

MY FIRST SEASON.

Being
Extracts

from the
private
Correspondence
of the Lady
Gwendolyn
Hawthorne.

John Hopkins

FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS. Curtain rises. Enter, *en grande toilette*, the Lady Gwendolyn Hawthorne.

For you must know that the plunge is over. I've done it—I mean I've come out—and, do you know, I like it! And what is more surprising still is that mamma likes it. You know how she talked about the sacrifice she was making for "darling Gwenda's sake"—how she was giving up all her occupations, and leaving Hawthorne for so long at her time of life. But Maude and Gracie say she exerts herself for me much more than she ever did for them. They really seem quite annoyed about it. Well, I do think that in one's first season one ought to do as much as ever one can; and you would never believe how many things one can get through in a day, even though one doesn't get up at cockcrow. And, no doubt, it is very good for me, as Gracie says my colour is quite preposterous, and that I look a perfect country bumpkin. Perhaps dissipation will improve me. You never went to three parties in one night, did you, Miss Wisdom? And *Monsieur votre père* will disapprove of such frivolity, and will say that I had much better be riding Daisy on the common and teaching in his Sunday School than devoting myself to those amusements which, as old Mrs. Bennett says—rather profanely, I think, don't you?—befit that station of life, &c.

But all this time I'm sure you are dying to hear about my first ball. Well, I came out at the Bürger's last Tuesday week. Mamma was quite shocked at first to hear that any one knew them, because you know he's a Jew money-lender; and they say Mrs. Bürger's father was a golden dustman—I'm sure I don't know what it means—and she drops her h's; but though you might not like that in the country, in London it doesn't matter in the least. The Duchess of Dashshire has taken them up, too, and their dance was to be the success of the season, every one was going; and of course you see nothing of the host and hostess in a big crush like that.

Gracie arranged my frock—oh, *such* a frock! as simple as possible, but quite, quite delicious—all white silk and tulle, with sprays of hawthorn in front and in my hair, and long trails down the skirt. Célestine did my hair divinely, and I really did think when I looked in the glass—Well, just then mamma came in (she had sent up to me three times before), and said the

horses had been waiting an hour and a-half, and papa positively ordered me to come down.

So, as I was really quite ready, I came down; and I went straight up to papa and made him a little curtsey. Some people are afraid of papa because he looks so fierce, but he is not really grumpy, only poetical. So he took me by the shoulders (I believe he crushed my bows) and stared at me, and said:—

"H'm! I rather think the last bud is the best of the cluster, after all. Go along, and be a good girl."

When we got there, there *was* a crush, and heaps of people still arriving. Mrs. Bürger was standing at the top of the stairs, looking as if the photographer had just said, "Now try and look pleasant." She was blazing with diamonds, like a chandelier, and I heard some rude person say, "Old Lady Midas would have looked better with less illumination." I didn't feel a bit inclined to dance in such a crowd. But then some one came up and said, "May I have the pleash-ah?" And I said, "Yes," because I couldn't think of anything else to say. Then a quantity of young men were introduced to me, and they all looked just the same, and they all asked if they might have the pleash-ah. When I had danced with one or two of them once or twice, I began to sort them out a little; and of course there were differences when you came to look into them. Some of them didn't wear eye-glasses, and some had no moustaches. But they all said, "Did you go to Barnum's?" and "Have you had the influenza?" so that at last I very nearly said, "I can't talk about either of the two things you're going to ask me, because I didn't go to Barnum's, and I'm not, I hope, going to have the influenza!"

One—who looked and talked rather like a big, jolly schoolboy—told me he found it just as difficult to remember the girls he was introduced to.

"Sometimes I make a note of the colour of their dresses, you know," he said; "but when it comes to white—why, half the girls in the room have got on white dresses exactly like yours!"

Poor me! But I hid my feelings, and said, "Well, what do you do then?"

"Oh, then," said he, "I—I just put down anything I can think of," and he got very red, and said, "Shall we have another turn now?"

But I would not be put off, and I said, "I wish you would show me your programme!"

He got still redder, and pretended to look for it, and said, "Pon my word, I would, you know, but I think I must have lost it!"

"Oh, no, you haven't," said I; "here it is!"—for I had seen him throw it under the seat, and I fished it out by the little pink pencil, and said, "Now, of course, you don't mind my looking at it?"

And this was the list of his partners:—"1. The Cassowary. 2. Dot-and-go-one. 3. The Outsider. 4. Crock in Green. 5. Ditto in Blue. 6. Innocentia."

"6. Innocentia," said I; "why that's me, of course. But what makes you call me that?"

Poor fellow! he made the most abject apologies; but I told him I really didn't mind, and I gave him another dance to show there was no ill-feeling.

I don't remember anything particular about any one else except a man I danced with nearly the last. He was less like the other



"CÉLESTINE DID MY HAIR DIVINELY"



GOING DOWN TO SUPPER
"MY FIRST BALL"

young men than all the other young men were, and I'm not sure that I liked him. He didn't pay me a single compliment, and he never mentioned Barnum. At first he talked to me exactly as if I were not grown up, but afterwards we had a most interesting conversation, for he was rather clever, though he was such a cool hand. He could not waltz a bit, so we sat in the conservatory—which was quite like Fairyland—and I was surprised to find how much I knew about books and that kind of thing, you know; but then one is never appreciated at home. I told him how much I wanted to meet some celebrated authors, and he burst out laughing, rather rudely, and said he thought that with any luck I probably should, as he understood there were a good many about just now. Then I found that he knows Maude, and he was beginning to tell me of some interesting people I should meet at her house, when a horrid little man came up, and I had to go and dance those abominable Lancers.

When we were coming home in the carriage, mamma was quite brisk, though the milkmen and sweeps were about.

"I need not ask whether you enjoyed yourself, dear," she said. "And I was so glad, Gwenda, to see you getting on so well with Lord Lakes, a most charming young man. You are sure to meet him a great deal this season, and his mother is one of my dearest friends."

(Mamma has so many "dearest friends!")

"Oh, was that Lord Lakes?" said I, for I did not remember their names, and could not read a word on my programme.

"He will be at Maude's dance to-morrow," said mamma.

One does not sleep well after a ball—especially one's first ball, because the music runs in your head, and you have so many things to think about; so I was up early, and went for a ride in Row. The first person I met was Lord Lakes.

"Ah, Lady Gwendolyn," said he, "I see you take an early ride before settling to the day's work—so do I. There's nothing like it for the complexion."

"I shouldn't think you had much work to do," said I, for you know he has got about twenty castles and estates.

"Well, it's not of course of the same serious nature as yours," he said, "but, frivolous as my avocations are, they serve for pot-boiling purposes." (Did you ever hear such a way of talking? He's the very oddest man I ever met, and I never know whether he is joking or serious, which is so hateful, I think.) He asked me before he went if I could give him two dances at Maude's this evening, and I said yes, as I knew mamma would be pleased.

M. A. B.



PRINCE BISMARCK'S exit from official life in GERMANY aroused a remarkable display of popular affection at Berlin on Saturday. If Government circles feel some relief at his departure, the German people are not ungrateful to the maker of their national unity. Crowds thronged the Berlin streets for hours before the Prince left for Friedrichsruh, not merely ordinary sight-seers, but ladies and members of the upper classes, who cheered enthusiastically, and threw flowers to the Prince as he drove to the railway with Count Herbert, the carriage being so blocked that it could only move at walking pace. Indeed, the Prince could hardly alight at the station, and was fairly borne on to the platform, where all his fellow-Ministers were waiting, together with the whole Diplomatic Body, innumerable friends, and a guard of honour sent by the Emperor, a tribute usually reserved for Royalty alone. Prince Bismarck was deeply moved as he waved farewell from the railway carriage, the crowd struggling to kiss his hand, crying, "Come back," "we shall see you again," and finally breaking into the patriotic "Wacht am Rhein." Many people went with the train to Spandau, where similar scenes took place, and the greeting was repeated all along the road to Friedrichsruh. There a fresh enthusiastic reception awaited the Prince, and the inhabitants escorted him home with torches. Monday night being the eve of the Prince's seventy-fifth birthday, a torchlight procession of 5,000 Hamburgers, of all shades of political opinion, defiled before the Schloss at Friedrichsruh, much to the Prince's delight. He made a brief speech to the demonstrators, saying, "When one has been Minister-President for twenty-eight years, one makes many enemies. I am the more surprised, therefore, to see so many friends here." The Prince's birthday was marked by innumerable tributes of esteem from all parts of the country, and the only jarring note was struck by the Berlin Press in reviving the dispute over the causes of the ex-Chancellor's retirement. Rumour declares that several of the minor German Sovereigns have become very cool towards the Emperor in consequence, while foreign comments show plainly that Germany's neighbours regard the situation with considerable anxiety. General satisfaction is felt, however, at the appointment of Herr von Marschall Bieberstein to succeed Count Herbert Bismarck as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Herr von Alvensleben having declined the post definitively, on account of his age and health. Herr von Bieberstein is a genial personage, but will not wield such influence as his predecessor, for the new Chancellor will attend personally to much of the work formerly left to Count Herbert.

The Labour Conference has dispersed, after accomplishing much good and useful work. Although the resolutions of the Conference do not bind any of the countries concerned, they are likely to lead to legislation which will bring the condition of Continental workmen into more uniform circumstances. As mentioned last week, England has served as pattern in many points, and will profit by foreign labour competing with her under fairer conditions. When closing the gathering, Baron von Berlepsch, the President, spoke most hopefully of the results of the Conference, his sentiments being echoed by Sir John Gorst, the British plenipotentiary. The Emperor entertained the chief delegates at supper in the evening, and was most cordial and conversational, paying especial honour to M. Jules Simon. Yet whilst plans for improving the condition of the working-classes have thus been discussed with such ceremony, the workmen themselves are more discontented than ever. Colliery and timber-strikes occur on all sides throughout GERMANY; many trades are striking throughout AUSTRIA, notably the journeymen masons in Vienna; while SPAIN is seriously disturbed by labour-troubles in Catalonia, so that nearly all the factories are closed.

FRANCE will enjoy a long Easter recess, as Parliament has adjourned till May 6th. The Boulangists in the Chamber created a mild scene by objecting to such lengthy holidays, on the score that the House had done little work hitherto, while the Socialists tried unsuccessfully to induce M. Constans to promise a Government holiday on May 1st for the proposed working-men's demonstration. But the Home Minister objects to demonstrations, and refused the May holiday as decidedly as he crushed the manifestation of the Paris butchers and leather-dressers on Sunday. Five thousand butchers had arranged to demonstrate against the prohibition to import live cattle, but the police blocked the procession till it melted away, and only a small deputation succeeded in interviewing the Municipal Council and the Minister of Agriculture. The Government have promised to bring live sheep from Algeria a fortnight sooner than usual, but will not permit live stock from Germany and Austria to enter while the cattle disease still prevails on the frontier.

PARIS is crowded for the holidays, and the Boulevards are gay with the Ham and the Gingerbread Fairs.

THE elections in PORTUGAL have resulted in a strong Government majority, in spite of Lisbon giving four out of her six seats to the Opposition. The Republicans and Progressists in the capital coalesced against the African explorers or "Government candidates," so that only Major Serpa Pinto and Senhor Alvaro Castelões were elected. Altogether, the late popular excitement over African affairs has subsided, although the Lisbon journals tried to revive interest by publishing a declaration from the Makololo, expressing their regret at having rebelled against Portugal through the instigation of Mr. Moir, of the African Lakes Company, and the commander of the steamer *Lake Nyassa*.

Prince Albert Victor's tour in INDIA, just concluded, has given general satisfaction, both to the Prince and to his numerous hosts. On leaving Bombay, the Prince spoke enthusiastically of the loyal welcome accorded him throughout, due to the patriotic love for the Queen-Empress and his father, adding that he should always remember India as a pleasant and happy country, "by reason of the enterprise of her merchants, the honour of her civil servants, and the devotion of her soldiers and volunteers." In BURMA the Tsawbwa of Thebaw has mysteriously left his territory, and is supposed to be coming to England to complain that he is not allowed to work his own forests. He is the most powerful Northern Shan chief, and has been greatly courted as a warm supporter of British rule.

This winter has been fruitful of disasters in the UNITED STATES; but the cyclone which has devastated the Ohio valley is the crowning catastrophe. With scarcely a moment's warning, the tornado swept through the valley from Cairo to Cincinnati, wrecking everything in its path, and causing wide-spread loss of human life and destruction of property. Louisville, in Kentucky, was the very centre of the storm, which cut right through the city for a distance of three miles. Substantial buildings collapsed like the lighter structures; one railway-station was carried bodily from its foundations into the river; the City Hall, crowded with people attending meetings, was blown down; and the important tobacco manufacturing quarter was laid in ruins. Many inhabitants were buried in their houses; while, to make the scene more terrible, fires broke out among the ruins, so that many who could not be extricated in time were burnt alive. Happily the first estimate of destruction was exaggerated; but nearly two hundred people perished, to say nothing of those injured. Rescue-parties worked indefatigably, and business has been resumed already, after the inhabitants had devoted Sunday to general mourning and burying their dead. Metropolis, in Illinois, and Jefferson, in Indiana, also suffered severely, and all along the track of the cyclone towns and villages were injured, farms ruined, trees torn up, boats wrecked, and trains blown off the line. Heavy rains followed, producing fresh floods throughout Louisiana and the Mississippi valley, and further breaks in the levees, till several small towns are surrounded by water. It is feared, indeed, that the waters will not subside in time for the cotton crop to be planted. The cyclone began in Nebraska, and, after travelling downwards to the Ohio, moved north-east over New York to the Atlantic, its influence extending over a width of 1,500 miles. This disaster has so absorbed public attention that little interest is felt in Mr. Blaine's proposal to the Pan-American Conference to establish Free Trade with the Argentine Republic—thus admitting Argentine wool, which competes largely with the domestic American product.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The student disturbances in RUSSIA have spread to every University except Dorpat and Tomsk. The Siberian cruelties and Madame Tshebrikova's letter seem to have accelerated the outbreak, although, ostensibly, the students simply demand lower fees, equal rights for male and female students, and the unrestricted admission of Jews to the Universities. The Moscow University is closed, while troops and police guard the Universities in St. Petersburg and other towns. Meanwhile Madame Tshebrikova has been released after a brief imprisonment, and the Czar has visited the military prison at St. Petersburg, where he ordered the release of sixty soldiers.—SPAIN is disturbed by a serious military cabal, headed by Generals Martinez Campos, Jovellar, and Daban. Having complained in a violent letter that the Army is put in an inferior position, and all power given to civilians, General Daban was sentenced by the War Minister to imprisonment for insubordination, but the legality of such a sentence on a Senator is being contested most warmly.—In BULGARIA Major Panitzas has made a full confession of the plot against Prince Ferdinand, which, he states, was intended to effect a reconciliation between Russia and the Principality.—NEWFOUNDLAND continues to protest against the *modus vivendi* on the Fisheries Question between France and England. Mass meetings are held throughout the country, and memorials planned to the Queen and Parliament.



THE QUEEN is enjoying beautiful weather at Aix-les-Bains. Accordingly, Her Majesty spends nearly the whole day out of doors driving in her donkey-chair about the grounds of the Villa Victoria in the morning, while the afternoon is devoted to longer excursions. Shortly after her arrival, the Queen visited her estate at Tresserves, and called on Lady Whalley, whose property adjoins Her Majesty's land. On Saturday the Queen received the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, and took a drive along the shores of the Lake of Bourget, returning with Princess Beatrice, who had been sketching by the lake. Next morning Her Majesty and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg attended Divine Service at the English Church, where the Dean of Gloucester is acting as Chaplain, and in the afternoon the Queen went for a long drive. Her Majesty undergoes the massage treatment daily, while Princess Beatrice is taking a course of baths for rheumatism. The Aix Municipality will give a fête shortly in honour of their Royal visitors.

The Prince of Wales and Prince George reached Coburg from Berlin at the end of last week, and were welcomed by the Duke of Edinburgh and his son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse. In the evening the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh gave a family dinner-party in honour of their guests. On Saturday morning the Princes strolled about the town and visited the basket-factory, while in the afternoon the Royal party drove to Rosenau, the Prince Consort's birthplace. The confirmation of Prince Alfred of Edinburgh took place on Sunday in the Palace Chapel before the Royal party and numerous Court and military officials. Dr. Müller examined and confirmed the young Prince, who then received the Holy Communion with his family. After the ceremony the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh held a reception, attended by deputations sent in honour of Prince Alfred from various towns in the Duchy, and a luncheon followed. The Prince of Wales, with the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Alfred, spent the afternoon inspecting the treasures in the Festung, and in the evening the Duke of Saxe-Coburg gave a State dinner. The

Prince of Wales left Coburg on Monday, and was expected at Cannes on Thursday.—The Princess of Wales and her daughters are still in town, and went to Church on Sunday.

The Duchess of Albany at the close of last week attended a special Service in the Albert Memorial Chapel, Windsor, commemorating the sixth anniversary of her husband's death.—The King of the Belgians has spent two days in Scotland to inspect the Forth Bridge and visit Dunfermline. On Saturday he went to Bournemouth, and on Monday left for Ostend.—It is reported that Princess Victoria, second daughter of the Empress Frederick, will marry the widowed Prince Albert of Saxe-Altenburg, whose first wife was the eldest sister of the Duchess of Connaught.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have reached Hong Kong.



THE POPULAR CONCERTS.—The thirty-second season of Popular Concerts ended on Monday last, when, instead of the usual programme of smaller works, the scheme contained several favourite items of the chamber repertory. Schumann's pianoforte quintet, for example, is always an attraction at these concerts, and as played by Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Dr. Joachim, and the rest of the Popular Concert artists, the audience could hardly fail to be appreciative. Mozart's string quintet in G minor, the most popular of the master's quintets, began the programme, which also included Rubinstein's duet sonata in D, Op. 18, played by Miss Fanny Davies and Signor Piatti, and Spohr's double concerto in B minor, Op. 88, in which those two consummate artists, Lady Hallé and Dr. Joachim, were associated. On Saturday the programme was devoted to the works of Beethoven. It included the Moonlight Sonata, in the first and last movements of which Miss Janotha somewhat hurried the tempo, the string quintet in C, the Violin Romances in F and G played by Dr. Joachim, and the always favourite Serenade Trio. The Popular Concert season, which is now closed, has not been remarkable for any very important additions to the repertory, the most interesting being Dr. Stanford's Sonata in D minor, and Sgambati's string quintet. Popular Concert audiences have likewise this season been introduced to the music of the Abbé Liszt. Concerning artists, the old favourites, including Dr. Joachim, Lady Hallé, Signor Piatti, Misses Janotha, Zimmermann, and Fanny Davies have again appeared, and among the other pianists who have from time to time taken part have been Madame de Pachmann, Madame Backer-Gründahl, Madame Haas, Herr Stavenhagen, and Miss Geisler-Schubert. The health of Madame Schumann unfortunately again prevented her return to this country.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The principal item of the second Philharmonic programme last week was an orchestral suite by the Flemish composer, M. Peter Benoit, who then made his debut in England as a conductor. It is unfortunate that this wayward, though undoubtedly gifted, musician was represented at a classical concert by a work which, however suitable to accompany spoken drama on the stage, was wholly unfitted for a place in a symphony programme. *Charlotte Corday* is a Flemish melodrama, based upon Frenzel's novel, and produced at Antwerp about thirteen years ago. It contains no fewer than nine-and-twenty numbers, of which four were given at the Philharmonic. Considering that—apart from a motif which stands for Charlotte Corday herself, a motif representing Marat and two or three others of a similar character—the thematic material consists chiefly of the *Marseillaise*, the *Ca Ira*, and snatches of the revolutionary *La Carmagnole*, all three treated, no doubt, in an extremely clever and picturesque, though often more or less noisy, fashion, the unfitness of the suite for a Philharmonic Concert will be obvious. The most interesting section is the ball, which forms an *entr'acte*, opening upon the scene in the drama where Charlotte Corday is seated in the public gardens thoughtfully watching the Parisians dancing a waltz to the strains of an orchestra concealed behind the trees, while in the distance the *Ca Ira* betokens the revolutionary storm gradually drawing near. The waltz, played in the St. James's Hall artists' room by seven of the wind-band instruments, had, however, so comical an effect that the performers were ironically applauded when they returned to the orchestra. The concert otherwise was formed largely of Belgian music, the only exceptions, indeed, being Sterndale Bennett's *Naiades* overture, and Haydn's *Reine de France* symphony. M. Blauwaert, for example, sang three rhapsodical songs by his brother-in-law, the Flemish composer, Hubert, who conducted them; and M. Ysaye gave a very brilliant rendering of Vieuxtemps' not altogether interesting Violin Concerto in D minor.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—A vocal concert was given at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, the programme including Dr. Bridge's *Rock of Ages*, originally produced at the Birmingham Festival, with Mr. Gladstone's Latin words, but now sung to Toplady's original verses; and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, the principal parts in which were sung by Madame Annie Marriott, Messrs. Piercy and Mills. The instrumental portions were Sir George Macfarren's *St. John the Baptist* overture and Mendelssohn's *Reformation* symphony.—The Royal Academy students gave an orchestral concert on Friday, when a new and highly promising cantata, *The Lay of the Brown Rosary*, by Miss Ethel M. Boyce, was produced.—Miss Hope Temple has given her annual concert; and performances have also been given by Mr. Walter Browne, the Wind Instrument Musical Society (who produced a quintet by Herzogenberg), Miss Holland's choir, who repeated *Franciscus*, Trinity College students, the Popular Musical Union (who gave a performance of *Elijah* at Mile End), and many others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The 19th inst. is fixed for the marriage at St. George's, Hanover Square, of the popular American concert vocalist, Miss Alice Whitacre, to Dr. William Luther Croll.—The concert given for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard, resulted in a gross profit of 700*l.*, and a net profit of 600*l.* The total sum, including subscriptions, raised for the eminent pianist's relief therefore now exceeds 1,300*l.*—It is stated that a volume of "Reminiscences" by that veteran composer, Mr. C. K. Salaman, is about to be issued. Mr. Salaman was the first to introduce Grisi at a London concert, and his first concert was given in London no less than fifty-seven years ago.—Mr. Alfred Parsons has designed the front page for the programme book of the Young People's Orchestral Concerts, which Mr. Henschel will direct.—A book of operatic reminiscences will shortly be issued by Mr. Willert Beale.—The death is announced of Mr. Antoine, who was for forty-two years trombone player at the Opera. The deceased had attained seventy years.—The British Orpheus Glee Society propose to revisit London this year, and will give a concert at St. James's Hall, on April 26th.—A new monthly newspaper, dealing exclusively with violins and violinists, will be published on May 1st. It is to be called *The Strad*.—It seems that after all Her Majesty's Theatre is likely to be pulled down at Christmas, for either a co-operative store or an hotel.—Mr. Ben Davies, of the Lyric Theatre, is about to return to the concert room. He will sing the part of Prince Henry at the performance of Sullivan's *Golden Legend* at the Albert Hall this month, and will likewise be one of the tenors at the Bristol Festival next October.



FILLING HER PROGRAMME

"She gave a dance to this one, and waved away the other with the air of a Queen"

II.

MAUDE'S dance was very amusing. Maude is a much more amusing person than Grace; and her house is twice as pretty, though it's much smaller, and not in Park Lane. Then the people were more interesting, and (except a few) they were not the same as I met at Lady Midas's and everywhere else. There were all sorts of artists and authors, and people of that kind, and some of them wore velvet coats and long hair; and there were ladies with frizzy *auréoles* and Greek dresses, you know; though it was not fancy dress. And I danced with Lord Lakes, and Maude said, "Well, Gwen, I didn't know *you* went in for lions!"

"Lord Lakes is not a lion," I said. "He is a very sensible man."

"I should call him a boy, if anything," said Maude coolly. "But I was talking of Gerald Humphrey."

"I don't know him," said I.

"Oh, don't you?" cried Maude wickedly.

And, before I knew where I was, she had dragged me, if you please, up to the man I had just been dancing with, and said, "Mr. Humphrey, I want to introduce you to my sister, Lady Gwendolyn Hawthorne."

He bowed perfectly gravely, and said, "May I have the pleasure of this dance?" And I was borne off in an utterly imbecile condition.

At last I gasped out, "Who are you?"

"Gerald Ashworth Humphrey," replied he solemnly, as if he was saying his catechism.

"You don't mean to say you are *the* Mr. Humphrey?" I cried, terrified—and he was, of course. And here had I been calmly talking over his novels, and giving my opinion, just as if he was any ordinary man.

The next thing I said was, "Then who is the real Lord Lakes?"

"Lord Lakes is the young fellow with the obvious gloves, talking to the lady in black over there," said Mr. Humphrey, pointing out no less a person than my schoolboy friend of the night before! And now will you tell me who is the pretender?"

And of course I was obliged to explain the whole silly mistake, and it took so long that I'm afraid I missed a good many dances; but mamma wasn't there, and he is such a very sensible person (except when he begins to chaff), that it didn't matter in the least. Oh—I must tell you about Lord Lakes—the real one this time. I saw him standing pulling on his gloves with a most engaging simper among a crowd of men before a lady on a sofa, who seemed very popular. She was in black, with masses of scarlet flowers, which suited her dark skin; and she gave a dance to this one, and waved away the other with the air of a Queen. They call her "*la belle laide*," because there is something so fascinating about her, though she's not a bit good-looking, really.

She is a Mrs. Calthrop Wendry, and has written a volume of poems, which every one is talking about. She and Maude are tremendous friends, and Grace told mamma she didn't think it at all a good thing for Maude. Mamma and I were at Madame Araminte's a few days after. We generally shop in the afternoon, before going for our drive in the Park. And though her things are always exquisite, I couldn't get just the hat I wanted. I was trying to explain to mamma (who will *not* see the *nuances* in these things). And I said, "Mamma, dearest! Surely you remember that dear little hat that Mrs. Calthrop Wendry wore at the private view—"

When there was that tiresome Gracie standing close behind, and saying in her cold middle-aged voice (shall I be middle-aged when I'm twenty-nine, I wonder?),

(Continued on page 425)

"MY FIRST SEASON"



LITERARY EFFORTS

"I thought I might as well write a poem"



AT THE MILLINER'S
"Just then Madame Araminte came in with some fascinating hats"

"I do not think it will be advisable for Gwendolyn to form herself on Mrs. Calthrop Wendry."

And then came a lot about "darling Maude," who, though she knew some really charming people, was not "quite in our set" (I think myself Maude is rather fast, because I've found out—what do you think? She smokes cigarettes!!). And that it would not be advisable for dear impressionable Gwenda to be too frequently with her.

Just then Madame Araminte—who is a Scotchwoman, by-the-by—came in with some fascinating hats, so I did not quite hear what mamma said, but it was something about "unavoidable at present." "Lord Lakes so frequently there." "Just what could be wished," which did not seem to me at all to the point.

Well, but I must go back to Maude's dance. Every one there seemed to be talking about Mrs. Wendry, and in fact Lord Lakes did not seem able to talk of anything else. I asked Mr. Humphrey, who I thought would know, as he is an author himself, if her poems are so very good.

"Not a fair question to a rival author," said he.

"Well, but tell me; are they very difficult to write? how do you do it?" I said.

"Nothing easier," said he. "You take a quill pen and a sheet of notepaper with a monogram, think of a few rhymes—not necessarily good ones—fit in an uncertain number of syllables, and there's your poem!"

"Oh! but you must have something to write about," I said.

"Excuse me," said he, "that is quite an exploded notion. You will never become a poet if you attempt to write about anything in particular."

It didn't sound very hard, really, and I felt quite poetical when I got home—rather pale, you know, and my hair a little out of curl—so I thought I might as well write a poem. The beginning was easy; I thought of some rhymes wonderfully quickly, and then just put down whatever came into my head:—

Ah, grief and despair of this weariful world!
Oh, hurrying rushes of pain!
Oh, wings that so whitely and fair were unfurled,
And are dashed in the puddles again!

Don't you think it's rather pretty? and it only took me half-an-hour to do. But the worst of it is, one has to write several verses. I put down some rhymes for the next, but I was dreadfully sleepy by that time, and, besides, poor Célestine was waiting up all the time to undress me. It was very unfortunate, because I've never been inspired since. Still, it is a comfort to feel that I *can* write if it is necessary; and one never can tell what may happen, life is so very uncertain.

Dear me! What shall I tell you about next? So many things happen that if I told you them all it would take all day, and then you see nothing would be able to happen, so it would be no good. Oh, I know, the bazaar. Princess Mary of Teck came and opened it, with Princess Victoria, who looked quite pretty in a neat pink frock. That part of it was rather stupid, because of course there were speeches, and they can't expect you to listen; but when we began to sell, it was the greatest fun. I must tell you that we made more money at our stall than at any of the others, which was so nice for the poor people, wasn't it? I'm sure I don't know what it was for, though I would have found out if I had remembered I was going to write to you. But I had a stall of my own—the flower-stall—with five other girls to help, and we had *vivandière* dresses, and looked very nice. But the poor old dowagers! Some of the oldest and fattest of them insisted on wearing fancy dress—and never knew they were so fat before, and they got so red that I could not help feeling sorry for them. Poor old dears! they would have looked quite nice if they would have worn mob-caps and lace-mittens like Mrs. Bennett, our house-keeper at Hawthorne. That is what I mean mamma to do when she gets old.

Mrs. Calthrop Wendry had the stall next mine—the refreshments. It is extraordinary how many strawberry and vanilla ices one man can swallow. Little Lord Lakes, who spent the whole afternoon at our end of the hall, must have eaten at least twenty, laying down half-a-crown on the table every time. But, after

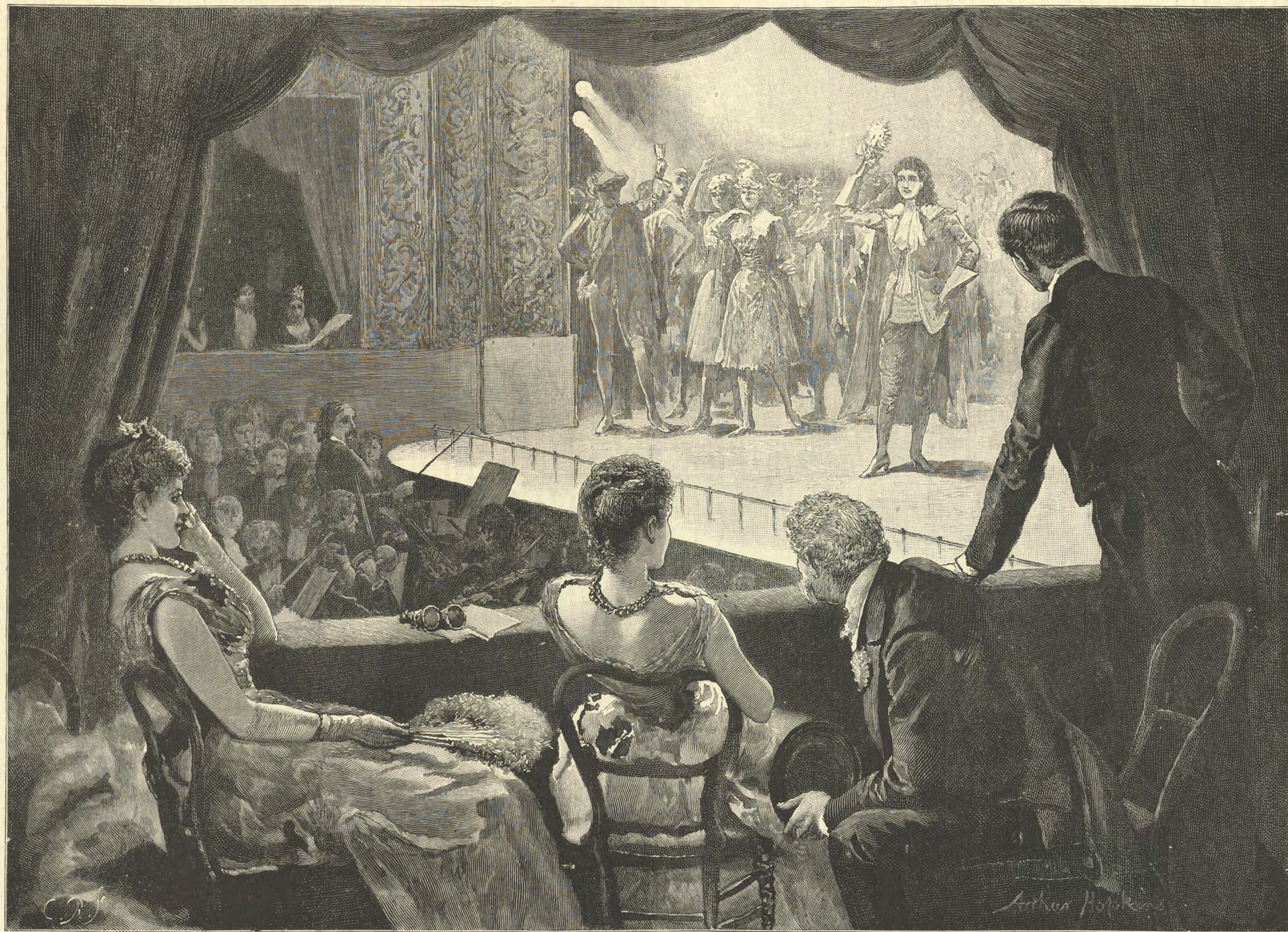
that, I noticed that he surreptitiously slipped away the ices into a flower-vase, and still went on putting down his half-crowns.

Mr. Humphrey came in late in the afternoon, and had a long talk with Mrs. Wendry. I was selling baskets of flowers to two old Generals; and when he came to my stall he only asked for a rosebud for his coat. I couldn't find one at first, as the heat of the room had made them all blow, and he said, "Does the air of ball-rooms and bazaars always turn buds so quickly into full-blown flowers?" And he was gone before I had time to answer. What an odd man he is! I wonder if he was offended at anything? People were saying that he is evidently very much taken with Mrs. Wendry to have condescended to come to a charity bazaar. By the by, I must be careful about little Lord Lakes, for of course I never could care at all about a boy like that, and I should be extremely sorry if he allowed his feelings to carry him too far.

M. A. B.



THE BAZAAR
"I was selling baskets of flowers"



A BOX AT THE THEATRE
"MY FIRST SEASON"



MRS. OSCAR BERINGER's dramatic version of Mark Twain's fanciful story, *The Prince and the Pauper*, brought out at the Gaiety on Saturday afternoon, belongs to a class of pieces which are designed to exhibit the talents of very young performers, and may therefore claim kindred with *Nixie* at Terry's Theatre. Wide, however, is the difference between the two performances. *Nixie* is an ill-advised attempt to associate a mere infant with a story savouring disagreeably of the annals of the Divorce Court; *The Prince and the Pauper* is a delightful little historical myth, in which great personages are contrasted with very humble folk, after a fashion that has always been dear to the popular imagination. At Terry's Theatre the feeling of the spectator is one of a painful sense of incongruity in the priggish utterances of the didactic and self-conscious little heroine; at the Gaiety, on the contrary, the frank and natural sayings of the poor little ill-used Tom Canty, who is supposed to exchange clothes and condition of life with the young Prince Edward (afterwards Edward VI.), whom he closely resembles in person, are delightful in their truth and genuine feeling. In *Nixie* an offensive realism mingles with an artificiality equally obtrusive; in Mark Twain's unhistorically historical legend, there are strange incidents and strong contrasts; but incongruous elements are softened down and harmonised as in a dream. Unfortunately, Mrs. Beringer's play and her little daughter's wonderful performance have fallen upon evil days. The old professional protest against children players, "little eyases that cry out on the top of the question, and are (as Hamlet says) most tyrannically clapped for it," is once more heard in the land, and a sharp north-wind of criticism has been let loose on what one matter-of-fact person has most absurdly called this "absurd perversion of English history." If the complaints had gone no further than this the general objection that Miss Beringer's attempt to play both the Prince and his little counterpart in association with Master Alfred Field Fisher, who also occasionally "doubles," as the actors say, these identical parts, is bewildering to the spectator there would have been nothing left to the defenders of the play but to acknowledge the fact. This, it may be frankly owned, is the blot of the performance. Experience has shown that audiences can lend the imagination to simple "doubling." Mr. Irving's success in the *The Lyons Mail* and Miss Mary Anderson's dual impersonation in *The Winter's Tale* sufficiently attest this fact. It is otherwise with such complex "doubling" as is attempted in this case. No doubt the temptation was great; for while the parts of the Prince and the poor lad demand almost equal power and variety of expression, it is difficult to imagine how the story could be told without presenting both simultaneously on the stage, at least in the early scene in the courtyard of Whitehall Palace, and again in the dénouement. If this difficulty can be got over, so much the better for the prospects of the piece. If not, both juvenile and adult minds—for this is a performance that may be enjoyed by the imaginative, both young and old—will do well to lend themselves to the illusion as kindly as possible, for they will see a piece of rare freshness and imaginative charm, acted throughout with very much more than average power. Mr. Vernon's Henry VIII., Mr. J. G. Taylor's Canty, the brutal father, Miss Annie Irish's Mrs. Canty, and Mr. Macklin's Miles Hendon, are each and all admirable impersonations, and praise is due to Mr. Beauchamp's Father Andrews, Mr. Gurney's Earl of Hertford, and Mr. Hendrie's St. John. The picturesque scenery and costumes and the old English music selected by Mr. Meyer Lutz add much to the effect of the performance, which is to be repeated every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon until further notice.

Mr. Grundy's *Village Priest* at the HAYMARKET has undergone some compression, which cannot but be of advantage to the prospects of Mr. Grundy's play if it restrains that tendency to tedious declamation and too elaborate portraiture which are the besetting sins of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's method. The absurdities into which the adaptor has been led by his attempt to engraft a profound study of the human heart upon a foundation of conventional French melodrama remains, however, still open to "Mr. Punch's" amusing ridicule of this week; and it is to be feared that the essentially false sentiment of this hybrid production will furnish Mr. Oswald Crawford with further confirmation of his views regarding the modern "Actor-managements."

It is said that a new historical piece by Mr. Buchanan, which is accepted by Mr. Beerbohm Tree for the HAYMARKET, is of a light and comic character; and that the scene is laid in the earlier half of the last century.

The revival of *The Green Bushes* at the ADELPHI to-night will awaken many reminiscences in the minds of old frequenters of that theatre. Of course they will deny that anybody is, or could be, so good as Wright, Paul Bedford, Madame Celeste, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and the deep-voiced O. Smith in their respective parts. Some praisers of past time will perhaps even carry prejudice so far as to prefer the scene-painting which the playgoing world of five-and-forty years ago thought wonderful to the solid sets and masterly scenic Art of these days. These, however, are disadvantages under which all revivals of famous old pieces must expect to suffer.

French actors and managers are not very easily persuaded that anything worth their attention can originate on the English stage. Thanks, however, to the exertions of Mr. J. T. Grein, M. Pierre Berton, who is well known to London audiences by his association with Madame Sarah Bernhardt, has determined to produce a version in French of *The Middleman*. The result of this experiment will be of some interest.

Mr. D'Oyly Carte's splendid new theatre in Cambridge Circus is rapidly approaching completion, but will not be opened till October next. The new OLYMPIC, which is building in Wych Street, is expected to be ready for Mr. Wilson Barrett soon after that time.

Mr. Toole's first appearance at the Antipodes appears to have been a great success, in spite of exceptionally hot weather. The Australian folk are, it appears, still sufficiently English to appreciate humours which are still more essentially English; and there can be no doubt that the Australian tour of the genial and popular English comedian and his company will be a succession of triumphs.

Mrs. John Wood has, for the present at least, seen the last of *Aunt Jack*, and the COURT Theatre remains closed for the rehearsals of Mr. Pinero's new farcical comedy. To-night *Master and Man*, at the PRINCESS's, will reach its last performance; and this theatre will, in like manner, be given up to preparations for the production of Mr. Buchanan's version of *Theodora*.

The projected series of Saturday evening revivals at the LYCEUM began on Saturday last with *The Bells*, which will always be remembered as the play in which Mr. Irving first rose to the foremost rank in his profession. The house was crowded, and the weird fascination of the Burgomaster's terrible dream once more exercised its powerful sway. *The Bells*, which will be repeated this evening, as well as on Saturday evening next, is to be followed by revivals of *Louis XI.* and *Olivia*.



We announce with regret the death of Dr. Parry, Bishop Suffragan of Dover. A portrait and memoir of him appear on page 444.

THE WILL OF THE LATE DR. LIGHTFOOT, dated April, 1888, has been proved in the Durham District Registry. The personal estate is sworn at 23,622l. To the Archbishop of Canterbury, to Canon Westcott, his successor in the See of Durham, and to Dr. Hort, Hulsean Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, such books, or other articles for keepsakes, as the executors may direct, are to be presented. All his other books are to be divided between the University of Durham and the Selwyn Divinity School at Cambridge, in such manner as the executors may think fit, having regard to the needs of the two places.

THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD, presiding at the opening of his Diocesan Conference, delivered an address on "Brotherhoods," in the course of which he suggested that the proposed vow of celibacy might be made temporary, so as to become renewable at the end of one or two years.

EARL COMPTON is introducing a Bill to declare every parish church in England and Wales to be for free use in common of all the parishioners for the purpose of Divine worship according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England. Among the exemptions made from the operation of the measure are those in favour of churches built under special local Acts, and modern churches, possessing legal scales of pew-rents assigned to them under the Church Buildings Acts. The measure, if passed into law, would free some 13,000 of the 15,000 churches of the country.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE, presiding at a Unitarian meeting in Sheffield, referred to the new University Hall in London, of which, with the authours of "Robert Elsmere" and others, he is, as already mentioned in this column, among the promoters. Touching on the programme of the new institution, he said that the founders were not trying to forward a new religion. As to what they were trying to forward, a great deal in connection with it was still vague, and must depend on events and on the head who might be selected for it.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Bishop of London will preach at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Friday evening, April 25th, at a special service, to begin at eight, on behalf of the Church of England Temperance Benefit Society.—The death, in his seventy-sixth year, is announced of the Rev. Henry Scarth, Prebendary of Wells, who co-operated with Archdeacon Denison in founding the British Church Union, and who was a zealous and accomplished antiquary.—The Duke of Newcastle has been appointed a member of the Church Council of All Saints, Margaret Street.—A series of Sunday afternoon services is being held in the Central Hall, Holborn, by the Rev. John McNeill, who has been called the Scottish Spurgeon, and is Minister of the Regent Square Presbyterian Church, which was built for Edward Irving.—Mr. Alderman Cory, of Cardiff, has given another 1,000l. to the North Wales Baptist Home Mission, which brings up to 2,500l. the amount of his donations for strengthening weak congregations of that communion in Wales. He has also endowed with 2,500l. a Chair in the North Wales Baptist College, and has subscribed 5,000l. to the funds of Mr. Spurgeon's Stockwell Orphanages.



THE TURF.—Mr. James Lowther's period of office as Steward of the Jockey Club having expired he has not offered himself for re-election. The retiring Steward has effected much good work during his tenure of this responsible post, but there is still something for Mr. J. H. Houldsworth, the new Steward, to accomplish before the "Sport of Kings" is in the ideal condition desired by Lord Durham and other critics. Both Minthe and The Baron have been scratched for the City and Suburban, to be run next Wednesday. Pioneer maintains his position as favourite, and has been backed at as little as 11 to 4. Le Nord is announced as a certain runner for the Two Thousand, and was, at the time of writing, an equal favourite with Surefoot at 11 to 4. For the Derby, 7 to 2 was taken about the former and 4 to 1 about the latter.

Last week's racing was not very important, and threw little light on future events. At Northampton the most important events were the Althorp Park Stakes, which Jessamy won for Lord Hastings, Macuncas finding his seven-pound penalty a little too much for him; the Earl Spencer's Plate, which fell to Mr. L. de Rothschild's Lactantius, who also walked over for the Fawley Park Welter; and the Great Northamptonshire Stakes, won by Padua. J. Woodburn and T. Loates each rode three winners. At the National Hunt and Eglinton Hunt Meeting the National Hunt Steeplechase fell to Innisfail. Leicester saw Friar Lubin successful in the Excelsior Breeders' Foal Stakes, and Filomena in the Wigston Plate, while Pertinax and Cippus each secured a couple of races; but the principal event was the Spring Handicap, which Lord Howe secured by the aid of Surbiton. Shillelagh was second and Bullion third, Shimmer, who started a hot favourite, being quite out of it.

The two days' hurdle racing at Hurst Park this week were pleasant enough; but produced nothing important.—On Tuesday the season at headquarters opened with the Craven Meeting. Prince Soltykoff's Lord George was made favourite for the Crawford Plate, and justified his popularity by an easy win; the backers of Mr. H. Milner's Shall We Remember in the Thirty-Second Newmarket Biennial were equally fortunate in their selection; but the Fitzwilliam Plate fell to an extreme outsider in Lord Penrhyn's Royal Nun.

The only French news of note is that Clover was beaten in the Prix Rainbow at the Paris Meeting on Sunday, both Pourtant and Aerolithe finishing in front of him; and that Silvio, who won the Derby for the late Lord Palmouth in 1877, has succumbed to an accident.

BICYCLING.—Some time ago four cyclists, successive riding a single machine, accomplished the distance to Brighton and back in a considerably shorter time than that taken by the late Jem Selby, with the "Old Times" Coach. Their "record" again was beaten last week, when four others performed the journey in the really remarkable time of 7 hours 25 minutes 15 seconds.—R. H. English won the One Mile Professional Championship last week, beating his brother, T. H. English, and R. Howell, the ex-Champion, but the time, as usual, in such matches, was not good.—From America comes news of a "flying quarter" ridden in 32 seconds, by a youth of eighteen.

CRICKET.—Mr. W. L. Murdoch, with his wife and family, has already arrived in England. The rest of the Australian team under his command is due in about a week. In an interview he is

reported to have said, "It is not for gate or gallery that we visit Old England, but for real sport; and you won't see us again for years." We seem to have heard something like this before.—Congratulations to Mr. F. E. Lacey, of Hampshire, and to Mr. A. C. M. Croome, of Oxford University, on their recent good matches, of a matrimonial character!

BILLIARDS.—McNeill having issued a challenge to play any one in the world (bar Roberts) 7,000 up on a Championship table, it has been accepted on behalf of Peall. An interesting match should be the result.—John Roberts, jun., the Champion, is about to visit the Cape, where he should rather astonish the natives.—Cook has been in exceptionally good form of late. One evening this week he made a break, spot-barred, of 358, his best for some years past.

MISCELLANEOUS.—So little football of importance has been played that we may content ourselves with mentioning here that Sheffield Wednesday, with a victory over Sunderland, have secured the Championship of the Football Alliance, and that a match between somewhat weak teams of the Blackburn Rovers, holders of the Association Cup, and Preston North End, Champions of the League, resulted in a draw.—Mr. P. Ashworth followed up his previous successes this season by winning the Amateur Racquets Championship, beating Captain W. C. Hedley in the final. The Public Schools' Competition was not finished at the time of writing.—The Tennis Match between Thomas Pettitt and Charles Saunders, for the Championship and 500l. a-side, is to be played in Sir Edward Guinness's Court at Dublin, on May 26th.—Liverpool won the National Challenge Shield, offered by the National Physical Recreation Society, for proficiency in gymnastics; Dundee and Warrington being second and third respectively.—At Lacrosse the North inflicted a decisive beating on the South by thirteen games to two.—The Amateur Boxing Championships produced no very remarkable results, except that none of the previous holders were successful, and that the winners of all five "finals"—bantam, feather, light, middle, and heavy weight—hailed from London.—O'Connor is reported to have got on a match at last. He is to row Stansbury over the Parramatta course for 500l. a-side in about two months' time.—At the South London Harriers' Sports on Saturday, Mr. W. Pollock Hill ran three-quarters of a mile in 3 min. 12 3-5th sec.; and Mr. W. Kibblewhite four miles in 20 min. 20 3-5th sec.

"MY FIRST SEASON"

III.

ONE good thing is, that as we always lived so quietly at Hawthorne, I think I enjoy "coming out" twice as much as most girls. It's not in the least conventional to enjoy things so very much, for I have found out that it is the proper thing for men not to care about anything in the world, and for girls only to like a few things a little. But I suppose they begin very early, for though I practised the expression—a sort of lofty bored look—before the glass for half an hour, I found it impossible to keep it up, and when I tried the manner, mamma wanted to know whether I was in pain, and Lord Lakes asked how he had offended me.

At the theatre, especially, one must be very conventional. People go there chiefly to talk. But I think it would be so nice if one could go and sit in the pit, where they are constantly eating oranges and shedding tears, without any pretence about it. It is so annoying, just when you want dreadfully to cry at a very pathetic part, to hear some one say in an audible voice, "Clever bit of business—always manages to drag it into his part." "Must be fifty, if she's a day—but how well the old lady makes up!" And that, you know, quite spoils your interest in Ophelia or Angelina. It is not quite so bad, but it is very aggravating, when you are thoroughly enjoying the fun of *The Gondoliers* or *The Red Hussar* (by the by, all the actresses are turning into boys now—I wonder why?), and a young masher with four distinct lips yawns, and asks how long "the Bwitish public are goin' to thtand Punch wetherweted?"

A box is certainly nice, and I suppose the pit has drawbacks, but I think I would even suck oranges if I could be where it is not equally unusual to cry or to be amused, and where the people haven't got opera glasses, and still believe, as I used, the actresses to be the most beautiful creatures in the world. You'll think from all this that I am beginning to realise the "hollowness of life," as your father says, but it is only because I am rather cross just now, and I am not quite sure if the way Célestine has done my hair suits me. And sometimes Maude makes up delightful parties for the theatre, and supper somewhere afterwards in a Bohemian kind of way, which is great fun.

By the by, I must tell you about a conquest I have made, and which I am proud of. Captain Lamarque is past seventy, and wears stays and a yellow wig. He has had a paralytic stroke, and falls in love once at least every season; but, my dear, they say he has very good taste. It's a sort of *cachet* of—well, never mind what to have him for an admirer; and so, you see, I don't mind,—especially as he is charming in the way of bringing bouquets. And although he is sometimes a bore, he is *not* conventional, or, at least, only in an original sort of way. He is enormously rich and hugely susceptible, but he has never been married; perhaps because he has only lately come into his money. Before that he had haunted the clubs for years, with only just enough to keep him comfortably in gloves and button-holes, making love to the new beauties every year.

Now that he is well off he is dreadfully puzzled to know how to spend his money. He began to complain of it the first time I met him, which was at the theatre—the Prince of Wales's, I think.

"On my honour as a gentleman," he said, "I wish some one would advise me. It is a very hard case."

"Well, although it's rather an unusual one," said I, "I believe there are several prescriptions. I think it's curable."

"The ready wit of the Lady Gwendolyn is always to be relied on," said he, with a low bow. "May I ask you to proceed?"

"Well, you might entertain on a large scale. One may spend a good deal on that."

"Oh!—dinner-parties," murmured he, with a disappointed air.

"And turn your thoughts to balls and private concerts—professionals are very expensive, I believe—or amateur theatricals. Or keep a yacht—or a stud of racehorses—or take a theatre—or—"

"Excuse me," said he. "Did you say 'private theatricals?'"

I said, "Yes."

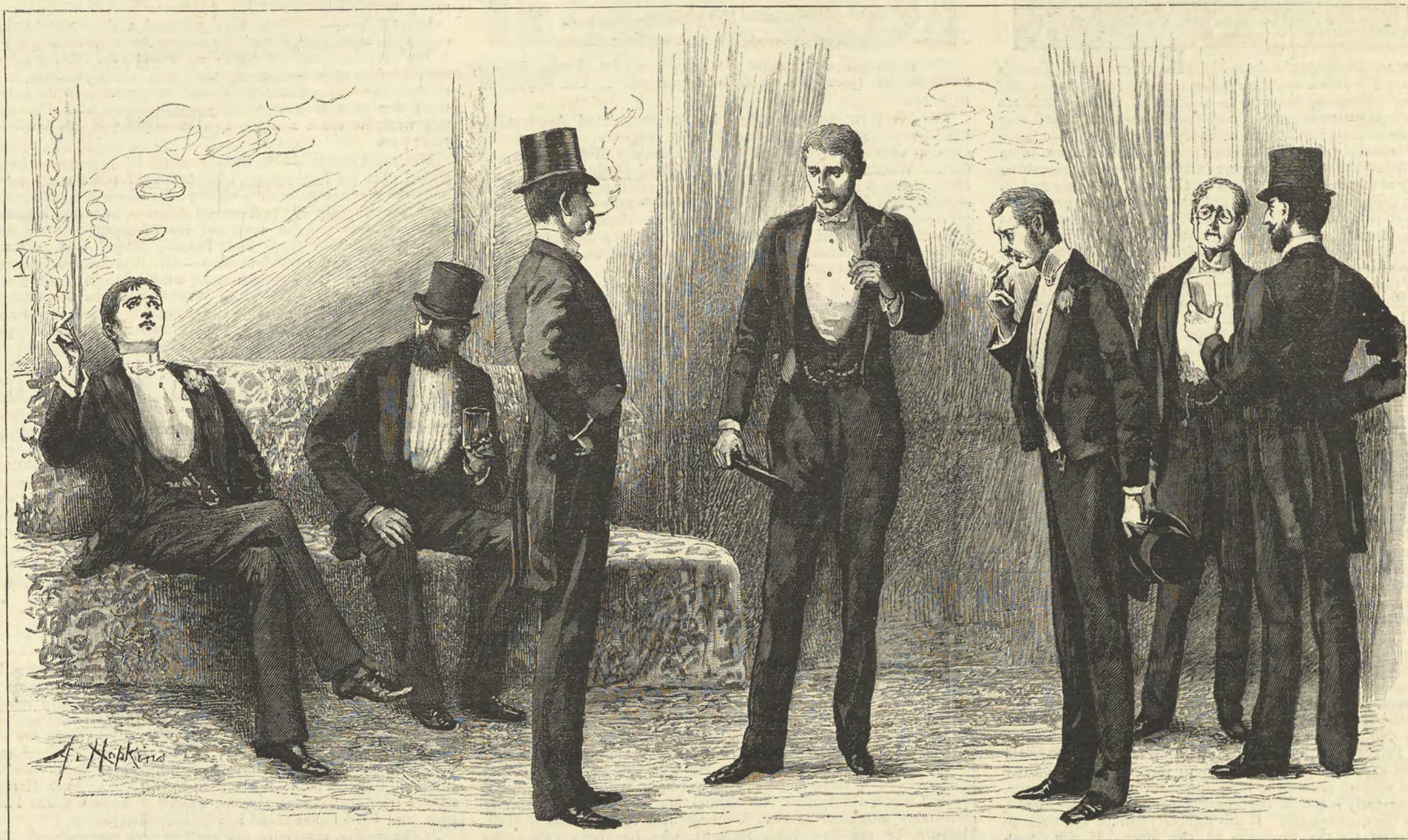
"Doubtless you are a finished actress?"

I said, No; I hadn't begun yet.

"With such beauty and grace," said he (he always emphasizes his compliments with a bow), "you would shine as a Juliet—as—a—hem—Dorothy. I myself have achieved a modest success in the rôles of Romeo and Captain Absolute. I consider your suggestion a most valuable one, and amongst us we should certainly be able to furnish a dramatic corps to rival that in which, under the auspices of the Duchess of Blackburn, I was, if I may use the expression, something of a star. And I need not tell you that if my poor house can be of any service—"

And so on, for I found that when Captain Lamarque got upon the subject of the stage there was no stopping him. But I considered him an amiable, grandfatherly old gentleman, and I encouraged him, and talked to him very kindly, so that presently he offered to take me over some parts of the theatre to which, he said, the public were not generally admitted.

"But I have interest," said he, with an air.



A PEEP INTO THE SMOKING-ROOM AT THE THEATRE

So mamma and I and several others were trundled off down various passages, and peered into various rooms, but it was not very interesting. And then, at the end of a little passage, we heard voices; the others had dropped behind, and he whispered,

"Come quietly, and you may peep through the screen into the smoking-room, but *sub rosa* always, remember, *sub rosa*."

The poor old Captain is rather deaf, and was chuckling

away and whispering, so that he did not hear a scrap of conversation which was very audible to me. A loud laugh was just dying away, and then another voice said, very firmly and distinctly,

"I do not approve of this way of making free with ladies' names."

"No more do I, Humphrey," said Lord Lakes lazily, from the corner of a sofa—I saw him sitting there, watching the rings of smoke from his cigarette—"but if you ask me,

I think Lady Gwen is the prettiest girl that has come out this season, and the jolliest too, by a long chalk."

"I should not think of disputing your verdict," said Mr. Humphrey, in a sneering way, I thought.

"They'll be coming out directly," whispered Captain Lamarque, laying a shaky hand on my arm.

After that I had a head-ache, and in the rush after the play was over, I escaped quietly with papa, instead of going to Maude's supper-party, as I had promised.



"IN THE RUSH AFTER THE PLAY WAS OVER I ESCAPED QUIETLY WITH PAPA"

"MY FIRST SEASON"



THE DINNER PARTY
"A middle-aged M.P. took me in"
"MY FIRST SEASON"



A DRIVE TO HURLINGHAM

"I had the box-seat by Sir Guy, who is very proud of his bays"

"MY FIRST SEASON"

IV.

I WASN'T quite sure at first whether to be angry with Lord Lakes or Mr. Humphrey, but I decided it was Mr. Humphrey. And his manner is so very odd. Sometimes he is delightful. On Wednesday he went all round the Stanley Exhibition with me, and explained everything, for he has travelled in Africa, amongst other places; but the next time I met him he would scarcely speak to me, and was as disagreeable as possible.

Mrs. Wendry laughed when I told her how rude her admirer was, and said of course he is a genius, and they ought to be labelled "irritable."

"When I go to the reading-room at the Museum, and see the readers working away so silent and grim, I always want to have a notice up like the one they have at the Zoo—'Please do not irritate the beasts.'"

You would never imagine Mrs. Wendry was a poet, she is so nice. I said to her one day, in chaff, of course, that I didn't like her poems, and she said, "I don't care a scrap, my dear, as long as you admire my gowns!"

She is one of those people that you must either love or hate; and I adore her. Even Grace likes her now—she made Grace some woolly thing for a North-Sea fisherman, or something of that kind.

Last week Sir Guy Dashington drove her and Grace and me, with some other people, on his drag to lunch at Hurlingham. I had the box-seat by Sir Guy, who is very proud of his bays—they are the only thing he can talk about—and he thinks they are going to make a sensation at the meet of the Coaching Club in May. Lord Lakes, who was there too (of course, I'm beginning to say), came up to me while we were looking at the sports, but he seemed so shy and awkward that I could not think what was the matter. Presently he blurted out,

"I hear your sister, Lady Grace Ambleton, has a dinner-party to-night."

"Yes," I said, "and poor Grace is in great straits, though she would never let you think so. She got a telegram just as she was starting to-day, bringing an excuse from her pet young man; and it's next to impossible to get any one at the eleventh hour to fill his place—every one is engaged two or three weeks deep already, and at all events no one likes being asked as a stop-gap."

"But surely—to go to your sister's house"—stammered

he, "I would—any one would—throw up any engagement," and then he got perfectly bright scarlet.

"Would you really care to go?" said I. "I'm sure Grace would jump at it." But I couldn't help thinking it was rather odd that he should fish for an invitation to one of Grace's heavy, slow entertainments.

Grace said, "But he can't take you in, you know, Gwendolyn."

And something in the way she said it made me suddenly see the whole thing, and I really felt quite frightened. Don't you see that he must be dreadfully in love with me—much more than you would guess from his manner—to scheme like that just to be in the room with me for a few hours? But I was determined not to give him a chance of speaking to me alone. Still, I can't help rather liking the boy—and it would please mamma and all of them very much—and if he were only a little older—But, after all, my ideal is a very different sort of person to Lord Lakes.

He took in Mrs. Wendry, and they sat at the same side of the table as I, so that he could not even see me. A middle-aged M.P. took me in, and thought me a great bore; and on the other side was Captain Lamarque, but the old gentleman found so much of interest in the menu that he could only give me a bad half of his attention. At Grace's you get the prettiest table decorations, the dulllest conversation, and (I'm told) the best dinners in London. It was rather a pretty idea to have Neapolitan violets floating in all the finger-glasses. Several people got quite brisk as they picked them out and made them into little bouquets.

Directly the men came out after dinner Mrs. Wendry was surrounded. She has a fascination for all men, young or old, "society," scientific, or artistic. Lord Lakes wandered up to me, and said, "Did you see Humphrey this afternoon?"

"No," I said. "Where?"

"I saw him while I was talking to you at the sports, but he disappeared suddenly, and old Lamarque says he wanted to speak to you about the play they are getting up—Humphrey is writing it, you know, and he wanted to arrange about your part."

He did not pay the least attention to my answer, but suddenly burst out, "I say, I never thanked you for getting me asked here, but I am most awfully grateful—I can't tell you how kind I thought it was of you. Of course you have guessed my secret, but I don't mind—you are not like all the rest of the girls one meets. But do tell me, Lady Gwen—I'm sure you can—~~is~~ there the ghost of a chance for me?"

That was a very open way of doing things, wasn't it? And so absurdly boyish! I was quite relieved to be able to say, "Here is Captain Lamarque," who was shuffling up to us. Lord Lakes gave me a reproachful look, and did not come near me again that evening.

"Lady Gwendolyn," said Captain Lamarque, "you know my—you know Mr. Humphrey, do you not? He tells me he has cast you for the part of Angelica in the little play in which you condescended to say you would take a part at my house. You will allow me to say that nothing could be more appropriate. (A bow.) And I have nothing to say against Mrs. Wendry as Lady Belinda—quite the contrary. But Gerald has made a mistake, undoubtedly. He has cast me for the 'Ancient Servitor,' a part absolutely unsuited to me. Now the character of Arthur Danvers suits me down to the ground—might have been written expressly with a view to my acting. It is, in fact, precisely the rôle which I have been accustomed to take; and you will not believe it—you positively will not credit it—when I tell you that the only words given to the 'Ancient Servitor,' so far as I can discover, are 'No, my lady; anchovy toast.' 'Anchovy toast!' Gerald must certainly have been dreaming when he assigned me such a part! But Danvers has some really fine speeches—extremely passionate. I should much enjoy acting it to your Angelica."

Horrors! Arthur Danvers is my stage-lover! The dreadful old man! But I thought I would get some one else to argue with him, so I only said, "Who has Mr. Humphrey given the part to, then?"

"He has not thought it necessary to tell me," replied Captain Lamarque; "and I very shrewdly suspect that he is reserving it for himself. A cold-blooded cynic, whom it is absolutely impossible to imagine, under any circumstances, as an impassioned lover. I know that young Lakes has accepted the part of Tom Manners, in love with Lady Belinda."

I was rather surprised at Mr. Humphrey giving up that part; but he never does anything you expect him to do. My part came the next morning; but I find it rather difficult to study it, as I am busier than ever. I have been to lots of private views; but I can't tell you much about the pictures or exhibitions, because one doesn't go for that. I am to be presented in May. Mamma would not go to either of the early Drawing-Rooms, because she was afraid of catching cold. And now, good-bye. I'll tell you some more about the theatricals next time.

M. A. B.



PRIVATE THEATRICALS—A DRESS REHEARSAL
"MY FIRST SEASON"

of the humorous in music, and the slow movement, an allegretto grazioso, are the most effective numbers of the serenade, which is throughout scored in a manner showing alike a delicate fancy and a mastery of orchestral resources. Two new songs by Dr. Hubert Parry were sung by Miss M'Intyre—one Sir Phillip Sidney's "My True Love Hath My Heart," and the other a beautiful setting of Shakespeare's "Willow, Willow." Yet another novelty was Tschaiakowsky's second pianoforte concerto in G, Op. 44, written some years ago, but now performed for the first time in England, with M. Sapellnikoff as pianist. The concerto must be heard again, and at present it need only be said that the extremely intricate, though undoubtedly brilliant, opening and closing movements were less readily appreciated than a simpler and even more effective andante in D, which, besides the pianoforte solo, contains solos for violin and violoncello. Mademoiselle Mely, who made her debut, was too nervous to do herself justice.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Among the thirty and more concerts announced in the course of the week, perhaps the most interesting was that given on Saturday by the Bristol Orpheus Glee Society, who came expressly from Bristol for the purpose. The gentlemen of the Orpheus Choir once more showed to what a pitch of perfection they had brought unaccompanied part-singing, particularly of the works of British composers. Among their happiest efforts were T. Cooke's "Strike the Lyre," Dr. Bexfield's "Death of Hector," Sir John Gossé's "Ossian Hymn to the Sun," and Hatton's "Tar's Song."—At the second of the Young People's Orchestral Concerts the programme included one of Mozart's symphonies, Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette," Weber's *Der Freischütz* overture, and songs for Mrs. Henschel.—At a concert given on Monday by Master Bauer a new and clever, though, of course, somewhat immature sonata for pianoforte and violin (the young composer's Op. 1) was produced.—Concerts have also been given by Mr. Dykes, Miss Dora Bright, the Misses Delves-Yates, Miss Annie Hughes, Miss Jessie Reid, Miss Winifred Robinson, Miss Gutters, Miss Sasse, Mr. Hayden Coffin, Miss Kate Flynn, Miss Agnes Janson, Signor Galliero, the Royal Amateur Orchestra, and many others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Dvorák has made great progress with his new Requiem Mass, and also has in his portfolio a new and unperformed symphony.—Madame Patti sailed from New York last Saturday. Her first London concert will be given on Wednesday week, when she will be supported by Madame Patey, Miss Kuhe, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. McKay, MM. Foli, Wolff, and Hollman.—The Italian papers deny that Faccio is confined in a *maison de santé*, although it is admitted that he is seriously ill, and is not permitted to see any of his friends.—Mr. Lloyd has gained great success at Boston by his singing in *Elijah* and other oratorios.—Mr. Edwin Houghton, the rapidly rising young tenor, who recently won the "Maas Memorial Prize," has succeeded in carrying off the "Evil" prize at the Royal Academy of Music, for declamatory singing in English.—The concert given by the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers at their Headquarters on Saturday last was a great success. Miss Effie Clements, Miss Dalgety Henderson, Mr. Dalgety Henderson, and Mr. Alfred Moore were the soloists; Mr. McCall Chambers supplied the comic element; Mr. John Proctor gave some of his inimitable representations, and Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock accompanied.



THERE is so much genuine wit and humour in the dialogue and the character-sketches of Mr. Pinero's new comedy at the COURT Theatre, that the popularity of *The Cabinet Minister* may be taken as assured. Mr. Weedon Grossmith's Joseph Lebanon, the young Jewish money-lender who takes advantage of the pecuniary embarrassments of Lady Twombly in order to obtain introductions to her ladyship's aristocratic friends in town and country, and even to possess himself of State secrets of the kind that are precious to speculators on the Stock Exchange, becomes, in the hands of this clever actor, a comic personage of the first rank. The talk of this vulgar, self-assured, and unabashed individual is, indeed, a perpetual feast of mirth. Exceedingly droll, too, though more inclined to pure caricature, is Mr. Brandon Thomas's Macphail of Ballochecovin, the sly and taciturn Scottish laird with the portentous mother; who, by the way, is played with much cleverness in the same highly-coloured manner by Mrs. Edmund Phelps, known in other days as Miss Hudspeth. Miss Rosina Filippi's impersonation of the designing, money-lending, fashionable dressmaker, the Hon. Mrs. Gaylustre, of the firm of Mauricette et Cie, also contributes much to the entertainment of the audience. Mrs. John Wood's Lady Twombly, on the other hand, suffers from the lack of consistency in the conception of the author, who, while presenting the Cabinet Minister's wife as a decidedly farcical personage, involves her in personal distresses which seem to claim our serious sympathy. No more painful or humiliating position than that of the Minister's wife, in the secret power of her two obtrusive persecutors, could well be conceived; and Mrs. John Wood's alternative defiance, submission, and wailing over her cruel fate approach at times very near to the tragic. When, therefore, the whole business ends in Lady Twombly shouting aloud in tones of frantic triumph, and dancing with her Scottish friends a wild "strathspey" in her exultation over the prospect of speculating on her own account upon the strength of private information regarding the intentions of the Cabinet, the effect is something like what is vulgarly known as "a sell." This feeling is certainly heightened by the exaggerated imbecility of Mr. Cecil's portrait of Lord Twombly, the feeble "Secretary of State for the ——— Department," who divides his time between lamenting over the loquacity of the House of Commons and tootling on a flute. What really secured to *The Cabinet Minister* on the first night a cordial reception was not the story of the piece, which is diffuse, and overcrowded with personages of merely incidental interest, but the dialogue, which is in Mr. Pinero's happiest vein, together with some very amusing incidents. Mr. Lebanon's long story, told to a dwindling audience, which, before it is ended, becomes no audience at all, furnishes an example. It is probable that the author will reduce to less prominence some of the minor personages played by Mr. Richard Saunders, Mr. Aynesworth, Mr. Waring, Miss Le Thière, Miss Eva Moore, and Miss Florence Tanner. If this is done, and some effort is made to determine the question whether Sir Julian and Lady Twombly are to be taken seriously or regarded as mere "Bab Ballad" creations, there seems no reason why *The Cabinet Minister* should not take rank among the most successful of its author's pieces.

The choice of *Othello* for the last production of Mr. F. R. Benson's management of the GLOBE Theatre was hardly a happy one. Mr. Benson is an actor possessed of excellent taste, indefatigable zeal, and some valuable gifts, but he is not endowed by Nature with the means that are required for the impersonation of the Moor—first and foremost among which is a commanding presence. Softly sentimental and vehemently loud by turns, his impersonation failed to realise the conception of the rough, honest soldier, chivalrous and gentle in his treatment of women, steadfast and faithful in his friendship with comrades, yet stern and inflexible where duty is

concerned. Mrs. Benson played Desdemona fairly well, and Mr. Cartwright played Iago with commendable moderation and some subtlety. Mr. Benson took farewell of his London patrons after the final performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on Saturday evening in a few but appropriate words. In spite of some shortcomings, his season at the Globe entitles him to the respect and gratitude of all true worshippers at the shrine of our great national poet.

The representation of *The Antigone* of Sophocles, recently given by the Viscountess Maidstone and her associates at Loughborough, was repeated at the Town Hall, Westminster, on Saturday evening, before a large audience, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Greek tragedy when transferred from the closet to the stage is what is known as an "acquired taste;" and though the spectators on Saturday appeared to be moderately thrilled by the woes of King Œdipus's unhappy daughter, the music of Mendelssohn, which was given by a full chorus and orchestra, may be credited with a considerable share in the success of the entertainment. To tell truth, Mr. Robert Whitelaw's verse, recited for the most part in a rather level style, and not always distinctly audible in the large hall save by those favoured persons who, like Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, occupied seats in the rows near the orchestra, proved a trifle tedious.

Mr. Charles Wyndham's predilection for what are traditionally known as "Charles Mathews parts" shows that this actor has a great perception of his own power—a merit which is unfortunately not too common. His performance of Citizen Sangfroid in *Delicate Ground* and Walsingham Potts in *Trying It On* at the CRITERION *matinée* last week afforded genuine pleasure. The former piece is a comedieta, the latter simply a farce; yet each part was played with admirable finish in its own appropriate vein. Old playgoers may revive the pleasant memories at these *matinées* while the younger generation are privileged to witness acting which is both *sui generis* and of the highest class.

Mr. Walter Lacy, who has been engaged by Mr. Irving to play a part in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, is eighty-one years of age, and the senior by three years of Mr. Howe, who will appear in the same play.

Mr. Wilson Barrett gave a performance of *Hamlet* at the theatre in Washington last week, under the patronage of the President of the United States, who was present with his family.

Louis XI. will be given at the *matinée* at the LYCEUM to-day. Mr. Terriss, in the part of Némours, will on this occasion make his first appearance at the theatre since his return from America.

Mr. Sydney Grundy's *Esther Sandraz* will be produced at the ST. JAMES'S to-night, with Mrs. Langtry in the leading character.

Three short pieces will constitute the bill at the next Wednesday's *matinée* at the HAYMARKET. Among these a dramatic sketch by Miss Clo. Graves based upon the life, or rather, the death, of Rachel the great French actress, will be entirely new; the others will be *The Balladmonger*, in which Mr. Beerbohm-Tree will again play Gringoire, and Mr. Gilbert's *Comedy and Tragedy*, in which Miss Julia Neilson is to play Miss Mary Anderson's original part.

It is said that a German manager has proposed that Mr. Augustus Harris shall produce a pantomime in Berlin. The German folk, he thinks, would like to know what an English pantomime is like.



I.

A STRIKING addition to the ranks of the Quarterlies is *Subjects of the Day*, edited by Mr. James Samuelson, and published by Messrs. Routledge. Each number of the periodical will be devoted to one question. This time it is "State Education for the People." Thus we have Sir W. W. Hunter on "Ancient Civilisation and Modern Education in India," Mr. E. M. Hance, LL.B., Clerk to the Liverpool School Board, on "Elementary Education," Sir Philip Magnus on "Technical Instruction and Payment on Results," Mrs. Emily Crawford on "The Education and Status of Women," and so on. We understand that the editor means to enlist the pens of the most trustworthy experts on the various subjects treated. The price of the new quarterly is half-a-crown.

In the *Century* there is a somewhat lame poem (?) by Walt Whitman, entitled "Twilight Song; for Unknown Buried Soldiers, North and South."—Mr. George Kennan gives some most instructive details anent the Press Censorship in Russia under the heading "Blacked Out." As he observes, few people, outside of Russia, are aware of the extent to which the expression of opinion and the dissemination of intelligence in that great Empire are hampered by the Governmental Censorship of the Press.

In the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. E. P. Evans writes a paper on "Henrik Ibsen: His Early Career as Poet and Playwright." As the article is largely biographical, it is of interest, and does not suggest controversy.—A very bright and clever essay is "Literary Shibboleths," by Miss Agnes Repplier.

Of much literary attraction is "Talks with Trelawny" in *Temple Bar*. Amongst the rest, it contains a very energetic defence of Harriet Shelley. "During a conversation," says the writer, Mr. Richard Edgcumbe, "which I held with Trelawny in July, 1875, I happened to ask him whether he knew anything as to the character of Shelley's first wife. I give his answer in the words which I wrote down shortly afterwards:—'Harriet was pure, lofty, and noble. Lady Shelley wishes to glorify Shelley at the expense of Harriet, and for that reason I have preserved these papers.' Trelawny had or thought he had documents which proved Harriet to be, as he put it, "all feeling, lofty, and high-toned."

Under the title, "Dinner Tables," in *Cornhill*, a writer sets himself to answer the question:—"Is the diner-out of to-day better or worse treated, as regards the quality and quantity of his fare, than his predecessor of twenty, thirty, or forty years ago?" One thing in this gentleman's view appears to be certain, and that is, that whether we get more or less, or better or worse than formerly, we certainly have a great deal more to look at.

Harper opens with a well-informed, elaborately illustrated article by Mr. Theodore Child on "Some Modern French Painters."—A capital illustrated paper is "English Lyrics under the First Charles," by Louisa Imogen Guiney.—We may also commend to notice, "Old New York Taverns," by Mr. John Austin Stevens.

There is a pathetic and powerful article in the mid-monthly *Universal Review* by Mr. Adolphe Smith, entitled "By Administrative Order." We are here given some further information with reference to the sufferings of Siberian prisoners, and to the dark deeds performed in the Bastilles of European Russia.—Mr. Harry Quilter writes on "Amy Levy: a Reminiscence and a Criticism."

In *Good Words*, Mr. Gladstone continues his series on "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture" with "The Creation Story," and arrives at the conclusion that the Ordainer of Nature and the Giver or Guide of the Creation Story are one and the same.—Mrs. Pereira writes on "The Princess Bismarck," who is described as "a representative of the best type of German Protestantism, in which piety has not degenerated into pietism, nor simple living faith been exchanged for cold ever-questioning rationalism."

Mr. Frederick Dolman continues his domestic pictures in the *Woman's World* with "Mrs. Arthur Stannard at Home."—There are two sides to every subject, and, consequently, there may be a broadening of view for many people derivable from "The Hardships

of Nurses," by "A Hospital Nurse."—Of perhaps more general interest is "The Grievances of Barmaids," by Miss Clementina Black.



THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.—Part LXXXVI., Vol. XI, of the *Organist's Quarterly Journal* contains four compositions, especially useful for ordinary church work. As such they will prove most welcome to organists in general.—For weddings and other festive occasions "March in D," by E. Silas, will be found most suitable.—A special favourite will be "Andante in A Flat," by Dr. W. J. Westbrook, into which the composer has, with much taste and ingenuity, introduced the chimes of Great St. Mary's, Cambridge.—"Fantasia" on a favourite hymn tune ("My God, My Father, While I Stray"), arranged by W. Mullineux, is well adapted for a Sacred Concert or Church Festival.—A very good pendant to the above is "Allegretto," by Ferris Tozer, fancifully entitled "Une Idée du Matin."—"Sonata in F Major," for piano and violin, by Erskine Allon, is a musically composition well worthy the attention of students.

ALFRED HAYS.—There is much genuine pathos in "When the Red June Roses Blow," a poem by Adelaide Procter, which T. W. Wainstein has set to music with much taste.—Both words and music are very dismal of "A Hopeless Dawn," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Theresa Beney.—A very good antidote to the above is "Her Dearest Friend," a cheerful ballad, words by "Zeta," music by Faulkner Collis.—A pretty and simple duet, for mezzo-soprano and baritone, is "Side by Side," written and composed by Isabella Law and T. Ridley Prentice.—By the above-named composer, is "Gigue En Sol," for the pianoforte, a useful drawing-room piece; as is also "Des Eaux Rapides," a *Mazurka brillante*, by Horace Hill.

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—Four songs of more than ordinary merit, which have already taken a good place in public favour, are "The Angel's Promise," a pathetic song with a violin obbligato, words by Frederic E. Weatherly, music by A. H. Behrend; "Mary Grey," a tragic tale of love unrequited, written and composed by Clifton Bingham and Hope Temple; "The Arab's Bride," words and music by Godfrey Marks, is a pleasing song for a tenor of medium compass; "Old Whitehall," written and composed by Wilfrid Mills and Ernest Birch, is a pretty and very taking song for a voice of medium compass.

"MY FIRST SEASON"

V.

CAPTAIN LAMARQUE has fitted up a regular stage in his house for the play, and has behaved altogether in the most energetic and praiseworthy manner. We succeeded, fortunately, in talking him out of his desire to enact the gay young lover, chiefly by telling him that in that case he would have to play the banjo and dance a sort of mitigated hornpipe. The part with which he has consoled himself is one which no one would have dared to propose to him—an elderly millionaire "also in love with Angelica." Of course she accepts the penniless young man; but Mr. Humphrey has written a cynical little epilogue, in which he informs us that the whole thing is a mere freak of the imagination, and that in real life it would have ended quite differently. The scene is supposed to be laid in the last century, which is an advantage in point of costume, but the dialogue is quite modern, and full of hits and allusions. The dresses, too, in which, to test our lovers' faithfulness, we disguise ourselves as strolling gypsies, are very becoming.

Mamma was not sure at first if the whole thing was quite correct, but we pointed out that the play was written with a special view to propriety, and that it would hurt poor Mr. Humphrey's feelings dreadfully if we suggested such a thing. Mamma is very tender-hearted, so she gave way at once. And Grace drew down the corners of her mouth at the idea of a bachelor venturing to give such an entertainment—a bachelor of seventy-five! But we paid no attention to her.

We all thought we were getting on splendidly in our parts, so Mrs. Wendry suggested that we should have a full-dress rehearsal. Well, we did—at least the girls got into their costumes, but most of the men refused at the last moment, and said they should derive double inspiration from wearing them for the first time on the evening itself, or some nonsense of that kind. Perhaps it was seeing them in their ordinary evening-dress, looking so incongruous, that put us out; but somehow none of us seemed to be able to say or do anything. At least, Mrs. Wendry was fluent enough, and very amusing, but it was rather puzzling for the others, because she invented as she went on, and they did not know where their speeches came in. But we got through somehow—I mean, we came to the end of the piece.

And when the day came it really went off very well. Some people said Mr. Humphrey's acting was too quiet, but I rather liked it myself. And no one could say that of Captain Lamarque, who ranted and roared, poor old fellow, till he looked nearly the colour of that lipping young Gusby, when he appeared on the stage as a Red Indian, and said "Boo," in a mild tone of voice.

The only misfortune was that the man who was to have come to rouge us never appeared, so we had to do it for each other at the last moment. But it was rather fun, too; and Lord Lakes was so much pleased with his corked moustache that he did not wash his face for the rest of the evening.

In the last act, after an interview with my elderly lover, Mr. Humphrey and I had a half-comic, half-sentimental scene, at the close of which we retired, for he had delicately arranged, out of consideration for the chaperons, that the proposal should be imagined, instead of taking place on the stage. As we went off I heard some one say,

"To be continued behind the scenes, I suppose," and there was a laugh.

Mr. Humphrey looked at me, and, like an idiot, I blushed.

"Oh, Lady Gwen," he said very sadly, and almost as if he were speaking himself, "you don't know what you are doing!"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Don't you know?" said he. "Haven't you a guess?"

"Not the smallest," I said. "Please explain."

"That makes it harder than I expected," he said. "But as I am only an unconventional, and, what is more, a middle-aged Philistine, and you are a sensible girl, I hope we shan't quarrel, though I know most girls would be insulted at my venturing to allude to such a delicate matter."

"Oh, if it's anything to do with marrying," I cried, and then stopped and got hot all over.

"Yes, it is," he replied gravely. "And I entreat you very earnestly, Lady Gwendolyn, not to do anything rash—to be guided by your own heart, whatever other people may say. Surely his age is enough."

"Lots of men of his age are very sensible," said I, argumentatively. "I shouldn't mind that a bit if I liked him; but sometimes he is absolutely childish."

"I am delighted to hear you say so," cried he. "But is it possible that you haven't any conscientious objection to false teeth?"



A METAMORPHOSIS

"That lipping young Gusby appeared on the stage as a Red Indian, and said 'Boo' in a mild tone of voice"

"You don't mean to say he wears false teeth?" I cried. "I should never have thought it!"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Humphrey, drily, "you were not aware either that he wears a wig? Or that he brags at the club about a bunch of violets you gave him at your sister's last dinner-party?"

"I never gave him a bunch of violets in my life!" I cried, indignantly. "Old Captain Lamarque sat next me, and insisted on exchanging bunches, as every one else was doing, but I scarcely spoke to Lord Lakes—"

"Lord Lakes!" exclaimed he, in a tone of extreme astonishment. "Is it possible that you did not know that I was speaking of my cousin, Captain Lamarque? I am quite aware that Lakes is—otherwise engaged."

As he spoke he looked up, and I saw, through the curtains which screened the room we were in from a smaller one next it, Lord Lakes and Mrs. Wendry. He was bending over her, and the light was on his face (still ornamented with the corked moustache); and all of a sudden I saw how perfectly blind and idiotic I have been all this time. He is madly in love with Mrs. Wendry—he has



never been in love with me at all! I saw it at a glance, and seemed to remember in that moment that I had never met him at any party where she had not been too.

Well, I had a quarrel with Mr. Humphrey for daring to suppose that I could *think* of marrying that old man; but before I left that room he had proposed to me, and I had accepted him.

"Have another glass," said Lord Lakes, when the play was over. So we drank healths.

P.S. (two days later).—Mr. Humphrey is not really middle-aged, you know, dear. And Captain Lamarque was furious when he heard of it, and declared he meant to marry me himself (*Merci, Monsieur!*), and that that ungrateful dog, Gerald, ought to have stood aside for his betters. And in his rage he let out what, for some whim, he has insisted on having most carefully concealed—that Gerald Humphrey is his heir-at-law—isn't that what you call it? I am sure I don't care, but mamma does. So it's all right; though they are rather disappointed about Lord Lakes.

P.S. (2).—Lord Lakes has proposed to Mrs. Wendry, and she has refused him. But they say it's not hopeless.—M. A. B.



AFTER THE PLAY WAS OVER

"Have another glass," said Lord Lakes. So we drank healths"



THE GREEN ROOM

"The man who was to have rouged us never appeared, so we had to do it for one another"

"MY FIRST SEASON"