

**THE BUNTLING BALL: A GRÆCO-  
AMERICAN PLAY; BEING A  
POETICAL SATIRE ON NEW YORK  
SOCIETY. ILLUSTRATIONS BY C.  
D. WELDON**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649491315

The Buntling Ball: A GræCo-American Play; Being a Poetical Satire on New York Society.  
Illustrations by C. D. Weldon by Edgar Fawcett

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Cover @ 2017

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**EDGAR FAWCETT**

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# THE BUNTLING BALL

*A GRÆCO-AMERICAN PLAY*

BEING A POETICAL SATIRE ON NEW YORK SOCIETY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. WELDON



*W. S. W.*

FUNK & WAGNALLS

NEW YORK

1885

LONDON

20 AND 22 GUY STREET

44 FLEET STREET

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04-J-3-3-5118

Gift  
Tappan Pub. Co.  
2-3-1933

*PERSONS OF THE PLAY.*

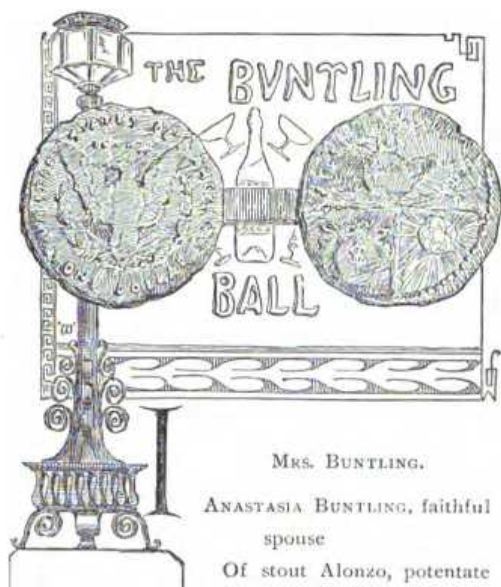
- ALONZO BUNTLING.
- ANASTASIA BUNTLING.
- JANE BUNTLING.
- LEANDER BRIGGS.
- FLORIMEL FILIGREE.
- THE BUTLER.
- TWO GUESTS.
- A REPORTER.
- KNICKERBOCKER YOUNG MEN.
- MANEUVERING MAMMAS.
- SOCIAL STRUGGLERS.
- BELLES.
- WALL-FLOWERS.
- GOSSIPS.
- ANGLOMANIACS.
- GLUTTONS.

*Chorus of*

Οὐδὲν γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν οἷον ἄργυρος  
κακὸν νόμισμ' ἔβλαστε. τοῦτο καὶ πόλεις  
πορθεῖ, τόδ' ἄνδρας ἐξανίστησιν δόμων·  
τόδ' ἐκδιδάσκει καὶ παραλλάσσει φρένας  
χρηστὰς πρὸς αἰσχρὰ πράγμαθ' ἴσασθαι  
βροτῶν·

πανουργίας δ' ἔδειξεν ἀνθρώποις ἔχειν,  
καὶ παντὸς ἔργου δυσσέβειαν εἶδέναι.

SOPHOCLES, *Ant.*, 295-301.



MRS. BUNTLING.

ANASTASIA BUNTLING, faithful  
spouse

Of stout Alonzo, potentate  
in Pork,

Westward return with lord and loving child  
Across Atlantic's many-sounding deep,  
Borne safe between the stanch Cunarder's ribs,  
Wave-furrowing, tempest-baffling, huge of bulk.



Long was our stay in European lands,  
And frequent were the marvels that we met,  
Whereof in ample text, with patient skill,  
Already the wise Baedeker hath told :  
Art-galleries, damp cathedrals, bad hotels,  
Innumerable ruins, mountains vast,  
Dishonest couriers and vivacious fleas.  
Things of great price we purchased as we roamed,  
Wrought by men famed with chisel or with brush—  
Rare statues, pictures, bronzes, good to range  
In sumptuous chambers when transpontine shores  
Would claim us ; but for me, my chief delight  
Was gathering varied garments, fold on fold  
Of beauteous texture, frilled and furbelowed  
In many a fantasy of sweet device ;  
The last fair whims of fashion's dainty mood,  
Expensive, hateful to my husband's purse.  
Nor me alone this fond pursuit engrossed,  
But also her, my daughter, still a maid,  
White-handed, marriageable, golden-tressed.  
So Jane and I together have brought home

A precious quantity of splendid gear,  
Impervious to Alonzo's noisy wrath,  
Impervious to the tariff's tyrant fee,  
Impervious to the envy of sly foes,  
Impervious to all else but our own aims  
Of self-adornment and superior style.  
For she is pitiably low of soul  
Who values not the holy claims of dress,  
Nor worships at her mirror's polished shrine  
In attitudes of sacerdotal awe.  
I hold that woman most delectable  
Who walks in paths beloved of her *modiste*,  
Nor sins by wanton scorn of stay or flounce,  
The proper trail of skirt, fit set of sleeve.  
Nay, she alone hath heed of worthy ends,  
Pays vanity its lawful homage, lives  
A reverent votary of self-esteem,  
And dying passes with calm vogue to where  
After life's fitful fever she sleeps swell . . .  
But now the chandeliers are all ablaze,  
O'ertwined with smilax, and the mantels bloom

With balmy roses, rare, one dollar each,  
In this our grand Fifth Avenue abode,  
Leased for a twelvemonth. From Chicago we,  
Primarily, but here have paused awhile,  
To test the social pleasures of New York.  
What triumphs we shall win or what shall miss  
We know not, for the future none may read  
Of purblind men, and all fate's ways are dark.  
But look, my daughter comes, with six bouquets,  
Sent by herself, a shape superbly clad,  
Her lustrous little slipper gleaming neat  
Below her garb's pale miracle of taste,  
And over all her gold hair, coiled and curled  
In architectural complexity.

JANE.

Mamma, beloved with filial tenderness,  
Reveal if in my costume any flaw  
Offends thee; for thy good opinion  
I cherish as dry leaves the slant fresh rain.