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ANGLING IN TROUBLED WATERS

Der Fischfang im Trüben—La Pêche en eau trouble
—La Pesca nelle acque turbes

A SERIO-COMIC MAP OF EUROPE

BY
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20TH THOUSAND



REFERENCE.

Spain, with scarcely a leg to stand upon, is brought to his knees, and has the chagrin to see his own takings hooked by a more skilful competitor, whose 200,000,000 gall has just secured a specimen of *pisces Philippinus*.

Meanwhile, Don Carlos watches his opportunity to snatch the mutilated crown.

Portugal seems likely to dispose of his catch to advantage; whereby his empty purse may assume rounder proportions.

The German Emperor, not satisfied with his successes in the fields of art, oratory, and literature, has taken his rack upon his back, and is looking round to see what advantages he may achieve as an imperial bagman. His fist is no longer mailed.

Holland is entirely taken up with its fair young Queen, to whom we wish all prosperity.

Belgium is pleased with his take—a fish of fair size—but he should look to riding himself of the reptile curling round his neck.

Denmark is the cradle of the royal races of Europe.

Italy, holding in his hand the remnant of his only catch, is like his dependences, **Sardinia** and **Sicily**, crushed by the burthen he has to bear.

Servia & Roumania are almost too young to walk alone yet.

Norway & Sweden (the model of Home Rule), are playing a game of rough and tumble, which, unless they are careful, may break the leash which binds them together, and leave them a prey to enterprising neighbours.

Russia is offering the olive branch to the world. All honour to him, but if he could discard those toys in his belt, and the store under his right arm, and if we knew exactly what fish he is playing on his line, the world might be more ready to accept his offer.

Turkey, who has lost so much weight as to be scarcely recognizable, is holding his hand to his ear. Would that he might hear the howl of indignation which rises against him for the terrible stain upon his clothes. His look is still fixed in the nose of Crete, but it looks as if it might easily be torn out. Russia treats heavily upon him, and he no longer knows the repose of by-gone days. Even the "present for a good boy," which lies in his pocket, may not bring him much satisfaction.

Greece, having tried to seize the Cretan spike fish, has pricked his fingers.

In Austria, the people of all the various nationalities join with the Emperor in deploring the loss which the hand of an anarchist assassin has caused.

Switzerland, it is to be hoped, is at last determined to put its foot down upon these reptiles in human form.

John Bull (who is entirely at one within his own borders), notwithstanding the troubling of the waters by cantankerous neighbours, is satisfied with the fairly good sport he has lately enjoyed, and with his well-equipped bait-can, and the help of the landing net he holds aloft, he may have to land another catch ere long.

In France, the struggle between the civil and the military power, not only snatches the clothes of the combatants, but makes it also probable that the Republic is more likely to lose some of the fish it has already taken, than to shine in the angling competition of the day. The shade of **Corsica's** greatest son is amazed at the spectacle.

MATT HEWERDINE
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