

# SOCIETY.

A Comedy,

IN THREE ACTS.

BY

T. W. ROBERTSON, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

*Cantab, A Night's Adventure,*  
&c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,  
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TO

MY DEAR FRIEND,

**TOM HOOD.**

THIS PLAY

IS DEDICATED.

**T. W. B.**

SOCIETY.

*First performed at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool,  
(under the management of Mr. A. Henderson,) on the 8th of  
May, 1865, and at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London,  
(under the management of Miss Marie Wilton,) on the 11th  
of November, 1865.*

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**Characters.**

	<b>Liverpool.</b>	<b>London.</b>
LORD PTARMIGANT.....	Mr. BLAKELEY	... Mr. HARE.
LORD CLOUDWRAYS, M.P....	Mr. F. CAMERON	... Mr. TRAFFORD.
SIDNEY DARYL ( <i>a Barrister</i> )	Mr. EDWARD PRICE	... Mr. SYDNEY BANCROFT.
MR. JOHN CHODD, SEN.....	Mr. G. P. GRAINGER	... Mr. RAY.
MR. JOHN CHODD, JUN.....	Mr. L. BROUGH	... Mr. J. CLARKS.
TOM STYLUS.....	Mr. E. SAKER	... Mr. F. DEWAR.
O'SULLIVAN .....	Mr. C. SWAN	... Mr. H. W. MONTGOMERY.
MAC USQUEBAUGH .....	Mr. CHATER	... Mr. HILL.
DOCTOR MAKVICZ.....	Mr. SMITH	... Mr. BENNETT.
BRADLEY.....	Mr. W. GRAINGER	... Mr. PARKER.
SCARGIL.....	Mr. WALLER	... Mr. LAWSON.
SAM STUNNER, P.R. ( <i>alias the Smiffel Lamb</i> ) .....	Mr. HILL	... Mr. J. TINDALE.
SHAMHEART .....		... Mr. G. ODELL.
DODDLES .....		... Mr. BURNETT.
MOSES AARON ( <i>a Bailiff</i> ).....	Mr. DAVIDGB	... Mr. G. ATKINS.
SHERIDAN TRODNON .....	Mr. BRACKWELL	... Mr. MACART.
LADY PTARMIGANT.....	Miss LARKINS	... Miss. LARKINS.
MAUD HETHERINGTON.....	Miss T. FURTADO	... Miss MARIE WILTON.
LITTLE MAUD .....	Miss F. SMITHEBS	... Miss GEORGE.
MRS. CHURTON.....	Miss PROCTER	... Miss MERTON.
SERVANT .....		... Miss THOMPSON.

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**Modern Costumes.**

# SOCIETY.

## ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Sidney Daryl's Chambers, in Lincoln's Inn; set door piece R. and set door piece L. (to double up and draw off); the room to present the appearance of belonging to a sporting literary barrister; books, pictures, whips, the mirror stuck full of cards (painted on cloth); a table on R., chairs, &c.*

*As the curtain rises a knock heard, and DODDLES discovered opening door, L.*

TOM. (*without*) Mr. Daryl in ?

DODD. Not up yet.

*Enter TOM STYLUS, CHODD, JUN., and CHODD, SEN.*

CHODD, JUN. (*L., looking at watch*) Ten minutes to twelve, eh, guv?

TOM. (*R. C.*) Late into bed; up after he oughter; out for brandy and sobering water.

SIDNEY. (*within*) Doddles.

DODD. (*R., an old clerk*) Yes, sir!

SIDNEY. Brandy and soda.

DODD. Yes, sir!

TOM. I said so! Tell Mr. Daryl two gentlemen wish to see him on particular business.

CHODD, JUN. (*a supercilious, bad swell—glass in eye, hooked stick—vulgar and uneasy*) So this is an author's crib—is it ?—don't think much of it, eh, guv ? (*crossing behind to L. C.*)

CHODD, SEN. (*a common old man, with a dialect*) Seems comfortable enough to me, Johnny.

CHODD, JUN. Don't call me Johnny ?—I hope he won't be long! (*looking at watch*) Don't seem to me the right

sort of thing; for two gentlemen to be kept waiting for a man they are going to employ.

CHODD, SEN. Gently, Johnny. (CHODD, JUN., *looks annoyed*) I mean gently without the Johnny.—Mister-----

TOM. Daryl—Sidney Daryl!

CHODD, SEN. Daryl didn't know as we was coming!

CHODD, JUN. (*rudely to TOM*) Why didn't you let him know ?

TOM. (*fiercely*) How the devil could I?—I didn't see you till last night. (CHODD, JUN., *retires into himself*) You'll find Sidney Daryl just the man for you ; young—full of talent—what I was thirty years ago;—I'm old now, and not full of talent, if ever I was; I've emptied myself;—I've missed my tip. You see I wasn't a swell—he is!

CHODD, JUN. A swell—what a man who writes for his living?

DODDLES *enters, door, R.*

DODD. Mr. Daryl will be with you directly; will you please to sit down ?

(CHODD, SEN., *sits L. c.*, TOM *takes a chair L., of table*; CHODD, JUN., *waits to have one given to him, is annoyed that no one does so, and sits on table*—DODDLES *goes round to L.*)

CHODD, JUN. Where is Mr. Daryl ?

DODD. In his bath!

CHODD, JUN. (*jumping off table*) What! you don't mean to say he keeps us here while he's washing himself?

*Enter SIDNEY DARYL in morning jacket, door R.*

SIDNEY. Sorry to have detained you; how are you, Tom?

(TOM *and* CHODD SEN., *rise*, CHODD, JUN., *sits again on table and sucks cane.*)

CHODD, SEN. Not at all!

CHODD, JUN. (*with watch*) Fifteen minutes.

SIDNEY. (*crossing, c, handing chair to CHODD, JUN.*) Take a chair!

CHODD, JUN. This'll do.

SIDNEY. But you're sitting on the steel pens.

TOM. Dangerous things! pens.

(CHODD, JUN., *takes a chair L.*)

SIDNEY. Yes ! loaded with ink, percussion powder's nothing to 'em.

CHODD, JUN. We came here to talk business, (to DODDLES) Here, you get out!

SIDNEY. (*surprised*) Doddles—I expect a lot of people this morning, be kind enough to take them into the library.

DODD. (L.) Yes, sir! (*aside looking at CHODD, JUN.*)  
Young rhinoceros ! *Exit door, L.*

SIDNEY. NOW, gentlemen, I am—(*crossing behind table to R.*)

TOM. (L. *of table*) Then I'll begin,—first let me introduce Mr. Sidney Daryl, to Mr. John Chodd of Snoggerston, also to Mr. John Chodd, Jun., of the same place; Mr. John Chodd of Snoggerston is very rich;—he made a fortune by-----

CHODD, SEN. No !—my brother Joe made the fortune in Australey, by gold digging and then spec'ating; which he then died, and left all to me.

CHODD, JUN. (*aside*) Guv ! cut it!

CHODD, SEN. I shant,—I ain't ashamed of what I was, nor what I am ;—it never was my way. Well, sir, I have lots of brass !

SIDNEY. Brass?

CHODD, SEN. Money?

CHODD, JUN. Heaps!

CHODD, SEN. (L. C.) Heaps; but having begun by being a poor man, without edication, and not being a gentleman----- :

CHODD, JUN. (*aside*) Guv!—cut it.

CHODD, SEN. I shan't—I know I'm not, and I'm proud of it, that is proud of knowing I'm not, and I won't pretend to be. Johnny, don't put me out—I say I'm not a gentleman, but my son is.

SIDNEY. (*looking at him*) Evidently.

CHODD, SEN. And I wish him to cut a figure in the world—to get into Parliament.

SIDNEY. Very difficult.

CHODD, SEN. To get a wife ?

SIDNEY. Very easy.

CHODD, SEN. And in short, to be a—a real gentleman.

SIDNEY. Very difficult.

CHODD, SEN. } Eh?

CHODD, JUN. }

SIDNEY. I mean very easy.

CHODD, SEN. Now, as I'm anxious he should be an M.P.  
as soon as-----

SIDNEY. As he can.

CHODD, SEN. Just so, and as I have lots of capital  
unemployed, I mean to invest it in-----

TOM. (*slapping SIDNEY on knees*) A new daily paper ?

SIDNEY. By Jove!

CHODD, SEN. A cheap daily paper, that could—that  
will—What will a cheap daily paper do ?

SIDNEY. Bring the " Court Circular" within the know-  
ledge of the humblest.

TOM. Educate the masses—raise them morally, socially,  
politically, scientifically, geologically, and horizontally.

CHODD, SEN. (*delighted*) That's it—that's it, only it  
looks better in print.

TOM. (*spouting*) Bring the glad and solemn tidings of  
the day to the labourer at his plough—the spinner at his  
wheel—the swart forger at his furnace—the sailor, on the  
giddy mast—the lighthouse keeper, as he trims his beacon  
lamp—the housewife, at her paste-board—the mother at  
her needle—the lowly lucifer seller, as he plashes his wet  
and weary way through the damp, steaming, stony  
streets, eh ?—you know, (*slapping SIDNEY DARYL on the  
knee—they both laugh*)

CHODD, SEN. (*to CHODD, JUN.*) What are they a  
laughing at?

TOM. So my old friend, Johnny Prothero, who lives  
hard by Mr. Chodd, knowing that I have started lots of  
papers, sent the two Mr. Chodds, or the Messrs. Chodd—  
which is it ? you're a great grammarian—to me. I can find  
them an efficient staff, and you are the first man we've  
called upon.

SIDNEY. Thanks, old fellow. When do you propose to  
start it ?

CHODD, SEN. At once.

SIDNEY. What is it to be called?

CHODD, SEN. We don't know.

CHODD, JON. We leave that to the fellows we pay for their time and trouble.

SIDNEY. You want something-----

CHODD, SEN. Strong.

TOM. And sensational.

SIDNEY. I have it. (*rising*)

TOM.

CHODD, SENR. } What?

CHODD, JUN. }

SIDNEY. (*rising*) The " Morning Earthquake! "

TOM. (*rising*) Capital!

CHODD, SEN. (*rising*) First rate!

GHODD, JUN. (*still seated*) Not so bad. (*goes up during next speech*)

SIDNEY. Don't you see? In place of the clock, a mass of houses—factories, and palaces tumbling one over the other; and then the prospectus ! " At a time when thrones are tottering, dynasties dissolving—while the old world is displacing to make room for the new"-----

TOM. Bravo!

CHODD, SEN. (*enthusiastically*) Hurray!

TOM. A second edition at 4 o'clock, p.m. The " Evening Earthquake, eh ? Placard the walls. " The Earthquake," one note of admiration; "The Earthquake," two notes of admiration; "The Earthquake," three notes of admiration. Posters : " ' The Earthquake' delivered every morning with your hot rolls." " With coffee, toast, and eggs, enjoy your ' Earthquake!'"

CHODD, SEN. (*with pocket book*) I've got your name and address.

CHODD, JUN. (*who has been looking at cards stuck in glass, c.*) Guv. (*takes old CHODD up and whispers to him*)

TOM. (to SIDNEY) Don't like this young man !

SIDNEY. No.

TOM. Cub.

SIDNEY. Cad.

TOM. Never mind. The old un's not a bad 'un. We're off to a printer's.

SIDNEY. Good bye, Tom, and thank ye.

TOM. How's the little girl ?

SIDNEY. Quite well. I expect her here this morning.

CHODD, SEN. Good morning.

*Exeunt CHODD, SEN., and TOM, door, L.*

SIDNEY. (*filling pipe, &c.*) Have a pipe?

CHODD, JUN. (*taking out a magnificent case*) I always smoke cigars.

SIDNEY. Gracious creature! Have some bitter beer ?  
(*getting it from locker*)

CHODD, JUN. I never drink anything in the morning.

SIDNEY. Oh!

CHODD, JUN. But champagne.

SIDNEY. I haven't got any.

CHODD, JUN. (L.) Then I'll take beer, (*they sit*) Business is business—so I'd best begin at once. The present age is as you are aware—a practical age. I come to the point—it's my way. Capital commands the world. The capitalist commands capital, therefore the capitalist commands the world.

SIDNEY. (R.) But you don't quite command the world, do you ?

CHODD, JUN. Practically, I do. I wish for the highest honours—I bring out my cheque book. I want to get into the House of Commons—cheque book. I want the best legal opinion in the House of Lords—cheque book. The best house—cheque book. The best turn out—cheque book. The best friends, the best wife, the best trained children—cheque book, cheque book, and cheque book.

SIDNEY. You mean to say with money you can purchase anything ?

CHODD, JUN. Exactly. This life is a matter of bargain.

SIDNEY. But " honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

CHODD, JUN. Can buy 'em all, sir, in lots as at an auction.

SIDNEY. Love, too?

CHODD, JUN. Marriage means a union mutually advantageous. It is a civil contract like a partnership.

SIDNEY. And the old-fashioned virtues of honour and chivalry ?

CHODD, JUN. Honour means not being a bankrupt, I know nothing at all about chivalry, and I don't want to.

SIDNEY. Well, yours is quite a new creed to me, and I confess I don't like it.

CHODD, JUN. The currency, sir, converts the most hardened sceptic. I see by the cards on your glass that you go out a good deal.

SIDNEY. Go out?

CHODD, JUN. Yes, to parties, (*looking at cards on table*) There's my Lady this, and the Countess t'other, and Mrs. somebody else. Now that's what I want to do.

SIDNEY. Go into society?

CHODD, JUN. Just so. You had money once, hadn't you?

SIDNEY. Yes.

CHODD, JUN. What did you do with it?

SIDNEY. Spent it.

CHODD, JUN. And you've been in the army?

SIDNEY. Yes.

CHODD, JUN. Infantry?

SIDNEY. Cavalry.

CHODD, JUN. Dragoons?

SIDNEY. Lancers.

CHODD, JUN. How did you get out of it?

SIDNEY. Sold out.

CHODD, JUN. Then you were a first-rate fellow, till you tumbled down?

SIDNEY. Tumbled down!

CHODD, JUN. Yes, to what you are.

(*SIDNEY about to speak, is interrupted by MOSES AARON, without, L.*)

MOSES. Tell you I mush't shee him.

*Enter MOSES AARON with DODDLES, door L.*

MOSES. (*not seeing CHODD, going round behind table*) Sorry, Mister Daryl, but at the shoot of Brackersby and Co. (*arrests him*)

CHODD, JUN. Je-hosophat! (*rising*)

SIDNEY. Confound Mr. Brackersby! It hasn't been owing fifteen months!—How much?

MOSES. With exes, fifty-four pun' two.

SIDNEY. I've got it in the next room. Have some beer.

MOSES. Thank ye, shir. (*SIDNEY pours it out*)

SIDNEY. Back directly. *Exit, door, L.*

CHODD, JUN. (L.) This chap's in debt. Here you!

MOSES. (R.) Shir.

CHODD, JUN. Mr. Daryl—does he owe much ?

MOSES. Spheck he does, shir, or I shouldn't know him.

CHODD, JUN. Here's half-a-sov. Give me your address ?

MOSES. (*gives card*) " Orders executed with punctuality and dispatch."

CHODD, JUN. If I don't get into society now, I'm a Dutchman.

*Enter SIDNEY, R.*

SIDNEY. Here you are—ten fives—two two's—and a half-a-crown for yourself.

MOSES. Thank ye, shir. Good mornin', shir.

SIDNEY. Good morning.

MOSES. (to CHODD) Good mornin', shir.

CHODD, JUN. Such familiarity from the lower orders.

*Exit MOSES AARON, door, L.*

You take it coolly, (*sitting L. of table*)

SIDNEY. (*sitting*) I generally do.

CHODD, JUN. (*looking round*) You've got lots of guns?

SIDNEY. I'm fond of shooting.

CHODD, JUN. And rods ?

SIDNEY. I'm fond of fishing.

CHODD, JUN. And books ?

SIDNEY. I like reading.

CHODD, JUN. And whips ?

SIDNEY. And riding.

CHODD, JUN. Why you seem fond of everything?

SIDNEY. (*looking at him*) No ; not everything.

*DODDLES enters, at door, L., with card.*

SIDNEY. (*reading*) " Mr. Sam. Stunner, P.R."

CHODD, JUN. " P.R." What's P.R. mean? Afternoon's P.M.

SIDNEY. Ask him in. *Exit DODDLES.*

CHODD, JUN. Is he an author? or does P.R. mean Pre-Raphaelite ?

SIDNEY. No ; he's a prize-fighter—the Smiffel Lamb.

*Enter the SMIFFEL LAMB, L. door.*

How are you, Lamb ?

LAMB. Bleating, sir, bleating—thankee kindly.

CHODD, JUN. (*aside to SIDNEY*) Do prize fighters usually carry cards ?

SIDNEY. The march of intellect. Education of the masses—the Jemmy Masseys. Have a glass of sherry ?

LAMB. Not a drain, thankee, sir.

CHODD, JUN. (*aside*) Offers that brute sherry, and makes me drink beer.

LAMB. I've jist bin drinkin' with Lankey Joe, and the Dulwich Duffer, at Sam Shoulderblows. I'm a going into trainin' next week to fight Australian Harry, the Boundin' Kangaroo. I shall lick him, sir. I know I shall.

SIDNEY. I shall back you, Lamb.

LAMB. Thankee, Mr. Daryl. I knew you would. I always does my best for my backers, and to keep up the honour of the science; the Fancy, sir, should keep square, (*looks at CHODD, hesitates, then walks to door, closes it and walks sharply up to SIDNEY DARYL—CHODD leaping up in alarm, and retiring to back—leaning on table and speaking close to SIDNEY DARYL'S ear*) I jist called in to give you the office, sir, as has always bin so kind to me, not to *put* any tin on the mill between the Choking Chummy and Slang's Novice. It's a cross, sir, a reg'lar barney!

SIDNEY. Is it ? thank ye.

LAMB. That's wot I called for, sir; and now I'm hoff. (*goes to door—turning*) Don't *putt* a mag on it, sir: Choking Chummy's a cove, as would sell his own mother; he once sold *me*, which is *wuss*. Good day, sir.

*Exit LAMB, door, L.*

CHODD *reseats himself.*

CHODD, JUN. As I was saying, you know lots of people at clubs, and in society.

SIDNEY. Yes.

CHODD, JUN. Titles, and Honorables, and Captains, and that.

SIDNEY. Yes.

CHODD, JUN. Tiptoppers. (*after a pause*) You're not well off?

SIDNEY. (*getting serious*) No.

CHODD, JUN. I am. I've heaps of brass. Now I have what you haven't, and I haven't what you have. You've got what I want, and I've got what you want. That's logic, isn't it?

SIDNEY, (*gravely*) What of it?

CHODD, JUN. This: suppose we exchange or barter. You help me to get into the company of men with titles, and women with titles; swells, you know, real uns, and all that.

SIDNEY. Yes.

CHODD, JUN. And I'll write you a cheque for any reasonable sum you like to name.

SIDNEY *rises indignantly, at the same moment little MAUD and Mrs. CHURTON enter door, L.*

L. MAUD. (*running to SIDNEY*) Here I am, uncle; Mrs. Churton says I've been such a good girl.

SIDNEY. (*kissing her*) My darling. How d'ye do, Mr. Churton. I've got a waggon, and a baa lamb that squeaks, for you. (*to LITTLE MAUD—then to CHODD, JUN.*) Mr. Chodd, I cannot entertain your very commercial proposition. My friends, are my friends; they are not marketable commodities. I regret that I can be of no assistance to you. With your appearance, manners, and cheque book, you are sure to make a circle of your own.

CHODD, JUN. You refuse, then-----

SIDNEY. Absolutely. Good morning.

CHODD, JUN. Good morning, (*aside*) And if I don't have my knife into you, my name's not John Chodd, Jun.

*Exeunt SIDNEY, LITTLE MAUD and Mrs. CHURTON, door, R.—CHODD, door, L.*

SCENE SECOND.—*The Interior of a Square at the West-end. Weeping ash over a rustic chair, c, trees, shrubs, walks, rails, gates, &c.;—houses at back—time evening—effect of setting sun in windows of houses—lights in some of the windows, &c,—street lamps.*

MAUD *discovered in rustic chair reading; street band heard playing in the distance.*

MAUD. I can't see to read any more. Heigho! how

lonely it is! and that band makes me so melancholy:—sometimes music makes me feel—*(rising)* Heigho! I suppose I shall see nobody to-night; I must go home. *(starts)* Oh ! *(SIDNEY appears at L. gate,)* I think I can see to read a few more lines, *(sits again, and takes book)*

SIDNEY. *(feeling pockets)* Confound it ! I've left the key at home, *(tries gate)* How shall I get in! *(looking over rails)* I'll try the other, *(goes round at back to opposite gate)*

MAUD. Why, he's going ! He doesn't know I'm here. *(rises, calling)* Sid—No I won't, the idea of his—*(sees SIDNEY at gate, R.)* Ah! *(gives a sigh of relief, reseats herself and reads)*

SIDNEY. *(at gate, R.)* Shut too! *(trying gate)* provoking! what shall I—*(sees NURSEMAID approaching with CHILD from L. 1 E.,—drops his hat into square)* Will you kindly open this? I've forgotten my key. *(GIRL opens gate)* Thanks ! *(he enters square; GIRL and CHILD go out at gate ;—LIFE GUARDSMAN enters, R. U. E., speaks to GIRL, they exeunt, L. U. E.—SIDNEY sighs on seeing MAUD)* There she is ! *(seats himself by MAUD)* Maud!

MAUD. *(L., starting)* Oh! is that you? who would have thought of seeing you here!

SIDNEY. *(R.)* Oh, come—don't I know that you walk here after dinner? and all day long I've been wishing it was half-past eight.

MAUD. *(coquetting)* I wonder, now, how often you've said that, this last week.

SIDNEY. Don't pretend to doubt me, that's unworthy of you. *(a pause)* Maud !

MAUD. Yes.

SIDNEY. Are you not going to speak ?

MAUD. *(dreamily)* I don't know what to say.

SIDNEY. That's just my case. When I'm away from you, I feel I could talk to you for hours; and when I'm with you, somehow or other, it seems all to go away. *(getting closer to her, and taking her hand)* It is such happiness to be with you, that it makes me forget everything else, *(takes off his gloves and puts them on seat)* Ever since I was that high, in the jolly old days down a

Springmead, my greatest pleasure has been to be near you. (*looks at watch*) Twenty to nine. When must you return ?

MAUD. At nine.

SIDNEY. Twenty minutes. How's your aunt ?

MAUD. As cross as ever.

SIDNEY. And Lord Ptarmigan?

MAUD. As usual—asleep.

SIDNEY. Dear old man! how he does doze his time away, (*another pause*) Anything else to tell me ?

MAUD. We had such a stupid dinner; such odd people.

SIDNEY. Who?

MAUD. Two men of the name of Chodd.

SIDNEY. (*uneasily*) Chodd!

MAUD. Isn't it a funny name ?—Chodd.

SIDNEY. Yes, it's a Chodd name—I mean an odd name. Where were they picked up ?

MAUD. I don't know. Auntie says they are both very rich.

SIDNEY. (*uneasily*) She thinks of nothing but money. (*looks at watch*) Fifteen to nine, (*stage has grown gradually dark*) Maud ?

MAUD. (*in a whisper*) Yes.

SIDNEY. If I were rich—if you were rich—if we were rich?

MAUD. Sidney! (*drawing closer to him*)

SIDNEY. As it is, I almost feel it's a crime to love you.

MAUD. Oh, Sidney!

SIDNEY. You who might make such a splendid marriage.

MAUD. If you had—money—I couldn't care for you any more than I do now.

SIDNEY. My darling! (*looks at watch*) Ten minutes. I know you wouldn't. Sometimes I feel mad about you—mad when I know you are out and smiling upon others—and—and waltzing.

MAUD. I can't help waltzing when I'm asked.

SIDNEY. No, dear, no; but when I fancy you are spinning round with another's arm about your waist. (*his arm round her waist*) Oh!—I feel-----

MAUD. Why, Sidney, (*smiling*) You are jealous?

SIDNEY. Yes, I am.

MAUD. Can't you trust me ?

SIDNEY. Implicitly. But I like to be with you all the same.

MAUD. (*whispering*) So do I with you.

SIDNEY. My love! (*kisses her, and looks at watch*)

Five minutes.

MAUD. Time to go?

SIDNEY. No ! (*MAUD, in taking out her handkerchief, takes out a knot of ribbon*) What's that ?

MAUD. Some trimmings I'm making for our fancy fair.

SIDNEY. What colour is it. Scarlet ?

MAUD. Magenta.

SIDNEY. Give it to me ?

MAUD. What nonsense.

SIDNEY. Won't you ?

MAUD. I've brought something else.

SIDNEY. For me?

MAUD. Yes.

SIDNEY. What?

MAUD. These, (*producing small case, which SIDNEY opens*)

SIDNEY. Sleeve links!

MAUD. Now, which will you have, the links or the ribbon ?

SIDNEY. (*after reflection*) Both.

MAUD. You avaricious creature !

SIDNEY. (*putting the ribbons near his heart*) It's not in the power of words to tell you how I love you. Do you care for me enough to trust your future with me? Will you be mine ?

MAUD. Sidney!

SIDNEY. Mine, and none other's; no matter how brilliant the offer—how dazzling the position.

MAUD. (*in a whisper—leaning towards him*) Yours and yours only ! (*clock strikes nine*)

SIDNEY. (*with watch*) Nine ! Why doesn't time stop, and big Ben refuse to toll the hour? (*LADY and LORD PTARMIGANT appear and open gate, R.*)

MAUD. (*frightened*) My aunt! (*SIDNEY gets to back,*

*round L. of square—LORD and LADY PTARMIGANT advance*)

LADY P. (*a very grand acid old lady*) Maud!

MAUD. Aunty, I was just coming away.

LADY P. No one in the Square ? Quite improper to be here alone, Ferdinand!

LORD P. (*a little old gentleman*) My love?

LADY P. What is the time ?

LORD P. Don't know—watch stopped—tired of going I suppose, like me.

LADY P. (*sitting on chair—throws down the gloves left by SIDNEY with her dress*) What's that? (*picking them up*) Gloves?

MAUD, (*frightened*) Mine, aunty!

LADY P. Yours? You've got yours on! (*looking at them*) These are Sidney Daryl's. I know his size—seven-and-a-half. I see why you are so fond of walking in the square; for shame! (*turning to SIDNEY, who has just got the R. gate open, and is going out*) Sidney! (*fiercely*) I see you ! There is no occasion to try and sneak away. Come here. (*SIDNEY advances. With ironical politeness*) You have left your gloves, (*all are standing except LORD PTARMIGANT, who lies at full length on chair and goes to sleep*)

SIDNEY. (*confused*) Thank you, Lady Ptarm-----

LADY P. You two fools have been making love. I've long suspected it. I'm shocked with both of you; a penniless scribbler, and a dependant orphan, without a shilling or an expectation. Do you (*to SIDNEY*) wish to drag my niece, born and bred a lady, to a back parlour, and bread and cheese? Or do you (*to MAUD*) wish to marry a shabby writer, who can neither feed himself or you ? I can leave you nothing, for I am as well bred a pauper as yourselves, (*to MAUD*) To keep appointments in a public square ! your conduct is disgraceful—worse—it is unladylike ; and yours (*to SIDNEY*), is dishonorable, and unworthy, to fill the head of a foolish girl, with sentiment and rubbish, (*loudly*) Ferdinand.

LORD P. (*waking up*) Yes, dear.

LADY P. Do keep awake; the Chodds will be here directly; they are to walk home with us, and I request you to make yourself agreeable to them.

LORD P. Such canaille.

LADY P. Such cash!

LORD P. Such cads.

LADY P. Such cash! Pray Ferdinand, don't argue.  
{authoritatively}

LORD P. I never do. (*goes to sleep again*)

LADY P. I wish for no *esclandre*. Let us have no discussion in the square. Mr. Daryl, I shall be sorry if you compel me to forbid you my house. I have other views for Miss Hetherington. (SIDNEY bows)

*The two CHODDS in evening dress appear at gate, R.—they enter.*

LADY P. My dear Mr. Chodd, Maud has been so impatient, (*the CHODDS do not see SIDNEY—to CHODD, SEN.*) I shall take your arm, Mr. Chodd. (*very sweetly*) Maud, dear; Mr. John will escort you.

(*street band heard playing "Fra Poco" in distance—*

MAUD takes CHODD, JUN.'S arm—the two couples go off, R. gate—as MAUD turns, she looks an adieu at SIDNEY, who waves the bunch of ribbon, and sits down on chair in a reverie, not perceiving LORD PTARMIGANT'S legs — LORD PTARMIGANT jumps up with pain—SIDNEY apologizes—Curtain quick)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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## ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Parlour at the "Owl's Boost" Public House. Cushioned seats all round the apartment; gas lighted R. and L., over tables; splint boxes, pipes, newspapers, fyc, on table; writing materials on R. table (near door); gong bell on L. table; door of entrance, c.; clock above door (hands set to half-past nine); hat pegs and hats on walls.*

*In the chair, at L. table head, is discovered O'SULLIVAN—also in the following order MAC USQUEBAUGH, AUTHOR, and DR. MAKVICZ—also at R. table TRODNON (at head), SHAMHEART, BRADLEY, SCARGIL — the REPORTER of "Belgravian Banner" is sitting outside the R. table, near*

*the head, and with his back turned to it, smoking a cigar—the CHARACTERS are all discovered drinking and smoking, some reading, some with their hats on.*

OMNES. Bravo ! hear—hear! bravo!

O'SULL. (*on his legs, a glass in one hand, and terminating a speech, in Irish accent*) It is, therefore, gentlemen, with the most superlative felicitee, the most fraternal convivialitee, the warmest congenialitee, the most burning friendship, and ardent admiration, that I propose his health!

OMNES. Hear! hear, &c.

O'SULL. He is a man, in the words of the divine bard-----

TROD. (*in sepulchral voice*) Hear ! hear !

O'SULL. Who, in " suffering everything, has suffered nothing."

TROD. Hear! hear!

O'SULL. I have known him, when in the days of his prosperitee, he rowled down to the House of Commons in his carriage.

MAC U. 'Twasn't his own—'twas a job !

OMNES. Silence! chair! order!

O'SULL. I have known him when his last copper, and his last glass of punch has been shared with the frind of his heart!

OMNES. Hear! hear!

O'SULL. And it is with feelings of no small pride that I inform ye, that that frind of his heart was the humble individual who has now the honour to address ye !

OMNES. Hear! hear, &c.

O'SULL. But prizeman at Trinity, number of the bar, senator, classical scholar, or frind, Desmond Mac Usquebaugh has always been the same—a gentleman and a scholar; and that highest type of that glorious union—an Irish gentleman and scholar. Gentlemen, I drink his health. Desmond, my long loved frind, bless ye ! (*all rise solemnly and drink—" Mr. Mac Usquebaugh."*)

O'SULL. Gentlemen, my frind Mr. Mac Usquebaugh will respond.

OMNES. Hear! hear!

*Enter* WAITER, with glasses, tobacco, &c, and receives orders—changes O'SULLIVAN's glass and exit, c.—*Enter* TOM STYLUS and CHODD, JUN., c.—TOM has a great coat on over an evening dress.

CHODD, JUN. Thank you ; no, not anything.

TOM. Just a wet—an outrider—or advanced guard, to prepare the way for the champagne.

CHODD, JUN. No.

*(as soon as the sitters see TOM STYLUS they give him a friendly nod, look enquiringly at CHODD, and whisper each other)*

TOM. (R.) You'd better. They are men worth knowing. *(pointing them out)* That is the celebrated Olinthus O'Sullivan, Doctor of Civil Laws. *(O'SULLIVAN is at this moment reaching to the gas light to light his pipe)*

CHODD, JUN. (L.) The gent with the long pipe ?

TOM. Yes; one of the finest classical scholars in the world ; might have sat upon the woosack if he'd chosen but he didn't. *(O'SULLIVAN is now tossing with MAC USQUE-BAUGH)* That is the famous Desmond Mac Usquebaugh, late M.P. for Killcrackskullcuddy, county Galway, a great patriot and orator; might have been Chancellor of the Exchequer if he'd chosen, but he didn't. *(SCARGIL reaches to the gas light to light his pipe)* That's Bill Bradley, *(pointing to BRADLEY, who is reading paper with double eye-glass)* author of the famous romance of " Time and Opportunity;" ran through ten editions. He got two thousand pounds for it, which was his ruin.

CHODD, JUN. How was he ruined by getting two thousand pounds?

TOM. He's never done anything since. We call him " one book Bradley." That gentleman fast asleep—*(looking towards author at table, L.)* has made the fortune of three publishers, and the buttoned-up one with the shirt front of beard is Herr Makvicz, the great United German. Dr. Scargil, there, discovered the mensuration of the motive power of the cerebral organs. *(SCARGIL takes pinch of snuff from a box on table)*

CHODD, JUN. What's that?

TOM. How many million miles per minute thought can travel. He might have made his fortune if he'd chosen.

CHODD, JUN. But he didn't. Who is that mild looking party, with the pink complexion, and the white hair? (*looking towards SHAMHEART*)

TOM. Sam Shamheart, the professional philanthropist. He makes it his business and profit to love the whole human race. (*SHAMHEART puffs a huge cloud of smoke from his pipe*) Smoke, sir; all smoke. A superficial observer would consider him only a pleasant oily humbug, but I, having known him two and twenty years, feel qualified to pronounce him one of the biggest villains untransported.

CHODD, JUN. And that man asleep at the end of the table ?

TOM. Trodnon, the eminent tragedian. (*TRODNON raises himself from the table — yawns — stretches himself, and again drops head on table*)

CHODD, JUN. I never heard of him.

TOM. Nor anybody else. But he's a confirmed tippler, and here we consider drunkenness an infallible sign of genius—we make that a rule.

CHODD, JUN. But if they are all such great men, why didn't they make money by their talents?

TOM. (R.) Make money! They'd scorn it! they wouldn't do it—that's another rule. That gentleman there (*looking towards a very seedy man with eye-glass in his eye*) does the evening parties on the "Belgravian Banner."

CHODD, JUN. (*with interest*) Does he? Will he put my name in among the fashionables to-night ?

TOM. Yes.

CHODD, JUN. And that we may know who's there and everything about it—you're going with me.

TOM. Yes, I'm going into *society*; thanks to your getting me the invitation. I can dress up an account, not a mere list of names, but a picturesque report of the Soiree, and shew under what brilliant auspices you entered the beau-monde.

CHODD, JUN. Beau-monde. What's that?

TOM. (*chaffing him*) Every man is called a cockney who is born within the sound of the beau-monde.

CHODD, JUN. (*not seeing it*) Oh! Order me 200 copies of the " Belgravian "----- What's its name ?

TOM. "Banner."

CHODD, JUN. The day my name's in it—and put me down as a regular subscriber. I like to encourage high class literature. By the way, shall I ask the man what he'll take to drink ?

TOM. No, no.

CHODD, JUN. I'll pay for it. I'll stand, you know.  
{going to him, TOM stops him}

TOM. No, no—he don't know you, and he'd be offended.

CHODD, JUN. But, I suppose all these chaps are plaguy poor?

TOM. Yes, they're poor; but they are *gentlemen*.

CHODD, JUN. (*grinning*) I like that notion—a *poor* gentleman—it tickles me. (*going up, R.*)

TOM. (*crossing into L. corner*) Metallic snob !

CHODD, JUN. I'm off now. (*going up, R.*) You'll come to my rooms and we'll go together in the brougham. I want to introduce you to my friends Lady Ptarmigant and Lord Ptarmigant?

TOM. I must wait here for a proof I expect from the office.

CHODD, JUN. How long shall you be ?

TOM. (*looking at clock*) An hour.

CHODD, JUN. Don't be later.

*Exit* CHODD, JUN., C.—*the* REPORTER *rises, gets paper from, L, table, and shews it to* SHAMHEART, *sitting next him on his L. hand*)

O'SULL. Sit down, Tommy, my dear boy. Gintlemen, Mr. Desmond Mac Usquebaugh will respond, (*tapping with hammer*)

*Enter* WAITER, C, *and gives* BRADLEY *a glass of grog.*

MAC U. (*rising*) Gintlemen. (TOM *taking his coat off, shews evening dress*)

TOM. A go of whiskey.

WAITER. Scotch or Irish?

TOM. Irish.

*Exit* WAITER, C.—*all are astonished at TOM'S costume—they cry " by Jove ! there's a swell," &c.*

O'SULL. Why, Tom, my dear friend—are ye going to be married to-night, that ye're got up so gorgeously ?

MAC U. Tom, you're handsome as an angel.

O'SULL. Or a duke's footman. Gentlemen, rise and salute our illustrious brother.

*(all rise and make TOM mock bows)*

BEAD. The gods preserve you, noble sir.

SHAM. May the bill of your sublime highness' washer-woman be never the less.

MAC U. And may it be paid, *(a general laugh)*

O'SULL. Have you come into a fortune ?

DR. M. Or married a widow ?

SHAM. Or buried a relation ? *(a general laugh)* By my soul, Tom, you look an honour to humanity!

O'SULL. And your laundress, *(a general laugh)*

BEAD. Gentlemen, Mr. Stylus's health and shirt front.

*(a general laugh—all drink and sit)*

TOM. (C.) Bless ye, my people, bless ye ! *(sits, and takes out short pipe and smokes)*

O'SULL. Gentlemen, *(rising)* My friend, Mr. Usquebaugh, will respond.

OMNES. Hear, hear!

MAC U. *(rising)* Gentlemen-----

*Enter SIDNEY, in evening dress and wrapper. Enter WAITER with Tom's grog.*

OMNES. Hallo, Daryl!

SIDNEY. How are ye, boys ? Doctor, how goes it ? *(shaking hands)* Mac. How d'ye do, O'Sullivan? Tom, I want to speak to you.

O'SULL. Ah, Tom, this is the rale metal—the genuine thing; compared to him you are a sort of Whitechapel would-if-I-could-be. *(to SIDNEY)* Sit down, my gorgeous one, and drink with me.

SIDNEY. No, thanks. *(SIDNEY and TOM sit at R. tablehead)*

O'SULL. Waiter, take Mr. Daryl's orders.

SIDNEY. Brandy cold. *Exit WAITER, C.*

MAC. Take off your wrap-rascal, and shew your fine feathers.

SIDNEY. No ; I'm going out, and I shall smoke my coat. *(TOM extinguishes his pipe, and puts it in his dress coat pocket, then puts on his great coat, with great solemnity)*

O'SULL. Going?

TOM. No.

O'SULL. Got the rheumatism ?

TOM. NO ; but I shall smoke my coat, (*general laugh*)

*Enter WAITER, C.—he gives glass of brandy and water to SIDNEY, and glass of grog to SHAMHEART.*

O'SULL. What news, Daryl?

SIDNEY. None, except that the Ministry is to be defeated. (*O'SULLIVAN pays WAITER*)

ALL. No!

SIDNEY. I say, yes. They're whipping up everybody to vote against Thunder's motion. Thunder is sure of a majority, and out they go. Capital brandy, (*coming forward*) Tom! (*TOM rises—they come down stage*) I am off to a soiree.

TOM. (*R.—aside*) So am I; but I won't tell him.

SIDNEY, (*L.*) I find I've nothing in my portmonnaie but notes. I want a trifle for a cab. Lend me five shillings.

TOM. I haven't got it; but I can get it for you.

SIDNEY. There's a good fellow, do. (*returns to seat*)

TOM. (*to MAC USQUEBAUGH, after looking round*) Mac, (*whispering*) lend me five bob.

MAC U. My dear boy, I haven't got so much.

TOM. Then don't lend it.

MAC U. But I'll get it for you. (*crosses to BRADLEY—whispers*) Bradley, lend me five shillings.

BRAD. I haven't it about me; but I'll get it for you. (*crosses to O'SULLIVAN—whispers*) O'Sullivan, lend me five shillings.

O'SULL. I haven't got it; but I'll get it for you. (*crossing to SCARGIL—whispers*) Scargil, lend me five shillings.

SCARG. I haven't got it, but I'll get it for you. (*crossing to MAKVICZ—whispers*) Doctor, lend me five shillings.

DR. M. I am waiting for change vor a zoveren; I'll give it you when de waiter brings it me.

SCARG. All right! (*to O'SULLIVAN*) All right!

O'SULL. All right! (*to BRADLEY*) All right!

BRAD. All right! (*to MAC USQUEBAUGH*) All right!

MAC U. All right! (*to TOM*) All right!

TOM. (*to SIDNEY*) All right !

O'SULL. (*tapping*) Gentlemen, my friend Mr. Mac Usquebaugh will respond to the toast that-----

MAC U. (*rising*) Gentlemen-----

SIDNEY. Oh, cut the speechifying, I hate it! you ancients are so fond of spouting; let's be jolly, I've only a few minutes more.

BRAD. Daryl, sing us " Cock-a-doodle doo."

SIDNEY. I only know the first two verses.

TOM. I know the rest.

*Enter WAITER, gives glass of grog to MAKVICZ.*

SIDNEY. Then here goes. Waiter, shut the door, and don't open it till I've done. Now then, ready.

*Exit WAITER—O'SULLIVAN taps.*

SIDNEY. (*giving out*) Political:—

(*sings*) When ministers in fear and doubt,\*  
That they should be from place kicked out,  
Get up 'gainst time and sense to spout  
A long dull evening through.  
What mean they then by party clique,  
Mob orators and factions weak ?  
'Tis only would they truth then speak  
But cock-a-doodle doo!  
Cock-a-doodle, cock-a-doodle, cock-a-doodle doo.

CHORUS. (*gravely and solemnly shaking their heads*) Cock a-doodle, &c.

SIDNEY. (*speaking*) Commercial:—

When companies, whose stock of cash  
Directors spend to cut a dash,  
Are formed to advertise and smash,  
And bankruptcy go through.  
When tradesfolks live in regal state,  
The goods they sell adulterate,  
And puff in print, why what's their prate  
But cock-a-doodle-doo?  
Cock-a-doodle, cock-a-doodle, &c.

CHORUS. (*as before*) Cock-doodle, &c.

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\* The Music of this Song is published by METZLER & Co., 37, Great Marlborough Street.

*Enter WAITER, C.*

O'SULL. How dare you come in and interrupt the harmony ?

WAITER. Beg pardon, sir, but there's somebody says as he must see Mr. Stylus.

TOM. Is he a devil ?

WAITER. No, sir, he's a juvenile, (*a general laugh*)

TOM. Send in some whiskey—Irish—and the devil.

WAITER. Hot, sir ? (*a general laugh*)

*TOM nods to WAITER who exits, c. door.*

SIDNEY. Why can't you see your proofs at the office ?

TOM. I'm in full fig, and can't stew in that atmosphere of steam and copperas.

*Enter PRINTER'S BOY, C, he goes up to TOM at head of R. table—Enter WAITER with tray, hot water jug, &c.—he gives change in silver to MAKVICZ who crosses to SCARGIL—WAITER puts hot water jug and whiskey before TOM, and exit c. door.*

DOCTOR M. Here ! (*giving two half crowns to SCARGIL*) Scargil!

SCARG. (*crossing in same manner to O' SULLIVAN*) Here, O'Sullivan !

O'SULL. (*crossing to BRADLEY*) Here, Bradley.

BRAD. (*crossing to MAC USQUEBAUGH*) Here, Mac.

MAC U. (*crossing to TOM*) Here, Tom.

PRINTER'S BOY. (*to TOM*) Please, sir, Mr. Duval said would you add this to it ? (*giving TOM a proof slip*)

TOM. All right—wait outside—I'll bring it to you.

*Exit BOY, C.*

TOM. (*draws writing pad towards him—takes his grog, and is about to pour hot water from pewter jug into it, when he burns his fingers, starts up and dances*) Confound it!

ALL. What's the matter?

TOM. I've scalded my fingers with the hot water.

SIDNEY. (*taking up pen*) Here, I'll correct it for you.

TOM. Thank you.

O'SULL. Gentlemen, proceed with the harmony. Mr. Stylus-----

TOM. One minute, (*to SIDNEY*) Just add this to it.

(*SIDNEY sits down to write, TOM standing over him*)

TOM. (*reading slip*) " Fashionable Intelligence.—We hear a marriage is on the tapis between Mr. John Chodd, junior, son of the celebrated millionaire, and Miss Maud Hetherington, daughter of the late Colonel Hetherington."

(*SIDNEY starts*)

TOM. What's the matter ?

SIDNEY. Nothing! (*he goes on writing—O'SULLIVAN taps hammer*)

TOM. (*speaking*) Amatory :—

(*sings*) When woman, lovely woman sighs,  
 You praise her form, her hair, her eyes;  
 Would link your heart by tend'rest ties,  
 And vow your vows are true.  
 She answers tenderly and low,  
 Though from her lips the words that flow,  
 So softly sweet are nought we know  
 But cock-a-doodle-doo !

&c., &c., &c,

(*TOM throws the five shillings to SIDNEY, which rattle on the table—SIDNEY gives him lack the proof, his face is deadly pale—as his head falls on the table the Chorus is singing, " Cock-a-doodle-doo, &c."—closed in*)

SCENE SECOND.—*A Retiring Room at " Sir Farintosh " Fadileaf's" (2nd grooves) ; large archway or alcove, L., with curtain drawn or doors leading to ball room ; small arch or alcove, R., leading to supper room, with drawn curtain ; centre opening curtains drawn ; the room is decorated for a ball; candelabra, flowers, &c\**

" LADY P. (*without*) Very pretty—very pretty indeed, " Sir Farintosh; all very nice."

*Enter from R., with " SIR FARINTOSH," LORD PTARMIGANT and MAUD, all in evening dress.*

" SIR F. (*an old beau*) So kind of you, cousin

---

\* The lines between inverted commas can be omitted.

" Ptarmigant, to take pity on a poor old widower who has  
" no womankind to receive for him, and all that.

" LADY P. Not at all—not at all; I am only too glad  
" to be useful."

LORD P. (*speaking off*, R. 1 E.) Bring chairs.

LADY P. Ferdinand, you can't want to go to sleep  
again!

LORD P. I know I can't, but I do.

(SERVANT *brings two chairs and a small table*, R.)

LADY P. Besides I don't want chairs here, young men  
get lolling about, and then they don't dance. (LORD  
PTARMIGANT *sits*, R., *and closes his eyes*) " Farintosh,  
" (*knocks heard*) the arrivals are beginning.

" SIR F. But, Lady Ptarmigant, if-----

" LADY P. Remember that the old Dowager Countess  
" of Mc Swillumore has plenty of whiskey toddy in a  
" green glass, to make believe hock.

" SIR F. But if-----

" LADY P. Now go. Oh dear me! (*almost forces*  
SIR FARINTOSH *off*, L.") Now, Maud, one word with you;  
you have been in disgrace all this last week about that  
writing fellow.

MAUD. (L., *indignant*) What writing fellow ?

LADY P. Don't echo me if you please. You know  
who I mean—Daryl!

MAUD. Mr. Daryl is a relation of your ladyship's—the  
son of the late Sir Percy Daryl, and brother of the present  
Baronet.

LADY P. (R.) And when the present Baronet, that  
precious Percy, squandered everything at the gamingtable,  
dipped the estates, and ruined himself, Sidney gave up  
the money left him by his mother, to reinstate a dissolute  
beggared brother ! don't forget that !

MAUD. (*with exaltation*) I do not forget it, I never  
shall. To give up all his fortune, to ruin his bright  
prospects to preserve his brother, and his brother's wife  
and children, to keep unsullied the honour of his name,  
was an act-----

LADY P. Of a noodle, and now he hasn't a penny  
save what he gets by scribbling—a pretty pass for a man  
of family to come to. You are my niece, and it is

my solemn duty to get you married if I can. Don't thwart me, and I will. Leave sentiment to servant wenches who sweetheart the policeman, it's unworthy of a lady. I've a man in my eye—I mean a rich one—young Chodd.

MAUD. (*with repugnance*) Such a common-place person.

LADY B. With a very uncommon-place purse. . He will have eighteen thousand a year. I have desired him to pay you court, and I desire you to receive it.

MAUD. He is so vulgar.

LADY P. He is so rich. When he is your husband put him in a back study, and don't shew him.

MAUD. But I detest him.

LADY P. What on earth has that to do with it ? You wouldn't love a man before you were married to him, would you ? Where are your principles ? Ask my lord how I treated him before our marriage, (*hitting LORD P. with her fan*) Ferdinand!

LORD P. (*awaking*) My love!

LADY P. Do keep awake.

LORD P. 'Pon my word you were making such a noise I thought I was in the House of Commons, (*with fond regret*) I used to be allowed to sleep so comfortably there.

LADY P. Are you not of opinion that a match between Mr. Chodd and Maud would be most desirable.

LORD P. (*looking at LADY P.*) Am I not of opinion—my opinion—what is my opinion ?

LADY P. (*hitting him with fan*) Yes, of course.

LORD P. Yes—of course—my opinion is yes, of course. (*aside—crossing c. with chair*) Just as it used to be in the house. I always roused in time to vote as I was told to.

MAUD. But, uncle, one can't purchase happiness at shops in packets, like bon-bons. A thousand yards of lace cost so much, they can be got at the milliner's; but an hour of home or repose can only be had for love. Mere wealth-----

LORD P. My dear, wealth, if it does not bring happiness, brings the best imitation of it procurable for money. There are two things—wealth and poverty. The former makes the world a place to live in; the latter a place to go to sleep in—as I do. (*leans back in chair and dozes*)

" *Enter* SIR FARINTOSH, COLONEL BROWSER *and* LORD CLOUDWRAYS, L. C.

" SIR F. Have you heard the news? the division is to come off to-night. Many men won't be able to come. I must be off to vote. If the Ministry go out-----

" COL. B. They won't go out—there'll be a dissolution!

" SIR F. And I shall have to go down to be re-elected.

" Cloudwrays, will you come and vote?

" LORD C. [*languidly*] No.

" SIR F. Why not?

" LORD C. I'm dying for a weed.

" SIR F. You can smoke in the smoking room!

" LORD C. So I can—that didn't occur to me!

" SIR F. Ptarmigant, cousin, you do the honours for me.

" My country calls, you know, and all that. Come on,

" Cloudwrays; how slow you are. Hi, tobacco !

" (CLOUDWRAYS *rouses himself—exeunt* SIR FARIN-

" TOSH *and* LORD CLOUDWRAYS—LORD PTARMIGANT

" *dozes*)

" COL. B. (*who has been talking to* LADY PTARMIGANT,

" *turns to* LORD PTARMIGANT) As I was saying to her

" ladyship-----

" LADY P. Ferdinand, do wake up !

" LORD P. Hear, hear! (*waking*) My dear!"

*Enter* SERVANT, R. 1 E.

PAGE. Mr. Chodd, Mr. John Chodd and Mr. Stylus.

*Enter* CHODD, JUN., CHODD, SEN. *and* TOM, R. 1 E.—*exit* SERVANT, R. 1 E.

LADY P. (L. C.) My dear Mr. Chodd, how late you are! Maud dear, here is Mr. Chodd. Do you know we were going to scold you, you naughty men!

CHODD, SEN. (R. C, *astonished—aside*) Naughty men ! Johnny, her ladyship says we're naughty men; we've done something wrong!

CHODD JUN. (R.) No, no—it's only her Ladyship's patrician fun. Don't call me Johnny—I'm sure I hurried here on the wings of----- (*crossing* L. C, *falls over* LORD PTARMIGANT'S *feet, who rises and turns his chair the*

reverse way—CHODD *seeing MAUD, repellant*)—a brougham and pair. Lady Ptarmigant, let me introduce a friend of mine. Lady Ptarmigant—Mr. Stylus, whom I took the liberty of-----

LADY P. (R. c.) Charmed to see any friend of yours!  
(*TOM advances from back, R., abashed—as he is backing and bowing he falls over LORD PTARMIGANT'S legs—LORD PTARMIGANT rises with look of annoyance—they bow—LORD PTARMIGANT again turns chair and sits*)

LADY P. Mr. Chodd, take me to the ball room. (CHODD SEN., *offers his arm*) You will look after Maud, I'm sure. (to CHODD, JUN., *who smilingly offers his arm to MAUD, who with a suppressed look of disgust, takes it*) Mr. Si-len-us.

" TOM. Stylus—ma'am—my lady.

" LADY P. Stylus—pardon me—will you be kind enough to keep my lord awake? (*significantly*) Maud!—" now, dear Mr. Chodd.

" CHODD, JUN. Guv !

" *Exeunt* LADY PTARMIGANT, MAUD, and the  
" CHODDS, L.

" TOM. (*aside*) These are two funny old swells !

" COL. B. Odd looking fellow, (to TOM) Nice place this!

" TOM. Very.

" COL. B. And charming man, Fadileaf.

" TOM. Very;—I don't know him, but I should say he  
" must be very jolly.

" COL. B. (*laughing*) Bravo !—why you're a wit!

" TOM. Yes! (*aside*) What does he mean ?

" COL. B. (*offering box*) Snuff? Who's to win the Leger?  
" Diadeste ?

" TOM, I don't know,—not in my department.

" COL. B. (*laughing*) Very good.

" TOM. What is ? (*innocently*)

" COL. B. You are. Do you play whist ?

" TOM. Yes,—cribbage and all fours, likewise.

" COL. B. We'll find another man, and make up a rubber.

" TOM. (*pointing to LORD PTARMIGANT asleep*) He'll do  
" for dummy.

" COL. B. (*laughing*) Capital!

" TOM. "What a queer fellow this is,—he laughs at  
" everything I say. (*dance music*)

" COL. B. They've begun.

" TOM. (*waking up* LORD PTARMIGANT) My lady said  
" I was to keep you awake.

" LORD P. Thank you.

" COL. B. Come and have a rubber! Let's go and  
" look up Chedbury.

" LORD P. Yes.

" COL. B. (*to* TOM) You'll find us in the card room.

" *Exeunt* LORD PTARMIGANT and COLONEL BROWSER, L."

LADY P. Ferdinand! (*going up c. to* LORD PTARMI-  
GANT, *who awakes*) Do rouse yourself, and follow me to  
the ball room.

*Exeunt all but* TOM, L. 2 E.—LORD PTARMIGANT  
*returns and drags chair off after him.*

TOM. Here I am in Society, and I think Society is rather  
slow; it's much jollier at the "Owl," and there's more to  
drink. If it were not wicked to say it, how I should  
enjoy a glass of gin and water !

*Enter* LADY PTARMIGANT, L.

LADY P. (L.) Mr. Si-len-us!

TOM. (R.—*abashed*) Stylus, ma'am—my lady!

LADY P. Stylus ! I beg pardon. You're all alone.

TOM. With the exception of your ladyship !

LADY P. All the members have gone down to the  
House to vote, and we are dreadfully in want of men—  
I mean dancers ! You dance, of course ?

TOM. Oh ! of course—I----- (*abashed*)

LADY P. As it is Leap-year, I may claim the privilege  
of asking you to see me through a quadrille !

TOM. (R.—*frightened*) My lady! I-----

LADY P. (L.—*aside*) He's a friend of the Chodds, and  
it will please them. Come then ! (*she takes his arm*)—  
(*sniffing*) Dear me ! What a dreadful smell of tobacco!

(*sniffing*)

TOM. (*awfully self-conscious—sniffing*) Is there ?

LADY P. (*sniffing*) Some fellow must have been  
smoking.

TOM. (*sniffing*) I think some fellow must, or some

fellow must have been where some other fellows have been smoking, *(aside)* It's that beastly parlour at the "Owl." *(in taking out his pocket handkerchief his pipe falls on floor)*

LADY P. What's that ?\*

TOM. *(in torture)* What's what? *(turning about and looking through eye glass at the air)*

LADY B. *(pointing)* That!

TOM. *(as if in doubt)* I rather think—it—is—a pipe !

LADY P. I'm sure of it. You'll join me in the ball room, *(going up c. to L.)*

TOM. Instantly, your ladyship.

*Exit* LADY PTARMIGANT, L.

*(looking at pipe—he picks it up)* If ever I bring you into society again----- *(drops it)* Waiter!

*Enter* PAGE, R. 1. E.

Somebody's dropped something. Remove the whatsoname.

*(Quadrille Music in ball room, PAGE goes off, R. 1. E. and returns with tray and sugar tongs, with which he picks up pipe with an air of ineffable disgust and goes off, R. 1. E.)*

Now to spin round the old woman in the mazy waltz *(splits kid gloves in drawing them on)* there goes one and nine. *Exit* TOM, L.

*Enter* SIDNEY, L.—*he is pale and excited—one of the gold links of his wrist-band is unfastened.*

SID. I have seen her—she was smiling—dancing, but not with him. She looked so bright and happy. I won't think of her. How quiet it is here: so different to that hot room with the crowd of fools and coquettes whirling round each other. I like to be alone—alone! I am now thoroughly—and to think it was but a week ago—one little week—I'll forget her—forget, and hate her:—Hate her—Oh, Maud; Maud; till now, I never knew how much I loved you; loved you—loved you—gone ; shattered ; shivered ; and for whom?—for one of my own birth? for one of my own rank ?—No ! for a common clown, who—

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\* This incident is taken from M. Emile Augier's admirable comedy of "Les Effrontes".—T. W. R.

confound this link—but he is rich—and—it won't hold (*trying to fasten it—his fingers trembling*) I've heard it all—always with her, at the Opera and the Park attentive and obedient—and she accepts him. My head aches— (*louder*) I'll try a glass of champagne.

TOM. (*without, R.*) Champagne—here you are! (*draws curtain*)

*Enter TOM, R. 2 E., with champagne glass, from supper-room—portion of supper table seen in alcove.*

TOM. (*seeing SIDNEY*) Sidney.

SIDNEY. Tom ! you here !

TOM. Very much here: (*drinking*) I was brought by Mr. Chodd.

SIDNEY. (L.) Chodd?

TOM. (R.) Don't startle a fella. You look pale—aren't you well ?

SIDNEY, (*rallying*) Jolly, never better.

TOM. Have some salmon.

SIDNEY. I'm not hungry.

TOM. Then try some jelly, it's no trouble to masticate and is emollient and agreeable to the throat and palate.

SIDNEY. No, Tom, champagne.

TOM. There you are. (*fetching bottle from table*)

SIDNEY. I'll meet her eye to eye. (*drinks*) Another, Tom—and be as smiling and indifferent. As for that heavy-metalled dog—thanks, Tom. (*drinks*) Another.

TOM. I've been drinking with old Lady Ptarmigan.

SIDNEY. Confound her.

TOM. I did. As I was twirling her round I sent my foot through her dress and tore her skirt out of the gathers.

SIDNEY, (*laughing hysterically*) Good! good! bravo ! Tom ! Did she row you ?

TOM. Not a bit. She said it was of no consequence; but her looks were awful.

SIDNEY. Ha! ha ! ha! Tom you're a splendid fellow, not like these damned swells, all waistcoat and shirt front.

TOM. But I like the swells. I played a rubber with them and won three pounds, then I shewed them some conjuring tricks—you know I'm a famous conjuror (*taking*

*a pack of cards out of his pocket*) By Jupiter! look here I've brought the pack away with me ; I didn't know I had I'll go and take it back.

SIDNEY. (*taking cards from him absently*) No, never mind, stay with me, I don't want you to go.

TOM. I find high life most agreeable, everybody is so amiable, so thoughtful, so full of feeling.

SIDNEY. Feeling! Why man, this is a flesh market where the matchmaking mammas and chattering old chaperons have no more sense of feeling than drovers---the girls no more sentiment than sheep, and the best man is the highest bidder; that is, the biggest fool with the longest purse.

TOM. Sidney, you're ill.

SIDNEY. You lie, Tom—never better—excellent high spirits—confound this link !

*Enter* LORD CLOUDWRAYS *and* " SIR FARINTOSH," L.

LORD C. }  
" SIR F." } By Jove! Ha, Sidney, heard the news ?

SIDNEY. (C.) News—there is no news! the times are bankrupt, and the assignees have sold off the events.

LORD C. }  
" SIR F." } The Ministry is defeated.

TOM. (R.) No.

LORD C. }  
SIR F. } Yes; by a majority of forty-six.

SIDNEY. Serve them right.

LORD C. }  
SIR F. } Why?

SIDNEY. I don't know ! Why, what a fellow you are to want reasons.

LORD C. Sidney!

SIDNEY. Hollo, Cloudwrays ! my bright young British senator—my undeveloped Chatham, and mature Raleigh.

TOM. Will they resign ?

SIDNEY. Of course they will: resignation is the duty of every man, or minister, who can't do anything else.

TOM. Who will be sent for to form a government ?

SIDNEY. Cloudwrays.

LOED C. How you do chaff a man!

SIDNEY. Why not? Inaugurate a new policy—the policy of smoke—free trade in tobacco! Go in, not for principles, but for Principles—our hearths—our homes, and 'bacca-boxes!

TOM. If there's a general election ?

SIDNEY. Hurrah, for a general election ! eh, Cloudwrays —" eh, Farintosh ?" What speeches you'll make—what lies you'll tell, and how your constituents *won't* believe you!

LORD C. }  
" SIR F." } How odd you are.

LORD C. Ar 't you well?

SIDNEY. Glorious ! only one thing annoys me.

LORD C. }  
" SIR F." } What's that ?

SIDNEY. They won t give me any more champagne.

" *Enter COLONEL BROWSER, L.*"

LORD C. } Lady Ptarmigant sent me here to say-----  
" COL. B. } Farintosh," the ladies want partners.

" *COLONEL and SIR FAIRINTOSH go off, L.*"

SIDNEY. Partners! Here are partners for them—long, tall, stout, fat, thin, poor, rich, (*crossing, c.*) Cloudwrays, you're the man!

*Enter CHODD, JUN., L.—SIDNEY sees and points to him.*

SIDNEY. No ; this is the man !

CHODD, JUN. (L.) Confound this fellow ! (*aside*)

SIDNEY. (L. C.) This, sir, is the " Young Lady's Best Companion," well bound, Bramah-locked, and gilt at the edges—mind, gilt only at the edges. This link will *not* hold, (*sees the pack of cards in his hand*) Here, Chodd, take these—no, cut for a ten pound note, (*puts cards on small table, R.*)

CHODD, JUN. (L. C, *quickly*) With pleasure, (*aside*) I'll punish this audacious pauper in the pocket, (*crossing to table*)

LORD C. You mustn't gamble here.

SIDNEY. Only for a frolic !

CHODD, JUN. I'm always lucky at cards!

SIDNEY. Yes, I know an old proverb about that.

CHODD, JUN. Eh?

SIDNEY. (R.) Lucky at play, unlucky in----- This link will not hold.

CHODD, JUN. (L. C., *maliciously*) Shall we put the stakes down first?

SIDNEY. (*producing portmonnaie*) With pleasure!

LORD C. But I don't think it right----- (*advancing—*  
CHODD *stays him with his arm*)

TOM. Sidney!

SIDNEY. Nonsense! hold your tongue, Cloudwrays, and I'll give you a regalia. Let's make it for five-and-twenty?

CHODD, JUN. Done!

SIDNEY. Lowest wins—that's in your favour.

CHODD, JUN. Eh?

SIDNEY. Ace is lowest, (*they cut*) Mine ! Double the stakes ?

CHODD, JUN. Done! (*they cut*)

SIDNEY. Mine again ! Double again?

CHODD, JUN. Done ! (*they cut*)

SIDNEY. You're done again! I'm in splendid play to-night. One hundred I think!

CHODD, JUN. I'd play again (*handing notes*) but I've no more with me.

SIDNEY. Your word's sufficient—you can send to my chambers—besides, you've got your cheque book. A hundred again ?

CHODD, JUN. Yes. (*they cut*)

SIDNEY. Huzzah! Fortune's a lady! Again? (CHODD *nods—they cut*) Bravo ! Again ? (CHODD *nods—they cut*) Mine again! Again? (CHODD *nods—they cut*) Mine again! Again ? (CHODD *nods—they cut*) Same result! That makes five! Let's go in for a thousand?

CHODD, JUN. Done!

LORD C. (*advancing*) No!

CHODD, JUN. (*savagely*) Get out of the way! (LORD CLOUDWRAYS *looks at him through eye glass in astonishment*)

SIDNEY. Pooh! (*they cut*) Mine ! Double again ?

CHODD, JUN. Yes.

LORD C. (*going round to back of table and seizing the pack*) No ; I can't suffer this to go on—Lady Ptarmigan would be awful angry, (*going off. L.*)

SIDNEY. Here, Cloudwrays! what a fellow you are.

*Exit LORD CLOUDWRAYS, L. C.*

(*turning to CHODD, JUN.*) You owe me a thousand !

CHODD, JUN. I shall not forget it.

SIDNEY. I don't suppose you will. Confound—(*trying to button sleeve link, crossing c.*) Oh, to jog your memory, take this, (*gives him sleeve link, which he has been trying to button, and goes off after LORD CLOUDWRAYS, L. C.*)

CHODD, JUN. And after I have paid you, I'll remember and clear off the old score.

TOM. (R., *taking his arm as he is going*) Going into the ball room ?

CHODD, JUN. (L., *aghast at his intrusion*) Yes!

TOM. (R.) I'll go with you.

CHODD, JUN. (L., *disengaging his arm*) I'm engaged !

*Exit CHODD, L. Music till end.*

TOM. You've an engaging manner! I'm like a donkey between two bundles of hay. On one side woman—lovely woman! on the other, wine and wittles. (*taking out a sovereign*) Heads, supper—tails, the ladies—(*tosses at table*) Supper! sweet goddess Fortune, accept my thanks!

*Exit into supper room, R.*

*Enter MAUD and CHODD, JUN., L.*

MAUD. (L.) This dreadful man follows me about everywhere.

CHODD, JUN. (R.) My dear Miss Hetherington!

MAUD. I danced the last with you.

CHODD, JUN. That was a quadrille.

*Enter SIDNEY, L.*

This is for a polka.

SIDNEY. (*advancing between them*) The lady is engaged to me.

CHODD, JUN. This fellow's turned up again, (*to him*) I beg your pardon.

SIDNEY. I beg yours! I have a prior claim, (*bitterly*) Ask the lady—or perhaps I had better give her up to you.

MAUD. The next dance with you, Mr. Chodd, this one—

CHODD, JUN. Miss, your commands are acts of Parliament, (*looking spitefully at SIDNEY as he crosses, L.*) I'll go and see what Lady Ptarmigant has to say to this.

*Exit CHODD, JUNIOR, L.—Music changes to a slow waltz.*

SIDNEY. Listen to me for the last time. My life and being were centred in you. You have abandoned me for money. You accepted me; you now throw me off, for money! You pledged your faith you now break it, for money! You gave your hand, you now retract, for money! You are about to wed—a knave, a brute, a fool, whom in your own heart you despise, for money!

MAUD. How dare you ?

SIDNEY. Where falsehood is, shame cannot be. The last time we met, (*producing ribbon*) you gave me this. See, 'tis the colour of a man's heart's blood, (*curtains or doors at back draw apart*) I give it back to you. (*casting the bunch of ribbon at her feet*)

LORD CLOUDWRAYS, " SIR FARINTOSH, COLONEL BROWSER,"  
TOM, LORD PTARMIGANT, and LADY PTARMIGANT,  
CHODD, JUNIOR, and CHODD, SENIOR, *appear at back—*  
GUESTS *seen in ball room.*

And tell you, shameless girl, much as I once loved, and adored, I now despise and hate you.

LADY P. (*advancing, c, in a whisper to SIDNEY*) Leave the house, sir! How dare you—go!

SIDNEY. Yes; anywhere.

(*crash of Music—MAUD is nearly falling when CHODD, JUN., appears near her—she is about to lean on his arm, but recognizing him, retreats and staggers—SIDNEY is seen to reel through ball room full of dancers—drop*)

GUESTS.

SIDNEY.

CLOUDWRAYS. "SIR F."

TOM. "COL. B."

LORD P. CHODD, SEN

LADY P. CHODD, JUN. MAUD.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—" *The Owl's Roost.*" (same as Scene 1st Act 2nd.), daylight—the room in order.

TOM *discovered writing at table, R., BOY sitting on table, L., and holding the placards, on which is printed—*" Read the Morning Earthquake—a first-class daily Paper," &c. *On the other* " The Evening Earthquake—a first-class daily Paper—Latest Intelligence," &c.

TOM. Um! It'll look well on the walls, and at the railway stations—take these back to the office (*boy jumps down*) to Mr. Piker, and tell him he must wait for the last leader—till it's written.

*Exit BOY, C, TOM walks to and fro smoking long claypipe.*

The M. E.—that is, the " Morning Earthquake " shakes the world for the first time to-morrow morning, and everything seems to have gone wrong with it. It is a crude unmanageable ill-disciplined, ill-regulated earthquake—Heave the first—Old Chodd behaves badly to me :—after organizing him a first-rate earthquake, engaging him a brilliant staff, and stunning reporters, he doesn't even offer me the post of sub-editor—ungrateful old humbug ! Heave the second:—no sooner is he engaged than our editor is laid up with the gout—and then old Chodd asks me to be a literary warming pan, and keep his place hot, till colchicum and cold water have done their work—I'll be even with old Chodd though ! I'll teach him what it is to insult a man who has started eighteen daily and weekly papers—all of them failures. Heave the third—Sidney Daryl won't write the social leaders, (*sits L. at end of R. table*) Poor Sidney! (*takes out the magenta ribbon which he picked up at the ball*) I shan't dare to give him this—I picked it up at the ball, at which I was one of the distinguished, and illustrious guests. Love is an awful swindler—always drawing upon Hope, who never honours his draughts—a sort of whining beggar, continually moved on by the maternal police—but 'tis a weakness to which the wisest of us are subject—a kind of manly measles which this flesh is heir to, particularly when

the flesh is heir to nothing else—even I have felt the divine damnation—I mean emanation. But the lady united herself to another, which was a very good thing for me, and anything but a misfortune for her: Ah ! happy days of youth—Oh ! flowering fields of Runnington-cum-Wapshot—where the yellow corn waved, our young loves ripened, and the new jail now stands. Oh ! Sally, when I think of you and the past, I feel that (*looking into his pot*) the pot's empty, and I could drink another pint. (*putting the ribbon in his pocket*) Poor Sidney—I'm afraid lie's going to the bad.

*Enter* SIDNEY, C. *he strikes bell on L. table and sits at the head—his appearance altered.*

TOM. Ha! Sid, is that you? talk of the----- howdedo?  
SIDNEY. Quite well—how are you?

TOM. I'm suffering from an earthquake in my head—and a general printing office in my stomach. Have some beer?

*Enter* WAITER, C.

SIDNEY. No thanks—brandy-----

TOM. So early ?

SIDNEY. And soda. I didn't sleep last night.

TOM. Brandy and soda, and beer again.

*Exit* WAITER, *with pint pot off R. table.*

SIDNEY. I never do sleep now—I can't sleep.

TOM. Work hard.

*Enter* WAITER, C.

SID. I do—it is my only comfort—my old pen goes driving along at the rate of-----

(*WAITER after placing pint of porter before TOM—places tray with brandy and soda before SIDNEY*)

That's right! (*WAITER uncorks soda and Exit, c.*) What a splendid discovery was brandy, (*drinks*)

TOM. Yes, the man who invented it deserves a statue.

SIDNEY. That's the reason that he doesn't get one.

TOM. (*reading paper*) Election intelligence. There's the general election—why not go in for that.

SIDNEY. Election—pooh ! what do I care for that!

TOM. Nothing of course, but it's occupation.

SIDNEY. (*musings*) I wonder who'll put up for Springmead!

TOM. Your brother's seat, wasn't it ?

SIDNEY. Yes, our family's for years. By-the-way, I'd a letter from Percy last mail; he's in trouble, poor fellow—his little boy is dead, and he himself is in such ill-health that they have given him sick leave. We are an unlucky race, we Daryls. Sometimes, Tom, I wish that I were dead.

TOM. Sidney!

SIDNEY. It's a bad wish I know; but what to me is there worth living for ?

TOM. What! oh, lots of things. Why, there's the police reports—mining intelligence—hop districts—the tallow market—ambition—society !

SIDNEY. (*heartily*) Damn society !

TOM. And you know, Sid, there are more women in the world than one.

SIDNEY. But only one a man can love.

TOM. I don't know about that: temperaments differ.

SIDNEY. (*paces about and recites*) " As the husband, so the wife is.

" Thou art mated to a clown :  
And the grossness of his nature  
Shall have power to drag thee down ;  
He will hold thee when his passion  
Shall have spent its novel force,  
Something better than his dog, and  
Little dearer than his horse."

I'm ashamed of such a want of spirit—ashamed to be such a baby! And you, Tom, are the only man in the world I'd shew it to; but I—I can think of nothing else but her—and—and of the fate in store for her. (*sobs and leans on table with his face in his hands*)

TOM. Don't give way, Sid; there are plenty of things in this life to care for.

SIDNEY. Not for me—not for me.

TOM. Oh, yes! there's friendship ; and—and—the little girl, you know!

SIDNEY. That reminds me, I wrote a week ago to

Mrs. Churton, asking her to meet me with Mau—with the little darling in the square. I always asked them to come from Hampstead to the square, that I might look up at her window as I passed. What a fool I've been—I can't meet them this morning! Will you go for me ?

TOM. With pleasure.

SIDNEY. Give Mrs. Churton this, (*wrapping up money in paper from TOM'S case*) It's the last month's money. Tell her I'm engaged, and can't come—and----- (*putting down money*) buy the baby a toy, bless her! What a pity to think she'll grow up to be a woman !

*Enter* MAC USQUEBAUGH, O'SULLIVAN, and MAKVICZ.

MAC U. (*entering*) A three of whiskey, hot!

O'SULL. The same for me—neat.

DR. M. A pint of stoot. (*all sit, R.*)

O'SULL. Tom, mee boy, what news of the *Earthquake* ?

*Enter* WAITER with orders, and gives TOM a note.

TOM. Heaving, sir—heaving. (*TOM opens note—SIDNEY sits abstracted*) Who's going electioneering ?

DR. M. I am.

O'SULL. And I.

MAC. U. And so am I.

TOM. Where?

MAC U. I don't know.

O'SULL. Somewhere—anywhere.

TOM. (*reading note*) From Chodd, senior—the old villain! (*reads*) " Dear Sir,—Please meet me at Lady Ptarmigant's at eleven p.m." (*suddenly*) Sidney!

SIDNEY. (*moodily*) What?

TOM. (*reading note*) " I am off to Springmead-le-Beau by the train at two-fifty. My son, Mr. John Chodd, junior, is the candidate for the seat for the borough."

SIDNEY. (*rising*) What !—that hound!—that cur!—that digesting cheque book—represent the town that my family have held their own for centuries. I'd sooner put up for it myself, (*rising*)

TOM. (*rising*) Why not? Daryl for Springmead—here's occupation—here's revenge !

SIDNEY. By heaven, I will ! (*crosses into R., and returns*)

TOM. (C.) Gentlemen, the health of Mr. Daryl, M.P. for Springmead. (SIDNEY *crosses to L.*)

OMNES. (*rising and drinking*) Hurrah!

TOM. We'll canvas for you. (*aside*) And now, Mr. Chodd, senior, I see the subject for the last leader. I'll fetter you with your own type, (*down, L.*)

SIDNEY. (*crosses, c.*) I'll do it! I'll do it! When does the next train start ?

MAC U. (*taking Bradshaw from table, R.*) At two-fifty—the next at five.

SIDNEY. (*crossing to L.*) Huzza! (*with excitement*) I'll rouse up the tenants—call on the tradesmen! (*crossing to c.*)

O'SULL. But the money?

SIDNEY, (C.) I'll fight him with the very thousand that I won of him. Besides, what need has a Daryl of money at Springmead ?

TOM. We can write for you.

O'SULL. (R. C.) And fight for you.

SIDNEY. I feel so happy—Call cabs.

MAC U. How many?

SIDNEY. The whole rank! (*goes up, c.*)

TOM. But, Sidney, what colours shall we fight under ?

SIDNEY. What colours ? (*feels in his breast and appears dejected*—TOM *hands him the ribbons—he clutches them eagerly*) What colours?—magenta!

OMNES. Huzzah! (*closed in as they go up*) \*

SCENE SECOND.—*An Apartment at Lord Ptarmigant's.*  
(*1st grooves*).

*A chair brought on by PAGE, R. 1 E.*

LADY P. (*without, L. 1 E.*) Good-bye, dear Mr. Chodd. A pleasant ride, and all sorts of success.

*Enter LADY PTARMIGANT, L. 1 E.*

Phew! there's the old man gone. Now to speak to that

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* O'SULLIVAN.	SIDNEY.	TOM.
MAC USQUEBAUGH.		
MAKVICZ.		
R.		L.

stupid Maud, (*looking of, R.*) There she sits in the sulks—a fool! Ah, what wise folks the French were before the Revolution, when there was a Bastile or a convent in which to pop dangerous young men and obstinate young women, (*sweetly*) Maud dear! I'll marry her to young Chodd, I'm determined.

*Enter MAUD, R. 1 E., very pensive.*

LADY P. Maud, I wish to speak to you.

MAUD. Upon what subject, aunt?

LADY P. (L.) One that should be very agreeable to a girl of your age—marriage.

MAUD. (R.) Mr. Chodd again.

LADY P. Yes, Mr. Chodd again.

MAUD. I hate him!

LADY P. You wicked thing! How dare you use such expressions in speaking of a young gentleman so rich?

MAUD. Gentleman!

LADY P. Yes, gentleman!—at least he will be.

MAUD. Nothing can make Mr. Chodd—what a name!—anything but what he is.

LADY P. Money can do everything.

MAUD. Can it make me love a man I hate?

LADY P. Yes; at least, if it don't it ought. I suppose you mean to marry somebody?

MAUD. No.

LADY P. You audacious girl! how can you talk so wickedly? Where do you expect to go to?

MAUD. To needlework! Anything from this house; and from this persecution.

LADY P. Miss Hetherington!

MAUD. Thank you, Lady Ptarmigan. for calling me by my name; it reminds me who I am, and of my dead father, "Indian Hetherington," as he was called. It reminds me that the protection you have offered to his orphan daughter has been hourly embittered by the dreadful temper, which is an equal affliction to you as to those within your reach. It reminds me that the daughter of such a father should not stoop to a mesalliance, (*crossing to L.*)

LADY P. Mesalliance! How dare you call Mr. Chodd

a mesalliance? And you hankering after that paltry, poverty-stricken, penny-a-liner!

MAUD. Lady Ptarmigant, you forget yourself; and you are untruthful. Mr. Daryl is a gentleman by birth and breeding ! I loved him—I acknowledge it—I love him still!

LADY P. You shameless girl! and he without a penny! After the scene he made !

MAUD. He has dared to doubt me, and I have done with him for ever. From the moment he presumed to think that I could break my plighted word—that I could be false to the love I had acknowledged—the love that was my happiness and pride—all between us was over.

LADY P. (*aside*) That's some comfort, (*aloud*) Then what do you intend to do ?

MAUD. I intend to leave the house.

LADY P. To go where ?

MAUD. Anywhere from you!

LADY P. Upon my word! (*aside*) She has more spirit than I gave her credit for. (*aloud*) And do you mean to tell me that that letter is not intended for that fellow, Daryl?

MAUD. (*giving letter*) Read it.

LADY P. (*opens it and reads*) " To the Editor of the 'Times.' Please insert the enclosed advertisement, for which I send stamps. Wanted a situation as governess by"—(*embracing MAUD*) Oh, my dear—dear girl! you couldn't think of such a thing—and you a lady, and my niece.

MAUD. (*disengaging herself*) Lady Ptarmigant, please don't!

LADY P. (*thoroughly subdued*) But, my love, how could I think-----

MAUD. What, Lady Ptarmigant, thinks is a matter of the most profound indifference to me.

LADY P. (*aside*) Bless her! Exactly what I was at her age. (*aloud*) But, my dear Maud, what is to become of you?

MAUD. No matter what! welcome poverty—humiliation—insult—the contempt of fools—welcome all but dependence ! I will neither dress myself at the expense of

a man I despise, control his household, owe him duty, or lead a life that is a daily lie ; neither will I marry one I love, who has dared to doubt me, to drag him into deeper poverty. (*crossing to R.*)

*Enter SERVANT, L. 1 E.*

SERVANT. My Lady, there is a gentleman enquiring for Mr. Chodd.

LADY P. Perhaps some electioneering friend. Shew him here. *Exit SERVANT.*

Don't leave the room, Maud, dear.

MAUD. I was not going—why should I ?

*SERVANT shews in TOM with LITTLE MAUD, L. 1 E.*

LADY P. It's the tobacco man!

TOM. (*to CHILD*) Do I smell of smoke ? I beg your ladyship's pardon, but Mr. Chodd, the old gentleman, wished me to meet him here.

LADY P. He has just driven off to the station.

TOM. I know I'm a few minutes behind time—there's the young lady. Good morning, Miss—Miss—I don't know the rest of her—I—I—have been detained by the—this little girl-----

LADY P. (*c.*) A sweet little creature, Mr. Silenus.

TOM. (*L.*) Stylus.

LADY P. Stylus, pardon me.

TOM. (*aside*) This old lady will insist on calling me Silenus ! She'd think me very rude if I called her Ariadne.

LADY P. Sweet little thing! Come here, my dear! (*LITTLE MAUD crosses to her*) Your child, Mr.—Stylus?

TOM. No, my lady, this is Mr. Sidney Daryl's protegee.

LADY P. (*moving from LITTLE MAUD*) Whose?

TOM. Sidney Daryl's (*MAUD advances*)

LADY P. Nasty little wretch! How do you mean ? Speak, quickly!

TOM. I mean that Sidney pays for her education, board, and all that. Oh, he's a splendid fellow—a heart of gold! (*aside*) I'll put in a good word for him, as his young woman's here. I'll make her repent!

MAUD. (*R.*) Come to me, child. (*LITTLE MAUD crosses to her*) Who are you ?

L.MAUD.I'm Mrs. Churton's little darling, and Mr. Daryl's little girl, (*crosses to TOM as MAUD moves away, and sinks into chair, R.*)

LADY P. (c.) His very image, (*goes to MAUD*)

TOM. (L.) Bless her little tongue! I took her from the woman who takes care of her. She's going down with me to Springmead. I've bought her a new frock, all one colour, magenta, (*aside*) That was strong.

LADY P. Did I tell you Mr. Chodd had gone ?

TOM. I'm one too many here. I'll vamose! Good morning, my lady.

LADY P. Good morning, Mr.—Bacchus.

TOM. Stylus—Stylus! I shall have to call her Ariadne. Um ! they might have asked the child to have a bit of currant cake, or a glass of currant wine. Shabby devils!

*Exeunt TOM and LITTLE MAUD, L. 1 E.—a pause.*

LADY P. (*aside*) Could anything have happened more delightfully?

MAUD. (*throwing herself into LADY PTARMIGANT'S arms*) Oh, Aunt! forgive me—I was wrong—I was ungrateful—forgive me! Kiss me, and forgive me! I'll marry Mr. Chodd—anybody—do with me as you please.

LADY P. My dear niece! (*affected*) I—I—feel for you. I'm—I'm not so heartless as I seem. I know I'm a harsh, severe old woman, but I am a woman, and lean feel for you ! (*embracing her*)

MAUD. And to think that with the same breath he could swear that he loved me, while another—this child, too ! (*bursts into a flood of tears*) There, aunt, I won't cry. I'll dry my eyes—I'll do your bidding You mean me well, while he—oh! (*shudders*) Tell Mr. Chodd I'll bear his name, and bear it worthily! (*sternly—sits, R.*)

LADY P. (*embracing—kissing her at each stop*) Men are a set of brutes. I was jilted myself when I was twenty-three—and, oh, how I loved the fellow! But I asserted my dignity, and married Lord Ptarmigant, and *he*, and *he* only, can tell you how I have avenged my sex ! Cheer up, my darling ! love, sentiment, and romance are humbug!—but wealth, position, jewels, balls, presentations, a country-house, town mansion, society, power—

that's true solid happiness, and if it isn't, I don't know what is!  
*Exeunt, R. 1 E.*

SCENE THIRD.— *The Wells at Springmead-le-Beau.—An avenue of elms, sloping off to R. u. E., on L.—house with windows, &c., on to lawn—railings at back of stage.*

*Garden seats, chairs, lounges, small tables, &c., discovered near house, L.—LORD PTARMIGANT discovered asleep in garden-chair against house, L., his feet resting on another—Enter CHODD, SEN., down avenue, R.*

CHODD, SEN. Oh, dear! oh, dear! What a day this is! There's Johnny to be elected, and I'm expecting the first copy of the "Morning Earthquake,"—my paper! my own paper!—by the next train. Then here's Lady Ptarmigant says that positively her niece will have Johnny for her wedded husband, and in one day my Johnny is to be a husband, an M.P., and part proprietor of a daily paper ! Whew! how hot it is ! It's lucky that the wells are so near the hustings—one can run under the shade and get a cooler. Here's my lord! (*waking him*) My lord!

LORD P. (*waking*) Oh! eh! Mr. Chodd—good morning!—how de do!

CHODD, SEN. (*sitting on stool, L.*) Oh, flurried, and flustered-, and worried. You know to-day's the election.

LORD P. Yes, I believe there is an election going on somewhere, (*calling*) A tumbler of the waters No. 2.

*Enter WAITRESS from house, L., places tumbler of water on table, and exit.*

CHODD, SEN. Oh, what a blessing there is no opposition! If my boy is returned-----(*rising*)

*Enter CHODD, JUN., agitated, a placard in his hand, R. 2 E.*

CHODD, JUN. Look here, guv ! look here !

CHODD, SEN. What is it, my Johnny!

CHODD, JUN. Don't call me Johnny ! Look here ! (*shows electioneering placard, "Vote for Daryl!"*)

CHODD, SEN. What?

CHODD, JUN. That vagabond has put up as candidate !  
His brother used to represent the borough.

CHODD, SEN. Then the election will be contested ?

CHODD, JUN. Yes. (CHODD, SENIOR, *sinks on garden chair*)

LORD P. (*rising, and taking tumbler from table*) Don't annoy yourself, my dear Mr. Chodd; these accidents will happen in the best regulated constituencies.

CHODD, JUN. Guv, don't be a fool!

LORD P. Try a glass of the waters.

(CHODD, SEN., *takes tumbler and drinks, and the next moment ejects the water with a grimace, stamping about*)

CHODD, SEN. Oh, what filth ! O-o-o-o-o-oh!

LORD P. It is an acquired taste, (*to WAITER*) Another tumbler of No. 2.

CHODD, SEN. So, Johnny, there's to be a contest, and you won't be M.P. for Springmead after all.

CHODD, JUN. I don't know that

CHODD, SEN. What d'ye mean?

CHODD, JUN. Mr. Sidney Daryl may lose, and, perhaps, Mr. Sidney Daryl mayn't show. After that ball----

CHODD, SEN. Where you lost that thousand pounds.

CHODD JUN. Don't keep bringing that up, guvenor. After that I bought up all Mr. Daryl's bills—entered up judgment, and left them with Aaron. I've telegraphed to London, and if Aaron don't nab him in town, he'll catch him here.

CHODD, SEN. But, Johnny, isn't that rather mean ?

CHODD, JUN. All's fair in love and Parliament.

*Enter COUNTRY BOY with newspaper, R. 1 E.*

BOY. Mr. Chodd ?

CHODD, SEN. } Here!

CHODD, JUN. }

BOY. Just arrived.

CHODD, JUN. "The Morning Earthquake." (*they both clutch at it eagerly—each secures a paper, and sit under tree, R.*)

CHODD, SEN. (R.—*reading*) Look at the leader. " In the present aspect of European politics----- "

CHODD, JUN. (L.) "Some minds seem singularly obtuse to the perception of an idea."

CHODD, SEN. Johnny!

CHODD, JUN. Guv !

CHODD, SEN. Do you see the last leader ?

CHODD, JUN. Yes.

CHODD, SEN. [*reading*] " The borough of Springmeadle-Beau has for centuries been represented by the house of Daryl."

CHODD, JUN. (*reading*) " A worthy scion of that ancient race intends to offer himself as candidate at the forthcoming election, and, indeed, who will dare to oppose him ?"

CHODD, SEN. " Surely not a Mister----- "

CHODD, JUN. " Chodd." (*they rise and come down*)

CHODD, SEN. " Whoever he may be."

CHODD, JUN. "What are the Choddian antecedents?"

CHODD, SEN. " Whoever heard of Chodd?"

CHODD, JUN. " To be sure a young man of that name has recently been the cause of considerable laughter at the clubs on account of his absurd attempts to become a man of fashion." (*both crossing L. and R.*)

CHODD, SEN. (R.) " And to wriggle himself into Society." (*crossing again*)

CHODD, JUN. (R.) Why, it's all in his favour, [*in a rage*]

CHODD, SEN. In our own paper too. Oh, that villain Stylus ! (*crossing R.*)

CHODD, JUN. (*crossing R.*) There are no more of these in the town, are there ?

BOY. Yes, sir. A man came down with two thousand ; he's giving them away everywhere.

CHODD, JUN. Confound you! (*pushes him off, R. 1 E.— follows*)

CHODD, SEN. Oh, dear ! oh, dear! oh, dear! Now, my lord, isn't that too bad. (*sees him asleep*) He's off again! (*waking him*) My lord, here's the " Earthquake!" (*half throwing him off seat*)

LORD P. Earthquake? Good gracious! I didn't feel anything, (*rising*)

CHODD, SEN. No, no, the paper.

LORD. P. Ah, most interesting, (*drops paper, and leisurely reseats himself*) My dear Mr. Chodd, I congratulate you.

CHODD, SEN. Congratulate me ? (*looks at watch*) I must be off to the committee. *Exit* CHODD, SEN., L. 2 E.

LORD P. Waiter! am I to have that tumbler of No. 2 ?

(*band heard playing " Conquering Hero," and loud cheers as LORD PTARMIGANT goes into house, L., and enter SIDNEY, O'SULLIVAN, MAC USQUEBAUGH, and DR. MAKVICZ, R. U. E.—SIDNEY bowing off as he enters—cheers*)

SIDNEY. So far so good. I've seen lots of faces that I knew. I'll run this Dutch-metalled brute hard, and be in an honorable minority anyhow.

*Enter* TOM, *hastily*, R. 1 E.

TOM. Daryl.

SIDNEY. Yes.

TOM. Look out.

SIDNEY. What's the matter ?

TOM. I met our friend Moses Aaron on the platform. He didn't see you, but what does he want here ?

SIDNEY. Me, if anybody, (*musings*) This is a shaft from the bow of Mr. John Chodd, junior. I see his aim.

TOM. What's to be done? The voters are warm, but, despite the prestige of the family name, if you were not present-----

SIDNEY. Besides, I couldn't be returned from Cursitor Street, M.P. for the Queen's Bench, (*thinking*) Did the Lamb come down with us ?

TOM. Yes—second class.

SIDNEY. Let him stop the bailiffs—'Aaron is as timid as a girl. I'll go through here, and out by the grand entrance. Let in the Lamb, and-----

TOM. I see.

SIDNEY. Quick !

*Exit* TOM, R. 1 E.

O'SULL. Daryl, is there any fighting to be done?

MAC U. Or any drinking ?

DR. M. If so, we shall be most happy.

SIDNEY. No, no, thanks. Come with me—I've a treat for you.

OMNES. What?

SIDNEY. (*laughing*) The chalybeate waters.

*Exeunt OMNES into house, L.*

*Enter CHODD, JUN., and AARON, R. 1 E.*

CHODD, JUN. You saw him go in—arrest him. The chaise is ready—take him to the next station, and all's right. I'll stay and see him captured. (*CHODD in great triumph*)

AARON. Very good, shur—do it at vunsh.

(*is going into the house, when the LAMB springs out—AARON staggers back—the LAMB stands in boxing attitude before the dooi—TOM and SIX or EIGHT ROUGHS enter by avenue, R.*)

LAMB. (*with back half turned to audience*) Now, then, where are you a shovin' to ?

AARON. I want to passh by.

LAMB. Then you can't.

AARON. Why not ?

LAMB. (*doggedly*) 'Cos I'm doorkeeper, and you haven't got a check.

AARON. Now, Lamb, dooty'sh dooty, and—

LAMB. (*turning with face to audience, and bringing up the muscle of his right arm*) Feel that!

AARON. (*alarmed*) Yesh, shur. (*feels it slightly*)

LAMB. You can't come in.

CHODD, JUN. (*crossing to LAMB fussily*) Why not?

LAMB. (*looks at him, half contemptuously, half comically*) 'Cos that sez I musn't let you. Feel it ! (*taps muscle*)

CHODD, JUN. Thank you, some other time, (*crossing, R.*)

(*The ROUGHS surround him, jeer, and prepare to hustle him—TOM mounts seat, R.*)

TOM. Vote for Daryl!

LAMB. (*making up to AARON in sparring attitude, who retreats in terror*) Are yer movin' ?

CHODD, JUN. Do your duty. (*ROUGHS laugh*)

AARON. I can't—they are many, I am few.

(*cheers without, R.*)

CHODD, JUN. (*losing his presence of mind*) Particular business requires me at the hustings.

(*goes of R., midst jeers and laughter of ROUGHS*)

LAMB. (*at same time advancing upon AARON*) Are yer movin'.

AARON. Yesh, Mr. Lamb, (*by this time he has backed close to TOM, perched upon the seat, who bonnets him*)

TOM. Vote for Daryl!

(*AARON is hustled of R. 1 E., by MOB, followed leisurely by LAMB*)

TOM. (*on chair*) Remember, gentlemen, the officers of the law—the officers of the sheriff—are only in the execution of their duty, (*shouts and uproar without*) Don't offer any violence, (*shouts*) Don't tear them limb from limb! (*shouts, followed by a loud shriek—TOM leaps from chair, dances down stage, and exit, R. U. E.*)

*Enter* LADY PTARMIGANT *and* CHODD, SEN., R. 2 E.—

LADY PTARMIGANT *is dressed in mauve—*CHODD *escorts her to house, L.*

CHODD, SEN. But if he is absent from his post?

LADY P. His post must get on without him. Really, my dear Mr. Chodd, you must allow me to direct absolutely. If you wish your son to marry Miss Hetherington, now is the time—now or never.

*Exit into house, L.—*CHODD *exits, R. 1 E.*

*Enter* CHODD, JUN. *and* MAUD, *dressed in mauve, R. U. E.*

CHODD, JUN. Miss Hetherington, allow me to offer you a seat, (*she sits under tree, R.—aside*) Devilish awkward! Lady Ptarmigant says "Strike while the iron's hot;" but I want to be at the hustings. I've made my speech to the electors, and now I must do my courting. She looks awfully proud. I wish I could pay some fellow to do this for me. Miss Hetherington, a—a—a— I got the speech I spoke just now off by heart. I wish I'd got this written for me too. Miss Hetherington, I—I am emboldened by the—by what I have just been told by our esteemed correspondent, Lady Ptarmigant—I mean by your amiable aunt. I—I— (*boldly*) I have a large

fortune, and my prospects are bright and brilliant—bright and brilliant. I—I am of a respectable family, which has always paid its way. I have entered on a political career, which always pays its way; and I mean some day to make my name famous. My lady has doubtless prepared you for the hon—I offer you my—my humble hand, and large—I may say colossal fortune.

MAUD. (L.) Mr. Chodd, I will be plain with you.

CHODD, JUN. (R.) Impossible for Miss Hetherington to be plain.

MAUD, You offer me your hand: I will accept it.

CHODD, JUN. Oh, joy! Oh-----(*endeavouring to take her hand*)

MAUD. Please hear me out. On these conditions.

CHODD, JUN. Pin money no object. Settle as much on you as you like.

MAUD. I will be your true and faithful wife—I will bear your name worthily; but you must understand our union is a union of convenience.

CHODD, JUN. Convenience!

MAUD. Yes; that love has no part in it.

CHODD, JUN. Miss Hetherington—may I say Maud—I love you—I adore you with my whole heart and fortune, (*aside*) I wonder how they're getting on at the hustings.

MAUD. I was saying, Mr. Chodd-----

CHODD, JUN. Call me John—your own John! (*seizing her hand—she shudders, and withdraws it*)

MAUD. (*struggling with herself*) I was saying that the affection which a wife should bring the man she has elected as----- (*cheers without*)

SIDNEY. (*speaking without*) Electors of Springmead.

MAUD. We hardly know sufficient of each other to warrant-----

SIDNEY. (*without*) I need not tell you who I am. (*cheers—MAUD trembles*)

MAUD. We are almost strangers.

SIDNEY. Nor what principles I have been reared in.

CHODD, JUN. The name of Chodd, if humble, is at least wealthy.

SIDNEY. I am a Daryl; and my politics those of the Daryls. (*cheers*)

CHODD, JUN. (*aside*) This is awkward, (*to MAUD*) As to our being strangers-----

SIDNEY. I am no stranger, (*cheers*) I have grown up to be a man among you. There are faces I see in the crowd I am addressing, men of my own age, whom I remember children, (*cheers*) There are faces among you who remember me when I was a boy. (*cheers*) In the political union between my family and Springmead, there is more than respect and sympathy, there is sentiment. (*cheers*)

CHODD, JUN. Confound the fellow! Dearest Miss Hetherington—Dearest Maud—you have deigned to say you will be mine.

SIDNEY. Why, if we continue to deserve your trust, plight your political faith to another?

MAUD. (*overcome*) Mr. Chodd, I-----

CHODD, JUN. My own bright, particular Maud !

SIDNEY. Who is my opponent?

TOM. (*without, R.*) Nobody. (*a loud laugh*)

SIDNEY. What is he ?

TOM. Not much, (*a roar of laughter*)

SIDNEY. I have no doubt he is honest and trustworthy, but why turn away an old servant to hire one you don't know? (*cheers*) Why turn off an old love that you have tried and proved for a new one? (*cheers*) I don't know what the gentleman's politics may be. (*laugh*) Or those of his family, (*roar of laughter*) I've tried to find out, but I can't. To paraphrase the ballad :—

I've searched through Hansard, journals,  
Books, De Brett, and Burke, and Dodd,  
And my head—my head is aching,  
To find out the name of Chodd.

(*loud laughter and three cheers—MAUD near fainting*)

CHODD, JUN. I can't stand this; I must be off to the hustings, Miss Heth! Oh! she's fainting. What shall I do ? Lady Ptarmigan! Oh, here she comes! Waiter, a tumbler of number 2. *Runs off, R. 2 E.*

SIDNEY. (*without*) And I confidently await the result which will place me at the head of the poll. (*cheers*)

*Enter* LORD and LADY PTARMIGANT, from house, L.—LADY PTARMIGANT *attends to* MAUD.

MAUD. 'Twas nothing—a slight faintness—an attack of-----

LORD P. An attack of Chodd, I think ! What a dreadful person my lady is, to be sure, (*aside—sits, L.*)

LADY P. (*to* MAUD) Have you done it?

MAUD. Yes.

LADY P. And you are to be his wife ?

MAUD. Yes. (*cheers*)

*Enter* SIDNEY, O'SULLIVAN, MAC USQUEBAUGH and DOCTOR MAKVICZ, R. 2 E.

SIDNEY. (*coming down, L.*) Tom, I feel so excited—so delighted—so happy—so—(sees MAUD, *stops, takes his hat off—MAUD bows coldly*)—In my adversary's colours!

LADY P. (R.) That fellow, Sidney!

MAUD. (C.—*aside*) It seems hard to see him there, and not to speak to him for the last time.

(*is about to advance when TOM brings on* LITTLE

MAUD, R. U. E., *dressed in magenta—MAUD recedes*

—LORD PTARMIGANT *goes to sleep in garden seat, L.*)

LADY P. The tobacco man !

TOM. (*down, L.*) Ariadne!

(SIDNEY *kisses* LITTLE MAUD)

*Enter* CHODD, JUN., R. U. E., and down, R.

LADY P. (*with a withering glance at* SIDNEY) Maud, my child, here's Mr. Chodd.

(CHODD, JUN., *crossing* R. C, *gives his arm to* MAUD—

SIDNEY *stands with* LITTLE MAUD, L. C.—ALL *go*

*off, R. u. E., except* LADY PTARMIGANT, SIDNEY,

TOM and LORD PTARMIGANT)

SIDNEY. (L.) On his arm! Well, I deserve it ! I am poor!

LADY P. (R.) Mr. Daryl. (SIDNEY *bows*)

TOM. (L.) Ariadne is about to express her feelings; I shall go! *Exit, R. u. E.*

SIDNEY. Lady Ptarmigant!

LADY P. I cannot but express my opinion of your con-

duct. For a long time I have known you to be the associate of prize fighters, betting men, race horses, authors, and other such low persons; but despite that, I thought you had some claims to be a gentleman.

SIDNEY. In what way have I forfeited Lady Ptarmigant's good opinion?

LADY P. In what, sir? In daring to bring me, your kinswoman, and a lady—in daring to bring into the presence of the foolish girl you professed to love—that child—your illegitimate offspring!

(LORD PTARMIGANT *awakes*)

SIDNEY. (*stung*) Lady Ptarmigant, do you know who that child is?

LADY P. Perfectly! (*with a sneer*)

SIDNEY. I think not. She is the lawful daughter of your dead, and only son, Charles!

LADY P. What?

SIDNEY. Two days before he sailed for the Crimea, he called at my chambers, and told me that he felt convinced he should never return. He told me too of his connection with a poor and humble girl, who would shortly become the mother of his child. I saw from his face that the bullet was cast that would destroy him, and I begged him to legitimize one, who, though of his blood, might not bear his name. Like a brave fellow, a true gentleman, on the next day he married.

LADY P. How disgraceful!

SIDNEY. Joined his regiment, and, as you know, fell at Balaclava.

LADY P. My poor—poor boy.

SIDNEY. His death broke his wife's heart—she too died.

LADY P. What a comfort!

SIDNEY. I placed the child with a good motherly woman, and I had intended, for the sake of my old friend, Charley, to educate her, and to bring her to you, and say, take her, she is your lawful grandchild, and a lady *pur sang*; love her and be proud of her, for the sake of the gallant son, who galloped to death in the service of his country.

LADY P. (*affected*) Sidney!

SIDNEY. I did not intend that you should know this for some time. I had some romantic notion of making it a

reason for your consent to my marriage with—(LADY PTARMIGANT *takes* LITTLE MAUD) with Miss Hetherington—that is all over now. The ill opinion, with which you have lately pursued me, has forced this avowal from me.

LADY P. (*to child*) My darling! Ah! my poor Charley's very image! My poor boy! my poor boy!

LORD P. (*who has been listening, advancing, L.*) Sidney, let my son Charley's father thank you. You have acted like a kinsman and a Daryl! (*affected*)

LADY P. Sidney, forgive me!

SIDNEY. (C.) Pray forget it, Lady Ptarm-----

LADY P. I will take care that Miss Hetherington shall know-----

SIDNEY. (*hotly*) What! did she too suspect! Lady Ptarmigant, it is my request—nay, if I have done anything to deserve your good opinion, my injunction—that Miss Hetherington is not informed of what has just passed. If she has thought that I could love another—she is free to her opinion! (*goes up, and comes down, R., with the child*)

LORD P. But *I* shall tell her.

LADY P. (*astonished*) You! (*aside*) Don't you think, under the circumstances, it would be better—

LORD P. I shall act as I think best.

LADY P. Ferdinand! (*authoritatively*)

LORD P. Lady Ptarmigant, it is not often I speak, goodness knows! but on a question that concerns my honour, and yours, I shall *not* be silent.

LADY P. (C.) Ferdinand! (*imploringly*)

LORD P. Lady Ptarmigant, I am *awake*, and you will please to follow my instructions, (*crossing, c.*) What is my grand-daughter's name?

L. MAUD. Maud.

LORD P. Maud, Maud—is it Maud! (*playfully*)

(LORD PTARMIGANT *lifts her in his arms, and is carrying her off*)

LADY P. My lord! consider—people are looking!

LORD P. Let 'em look—they'll know I'm *a grandfather!*

*Exit* LORD PTARMIGANT, *with* LITTLE MAUD *and*

LADY PTARMIGANT, R. U. E. *avenue.*

TOM *runs on*, R. U. E.

TOM. (L.) It's all right, Sid. Three of Chodd's Committee have come over to us. They said that so long as a Daryl was not put up, they felt at liberty to support him, but now—(*seeing that SIDNEY is affected*) What's the matter?

SIDNEY. (R.) Nothing.

TOM. Ah, that means love! I hope to be able to persuade the majority of Chodd's Committee to resign; and, if they resign, he must too, and we shall walk over the course. (*SIDNEY goes up and sits, L.—aside*) Cupid's carriage stops the way again. Confound that nasty, naughty, naked little boy! I wonder if he'd do less mischief if they put him into knickerbockers. *Exit, R.* 1 E.

SIDNEY. Mr. Chodd shall not have Springmead.

*Enter MAUD, leading LITTLE MAUD by the hand, R. U. E.—*

*SIDNEY'S face is buried in his hands on the table.*

MAUD. (*kissing the child, then advancing slowly to SIDNEY*) Sidney!

SIDNEY. (*rising*) Maud—Miss Hetherington!

L. MAUD. Uncle, this is my new aunt. She's my aunt and you're my uncle. You don't seem pleased to see each other though—ain't you? Aunt, why don't you kiss uncle?

MAUD. (R., *after a pause*) Sidney, I have to beg your forgiveness for the—the—mistake which—

SIDNEY. (L.) Pray don't mention it, Maud—Miss Hetherington. It is not of the-----

MAUD. (R.) It is so hard to think ill of those we have known. (*CHILD goes up, R.*)

SIDNEY. I think that it must be very easy! Let me take this opportunity of apologizing personally, as I have already done by letter, for my misconduct at the ball. I had heard that you were about to—to—

MAUD. Marry! Then you were in error. Since then I have accepted Mr. Chodd. (*pause*)

SIDNEY. I congratulate you. (*turns his face aside*)

MAUD. You believed me to be false—believed it without enquiry!

SIDNEY. As you believed of me!

MAUD. Our mutual poverty prevented.

SIDNEY. (*bursting out*) Oh, yes, we are poor ! We are poor ! We loved each other—but we were poor ! We loved each other—but we couldn't take a house in a square ! We loved each other—but we couldn't keep a carriage ! We loved each other—but we had neither gold, purple, plate, or mansion in the country ! You were right to leave me, and to marry a *gentleman*—rich in all these assurances of happiness!

MAUD. Sidney, you are cruel.

SIDNEY. I loved you, Maud; loved you with my whole heart and soul since we played together as children, and you grew till I saw you a lovely blushing girl, and now—pshaw ! this is folly, sentiment, raving madness ! Let me wish you joy—let me hope you will be happy.

L. MAUD. (*coming down, c.*) Uncle, you mustn't make my new aunt cry. Go and make it up with her, and kiss her.

LADY PTARMIGANT, LORD PTARMIGANT, and LORD CLOUDWRAYS have entered during the last speech, R. U. E.

MAUD. Farewell, Sidney! (*holding out her hand*)

SIDNEY. Farewell!

LADY P. (*advancing, c.*) Farewell! What nonsense : two young people so fond of each other. Sidney—Maud, dear, you have my consent.

SIDNEY. (L. C, *astonished*) Lady Ptarmigant!

LADY P. (R. C.) I always liked you, Sidney, though, I confess, I didn't always shew it.

LORD P. (L.) I can explain my lady's sudden conversion—at least, Cloudwrays can.

LORD C. (R.) Well, Sid, I'm sorry to be the bearer of good news—I mean of ill news; but your brother—poor Percy—he—a-----

SIDNEY. Dead!

LORD C. The news came by the mail to the Club, so as I'd nothing to do, I thought I'd come down to congratulate—I mean condole with you.

LORD P. Bear up, Sidney, your brother's health was bad before he left us.

SIDNEY. First the son, and then the father.

MAUD. (L. C.) Sidney !

SIDNEY. (*catching her hand*) Maud!

MAUD. No, no—not now—you are rich, and I am promised.

LADY P. Why, you wicked girl; you wouldn't marry a man you didn't love, would you? Where are your principles? (LORD PTARMIGANT *sits on garden seat, L., with LITTLE MAUD*)

MAUD. But—but—Mr. Chodd?

LADY P. What on earth consequence is Mr. Chodd ?

*Enter CHODD, SEN. and CHODD, JUN., avenue, R.*

CHODD, SEN. My lady, it's all right, Johnny has been accepted!

(MAUD *goes up and sits, L. C.*—SIDNEY *and* LORD CLOUDWRAYS *also go up with her*)

LADY P. (L.) By whom ?

CHODD, SEN. (R.) By Miss Hetherington—by Maud!

LADY P. Why, you must be dreaming, the election has turned your brain—my niece marry a Chodd !

CHODD, SEN. }

CHODD, JUN. } My lady!

LADY P. Nothing of the sort; I was only joking, and thought you were, too. (*aside*) The impertinence of the lower classes in trying to ally themselves with us! (*going up, L.*)

CHODD, JUN. Guv.

CHODD, SEN. Johnny!

CHODD, JUN. We're done! (*crosses, L.*)

*Loud cheering. Enter TOM, E. U. E., who whispers and congratulates SIDNEY. Enter a GENTLEMAN, R. 1 E., who whispersto CHODD, SEN. condolingly and exit, R. 1. E.*

CHODD, SEN. (R., *shouting*) Johnny !

CHODD, JUN. (L.) Guv.

CHODD, SEN. They say there's no hope, and advise us to withdraw from the contest.

(ALL *congratulate* SIDNEY, *up stage*)

LADY P. Sir Sidney Daryl, M.P., looks like old times. (to LORD PTARMIGANT) My lord, congratulate him.

LORD. P. (*waking and shaking CHODD, JUN. by the hand*) Receive my congratulations.

LADY P. Oh ! it's the wrong man !

CHODD, SEN. (R.) Mr. Stylus, I may thank you for this.

TOM. (R. C.) And yourself, you may. I brought out your journal, engaged your staff, and you tried to throw me over. You've got your reward. Morning paper! *{throws papers in the air}*

*Enter AARON with hat broken and head bound up, R. U. E.*

AARON. (C, to SIDNEY) Arrest you at the shoot of-----  
(*CHODDS rub their hands in triumph*)

TOM. (R. C.) Too late ! too late! He's a member of Parliament.

(*CHODD JUN. and SEN. turn into R. and L. corners*)

SIDNEY. (L. C, to TOM) I haven't taken the seat or the oaths yet.

TOM. (R. C.) They don't know that.

SIDNEY. We can settle it another way. (*taking out pocket book and looking at CHODD, JUN.*) Some time ago I was fortunate enough to win a large sum of money, this way if you please, (*goes up with AARON, and gives money, notes, &c.*)

CHODD, JUN. Pays his own bills, which I'd bought up, with my money.

CHODD, SEN. (*crossing, L.*) Then, Johnny, you won't get into society.

LADY P. (*coming down, R.*) Never mind, Mr. Chodd, your son shall marry a lady.

CHODD, JUN. } Eh!  
CHODD, SEN. }

LADY P. I promise to introduce you to one of blue blood.

CHODD, SEN. Blue blood.

CHODD, JUN. Blue bl----- I'd rather have it the natural colour.

*Cheers—Enter O'SULLIVAN and COMMITTEE, R. U. E.  
Stage full. Church bells heard.*

O'SULL. (R.) Sir Sidney Daryl we have heard the news. In our turn we have to inform you that your

adversaries have retired from the contest, and you are member for Springmead. (*cheers*) We, your committee, come to weep with you for the loss of a brother, to joy with you on your accession to a title and your hereditary honours. Your committee most respectfully beg to be introduced to Lady Daryl. (*with intention and Irish gallantry*)

(SIDNEY *shews* MAUD *the magenta ribbon—she places her hand in his*)

SIDNEY. (C.) Gentlemen, I thank you ; I cannot introduce you to Lady Daryl, for Lady Daryl does not yet exist. In the meantime I have permission to present you to Miss Hetherington.

TOM. (*leaping on chair, R., and waving handkerchief*)  
Three cheers for my lady !

(*All cheer—church bells—band plays " Conquering Hero."* GIRL *at window of house waves handkerchief and* CHILD *a stick with magenta streamer attached.* COUNTRYMEN, &c. *wave hats—band plays, &c.*

ROUGHs.	COUNTRYFOLKS.	GIRL and CHILD
	SIDNEY and MAUD.	
	MAKVICZ, TOM.	LORD P., L. MAUD.
MAC USQBAUGH.		LADY P., LORD C.
O'SULLIVAN.		CHODD, SEN.,
		CHODD, JUN.

**Curtain.**