

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 101, December 26, 1891 eBook

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 101, December 26, 1891

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Page 1

A QUEER CHRISTMAS PARTY.

I remember coming home and dressing to go out again. Of this so far I am sure. I remember too taking a cab; also the cab taking me. But oddly enough though I dined that evening with a very old friend, somehow I cannot for the life of me, at this moment, call to mind his name or remember where he lives.

[Illustration]

However, the evening was so remarkable that I at once sat down next day to record all that I could remember of this strange Christmas Party. Round the table were *Robert Elsmere*, *Dorian Gray*, Sir *Alan QUATERMAIN*, the *Master* of BALLANTREE, and other distinguished persons, including Princess *NAPRAXINE*,—a charming woman, who looked remarkably well in her white velvet with a knot of old lace at her throat and a tea-rose in her hair. Mrs. *HAWKSBEES*, too, looked smart in black satin, but in my opinion she was cut out by little *daisy Miller*, a sprightly young lady from America. My host (I wish I could remember his name) carried his love of celebrities so far, that even his servants were persons of considerable notoriety. His head butler, a man named *Mulvaney*, was an old soldier, who, with the two footmen (formerly his companions-in-arms) had been known in India by the name of “Soldiers Three.”

“It was so good of you to come, although your husband had Russian influenza,” remarked our host to *Anna KARENINA*, who was seated on his left.

“My dear friend,” she replied, “I was only too delighted; for really my husband cracks his finger-joints so much more lately, and it makes me so nervous, that I often think, if it were not that Mr. *WRONGSKY* sometimes calls on my day at home, I am sure I should be bored to death!”

“Ah! I know what that is!” said *Hedda Gabler*, nodding sympathetically. “My husband, when he heard I wanted to come to-day, said ‘Fancy that!’ and I really felt I could have thrown something at him. They are so irritating,” she added, with a glance at *Therese RAQUIN* who was sitting very silent at the other end of the table softly caressing a fruit-knife.

“Ah!” sighed *Dorian Gray*, as he dipped his white taper fingers in a red copper bowl of rose-water. “I have had an exquisite life. I have drunk deeply of everything. I have crushed the grapes against my palate. And it has all been to me no more than the sound of music. It has not marred me. I am still the same. More so, if anything.”

“I think we ought to understand one another, perhaps, Mr. *Gray*,” said *Robert Elsmere*, with a quick sense of oppression. “I know your opinions of course from your books. You know what mine as an honest man must be. My conscience forbids me to discuss anything.”



“My dear *Elsmere*,” returned *Dorian*, “don’t deceive yourself. Life is not governed by Will or Intention. Life has been my Art. I have set myself to music. My days have been my sonnets, and it has not hurt me. I am as good-looking as ever.” And with his cool, flower-like hands, and his charming boyish smile, he lit a gold-tipped cigarette, offering one to Princess NAPRAXINE.

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She refused it, but produced a cigar-case, embroidered with the arms of the NAPRAXINES, from which she took a very large cigar.

"I should like to take that fellow out on the river with me," muttered one of the boating trio to his friends.

"And drown him," said another.

"Or set *Montmorency* at him," said the third.

These Three Men, who, on their arrival, had been rather bashful, had become, during the process of demolishing the Christmas pudding with fire-brand sauce, to which they helped themselves plentifully, the most cheerful of all the company. They talked and laughed loudly, alluded to Mr. *Elsmere* as "Old Square-toes"; and made no more disguise of the evident admiration with which Mrs. HAWKSBEES had inspired them, than they did of the violent dislike they had conceived for Mr. *Gray*.

They were growing less and less able to control their actions, and I was not sorry when the time arrived for the ladies to retire, which they did rather earlier than they had intended doing, owing to a sudden display of ill-temper on the part of *Diana* of the Crossways. They all withdrew, with the exception of the Princess, who, alleging that it was a Russian custom, remained with us, smoking, and drinking kuemmel out of a Samovar. Immediately upon the departure of the ladies, *Robert Elsmere* resumed his argument.

"I have not," he said, in a low tone, "rooted up the most sacred growths of life as a careless child devastates his garden."

"I have never yet heard of a DURRISDEER who was a turn-coat or a spy," remarked the *Master* of BALLANTREE, casually.

"Ah! but that is another story," objected Colonel *Gadsby*, stroking his long moustache.

"I can believe anything," said *Dorian Gray*, "as long as it is quite incredible."

"Oh! Then you'd believe that story old *Batt*, the fisherman, told us about the pike at Goring!" said one of the trio, with a contemptuous laugh.

And here we come to the unfortunate incident which broke up our party. I shall always blame the Princess for this. If she had gone to the drawing-room with the other ladies, it would never have happened. It appears that she considered herself insulted by a remark of *DORIAN's*, which I thought innocent enough. I think it was, that "All Art is quite useless."



Why she should have taken this so personally—whether she thought he was alluding to her Narcissus-like complexion, or her wealth of luminous hair—I cannot say. At any rate—though I would not have it even whispered to poor little *Jim*, who, being far from well, had been quite unable to leave his sofa,—I say, at any rate, I, for one, felt convinced that the Princess had taken quite as much *kuemmel* as was good for her, otherwise, how could any one, except my old friend *Alice de VONDERLAND* account for her urging the Three Men, already far gone, to go still farther, and to “Protect her honour,” as she termed it, “by wiping out the insult offered to the NAPRAXINES!”

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The Three Men took the suggestion literally. A wild scene ensued. Shouting wildly, “We’ll spoil your beauty for you!” one tore the flower out of DORIAN’s coat, another threw the red copper bowl of rose-water at his head, a third, with the uncommonly vulgar exclamation, “Art be blowed! we’ll show you some science!” struck the unfortunate man a violent blow on the nose with his clenched fist.

How the scene might have ended but for the sudden intervention of *Mulvaney* and his companions, I cannot say. In the strangest dialect, and with the most uncouth oaths, they literally “went for” the Three Boating Men. The aquatic champions were completely demolished by the Soldiers Three.

In the words of the butler, “Their shirt-fronts were crumpled ’orrid.” The three youths, in a pitiable state, left the house with the Princess, and went off all together in a droschki, the driver of which wore a badge on which was inscribed, “*Josef HATTONSKI*. By Order of the *Czar*.” *Dorian* had already escaped, bearing on his handsome countenance the impress of fists and the stains of flattened mince-pies.

For my own part ... I don’t know how I managed to get away. I suppose I must have been rendered insensible by a candlestick which was thrown at me. At all events, I found myself on the floor, having tumbled out of bed ... But how I had ever got to bed I do not remember. It may be I shall never discover the truth of it all. Stay!—had I been hypnotised? If so, when, where, and by whom?

* * * * *

An anti-Hiss-trionic bird.

A “*Par*” in the *Daily News* last Thursday told how the Antipodaeans had presented Miss *Nellie Farren* with “a Laughing Jackass.” What a time he’ll have of it! Always in fits, and perhaps the merry bird will at last “die o’ laughin’!” For it is a biped and not a quadruped; not that as a biped “the Laughing Jackass” is by any means a *lusus naturae*. This bird, not probably unfamiliar with the “Oof Bird” of sporting circles, is, it is said, “a foe to snakes.” Excellent omen this for Miss *Farren*. Laughter everywhere, and no hissing permitted. If hissing heard anywhere, up starts the Laughing Jackass and down he comes on the snake, and there’s an end of the hissing. Theatrical Managers would do well to cultivate the Laughing Jackasses, and keep a supply always on the premises.

* * * * *

’Arry on Arrius.

WITH SOME CONSIDERATION CONCERNING COMPULSORY CLASSICS.

[Illustration]



*Dear Charlie,—O, ain't I a daisy? Excuse your old pal busting forth;
But my name's going hup like a rocket; it's spreading east, west, south,
and north.
Like that darned hinfluenza, but more so; and now, s'elp me scissors, I
find
I was famous afore I was born! Sounds a lick, but 'anged if I
mind.[1]*

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Dan the Dosser, a reglar Old Clo' at dead langwidges, classicks, and such,
Says it's *met'em-see-kosis*—a thing as to me, mate, is jest Double Dutch,
Means a soul on the shift, as it were, *Charlie*, tryin' fust this form,
then that,
So that 'Arry, who once was a donkey, might some o' these days be a rat!

Leastways so the Dosser explains it, of course it is all Tommy rot.
Rummy thing 'ow a cram o' the Classicks do make yer a reglar crackpot.
Dosser hain't no more genuine savvy, he hain't, than a 'aporth o' snuff;
But he's up to the lips-like in Latin, and similar old-fashioned stuff.

Seems some old Latin cove called *cat ULLUS*—a gayish old dog / should
say
Knew a party called *Arrius*!—bless 'im!—as lived in that rum Roman day,
And *cat ULLUS* he hups and he scribbles a “carmen”—wich then meant a song,
Not a hopera, *Charlie*—about him along of some haitches gone wrong.

Like *cat ULLUS*'s cheek, if you arsk me! That haitch bizness gives me the
'ump.
There isn't a hignerent mug, or a mealy-mouthed mutton-faced pump
Who 'as learned 'ow to garsp hout a He-haw! in regular la-di-dah style,
But'll look down on “'Arry the haitchless,” and wrinkle his snout in a
smile.

Yah! Hatches ain't heverythink, *Charlie*, no, not by a jugfull they hain't.
And yer “*H-heah! H-hold my H-h-horse!*” sort o' sniffers would screw
hout big D.'s from a saint.
What's the hodds, arter all? If you're fly to the true hend of Life, wich
is larks,
You may pop in yer haitches permiskus, in spite of the prigs' rude remarks.

The old Roman geeser, *cat ULLUS*, who wrote that *de Arrio* bosh,
Wos a poet, of course, and a classick, two things as to-day will not wash;
Bet yer boots Master *ARRIUS* 'ad 'im on toast, the old mug, every time,
And that's why he took his revenge like, in verse without reason or
rhyme.

Young *ARRIUS*'s huncle, he tells us, talked similar patter. No doubt!
Havunculus hejus, I reckon, knew wot he was dashed well about.
I say bully for *LIBER*, and chance it. 'Tain't whether you say Hill or
'Ill,
It's whether you're able to *climb* it; and that's where the prigs git
their pill.



There's a party who, in the *St. James's Gazette*, dear old pal, 'tother
day,
Took *my* name, not pertikler in vain, though, and called hisself "'ARRY
B.A."
Wrote smart, he did, CHARLIE, and slick-like, but "'ARRY B.A." isn't Me!
No fear! 'ARRY's not sech an A double S as to want a "Degree."

I know wot's wuth knowin', I reckon, and wot I don't know I can learn,
Without mortar-board 'ats and black bedgowns, or stuffing my brains till
they turn.
To be well *in* the know is my maxum, but as for "Compulsory Greek,"
Would it give me, I wonder, a hextry "compulsory" two quid a week?

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Wy, I knew an old 'atchet-faced party, as lodged in our 'ouse years ago,
Oozed Greek as a plum-tree does gum-blobs; trarnslated for BUFFINS & Co.,
The popular publishers, CHARLIE. I know 'twas a dooce of a grind
For poor MAGSWORTH to earn fifteen quid, and at last he went hout of 'is
mind.

Yus, died of a softening, they told us, through sitting up six months on
end
At a book of Greek plays. Poor old buffer, he hadn't five pounds nor a
friend;
But Degrees? He fair rolled in 'em, CHARLIE! He offered to teach me a lot,
But one lesson in Greek settled me; it's the crackjorest speshus of rot!

ARRY STUFFY KNEES sounds pooty ropy; he's one of their classickal pets;
Old THOOSY DIDES, too, he's another. In high Huniwarsity sets
They chuck 'em in chunks at each other, like mossels of Music 'All gag,
And at forty they've clean slap forgot 'em! / want to know where comes
the swag?

Hedgercation is all very proper, purviding it gives yer the pull
Hover parties as don't know the ropes, in a market that's mostly too full;
But this Classick kerriculum's kibosh, Greek plays, Latin verse and all
that.
All CAT ULLUS's haitches won't 'elp yer, if Nature 'as built yer a flat!

Though ARRIUS's haspirates rucked, and made Mister CAT ULLUS chi-ike,
He was probably jest such a rattler as poets and prigs *never* like,
When a chap knows 'is book, piles the ochre, perhaps becomes pal to a
Prince,
Lor! it's wonderful 'ow a dropped haitch or two *do* make the
mealy-mouths wince.

Wot's a haitch but a garsp, arter all? Yer swell haspirate's only a
breath,
Yet, like eating green peas with a knife, it scumfoodles the sniffers to
death,
As a fack the knife's 'andiest, fur, and there's many a haitch-screwing
toff
Who would find patter easier biz if the motter was "haspirates is hoff!"

The 'lgher Hedgercation means "savvy"; you size up the world, patter
slang,
Hit slick, give what for, and Compulsory Latin and Greek may go 'ang.
That's "modernity," CHARLIE! Style, modesty, taste? Oh, go 'ome and eat

coke!

Old STUFFY KNEES wouldn't 'ave tumbled, you bet, to a Music 'All joke.

"Jest fancy a gentleman not knowing Greek!" So a josser named FROUDE
Said some time ago. Oh Gewillikens! Must ha' bin dotty or screwed.
A modern School Master could hopen his hoptics a mossel, you bet;
Greek's corpsed, and them graduate woters will flock to its funeral yet.

"We're going to plant it to-morrer!" That comic song 'its it at once.

"Attic lore" will be blowed attic-high; and the duffers who dub you a
dunce

'Cos yer 'OMER, or haitches, is quisby, in Rome or in London, will know
That ARRIUS—or 'ARRY—romps in while CAT ULLUS is stopping to blow.

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As to ARRIUS, I wish I'd 'ave knowed 'im, no doubt we'd 'ave palled up
to-rights,
And 'ave chivied CAT ULLUS together, like one o' them broken-nosed frights
Saps call elassick busts; stone Aunt Sallies fit only for cockshies, dear
boy,
Wich to chip out my name on their cheeks is a barney I always enjoy.

Your Cockney eternal? No doubt! And a jolly good job, / should say;
It's much more than yer conkey old Classicks, for they 'ave about 'ad
their day.
You may stuff college ganders with all the compulsory cram as they'll
carry,
And *then* it's yer fly bird as scores off 'em, whether that's ARRIUS or

'ARRY.

[Footnote 1: See article, "'Arry in Rome and London," in last Number of *Punch*.]

* * * * *

[Illustration: DRAWING THE LINE.

Judge. "REMOVE THOSE BARRISTERS. THEY'RE DRAWING!"

Chorus of Juniors. "MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LUDSHIP, WE'RE ONLY DRAWING—
PLEADINGS."

("Mr. Justice DENMAN said that he saw a thing going on in Court that he could not
sanction. He saw Gentlemen of the Bar making pictures of the witness. Let it be
understood that he would turn out any Gentleman of the Bar who did so in future."—
Daily Paper, Thursday, December 17..)]

* * * * *

A DIPLOMATIC ON DIT.

Where LYTTON lately ruled supreme,
A Marquis will direct affairs.
Congratulations, then, to him
And to ourselves in equal shares.
But stranger paradox than this
Most surely there has never been,—
We send a most distinguished man,
Yet only put a *Duffer in*!

* * * * *

THE BISHOP AND THE SEA-SERPENT.

["The Bishop of Adelaide, in writing to a colonial friend, states that while riding along the sea-beach he came across a dead sea-serpent, about 60 feet in length.... The Bishop describes his 'find' as the most peculiar animal he has ever seen."—*Daily Paper*.]

The Bishop saw the Serpent
A lying very near—
"Now, in the name of truth," says he,
"We'll have no lying here."
It was the Great Sea-Serpent,
Stretched out upon the shore—
It measured—well, no matter what,
It was all that, and more.

"He's dead! the Great Sea-Serpent!"
The Bishop cried, with glee,
"And now there is no Serpent
Within my present See."
'Tis scotched, not killed; for, sure as fate,
We'll fifty bet to five,
That, when the Season's dead, The Great
Sea-Serpent will revive.

* * * * *

HIS GREATEST PLEASURE.

["My greatest pleasure will be to think of you, Mr. ROGERS."—*Grossly unfair extract from the Newspaper Report of Mr. Goschen's Speech on Girls' Education*.]

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In gilded halls some take their ease,
In song and dance they find delight;
And there are those whom banquets please,
And masques and revelry by night.
Such gauds are wearisome to me;
And wilder lures of dice or drink
Attract me not; my maddest glee
Is to sit still and think.

I think and think; the world grows less,
And Budgets seem but worthless toys;
For I am lost in happiness,
In my ecstatic joy of joys.
Ah, Mr. ROGERS, blessed name,
Let me think on till all is blue,
For pow'r is naught, nor wealth, nor fame,
Compared with thoughts of you.

* * * * *

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

NO. XX.

SCENE—*The interior of a covered gondola, which is conveying CULCHARD and PODBURY from the Railway Station to the Hotel Dandolo, Venice. The gondola is gliding with a gentle sidelong heave under shadowy bridges of stone and cast-iron, round sharp corners, and past mysterious blank walls, and old scroll-work gateways, which look ghostly in the moonlight.*

Culch. (looking out of the felze window, and quoting conscientiously).

"I saw from out the wave her structures rise,
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand.";

Podb. For rest, see guide-books, passim, eh? Hanged if I can see; any structures with this thing on, though! Let's have it off, eh? (He crawls out and addresses Gondolier across the top.) Hi! Otez-moi ceci, entendez-vous? (Drums on roof of felze with fists; the Gondolier replies in a torrent of Italian.) Now a London cabby would see what I wanted at once. This chap's a fool!

[Illustration: "Hi! Otez-moi ceci!"]

Culch. He probably imagines you are merely expressing your satisfaction with Venice. And I don't see how you expect him to remove the entire cabin here! (*PODBURY crawls*

in again, knocking his head.) I think we did well to let the—the others travel on first. More *dignified*, you know!

Podb. Um—don't see any particular dignity in missing the train, myself!

Culch. They won't know it was not intentional. And I think, PODBURY, we should go on—er—asserting ourselves a little while by holding rather aloof. It will show them that we don't mean to put up with—

Podb. Don't see that either. Not going to let that beast, VAN BOODELER have it *all* his own way!

Culch. Surely you know he decided suddenly to stay at Vicenza? He said so at breakfast. But I will *not* have your friend BOB perpetually—

Podb. At breakfast? Oh, I came down late. Vicenza, eh? Then *he's* out of it! Hooray! But as for BOB, *he's* all right too. Oh, I forgot you cut *dejeuner*. HYPATIA had another squabble with Miss TROTTER, and poor old BOB got dragged into it as usual, and now they ain't on speaking terms.

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Culch. (overjoyed). You don't say so! Then all I can say, PODBURY, is that if we two can't manage, in a place like this, to recover all the ground we have lost—

Podb. More water than ground in a place like this, eh? But I know what you mean—we *must* be duffers if we don't leave Venice engaged men—which we're not as yet, worse luck!

Culch. No—but we *shall* be, if we only insist upon being treated seriously.

Podb. She treats me a devilish deal *too* seriously, my boy. But there, never mind—things will go better now!

SCENE—A double-bedded room in the Grand Hotel, Dandolo,
which PODBURY and CULCHARD have to share for the night.

Podb. (from his bed, suspiciously, to CULCHARD, who is setting fire to a small pastille in a soap-dish). I say, old chappie, bar fireworks, you know! What the deuce are you up to over there?

Culch. Lighting a "fidibus." Splendid thing to drive out mosquitoes. (*The pastille fizzes, and begins to emit a dense white smoke, and a suffocating odour.*)

Podb. (bounding). Mosquitoes! It would drive a dragon out. Phew—ah! (*CULCHARD closes the window.*) You *don't* mean to say you're going to shut me up in this infernal reek on a stifling night like this?

Culch. If I didn't, the mosquitoes would come in again.

Podb. Come in? With that pastille doing the young Vesuvius! Do you think a mosquito's a born fool? (*He jumps out and opens the window.*) I'm not going to be smoked like a wasps' nest, I can tell you!

Culch. (calmly shutting it again, as PODBURY returns to bed). You'll be grateful to me by-and-by.

[Slips between his mosquito-curtains in a gingerly manner,
and switches off the electric light. A silence.]

Podb. I say, you ain't asleep, are you? Think we shall see anything of them to-morrow, eh?

Culch. See? I can *hear* one singing in my ear at this moment. (*Irritably.*) You *would* open the window!



Podb. (*sleepily*). Not mosquitoes. I meant HYPATIA, and the—haw—yaw—
TROTTERS.

Culch. How can *I* tell? (*Second silence.*) PODBURY! What did I *tell* you? One's just bitten me—the *beast*! (*He turns on the light, and slaps about frantically*). I say, I can hear him buzzing all over the place!

Podb. So can I hear *you* buzzing. How the dickens is a fellow to get to sleep while you're playing Punch and Judy in there?

Culch. He's got me on the nose now! There's a lot outside. Just turn off the light, will you? I daren't put my arm out. (*To Mosquito.*) You brute! (*To Podb.*) PODBURY, *do* switch off the light—like a good fellow!

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Podb. (dreamily). Glass up, Gondolier ... stifling in this cab ... drive me ... nearest Doge. [He snores.

Culch. Brutal selfishness! (*Turns out the light himself.*) Now if I can only get off to sleep while that little beast is quiet—

Mosquito (ironically, in his ear). Ping-a-wing-wing!

Same Scene; the next morning.

Culch. (drawing PODBURY's curtains). Here, wake up, PODBURY—it's just eight. (*PODBURY sits up, and rubs his eyes.*) I've had a *horrible* night, my dear fellow! I'm stung to such an extent! But (*hopefully*) I suppose there's nothing to *show* particularly, eh? [*Presenting his countenance for inspection.*

Podb. Not much of your original features, old fellow! (*He roars with laughter.*) You've got a pair of cheeks like a raised map!

Culch. It—it's going *down*. Nothing to what it was, half an hour ago!

Podb. Then I'm jolly glad you didn't call me earlier, that's all!

Culch. It does feel a little inflamed. I wonder if I could get a little—er—violet powder, or something—?

Podb. (with a painful want of sympathy). Violet powder! Buy a blue veil—a good thick one!

Culch. What sort of impression *do* you suppose I should get of Venice with a blue veil on?

Podb. Can't say—but a pleasanter one than Venice will get of you *without* it. You don't mean to face the fair Miss TROTTER while you're like *that*, do you?

Culch. (with dignity). Most certainly I *do*. I am much mistaken in Miss TROTTER if she will attach the slightest importance to a mere temporary—er—disfigurement. These swellings never do last long. *Do* they now?

Podb. Oh, not more than a month or so, I daresay, if you can keep from touching them. (*He laughs again.*) Excuse me, old chap, but I just got you in a new light. Those mosquitoes have paid you out for that pastille—by Jove, they have!

Landing-steps entrance of the Hotel. Nine A.M.

Culch. (coming out a little self-consciously, and finding Mr. TROTTER). Ah, good morning! What are your—er—impressions of Venice, Mr. TROTTER?

Mr. Trotter (thoughtfully). Well, I'm considerable struck with it, Sir. There's a purrfect freshness and novelty about Vernis that's amusing to a stranger like myself. We've nothing just like this city out West. No, *Sir*. And how are—(*Becomes aware of CULCHARD's appearance.*) Say, *you* don't look like your slumbers had been one unbroken ca'm, either! The mosquitoes hev been powerful active makin' alterations in you. Perseverin' and industrious insects, Sir! Me and my darter have been for a loaf round before breakfast. I dunno if you've seen *her* yet, she's—.

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Miss T. (coming out from behind). Poppa, they've fixed up our breakf—(Sees *CULCHARD*, and turns away, covering her face). Don't you turn your head in *this* direction, Mr. *CULCHARD*, or I guess I'll expire right away!

Culch. (obeying, wounded). I confess I did *not* think a few mosquito-bites would have quite such an effect upon you!

Miss T. You're vurry polite, I'm sure! But I possess a hand-mirror; and, if you can't bear to look me in the face, you'd better keep away!

Culch. (takes a hasty glance, and discovers, with a shock, that she is almost as much disfigured as himself). Oh, I—I wasn't—(With an effort of politeness.) Er—I hope you haven't been inconvenienced at all?

Miss T. Inconvenienced! With haff-a-dozen healthy mosquitoes springing a surprise party on me all night! I should guess so. (Noticing *C.'s* face.) But what in the land have *you* been about? Well, if that isn't real *tact* now! I reckoned I'd been dealt a full hand in spots; but now I've seen you, I guess there's a straight flush against me, and I can just throw up. But you don't play Poker, *do* you? Come along in, Poppa, do. [*She goes in with Mr. T.*]

Culch. (alone, disenchanted). I could *not* have believed any amount of bites could have made such a terrible difference in her. She looks positively *plain*! I do trust they're not *permanent*, or really—! [*He gazes meditatively down on the lapping water.*]

* * * * *

"WILLIAMS ON WHEELS."

[At Bridgend County Court, on the 16th inst., Judge WILLIAMS had to hear an action in which 50l. was claimed as compensation for damages caused by careless driving. The evidence of one important witness having still to be heard when the hour arrived for the Judge to leave by train, his Honour, with the legal advocates and the remaining witnesses, travelled together to Llantrissant, the witness giving his evidence *en route*. On reaching Llantrissant, Judge WILLIAMS gave his decision in the station-master's office, finding for the plaintiff.—*Daily Paper*.]SCENE—*Interior of a Saloon Carriage, shortly after the innovation started by Judge WILLIAMS, has come into general favour. Judge seated on portmanteau at one end. Parties to suit glare at each other from opposite sides. Usher, Witnesses, Counsel, &c.*

Judge._ Usher, that is the third time the engine-driver has blown his whistle! Tell him that on the very next occasion I shall send him to prison for contempt of court.

Usher. Yes, m'lud. [*Exit Usher.*]

Facetious Counsel. The noise is so deafening, we might even call it a “part-heard case.”
[*Laughter.*

Judge. Well, let’s get on. (*To Witness.*) You say you actually saw the prisoner mix the arsenic with the Madeira?

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Witness. I did, m'lud.

Judge. Well, Gentlemen of the Jury, perhaps we had better, as a matter of form, have the prisoner before us. By the bye, where *is* the prisoner?

Usher (returning). I believe he's in the dog-box, m'lud. They had to put him there, he was so refractory in the guard's van.

Judge. That shows the advantages of this new way of going Circuit. A dog-box is just the sort of receptacle for a person accused of murder in the first class—I mean in the first degree. When do we get to Blankchester Junction?

Foreman. In a quarter of an hour, m'lud, by my time-tables. And I should like to say that most of the Jury wish to get out there—they feel the oscillations of this carriage so much. If your Lordship would sum up now—

Judge (with alacrity). Quite so. Blankchester is a convenient place for *me* to alight, I think.

[Sums up lucidly in about five minutes, and Jury at once brings in verdict of Guilty of Manslaughter.]

Judge (surprised). Manslaughter, Gentlemen! Perhaps, after all, I was wrong in not summing up in the Booking-Office. It would have given time for more consideration. *[Awful collision occurs.]*

Judge (at bottom of an embankment). Usher, Usher! I haven't pronounced sentence yet! Bring the prisoner before me!

Usher (wounded). Beg your Lordship's pardon—prisoner's escaped!

Judge. Escaped? Well, I can sentence him in his absence quite as well. Oh, dear, my back *is* bad! Those law-books came down on the top of me, I believe. The sentence of the Court is that the prisoner be imprisoned, when found, for three years.

Facetious Counsel (turning up from a heap of wreckage). As a *First Class* misdemeanant, of course?

Judge (catching the spirit of the joke). First Class! No—Third Class, for Portland! *[Left on Circuit.]*

* * * * *

ONLY FANCY!

Members of the House of Commons have read with a thrill of interest Lord HENRY BRUCE's letter to his constituents, announcing his intention not to offer himself for re-election in North West Wilts. Full five years Lord HENRY has sat in the House. He has rarely joined in debate, but the manner of his occasional interposition was always notable. He slowly rose, placed one hand in his trousers' pocket, looked round the House and said nothing. Then, when the SPEAKER was about to call on someone else, Lord HENRY blurted forth a few sentences, the end generally coming first, and having apparently said about half what he meant to say, abruptly sat down. But the House, with keen instinct, always recognised the heaven-born orator, and knew his time would come. It has come with the opportunity of writing this letter,

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which is full of beautiful things. "I deprecated," says Lord HENRY, reviewing his distinguished Parliamentary career, "the surrendering of an ancient dependency like Heligoland, and which has since been strongly fortified, to satiate a shadowy claim of the GERMAN EMPEROR to the Island of Zanzibar." To satiate a shadowy claim is good. Space forbids quotation of more than one additional sentence from this masterpiece. "Let me conclude by saying, that I trust whoever may succeed me in North-West Wilts will wear ELIJAH's mantle with the same pleasure as I have already done." What that means no man can say.

* * * * *

[Illustration: The Editor of the "Welsh Review."]

We are glad to learn that Lord HENRY BRUCE's retirement from Parliamentary life does not imply absolute withdrawal from public affairs. Since the appearance of his letter, there has been a rush upon him by able Editors and Magazines. He has undertaken to write to the *Twentieth Century* an Article on "Recent Ministerial Appointments." Mr. BOWEN ROWLANDS, M.P., Q.C., has also been in communication with him. "The very man for the *Welsh Review*," says the enthusiastic Editor.

* * * * *

We learn from a reliable source that LORD HENRY BRUCE has intimated to Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS that, in the event of his being selected to Move or Second the Address at the opening of the New Session, he will appear in Elijah's mantle. It is to be hoped Lord SALISBURY, offended, as he is understood to be, at Lord HENRY's frank criticism, will not ignore this proposal. The House of Commons will be much gratified to find itself relieved from the monotony of the uniform—alternately Militia Colonel and Post-Captain—which mars the success of an interesting ceremonial.

* * * * *

The heading, "The Royal Engagement," which appears daily in two of the morning papers does, not, as appears at first sight, indicate warlike preparations in Royal circles. The allusion meant is to the Royal Betrothal.

* * * * *

NAME WANTED.—There are a considerable number of Ladies' Clubs, where matrons and spinsters can commingle. Now 'tis proposed to start a Spinsters' Club, only Spinsters eligible. What shall it be called? Spinning is associated with Spinster, but recent events at Cambridge make the use of the word somewhat objectionable. How

would “The Arachne” do? Or as Omphale assumed the attire of Hercules, and tried to wield the club, why not call one of these the Omphale?

* * * * *

OLD SONG, ADAPTED TO THE OCCASION (*by one who wasn't asked to the Marquis of Salisbury's party*).—“*I dreamt that I supp'd in Marble Halls,*” &c., &c.

* * * * *

[Illustration: IN CONFIDENCE.

“MUMMY DEAR, WHO'S PAPPA'S MOTHER-IN-LAW?” “MY MOTHER, DEAR,—YOUR GRANDMAMMA.”

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“Oh—(*Considering.*)—DO YOU THINK GRANDMAMMA WOULD TAKE A PRIZE AT THE CAT SHOW?”

“ETHEL, DEAR! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?” “WELL, MUMMY DEAR, I HEARD PAPPA SAY THAT, IN THE WHOLE COURSE OF HIS LIFE HE HAD NEVER COME ACROSS ‘SUCH AN OLD TABBY AS HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW!’”]

* * * * *

AWAKENING FATHER CHRISTMAS

OR, THE CALL TO ALMS.

A TOPSY-TURVEY VERSION OF THE TENNYSONIAN DAY-DREAM.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

All through the year, towards his feet,
He slumbering in his place alone,
Waiting December days to greet
The “Beauty’s” snowy beard has grown;
Whilst all about his bulky form
Fir-hedge and holly sprout and twirl.
Sleeping he snoreth, snug and warm,
His breath scarce stirs his beard’s crisp curl.

He sleeps: the jolly, brave Old Bird,
Ruddy of phiz as warm of heart,
Who, when he’s annually stirred,
Is always good, and game to “part.”
He sleeps: all round his cosy cell
His long-stored gifts are waiting use;
And—till awaked—he there doth dwell,
A cosy form in cosy snooze.

THE ARRIVAL.

All precious things, discovered late,
To those who seek them turn up trumps.
Charity works with kindly fate,
The heart in her soft bosom thumps.
She travels under winter skies—
She stayeth not for storm or shocks—



Celestial Grace with tender eyes,
And loving lips, and golden locks.

She comes, well-knowing what she seeks;
She breaks the hedge, she enters there:
Love's flush illumines her maiden cheeks;
She hears Yule's chimes upon the air:
She holds aloft that mystic stalk,
With white globes decked, to lovers dear;
"Now, Father Christmas, wake and walk!"
She whispers in the "Beauty's" ear.

THE AWAKENING.

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.
There came a noise of striking clocks.
Twelve strokes! Aroused from slumber rapt,
The "Beauty" shook his silvery locks.
"What you again? My yearly call!
By Jove, how soundly I have slept!"
Then, with a laugh that shook the wall,
Unto his feet Old Christmas leapt.

"What! Twelve! 'Tis time that I awoke,
And to the waiting world appeared."
He yawned, and cracked his annual joke,
And ran his fingers through his beard.
"How say you? Is it slop or snow?"
She answered, "Come along, old chap!
We've much to do and far to go,
Ere you resume your annual nap."

THE DEPARTURE.

And on the Old Sire's arm she leant,
And round her waist his arm did fold;
And forth into the world they went,
To glad the grieved, to warm the cold.
Across the town, and far away,
Of kindness full, and frolic whim,
To cheer all hearts went Christmas Day,
That white-wing'd Presence following him.

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Near Nineteen Hundred times hath she,
The gentle goddess, free and fair,
Awaked with kiss Old Father C.
To make the wintry world their care.
O'er town, o'er country far away,
Where'er hearts ache, or eyes grow dim,
His annual round makes Christmas Day,
Sweet Charity attending him.

[Illustration: THE AWAKENING OF FATHER CHRISTMAS
OR, A CALL TO ALMS.]

MORAL.—So, British Public, take my lay,
And *if* you find no moral there,
Then *Mr. Punch* must sadly say
His ministry is fruitless care.
Nay! To good uses you will put
The Legend *Punch* doth thus transpose.
Your pockets sure you will not shut,
Your hearts to his appealings close!

For e'en the man who runs may read
The lesson with this lay entwined.
(If Topsey-turvey thus succeed,
The noble Laureate will not mind!)
And liberal applications lie
In this quaint Legend, good my friend.
So, put the song and picture by,
And hook it—to some useful end!

* * * * *

CARMEN CULINARIUM.

[Illustration: Cook Personally Conducting.]

If you're anxious to eat without any repining,
Read THEODORE CHILD upon "Delicate Dining."
This sage gastronomic full soothly doth say,
That no mortal can dine more than once in the day;
Then he quotes LOUIS QUINZE, that the art of the cook
Must be learnt most from practice, and not from a book;

While you also will find in the readable proem,
Doctor KING said a dinner resembled a poem.

We shall next see a cook can have only the dimmest
Of notions of art, if he isn't a chemist.
So we learn here the names and the separate uses
Of muscular fibre, albumen and juices.
We are shown the right methods of roasting and boiling,
Of frying and stewing, decocting and broiling;
While our author in words there can be no mistaking,
Is dead against "roasting" in ovens—or baking.

Our asparagus then we are heedfully told, [Greek: Iostephanos] should be like Athens
of old: With a violet head and a stalk very white While this CHILD thinks that tepid it
yields most delight. On the artichoke too with affection he lingers, And also advises you
eat with your fingers, *Petits pois a la Francaise* are here, the receipt That he gives is a
good one but haply too sweet.

Our author is great upon salads and sauces,
To cool our hot palates, or tittivate *fauces*;
Here is all you need learn about GOUFFE'S *Bearnaise*,
And a charming receipt for the *Sauce Hollandaise*.
In England we know that in sauces we're weak,
And we've never attained to the *cuisine classique*;
But French Seigneurs of old gave full rein to their wishes,
And live on immortal in delicate dishes.

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We are told how to give and receive invitations,
And eke how a table may need decorations.
We agree with the author who says when you dine,
It is very much better to stick to one wine,
Be it ruddy Bordeaux or the driest Champagne,
Let the latter be cool but your ice is no gain.
While on coffee and tea he is sound as a bell,
With all dexterous dodges for making them well.

No man ever escaped—to a cook who did wrong,
For his art ranks so high, said MENANDER's old song.
And the ancients we know loved both oysters and pullets,
When the [Greek: oinos kekramenos] slipped down their gullets.
While here is a man to have joined them when roses,
In classical fashion, were cocked o'er their noses.
So we'll take leave of CHILD and his capital book,
With a "Bon appetit" to the *gourmet* and cook.

* * * * *

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.—(BY A DISAPPOINTED CHURCH-DECORATOR.)

[Illustration]

When rustic woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that Curates flirt;
It pains, ah! sharper than the holly
Whose spikes her pretty fingers hurt.

Pleasant is pulpit-decoration,
And altar-ornamenting's sweet,
When girls get lost in contemplation
Of parson-whiskers, trim and neat.

Most pleasant too the cheery chatter
Of woodland parties, in the snow,
When gathering—well, well, no matter!
No more I'll hunt for mistletoe.

No more I'll stand and hold the ladder
For reverend gentlemen to mount.



Ah me! Few memories make me madder,
Though merrier ones I may not count.

Goose! How about those steps I'd linger!
Muff! How I bound my handkerchief
Last Christmas Eve, about his finger,
Pierced by that cruel holly-leaf!

And now he's going to marry MINNIE,
The wealthy farmer's freckled frump,
A little narrow-chested ninny!
Into Pound's pond I'll go and jump!

Yet no, Miss MIGGS and he might chuckle,
I know a trick worth two of that;
I'll up and take that fool, BOB BUCKLE,
I hate him, but his farm is fat.

When rustic woman stoops to folly,
And finds e'en Curates can betray,
What act can aggravate the "dolly"
Whose wealth has won his heart away?

The only art her grief to cover,
Enable her to lift her head,
And show her false white-chokered lover
She won't sing "*Willow*," is—to wed!

* * * * *

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

There is one line in our Mr. DU MAURIER's fascinating and fantastic novel, *Peter Ibbetson*, which every author should frame and hang up before his eyes in his study. 'Tis this, and 'tis to be found at page 217, Vol. ii.:—

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“Write anyhow! Write for the greatest need and the greatest number.”

“This is business,” quoth the Baron, “and *Peter* who passed so much of his life asleep seems, when not dreaming, to be uncommonly wide awake.”

A dainty book indeed for a Christmas present is *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, published by GAY AND BIRD—lively names these—but ought to have been GAY AND LARK. There is an interesting portrait of the Author as he was in 1842.

“My ‘CO.,’” quoth the Baron, “deponeth thusly, as to Calendars generally,—not, however, including the one-eyed Kalendar of the Arabian Nights,—that MARCUS WARD, mark us well, comes out uncommonly strong, specially in the ‘Boudoir’ and also in the ‘Shakspeare’ Calendar, which latter hath for every day in the year ‘a motto for every man.’ Methinks this pretty well wipes off the Christmas score, which includes New Year gifts.

“Now as to books,”—continues the Baron, “here let me say that my favourite pocket-books, not specially for Christmas, but for all times and seasons, are those excellent travelling companions provided by CASSELL’s *National Library*, BRADBURY AND AGNEW’s *Handy Volume Scott and Shakspeare*, and ROUTLEDGE’s *Pocket Library*, all really portable, and printed in the clearest type. These be welcome presents to ‘constant readers.’” The Baron presents his “many grateful thanks,” to quote our worthy ROBSON ROOSTUM PASHA, to a kind friend, poet, scholar and judicious critic, who, from the North, sends the Baron a seasonable present of a small volume of poems, published by HOLDEN, of St. Andrew’s, N.B. (Quoth Mr. WAGG, “quite a new ‘un, published by a hold ‘un”—*passons*), entitled *The Scarlet Gown*, written by Mr. R.F. MURRAY. His verses are in the Calverley vein, the rhyming and rhythm easy, the jingle pleasant, the lines witty, and the subjects fresh. The local hits will be specially appreciated by St. Andrew’s men. Everyone will enjoy “The City of Golf, the Adventures of a Poet.” Cantabs especially will sympathise with the humour of “The Delights of Mathematics.” “So here’s to the poet in the wassail bowl; a Happy New Year and a Murray Christmas to him,” says

THE JOVIAL BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

* * * * *

[Illustration: MR. PUNCH DRINKS TO THE OLD YEAR!]

* * * * *

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