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13, 1894, by Various and F. C. Burnand

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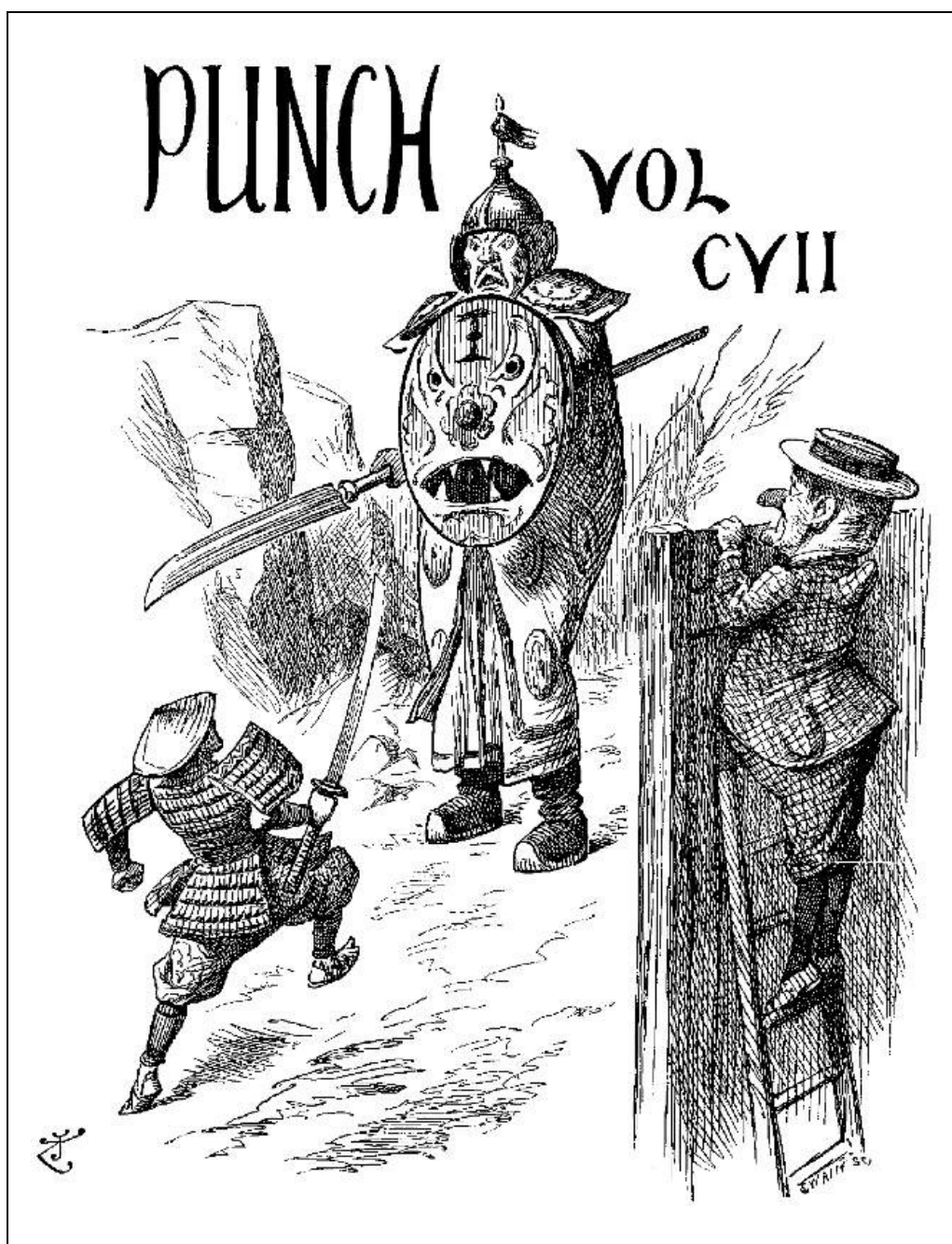
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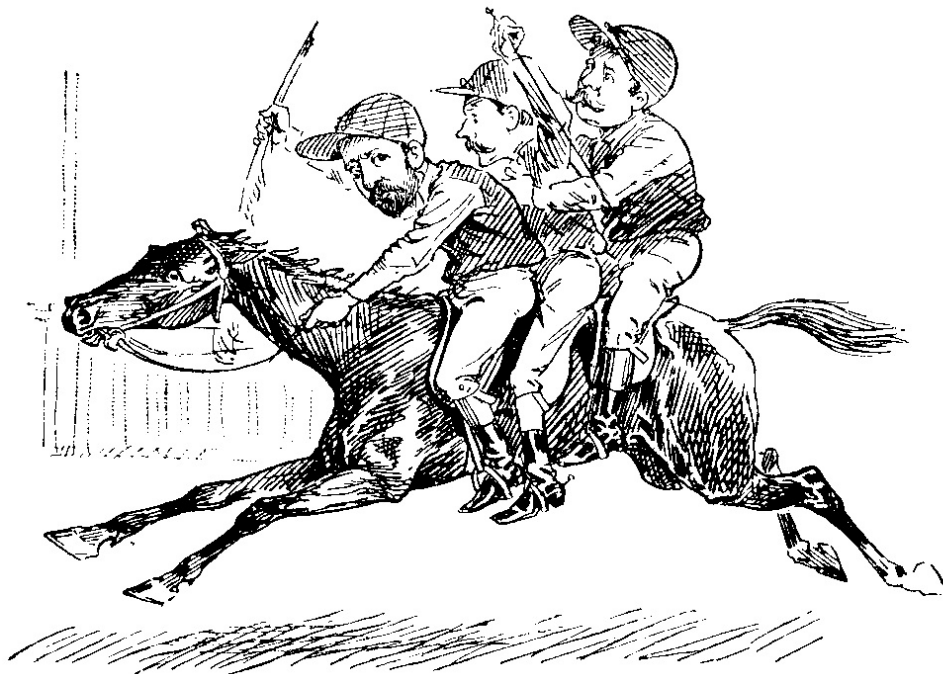
# Punch, or the London Charivari

Volume 107, October 13, 1894

*edited by Sir Francis Burnand*

## MAKING THE RUNNING WITH "THE DERBY WINNER."

DRURIOLANUS has scored another success. And why not? Surely he deserves it, for, with the assistance of his two collaborators, CECIL RALEIGH and HENRY HAMILTON, Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS has trained a Derby winner that will carry all before him over the Drury Lane course until the place is required for the pantomime. And the training has been most judicious. The problem the three stable companions (for the piece is nothing if not horsey) set themselves was to produce a drama that would fill the Grand National Theatre both before and behind the curtain. This problem they have solved to the satisfaction of all parties.



"Three to One on."

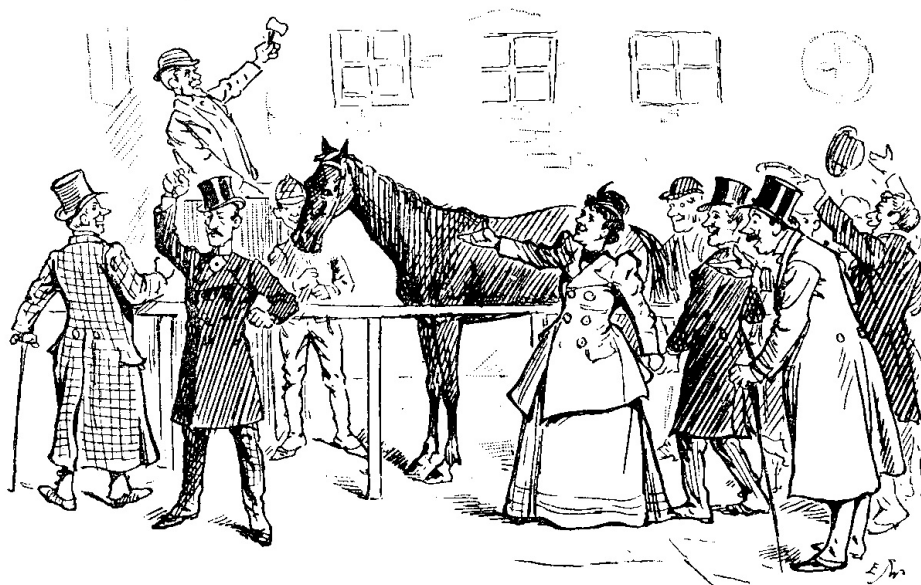
The method adopted is simple enough. Take, for instance, the First Act. One of the authors no doubt suggested the interior of a country house. "Quite so," says DRURIOLANUS, "a nobleman's country house. I will show you how to do it." And he does. "O *Todgers's* can do it when it likes!" Gorgeous hall with a billiard table thrown in at the back to give an idea of the luxury and magnitude. And then the company! Earls and Countesses and Lords and Ladies and a Duchess! Why, even the villain is a major in a crack cavalry regiment, and the low comedian a surgeon who has worn the Queen's uniform. Apparently to give the latter additional aristocratic gloss, the Duchess is made to be in love with him. And the plot? Why, of course. Let Miss ALMA STANLEY arrive direct from India to sow discord between my Lord the hero and my Lady the heroine. This she does, looking charming in her villainy, and wearing a striking costume. My Lord tells her "to begone" (a most unreasonable request, by the way, as she has arrived at the Hall in the middle of the night, with evidently any number of boxes), but she won't. Miss ALMA STANLEY prefers to faint in my Lord's arms, to the great indignation of my Lady. Tableau and curtain.

Next, please. The Downs, and a trial of the 'osses. Then we have a meet of horses, saddle and otherwise. The "otherwise" are harnessed to a pony-chaise that looks as if it had come from the Lowther Arcade. Miss ALMA STANLEY rides in on a steed of her own. My Lord, the hero, objects to the gracious presence of this fair equestrian, and gets a horse-whipping for his trouble. Then the trial comes off. The noble animals canter across the stage. The *dramatis personæ* describe their progress to one another as they make the running behind the scenes. All first-rate and life-like. Haven't we seen it ourselves in the early morn? Then they reappear (amidst immense

enthusiasm) as cardboard profile in the distance, to make a final entry in the horseflesh from the O. P. wings. Capitably done, and a great success. Stalls, Circle, Pit, Boxes, and Gallery, all delighted. So are they with the military ball at York. Nearly everybody in uniform. Hussars, Gunners, Highlanders, Fusileers, and Yeomen. My Lord the hero appears as Colonel of his county Yeomanry. Quite right, he has left the service, and taken to the reserve. Then there is the cotillion, and my Lord finds himself, to his surprise, dancing with Miss ALMA STANLEY. He is again caught by my Lady, the heroine (the poor chap is always compromising himself at the wrong moment), and there is of course only one solution to this embarrassing situation, and that is,—curtain. No better ball scene been on the stage for years. DRURIOLANUS has all the details at his fingertips, and the ball at his feet. Keep it rolling!

In the next Act we find that the Countess, in full ball costume, has eloped with the Villainous Major to a hotel. My Lady has allowed her companion to describe themselves as Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So in the porter's book. But thus far and no farther. When the Major politely begs the loan of her heart, the Countess bids him go, and treats him really with absolute rudeness. The Major, after a terrible struggle with my Lady, in which he gets the worst of it, is completely crushed, and probably inwardly laments the very considerable expense to which he must have been put by the elopement. At this crisis enter my Lord the hero. Row and tableau. After this, the audience feels that the correct prescription is to cut the dialogue and come to the "osses." And to a great extent this prescription is adopted. There is a first-class scene of a sale at Tattersall's, and a very realistic view of the finish at the Derby. The throng cheer behind the curtain, and so does the throng in front of it. The task is complete: both sides of the green baize are crowded with excited people.

It is exceptionally good. Scenery, music, general stage management, and incidental music all excellent. Mrs. JOHN WOOD first-rate, as good as ever, and Miss ALMA STANLEY greatly distinguishes herself. So does Mr. CARTWRIGHT as the most matter-of-fact villain that "in this distressful country has ever yet been seen." When he murders, or ruins, or seriously inconveniences anyone, he observes *sotto voce* to himself, in a tone that would be equally appropriate were he thanking an omnibus conductor for giving him change for sixpence, "I thought I should do it." Then Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and Miss BEATRICE LAMB as My Lord and My Lady could not be better. And Miss PATTIE BROWNE, Miss L. MOODIE, and Miss HETTIE DENE, all the right people in the right places, as are both Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS and Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD. To sum up, *The Derby Winner* has won, and Sir DRURIOLANUS has more than satisfied his enthusiastic backers the public, and he and they will have a real good run for their money.



"Sold!"

## IF NOT, WHY NOT?

[*"SARAH GRAND has contributed an article on 'Should irascible Old Gentlemen be taught to Knit?' to the forthcoming issue of 'Phil May's Winter Annual.'—Evening paper, October 2.*]

This will shortly be followed by a series of papers on the following subjects:—"Shall hysterical Old Ladies be encouraged to smoke?"

"Should elderly, short-tempered Dowagers be permitted to use bad language?"

"Shall Octogenarian Barmaids be obliged to flirt?"

"May decayed Duchesses play pitch-and-toss?"

"Shall Professional Beauties of a certain age be compulsorily retired?"

"Are Burlesque Actresses of over forty years' standing to attend Sunday-school?"

"May Ballet-girls teach their grand-children to knit?"

"Should cross-eyed Viscountesses catch flies?"

"Ought Old Girls generally to make use of slang?"

"Should *Prima donnas* in their dotage wear blue pinafores?"

"Can the 'Shirt-front Brigade' be taught 'good form'?"

"May Lady Novelists dispense with the historic present?"

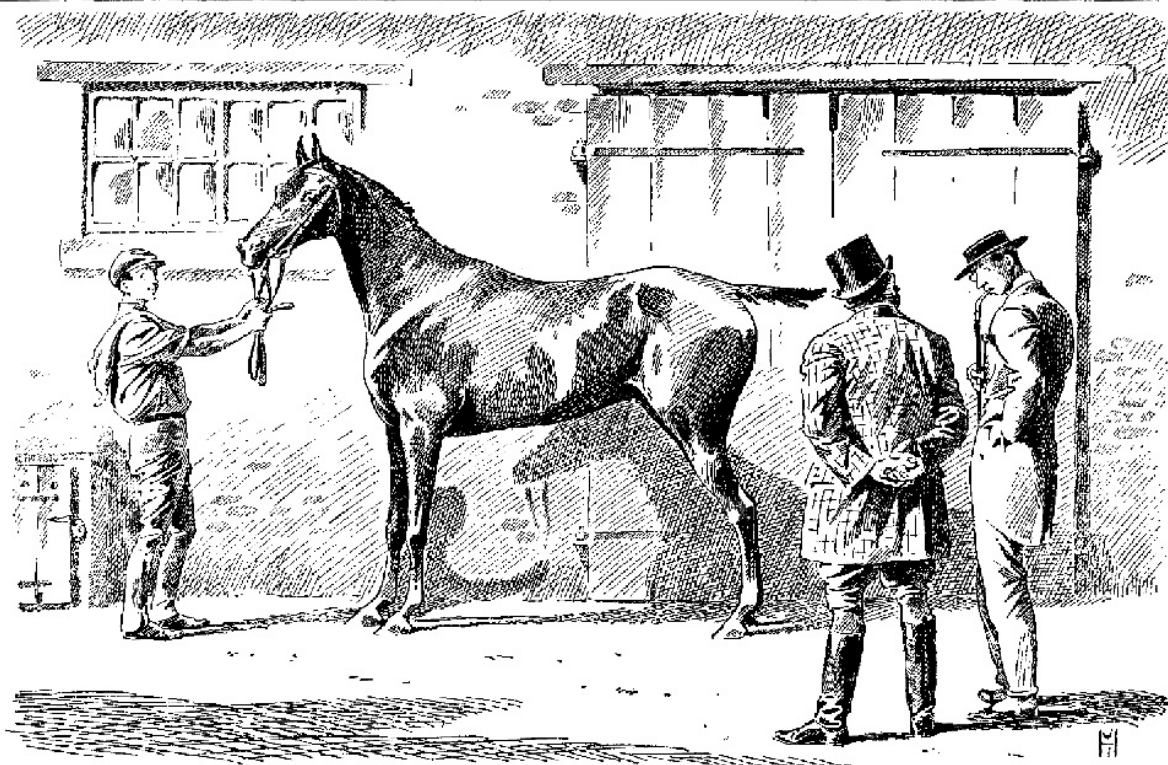
"Should much-married Adventuresses read *The Family Herald*?"

"May timid Gentlewomen join the Pioneer Club?"

And "Is not the New Woman played out?"

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### A BACKWARD CROP.

*Young Mr. Green (who wants a Hunter for the coming Season).* "YA—AS; BUT HE'S GOT SUCH A SEEDY TAIL!"

*Dealer.* "SEEDY? AH, THAT'S IT! JUST GERMINATIN', IT IS. WANT O' SUNSHINE, YER SEE. LOR' BLESS Y', THINGS IS MOSTLY BIN A BIT BACKARD THIS SEASON!"

## "I'M GETTING A BIG GIRL NOW!"

(SONG FOR MISS UNIFIED LONDON.)

AIR—"I'm Getting a Big Girl Now!"

I've had all the pleasures belonging to youth,  
Its sweetmeats, its larks, and its toys.  
But I find, with regret, what is really the truth

But I find, with regret, what is really the truth,  
That girls will grow old, just like boys.  
I'd like still to play in the jolly old way,  
But the world will not let me somehow.  
I know what it means; I am now in my teens.  
Yes; I'm getting a big girl now!

*Chorus.*

I'm getting a big girl now,  
And they tell me it's time I knew how  
To behave more *like* one,  
And in toys find less fun;  
For I'm getting a big girl now!

I've had a good time for a number of years,  
And I'm sure I'm not anxious to change,  
But the very best swim there is *somebody* queers.  
They *won't* let me alone—it's so strange!  
It does give one a shock; but I've outgrown my frock,  
My girdle won't meet anyhow;  
They're beginning to quiz. Ah! I see how it is;  
I'm getting a big girl now

*Chorus.*

I'm getting a big girl now,  
If I romp someone kicks up a row  
They tell me I chuck  
Too much money on "tuck"—  
Ah! I'm getting a big girl now!

I know there's a party who's anxious to spoil  
My nice little games at Guildhall.  
He growls "turn up turtle and toys, Miss, and *toil*,  
Gog and Magog are no good at all.  
Your coaches, and horses, and tin-armoured forces,  
Are babyish bosh, and bow-wow!  
You must scorn grub and ease—like those *good* L.C.C.'s—  
For you're getting a big girl now!

*Chorus.*

"You are getting a big girl now;  
You must turn up the tuck-shop I vow.  
A cut of cold mutton  
Go take—with good HUTTON!  
For you're getting a big girl now!"

I own that I *hate* to be talked to like this;  
And as to those L.C.C. prigs  
They always hold up as a "Model for Miss,"  
I'll give 'em beans yet—please the pigs!  
*Me* fussy and frugal like dowdy McDougall?—  
Well—well; no use raising a row  
Like all girls and boys I *must* give up my toys.  
For I'm getting a big girl now!

*Chorus.*

Yes, I'm getting a big girl now;  
My dollies must go anyhow;  
And as to the tuck  
I must cut it—worse luck!  
For I'm getting a big girl now.

Good-bye, *dear* old toys! I am getting too big  
For dolls, dressing up, and—*bohoo!*  
Gog! Magog!! Alas!!! Is it quite *infra dig.*  
To drop a few tears over *you?*  
I *am* such a whopper, it *may* be improper,  
But—there, I *am* blubbing—*wow-wow!*  
Good-bye, rose and myrtle! Farewell toys and turtle!  
I'm getting a big girl now.

*Chorus.*

Yes, I'm getting a big girl now.

(And feel doocedly sorry somehow,  
In Unification  
They think there's salvation  
For one, who's a big girl now!

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**"I'M GETTING A BIG GIRL NOW!"**

MISS UNIFIED LONDON PUTTING AWAY ALL HER PRETTY TOYS AND PLAYTHINGS.

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MUDDY MILAN.

Once I thought that you could boast  
Such a perfect southern sky,  
Flecked with summer clouds at most;  
Always sunny, always dry,  
Warm enough, perhaps, to grill an  
Englishman, O muddy Milan!

Now I find you soaking wet,  
Underneath an English sky;  
Pavements, mediæval yet,  
Whence mud splashes ever fly;  
And, to make one damp and ill, an  
Endless downpour, muddy Milan!

Though you boast such works of art,  
Where is that unclouded sky?  
Muddy Milan, we must part,  
I shall gladly say good-bye,  
Pack, and pay my little bill—an  
Artless thing—and leave you, Milan.

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A REALLY "INDEPENDENT OF LABOUR PARTY."—MR. KEIR HARDIE, M.P.

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## LYRE AND LANCET.

(*A Story in Scenes.*)

PART XV.—TRAPPED!

SCENE XXIV.—*A Gallery outside the Verney Chamber.*

TIME—*About 10.15.*

*Undershell* (*to himself, as he emerges from a back staircase*). I suppose this *is* the corridor? The Boy said the name of the room was painted up over the door.... Ah, there it is; and, yes, Mr. SPURRELL'S name on a card.... The door is ajar; he is probably waiting for me inside. I shall meet him quite temperately, treat it simply as a—(*He enters; a waste-paper basket, containing an ingenious arrangement of liquid and solid substances, descends on his head.*) What the devil do you mean, Sir, by this outrageous—? All dark! Nobody here! Is there a general conspiracy to insult me? Have I been lured up here for a brutal—(*SPURRELL bursts in.*) Ah, *there* you are, Sir! (*With cold dignity, through the lattice-work of the basket.*) Will you kindly explain what this means?

*Spurrell*. Wait till I strike a light. (*After lighting a pair of candles.*) Well, Sir, if *you* don't know why you're ramping about like that under a waste-paper basket, I can hardly be expected to—

*Und*. I was determined not to remove it until somebody came in; it fell on my head the moment I entered; it contained something in a soap-dish, which has wetted my face. You may laugh, Sir, but if this is a sample of your aristocratic—

*Spurr*. If you could only see yourself! But *I'd* nothing to do with it, 'pon my word I hadn't; only just this minute got away from the hall.... *I* know! It's that sulky young beggar, BEARPARK. I remember he slipped off on some excuse or other just now. He must have come in here and fixed that affair up for me—confound him!

*Und*. I think *I'm* the person most entitled to—But no matter; it is merely one insult more among so many. I came here, Sir, for a purpose, as you are aware.

*Spurr*. (*ruefully*). Your dress clothes? All right, you shall have them directly. I wouldn't have put 'em on if I'd known they'd be wanted so soon.

*Und*. I should have thought your own would have been more comfortable.

*Spurr*. More comfortable! I believe you. Why, I assure you I feel like a Bath bun in a baby's sock! But how was I to know? You shouldn't leave your things about like that!

*Und*. It is usual, Sir, for people to come to a place like this provided with evening clothes of their own.

*Spurr.* I know that as well as you do. Don't you suppose I'm unacquainted with the usages of society! Why, I've stayed in boarding-houses at the seaside many a time where it was de rigger to dress—even for high tea! But coming down, as I did, on business, it never entered my head that I should want my dress suit. So when I found them all as chummy and friendly as possible, and expecting me to dine as a matter of course,—why, I can tell you I was too jolly glad to get hold of anything in the shape of a swallowtail and white choker to be over particular!

*Und.* You seem to have been more fortunate in your reception than I. But then *I* had not the advantage of being here in a business capacity.

*Spurr.* Well, it wasn't that altogether. You see, I'm a kind of a celebrity in my way.

*Und.* I should hardly have thought *that* would be a recommendation here.

*Spurr.* I was surprised myself to find what a lot they thought of it; but, bless you, they're all as civil as shopwalkers; and, as for the ladies, why, the old Countess and Lady MAISIE and Lady RHODA couldn't be more complimentary if I'd won the Victoria Cross, instead of getting a first prize for breeding and exhibiting a bull bitch at CRUFF'S Dog Show!

*Und. (bitterly, to himself).* And this is our aristocracy! They make a bosom friend of a breeder of dogs; and find a poet only fit to associate with their servants! What a theme for a satirist! (*Aloud.*) I see nothing to wonder at. You possess precisely the social qualifications most likely to appeal to the leisured class.

*Spurr.* Oh, there's a lot of humbug in it, mind you! Most of 'em know about as much of the points of a bull as the points of a compass, only they let on to know a lot because they think it's smart. And some of 'em are after a pup from old Drummy's next litter. *I* see through all that, you know!

*Und.* You are a cynic, I observe, Sir. But possibly the nature of the business which brings you here renders them—

*Spurr.* That's the rummest thing about it. I haven't heard a word about that yet. I'm in the veterinary profession, you know. Well, they sent for me to see some blooming horse, and never even ask me to go near it! Seems odd, don't it?

*Und. (to himself).* I had to go near the blooming horse! Now I begin to understand; the very servants did not expect to find a professional vet in any company but their own! (*Aloud.*) I—I trust that the horse will not suffer through any delay.

*Spurr.* So do I; but how do I know that some ignorant duffer mayn't be treating him for the wrong thing? It may be all up with the animal before I get a chance of seeing what I can do!

*Und. (to himself).* If he knew how near I went to getting the poor beast shot! But I needn't mention that now.

*Spurr.* I don't say it isn't gratifying to be treated like a swell, but I've got my professional reputation to consider, you know; and if they're going to take up all my time talking about *Andromeda*—

*Und. (with a start).* *Andromeda!* They have been talking about *Andromeda*? To you! Then it's *you* who—

*Spurr.* Haven't I been telling you? I should just jolly well think they *have* been talking about her! So you didn't know my bull's name was *Andromeda* before, eh? But *you* seem to have heard of her, too!

*Und. (slowly).* I—I *have* heard of *Andromeda*—yes.

[*He drops into a chair, dazed.*]

*Spurr. (complacently).* It's curious how that bitch's fame seems to have spread. Why, even the old Bishop—But, I say, you're looking rather queer; anything the matter with you, old fellow?

*Und. (faintly).* Nothing—nothing. I—I feel a little giddy, that's all. I shall be better presently.

[*He conceals his face.*]

*Spurr. (in concern).* It was having that basket down on your head like that. Too bad! Here, I'll get you some water. (*He bustles about.*) I don't know if you're aware of it, old chap, but you're in a regular *dooce* of a mess!

*Und. (motioning him away irritably).* Do you suppose I don't know *that*? For heaven's sake, don't speak to me! let me alone!... I want to think—I want to think. (*To himself.*) I see it all now! I've made a hideous mistake! I thought these CULVERINS were deliberately—And all the time—Oh, what an unspeakable idiot I've been!... And I can't even explain!... The only thing to do is to escape before this fellow suspects the truth. It's lucky I ordered that carriage! (*Aloud, rising.*) I'm all right now; and—and I can't stay here any longer. I am leaving directly—directly!



*Spurr.* You must give me time to get out of this toggery, old chap; you'll have to pick me out of it like a lobster!

*Und. (wildly).* The clothes? Never mind them now. I can't wait. Keep them!

*Spurr.* Do you really mean it, old fellow? If you *could* spare 'em a bit longer, I'd be no end obliged. Because, you see, I promised Lady RHODA to come and finish a talk we were having, and they've taken away my own things to brush, so I haven't a rag to go down in except these, and they'd all think it so rude if I went to bed now!

*Und. (impatiently).* I tell you you may keep them, if you'll only go away!

*Spurr.* But where am I to send the things to when I've done with 'em?

*Und.* What do I—Stay, here's my card. Send them to that address. Now go and finish your evening!

*Spurr. (gratefully).* You *are* a rattling good chap, and no mistake! Though I'm hanged if I can quite make out what you're doing here, you know!

*Und.* It's not at all necessary that you *should* know. I am leaving immediately, and—and I don't wish Sir RUPERT or Lady CULVERIN to hear of this—you understand?

*Spurr.* Well, it's no business of mine; you've behaved devilish well to me, and I'm not surprised that you'd rather not be seen in the state you're in. I shouldn't like it myself!

*Und.* State? *What* state?

*Spurr.* Ah, I *wondered* whether you knew. You'll see what I mean when you've had a look at yourself in the glass. I daresay it'll come off right enough. I can't stop. Ta, ta, old fellow, and thanks awfully!

*[He goes out.]*

*Und. (alone).* What does he mean? But I've no time to waste. Where have they put my portmanteau? I can't give up *everything*. (*He hunts round the room, and eventually discovers a door leading into a small dressing-room.*) Ah, it's in there. I'll get it out, and put my things in. (*As he rushes back, he suddenly comes face to face with his own reflection in a cheval glass.*) Wh—who's that? Can this—this piebald horror possibly be—*me*? How—? Ah, it was *ink* in that infernal basket—not water! And my hair's full of flour! I *can't* go into a hotel like this, they'd think I was an escaped lunatic! (*He flies to a wash-hand stand, and scrubs and sluices desperately, after which he inspects the result in the mirror.*) It's not *nearly* off yet! Will *anything* get rid of this streakiness? (*He soaps and scrubs once more.*) And the flour's caked in my hair now! I must brush it all out before I am fit to be seen. (*He gradually, after infinite toil, succeeds in making himself slightly more presentable.*) Is the carriage waiting for me all this time? (*He pitches things into his portmanteau in a frantic flurry.*) What's that? Some one's coming!

*[He listens.]*

*Tredwell (outside).* It's my conviction you've been telling me a pack o' lies, you young rascal. For what hearthly business that feller UNDERSHELL could 'ave in the Verney— However, I'll soon see how it is. (*He knocks.*) Is anyone in 'ere?

*Und. (to himself, distractedly).* He mustn't find me here! Yet, where— Ah, it's the only place!

*[He blows out the candles, and darts into the dressing-room as TREDWELL enters.]*

*Tred.* The boy's right. He *is* in here; them candles is smouldering still. (*He relights one, and looks under the bed.*) You'd better come out o' that, UNDERSHELL, and give an account of yourself—do you 'ear me?... He ain't under there! (*He tries the dressing-room door; UNDERSHELL holds his breath, and clings desperately to the handle.*) Very well, Sir, I know you're *there*, and I've no time to trouble with you at present, so you may as well stay where you are till you're wanted. I've 'eard o' your goings-on from Mr. ADAMS, and I shall 'ave to fetch Sir RUPERT up to 'ave a talk with you by-and-by.

*[He turns the key upon him, and goes.]*

*Und. (to himself, overwhelmed, as the Butler's step is heard retreating).* And I came down here to assert the dignity of Literature!



"He suddenly comes face to face with his own reflection."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



Accompanying Trilby.

Our GEORGE DU MAURIER is in analogous case to that of a dramatic character of whom he may possibly have heard. *M. Jourdain* one day happened upon the discovery that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it. Mr. DU MAURIER has lived through half a century master of an exquisite style, and only now makes the discovery known to the world. Plain indications of the fact were given in *Peter Ibbetson*. But in respect of style and in other matters, *Trilby*, just published by OSGOOD, McILVAINE & Co., is a prodigious improvement. That a man who has made his mark in pencil should, on taking up his pen, disclose possession of the rare gift of style, strikes the literary person with more marvel even than is evoked by discovery of a new novelist who can construct a plot and delineate character. Mr. DU MAURIER has rich endowment of all these gifts, which shine on every page of *Trilby*. He has, moreover, given us a new thing quite apart from the run of English novels. HENRI MURGER was before him with a deathless book in which life in the Quartier Latin is powerfully and tenderly portrayed. Mr. DU MAURIER'S chapters on student life in Paris need not fear comparison with *La Vie de Bohème*, which is praise of the kind Sir HUBERT STANLEY hoarded. Beyond that, growing out of it, is the boldly conceived, firmly-drawn, and charmingly coloured character of *Trilby*, with her curious *entourage*, her varied life, and her tragic end. *Little Billee*, in whom some will find revived lost memories of a dear friend, is a charming personality, whilst *Taffy* and the *Laird* are live men. With such wealth of material and such felicity of touch, Mr. DU MAURIER

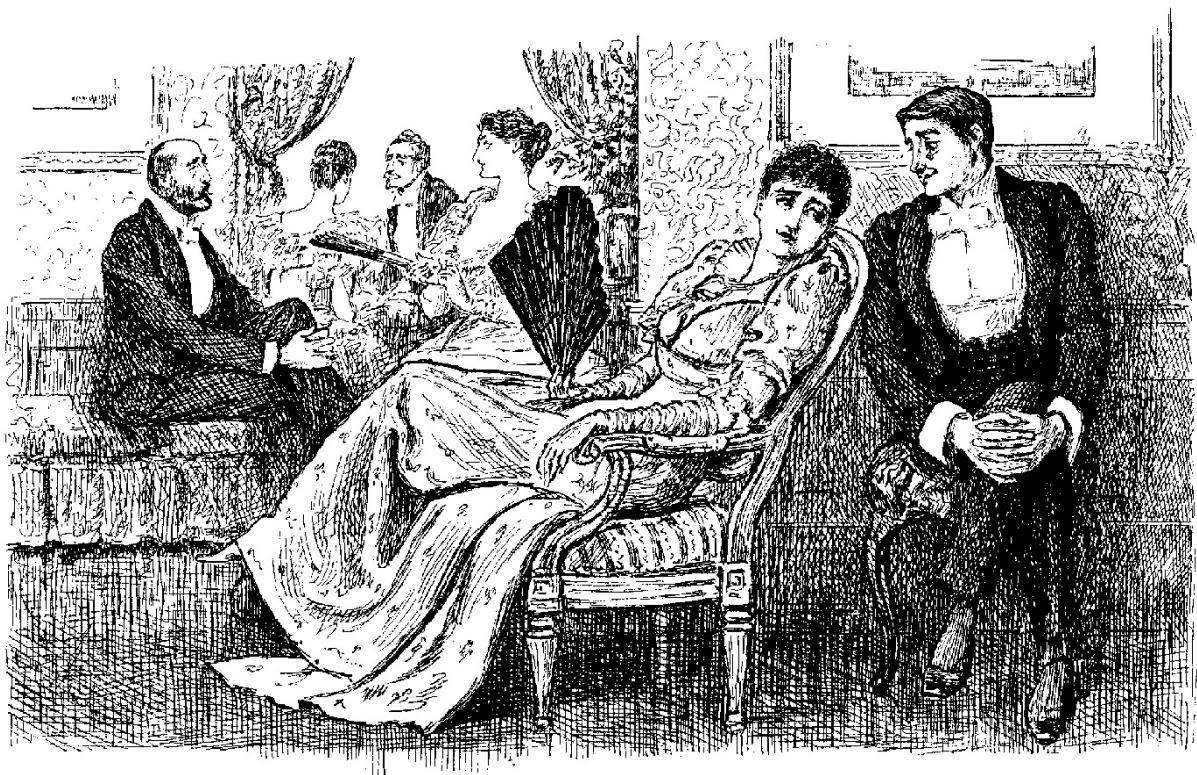
might well have foregone the temptation of allowing *Little Billee* to hold forth on theological subjects to his dog, at a length inevitable in the pulpit, but a little out of place as an interlude in a novel. This passage supplies a jarring note in an otherwise almost perfect symphony.

One turns with eagerness to the *Life of Frances Power Cobbe*, more especially when it bears the honoured *imprimatur* of BENTLEY. MISS COBBE has lived long, enjoying full opportunity of seeing things and people. She ought to have written a good book. "Instead of which," as the judge once said, she presents a slovenly-written, ill-digested mass of miscellaneous matter, including whole chapters devoted to digests of her published works. Pleased with herself from most aspects, she particularly admires her literary style. There is a passage in the book where she plaintively

apprehends that, lost in admiration of her style, readers may miss the true purpose and importance of her writing;—this in volumes that bristle with such monstrosities as "compared to," "disapproved of," and "from thence," the latter a favourite foible of Miss COBBE'S style. In the second volume there are some attempts at what was naturally looked for, to wit, reminiscences of people the present generation would like to meet. But the burly, complacent figure of the diarist intervenes just as they come into view. She tells us what she said to them, not, what we are burning to hear, what they said to her. On the whole, looked at through Miss COBBE'S spectacles, they were a poor lot. Of RENAN she writes, "The impression he has left on me is one of disappointment and short-falling." Short-falling is "style" of the athletic order, and, my Baronite vaguely surmises, is the opposite of high jumping. As to poor CARLYLE, Miss COBBE "never shared the admiration felt for him by so many able men." GEORGE BORROW, who wrote *The Bible in Spain*, she "never liked, thinking him more or less a hypocrite." Professor TYNDAL is more in favour, since, in reply to the gift of one of Miss COBBE'S instructive books, the Professor wrote an acknowledgment, the exquisite irony of which his correspondent evidently does not see. One other partial concession is made in a passage sublime in its fatuousness. Speaking of one of her books, of which the fortunate reader will find a full summary in the first volume, Miss COBBE says, "It was very favourably reviewed, but some of my fellow Theists *rather disapproved of the tribute I had paid to Christ.*" The volumes bear on the front the COBBE coat of arms and motto. The family may, we are assured, be traced back through four centuries, and, even in the present degenerate days, is highly connected.

Whilst the great heart of the people is considering whether it shall throb against the House of Lords or whether it shall forbear, Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, Q.C., M.P., has delivered at that ancient institution what the *Marchioness* was accustomed to describe as "a wonner." *Titled Corruption* is the alluring style of the neatly-bound volume issued by FISHER UNWIN. There is, my Baronite says, a touch of artistic genius in the contrast between the plain, unassuming calico binding of the book and the blood and thunder that rolls through its pages. It is "the sordid origin of some Irish peerages" that Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL undertakes to set forth. Perhaps if he were solely responsible for the work, its startling statements might be dismissed as coloured by fervid fancy. He, however, supports himself with the dictum of Mr. LECKY, "the majority of Irish titles are historically connected with memories not of honour but of shame," and illustrates it by extracts from confidential letters of Lords Lieutenants of Ireland, recommending gentlemen for the peerage. Altogether an interesting withdrawal of the curtain dropped before passages in the history of Ireland on the eve of the Union.

Signed and approved in the Baronite Office by  
THE JUDICIOUS BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



**BREAKING THE ICE.**

*He.* "I'VE GOT TO TAKE YOU INTO DINNER, MISS TRAVERS—AND I'M RATHER AFRAID OF YOU, YOU KNOW! MRS. JOLIBOIS TELLS ME YOU'RE VERY CLEVER!"

*She (highly amused).* "HOW ABSURD! I'M NOT A BIT CLEVER!"

*He (with sigh of relief). "WELL, DO YOU KNOW, I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T!"*

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## UNREST!

"The lady sleeps! O, may her sleep,  
As it is lasting, so be deep."  
*E. A. Poe's "The Sleeper."*

BELLONA sleeps! If sleep it be  
That nightmare slumber, restlessly  
Haunted by dream-world's wizardry.

So SISERA slept within the tent,  
Restless, though way-worn and war-spent,  
Whilst JAE'L's fierce face above him bent.

Wake not, War-Goddess! All the world  
Dreads now to hear the war-cry skirled,  
To see the battle-flag unfurled.

Our DEBORAHS now invoke not war,  
And urge not to its shock and jar  
The princes of our ISSACHAR.

An awesome hush is o'er the earth,  
It checks our joy, it mutes our mirth.  
Foreboding some prodigious birth,—

Some monstrous issue, that may sweep  
Earth's plains with red from deep to deep;  
And thou dost sleep, still thou dost sleep!

"Awake! Awake!" So DEBORAH cried  
To BARAK in her prophet-pride,  
But earth hath now no prophet-guide.

Our bravest BARAKS well may quail  
At the dread thought of that fierce hail,  
That shall beat Europe like a flail.

We see in dreams War's shrieking scythe  
Whirl through earth's ranks that fall and writhe,  
Of our best manhood taking tithe.

What dreams are *thine*? That restless hand  
Stretches, in sleep, to grasp the brand.  
We watch! What may we understand?

BELLONA sleeps! Oh, may that sleep,  
Though it seem restless, yet be deep!  
May Somnus hold her in his keep!

Humanity prays that she may lie  
For ever with unopened eye!—  
But—what dim sheeted ghosts go by?

What spectres of what coming woes,  
What vision-shocks of phantom foes  
Make that hand stretch, and clutch, and close?

What rattle of the war-dogs' chain  
Steals through dull slumber to her brain?  
Are Love's bland opiates all in vain?

Vain Science, Commerce, Human ruth,  
The love of Right, the search of Truth,  
Wisdom of Sage and warmth of Youth?

That hand, stretched in half-conscious quest  
Of the war-weapon, doth attest  
Awakening's prelude in—Unrest!

Wake not, War-Goddess! *When* you stir,  
The Raven-wings, once more a-whirr,  
May see our earth—a sepulchre!

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## UNREST!

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## SYMPATHY.

SCENE—*In front of Mrs. R.'s house.*

*Mrs. R. (paying Cabman).* You look all right to-day. *Cabman.* Ah, mum! my looks don't pity me. I suffer from a tarpaulin liver. *Mrs. R. (correcting).* A torpedo liver you mean.

*[Cabman accepts the correction, and an extra shilling.]*

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## LESSONS IN LAUGHTER.

["Instead of the many educational extras in our Board Schools, why should there not be some elementary class devoted to the development of humour?"—*Mr. James Payn, in the "Illustrated London News."*]

Why not, indeed? This resplendent suggestion of  
Carefully training the humorous sense  
Cannot, nay, must not, be burked by a question of  
Practical parents, or shillings and pence.

Down with arithmetic, spelling, or history,  
Books that are stupid, and arts that are trite,  
Rather we'll turn to each novelist's mystery,  
Study the volumes our humorists write.

Those who at present look sadly their task upon,  
View it with evident hate and disdain,  
Much will rejoice when invited to bask upon  
Witty romances composed by JAMES PAYN.

Soon for diversion they'll take, and feel pleasure in,  
DOBSON for dinner, and LOCKER for lunch,  
And will employ what remains of their leisure in  
Weekly digesting a volume of *Punch*.

Then, that each young and intelligent artisan  
May not be prejudiced as to his view,  
LANG will appear as antiquity's partisan,  
ZANGWILL will treat of the humorists new.

So, while we thank Mr. PAYN for inventing it,  
Chiefly the system will profit us then,  
Since—a great fact, though he shrinks from presenting it—  
Humorists all will be opulent men!

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## FRAGMENT OF A POLICE "REPORT D'ARTHUR."

Then he that made the little songs  
For ARTHUR—deftly could he make the same—  
Budged not; but ARTHUR rose and silently,  
Whether by malice of the mind prepense,  
Or by the merest inadvertency,  
(As he alleged that felt it,) drew his fist  
And smote him on the digit heavily,  
And ceased,

---

But lo!

ARTHUR was 'ware of one that winked on him,  
Clothed all in sable, stout, constabular:  
Then murmured ARTHUR, "Place me in the dock!"  
So to the dock they came eventually.  
And there the pressmen came and sampled him;  
And later came the Bar and pleaded for him;  
And last the Bench observed, "More things are wrought  
By misadventure than you might suppose,  
And such the case before us; yea, a tort  
Committed in a temporary state  
Of sheer oblivion. We dismiss the suit."

So from the Court serenely ARTHUR passed,  
And passing held communion with himself  
How he should work it up for future gag.

English in France! Can't possibly do without us. The latest development of it, in a small way, being the seizure of a Ramsgate fishing-smack, called the *Bonnie Bell*, by a French fishing-boat, which hauled the *B. B.* into Gravelines. "Hard lines" this. Anyway it is a nasty fishing "smack" in the eye, given and taken. And where's the friendly feeling?



**STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.**

THE SEA-LION ASHORE.

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**AN AWFUL OUTLOOK.**

(For "Love in the Arbour.")



A DARWINITE tells us some flowers can *see*!  
 This adds a new terror to botany.  
 For lovers, and ladies, will surely agree  
 Blossoms' tongues could tell tales—had they got any:  
 The *Fat Boy* in *Pickwick*, an Arbour-eaves-dropper,  
 To amorous "spoons" was a terror;  
 But flowers with eyes for what Aunts call "improper"?  
 That is a look-out, and no error!  
 'Tis climbers and parasites chiefly, we're told,  
 Who're gifted with optical powers.  
 Well nymphs will be roguish, and swains will be bold,  
 Notwithstanding inquisitive—flowers!  
 The Virgin, no doubt, will invite the sly kiss,  
 Despite the Virginian Creeper;  
 And *Corydon* clasp in the moonlight sweet miss  
 Though *Convolvulus* play *Tom the Peeper*.  
 But should science discover that blossoms can *speak*,  
 And tell tales about bower-hid passion;  
 I'll wager it wouldn't be more than a week,  
 Before flowers would go out of fashion!  
 One prospect at least this new doctrine discovers:  
 Did eyes and glib tongues fill our bowers,  
 The man whom a maiden deems "flower of lovers,"  
 Would no more be lover of flowers

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## THE LAY OF THE OLD ALDERMAN.

"Unification" is vexation,  
 The "L. C. C." 's as bad;  
 The "New Citee"  
 Doth puzzle me  
 And "New Mayors"  
 Drive me mad!

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"BOMBASTES FURIOSO MINIMUS,"—*i.e.* Prince HENRI D'ORLÉANS.

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## THE O. B. C. (LIMITED).

["Canon AINGER condemns minor poetry as 'mere confectionary.'"—*Globe*, Oct. 4.]

That being so, why should not the matter be placed on a business-like footing? The following is a specimen prospectus:—

## THE O'ER-RATED BOSH COMPANY (LIMITED).

Caterers by (self) appointment to the Yellow-book, the Rhymers' Club, and Nobody Else in Particular.

Sweet-stuff Contractors for Mutual Admiration Parties, Muffin-worries, and other Beans. Log-rolling in all its branches.

Highly-spiced productions at unpopular prices. Only unbowdlerised materials used. Particular attention is given to insure imperfect cleanliness in all details.

		<b>TARIFF.</b>	<b>£</b>	<b>s.</b>	<b>d.</b>
ODES	(Royal Marriage, buttered), per line		1	1	0
"	dry	per fyfte	0	0	2
"	"To Spring" (given away in packet of 12).				
LAYS		(fresh)	0	0	4

LAYS	(equal to new)	0	0	3
"	(warranted)	0	0	2
BALLADS	(ordinary, per line)	0	0	1
"	(with proper <i>envoi</i> and correctly rhymed)	0	0	1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
SONNETS	(with wide margin, on hand-made paper, and quite unintelligible), each	2	0	0
"	To the Sunset	0	0	0 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
RONDEAUS	(extra sick), bottled, per dozen	0	3	6
"	(full-flavoured), on draught, per gush	0	0	4
RONDELS	(fancy, for albums), each	0	0	4
TRIOLETS	(as used in lunatic asylums), per dozen	0	0	1
VILLANELLES	(recommended for curates and converted burglars), each	0	1	7
RECITATIONS	(G. R. SIMS' mixed)	0	10	6
"	(Comic)	0	0	0 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>
"	(best blood-curdling), per gulp	0	1	3 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>

Conveniently packed for delivery within the London radius.

SESTINAS, CHANTS ROYAL, VIRELAIS, and other French Sweetmeats to order.

The Management would recommend all lovers of high-class confectionary to test the quality of the under-mentioned specialities:—Walrot's Eloping Sally Lunns; Le Billygoat's Lovers' Liquorice; Dr. Goodboy's Medical Nightmares; John Silvergray's Blue Points (3*d.* a dozen); Arthur Sillywit's Symnells; Norty Gal's Richmond Maids, and Oscar's Masterpieces (each 2*d.*).

In any case of civility or attention on the part of their *employés*, the Directors earnestly request that the same be reported immediately to the Head Office, Poet's Corner, where the matter will be promptly dealt with.

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### THE GIFTED AMATEUR.

*The German Emperor.* "I WILL NOW SING YOU A LITTLE THING OF MY OWN!"

[*The effect on the Audience was instantaneous.*]

["The German Emperor's song will be published this week in Germany, France, and England."]

### THE MATRON'S HISS.

[A lady-bicyclist the other day, riding in "rational dress," was roundly hissed by an elderly Mrs. GRUNDY, standing by. The wheel-woman is said to have retorted, "Are you *women* who thus hiss me? When you bathe, you wear a special costume, which you deem suitable. When I ride, I do the same. Where's the difference?"]



"But," said the Proud Briton to the Perfect Stranger, "in addition to our armies and fleets, our religions and our laws, our parsons and our policemen, we have one Protective Power, moral palladium and social ægis in one, whose value outweighs that of all others."

The Perfect Stranger looked surprised.

"And what," said he, "is that?"

"We call it the 'Matron's Hiss,'" replied the Proud Briton, with enigmatical complacency. "Anything *contra bonos mores*, bad form, improper, new-fangled, unconventional, unhealthy, unwholesome, immodest, vulgar, vicious, venal, on to summarise still further, anything that is either new or naughty, or both, is immediately 'put down' by the 'Matron's Hiss.'"

Quoth the Perfect Stranger, "I should like to observe it in operation."

"You shall!" said the Proud Briton.

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The Perfect Stranger, under the guidance of the Proud Briton went everywhere and saw everything.

He saw a sweet, though apparently semi-suffocated, young girl dressed (or, as *he* would by unaided judgment have concluded, *undressed*) for her first ball.

He saw an elderly fine lady, a high-nosed *dame de par le monde*, prepared—he would have said, painted and glazed—for a high, social "function."

He saw a fair *ingénue*, under the eyes of her vigilant mamma and chaperon, in one evening waltzing with, and trying to win, as more permanent partners, an elderly but opulent Satyr, and a youthful, brainless, but titled *Cloten*.

He heard conversation which the talkers themselves laughingly called *risqué* (and which he would grimly have called rude) at fashionable dinner-tables between smirking matrons and leering elderly men.

He witnessed the vagaries of despot Fashion, the (as he considered) "immodesty" of "full dress," the "impropriety" of flagrant "cosmeticism," the "unhealthiness" of inadequate or superfluous clothing, the "cruelty" of corsets, the "vulgarity" and wanton murderousness of bird-destroying feather trimmings.

These, and many more follies, improprieties and wickedness the Perfect Stranger was wondering witness of.

"But," observed the Perfect Stranger, "where is the 'Matron's Hiss'?"

"Oh!" replied the Proud Briton, with some embarrassment, "but in all this there is nothing *new*, you know, nothing unprecedented, innovating, subversive of accepted Social Laws; nothing 'bad form,' that is to say unusual, unexpected, unconsecrated by respectable usage. If there *is* anything Naughty, it is not New, and what is—possibly—New is not Naughty. *Therefore*, there is no call for that omnipotent Hiss!"

"Humph! What then *would* elicit it?" inquired the Perfect Stranger.

"*That* is a bit difficult to define, off-hand," answered the Proud Briton, hesitatingly. "Say, for example, a natural waist, or absence of corsets, high-dress at a Court function, marriage for love—which in Society or in the tennis-court is equivalent to *nothing*—wearing an unfashionable hat, or four-buttoned gloves when six are *de règle*, sounding your g's (when fashion dictates their being dropped), or not sounding your h's (till fashion tells you to drop *them*), blushing inopportunistically—say, at the stare of a duke or the 'suggestiveness' of a millionaire—showing sympathy out of your own 'set,' objecting to tailor-made attire or accepted bathing-costume, discussing questions of sex in a spirit of serious sympathy instead of through some *décadent* Art-medium; being earnest, original, or spontaneous in *any* way, and thus defying Society's golden rule, 'Do always as others do.'"

"Is that the Masterful Matron's sole rule?" queried the Perfect Stranger.

"Substantially yes," replied the Proud Briton; "though it is supplemented, perhaps, by the corollary, 'Never be either the first or the last to do a new thing.'"

"Then," commented the Perfect Stranger, "the Matron's Hiss would be silent at the sight of bared shoulders and bust in mid-winter, but would sound with anserine shrillness at the sight of a lady's lower limbs comfortably, and conveniently, and healthily, *and* decently, but unconventionally, clad in summer on a cycle?"

"Precisely!" said the Proud Briton, though perhaps with less of British pride than usual.

"Then," said the Perfect Stranger, "I think your Hissing Matron is a silly, despotic, cackling old goose, who will never save the social Capitol! But who and what is *that*?"

*That* was a portly, florid, and high-nosed elderly dame, of pompous demeanour, and flamboyant raiment, elaborately and obviously cosmetiqued, and arrayed in a startlingly low-cut garment.

"*That*," said the Proud Briton, with an uneasy smile, "*is* Mrs. GRUNDY, the great Goose-Autocrat, the Palladium of Propriety, the Ægis of Social Morality, the very Masterful Matron of whom we have been talking."

"Then," demanded the Perfect Stranger, with staggering pertinence, "*Why does she not Hiss at Herself?*"

The Proud Briton was silent.

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THE LORD MAYOR ELECT.—The incoming Lord Mayor has already shown himself a "Man of Letters" as he communicated a letter of thanks for kind wishes to pretty well every leading journal. These, when collected, may be published as a new "*Renals* Miscellany."

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## "MATRIMONIAL OBEDIENCE."

Sir,—I should never dream of humiliating myself to the extent of promising to obey any man. Yet I am a married woman—married, too, in a Church of England. How did I manage it, perhaps you will inquire? In this way, which I recommend for the adoption of all women who would decline to be worse than slaves. Instead of repeating the words "love, cherish, and obey" after the officiating clergyman, I altered them to "love cherries and whey," of which I happen to be very fond; so that whenever my husband (who is a poor creature) reproaches me with breaking my vow of obedience made at the altar—he does not often do this, as he is seldom at home—I can, with a clear conscience, affirm that I never took any vow at all. This astonishes him so much that it makes him swear, and then go out to his club. A good riddance too!

AN ENTIRELY NEW WOMAN.

Sir,—As a lawyer, I hold that the contract into which a woman enters at marriage to obey her husband, being one made "under duress," is entirely void. She is compelled to take the vow, otherwise she could not be married at all. But, in order to make her position still clearer, I should advise that, before repeating the words of the clergyman, she should say to him, "Am I to understand that unless I repeat this formula you will decline to marry me?" He may be a little surprised, but is sure to answer in the affirmative. Then she should reply, "Very well; then I repeat it under protest, and without prejudice," and the ceremony could thereafter go on as usual. There might also be inserted, after the announcement of the wedding in the papers, the words "No obedience," like "No cards," in which case no doubt whatever could be raised as to the wife's true legal position. I shall be happy to advise farther, if necessary, and meanwhile remain,

Yours toutingly,  
Law Calf.

Sir,—What is this nonsense about women refusing to obey their husbands? The only way with wives is to be gentle with them, but at the same time perfectly firm. This is my plan, and it answers admirably. My wife the other day declined to surrender the morning paper to me, and told me she would like to be a "New Woman." "Very well," I answered; "then you won't object to my being a New Man too"; and I at once chained her securely to the strongest bed-post in the house, and forbade any food to be brought near her. After four hours of this discipline she came to such senses as Providence has blessed her with, and is now the very loving and obedient consort of

Yours domestically,  
MASTER OF HIS OWN HOUSE.



#### EARLY TACT.

*Aunty Rose.* "AND HOW OLD DO YOU THINK I AM, TOMMY?"

*Tommy.* "WELL—SIXTY-THREE?"

*Aunty Rose.* "OH, YOU FLATTERER! WHY, I'M PAST EIGHTY!"

*Tommy.* "AH! I THOUGHT YOU WERE; BUT I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T LIKE ME TO SAY SO, YOU KNOW."

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TROUBLES IN MADAGASCAR.—Not by any means at an end. Most probably all "Hova" again.

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#### HANWELLIA'S ANSWER.

(See "Punch," September 22.)

So, my friend, you ask me questions; well, I'll give you tit for tat:  
I'm a matrimonial cormorant connected with a bat.  
But I stirred my stumps and wandered through the wicket of the jail,  
While the umpire leg-befored me as a prisoner on bail.

What a sight for sunny snowballs! ah, my heart beat fast and loud  
When once more I mingled freely with the logarithmic crowd:  
And on either side the cube-roots cast the falsehood in the teeth  
Of the oyster I had bearded on his own, his native, heath.

It was splendid, but I fancy that they came it rather strong  
When a saucy capercaillie played sonatas on a gong.  
If his music was so naughty, his behaviour was so nice,  
That I laughed to see him gaily cutting capers on the ice.

Then the band struck up in earnest, though their leader murmured "play";  
And at first they played ta-ra-ra, but without the boom-de-ay.  
Then they captured a canal-boat, and with half-a-dozen bars  
Beating time they smashed the record from Mashonaland to Mars.

Fifty tunes they played serenely, but I didn't seem to care,  
For my Aunt had said "ELIZA, when the band plays I'll be there;  
I'll be there with Uncle RUFUS who has got to go because—  
Well the reason doesn't matter, he'll be there," and there he was.

If the stars drink champagne-cider out of tankards to the dregs,  
All the stars and little starlings with the garters on their legs,  
Shall an undiscovered cornet with a mile or two of tail  
Be put off with half a gallon of our humble home-brewed ale?

No, by Jove, he wouldn't stand it; he can let the others pay;  
Standing treat is out of fashion, so he'll tap the milky way.  
When the red-hot stars come trickling he can cool them in his cup,  
And he'll tap it all the harder just to keep his pecker up.

He can hang about the Strand, too, if we give him lots of rope,  
And he'll lather SEMOLINA with a sud of patent soap;  
SEMOLINA, you remember, took her passage on a hoy,  
She was married to an anchorite and now she's got a boy.

Parish Councillors came round her, Dukes and Earls, and even Barts;  
With their spades they carved allotments on the table-land of Herts;  
But she faced them in her fury, and she asked the idiots how  
She could ever stomach acres after eating up her cow?

There, I think I've answered fairly every question on your list;  
All their meaning I have mastered, there's not one of them I've missed.  
I'm a sulphur-headed sunbeam, with a taste for pretty clocks,  
Which I always tell the time by when they strike upon the box.



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Mrs. R. doubled up her *Times* for convenience of handling, and came upon this sentence where the paper folded:

"Individuals grown in tubs in greenhouses, in cool climates, have been known to live over a hundred years."

She paused. "Good Heavens!" she exclaimed; "it's as remarkable as the history of the old hermits who used to live perched up on the tops of pillars! But if ever these very clean individuals did live in 'tubs' for over a hundred years, what possible good could they have been to anybody, or even to themselves!" Turning the paper over Mrs. R. found that the letter was headed "American Aloes."

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**REAL SYMPATHY.**

*'Arry (reading account of the War in the East).* "Ow, I s'y, 'ARRIET, THEY'VE BIN AN' TOOK OLD LI 'UNG CHANG'S THREE-HEYED PEACOCK'S FEATHERS ALL OFF 'IM!"

*'Arriet (compassionately).* "PORE OLD FELLER!"

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TO AMANDA.



AMANDA, I, your faithful slave,  
Am grieved by the conviction  
That you expect me to behave  
As lovers do in fiction,  
To falter forth my vows sincere  
In syllables disjointed;  
My more prosaic speech, I fear,  
Will leave you disappointed.

I ought, I candidly allow,  
In sitting-rooms and places  
To stride about with gloomy brow  
And agitated paces;  
But in athletic sports I'm sure  
I always was a duffer,  
And, if I tried, your furniture  
Most certainly would suffer.

To prove the tenderness I feel  
My duty is, I know, to  
Leave quite untasted every meal,  
And breakfast off your photo;  
But habit proves, alas, too strong!  
With appetite unshaken  
I still attack (I know it's wrong)  
My matutinal bacon.

Again; I clearly ought to try  
To immolate a rival,  
And prove my special fitness by  
A process of survival;  
My cowardice I much deplore,  
But still, romantic fury  
Would scarcely pay, when brought before  
An unromantic jury.

So, if your courage still insists  
On scorning thoughts prudential,  
And you regard the novelists'  
Commandments as essential,  
With some more daring person live;  
For me, a brief perusal  
Of modern fiction makes me give  
A kind but firm refusal!

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## LETTERS FROM A DÉBUTANTE.

MY DEAR MARJORIE,—You *are* hard on poor ORIEL CRAMPTON when you say that philanthropy, brisk walks, a bad temper, and a taste for collecting postage-stamps, form the most hideous combination any human being could imagine. Of course, I admit he's a little dreary. All is now over between us. Things reached a climax one rainy afternoon when BABY BEAUMONT, in a mood of intense juvenility, offered "to teach ORIEL to make barley-sugar." Forgetting his school-days, ORIEL patronisingly said he was glad to learn from anyone. So BABY seized ORIEL's arm, twisted it round in the classical manner, and then hit the twist. It was quite impossible to help laughing when ORIEL, pale with fury, declared he could take a joke, supposed this was the New Humour, and left the room. "What can you expect," said BABY, "of the middle-aged?" (ORIEL is *not* twenty-four yet.)

That evening I wrote a note, putting an end to our engagement.

I gave it to him in the billiard-room, and—he gave *me* one at the same time, and—to *the same effect*! I felt dreadfully hurt at his throwing me over. He wrote, "I feel I have no right to ask you, who are so fitted to shine in the society of the *gay and decadent*" (this meant BABY), "to share a life that will be wholly dedicated to the amelioration of the condition of the poorer classes," &c.

In the midst of our agitation, we were compelled to play "musical chairs" with the others, as if nothing had happened! What a mockery it seemed!

We parted amicably. He asked if I should like to hear, from time to time, of the progress of his life-work, and *I* promised to be his sister.... When he went away, a strange sense of loss came over me.... One page in my life had been turned for ever!... BABY tried to console me by observing

that *now* there would be a chance of getting plenty of hot water for baths. ORIEL used to drink it all.

At the tennis-party Mrs. LORNE HOPPER seemed utterly bored by Captain MASHINGTON. She said my dress wanted "taking up on the shoulders," and that the sleeves were exaggerated. (Exaggerated! I should hope they were!) Mr. LORNE HOPPER seemed nice, and very quiet, and harmless at first, but it gradually came out that he does sketches at the piano in the style of CORNEY GRAIN, and what is worse, expects to be asked to do them.

Lady TAYMER implored us all to laugh, and we did our best to please our hostess; but the room was nearly empty in five minutes.

At dinner, BABY talked of the bad taste and imbecility of practical jokes. In the evening, he wrote to seventeen periodicals denying he had written *The Mauve Camellia*, and asking to have it contradicted. We waltzed. Captain MASHINGTON dances better than ever, and *has* nice eyes. That night I found hair-brushes in my bed, I see nothing funny in it, and shall not speak to BABY BEAUMONT until he apologises.

Great excitement prevailed here last week. It was discovered that SAMOVARSKI, the great Russian pianist, was in the neighbourhood. He accepted an invitation to come here for two days. Imagine the joy of the LYON TAYMERS! They sent out invitations with "To meet M. SAMOVARSKI," printed on the cards. He is known to be rather erratic, but as he was actually to stay in the house it seemed quite safe. Thirty-six people came to a dinner in his honour.

SAMOVARSKI arrived at seven, asked for some lager beer, and went straight to bed. Nothing on earth would induce him to get up, or even to unlock his door or answer an inquiry. It was a terrible evening. The TAYMERS hoped on for the next day. The great composer got up at two. Many people had stayed on the chance of hearing him play. It was a beautiful day, and Lady TAYMER entreated to be allowed to drive him round the neighbourhood. He declined, and spent the whole afternoon playing piquet with his secretary. At dinner, he talked absurdities about the Chinese war, refusing even to *mention* music—which it seems he detests—and then, very courteously, begged to be excused, as he had to correct the proofs of his article "Impressions of English Country Life" for some Moscow journal.... Do not mention the subject to the TAYMERS when you see them. We are going to have private theatricals!! I will write again soon.

Your loving friend,  
GLADYS.

**Transcriber's Note:**

Inconsistent spelling and hyphenation are as in the original.

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