

VANITY FAIR - Volume XXVI

“A Weekly Show of Political, Social, and Literary Wares.”

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Cartoons and selected excerpts

27. *Dec. 31, 1881*

MEN OF THE DAY.—No. CCLI.

“Racing & Politics” by Spy

The Honble. Algernon William Fulke-Greville.

Born forty years ago Mr Fulke-Greville went into the 1st Life Guards, and then into hunting, racing, and politics. Attaching himself to the Liberal Party he got elected, and for nine years sat for county Westmeath, and by the Liberal chiefs was made a “Whip” to the Party, a Lord of the Treasury, and a groom-in-waiting to the Queen. He married a sister of the present Duke of Montrose. He is a cheerful and well-known man about town, he takes a lively interest in the Turf, he is a devoted partisan, and was a good whip. He is good-looking, of active habits, and has much energy, and many friends of all kinds.

JEHU JUNIOR

VANITIES.

I have no wish to be considered as a cynic. The pretence of cynicism is only a cheap advertisement for people who have no wit. But the talk of this last week is calculated to change the most smiling of philosophers into an open scoffer. One can strike against indigestion ; one can throw mortal defiance at the jolly beings who propose debauches of pudding. But one seasonable pest is unavoidable, for the most retired of us all need to know how the world is faring, and therefore have to fall back on the sorry employment of reading newspapers. The miserable splutter of canting phrases, the morbid jollity, the hectic merriment, the unspeakable pathos that the British newspaper-man affects in the latter end of December are sufficient to tire one of life. The funny thing about it all is that everyone, from the begging clergyman to the gushing journalist, wants to make money out of the prevailing lunacy. It is all a commercial affair. “You are merry, therefore give me something,” says the ubiquitous beggar, and the man who wrought for money, or who has inherited money, must put his hand in his pocket and give away part of his substance to the mendicant who bothers him.

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A friend sent me the other day the following lines on a well-known head of an Oxford College, and, as I have not seen them in print, I send them to you :—

“I am—I am Jowett,
All that is known I know it ;
I am the master of this College,
And what I *don't* know is not knowledge.”



Vincent Brooks Day & Son Lith.

"Racing & Politics"