

DECEMBER.



A BIL(L)-IOUS SEASON.

Oft in the stilly night, [me.
When nightmare's chain hath bound
Indigestion throws a light
On Christmas bills around me.
The bill for clothes, (how each boy
grows!)
Not ready-made—bespoken;
The cuffs now torn, the buttons gone,
And button-holes all broken.
My wife, who's thin, (her bill sent in)
A good round figure shows me;
I've heard her swear, she'd naught to
Now really that does pose me. [wear,
The bill for meat I say 's a cheat—
My wife, how much I shock'd her,

She's heard me say, "I'd rather
pay
The butcher than the doctor."
The bill for shoes, which I abuse,
With arguments she's meeting—
"Each little dear, if well it's clear,
Must something put its feet in."
From our draper comes a paper,
Which anything but nice is;
If I complain, she'll then explain,
We're in a "Cotton crisis."
Thus in the stilly night,
When indigestion racks me,
Just like a bird of prey, the file
With horrid BIL(L) attacks me.

Uneasy lies the head that owes a crown.

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31