

Punch Office, 85, Fleet Street,

9 Aug 1871

My dear Lord Clyde,

Why the Evening do you not
give me a hail ticket when you are
going to Canada tomorrow? I should
have been very glad to have a
chat with you, & if you could have
come here, we could have sucked
in the Orkneyed & compared its
wooded waters with those of the Ontario,
to which I believe it superior, Lake
Superior, in fact. Well, you'll be
back in a few days, I suppose, &
then we shall see one another, perhaps.

I would gladly see the Verses, if
I could, but really (and you'll
see it, if you look at them) they

are absolutely without point, and
the workmanship is bad. You can
tell from pencil that I was obliged to
return them, because I have accepted
something so nearly like them that I
can't see it — or anything else
that won't hurt his feelings. The
writer must learn how many syllabubs
go to a line, &c. &c. &c. I am
prieved to reject them, but they won't
do, & that's a fact.

Every body is away except
Gladstone and myself, & I am
going to Harrogate, I believe.

A beautiful journey & a safe
return to you. Love yours faithfully
Shirley Brooks

"Lord Clyde" is J. Livingston Bagge, who is
supposed to resemble his lordship very closely.