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# A GREAT SUCCESS

A COMEDY.

IN THREE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM WINKLE, Esq.

TOGETHER WITH

A description of the Costumes—Synopsis of the Piece—Cast of the Characters  
—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on  
the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business

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No.	M.	F.	No.	M.	F.
75. Adrienne, drama, 3 acts.....	7	3	21. Dreams, drama, 5 acts.....	6	3
114. Anything for a Change, comedy, 1	3	3	186. Duchess de la Valliere, play, 5 acts..	6	4
167. Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts... 7	3		47. Easy Shaving, farce, 1 act.....	5	2
141. Bells (The), drama, 3 acts.....	3	2	13. Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts.	6	5
93. Area Belle (The), farce, 1 act.....	3	2	200. Estranged, an operetta, 1 act.....	2	1
40. Atchi, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	2	103. Faust and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts,	9	7
89. Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act..	3	3	9. Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials,		
192. Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1	3	1	interlude, 1 act.....	4	1
166. Bardell vs. Pickwick, sketch, 1 act.	6	2	128. Female Detective, drama, 3 acts....	11	4
41. Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act.....	2	3	101. Fernande, drama, 3 acts.....	11	10
141. Bells (The), drama, 3 acts.....	9	3	99. Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts.....	10	2
67. Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act..	7	3	145. First Love, comedy, 1 act.....	4	1
36. Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts.....	7	5	102. Foiled, drama, 4 acts.....	9	3
160. Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts.....	11	6	88. Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act... .	4	2
70. Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	74. Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act.....	7	4
179. Breach of Promise,, drama, 2 acts..	5	2	53. Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act.	4	2
25. Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta, 1	4	8	73. Golden Fetter (Fettered), drama, 3	11	4
24. Cabman, No. 93, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	30. Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce,		
1. Caste, comedy, 3 acts.....	5	3	1 act.....	5	3
69. Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act....	4	1	131. Go to Putney, farce, 1 act.....	4	3
175. Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts.	10	5	28. Happy Pair, comedietta, 1 act.....	1	1
55. Catharine Howard, historical play,			151. Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act.....	2	
3 acts.....	12	5	8. Henry Dunbar, drama, 4 acts.....	10	3
80. Charming pair, farce, 1 act.....	4	3	180. Henry the Fifth, historical play, 5	38	5
65. Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts.....	6	5	19. He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act.....	3	2
68. Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3	9	3	60. Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts.....	5	5
76. Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act.	3	2	187. His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act.....	4	1
149. Clouds, comedy, 4 acts.....	8	7	174. Home, comedy, 3 acts.....	4	3
121. Comical Countess, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	64. Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act.....	1	1
107. Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act.....	2	1	190. Hunting the Slipper, farce, 1 act... .	4	1
152. Cupid's Eye-Glass, comedy, 1 act... .	1	1	191. High C, comedietta, 1 act.....	4	2
52. Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	1	197. Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts.....	14	2
143. Cut off with a Shilling, comedietta,			18. If I Had a Thousand a Year, farce,		
1 act.....	2	1	1 act.....	4	3
113. Cyrill's Success, comedy, 5 acts....	10	4	116. I'm Not Meself at All, original Irish		
199. Captain of the Watch (The), come-			stew, 1 act.....	3	2
dietta, 1 act.....	4	2	129. In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act.....	2	3
20. Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts.....	8	2	159. In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act... .	4	2
4. Dandelion's Dodges, farce, 1 act....	4	2	122. Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts.....	11	4
22. David Garrick, comedy, 3 acts.....	8	3	177. I Shall Invite the Major, comedy, 1	4	1
96. Dearest Mamma, comedietta, 1 act,	4	3	100. Jack Long, drama, 2 acts.....	9	2
16. Dearer than Life, drama, 3 acts....	6	5	139. Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts... .	3	3
58. Deborah (Leah) drama, 3 acts.....	7	6	17. Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts... .	6	4
125. Deerfoot, farce, 1 act.....	5	1	86. Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts.....	12	5
71. Doing for the Best, drama, 2 acts..	5	3	72. Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act.....	4	2
143. Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts..	9	4			

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AUTHOR'S EDITION.

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MR. CODLING.	TIBBS,
GENERAL DASHER,	TWADDLE,
ALPHONSO,	WATCHMAN,
BEACH,	TIMOTHY,
Fruit Venders, Newsboys, Railway Passengers, etc.	
MRS. CODLING,	MISS HARTLY,
LETITIA,	PHILLIS.
MRS. BANGS.	

## SCENERY.

Village near the City of New York. Period, 1865.

Act I.—Exterior of modern country summer house. In foreground lawn with walks, extravagantly embellished with rustie seats, flowers and statuary.

Act II.—Spacious apartment, richly furnished, everything in gaudy colors—walls hung with pictures, bisque ornaments, tables with books.

Act III.—Scene 1.—Large hall through house, furnished with sofas and chairs; walls hung with pictures.

Scene 2,—Railroad Scene.—In background Railroad station building; railing in front; Watchman at gate; people passing to and fro. Just before TWADDLE enters engine and cars pass across stage in rear of station building.

## COSTUMES, &amp;c.

DASHER.—Black side whiskers; undress military coat and pants, white vest, Derby hat, large watch chain.

CODLING.—Head bald on top, gray wig. First entrance, common suit, after, black suit, badly fitting.

BEACH.—Black mustache; tweed business suit, no jewels.

TIBBS.—Light wig and mustache; light suit, extreme of fashion, profuse jewelry, button-hole bouquet; last scene, change.

ALPHONSO.—Clothes in imitation of TIBBS, differing in not being so good a fit, and somewhat gayer.

TWADDLE.—Red wig, scraggy red whiskers; black suit, bag with papers.

TIM.—Red hair, no whiskers; black dress coat, drab pants, white vest, all badly fitting.

WATCHMAN.—Police suit, white gloves.

MRS. CODLING.—Satin dress, highly ornamented, profuse jewels. Change in last act to showy travelling dress.

LETITIA.—First dress, white, adorned with flowers; second dress, garnet satin, profusely ornamented; third dress, plain travelling suit.

MISS HARTLY.—First dress, plain travelling suit; second dress, rich velvet costume; third dress, white brocaded satin. No jewels.

MRS. BANGS.—Short black dress, red bonnet, and otherwise dressed out of taste.

PHILLIS.—Yellow and green, and odd mixtures throughout. For scene at station, same as Miss HARTLY in first act.

## PROPERTIES.

Bag with law papers for TWADDLE; paper money for CODLING; ditto, ditto for BEACH; gun for TIMOTHY; feather duster for PHILLIS; fruit in baskets for venders; papers for newsboys; silver for GENERAL.

## SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. CODLING enters, calling CODLING, who has had previous warning to prepare for company. TIMOTHY answers her call, and after a tilt with Mrs. C. applies his blarney and departs in quest of CODLING, who soon after enters, but does not adopt Mrs. C.'s ideas about personal appearances. Some unpleasant reminders of the past are brought out as LETITIA enters to relate the tragic exit of the hero in the last romance. After LET. retires, the subject uppermost in Mrs. C.'s thoughts is broached—the marriage of her son and daughter—on whose accomplishments she delights to dwell; and as C. disputes their merits, Mrs. C. is inclined to lose her temper, when ALPHONSO enters with the news that he has captured a lion (General Dasher). Mrs. C. is in ecstasies over the possession of a real general in the house, and at once thinks of her daughter's prospects. DASHER enters, with a fair knowledge of the household (gleaned from ALPHONSO on the way), and from the outset addresses them according to the ruling propensities of each. CODLING, who by hard knocks has accumulated a fortune, would bring his natural shrewdness into play in trading with his fellows, but is disarmed by the apparent frankness and high character of his guest. LETITIA re-enters, and is attacked, in her weakness, at once by DASHER, who by this time has won the entire Codling family. Feeling that the daughter and her money can be captured, he resolves to throw his deserted wife (Mrs. Bangs) entirely off her guard by getting TIBBS to publish the death of himself (Bangs). BEACH, in obedience to his father's wish, calls on the Codlings, and though attached to Miss HARTLY is desirous of seeing LETITIA. DASHER discovers his business and frightens him away with a concocted account of LETITIA's deformities. BEACH, in endeavoring to steal off unseen, is discovered by the servant (TIM.), and brought in as a prisoner to the company, where Miss HARTLY has just arrived to pay a visit to her guardian (CODLING). C. is rejoiced at meeting BEACH (his old friend's son), and offers him his daughter's hand; but B., with DASHER's voice fresh in his ear, is about to reject her; he discovers his error, however, and is leading her off, when he is surprised at seeing Miss HARTLY. The advent of BEACH and Miss HARTLY has altered the arrangements of the Codlings, and causes the worthy couple to pull in different directions. DASHER sees now inviting attractions in Miss HARTLY after learning her wealth from TWADDLE, who mistakes him for CODLING. Miss H. plays with DASHER, and rouses B.'s jealousy, who forces a quarrel with her, and both resolve to leave the Codling mansion. DASHER is jubilant over the prospects of winning Miss H., when his deserted wife (Mrs. BANGS) makes her appearance, claiming the insurance on her husband from CODLING, who is an insurance officer. This unexpected dilemma upsets DASHER's plans, and he suddenly resolves to absent himself; but believing, from his corrupt heart, that he can influence Miss H. to his desires, he writes from the station, urging her to elope with him. In the meantime Miss H. and B. have settled their lover's quarrel, and they resolve to punish DASHER by bringing him into ridicule. To this end they attire PHILLIS in Miss H.'s garments; place her, with proper instructions, in TIM'S charge, and send her to meet DASHER, who is waiting at the station. To make his exposure more thorough, it is arranged to have all the characters present at the station, and this becomes less difficult as TIBBS and LETITIA have eloped, and all, from various motives, start in pursuit. The mask being torn from DASHER, and his efforts to deceive thwarted, he resolves to amend his life and make it yet "A Great Success."



# A GREAT SUCCESS.

## ACT I.

SCENE.—*Garden in front of CODLING's residence.*

*Enter MRS. CODLING from house.*

MRS. C. (*pettishly*). Now that every moment is so precious—(*calls*) Codling, Mr. Codling, oh, Mr. Codling! Well, well, was ever woman treated so before? 'Twould worry a saint, let alone a—(*calls*) Codling! My breath is gone. He knows I want him, but remains away to aggravate me. I am an abused woman. His man is no better—follows the master's example. (*calls*) Timothy, Timothy! my lungs! oh, Tim-o-thy!

TIM. (*without*). Comin', ma'am, comin'.

MRS. C. The rascal, I'll show him—

*Enter TIM.*

MRS. C. How is it you are never at hand when wanted?

TIM. Is it me, ma'am? Sure I came as fasht as me legs would carry me.

MRS. C. You are quick enough when inclined, but you are growing careless, and lately you have fallen into the habit of carousing all night and sleeping through the day, like a wildcat.

TIM. Begor, ma'am, to say the laste, you surprise me, that does be watchin' the premises here every night till me eyelids weigh more than the rest of me body.

MRS. C. You may blind my husband in this way, but I cannot be imposed on so easily. In future learn your duties from me.

TIM. Faith, ma'am, it's a pleasure to learn anything from a lady, and in particular from such a one. (*aside*) Blarney's chape.

MRS. C. (*aside*). He has some good qualities. (*aloud*) Find Mr. Codling and send him to me at once.

TIM. Misther Codling, is it?

MRS. C. I spoke plainly—Mr. Codling! Go!

TIM. Did ye forget, ma'am, that there was two in the house?—which d'ye want?

MRS. C. My husband, you blockhead! Alphonso's not at home.

TIM. All right; he'll be here in the twinkling of an eye. (*aside*) She can't get ahead of Tim Doody. [*Exit TIM.*]

MRS. C. This Irishman plays his jokes on me with as much assurance as if I were his Bridget. Codling spoils every servant that

comes into the house, but I'll soon put an end to it ; I'll manage the business in future. (*walks about as if reflecting*) I have been too easy with Codling, and the consequence is, he begins to despise the authority of which he once stood in awe.

*Enter CODLING, hurriedly.*

COD. Whew ! what's the matter ?

MRS. C. The matter indeed ! Hear me, Mr. Codling.

COD. Some terrible calamity, I suppose—the cat jumped on the dressing case, scattered the powder, overturned your paint-pot, and—

MRS. C. You want to break my heart.

COD. I have a faint recollection of hearing that remark before.

MRS. C. Mr. Codling, I will not be mocked. I have some rights, though a woman ; and some spirit left, though your wife.

COD. Be calm, I beg, and you shall have, not only your rights, but mine also.

MRS. C. I'm no child, to be imposed on by words.

COD. You may cast my vote at the next election, and sit in the board of directors of the "Eternal Salvation Insurance Company." When we walk out you shall have the post of honor ; when we drive you shall hold the reins. And now what is the business ? you sent for me.

MRS. C. Is this a way to prepare for company ? A common carter would pay more attention to his dress.

COD. You should know by this time that frippery has no attraction for me.

MRS. C. The position we occupy—

COD. Hang it, madam, don't talk to me about position, who began life crying "Oysters, ho !" and am proud of it.

MRS. C. But remember, sir, one of us had a different origin.

COD. If my memory serves me right, I sold the oysters and you cooked them.

MRS. C. As you respect neither me nor yourself, have some consideration for your children, those cherubs, the envy of all our friends.

COD. Yes, the girl is transformed into an animated toy, fit only for a lounge or a looking-glass.

MRS. C. She's acknowledged to have no superior in music, drawing, painting—

COD. Her face—

MRS. C. Dancing, reading—

COD. Trash !

*Enter LETITIA, languidly, from house.*

LETITIA. Oh, ma, Demetrius is dead !

COD. Who's dead ?

LET. But Phalarius has sworn to avenge him and protect his bride.

COD. What nonsense is this ?

MRS. C. Characters in the new novel.

LET. Oh, it's too pitiful.

[*Exit LETITIA into house.*]

MRS. C. Poor sympathetic child, she would not tread upon a mouse !

COD. Good gracious! what is the rising generation coming to?

MRS. C. Don't trouble yourself about that, but remember we're expecting Miss Hartly this evening; Alphonso has gone to the station to meet her.

COD. And if there's a probability of a blunder he'll be sure to fall in with it.

MRS. C. On one thing I am resolved—Miss Hartly shall never leave here except as the wife of our son.

COD. How has she offended that you should contemplate so terrible a punishment?

MRS. C. Are you mad?

COD. Graft a booby on her for life, who never rises above childishness, except in the practice of vice!

MRS. C. Your own son!

COD. An apt scholar in trifles, but in useful knowledge as destitute as a woman of charity for her sex.

MRS. C. He knows enough; too much learning's not the thing. There is Professor Knowall, who dined with us; he sat as mute at the table as one of the chairs!

COD. He knew his company—*pearls before swine*.

MRS. C. On the contrary, look at Colonel Stubbins, who told me confidentially that he never read a book through in his life, and see what a noise he makes in Congress!

COD. So Alphonso would make a Congressman?

MRS. C. He knows enough for that, and with Miss Hartly's money and his father's he could cut a figure in the world that would drive the Browns and the Joneses almost frantic.

COD. As you are in the match-making vein, what think you of a husband for Letitia? I have a letter from our old friend Beach, stating that his son Walter shall soon pay us a visit. In a postscript he hopes that our daughter and his son may mutually attract each other to that point where matrimony becomes inevitable.

MRS. C. Mr. Beach is very much mistaken if he thinks my daughter aspires no higher.

COD. It's something to get an honest man.

*Enter ALPHONSO, hurriedly.*

MRS. C. Where is Miss Hartly?

ALPH. The train missed connection at Guntown, so Miss Hartly has been delayed some hours. But, mother, I did not come alone—I brought a substitute.

MRS. C. A what?

COD. As I expected—a blunder.

ALPH. A regular stunner!

MRS. C. A woman?

ALPH. A woman! No, a smasher! Lord, isn't he loud though!

MRS. C. What do you mean?

ALPH. That I met one of the most celebrated men in the country at the station, and that he is now in this house.

MRS. C. Mercy, Alphonso! who can it be?

COD. An escaped lunatic, I expect.

ALPH. Guess. You can't. What a trump for Let? Give it up?

COD. Come, sir, none of your riddles.

ALPH. Prepare! Once, twice—now then!

MRS. C. Don't keep me in suspense



ALPH. General Dasher !

MRS. C. General Dasher !

COD. Who is he ?

ALPH. That's a queer question.

MRS. C. Like your father. The name's enough.

ALPH. He knows all about father—came especially to see him.

COD. Me !

MRS. C. A general in the house ! Tell your sister immediately. Rouse up the servants—put everything in order.

*Enter GENERAL DASHER.*

ALPH. General Dasher, my parents.

GENERAL. Madam—sir—I am delighted to meet you. I was about inquiring for your residence at the station, when a lucky remark from a gentleman at my elbow discovered the presence of your son.

MRS. C. (*with flourish*). You are welcome, General. We are rejoiced to make your acquaintance, and with the sincerest pleasure we tender you the hospitalities of our rural home. You must be fatigued from your journey ; perhaps a few moments' rest—Alphonso, show the General—

GENERAL. Madam, I thank you, but I feel already refreshed by the lively and natural appearance of everything about this charming villa.

MRS. C. We try to enjoy life.

GENERAL. Exactly, by surrounding yourselves with every comfort that a cultivated taste can suggest.

MRS. C. (*aside*). What a delightful talker !

GENERAL (*aside*). The old lady's weak point—vanity.

MRS. C. You came directly from the city ?

GENERAL. Yes, I was anxious to consult Mr. Codling on important matters of business.

MRS. C. Consult Mr. Codling ! Mr. Codling, I assure you—

GENERAL. I see—has no secrets from you—felicity born of mutual confidence—hymeneal blessings ! life's greatest joy !

COD. (*aside*). An evident want of experience in that line.

MRS. C. You'll excuse me, but a woman's curiosity, you know—

GENERAL. Should always be gratified.

MRS. C. Your are—married ?

GENERAL. A mere bachelor—a roamer. I have lacked the courage to penetrate the vale of roses, where connubial bliss sits enthroned.

MRS. C. Your remarks—ha, ha !—remind me of my visit to Paris.

COD. (*aside*). Good gracious ! that visit to Paris again.

MRS. C. The Marquis La Boyteaux—

COD. (*aside*). Be hanged.

MRS. C. One of the great men of France—

COD. (*aside*). This must be stopped.

MRS. C. In a conversation with me—

COD. (*advancing to GENERAL*). After your railroad jaunt a little repose may be welcome.

MRS. C. (*getting in front of COD.*). As I was about to relate—

COD. I know how this kind of travel exhausts—

MRS. C. (*looking with anger on COD., advancing in front of him and talking very loud*). This celebrated Frenchman favored a law—

COD. (*to GENERAL*). Because among strangers you must not hesitate to take comforts.

MRS. C. (*aside*). My best story is spoiled.

GENERAL (*to COD.*). Such a journey is but a recreation to one who has spent a good part of his life on the battlefield, when a moment's rest was snatched, as I may say, from the jaws of death!

COD. (*aside to MRS. C.*). Keep the marquis for another occasion.

MRS. C. (*to him*). I'll show you. (*to GENERAL*) I said the Marquis La Boyteaux favored a law——

GENERAL. You certainly said so, madam.

MRS. C. Making matrimony compulsory after a certain age.

COD. (*aside*). Carried her point!

GENERAL. Madam, I approve the doctrine. No longer ago than yesterday I had a warm discussion with Governor Muddle on that very subject. By the way, Mr. Codling, I was imparting to him my scheme for tunnelling the Rocky Mountains, when his Excellency, the Secretary of State, introduced your name as one who is always anxious to aid in the advancement of useful enterprises. Ned dwelt warmly on your generous disposition.

COD. Ned?

GENERAL. I mean the Secretary. We are so intimate I rarely call him by any other name. It's Ned and Jack with us behind the scenes. In public, of course, it's Honorable Edward and General Dasher.

COD. I was not aware that the Secretary knew me?

GENERAL. My dear sir, you must not imagine, because you indulge your modesty in seclusion, you are therefore unknown. The eminent gentlemen, who form the Cabinet at present, confer honor on their exalted positions, by making it a part of their duty to seek out merit in retired places, and enlist it in the service of their country.

MRS. C. (*aside to COD.*). Now what do you think of Alphonso's blunder?

GENERAL (*aside*). The prospect's bright.

COD. So you think of tunnelling the Rocky Mountains?

GENERAL. Think! Lord bless you, sir, the stock is subscribed, the survey is made, and at this moment (*looks at his watch*) the sound of ten thousand hammers and sledges echoes through the hills and valleys of the Pacific slope!

COD. Wonderful!

GENERAL. And the most wonderful thing about it is, that no one has anticipated me in this propitious undertaking.

MRS. C. (*to ALPH.*). Hear him and learn to talk.

GENERAL. The laurels won on the battlefield or in the legislative halls of the nation, sink into insignificance when compared with the glory attending the successful completion of this magnificent enterprise! Not to speak of the money——

COD. Yes, yes—the money—the glory——

MRS. C. I hope your visit will be a long one.

GENERAL. Busy men, madam, are unfortunate with respect to time—'tis not their own—work presses—life's short—trite maxims, but true. (*MRS. C. and ALPH. talk apart.*)

COD. Your description of this tunnel excites my curiosity, it is far beyond everything attempted in this way before.

GENERAL. It was reserved for American genius and energy to bring scientific theories into practical use. We have new inventions

and old ones newly applied, which if known, would astonish the world; at present they are secrets to all but the initiated!

COD. The initiated?

GENERAL. The men who supply the money and the brains. To give you an idea of what's contemplated—in confidence remember.

COD. Of course.

GENERAL. We are constructing pneumatic tubes parallel with the road-bed of the tunnel, through which, if a man be in a hurry, he may travel at the electric speed of twenty miles a minute!

COD. Twenty miles a minute! impossible.

GENERAL. That word should be dropped from our lexicons—a few more years of progress, and there will be no need of it. Consider—breakfast on the Atlantic, dine on the Pacific, and return for the night to your hotel in New York.

COD. But can this be done?

GENERAL. Undoubtedly.

COD. Then 'twill be apt to pay as an investment?

GENERAL (*aside*). I have you there. Ha, ha! that's good, *apt*. Why, sir, 'twill be an Eldorado, undreamed of heretofore. A word in your ear, the stock's already at a premium—there's none on the market.

COD. What—none? (ALPH. *enters house*.)

GENERAL. Not a dollar. It has been the company's aim from the start to have solid men only interested. From what Ned—I mean the Secretary—said of you, I made up my mind to slap your name down for fifty shares of my own.

COD. But the premium?

GENERAL. Not a word on that score, if you please. When I take a fancy for a man, allow me to indulge my feelings. It's a pleasure, a kind of—in fact a gratification of the higher sort, to confer bounties on those we like. Men who have favors to bestow are often the dupes of their own conceit, and mistake flattery for friendship. But, sir, in you I see an honest man, endowed with a sterling heart. (*heartily shaking his hand*.)

COD. Such generosity in business—

GENERAL. Is what I beg you to forget.

*Enter ALPHONSO and LETITIA.*

Mrs. C. My dears.

LET. Don't Alphonso—you're so rough.

Mrs. C. General, my daughter—young—but—

GENERAL. Beautiful—in harmony with all the surroundings.

Mrs. C. She studies so hard, I fear for her health.

GENERAL (*aside*). On the romantic. (Mrs. C. *draws off* COD. and ALPH., *leaving* GENERAL and LET. *in front*.)

GENERAL. Our dreams of Paradise are realized in this delightful prospect.

LET. (*aside*). What a melodious voice!

GENERAL. But the scene is so familiar to you, that possibly its beauties are unnoticed. I confess myself enchanted with this elegant blending of nature and art, where the qualities of either appear heightened in the charms of both.

LET. You are an admirer of the beautiful in nature?

GENERAL. I adore it—when animated.

LET. And fond of poetry?

GENERAL. I could live on it.

LET. How strange—congenial tastes !

GENERAL (*aside*). “Two souls with but a single thought.” I once courted the muse.

LET. Indeed !

GENERAL. Oh, yes ! (*aside*) Wrote verses for a caudy-man.

LET. It's foolish perhaps, but I often amuse myself by judging of people's character from the poets they read.

GENERAL. I'll puzzle you then. (*aside*.)

LET. You like—for instance—

GENERAL. I am a very glutton, Miss Codling,—swallow all from Shakespeare to my friend Tommy Dimple.

LET. Tommy Dimple ?

GENERAL. Author of that deep and touching poem, which opens with—

“Oh thou pale moon, whose translucent waves  
Still the loud beatings of the troubled heart,  
Look down with pity on this trembling maid.”

LET. Charming—a new poet ?

GENERAL (*aside*). Born this instant. Quite new, and a rare genius.

LET. In my ignorance, I should have thought a soldier incapable of poetic sympathies.

GENERAL. What monsters you would make of us !

LET. Pardon me. I mean, you would delight in reading the lives of great men only—such as the Black Prince, Amadis de Gaul, The Three Guardsmen—and—and—and, so on.

GENERAL (*aside*). What learning ! Naturally such would be your opinion, but in our day deeds of extraordinary valor have been so common that the glorious achievements of the past no longer dazzle us, and for something to outstrip our own actions where shall we go ? to our Byrons and Tommy Dimples.

MRS. C. (*advancing*). Letitia, my dear, show the General through the grounds.

LET. Why, ma, what is there to look at ?

GENERAL. After what I have seen, you cannot surprise me.

MRS. C. There is the arbor, the labyrinth, the fish-pond, the—

COD. Many things to be proud of, particularly as we are indebted to our own industry for every brick and shrub.

MRS. C. Though at one time our family were people of note—

COD. Damme, if I remember such a time. And with all your anxiety to make it appear otherwise, your own hand contributed—

MRS. C. (*annoyed*). Come, General—come, children, while your

*Enter* TIMOTHY.

father enjoys the company of his servant.

GENERAL (*aside*). Cutting.

[*Exeunt* MRS. C., LET., ALPH. and GENERAL.]

COD. My wife's vanity spoils the honest pride which we should feel in contemplating a fortune reared by ourselves.

TIM. Begor, sir, Mistor Alphonso played hob with the bay mare.

COD. The bay mare ?

TIM. Yis, faith—I wouldn't give three farthings for all the good she'll do now.

COD. That's unfortunate, but at present there are matters more pressing. Tim, you're a shrewd fellow and know what's what.

TIM. You may say that same, an' tell no lie.

COD. There's a gentleman in the house, to whom I wish every attention paid. I expect to make the investment profitable. Do you understand ?

TIM. D'ye take me for a gossoon ? why wouldn't I ?

COD. I have found you faithful—let it be your care to remain so.

TIM. Thrust me, sir.

COD. Although Mrs. Codling has frequently complained of your negligence—

TIM. Me is it ? Shure she's mishtaken.

COD. Moreover, that you've been drunk on more than one occasion lately.

TIM. I plade guilty to that.

COD. Stop it—if for no other reason, because my business requires a sober man. Consider what losses I my sustain through such conduct.

TIM. Begor, sir, you don't considher at all what I lose; not spakin' o' the headache, and sometimes a black eye, there's me hard-earned wages.

COD. Was there ever such excuses by delinquent before ? But go on and remember my instructions.

*Enter ALPHONSO.*

TIM. All right, sir.

[*Exit* TIM.]

ALPH. Father, you must acknowledge I played a trump card this time.

COD. By accident.

ALPH. The General knows all the great men of the country as intimately as you do Tim Doody. He's a great success !

COD. I believe it.

ALPH. Talks of senators, cabinet-officers, and foreign ambassadors as I would of Leonidas Tibbs, my chum. I tell you a secret—Let's already in love, so Beach had better save his travelling expenses.

COD. And you had better save your tongue, it gallops too fast.

ALPH. Hello, here comes Tibbs ; he's spoony on sis too.

*Enter* TIBBS.

TIBBS. Mr. Codling, senior, your humble servant, and Codling, junior, how are you ?

COD. (*aside*). This is the companion his mother has chosen for her darling—a congenial pair—hopelessly useless.

ALPH. Tibbs, old fel, you've got the start of me this time in that nobby coat. I expect its mate—remember.

TIBBS (*aside*). He has paid for this and don't know it. The other day I was charged at the club with wearing your old clothes.

ALPH. The deuce you were !

TIBBS. So I resolved to have one suit at least different from yours. Wasn't I right, Codling, senior ?

COD. I feel unequal to such a weighty question.

TIBBS. Crabbed, as usual.

ALPH. Tibbs, old boy, we have a lion in the house.



TIBBS. A lion! Open the door and let him out.

ALPH. He's gentle as a dove, but loud; come, you can see him; don't be nervous.

TIBBS. Lions, you know, are my specialty.

[*Exeunt TIBBS and ALPH., boisterously.*]

COD. Lord, when I think of the up-hill work I had at their years—how few the hours that could be called my own, how empty my wrinkled pockets were, and with what care I dusted and put away my Sunday coat.

*Enter GENERAL.*

GENERAL. Ha, ha, ha! my dear Cod—excuse me, but brevity, you know, is the soul of wit, and in the army we clapped the sword to everything capable of abbreviation, from a man's life to his name. Shall it be Cod for short?

COD. Of course—saves time.

GENERAL. Just so; I'll tell you a story to the point. Ha, ha! From one end of the army to the other I was known as plain Dash. While reviewing the troops after the terrific battle of Cow-patch-gap. I heard a voice loudly calling, Dash, Dash. Turning quickly round I perceived on a ridge, some few hundred yards in the rear, an excited individual gesticulating violently, still screaming Dash, Dash, at the top of his voice. Supposing some disaster at hand, I put my horse to his mettle, and arrived there in time—

COD. To save the man's life?

GENERAL. To see a dog crouched at his feet.

COD. Ha, ha! the dog's name was Dash!

GENERAL. You've hit it! I was sold; but don't repeat the story. My dear Cod, were you ever in a dilemma?

COD. A dilemma!

GENERAL. In my hurry to get here, I forgot a necessary article of dress.

COD. Step to my room and repair the breach.

GENERAL. Breach is good. Cod, you have wit.

COD. In earlier days I had some credit in that way. I could tell you an amusing—

GENERAL. My dear fellow, don't trouble yourself. I see it gleaming in your eye. The fact is, in changing my coat, I forgot it had pockets, and this moment, intending to reward your Irishman for his courtesies—

COD. (*aside*). Practiced my lesson—good.

GENERAL. I discovered my wallet to be missing.

COD. And that's a dilemma?

GENERAL. It is. (*aside*) And a sad one, as I happen to know.

COD. Make yourself easy; there's nothing in this house for sale. Freedom and hospitality rule here.

GENERAL. In this mansion money is useless, I grant, but from habit, Cod, I dislike to be without the great motive power which may turn an emergency at any time into a victory. So I'll be obliged to make you my creditor temporarily for, say a thousand dollars.

COD. (*hesitates*). A thousand—let me see. (*aside*) Cool!

GENERAL. No trouble on my account.

COD. Don't mention it, General—I'll get it immediately.

GENERAL. It can be deducted when the tunnel stocks are transferred.

COD. Of course it can.

[Exit CODLING.]

GENERAL. A military title plus a judicious portion of brass equals one thousand dollars.

*Enter TIBBS and ALPHONSO.*

ALPH. Here he is.

TIBBS. The lion!

ALPH. General Dasher, my chum, Leonidas Tibbs.

GENERAL. Immortal name of glorious memory!

TIBBS. Although not ambitious of emulating the Spartan, I have a great admiration for soldiers, and delight in contributing my share towards their glory. I am connected with the press.

GENERAL. The lever of modern progress, the enlightener of all nations, the glory of the nineteenth century! My dear sir, I have the highest esteem for your profession.

ALPH. My friend is always after items; he is anxious to get you in the papers.

GENERAL (*aside*). And there's nowhere I'd rather keep out of.

TIBBS. We endeavor to unite business with pleasure, and when coming in contact with a man who has made a noise in the world, we expect by interviewing him to revive the excitement.

GENERAL. I admire your frankness, I applaud your energy, I approve the motive; but you will do me the greatest possible favor by this time refraining from your customary practice. I have weighty reasons, known to the Government, however, why the world should remain ignorant of my present whereabouts.

ALPH. Description of a battle, eh, Tibbs?

TIBBS. Incidents of a dreary march, recollections of camp life, or reminiscences of celebrated characters.

GENERAL. Gentlemen, I've had enough of notoriety. The truth is I court privacy. I am no longer beguiled by the delusions of fame. (*reflects, then suddenly*) But an item you shall have.

TIBBS. Shall I?

GENERAL. On one condition.

TIBBS. Agreed—name it.

GENERAL. That my name shall not appear.

TIBBS. Of course not. (*gets paper and pencil ready.*)

GENERAL (*aside*). Now for annihilation of the Past and a new Future! (*aloud*) The tragedy—

TIBBS. Tragedy!

GENERAL. Is but a few days old, and has not been published.

TIBBS. The better for that.

ALPH. A regular old blood and thunder, eh, Tibbs?

GENERAL. While lounging on the forecastle of a North river ferry, wrapped in the contemplation of the bright spheres above us, I was suddenly roused from my reverie, by a soul-touching sigh at my side. A hasty glance revealed the figure of a—

TIBBS. Woman?

GENERAL. Man, on whose woe-begone countenance despair had set his iron mark. With rapid strides he glided by and deliberately walked overboard—

TIBBS. And was drowned?

GENERAL. He rose to the surface—

TIBBS (*writing*). Three different times. Go on.

GENERAL. And sunk at last—

TIBBS. To rise no more. Go on.

GENERAL. An apathetic effort was made to save him——

TIBBS. Without success. Proceed. The body——

GENERAL. Has not been recovered.

TIBBS. His name——

GENERAL (*hesitates*). Absalom Bangs of Rockville.

TIBBS. You knew him?

GENERAL (*confused*). Not I—'twas written on the inside of his hat.

TIBBS. Anything remarkable about his person?

GENERAL. This is all I know.

TIBBS. Unlucky; but, General, my imagination will fill in—I've sketched the headings. (*reads*) Another suicide! Man overboard! Horrible indifference of lookers-on! Three times to the surface and no hand stretched forth to save him! Where is our boasted civilization? Man's inhumanity to man! General, I thank you. Come, Alphonso, we'll dispatch this immediately.

[*Exeunt* TIBBS and ALPH.

GENERAL. Oh, happy age, that enables a man to witness his own death! Oh, blessed newspapers, that convey the soothing intelligence to his surviving partner! (*looking off*) A new face.

*Enter* BEACH.

BEACH (*walks on* GENERAL *before seeing him*). I beg your pardon.

GENERAL. Granted! Have I had the pleasure of meeting you here before?

BEACH. Just arrived, sir.

GENERAL. A friend of——

BEACH. Everybody, in summer.

GENERAL. Summer!

BEACH. My name's Beach.

GENERAL (*aside*). A rival! (*aloud*) Very good, ha, ha! excellent. "Beneath the spreading beech he vowed." My friend Cod——

BEACH. Cod!

GENERAL. The major domo, your intended father-in-law, Codling.

BEACH (*surprised*). You seem to know more——

GENERAL. I know all about your project—it's as well known in the neighborhood as yesterday's police news. Rather amusing.

BEACH. Amusing! how so, sir?

GENERAL. Because, Mr. Beach, it is thought your father's avarice shadows his paternal affection!

BEACH. This is very provoking.

GENERAL. Damnably so; but people's curiosity is aroused, and if they cannot see a good motive for so unnatural an alliance, they manufacture a bad one.

BEACH. How unnatural? and what motive is needed, more than the universal law that attracts one sex towards the other?

GENERAL. Unless men's tastes have undergone a violent revolution, I cannot imagine what a handsome young fellow like you could hope in marrying—a—a——

BEACH. You hesitate—speak out.

GENERAL. Perhaps I'm going too far. You may know all about the lady in question.

BEACH. I never saw her.

GENERAL. Draw near. I am a soldier, accustomed to speak plainly.

BEACH. Go on, sir; you have a right.

GENERAL (*drawing close and speaking in a low tone*). My name is Dasher, General Dasher. I despise the sordid love of gain which controls the minds of some men, to the exclusion of ennobling qualities. This young lady, Miss Codling, is an object to excite our pity—she is—a cripple!

BEACH. Good heavens!

GENERAL. Nature indulges in freaks sometimes, to display her bounties more effectually by contrast.

BEACH. This is horrible!

GENERAL. Her form is well enough; but——

BEACH. But what?

GENERAL. It is bent almost double.

BEACH. Double!

GENERAL. She has an excellent eye; bright, mellow and deep.

BEACH. A fine eye makes up for many deficiencies.

GENERAL. But she has only one!

BEACH. One eye and bent double! Could my father have known this? impossible! The lady has my compassion, but hang me if I marry her.

GENERAL. Speaking in charity, were she born a Spartan, her birth-day would be her last day on earth!

BEACH. I shall return home at once—my visit here kept a secret—a letter of apology from my father. But, sir, can I depend on you?

GENERAL. I am a gentleman and a soldier—you have my word.

BEACH (*half aside*). Ah, Matilda, my wandering thoughts return again to you!

GENERAL. Act on your resolution at once, for Codling is almost upon us.

BEACH. Farewell! from my heart, I thank you. [*Exit BEACH.*]

GENERAL. Good-bye! Military strategy, decoy the enemy to other fields, and the battle's won without a blow!

*Enter CODLING.*

COD. (*handing money*). I take a pleasure in accommodating you.

GENERAL. My dear Cod, I believe it—this mark of friendship——

COD. Not a word, not a word!

*Enter MRS. CODLING, LETITIA, TIBBS and ALPHONSO.*

TIBBS (*to LET.*). You understand the language of flowers?

MRS. C. La, Mr. Tibbs, she's learned four languages that I know of besides two dead——

GENERAL (*endeavoring to get between TIBBS and LET.*). And the reasonable conclusion would be, that a lady of her acquirements had not neglected the lively and expressive language of flowers.

ALPH. (*aside to MRS. C.*). The General's sweet on sis, eh?

MRS. C. (*to ALPH.*). The dear creature. Tell your father I want him.

TIBBS (*aside*). This General is a d—d cheeky egotist. (*all retire back except CODLING and MRS. C.*)

MRS. C. Just look at the cherub! you didn't know her attractions.

COD. I haven't discovered them.

MRS. C. The General has ; see, a captive on each hand.

COD. Captives, you call them ; she'll soon have a third. I expect young Beach every moment.

MRS. C. He must not come here to meddle with my arrangements. Send Alphonso to stop him at the station.

COD. What then ?

MRS. C. Say we've gone to the mountains, the seashore, or anywhere.

COD. Turn off my friend's son with a lie ! Besides, I don't know but what he'd make the best husband.

MRS. C. You know nothing about such matters.

COD. Quite right ; I made a blunder myself.

MRS. C. You want to put me out of temper, but you can't.

*Enter TIM.*

TIM. There's a daughter of darkness out here as wants to see Mistor Codling.

COD. Who is it ?

MRS. C. Some of his Irish wit.

TIM. We niver looks gloomy, ma'am, only in pity for ill-nathured people.

MRS. C. (*aside*). Impertinent rascal !

COD. Where is the party ?

TIM. At the gate, sur ; she'll be here in a jiffy.

[*Exit TIM.*

MRS. C. That fellow's too bold.

*Re-enter TIMOTHY, PHILLIS following.*

TIM. This is the visitor.

COD. Who are you ?

PHIL. Phillis.

TIBBS. A cloudy goddess.

PHIL. Who's a cloud ? Young missus is a-waitin'.

COD. Who is ?

PHIL. Miss Tildy, ob course.

COD. What ! Miss Hartly arrived ?

TIBBS. The young lady you're expecting ?

MRS. C. (*aside*). I could wish her far away at this moment.

COD. Come, let us all unite in extending a hearty welcome.

[*Exeunt all but TIMOTHY and PHILLIS.*

TIM. (*preventing PHILLIS' exit*). Don't tear yourself away, I wants to have a chat wid you.

PHIL. Shut you mouf ; what's you take me for ? I isn't no common nigga, I'll let you know.

TIM. Shure I'm very glad to see a dacent one.

PHIL. G'way, I isn't carin' nuffin' for such poor trash.

TIM. There was a girl like you here not long since, an' we locked her up with a big dog, an' begor, whin the dog got hungry, he began to—

PHIL. (*rushes for door, is stopped by TIM.*). I isn't afraid o' you white man. Don't come near dis chile !

TIM. (*pretending passion*). Can you shwim ?

PHIL. Oh, Miss Tildy ! oh, murder !

TIM. Whisht, why don't you ? A cannon couldn't be heard from



here. You may roar till you turn white and nobody could hear. Shure, 'tis a custom we have to throw people like you into the pond; if you can swim you're all right.

PHIL. Oh, please! oh, don't, Mista!

TIM. 'Twont drownded you; the shnappin' turtles might bite off your toes, but shure they'll grow agin.

PHIL. Oh, let me go this time. (TIM. *threatens, she screams.*)

*Enter TWADDLE.*

TWADDLE. Twaddle to the rescue! What have we here? a dusky damsel and a son of Erin.

TIM. The very same. (PHILLIS *runs out.*)

TWAD. Are you not ashamed to behave so?

TIM. I was havin' a bit o' fun. Is it me to touch a fibre of her wool in the way of harm?

TWAD. The effect on her was the same; she believed you. But where can I find Mr. Codling?

TIM. Mither Codling, is it?

TWAD. Oblige me by letting him know that Mr. Twaddle is anxious to speak with him.

TIM. (*laughing*). Twaddle de de, Twaddle de dum. (*as TIM. turns to go out, all the characters introduced pass over the stage at back; he points out CODLING to TWADDLE, who mistakes GENERAL for CODLING and accosts him.*)

TWAD. (*coming forward with GENERAL*). I am John Twaddle, of the well-known and reliable firm of Jenkins, Bunce & Twaddle, attorneys and counsellors at law. My business with you, Mr. Codling, as a representative of the aforesaid firm—(*looks over papers, they sit.*)

GENERAL (*aside*). Mistakes me for Codling—flattering.

TWAD. Yes, here it is. As I was about to say, my business is to arrive at a thorough understanding with regard to the estate of the late Henry Hartly, deceased.

GENERAL. Ahem! exactly.

TWAD. His daughter, Matilda, sole heiress, attains her majority in a few days, and we are anxious to close her affairs at that time. We expect you to pay over the whole amount which her father by will requested to remain in your hands during her minority.

GENERAL. Yes, just so. The amount?

TWAD. Not a trifle to forget; one hundred thousand dollars.

GENERAL (*rising excitedly*). One hundred thousand dollars!

TWAD. Added to sums invested elsewhere, swells the total to the handsome sum of two hundred thousand dollars.

GENERAL. Two hundred thousand dollars, and an orphan!

TWAD. An excellent start in life for some enterprising young man, your son for instance.

GENERAL (*abstractedly*). Or myself.

TWAD. Gad, you look young enough; but how to get rid of the other. Ha, ha!

GENERAL. Get rid of the other, yes, how?

TWAD. However, as Bunce once said, while sealing a bargain—

*Enter CODLING.*

GENERAL. Mr. Codling, my friend, Mr. Twaddle.

TWAD. (*surprised, looks from one to the other*). Sold, by jingo!

COD. Mr. Twaddle !

TWAD. Of Jenkins, Bunce & Twaddle.

COD. I know your partners. The firm still maintains its reputation for shrewdness ?

TWAD. (*looking at GENERAL*). 'Twas lately in jeopardy.

*Enter MRS. CODLING, MATILDA and ALPHONSO.*

TWAD. (*aside*). As a lawyer, he would have been a great success !  
(*TWADDLE and CODLING talk apart.*)

MRS. C. Matilda, my dear—I call you Matilda, Miss Hartly sounds so formal, more like mere acquaintance than real friendship.

MAT. I fully agree with you.

MRS. C. I begin to look on you already as one of the family.

MAT. You would soon tire of me.

MRS. C. You wrong me to think so. (*aside to ALPHONSO*) You stand like a chump ; why don't you talk to her ? (*GENERAL advances towards MATILDA, MRS. C. stops him and engages him in conversation.*)

ALPH. Miss Hartly—have you—fine day, isn't it ? did you see my chum yet ? Tibbs, you know.

MAT. He has escaped me among so many attractions.

ALPH. He's a stunner ! He's lightning ! you bet.

MAT. As your friend, I'll be delighted to meet him.

MRS. C. (*aside to ALPH*). You blockhead, what has she to do with Tibbs ?

ALPH. Why, mother, Tibbs is a genius.

GENERAL (*who has approached close to MAT., notwithstanding MRS. CODLING's efforts to keep him back*). Miss Hartly, I was about to—

MRS. C. (*interrupting him*). General, you have wrought my curiosity in military affairs to so high a pitch, that I am dying to hear your description of a battle.

GENERAL. I shall be delighted on some other occasion ; but now, Mrs. Codling, you'll excuse me. (*turning to MATILDA*) The country is no novelty to you, judging from the brilliancy of your complexion.

MRS. C. (*getting between MATILDA and GENERAL*). Or even a skirmish ? I won't be put off.

GENERAL (*aside*). Hang the old cat.

MRS. C. Your modesty reminds me of an incident that transpired during my visit to Paris.

GENERAL (*aside*). To Paris again ! Would she had staid there.

MRS. C. As I was saying—

GENERAL (*turning to MAT.*). Your first visit to the metropolis of the nation ?

MAT. It is.

GENERAL. I hope, Miss Hartly, 'twill not be your last. (*they converse apart.*)

MRS. C. (*to ALPH*). What a blockhead, that cannot entertain a young lady for five minutes !

ALPH. Mother, I'll get Tibbs to do my talking.

MRS. C. And carry off the fortune, you booby. (*to GENERAL and MAT.*) Your pardon for this interruption—

GENERAL (*aside*). I wish the old hag was in—(*turning abruptly on MRS. C.*) Where is your husband ? (*by direction of MRS. C., ALPH. approaches MAT.*)

MRS. C. The truth is, General, that husbands bother themselves

so much about business, we are compelled to entertain ourselves frequently without them.

GENERAL (*aside*). What must I do with her? (*turns to MAT.*)

MRS. C. We have forgotten Letitia, how cruel! Pray, General, your company to search for her.

GENERAL. How lucky! she's here in excellent hands.

*Enter LETITIA and TIBBS. Noise without.*

COD. (*rushing forward*). What noise is that?

*Enter BEACH, followed by TIMOTHY, who carries gun levelled at him, PHILLIS behind. Company frightened, rush to one side of the stage.*

TIM. March sthrait ahead; now halt.

COD. Timothy, explain this.

TIM. The thafe of the world! I found him climbin' the back fince, an' when I towld him to shtop, faith, he wint fasther; so I jist dhrew a bade on him and marched him here for thrial, (*all except MAT. come forward to look at him.*)

TIBBS. Oh, what a very low forehead!

LET. Such a horrible face!

ALPH. No cut to his clothes!

GENERAL. An exceeding bad eye!

BEACH. I feel highly flattered.

COD. (*blustering*). How came you here, sir? Give me a direct answer; the whole truth you'll find the better way.

TWAD. Be careful, for I, who represent the firm of Jenkins, Bunce & Twaddle, shall take the statements down *verbatim*!

BEACH. I'll confess.

MAT. (*aside*). What could he have done?

COD. Ready, Mr. Twaddle?

GENERAL (*aside*). "The best laid plans of men and mice gang aft a'glee."

BEACH. I came to this house expecting to make it my home for some weeks, as I was informed that it contained a valuable treasure which I could possess.

ALL. Horrible!

BEACH (*looking at GENERAL*). But through the disinterested persuasion of a friend, I concluded to leave without it.

TWAD. That's good—old criminal—I knew it!

TIM. Here's a rope!

COD. This is no explanation.

TWAD. So prepare for public lodgings.

TIM. I'll march him off to the rogue's gallery.

BEACH (*aside*). What delightful philanthropy! (*aloud*) My father, an old friend of yours, assured me I should meet with a cheerful reception at your hands!

COD. Your father! Who are you?

BEACH. Walter Beach.

GENERAL (*aside*). A bad deal.

COD. Walter Beach! my dear fellow, I beg a thousand pardons! The mistaken zeal of my servant. (*to TIM.*) Get out of my sight. (*exit TIM.*) And now to make amends, what shall I do?

BEACH. Forget it.

COD. You shall—ha, ha ! the fact is, I offer you the most precious jewel of my household. (*takes LETITIA'S hand.*)

BEACH (*looks earnestly at GENERAL, aside.*) His daughter ! save me !

GENERAL (*aside to BEACH.*) Refuse her.

COD. Come, daughter !

LET. (*holding back, is surrounded by MRS. C., TIBBS and others.*) Oh, pa, I can't. (*they remonstrate with CODLING.*)

COD. But you must. Here she is, sir, ha, ha ! your father's hopes and mine.

BEACH (*aside.*) What should I say ? one eye—double—(*looks at LET., is surprised, casts reproachful glance at GENERAL, who appears confused, but forces smile.*)

COD. Come, Mr. Beach, ladies and gentlemen, come ; while discussing some refreshments, we shall endeavor to forget this mistake in the enjoyment of each other's company ! (*BEACH is leading off LETITIA, when he is startled by seeing MATILDA, drops LETITIA'S arm, she goes off with TIBBS. GENERAL going towards MATILDA, is met by MRS. C., who rushes ALPHONSO between him and MATILDA, they go off together. The GENERAL left alone, turns round and discovers PHILLIS watching him, she offers to take his arm, GENERAL goes off quickly, followed by PHILLIS laughing loudly.*)

END OF FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*A room richly furnished in CODLING'S house. Everything indicates ostentatious wealth.*

PHILLIS *discovered dusting and arranging furniture.*

PHIL. I'se gettin' mighty tired o' dis life—nuffin but white folks an' work. Dis here ole missus hasn't got no use for niggas if dey isn't always a-workin'. I wants to get back, I does ; no cullud s'iety, no churches. Miss Tildy better quit foolin' wid dem here Golfonsos and Gen'al What-you-calls-ems, and marry Mista Walter ; he's her true love an' no mistake.

TIM *looks in at window, then enters.*

TIM. Is it there ye are, me charcoal beauty ?

PHIL. G'way, white man. I tell you 'gin, don' fool wid me.

TIM. What now ; the duck pond isn't dried up yet ?

PHIL. I stood dis long nuff ; I isn't to be insulted.

TIM. Och, but it's tindher ye're gettin'. Faith, 't isn't long till we'll have to be pullin' off our hats for ye.

PHIL. I reckon lots o' gemmans tooked off dere hats to me before now. I'll let you know Purfessor Cicero Johnson never good by 'dout bowin' an' takin' off his hat.

TIM. When he had one. Good breedin's fallin' in wid queer company of late. But things are movin' on, they say. Good-bye, Phillis,

for here comes your missus, along wid me prisoner that was, but now, faith, the besht frind I have ; and a rale gentleman he is. [*Exit* TIM.]

PHIL. I hasn't got no use for dis here Timuffy. I reckon he's a kind o' Irishman, an' our preacher always warned us gals about dem kind ; dey's bad.

*Enter* BEACH and MATILDA, in conversation.

BEACH. I had no heart in the business, I assure you. I came in obedience to my father.

MAT. (*seeing* PHILLIS). I've left my shawl in the library ; take it to my room.

PHIL. (*aside*). Dat shawl ain't a-troublin' o' her now. [*Exit*.

BEACH. This redoubtable General evidently feared a rival in me, for he drew so horrible a description of the lady that I resolved to return home at once, without making myself known.

MAT. Laughable, though cruel. How has he explained it ?

BEACH. In mistaking a cripple whom he had seen here for Miss Codling.

MAT. Which of course can't be doubted.

BEACH. Endeavoring to escape from the premises by obscure ways, the watchful eyes of an attendant detected me, and concluding that honest men leave more openly, he captured and marched me, like a prisoner of war, into the midst of the company, where I was startled and rejoiced to see you.

MAT. Startled, perhaps, but—

BEACH. Still more rejoiced. The General's violent attachment to Miss Codling changed to indifference when you came on the scene.

MAT. This change exists in your imagination only.

BEACH. I cannot think so.

MAT. (*aside*). A spark of jealousy ! (*aloud*) I am placed in an awkward position. Committed to your policy of denying a previous acquaintance, I feel as if I were living a lie.

BEACH. You consider it too seriously.

MAT. The invited guest of my father's friend, whose wife has convinced herself that I must marry her son !

BEACH. No consideration for the feelings of others, requires us to sacrifice our own.

MAT. Your name is expected to be conferred on the young lady. Despoiled at one stroke of a husband for her daughter and a wife for her son, what misery would overtake this unfortunate mother !

BEACH. I am heartily despised by Miss Codling. A thought should not be wasted on the brother, who is devoid of both sense and feeling.

MAT. Yet his mother declares him perfection.

BEACH. Did she believe it, this General would not trouble her so much as a rival.

MAT. (*aside*). The General again ! (*aloud*) You can laugh at her fears.

BEACH. Because my faith is strong.

MAT. (*aside*). The spark growing to a blaze. (*aloud*) I am a woman—young, not differing in essentials from my sisters, consequently inclined to—*frailty* !

BEACH. Do not draw on your imagination for miseries that never shall be ours. But why should we reason on matters—

MAT. That never admit of it.



BEACH. A lady approaches whose conduct may go far in convincing you 'tis never magnanimous to grant what selfishness demands. (*they separate.*)

*Enter* MRS. CODLING.

MRS. C. Child, I've looked for you everywhere; the garret and cellar were searched. Poor Alphonso searched every nook in the garden. The dear boy! 'twould melt a stone to see him go on.

BEACH (*aside*). The venerable hypocrite!

MAT. What is the matter with him?

MRS. C. The matter, my dear! Child, don't try to blind my experience.

MAT. Really, Mrs. Codling, I have no intention.

MRS. C. You don't mean to tell me a beautiful young girl, just out of her teens, can't tell when a young fellow falls in love with her. (*sees* WALTER) Oh dear, here's Mr. Beach. (*to* MAT.) What a clownish appearance—no style, no finish.

MAT. He may not feel the need of it.

*Enter* CODLING.

MRS. C. What do you think, Mr. Codling? The little rogue here affects innocence, and endeavors to throw dust in my eyes.

COD. She is foolish to try it—with you.

*Enter* ALPHONSO.

MRS. C. All your diligence could not discover her, and you gave up the chase, sad and dispirited, didn't you?

ALPH. About what, mother?

MRS. C. Dunce! Weren't you anxiously looking—

ALPH. Of course I was—had Tim and the dogs out.

MRS. C. (*making signs to him*). The dogs!

ALPH. But I concluded to await the arrival of Let.

MRS. C. (*angry*). Booby!

ALPH. As I know Tibbs won't be far behind.

MAT. (*aside*). Decidedly in love!

BEACH (*aside*). Artless—refreshing!

MRS. C. (*very angry*). Never mind Tibbs; can't you see Miss Hartly?

ALPH. Well, what of her?

MRS. C. (*to* MAT.). My dear, you see he's bashful as a boy of fifteen, though rising on twenty-two.

*Enter* GENERAL.

GENERAL. Ladies, your servant. Gentlemen, your most obedient. Ha, everything wears the glow of happiness this lovely morning. Miss Hartly, you have not yet greeted the rising monarch of the day. Charming view from the verandah, where he can be seen climbing over the distant hilltops, chasing the sickly moisture of the night, and throwing his dazzling rays where gloom and terror lately reigned!

MAT. (*aside*). Poetical—as my first love-letter.

GENERAL. On such a morning, nature robed in her choicest livery, we fought the bloody battle of Cow-patch-pen. It was a horrible

day ; few of us expected to see another. Men fell like grass before the scythe !

COD. The gallant heroes of such a day should never be——

GENERAL. They are already forgotten. Fame, my dear Cod, is a mockery—a base delusion, that turns men of sense from the useful paths of duty into the labyrinths of airy dreams !

MAT. A melancholy comment on the glories of war.

GENERAL. Sad, yet the glory of the hour is sufficient reward to those in action. Not a man in that day's struggle would have changed places with the most enviable individual at home in safety. Powder inflames the blood and banishes fear. Magnificent spectacle, two armies in conflict !

MAT. To a looker-on.

GENERAL. Exactly ; but remember, it is one of the laws governing armies in the field, that a general officer never enters into the midst of the contest. It would be cruelty towards those under him to risk his life and leave them, perhaps, to be indiscriminately slaughtered.

COD. I always supposed it was an officer's duty to lead his men where the battle raged hottest.

GENERAL. A mere delusion, I assure you. Minor officers of companies and regiments may, on occasion, lead their men ; but for a general officer to forget himself so far as to leave his position in the rear, would be a violation of all discipline.

ALPH. Gad, I'd like to be a general officer !

COD. Then these flaming pictures of Napoleon and Wellington——

GENERAL. Entirely imaginary.

MAT. What, was the great Napoleon always in the rear ?

GENERAL. I grant Napoleon forgot himself at times ; but he had not the science of to-day as a guide. A general who should now act as he did would be court-martialed and cashiered in twenty-four hours !

COD. You don't say so ?

MRS. C. (*who has been uneasy for some time, endeavors to draw GENERAL away from MATILDA*). Speaking of armies, during my visit to Paris, the Duke—let me see——

COD. (*aside*). When she goes to Paris, it's my time to leave.

[*Exit CODLING.*]

MRS. C. Duke—what's his name ?

GENERAL. Madam, the Duke is my very good friend. (*to MAT.*) The secret of good generalship is—gain a victory, but save your life. (*GENERAL and MAT. converse.*)

*Enter TIBBS and LETITIA.*

ALPH. Here's Tibbs at last !

MRS. C. Letty, dear child, the General's been asking for you.

TIBBS. Alph, old fel, where shall we go to-night ?

MRS. C. (*angry*). Mr. Tibbs, my son shall not go out of this house to-night, nor to-morrow night, nor——

TIBBS. Gad, ma'am, you please me exactly. I don't know where I had rather spend a whole week. What say you, Miss Letty ?

MRS. C. (*aside to LET., drawing her away*). Devote less time to Tibbs, do you understand ? and more to the General.

LET. Leonidas has been so good. You forget that he put all about our party in the papers, and spoke so very highly of you.

MRS. C. Rewards are not bestowed for past favors. Here lies our interest now. (*takes LETITIA to where GENERAL and MATILDA are talking.*)

TIBBS. The old lady has been dosing Let.

ALPH. Mother's a Tartar; but she can't lecture you out of sis's head. There's Walter Beach, with more sense, father says, than any of us. Let won't look at him.

TIBBS. The girls naturally take to us.

ALPH. Of course they do. Mother wants to force Miss Prude there, on me.

TIBBS. Shocking! she's a-fright and talks sense. I hate a woman that talks sense.

ALPH. Sis won't trouble you in that way; father says she's a doll.

TIBBS. Hang it, when I marry, I want a wife that I can look on without trembling. (*MRS. C. beckons to ALPH.*)

ALPH. At it again, old woman? How I hate this job. Stand to me, Tibbs. (*crosses to MRS. C. and others.*)

MRS. C. (*motions ALPH. to go near MAT., while she draws GENERAL off*). I have always imagined, somehow, that our son would distinguish himself as a soldier; he has the movement—the erect carriage—

GENERAL. A very model, Mrs. Codling. (*turns to MAT.*)

MRS. C. A few lessons from you, General, would work wonders.

GENERAL (*annoyed*). At present there's no field open, except the militia. (*again turning to MAT.*)

MRS. C. Even that, as a school—

GENERAL (*aside*). How can I rid myself of this woman?

MRS. C. You said something?

GENERAL. Yes—true, I have known men obtain high rank and a dubious kind of reputation, by parading a company or two of gilt-edge soldiers on the Fourth of July.

*Enter TIMOTHY.*

TIM. Mither Codling says, for the ladies and gentlemen as wants to see a boat-race, to go right away to the platform in the west ind.

GENERAL (*to MAT.*). How thoughtful in Cod!

MAT. Cod!

GENERAL. A delightful recreation. May I have the pleasure of your company?

MAT. Pardon me! I am subject to—the fact is, I have reasons for remaining within doors to-day.

GENERAL. My greatest enjoyment shall be here.

MAT. Don't think of it. I'd grieve for a week, should I deprive you of the anticipated pleasure.

GENERAL (*in a low voice*). There's no pleasure away from you.

MAT. But, sir, I wish to be alone.

GENERAL. My soul remains behind; 'twill not be long before I return to keep it company.

MRS. C. (*placing ALPH. between MAT. and GENERAL*). Dear child, come with us—make up a family party.

MAT. I positively decline going out this morning.

MRS. C. (*aside*). How waspish!

ALPH. I'm glad. [*Exeunt all but MATILDA, who motions LETITIA, going out, to return. LETITIA drops TIBBS' arm and returns.*]

MAT. Dear Letty, we've not had a moment to ourselves since my arrival, and I'm dying to have a chat about our frolics at school.

LET. It seems so very long ago, and but——

MAT. Two short years. Then we made faces at the boys—how is it now?

LET. Oh!

MAT. We practice the same game still, but don't let them see it.

LET. To tell you the truth, my mind's confused.

MAT. On the engrossing subject of boys? You're in love; what girl is not?

LET. I can't tell! I'll be guided by you—listen.

MAT. You've formed no plans for yourself?

LET. Ma tells me never to let love enter deeper than the surface, and never to look with favor on any one who has not a full purse to start out with.

MAT. Prudent, but I cannot subscribe to the doctrine. I act as I feel, and let consequences take care of themselves. Begin, and as you recite your troubles, I'll offer suggestions.

LET. Well, first I have—three lovers!

MAT. Three—horrible!

LET. Each making proffers——

MAT. Of his undying *et cetera*?

LET. Number one, my father's choice, Walter Beach.

MAT. (*aside*). Confusion, my tell-tale face!

LET. I see you don't like him?

MAT. On the contrary——

LET. I hate him for his old-fashioned ways.

MAT. You may not see his good qualities?

LET. I don't want to dig deep for what should appear on the surface. If you have good things, wear them.

MAT. Pass him.

LET. Number two is a gentleman in looks and actions.

MAT. The paragon?

LET. Mr. Tibbs.

MAT. He's your choice.

LET. He was ma's, Alphonso's and mine, but pa calls him a puppy.

MAT. Your father has judgment—he might have said worse.

LET. Right or wrong, Tibbs is genteel and fashionable.

MAT. Consider your marrying a man gotten up so artificially, so delicate, that he is liable to spoil. A shower of rain or one of those unexpected clouds that suddenly drop on the most placid hearths, might ruin him. Imagine for a moment, what a terrible shock such nerves may receive from the breaking of a china dish or the fall of a looking-glass!

LET. His feelings, I know, are so sensitive, and he wears such elegant clothes.

MAT. Then his name—there's a great deal in that.

LET. How?

MAT. Every wife has a pet name for her husband, used in emergencies to calm the beast in his rage. But what could be done with Leonidas Tibbs? one is too long, the other too cramped.

LET. You frighten me.

MAT. Number three?

LET. The General.

MAT. The General! I flattered myself—but let that pass. I see you intend to monopolize all the eligible men of our acquaintance.

LET. Ma has given you Alphonso.

MAT. But what would your ma do without him ?

LET. She doats on him ! Oh, dear, I have a great mind to compromise by taking the General.

MAT. So between you, I'm left in the shade.

LET. Lord ! I didn't know, you know ; and after all, I believe I'd rather have Tibbs, he's more congenial ; so if your heart——

MAT. Hearts are left out. I expect the General here presently.

LET. (*piqued*). Indeed ! excuse me—I had no idea that matters had gone so far.

MAT. He comes. Step into the next room, be a witness of his professions—then tell me whose lover he is ?

LET. Play the eaves-dropper ? I'm grieved to find you think so meanly of me. My dear, I'd scorn myself forever, if I stooped to such a thing. [*Exit LETITIA.*]

MAT. For all that I warrant she listens, and for her benefit the General shall be drawn out.

*Enter GENERAL.*

GENERAL. As I expected, there was no enjoyment for me.

MAT. Though, no doubt, intended expressly for your entertainment.

GENERAL. The eye is not satisfied with contemplating the stereotyped figures of common clay, while creation's gems are within its reach. (*a portion of LETITIA'S dress seen at door.*)

MAT. Creation's gems ! pretty.

GENERAL. The sport was passable stuff enough ; but the company, to put it mildly, was horribly dull. Mrs. Codling, always voluble with one subject, or rather two, her son and daughter—the son, but little removed from idiocy.

MAT. (*moving towards door where LETITIA is, talks loud—GENERAL also moves after her*). And the daughter ?

GENERAL. Ha, ha ! a spoiled child, whose native qualities, though below the average, would have been tolerable were they not entirely obliterated, and in their place an artificial covering appears, more disgusting than the lowest vulgarity, because more assuming ! (*LET. screams*) What's that ?

MAT. You're alarmed—'tis nothing.

GENERAL. A voice—in distress !

MAT. A cat.

GENERAL. It startled me, I confess. A soldier fears nothing so much as an ambuscade.

MAT. You were speaking——

GENERAL. Exactly—of the Cods—I call them Cods for short. The lover, Leonidas, a butterfly aspiring to distinction on the strength of his taste in the selection of a cravat.

MAT. But he has other aims.

GENERAL. A picker-up of stale news, which he carries to the editor, by whom it is put in suitable garments for public inspection. (*BEACH appears at back and looks uneasy.*)

MAT. You are cruel.

GENERAL. Just, as I am a gentleman, Miss Hartly. I acknowledge the head of the family a clever old rascal and generous by starts, (*aside*) as my pocket bears witness. (*aloud*) But why should we waste these precious moments in discussing the characters of



others, which can be so profitably utilized in cultivating the heart? (*draws nearer to MATILDA.*)

*Enter BEACH at back.*

BEACH (*aside*). Is this the way the wind blows?

MAT. (*moving away*). I had almost forgotten my engagement with Letitia.

GENERAL (*seeing BEACH, aside*). Hang him! as I was about to make an impression! (*to MAT.*) I feel inclined to bastinado this fellow for his rudeness.

MAT. Be prudent, General. You may find him a stubborn antagonist.

GENERAL. Such a consideration has no weight.

MAT. 'Tis not for you, who have so often escaped the glory of a warrior's death, to fall obscurely at the hands of a private individual.

GENERAL (*aside*). My heart's echo. (*boisterously*) I will teach him the consequence of intruding where—

BEACH (*rapidly approaching him*). How, sir?

GENERAL (*aside*). He's not the man I took him for.

BEACH. Repeat your remarks!

GENERAL. Pray don't excite yourself.

BEACH. Sir, I am calm and determined.

GENERAL (*altering his manner*). My dear fellow, I thought you knew me. Ha, ha! the words of a soldier often pop out before the mind has time for reflection. Sir, I tender you an apology—here's my hand.

MAT. (*aside*). A rare soldier.

GENERAL (*aside*). No bluff to him.

MAT. (*aside*). I am safe in leaving them together.

*Enter PHILLIS.*

PHIL. Miss Letty is a-wantin' of you.

MAT. (*aside to BEACH*). "Let not your angry passions rise."

BEACH. The crisis has passed. [*Exeunt MAT. and PHILLIS.*]

GENERAL. You appear to be well acquainted with Miss Hartly?

BEACH. Not very—met her here, and now tip my hat as she passes, no more.

GENERAL. One of her admirers?

BEACH. One!

GENERAL. I am in that class too, and between you and me, I flatter myself I am not last in her affections. Mum.

BEACH (*aside*). Pleasant. (*aloud*) Indeed!

GENERAL. If there is truth in woman, I stand first in her estimation. Sir, I have made such rapid strides in so short a time, that it would astonish a quiet gentleman like you.

BEACH. I acknowledge the astonishment.

GENERAL. But mum; we should not tell tales out of school.

BEACH. But to me, you know, it makes no difference.

GENERAL. Exactly! I took to you from the first, although my zeal led me into error.

BEACH. True—ha, ha! we'll forget that.

GENERAL. My military training has been as useful to me in attacking the heart of a lady, as in assaulting the enemy's breastworks.

When I take a fancy to a woman everything follows—the dear creatures can't resist.

BEACH (*aside*). Consoling! (*aloud*) I should like to discover the secret of your art.

GENERAL. It requires a combination of all arts to throw a veil over our nature and make the most cunning device pass for an outburst of passion and sentiment. Do you understand?

BEACH. Perfectly!

GENERAL. Practice makes perfect. By the way, Mr. Beach, I shall now pay you a compliment. Through some mistake of my broker, I failed to get a remittance this morning. For a day or two I will be your debtor to the amount of a few hundred dollars.

BEACH. This is the compliment?

GENERAL. If you take it as such, ha, ha! my dear fellow.

BEACH. Certainly! (*aside*) I purchase his knowledge.

GENERAL. Five hundred for, say, two or three days.

BEACH (*hands GENERAL money*). Do you know I am burning with curiosity to find out—

GENERAL. I know you are—to find out—

BEACH. By what charm you captured Miss Hartly?

GENERAL. Any other time with pleasure, (*aside*) for here comes a goose that promises better plucking.

*Enter CODLING.*

COD. The ladies are surprised at your absence. I endeavored to explain, but only succeeded in making things worse.

GENERAL. Unfortunate, Cod!

BEACH. We'll speak on that matter again. [*Exit BEACH.*]

GENERAL. All right!

COD. What matter?

GENERAL. Matter! why an all-engrossing question with him; but you'll not speak of it?

COD. Not I.

GENERAL. He is agitated by the new theory of creation.

COD. Bother the theories! I thought he had more sense—yet he's an excellent young man.

GENERAL. Very. My dear Cod, I have just received two letters from my friends in the cabinet.

COD. Indeed!

GENERAL. The affair is settled. A consulship in Italy for your son; for yourself, my worthy friend, an expected vacancy in the embassy to Japan!

COD. I—to Japan?

GENERAL. My dear sir, if you wish to serve your country, now's your time—honest men are needed—men who know the value of time and money.

COD. A change of occupation, at my time of life—

GENERAL. Is just what's needed to bring out hidden talent. It has often occurred, that men who at fifty were considered little better than their wives' servants, at fifty-five astonished the world by discovering a genius they never dreamed of possessing. Rare plants are slow in maturing.

COD. Really, General, I—

GENERAL. Sir, you are equal to any position. You are too modest.

COD. But for my son, though I cannot deny he's a blockhead, he may learn.

GENERAL. Brilliant men are not needed in the consular service. Men of originality startle old heads of departments with obsolete questions of right or wrong, or some other nonsense.

COD. Nonsense, is that?

GENERAL. As they see it. Your men of real genius make but indifferent plodders.

COD. I see a new existence dawning for me—the oysterman turned into a statesman!

GENERAL. Ovid has not touched on such an astounding metamorphosis—the glory will be all your own.

COD. That, with a hand in the hole through the mountains—

GENERAL. Precisely; and daylight is gradually creeping through. I'll read the Secretary's letter—yes, this is from Ned. (*reads*) "My dear Dash," observe the abbreviation, "My dear Dash, to do you a favor is simply gratifying my own inclinations. Tell your friend C.," that's you, "his affair shall receive my earliest attention. Still breaking the hearts of the ladies?" What follows is nonsense. He talks as familiarly to me—but he knows me, that's the secret, Cod. I'm no egotist.

COD. D—n it, of course not.

*Enter TIMOTHY.*

TIM. Mister Twaddle, the liar, is here.

COD. Show him in. [*Exit TIM. as TWADDLE enters.*]

TWAD. Gentlemen, both, your servant. (*crosses to GENERAL*) There's a fortune in the law for you.

GENERAL (*aside*). I'll see to making one out of it.

TWAD. I'm here on a mission, and when a man has a mission he becomes a nuisance.

COD. Let us hear, Mr. Twaddle.

TWAD. I, that is we, Jenkins, Bunce & Twaddle, have a claim against the Eternal Salvation Insurance Company, of which you are at present the head.

COD. The party—

TWAD. Is a woman whose husband has sunk into the bosom of the dark blue sea; but, poetry aside, he was drowned, and as the body has not yet been recovered, the company refuses to pay.

COD. Of course, that's the law.

TWAD. But she does not see why you cannot stretch a point, and have the money paid over at once.

COD. You could have—

TWAD. To convince you of the feasibility of her plan, she forced me to accompany her here.

GENERAL (*anxiously*). Who—or what might this party's name be?

TWAD. The defunct, or supposed defunct, was known on earth as Absalom Bangs.

GENERAL (*aside*). 'Tis she! I'm lost!

TWAD. The applicant is his relict, Dorothy Bangs. Can nothing be done till the body's recovered?

GENERAL (*alarmed*). The body recovered!

COD. And identified; then the coroner's jury must take the matter

up, and endeavor to find out how Bangs made his exit—by accident, by the hands of another, or by his own.

GENERAL (*nervously*). Is it supposed he—

TWAD. Anything may be supposed from his character. He was a devilish tough customer, though a smart one, they say.

GENERAL. You knew him?

TWAD. Excuse me, no. I had it from his wife, who is quite a lively little woman, though careless with her tongue. On the way she talked me to sleep, and roused me again to hear her out.

COD. Where is she?

TWAD. Here, in your house.

GENERAL (*in great alarm*). What—where did you say?

TWAD. Good gracious, my nerves—you're excited.

GENERAL. Merely curious. You said the—

TWAD. Lady is now in this house.

GENERAL (*musings*). True.

COD. Twaddle, you could have told her—

TWAD. But would she believe me? Perhaps you can convince her. (*going as if to bring her in.*)

GENERAL. Not yet, not yet. Gentlemen, excuse me, I have an urgent engagement.

COD. And so have I.

TWAD. What—frightened?

GENERAL (*assuming careless air*). I'll tell you a secret; but mum. I was once bit by a widow; ever since I couple the name with mad dog and endeavor to keep out of their way. Don't laugh, we all have our foibles.

COD. Always above board and full of glee. [*Exit GENERAL.*]

TWAD. We differ there, for blow me if I can fathom him. (TWAD-DLE goes out and returns with MRS. BANGS, MRS. CODLING follows, PHILLIS behind.)

TWAD. (*aside to CODLING*). Here is your visitor in weeds.

MRS. BANGS. Which is the gentleman? Where's Mr. Codling?

COD. I am the individual.

MRS. B. How de do, sir? Oh dear, I'm mighty glad to see you. I suppose you have heard of my great affliction?

COD. You allude to the death—

TWAD. Of the late lamented Absalom Bangs.

MRS. B. Oh dear, what sorrows this world has in store for us. (*turning to Mrs. C.*) And so I was goin' to tell you, ma'am, I always had an idea that Bangs—poor Bangs—excuse this emotion,—would come to an untimely end. For that reason I laid by a plain suit of black, to be ready at a moment's notice. 'Tis not exactly the thing, you know; 'twas made when short was the fashion; but in this extremity of sorrow 'twill do. And so, ma'am, I always kept the insurance paid up, because he was thoughtless, poor dear, and so he was, and never would count the dollars while spending them.

COD. Madam, you've done a very wise thing.

MRS. B. But now he is gone, and a more beautiful pair of whiskers were never seen on a man, as I told Mr. Tiddle.

TWAD. Twaddle, madam, of Jenkins, Bunce & Twaddle.

MRS. B. 'Tis nothing to lose a husband, if he dies quietly in bed; but to drop into the sea like a fish—

PHIL. (*aside*). Ole missus got her match dis time.

MRS. B. (*to Mrs. C.*) Oh, how would you feel, ma'am, if your dear Codling dropped into the ocean?

COD. She'd draw the insurance money, and dream of other fish.

Mrs. B. And he was going West to make his fortune, when the spirit medium drew him off; and every one knows 'twas the first spat we had. Oh, 'twould do your heart good to see him last parade day, a-commanding the militia of our town.

TWAD. Remember, Mrs. Bangs, all the men are not dead.

Mrs. B. Marry a man while in black, tears in my eyes and lead in my heart, my affections washed away by the waves?

TWAD. Just so; if we could find the body there would be no trouble.

Mrs. B. It's too bad, and I having everything fixed for the reception of the ashes of the family. Such a beautiful silver casket as I bought at the auction, with a shelf for each of us, and now what's the good of it? How can we get the ashes out of the sea? (GENERAL peeps through window at back, Mrs. B. gets a glimpse of him and screams) Oh, I shall faint.

ALL. What's the matter?

Mrs. B. Give me air. I have seen things before.

TWAD. Be calm.

Mrs. B. It's the poor dear's ghost as he looked on parade.

TWAD. She's wandering—a little rest—

Mrs. B. But I can't stay alone. Oh, Mr. Tiddle—

TWAD. Twaddle, ma'am.

Mrs. B. Don't leave me; I'm afraid of my shadow.

Mrs. C. (to COD.). We must get rid of this woman.

COD. She'll drive us all mad.

Mrs. C. Pack her back to the city.

Mrs. B. Pray, Mr. Ti—waddle, support me.

TWAD. But you're not as light as a feather.

Mrs. B. Light as a feather! no wonder; I haven't eaten a morsel since morning. Oh, Mr. Tiddle—

TWAD. (*indignantly*). Twaddle, madam. [*Exeunt all but PHILLIS.*

PHIL. Dat woman beats all de folks ever I seed. Talk, talk, talk—rattle, rattle, rattle, an' no sense about it; worse as a field nigger. La, Miss Tildy!

*Enter MATILDA.*

I've gone a'most clean crazy.

MAT. What troubles you, Phillis?

PHIL. Dat 'oman in de black alpaker gubbed me de nowalgy—her tongue goed like a machine.

MAT. You're growing delicate.

PHIL. I wants to go home. An' I tell you, you'd better quit foolin' wid dese here men. Chile, dar ain't none o' dem like Masta Walter.

MAT. Phillis, you talk too much.

GENERAL *looks cautiously in at back window, and then enters.*

GENERAL (*in a low, nervous voice*). Miss Hartly!

PHIL. (*aside*). He thinks he's great 'cause he's milingtary, but he could'n take my eye.

GENERAL (*motions PHILLIS to leave*). I have a few words to say to you of a private nature.

PHIL. (*aside*). I'm agoin' to keep my eye on dis.

GENERAL. The fact is, Miss Hartly— [*Exit PHILLIS.*

MAT. Your pardon, I was listless.



GENERAL. Urgent business calls me suddenly away.

MAT. Indeed!

GENERAL. I am loath to leave a house where I have spent the happiest hours of my life.

MAT. Then why not remain?

GENERAL. Because I—the truth is, and I speak it solely for your ear, business of great importance calls me to Europe.

MAT. What a delightful trip!

GENERAL. Most unfortunate, as I feel just now. Miss Hartly, it is unnecessary for me to dilate on a subject that is easier felt than described.

MAT. Really, I do not understand.

GENERAL (*looking cautiously about*). Dear lady, to leave this house would not cause me one pang of regret, but there is a rose that blooms here at present, which is destined to brighten my pathway through life, or doom me to misery forever.

MAT. Still you speak in riddles.

GENERAL (*rushing towards her*). You are the rose, oh sweetest of women, more precious to me than all other hopes realized.

MAT. Sir, you take a liberty—

GENERAL. The devotion of a life, lifted above the vulgar crowd by its own exalted aspirations—

MAT. You misunderstand my position and your own.

GENERAL (*goes to door and looks about, aside*). Had I the field clear; but I'll not be driven from my purpose without a struggle. (*aloud*) Consider, Miss Hartly, 'tis not so much my audacity as your unparalleled attractions.

MAT. Sir, we'll speak no more of this.

GENERAL (*following*). Two hundred thousand!—troops could not drive away my love and admiration. (*again nervously looking about*) Here, on my knees, I offer my renown, my fortune, and my heart. (*startled by noise of some one approaching*) By the holy martyrs, I'm lost! (*rushes out at one door as BEACH enters at another.*)

MAT. Walter!

BEACH. Yes, unwelcome as I am.

MAT. Surely, you jest.

BEACH. Is it a jest to find the heart one values dearer than his life the plaything of every vulgar ruffian?

MAT. Are you serious?

BEACH. To be laughed at as a credulous fool.

MAT. (*aside*). I've gone too far. (*aloud*) Hear me, Walter—

BEACH. I know how readily words can be used to justify our meanest actions.

MAT. Is this your love?

BEACH. I am not blind.

MAT. But hear to reason.

BEACH. The eye's worth all the other senses. I do not care to possess a portion of that woman's affections, who is mistress of all mine.

MAT. This is generous, manly, in keeping with—

BEACH. The character of women. Not satisfied with the devotion of one loyal heart, they barter it for the empty praise of every shallow fool who prides himself on the number of conquests he has made.

MAT. How have I deserved this?

BEACH. I am a plain man, open and sincere. When I confess

love, it is not fancy; when I speak, my heart is in my tongue. I expected in return the same faith. I worshipped an ideal being, but the veil is lifted, and a form of common clay stands exposed.

MAT. But listen—

BEACH. My confidence is destroyed, my faith is gone.

MAT. Unreasonable man, patience is at end; the world is open to us. You can have no claim on me. I should despise myself did I urge mine. (*they separate as* MRS. CODLING, LETITIA, TIBBS *and* ALPHONSO *enter.*)

MRS. C. Dear Matty, I shan't tell you what Alphonso just said—so pretty.

MAT. Pray don't, Mrs. Codling.

MRS. C. Child, what's the matter? tears! Alphonso, my son, come here.

MAT. I am not well. (*endeavors to move away, is pursued by* MRS. CODLING *with* ALPHONSO.)

*Enter* GENERAL, *cautiously looking about.*

GENERAL (*taking* MRS. C. *aside, assumes easy manner and speaks in a subdued, confidential tone*). One word, madam; what has become of our friend in black?

MRS. C. Still in the house, keeping up an excitement. I can't rest while she's here.

GENERAL. Remove her at once. Consider the example to your children, the gloomy impressions they might receive from her morbid raving, and Letitia, whose mind is so sensitive—

MRS. C. I'm alarmed, of course; but Codling's such a goose, he'll not hear of her leaving before morning on account of the ghost.

GENERAL. The ghost!

MRS. C. Yes; her husband's peeping in at the window.

GENERAL (*aside*). She saw me! (*groans.*)

MRS. C. Oh—ill?

GENERAL. Poor woman, I feel for her! First ghosts, next lunatic asylums!

MRS. C. Rich or poor, ghost or goblin, another night shall not see her in this house.

GENERAL. Stick to that, Mrs. Codling. Be resolved and allow no false sentiment to jeopardize the peace of your family. When I reflect on the contagious nature of this woman's hallucinations and that another step may lead to—madness—

MRS. C. She shall leave to-day. Madness! horrible!

GENERAL (*aside*). Prudence suggests absence till the storm subsides.

MRS. C. (*to* GENERAL, *who is going off*). General, a moment; Letitia would like to show you her sketch-book. (*GENERAL approaches LETITIA, who turns her back on him.*)

GENERAL (*aside*). She shows me her train.

MRS. C. (*to* ALPHONSO, *standing near* MATILDA, *with face averted*). Noodle, what do you mean by turning your back on the lady?

ALPHI. Tibbs says it looks so spooney to be tender on 'em.

MRS. C. Confound Tibbs—mind me! (*talks to* MATILDA.)

GENERAL (*moving towards outlet*). A hair may decide my fate. On one side, wealth, beauty and position; on the other, discovery, poverty and disgrace!

BEACH (*quietly approaching him*). In a reflective mood?

GENERAL. For a change it's pleasant at times.

BEACH. Always, to a man of principle.

GENERAL. Ha, ha! your insinuation—

BEACH. Is meant for you.

GENERAL. Sir, you're a character—witty and solemn.

BEACH (*in a low tone*). I'm convinced you're a villain!

GENERAL (*excitedly*). How, sir?

BEACH. And a coward.

GENERAL. Dear boy, at times I am Job himself, but rouse me and the consequences may be terrible!

BEACH. Your threats are loud, but harmless. You are a coward and a villain!

GENERAL (*raising his voice and moving away*). You cannot drag me to your level; I will not raise you to mine. (*all come forward and surround GENERAL and BEACH.*)

TIBBS (*writes*). An item! (*to BEACH*) I'll be your second.

BEACH. Your services will not be required. This gentleman, though a valiant warrior in times of peace, when the conflict sounds in his ears imitates the actions of a cur rather than those of the tiger, and fights his battles by barking!

MAT. (*aside*). Heaven forgive me!

GENERAL. Shall I shoot him through the heart, or carve him into pieces?

MAT. (*nervously looking on*). If you have any regard for me, leave this place.

GENERAL. My honor impugned.

BEACH. Honor! abuse of words. (*GENERAL grows very much excited, yet moves gradually towards outlet.*)

MAT. This must be stopped. (*aside.*)

GENERAL (*to MAT.*). Should I murder him in this place?

MAT. (*imploringly goes toward BEACH, who turns his back on her, then goes to GENERAL, takes his arm*). Oblige me by walking this way.

[*Exit with GENERAL, who looks back and smiles derisively on BEACH.*]

TIBBS. Smart girl; blood-shed prevented. Cheer up, you may yet find somebody to quarrel with. [*All laugh and exeunt.*]

BEACH. Perfidious creature! I must learn to despise her. (*walks slowly off as curtain falls.*)

END OF SECOND ACT.

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### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Hall in CODLING's house.*

*Enter TIMOTHY.*

TIM. There's somethin' mystarious goin' on here, but I can't make out what it is, at all. The General left lasht night without sayin' boo to anybody, an' what's more, begor, nobody knows that he's gone, but meself. Then there's a regular family fight goin' on between the ould couple. Whist!

*Enter MR. and MRS. CODLING in angry altercation.*

COD. I insist upon it! I'll have my way once in my life. For twenty odd years I've been without a voice in this house.

MRS. C. Your way, indeed! When was there a day, Mr. Codling, since our marriage, that I have had my way? Would I buy a calico dress or even discharge a servant, or—or—do anything else, without consulting you?

COD. Yes; you consulted, and then did as you pleased.

TIM. Devil a lie in it.

MRS. C. Impertinent rascal! leave here.

TIM. (*aside*). Bad luck to me tongue, for 'till ruin me.

[*Exit* TIMOTHY.]

MRS. C. This is an example of your indulgence; you have made him your equal, and he thinks he is mine.

COD. If a gulf divides us, his actions can't bridge it—yours may.

MRS. C. To everybody else you are known as a good-natured man; for me you have nothing but cruelty. I'm a woman and must bear it, of course.

COD. Well, well! you have said—

MRS. C. After all, it's of very little consequence whom the dear innocent marries, since wives are treated less like companions than slaves.

COD. In this I am absolute; she shall not marry the General, who, I dare say, does not want her, nor your friend Tibbs, who I am satisfied does. As a strategic measure, on assuming command here, I have ordered the latter out of the house.

MRS. C. Ordered Tibbs out of this house! shameful! I could cry, but I sha'n't. Such a delightful young man, so elegant in his manners, so tender to Letitia, so dear to Alphonso, and besides, such a genius—

COD. For sponging on your dutiful son. 'Tis not three days since I heard you denounce him.

MRS. C. I'll not offer another word. I humbly ask your pardon. Your selection I know will be excellent; some ploughman in the neighborhood, or an oysterman like yourself.

COD. Walter Beach, a sensible young man, whose father has set his heart upon the match, and I can see no reason to object.

MRS. C. But I do. If it was my last word, I'd object. My tender flower united to such a rough, clumsy—

COD. Bosh, bosh!

MRS. C. Can neither sing nor play, nor even dance a step.

COD. A nice objection from an old woman of sixty odd.

MRS. C. If my mother was living, she would not be sixty. I was the laughing stock of my acquaintance for marrying an old man.

COD. Your acquaintance at that time was limited—the cabbage-man, the soft-soap-man and the trollop that made up the beds!

MRS. C. You're a brute.

*Enter ALPHONSO, whispers to MRS. CODLING.*

COD. (*aside*). I am a stranger to my children, the time for gaining their confidence is past—in the accumulation of wealth I have forgotten my duty towards them. I know their faces and that is all! My life's been a blunder!

MRS. C. I am glad of it.

ALPH. I helped them on ; couldn't go back on Tibbs.

COD. Young man, after this, choose another companion or another house. Tibbs comes here no more.

ALPH. Ecod, I didn't think you knew it; but news travels—  
(MRS. C. *rushes to him and stops his mouth.*)

*Enter* MATILDA.

MRS. C. Matilda, my dear. (*to* ALPH.) Be cheerful and talk lively to her.

MAT. I have had so delightful a time during my stay here, you will not be surprised to hear me say that I regret leaving.

MRS. C. Why, child, you can't think of leaving so soon ?

MAT. Indeed I do.

MRS. C. At some time, but not—

MAT. To-day.

MRS. C. Do tell me, my dear, what has caused this sudden fit ?

COD. (*aside to* MRS. C.). Disgusted with you and your Adonis.

MAT. It is not sudden, Mrs. Codling. After enjoying your genial hospitality and renewing old family friendships, I am anxious to return. Besides, Phillis has begged so hard—

MRS. C. You certainly don't consult her wishes !

MAT. She has been my companion from childhood. I have found her a faithful servant and an affectionate friend.

COD. (*aside*). I like that—she is a splendid young woman.

MRS. C. What will poor Alphonso do ? he'll grieve himself to death.

ALPH. (*aside*). Yes he will !

COD. (*aside*). To what absurdities her hobby drives her !

*Enter* BEACH.

BEACH. I regret that I am constrained to leave for home to-day. I have a letter from my father urging speed.

MRS. C. (*aside*). Lucky !

ALPH. (*aside*). Good !

COD. I regret your leaving, but it had to come. While here, you have won my esteem. I had hoped your father and I would crown a life long friendship by the union of our children.

BEACH. To be frank, Mr. Codling, my affections were centered on another.

COD. Were ?

BEACH. The idol which I worshipped has been ruthlessly broken, but I am little prepared to set up another in its stead.

MAT. (*aside*). How little did I know my heart !

COD. Time is an infallible remedy for such wounds. If there is no other impediment, my daughter—

BEACH. I cannot think you wish to mock me.

COD. Mock you, sir ?

BEACH. Is it possible I am the first to break the news of your daughter's elopement ?

COD. Surely you are jesting ?

BEACH. I am more inclined to do anything else.

ALPH. (*to* MRS. C.). Watch him rave now—there's going to be fun.



COD. Good heavens! can it be? With whom? The General? No, he could not be so base.

BEACH. Her companion, I am told, is Leonidas Tibbs.

COD. D—n him, he shall suffer for it. (*to Mrs. C.*) Madam, this is some of your work.

ALPH. Mother knew nothing of it, for Tibbs said, as I helped them off in the carriage—

COD. You helped them off?

MRS. C. The poor boy is excited and don't know—

COD. Silence, woman!

ALPH. You all know Tibbs was my chum, and how could I go back on him?

COD. (*turning to Mrs. C.*). Can this be a son of mine? (*Mrs. C. turns away indignantly*) The cruelest stroke of all. Patience, patience, I need you now!

[*Exit COD, followed by Mrs. C. and ALPH. MATILDA and BEACH are going off in opposite directions. They move slowly, hesitate, etc.*]

MAT. (*aside*). Would that yesterday had never been!

BEACH (*aside*). When passion subsides, how we regret its effects!

MAT. (*aside*). And yet to recall my words, pride restrains.

BEACH (*aside*). I'm resolved—I'll speak to her.

MAT. (*aside*). Shall I throw away my happiness forever?

BEACH. Miss Hartly!

MAT. Wal—Mr. Beach!

BEACH. I am glad to find you alone. I should violate my feelings, were I to leave here without endeavoring to make amends for my cruelty in a moment of frenzy.

MAT. (*aside*). I begin to live again.

BEACH. I forgot in my selfishness that the affections are not the creatures of our will, that a passion cannot be forced where it is not felt.

MAT. Pray desist; you prolong my pain.

BEACH. It is meant in kindness. I wish to leave you with the feelings of a devotee, who though denied possession of the object which he worships, desires to retain an ideal in his heart that will serve to exclude all new-comers, and may render life tolerable, if not happy.

MAT. If these are your sentiments—

BEACH. If! who could doubt them?

MAT. Then I am at fault.

BEACH. You alone—I say it with sorrow. As my love grew older, it grew holier. Yours wandered to other shrines.

MAT. Never, never! I erred in playing with so sincere a heart!

BEACH. Have I deceived myself?

MAT. I resolved to teach that insolent egotist a lesson that should change his opinion of our sex. Perhaps I went too far. But how could you think so meanly of my judgment and estimate yourself so slightly, as to suppose I could feel more than contempt for such a man.

BEACH. The scales are falling. Yet when on the point of quarrelling, you tenderly led him away.

MAT. You were blind to my motive. I removed danger from the man I—loved.

BEACH. I see it now. You are an angel, I a brute. Punish me as you will—I'll take poison from your hands.

MAT. Forget the past,

BEACH. Bury it forever. Guide, I'll follow. (*they embrace.*)

*Enter PHILLIS.*

PHIL. Good sign—I reckon dey'll be a-goin' home soon.

MAT. Phillis, what's that ?

PHIL. (*giving letter*). What de post-boy bringed. (*MAT. reads.*)

BEACH. Something in that disturbs you.

MAT. No more secrets. Read !

BEACH (*reads*). "My lovely Miss Hartly: That ubiquitous knave Beach, again thrusting himself forward, forced me to leave you in an unsatisfactory manner. Leaving business, and all other considerations behind in the true spirit of a lover, I have resolved to be at the station to-day at 3 P. M. Let me beg of you most earnestly and devotedly, to meet me there, when I can give you such convincing reasons, why our happiness would be advanced by a trip to Europe in to-morrow's steamer that I am already tempted to sign myself, yours, till death doth us part. Dasher."

MAT. What vile stuff this is, and a man wrote it !

BEACH. Decide his fate. I think I'll murder him !

MAT. Easy—curb your anger. I'm the guide—we will punish him.

BEACH. Lay on your whip, I'll hold him.

MAT. From the assurance of this letter, he is vain enough to expect me.

BEACH. Well ?

MAT. (*points to PHILLIS*). We'll send a substitute.

BEACH. How ?

MAT. She's about my height; attired as I am, silent and veiled, who can tell ?

BEACH. And then ?

MAT. Have every member of this family present, and expose him publicly.

BEACH. My dull brain begins to comprehend—woman's wit, hurrah !

MAT. Ridicule is the only weapon with which to vanquish unblushing effrontery like his. Follow me, Phillis.

[*Exeunt BEACH and MAT.*

PHIL. Dar's sum'in' up, I knows. (*as she is about going off, TIM. rushes in.*)

TIM. Look out, I'm in a shtate of excitement.

PHIL. G'way, you Timuffy.

[*Exit PHILLIS.*

*Enter CODLING, excited.*

COD. Tim, you scoundrel, where were you ?

TIM. Whin, sur ?

COD. Never mind now. Are you cool ? Do you know where we are ? Do you know me ? Answer, you villain !

TIM. Begor, he's gone mad !

COD. Why don't you go ? Quick ! What are you waiting for ?

TIM. If you'll please to let me know—

COD. Harness the gray mare at once ! Go !

TIM. Maybe you'd like to read this telygraph before shtartin'. (*gives dispatch.*)

COD. Something horrible, I expect ; misfortunes always crowd on

each other. (*reads*) "Keep an eye on Dasher, he is the man who last saw Bangs alive. Will be at station by next train. 'TWADDLE.'"

COD. Good heavens! I knew it—calamity on calamity! Harboring a murderer, taking him to my bosom! and what is worse, my money! Tim, where is—oh, where is the General?

TIM. Shure, he left here lasht night, sur.

COD. Gone! I'm ruined! I'll be published to the world as an accomplice! My daughter absconded, a murderer in my house, my money gone! D—n it, Tim, why don't you do something?

[*Exit CODLING.*]

TIM. Faith, it's gettin' warm in airnist. [*Exit TIM, after him.*]

SCENE II.—*Railroad station. Several persons passing over stage, fruit-vendors, newsboys, etc. WATCHMAN at gate.*

WATCHMAN. Everybody's in a hurry. Plenty of time, gentlemen—thirty minutes more.

*Enter GENERAL.*

GENERAL (*looks at watch*). Two hours—the reply should be here. What if she sends none? I should have pleaded more warmly; but no matter, it's done. And yet the prize is worth playing for—two hundred thousand dollars and an orphan! (*sees WATCHMAN*) My good man, when does the next train leave?

WATCH. Where to?

GENERAL. Anywhere! An hour, two hours, a half—

WATCH. Yes.

GENERAL. Yes what, man? Are you here as a sign-post, or to give information to travellers?

WATCH. Kind o' half an' half—a little of each.

GENERAL. Can you give a plain answer to a simple question? When does the next train leave?

WATCH. 3.45 sharp. Anything else?

GENERAL (*looking off*). Can it be? No! It is, by all that's wonderful, Tibbs and the little languishing Cod. (*retires.*)

*Enter TIBBS and LETITIA, in travelling garb.*

LET. Is this the place? I'm so fatigued.

TIBBS, I'm completely used up.

LET. What if pa came upon us? I know I should faint.

TIBBS. I'm nervous, don't discourage me. Last night you spoke of having a stout heart.

LET. I thought so when danger was far off.

TIBBS. If your courage fails we're lost.

LET. I confess myself a coward—it's expected that women—

TIBBS. All fancy, found only in novels. Real life proves woman to have the nerve, while man—(*several travellers pass*) Can you tell me when the next train leaves? He's deaf. I'll try another. (*puts the same question to others, but all are so hurried that none reply*) All deaf! This must be the mutes' holiday! (*advances to another person and recognizes GENERAL*) The General! turn your back on him, he'll not know us.

GENERAL (*aside*). Don't wish to be recognized—something up! Ahem! the old dodge—can't hear. (*going up to them*) Ah, this is a pleasure unlooked for.

TIBBS (*pretending surprise*) General Dasher ! Letty, here is the General !

LET. (*assuming indifference*). Indeed !

GENERAL (*aside*). Must get them away at all hazards.

TIBBS (*aside to LET.*). What can we say to him ?

GENERAL. You are going to—

TIBBS. Why, yes, we are—(*to LET.*) May as well make a clean breast of it.

GENERAL. By the way, if you intend going further, there's but a slim chance of leaving to-day. The bridge over Gun creek has been washed away by a flood, so no trains leave before to-morrow.

LET. To-morrow !

TIBBS. Oh, lord !

LET. We'll return.

GENERAL (*taking TIBBS aside*). My dear boy, there is no use in trying to play upon me—I know the business you are on.

TIBBS. Who told you ?

GENERAL. Sir, I can see. I have more experience than you, and wish to befriend you. The greatest mistakes in life are made by turning back. On, on, is the watchword. Turn back, and you become an object of ridicule ; move on, and your fortune is in your own keeping.

TIBBS. Letty, my mind's made up. On, on, is the watchword, for back we shall not.

LET. I'm weak—where's the smelling bottle ?

GENERAL. Don't hesitate. Procure a conveyance at once, drive directly south to the Valley Railroad, and there you catch the five o'clock train for anywhere.

TIBBS. We'll do it !

GENERAL. Two hours' ride.

TIBBS. Come, Letty !

GENERAL. Lose no time, for your father is expected momentarily.

TIBBS. The devil he is ! We depend on you.

GENERAL. Never fear me, my brave hearts. (*exeunt TIBBS and LETITIA*) Ha, ha ! my resources in emergencies astonish me. (*to WATCHMAN*) My good fellow, I'll be absent some seconds, in the meantime a lady may call here—my name is—Ah, Fortune, thou art still my friend !

*Enter TIMOTHY and PHILLIS, who is closely veiled and dressed same as MATILDA.*

TIM. (*aside*). Be the powers, here he is ! I can hardly keep from laughin'.

GENERAL. My dear angel ! the happiness of this moment is sufficient reward for a life of toil !

TIM (*keeping GENERAL away, and then aside to him*). The craythur's near dead from sighing and moaning. Begor, 'tis wonderful what wimen 'ill do for the likes o' you.

GENERAL. Your sorrow, dear Matilda, shall soon be at an end.

TIM. (*aside to him*). Whist ! shure she's bashful. Take it aisy, for 'tis plinty o' time you'll have aafterwards.

GENERAL. I'll stand sentry over my treasure, like a miser watchin' (*aside*) two hundred thousand dollars.

TIM. (*to him*). Faith, she made me promise to shtay wid her till

the thrain left, so she wouldn't be attractin' attintion. (PHILLIS *accidentally shows her features.*)

GENERAL. Sensible—you are right.

TIM. Look what she's done for you—lavin' the friends of her youth to run away like a thafe.

GENERAL (to TIM.). You put it a little too strong. (to PHILLIS) Tomorrow we sail for Europe, and leave the carpers at home to console each other with their own venom! (*she sighs.*)

TIM. Breakin' her heart! If there's a room for ladies——

GENERAL. Thoughtful again, Tim. (*attempts to conduct PHILLIS off, but TIM. forces him away, leads her in and returns*) I'll be with you straight, sweet one. (to TIM.) Your nation is noted for gallantry, tidelity and generosity.

TIM. 'Tis thrue for you!

GENERAL. You haven't breathed this to anybody?

TIM. Shure, I'm not a fool!

GENERAL (*gives money*). Take this trifle, more as a token of what's coming, than reward for the past.

TIM. Ah, but 'tis the fine gintleman you are, makin' all the wimen crazy, and runnin' off wid the besht of 'em. I wish I was a soger.

GENERAL. The next war will see you a captain.

TIM. The title I'd like.

GENERAL. Yes, my Celtic friend, a title judiciously used, is a fortune. Keep a sharp look-out, I'll be absent but a few moments. (*aside*) I must reconnoitre. [*Exit GENERAL.*]

TIM. Niver fear me. Well, bedad, the cutest o' them can be bate by the nathural wit of an honest woman.

WATCH. Paddy, my boy!

TIM. Och, to the divil wid you, and how do you know me name?

WATCH. Is this party General Dasher?

TIM. The very same.

WATCH. No danger of going without this. (*pointing to room.*)

TIM. Sorra a bit.

*Re-enter GENERAL, meets ALPHONSO.*

ALPH. Hello, General!

GENERAL. My gallant young friend, you're as hot as a furnace!

ALPH. Whew! I'm nothing to the old man—aint he hot, though!

GENERAL. What's up—some disaster?

ALPH. Just Let. running off with my chum.

GENERAL. A common occurrence.

ALPH. Exactly my words, but that made him boil over.

*Enter MRS. CODLING, very much excited.*

MRS. C. (*looking about sees ALPH*). Is this the way you treat your mother? Is this your respect and gratitude? Leave me in the public street alone. (*sees GENERAL*) Why, General!

ALPH. (*aside*). I'm safe—she's on another tack.

GENERAL. Delightful surprise, madam. (*aside*) The old vixen!

MRS. C. We came off in a hurry; in fact Letitia has——

GENERAL. She is now Mrs. Tibbs; so make yourself easy.

MRS. C. Poor dear, she was driven to this by her father, who had the bad taste to attempt forcing his friend's son, Walter Beach, on her.



ALPH. He can't hold a candle to Tibbs.

MRS. C. We'll be rid of him to-day. I'm glad of it.

GENERAL. What! Is he leaving?

MRS. C. We were all mortified by his conduct towards you.

GENERAL. Nothing. The forbearance I then showed him is a matter of principle with me. But Miss Hartly—

MRS. C. Remained at home. Alphonso!

GENERAL (*aside*). Doesn't dream the bird's flown.

ALPH. Well, what then?

MRS. C. Run to the ticket office, find when the next train leaves, and who went on the last—glance over the hotel register. They must be found before your father comes up.

GENERAL (*nervously*). Is Mr. Codling here too?

MRS. C. We expect him immediately.

GENERAL (*aside*). For means to leave these friends.

MRS. C. Alphonso, why do you wait?

GENERAL. I'll save him the trouble. Your daughter is now some five miles from here. There is but one way to catch up with her.

MRS. C. One way—name it.

GENERAL. Procure a fast team, drive twenty miles directly north—

MRS. C. Twenty miles!

GENERAL. To the Ten-mile Junction—

MRS. C. Ten-mile Junction!

GENERAL. Then follow the bend of the river till you come to a station called Squashville—

MRS. C. Squashville!

GENERAL. Where you will meet the five o'clock train, which, no doubt, takes your runaways there.

MRS. C. I'm so much obliged.

GENERAL. Madam, don't mention it. (*aside*) Put them thirty miles apart.

MRS. C. Come, Alphonso, your father must not see them before we do.

ALPH. Father mustn't hurt Tibbs.

[*Exeunt Mrs. C. and ALPHONSO.*]

GENERAL. Dividing the enemy, lawful warfare; but another such difficulty may ruin me. God must be avoided. (*looks at watch*) Thirty more minutes! What a d—d inexorable monster time is when we wish to increase his speed! Tim!

TIM. (*who had retreated on seeing ALPHONSO and Mrs. C., comes forward*). Here I am, sur.

GENERAL. I must speak with Miss Hartly alone.

TIM. Not yet, yer honor.

GENERAL. I must!

TIM. Me word is pledged.

GENERAL. But you know, as a war measure—

TIM. Peace or war, yer honor, I'll have to stick to me word.

GENERAL (*aside*). A mastiff. (*passes toward WATCHMAN*) But no time to dispute.

TIM. (*motions WATCHMAN to keep GENERAL away from door, aside*). Now to bring the ould lady back. [Exit TIM.]

GENERAL. Minutes are worth thousands. I must leave with my treasure. (*to WATCHMAN*) I want a special train within ten minutes.

WATCH. A short time.

GENERAL. Years to me—money's no object. Whom shall I see?

WATCH. The superintendent.

GENERAL. Where is he ?

WATCH. In Europe.

GENERAL. This is no answer ! I'm accustomed to be obeyed.

WATCH. 'Twould be easier to walk where you intend going than hire a special train to-day.

GENERAL. But I must have it—lives and fortunes—the public business demands it. (*looks off*) Who comes this way so rapidly ? Cod, by all that's unfortunate !

*As CODLING enters, GENERAL attempts to go off through gate, is stopped by WATCHMAN, in turning round abruptly, runs against CODLING, then turns his back on CODLING and remains motionless.*

COD. (*to WATCHMAN*). Belong here ? certainly ! Can you—whew ! how hot it is !

WATCH. Keep cool, sir, you'll live longer.

COD. I want to ask you, but wait; what a dust ! wait till my breath comes. Have you noticed—(*views GENERAL more attentively*) Who is this ? It can't be ! (*draws gradually closer until he looks in GENERAL's face*) It is, God bless me, General Dasher. (*starts back.*)

GENERAL (*affecting surprise*). My dear Cod, you were just in my thoughts. I was longing for the delicious luxuries of your rural paradise. Ah, sir, you are a happy man. Content and prosperity are the ruling deities in your household.

COD. (*aside*). The old game; but I'll not be bamboozled out of my money in this fashion. (*aloud*) Just now I have considerable cause for uneasiness.

COD. Ah, yes, your daughter; what a pity ! I saw her happy as youth and delusive hope could make her.

COD. She's looked after—a detective has the affair in hand.

GENERAL (*aside*). The sky is lowering !

COD. (*aside*). I'll sound him on the stock question before it is too late. (*aloud*) Financial affairs at present are on the decline, eh ?

GENERAL. Looking up, sir; I'm no prophet, but I'll wager a thousand to one this will be the most prosperous year in the last twenty.

COD. (*moves away nervously as the GENERAL approaches him*). Ahem ! perhaps. I intended speaking to you about that stock in the Rocky Mountain Tunnel and Pneumatic Railroad.

GENERAL. Exactly; and apropos, I have another letter from Ned. The affair for your son is settled, his commission will be here by next mail; and for yourself in place of the Japanese embassy, you can jump into the collectorship of your own district—means money, Cod, an African diamond field !

COD. (*aside*). Can this be true ?

GENERAL. There's more news !

COD. (*aside*). If so, why let the paltry thousand go.

GENERAL. There will be a vacancy in the cabinet by Thursday—I'm named for the position; but mum.

COD. You'll accept ? (*aside*) Twaddle's wrong.

GENERAL. Give up those magnificent enterprises, which without the brain that set them in motion may tumble to the ground ? Not I.

COD. Tumble—just so. I hold such a variety of stocks, that I—in fact I—

GENERAL (*aside*). Something in the wind.

COD. I thought of parting with the *tunnel* for, say, twenty off,

GENERAL (*with assumed indignation*). Heretofore you have treated me as a gentleman—I deserve no less; why then do you cast an imputation on my character, by attempting to bribe me to do yourself an injustice. Sir, if you wish to part with it, I shall write you a check for the full amount, with ten per cent. added.

COD. (*aside*). Twaddle is certainly mistaken.

GENERAL. I am grieved, my dear friend—

COD. Think no more of it—money's tight, but I can manage.

GENERAL (*aside*). Bluff's the game!

*Enter* MRS. CODLING, ALPHONSO, TIBBS *and* LETITIA, *followed by* TIM. *unobserved by* GENERAL.

GENERAL (*aside*). All my strategy overthrown!

MRS. C. (*to* COD.). Now don't scold the poor dears.

COD. Woman, be quiet.

TIBBS (*kneels with* LET, *and speaking in melo-dramatic style*). We ask your pardon and your blessing. I'll call you father!

COD. And I'll call you puppy.

LET. Oh, pa, don't be so cruel.

MRS. C. Don't, dear husband.

COD. (*to* LET.). Where were your eyes? Have you lost all your senses? Run away with such a man of straw, a thing to hang clothes on—a barber's advertisement?

ALPH. Father, you know Tibbs is my chum and I'm bound to stand by him.

COD. You'll stand for nobody if I catch you. (*runs after him.*)

GENERAL (*aside*). My hope's in lightning speed and an interview with the treasure. (*goes towards the door, is stopped by* TIM., *when an altercation in dumb show ensues.*)

MRS. C. Now my dear, Codling, take the doves to your bosom. You forget the efforts you once made to induce me—

COD. D—n it, madam, there is nothing connected with that to contemplate pleasantly.

GENERAL (*aside*). The train's arrived!

*Enter* TWADDLE *with* OFFICER.

TWAD. Well met, ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient— (*sees* GENERAL) Ah, there's our man! Officer, arrest him!

ALL. The General!

COD (*aside*). What an idiot I was!

GENERAL (*assumed indifference*). What pleasantry is this, Mr. Twaddle? You astonish our friends.

TWAD. The law has a claim on you, and the firm of Jenkins, Bunce & Twaddle has taken charge of the claim.

GENERAL (*aside*). An outpost without a sentinel! (*great commotion.*)

TWAD. You are the person who last saw Absalom Bangs alive; you have chosen to give one version of his death; the law assumes another.

GENERAL. Why, my little Twaddle, you are jesting.

TWAD. Too serious for that. You are charged with murder!

ALL. Murder! (*shrinking back from* GENERAL.)

TWAD. Is Leonidas Tibbs present? Yes. You are the party who furnished the press with an account of Bangs' death; whence came the information?

TIBBS. From General Dasher.

TWAD. You say you were an eye-witness——

GENERAL (*aside*). Of my own death!

TWAD. You admit——

GENERAL (*aside to TWADDLE*). Absalom Bangs lives!

TWAD. Prove it and you are safe.

GENERAL. I am Bangs!

TWAD. You! Good! but won't win. I am prosecutor in this case.

GENERAL (*forcing laughter*). Ha, ha! can't you take a practical joke?

TWAD. I am after facts.

GENERAL. I can overwhelm you with proofs.

TWAD. Reserve your ammunition. There is a party at hand who knew him. (*to officer*) Keep an eye on your prisoner.

[*Exit TWADDLE.*]

GENERAL (*aside*). Leaped too high; but all may yet be well.

MRS. C. (*to company, who remain at one side of stage*). He might have killed us all.

TIBBS. He is fearful to look at.

ALPH. Father, that trip to Naples is spoiled.

COD. Be quiet. What an ass I was!

ALPH. How about the Japanese embassy?

GENERAL (*to officer*). Who is the party at hand?

COD. (*advancing towards GENERAL, the others endeavoring to hold him back*). I'll still take twenty off on Pneumatic.

GENERAL (*going towards COD., who retreats*). Don't be alarmed, my dear Cod; all a mistake, I assure you.

*Enter TWADDLE and MRS. BANGS.*

GENERAL. Horror! defeat and ruin! (*hides behind officer.*)

TWAD. Cast your eye, madam, over this assemblage. Can you discover an old acquaintance?

MRS. B. (*looking carefully from one to the other, rests her eye on the GENERAL, and starts*). His ghost again!

TWAD. My case is spoiled.

MRS. B. It is, it is Absalom! Oh, and what did you go and die for? Lord! and this is you, the same as you left me that day, with your blessing, and only a five-dollar bill in the house. Oh, how could you go for to do it?

COD. What a monster!

MRS. C. (*to LET.*). You made a narrow escape.

COD. 'Twas not your fault.

TIBBS. You played it fine, General.

GENERAL. General no more; I resign my commission.

MRS. B. Ain't you a full major in the Jersey militia?

TIM. (*in a loud voice to GENERAL*). The thrain is about lavin'. What of the lady?

GENERAL (*to him*). Mum—drop it.

MRS. B. What lady? Where is she?

TIM. She'll be here in a jiffy.

GENERAL. Tim, you scoundrel! (*attempts to stop TIM, who runs out.*)

*Re-enter TIM, with PHILLIS, veiled as before.*

ALL. Matilda Hartly!

LET. I thought so.

MRS. C. I knew it! no wonder. Alphonso was lucky. (GENERAL endeavors to reach TIM, but is held back by officer.)

TIM. Ladies and gentlemen, this lady came here under my care, at the General's request, an' since she's found out he has a wife she wants to give up all claims on him.

*Enter BEACH and MATILDA.*

MRS. C. Another sensation! (*all look astonished.*)

GENERAL (*aside*). A new card in the deck!

MRS. B. Bangs, Bangs, how could you go for do it, and the woman alive that you swore to protect? (*rushes on PHILLIS, tears veil off; she stands exposed. All laugh.*)

GENERAL. Sold, and well done.

PHIL. (*to Mrs. B.*). You need'n fret; I would'n have him nohow.

MAT. (*to GENERAL*). Owing to a previous engagement with this gentleman, (*pointing to BEACH*) I was forced to send a deputy.

GENERAL. Go on; I'm a subject for ridicule.

MRS. C. (*aside*). The deceitful hussy!

BEACH (*to GENERAL*). In the meantime, we've concluded to make the journey of life together.

COD. A sensible pair.

PHIL. Jis what I say.

MAT. Though we can't sail for Europe to-morrow.

GENERAL. I'm an absolute failure as a fraud. Should I attempt soaring again, my wings shall be tipped with the unfading lustre of truth. (*all shake their heads*) You naturally doubt my sincerity.

COD. Every swindler, when caught, makes the same profession.

TWAD. And forgets it at the first opportunity.

MRS. B. Now, Mr. Tiddle, don't be too hard on him.

TWAD. Twaddle, if you please.

GENERAL. My resolution to reform gains no credit here. (*addressing audience*) I appeal to the generosity of a magnanimous public.

TWAD. And I, as public prosecutor, emphatically demur.

ALL MALE CHARACTERS. And I—and I.

MRS. B. Before a jury of women I know poor Bangs—

MAT. (*coming forward*). I give my voice for acquittal. Ladies, relent.

MRS. C. Add mine. Daughter, forgive him.

PHIL. I goes wid de rest.

TIBBS. So do I.

TWAD. (*to COD.*). All the women have spoken.

COD. All the women! ha, ha! very good. But my money!

ALPH. And my journey to Naples?

TIM. And me commission in the army?

BEACH. Those you have most injured are the first to forgive.

GENERAL. The dear creatures! I have always been happy among them.

MRS. B. Bangs, Bangs! that's been your trouble.

GENERAL. But never shall be again! To cancel the past by an earnest endeavor to make our humble home happy, shall be the sole object of my future existence! In this modest but laudable struggle I may yet prove A GREAT SUCCESS!

CURTAIN.



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73. African Box, burlesque, 2 scene	5 0	95. Dutch Justice, sketch, 1 scene	11 0
107. Africanus Bluebeard, musical Ethiopian burlesque	6 2	67. Editor's Troubles, farce, 1 sce.	6 0
43. Baby Elephant, sketch, 2 scene	7 1	4. Eh? What is it? sketch	4 1
79. Barney's Courtship, musical interlude, 1 act	1 1	93. Elopement (The), farce, 1 scene	4 1
42. Bad Whiskey, sketch, 1 scene.	2 1	52. Excise Trials, sketch, 1 scene	10 1
6. Black Cap from Whitechapel, negro piece	4 0	25. Fellow that Looks Like Me, in- terlude, 1 scene	2 1
10. Black Chemist, sketch, 1 scene	3 0	51. Fisherman's Luck, 1 scene	2 0
11. Black-eyed William, sketch, 2 scenes	4 1	83. First Night (The), Dutch farce, 1 act	4 2
40. Big Mistake, sketch, 1 scene	4 0	106. Gambrinus, King of Lager Beer, Ethiopian burlesque	2 1
78. Bogus Indian, sketch, 4 scenes	5 2	83. German Emigrant (The), sketch 1 scene	2 2
89. Bogus Talking Machines (The) farce, 1 scene	4 0	77. Getting Square on the Call Boy, sketch, 1 scene	3 0
24. Bruised and Cured, sketch, 1 scene	2 0	17. Ghost (The), sketch, 1 act	2 0
108. Charge of the Hash Brigade, Irish musical sketch	2 2	58. Ghost in a Pawnshop, 1 scene.	4 0
35. Coal Heaver's Revenge, negro sketch, 1 scene	6 0	31. Glycerine Oil, sketch.	3 0
41. Cremation, sketch, 2 scenes	8 1	20. Going for the Cup, interlude	4 0
12. Daguerreotypes, sketch, 1 scene	3 0	82. Good Night's Rest, 1 scene.	3 0
53. Damon and Pythias, burlesque, 2 scenes	5 1	86. Gripsack, sketch, 1 scene	3 0
63. Darkey's Stratagem, 1 act	3 1	70. Guide to the Stage, sketch	3 0
110. De Black Magician, Ethiopian comicality, 1 scene	4 2	61. Happy Couple, 1 scene	2 1
111. Deeds of Darkness, Ethiopian extravaganza, 1 act	6 1	21. Hard Times, extravaganza, 1 scene	5 1
50. Draft (The), sketch, 1 act.	6 0	3. Hemmed In, sketch	3 1
64. Dutchman's Ghost, 1 scene	4 1	49. High Jack, the Heeler, 1 scene	6 0
		68. Hippotheadron, sketch	9 0
		71. In and Out, sketch, 1 scene	2 0
		33. Jealous Husband, sketch	2 1
		94. Julius, the Snoozer, 3 scenes	7 0

DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMA (Continued).

No.		M.	F.	No.		M.	F.
101.	Katrina's Little Game, Dutch act, 1 scene.....	1	2	80.	Wanted, a Nurse, 1 scene.....	4	0
1.	Last of the Mohicans, sketch..	3	1	85.	Weston the Walkist, Dutch sketch, 1 scene.....	7	1
36.	Laughing Gas, sketch, 1 scene.	6	1	93.	What Shall I Take? farce, 1 act	8	1
13.	Live Injun, sketch, 4 scenes... 4	1		99.	Who Died First? 1 scene.....	3	1
69.	Lost Will, sketch.....	4	0	97.	Who's the Actor? farce, 1 scene.....	4	0
37.	Lucky Job, farce, 2 scenes....	3	2	90.	Wrong Woman in the Right Place, sketch, 2 scenes.....	2	2
90.	Lanatic (The), farce, 1 scene..	3	0	85	Young Scamp, sketch, 1 scene.	3	0
109.	Making a Hit, farce, 2 scenes .	4	0	113	The Coming Man, sketch, 1 act	3	0
19.	Malicious Trespass, 1 scene....	3	0	112	Ambition, farce, 2 scenes.....	7	0
96.	Midnight Intruder (The), farce, 1 scene.....	6	1	114.	One Night in a Medical College, sketch, 1 scene.....	7	1
101.	Mollie Moriarty, Irish musical sketch, 1 scene.....	1	1	115.	Private Boarding, comedy, 1 scene.....	5	1
8.	Mutton Trial, sketch, 2 scenes	4	0	116.	Zacharias' Funeral, farce, 1 scene.....	5	0
44.	Musical Servant, sketch, 1 sec.	3	0	117.	Motor Bellows, comedy, 1 scene		
49.	Night in a Strange Hotel, sketch, 1 scene.....	2	0	118.	Hein's Funny Babies, burlesque.....	6	0
22.	Obedying Orders, sketch 1 scene	2	1	119.	My Wife's Visitors, comic drama, 1 scene.....	6	1
27.	One Hundredth Night of Hamlet, sketch.....	7	1	120.	Body Snatchers (The), Negro sketch, 2 scenes.....	2	1
20.	One Night in a Barroom, sketch.....	7	0	121.	Stocks Up! Stocks Down! Negro farce, 1 scene.....	2	0
76.	One, Two, Three, 1 scene.....	7	0	122.	Ticket Taker, Negro farce, 1 scene.....	2	0
87.	Pete and the Peddler, Negro and Irish sketch, 1 scene....	2	1	123.	The Intelligence Office, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2	1
9.	Policy Players, sketch, 1 scene	7	0	124.	Deaf as a Post, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	8	0
57.	Pompey's Patients, interlude, 2 scenes.....	6	0	125.	Oh, Hush! Negro Operatic Olio, 3 scenes.....	4	1
65.	Porter's Troubles, 1 scene.....	6	1	126.	Black Statue, Negro farce, 1 scene.....	4	2
66.	Port Wine vs. Jealousy, sketch	2	1	127.	Blinks and Jinks Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene... ..	3	1
91.	Painter's Apprentice (The), farce, 1 scene.....	5	0				
92.	Pelar Bear (The), 1 scene. ....	4	1				
14.	Recruiting Office, sketch, 1 act.	5	0				
45.	Remittance from Home, sketch, 1 scene.....	6	0				
105.	Rehearsal (The), Irish farce, 2 scenes.....	4	2				
55.	Rigging a Purchase, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	0				
81.	Rival Artists, sketch, 1 scene.	3	0				
26	Rival Tenants, sketch.....	4	0				
15.	Sam's Courtship, farce, 1 act..	2	1				
59.	Sausage Makers, 2 scenes.....	5	1				
80.	Scenes on the Mississippi, 2 scenes.....	6	0				
21.	Scampini, pantomime, 2 scenes	6	3				
84.	Serenade (The), sketch, 2 scenes	7	0				
28.	Siamese Twins, 2 scenes.....	5	0				
74.	Sleep Walker, sketch, 2 scenes	3	0				
46.	Slippery Day, sketch, 1 scene.	6	1				
69.	Squire for a Day, sketch.....	5	1				
56.	Stage-struck Couple, 1 scene..	2	1				
72.	Stranger, burlesque, 1 scene... and 2 children.	1	2				
7.	Stupid Servant, sketch, 1 scene	2	0				
13.	Streets of New York, 1 scene .	6	0				
16.	Storming the Fort, 1 scene....	5	0				
47.	Take it, Don't Take It, 1 scene	2	0				
54.	Them Papers, sketch, 1 scene.	3	0				
100.	Three Chiefs (The), 2 scenes ..	6	0				
102.	Three A. M., sketch, 2 scenes.	3	1				
34.	Three Strings to One Bow, sketch, 1 scene.....	4	1				
2.	Tricks, sketch.....	5	2				
104.	Two Awfuls (The), 1 scene....	5	0				
5.	Two Black Roses, sketch.....	4	1				
28.	Uncle Eph's Dream, 2 scenes..	3	1				
62.	Vinegar Bitters, sketch, 1 scene	6	1				
32.	Wake Up, William Henry....	3	2				

# DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS (Continued).

No.	M. F.	No.	M. F.
144. Lancashire Lass, melodrama, 5 acts.	12 3	61. Plot and Passion, drama, 3 acts.	7 2
34. Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 1 act.	3 2	138. Poll and Partner Joe, burlesque, 1 act.	10 3
137. L'Article 47, drama, 3 acts.	11 5	110. Poppleton's Predicaments, farce, 1 act.	3 6
111. Liar (The), comedy, 2 acts.	7 2	50. Porter's Knot, drama, 2 acts.	8 2
119. Life Chase, drama, 5 acts.	14 5	59. Post Boy, drama, 2 acts.	5 3
165. Living Statue (The), farce, 1 act.	3 2	95. Pretty Horse-Breaker, farce, 1 act.	3 10
48. Little Annie's Birthday, farce, 1 act.	2 4	181 and 182. Queen Mary, drama, 4 acts.	38 8
32. Little Rebel, farce, 1 act.	4 3	157. Quite at Home, comedietta, 1 act.	5 2
164. Little Ruby, drama, 3 acts.	6 6	196. Queerest Courtship (The), comic op	
109. Locked In, comedietta, 1 act.	2 2	eretta, 1 act.	1 1
85. Locked In with a Lady, sketch, 1 act.	1 1	132. Race for a Dinner, farce, 1 act.	10 10
87. Locked Out, comic scene.	1 2	183. Richelieu, play, 5 acts.	16 2
143. Lodgers and Dodgers, farce, 1 act.	4 2	38. Rightful Heir, drama, 5 acts.	10 2
189. Leap Year, musical duality, 1 act.	1 1	77. Roll of the Drum, drama, 3 acts.	8 4
163. Marcoretta, drama, 3 acts.	10 3	13. Ruy Blas, drama, 4 acts.	12 4
154. Maria and Magdalena, play, 4 acts.	8 6	194. Rum, drama, 3 acts.	7 4
63. Marriage at Any Price, farce, 1 act.	5 3	195. Rosemi Shell, travesty, 1 act, 4	
39. Master Jones' Birthday, farce, 1 act.	4 2	scenes.	6 3
7. Maud's Peril, drama, 4 acts.	5 3	158. School, comedy, 4 acts.	6 6
49. Midnight Watch, drama, 1 act.	8 2	79. Sheep in Wolf's Clothing, drama, 1	7 5
15. Milky White, drama, 2 acts.	4 2	37. Silent Protector, farce, 1 act.	3 2
46. Miriam's Crime, drama, 3 acts.	5 2	35. Silent Woman, farce, 1 act.	2 1
51. Model of a Wife, farce, 1 act.	3 2	43. Sisterly Service, comedietta, 1 act.	7 2
184. Money, comedy, 5 acts.	17 3	6. Six Months Ago, comedietta, 1 act.	2 1
108. Mr. Scroggins, farce, 1 act.	3 3	10. Snapping Turiles, duologue, 1 act.	1 1
188. Mr. X., farce, 1 act.	3 3	26. Society, comedy, 3 acts.	16 5
169. My Uncle's Suit, farce, 1 act.	4 1	78. Special Performances, farce, 1 act.	7 3
130. My Wife's Diary, farce, 1 act.	3 1	31. Taming a Tiger, farce, 1 act.	3 3
92. My Wife's Out, farce, 1 act.	2 2	150. Tell-Tale Heart, comedietta, 1 act.	1 2
193. My Walking Photograph, musical		120. Tempest in a Teapot, comedy, 1 act.	2 1
duality, 1 act.	1 1	146. There's no Smoke Without Fire,	
140. Never Reckon Your Chickens, etc.,		comedietta, 1 act.	1 2
farce, 1 act.	3 4	83. Thrice Married, personation piece,	
115. New Men and Old Acres, comedy, 3	8 5	1 act.	6 1
2. Nobody's Child, drama, 3 acts.	8 3	42. Time and the Hour, drama, 3 acts.	7 3
57. Noemie, drama, 2 acts.	4 4	27. Time and Tide, drama, 3 acts and	
104. No Name, drama, 5 acts.	7 5	prologue.	7 5
112. Not a Bit Jealous, farce, 1 act.	3 3	133. Timothy to the Rescue, farce, 1 act.	4 2
185. Not So Bad as We Seem, play, 5 acts.	14 3	153. 'Tis Better to Live than to Die,	
84. Not Guilty, drama, 4 acts.	10 6	farce, 1 act.	2 1
117. Not Such a Fool as He Looks, drama,		134. Tompkins the Troubadour, farce, 1	3 2
3 acts.	5 4	29. Turning the Tables, farce, 1 act.	5 3
171. Nothing Like Paste, farce, 1 act.	3 1	168. Tweedie's Rights, comedy, 2 acts.	4 2
14. No Thoroughfare, drama, 5 acts and		126. Twice Killed, farce, 1 act.	6 3
prologue.	13 6	56. Two Gay Deceivers, farce, 1 act.	3 3
173. Off the Stage, comedietta, 1 act.	3 3	123. Two Polts, farce, 1 act.	4 4
176. On Bread and Water, farce, 1 act.	1 2	198. Twin Sisters (The), comic operetta,	
90. Only a Halfpenny, farce, 1 act.	2 2	1 act.	3 1
170. Only Somebody, farce, 1 act.	4 2	162. Uncle's Will, comedietta, 1 act.	2 1
33. One too Many for Him, farce, 1 act.	2 2	106. Up for the Cattle Show, farce, 1 act.	6 2
3. £100,000, comedy, 3 acts.	8 4	81. Vandyke Brown, farce, 1 act.	3 3
97. Orange Blossoms, comedietta, 1 act.	3 3	124. Volunteer Review, farce, 1 act.	6 6
66. Orange Girl, drama, in prologue		91. Walpole, comedy, 3 acts.	7 2
and 3 acts.	18 4	118. Wanted, a Young Lady, farce, 1 act.	3 3
172. Ours, comedy, 3 acts.	6 3	44. War to the Knife, comedy, 3 acts.	5 4
94. Our Clerks, farce, 1 act.	7 5	105. Which of the Two? comedietta, 1 act.	2 10
45. Our Domestic, comedy farce, 2 acts	6 6	98. Who is Who? farce, 1 act.	3 2
155. Our Heroes, military play, 5 acts.	24 5	12. Widow Hunt, comedy, 3 acts.	4 4
178. Out at Sea, drama in prologue and		5. William Tell with a Vengeance,	
4 acts.	16 5	burlesque.	8 2
147. Overland Route, comedy, 3 acts.	11 5	136. Woman in Red, drama, 3 acts and	
156. Peace at Any Price, farce, 1 act.	1 1	prologue.	6 6
82. Peep o' Day, drama, 4 acts.	12 4	161. Woman's Vows and Mason's Oaths,	
127. Peggy Green, farce, 1 act.	3 10	4 acts.	10 4
23. Petticoat Parliament, extravaganza,		11. Woodcock's Little Game, farce, 2	4 4
in one act.	15 24	54. Young Collegian (Cantab.), farce, 1	3 3
62. Photographic Fix, farce, 1 act.	3 2		



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