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November 9th, 1895, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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# **PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

**Volume 109, NOVEMBER 9, 1895.**

*edited by Sir Francis Burnand*

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**FIRST IN THE FIELD.**

**WEATHER BREAKS. DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT! GOING STRONG!**

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## **ROUNDABOUT READINGS.**

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I have been staying recently at Oxford, the home of perennial youth—and of innumerable dogs. In fact, it was the canine aspect of Oxford that impressed me on this occasion more than any other. Nearly every self-respecting undergraduate keeps his dog, and the mediæval, academic look of

the place is pleasantly tempered by these careless, happy, intrusive, "warlike wearers of the wagging tail," who career up the High, make the meadows to resound with their barking, and bring the bicycled rowing coach to eternal smash on the tow-path. There being, roughly speaking, some 3,000 undergraduates, the floating population of Oxford dogs cannot be less than 2,500.

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Perhaps, however, the most remarkable thing about Oxford dogs is the variety of their migrations. Some dogs, of course, remain constant to one owner. Others spend their lives under the general ownership of the whole University. These know the best rooms for bones from term to term; they can track the perfumed ash-pan to its lair, and indulge in hideous orgies of fish-heads and egg-shells. The most prominent representative of this class is, of course, *Oriel Bill*, who has, perhaps, the most gorgeously ugly and tenderly pathetic face ever granted by nature to a bull-dog.

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But ordinary dogs, though they remain nominally the possession of one original owner, migrate from sub-owner to deputy-sub-owner, and thence to pro-deputy-sub-owner, with a wonderful rapidity. For instance, I once gave a retriever puppy to an Oxford friend. This is the life-history of that amiable animal, so far as I can gather it up to a recent date.

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A. (my friend) kept the dog faithfully for a term. As he was going down, it occurred to A. that *Ponto* would be happier in Oxford than in London, so when the following term began, *Ponto*, still in his gay puppyhood, was once more found in Oxford under a different master, B. B. kept *Ponto* in his lodgings in the High. They were prettily furnished; there were cretonnes, and embroidered cushions, and handsome rugs. One day *Ponto* was left in solitary charge for one short hour. Upon B.'s return he found that remarkable dog sleeping soundly, with a well-gnawed slipper under each of his forepaws, amidst a ruin of tattered stuffs. Not a hanging, not a cushion, not a rug remained entire. This was too much, and *Ponto* promptly became the fleeting property of C., a Balliol man, who changed his name to *Jowler* (this happened in the time of the late Master), and taught him to worry cats.

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After three weeks of glorious scrimmages amongst the surrounding feline inhabitants, *Jowler* took it into his head to get lost for a week. C. mourned him, but took no further steps when he found him living under the protection of D., a Brasenose man, totally unknown to A., the original owner. D. took him home in the vac, broke him to the gun, imbued him with an extraordinary fondness for beer, and re-christened him "*Hebby*."

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At the beginning of the following term *Hebby* once more turned up in Oxford, being then almost a full-grown dog. He again lived in lodgings, this time in Turl Street. By this time he had acquired luxurious habits, and was particularly fond of taking his naps in any bed that might be handy. Having on four separate occasions covered himself with mud and ensconced himself in the bed of the landlady, he was not as popular as a dog of his parts ought to have been. But the culminating point was reached when *Hebby*, having stolen a cold pheasant and the remains of a leg of mutton, took the bones to the bed of his master, into which he tucked himself. After this he was passed onto E., a Magdalen man, and was called *The Pre*.

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I cannot follow his wanderings after this point in any detail. I know he has gone the round of the Colleges twice. He has been a boating dog, a cricketing dog, an athletic dog, and a footballing dog. He has been a canine member of Vincent's Club; he has waited outside the Union unmoved while a debate, on which the fate of the Ministry hung, was in progress. He has been smuggled into College, he has disgraced himself, and caused a change of carpets in nearly every lodging in Oxford. He has lived near New College under the name of *Spoop*, has been entered at Christ Church as *Fleacatcher* (a delicate compliment to distinguished oarsman), and has frequented the precincts of the Radcliffe Infirmary, and been joyfully hailed as *Pego* by budding doctors. I believe he is still a resident member of the University, but his exact place of residence is more than I can tell. His original owner endeavoured to trace him not long ago. He got as far as Lincoln College, and there lost the clue.

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This, I am sure, is no solitary example. Hundreds of Oxford dogs are at this very time undergoing the same vicissitudes, through a similar Odyssey of wanderings. And probably, if the truth were known, there are Cambridge dogs in no better case.

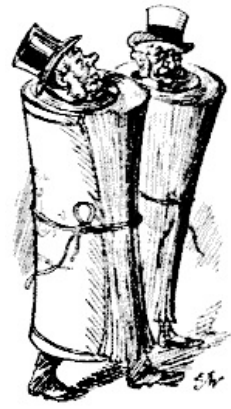
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## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"I like it muchly," quoth the Baron, finishing BARING GOULD'S *Noëmi*:—

"This scribe for publishers ne'er writes  
in vain;  
His pen prolific, Baring Goulden grain."

And *Noëmi*, if a trifle less Gouldish than Weymanish, is a tale of stirring times, when to plunder, hack, stab, and string up a few unfriendly fellow-creatures, who would have done the same by you if the turn of luck had been theirs, came in the day's work; while to roast an offender whole "all alive O," just for once and away, was, so to speak, "quite a little 'oliday," as a special and exceptional treat. And all these jocular barbarities were occasioned, not by any religious fervour, or by intolerant persecuting zeal, excusing itself on the score of anxiety for future spiritual welfare of victim, but simply out of pure cussedness, and for the humour of the thing, much as, now-a-days, the bowie-knife and the cord are used "down West." Personally, the Baron gives not full credit to all these tales of mediæval cruelty, but the "scenes and properties" serve an excellent artistic purpose, and so he loves them as he loves such romances as those of *She who must be obeyed*, and *Treasure Island*. Therefore here's to the lass *Noëmi*, and, as she herself would of course say, in response to the toast, "You'll like me the more you *Know-o'-me*."



Another capital story by FRANK BARRETT, entitled *A Set of Rogues*, is strongly recommended by the faculty; the faculty in question being that of deciding upon what sort of book is certain to suit the tastes of the majority of romance-readers, who, weary of the plodding every-day business in this "so-called nineteenth century," like to get away from it occasionally and live, just for a change, in the seventeenth. Stirring tale this of *A Set of Rogues*, without a dull chapter in it: and just enough human sentiment in it to soften down the roguery. In fact, so skilfully is the tale told that the reader will find himself siding with "their knavish tricks"; for the hearts of these rogues are in the right place, though their bodies very seldom were, and their heads never, in the noose. But "no noose is good noose," and so let the honest reader procure the book from INNES & Co. of Bedford Street; he will come to love the scoundrels, and will ask, with the Baron, "What on earth became of that captivating *Don Sanchez*?" and another query, "Was the villainous old Steward really killed?" Perhaps the author is reserving the Don and the Steward for another romance. If so, "What will he do with 'em?" asks the

INTERESTED BARON DE B.-W.



### THE LAST SALUTE!

*Tommy Atkins (to Commander-in-Chief H.R.H. The Dook of C-mbr-dge)* "SORRY TO LOSE YOU, SIR! YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A VERY GOOD FRIEND TO US!"

"In this, his first Army Order, Lord WOLSELEY wishes, in the name of the Army, to assure His Royal Highness of the affectionate regard of all who have served under him during his long period of office."—*London Gazette*, November 1, 1895.]



### HOPE DEFERRED.

*Old Gent (pulling up, not fancying the timber). "CONFOUND IT ALL! SURELY ONE OF 'EM 'LL MANAGE TO BREAK THE TOP RAIL."*

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### THE TWO SOLDIERS' TEARS.

*(Some way after Thomas Haynes Bayly's "Soldier's Tear.")*

When at the porch he turned,  
To take a last fond look.  
(Human emotion will have way  
In TOMMY or in Duke.)  
He listened to the tramp,  
So familiar to his ear;  
And the soldier gripped his good old  
sword,  
And wiped away a tear.

Not far from that same porch  
A Tommy stood at ease,  
But, as he saw, his head braced up,  
And he stiffened at the knees.  
"Sorry to lose you, Sir!  
You've been *our* friend, and dear!"  
That TOMMY cried, and with his cuff,  
*He* wiped away a tear.

Both turned, and left the spot,  
Oh! do not deem them weak,  
For dauntless was each soldier's heart,  
Though a tear bedewed each cheek.  
As *Punch* gives hearty thanks,  
At the close of a long career,  
To the gallant Duke, *he* also turns,  
And—wipes away a tear!

---

### Seasonable Dialogue.

*First Dissatisfied Sportsman.* What do you think of the present season, so far?

*Second Dis. Sport. (with a terrific "cold id 'is dose").* Der preselt seasult? You mead der cubbig season.

*First Dis. Sport. (correcting him).* Well, the present season *is* the "cubbing season."

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### A YELL FROM THE YELLOW.

The "Yellow Dwarf" (in the *Yellow Book*), in an almost incoherent scream against the literary ladies and gentlemen of the day, wails as follows:—

"The bagman and the stockbroker's clerk (and their lady wives and daughters) 'ave usurped his (the 'gentleman and scholar''s) plyce, and his influence on readers; and the pressman has picked up his fallen pen—the pressman, Sir, or the press-woman!... With an illiterate reading mob howling at our doors, and a tribe of pressmen scribbling at our tables, what, in the name of the universe, can we expect? What we get; not so?"

Well, "what we get" is (among other things) the above shriek of the "Yellow Dwarf," who seems to do his full share of the "howling" he attributes to the "reading mob," and who, indeed, might be better described as the "*Yeller Dwarf*."

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### On a Sympathetic Actress.

AIR—"The *Widow Malone*."

To the Garrick Theayter you'll  
    roam,  
    You'll roam,  
Where MARION TERRY'S at home,  
    At home.  
She melts all the hearts  
Of the swains in such parts  
As she plays in a play by JEROME,  
    JEROME.  
Not much of a play by JEROME.

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Why should "All Souls," Oxford, be always a distinguished college? Because it could not be "all souls" without "somebodies" in it.

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### BENN AND JIM.

*A Pathetic (L. C. C.) Ballad.*

[See recent controversy between Mr. BENN and Lord JAMES in the *Times*.]

BENN, an L. C. C. fighter bold,  
Was used to war's alarms;  
And when JIM knocked him off his legs,  
He wouldn't lay down his arms.

He cried. "I will not quit the field,  
Though HEREFORD JIM may shoot;  
And though to stand on I've no leg,  
I will not budge a foot!"

Now HEREFORD JIM, a gunner smart,  
Riddled BENN fore and aft.  
Cried BENN, "Although my decks he's  
swept,  
He has not sunk my *craft*."

Says JIM, "Those shanks are not live  
limbs,  
They're only party pegs!  
You have as wooden members quite,  
As represent your legs!"

"Alive—and kicking, still am I!"  
Says BENN, with huge elation;  
"But if you think my legs are dead,  
Let's have—an arbitration!"

Says JIM, "They are mere timber-toes,  
Though as live limbs you sport 'em,  
Though arbitrators have their use,  
They do not sit *post-mortem*!"

"A coroner sits on a *corpse*,  
To find out how he died."  
The *Times* then "sat on" BENN, and found  
A *mistake* in his inside.

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THE "RUBBER INDUSTRY."—Evidently whist.

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# LEAVES FROM THE HIGHLAND JOURNAL OF TOBY, M.P.

## FIRST LEAF.—THE THING TO DO IN SCOTLAND.

*Quiverfield, Haddingtonshire, Monday.*—You can't spend twenty-four hours at Quiverfield without having borne in upon you the truth that the only thing to do in Scotland is to play goff. (On other side of Tweed they call it golf. Here we are too much in a hurry to get at the game to spend time on unnecessary consonant.) The waters of what VICTOR HUGO called "The First of the Fourth" lave the links at Quiverfield. Blue as the Mediterranean they have been in a marvellous autumn, soon to lapse into November. We can see the Bass Rock from the eighth hole, and can almost hear the whirr of the balls skimming with swallow flight over the links at North Berwick.

PRINCE ARTHUR here to-day, looking fully ten years younger than when I last saw him at Westminster. Plays through live-long day, and drives off fourteen miles for dinner at Whittinghame, thinking no more of it than if he were crossing Palace Yard. Our host, WAVERLEY PEN, is happy in possession of links at his park gates. All his own, for self and friends. You step through the shrubbery, and there are the far-reaching links; beyond them the gleaming waters of the Forth. Stroll out immediately after breakfast to meet the attendant caddies; play goff till half-past one; reluctantly break off for luncheon; go back to complete the fearsome foursome; have tea brought out to save time; leave off in bare time to dress for dinner; talk goff at dinner; arrange matches after dinner; and the new morning finds the caddies waiting as before.

Decidedly the only thing to do in Scotland is to play goff.

*Deeside, Aberdeenshire, Wednesday.*—FINGEN, M.P., once told an abashed House of Commons that he "owned a mountain in Scotland." Find, on visiting him in his ancestral home, that he owns a whole range. Go up one or two of them; that comparatively easy; difficulty presents itself when we try to get down. Man and boy, FINGEN has lived here fifty years; has not yet acquired knowledge necessary to guide a party home after ascending one of his mountains. Walking up in cool of afternoon, we usually get home sore-footed and hungry about midnight.



Fingen's Finger.

"Must be going now," says FINGEN, M.P., when we have seen view from top of mountain. "Just time to get down before dark. But I know short cut; be there in a jiffy. Come along."

We come along. At end of twenty minutes find ourselves in front of impassable gorge.

"Ha!" says FINGEN, M.P., cheerily. "Must have taken wrong turn; better go back and start again."

All very well to say go back; but where were we? FINGEN, M.P., knows; wets his finger; holds it up.

"Ha!" he says, with increased joyousness of manner; "the wind is blowing that way, is it? Then we turn to the left."

Another twenty minutes stumbling through aged heather. Path trends downwards.

"That's all right," says FINGEN, M.P.; "must lead on to the road."

Instead of which we nearly fall into a bubbling burn. Go back again; make bee line up acclivity nearly as steep as side of house; find ourselves again on top of mountain.

"How lucky!" shouts FINGEN, M.P., beaming with delight.

As if we had been trying all this time to get to top of mountain instead of to bottom!

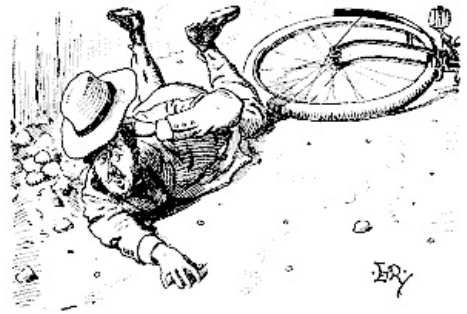
Wants to wet his finger again and try how the wind lies. We protest. Let us be saved that at least. FINGEN leads off in quite another direction. By rocky pathway which threatens sprains; through bushes and brambles that tear the clothes; by dangerous leaps from rock to rock he brings us to apparently impenetrable hedge. We stare forlorn.

"Ha!" says FINGEN, M.P., more aggressively cheerful than ever. "The road is on other side. Thought we would come upon it somewhere." Somehow or other we crawl through.

"Nothing like having an eye to the lay of country," says FINGEN, M.P., as we limp along the road. "It's a sort of instinct, you know. If I hadn't been with you, you might have had to camp out all night on the mountain."

They don't play goff at Deeside. They bicycle. Down the long avenue with spreading elm trees deftly trained to make triumphal arches, the bicycles come and go. WHIPSROOM, M.P., thinks opportunity convenient for acquiring the art of cycling. W. is got up with consummate art. Has

had his trousers cut short at knee in order to display ribbed stockings of rainbow hue. Loose tweed-jacket, blood-red necktie, white felt hat with rim turned down all round, combine to lend him air of a Drury Lane bandit out of work. Determined to learn to ride the bicycle, but spends most of the day on his hands and knees, or on his back. Looking down avenue at any moment pretty sure to find W. either running into the iron fence, coming off sideways, or bolting head first over the handles of his byke. Get quite new views of him fore-shortened in all possible ways, some that would be impossible to any but a man of his determination.



The Crack of the Whip('s Pate!)

"Never had a man stay in the house," says FINGEN, M.P., ruefully, "who so cut up the lawn with his head, or indented the gravel with his elbows and his knees."

Evidently I was mistaken about goff. Cycling's the thing in Scotland.

*Goasyoucan, Inverness-shire, Saturday.*—Wrong again. Not goff nor cycling is the thing to do in Scotland. It's stalking. Soon learn that great truth at Goasyoucan. The hills that encircle the house densely populated with stags. To-day three guns grassed nine, one a royal. This the place to spend a happy day, crouching down among the heather awaiting the fortuitous moment. Weather no object. Rain or snow out you go, submissive to guidance and instruction of keeper; by comparison with whose tyranny life of the ancient galley-slave was perfect freedom.

Consummation of human delight this, to lie prone on your face amid the wet heather, with the rain pattering down incessantly, or the snow pitilessly falling, covering you up flake by flake as if it were a robin and you a babe in the wood. Mustn't stir; mustn't speak; if you can conveniently dispense with the operation, better not breathe. Sometimes, after morning and greater part of afternoon thus cheerfully spent, you may get a shot; even a stag. Also you may not; or, having attained the first, may miss the latter. At any rate you have spent a day of exhilarating delight.

Stalking is evidently the thing to do in Scotland. It's a far cry to the Highlands. Happily there is Arthur's Seat by Edinburgh Town where beginners can practise, and old hands may feign delight of early triumphs.

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WHAT THE SULTAN HAS A STRONG OBJECTION TO DO.—"Send round the Hatt."

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## OUR NEW KNIGHT HOSPITALLER.

["We must regard it (Guy's Hospital) as an institution aiming at the most Christian ends, of elementary necessity, never too rich for the work it had to do, and now, through no fault of its own, cut down to one half of its means."—*Mr. Gladstone's Letter on Guy's Hospital.*]

"'Twere good you do so much for charity."

*"Merchant of Venice," Act IV., Sc. 1.*

Knight of St. John or Malta? Nay!  
But needs of a less knightly day  
The new Knight Hospitaller  
pleads.

Once foremost in the press of  
fight.

We find to-day the good grey  
knight

Militant still—for human needs.

No more with levelled lance in  
rest,

But, the Cross still upon his breast,  
A knightly almoner is he.

Not as of old with flashing steel,  
But flashing words, he makes  
appeal

In the great Cause of—Charity.

*Punch* seconds it with warm  
goodwill.

It sends a most unwelcome chill  
Through every generous heart to  
think

That the great gift of THOMAS GUY

Should suffer stint, or seem to die,  
Because lands fail and rentals  
sink.

One hundred empty beds! Whilst  
wealth  
Swells in the west, and shaken  
health  
And sudden anguish scourge the  
east?

It must not be, or how may we  
Who hold full stock and store in  
fee  
Enjoy the coming Christmas  
feast?

Think! Fifteen hundred poor kept  
out,  
And left in lonely pain and doubt,  
Because the funds of Guy's so  
fail;  
The sufferer's peace, the surgeon's  
skill  
Checked, because Charity feels a  
chill!  
*Punch* on his Public would  
prevail

To step into the breach, and brim  
Guy's store again, as urged by him  
Who now no party plea prefers,  
But a far wider, higher plea,  
In the great cause of Charity,  
Newest of Knight Hospitallers!\*

\* "Those who respond to Mr. GLADSTONE'S appeal will not merely be ministering to the needs of a charity, and supplying the wants of the poor, but they will be strengthening the hands of the medical profession in its life-long battle with disease, and will be assisting to secure the blessings of health to all who are in danger of being deprived of them."—*The Times*.



A MEMBER OF THE PUBLIC WHO MAY BE EXPECTED  
TO ATTEND THE LECTURE ON CRIMINAL LAW.

[The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE suggests the  
opening of the Lectures on Legal Subjects to  
the general public.]

MR. K-R H-RD-E.—No one has ever looked upon him other than as a perfectly harmless low-comedian with a highly developed mania for caps and knickerbockers. And this, probably, is the reason why we are told, in the *Liverpool Courier's* "Labour Notes," that he is "an influential gentleman in England and *very much run after* for lecturing purposes." But alas! it appears—from the same source of information—that, in the United States, "the running after" is all on the erewhile West Ham representative's side; though, being "rationally" garbed, this ought not to cause him much inconvenience. It is almost pathetic to learn that the poor gentleman was in the position of a Mahomet before a mountain of Fall River miners, from whom he was compelled to ask permission before a lecture could be arranged. Ichabod! or—more appropriately—*Knickerbod!*



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## THAMES TALK.—A Forecast for 1896.

How greatly improved are the steamboats. They seem to be as good as any at home and abroad.

Quite so. They are simply floating palaces. You could find nothing to equal them in America.

So convenient to have a better class for those who can afford a few extra pence. Without this, we should have never seen that duchess chatting away with the countess in her own right.

Yes; and so pleasant to be able to get five o'clock tea nicely served by trim waitresses in a saloon upholstered with satins and ormolu.

And the duke and the viscount seem quite comfortable in the luxuriously furnished smoke-room.

Well, the sight is not surprising considering that the designer went to the Junior United Service Club for his model.

And yet the artisans are contented with their part of the vessel. It certainly was a happy thought to supply their cabins with bagatelle boards, dominoes, and a five guinea compendium of games.

In spite of the size of the vessels the boats travel at a rapid rate. No doubt this is attributable to the magnificent engines.

Of course. And really it is very pleasant to travel from Chelsea to Kew to the sounds of a first-rate Hungarian Band.

The commissariat, too, has not been neglected. The luncheon on board is worthy of the best traditions of the *buffet* at Calais. And as cheap. Only fancy, half-a-crown for three courses and dessert!

Yes; and that meal seems equally popular with the sixpenny tea (with cakes and crumpets) prepared for the patrons of the fore-part.

The fares are also very low. Even in these hard times it would be unreasonable to complain of overcharge when the ticket between the Temple and Hampton Court is only fourpence.

It is marvellous that no one tried the plan before of starting boats from half the piers for all the rest at five minutes interval.

And yet they are crowded with travellers. Really the Thames seems to be a very popular highway.

Naturally, when the passengers are sheltered from the weather—too much sun or a plethora of rain—at all times.

And I suppose London may thank the County Council for establishing comfort with economy, and luxury with rapidity?

Oh dear, no! If the metropolis had trusted to that dilatory body, it would have had to wait indeed!

Then to whom are the five million inhabitants of the chief city of the universe indebted for these sweet boons?

To an ordinary man of business who knows how to cater for the multitude, and has the courage to rely upon increased income as a means of meeting additional outlay.—He merits a statue.—He deserves more—hearty praise by the Press when he discards his *incognito*.

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## ROBING-ROOM RUMOURS.

In consequence of the great success of the "Smoking at Home" at the Inner Temple, it is proposed to start a circus at the Middle.

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The suggested "Musical Dinner" at Lincoln's Inn is now under consideration, and will probably see the gas-light before the end of the term.

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The numerous professional engagements of Sir FR-NK L-CKW-D will *not* prevent him from appearing as *The "Lightning Cartoonist"* at the coming Gray's Inn *Matinée*.

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Should the anticipated "Free-and-easy" come off at the Middle, the LORD CHANCELLOR is not unlikely to give an exhibition of swordsmanship. The distinguished Peer is said to be the finest living exponent of the sword and dagger fight.

---

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE is expected before Christmas to repeat his recent interesting address, with the assistance of a piano and dissolving views. A troupe of first-rate banjoists from the Three-in-a-Bar Musical Society may possibly be found among the incidentals.

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There is no truth in the report that at the next "Five o'clock tea with pipes" at Lincoln's Inn Sir 'ARRY 'AWKINS will warble "*Down Newmarket Way*."

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In spite of the social entertainments in contemplation, the Examiners of the Council of Legal Education will perform their duties. At present there is no intention of adding another subject to the pass for admission to the Bar. In the future it may happen that all students will have to take up "the duties and responsibilities of proprietors of music halls."

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FROM "THE POTTERY," HAYMARKET.—The "Tree-ilby Tree-o," G. D. M.-cum-P. P.-et-B. T., beg to state that they are all delighted with "the reception" of the piece, and still more with "the receipts."

---

"EX PEDE."—Miss BAIRD appears as the model *Trilby* without shoes or stockings. Such realism is a novelty which unfortunately prevents this young actress from ever losing her identity, as, though the upper portion of her figure is "very *Trilby*," her feet are most decidedly BAIRD.

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ANOTHER THEATRICAL BENEFIT.—"*The Benefit of the Doubt*."

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#### TRUE HUMILITY.

*Right Reverend Host.* "I'M AFRAID YOU'VE GOT A BAD EGG, MR. JONES!"

*The Curate.* "OH NO, MY LORD, I ASSURE YOU! PARTS OF IT ARE EXCELLENT!"

---

#### IN PITY FOR SPRAGUE.

[A fund is being raised in aid of the widow of the fireman SPRAGUE, who met his death gallantly in the late explosion in the Strand. "SPRAGUE was a young man, under 30 years of age, of good character and promise. His widow has one child, and is soon again to become a mother."—*Times*. Any subscriptions forwarded to Mr. W. O. READER, Vestry Clerk, 151, Strand, towards the relief fund, will be thankfully received and acknowledged.]

AIR—*Prowse's "City of Prague."*

We dwell in a city fear-haunted,  
And danger from fire is our lot;  
Great pluck in our firemen is wanted,  
And that they have certainly got.  
We've stalwart young heroes in plenty  
To fight with the fiery-tongued flame.  
But to die when scarce past five-and-twenty,  
Seems sad, though like SPRAGUE, you die  
game.  
Our duty to-day seems quite certain  
The aim, of the fund, is not vague;  
*Punch* hopes human pity will stir the whole  
city

To honour the memory of SPRAGUE.

In he dashed, though the hugh wall was  
frowning,  
The wall which fell, crushing on him;  
Friends toiled, as to rescue the drowning.  
Mates dug, though with hope growing dim.  
They found him, death's flood bravely  
breasting,\*  
Ten hours of lone anguish he bore.  
Now, alas! the brave fireman is resting,  
To fight London's fire-fiend no more.  
Though honour o'er *him* drops the curtain,  
Our duty to his is *not* vague.  
Subscribe, London city, in pride, and  
proud pity,  
And love of your brave fireman, SPRAGUE!

\* "Covered with dirt, haggard, and hardly recognisable for the vigorous man who had dashed into the court ten hours before; he smiled faintly, and whispered words of gratitude and hope. 'I am so glad you have come,' he said. 'I shall be all right again soon.'"—*Daily News*.

---

## "I PROMESSI SPOSI."

PRINCESS MAUD AND THE DANISH PRINCE CHARLEY.

(*With Apologies to the Memory of the great Author of "Maud."*)

["Her Royal Highness Princess MAUD of Wales, youngest daughter of the Prince and Princess of WALES, is engaged to be married to His Royal Highness Prince CHARLES, second son of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of DENMARK. The QUEEN has received the news of the betrothal of her dear granddaughter with much pleasure, and given her ready consent."—*From "Court Circular."*]

### I.

Words that brighten the season,  
As winter's gloom is falling,  
"MAUD, MAUD, MAUD, MAUD!"  
Loyal Britons are calling.

### II.

Well loved MAUD, of a well-loved  
brood!  
And brave Prince CHARLES is with  
her.  
'Tis good, indeed, to see once  
more,  
Briton and Dane together!

### III.

Sea-king's son from over the sea,  
Successfully you have sought  
her!  
England cries "Welcome!" this day  
to you,  
As once to the "Sea-king's  
daughter."

### IV.

Our QUEEN is well content.  
"I Promessi Sposi."  
May the future stint its shadows,  
And leave their pathway rosy.

### V.

Heard she the well-loved voices,  
Crying and calling to her:—  
Where is MAUD, MAUD, MAUD?  
A Prince has come to woo her.

## VI.

Hark! a sound at the door!  
"Little *King Charley* snarling"?—  
Nay. A Danish Prince from a  
distant shore;  
And—this CHARLEY is her darling!

---

### A PLEA FOR OUR TREES.

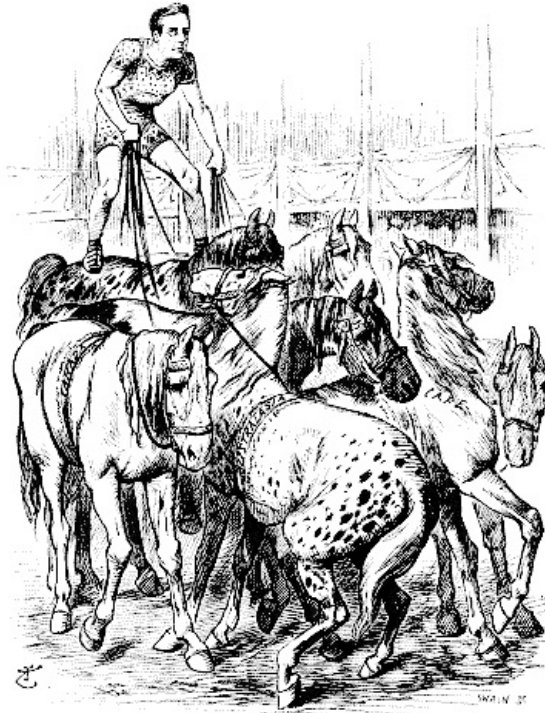
["The frost has told heavily on the London trees."—*Westminster Budget*.]

"Frost has told heavily on the London trees."  
What matter; whilst the seasons wane and  
wax?  
But what makes London-lovers ill at ease  
Is the fierce ruin of the Vandal axe.  
"Frosty but kindly" is chill Winter's touch  
Upon our trees, as on old ADAM's head;  
But when the Jerry Builder lays *his* clutch  
On trees, he leaves them but deformed—or  
dead!  
Ruined by jobbing gardeners' ruthless  
ravages,  
Hideous as DORÉ's cripples, trolls or gnomes.  
Will no one save from these tree-slaughtering  
savages  
The bowery charms of our suburban homes?

---

HAPPILY NAMED.—"M. JAURES spoke in the Assembly for four consecutive hours."—*Telegram from Paris*.

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### TAKING THE REINS.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN visited the Colonial Office on his return from the Continent, and subsequently had a consultation with Lord SALISBURY.

*Daily Paper*, November 2, 1895.

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### FASHIONS FOR THE FIFTH.

*To Strachan Shavins, Esq.*

DEAR OLD STRACHAN,—So you want a few hints from me as to what you should wear this Fifth of November. Well, my dear fellow, of course I shall be delighted to be of any service I can to you. You needn't have apologised for troubling me. It is only natural that, as you say, you "shouldn't wish to make a fool of yourself on such an occasion by turning out in the wrong sort of toggery." Dress is a more important factor in *our* profession than is generally supposed, and we, as Gentlemen and Guys, should be the last to set conventionality and propriety at defiance by appearing in public without proper regard to our personal appearance.

First, let me beg of you *not* to be persuaded into adopting a cocked-hat. The career of the paper cocked-hat—with or without coloured trimmings—is closed, and I for one do not regret it, for it always seemed to me to imply an assumption of military rank which, on the part of civilians like ourselves, is surely rather a paltry affectation.

The only correct head-covering will be the tall hat, which I hear will be bulgier than ever this year. The smartest will have open crowns and little or no brims. There has been some attempt to revive the old straw hat, though only with a black ribbon, but I have not heard of this being adopted by Guys with any pretensions to dressiness.

Masks this year are to be gayer—I might even say gaudier—than ever. I noticed one of bright magenta with large grape-green spots! Sounds rather startling, you will think; but, really, worn with a fustian jacket of a rather sombre tone of chestnut, and a mock-astrakhan *toque*, the effect was not half bad. The latest idea seems to be to strike the dominant colour-note in the mask, and make the rest of the costume lead up to it. Personally, however, I prefer something which renders its wearer less conspicuous. One in prawn-pink, with touches of cardinal red under each eye, and an edging of the same around the mouth, struck me as in excellent taste. Another in *bouchon-brûlé* black, relieved by sealing-wax red, was pleasing, though *you* may consider it almost *too* quiet.

After all, the colour and design of the mask may safely be left to the taste and fancy of the individual.

Now, as to your coat. The sack-back overcoat still holds its own, though it is open to the objection of concealing too much of the figure. Have nothing to do with a striped flannel blazer, nor a glazed calico jacket. You may see one or two about, but never on anyone who is anybody at all. You cannot go wrong in a double-breasted pea-coat, or one in black and rather shiny broadcloth, with rather long tails. I have decided on one myself, and consider it decidedly becoming.



Don't be induced to appear "in character." I cannot see any sense myself in masquerading as some person of more or less ephemeral notoriety. Why should we desire to mislead the careless into taking us for a famous murderer, swindler, or statesman? I know it is done, and by some who ought to be above such weakness; but, depend on it, it's a poor sort of ambition. Let us be content to be *ourselves*, members of the honourable and ancient Guild of Guys.

There seems to be a general agreement to dispense with collars this year, and adopt instead a red worsted comforter, which is quite as sightly, and very much more hygienic in these raw, foggy days. But, if you must have a collar, have one in the "stick-up" shape, with the ends slightly dog's-eared; the necktie can hardly be *too* simple.

As for the trousers, they will be of much the same cut as hitherto, perhaps just a shade baggier at the knees, and falling "concertina"-wise, to meet the boots, into which they should be tucked.

Soles and heels will either be very much worn, or not worn at all—there is no *juste milieu* here; but eschew boots of a brown colour, which, on a formal occasion like this, are very bad style indeed. Should you desire to be thought a very great "buck" and "blood" indeed, you may have your boots an odd pair. A top-boot and a tennis shoe make a highly effective combination.

It is not *necessary* to wear gloves; but, if you do, remember to have white knitted ones, *not* kid. The finger-ends are generally left open, so as to produce an impression of elegant negligence. This may be heightened by allowing just a suspicion of hay or straw to be visible at the apertures.

Lastly, you inquire about the best kind of conveyance to make your rounds in. Take my advice, and refuse to be carried on a chair. I would not even accept a barrow, unless it is drawn by a donkey. It is only once a year, remember, and a certain amount of pomp and splendour is essential if we Guys are to maintain the dignity of our Order in these degenerate times.

I hear whispers that one or two Guys who go in for being "up to date" are seriously thinking of exhibiting themselves this year on bicycles, and, considering the sudden and enormous popularity which the "bike" (to employ a hideous and vulgar abbreviation that offends my taste) has acquired of late amongst the so-called "Upper Ten," I am far from saying that even such a public personage as a Guy must necessarily suffer any loss of dignity by being seen on a cycle—

provided he insists upon being securely tied on to the handle-bars, and also upon the machine being supported and guided for him by a couple of able-bodied attendants. But this, I understand, will be *de rigueur* for any Guy who may so far unbend as to give the practice of cycling the sanction of his official recognition and countenance.

I think that is all you wished to know about; so now, my dear old chap, let me wish you a thoroughly enjoyable day's outing, and a cheery evening by way of finish. You will find that the boys will do you uncommonly well, give you as many combustibles as you can hold, and there is sure to be plenty of fizz about. Sit tight, keep as cool as you can, don't lose your head, or let yourself go too soon, and you may reckon upon having what is colloquially termed "a high old time."

I shall expect a first-rate report, and you are pretty certain to hear from *me* if I am anywhere in your neighbourhood, so no more at present from

Yours affectionately,  
HOMME DE PAILLE.

---

### MANY LICENSES AND ONLY ONE FISH SAUCE.

The London County Council sits upon the site of one of London's oldest casino-gardens ("Spring Gardens"), and no one can therefore wonder that it sits upon music-halls. It did not open its proceedings on October 25 with the *Chant du Départ*, which was disappointing. Having gone wrong on water, was it not only natural that it should go wrong on gin, and in one great case give a verdict in favour of hole-and-corner drinking? It invented a new dance called the "Skate Dance." This is something in these days of choregraphic enterprise. It should not, however, have fettered its invention with a license. If skating is "dancing on skates," what is not dancing? Is "dancing attendance" illegal without a license? Is the "poetry of motion" illegal without a license, and which is the most illegal?—the poetry or the motion? Does the "music of the spheres" require a license? Is the ploughboy, "whistling as he goes for want of thought," infringing any Act of Parliament? If I copied an old poet, and asked a young lady to "drink to me only with her eyes," could she do so in an auditorium without the permission of the L. C. C. and the Brewster Magistrates?

A BEWILDERED ONE.

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BALLYMACARRETT—ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.—The "Natives of Ulster" resident in Glasgow came out of their shells for their annual reunion in the Waterloo Hall of that city, and were presided over upon the occasion by Mr. WOLFF, M.P. The member for East Belfast was eloquent upon various subjects, but attained the highest pinnacle of the rhetorical art when he spoke of the district with which he is connected and which "bears the beautiful name of Ballymacarrett." This poetically called spot appears to be the veritable Elysium of Erin, "where"—according to the enthusiastic orator—"people live happily. A place which would arouse the envy of most towns *even in Scotland!*" Evidently an Utopia wherein gaols and lunatic asylums are conspicuously absent; for who could commit a crime or go "balmy on the crumpet" in Ballymacarrett! Hark to the bard of the locality:

Great Edinbro's nothing, and nothing is Perth,  
And naught are the cities most vaunted on  
earth:  
But give me my home, be it only a garret,  
'Mid the blessed surroundings of  
Ballymacarrett!

---

"THE WOMEN WHO WOULD" do what they shouldn't, had better leave the country in ship to be named  
*The Grant-Allen Castle.*

---

### VERY LIKELY.

SIR,—I think I can give a satisfactory answer to your correspondent who wishes to know the derivation of our slang expression "Cheese it!" The French equivalent for the saying is not, as some suppose, *Fromagez-le*, but *Cessez*, second person plural, imperative mood from the verb *cesser*, to cease, which evidently is a derivative of the Latin noun-substantive *casa*, meaning "cheese."—Yours obediently,

CHEDDAR.

---

"BARKIS IS WILLIN-K."—There is great and just rejoicing in Liverpool over a repentant Liberal, by name Councillor WILLINK, who has joined the Conservative ranks. He would have joined before only "I thought," said he, "there was too much connection between the Conservatives and the drink trade. But now all that has completely changed," and he can, with an easy conscience, side with the Tory Party, which, he informs us, "he has been *testing during the last five years!*" Really, after so prolonged and severe an ordeal, it is astonishing that there should be any Conservative

Party left for Mr. WILLINK to throw his lot in with. However, it may with confidence be expected that he will prove as great a gain to his new cause as, undoubtedly, is the loss which he has inflicted upon his former partisans.

---



### SHEER IGNORANCE.

*Benevolent Person.* "COME, MY LITTLE MAN, YOU MUSTN'T CRY LIKE THAT!"

*Boy.* "GARN! 'OW AM I TO CRY THEN?"

---

### "THE COMING OF ARTHUR."

[*"We understand that Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, the dramatist, intends to drop the surname by which he has hitherto been known to the public. In future he will accordingly be known as Mr. HENRY ARTHUR."*—*Daily News, October 30.*]

An eminent dramatist having abandoned one of his names, it is believed that the surname ARTHUR, henceforth so illustrious, will become extremely fashionable, and it is rumoured that the following gentlemen, amongst others, will re-arrange their names, and will immediately be elected members of ARTHUR'S Club:—

The Right Hon. JAMES BALFOUR ARTHUR; Mr. Justice CHARLES ARTHUR; Mr. Justice KEKEWICK ARTHUR; Sir ARNOLD ARTHUR; Sir SULLIVAN ARTHUR; Sir WILLIAM BLOMFIELD ARTHUR, A.R.A.; Mr. HACKER ARTHUR, A.R.A.; Mr. W. PINERO ARTHUR; Mr. CECIL ARTHUR; Mr. ROBERT S. ARTHUR.

\* \* Our "ENRY HAUTHOR" is, as far as concerns dramatic authorship, "The Only JONES." Why descend from this pinnacle?—Ed.

---

When is an ice rink not a nice rink? When it has no music and (skate) dancing license.

---

The Woman with a Past generally has many presents.

---

### SOMETHING LIKE JUSTICE.

**VERY MUCH ABROAD.** SCENE—*A Foreign Land. Accused in Dock. Judge on Bench. Usual accessories.*

*Judge.* We say you are guilty, and there is no use in denying it.

*Accused.* But I declare on my honour that I am innocent.

*Judge.* Your honour! Who ever heard of a villain's honour!

*Accused.* I am no villain. I swear it—yes, by my mother's grave.

*Judge.* So wicked a criminal deserves no mother!

[*Sensation.*]

*Accused.* Oh, this is monstrous! You may insult me; but you have no right to asperse the memory of my mother.

*Judge.* Your mother would weep were she to see you now. She would be bowed down to the ground with shame.

*Accused.* Why with shame? For I am innocent.

*Judge.* You are guilty, I repeat. And the jury shall share with me my opinion. I am your judge, and I assert it.

*Accused.* Then this trial is a farce!

*Judge.* No, Sir; take my word for it, you will find it a tragedy!  
[*Trial concludes in the customary fashion.*]

**QUITE AT HOME.** SCENE—*An English Court. Accused in Dock. Judge on Bench. Usual accessories.*

*Judge.* I really must request you to be silent, in your own interest.

*Accused.* But I plead guilty.

*Judge.* I do not think you know what you are doing. By saying that you committed the crime of which you are accused, you deprive yourself of the chance of acquittal.

*Accused.* I cannot help that. I did commit the crime—I avow it.

*Judge.* You are going out of your way to assume unnecessary responsibility. It is for the gentlemen of the jury to decide.

*Accused.* Surely I can judge for myself. I have only followed the family tradition. We are all villains.

*Judge.* You have no right to say so. We have to deal with you, not with your relations. Now, please, plead "Not guilty."

*Accused.* Anything for a quiet life! "Not Guilty."

*Judge.* I am infinitely obliged to you. Thank you much. Now, what might have commenced as a tragedy may end as a farce.

[*Trial concludes in the customary fashion.*]

---

## A WARNING.

[The Anti-Tobacco Society has "little doubt that, if a subscription were raised to adequately support a test case, a decision would be given, which would demonstrate public smoking to be an illegal, unjust, ungentlemanly, and, therefore, unchristian habit."]

To all and sundry warning, whom Tobacco holds in thrall,  
And a word of glad good-tidings to non-smokers one and all!  
You have heard of our Society—its greatness all allow—  
Our intentions in the plainest terms permit me to avow.

When we've brought (and won) our teat case—we shall win it, who can  
doubt?—

All those who hate tobacco-smoke once more may venture out;  
And the sun will shine far brighter—this at least, I think, is clear—  
In a sweet and unpolluted and unsmoky atmosphere.

Along the streets the citizens in comfort then will fare,  
"All delicately marching through the clear pellucid air,"  
The patron of the music hall once more will freely breathe,  
And the crowd, bereft of baccy, soon will almost cease to "seethe."

No more the luckless passenger will cough, and gasp, and choke,  
As he swallows on the 'bus-top a pernicious blend of smoke,  
No more we'll watch the cricket at the Oval through a haze  
That cigars and cigarettes and pipes innumerable raise.

No more unwitting find ourselves, and miserably cower,  
In a third-class smoking carriage, with no stop for quite an hour,  
And no more from smarting eyes the tear we now shall have to wipe,  
Excited by the navy's small but parlous pungent pipe.



No more "Old Friend" or "Negrohead" 'twill be our lot to sniff,  
We shall walk abroad unfearful of the "penny morning whiff,"  
Never more—oh, joy to think it!—shall be stricken from afar  
By the penetrating odour of the "Saturday cigar"!

The Golden Age will then be here, no evil shall be rife,  
E'en the smoker will be forced to live a just and Christian life.  
One warning more. Let all beware the wretched obvious joke,  
Nor dare to hint our great crusade is like to end—in smoke.

---

## SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

FESTIVE FARMERS.—There was a meeting lately of the North Somerset Agricultural Society, whereat—according to the *Bristol Mercury*—

Mr. S. HARDING proposed "The health of Mr. E. H. LLEWELLYN, their president and member." Mr. LLEWELLYN, he said, was the idol of North Somerset.

The toast was drank amidst the singing of "*For he's a Jolly Good Fellow*."

Mr. LLEWELLYN thanked all present for their kindness in paying him the greatest compliment they could pay to an Englishman, namely, by calling him a jolly good fellow.

Yes, Mr. LLEWELLYN, there's sense in your  
attitude!

When by other folks' virtues or wits we're  
opprest,  
We feel 'tis no paradox, almost a platitude,  
That "jolly good fellows" are after all best!

We can't all be famous in art or in 'ologies:  
To the rank of Field Marshal 'tis vain to  
aspire;  
But—offering to Don-dom a thousand  
apologies—  
A "jolly good fellowship" all can acquire.

---

THE HOPE-CROP IN SCOTLAND.—In another agricultural body—the Scottish Chamber to wit—they seem to be rather sanguine souls. One speaker remarked that "Mr. LONG and the other members of the Government were pledged up to the hilt to dispel agricultural depression." He did not mention when the Government are supposed to have "taken the pledge," or how anybody can contrive to be pledged "up to the hilt," instead of—as it ought to be—"down to the dregs," about any thing. "Dispel" is a little too strong. Didn't Lord SALISBURY at Watford say he had "no panacea"? The farmer's friends must go slow—plenty of patience and "pluck," or they'll be "ploughed"!



CACOËTHES SCRIBENDI.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO WRITES EVERY YEAR TO THE *TIMES*, TO CHRONICLE THE FIRST PRIMROSE HE PICKS IN THE VICARAGE GARDEN, AND THE SONG OF THAT PRECOCIOUS CUCKOO THAT HIS LITTLE GRANDSON HEARD IN THE WOODS ON THE FIRST OF APRIL. HE IS NOW WRITING TO DESCRIBE A METEOR WHICH FLEW OVER THE VICARAGE WITH A LOUD REPORT AT 9.37¼ P.M. ON NOVEMBER 5, 1895, JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO RETIRE FOR THE NIGHT.

---

COMA OR CONVALESCENCE?—Listen to the *Cork Daily Herald*:—

"Something must be done to bring about the return of the old healthy conditions in the Irish Party."

It sees it at last! No doubt the Party was strong and vigorous "*sub consule* PARNELL"; but was it the strength of health, or of inflammation, as Dr. GERALD BALFOUR and the Unionist doctors would say? The leading Irish physicians, of course, hold that the patient is now in a relapse, and must be roused at all costs, and to rouse him they all quarrel at his bedside. *Not* a "good bedside manner," this!

---

### Congratulations.

To whom? To Mr. STANHOPE FORBES, A.R.A., on his receiving a first-class medal at the Munich Arts Exhibition. They should also have bestowed on him the freedom of the city and made him a member of the Munich-inality. Likewise to HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., decorated by the Emperor of AUSTRIA. So far is good, very excellent good; but there may be yet something in store for him, and *Mr. Punch* says—

"HUBERT, I love thee.  
Well, I'll not say what I intend for  
thee."

But all will come in good time, to our artistic Brother Brush and Worshipful Worker in metals.

---

### "PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER."

An esteemed and learned contributor, who wishes, for the moment, to preserve his *incognito*, has sent to 85, Fleet Street, a suggestion for the procession of the ninth inst., which may yet recommend itself to the Lord Mayor Elect:—"As Sir WALTER is a barrister-at-law," writes our correspondent, "would it not be a graceful act if his connection with the forensic profession were brought in prominence by suitable accessories?" As the idea is worthy of consideration, the proposed programme is herewith set forth:—



Constable clearing his throat.

Inns of Court Volunteers, with their bands.

Private Practice (alone).

Deputation of the Junior Bar, a thousand strong,  
shirking their military responsibilities.

Master of the Revels of Gray's Inn, in wig and

Maske of Flowers, on horseback.

Deputation of the Junior Bar, with Bar-maids,  
dancing.

Treasurer of the Middle Temple seated in a car representing  
a Smoking Concert in Hall.

A Solicitor with briefs.

Deputation of the Junior Bar, two thousand strong,  
in close attendance.

Hungry Members of the L. C. Sessions who have *not*  
received "soup."

The Recorder of London seated in his chariot.

Banner with Recorder's motto, "Come one, come HALL!"

Full Members of the L. C. Sessions who *have* received "soup,"  
preceded by officer, in uniform of "Marshal TUREEN."

Sir GEORGE LEWIS in a big case, drawn by Irritating Magistrates.

Deputation of the Junior Bar, three thousand strong, prepared  
for actions.

A car containing all the Judges, drawn by Mr. Ex-Solicitor-General

on a single sheet.  
 Sheriffs' officers dancing.  
 Trophy representing the Glories of the Past, including  
 Effigies of JOHN DOE and RICHARD ROE, and  
 other celebrities.  
 One-horse Fly of Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR,  
 occupied by his Clerk.  
 The City Marshal alone, without SNELGROVE.  
 The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR in full forensic  
 costume, consulting his Fee-book.  
 Deputations from various Bars—Potters Bar, Criterion  
 Bar, Old Turnpike Bars, and  
 Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN representing Bar of Music.

It is suggested by the proposer of the programme that it would be useless to arrange for any large number of solicitors to be present. The members of that branch of the profession are invariably well employed during term time. But this consideration does not apply to the younger members of the Bar. It is understood that gentlemen duly qualified to take part in the procession can obtain full particulars by applying to Pump-handle Court, and asking (in the first instance) for Mr. PORTINGTON.

## HOW KIPPER SLEW THE NEW FOREST HORNET.

### CHAPTER III.—*The Restoration.*

It was a terrible position. The goblin and the hornet glared at one another as fiercely as two ladies, who have got on the same patterned frocks. It was one of those moments when you could no more tell the hour by blowing thistle-down than attempt to make snowballs out of hoar frost. KIPPER was the first to recover his presence of mind. "What do you want here?" he shouted to the hornet with all the virtuous force which he could put into a voice not naturally bass. "What do you want here?" he repeated, more angrily; and, nearly cracking his organ of speech, he screamed, with a superb air of command, "Be off, you rascal! I say, be off!" The giant hornet smiled in that sort of way which gives an honest ladybird the creeps, as he growled, "What do I want? That girl!"—and he pointed to the terrified EGLANTINE. "I'll teach her to interfere in my business. I've no quarrel with you, KIPPER, so I strongly advise you to mount your old horny-head" (here the stag-beetle said a rude remark to himself), "get out of my way, and let me do my will." "Never!" cried KIPPER, drawing his fine sword-grass blade. "Come on!" "O! KIPPER, dear KIPPER, don't risk your life for me," sighed EGLANTINE; "please don't." "Keep quiet!" muttered KIPPER, testily. "Why do women always interfere in these little matters?" Then to NIPPARD he added, "Come on, you swaggering bully, you tormentor of every peaceful inhabitant, you horrid tyrant, you——"



"He recovered himself and stood once more on guard."

But here the hornet, stung by these reproaches, tried to reply in similar but more practical fashion. KIPPER, however, was too quick for him, and gave him a sharp prod in the right wing just as he was swooping down on the crouching EGLANTINE. The stagbeetle clapped his horns together at the thrust, while the toad waddled out of his hole and took notes of the affray without comment, for he had just as fine a sense of the value of neutrality as Mr. GLADSTONE or the PRESIDENT of the United States. NIPPARD, however, was in nowise discomfited and made another ferocious dash, this time straight at KIPPER, who fenced his sting, but got a buffet on the head from the hornet's body which almost knocked him off his legs. However, he recovered himself and stood once more on guard. EGLANTINE meanwhile had pressed some more wild mint between her fingers and anointed her champion's brow. This seemed to refresh him very much. As to the stagbeetle, he was too frightened to do anything. So the fight continued, now KIPPER got a good stroke, now NIPPARD wounded the goblin, but the hornet was never able to get full power into his sling, nor the goblin into his sword, so nimble were both.

At last KIPPER, in parrying a most venomous onslaught, tripped and fell backwards, and, ere EGLANTINE or the stagbeetle could come to his assistance, his foe had pounced upon him. It was a fearful sight as both struggled on the sward.



## Transcriber's Note

Page 217: 'occured' corrected to 'occurred', though it may not have been an error in 1895 England.

"As he was going down, it occurred to A. that *Ponto* would be happier in Oxford than in London,..." "

Page 225: 'choregraphic'. OED gives 'choregraphic' as alternate spelling for 'choreographic'. Presumably correct in 1895.

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\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL. 109, NOVEMBER 9TH, 1895 \*\*\*

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