

of men this age has produced. His life was a very eventful one, and volumes might be published of his extraordinary escapades and daring games in India. He lived a life which would have brought many a man a dozen times to the gallows. His career abroad is too well known for me to comment on it.

At last, Christmas has come upon us with brawls abroad, and some misery and wretchedness at home. Terrible railway accidents, explosions, and wrecks innumerable, with the "Cospatrik" to head the list of the most awful of catastrophes on record. With all this, John Bull must keep up his Christmas, eat his roast-beef and turkey, plum-pudding, and rich mince-pies—drink his champagne until he has reason to remember the week of festivities for many days afterwards. Presents are given and received by one and all, which is the most objectionable part of the programme; I hardly know which I dislike most, giving or receiving. It makes Christmas unbearable, and is, without exception, the most odious and unpleasant task of the carnival. Paltry cards and Christmas tokens, worthless and childish, are sent by every one. Why make such an unnecessary fuss at this particular season of the year? Why should one eat more than is good for one, and drink bad wine, which knocks you up for days afterwards? What particular amusement can John Bull find in making a disgusting exhibition of himself? At this lively season he is pardoned if he says anything he