

Punch, Or The London Charivari, Vol. 99., December 27, 1890

Various

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December 27, 1890, by Various

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Title: Punch, Or The London Charivari, Vol. 99., December 27, 1890

Author: Various

Release Date: July 19, 2004 [EBook #12944]

Language: English

Character set encoding: ASCII

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PUNCH,

OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 99.

December 27, 1890.

[Illustration: 'DRESSED-CRAB']

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OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The origin of the phrase, Le Coup de Jarnac, is interesting, and

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the story is well told by Mr. _MAC_DOWALL 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!"

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_.

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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 eclat 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?"

"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.

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THE KNELL OF HOME RULE.--Par-nell.

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[Illustration: A PARLIAMENTARY PANTOMIME OPENING.

(Seasonable Suggestion to Augustus Druriolanus.)]

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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.

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!"

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[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!"

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

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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]

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!

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.]

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_?

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._

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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 carcase 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.

[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!

* * * * *

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.

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[Illustration: SUGGESTION FOR PICTORIAL DIRECTORY.

"Hide Pa Corner."

Eatin' Plaice.]

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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.

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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.

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[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!"

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.

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.

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. GORGIAS," 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. GORGIAS 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!_

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.

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'SHAY. 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.

"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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* * * * *

[Illustration: Index.]

According to a Recent Precedent, 16
Advice Gratis, 265
Advice to Girl-Graduates, 1
Alice in Blunderland, 241
All the Year Round, 123
All Very Vine! 165
American Girl (The), 136
Anglo-German Concertina (The), 28
Another Terc-ish Atrocity, 168
Another Victim, 114
Answers to Correspondents, 34, 96, 171, 189
Argumentum ad Pocketum (An), 99
'Arry on 'Arrison and the Glorious Twelfth, 97
'Arry on the 'Oliday Season, 74
'Arry on the Sincerest Form of Flattery, 144
Art's Friends and Foe, 57
At the Theatre! 173
Australia at St. Paul's, 48
Automatic Progress, 76
Avenue Hunchback, 249
Babes in the Wood (The), 294

Bachelor's Idyl (A), 180
Ballad of Barrow (A), 18
Before Bisley, 2
Before and Behind, 237
"Better late than Never!" 39
Better the Day, the Better the Talk (The), 130
Between the Leaves, 303
Between the Quick and the Dead, 246
Black Business (A), 105
Black and White; or, the Phantom Steed, 305
Boothiful Idea (A), 218
Boy the Father of the Man (The), 37
Breaking a Record on a Wheel, 165
British Lion and the German Fox (The), 150
Bubble from the Suds (A), 136
Bull and Bullion, 269
Bully for the Colonel, 45
Burden of Bacillus (The), 249
"Business!" 278
Cachet of Cash at Drury Lane (The), 133
"Can Worms See?" 5
Cardinal Manning's Precedence, 102
Catching, 26
Caution to Snakes (A), 266
Centenarian (A), 143
"C'est Magnifique! mais--," 158
Chance for Buyers, 39
"Charge, Chester, Charge!" 186
Christmas and Cleopatra, 300
Christmas College Fairy (The), 309
Christmas Crackers, 305
Cinderella Fin de Siecle, 301
City Vestries and Benefactions, 168
Clergy in Parliament, 197
Close of the Innings (The), 78
"Coming in their Thousands," 24
Coming Sea-Scrapes at Chelsea, 51
Cornwall in Baker Street, 216
Correspondence Special, 227
Cry from the Cinder-Path (A), 293
Cry of the City Clerk (The), 309
Cupid and Minerva, 124
"Cup that che-(hic)-ers!" (The), 26
Damsels of Dieppe (The), 110
Dangerous Corner (A), 90
"Daniel!" (A), 257
"Dark Continent" Hint (A), 234
"Death and his Brother Sleep," 162
Death-Penalty; or, Who's to Blame? (The), 261
Death-Ball; or, A New Name for it, 228
Development, 135
Dialogue Up to Date (A), 22
Diamonds are Trumps, 291
Discipline! 36
Doing it Cheaply, 63
Dream of Unfairly-treated Woman (A), 50
Dress Drama (A), 275
Dying Swan (The), 63
Effective Military Manoeuvre (An), 149

Electrophonoscopic Chat, 23
Emperor's Will (An), 160
Empire is Piece, or rather Ballet (The), 77
Epithalamium, 22
Employment of Capital, 215
Erin Avenged, 50
Erratum, 6
Essence of Parliament, 10, 23, 35, 47, 59, 71, 83, 275, 287, 299
Essence of the Arabian Nights, 310
Ether-Drinking in Ireland, 197
Excellent Example, 220
Excellent Rule (An), 62
Exchange no Robbery, 6
Family Question (A), 186
Fashions in Physic, 161
Fate of Salvation Army Generals (The), 273
Fee Very Simple, 95
Fighting the Fog, 306
Final Test (The), 254
Finis, 205
Fire King and his Friends (The), 194
First Aid to Tommy Atkins, 61
From a Theatrical Correspondent, 270
From Nile to Neva, 66
From Our Music Hall, 243
From Our Yotting Yorick, P.A., 62
From the French--and the English, 120
Gentle Art (of Snigging) (The), 231
German Hinterland (The), 75
"Give it to the Bard!" 215
Golf Victor! 227
Good for Sport, 137
Good-natured Tempest (A), 241
Good Young "Zummerset!" 121
Grand Old Stumper (The), 218
"Grasshoppers" at the Lyceum (The), 192
Green Pastures or Piccadilly? 137
Groan of the "Growler" (The), 87
Groan of the Gushless (The), 180
Grumble for the Grenadiers (A), 33
Had he Succeeded! 159
Hamlet at the Vegetarian Congress, 144
"Hats Off!" 160
Henley Regatta, 18
"Hercules (County) Concilians," 174
Hibernian Brer Fox (The), 297
Highways and Low Ways, 189
History as she is Wrote! 156
Holiday Appeal (A), 77
Home-ing, 63
Homo Sapiens, 130
"Hope Deferred," 18
How it's Done, 172, 181, 196, 225, 232, 257, 281
Hunting of the Snark (The), 117
"Il Ira Loin," 168
"I'm Afloat!" 148
"In a Hole," 252
In Our Garden, 204, 216, 228, 231, 250, 264
International Hero (An), 41

Interviewing a la Mode, 144
"In the Air!" 124
In the Club Smoking-Room, 250
In the Know, 41, 54, 65, 81, 89, 101, 119
"In Trouble," 6
Invocation (An), 147
"Is this the Hend?" 180
"It is the Bogie Man!" 277
Jackdaw (The), 96
"Jack Sheppard Reversed," 102
James's Hair Apparent, 22
John Henry Newman, 95
Johnny, make room for Daloncle! 59
Jots and Titles, 120
Journalist-at Arms (The), 153
Journal of a Rolling Stone, 99, 111, 177
"Keep the Pot a-boiling!" 306
Kept in Town, 100
Killing no Murder! 111
Kreutzer Sonata (The), 3
"Laidly Worm" of London (The), 234
Lamblike Gambol (A), 171
Large Cigar (The), 285
L'Art de Causer, 203
Last of "Mary's Lamb" (The), 207
Latest from the Lyceum, 147
"Law of Arms is such" (The), 5
Lay of London (A), 292
Lay of the Loud Salvationist (The), 14
Learned by Art, 225
"Lebe Wohl! Helgoland!" 81
Lesson of the Season (The), 93
Licence for Lords (A), 189
Literature and Lottery, 107
Literary Advertisement, 197
Literary and Dramatic, 305
Litterae Humaniores, 90
Looking Forward, 167
London Meteorillogical Arrangements, 293
Lost Hairs-at-Law, 167
Lost Opportunities, 27
Lying Spirit (The), 30
Lyric for Lowestoft (A), 49
Magic Horse (The), 255
Man of Science (The), 232
McGladstone (The), 198
Might be Better! 90
Mine and Thine, 51
"Mine Ease at my Club," 233
Misled by a Manual, 112
Moan of the Maiden (The), 207
Modern Hero (The), 263
Modern Milkmaid's Song (The), 189
Modern Nelson Motto (The), 180
Modern Types, 16, 37, 73, 109, 145, 169, 205, 265
More from Our Yotting Yorick, 134
Mr. Punch's Dictionary of Phrases, 2, 21, 36, 60, 64, 73, 97, 110, 121, 147, 185, 240
Mr. Punch's Moral Music-Hall Dramas, 69

Mr. Punch's Prize Novels, 157, 173, 191, 193, 217, 229, 244, 253, 277
Mr. Punch's Swim Round the World, 105
Musical Note (A), 293
Musical Pole Star (A), 265
My Mother bids me Dye my Hair, 183
My Pithy Jane, 71
My Pretty Jane, 147
National Appeal (A), 93
Native Growth, 165
New Plague (A), 81
New Stocking (The), 113
"Noblesse oblige!" 63
"Nomine Mutato," 147
No More Law Officers, 167
Nonogenarian Nonsense, 285
Note for the New Unionism, 177
Note from Brighton, 64
Note-Paper Currency at Christmas, 304
"Not there, not there, my Child!" 245
Novelty up to Date, 85
Nursery Rhyme, 109
Odd, 174
Ode to Money, 39
Ode to Ozone, 155
Old Joe Encore, 197
Old Railway and a New Line (An), 78
On, Guards! 52
On the Cards, 136
On with the New Love, 38
Opera-Goer's Diary (The), 5, 17, 29, 45, 53
Opera Notes, 246
Operatic Notes, 220, 237
Our Advertisers, 24, 297
Our Booking-Office, 1, 17, 25, 41, 57, 65, 75, 113, 131, 137, 148, 161,
180, 185, 209, 221, 233, 245, 256, 269, 279, 293, 301
Our Failures, 114
Our New Advertisement Column, 25
"Our Turn Now!" 54
Our Yotting Yorick, 76, 98
Out for a Holiday, 121
Out for Another Holiday, 183
Page from a Possible Diary (A), 267
"Pair of Spectacles" (A), 268
Parliamentary "Ancient Mariner" (The), 258
Pars about Pictures, 227, 231, 252, 264, 273, 277, 293
Perilous Tug of War (A), 215
Phagocyte (The), 102
Phillaloo! 300
Picturesque London; or, Sky-Signs of the Times, 119
Pig in a Poke (A), 146
Portia a la Russe (A), 291
Price of It (The), 66
Prize Epitaph, 110
Product of the Silly Season (A), 112
Professional Guest (The), 38, 61, 108
Progress--Fin de Siecle, 209
Prophet and Loss, 179
Pros and Cons of Foreign Travel, 85
Puff at Whitehall (A), 101

Punch to Primrose, 38
Punch to the Second Battalion, 49
Purely a Matter of Bisleyness, 29
Puzzle (A), 75
Question of Taste (A), 282
Quicksand! (The), 138
Quis Nominabit? 237
"Quite a little (Roman) Holiday," 233
Quite the Newest Songs, 50
Rack of the Ratepayer, 2
Railway Time-table, 129
Rats in Council, 153
Ravenstein (The), 138
Real Grievance Office (The), 57, 89, 121, 156, 222
Really Entertaining, 22
Really Valuable Suggestion (A), 180
Reclame (Gratis), 150
Red versus Black, 269
"Rewards for Gallantry," 66
Right-doing on the Rialto, 256
Robert as Humpire, 208
Robert at Burn'em Beaches, 240
Robert at the Hopera, 273
Robert on Matrimony, 29
Robert's American Acquaintance, 49
Robert's Little Hollerday, 107
Robert's Return to the City, 181
Robert Up the River, 141
Rum from Jamaica,--Very! 198
Rumours for the Recess, 83
"Running his Eye over them," 71
Sad News from Eton, 1
Sarah Jeanne at His Mayerjesty's, 5
Science and Heart, 213
Scott and a Lot (A), 197
Scott-free; or, Ravenswood Notes Wild, 160
"Sea! the Sea!" (The), 10
Seeing the Stars, 207
"Separatists," 270
Served a la Russe, 203
"Shadowed!" 102
Shadow of a Case (The), 57
Shakspeare at Yuletide, 305
Shakspeare once again Adapted to the Situation, 27
Shield and the Shadow (The), 183
"Sic Itur ad Astra!" 255
Smells (The), 206
Something in a Name, 215, 275
Something like a Revolution! 64
Something Very Big, 292
Song Sentimentiana, 27
Sporting Style (A), 48, 72, 143
Stalking the Sagacious Stag, 149
Stars in the Strand, 77
Straight Tip (The), 123
Stranger than Fiction, 172
Strange Transformation, 267
Striking Nursery Rhyme (A), 108
"Struggle for Life" at the Avenue (A), 168

Study from Life (A), 300
Sunday at Home, 21
"Sur le Tapis," 65
Sweet Home for Nancy (A), 42
Sweets to the Acid, 39
Sweets to the Sweet, 220
Tale of a Telephone (A), 179
That Foot-ball, 297
Theatrical Probabilities, 108
Theory and Practice, 303
Three Tastes, 255
Time, the Avenger! 30
Tipperary Junction, 210
Tips from the Tape, 136
Tit for Tat, 75
Titled Months, 167
Tit-Willow, 291
To a Correspondent, 253
To a Feather-headed Poet, 87
To a Modern Minstrel, 310
To a Trumpeting Democrat, 141
To Canada, 93
To Engelberg and Back, 184, 197, 213, 221
Tomato-Cure for Dyspepsia (The), 39
To Mrs. H.M. Stanley, 27
To Mr. Stanley, 192
To my Umbrella, 155
Too Clever by Half, 21
"Too many Cooks!" 42
Tootheries (The), 207
To Pyrrha on the Thames, 65
To the Big Bacillicide, 267
To the Champion (Cricket) County, 108
To the Right Wheel, Barrow! 9
Tourney (The), 170
Touting for Tourists, 9
Tricks upon Travellers, 111
"Twinkle, twinkle, little Star," 161
Valid Excuse (A), 17
Verses for a Violinist, 169
Very Much at Sea, 48
"Very Short Holiday" (A), 88, 117
Voces Populi, 4, 13, 33, 52, 86, 100, 132, 195, 219, 239, 242, 289, 304
Walk Up! 249
"Wanted," 135, 153
Wanted--a Society for the Protection of "Celebrities," 201
Ware Snake! 123
"Wax to receive, and Marble to retain," 40
"Wedded to the Moor," 120
Week by Week, 1, 15, 28, 51, 83
What it will Come to, 3
What the Tame Rabbit said to the Grand Old Gardener, 107
"Where Ignorance is Bliss," 280
"Why not Live out of London?" 97
Wigs and Radicals, 245
Winter Opera, 209
Winter Season at Covent Garden, 193
Woman's Happiest Hour, 150
Wonderful Shillingsworth (A), 292

Word to John Burns (A), 129
Write and Wrong, 282
"Ye Gods, what a terrible Twist!" 174
Young Spark and the Old Flame (The), 230

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

Another Victim, 115
Babes in the Wood (The), 295
Between the Quick and the Dead, 247
British Lion and the German Fox (The), 151
Close of the Innings (The), 79
"Death and his Brother Sleep," 163
Family Question (A), 187
From the Nile to the Neva, 67
"Hercules (County) Concilians," 175
"Hope Deferred," 19
In Difficulties! 283
"In the Air!" 126, 127
"In Trouble," 7
"Keep the Pot a-boiling!" 305
"Laidly Worm" of London--and Young County Council (The), 235
Lying Spirit (The), 31
McGladstone (The), 199
Might be Better! 91
"Our Turn Now!" 55
Parliamentary "Ancient Mariner" (The), 259
Quicksand! (The), 139
"Same Old Game!" 223
"Separatists," 271
"Shadowed!" 103
Tipperary Junction, 211
"Too Many Cooks--!" 43

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

[Illustration]

Admiralty Lords on a Diving Inspection, 95
Amateur Photographic Pest (The), 166
American Ladies' Visit to Rome, 6
American Pig in a Poke (An), 146
Amusements for the Gallery--and the Mob, 190
'Arry in St. Petersburg, 227
'Arry on the Boulevards, 74
Artist and Critic in a Wood, 246
Artist's Wife carrying his Sketching Materials, 18
Augustus Harris's Day-Dream, 4
Bancroft as General Booth, 241
Barristers' Manners in Court, 267
Bellona and the Magazine Rifle, 254
Britannia and the Hindoo Woman, 182
British Cavalry, 158
Captain's Dream of Drowned Fishers (A), 183
Carriages Waiting at Two A.M., 54
Child of the Period and the Vicar, 222
Christmas Eve at the Grange, 306

Cleopatra in Paris, 208
Clergyman inviting Friend to Dinner, 157
Clergyman's High Grouse, 195
Collapse of "Corner Men," 131
Columbia and the Indian Snake, 266
Cottage "Scene" in the Highlands, 49
Demon Alps (The), 155
Doctor "Kills Two Birds with One Stone," 130
Dressed Crab, 301
Early Rising to go "Cubbing," 153
Effie Stung by a Wasp, 75
English and French Journalists, 159
English Lady and Scotch Tourist at a Table d'hote, 186
Epigrammatist and the Waiter (The), 51
Excavators at Old Gent's Door, 15
Fancy Portrait of the Phylloxera, 110
Flattering Milliner and Customer, 279
Footman and North Country Beer, 239
Frivolous Lady and a R.A., 22
Funny Man and Waiter at Dinner, 282
Gamekeeper and a Random Shot, 191
General Booth as Don Quixote, 255
German Music-Master's Polite Request (A), 167
Gladstone and Madame Patti's Voice Lozenges, 208
Going to Church by Boat, 59
Golf and Lawn-Tennis Tourney, 170
Golfing on the Sea-shore, 113
Grandolph Viewing the Horses, 70
Guest Watering the Champagne, 71
Hansom Cabby and a Lady's Letter, 66
Homeless and Clubless Man (The), 86
House Meeting in November Fog, 262
Hunting Lady Drops her Whip (A), 237
Huntsman and Scaring-Boy, 261
Hurdle-Jumping in the Park, 9
Imitation in the House, 94
Improved Magazine Rifle, 261
Irish Actors in America, 274
John Bull Admonishes Portugal, 194
"Kiss in-the-Ring," 78
Ladies' Latest Information about Heligoland, 39
Lady and Puzzled Architect, 263
Lady de Vere and the Carpenter, 198
Lady Guest "last but not least," 27
Lady Nigger Troupe (A), 150
L.C.C. Chairman's Boiler-Skates, 38
Leaping over Horseman in Lane, 285
Little Boy and Bibulous Professor, 207
Little Geoffrey and his Dog, 219
Little Girl's Birthday Present (A), 275
Lord Mayor's Show of the Future, 226
Magistrate and the Cracker, 225
Making Love in the Green-Room, 243
Match-Makers' Sweater and Mr. Punch (A), 278
M.C.C. defending Lord's Ground, 287
Meeting of B.A. in Leeds Townhall, 142
Minister of Agriculture and Insects, 58
Missing the Income-Tax, 87
Miss Parliaments puts Puppets away, 82

Mourning worn at a Murder Trial, 291
Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett and Turnips, 273
Mr. Gladstone and the Rabbits, 107
Mr. Gladstone in Scotland, 202
Mr. Gladstone on Fashion, 218
Mr. Joskins tries Horsebreaking, 93
Mr. Punch and the Frenchman in Egypt, 177
Mr. Punch and Higher Education, 251
Mr. Punch and Judge Romer, 242
Mr. Punch and "Nobody's Boys," 10
Mr. Punch and the Smells, 206
Mr. Punch at Sea, 26
Mr. Punch Driving in Norway, 62
Mr. Punch Yachting, 1
Mrs. Bouncer's beautiful Arms, 147
Mr. Tate and Mr. Red Tape, 3
Mr. Tyms with the Staghounds, 179
New Costume for General Officers, 149
New Uniform for Horse Guards, 135
Other Imitators in the Commons, 106
Our Artist and Old Lady on Rocks, 114
Our Artist takes an Authoress's Instructions, 30
Our M.P.'s Tour in Ireland, 178
Our Parliamentary Artist's Models, 118
Parliamentary Pantomime Opening, 302
Parnell's Parliamentary Puppets, 286
"Parsons on Strike," 270
Partridges and the Rain, 112
Perilous Tug of War (A), 215
Pirate of Elswick (The), 148
Podgers on Golf and Tennis, 189
Poet and Critic, 171
Popular Game of Arthur Golfour (The), 154
Professor Marsh's Primeval Troupe, 124
Publican and the Sunday League, 102
Regular Soldier and Yeomanry, 117
Result of Cabman "Crawling," 63
Runaway Horse and Dog-Cart, 105
Russian Wolf and the Hebrew Lamb, 290
Sale of Tearlings (A), 214
Salisbury Plays the Concertina, 28
Salvationist Justice and Sick Girl, 14
Scene from the Bohemian Girl, 111
Scotch Photographer and Client, 252
Sea Captain and his Horse (A), 129
Sea-side Regatta (A), 122
Serious Bail-Room Flirtations, 42
Shadowing at Henley Regatta, 34
"Shadowless Man" (The), 35
Shadows of the Session, 298
Shooting Fellow-Sportsman through Hedge, 240
Shooting his First Bird, 294
Signor and his 'Cello (The), 21
Singing in a Fog, 310
Sir Charles Russell's Pair of Gills, 301
Sir W. Harcourt in Four Situations, 46
Sir W. Harcourt Shooting Dodos, 11
Sky-Signs in the Country, 238
Sky-Signs of London (The), 119

Small Boy threatens to Bet, 303
Some Results from raising Piccadilly, 203
Speaking French before the Housemaid, 210
Sportsman and Keeper on the Moors, 234
St. Bernard and a Fillet of Veal, 162
Suggestions for Pictorial Directory, 305
Tailor Measuring Customer, 99
Taming a Vicious Horse, 143
Three in a Boat--a River Scene, 123
Tommy's First Stomach-ache, 2
Tommy's School Report, 141
Unfairly-treated Women, 50
Unionists and a Starving Non-Unionist, 165
Volunteer Major and Street-Boys, 90
Waiting for the Express, 174
Wanting Cartridges in his Gun, 256
W.H. Smith as the Rover, 84
Yankee Heiress at the Seaside, 138
Yotting Jottings, 98
Young Electricity and Old Steam, 230
Young Matron and 'Arry Cyclists, 258

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