which is felt for the assassin of a



landlord would not be half so general, or so powerful, if crimes of this kind had always been punished with the same energy and severity that we employ in ordinary cases of murder. Without the slightest scruple we advocate the utmost rigour of the law against the murderer of Mr. Baker, and against all the accomplices of his crime, whether before or after the deed. We would have no reward offered for his apprehension—that is another mischievous practice which the English Government has always pursued with disastrous pertinacity—but we would advocate the instant publication of a proclamation, declaring that anyone found affording aid or shelter to the murderer will be punished with the utmost severity that the law admits; and after a reasonable time has elapsed, and if the police have still reason to believe that the assassin is in the country, we would have the most rigorous house-to-house search instituted by a sufficient force, and picquets of constables stationed at every point by which he might try to escape. Any of the people annoying or throwing obstacles in the way of the authorities should be promptly punished; and when the arrest of the assassin has been effected, and he has been condemned and hung, then, and not till then, will it be time to propose a measure for regulating the tenure of land in Ireland, securing every advantage to such tenants as may be willing to improve their land, but giving every facility for evicting those who steadily refuse to do so. Unless we are prepared to do something like this, the cry of "Justice to Ireland" is mere mockery, for it means nothing but the grossest favour and indulgence to the idle and vicious at the expense of the industrious and the good. We have given the most solemn assurances of our intention to abolish all abuses in the government of Ireland; let us show that we are determined to uphold the law, or the large party of disreputable robbers and assassins, who call themselves Irish patriots, will mistake a just concession for a cowardly submission, and will only grow more and more insolent in their demands, and more and more brutal in their excesses.

Take up Nassau Senior's book on Ireland, converse with any moderate and sensible Irishman of real liberal opinions, and you will find how impossible it is to do any good to Ireland till these agrarian crimes are relentlessly suppressed. If the people will not aid the law as it at present exists, the law must be made strong enough to do without their aid. It is not our object to enter now into elaborate details of the condition of the land in Ireland, but any one, who is not too prejudiced to see the truth, may soon discover for himself the fact that it is really impossible to make the land in Ireland productive, except at the risk of your own or your agent's life. Other tenants can make the farms return ample profit, but your Irish tenant sits down and expects the crops to grow of themselves, and is ready to murder the owner of the land if he objects to the perpetual occupancy by the Irish peasant of the soil, which he is doing his best to convert into a waste as irreclaimable and as useless as himself.

Fearless of the thunders of abuse which the O'Donoghues and the Sullivans, and the host of other persons who are always ready to give away what does not belong to them, we entreat the authorities to act in this case of assassination, and in all other cases of agrarian outrage, with the utmost severity; to listen to no cry for mercy, and to no plea of extenuation, but to teach the fears of the people that such things are dastardly crimes, if they cannot teach their minds or their hearts.

SOMETHING THAT HAS SET THE WHOLE MUSICAL WORLD IN A BLAZE.—The new *pitch*!

## THE WITCHES OF THE WAR OFFICE.

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT (NOT OF PARLIAMENT).

SCENE—A Cavern, kept very dark.

FIRST WITCH.—Round about the cauldron go,  
In the charmed ingredients throw;  
Pay of discontinued clerk;  
Schemes concocted in the dark;  
Rumours of impending Plot;  
Vested int'rests gone to pot;  
Fire burn, and cauldron warm  
This our hell-broth of REFORM.

ALL.—Make the gruel thick with double  
Departmental toil and trouble!

SECOND WITCH.—Cover torn from Book of Blue  
To give colour to our stew;  
Tangle of official tape  
To tie th' pudding into shape;  
Slice of Colonel's sinecure,  
Then the charm is doubly sure.

ALL.—Make the gruel thick with double  
Departmental toil and trouble!

THIRD WITCH.—Estimates cut down one-half;  
Shavings from the gen'ral staff;  
Spoke of Waggon; tear from th' eye  
Of desponding commiss'ry;  
Add cheese-parings, good suggestion,  
To make it easy of digestion;  
Stir into th' envenomed whole  
Essence of half-fledged CONTROL!

ALL.—Make the gruel thick with double  
Departmental toil and trouble!

SONG.

*Red facings and white,  
Blue velvet and gray,  
Mingle, mingle, mingle—  
That's the time o'day!*

Enter MACBETH of the period.

MACBETH.—How now, you secret, dark, War Office wags,  
What is't you do?

FIRST WITCH.—Retrenchment is our game!

MACBETH.—I conjure you by that which you possess  
(How e'er ye mean to do it) answer me:  
Though you untie REFORM, and let it loose  
To tread upon our feelings' tend'rest corns;  
Though, by your mystic power and secret charms,  
You turn "full on" Amalgamation's tap  
To drown Departments: though our aëry castles  
Upon Promotion's head come toppling down;  
Though place-hunters be foiled, and all that is,  
Throughout the Service, be turned inside out  
And jumbled all together, answer me  
To what I ask you.

FIRST WITCH.—Seek to know no more.  
But shut your mouth, and ope your eyes,  
And look out for a grand surprise.  
Come, sisters! cheer we up his sprites,  
By setting ev'rything to rights,  
And charm the air with Liberal sound  
Of Twopence (?) knocked off in the Pound!  
*[Triumphant dance and exeunt.]*

## THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

THE EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET presents his compliments to the EDITOR of the TOMAHAWK, and begs to inform him that he has, during the past week, successfully competed for a Junior Clerkship in the Wafer and Ice Office, Whitehall.

Having now plenty of time upon his hands, THE EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET will send next week a sketch of "The Amateur Clerk," giving a picture of life in a West End Government Office.

## TELEGRAMS FROM THE BACKSTAIRS.

DANISH "Special Correspondents" should certainly be held up before the eyes of journalistic Europe as the most conscientious penny-a-liners of the time. It is not often that they have anything to report which is interesting to the British public, but when an opening presents itself, they fall to with a will. We are not prepared to say what "Our Special Correspondent's" letter may be in which the visit to Copenhagen of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales is described, for as we go to press the Danish mails have not yet arrived; but to judge from the following Reuter's telegram, which appeared last week in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, we may reasonably expect the revelation of the most circumstantial particulars regarding the ways and doings of several august Royal personages.

COPENHAGEN, JAN. 5, 11.22 P.M.

A Court ball is being given this evening in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The ball was opened at a quarter to ten with the "Polonaise," the King dancing with the Princess of Wales, the Prince of Wales with the Queen of Denmark, and the Danish Crown Prince with the Countess Frijs de Frijsenborg.

The English, French, Russian, and Swedish Ministers are among the guests, who number in all about 1,500.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales wears a blue dress, and has on a diadem of brilliants.

We are sorry that shortness of space or some other unavoidable cause should have prevented our contemporary from publishing the telegram in its entirety. We certainly wonder the still later news which we subjoin, at least of equal interest to the general public as the foregoing moiety with which the *Daily Telegraph* has favoured them has not been published.

COPENHAGEN, JAN. 6, 12.30 A.M.

The supper is being announced.

12.45 A.M.

The King and Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales are seated at a raised table, and are partaking of a light repast.

2.15 A.M.

The guests are departing.

2.30 A.M.

The King and Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales are discussing a substantial supper in the private cabinet of His Majesty.

3.45 A.M.

The Royal party are saying "good night."

4 A.M.

The Prince of Wales is smoking his last cigar in the billiard room. The Princess has retired to her apartments and is going to sleep.

4.5 A.M.

The Princess of Wales is asleep. Her Royal Highness is wearing a white head-dress of fine cambric tastefully trimmed with a frill of Valenciennes lace.

We always considered that the great Jenkins family was British to the backbone. After this, however, we shall begin to think that the Jenkinsons are of Danish extraction.

## MR. CHARLES DICKENS AS AN ACTOR.

THERE are so many opinions expressed in public and private as to the requisite instruction or education, instinct or natural turn for acting necessary to histrionic competitors, that it may seem invidious to make a code of what is required before a man can appear on the stage with success; but without laying down the law, it is certain that no man can attain fame as an actor who has not by nature a talent for imitation, and by art and science means to make that talent subservient to his will.

That it is not always a *sine qua non* that an actor should have appeared before the footlights, may be proved to any sceptic who will go to the St. James's Hall and listen to Mr. Charles Dickens's reading of *Oliver Twist*.

Mr. Dickens has now been reading for some seasons, but until Tuesday last (January 5th) had not attempted any selections from his first, and in some points, his most powerful novel. We have no idea of what the great hall holds, but there must have been an audience numbering something nearer three thousand than two, and the great novelist's hold was so powerful over the magnetic chords which bound him to his listeners that the occasional muffled echo of a Christy chorus did not seem to change the current even for those who were nearest the nuisance, which crept up in the most startling passage of the reading, like drunken laughter beneath the chamber of death. Did Mr. Charles Dickens "read," as his programmes announce, this interruption might be disastrous to the effect, but Mr. Dickens does not read—he acts. He knows the passages to be recited by heart—as many of his readers do too—and there, on his stage, with a screen for scenery, and a glass of water to mark the acts, he produces with more or less individuality the several personages of his short drama.

The selection from *Oliver Twist* is a bold one, as it includes the most striking, but certainly the most repulsive, scene in the book—the scene in which Bill Sykes, the burglar, murders his companion, Nancy. This is led up to by the interview between Nancy and Mr. Brownlow, and the denunciation to Sykes by Fagin the Jew.

Now we must say, and that unhesitatingly, we don't like Mr. Dickens's impersonation of Fagin. He gives us a wicked old man, it is true, who lisps, but not a Jew such as Fagin is. Mr. Vincent (of the Olympic), in the character of old Moss in the *Ticket-of-Leave-Man* was Fagin, and perhaps as good a Fagin as could be given, but the Jewish accent was not confined to a lisp. We make this remark simply as it occurs to us, with the greatest admiration for Mr. Charles Dickens's talents and the least for Mr. Vincent's, who seems to have so little claim to versatility that he never undertakes a part of any kind without putting old Moss into it, whatever it may be.

But precluding with our objection to the Jew, and wishing Noah Claypole were left out altogether in the scene with Sykes, we come to the thoroughly artistic treatment of the murder of Nancy and the subsequent flight of Bill Sykes, concluding with the death of his dog in the ditch beneath the swinging corpse of his strangled master.

Those who have read (and who have not?) the episode will remember the description of midnight sounding over the city; and though it may be years since they read *Oliver Twist*, will not have forgotten the horror of that murder in the poor unfortunate's room.

When the novelist himself relates the horrid deed, you see the dismal chamber with its two actors. You see the brutal Sykes, who thinks of nothing but his selfish revenge; you see the wretched girl who has refused to sell him making her hopeless appeals to the savage for mercy.

The awe, the horror, are all there. The very audience seems to participate in the crime; but, like some picture of an odious deed by a Michael Angelo or a Ribera, art is there to redeem the whole, and to make absolutely desirable what in other hands would be simply insupportable.

Mr. Dickens had disappeared from the stage before the picture had left the mind of his listener, the public; and some moments elapsed before the applause burst out in recognition of the consummate art of our social magician.

## ROYAL COURTESY.

WHY is there such a fuss made about Mr. John Bright having been the guest of Her Majesty? It is no very extraordinary occurrence that the President of the Board of Trade, a member of the Government, should be treated civilly by Royalty. The newspapers, however, still drivel about Mr. Bright's visit to Osborne, and seem astounded that the event should have passed off quietly. When anyone is raised to the Peerage we do not usually refuse to realise the fact until we see his lordship walking about the streets in his coronet. We are generally satisfied with the announcement in the *London Gazette*. Surely the distinguished consideration extended to Mr. Bright is but the consequence of his having become a Cabinet Minister nearly a couple of months ago. This we say *apropos* of the Queen asking Mr. Bright, not of Mr. Bright going to the Queen. That's quite a different matter.

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*VOL. III. of the "TOMAHAWK,"*  
*Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.*  
*Order of any Bookseller.*

*Now Ready,*  
*BRITANNIA for January,*  
*Price 1s.*



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

LONDON, JANUARY 16, 1869.

### THE WEEK.

THE Lords of the Treasury have issued a notice that they are willing to buy up all acceptances of clerks in the Civil Service at par. This is something like benevolence.

OWING to the complaints that have appeared in the *Times* on the subject of the late and non-delivery of letters, the office in St. Martin's-le-Grand will change its name to the Paulo-Post Office.

WE hear that thirty clerkships in one of the departments of the Civil Service are to be at once suppressed, in order to enable Mr. Gladstone to carry out his promised scheme of Retrenchment. We confess that to us this sounds like the carrying out of the heroic resolution of Mr. Winkle, who, after announcing that he was going to begin, made a terrific onslaught on two small boys. We have not heard that Mr. Gladstone's passion for economy has urged him to propose the suppression of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, or the Lord Privy Seal, though the nation could do perfectly well without either, and the saving of these two superfluous Cabinet officers would considerably exceed that resulting from the shelving of the thirty poor clerks.

### SWEETS TO THE BITTER.

AN erudite statist has just assured us that Paris spends five million francs, or one million sterling, on bonbons, every year. That they turn acid on the stomachs of their consumers is probable if not certain; and thus the acidulated character of Parisian journalism and dramatic writing is accounted for. Suppose some of our dull contemporaries—for we, of course, are never dull—pay their staff partly in kind; so many guineas say, and so many boxes of sweetmeats. Dramatic authors might be treated similarly; bonbons down before they begin to write, and something more substantial when they send in their

M.S., provided the sugarplums have acted, and they have produced something more than a stolen French plot, a sensation drawn from the gutter, and general directions to the females in the piece not to overdress themselves.

### TALKY-TALKY;

or,

### THE OUTSIDERS A. B. C.

SCENE.—*Anywhere.*

A.—So they are going to alter the site of the New Law Courts after all?

B.—Build them on the mud they call the Thames Embankment? Not the first time Justice will have got herself into dirty water. By the way, that bigamist, Sir Eardley Gideon Culling Eardley, Bart., is really let loose!

C.—Gone to Paris. Probably doing the theatres.

B.—They should have kept him in town, and made him do them here.

A.—He was sentenced with hard labour, then? Yes, *that* would have punished him.

B.—Everything, barring Covent Garden, very bad, isn't it?

C.—*Cyril's Success* capitally played. That's about the best thing out, if it hadn't been so farcey—and in five acts.

A.—Ought to put the "Author of *Caste*" on his metal all the same. I see he's doing something for Sothern.

C.—Thought he was going home—to America? What will the Haymarket do when he's gone?

A.—What the world did when it dropped steering by the *Stars*.

C.—And what's that?

B.—Find something better.

C.—How the *Leader* came out the other day! Good deal of truth in it, but much, *much* too personal.

A.—Hard upon Fechter. Fechter's a monopolist, but he can act.

C.—So can Prince Christian. Says he doesn't want a colonelcy.

A.—What, they are never trying *that* on again! The public would never stand it.

C.—The public have stood Park lane, dirty cabs, the Board of Works, Disraeli, hotel prices, Dr. Kahn, London milk, and an empty Court. The public will stand anything.

B.—What will come of this Primogeniture row? By the way, that reminds me—have you seen the good thing the *Times* said about it?

A.—No.

B.—Nor anybody else.

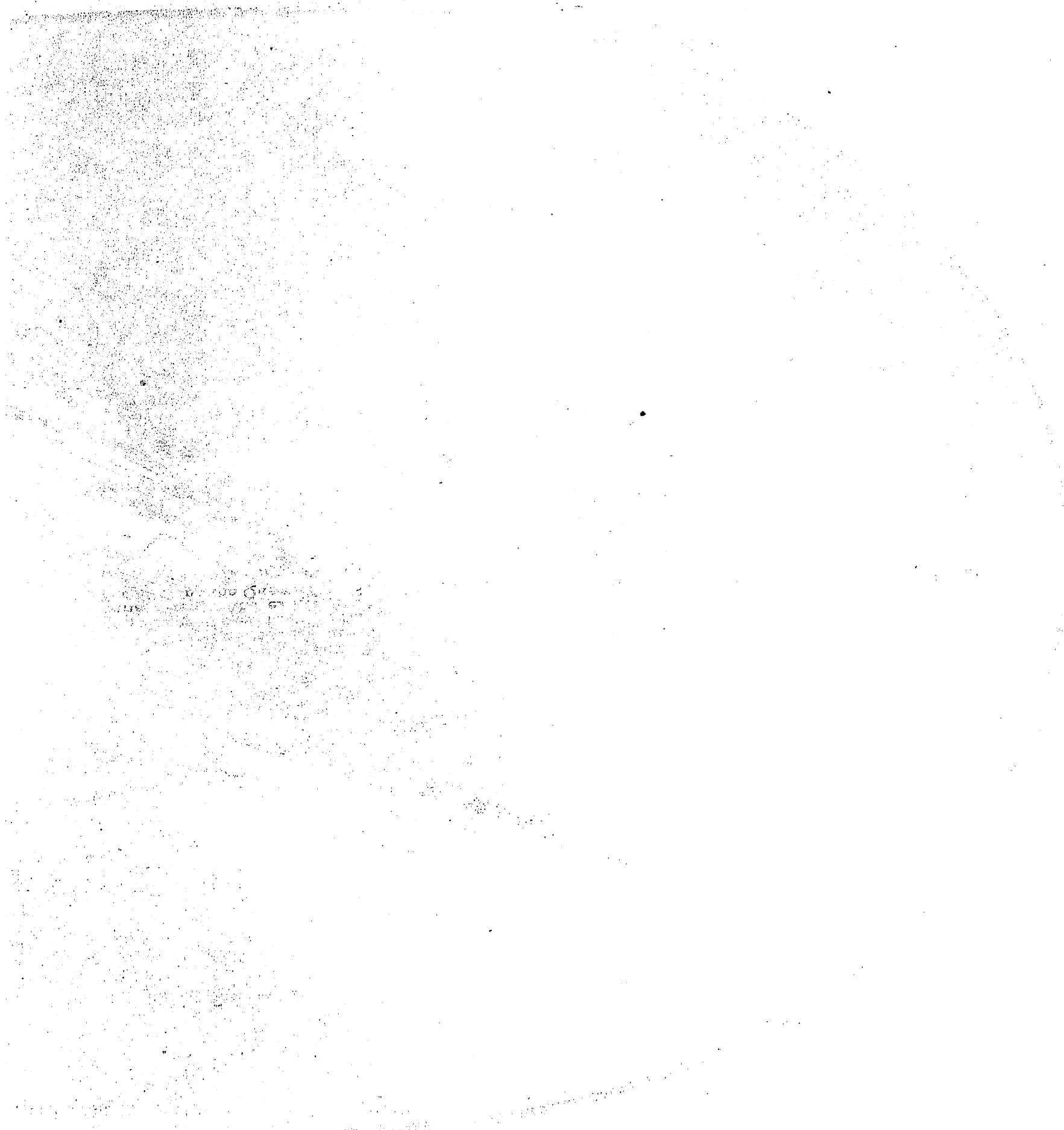
### THE "SPECTATOR" ON THE RAMPAGE.

MR. GLADSTONE recently drew a very proper distinction between "Womanly" and "Womanish," and one of his most slavish admirers, the *Spectator*, seems anxious to give us, in its own columns, an illustration of the difference. Accordingly, it shrieks and tears its hair because Greece is not to be allowed to violate the laws of nations. Such a violation, it exclaims, ought to be permitted because "the Athenians risked Marathon"—the English is the *Spectator's*, not ours—and because she is still "just as small as when she hurled Asia back from Europe." As for Greece not paying its debt, that, it appears, is of no consequence. Give it Thessaly and Epirus, and the debts will be paid; and so on. Now we are compelled to tell our contemporary frankly that this is not only nonsense, but "womanish" nonsense. It is lamentable to meet such silly rubbish in a sixpenny weekly. What worse froth ever appeared in a penny daily? The *Spectator* must really write more reasonably and with more manly propriety, if it is not to become the organ of political lunatics and scolds.

### IN OUR NEXT.

*Bores, Brutes, and Small Fry*, by the Author of *Birds, Beasts, and Fishes*.

*Queer Coves at Home*, by the Author of *Odd Man Out*.





THE TOMAHAWK. January 16, 1869



SAILING TO DESTRUCTION!  
OR,  
YOUNG SPAIN ON HIS TRAVELS.







**SMASHING THE MIRROR.**

NOTICE.—Will be held shortly at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, or at some other equally classic and appropriate spot,

A GRAND LEGITIMATE DRAMATIC GALA  
AND FETE,

In celebration of the Complete and Final Triumph of  
**SENSATIONALISM,**

The Programme of which has been carefully drawn up by a  
Committee of

LEADING STARS,

Who, from feelings of modesty, will, on this occasion only, direct the proceedings enveloped in their own posters. The Entertainment will commence with a Seven-Act Sketch, preceded by two Prologues, compiled by

FIVE POPULAR AUTHORS AND A PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY,  
And entitled

**THE STARK MAD DANE**

(ORIGINAL).

In which a Ghost will appear on Stilts and carry about his own Lime Light.

Principal characters:—

HAMLET (*by desire*).....Herr BOSJONI (the celebrated Arabian contortionist).

POLONIUS (*without a net*) the renowned American Spider Man Monkey, who will introduce his great tail and spine breaking feat, as performed with immense relish and applause before their Majesties the Emperors of Russia, Austria, France, the ex-King of Spain, the King of Dahomey, and the Queen of the Sandwich Islands.

OPHELIA .....Who will be kindly undertaken by the Kiralfi Family (five in number)

AND

THE GHOST (*his first appearance*) Signor SMITH (who will wear eighteen-foot stilts, without straps or handles, turn five double back somersaults in the air, and conclude the last by coming down *on his head* on real paving stones, after a fall of five-and-thirty feet from the very summit of the battlements).

After which a Scene from

**THE HERO OF ROMANCE!**

After which another from the

**YELLOW PASSPORT!!**

After which the Gorilla Family will go through their  
ELEGANT DRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENT,

Introducing, the audience permitting,

A beautiful effect of Flying Basins, Carving Knives and Children of five years old, and a Shovel full of Red Hot Coals.

After which

The Ninth Act of an entirely New and Original Sensation  
Drama, written expressly for the Fête by

A VERY POPULAR AUTHOR INDEED,

And entitled

**THE CADS OF EUROPE!**

That nothing may be wanting to ensure the success of this great literary work, arrangements have been entered into with an enterprising Railway Company, and a Bill is now before Parliament for the purpose of bringing a line directly through the second entrances.

A REAL COLLISION!

will therefore be one of the striking features of the piece, in which

All the Horrors attend upon the Fearful Scene  
will be given with painful and lifelike reality.

It may be further stated that no character will appear on the stage that has not at one time or another in the action of the piece to

JUMP EIGHTEEN FEET.

While the principal rôle will be entrusted to the care of a  
Committee of Gymnasts,

presided over by Herr JONES,

THE SOUTH AFRICAN SINEW KING,  
who will also introduce *his* marvellous stout bottle and brain trick, while glued by his eyelashes (no net) to an aluminium wire, suspended nearly

EIGHTY FEET ABOVE THE FOOTLIGHTS,  
exactly as performed for

500 Consecutive Nights before

H. R. H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN  
and all the other principal Monarchs of Europe.

The whole to conclude with the literally Screaming Farce of  
**WHO LET HIM OUT?**

In which, by special arrangement with the GOVERNORS OF  
BEDLAM,

A REAL AND DANGEROUS MANIAC  
will make his first appearance on any stage, armed with

A REAL TOMAHAWK,  
specially sharpened at 199 Strand for this occasion, and supported, whether they like it or not, by a powerful company composed of all the

LEADING MANAGERS, ACTORS, AND AUTHORS  
who have promoted

SENSATIONALISM,  
and in so doing added so materially

To the Modern Glories of the British Drama.

The proceeds of this entertainment to be devoted to the raising of a gigantic memorial to commemorate the introduction of

THE LIME LIGHT INTO EUROPE.

All subscriptions to be paid to the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. Romer.

VIVAT REGINA!

**FRENCH OF STRATFORD-ATTE-BOWE.**

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* being disappointed, probably, in a more serious article, which perhaps arrived late, or not at all, inserted what might be called an *article de saison* on sugar-plums generally, and *bonbons* in particular, a few evenings ago.

Unfortunately, the writer probably knew little more about his subject than what he might have collected from occasionally visiting Boissier's, in Paris, or Duclos', in Oxford street, to purchase half a pound of sweet indigestion for his children at Christmas, or for an occasional ball in the season.

Straightway down swoop the Argus-eyed correspondents and set him right (more or less) about this and that and the other sweet, respecting which he had so lamentably gone wrong.

He ought to know, if he ever tasted them, that—

*Marons glacés* are chestnuts boiled in sugar to glazing point—if we may so express ourselves—and—

*Cérises praliniées* are dried cherries stuffed with burnt almonds. We give this information gratis, and will, moreover, if required, give the recipes for making the same; but as we have not opened this article to set the *Pall Mall* right, we will at once give tongue on our quarry, the *Court Journal*.

It is extraordinary that a journal supposed to be taken in by the select circles of fashionable life, and read by those who are from their position enjoying the presumable advantages of education, should, week after week, appear, with nine out of ten words of French mis-spelt, and often so mangled as to be nearly incomprehensible.

It is very easy to put the fault on the back of the reader or the compositor. If the writer takes trouble to spell words of any foreign language in such a way, letter by letter, that no



doubt can be entertained as to the orthography, the fault need never be in the mechanical department of a paper. We might suggest that the charming style of writing indulged in by the *Court Journal* points to the reason why these mistakes are of such frequent occurrence; but if we were to criticise the paper as a literary product, we should not have space in these columns to do it justice.

We only hope that more faith is to be put in the backstairs correspondence of this estimable journal than in the notices of the Parisian drama; for, a week or two ago, we read a notice of the successful performances of a piece called *Le Roi d'Amantibou* (we give the spelling correctly, which of course the *C. J.* did not do), which we ourselves saw hissed off the stage at the Palais Royal Theatre on its fourth and last appearance at least a month before the notice appeared of which we complain, in the interest of such as may be in the habit of priming themselves with small talk from the columns in question.

*Court Journal, Court Journal*, you are clever and amusing, but do purchase a French Dictionary before you again-launch out into Parisian news.

### THE RULING PASSION.

THE passion for public amusement, or, in other words for excitement, has waxed to such a pitch that there is no sacrifice the bulk of the community will not make in order to obtain it. The other night a woman took a child in arms—her own—to a well-known theatre, and, as a matter of course, got so keenly interested in the blue fire, bad puns, and all but naked limbs of her own sex, which now form the staple attractions of places of entertainment, that she forgot all about the poor little mite of humanity under her shawl. At last—when the curtain fell, we presume, at the end of one of the acts—she remembered its existence, and just gave a look to see how it was getting on. It was dead. She had smothered it. We heard a good deal, a short time ago, about Belgravian mothers, and their delegating the charge of their offsprings to the tender care of Susans and amorous life guardsmen. Belgravia, however, is by no means singular in subordinating its duties to its pleasures. Rousseau, long ago, said that a corrupted people cannot possibly get on without romances, or large cities without theatrical spectacles; but it is horrifying to find that what we call civilization is making such very rapid strides that it is positively destroying rude maternal instincts. Since mothers encumbered with babies no longer seem equal to the once simple task of discovering what is due from them, suppose the legislature passes an act forbidding their admission to places of amusement under such circumstances? We are quite willing that analogous checks shall apply to Belgravia, if legislature be feasible in that quarter.

### DON'T GO TO BATH!

It will be remembered that about a year ago the Board of Guardians at Bath shamefully misbehaved themselves *apropos* of their Workhouse children. They promised the poor little wretches a visit to the local pantomime, and when said wretches had arrived at the door of the theatre turned them back with the gift of a bun worth a halfpenny, and a sermon of much smaller value! This year they have behaved with even greater shabbiness, as the following cutting, extracted from a Bath paper, will amply demonstrate:—

BATH BOARD OF GUARDIANS.—At the meeting yesterday, Mr. S. E. Day, one of the vice-presidents, was in the chair, and there was a numerous attendance of guardians.—The Clerk read a letter from Mr. N. A. Hunt, offering to give an entertainment of legerdemain and magic to the inmates of the Workhouse.—Mr. W. Green was of opinion that it was not right that the occupants of the Workhouse should be provided with entertainments. The children to the number of 130 had been allowed to go to the Theatre to see the Pantomime (a treat the children of the hard-working poor, many of whom paid rates, would not be indulged in) and now here was an offer to exhibit feats of magic for the amusement of the paupers in the Workhouse. *The Workhouse was a place for the reception of persons whose character was so bad that the Board would not give them out-door relief, and he asked was it right that amusement should be provided for such persons, seeing that the honest poor had to do without them?* He moved "That the thanks of the Board be

conveyed to Mr. Hunt for his kind offer, which the Board think it inexpedient to accept."—Mr. Venables seconded the motion.—The Chairman said that the children in the house were there from no fault of their own, and he did not see that any harm would result from their being allowed to enjoy the entertainment Mr. Hunt offered to provide. At the same time he thought it would not be well that the entertainment should be seen by all the idle rogues in the house.—In answer to Mr. White the Clerk said there were precedents for the entertainment being allowed.—Mr. Barter thought it quite right and proper that the little children should be allowed to witness the entertainment, and he moved an amendment to that effect.—Mr. I. Carr seconded the amendment, but on being put to the vote it was lost by a majority of three.

The above report carries with it its own commentary. Did we not know that Bath was a clean place we should feel half inclined to dub some of its inhabitants—"Black Guardians."

### MR. BRIGHT AMONG HIS OWN PEOPLE.

MR. BRIGHT has been proving the extreme accuracy of the parallel he lately drew between himself and the scriptural character who preferred to dwell among her own people. He has been backwards and forwards between London—its fashionable quarter, that is not the East-end—and Osborne, and varying his attendance on Her Majesty with visits to his noble colleagues though we have not heard of him as speaking at Quaker meetings, or even at Rochdale or Birmingham. TOMAHAWK would be the last person in the world to question the propriety of visits paid to the Sovereign, or to enquire who are a man's favourite hosts, unless there were some very special and public reasons for doing so. Reasons enough, however, there surely are in the case of a person who, without the slightest excuse or justification, rebuked Mr. Disraeli for "servility," and has made such a parade of wishing to imitate the Shunamite woman. Very likely Mr. Bright has by this almost begun to think that Crowned Head and Peers are "his own people." It is amazing how rapidly demagogues develop aristocratic instincts under aristocratic treatment.

### DOUBLE AGROSTIC.

THE festive bird which at this season  
Is eaten more for rhyme than reason,  
With ruffled plumes now stands at bay,  
And dares his neighbour to the fray—  
His wrath we scarce can wonder at,  
He's been so pestered late with fat,  
Against the name he must rebel,  
And loathe of grease the very smell.

1.  
When to this the foes shall come,  
Then War will hold his kettledrum.

2.  
This is a cave to which 'tis meet  
That none but cowards should retreat.

3.  
What this word means one of the two knows well,  
As many victims of Greek Fire can tell.

4.  
Of this some skins shall show full many a score—  
Many behind, and perhaps some few before.

5.  
And when from weariness they've ceased to fight,  
Some modern Homer this, perchance, shall write.

6.  
Of Russian leather, this will soon be made,  
And not of Turkey carpets, I'm afraid.

ERRATUM.—From some mistaken motive of delicacy, and out of an over-chivalrous consideration for the feelings of others we could not bring ourselves to print the real answer to the Enigma in our 87th number, which is "Indigestion," not as euphemistically expressed, "Overloading."



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"AT REST!"  
"HUNG TO THE STAKE!"  
"BREAK HER UP!"  
"BY THE SEA!"  
"DROPPED TO THE ARENA!"  
"DIGGING HIS OWN GRAVE!"

"DON'T DESERT ME!"  
"FINIS CORONAT OPUS!"  
"IN BAD HANDS!"  
"LAST OF THE BOURBONS!"  
"MORITURI TE SALUTANT, CÆSAR!"  
"NOT FOR JO" (HN STUART MILL)!  
"ON THE VERGE!"  
"PARADISE LOST!"  
"PEACE!"

"RACING THE TIDE!"  
"ROUGH" GULLIVER IN THE TOILS!  
"RUNNING INTO DANGER!"  
"SERMONS AND SERMONS!"  
"SOWING TARES!"  
"SPIDER AND THE FLIES! THE  
"THE EMPIRE IS WAR!"  
"WHICH WILL IT BE?"

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# THE TOMAHAWK ALMANACK

FOR

## 1869.

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DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager,  
Mr. F. B. Chatterton.—Morning performance of the  
Grand Pantomime every Wednesday and Saturday  
during the Christmas Holidays. Monday and during  
the week will be performed the farce of MY WIFE'S  
OUT. To be followed by the Great Christmas Panto-  
mime, entitled GRIMALDIN THE GREAT, or,  
Harlequin Fuss in Boots, and the Miller's Sons. With  
new and magnificent scenery by William Beverley.  
Characters in the opening by the entire strength of the  
company. In the Harlequinade a double troupe of  
Pantomimists, and combining the grandest stage effects  
of any Pantomime ever produced at this Theatre.—  
Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling.—Doors open  
at half-past six; commence at seven o'clock. Box-  
office open from Ten till Five daily.

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MR. J. L. TOOLE at 7 o'clock.

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EXHIBITION, Baker street.—A Life-size  
PORTRAIT MODEL of MADAME RACHEE  
is now added. All the Kings and Queens of  
England, American Celebrities, &c. Open from Eleven  
in the morning till dusk, and from Seven till Ten p.m.  
Admission 1s. Children under ten years of age, 6d.  
Extra rooms, 6d.

**NATIONAL ASSEMBLY**  
ROOMS, 218 High Holborn.—The Most  
Spacious and Brilliantly decorated Ball Room, and  
the Best Band in London.—Open for Concert and  
Dancing Every Evening. Musical Director, Mr.  
W. M. Packer. Open at Half-past Eight; Close at  
Twelve. Admission throughout, One shilling.

**THE LONDON PAVILION.**  
—BRILLIANT SUCCESS OF THE  
MONSTRE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.  
The extraordinary and unequalled holiday bill of fare  
has been productive of the most intense excitement.  
The astounding performance of CARL, the great  
sensationalist, has literally astonished the audience.  
The marvellous feats of the renowned AVOLLO also  
occasion the most thrilling effects, whilst the wondrous  
Pills Family continue to exhibit extraordinary talent.  
The great Arthur Lloyd, Geo. Leybourne, Liskard, &c.

**THE ONLY ORIGINAL**  
CHRISTY MINSTRELS, St. James's Hall,  
Piccadilly.—All the year round. Every evening at 8;  
Wednesday, and Saturday, 3 and 8. The company  
now comprises thirty-five performers, including all the  
surviving members who originally created the reputa-  
tion of the troupe when it first appeared here in 1857.  
No other company of Minstrels in existence possesses  
a single individual member of the original company.

*The Christy Minstrels never perform  
out of London.*

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HOLBORN.—Proprietor, Mr. J. S. SWASEY  
(late WESTON). Everybody in London should pay a  
visit to this establishment and see the Monstre Chris-  
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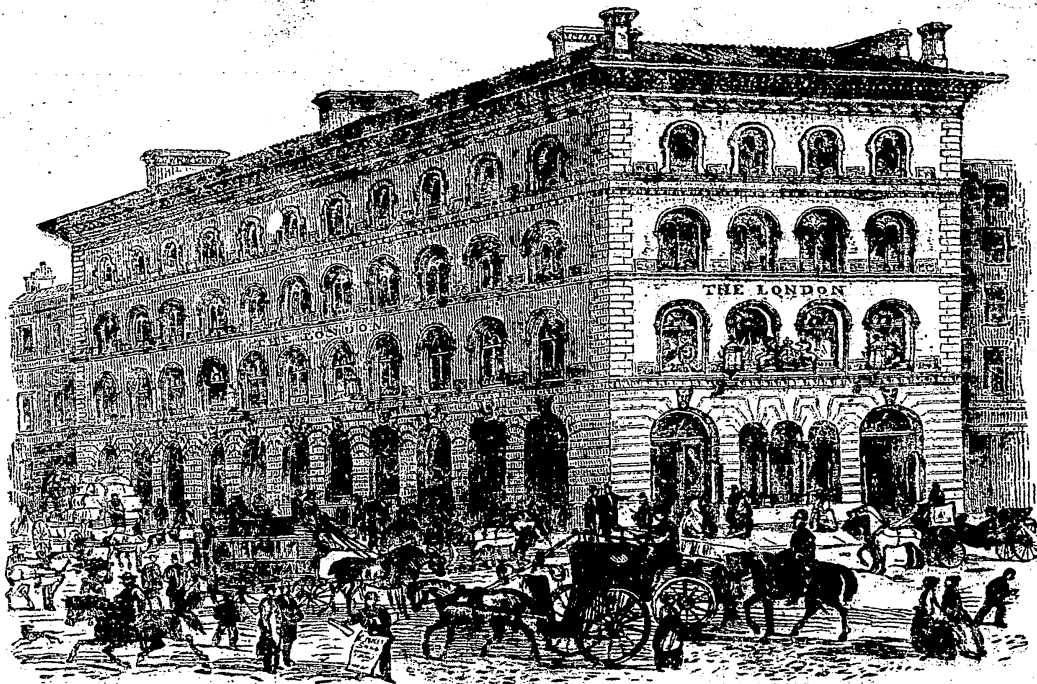
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