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October 19 1895, by Various**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 109, OCTOBER 19 1895 ***





"POOR LITTLE DICKEY BIRDS! DEAR LITTLE DICKEY BIRDS!"

THE THIRTY-ONE-AND-SIXPENNY DREADFUL.

(By Mr. Punch's Own High-Class Police News Reporter.)

At the Grosvenor Square Criminal Court the case of Lady D'EDBROKE came on for hearing at the head of the list. Interest in this alleged crime in high life drew together a vast galaxy of Society women, and His Worship was with difficulty accommodated with a seat on the bench. Opera-glasses ruled from one-and-sixpence-in-the-slot. The first charge brought against her ladyship was that of refusing alimony to her husband. A second dealt with the desertion of her children.

The prosecution undertook to prove that Sir BENEDICK had been found at night on the doorstep of the d'Edbroke Mansion without a latchkey or other visible means of subsistence. Lady D'EDBROKE (*née* SWAG) was described as the daughter of a wealthy Birmingham manufacturer of antiques. By her marriage into the ancient and honourable house of the D'EDBROKES she had relieved the fortunes of the three-and-twentieth baronet, whose assets at the moment had been *nil*. Two children had been born of the marriage, and these had recently been discovered in a state of emaciation in a Park Lane *crèche*.

Counsel would call her ladyship's maid to give evidence of the kind of literature to which her mistress had been addicted. That domestic would admit that she (the domestic), being bored by the feeble and fatuous character of the Penny Dreadful as a guide to immorality, had been in the habit of utilizing her mistress's left-off thirty-one-and-sixpenny and other expensive shockers. He hoped to show that this class of work, though not above the level of the Penny Dreadful in point of literary qualities, was of a mere seductive piquancy. At the time of the prisoner's arrest her drawing-room and boudoir were littered with printed matter, from the titles of which he would select four specimens: *A Melodrama of Spasms*, *The Superfluous Male*, *A Neo-Platonic Passion*,

An Edenless Adam. From the last of these he ventured to read an extract or two, in the selection of which he had been assisted by the pencil marks and marginal comments of the prisoner. The book, he might add, was from a lending library.

"A veritable Dian, flame-red with the shame of maternity, the young mother of twins faced her cowed and miserable husband. Mentally she threw up the sponge ready for the next round, for she had still a shot in her locker with which to run a mucker."

Council here explained that the writer, a simple woman, was still feeling her way in the use of sporting language.

"JAMES,' she said, 'I was an ignorant girl when I married you for your wealth, you me for my beauty of soul. There I thought that the bargain had ended. How was I to know that women have a tendency to bear children? No one ever pointed out to me any precedent for this. In my innocence it had never occurred to me that I might myself have been originally born.'"

Here a Juror intervened to request that he might, as a family man, be allowed to retire. Leave being refused, he then asked if ladies ought to listen to such extracts. His Worship thereupon ordered all decent women to leave the court. No one moved, and the extract was resumed.

"And now, in the full pride of my sexlessness, I have had a painful fall. I am branded with the mark of servitude. The laughing-stock of my emancipated sisters, I shall go down to posterity as a *mother!*"

"Lord JAMES winced. The mother of twins continued.

"Had mine been the wealth and yours the beauty of soul—and of this you can never have even been suspected—my course would be plain. I should, by the right of the Married Women's Impropriety Act, banish you from this house. Never should you darken these doors again, though you might linger on the doorstep, an Edenless ADAM, a worm, a periwinkle at the gate of Paradise! As it is, being compelled from lack of filthy lucre to tolerate existence under your roof, I insist that these signs of my degradation'—here she pointed defiantly at the twins, who howled—'be kept for ever from my eyes under the tutelage of hired menials, in a nursery with padded walls to be built out over the billiard-room. Otherwise I propose to leave you and become a *Tableau Vivant!*"

At this point the usher rebuked applause in the galleries.

A second extract ran as follows:—"A year later, in the height of the season at Battersea Park, a remarkable tandem was the object of universal comment. It consisted of Lord and Lady JAMES, or, more strictly, Lady and Lord JAMES, for Lady JAMES steered from the front, clad in high collar, starched shirt, breeches and gaiters, while Lord JAMES followed in a blouse and divided skirt, doing all the work. A symbol this of the conditions under which he was now admitted to the privilege of communion with her. That the man should be compelled to do the work, itself a mark of serfdom, was but one of many conditions laid down by the predominant partner. Another was that he should not offend decency by appearing in the recognised costume of a woman. Hence the blouse and divided skirt, lately relegated to male use."

Here His Worship observed that this extract failed to bear upon the issue, and it was then shown that the pencil-mark, with the comment "Good again!" was the work of another subscriber to MUDIE'S. A third extract, taken from a new book of the Six-Shilling-Shocker series—*A Melodrama of Spasms*—began: "I am glad that these sins of your magenta breeding are no irony of fate." The foreman of the jury demanded an elucidation, which Counsel was unable to produce. Court still working at enigma when report left.

A HYDE-OUS DANGER.—"Hyde Park" should be our Show Park. At present it is the Hiding Park for all the scum of the town. *Mr. P.* summons First Commissioner of Works, Commissioner of Police, and "GEORGE RANGER," who, he believes, has not yet retired from this office, to step out at once and do their duty.



Brother Jonathan. "SAY, JOHN! YOU'D BETTER GO INTO TRAINING AGAIN!"

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EASILY EXPLAINED.

Huntsman (having just drawn large covert blank). "WELL, MR. LEGGINS, WE CAN'T FIND THAT LITIER YOU'VE BEEN BRAGGING ABOUT!"

Keeper (who objects to being styled "Leggins"). "YOU SURPRISE ME, MR. TOOTLE! MOST EXTRAORDINARY!"

Huntsman. "OH, NOT AT ALL! YOU SEE THERE IS SUCH A SHOW OF PHEASANTS AND HARES—I EXPECT

THE COMMAND OF THE ARMY.

NEW STYLE—IN THE FUTURE. SCENE—*Interior of the Council Chamber at the War Office. Committee of National Defence in Consultation.*

First Member. Well, really, I think the troops should advance.

Second Member. Certainly, but how about their uniforms?

Third Member. Oh, I am responsible for that department. Everything fairly well. At least, I think so.

1st M. Oh, if you only "think so," we had better break off for a while.

[The Committee "break off for a while" and then reassemble.]

3rd M. Now everything's right. I thought there was some trouble about the new forage caps. Well, the difficulty has been surmounted, and all is as correct as can be.

1st M. Pleased to hear it. Ammunition up to the mark?

4th M. That's *my* special department. It may be, but—

3rd M. Oh! Don't you think we had better adjourn a bit?

1st M. Why, certainly.

[They "adjourn a bit," then reassemble.]

4th M. Glad I had an opportunity of looking into the affair. Fact is, although we had a lot of cordite, there was certainly—

1st M. Yes, I know. But is it all right now?

4th M. Right! Of course! It never was wrong, but—

1st M. Quite so. Don't let's waste time. How about the transport?

5th M. I am responsible for that. If you really want to move the troops any distance, perhaps I had better—

1st M. It's very annoying! but as you say "you had better" do something or other, let's scatter for a time.

[They "scatter for a time," and reassemble.]

5th M. Lucky I overhauled my department. If I hadn't you wouldn't have been able to move the troops a dozen yards.

1st M. But is it all right now? Equipment, ammunition, transport? Are you all right?

Chorus. Yes, Sir.

1st M. (through telephone). Quick, march!

[The troops are moved.]

OLD STYLE—IN THE PAST. SCENE—*Anywhere in front of an Army.*

Commander-in-Chief. I vouch for everything! I have only to give the word of command. Quick, march!

[The troops are moved.]

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

(Up to Date.)

And did you not hear of the East London Watermen,
Who our requirements failed to supply,
If the weather was hot or was cold in severity
Their pipes and their cisterns were equally dry.
In cold or in heat they charged as steadily,
But water to drink we couldn't get readily;

Yet water or none, with an impudent air,
They charged all the same, and it didn't seem fair.

What sights of distress there were seen in the district,
Its drains were unflushed, and were tainted withal,
(There was always a cause—some "Progressive" obstruction,)
But the party supporting them grew very small;
And often would there be both swearing and sneering,
But 'twas all one to them the complaining and jeering;
For cursing and praying they little did care—
But charged us for water—it didn't seem fair.

But, only to fancy how strangely things happen,
While rates were collected for nothing at all,
The Government Board held a special inquiry,
Which sat for a while in the Hackney Town Hall.
And should this report (to the Company's sorrow)
Be issued to-day, next month, or to-morrow,
The East London Company'd better take care—
As charging for nothing is scarcely quite fair.

No JOE-K.—A Tory "of the old school" has adapted the well-known Virgilian hexameter thus:—CH-MB-RL-N *væ miseræ nimium vicina Carltonæ!*

WRECKS AND CASUALTIES.—The barque *Metropolitan Improvements* stranded on the County Council Sands.

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SKETCHES FROM SCOTLAND.

AT THE DRUMQUHIDDER HIGHLAND GATHERING.

SCENE—*A meadow near Drumquhidder, South Perthshire, where the annual Highland Games are being held. The programme being a long one, there are generally three events being contested in various parts of the ground at the same time. On the benches immediately below the Grand Stand are seated two Drumquhidder worthies, Mr. PARRITCH and Mr. HAVERS, with Mrs. McTAVISH and her niece, two acquaintances from Glasgow, to whom they are endeavouring—not altogether successfully—to make themselves agreeable.*

Mr. Havers (in allusion to the dozen or so of drags, landaus, and waggonettes on the ground). There's a number o' machines hier the day, Messis McTARVISH, an' a wonderfu' crood; there'll be a bit scarceness ower on yon side, but a gey many a'thegither. I conseeder we're est awfu' forrtunate in the day an' a'.

[Mrs. McTAVISH assents, but without enthusiasm.]

Mr. Parritch. I've jist ben keekin' into the Refraishmen' Tent. It's an awfu' peety they're no pairmeetin' ony intoaxicans—naethin' but non-alcohoalic liquors an' sic like, an' the hawm-sawndwiches no verra tender. (*With gallantry.*) What do ye say, noo, Messis McTARVISH—wull ye no come an' tak' a bite wi' me?

Mrs. McTavish (distantly). Ah'm no feelin' able for't jist the noo, Mester PAIRRITCH.

Mr. Parr. Ye'll hae a boatle o' leemonade at my expense? Ye'll no? Then ye wull, Mess RAWSE. (*With relief, as Miss ROSE declines also.*) Aweel, I jist thocht I'd pit the quaistion. (*To a friend of his, who joins them.*) An' hoo's a' wi' ye, Mester McKERROW? Ye're a member o' the Cawmittee, I obsairve, sae I'll hae to keck up a bet row wi' ye.

Mr. McKerrow (unconcernedly). Then ye'll jist to hae to keck it doon again. What's wrang the noo?

Mr. Parr. I'd like to ask ye if ye conseeder it fair or jest to charrge us tippence every time we'd go aff the groon? Man, it's jist an extoartion.

Mr. McKerr. I'm no responsible for 't; but, if I'd ben there, I'd ha' chairged ye twa shellins; sae ye'd better say nae mair about the maitter.

[Mr. PARRITCH *does not pursue the subject.*]

Mr. Havers (as a detachment of the Black Watch Highlanders conclude an exhibition of musical drill). Ye'll be the baiter o' haeing the Block Wetch hier the day. Man, they gie us a colour! It's verra pretty hoo nicely they can pairform the drill... An' noo them sojers is gaun to rin a bet race among theirsels. This'll be an extry cawmpeteetion, I doot. (*As the race is being run.*) It's no

a verra suitable dress for rinnin'—the spleughan—or "sporrán," is it?—hairrts them tairible.

Mr. McKerr. (contradictiously). The sporran does na hairrt them at a'.

Mr. Havers. Man, it's knockin' against them at every stride they tak'. (*His attention wanders to a Highland Fling, which three small boys are dancing on a platform opposite.*) He's an awfu' bonnie dauncer that wee laddie i' the meddle!

Mr. McKerr. Na sae awfu' bonnie, he luiks tae much at his taes. Yon on the richt is the laddie o' the lote! he disna move his boady at a'.... This'll be the Half Mile Handicap they're stairting for down yonder. It'll gae to JOCK ALISTER—him in the blue breeks.

Mr. Parr. Yon grup-luikin' tyke? I canna thenk it.

Mr. Havers. Na, it'll be yon bald-heided man in broon. He's verra enthusiastic. He's ben rinnin' in a' the races, I obsairve. "SMETH" did ye say his neem was? (*To Miss ROSE, pawkily.*) Ye'll hae an affaictionate regaird for thet neem, I'm thenking, Mess RAWSE?

Miss Rose (with maidenly displeasure). 'Deed, an I'm no unnerstanding why ye should thenk ony sic a thing!

Mr. Havers (abashed). I beg your pairrdon. I don't know hoo it was I gethered SMETH was your ain neem. (*Miss ROSE shakes her head.*) No? Then maybe ye'll be acquaint with a Mester ALEXAWNDER SMETH fro' Paisley? (*Miss ROSE is not, nor apparently desires to be, and Mr. Havers returns to the foot-race.*) The bald-heid's leadin' them a', I tellt ye he'd— Na, he's gien up! it'll be the little block fellow, he's peckin' up tairible!

Mr. Parr. 'Twill no be him. Yon lang chap has an easy jobe o't. Ye'll see he'll jist putt a spairrt on at yon faur poast—he's comin' on noo—he's.... Losh! he's only thirrd after a'; he didna putt the spairrt on sune enough; that was the gran' fau't he made!

Mr. Havers. They'll be begenning the wrustling oot yon in the centre.... (*As the competitors grip.*) Losh! that's no the way to wrustle; they shouldna left the ither up; they're no allowed to threp!

Mr. McKerr. That's jist the game, I'm telling ye; ye know naething at a' about it!

Mr. Havers. I'd sthuggle bairter'n that mysel', it's no great wrustling at a', merely bairrns' play!

Mr. McKerr. (as a corpulent elderly gentleman appears, in very pink tights). Ye'll see some science noo, for hier's MCBANNOCK o' Balwhuskie, the chawmpion.

Mr. Havers (disenchanted). Wull yon be him in the penk breeks. Man, but he's awfu' stoot for sic wark!

Mr. McKerr. The wecht of him's no easy put doon. The rest are boys to him.

Mr. Parr. I doot the little dairk fellow'll hae him ... it's a gey sthuggle.

Mr. McKerr. He's not doon yet. Wull ye bait sexpence against MCBANNOCK, Mester PAIRRITCH?

Mr. Parr. (promptly). Aye, wull I—na, he's got the dairk mon doon. I was jist mindin the sword-daunce, sae the bait's aff. (*Three men in full Highland costume step upon the platform and stand, proud and impassive, fronting the grand stand, while the judges walk round them, making careful notes of their respective points.*) What wull they be about?

Mr. McKerr. It'll be the prize for the mon who's the best dressed Hielander at his ain expense. I'm thenkin they'll find it no verra easy to come to a deceesion.

Mr. Parr. Deed, it's no sae deeficult; 'twill be the mon in the centre, sure as deith!

Mr. Havers. Ye say that because he has a' them gowd maidles hing on his jocket!

Mr. Parr. (loftily). I pay no attention to the maidles at a'. I'm sayin' that DOUGAL MACRAE is the best dressed Hielander o' the three.

Mr. Havers. It'll no be MACRAE at a'. JOCK McEWAN, that's furrthest west, 'll be the mon.

Mr. Parr. (dogmatically). It'll be MACRAE, I'm tellin' ye. He has the nicest kelt on him that iver I sa'!

Mr. Havers. It's no the kelt that diz it, 'tis jist the way they pit it on. An' MACRAE'll hae his tae faur doon, a guid twa enches too low, it is.



"That's jist the game, I'm telling ye; ye know naething at a' about it!"

Mr. Parr. Ye're a' wrang, the kelt is on richt enough!

Mr. Havers. I know fine hoo a kelt should be pit an, though I'm no Hielander mysel', and I'll ask ye, MESS RAWSE, if DOUGAL MACRAE'S kelt isn't too lang; it's jist losin his knees a' thegither, like a lassie he looks in it!

[Miss ROSE *declines, with some stiffness, to express an opinion on so delicate a point.*

Mr. Parr. (recklessly). I'll pit a sexpence on MACRAE wi' ye, come noo!

Mr. Havers. Na, na, pit cawmpetent jedges on to deceede, and they'll be o' my opeenion; but I'll no bait wi' ye.

Mr. Parr. (his blood up). Then I'll hae a sexpence on 't wi' you, Mester MCKERROW!

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Mr. McKerr. Nay, I'm for MACRAE mysel'.... An' we're baith in the richt o't too, for they've jist gien him the bit red flag—that means he's got firsst prize.

Mr. Parr. (to Mr. Havers, with reproach). Man, if ye'd hed the speerit o' your opeenions, I'd ha won sexpence aff ye by noo!

Mr. Havers. (obstinately). I canna thenk but that MACRAE'S kelt was too lang—prize or no prize. I'll be telling him when I see him that he looked like a lassie in it.

Mr. Parr. (with concern). I wouldna jist advise ye to say ony sic a thing to him. These Hielanders are awfu' prood; and he nicht tak' it gey ill fro' ye!

Mr. Havers. I see nae hairrm mysel' in jist tellin' him, in a pleasant, daffin-like way, that he looked like a lassie in his kelt. But there's nae tellin' hoo ye may offend some fowk; an' I'm thenking it's no sae verra prawbable that I'll hae the oaportunity o' saying onything about the maitter to him.

MR. BRIEFLESS IS INTERVIEWED.

"A gentleman to see you, Sir," said my admirable and excellent clerk PORTINGTON, a few days since, as I was looking through the circulars that had accumulated on my table in Chambers during the earlier portion of the long vacation.

"A client?" I queried.

"No, Sir, I think not," was the reply, supplemented with a card placed on my desk. "At least, I do not remember the name in your fee-book."

"You do not believe he has called on any errand of an unpleasant character?"

"Oh no, Sir!—the rates have been in for a fortnight. If I might hazard a suggestion, I should say he was a literary gentleman."

I smiled, but was a little uncertain as to the better course of action. No doubt the man of letters was seeking an interview with a view to its subsequent reproduction. I am not altogether in favour of these public betrayals of private affairs, but considered that there could be no harm in this instance if I consented to see the journalistic intruder. To tell the truth, of late—much to my annoyance—reports have been in circulation rather prejudicial to my pecuniary credit. I am not a rich man. In these hard times who is? But for all that I am able to keep the wolf from the door, and maintain a position not derogatory to the status of barrister-at-law. It occurred to me, as I requested PORTINGTON to admit the visitor, that perhaps the meeting might lead to satisfactory results. If the caller happened to be an interviewer, I might "inspire" him.

"Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Jun., I think," said the new comer, as he seated himself in a chair and referred to a pocket-book. I bowed. "This is not your private address—these are your chambers?"

"Certainly," I returned; "but perhaps, before we go further, you will be so good as to tell me what you want?"

"Well, briefly, a statement of your affairs for the last three years. I will not trouble you for anything of an earlier date."

I again inclined my head. I was not altogether pleased with my visitor's manner. He was certainly abrupt, and he adopted a tone of authority that jarred upon my nerves. Possibly he wished to give the account of our interview to our cousins across the Atlantic. If this were so, I need not be over-scrupulous in my statements. Americans are accustomed to the rouge of exaggeration on the cheek of fact. So I would convey a false impression if I omitted, so to speak, the magnifying cosmetic.

"You do not propose to make public anything in this country?"



"Assuredly not," he replied. "All you say will be treated confidentially, save with the necessary exceptions."

I was satisfied. Of course the exceptions would be the people in the Republic of the West. I told him that my practice was a large one.

"Indeed?" As it struck me that the exclamation savoured of surprise, I thought it advisable to repeat the statement with emphasis.

"Yes," I continued, "there are many of my brethren at the Bar, better known to the world than I am, who would be pleased to change places with me. Because my name does not appear very frequently in the newspapers you must not imagine that I am idle. On the contrary, my chamber practice is immense—distinctly immense."

"Really," he murmured, and then mentioned the names of two or three of my learned friends whose incomes were decidedly considerable, and asked me if I deemed my practice equal to theirs.

"You put me in rather a delicate position," I returned with a smile. "Of course, I do not know the exact amount of the takings of the gentlemen to whom you have referred, but personally, I should consider my own practice more lucrative than theirs."

"Well, I *do* know their receipts," said my interviewer, "so I can estimate yours. Thank you very much. And now is there any other source of income omitted? Have you houses or shops, or anything of that sort?"

"As a barrister, I am prevented from trading," I replied, again with hauteur. And then I continued: "I am afraid you take too deep an interest in the commercial side of my career. What you should wish to learn, as my introducer to the American public, is my opinion on matters of the day. Now, for instance, I believe——"

"Pardon me," interrupted my visitor, rather brusquely. "But you have told me all I desire to know."

I bowed, and then I asked in what publication I might expect to see the interview.

"See the interview!" exclaimed the caller. "What interview?"

"Why," I explained, rather angrily, "the interview between you and me. You are a journalist, are you not?"

"A journalist! Certainly not! What made you think that?"

"Then, Sir," I cried, indignantly, "what right had you to force yourself into my presence, and waste my time in asking a number of useless, and, I may add, impertinent questions?"

"I had the right, and the questions were neither useless nor impertinent."

"Explain yourself, Sir."

"With pleasure;" and then he added, with a smile that did not provoke its fellow on my own countenance, "you must know that I am an assessor of income tax!"

Comment would be superfluous!

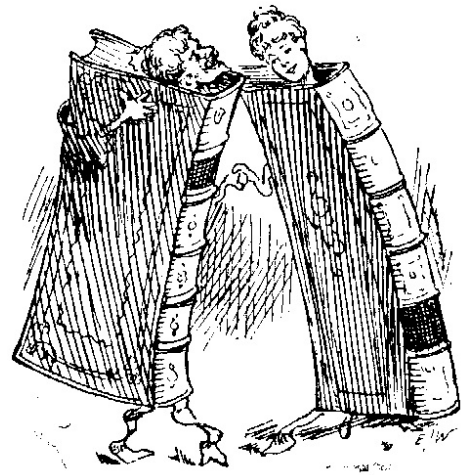
(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.

Pump-handle Court, October 10, 1895.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Messrs. BLACKWOOD have got as far as *Felix Holt* in the re-publication in popular form of the works of GEORGE ELIOT. It would be interesting to know how the venture has fared with the popular fancy for which it was designed. It is said young men and maidens of the present date cannot read the CHARLES DICKENS whose books enthralled their fathers and mothers. How does GEORGE ELIOT, who in her day held a position with the novel-reading public second only to CHARLES DICKENS, withstand the changes of fancy and fashion? My Baronite has been trying the experiment on himself by reading again, after the lapse of many years, *The Mill on the Floss*. He reports that he finds the first volume flag a little, by reason of the minute record of childhood's troubles and schoolday

tasks. But in the second volume, where the tragedy of love is worked out with surpassing power and infinite skill, the old spell is woven again. *The Mill on the Floss* is certainly one of the best of GEORGE ELIOT'S novels, being completed before the malign influence of schoolmaster GEORGE HENRY LEWES made itself felt. To this extent, it is not a fair test of the problem suggested. But the collection as a whole is rich in value. In "the Standard edition" Messrs. BLACKWOOD present it in daintiest form, and at a marvellously cheap price.



The Shoulder of Shasta is not a new joint from an entirely new animal, as those who are tired of "the Shoulder of Mutton" may be sorry to hear; but, it is a charming romance, in one volume, written by BRAM STOKER at his best. The heroine's name is "Esse"; and the whole interest of the story lies in the question, "Esse or non Esse"—"to be or not to be" the wife of "Mr. Dick." For there is a "Mr. Dick"—not in any way related to DICKENS'S "Mr. Dick,"—who is a kind of Buffalo Bill among the Indians. There is a *Miss Gimp*, a governess, whose peculiarities certainly do recall those of *Mrs. Nickleby*. Mr. BRAM STOKER'S plot is a *boîte à surprise*, and yet a most simple and natural story. Go to your butcher's and order *The Shoulder of Shasta*, to be served up "à la STOKER." N.B.—For "butcher's" read "bookseller's"; 'tis published by "A Constable" who "knows what subjects to take up," says the thoughtful

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Cursory Rhyme.

(By an Elderly Victim of Cyclomania.)

Rush-a-by, rush-a-by, biking man!
 Kick up a shindy as loud as you can.
 Frighten me, floor me, then chortle with glee,
 And fly away fast from the gutter and me.

RACING NOTE.—"*Fiorizel II.*" seems to be an unfortunate name for a horse expected and intended to be "*Fiorizel the First.*"

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UNLUCKY SPEECHES.

"WHAT A LOT OF PEOPLE THERE WERE AT THE WORTLEBURYS LAST WEEK—AND YET HOW DULL IT WAS!"

"YES, DEAR. BUT IT WAS MUCH BRIGHTER AFTER YOU LEFT."

FOUND WANTING.

Appoint a Poet Laureate, some prate,
But that's impossible, and wise men know it,
Because, 'midst many a would-be Laureate,
We cannot find a—Poet!
Well, there is *one*; but him both Whig and Tory hate;
Whence he, although a Poet, is not Laureate!
And, after all, JOHN BULL is little loth
To wait, until he finds one who is both.
For, after TENNYSON, the choice, we see,
Doth lie 'twixt—Tweedledum and Tweedledee!
Because they are not good enough who crave it,
Whilst one or two more worthy will not have it.

ADDITION TO MAGISTRATE'S DECISION.—Professor to be henceforth entitled "*Il Ré Galantuomo*." Who? RAY! Hooray!

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.—A SPIRIT LICENCE.—At the Limerick Quarter Sessions, a landlord at Loughgur sought a new licence for his inn.

The applicant stated that he intended to keep a boat there for the convenience of tourists.

His Honour—What are the features of antiquity there?

The Applicant—there are old castles and ruins.

Mr. Lowndes—And the White Knight of Desmond crosses the lake once every five or ten years.

His Honour—And he is only seen by your patrols. (*Laughter.*) If this licence were granted, I suppose the White Knight would cross the lake every night! (*Laughter.*)

Of course he would! A phantom in a boat, if properly advertised, would probably "draw" the Saxon tourist in his hundreds. Here is a chance for the Psychological Research Society.

WOODMAN, SPARE *NOT* THAT TREE!

(*Song of the Suburban tree-slaughtering savage, whose axe and saw and cord are rapidly making umbrageous neighbourhoods hideous.*)

Woodman, spare not that tree!
Leave not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
So I'll destroy it now.
Tall trees infest the land,
Rurality is rot!
Nought but a stump shall stand
On this once shady spot.
An old umbrageous tree

Makes suburb less like town;
It spreads too far for me,
Up, axe, and hew it down!
Woodman, ply stroke on stroke,
Till prone on earth it lies;
(Oh! isn't it a joke?)
Once towering to the skies!

Woodman, and woodman's boy,
Bring axe, and saw, and spade,
Hack, lop and top, with joy;
Destruction is your trade!
It grew for many a year;
It's growth, fools say, is grand.
Eh? Spare its charms? No fear!
No bough of it shall stand!

When comes again the spring
No leafage forth 'twill send;
No bird thereon shall sing,

No breeze its branches bend.
Old tree, no more thou'lt wave
O'er this suburban spot!
If / my will might have,
The axe should fell the lot!

"HOI ADELPHOI" (the MESSRS. GATTI), the Adelpheans, or, as friend WAGG would necessarily call them, the "Fill-adelphi-uns," have a stirring Life-boat Scene in MESSRS. SCOTT and THOMAS'S drama *The Swordsman's Daughter*. Where there are so many rapiers flashing—not one of them pointless—the piece might have suffered from cutting. As it is, the display of fence is most exciting. Mr. TERRISS the swordsman, MISS MILLWARD his daughter, are excellent; and this is true of the entire performance. As for Mr. ABINGDON, he is becoming a greater villain in every play of his life. He'll end by being hung in the Royal Academy. Of course, first of all, he will have to be "taken from life" by the hand of some distinguished painter.

POT-LUCK.—A sportsman named Mr. ALLAN GILMOUR, junior, has been credited with recently shooting "the first specimen of the solitary snipe" that had been seen in England. Writing to a Scotch paper, he says, "As snipe-shooting has been my favourite sport for the last twenty-eight years, during which time I have killed over 4,000 snipe without ever getting a shot at a 'solitary,' I am naturally very pleased."

For years he'd hunted all in vain,
But when the time was ripe,
His fortune changed—he really bagged
A solitary snipe.

There are who find their chiefest joy
A friend, a feast, a pipe;
But Mr. GILMOUR'S heaven is here—
A solitary snipe.

O PETER MAGNUS^[A] GILMOUR, we
Must tears of envy wipe
That you can count it bliss to pot
A solitary snipe!



"LA GLOIRE!"

FRENCH SOLDIER. "I SUFFER—I DIE! NO MATTER!—OUR VICTORY WILL ANNOY JOHN BULL!" (*Vide French Press.*)

"What the French have to consider is the balance of advantages for France, not the balance of disadvantages for England."—*Times, Oct. 9.*



WANTED, A REPARTEE.

"PLEASE, SIR, GIVE ME A PENNY!"

"YOU SHOULDN'T BEG, MY BOY. WHY SHOULD I GIVE YOU MY MONEY ANY MORE THAN YOU SHOULD GIVE ME YOURS?"

"I AIN'T GOT NO MONEY, AND YOU 'AVE!"

"AH, BUT SUPPOSE YOU'D GOT A PENNY AND I HADN'T!"

"THEN I'D GIVE MINE TO YOU!"

CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

No. VIII.—MORE HARMONY—BUSTER'S LATEST—"HI! FOUR-WHEELER!"—A CAB'S A CAB FOR ALL THAT.

"Harmony Hall," or the "Hullaboo Brothers," as chippers will call us when chaffy or teasy,
Was O. K. last night. Missis CHUFFING 'ad given a tittivate-up to our own Free-and-Easy.
CHUFFING's the Bung, and 'is wife is a wonder; a sort of a woman as straight as they make 'em,
Yet jolly as June. *They're* the helpmeets for men; and my tip is whenever you find 'em *you take 'em!*

Bless 'er blue ribbings! She beams like a sunflower in a back yard to a chap lyin' seedy,

Women like 'er *is* the sunshine of life, and make up for the swarms as are
grubby and greedy.
Touched up our room for Benevolence Night till the sandy-floored back
parlour warmed our old noses.
Wonderful wot female fingers can do with a green branch or two and a few
paper roses.

"BARNEY THE BARD" 'ad been "Wooing the Mooses" agen—so 'e put it—and faked
up some patter
For our "Extry-Speshul," and, set to a tune free and fetchin', it went with a
good clitter-clatter.
'Iad to pipe it this time, and I tell you I'd stood lots o' chipping from chums,
and lost fares, too,
Whilst mugging the words on my box at odd moments, to be "letter-puffeck"
as all our chaps cares to.

"You *do* break down," says B. B., "and I'll bash you!" The smart "little mush,"
five foot nix in 'is 'igh-lows,
Emagines 'isself quite a small pocket-Samson, and swears 'e 'as got knotty
muscles, "like MILO'S."
"MILO?" sez I; "no, nor yet a arf-MILO!" "Oh, cheese it," sez BUSTER. "Don't show
you've *no* knowledge."
BUSTER'S a bit of a scholar, no doubt, and 'e swears—when well on—that 'e
once went to College.

Anyhow, 'e's a good sort, and *can* patter. 'E gave the poor Growler a look-in
this journey,
Seein' as how our whip-round was for one, and B. B. is as wide-oh as WICKS,
our attorney.
Old BUNGO, our chairman, called on me. I rose, and got such a reception, a
regular squealer.
And soon as the loud sisserary was over, I tipped 'em, *kon bryo*, the BUSTER'S
"*Four-wheeler!*"

HI! FOUR-WHEELER!!

"Hansom up!" may be the cry when the day is fine and dry,
But wait till it comes night, and a fair drencher.
Then they lead me a rare dance, and don't give me arf a chance,
Of a doss, a peck, a pipe, or modest quencher.
Then through dark, and frost, and wet, there's another cry, you bet,
From the mouth of shiverin' swell, or shoutin' Peeler.
Toffy dames drag cloak and skirt round damp hankles from the dirt,
As they shrink from the chill wind, and the shower's sputtery squirt,
And the cry is then—*Four-wheeler! Hi!! Four-wheeler!!!*

Ah, it's all pertikler well for smart beauty and 'er swell,
When a-toolin' to the concert or theayter,
Up the Forder's step to trip, and into the 'Ansom skip,
Like a fawn or other nimble, slim-shank'd craytur.
But returnin' through thick fog, or a roadway like a bog,
When the 'Ansoms turn deaf hears to the swell squealah;
When a friend or two turns hup, and they arsk 'em 'ome to sup,
Then a very 'umble phiz wears the supersillyass pup
As 'e bellers hout—*Four-wheelah! Hi!! Four-wheelah!!!*

Yus! I'm only "Grumpy GAPES," with my arf-a-dozen capes,
And my sticking-plarster 'at and mulberry boko
(*That's* pine-happle rum, they blether, 'lowing nothink for the
weather),
And I 'ave to give my poor old crock hot toko,
Just to myke 'er break 'er trot, when the toffs put on the pot
(Then they bully me and say they'll call the Peeler).
But so 'elp me JIMMY JONES, tho' I'm stiff in my old bones,
There *are* times when swells appeal to me in most perthetick tones,
And bleat out a sad—*Four-wheeler! Hi!! Four-wheeler!!!*

Then there's 'orty Mistress BROWNE,-when she's goin' out o' town,
With five kiddies, and a arf-a-ton o' boxes;
Wot's the use, I arsk you, Sir, of a "Shrewsbury" to 'er?
These yer middle-clarss mammas are sly as foxes.
Know the distance to a hinch, and will 'aggle, bate, and pinch,
With the sharpness of a 'Ebrew ole clo-dealer.
They are wuss than mean old codgers, some old female Artful
Dodgers,
And I'd sooner 'ear the ghost of Missis JACKERMETTY PRODGERS

Callin' hout to me—*Four-wheeler! Hi!! Four-wheeler!!!*

Then a little lot of gents, wot 'as met with "hac-ci-dents"
(In the matter of a trifle too much "tiddley"),
Who tune up like hanything, though whene'er they try to sing
They will mix up "*Tarblow Vivong*" with "*Bob Ridley*."
Hah! "There's a picture for yer!" 'Ow they waste yer time and bore
yer,
Then mix theirselves up, reglar 'ead-and-'eeler!
'Ansom cab for them? Oh, no! *They* want room to *sprawl*, and so,
Though, when sober, they'd cock snook at me as fusty and too slow,
When bosky, 'tis—*Four-wheeler! Hi!! Four-wheeler!!!*

Yah! Though every cad and 'owler sniffs at me and calls me Growler,
I'm the old original, useful 'ackney carriage.
I'm a "Clarence." That's *my* style, though the ignerant my smile,
And at outing, sick case, funeral or marriage,
I lick the 'Ansom wholly, and knock out the cabrioley.
Yus! I feel the touch of Time, that pleasure-stealer.
But old Grumpy GAPES, you bet, braves the frost, and fog, and wet,
And whilst luggage and bad weather lasts, for many a long day yet,
London's cry will be—*Four-wheeler! Hi!! Four-wheeler!!!*

"*Four-wheeler!*" went down well as "*Hansom Up!*" Yessir! When Harmony's on
and Benevolence guides it,
A Growler's a *cab*, just the same as a Forder, and 'e aint no "Cabby," true grit,
as derides it.
Cape Clubs and Rug Clubs is all very proper, and so is your Sick Fund and
Friendly Society,
But a friendly whip-round, with a sing-song worked in, and no swagger or
fuss, is *my* favrit variety.

"A BIG, BIG 'D.'"—The *Times* of last Thursday reports that a scheme was submitted to the Chester Town Council "*for damming the river Dee.*" The scheme was approved of, and the Council cried, as in chorus, "Dee-cidedly! Dam the Dee!" *Minute.*—That the Dee be damm'd accordingly.

DR. PARKER'S RESPECTFUL FEW WORDS TO THE POPE.—"*Parker Verba.*"

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SCENES AT THE UGANDA EXHIBITION OF 1900.

NO. II.—THE "COSTER" VILLAGE WAS A NEVER-FAILING SOURCE OF AMUSEMENT TO THE VISITORS!

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Middle-aged Novice. "I'M JUST OFF FOR A TOUR IN THE COUNTRY—'BIKING' ALL THE WAY. IT'LL BE FOUR WEEKS BEFORE I'M BACK IN MY FLAT AGAIN."

Candid Friend. "AH! BET IT WON'T BE FOUR HOURS BEFORE YOU'RE FLAT ON YOUR BACK AGAIN!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

I am at Davos. Be careful about the pronunciation: put the accent broadly on the second syllable, and you have it. With me, if I may say so, it is a case of *Davos non vobis*, for I have come here not for my own health, but to act as travelling-companion to one of the best fellows in the world, who seeks health and strength in this quiet and beautiful valley. God be with him, and with all his fellow-sufferers here. Here are some notes taken on the way.

Hall of the Grosvenor Hotel, 10.30 A.M.—A mixed crowd of anxious French and English people: a sprinkling of Americans. Desperate inquiries from an elderly French lady for her box. A moment ago the box was visible, a monumental box peacefully reposing near the door. Now it has vanished. Is the box to be added to the questions pending between France and England? No; it is found—on a truck. The French Ambassador may rest in peace. On a sofa reclines a magnificent Arab, tall, stately, bronzed, aquiline, robed in a waving burnous and a turban of dazzling white. How he casts our puny, ditto-suited, cloth-capped civilisation into the shade. An almost irresistible impulse comes over me to change my ticket, break every tie and make a dash with him for his native desert, to live a free and untrammelled life, to head a successful insurrection against the French oppressor, to be laid after death in a splendid tomb with a cupola amidst the lamentations of thousands of lithe and dusky warriors.

11 A.M.—We are off; handshakings, wavings of handkerchiefs. Still dreaming of Algeria, I am recalled to actuality by a stoppage at Herne Hill.

Calais.—The home of the *demi-poulet*, not forgetting the *flageolet*. Perpetual entrances of imperturbable officials with chorus "*Les voyageurs pour...*" Consequent series of shocks inimical to quiet eating. At last our turn comes. Each of us has bagged a *demi-poulet* in record time. Why all this hurry? At any rate we are off.

Laon, 7 P.M.—Dinner. English traveller wants whisky. "*Avez vous doo visky?*" Lady of restaurant shakes her head. "*Visky Ecossais. Eau de vie Ecossais.*" A brilliant inspiration, but the landlady, protesting she can supply *eau de vie*, denies all knowledge of the Scotch variety. "Perhaps," says a helpful old lady, an English fellow-traveller, looking at the tariff-board on which the word "*rhum*" figures, "perhaps they call it 'room.'" Suggestion received with enthusiasm: "*Avez vous doo room?*" Enter guard: "*Les voyageurs pour Bâle.*" Only just time to pay. Off we go again.

Bâle, 5.30 A.M.—Train stops: consultation of watches. Can't be Bâle: not due till 6.30. Another hour for sleep; turn over, when door opens suddenly and an alarmed Swiss porter ejaculates "*Mais deshendez donc, Monsieur, le drain fa bartir.*" Out we go: the sky becomes dark with hats, sticks, wraps, handbags. Have we got everything? Yes—no—where is my waistcoat? Quite forgot I had discarded it at night: it contains watch, money, everything. Approach of beaming porter carrying waistcoat like a banner. Transference of silver from self to porter. He beams more and more. Unduly early arrival explained by fact that we are now under Central European time. Breakfast.

At Bâle I purchase the Paris *Temps* of to-day's date. An article on the Swiss Referendum. At last I am at close quarters with the Referendum. Question for decision was, is the sale of matches to be a State monopoly? The Swiss voter has said no by an overwhelming majority. The *Temps*, analysing results, sees in this "a victory of the individualist spirit, and of French tradition over the German spirit instilled in the universities of Zurich, Berne, and Bâle, or brought home by Swiss writers and politicians who have studied in Germany itself." Sédan is avenged. It appears, too, that the Swiss voter is getting bored with Referendums. He has had too many of them, and on this occasion barely half of him recorded his vote. Merry Swiss voter, awaking on a Sunday morning, inquires of his merry Swiss wife, "Any voting to-day, my dear?" "Only those silly matches," replies M. S. W. "Oh, drat they matches," says merry Swiss voter (or words to that effect). "I'm not going to trouble about *that*," and turns over to sleep again. Anyhow, matches are not to be a State monopoly. Long live the Referendum!

On the way to Landquart.—Sudden alarm of my companion. He clutches my arm, and points to the roof of railway carriage, saying, in an awe-struck voice, "What does that mean; why do they put that word there?" Following with my eyes the direction of his finger, I notice white dial, with moveable hand, let into roof. Plainly painted in bold letters on one side of the dial is the word "hell." On the other side, however, I see the German word "dunkel," which, of course, makes things clear. Quite natural, though, that apparatus for turning light up and down should, at first sight, be mistaken for a Salvation Army warning.

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Landquart, 1.16 P.M.—Lunch. Here the toy railway to Davos begins. We have still more than 3000 feet to climb before reaching our destination. Obtain beautifully-coloured little pamphlet with map. Learn that we are about to travel on "highest adhesion railway in Europe." Prepare ourselves to be as adhesive as possible by taking in immense amount of ballast in the shape of lunch. On consulting map, presumably drawn to scale, find that Davos is at least five times the size of London, which figures minutely in upper left-hand corner. This is delightful. Delight, however, dashed by observing that the distance from Landquart to Davos is nearly three times as great as from London to Bâle. Still, after the shock of finding ourselves under Central European time, we are prepared for most things. At last the little toy engine puffs violently, metaphorically takes off its coat, and, like *Mr. Snodgrass*, announces in a very loud tone that it is going to begin. We start! Hurrah, we adhere!!

Up, up, and still up we climb, hanging on here and there by our eyebrows to mountain precipices, and peering down into chasms on the other side. Still we adhere and the gallant little engine puffs away like mad. Amiable Swiss guard takes a paternal pride in it, in the train, in the scenery, and (after usual transference of silver) in us. Have we ever been at Davos before? No? In that case, it appears, we must prepare for pleasures before which the overrated amusements of Paris and Vienna pale and dwindle. Davos at last.

Davos.—Wonderfully hearty reception at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Mr. DEMMER smiles, Mrs. DEMMER smiles, the boots, the waitress, the housemaid all smile. We smile, too, and find everything prepared in rooms of the most brilliant cleanness: dinner, and so to bed.

Conversation in Davos is of great simplicity. We are all either invalids or the friends of invalids. At first hearing it would appear as if a gigantic ball, at which nobody danced, was perpetually taking place. "Have you been sitting out much to-day?" "Yes, I sat out nine hours." "Ah, I only managed to get in seven," &c., &c. For the pure and perfect air is the main element of the cure at Davos, and in nearly all weathers the invalids are on the verandahs drawing in these draughts of new life and vigour.

On the following morning I stroll. Remember that, curiously enough, I haven't seen a single soldier since I arrived in Switzerland. Here, however, is a photographic group of non-

commissioned officers of the Davos section of some infantry regiment. All their implements of warfare are drawn, a martial defiance gleams from every eye. In the centre of the group two of the most warlike cross their protecting swords in front of a tall lady, allegorically attired in cloak and scale-armour to represent Helvetia. I immediately abandon contemplated invasion and annexation of Switzerland.

A band is playing under an arcade of glass in front of the *Kurhaus*. They play really admirably—as good a band, as I have heard for a long time. But they are all, to a flute, dressed in black frock-coats, tightly buttoned, and black top-hats, for all the world like a provincial British municipality out for a holiday. Everything, save for the band, is wonderfully peaceful. A few cows browse in the valley, their pleasant bells drowsily tinkling. The surrounding mountains have donned their white crowns in our honour: the snowy, silent peaks glitter in the brilliant sun. In front of our hotel a retriever puppy, with an imperfect control over his paws, engages in a romp with a little white dog. He bowls over the little white dog, and, before he has quite recovered from the shock, bowls him over again. This is too much for the white dog's dignity: he bites the retriever violently in a tender part of the back. Woe, woe, the game is over, and the puppy flies homeward. In the afternoon the colony sits out again; it sits out finally after dinner. And so the quiet days proceed, for the time of toboggans and skates is not yet. It is a peaceful, a delightful spot, and on every hand are to be met hale and hearty folk who drifted hither, derelict wrecks, to be towed into haven and made sound for many a voyage. The tales of complete cures vary the conversational record of hours of sitting out. St. Luke, the good physician, is the patron saint of the little English Church here, and might well be the patron saint of Davos itself.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.—The pugnacity which tradition tells us was the chief characteristic of the Kilkenny Cat Conferences finds a parallel in a recent meeting of Aberdare District Councillors, at which, among other compliments, such as members bluntly accusing each other of falsehood, the chairman advised a counsellor to go to the — gentleman whose name is usually omitted in polite converse. The seconder of a motion proposed by a Justice of the Peace, had the following remarkable and withering invective hurled at him from the chair: "You know *nothing* about it, Mr. GEORGE knows but little, and *you know less*," while another counsellor observed, "I should show at least that I had a little brains." This gentleman is to be congratulated upon his consciousness of superior cerebral strength, and if the council possesses but "little brains" this deficiency is amply supplied by a corresponding wealth of choler and a copious flow of wrathful language.

"BONNIE DUNDEE."



Bonnie Dun-dee!

There was something exceedingly pretty in the doings at Dundee the other day when the burghers assembled to do honour to their old Member Mr. ARMITSTEAD. In the Parliament of 1880-5 Mr. ARMITSTEAD'S commanding presence was a familiar and welcome feature. Since then, having piloted Mr. GLADSTONE in successive journeys about the continent, his personality has obtained a wider field of recognition. When, at Biarritz and elsewhere, the population, tracking Mr. GLADSTONE, came upon this tall, straight figure, with flowing beard and kindly honest eyes, they thought he must be the Grand Old Man of whom they had heard so much. They, it is said, cheered him accordingly, leaving Mr. GLADSTONE free from embarrassing attention. That is probably a fable.

Certainly, in Dundee, where Mr. ARMITSTEAD lived and worked for forty years, there is no chance of his being mistaken for any other G. O. M. Having retired from public life, Dundee wanted to have a portrait of its most honoured citizen. That was very nice, but as acceptance of the suggestion would have involved his presence at the installation of the portrait, and the making of a speech in response to all the kind things said, Mr. ARMITSTEAD modestly shrank from the ordeal. But he managed, after all, to gratify Dundee. He sat for his portrait at his own expense, gave it to the city, and, represented to the life on canvas, felt at liberty to absent himself from the public meeting at which the Lord Provost accepted the picture on behalf of Dundee. Thus beyond the timorous Tweed do Merit and Modesty dwell together.

QUITE CORRECT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In your number of Oct. 5, "AN INCONSTANT TRAVELLER" quotes *Mrs. Malaprop* as saying "Caparisons are odorous." Perhaps it may interest him to know that the quotation correctly reads thus:—

"*Mrs. Malaprop*. No caparisons, Miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman. —*The Rivals*, Act IV., Sc. 2."

"Comparisons are odorous," occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III., Sc. 5.

Yours,

HETTIE SETTERER.

P.S. Enclosed advertisement is from the *Willesden Chronicle*:—

Young person, 23, short, dark, strict disciplinarian, wishes to correspond with gentleman between 40 and 50, with view to matrimony.

What a "strict disciplinarian" to begin in this way. *And after?*

A BACHELOR "BOWL'D."—What with many a "maiden over" and the taking of three hundred wickets in first-class matches, TOM RICHARDSON is *facile princeps* in the bowling averages of the past cricket season. Now he has "made a match" on the Matrimonial Ground, and among the numerous presents received upon the auspicious occasion that which, perhaps, is of most interest to the "fastest trundler" takes the shape of a magnificent piano, the gift of a "syndicate" of admiring friends. His favourite tune on a winter evening will, of course, be "*Tom Bowling*"; and what more appropriate, after some stirring anecdote relating to the "hat-trick," than a spirited "*Bolero*"? Then, too, music descriptive of a "leg-bye" may surely be found among PAD-EREWSKI'S compositions. By the way, the Christian name of THOMAS, as shared by LOATES, RICHARDSON, and MORRIS, stands high in the annals of contemporary sport.

One strides the racing saddle and excels upon the flat,
Another proves his power, with the leather, o'er the bat,
A third is lion of the links—the Golfer's ecstasy;
Thus "TOMMY" trebly triumphs in serene supremacy

"ATHELSTANE THE UNREADY."—*Note from Dr. Brewer's Reader's Handbook: "'Unready' does not mean 'unprepared,' but 'injudicious.'*" Almost everybody is angry with him. Bull-baiting is nothing to the new game of Riling RILEY, the injudicious one! So chorus, gentlemen of the School Board, if you please, and take the air from the composer of "*Ballyhooly*,"—

Is that Mr. RILEY?
OUR ATHELSTAN RILEY?
Is that Mr. RILEY who rings the Church bell?

It *is* Mr. RILEY!
He does nothing sily,
And yet doesn't do it remarkably well.

COVENT WINTER GARDEN.—Opera Wagnerensia in full bloom. Consule Druriolano, Magistro Lorinerio, Equite. Sir DRURIOLANUS must introduce a dance of Love-lorn Loriners.

FOOTNOTE:

[A] "'It is calculated to cause them the highest gratification,' said Mr. Pickwick, rather enjoying the ease with which Mr. Peter Magnus's friends were amused."

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL. 109, OCTOBER 19 1895 ***

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