



# THE POLITICIANS' CHRISTMAS DINNER.

(From Grip's Almanac for 1886.)

## ALAS! FOR MARY BROWN.



IM BROWN'S Mary was ecstatically beautiful, And morally the same, was she, as any one would testify; To her old father, Daddy Brown, she was extremely dutiful, And often that old man would say, "Now, Polly, I'll be blest if I

Would swap my gal for any gal, though of the aristocracy." And Mary then would say, "Dear Pap, I thank you for that sentiment"; But one fine day she met O'Miles O'Donohue O'Shaughnessy. You know the man—I'm sure you do: well, that's the very gert I meant.

Now Mary often told papa—I thought it most peculiar—That she would never leave him for the best man in the countree, But who can trust a woman—in Latin called *mulier*—They are endowed so strangely with feminine effrontery.

And manners so deceptive. Was Mary any different From all her sex? I'll show you now in language satisfactory.

How good she was—(than old Jim Brown, sure no man paid a shilling rent, But this is just *en passant*—that's from a Gallic factory.)

She met O'Miles, as I have said: he said, "Will you elope with me, And we will cross the ocean? oh, Mary! will you go? And Mary answered—cruel maid—oh, reader! don't you hope with me That she was quite averse to this? she *was*, and answered, "No."

This poem shows, dear reader, that when you most expect a thing It turneth out the other way: I know you will express Much grief at being sold: you cry, "What! what! a girl reject a ring?" You know you all expected that Miss Brown would answer, "Yes."

—Swiz.

## THE MEETING OF THE GHOSTS.

THEY FORM A PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

(By Twain Cablegram.)

With our usual daring enterprise we are enabled to place before our readers a succinct report of the great meeting of Ghosts recently held in London. We trust this great journalistic feat will be duly appreciated.

LONDON, ENG., Dec. 17.—Exeter Hall was to-night crowded with Ghosts, called together to discuss certain grievances. The Ghost with the Luminous Eyes was unanimously voted into the chair. He said they had been convened to consider the greatest insult ever placed upon the ghosts of this country. They had, without exception, been shamefully slighted by their old friends, the writers of Christmas Annuals. (Sepulchral groans.) Not a ghost, good, bad, or indifferent had been employed to work out to a satisfactory ending any one of the Annual stories.

(Unearthly wailing.) The remedy was in their hands. What did they propose to do?

The Ghost of the Murdered Man was the first to respond. He said he had been deeply affected by the gross neglect, so much so, that he felt like closing up his bullet and knife wounds and retiring from business. He begged to move the following: "Whereas, the writers of the Christmas Annuals published in these lands having deliberately, and with prejudice, slighted their old friends, the ghosts, by entirely ignoring their existence whilst preparing the present year's stories; be it resolved that notice be served upon each writer guilty of such conduct, warning him that should he not return to his former fealty he will be haunted with ghosts until his dying day." The Ghost with the Luminous Eyes sat down amidst shrieks, groans, and moans in various major keys.

The Lady in Shimmering Silk rose and seconded the resolution in a low, sweet, tremulous voice. She did so, she said, because the base action of the authors had materially affected her influence upon society. In days gone by had she not accomplished great good? How many treasure troves had been unearthed through her agency? How many avaricious fathers and uncles had been forced to disgorge their wealth? She might ask a thousand similar questions, but under the circumstances she would conclude with promising to do her best to make the authors more than miserable if they did not return to the old path. (Jubilant shrieks.)

The Churchyard Ghost next took the floor, and said he entirely approved of the resolution and would heartily second it. It was very evident the wretched writers desired the days of the Resurrectionists and body snatchers to return. If the authors did not change their ways he would make it hot for them and their relatives whenever they passed his way.

The Bleeding Nun, the Ghost without a Head, the Pale Faced Lady and others having spoken upon the resolution, it was carried by a standing vote, many of the ghosts floating rapturously around the hall.

The Ghost with the Clanking Chains was the next speaker and was listened to with the profoundest attention. His measured, cavernous tones, accompanied with a subdued clank, clank, from the chains he carried, adding weight to his remarks. He said he was pleased the last resolution had passed so heartily. He had now another to offer, which read: "Resolved that this meeting forms itself into a Protective Association for the express purpose of watching the interests of the ghosts; details to be left to a committee to be specially appointed." Had this Association, he said, been formed years ago, the present state of affairs could not have existed. The fact was, the authors had taken a mean advantage of their unprotected position, but it was not too much to say the ghosts would be

more than even with them yet. (Loud and spiritual cheers.)

The Presence rose to second the motion. He admitted he was not acknowledged a full-blown ghost, but from his connection with the annuals, it was just probable he had received as great a slight as any present.

The resolution was put to the meeting and carried amidst the wildest enthusiasm.

A committee having been appointed to draw up the rules of the new Association, the ghosts disbanded and made short tracks for their various abodes, leaving the hall to darkness and to me.

LONDON, ENG., Dec. 18.—(Latest report.) The writers of stories for the numerous Annuals published here, having heard of the ghosts' resolutions, are in a last frenzy of despair, and many suicides are expected. A meeting of authors is to be called, particulars of which, if held, I will cable you.

## A QUESTION FOR PETHER.

Oh Pether! oh Pether! oh Pether! me boy, Arrah, why have ye skipped? arrah, why did ye loon? Like a saygull or gannet or wild duck or loon? And take yer departure and lave us so soon, After tellin' the people to draw party lines In civic elections, and see better signs Of coming good government, if aldermen all Should only come out by a strong party call? Arrah, why did ye lave us to cross the salt broyne? Come, answer me that now, me bold Pether Roynce!

Ye think that if we'd but Tories in power They'd grow worse and worse every day, every hour. 'Till the people would rise up and give them all fits, And thin we'd have no one but finest of Grits. Suppose the Commons would act as you say, And allow the bould Tories to lather away, And dale out the moneys without any check, Don't you think that the country would soon be a wreck? Faith of don't think, at all, that your scheme is so foyne; Is that why you skipped out, me bould Pether Roynce? —B.

Mr. Smifkins is somewhat of a scientist, an ambitious druggist. For the sake of public information and his own personal satisfaction, he has of late been making analyses of the city water. The other day he returned and said to Mrs. S.:

"Amanda, my dear, the water is horribly impure again. It seemed to improve lately, but I found all sorts of peculiar substances in the water this morning, traces of insoluble ingredients, and enough albuminous and fatty matter to make me think that all the little Vorticellæ and Cyclopes quadricornes, and Amoebæ and Polyphagi had thrived so well as to have become perfectly aldermanic and to have gelatinized."

"Mary, where's the milk for Mr. Smifkin's coffee?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Smifkins. I left it on the sideboard, but it was gone when I went to look for it."

Mr. Smifkin turned pale, excused himself, and went out to see a man—the milkman.