

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 99, December 27, 1890 eBook

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Page 1

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PUNCH,

Or the London charivari.

Vol. 99.

December 27, 1890.

[Illustration: 'Dressed-Crab']

* * * * *

Our booking-office.

The origin of the phrase, *Le Coup de Jarnac*, is interesting, and the story is well told by Mr. MACDOWALL in *Mac_millan's Magazine_*. Good, this, for "The Two Macs."

[Illustration]

In *The Argosy*, edited by Mr. *Charles Wood*, there are two good most seasonable Ghost Stories, by *Charles W. Wood*, the "Rev. F.O.W." The first is not new, as there is a similar legend attached to several old Manor Houses, one of a Sussex Family House, the Baron had first-hand, from a witness on the premises. It lacked corroboration at the time, and is likely to do so.

The Letters passing between a fine young English Cantab, "all of the modern style," and his family at home, are uncommonly amusing. *Harry Fludyer at Cambridge* is the title of

the book, published by CHATTO and Windus. Well, to quote the ancient witticism in vogue *tempore EDOUARDI RECTI et DON PAOLO BEDFORDI* (the great Adelphoi, or rather the great “Fill-Adelphians,” as they were once called), “Things is werry much as they used to was” at Cambridge, and University life of to-day differs very little from that of yesterday, or the day before, or the day before that. “*Haec olim meminisse juvabit*,” when, half a century hence, the rollicking author of these letters—which, by the way, first appeared in *The Granta*—is telling his *Minimus* what “a dog,” he, the writer, was, and what “a day he used to have,” in the merry time that’s past and gone. “His health and book!” quoth the Baron.

A more muddle-headed story than *The Missing Member* I have not read for some considerable time.

The Baron sends *Hachette & CIE.’S “Mon Premier Alphabet,”* and the moral tale of “*Mlle. Marie Sans-souci*,” up to the nursery where they will be much appreciated by the little Barons.

“LETT’s get a Diary,” quoth a Barren Jester, not *the* Baron DE B.W., who, had it not been Christmas time, would have expelled the witty youth. “No joke, if you please,” quoth he, “about LETTS’s Diaries. We may advertise these useful and hardy annuals in canine Latin and say, ‘*Libera nos!*’ i.e., Letts out!”

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BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

*P.S. I have it on the best authority that Mrs. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, Author of *The Secret of the Princess; a Tale of Country, Camp, Court, Convict, and Cloister Life in Russia*, is about to produce a highly sensational work, entitled *The Bargain of the Barmaid; a Story of Claret, Cheese, Coffee, Cognac, and Cigar Life in London*.*

* * * * *

CINDERELLA; FIN DE SIECLE.

(A FAIRY TALE FOR CHRISTMAS.)

The Lady Help was busy at her domestic duties when her Godmother knocked at the kitchen-door, and entered.

"Alas, poor CINDERELLA!" said the Fairy, in a compassionate tone, "and so your stepmother and sisters have gone to the Prince's ball, and left you to cleanse the pots and pans?"

"Thank you," returned her God-daughter; "I am perfectly well satisfied to be left with my books. As a matter of fact, dances bore me."

And she carelessly glanced at some mathematical works that she had used when cramming for the Senior Wranglership.

"Nonsense, my dear," responded the well-intentioned Fairy, "Get me a pumpkin, some mice—"

"Quite out of date," interrupted CINDERELLA. "I presume you intend to turn the pumpkin into a great coach, and so forth. Eh?"

"Well," admitted the Fairy, taken aback, "ye-es."

"Quite so. Believe me, the idea is distinctly old-fashioned. Pray understand, I don't say you can't do it. Nowadays, with EDISON and KOCH, it would be dangerous to suggest that anything was impossible. No, I merely object to travel in a conveyance that will naturally be redolent of the odours of the kitchen garden, and to be driven by a coachman derived from a rodent."

"But this objection is contrary to precedent," urged the Fairy. "You ought to express unbounded delight, and then depart in your carriage with the greatest *éclat* possible."



"You are most kind, but, if I am to do anything of *that* sort, I would prefer leaving the matter in the hands of Mr. Sheriff AUGUSTUS HARRIS who thoroughly understands the entire business."

"It seems to me," said the Fairy, "you are very ungrateful. But surely you want a magnificent costume?"

"Thanks, no; I get everything from Paris."

"And you think of the feelings of your *modiste*, and ignore those of your poor old (but well-preserved) Godmother!" And the Fairy was nearly moved to tears.

"Oh, I did not mean to pain you!" exclaimed CINDERELLA. "Stay, my dear Lady, do you believe in hypnotism? No? Well, I do, and exercise it. Pardon me!"

And as she made a few passes, the Fairy sank into a mesmeric trance. Then, CINDERELLA desired that her Godmother should imagine that she had been the heroine of a Fairy Story.

"Dear me," cried the now-satisfied dame, as she regained consciousness; "and so you went to the ball, lost your slipper, and married the Prince?"

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"That was the impression I wished to convey to you. And now, my dear, good Lady, I am afraid I must ask you to leave me."

And as the Fairy disappeared, CINDERELLA resumed her self-imposed tasks of making an omelette and squaring the circle.

* * * * *

RE-"MARKS."—New Legal Measure, "One Gill more than equal to Several Legal Pints."
[Formula, 1 Gill = 1 + x pints.]

* * * * *

[Illustration: Sir Charles Russell troubled by a Pair of Gills.]

Mr. GILL objected to Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's yawning in Court; but he forgot that a Queen's Counsel of Sir CHARLES's standing and reputation has a right to "open his mouth" pretty wide.

* * * * *

THE KNELL OF HOME RULE.—Par-nell.

* * * * *

[Illustration: A PARLIAMENTARY PANTOMIME OPENING.

(*Seasonable Suggestion to Augustus Druriolanus.*)]

* * * * *

BETWEEN THE LEAVES;

OR, HOW TO LET IN THE ADVERTISERS NEATLY.

CHAPTER LXVII.

The fair girl stepped lightly into the room, and, having daintily removed the dust from her feet by wiping them on one of BIGLOW AND SONS' Patent Crocodile Matting Rugs (delivered carriage free within a radius of twelve miles of their establishment at Ludgate Circus) that was placed before the door, gave a hasty glance round the apartment. She saw at ones from the octagonal ebonised table three feet six, by two feet five inches, the afternoon lounge couch (as advertised), the gent's easy shake-down chair, ladies ditto, and half dozen occasional chairs, all upholstered in rich material in Messrs.

MULGRAVE & Co. of 170, Walbrook, City, E.C.'s best style, that a refined taste inspired by a wholesome economy had been exercised in the furnishing of the apartment, and she turned to the old Duke with a grateful nod of recognition.

"What," he asked, in a feeble voice, "is it my own ANGELICA? Surely it is! Come, my child, let me look at you?" He turned up the burner of a BOYCOTLE's Patent Incandescent Gas Lamp (price 13s. 9d. with full paper of instructions complete), and as he stood erect in his rich calico-lined fox-fur dressing-gown (supplied in three qualities by BROHAM & Co, with a discount of 15 per cent. for cash), he looked, every foot of him, a worthy scion of that ancient family of which he was the last living representative. "Let me look at you," he again repeated, drawing his neatly-dressed granddaughter more fully into the light before him. As it fell upon the graceful curves of her lissom figure, it was easy to perceive that she was wearing one of Madame BEAUMONT's celebrated Porcupine Quill Corsets, which lent a wonderful finish to a two-guinea tailor-made gingham cloth "Gem" costume, braided with best silk (horn buttons included), which showed off her young form to such advantage.

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He would have added more, but a sudden pallor stole over his complexion, and he reeled towards a chair.

In an instant the bright girl was on her knees at his side. “Dear Grandfather, you are faint!” she cried, an expression of alarm suffusing her beautiful features.

The Duke pointed to a small table—“My Liquid Pork!” he gasped. “Ah! of course!” was her quick response, as she bounded across the room, and returned with an eleven-and-sixpenny bottle of “BOLKIN’s Liquid Pork, or, the Emaciated Invalid’s Hog-wash”—a stimulating, flesh-creating, life-sustaining food; sold in bottles at 1s. 11/2d., 2s. 9d., 5s. 7d., and 11s. 6d.,—of which she quickly poured out half a tumbler, and raised it to the quivering lips of the staggering old nobleman by her side. “How foolish of me not to have thought of this before!” she continued, replenishing the glass, which he emptied in feverish haste.

“I save threepence-halfpenny in a sovereign,” he went on, a wicked twinkle kindling in his eye as he spoke, “by taking the eleven-and-sixpenny size—and that *is* a consideration, my dear. If you don’t think so now, with all your young life before you, you will when you come to be my age!”

[Illustration]

He sank back in his arm-chair as he spoke, apparently about to deliver himself to the calm delights of a retrospective *reverie*. But he was not destined to enjoy it. At that moment a whiff of stifling smoke, quite choking in its intensity, forced itself under the door. In another moment the matter was soon explained. With a wild rush the butler burst into the room.

“Fly, your Grace, for your life!” he cried; “the place is on fire!”

A blaze of flame that followed the terrified menial into the room, only too truly corroborated his statement. In a another moment the fire had seized hold of the new furniture, and in greedy fury, as if it were some demon spirit, licked the walls with great tongues of flame.

“In the cupboard, my dear,” said the Duke, the proud blood of his race coming to his aid in a perfect and commanding coolness in the face of the terrible danger that faced him, “you will find three cans of JOBSON’s Patent Fire Annihilating Essence. It is advertised as infallible. Give one to the butler, take one yourself, and give the third to me. This appears to be a good opportunity for testing its efficacy.”

The quick bright girl instantly obeyed his injunction. The cans were distributed, and opened. A colourless gas was liberated. In a few seconds the flames were entirely quenched.

“Ah!” said the old Duke, flinging himself back into his armchair with a sigh of relief. “And now, ANGELICA, my dear, you can tell me why you came to see me!”

* * * * *

[Illustration: A FAIR WARNING.

“DADDY, I WANT YOU TO GIVE ME FIVE SHILLINGS A WEEK POCKET-MONEY!”

“I COULDN’T DO IT, MY LITTLE CHAP. IT’S TOO MUCH!”

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"WELL, I MUST HAVE IT. IF YOU WON'T, I SHALL GO AND BET!"

* * * * *

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

(TO BE REPRESENTED DURING THE PERFORMANCE OF THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.)

SCENE—*Interior of Private Box. Grandfather and Grandchildren discovered listening to the Overture. Father and Mother in attendance.*

Grandfather. Yes, my dears, I am glad to say that the afterpart is *not* to be discontinued. You are to see the Clown, and the Pantaloon, and the Columbine, and the Harlequin.

[Illustration: Peg-Top after seeing a Pantomime.]

Chorus of Grandchildren. Oh! Oh, won't that be delicious!

Grandfather. Yes, my dears, you will see the regular old-fashioned comic business that used to delight *me* when *I* was a boy. I remember when I was about your age, my dears, seeing TOM MATHEWS, and it was so amusing. He used to sing a song—

Chorus (interrupting as the Curtain rises). Hush, Grandpa! it's going to begin! (*The party subside, and direct their attention to twenty sets or so of the most magnificent scenery, illustrated by gorgeous Processions. The hands of the clock revolve, leaving Eight and reaching Eleven, when Grand Transformation takes place, amidst various coloured fires. Then enter Old Christmas Clown.*)

Old Christmas Clown. Here we are again! How are you to-morrow?

Chorus of Children. Oh, we are so tired! And we have heard that before!

Mother. And I am afraid we shall miss our train.

Father. And the roads are so bad!

Grandfather. Well, well, perhaps we had better go; but in my time we all used to enjoy it so much. (*Aside.*) And perhaps, after all, the red-hot poker business *is* rather stale at the end of the Nineteenth Century!

[*Exeunt the Party, plus five-sixths of the Audience.*]

* * * * *

VOCES POPULI.

A CHRISTMAS ROMP.

SCENE—*Mrs. CHIPPERFIELD's Drawing-room. It is after the Christmas dinner, and the Gentlemen have not yet appeared. Mrs. C. is laboriously attempting to be gracious to her Brother's Fiancee, whose acquaintance she has made for the first time, and with whom she is disappointed. Married Sisters and Maiden Aunts confer in corners with a sleepy acidity.*

First Married Sister (to Second). I felt quite sorry for FRED, to see him sitting there, looking—and no wonder—so ashamed of himself—but I always will say, and I always *must* say, CAROLINE, that if you and ROBERT had been *firmer* with him when he was younger, he would never have turned out so badly! Now, there's my GEORGE—&c., &c.

[Illustration]

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Mrs. C. (to the Fiancee). Well, my dear, I don't approve of young men getting engaged until they have some prospects of being able to marry, and dear ALGY was always my favourite brother, and I've seen so much misery from long engagements. However, we must hope for the best, that's all!

A Maiden Aunt (to Second Ditto). Exactly what struck *me*, MARTHA. *One* waiter would have been quite sufficient, and if JAMES *must* be grand and give champagne, he might have given us a little *more* of it; I'm sure I'd little more than foam in *my* glass! And every plate as cold as a stone, and you and I the only people who were not considered worthy of silver forks, and the children encouraged to behave as they please, and JOSEPH PODMORE made such a fuss with, because he's well off—and not enough sweetbread to go the round. Ah, well, thank goodness, we needn't dine here for another year!

Mr. Chipperfield (at the door). Sorry to cut you short in your cigar, Uncle, and you LIMPETT; but fact is, being Christmas night, I thought we'd come up a little sooner and all have a bit of a romp.... Well, EMILY, my dear, here we are, all of us—ready for anything in the way of a frolic—what's it to be? Forfeits, games, Puss in the Corner, something to cheer us all up, eh? Won't anyone make a suggestion? [*General expression of gloomy blankness.*]

Algernon (to his Fiancee—whom he wants to see shine). ZEFFIE, you know no end of games—what's that one you played at home, with potatoes and a salt-spoon, *you* know?

Zeffie (blushing). No, *please*, ALGY! I don't know *any* games, indeed, I couldn't, *really*!

Mr. C. Uncle JOSEPH will set us going, I'm sure—what do *you* say, Uncle?

Uncle Joseph. Well, I won't say “no” to a quiet rubber.

Mrs. C. But, you see, we can't *all* play in that, and there *is* a pack of cards in the house somewhere; but I know two of the aces are gone, and I don't think all the court cards were there the last time we played. Still, if you can manage with what is left, we might get up a game for you.

Uncle J. (grimly). Thank you, my dear, but, on the whole, I think I would almost rather romp—

Mr. C. Uncle JOSEPH votes for romping! What do you say to Dumb Crambo? Great fun—half of us go out, and come in on all-fours, to rhyme to “cat,” or “bat,” or something—you can play that, LIMPETT?

Mr. Limpett. If I *must* find a rhyme to cat, I prefer, so soon after dinner, not to go on all-fours for it, I confess.

Mr. C. Well, let's have something quieter, then—only *do* settle. Musical Chairs, eh?

Algy. ZEFFIE will play the piano for you—she plays beautifully.

Zeffie. Not without notes, ALGY, and I forgot to bring my music with me. Shall we play “Consequences”? It's a very quiet game—you play it sitting down, with paper and pencil, you know!

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Mr. Limpett (sardonically, and sotto voce). Ah, this is something *like* a rollick now. “Consequences,” eh?

Algy (who has overheard—in a savage undertone). If that isn’t good enough for you, suggest something better—or shut up!

[Mr. L. prefers the latter alternative.]

Mr. C. Now, then, have you given everybody a piece of paper, EMILY? CAROLINE, you’re going to play—we can’t leave *you* out of it.

Aunt Caroline. No, JAMES, I’d rather look on, and see you all enjoying yourselves—I’ve *no* animal spirits now!

Mr. C. Oh, nonsense! Christmas-time, you know. Let’s be jolly while we can—give her a pencil, EMILY!

Aunt C. No, I can’t, really. You must excuse me. I know I’m a wet blanket; but, when I think that I mayn’t be with you another Christmas, we may *most* of us be dead by then, why—*(sobs)*.

Fred (the Family Failure). That’s right, Mater—trust you to see a humorous side to everything!

Another Aunt. For shame, FRED! If you don’t know who is responsible for your poor mother’s low spirits, others do!

[The Family Failure collapses.]

Mr. Limpett. Well, as we’ve all got pencils, is there any reason why the revelry should not commence?

Mr. C. No—don’t let’s waste any more time. Miss ZEFFIE says she will write down on the top of her paper “Who met whom” (must be a Lady and Gentleman in the party, you know), then she folds it down, and passes it on to the next, who writes, “What he said to her”—the next, “What she said to him”—next, “What the consequences were,” and the last, “What the world said.” Capital game—first-rate. Now, then!

[The whole party pass papers in silence from one to another, and scribble industriously with knitted brows.]

Mr. C. Time’s up, all of you. I’ll read the first paper aloud. *(Glances at it, and explodes.)* He-he!—this is really very funny. *(Reads.)* “Uncle JOSEPH met Aunt CAROLINE at the —ho—ho!—the Empire! He said to her, ‘*What are the wild waves saying?*’ and she said to him, ‘It’s time you were taken away!’ The consequences were that they both went and

had their hair out, and the world said they had always suspected there was something between them!"

Uncle J. I consider that a piece of confounded impertinence!

[Puffs.

Aunt C. It's not true. I *never* met JOSEPH at the Empire. I don't go to such places. I *didn't* think I should be insulted like this—(*Weeps.*)—on Christmas too!

Aunts' Chorus. FRED *again!*

[They regard Family Failure indignantly.

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Mr. C. There, then, it was all fun—no harm meant. I'll read the next. "Mr. LIMPETT met Miss ZEFFIE in the Burlington Arcade. He said to her, 'O, you little duck!' She said to him, 'Fowls are cheap to-day!' The consequences were that they never smiled again, and the world said, 'What price hot potatoes?'" (*Everybody looks depressed.*) H'm—not bad—but I think we'll play something else now. [*ZEFFIE perceives that ALGY is not pleased with her.*]

Tommy. (*To Uncle JOSEPH.*) Uncle, why didn't *you* carve at dinner?

Uncle J. Well, TOMMY, because the carving was done at a side table—and uncommon badly done, too. Why do you want to know?

Tommy. Parpar thought you *would* carve, I know. He told Mummy she must ask you, because—

Mrs. C. (*With a prophetic instinct.*) Now, TOMMY, you mustn't tease your Uncle. Come away, and tell your new Aunt ZEFFIE what you're going to do with your Christmas boxes.

Tommy. But mayn't I tell him what Parpar said, first?

Mrs. C. No, no; by and by—not now! [*She averts the danger.*]

[*Later; the Company are playing "Hide the Thimble;" i.e., someone has planted that article in a place so conspicuous that few would expect to find it there. As each person catches sight of it, he or she sits down. Uncle JOSEPH is still, to the general merriment, wandering about and getting angrier every moment.*]

Mr. C. That's it, Uncle, you're *warm*—you're *getting* warm!

Uncle J. (*Boiling over.*) Warm, Sir? *I am* warm—and something more. I can tell you! [*Sits down with a bump.*]

Mr. C. You haven't seen it! I'm sure you haven't seen it. Come now, Uncle!

Uncle J. Never mind whether I have or have not. Perhaps I don't *want* to see it, Sir!

The Children. Then do you give it up? Do you want to be told? Why, it's staring you in the face all the time!

Uncle J. I don't care whether it's staring or not—I don't want to be told anything more about it.

The Children. Then you're *cheating*, Uncle—you must go on walking till you *do* see it!

Uncle J. Oh, that's it, eh? Very well, then—I'll walk!

[Walks out, leaving the company paralysed.]

Mrs. C. Run after him, TOMMY, and tell him—quick! *[Exit TOMMY.]*

Mr. C. *(feebly)*. I think when Uncle JOSEPH does come back, we'd better try to think of some game he *can't* lose his temper at. Ah, here's TOMMY!

Tommy. I *told* him—but he went all the same, and slammed the door. He said I was to go back and tell you that you would find he *was* cut up—and cut up rough, too!

Mrs. C. But what did you tell *him*?

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Tommy. Why, only that Parpar asked him to come to-night because he was sure to cut up well. You said I might!

[Sensation; Prompt departure of TOMMY for bed; moralising by Aunts; a spirit of perfect candour prevails; names are called—also cabs; further hostilities postponed till next Christmas.

* * * * *

NOTE-PAPER CURRENCY AT CHRISTMAS.—We see that a “Riparian” note-paper has been brought out by Messrs. GOODALL AND SON. This “Riparian Paper”—rather suggestive of “Rupee Paper”—ought to be as safe as the Bank. “G. AND SON” (this suggests G.O.M. and Master HERBERT) should bring out The Loyers’ Note-paper, and call it “Papier Mashy.”

* * * * *

BLACK AND WHITE; OR, THE PHANTOM STEED!

(A TYPICAL GHOST STORY FOR CHRISTMAS, BY A WITNESS OF THE TRUTH.)

[Illustration]

I was walking in one of the slums in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street, some years ago, and always fond of horse-flesh (I had driven—as a boy—a bathing-machine for my pleasure along the wild coast line of the great Congo Continent) was greatly attracted by a hack standing within the shafts of a cart belonging to a funeral furnisher. Like many of its class, the horse was jet black, with a long flowing tail and a mane to match. As I gazed upon the creature the driver came out of the shop (to which doleful establishment the equipage belonged) and drove slowly away. I felt forced to follow, and soon found myself outside a knacker’s yard. Guessing the intention of the driver to treat his steed as only fit for canine food, I offered to purchase the seemingly doomed animal. To my surprise, the man expressed his willingness to treat with me, and suggested that I might have the carcass at the rate of 4s. 113/4d. a pound. Considering the price not excessive, I agreed, and, having weighed the horse at an automatic weighing machine, I handed over L100—in notes. Then the first strange thing happened. Before I could replace my pocket-book in its receptacle in my coat, the driver had absolutely vanished! I could not see him anywhere. I was the more annoyed at this, as I found that (by mistake) I had given him notes on the Bank of Elegance, which everyone knows are of less value than notes on the Bank of England. However, it was too late to search for the vendor, and I walked away as I could, leading by the bridle the steed I had so recently acquired.



It was now necessary to get quarters for the night, but I found, at that advanced hour, that many of the leading hotels were either full or unwilling to supply me with a bedroom-and-stable-combined until the morning. I was refused firmly but civilly at the Grand, the Metropole, the Grosvenor, and the Pig and Whistle Tavern, South East Hackney. At the latter caravanserai, the night-porter (who was busying himself cleaning the pewter pots) suggested that I should go to Bath. Adopting this idea, I mounted my steed (which answered, after a little practice, to the name of *Cats'-meat*), and took the Old Kent Road until I reached St. Albans.

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[Illustration: Everything comes to him who *waits*.]

It was now morning, and the old abbey stood out in grand outline against the glorious scarlet of the setting sun. Entering an inn, I called for refreshment for man and beast, and, having authority for considering myself qualified to act as representative of both, consumed the double portion. Thinking about the whiskey I had just discussed, as I rode along, I came to a milestone, standing on its head, and a sign-post in the last stage of hopeless intoxication. It was here that a police constable turned his lantern upon me with a pertinacity that apparently was calculated to challenge observation. Annoyed, but not altogether surprised, I declared my opinion that it was “all right,” and fell asleep. When I awoke, I found that I had travelled some hundreds of miles, and, strange to say, my horse was as good as when it had started. From what I could gather from the signs on the road (I have been accustomed to Forestry from my earliest childhood), it seemed to me that, while I was slumbering, I must have passed Macclesfield, Ramsgate, Richmond (both in Surrey and in Yorkshire), and was now close to the weirdest spot in all phantom-populated Wiltshire—a place in its rugged desolation suggestive of the Boundless Prairies and BUFFALO BILL—Wild-Westbury! Greatly fatigued, I entered a second inn, and enjoyed a hearty meal, which was also a simple one. I am a liquidarian, and take no animal or vegetable food, and have not tasted fish for nearly a quarter of a century.

When I wished to continue my journey to Bath, I found *Cats'-meat* so disinclined to move, that I thought the best thing to do in the interest of progress, was to carry him myself. He was very light—so light that I imagined the automatic weighing-machine must have been out of order when I tested it. Almost in a trance I walked along, until, stumbling, I fell, and dropped *Cats'-meat* into a well. And then another strange thing happened. The horse with its jet-black tail and mane, emerged from the water as white as snow! Apparently annoyed at the treatment to which it had been accidentally subjected, it fled away, and I lost sight of it amongst the hills that overlook Wild-Westbury. And then the strangest thing of all happened, and has been happening ever since!

[Illustration: Interesting to the Medical Profession. “The Annual Indigest.”]

In clear weather, on the side of one of these hills, *Cat's-meat*, in the habit as he stood when he left the well on that fatal day, may be seen patiently waiting until the time shall arrive when he shall receive a coat of blacking, a companion steed to share with him his labours, and a hearse! I am not the only person who has seen him thus. The spectre (if it be a spectre) is known for miles around, and has been watched by thousands. Nay, more. On occasions of great rejoicing, when merry-making has been the order of the day or night, several *Cats'-meats* have appeared to the carousing watchers strangely blended together. Speaking for myself, if I have seen one I have seen half-a-dozen—nay, more—with hills to match! And those who do not believe me can continue the

journey I once commenced, and (after I have wished them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year) proceed to—Bath!

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* * * * *

CHRISTMAS “CRACKERS.”

Plum-pudding never disagrees with me, *however much I take of it*. No more do mince-pies, *no matter how many I eat*. Steaming hot-and-strong gin-punch is *the most wholesome beverage*; so, also, is brandy-punch. It can't harm anybody who, on the Pickwickian principle, “takes enough of it.” Both beverages go admirably with cigars and pipes. If you have anything like a headache on Boxing-day morning, depend upon it, it comes from abstemiousness in drinking, eating, and smoking.

* * * * *

[Illustration: SUGGESTION FOR PICTORIAL DIRECTORY.

“Hide Pa Corner.”

Eatin' Plaice.]

* * * * *

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC.—It is now generally known, and, if not, it is high time it should be, that *A Million of Money*, advertised as original, is only an instance of genuine “translation” from Old Drury Lane to Covent Garden, where it ought to continue its previous success.

* * * * *

SHAKSPEARE AT YULETIDE.—Excellent arrangements at the Lyceum for Christmas. Genial *Ravenswood* is to be performed only on a Friday. For the rest,—no not “the rest” where so much work is involved,—for “the remainder” of the week, the Master of the Shakespearian Revels gives us *Much Ado About Nothing*, with our ELLEN and HENRY as *Beatrice* and *Benedick*, and with all its memorable glory of costume and scenery,—a Shakspearian revival well worthy to be reckoned as among the foremost of all the attractions offered by the theatres this Christmas.

* * * * *

[Illustration: CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE MOATED GRANGE.

Emily (in the midst of Aunt Marianna's blood-curdling Ghost Story). “HUSH! LISTEN! THERE'S A DOOR BANGING SOMEWHERE DOWNSTAIRS!—AND YET THE SERVANTS HAVE GONE TO BED. GEORGE, DO JUST RUN DOWN AND SEE WHAT IT CAN BE!”

[*George wishes himself back at Charterhouse.*]]

* * * * *

“KEEP THE POT A-BOILING!”

(*A SEASONABLE SUGGESTION.*)

Christmas comes once more,
Well-beloved Old Father!
Though the season's hoar,
Warm his welcome—rather!
Parties come and go,
True to *him* our heart is,
With his beard of snow,
Best of (Christmas) Parties!
Say the day is chill,
Say the weather's windy,
He brings warm good-will,
Not heart-freezing shindy.
“Union!” is his cry,—
Hearts and hands and voices.
Confraternity
His kind soul rejoices.
When the youngsters slide
On the frozen river.
As they glow and glide,
Do they shrink or shiver?
Nay; nor dread nor doubt
Their brisk sport is spoiling,
Gleefully they shout,
“Keep the Pot a-boiling!”



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Keep it? Ay, by Jove!
We are on our mettle.
'Tis a game we love
More than Pot and Kettle.
Poorish sport that same,
Angry mutual blackening.
Here's a merrier game.
Pull up there! Who's slackening?
Not the leader, *Punch*!
On he goes, amazing,
To the rest his hunch
Like a beacon blazing.
Not Old Father X!
How the Ancient goes it!
'Tis a sight to vex
Malice, and he knows it;
Not young Master BULL!
At the game *he's* handy,
Nor has much the pull
Of his pal, young SANDY;
Not that dark-eyed girl
With her cloak a-flying,
She can swing and swirl
With the boys. She's trying
Everything she knows.
As for Master PADDY,
Whoop there! Down he goes!
Bumped a bit, poor laddy!
What then? At this game
Who would be a stopper
Just because he came
Now and then a cropper?
Up and on once more,
Chance by courage foiling!
Hark the jovial roar!
"Keep the Pot a-boiling!"

Father Christmas, hail!
Sure 'tis flagrant folly
Now to rave and rail.
Truce—beneath your holly!
Darkest England waits
Care Co-operative;



Mood that moat elates
Is to-day—the dative!
You need not doubt,
You're no "Grecian" giver.
Many "cold without,"
Foodless, hopeless, shiver;
Many a poor man's pot,
Even at your season,
With no pudding hot
Bubbles. Is't not treason
Unto more than kings
To waste time in fighting
Whilst such crooked things
Stand in need of righting?
In the name of those
Starving, suffering, toiling,
Let our quarrels close—
"Keep the Pot a-boiling!"

* * * * *

FIGHTING THE FOG.

(A SEASONABLE HINT.)

Sir,—I have read several letters in the papers complaining of the fog, and asking not only how one is to protect the system from its injurious effects, but also soliciting information as to how one is to safeguard oneself against street accident, if obliged to quit the premises during its prevalence. The first is simple enough. Get a complete diver's suit, put it on, and let an attendant follow you with a pumping apparatus, for the purpose of supplying you with the fumes of hydro-bi-carbon (DAFFY's solution) in a state of suspension. This will considerably assist the breathing. To avoid street accident, wear an electric (SWANN) light, five hundred candle power, on the top of your hat, round the brim of which, in case of accident, you have arranged a dozen lighted night-lights. Strap a Duplex Reflector on to your back, and fasten a Hansom cab-lamp on to each knee. Let a couple of boys, bearing flaming links, and beating dinner-gongs, clear the way for you, while you yourself shout "*Here comes the Bogie Man!*" or any other appropriate ditty, through a fog-horn, which you carry in one hand, while you spring a policeman's ancient rattle vigorously with the other. You will, if thus provided, get along capitally. Be careful at crossings, for your sudden appearance might possibly frighten an omnibus horse or two, and cause trouble.

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I haven't tried all this yet myself, but a friend of mine at Colney Hatch assures me he has, and found it a great success. As I think, therefore, it may prove a boon to your numerous readers, I place it at your disposal with much pleasure, and have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant, A CAUTIOUS CARD.

* * * * *

[Illustration: "KEEP THE POT A-BOILING!"]

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THE CHRISTMAS COLLEGE FAIRY.

CHAPTER I.—THE STRANGE VISITOR.

On the evening of the 24th of December, 1874, the Senior Dean of St. Michael's, the Reverend HENRY BURROWES, was sitting in his comfortable rooms in the Great Court. He had, for reasons of his own, decided to spend the Christmas Vacation in Cambridge. His bed-maker, Mrs. JOGGINS, had entered a mild protest, but it been unavailing. Mr. BURROWES was a man of forbidding aspect and of unbending character. During the five years that he had held his office, he had enforced discipline at the point of the bayonet, as it were, and he boasted with pardonable pride that he had broken the spirit of the haughtiest and least tractable of the Undergraduates. Everybody had been gated at eight o'clock. Many had been sent down. Tears and denunciations were alike unavailing. The ruthless Dean had pursued his course without flinching. A very mild reading-man had attempted his life by dropping a Liddell and Scott on to his head from a first-floor room. This abandoned youth had been screened by his comrades, and had ultimately escaped in spite of the efforts of the justly incensed Dean.

[Illustration]

It was nine o'clock. The bells at St. Mary's were ringing the customary curfew. The Dean was seated before the fire in his arm-chair. An open book, a treatise on some abstruse question of pure mathematics, lay on the table by his side. He was meditating on his past exploits, and planning new punishments. But somehow there was a strange sinking at his heart. What could be the reason of it? The dinner in hall had been of the usual moderate excellence, he had only drunk a bottle and a half of claret. "Pshaw," he said, "this is folly. I have not been severe enough. Conscience reproaches me. I am unmanned." He rose and paced about the room. At this moment his door opened, and the familiar figure of Mrs. JOGGINS appeared.

“Beg your pardon, Sir,” she said, hesitatingly, “I thought you called.”

“No, Mrs. JOGGINS,” said the Dean. “I did not call. Are you not rather late in College? Is it usual for you to stay—” Here the Dean stopped abruptly. He rubbed his eyes, and clung to his book-shelf for support. His hair stood on end, and his knees shook. In fact he expressed terror in a thoroughly orthodox manner, for he had suddenly become aware that there was in the face of Mrs. JOGGINS a strange radiance, and that two gossamer wings had suddenly appeared on her back in place of the substantial shawl she was wont to wear. Mr. BURROWES gazed * * * then consciousness forsook him.

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CHAPTER II.—A STRANGE STORY.

How long he lay he knew not. When he came to himself it was broad daylight, and he was walking through the Great Court hand in hand with Mrs. JOGGINS.

“See,” she said, “there is Dr. GORGAS,” and sure enough there stood the redoubtable Master in the centre of one of the grass-plots in a bright red dressing-gown and slippers, with an embroidered smoking-cap upon his head. He was engaged in distributing crumbs to a congregation of sparrows and thrushes and redbreasts.

“Good morning, BURROWES,” said the Master; “how’s your poor feet? Can you catch. One, two, three, heads!” and with that he flung the crust he held in his hand at the astounded Dean, and landed him fairly on the right cheek. Dr. GORGAS then executed a pirouette, kissed his hand to Mrs. JOGGINS, and disappeared into the Master’s lodge. “From this good man,” said Mrs. JOGGINS to the Dean, “you may learn a lesson of unassuming kindness; but time presses; we must hurry on. By virtue of the power vested in me by the Queen of the Fairies, whose ambassadress I am in Grantaford, I have summoned back to St. Michael’s all the Undergraduates. You shall see them.” In vain the miserable Dean protested that he had seen too much of them. The Fairy JOGGINS was inexorable. She waved her wand, a yard of butter congealed to the hardness of oak by the frosty morning, and in a moment the Court was filled with Undergraduates. They were all smoking, and suddenly the Dean became aware that he too had a lighted cigar in his mouth, and was puffing at it. At the same moment he discovered that he was wearing a disgracefully battered college-cap, and a brilliant “blazer,” lately invented by a rowdy set as the badge of their dining Club. He shuddered, but it was useless. He put his hand in his coat-pocket. It contained a bottle of champagne.

The Undergraduates now formed a procession and began to defile past him. “Smoking in the Court, half-a-crown,” said one, in a dreadful voice. “Mr. BURROWES irregular in his attendance at Chapel, gated at eight,” roared a second. “Mr. BURROWES persistently disorderly, sent down for the term,” shouted a third; and then they all began to caper round the hapless man whom the Fairy Queen had betrayed into their power. They taunted him and reviled him. “You have mined our homes, poisoned our fathers’ happiness, undermined the trusting confidence of our mothers. You have been a bad man. You must perish!” and thus the dreadful chorus went on while the Dean stood stupidly in the centre of the throng puffing violently at one of the largest cigars ever seen in St. Michael’s. At last the Fairy waved her wand again, and in a moment the shouts ceased and the crowd disappeared. “See,” she said, “the result of intemperate disciplinarian zeal!” But Mr. BURROWES neither heard nor heeded. He had collapsed.

CHAPTER III.—WIDE AWAKE!

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It was Christmas Morning. Mr. BURROWES was still sitting in his chair before the fire-place, but the fire was out. He woke and looked round. Mrs. JOGGINS had just come in, and was staring at him in surprise.

“Lor, Sir,” she said, “what a turn you give me, sitting here in your keepin’-room. I never knew you to do sech a thing before as sit up all night.” But the Dean had fallen on his knees before her, and was babbling out prayers for pardon and vows of reform.

CHAPTER IV.—A CHRISTMAS MORN.

In the following term the whole system of College management was changed. Mr. BURROWES from a tyrant turned into the most amiable of men. The Undergraduates became idyllic. Even Dr. GORGAS submitted to the benign influence of the Fairy JOGGINS. But it is noticeable that Mr. BURROWES who still resides at St. Michael’s, objects to any mention of the Christmas of 1874. This is the only exception to his universal amiability.

THE END.

* * * * *

“A TOY TOUJOURS.”—Old French motto for *Truth* distribution of Toys at Christmas time.

* * * * *

THE CRY OF THE CITY CLERK.

(*DISAPPOINTED OF A SATURDAY AFTERNOON’S SKATING.*)

[Illustration: A_n Ice_ Amusement.]

I knew, I knew it would not last—
’Twas hard, ’twas hopeful, but ’tis past.
Ah! ever thus, from boyhood’s hour,
I’ve seen my fondest hopes decay.
I never trusted Jack Frost’s power,
But Jack Frost did my trust betray.
I never bought a pair of skates
On Friday—I am in the law—
But, ere I started with my mates
On Saturday, ’twas sure to thaw!
Now, too—the prospect seemed divine—
They skated yesterday, I knew,



And now, just as I'm going to dine,
The sun comes out, the skies grow blue,
Ere we at Wimbledon can meet,
Those horrid gaps!—that treacherous sludge!
I shall not get one skimmer fleet.
After my long and sloppy trudge.
No go! One more lost Saturday!
To skating's joys I'm still a stranger.
I sit and curse the melting ray,
In which my hopes all melt away—
It means soft ice, chill slop, and—"Danger!!!"

* * * * *

ESSENCE OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

EXTRACTED FROM THE TRANSLATION OF TOBY, M.P.

(THE THOUSAND-AND-TWOTH NIGHT.)

[Illustration: L60/310-1: Illuminated 'M']

"*Mon frere*" said DINARZADE JACQUES MORLEY to SCHEHERAZADE HARCOURT,
"*si vous ne dormiez pas, je vous supplie, en attendant le jour, qui paraîtra bientôt, de
me raconter un de ces beaux contes que vous savez.*"

"Certainly, my dear JACK," said SCHEHERAZADE.

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Now DINARZADE did not like this flippant tone of address. He was, as has been recorded by SHAHSTEAD (a gentleman of whose patronage he is proud) not a man you may take liberties with. For SCHEHERAZADE, taking mean advantage of a French agglomeration of letters which did not represent his name, to hail him as “JACK” was characteristic, and therefore undesirable. But, as everybody knows, DINARZADE, at the approach of each successive morning, was obliged to make this appeal to his brother, in order to circumvent the bloodthirsty designs of the Sultan (for particulars of which, see original). So he dissembled his anger, and SCHEHERAZADE proceeded to tell the History of the Second Old Man, and the Black Dog.

“Sire,” he said, “whilst the Merchant and the First Old Man, who conducted the hind, went their way, there arrived another Old Man, who led a black dog, and who forthwith proceeded to relate his history. ‘We were, you know,’ he remarked, leaning wearily on his staff, ‘two brothers, this dog that you see, and myself. In early life we were not tied by those bonds of affection that should exist in family circles. In fact, on one occasion, I had to put my brother in prison. He had not at that period assumed the four-footed condition in which you now behold him. He walked about on two legs, like the rest of us, ate and drank, made love, and made merry. After he had been in prison some time, successful interposition was made on his behalf by a friend named Le Sieur O’SHEY. But that (as RUDYARD KIPPLING observes) is another story.

“Some time after my brother came to me and proposed to make a long journey involving close business relations with him. I at first declined his proposition. “You have been in business some time,” I said to him, “and what have you gained? Who is to assure me that I shall be more fortunate than you?”

“In vain he encouraged me to stake my fortune with him, but he returned so often to the charge that, having through six years constantly resisted his solicitations, I at last yielded. I realised all my property, took my brother into partnership, stocked our vessel exclusively with Home Rule goods, and set out on our voyage.

“We arrived safely, did a great stroke of business with our wares, bought those of the country, and set forth on our return voyage. Just as we were ready to re-embark I met on the seashore a lady, not at all bad looking, but very meanly dressed. She approached me, kissed my hand, begged me to take her for my wife, and conduct her to my home across the sea. This may seem to our friend JACK MORLEY a somewhat hasty proceeding. JACK is a philosopher, but I am the Second Old Man, a mere child of nature. I took her into Bond Street, and bought her a new dress, and, having duly married her, we set sail. Perhaps I should add that her maiden name was IRELAND.

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“My brother and she got on very well at first, and he loudly professed to share the esteem and (considering she was my wife I may say) affection with which I regarded her. But suddenly a change came over him. One night whilst we slept he threw us overboard into the sea. My wife turned out to be a fairy, and, as you may imagine, she was not born to be drowned. As for me I was, so to speak, on my way to be as dead as a herring, when she seized me and transported me to an isle. When it was day the fairy said to me, “You see, my husband, that in saving your life I have not badly recompensed you. I am, as you doubtless begin to suspect, a fairy. Finding myself on the seashore when you were about to embark, I felt strongly drawn towards you. Desiring to prove the goodness of your heart, I presented myself in the disguise with which you are familiar. It was, I admit, a trifle shabby. You have used me generously. I am delighted to have found occasion to repay you; but as for that brother of yours, I am death on him. I shall never rest till I have taken his life.”

““I beg you to do no such thing,” I said.

““I will sink his vessel and send him to the bottom of the sea,” she insisted.

“After much endeavour I managed to appease her wrath, and in the twinkling of an eye, before you could say “Ali Baba!” she had transported me back to my own house. On entering I found this black dog who stared strangely at me.

““My husband,” said the fairy, “do not be surprised to see this dog here; he is your brother. He has behaved in a most shocking way towards you. He has maligned you, misrepresented you, threatened you, even called you a Grand Old Spider. I have condemned him to remain in this state till you have concluded your little transactions in Home Rule.”

““But my dear!—” I said.”

At these words SCHEHERAZADE, remarking that it was daybreak, ceased to pursue his narrative.

* * * * *

TO A MODERN MINSTREL.

(AFTER KINGSLEY.)

Be puff'd, dear boy, and let who will be clever;
Write catchy things, not good ones, all day long,
And make a name to-day, and not for ever,
By one weak song.

* * * * *

[Illustration: FERVOUR IN THE FOG.

Unpromising Individual (suddenly—his voice vibrating with passion).

“SHE’S MOY UNNEY;
OIM ’ER JOY!”]

* * * * *

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