

AN OLD SCORE

W. S. GILBERT

First performed 1869 in London

Edited by David Trutt

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This edition of AN OLD SCORE consists of two sections. The first section, through page 50, contains the introduction, play and notes. The second section, starting on page 50a, contains reviews and commentary by WSG and his contemporaries, and by the editor.

The Thomas Hailes Lacy first edition has been used as the starting point for this edition. This is to reflect idiosyncrasies of WSG's style which may be removed in later editions. The first edition, however, contains numerous errors which appear to be introduced by the printer. The present editor has used his independent judgment in creating this edition. Obvious typos have been corrected; italics within parentheses (*italics within parentheses*) to express stage action within the dialogue have been given a uniform presentation. Ambiguous interpretations and alternatives are explained in the notes.

The Samuel French later edition corrects many of the first edition printing errors, introduces some others and makes some corrections where they are not needed. Interesting differences between the two editions are referenced in the notes.

Explanatory notes on the play are located after Act III. An asterisk* after a word in the play indicates that there is a corresponding note.

Clarifying notes are inserted by the editor {using a different font within brackets}.

Introduction is by Andrew Crowther.

An Old Score: “An Original Comedy-Drama”

In his brief “Autobiography” of 1883, Gilbert described *An Old Score* as “my first comedy”. Indeed, though he had written about a dozen stage works before this one, and though most of these were designed to make their audiences laugh, they were not “comedies” in the sense that Gilbert means here.

He had written burlesques and extravaganzas, pantomimes, two short farces, and the comic sketch with songs *No Cards*. (We shall not even mention the little melodrama *Uncle Baby*—after all, Gilbert never did.) But none of these was really a comedy. Burlesque, extravaganza and pantomime delighted in fantastic realms, rhymes, and excruciating puns—coherence of character or plot were not even asked for. Farce was laughter-catching pure and simple, by any means—the more obvious the better.

On the other hand, comedy was perhaps the most delicate of Victorian theatrical genres. No sinking ships, burning barns or “Radiant Realms of Rehabilitation”: just fairly normal people in fairly ordinary settings, talking in at least a faintly believable way. The humour came from character and wit, not from outrageous farce.

Comedy—certainly the best comedies of the era—dealt with real issues of the day. Perhaps they dealt with the issues superficially but at least they dealt with them *somehow*. For instance, Tom Robertson’s plays such as *Caste* (1867) and *Progress* (1869) did actually make some attempt to discuss the themes stated in the titles. Comedies were serious as well as comic, which in the Victorian context means that they had a touch of the sentimental and the melodramatic about them. Victorian comedies, unlike farces or extravaganzas, tended to point a *moral lesson* of some kind—even if the lesson was something like “Don’t marry outside your own caste” or “A husband should be master in his home.”

Gilbert clearly intended his play to be at least partly serious, as we can tell by his calling it a “comedy-drama”. So what exactly was the “moral lesson” Gilbert was preaching to us in this play? We can see some obvious things: the distrust of big business in the form of Colonel Calthorpe, and the idea that a wild but good-hearted young scapegrace such as Harold Calthorpe is far preferable. And in the play’s tone we have a consistent idea of plain-speaking being a

good thing, as opposed to social two-facedness. This seems to be allied to Gilbert's disregard of theatrical convention in such details as the son arguing with the father—a definite no-no in the theatre of the day, as Hollingshead pointed out in a passage which David Trutt quotes in this book.

In Gilbert's later works, he tended to disguise his intentions with topsyturvydom and irony, so that many students of his writings have been left puzzled as to what exactly he believed in. But plays such as *An Old Score* go a long way to answering such questions. It may perhaps surprise some people to find Gilbert so vehemently defending a young scamp against the conventional figures of authority, when in his more famous works his characters achieve their triumphs by double-crossing two-facedness and a hypocritical devotion to the letter of the law. But in these later works Gilbert was much more careful in the way he expressed his view of life. He showed his rogues and hypocrites without stating a moral attitude to their antics. In *An Old Score* his attitudes are clear: anyone can tell Gilbert's contempt for Colonel Calthorpe.

But *An Old Score* flopped. It fared no better in 1872, when it was performed in a revised form under the title *Quits*. (I am not aware of any script existing of this revised version.)

It is certainly not a perfect play. It was Gilbert's first comedy, and in some respects it is derivative. Reviewers noted the debt to Tom Taylor's *Still Waters Run Deep*; and the cooking of the sausages and eggs in Act 2 recalls Tom Robertson (e.g. *Ours*, in which a roly-poly pudding is made on stage!). Some of the drama creaks, and today we can only wish with all our hearts that Gilbert had *not* decided to include a comic Jewish moneylender. And yet...

I think that even today, and even bearing in mind these real faults, we can judge *An Old Score* to be a genuinely powerful drama. There are scenes in this play which are so powerful that they knock the reader back in his seat. There is a "shooting-from-the-hip" quality about some of the scenes which is exhilarating and even just a little bit shocking. I am very pleased that David has decided to reprint the play, because it shows us a different Gilbert from the one we think we know—a Gilbert who is just as worth listening to as the one who wrote for Sullivan.

ANDREW CROWTHER

FIRST SECTION CONTENTS

Preface	i
Introduction by Andrew Crowther	ii
Contents	iv
<i>An Old Score</i> Title Page	1
<i>An Old Score</i> ACT I	3
<i>An Old Score</i> ACT II	21
<i>An Old Score</i> ACT III	32
Notes	46

SECOND SECTION CONTENTS

Preface	50a
An Old Score from <i>Fun</i>	51
The Tormentor Unmasked from <i>Tomahawk</i>	56
Arthur àBeckett Apologies	60
An Old Score Review from <i>The Times</i>	61
An Old Score Review from <i>Sunday Times</i>	65
John Hollingshead Memories	69
W. S. Gilbert Observations	71
Excerpts from <i>Diamonds</i> Short Story	72
W. S. Gilbert's <i>Unappreciated Shakespeare</i>	76
Response to Unappreciated Shakespeare	79
Comment on Queues from The Theatre	81
Commentary by the Editor	83
Bibliography	88

AN OLD SCORE,

AN ORIGINAL COMEDY-DRAMA.

In Three Acts.

BY

W. S. GILBERT,

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS SOCIETY.

AUTHOR OF

Dulcamara, or the Little Duck and the Great Quack; Allow me to Explain; Highly Improbable; Harlequin Cock Robin and Jenny Wren; La Vivandière, or True to the Corps; The Merry Zingara, or the Topsy Gipsy and the Pipsy Wipsy; No Cards (German Reed's); Robert the Devil, or the Nun, the Dun, and the Son of a Gun; The Pretty Druidess, or the Mother, the Maid, and the Mistletoe Bough; &c., &c.

*First Performed at the New Gaiety Theatre,
(under the management of Mr. Hollingshead)
Monday, July 26th, 1869.*

Characters.

COLONEL CALTHORPE	Mr. Emery.
HAROLD CALTHORPE (his Son)	Mr. Clayton.
JAMES CASBY (a Bombay Merchant)	Mr. Henry Neville.
PARKLE (an Attorney)	Mr. Maclean.
MANASSEH (a Bill Discounter)	Mr. Eldred.
FLATHERS (a Footman, afterwards Harold's Clerk)	Mr. J. Robins.
ETHEL BARRINGTON (Colonel Calthorpe's Niece)	Miss Henrade.
MARY WATERS (a Nursery Governess)	Miss R. Ranoe.
MRS. PIKE (a Gray's Inn Laundress)	Mrs. Leigh.

ACT I.—Colonel Calthorpe's Villa at Teddington.

ACT II.—Harold Calthorpe's Chambers in Gray's Inn.

ACT III.—Ovington Grange.

*Twelve months are supposed to elapse between the first and second
acts, and six months between the second and third.*

TIME—1868-9.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION, TWO HOURS.

MODERN COSTUMES.

{The original published edition shows the first performance on Monday,
July 19th, 1869. This is an error which has been included in several
bibliographies of W. S. Gilbert plays.}

AN OLD SCORE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a pleasant Drawing-room in Colonel Calthorpe's Villa at Teddington, doors R. and L., double doors (C.) opening on to lawn. ETHEL discovered at piano—HAROLD lounging on sofa reading. (L.)*

HAR. Ethel, my dear girl, I'd stand a great deal from you that I wouldn't stand from any one else, but there's a limit to one's endurance even of musical torture. I've stood Verdi and Offenbach with the constancy of an early martyr—but Beethoven—oh, hang it, I draw the line long before I get to Beethoven.*

ETHEL. (*leaving the piano*) My music did not bore you once, Harold.

HAR. Of course it didn't. You see, one don't begin by being bored. The word is an expressive one, implying a slow, gradual process, possibly very agreeable in its earlier stages, but degenerating, as it goes on, into an intolerable nuisance.

ETHEL. Gentlemanly! (*comes down and sits R.*)

HAR. Besides, in the remote period you delicately indicate by the word "once," not only was I foolishly in love with you, but (what is more to the point) that tinkling old box of music was an uncommonly decent cottage piano.* When I fondly adored you, it was my duty to fondly adore your music also. But now that James Casby holds my commission, you must look to him for an efficient discharge of the duties attached to the office. I can't undertake the drudgery of an adorer, unless I'm permitted to benefit by the emoluments. In a month, James Casby will be your husband. If you want to play to him, take my advice and do so before the month is up.

ETHEL. (*quietly*) Harold, you must speak with more respect of Mr. Casby—before me, at all events—if you do not wish us to quarrel.

HAR. My dear cousin, I don't want to say one word against James Casby as James Casby. Taken by himself, as a wealthy Bombay merchant, and setting his contemplated relationship with the family out of the question, I have no objection to James Casby. I think I could even endure James Casby. I will even go so far as to conceive a state of things under which I could almost like James

Casby. You think me an enthusiast, I know; *c'est comme cela que je suis fait*.^{*} But looking upon him in the special capacity of my cousin Ethel's husband—viewing him through the trying medium of a contemplated relationship—I am forced reluctantly to the conclusion that James Casby is—not to put too fine a point upon it—a failure. He's not worthy of you, Ethel. He's a straightforward fellow enough, I dare say, but in the matter of tact and gentlemanly culture, he's nowhere. He's the sort of fellow who, if he were dining with Barclay and Perkins,^{*} would call for beer.

ETHEL. Harold, I am sure that we—that is, that you—do not understand him.^{*}

HAR. I understand this at all events: that he owes every penny he possesses, his social position, his friends, the very clothes he wears (not that they are worth much), to my unfortunate governor, and that, wealthy man as he is, he repays the debt with a sulky close-fisted indifference at the very moment when open-handedness on his part would be the most acceptable attitude he could assume. I understand this: that the only way in which he will consent to help his benefactor out of his pecuniary difficulties, is by marrying his niece, my old flame, Ethel. There's no nonsense about family pride in me, but, hang it all, it's a mortifying thing when a fellow whose great grandfather sat in the Peers,^{*} is cut out by a fellow whose mother died in a ditch!

ETHEL. Well, for a man of your keen sense of injury, you appeared to submit to that mortification pretty patiently.

HAR. Yes. Perhaps I didn't feel it as acutely as I should. The right thing would have been to have got him over to Calais—shot him—come back—married you, and spent the remainder of my existence in dodging Mr. Pollaky^{*} and the Scotland Yard police authorities. The wrong thing was to grin and bear it. I chose the wrong thing; I generally do. It gave less trouble;^{*} it generally does.

ETHEL. Harold, let us come to a distinct understanding. Once I loved you very dearly; it would be ridiculous on my part to deny it; you have had many, too many proofs of it. You won my love too easily, and when it had served to amuse you for a few weeks, you treated it as men generally treat a love they have had no difficulty in gaining, and which they have little fear of losing, and I accepted my position without complaint. My uncle's heavy losses—losses that threatened immediate bankruptcy—induced me then to accept

Mr. Casby. I don't pretend that I love him as I once loved you, but I know him to be a good, upright, and honourable man, and if you dare to breathe another word to his disparagement, we are strangers from that moment. (*rising and crossing to HAROLD*) Don't be angry with me, dear Harold, but you must see how difficult my position is, and how that difficulty is enhanced by the contemptuous tone you adopt in speaking of him.

HAR. (*aside*) Poor Ethel! (*aloud*) There—don't say another word about it; I forgive you! (*kisses her*) Hallo, here he comes.

Enter CASBY, C., from garden.

CASBY. Ethel, my darling! (*kisses her*)

HAR. (L.) There—now I'm off.

ETHEL. (R.) Where are you going, Harold? Stop with us; you are always out now.

CASBY. (*aside to ETHEL*) Let him go.

HAR. Well, it's slow here—I beg your pardon—I don't mean that.

CASBY. What do you call slow?

HAR. Slow? Oh, nothing to do—no one to talk to—no one to smoke with. You two wrapped up in each other—at least, James Casby wrapped up in Ethel, and Ethel wrapped round James Casby.

ETHEL. But it's absurd of you to suppose you're in the way. Now do stay, there's a dear boy!

HAR. (*aside*) Poor Ethel! (*aloud*) All right, I'll stay!

CASBY. (*aside*) He puts it as a favour! (*aloud*) Pray understand that if you want to go out, the interference with your movements comes from Ethel—not from me.

HAR. Ah, you're a genial soul! Sorry to go, Ethel, but that's such an evident hint that a mole would take it. (*aside, going*) Sulky brute!

Exit HAROLD into garden.

CASBY. Ethel, I've been to see the house.

ETHEL. (*indifferently*) Have you?

CASBY. Yes. It's not a big one, but it will answer our purpose until we start for Bombay. My little Ethel! Do you know, I often wonder how it is that we happen to be thrown together as we are! I am a rough, ready-made man of business of eight and forty—you are a young girl of eighteen. You are in the hey-day of the age of romance—I have long been consigned to the limbo of dull prosaic

reality—Now, by every rule of romance, if not of common sense, you should marry a young man—a young fellow of two and twenty or thereabouts—penniless, but attractive—a strapping young fellow, with his way to make, and only you to help him make it, and not a dull matter-of-fact man of business, whose fortune has long been made—whose lot in life is a common-place certainty. Eh, Ethel?

ETHEL. You pay yourself a very poor compliment.

CASBY. Oh, I don't know that. It's not such a bad compliment from my point of view.

ETHEL. It's a very poor one from mine.

CASBY. Ah, you'll come to look at it from my stand-point one of these days.

ETHEL. Yes, when I am your age, perhaps.

CASBY. (*sits down*) My schooling, you see, has been an exceptional one. At the age of ten, when I first began to sweep out Bounderby's office—a very small office, then, in Thames Street—the position of a junior clerk in that house appeared to me the very summit of human ambition. When, after five years' sweeping, I was made a junior clerk, I could conceive no dignity equal to that of senior clerk—until I became a senior clerk, when partnership in all its full glory opened out before me, and I fell down and worshipped it. Promotion in the house of Bounderby has been the be-all and the end-all of my existence. I have achieved my highest ambition: I have risen from nothing, to be the sole representative* of a leading Bombay house—for Bounderby's has taken enormous strides since I swept it out—and when I, who was once an office lad, and before that, a beggar-boy, describe myself as a prosaic matter-of-fact Bombay merchant, I don't think the compliment is such a bad one, after all!

ETHEL. Of course it is infinitely to your credit that you rose as you did. I did not mean that your success is not a thing to be proud of. I meant that in instituting a comparison between yourself and a younger man to your own disadvantage, you do yourself—

CASBY. An injustice? No, Ethel; I know the full value of the sacrifice you are making for me, and I'm at an age when impressions of this kind don't readily fade. I know that you are going to give up house, home, relations, friends, country, everything for me. I know that you are going to leave all you love in England to spend a half-barbarous life with me in another world.

It will be a great change for you, Ethel. A new country, a new climate, new friends, new associations. So much that is new to learn—

ETHEL. Yes. And so much that is old to forget. (*rises*)

CASBY. Why, what's the matter with you? You are going to cry.

ETHEL. No—nothing. I suppose I haven't quite reconciled myself to leaving my uncle and all my friends.

CASBY. There are friends awaiting Jem Casby's wife with open arms over there. It may seem strange to you, but I'm quite a favourite in Bombay.

ETHEL. No; everything is so different out there.

CASBY. You know I've lived there thirty years, and people have learnt to know my ways. There'll be no lack of friends, Ethel.

ETHEL. Yes; but one can't take one's friends for granted as one takes one's horses or carriages, you know.

CASBY. Ah, there's something wrong about you to-day. You've been annoyed—irritated. (*angrily*) Has that young cub, Harold Calthorpe—

ETHEL. (*indignantly*) How dare you speak so of Harold? How dare you? Do you think to reconcile me to the loss of my oldest and dearest friends by coarsely abusing them? You don't know me yet, Mr. Casby!

CASBY. Ah!—you don't know *me*, Ethel. You'll learn me in time, but it'll be a work of time. I must submit to be misunderstood at first. "Incomprehensible Jem Casby," they used to call me, out there.

Enter COLONEL CALTHORPE, from garden.

COL. Why what's all this?—quarrelling again? Come, come, Ethel—James Casby—

CASBY. No. Ethel is angry because I have set her a riddle that she can't guess at the first glance—that's all!

COL. Oh! nonsense—nonsense. Ethel, my dear! Touchy about a riddle! Come, this won't do! Come, make it up—make it up. What do the little birds do in their nests, James?

CASBY. Lay eggs?

COL. They agree, James—they agree. And how is that state of things brought about? By mutual concession under crowded circumstances. A beautiful lesson, James. Come—do as the little

birds do—shake hands, and make it up.

CASBY. (*kissing* ETHEL) Oh, we're not very desperately estranged! There—now, if you will put your bonnet on, I'll drive you over to Putney Heath; I think you'll like the house.

Exit ETHEL, L. *Enter* FLATHERS, R.

FLATHERS. Mr. Parkle, sir, is below, and would be glad to see you.

COL. (*annoyed*) Dear, dear! Show him in—show him in. My solicitor, James. (*to* FLATHERS) Stay—show him into the study.

CASBY. Oh, have him in here. I'll go and smoke a cheroot on the lawn.

Exit FLATHERS, R.

COL. But you won't have time—Ethel will be down directly.

CASBY. Oh, no; she has gone to put her bonnet on!

Exit CASBY, *to garden*.

Enter FLATHERS, *followed by* MR. PARKLE, R.

FLATHERS. Mr. Parkle, sir.

Exit FLATHERS, R.

COL. Parkle, my dear old friend—I'm very glad to see you. You—*you're looking very well.* (COL. CALTHORPE *endeavours to conceal uneasiness.*)

PARKLE. Yes. It don't seem to make you very happy, though. If I'd ever given any post obits* I should have thought, from your manner, that you'd bought 'em up. Now, what have I come for?

COL. Well, really, I—

PARKLE. Can't guess? Try.

COL. Perhaps money matters? (*uneasily*)

PARKLE. Yes; money matters of all things! Strange, isn't it?

COL. Not at all; but really—just now—

PARKLE. Just now! Well, now, look here, Calthorpe. I'm a man of my word, as you know. I told you I must have that £2,000 by Wednesday, and I will, if I sell you up.

COL. (*with mild severity*) Mr. Parkle, I am a man of my word too.

PARKLE. You!

COL. Yes—I. I told you that I cannot pay you until my niece is married—and I can't. Unless indeed—

PARKLE. Well—unless—unless?

COL. Unless I can induce James Casby to advance me the money. That is just possible. His obligations to me are absolutely overwhelming. Parkle, I made that man.

PARKLE. I dare say!

COL. I did indeed—I made him. Thirty years ago I took him from the streets, a singing beggar boy, and placed {him} in* Bounderby's office. He is now the head of the firm, and the wealthiest man in Bombay.

PARKLE. (*incredulously*) Ha! Why did you take him from the streets?

COL. Why?

PARKLE. Ah, why? What was your motive?

COL. Motive? I was actuated, of course, by a desire to rescue him from the squalor, misery, and vice of the London streets. I shall never forget the boy's pitiable appearance that day—half dressed in men's rags, soaked with rain, and standing bare-headed and bare-footed in the melting December snow. It touched me to the heart, Parkle.

PARKLE. He must have been in a sad state indeed. But don't tell me that you'd no better motive than that. My good sir, I know you, back view, front view, inside out, and topsy turvy. You're a humbug—you always were a humbug—and you always will be a humbug.* However, let us come to business. If you think you can draw this *protégé* of yours to the tune of £2,000, why have him in and do it.

COL. Sound practical common sense, Parkle. Now, do you know I really have a great mind to do as you suggest, if it is only to prove to you that James Casby, at least, does not share your unjust suspicions. It may serve to convince you that in his opinion at least, my conduct was disinterested.

PARKLE. If your object is to make me think James Casby a fool, you may save yourself the trouble.

CASBY has entered from garden and overheard this speech.

CASBY. Surely! It is a question that can have no possible interest for this gentleman. (*sits L.*) (*COL. and PARKLE much discomfited.*)

COL. James Casby, I want to speak to you on a matter of business. James, I am a man of honour—you are a man of honour.

Mr. Parkle, my solicitor, here, is a man of honour. When three men of honour meet, they may talk without hesitation, and without disguise. James Casby—to speak plainly, I made you. Exactly thirty years ago,* I took you from the streets, a singing beggar, and placed you in the office of Bounderby Brothers.

CASBY. You did. As office boy.

COL. Never mind the capacity; and now you are the sole representative of that wealthy house and the richest man in your presidency.*

CASBY. Yes. It's quite true that, but for your interposition, I might at this moment have been holding horses for a living.

COL. You might have been a thief, perhaps a convict. Who knows?

CASBY. Ah, who knows? Thank you for the suggestion. I might.

COL. We are the sport of circumstances. The possession of wealth often constitutes the sole difference between the moral worth of an honest man and a—a—forger.*

CASBY. (*rising*) Colonel Calthorpe, it is unnecessary to pursue this vein of speculation any further. In the absence of any direct proof to the contrary, we will assume, if you please, that under any circumstances I should have been an honest man. And pray believe that I am intimately acquainted with all the incidents of my rescue from the streets; that I have the full value of my obligation to you constantly before my eyes, and that I am not disposed to depreciate it one jot.

COL. (*rising*) Nobly said! How like yourself—so blunt, yet so frank, and so directly to the point!

CASBY. (*rising*) I generally speak to the point, and act to the point. What do you want of me?

COL. Eh? Ha—Yes. Well, in short, we are all the sport of circumstances. One man rises, another man falls—

CASBY. What do you want of me?

COL. I was saying, one man rises, another man falls—see, saw—up, down—in, out—like the old lady and gentleman in the barometrical cottage.

CASBY. What do you want of me?

COL. Well, then to be brief, I must pay off a heavy debt to—Ah! I beg your pardon; you know Mr. Parkle, I think? (*introducing*

them)

CASBY. What do you want of me?

COL. Two thousand pounds.

PARKLE. Which you can deduct from the sum you propose to settle on Miss Barrington at her marriage.

COL. Which you can deduct from the sum you propose to settle on Miss Barrington at her marriage. There!

CASBY. Colonel Calthorpe, although I'm a tolerably straightforward man, I don't altogether deserve the credit you give me for plain speaking. I speak plainly, simply because I can't help it—because I happen to be rather deficient in the art of elocutionary cookery. My cold mutton is always cold mutton. I can't make hashed venison of it, do what I will. If it is seasoned at all, it is seasoned with hot words, that I often regret having used.

COL. An agreeable pickle, my dear sir—nothing more! Parkle, an agreeable pickle.

CASBY. Very good. Now let us understand one another. Colonel Calthorpe, I've already lent you a good lot of money, at one time or other: twice, £500; twice, £800; once, £2,050, altogether £4,650, not one halfpenny of which have you repaid.

COL. But, my dear boy, reflect. Charmingly put, but reflect. To whom do you owe it that you possessed the means of advancing me those sums?

CASBY. To you—indirectly.

COL. Pardon me—directly.

CASBY. Call it directly, if you like. Be that as it may, please understand that I don't consider that the sum of £4,650 at all represents the obligation I am under to you.

COL. I knew it—I knew it.

CASBY. But please understand, also, that although I intend to pay the balance in full—and it represents much more than £2,000—I don't intend to pay it by advancing you that sum.

COL. But, my dear young friend—

CASBY. (*going*) I don't intend to pay it by advancing you that sum.

PARKLE. But, my good sir, you—

CASBY. I don't intend to pay it by advancing Colonel Calthorpe that sum.

Exit CASBY, to garden.

PARKLE. Well, how do you like the pickle?

COL. This is dreadful—dreadful. The villain—the cold-blooded, calculating villain. Parkle, for more than a quarter of a century have I warmed that young man in my bosom.

PARKLE. Yes; as I warm a comforter in mine on a cold day. Bah, you humbug!

COL. There's no security I wouldn't have given him! Why, Parkle, he might have had my note of hand for the amount!

PARKLE. Ah, perhaps he didn't know that!

COL. Yes—yes—he knew it! The dinners I've given that viper since his return—the cigars he's smoked!

PARKLE. Oh, he's dined with you?

COL. Often—often!

PARKLE. Ah, that's where it is, you see. You shouldn't have asked him to dinner. *I* dined with you once.

COL. And shall again—and shall again!

PARKLE. No, thank you. No. Well, as I said before, I can't wait any longer, and if I could I wouldn't. I *must* have the money by Wednesday. I'm not treating you hardly. I haven't alluded to those acceptances* of Casby's that I hold—remember that.

COL. (*anxiously*) You—you haven't parted with them?

PARKLE. No. Oh, *I* don't want to part with 'em. Casby's name is a good one, and as long as you pay interest I'm willing to renew. If the money isn't forthcoming, I shall sell you up. Remember—Wednesday! Good day!

Exit PARKLE, R.

COL. Two thousand down, besides interest on £7,000, and the bills themselves to take up, sooner or later. Suppose Parkle should want money some fine day, and refuse to renew! What would become of me? It was always a mystery to me how even brave men could make up their minds to suicide.* It's no mystery now! (*sits* R.)

Enter HAROLD, C.

COL. What do you want, sir?

HAR. (*sulkily*) Money.

COL. Money, sir? you had five pounds a month ago.

HAR. Five pounds! I want fifty. (*aside*) And if *that* keeps Manasseh quiet I shall be very much surprised.

COL. You—you scoundrel! How dare you mention such a sum

to me? Don't you know that I am all but ruined? Don't you know that you have already squandered more money in betting, and other dissipations, than should suffice even a dozen such sons as you? Don't you know it, sir? don't you know it?

HAR. No, I don't. I know that if I bet at Tattersall's, you bet at Capel Court, and that for every sovereign I've laid on a horse, you have laid five hundred on the rise and fall of speculative stocks.* If you're a poor man, you've no one to blame but yourself. I'm sorry for you, but the only question between us is, which of us two is best able to raise fifty pounds? and, poor as you are, I think you are the one to do it.

COL. Now let us understand one another, Harold Calthorpe. I've ministered to your extravagances long enough, and I do so no longer. If you want money, earn it—honestly, as I—honestly, sir, honestly. I've given you half a dozen chances of gaining a livelihood for yourself, and you've refused them all. Beyond your bare board and lodging, you get nothing from me. If you are dissatisfied with this arrangement, you know the alternative. You can sever the connection between us at your pleasure.

Exit COL. CALTHORPE, R.

HAR. There's truth enough in what he says, though he says it. (*sits R.*) I suppose I *am* a scoundrel. Heaven knows I've been told so often enough, and by men—and women—who've had better means of judging than he has! Yet, scoundrels always seem to get on. *I don't.*

*Enter MARY WATERS, with two little children, C.**

MARY. Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Calthorpe. I thought Colonel Calthorpe was here; I wanted to speak to him.

HAR. No, Miss Waters, my father has just gone out, but he will probably return shortly.

MARY. Oh, then, I'll go upstairs, and take the children's things off, and perhaps he will be back by that time.

HAR. No doubt, but as I know that he is anxious* to speak to you, and as I expect him back immediately, perhaps it would be as well to hand the children over to the nurse, and wait for him here.

MARY. Oh thank you, Mr. Calthorpe, I'm sure. Go along my dears, and tell Jane to take your things off. (*Exeunt children, L.; she rushes to HAROLD'S arms.*) Harold!

HAR. Mary! at last we are alone again! why it's a week since I saw you!

MARY. Two! Time passes so much more slowly in the nursery than it does in the drawing-room.

HAR. I don't know that. I often envy you.

MARY. Envy me?

HAR. Indeed I do. I often wish we could change places.

MARY. Yes; there's a good nursery governess spoilt in you! What would you teach the children? Reading, writing, smoking, and betting?

HAR. And running into debt.

MARY. Are you in debt? So am I.

HAR. You? Nonsense! Impossible!

MARY. Oh, that's all you know about it. Look here. (*taking a bill from her pocket*) "Miss Mary Waters to Ann Spin. To making of a dress, 6s. 6d. To trimming of it, 16s. 6d. To altering of it, 3s. 6d. Total of it, £1 6s. 6d." And where is all that to come from, I should like to know.

HAR. Happy little Mary, if that's her idea of a debt!

MARY. And what's yours, pray?

HAR. Seven hundred and sixty-four pounds, thirteen shillings and seven pence! (*sits*)

MARY. Oh my goodness, what a lot of money! Seven hundred and—why what in the world have you been buying? And haven't you got any money?

HAR. Two pound ten.

MARY. Oh come, that's something. One can do a great deal with two pound ten. Now I've only got three and fourpence to last me till next quarter! Oh, but your papa will pay it, surely!

HAR. No; my papa is a professional philanthropist.

MARY. But he's a colonel, isn't he? And colonels are always rich, ain't they? Why he pays *me* twenty pounds a year!

HAR. He is a colonel on half-pay, with an embarrassed income of about a thousand a year, all told.

MARY. Well, now, that's a thing I can't understand. I thought colonels were always rich. He wears a cocked hat, don't he?

HAR. Yes, he wears a cocked hat.*

MARY. How many men are there in the army?—common soldiers I mean?

HAR. Oh!—a hundred thousand, perhaps.

MARY. And do you mean to tell me that a man to whom a hundred thousand men go like that (*saluting*) whenever they meet him in the street, can't afford to pay seven hundred and sixty four pounds to save his son from prison? Why it's an imposition! Your papa don't drink, does he?

HAR. No; he don't drink.

MARY. Ah! then I can't account for it. But then I don't know much about fathers. I lost mine when I was ten years old. He was an artist—

HAR. An artist?

MARY. Yes; he drew valentines.

HAR. Poor little Mary; you must often think with regret of the happy days when your father and mother were alive and you all lived together!

MARY. No, I don't. *My* papa used to drink, and then he beat me. But he drew such beautiful valentines, and he wrote the poetry under them, too—beautiful little poems about eternal constancy—woman's love—and the happiness of married life.

HAR. Inspired, I suppose, by your mamma?

MARY. Oh! no; mamma had run away from him years before. It wasn't at all a happy home—I never had enough to eat, and I was always cold. I never was so happy as I am now! Oh! Harold, is not this wrong?

HAR. Wrong, my darling girl! What do you mean?

MARY. Isn't it what people call intriguing? Because it's all underhand. All secret, you know. Now, I wouldn't dream of doing this before Colonel Calthorpe.

HAR. Ha! ha! No, I should think not!

MARY. He'd be angry, wouldn't he?

HAR. Angry? My poor girl; he'd turn you into the street in five minutes.

MARY. Is that what's meant by being a philanthropist?

HAR. Yes; that's what's meant by being a philanthropist.

MARY. I see—he's such a good man, and he'd be so shocked. Well, that shows it's wrong, doesn't it?*

HAR. It's not really wrong unless we make it wrong, Mary. I'm a great scamp—a reckless poor devil without a single prospect of success in any line I take up. I'm not much troubled by

conscientious scruples, and I generally follow my own course without troubling myself about its consequences to any one; but, bad as I am, I'm not such an out-and-out cad as to deceive such a trusting little soul as yours.

MARY. (*after a pause*) Harold!

HAR. Yes.

MARY. People who are as fond of each other as we are generally marry, don't they?

HAR. Marry? Oh, well, yes—it is sometimes done. But we're* very happy as we are, you know.

MARY. Yes, Tom* {Harold}, I am; but I don't think *you* are. Besides, we needn't be afraid of meeting, as we are now.

Enter ETHEL unperceived, L. She stands in astonishment for some moments. They become aware of her presence and start.

ETHEL. Harold! Miss Waters! How abominable! How disgraceful! In your father's house—with one of your father's servants!

HAR. Really, Miss Barrington, your language is unpardonably strong. May I ask by what right you use it?

ETHEL. True. I have no title to interfere with you now.

HAR. And no power to do so.

ETHEL. Of that I am sure. I leave you to yourself—but to this poor deluded girl—

HAR. Forgive me, Miss Barrington, but I cannot admit of your right to interfere even with her; you are my father's guest.

ETHEL. I speak to her by the right that is vested in every woman to stretch forth a hand to save another who is trembling on the brink of such a precipice as you have led this unhappy girl to. I know you, Harold Calthorpe.

MARY. (*timidly shrinking towards HAROLD*) And I know him, Miss Barrington.

ETHEL. Fool! What is your knowledge of him to mine. You are but just entering on that path of pitfalls which I once trod so long and so trustfully. Do you know what this man's love is? It is an acted lie from first to last. Do you know what he means to do with you? Suppose the best—suppose that he is merciful—what can come of such love as his for such as you, but a broken heart and a tainted reputation.

MARY. Oh why does she say this to me? (*to HAROLD*)

ETHEL. I say it to you because I believe you to be a good girl. I say it to you because I believe that a word of caution from one who is older than yourself in everything but years will not be utterly thrown away upon you. If you are a bad girl, my words have no meaning—he will not make you much worse than you are. But if, as I believe, you are an innocent imprudent fool, throw yourself from the nearest bridge, if you cannot avoid him any other way.

Enter COLONEL CALTHORPE and MANASSEH, R. MARY, unable to escape, shrinks timidly into a corner, R., and is not perceived.

COL. So, sir, at last I know the full extent of your infamous behaviour.

HAR. (*aside*) Manasseh here!

MAN. Yesh, Mishter Calthorpe, I'm very sorry, but—not vishing to make this here public, don't you know—feeling for yer, don't you see—I thought it best to bring the matter of my little billsh under the notice of your respected and gallant governor.

HAR. By George, I'm done now!

COL. By heavens, this is too infamous—too disgraceful! £764!

MAN. Every penny of 'em in gold and shilver {silver}, sir. Not a box of cigars or a hold {old} master among 'em.

COL. You, sir—you unmitigated scoundrel, sir; you have ventured to deceive this good, this trusting old man; you have obtained this money under false pretences, sir.

MAN. Ah, how nice it is to hear him speak!

COL. You have endeavoured to rob this worthy old gentleman of his hard earned savings—savings, sir, which would have gone far to have made his old age comfortable, if not luxurious.

MAN. Oh, it's beautiful—beautiful. Vat eloquence, Oh, lor!

HAR. Father, what are you talking about? The fellow's a Jew bill discounter!

MAN. Oh there now! to hear that! oh ain't it too bad after all I've done for him! Oh, lor!—

HAR. Hold your row, man; *we* know you.

COL. I don't care what he is, sir. Look at his grey hairs, sir! look at his tottering gait, sir! look at his tears, sir! and tell me anything you can plead would speak so eloquently as those silent advocates!

MAN. Oh! never heard anything like it, s'elp me! Oh it's beautiful, beautiful!

COL. If he had thought proper to bring his action for the amount, I should have left you to defend it. But he has been more merciful than you; he has not subjected you to the exposure of a public trial; he has generously laid the matter before me, and (*to HAROLD*) fortunately for you, sir—fortunately for you—for I should have left you to yourself. As it is, I am willing to submit to the only verdict which under the circumstances I am sure a British jury could conscientiously give. Sir, there is no doubt you owe this poor old man the money!

MAN. O vat a noble old gentleman! Give me the harmy {army} for honourable huprightness {uprightness} agin all creation.

COL. (*to MANASSEH*) Worthy old man! It is most fortunate for you that your generous disposition prompted you to appeal to me, instead of making this discreditable business public. You have saved yourself the costs of a heavy action (which he could not possibly have paid), and at the same time, as I said before, I am willing to be bound by the only decision a jury could come to under the circumstances. My poor old friend, I am very sorry for you, but when he gave you those acceptances* my imprudent boy was not of age.*

MAN. Vot? not of age? Vell, I know he ain't of age; but vot of that? It's necessaries—bills *is* necessaries to such as him; you kep him short of money, and him the possible heir to a peerage!

COL. The heir to a peerage? Oh, quite a mistake, I assure you.

MAN. Vy, there's only two between him and the barony of Ovington.

COL. Very true, but, ha! ha! Lord Ovington's two healthy sons are as little likely to die during the next forty years as (pardon me) you are likely to live during that period. Besides, I have reason to believe that the elder one has just contracted a secret marriage. I am afraid, my good fellow, that the contingency on which you rely is too remote to affect the verdict.*

MAN. Done! done! done! brown as a crumpet!* but I'll bring my action if it costs me £500!

Enter CASBY from garden, C.

CASBY. Come, Ethel, are you ready? Why, what's all this?

ETHEL. Oh, Mr. Casby, thank Heaven you are here, and in time to save poor Harold; he owes £764, and can't pay it; my uncle wishes him to plead infancy, but you will not allow that—you

will not suffer that taint to be put upon the family into which you are going to marry; you will pay it?

MAN. You'll never suffer that disgrash, my dear young friend. £764! Vat's £764!

COL. If I dared, my dear Casby, after what has passed between us, to hope that in the interests of this unhappy boy—

CASBY. Colonel Calthorpe, as I said before, I am deeply in your debt—

MAN. Ah!

CASBY. But I am not going to pay it in money. I decline to assist you or your boy in this matter.

MAN. Not going to pay it in money? Vat, are you in the trade, too? Vants to pay it in old masters and champagne, like von of the tribe!

ETHEL. But don't you see the boy is going to prison—Mr. Casby, don't you see that they are taking him away?

CASBY. Ethel, you don't understand these things. He is not going to prison just yet. I don't know that it would do him much harm if he were. Colonel Calthorpe, you must contrive to meet this difficulty out of your own resources—mine are sealed to you. At the same time, allow me to suggest that such a scene as this should hardly be witnessed by one of your dependants. (*indicating MARY, who not being able to escape, has shrunk behind a piece of furniture*)

COL. Miss Waters! How very discreditable! What are you doing here? Leave the room this instant; and as for you, sir—
(*to HAROLD*)

HAR. As for me, sir—I intend to make you acquainted with one more piece of villany*—one that you will probably not overlook as readily as you appear to have overlooked my money embarrassments. I am going to marry Mary Waters.

COL. What? Casby, what does he say? Great heavens! is this my son?

MAN. (*to MARY*) Don't believe him, my dear: he ain't of age, and his promise ain't binding!

HAR. You mistake. I am of age now, although I was not when I drew those bills—but don't suppose I intend to avail myself of the infamous plea my father suggests. If I live, I will pay you every penny of your money, vagabond as I know you to be. As for Mary,

let me repeat to you, sir (*to his father*), for you don't seem to have grasped the full extent of the family dishonour, that Mary Waters is your nursery governess, and that I, your son, will marry her within three weeks.

COL. Leave my house, sir—and take that hussy with you. Leave my house, sir—you are no longer my son. Leave my house, sir.

ETHEL. Oh, uncle—forgive him—you will be sorry for this when you are calm. He did not mean what he said.

HAR. Ethel, I mean it most solemnly.

COL. Leave my house, sir!

CASBY. (*coming down*) Stop! Don't make a mistake, Colonel Calthorpe. The boy's right enough. Don't check the instinct that prompts him to be a gentleman.

COL. (*furiously*) I recognise no instinct* sir! (*to HAROLD*) Leave my house, sir, and if ever you enter it again, I'll place a mark on you that you shall carry to the grave.

HAR. Come, Mary. Heaven knows what will become of us, but come what may, we will brave it all together!

TABLEAU.

MANASSEH. MARY. HAROLD. CASBY. COLONEL. ETHEL.
R. L.

END OF ACT I.

{INTERVAL OF TWELVE MONTHS}

ACT II.

SCENE, *Harold Calthorpe's chambers, in Gray's Inn.** MRS. PIKE discovered laying breakfast. FLATHERS cleaning shoes.

FLATHERS. (L.) Yes, Mrs. Pike, as you say, vicissitudes make us acquainted with strange bed-fellows. Who'd have thought that a respectable man-servant like me would ever have come down to be a Gray's Inn clerk! It's a fall—ma'am—a fall!

MRS. P. (R.) Ah, well, it ain't hurt you much.

FLATHERS. No—at all events I'm getting over it now. But when the colonel's establishment was broke up through his being quodded* along of Mr. Parkle's claims, I was turned adrift without so much as a character to my back. Who'd go to Cursitor Street for a servant's character, don't you see? So says I, "I'll look up Mr. Harold, who's always treated me civil," and after a time he took me on as his clerk, which in Gray's Inn means everything but a clerk.

MRS. P. Ah, that's their way in these hinns. They calls me a laundress; I'm sure I don't wash nothink.*

FLATHERS. I'm sure you don't, Mrs. Pike. Lord, you should have seen him when he first come here a year ago. He was on the attic floor then, and a pound o' beef sausages lasted him four days. His boots was in such rags, ma'am, as they couldn't call their soles their own. This (*brushing*) is a very different pair of shoes!

MRS. P. And was you his clerk, then?

FLATHERS. No, thank yer. That was before they started "The Weekly Tormentor;" Lord, what a difference that made, all at once. He come down from the attic to the second floor at one jump—and engaged a clerk all at once, like a lord. If he hadn't been down on his back six weeks with scarlet fever, he'd been on the first pair by this time.

MRS. P. Ah, he was dreadful bad, surely! It was a bad business for all of us. He hadn't so much as a jint of mutton in the chambers for a month together!

FLATHERS. And if it hadn't been for that little trump,* Miss Mary Waters, there'd have been no more jints o' mutton at all. He'd have been a jint o' mutton himself.

MRS. P. Ah, she's a nice young doose,* she is.

FLATHERS. What d'yer mean by a nice young doose?

MRS. P. She's a bad lot, my dear—a thorough out and out bad lot—a artful designing 'ussy, my dear, as knows the price of everythink from boiled beef to black-lead. She cut six and fourpence halfpenny off my book only the week before last.

FLATHERS. Well, she was right. Look here—"Week ending 4th July: Milk, 1s. 9d., lucifers, 1s., one lb. sausages, 2s. 9d., a hegg, 3d., a bloater, 4d., six pounds boiled beef, 12s." Why, a shilling a week for lucifers would put a Rothschild's back up, and a swindling old hen who can't be induced to lay under threepence a egg oughtn't to be encouraged.

MRS. P. (*taking away book*) Go along, do; what might you know about such things? Ah! if the Benchers knew as much about some people's goings on as I do, some people would precious soon have the key of the street. It's 'ard for a respectable married 'oman to have to open the door to the likes of 'er.

FLATHERS. Mrs. P., the Benchers are deaf, dumb, and blind on all questions of morality, except one—the punctual payment of the quarter's rent. But if they was peacocks,* the more they saw of Mary Waters the more highly they'd respect her. She nussed Mr. Calthorpe through a six weeks' fever, like a beauty; never leavin' of him night and day except to take her meals. This here arm cheer deserves to be framed and glazed ever since she paid it the compliment of sleepin' in it. And if Mr. Calthorpe is a brick—and* he ain't a bad sort, mind yer—he'll marry her right off as soon as he's strong again. And if he don't I will. (*knock*) There she is. (*opens door*)

Enter MARY WATERS, with a small hamper, L.

MARY. Well, Flathers, your master not up yet? Good morning, Mrs. Pike, your book is there, I see; all right, I will look at it presently. (*Exeunt FLATHERS and MRS. PIKE, L.*) (*aside*) Dreadful woman! How Harold can endure her about him, I can't think. A natural taste for the grotesque, I suppose. What an untidy place—dust everywhere! (*sees glasses*) Brandy and soda water again. Poor Harold! Ah! if he don't take care he'll have a relapse. Poor boy, it must have been very dull for him during my two days' absence. I suppose he found the time hang very heavy on his hands, and—Ah, well!

Enter HAROLD, in dressing gown, from inner room, R.

HAR. Mary, my love, I'm so glad to see you again. Why, your fresh little face, with all the bloom of a two-days ruralising upon it, is quite a refresher to a poor devil who's chained to his smoky chambers week after week. It's like a slice of country, packed in a pretty little parcel, and sent in fresh with my hot rolls for breakfast.

MARY. Indeed? I dare say you think that's a very pretty speech. Now I'll undeceive you. Look here; do you see that? (*showing hamper*)

HAR. I do, distinctly.

MARY. Very good. Is it pretty?

HAR. No, I should not call it pretty.

MARY. Is it your idea of an agreeable companion?

HAR. No, it don't promise well.

MARY. Is it chatty?

HAR. No, not chatty.

MARY. Has it two bright eyes?

HAR. I don't see them.

MARY. Is it very, very fond of a great, stupid, shaky, convalescent, dissipated old goose?

HAR. I can't say. Probably not.

MARY. Now see what you've been comparing me to. *That's* a slice of country. See—butter (*taking out a packet of butter*), new laid eggs, cream, grapes, and a pound of home-made sausages.

HAR. Good gracious!

MARY. And whom do you suppose it's all for?

HAR. I can't form the ghost of an idea. Perhaps Mrs. Pike.

MARY. Mrs. Pike!

HAR. Not Flathers? Don't say it's for Flathers. If I thought it was for Flathers—

MARY. Jealous monster, it's not for Flathers. It's all for you!

HAR. For me? Is it possible? My darling Mary, how can I thank you?

MARY. By sitting down at that table and making a tremendous breakfast. Come, sir, sit down, and eat it all up.

HAR. What, all? and raw?

MARY. Of course not, you cannibal. Come, sit down, and I'll attend to the kitchen department. (*prepares to cook eggs and sausages*) Now, Harold, tell me all the news.

HAR. News? I haven't any news. Oh, by-the-bye, I saw Ethel Barrington yesterday, in the park.

MARY. (*much interested*) Did you? How was she dressed?

HAR. Dressed? My dear girl, I don't know. She had a bonnet—or a hat—and a shawl or cloak of some kind.

MARY. Oh, you men never have your eyes open. Now look the other way. (*he does so*) There, now, which have I got on—my black silk or my Irish poplin?

HAR. I haven't the remotest idea. Something green, isn't it?

MARY. Green! And you call yourself an author.

HAR. No, I don't; I'm an editor—that's quite a different thing.

MARY. Miss Barrington isn't married yet?

HAR. No, there's a hitch somewhere; she's deferring it for some reason of her own, I expect. She never cared for him.

MARY. I suppose not—who could? Do you know, Harold, I used to think she was very fond of you? It made me so unhappy.

HAR. Of me?—oh, nonsense.

MARY. Yes, I know it was very foolish, but I couldn't help it. How's the Tormentor?

HAR. The Tormentor, my darling, is in full swing, and my editorial salary has been raised to ten pounds a week. There never was such a success. Everybody abuses it. The paper is only six months old, and its circulation has increased tenfold.

MARY. You've been wonderfully lucky, dear.

HAR. Yes, I've no reason to complain. Twelve months ago I hadn't a penny in the world. Now I'm earning an income of at least £800 a year.

MARY. But how do you manage it? Because you're not clever, you know, and you're not steady; and—and—I don't think you're liked, are you?

HAR. My dear girl, I'm the editor of a journal of critical satire.

MARY. But if you're not clever, and not steady, and not liked, how do you manage to do so well?

HAR. My dear girl, it's the simplest thing in the world; a mere matter of rule and measure.

MARY. And the rule is—?

HAR. To go in at everything. Everything has its ridiculous side—except Shakespeare. And no one alive is equal to anyone who's dead. Those are the two golden maxims of satirical criticism.

MARY. Yes; but still—

HAR. But still you don't understand. Very good. To make it plain to you I'll put it in the form of a syllogism. Should you like to have it in the form of a syllogism?

MARY. (*innocently*) Yes, I think I should.

HAR. Very good. Major Premiss—

MARY. Who?

HAR. Major Premiss—Nothing is perfect except Shakespeare.*

Minor Premiss—Nothing is Shakespeare, except Shakespeare.

Conclusion—Against everything except Shakespeare something may be said.

Corollary—Then say it and make the most of it.

MARY. But don't anything please you, then?

HAR. Nothing—except Shakespeare.

MARY. But have you ever read Shakespeare?

HAR. Never. Why should I? I can't say anything against him. He is sacred.

MARY. And never go to see Shakespeare?

HAR. Never. We have no actors who can play him.

MARY. Oh! But in your unfavourable criticism on Mr. Cribb's Comedy—here it is—you say, "It is not to the point that the piece was badly played. The talent of an accomplished dramatist is shown in his power of rising superior to the insignificant accident of an incompetent company."

HAR. Ha! Yes. You see that's Cribb's piece. You don't understand these things. I am the editor of a satirical journal, and a new piece is played. Very good. Remember it is a satirical journal and its power of satire must be allowed full play. If the company is good I abuse the piece; if the piece is good I abuse the company. I've no alternative.

MARY. But if both are good?

HAR. The supposition's absurd—but if both are good I pitch into the degenerate audience. There I'm safe. From the satirist's point of view, the audience is always degenerate.

MARY. But is that quite fair?

HAR. My dear girl, all's fair in war.

MARY. But this is literature.

HAR. It's the same thing. Fifty years ago men fought with

swords and pistols—now they use printer's ink and long primer.

MARY. Well, I suppose it's all right; but to me it seems very dreadful. However, there are two sausages, sir, and two new-laid eggs. You will be good enough to devour them on the spot.

HAR. I've not much appetite.

MARY. No; you look very pale—very dissipated. Look here, sir. (*pointing to soda bottles and glasses*)

HAR. Yes; last night's soda and brandy.

MARY. Soda and brandy—brandy and soda, you mean. Oh! Harold, if you would only give this up! If you would only be steady! I should—

HAR. Love me more?

MARY. (*reproachfully*) Harold!

HAR. Then why should I? What should I gain by it?

MARY. Health, strength, and the respect of those who judge men by their outer lives.

HAR. Ah! Mary. We all have our little gluttonies. Mine is brandy and soda. Yours is penny ices. A fellow is very little the worse for an occasional indulgence in a social vice of this kind. The moon is sometime eclipsed, but she's a very popular planet for all that.

MARY. Yes; but she can't help it. It comes over her.

HAR. My case exactly. It comes over me. (MARY *puts on bonnet*) Where are you going?

MARY. To give a music lesson to the Briggs's in Bedford Square. I shall be back in a couple of hours. Now, promise me that you won't smoke until the evening. Promise? (*he assents*) There, then, I'm off. Good-bye!

Exit MARY, L.

HAR. (*lights a cigar*) Poor little woman! (*sees that his hand shakes, he looks at it*) How it shakes! She's right in every word she says! (*throws cigar away*) I must try and throw this off—it's undoing all the good she did me. Where should I have been, but for her? In a black box, sure enough. Death! ugh! (*shuddering*) I was precious near it. Six long, long weeks; and not a day of it that isn't associated in my mind with her presence. Damn that cigar! what made me take it? Drunk last night—drunk the night before—drunk the night before that! And yet I'm getting on in the world. I've pocketed £620 in the last eight months; while Sapper, a

double first, a steady worker, a clear thinker, and—and a gentleman can't afford himself a new hat. I'm not clever; I'm not good; I've had no education; I've no originality; but, because I've the pluck to say things that other people only dare to think, I make money while scholars starve. I suppose it won't last. I'm discounting my reputation; my chums are dropping off, one by one, as I insult them in my columns, I'm buying sovereigns at the rate of a friend a-piece.* It's too dear—they're not worth it. I'm a bad, bad lot—utterly, utterly bad. No—not utterly. There's Mary; a thorough scamp wouldn't have respected her as I have. Nine out of ten better men than I, if they had been associated with her as I have been, would have treated her as a toy—a plaything—a—a— No, damn it, not if she'd saved their lives as she's saved mine. (*knock*) Come in.

Enter FLATHERS, L.

FLATHERS. A lady, sir, to see you.

HAR. Show her in.

FLATHERS. There's—there's a gentleman with her, sir.

HAR. Eh? oh! I'm not at home. I'm not well enough to see any one. Tell 'em to go.

Enter ETHEL *and* JAMES CASBY. *Exit* FLATHERS.

HAR. Ethel—Mr. Casby—what does this mean?

CASBY. Harold, I'm sorry I'm here.

HAR. So am I.

CASBY. I came at Ethel's instigation.

HAR. Then go at mine.

CASBY. No, not till I've discharged my errand.

HAR. And that is—

ETHEL. To beg you—to implore you to be reconciled to your father. Harold, dear, dear Harold, come back to us! (*to* CASBY) You speak to him so harshly, how can you expect him to listen patiently to you? Would you if you were he?

HAR. I shall never come back, Ethel. The old gentleman and I never seemed to hit it off, even at the best of times. Neither of us has a very high opinion of the other, and we are better apart.

CASBY. Much. I think so too. But I don't come here to enter into the merits of the quarrel between you and your father. I have only come, at Ethel's instigation, to suggest terms under which, if you please, and if he pleases, you may live together again.

HAR. You may spare yourself the trouble.

CASBY. Yes, but I shan't. The terms are these. If you like to return to your father's house, I will buy up all your bills, and hold them at my own risk.

HAR. I am much obliged to you, but I prefer Manasseh as a creditor.

CASBY. Why?

HAR. Blackguard as he is, he has some sense of gratitude. He knows that I am working night and day to pay off a debt, that, if I had chosen, I could safely have repudiated, and I believe he would sacrifice his debt rather than bring pressure to bear on me.

ETHEL. Oh Harold, do you know at whose instigation—

CASBY. (*to* ETHEL) Stop! (*to* HAROLD) You had better reflect before you decline my offer. I think you are right to refuse it, but I'm not sure. You see it's not altogether a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. You father is—your father. I don't justify his conduct to you; I don't justify your conduct to him. It is no business of mine to do so. At the same time there is this to be said for him, that he gave you life and breath; that he fed you, clothed you, and educated you for twenty years, and that perhaps he is hardly taking too high a stand when he regards those favours as a decent set-off for having turned you out of the house because you nearly ruined him.

HAR. You forget the social pressure that was applied to him. If my father hadn't fed me he would have been hanged; if he hadn't educated me he would have been cut, and if he hadn't clothed me, the police would have interfered.

CASBY. Ah well, I've done my duty, and I shall go. I did think that an appeal to your pocket might have been successful, although I didn't expect to make much impression by attempting to recall you to a sense of filial gratitude.

HAR. Gratitude! (*in a rage*) And are you the man to talk to me of gratitude!—you whom my father rescued from the streets—you whom he took from the river-mud, and launched on a tide that landed you safely in the comfortable haven of £50,000 a year? Why, you cur, you forget your origin! Who are you that talk of gratitude to a father? What do you know of such gratitude? What have you to do with fathers? Who was *your* father? Are you grateful to *him*? If he, gipsy vagabond as he was, were to turn up

now and claim your kinship, what would you say to such a father as he? What *did* you say to him who was five thousand times more your father than ever he was mine, when ruined, beggared as he was, he implored you to spare him one grain of the colossal fortune which you would never have made but for him? Why, curse you, you hound, you let him go to prison!

ETHEL. Silence, pray; you are mad, you don't know what you say.

HAR. I know what I say, and I mean what I say. Casby, I've always hated you; but I gave you credit at first for something like the common instinctive gratitude that we find in dogs and cats that have been well treated. Why, you haven't even that!

ETHEL. Stop, stop; for heaven's sake, stop; Harold, dear Harold!

HAR. Be quiet. (*to CASBY*) I'm not prejudiced in what I say, for my father is rather less to me than my clerk; but, by heavens, if you were my best friend, and you'd behaved so to my worst enemy, I'd have cut my right hand off before I'd have shaken yours again.

CASBY. Ah, it would have been a terrible revenge, but I should have deserved it, I dare say. Well, Ethel, you see our mission is unsuccessful, and there's nothing left for us but to take ourselves home again.

ETHEL. One moment. Harold, dear, dear Harold—I know more of these matters than you do—Mr. Casby does not deserve all you have said against him. He had been a better friend to you than—than—dear Harold, I know how hardly you were treated by your father—I knew his indifference warped a disposition naturally good, upright, honourable. I know the temptations that you were exposed to—I knew that thousands of men whose lives are without reproach have been guilty of greater follies than even* could be laid to your charge. You are not happy here. I have heard of your connection with that paper—you cannot be proud of it, dear Harold, although it brings you money. I don't blame you for the profession you have chosen—follow it honourably, and it will lead to honour—but Harold, is this worthy of you—is this worthy of a gentleman? (*showing newspaper*)

HAR. Ethel, I had no alternative; I was penniless.

ETHEL. I know you were; I can't blame you for your association with it, for you acted under pressure. But that pressure

shall be removed. Lord Ovington, your father's uncle,* has promised to interest himself on your behalf.

HAR. Lord Ovington? Why they haven't spoken for years!

ETHEL. No; they don't speak now, but—

HAR. But what?

ETHEL. But—I must tell the truth—he felt it disgraceful that any one bearing his name should be associated with such a print as this. Harold—dear Harold—brother—let me implore you by all the old ties between us to come back to your father and to me. (*He is about to relent when MARY enters. ETHEL looks indignantly at her and at him.*)

ETHEL. (*taking CASBY'S arm*) Come; we've been wasting words. I did not know of this. I trust that Mr. Calthorpe will do me the justice to believe that when I urged you to come here I knew nothing of this wretched girl. Not a word—We are strangers for ever—Come!

Enter COLONEL CALTHORPE, breathless, L.

COL. Stop; hear what I have to say. (*he sinks exhausted into a chair*)

HAR. You here!

COL. Yes. You must come back!—*must*, I say! I have just received news—great news—marvellous news. Lord Ovington and his sons—

ALL. Yes—yes.

COL. Lord Ovington and his sons and his son's wife were crossing the channel in his yacht this morning—a sudden squall upset the vessel, and he with all hands—

CASBY. Drowned?

COL. Yes; drowned—drowned—drowned!

CASBY. Are you sure of this, Colonel Calthorpe?

COL. (*proudly*) Lord Ovington, sir. Lord Ovington. There is no possibility of mistake, sir. We shall still be happy to see you, sometimes—at the Grange, sir—at the Grange.

CASBY. (*aside*) How will Ethel bear this?

COL. Harold—the Honourable Harold Calthorpe—

CASBY. (*aside*) Snob!

COL. You are heir-apparent, sir, to the peerage, and to £15,000 a-year. Our family differences must be healed up—you must come back. The eyes of England will be turned on to the

House of Ovington, and its heir must be in a position to meet the ordeal. Fifteen thousand a-year and a seat in the Peers! I heard of it only an hour ago, and I ordered my robes as I came along!

ETHEL. But this woman— (*indicating MARY*)

COL. That is an affair that can be arranged. Expense is a matter of no consideration. Boys, my dear, will be boys.

HAR. You are labouring under a serious mistake, sir. When I was dreadfully ill, this young lady, Miss Barrington, saved my life. She is a good, virtuous, upright girl; and no one shall breathe a word to her disparagement in my presence. (*MARY weeping*) Don't cry, Mary, I shall not leave you.

COL. But, Harold, pray bear in mind the fact that we are father and son; that this estrangement between us is not only disgraceful and unnatural, but positively inconvenient; that we are bound to regard each other's shortcomings—I have my shortcomings—with affectionate leniency; that we are compelled to this by every moral consideration, and especially by that holy link of kinship—parental duty to a son and filial duty to a father—at all events until the estate is administered! (*HAROLD irresolute*)

MARY. Harold, your father is right, you must go. You must go—you must. Don't think of me, dear. I can bear this. (*she shows by her motion that she is disguising her real feelings*) It will not be for long; go, dear Harold. I shall be quite happy—indeed I shall. I shall be quite—quite—happy! (*she falls sobbing into his arms*)

HAR. Mary—bear up—I can't see you cry. I feel you are right. As soon as our family affairs are settled I will return, and claim you for my wife. Don't cry, darling—indeed, indeed, I will return to you.

MARY. (*reproachfully*) Oh! Harold, do you think I doubted that?

TABLEAU.

MARY.	HAROLD.	COLONEL.	ETHEL.	CASBY.
R.				L.

END OF ACT II.

{INTERVAL OF SIX MONTHS}

ACT III.

SCENE, *Handsomely furnished library in Ovington Grange. Table with inkstand, taper, and writing materials. (L.) Enter FLATHERS (a groom of the chambers) showing in MR. PARKLE, from door, C.*

PARKLE. But it was an appointment—an appointment, Flathers. His Lordship made it himself.

FLATHERS. I think there must be some mistake, sir, as his Lordship and Miss Barrington are at the drawing room, and will, in all probability, not be home before five o'clock.

PARKLE. Dear me! My appointment with his Lordship was for four. Damn these mushroom swells!* The insolent devils have no respects* for a busy man's time.

FLATHERS. Four o'clock, sir? Indeed, sir! Perhaps it were four a.m.

PARKLE. Nonsense, man; don't be a fool.

FLATHERS. No, sir, I won't. I never would. The temptation has been great, but I've always resisted it. I once knew a party, sir, who was a fool, and very much respected he was in that line of business, and a very good thing he made of it, too. He was such a fool, sir, that he once found two bills—one for £3,500 and one for £5,000 (PARKLE *starts*), drawn, sir, and accepted by two names, as shall be nameless, and would you believe it, sir, he took 'em both to the acceptor instead of the drawer! The fool got a hundred for his trouble, sir!

PARKLE. (*breathlessly*) What bills? Whose bills?*

FLATHERS. Well, sir, I am hardly at liberty to say.

PARKLE. (*aside*) This is very extraordinary! The very sums for which James Casby's bills that I lost eighteen months ago were drawn. (*aloud*) Whose bills? Whose bills? (*giving FLATHERS money*) Drawn by Lord Ovington and accepted by Mr. Casby?

FLATHERS. (*much surprised*) Well, sir, since you put it in that way, yes. Drawn, that is to say, by Colonel Calthorpe, now Lord Ovington.

PARKLE. Who found them? If you'll give me the information I want, I'll make that sovereign ten!

FLATHERS. Well, really Mr. Parkle— (*Enter CASBY, C.*) Mr. Casby, sir.

Exit FLATHERS, C.

CASBY. Ah! Mr. Parkle. I didn't expect the pleasure of seeing you here.

PARKLE. (*aside*) Now or never! (*aloud*) Mr. Casby, eighteen months ago I discounted two bills drawn by Lord Ovington, (then Colonel Calthorpe) and accepted by you. I lost those bills, and they have been traced to your possession.

CASBY. Indeed! I'm sorry for that.

PARKLE. Do you admit, sir, that they are in your possession, or do you not?

CASBY. I admit nothing.

PARKLE. I shall make it my business to see Lord Ovington on the subject this very day.

CASBY. Oh! no you won't. You are much too good a lawyer to take steps in a matter of this kind until your chain of evidence is complete. You've got to trace them to my possession, you know, and if Lord Ovington learns that you've lost the bills before you're* in a position to prove where they may be found, he will simply repudiate them, and where will you be then?

PARKLE. By to-morrow or the next day at latest, I shall be in a position to prove that. And before I go, let me give you my opinion of your conduct in this matter.

CASBY. Oh, Mr. Parkle, don't give yourself that trouble. I know what you are going to say: I was always an ungrateful scoundrel, and an unscrupulous liar, but you had no idea until to-day that I was also an accomplished swindler. Charges of this kind don't affect me at all: you see, I've been birched so often with the same broom in the course of the last twelvemonths that my skin has become callous. But with respect to your tracing the bills to me, let me tell you this as a friend—to-morrow or next day will be too late. Unless you can make it evident that those bills are in my possession within the next half-hour, you may spare yourself the trouble of doing so at all.

Enter LORD OVINGTON, C.

LORD O. Ah, Mr. Casby. Mr. Parkle, I'm afraid, I've kept you waiting.

PARKLE. Not at all, my lord. Happy at all times to wait your lordship's convenience.

CASBY. Lord Ovington, I want a few words with you on a matter of some importance, but if Mr. Parkle's business is pressing,

I can—

LORD O. Parkle's business pressing? Oh, dear, not at all. Parkle can wait. Go in the next room, Parkle. I'll join you there presently. (*lights taper, and writes at table*)

PARKLE. Certainly, my lord. Pray don't hurry yourself. My time is your lordship's. (*aside*) Oh, if you had treated me like this a year ago!

Exit PARKLE, L.

LORD O. (*at table*) Now, Mr. Casby, I can listen to you.

CASBY. Lord Ovington, I want to speak to you on a matter that intimately concerns the curious relations that have existed between us for many years past. In three weeks I marry your niece, Ethel, and it is fit that what I have to say should be said before that event takes place.

LORD O. Well, really, Mr. Casby, now that you have broached the topic of your approaching marriage with my niece, you must forgive my saying that it has always appeared to me extraordinary that a man of your professed delicacy should take advantage of a fact that Ethel is bound by a sense of honour to fulfil a promise that, in short—

CASBY. (*amazed*) What do you mean?

LORD O. I mean, of course, that neither you nor I can be blind to the fact that Ethel—in short—that she is not—that she can never, in fact—

CASBY. (*seizing his arm*) Speak out, man, in heaven's name.

LORD O. Mr. Casby, you forget yourself. Be good enough, if you please, to remember that you are not addressing one of your clerks.

CASBY. (*excitedly*) Lord Ovington, don't mince words with me. Speak openly and plainly. I am not a man to be trifled with, and I'll get your meaning from you if I have to choke it out. What do you mean, man? (*holding him down in chair*)

LORD O. I mean that Ethel is wholly insensible to the advantage of an alliance with you. I mean that you are thrown away upon her. I mean that she don't appreciate you. I mean that she so misinterprets your conduct to me that she looks upon you as an incarnation of brutal ingratitude. I mean that if you offered to release her from her engagement, she would go mad with happiness. That's what I mean. (*shaking CASBY off*)

CASBY. (*with forced calmness*) Lord Ovington, it may be as you say. I don't know. I can't quite realize it yet—you say that I cannot be blind to the fact that Ethel does not love me. If it is a fact, I *have* been blind to it. It has never occurred to me to doubt her love.

LORD O. Come, Mr. Casby; I have put it harshly to you, but it was better to be open and above board. Think the matter over. It is for you to consider whether you will take advantage of the fact that she has entered into an engagement with you under pressure, and that she is only actuated by a sense of honour in adhering to the terms of it.

CASBY. It is a question that requires no consideration. If it is as you say—and what you have said has thrown a new light on many incidents in her demeanour towards me, my course is clear. It is my duty to release her, and I will do my duty.

LORD O. Bravely said. Believe me, I have not spoken without authority. Why, remember how coldly, how formally she speaks to you. Contrast her affectionate behaviour to me, her uncle—even to Harold, her cousin—with her behaviour to you whom she is about to marry.

CASBY. True—true! Oh, Ethel!

LORD O. Come; I will send her to you, and you shall sound her. I hope—I sincerely hope—I may have been mistaken, but I am afraid that is hoping against hope. With respect to the business matter on which you wished to see me—why another time will do for that. When you are calmer—when (*with affected emotion*) when we are both calmer!

Exit LORD OVINGTON, R.

CASBY. (*on sofa*) Yes. It's true enough. I feel that. Oh, Ethel, Ethel, I never doubted *you*! I know at what value this London world prizes men of my uncouth stamp, but I little thought that Ethel looked upon me as a mere investment.

Enter ETHEL, R.U.E.*

ETHEL. Mr. Casby, my uncle tells me you wish to speak to me. (*sits L. of table*)

CASBY. I do, Ethel, seriously; very seriously.

ETHEL. (*half alarmed*) Yes.

CASBY. Ethel, in three weeks we are to be married.

ETHEL. Yes, in three weeks.

CASBY. In three weeks, Ethel, we are to be made one. In three weeks we are to have but one mind, one purpose, one existence. We are to live for each other, and in each other. We are to devote ourselves wholly, solely, and utterly to the other's happiness. (*sits*) This is to last for life. Ethel, marriage is our first death, and as we are prepared to meet it, so shall we awake to a life of inexpressible happiness or of inexpressible sorrow.

ETHEL. Your metaphor is a very gloomy one, Mr. Casby. Compare it rather to a second birth. We are born, by marriage into a new existence, with new associations. We are still at the world's mercy, and may sink or swim as it pleases.

CASBY. No. There are accidents of birth, but there are no accidents of marriage. A man who rashly enters into that solemn bond, does so with his eyes open to the consequences, and he must hold himself responsible for them, whatever they may be. A husband and wife are not at the world's mercy, Ethel; they are at the mercy of each other, and Heaven help them if that mercy is found wanting.

ETHEL. Amen!

CASBY. I'm a rough commonplace fellow, Ethel, but my career has been an exceptional one. The accident of my singing under your uncle's window one cold December day, thirty years ago, determined the whole tenour of my life. That accident, and its singular consequences, have taught me to set a higher value on the importance of the turning-points of life—to look more earnestly, more solemnly into the future than men of the world commonly do.

ETHEL. Oh, I am aware, Mr. Casby, that you are always ready to bring your valuable mercantile experiences to bear upon every action of your life. But I think you overrate your tendency to weigh the value of your actions. I have found that gentlemen of your calling are accustomed to balance probabilities, and keep a debtor and creditor account with Fate.

CASBY. You speak lightly, but your words are not the echo of your heart—you feel as I feel, you think as I think—

ETHEL. Really Mr. Casby—

CASBY. (*cheerfully*) Come, let us be frank with one another, Ethel; I know we shall not be happy as man and wife; our tastes, our positions in life are so widely at variance. If we marry, where

shall we look for that unity of thought, feeling, and action, which are essential to married happiness? You are a young girl; I am a middle-aged man; you are impulsive, impassioned; I am a hard, stern man of business; your associations are English, mine are Indian. You twitted me just now with my mercantile way of looking at things; look at this engagement of ours from a mercantile point of view; you have youth on your side; I have wealth on mine; would you barter your youth for my wealth if it were in your power to do so?

ETHEL. No.

CASBY. (*with assumed gaiety*) No, but in marrying me you are doing so!—you, who need my wealth no longer! Don't you see what a bad bargain you are making? Come, Ethel, let us cry off. I shall make you a terrible husband; you have no idea what you are escaping.

ETHEL. (*contemptuously*) So expert a theorist in married life, and yet so doubtful as to your power of reducing your theories to operation!

CASBY. Oh it's much easier to preach than to practise. Why your butler would detect, in a moment, any solecism in the behaviour of a guest at your uncle's table; but put him in the guest's place, and he would commit himself at every turn. (*cheerfully*) Come, Ethel, we've made a mistake. Let us acknowledge it cheerfully, and do our best to remedy it.

ETHEL. So be it, Mr. Casby. I never loved you; but having entered into a solemn, a sacred engagement with you, I felt bound in honour to keep it. I would have married you. I would have been a true and faithful wife to you. I never loved you, but I would have suffered every misery rather than have spoken to you as you have just spoken to me. (*weeps*)

CASBY, *deeply touched by her tears, stands as though about to speak to her. He thinks better of it, and leaves the room, L.*

ETHEL. Free again! free again! with a heart to give to whom I will! Oh Harold! Harold! Harold!

Enter FLATHERS, C.

FLATHERS. A letter, Miss.

ETHEL. (*taking letter*) From Mr. Calthorpe! Is he not at home, then?

FLATHERS. He left three hours ago, Miss, in a hansom.

ETHEL. But where has he gone?

FLATHERS. I can't say, Miss, but he drove to London. There was no direction on his portmanteau.

ETHEL. His portmanteau! Then he has gone for some days?

FLATHERS. Probably, Miss. He left this note for you, and told me to be very particular that you had it when you were alone.

Exit FLATHERS.

ETHEL. Strange that Harold should have left home without saying "good-bye" to me! (*she opens the letter with some trepidation and reads*) "Good-bye, Ethel. I am leaving home for ever. No need to tell you why I go or to whom I am going. Ethel, she is a good girl, and I have treated her shamefully. I promised to return and marry her, but I have neither seen her nor written to her since we came here. I am going to her now. Break this to my father. I dare not tell him myself.—HAROLD CALTHORPE." Gone! gone! Harold! my own old love, gone from me! Oh, Harold, a love like mine that has survived not only your indifference to me, but even your preference for another, should have some better end than this. (*she falls sobbing on the sofa, then springing up*) Fool! why are you crying? Whom are you crying for? Remember what you have to do. You have to show him that you can repay indifference with indifference—contempt with contempt.

She goes towards the door, R.U.E., as if going out. She meets MARY

WATERS. *MARY is very nervous, but determined. ETHEL is, of course, much astonished.*

MARY. Miss Barrington!

ETHEL. Miss Waters! You here? What do you want with me?

MARY. I have come all the way from London to see you.

ETHEL. I am at a loss to understand what business you can have with me. I am very ill, and must not be intruded upon without good cause.

MARY. Miss Barrington, I first went to Singleton,* but he was not there.

ETHEL. (*breathlessly*) Has your visit any connection with Harold Calthorpe?

MARY. It has.

ETHEL. (*eagerly*) Speak out—don't be afraid; let me know

everything.

MARY. Miss Barrington, he loved me—you know he loved me. Give him back to me. Oh! Miss Barrington, have mercy on me!

ETHEL. He loved you!

MARY. Oh! so well; but that was long ago, when he was poor. He left me, on his father's coming into the peerage, promising to come back and marry me, but he never came and I have been so ill. (*weeps*)

ETHEL. You should not have come here to seek your paramour. (*MARY indignant*) I beg your pardon, I spoke in hot anger. Mr. Calthorpe is not here. It will, perhaps, be some consolation to you to learn that he and I are utter strangers from this day. To-day he left Ovington Grange, and will never return.

MARY. He has left *you*!

ETHEL. He has left me; it is enough for you to know that. If it will tend to restore your peace of mind to learn the Mr. Calthorpe is nothing whatever to me— (*she struggles vainly with her tears; she bends on the sofa, L. and cries bitterly*)

MARY. (*creeping timidly to her side*) Miss Barrington, you are a lady of rank and fortune, I am a poor, humble, little music mistress—don't let me forget that in what I am going to say. I loved Harold—I must call him so—devotedly; I love him still, or I should not be here. Before he left me, each day was an earthly life* that died and left me in heaven. He was so good to me—so kind to me—so true to me, who am so silly and so common-place. He left me six months ago for Ovington Grange, and I have never seen him since. I have been true to him, Who would not be? I have waited for him, Who would not? I have waited humbly and trustfully; through the long dreary days and the cold black nights, through a long, long illness that nearly killed me; through my slow recovery—even through the knowledge that he was on the point of being married to you. I loved him in my quiet simple way as dearly, as devotedly as you love him now. I suffered when he left me as you suffer now. Dear Miss Barrington, I came here in hot anger to upbraid you for having torn my love from me. I remain to tell you how well I know how to sympathize with your deep, deep grief, and to beg of you to pardon me for having broken {in} upon {you}* with my selfish sorrow at such a time. (*ETHEL, overcome by MARY'S sympathy, falls on her neck, and they weep in a long*

embrace.)

Enter HAROLD, R.U.E.

HAR. Mary!

MARY. Harold! (*She is about to rush to his arms, but she is restrained by the recollection of ETHEL.*)

HAR. Ethel, I must account for my abrupt return. I left home because I felt that my heart was elsewhere—I left because—

ETHEL. Harold Calthorpe, I do not reproach you; how can I when *she* does not?

HAR. Mary, I don't know how you came to be here, but—

MARY. I came here, Harold, in utter despair, to beg her to give you back to me. I did not know of her great sorrow.

HAR. To beg *her* to give me back to you? I don't understand.

MARY. I heard you were going to be married to her—

HAR. Oh no, no, Mary. I have been villain enough to you, but not so bad as that.

ETHEL. Mary Waters, Harold speaks truly; he was not about to be married to me.

HAR. Ethel, I can say little in defence of my conduct to you.

ETHEL. It is not necessary that you should say anything. But to this poor girl who loves you, you owe the amplest reparation it is in your power to make, and if we are to continue friends, you will make it without delay.

HAR. No need to urge that upon me. I left you this morning with my heart full of the old memories, to return to Mary, to beg her forgiveness—to tell her that as I once loved her, so will I always love her. Mary, I started for London this morning to find you, and tell you all this, but when I arrived at your lodgings, I found that you had just left on your way hither. Blinded—stupefied—and knowing nothing of what I was doing, I hurried back here to find you, and to tell you how dearly I love you, and how bitterly I despise myself. (*They retire up, conversing, and eventually go off together, C.*)

ETHEL. (*looking at them*) Yes, it's better that it should be so! He will be happier with her than he could have been with me; perhaps I shall be happier as I am than as Harold Calthorpe's neglected wife. The blow is heavy, but I will bear it bravely. Neither of them shall ever know how deeply it has wounded me.

Enter CASBY, L., prepared for journey.

They gaze at each other in silence for a few seconds.

ETHEL. Mr. Casby, I did not expect this.

CASBY. Miss Barrington—this meeting is not of my seeking. It was to see Lord Ovington I came.

ETHEL. Lord Ovington shall know that you are here. (*going*)

CASBY. Stop! I am not sorry that we have met. Miss Barrington—Ethel—I am going away. I am going to India to-morrow. I shall never return. (ETHEL *bows acquiescingly*) I should be sorry if I had left without saying “Good-bye” to you. Good-bye, Ethel. (*a pause*)

ETHEL. I wonder you should think it worth your while to trouble yourself to be reconciled to one who has treated you as I have.

CASBY. No, Ethel, you do yourself an injustice.

ETHEL. (*angrily*) I do myself no injustice, Mr. Casby. I treated you disgracefully—not in consenting to break off an engagement that I should never have entered into, but in entering into an engagement that I knew I should regret. I never loved you, James Casby.

CASBY. Never! And yet I used sometimes to think that I could discern in you evidences of a genuine regard which, fostered as I would have fostered it, might have developed into something almost like love. But our relative positions underwent a change, and it was not to be.

ETHEL. It was not to be, James Casby, not because our relative positions underwent a change, but because your unfeeling conduct to my poor uncle in his time of need, utterly disgusted me—utterly alienated me from you. You are about to sail for India. If the pleasure you must feel at returning to a sphere of action where your motives will be properly understood—properly appreciated—is dashed by any recollection of the love you once professed for me, I am sorry—I am sincerely sorry, for I would not cause pain, even to you, if it were in my power to avoid doing so. Good-bye.

Exit ETHEL, C.

CASBY. Ah, well, that’s over. I am glad I saw her. I have one more “Good-bye” to say; and I would give half my fortune if she could hear me say it! Now for it!

Enter LORD OVINGTON, R.

LORD O. Now, Mr. Casby, the business matter that you wished

to speak about this morning. If it has any reference to Miss Barrington— (*sits himself at table and lights taper to seal an envelope*)

CASBY. It has no reference to Miss Barrington. It refers to the debt I owe you—a debt I have come to discharge in full.

LORD O. Mr. Casby, this is painful to me. This is extremely painful. Let the matter rest. You force me to say that which I would willingly have left unsaid. You force me to say that your conduct towards me has rendered it impossible for me to enter into any further transactions with you. I cannot recognise your existence. I would prefer to think that you and your surroundings had utterly passed away. (*rises and crosses to sofa, L.*)

CASBY. No doubt. Still you must hear what I have to say. Eighteen months ago, when you proposed to borrow £2,000 of me, I told you that, although I considered that £2,000 by no means represented the full extent of the debt I owed you, I did not intend to pay it by advancing you that sum. I am here to discharge that debt in my own fashion.

LORD O. I have no wish, sir, to magnify the exceptional obligations you are under to me, but I must confess I am at a loss to know how you propose to wipe them off.

CASBY. When you took me from the streets, Lord Ovington, thirty years ago, you were courting the wealthy but weak impressionable lady you eventually married. You were under a cloud just then. Your character was not a particularly good one. You had just been tried by court-martial for several brutal acts of tyranny over the men of your company, and although you had been acquitted, the admitted evidence against you was of a character that damaged you in the eyes of your private friends, though it did not suffice to convict you of the cruelties laid to your charge. To reinstate yourself in the eyes of your friends, and particularly in the eyes of the weak, worthy lady you hoped to marry, you took me from the streets, one winter morning; you clothed me, you fed me, and you sent me to a day school, in order that I might pick up the rudiments of an education which would fit me to fight my own way in the battle of life. By this simple act of charity, which you took care to exploit, you succeeded in rehabilitating your character in her eyes, and you married her. It cost you a twenty-pound note, and it brought you in twenty thousand pounds.

LORD O. (*taken aback*) Nay, Mr. Casby, be just. If my motive in assisting you had been a purely selfish one, my kindness towards you would have ceased when its object was accomplished. But did it cease? Did I not, *after* my marriage, get you a valuable appointment in a leading Bombay house?

CASBY. As office boy, in the house of Bounderby Brothers, to whom you owed a grudge.

LORD O. True. Thank you for that admission. As you say, I owed them a grudge. I disliked Bounderby, but did I allow that consideration to stop me when I had an opportunity of doing him a material service? No. I gave you to him, nevertheless.

CASBY. Very good. Left entirely to my own devices—for you had quite done with me, and I neither saw you nor heard of you for many years after—I succeeded in gaining the confidence of my employers, and passed through the various subordinate grades until James Casby, the ex-beggar boy, became the sole representative of that wealthy firm. I believe I have set out, pretty accurately, the full extent of the debtor side of my account with you.

LORD O. If I had not taken James Casby out of the streets—

CASBY. If you had not taken James Casby out of the streets, you would never have married £20,000.

LORD O. James Casby, with all your faults, there is a charming frankness about you that I really like. I do, indeed. You are wrong, of course, quite wrong, but you speak openly and according to your belief. If I had really been influenced by the contemptible motives you attribute to me, it would have been your duty—your bounden duty—to have set the enormity of my conduct before me in its proper light. Casby—your hand. (*offers his hand*)

CASBY. Stop—hear me out! Lord Ovington, notwithstanding the debt I owe you, I have never liked you. I don't know anyone who ever did. The fact that you took me from the streets simply to serve your own private ends; that the good you intended to do me is infinitesimal compared with the good that you have actually done me, are facts that, to my thinking, don't at all affect the debt I owe you. My obligations to you have been constantly before my eyes, and at each successive increase of fortune I have winced to think that my good fortune came to me saddled with the curse of an increased obligation to such a scoundrel as you. But I knew—I felt—that sooner or later my turn would come. I did not know how—I did

not care how—but I knew it would come. At length, after a weary waiting, it came! Eighteen months ago a bill for £3,500, purporting to have been drawn by you, and accepted by me, came into my London agent's hands. He saw at once that the bill was a forgery, but he said nothing to that effect. He rewarded the bringer and sent it out to me. Armed with the document, I came to England to avenge on you the agony of mind that the sense of my debt to you had occasioned me for so many years. On my arrival, I learnt that a second bill, for £5,000, bearing the same names, had crossed me on my way home, so, to make my revenge complete, I determined to wait until it reached my hands. Owing to a series of delays which I need not now detail, that bill reached me only three weeks ago. (*producing bills*)

Enter ETHEL, C. *She listens unobserved.*

LORD O. What are you going to do to me?

CASBY. I am going to pay off my debt in full, and to take satisfaction for the mental torture that your instrumentality in my change of fortune has occasioned me for many years. (*rising—takes out pocket-book*) Lord Ovington, you are a wealthy man, and a peer of the realm. It is in my power to take you from the brilliant position you occupy; to clothe you in a felon's dress; feed you on felon's food, and set you to felon's work for many, many years to come. Oblige me by supposing, if you please, that I have exercised that power—that you are now occupying a cell in Pentonville,* and moreover that you have (say) fourteen years of convict labour to work out. Good. (*placing the bills in candle,* and allowing them to burn slowly*) I take you from your cell; I restore to you your position* in society; I restore to you your ample fortune; I take you from an infinitely lower depth than I ever descended to, and I place you on an infinitely higher social pedestal than I can ever hope to occupy—and we are quits!*

LORD O. Mr. Casby, you have acted nobly—nobly. I have not deserved this consideration at your hands. How can I atone for my conduct to you in respect of Ethel Barrington?

CASBY. In that matter, Lord Ovington, no atonement is called for. You were right. Miss Barrington never loved me, and in cancelling the engagement she acted less at my instigation than at her own. It is better as it is. To-morrow I sail for India, never to set foot in this country again!

ETHEL. (*comes forward*) Stay; I have heard all! (LORD OVINGTON *falls back, overcome, into his arm-chair*) Never fear, uncle, that I shall reveal your dreadful secret. It is as safe with me as I am sure it is with Mr. Casby. James Casby, I have wronged you. (*Enter HAROLD and MARY, C. CASBY motions ETHEL to be silent.*) Don't stop me. Let me say before my uncle—before Harold—before the good and trusting girl he is going to make his wife, that I thoroughly, heartily despise myself for my conduct to you. I did not love you, James Casby, because I did not know you. I thought you cold, unfeeling, ungrateful to your benefactor. Forgive me. It should not have needed this last proof of your good and noble nature to convince me that your love is a treasure of which any woman might be proud. But if I have not loved you as you have deserved, it is because I have not been taught to estimate at their proper value the nobler qualities that go to constitute a true gentleman. James Casby, I come to you humble and broken in spirit, to ask you to take me for your wife.

TABLEAU.

MARY.	HAROLD.	ETHEL.	CASBY.	COLONEL.
R.				L.

CURTAIN.

NOTES - ACT I

*(p3) long before I get to Beethoven. This was followed by 'The Inquisition triumphs and the culprit is ready to confess anything that fearful body pleases, so that that fearful body will only put an end to its torturings.' in the pre-production libretto. It was removed a week prior to the opening.

*(p3) cottage piano. A nineteenth century small upright piano.

*(p4) *c'est comme cela que je suis fait*. That is how I am made.

*(p4) Barclay and Perkins. Barclay Perkins was a famous London brewer of beer. The implication is that James Casby would tactlessly seek to ingratiate himself with his dinner companions, rather than drink what was appropriate for the occasion.

*(p4) that we ... do not understand him. Ethel's slip of the tongue. James Casby's actions are not easily understood.

*(p4) great grandfather sat in the peers. Harold's great grandfather had two sons: the present Lord Ovington and the second son, Harold's grandfather.

*(p4) Mr. Pollaky. The Victorian detective whom WSG refers to in *Patience* as Paddington Pollaky.

*(p4) it gave less trouble. The later edition has 'it gave me less trouble'. The editor changes WSG's meaning from a general observation to one which is specific to Harold.

*(p6) sole representative. James Casby has full authority to make binding business decisions on behalf of the house of Bounderby.

*(p8) post obits. Post-obit bonds. Bonds payable after the maker's death. If Colonel Calthorpe were holding post obit bonds made by Parkle, this is how Colonel Calthorpe would react when he saw Parkle's apparent good health.

*(p9) placed in. The later edition has 'placed him in'.

*(p9) humbug. One who passes himself off as something he is not.

*(p10) Exactly thirty years ago. James Casby states that he began his position at Bounderby at the age of ten; also that he is now forty-eight. Therefore Colonel Calthorpe must have taken him from the streets at least thirty-eight years ago, not 'exactly thirty years ago'.

*(p10) richest man in your presidency. Richest man in Bombay. British India was divided into three areas, each called a presidency: Madras, Bengal, and Bombay.

*(p10) forger. Colonel Calthorpe's slip of the tongue.

*(p12) acceptances. Parkle is holding bills totaling £7,000. These bills contain Colonel Calthorpe's signature as 'drawer', and James Casby's signature as 'drawee' or 'acceptor'. As acceptor, Casby agrees to pay the amount of the bill to the bearer if it is presented to him. Calthorpe sells the bill to Parkle, who now receives interest from Calthorpe. Parkle may now receive interest from Calthorpe or redeem the bill from Calthorpe for its full amount or present the bill to Casby if Calthorpe defaults on payment.

*(p12) suicide. This appears to be a reference to the life and death of John Sadleir, the Irish Member of Parliament and businessman who committed suicide in 1856. See COMMENTARY for details of his life and the shady business dealings which led to his suicide.

*(p13) speculative stocks. Another reference to the business dealings of John Sadleir.

*(p13) *two little children*. A Gilbertian device for the introduction of Mary Waters and the close proximity between her and Harold Calthorpe. The children are not mentioned again. It may be that Ethel Barrington is their sister and all three are living with Colonel Calthorpe, who is Ethel's uncle as stated on page 35.

*(p13) know that he is anxious. The later edition has 'know he is anxious'.

*(p14) cocked hat. A hat with the brim turned up on two sides to give a two cornered shape and worn either front-to-back or sideways; also called a bicorne. It was worn by British army officers.

*(p15) doesn't. Apparently a WSG inconsistency. This is the only appearance of the word doesn't. The word don't is used instead of doesn't throughout the play.

*(p16) we're very happy. The later edition has 'we are very happy'.

*(p16) Yes, Tom, I am. Should be Harold. It is not clear how WSG could have made this error. The later edition has 'Yes, I am.'

*(p18) acceptances. Used in a different sense from the previous explanation of 'acceptances'. This usage refers to a trade acceptance. Manasseh draws up a bill for the amount of Harold's loan. Harold signs his acceptance of the bill and the terms of repayment; the bill now becomes negotiable.

*(p18) not of age. Under twenty-one.

*(p18) too remote to affect the verdict. A recurring theme in

WSG's works. When a character states that something is certain to happen or certain not to happen, is there any doubt as to events conspiring to cause the opposite outcome?

*(p18) brown as a crumpet. The finished state of a crumpet. He has exhausted all non legal means of redeeming Harold's bills.

*(p19) villany. The later edition corrects this to 'villainy'. Note that 'villany' is not a printer's error; 'villanous' appears in the early editions of *The Princess*. His father uses 'villany' in the story L'Amour Medecin contained in the book *Dr. Austin's Guests*.

*(p20) instinction. Instinctive behavior.

NOTES - ACT II

*(p21) chambers, in Gray's Inn. Chambers: a suite of rooms; an apartment. WSG would be very familiar with Harold Calthorpe's chambers. He had chambers in Gray's Inn two years earlier.

*(p21) quodded. Put in debtors prison.

*(p21) nothink. Nothing. WSG specifies the pronunciation of Flathers and Mrs. Pike by misspelling words in their dialogues.

*(p21) trump. A dependable and exemplary person.

*(p21) doose. Bad pronunciation of 'deuce'. Devil.

*(p22) But {even} if they was peacocks. Making a proud or arrogant display of themselves.

*(p22) brick. A good fellow.

*(p25) Shakespeare. WSG writes on 'Unappreciated Shakespeare' thirteen years later for the Illustrated *Sporting and Dramatic News*. A response was provided a month later by the editor of *The Theatre*. These articles are noteworthy in that they anticipate the present day debate on whether and how to update the Gilbert & Sullivan operas as presented on the stage. See the section on SHAKESPEARE.

*(p27) my chums ... friend a-piece. A Gilbertian sentence. It requires a semicolon in place of one of the commas. The thought is expressed differently depending on whether it is spoken as:

My chums are dropping off one by one;

as I insult them in my columns I'm buying sovereigns at the rate of a friend a-piece. *or*

My chums are dropping off one by one as I insult them in my columns;

I'm buying sovereigns at the rate of a friend a-piece.

This is similar to 'He was a little boy' from *Patience*.

*(p29) even. Should this word be 'ever'? The later edition has 'ever'.

*(p30) your father's uncle. WSG appears not to have thought this through. It would make Lord Ovington older than Colonel Calthorpe's presumably deceased father. He would be in his eighties, with two sons who appear to be in their twenties.

NOTES - ACT III

*(p32) mushroom swells. One who has risen suddenly from a lower position to a high social position. The implication is that he makes great pretensions because of his newly acquired wealth.

*(p32) have no respects. The later edition has 'have no respect'.

*(p32) Whose bills. These are the two bills totaling £7,000 referred to in ACT I. Note that the total is now £8,500. This is a WSG inconsistency. If the finder had returned the bills to the drawer (Colonel Calthorpe), then the drawer could have destroyed the bills and not be liable for the outstanding amount. Perhaps the 'fool' recognized that Calthorpe was bankrupt and that he would get a bigger reward from Casby.

*(p33) you're in a position. The later edition has 'you are in a position'.

*(p35) R.U.E. Right Upper Entrance. Stage direction for the entrance of an actress or actor.

*(p38) Singleton. Singleton Estate is the residence of Baron Singleton in the WSG 1867 short story *Diamonds*. WSG adapted the conversation between Mary Waters and Ethel Barrington from *Diamonds*. He either overlooked making a name change or did not bother to provide another destination for Mary in *An Old Score*. See the section on DIAMONDS.

*(p39) each day was an earthly life. The later edition has 'each day was an earthly day'.

*(p39) {in} upon {you}. WSG deletes two words in adapting *Diamonds*. It is not clear if this is intentional. The words are restored in the later edition; this may be the work of a clever editor.

*(p44) Pentonville. London's Pentonville prison was a 'modern' prison completed in 1842. Each of the 520 prisoners had his own seven by thirteen feet cell and was made to perform some type of labor. The conditions were harsh including substandard food, enforced silence and a plank of wood for a bed. Oscar Wilde served

part of his sentence at Pentonville where he was made to walk the treadmill six hours a day.

*(p44) placing bills in candle. This presents a problem for Casby's character. Mr. Parkle becomes an innocent victim and suffers the loss of £8,500 due to this action. There is no indication that Casby will reimburse Parkle. In WSG's FUN parody, however, Ethel assigns the loss to Casby. It is not clear whether WSG was confused or was parodying Ethel's innocence in business matters.

*(p44) restore to you your position. An example of WSG's ability in phrasing. 'Restore to you your position' flows into 'restore to you your ample fortune'. WSG simplifies the sentence in the FUN parody and changes the phrase to 'restore you to your position' to contrast with 'take you from'.

*(p44) quits. *Quits* was the original title, and pre-opening night copies of the libretto show this title. The title was changed to *An Old Score*, and this is what the play opened as. 'Score' is used in the sense of an amount due or an indebtedness. After the indifferent success of its first run, WSG renamed the play back to *Quits* and it was once more offered to the public.

This edition of AN OLD SCORE consists of two sections. This second section contains reviews and commentary by WSG and his contemporaries, and by the editor.

‘An Old Score from *Fun*’ is a combination review and parody by WSG himself, published within two weeks of the play’s opening. As a parody it is rather weak and more closely resembles a synopsis of the play. *W. S. Gilbert’s Theatrical Criticism* by Jane Stedman is recommended for a more detailed discussion of the parody.

‘The Tormentor Unmasked’ was written by Arthur àBeckett in his weekly *Tomahawk*. It was a vicious parody and personal attack on WSG; àBeckett believed that The Tormentor of *An Old Score* was a thinly disguised attack on the *Tomahawk*.

‘Arthur àBeckett Apologies’. Ever sensitive to insult, WSG assured Arthur àBeckett that since he never intended to equate àBeckett’s *Tomahawk* with The Tormentor, a written apology by àBeckett would be appropriate.

‘John Hollingshead Memories’ and ‘W. S. Gilbert Observations’. The theatre manager and author reflect on *An Old Score*. *Contradiction Contradicted* by Andrew Crowther is recommended for a detailed discussion of WSG and his serious prose dramas.

‘Excerpts from *Diamonds Short Story*’ shows that WSG began the practice of recycling his own material early in his career. It is noted that WSG lets ‘Singleton Estate’ slip into *An Old Score*, instead of changing it to ‘Ovington Grange’.

Harold Calthorpe’s observations on Shakespeare allows this editor to reprint the little known ‘W. S. Gilbert’s *Unappreciated Shakespeare*’.

Clement Scott’s reactions to WSG’s *Unappreciated Shakespeare* and to D’Oyly Carte’s introduction of the queue were discovered by the editor while doing research for this volume. They are included because it is unlikely that the reader has come across them.

Clarifying notes are inserted by the editor
{using a different font within brackets}.

SECOND SECTION CONTENTS

Preface	50a
An Old Score from <i>Fun</i>	51
The Tormentor Unmasked from <i>Tomahawk</i>	56
Arthur àBeckett Apologies	60
An Old Score Review from <i>The Times</i>	61
An Old Score Review from <i>Sunday Times</i>	65
John Hollingshead Memories	69
W. S. Gilbert Observations	71
Excerpts from <i>Diamonds</i> Short Story	72
W. S. Gilbert's <i>Unappreciated Shakespeare</i>	76
Response to Unappreciated Shakespeare	79
Comment on Queues from The Theatre	81
Commentary by the Editor	83
Bibliography	88

AN OLD SCORE *from* "FUN" AUGUST 7, 1869.
BY W. S. GILBERT

ACT I.

Interior of COLONEL CALTHORPE'S Villa, at Teddington. HAROLD CALTHORPE and ETHEL BARRINGTON, his cousin, discovered.

ETHEL. Harold, once you loved me.

HAR. Once.

ETHEL. But now you don't. Oh, cruel.

HAR. But you are engaged to James Casby.

ETHEL. What a ridiculous objection! You know that my engagements mean nothing. I am always hopping about from lover to lover. Besides, I don't love James Casby; I only want to marry him for his money.

HAR. He is a snob.

ETHEL. (*hurt*) That may be, dear Harold, but it isn't pretty to say so. Forgive me, dearest, I did not mean to wound you by the bitterness of my reproaches.

HAR. Ethel, he is a snob, because having been taken from the streets, thirty years ago, by my father, and placed by him in the way of making the gigantic income that seems always to fall to the lot of people who begin with nothing, he declines to assist my father by advancing him the few millions he requires to place himself straight with his creditors.

Exit HAROLD. Enter CASBY.

CASBY. Ethel, you are making a great sacrifice in marrying me.

ETHEL. I am.

CASBY. I am plain—awkward—matter-of-fact—

ETHEL. You are—oh, you are!

CASBY. I am not brilliant.

ETHEL. You are not.

CASBY. My birth is contemptible.

ETHEL. It is.

CASBY. I am not worthy of you, Ethel.

ETHEL. You are not—oh, you are not!

CASBY. My darling Ethel, we agree on every point.

Exit ETHEL. Enter COL. CALTHORPE and PARKLE, an attorney.

COL. James Casby, I owe Parkle two thousand pounds. Lend me that sum.

CASBY. Never!

COL. Remember, I made you! All you have you owe to me.

CASBY. Still I repeat—never! I will pay you all I owe you, but not in money.

Exit CASBY.

PARKLE. Well, Calthorpe, I shall go and sell you up.

Exit PARKLE. Enter HAROLD CALTHORPE.

HAR. Papa, I want money.

COL. Nonsense; you had sixpence last year. Sixpence, judiciously expended, should provide all the little luxuries a young man of your age stands in need of.

Exit COL. CALTHORPE, buttoning his trousers' pocket.

HAR. And Manasseh, a highly flavoured Jew, requires fifty pounds of me immediately! Ah, me!

Enter MARY WATERS, a nursery governess.

MARY. Harold! (*rushes to his arms*)

HAR. Mary! My own! Now to prosecute our secret intrigue. There is a verandah opening out into the lawn—and several doors to this room—there are half a dozen people in the house who are always popping in and out of this apartment; but, nevertheless, you shall sit at my feet, lay your head upon my bosom, and confide to me all your little sorrows in the most affectionate attitude you can conveniently assume! (*She does so. They get very affectionate.*)

MARY. Yes, dear.

MARY. (*in her innocence*) Does your papa wear a cocked hat?

HAR. (*with proper pride*) He does, Mary!

MARY. Oh, how I should like to wear a cocked hat. (*sobs on his bosom*)

Enter ETHEL.

ETHEL. Harold! Miss Waters! This is wrong.

HAR. (*with quiet decision*) Now, look here, Ethel. It's no use your coming here to bully-rag me. Get out!

Enter COL. CALTHORPE and MANASSEH, a bill discounter.

COL. You scoundrel, you owe Manasseh thousands!

HAR. Too true.

Enter CASBY.

ETHEL. Oh, Mr. Casby, pay this debt for Harold, and I will try and respect you, although I can never love you!

CASBY. No; I owe Colonel Calthorpe a heavy debt, but I shan't pay it in money.

COL. Lost! lost! lost!

HAR. By way of making matters pleasanter, I don't think I could select a more judicious moment, papa, in which to inform you that I intend to marry Mary Waters, your nursery governess.

MARY. (*in her simplicity*) And then I shall wear a cocked hat!

COL. Leave my house, sir, and take that hussy with you. You are no son of mine.

Dance and off.

ACT II.

HAROLD CALTHORPE'S *Chambers in Gray's Inn*. HAROLD discovered, editing a scurrilous paper.

HAR. Alone in London with Mary and not a penny to bless ourselves with, I started a scurrilous paper which brings me in a thousand a year.

Enter MARY.

MARY. My Harold! We are not yet married, but we are awfully proper, nevertheless, and my being in your chambers must not be misconstrued. You have been very ill, and I have been nursing you. Here are eggs and sausages (although it is July). Eat them and be happy.

Exit MARY. Enter ETHEL and CASBY.

HAR. Ethel, What does this mean?

ETHEL. Come back to us and James Casby will pay all your debts! I have bullied him into this concession.

CASBY. (*weakly*) Yes; I have consented to do that.

HAR. Indeed! Then I will return with pleasure. I will do anything for money. Indeed, every one in the piece (as far as I can judge) would do anything for money. Come to the home of my ancestors.

Enter MARY.

ETHEL. Oh, I quite forgot this young woman. Adieu, and for ever! (*They are about to leave HAROLD to his fate when enter COL. CALTHORPE.*)

COL. Stop! I have come into a peerage and Harold must return. I am now Lord Ovington!

HAR. Oh, indeed, certainly. Good bye, Mary. You have been very useful to me—it will always be a satisfaction to you to remember that.

MARY. Ah, me! (*faints*)

TABLEAU.

ACT III.

Ovington Grange. Enter COL. CALTHORPE (now LORD OVINGTON) and CASBY.

LORD O. Mr. Casby, Ethel don't love you. She absolutely dislikes you.

CASBY. Impossible!

LORD O. Ah, you don't know her—she don't care for you—and I think you had better break off the match.

Exit LORD OVINGTON. Enter ETHEL.

CASBY. Ethel, let us cry off.

ETHEL. Certainly, with pleasure. (*Exit CASBY*) That's all right. Now to flop my affections on Harold once more.

Enter MARY WATERS.

MARY. (*wildly*) Give me my Harold!

ETHEL. *Your* Harold?

MARY. Yes, he loves me! I came here to see him and am told that he has just left.

ETHEL. Harold gone! Oh, send for Mr. Casby, somebody, that I may square it up with him again. (*weeps*)

MARY. Forgive me, I cannot bear to see you weep. (*they embrace*)

Enter HAROLD.

ETHEL. Harold, take her and be happy.

HAR. (*rather taken aback*) Oh, oh, yes—of course, if you wish

it. (*takes her and is happy*)

Exit ETHEL. *Enter* CASBY, *meeting* LORD OVINGTON.

CASBY. Lord Ovington, I am going to pay my debt to you. You took me from the streets thirty years ago, from interested motives, and you spent ten pounds upon me. I am now worth millions, and I owe my prosperity to you. *Per contra* {On the other hand} you have forged my name for several thousand pounds. Please suppose that I have prosecuted you for the felony, and that you are now a convict. (*burning forged bills in candle*) I take you from prison and I restore you to your position in society. I take you from a lower depth than I ever descended to, and I place you on a much higher social pedestal than I can ever hope to reach, and we are quits.

Enter ETHEL.

ETHEL. Stay, I have heard all. I can't resist this proof of your magnanimity. A man who can chuck away thousands in this manner, *must* make a good husband. {Ethel does not realize the destroyed bills are Parkle's loss.} Besides, Harold has determined to marry Mary Waters, so there is now no obstacle to our union. Take me away and marry me as soon as you like. (*slyly*) You had better make haste, for Parkle and Manasseh are both bachelors, and I might change my mind.

TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.

OURSELVES. The piece, which has many serious drawbacks, particularly in the construction of the first and third acts, is, at all events, admirably played. The character of Mary Waters is impossibly ingenuous, and, except that he is a gentleman, James Casby bears too strong a resemblance to that arch-cad, John Mildmay. MR. NEVILLE plays James Casby with self-contained power, particularly in the last act. MR. EMERY, as the humbugging Colonel, and MR. CLAYTON, as his dissipated son, shared, deservedly, MR. NEVILLE'S honours. MISS HENRADE did ample justice to a most ungrateful part, and MISS ROSINA RANOE gave promise of future excellence by her representation of the ridiculously innocent Mary Waters.

THE TORMENTOR UNMASKED! *from* "THE TOMAHAWK"
AUGUST 7, 1869 BY ARTHUR ÀBECKETT

OR,
HOW TO PAY OFF AN OLD SCORE!
A SUCCESS (?) IN THREE ACTS.*
BY W. S. GILBERT, ESQ.,†

Author of "The Pretty Druidess, a Burlesque," and other Tragedies.

This piece, which is evidently no translation from the French (our "lively neighbours" have *some* idea of construction), is affectionately novelised by an admiring critic—the editor of the TOMAHAWK.

CHAPTER I.
CALTHORPE'S VILLA.

HAROLD CALTHORPE was a particularly nice young man—that is to say, he insulted his father, swore at his friends, and bullied his mistresses. His enemies said that he was coarse, and deserved a good thrashing for his impudence; his friends, on the other hand, declared him to be blunt if cynical, with an honest heart, but an unpleasant vocabulary. However, both friends and enemies agreed on one point—never to ask him to their houses. "He had the principles of a certain sort of nobleman," they said, "but the manners of a cad." Alas! Alas!! Alas!!!

One day Harold was lounging on a sofa in his father's house and listening to his cousin Ethel's performances on a cottage piano.

"Shut up that confounded row," said he, after awhile, with his usual politeness. "Your playing is simply beastly!"

"You used to like it once," replied the fair musician, making eyes at him; "before I was engaged to James Casby, a Bombay merchant."

"He's a jolly muff, I *do* think," was the retort. "A muff! Why he's a downright fool, a duffer, a h'ass, a filthy idiot!"

"Enough!" said the proud beauty sternly. "To judge from the vulgar language you use, one would imagine that you were acting the part of a 'gentleman' in one of W. S. Gilbert's comedies!"

* For further particulars apply to the lessee of the Gaiety.

† *Vide* Play Bills.

Not only that—Casby is one of my intendeds—I might almost observe the chief of them!”

“But you loved me once?” whined Harold.

“And do now,” cried the beauty quickly. She added with a smile full of bright joyous meaning, “Wait till I am married to Casby, and then you shall see how true is woman’s heart.”

At this moment Casby lounged into the room. After a row with Harold, conducted in not very choice Billingsgate, he ousted his rival, and seated himself beside Ethel, his wife elect.

“Darling,” he murmured sweetly into her ear. “My darling,” and then he continued in impassioned accents, “I once was a clerk in the city. I had been put into the office by Colonel Calthorpe, your uncle and Harold’s father. Well I remember the day. Grey shirtings were at 23¹/₄, butter was firm, tallow lively, and Consols quoted at 92⁷/₈ for a rise.”

And he breathed with a lover’s tenderness his commercial nothings into her unwilling ear.

“I never loved you,” was all she said.

They wandered away together, and their place was supplied by Harold and his father, who now entered the room.

“He does not know that I have forged Casby’s name to a bill,” thought the old man.

“He does not know that I am making disreputable love to Mary Waters, the nursery governess,” murmured the young one.

“I want £50,” began Harold.

“You shan’t have it,” said the colonel. “If you have done any bills—they can’t come down upon you—you are under age.”

“Thanks for the information,” replied his son, with more feeling than he had shown for months. He added, in a surly tone, “In spite of what you say, however, I must have £50. If you don’t fork out I’ll punch your head, you dirty old blackguard!”

“Such language to me!—is it filial?”

“No, but it’s gentlemanly! Mr. W. S. Gilbert thinks me an awful swell, I can tell you. Why, he’s written a piece, and I am the hero of it!”

At this moment Casby, Mary Waters, and Ethel rushed into the room.

“Look here. I tell you what I will do for you,” said Harold, wild with rage at his father’s refusal, “I will just marry this girl,

Mary Waters, and leave your house!”

“Come, don’t be a fool,” said Casby.

“Shut up!” cried Harold, “and as for you—you are AN UNUTTERABLE CAD!”

CHAPTER II.

THE CHAMBERS IN GRAY’S INN.

Harold caught the scarlet fever, edited a satirical paper, and prospered. But he was sad, he said.

“My old friend, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, is having a row with me. I am awfully sorry. He declares that I sell my friends at a guinea a piece. Too bad. I know it’s a crime in the literary world for a young man to succeed, but then it’s really too bad! It’s just what that literary hack, Type Bourgeois, observed when I wouldn’t let *him* write for my paper. It’s what they all say when I won’t employ them. But then Bourgeois and some of the rest don’t contribute to a rival and more satirical paper (price one penny) as Mr. W. S. Gilbert does, and that may make all the difference. I wish he was good enough for us. His ‘Bab Ballads’ in *Fun* were not bad; I mean some of them. The *Spectator* said they were coarse; well, *I* like coarseness. However, my friend W. S. G. has been too severe; he shall see that he has wronged me. *If I ever write a comedy I will never be such AN UNUTTERABLE CAD as to put a man I have regarded from childhood as my friend, and with whom I have never had a quarrel, into it for all the town to stare at.* NO, NO—THAT WOULD BE TOO COWARDLY AND BLACKGUARD! Yes, W. S. G., you shall see that you have wronged me—wronged me deeply!”

And Harold wept. He felt that his friend had been too hard upon him.

By—and—by Mary Waters entered, and the two young people spooned copiously.

“Is it wicked to marry?” asked Mary.

“Oh! It has been done,” replied her lover, “as somebody has said already, in Tom Robertson’s comedy of *Dreams*. I like Tom Robertson’s pieces, and often quote from them. So does Mr. W. S. Gilbert in *his* pieces.”

At this point Colonel Calthorpe entered the chambers, and explained that he was Lord Ovington Square—that all his relations had sunk with the Margate steamboat.

Harold, now "*the Honourable*" Harold, at once kissed Mary, and deserted her. What else could he do? Is he not the hero of my story, and a gentleman? Not only that, it's a way with some young authors.

CHAPTER III.
OVINGTON GRANGE.

Lord Ovington (without a collar) and Casby (in a wig with a false forehead to it) were together.

Said Casby to Ovington, "You are my benefactor, and I hate you for it."

Said Ovington to Casby, "Both facts are known to me."

Said Casby to Ovington, "You have forged my name to a bill, and I have stolen it, to the great loss of him who discounted it for you. Holding it, however, I can bully you or transport you. Being mean and pitiful, I prefer to bully you. You brought me from the gutter. I take you from the felon's cell." He continued in the same ungrateful strain for five minutes, and ended the interview by observing, "I burn the paper—we are quits."

Edith {Ethel} rushed in, and flung herself upon his breast.

"I never loved you," she murmured.

"Well, then, what do you want?"

"To marry you; no other fellow will have me."

"Well," said Casby, laughing, "as this story may some day be turned into a piece, I may as well consent. This incident would convert the drama into a comedy."

"Or (in the next act) into a tragedy," thought Edith {Ethel}; and she threw a glance full of love at her cousin Harold, who had entered the room with Mary.

"Now, no more larks," said that young man, elegantly, "I have made it up with W. S. G., and have given up my satirical paper (it caused too much jealousy), and intend henceforth to be a gentleman in the strict sense of the word. I will give you a glimpse into the future. I shall marry Mary, and perhaps leave her a good deal to herself (women like it), and perhaps write a burlesque, or something equally intellectual—and, oh! I shall be *such* a lady's man!"

THE END.

“AN OLD SCORE” AND THE “TOMAHAWK.”
from “THE TOMAHAWK”

AUGUST 21, 1869 BY ARTHUR ABECKETT

An article entitled “The Tormentor Unmasked; or, How to Pay Off an Old Score,” having appeared in the 118th number of this Journal, in which certain strictures {critical remarks} were passed upon Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the author of the drama *An Old Score*, we beg to state that these strictures were directed against him under the conviction that he had in the said drama made a gratuitous and personal attack upon the Editor of this paper, and had reflected on our connection with the TOMAHAWK. Mr. W. S. Gilbert having since assured us that in writing the piece we spoke of, neither ourselves, nor the TOMAHAWK, nor anyone connected with it, entered his mind, and that, directly or indirectly, he did not allude to us, we gladly declare that we withdraw the said strictures, with an expression of sincere regret that we should have misunderstood him.

ANOTHER APOLOGY FROM ARTHUR ABECKETT
from W. S. Gilbert’s papers, quoted in “Gilbert - His Life and Strife” by Hesketh Pearson, 1957

I admit that it would have been better to have ascertained from Mr. W. S. Gilbert whether he intended to insult me before attacking him and am bound to declare that Mr. W. S. Gilbert has treated me with the courtesy befitting a gentleman. I gladly withdraw all and every imputation I made against him at the time when I imagined him guilty of an action of which I now firmly believe him to be incapable.

AN OLD SCORE REVIEW
from "THE TIMES" JULY 28, 1869.

GAIETY THEATRE

Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who, in his literary capacity, has hitherto confined himself to burlesque, has deviated from his usual path by the composition of a comedy, entitled *An Old Score*, which is now played at the Gaiety, and which, equally free from melodramatic and farcical elements, has more pretension to be regarded as a comedy than scores of modern pieces to which that elevated appellation is assigned.

The work, though it avoids the fashionable ultra-realism of the day, is evidently intended for a picture of actual life as manifested in characters and collisions. Some persons, indeed, will trace in the position of the two principal personages a reference to a celebrated case of fraud that a few years ago created a strong sensation among the public of England and Ireland. {Career and suicide of Irish Member of Parliament John Sadleir.}

Colonel Calthorpe (Mr. Samuel Emery) is a plausible gentleman, of reputed wealth, whose niece, Ethel Barrington (Miss Henrade), is on the point of marriage with James Casby (Mr. H. Neville), an eminent merchant of Bombay. According to the opinion of Colonel Calthorpe the Anglo-Indian owes him a debt a gratitude, the magnitude of which precludes all possibility of repayment, having been literally picked by him out of a gutter, and then sent in the first instance to an elementary school, and afterwards to the house in Bombay, where he rose from the humble position of an office-boy to that of the sole representative of the firm. His elevation in India was, of course, entirely due to his own industry and talent, but the Colonel persists in thinking that in this particular case the first start did everything, and that whenever Casby refuses to help him out of a pecuniary embarrassment he proves himself a monster of ingratitude. Casby, on the other hand, has his own views on the subject, and while he does not deny his obligation to the Colonel, he emphatically declares that, although he intends to discharge it some day, the repayment will not take the shape of an advance. This cautious line of conduct by no means raises Casby in the eyes of Ethel, who looks on him as a prosaic worldling, and has really

set her heart on her uncle's son Harold (Mr. John Clayton), a reckless spendthrift, who wears out his father's life with his extravagance. But Harold has fallen desperately in love with Mary Waters (Miss Rosina Ranoe), the nursery governess, and is so little disposed to transfer his affections elsewhere, that when Mary is dismissed he quits his father's house with the avowed intention of making her his wife.

The intention is not immediately carried out, for in the second act, which occurs in Harold's chambers, we find that Mary attends him as his good genius, but that a veil is cast over the relation between the interesting pair which perhaps the audience are not expected to penetrate. And certainly the young man stands in need of a great deal of careful watching. He gains a comfortable income by writing articles for a scandalous journal called the *Tormentor*, but his conscience is so disagreeably touched by the baseness of his occupation that he is in a fair way of drinking himself to death. James Casby, who calls on him, accompanied by Ethel, endeavours to persuade him to return to his father, but his efforts are {in} vain, and when he attempts to enforce his arguments by a reference to filial duty, his own alleged ingratitude to his benefactor is flung into his teeth. Colonel Calthorpe himself is the next visitor, coming not in the shape of an irate parent, but beaming with joy and forgiveness, an accident on the water having resulted in the death of one Lord Ovington, of whom he was the direct heir. The Honourable Mr. Ovington may be overcome by arguments to which the dishonourable Harold would turn a deaf ear. Such is the new peer's hypothesis, but it proves incorrect. Harold is true to Mary Waters, and family relations are unchanged when the curtain falls.

The elevation to the peerage greatly modifies the policy of the new Lord Ovington. Honest James Casby is no longer an eligible husband for his niece, and Ethel is enjoined to break off the match, a task which she can the more easily accomplish as Harold is the real object of her choice, and she never loved James from the beginning. But Harold has disappeared, and when the bereaved Mary comes to Ovington Grange vainly to look after him, Ethel, who at first receives her coldly, is so deeply moved by the consciousness of their common misfortune, that the two forlorn damsels become the best of friends. The story reaches its close

when James Casby, having lost the hope of marrying Ethel, has an interview with her now noble father {uncle}, with the intention of wiping off the "old score" mentioned in the title of the piece. He explains that the Colonel's motive in rescuing him from abject poverty was purely interested, inasmuch as that great man having earned an undeniable character for cruelty in the army, had wiped out the stain by performing a patent act of philanthropy, and had thus obtained the hand of a wealthy lady. The benefit, however, conferred upon Casby by Lord Ovington is not to be denied, and must be gratefully acknowledged. Accordingly, Casby takes out of his pocket-book two notes forged by Lord Ovington some time ago, and burns them before his eyes. Ethel, who from a place of concealment witnesses the transaction, at once begins to love James Casby, leaving Harold, who has reappeared, free to marry the devoted Mary Waters.

In the tone of this piece there is much that will remind the spectator of Mr. Tom Taylor's well-known comedy, *Still Waters Run Deep*. The prosaic character is the main object of interest as opposed to the sentimental sham. James Casby, like John Mildmay, working his way by straightforwardness in word and deed, while the plausible impostor, Colonel Calthorpe, though he does not deservedly come to grief like Captain Hawkseye, is despicable to all who know him. Generally, the characters are sketched with a firm hand, and the dialogue they utter, though not especially brilliant, is consistent and to the purpose. The disreputable conduct of Harold is based on the discovery that his father, in spite of his plausible manner, is a mere scoundrel, whom he cannot esteem, and his better feelings bestir themselves through a disregard of the fifth commandment, which in his case cannot possibly be kept. Even the ladies of the story, devoted as one of them is, are ruled by a prosaic good sense which may compromise their popularity with the fair occupants of the stalls. The love of Ethel for Harold does not prevent her from bestowing her heart as well as her hand upon James, when she recognizes the moral worth of the latter, and Mary, though, for the sake of the same Harold, she would sacrifice reputation, if not virtue, is constantly at work to promote his comforts and to subdue his vices. To the other characters may be added Manasseh (Mr. Eldred), a Jewish discounteer, highly but consistently coloured, whom we have not

named in our description of the plot. He holds a bill accepted by Harold, which that worthy young gentleman is unable to meet, and which he therefore takes to the Colonel. At first he is charmed by the moral severity with which the father lectures the son, but his delight is changed to disgust when the Colonel reminds him that as the bill is accepted by a minor it is not a valid document. The situation in which Manasseh takes a part is one of the best in the piece, and, altogether, a command over situation seems to be Mr. Gilbert's forte.

The piece is well acted. Mr. Emery is not sufficiently refined for the Colonel, who, with all his faults, is a born aristocrat, but he realizes with much humour the conception of moral "humbug." The plain, straightforward Casby, through whose cold surface a strong sentiment is constantly welling up, but whom sorrow cannot drive to despair, is admirably represented by Mr. H. Neville, and the same may be said of Mr. Clayton's Harold, who is also an honest fellow at bottom, though he has a strange way of showing it. The ladies are quietly and equally played by Misses Henrade and R. Ranoe, while as for Mr. Eldred's delineation of the Jew, it is a highly finished picture, showing a power of representing marked character which few artists attain. On the first night of performance *An Old Score* was followed by every symptom of success, and if its good fortune does not prove permanent it will be because the work is too genuine a comedy to suit the taste of the age.

AN OLD SCORE AT THE GAIETY
from "SUNDAY TIMES" AUGUST 1, 1869.

Mr. Gilbert's works, whether dramatic or otherwise, have special qualities of wit and finesse which seem to indicate his power of writing comedy dialogue. They have all, moreover, a flavour of that cynicism without which modern comedy seems scarcely to have a chance of success. His burlesques have something about them resembling comedy. Their dialogue is subtler, neater, and more concise than that of any other burlesque writer, and there is a certain freshness of treatment in them which is seldom found in the order of composition to which they belong. When, accordingly, the production of a comedy or comic drama by Mr. Gilbert was announced, the curiosity of that portion of the public familiar with Mr. Gilbert's previous compositions was aroused. A large and fashionable audience, including a fair share of literary celebrities, attended at what was the debut of the young author in the higher departments of the drama, and witnessed the production of *An Old Score*.

If Mr. Gilbert cannot be congratulated on a complete success, he has at least steered clear of misfortune. His piece was received with a good deal of laughter and a great deal of applause, and though it failed profoundly to interest the audience it amused them and kept them pleased. *An Old Score* is scarcely so good a work as we expected from the writer's previous career. Its production marks a distinct advance in literature, but the piece itself is still promise rather than performance. It shows clearly what Mr. Gilbert's acquired powers are and what are those which still require cultivation. His dialogue is neat and happy, rising sometimes into absolute brilliance. It is prosaic, however, at times, and not free from the trivialities to which the writers of realistic and domestic drama have accustomed us. The best portion, moreover, is not very dramatic; it contributes nothing to the evolution of the story, and but little to the interest of the play.

On the score of dialogue, however, the work is entitled to rank among the best of recent compositions. On that of story it is entitled to a favourable place. Mr. Gilbert's comedy is original, or at least is not taken from a published work, or from the French. This alone affords distinct grounds for congratulation. But it is

good, ingenious, and fresh also, and in consideration of these qualities we may pardon it for being clumsy in development and not particularly pretty in teaching. Mr. Gilbert's characterisation is powerful, but the characters introduced are one and all inestimable. We do not impute this to the writer altogether as a fault. We own to being a little sick of characters of the goody-goody type, and would rather have full blooded men and women such as Mr. Gilbert presents us with than the amiable nonentities or the impersonations of abstract virtues to which we are accustomed. But an atmosphere of something rather worse than wickedness hangs around the *dramatis personae* of the play. We do not object to any of the characters that he is wicked so much as that he is unpleasant. All the male characters introduced have something of the character of the "cad." One, the hero, repays a good deed done from a questionable motive by a favour which is a crowning shame to the recipient whose cup of bitterness his friend compels him to drink to the dregs. A second compromises a girl he afterwards marries, and earns sovereigns by libelling his friends. The first part of the offence is natural enough. The second disassociates him widely from our sympathies. So, throughout the piece, we could show there is no person we thoroughly respect or like. The relations of the characters are moreover always strained and unpleasant. Quarrels between father and son occur in real life, and sons not seldom have to evince to their parents how small a share of regard or respect the filial relation inspires. But the contemplation of these things is unedifying and great care in their introduction is expedient. On the whole, then, we admire Mr. Gilbert's comedy a great deal and do not like it much. We see that it has many good and some eminent qualities, but cannot concede that it is a good play, or a work quite worthy of Mr. Gilbert's promise.

His story is as follows: Colonel Calthorpe early in life has sought to raise himself in public estimation by doing some good action which shall atone for more than one transaction of an unpleasant kind in which he has been concerned. He has taken a lad from the streets, educated him, and placed him in a merchant's office. On the strength of this one action he has been able to marry a woman with a fortune, which he has spent. Twenty years from the period when these things occurred, the story commences. Casby, the lad the colonel befriended, has become very rich, and

proposes to the colonel's niece, Ethel Barrington, by whom he is accepted. Ethel is in fact in love with her cousin, Harold, the son of the colonel. The affections of this rather dissipated young gentleman are, however, given to Mary Waters, a young and pretty nursery governess, so Ethel thinks it best to contract a reasonable marriage with Casby. Harold and his father are on almost the worst terms possible. So unpleasant are their relations that the young man, taking Mary with him, goes to London, takes chambers, and edits a satirical paper in which he holds up his friends to ridicule. But when Colonel Calthorpe inherits the title of Lord Ovington and the estate with which it is accompanied, a chance of reconciliation is offered and taken. Harold discards Mary and comes home to his father's seat.

Meanwhile Casby, who is in reality a worthy fellow, has been the subject of much misconception. He has a just sense of the value to him of the colonel's kindness, and is clever enough to dissociate the small intention from the great result. He determines, however, to reward the effort as though the result were attributable to it and not to his own industry and exertion. But the colonel, previous to his acquisition of the title and at a time when the joint extravagance of himself and his son has reduced him to distress, attempts to obtain a loan of £2,000 from the man he has obliged. In this attempt he has failed, and he, his son, and even Ethel, who is betrothed to Casby, all regard the merchant as a miracle of ingratitude. So unjust are these views with regard to him that Casby is greatly mortified. He offers to set Ethel free from her engagement, and she, moved we cannot resist suspecting by the thought that Harold, who is separated from Mary, is once more accessible, accepts the opportunity afforded her.

Then Casby prepares to return to India, the country wherein his fortune had been made. Previous to his departure he determines to have matters out with Lord Ovington, whose recent behaviour has been insulting. One day, accordingly, he speaks to his lordship when alone, and explains to him how he intends to repay the favour he has received. He reminds his lordship that to his kindness was due the fact that a street boy in Calcutta rose to be a rich merchant. He then shows him some bills which prove to be forgeries executed some time previously by Lord Ovington, then Colonel Calthorpe. Of these bills Casby has obtained possession by purchase or

otherwise. Their disappearance, which had perplexed the noble criminal, is now accounted for. Casby continues and informs his lordship that the production of those bills in a court of justice would doom the forger to a prison cell. From this danger, which reduces the peer to a point lower than the street boy had ever known, Casby intends to free him. Enabling him thus to maintain his rank and fortune, he raises him to a point higher than he can himself hope to attain. More than adequate repayment accordingly is made. The scene between these two characters is the strongest in the play. It is overheard by Ethel, who is embarrassed by this revelation concerning her lover's true character. Anxious to atone for her mistake and somewhat moved by seeing that Mary and Harold have met again and are going to be married, she offers to Casby to let bygones be bygones. This proposal is accepted and the play ends.

It was unsatisfactorily acted in many respects. Mr. Neville gave to the character of Casby the quiet force he always exhibits in parts of this class. Mr. Emery was clever, but wanting in dignity as the colonel, who, though he is an impostor, should be more courtly than he is depicted. Mr. Clayton was excellent in the younger Harold, demonstrating a possession of power in serious parts he has not previously exhibited; the opinion we have long been forming that character-parts, not light comedy roles, are this gentleman's forte, is strengthened by this performance. Miss Rosina Ranoe looked intelligent as Mary Waters, but her acting and her voice have a certain thinness which marred the situation in the third act by rendering the language unimpressive. Miss Henrade was good as the governess {niece}. Other parts were amusingly sustained by Mr. Eldred, Mr. Maclean, Mr. Robins, and Mrs. Leigh.

The success of the piece with the audience was indisputable. We can, however, but repeat our conviction that, with all its merits, it is not up to the level of what we have a right to expect from Mr. Gilbert. We will even make a prophecy that the author's next piece will be a decided advance upon the present.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD MEMORIES

from "MY LIFETIME", 1895.

My relations with Mr. W. S. Gilbert had always been of the most friendly character, and he gave me a play to read—his first comedy—which I produced immediately. Its literary merits were very great, and it could be read with pleasure. It was in three acts, and was called *An Old Score*. I engaged Mr. Sam Emery and Mr. Henry Neville for the cast, and used Mr. John Clayton, and also engaged a very charming little actress Rosina Ranoe, who is now loved and admired by a large circle of friends and a numerous family, under the respected name of Mrs. Frank Burnand. The *Old Score* was said to be founded on a passage in the life of Mr. Dargan, the great Irish contractor, and Sadleir, the banker who committed suicide on Hampstead Heath, but as a play it was original, and Mr. Gilbert's first serious effort as a playwright. It was like many of the comedies by Douglas Jerrold—a success with a first night and critical audience, but not an enduring success with the public. It was too like real life, and too unconventional. The leading characters were a rascally father, and a son who did not hesitate to tell him of his rascality. The dialogue was not playhouse pap. It was a little too brutally straightforward. Perhaps that is why I liked the play—in manuscript, but manuscript is not the stage; the closet is not the theatre; and one man, even of average intelligence, possessed or not possessed of the managerial instinct, is not an audience any more than a dress rehearsal before a jury of experts is a public performance. There was something wrong about *An Old Score*, and I discovered it one night on going, as I sometimes did, into the pit or the gallery. This time it was the gallery. The curtain was down after the scene in which the son roundly abused the father. Two men of the working class, instead of drinking at the bars, were having an argument. 'I don't care, Bill,' said one, who appeared to have the best of the dispute, 'he didn't ought to speak to the old man like that! No matter what he is—he's his father!' That was the solution of the mystery. The piece offended the domestic sentiment of the broad public.

Mr. Gilbert afterwards revived it at the Court Theatre under another title {*Quits*}, but the result, I fancy, was the same.

from "GAIETY CHRONICLES", 1898.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the author of my opening burlesque {*Robert The Devil*}, maintained his friendly relations with the theatre. He was somewhat of a martinet in his stage management, but he generally knew what he wanted, was more often right than wrong, and was consequently an able director of his own pieces. He was always ready to accept a suggestion if he thought it was good and reasonable. He had written a comedy to which he gave the name of *An Old Score*. It was printed—a great advantage to a busy manager. I read it, and was so struck with its clever dialogue, that I put it in rehearsal at once, to back up the spectacular burlesque {*Columbus!* by Alfred Thompson}, which was not remarkable for literary merit. Alfred Thompson, eminent as an artist, was a little fond of posing as an admirable Crichton. *An Old Score* might have been written for my Gaiety Company, as it then existed, and it was produced with the following cast: Mr. Henry Neville, Miss Henrade, Mr. Sam Emery, Miss Rosina Ranoe (Mrs. Frank Burnand), Mr. John Clayton, Mr. J. Eldred, Mr. Maclean, Mr. J. Robins, and Mrs. Leigh. *Dreams* had been played as a first piece before *Columbus*, the performances ending with a farce (still a solid triple bill.) *An Old Score* was presented second, being preceded by an operetta, and followed by *Columbus*.

An Old Score (produced late in July—a bad period of the year) was deficient in characters with whom a general audience could sympathise. The relations of father and son were very unpleasant. The father was a scoundrel, and the son never hesitated to tell him so. It had all the worst superficial faults of Thackeray, without his deep and gentle humanity. The author revived it once, some years after, at the "Court Theatre," but it never became popular. It suffered from too much cleverness, and this is a crime in the eyes of the ordinary playgoer. It was Mr. Gilbert's first comedy, and has an interest as a matter of theatrical history.

from "GOOD OLD GAIETY", 1903.

In 1869 Mr. W. S. Gilbert made his first appearance as a writer of comedy, with a three-act piece called *An Old Score*. It had one great and only fault: It was "too clever by half." It was too true to nature—disagreeable nature. It was not served up with enough

make-believe sauce. Playgoers have a sneaking kindness for humbugs—Tartuffes, Mawworms, Sleeks, and all the tribe. *An Old Score* flew in the face of their sympathies, and, as John Oxenford said in the *Times*, “the work was too genuine a comedy to suit the taste of the age.”

W. S. GILBERT OBSERVATIONS

from “WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.” THE THEATRE REVIEW. April, 1883.

Then came the opening of the Gaiety Theatre, for which occasion I wrote *Robert the Devil*, a burlesque on the opera of that name, and in which Miss Farren appeared. This was followed by my first comedy, *An Old Score*, which, however, made no great mark. But there was a circumstance connected with its production which may serve as a hint to unacted authors. As soon as I had written the piece I had it set up in type—a proceeding that cost me exactly five guineas. I sent a copy of it to Mr. Hollingshead, and within one hour of receiving it he had read and accepted it. He subsequently informed me that he read it at once *because it was printed. Verb. sap.* {Verbum sapienti sat est. A word to the wise is sufficient.}

from “A STAGE PLAY”, 1873

By-the-bye, here is an invaluable hint to Messieurs the Unacted. Never send a manuscript to a manager. Always print your play before you send it in. *It will be read*; and if rejected, it will be for a good and sufficient reason. There are thumping prizes in dramatic literature; and the five-pound outlay will be returned to you a thousand-fold, if your piece happens to turn up trumps.

DIAMONDS *from* "ROUTLEDGE'S CHRISTMAS ANNUAL"
BY W. S. GILBERT, 1867.

Following are excerpts from the short story *Diamonds*. This story is the basis for the Harold Calthorpe - Mary Waters subplot of *An Old Score*. Shown in **bold** are words transferred directly to the play; shown in **[bold brackets]** are changes made for the play.

Ralph Warren	[Harold Calthorpe]
Mary Vyner (Little Woman)	[Mary Waters]
Lady Julia Domner	[Ethel Barrington]
Col. Guy Warren	[Col. Calthorpe]
Baron Singleton	[Lord Ovington]
Singleton Estate	[Ovington Grange]

In Act 3 of *An Old Score*, there is the statement by Mary, "Miss Barrington, I first went to Singleton, but he was not there." This would appear to be an error by WSG in carrying over dialogue from *Diamonds*. The problem to fixing this error is that in *Diamonds*, Lady Julia is at Sangazure Hall, her home. Since Ethel Barrington is staying at Ovington Grange, it would not make sense for Mary to say, "Miss Barrington, I first went to Ovington, but he was not there." It is guessed that WSG recognized the illogic of changing Singleton to Ovington, but assumed that the vague reference to Singleton would slip by.

* * * * *

{Mary}

Mary Vyner was a milliner's assistant, on the whole, a very good little girl. Ralph Warren, although a free liver, was not an utterly unconscientious scamp, and although they had known each other for about two years, no harm had ever come, or was ever likely to come, of their meetings.

Mary Vyner was a quiet, modest, ladylike girl, whose greatest fault was an absolute devotion to, and an overwhelming belief in, the merits of the rather graceless young gentleman who was then on his way to meet her. She had learnt to love him with all the fervour that her blind little heart was capable of; and if he did not reciprocate her attachment to its full extent, he was still a great deal too fond of Mary Vyner to do her any deliberate wrong.

* * * * *

{Drowning of Titled Relatives}

The door opened, and a waiter put a letter into Ralph's hand.

'Sir,—we regret to inform you that intelligence has just reached us of the death of the Right Hon. Baron Singleton and his eldest son, the Honourable Hugh Warren, who were unfortunately drowned by the sudden capsizing of a yacht off Selsey Bill. We are instructed by your father, the present Baron Singleton, to communicate to you his desire that you should join him at Singleton without any delay.

'We are instructed that you are at liberty to draw upon us to the amount of £100 (one hundred pounds) to defray your necessary expenses.—We have the honour to be, Sir, your very obedient servants, Wardle and Tapp.'

* * * * *

{Rise in Social Rank}

'My father takes the peerage.'

'Your father Lord Singleton? Oh, Ralph, you never told me this!'

'I must leave you for a short time to go to Singleton—my father's place; but—I will return.'

'I think I shall never be happy again if you go; but do go, dear Ralph, if you think it best. I shall be dreadfully sad and dull at first—Oh!' (bursting into tears) 'how sad and dull I shall be!'

The Little Woman's sobs had moved him, and he felt that the tie between them was not to be so easily broken.

'Listen,' said he, impulsively, but yet with a quiet force that astonished him, 'I never openly told you that I loved you. But if you will have me, Little Woman, now that my prospects are brighter—we will be married, privately, as soon as the affairs connected with my grandfather's and uncle's deaths are settled.'

* * * * *

{Fifteen Month Separation}

Ralph Warren went down to join his father at Singleton the next day. It soon became evident that Ralph would in all probability succeed to the style, title, and estates of Lord Singleton.

So it became necessary that he should marry, and marry well, and the lady selected for him by his father was that haughty, imperious beauty, Lady Julia Domner, the only daughter of the

Earl of Sangazure.

His desertion of poor Mary Vyner was not unattended by some serious qualms of conscience. He thought often and often of the poor little girl, read over and over again her long touching letters.

He was not happy in his courtship of Lady Julia. She began by rather disliking him than otherwise—she ended by loving him with as much devotion as her cold, undemonstrative nature was capable of. He contrived to maintain an outward semblance of affection; but it was a hollow sham, and he knew it.

The young ladies at the milliner's subscribed to take in *The Times*, and in the columns of that paper Mary read one day that the alliance between the Hon. Ralph Warren and Lady Julia Domner, which had for some time been in contemplation, was definitely fixed to take place at Sangazure Hall on the 15th of the ensuing month.

* * * * *

{Meeting of the Rivals}

'Who are **you [here]? what do you want with me?**' asked Lady Julia **[Ethel]**.

'I have come all the way from town [London] to see you; forgive me—I am so unhappy!' gasped poor Little Woman **[Mary Waters]**.

'But what business have you with me? I am unwell [very ill], and may [must] not be intruded upon without good cause.'

'Lady Julia, I went first [went] to Singleton, but he was not there.'

'Has your business any connection with Mr. Warren [Harold Calthorpe]? Speak out—don't be afraid; let me know everything.'

I am Mary Vyner [Waters]—he loved me. Oh! I'm sure he loved me; give him back to me! Oh, Lady Julia, have mercy upon me!'

'He loved you!'

'Oh! so well; but that was long ago, when he was poor. He left me on his grandfather's death [father's coming into the peerage], promising to come back and marry me; but he never came, and I have been so ill.'

'You should not have come here to seek your paramour. I beg your pardon, I spoke in hot blood [anger]. Mr. Warren [Calthorpe] is not here; it will perhaps be some consolation to you to learn that he and I are utter strangers from this day. He has just

[To-day he] left Singleton [Ovington Grange], and will never return.'

'Left you?'

'Left me. It is enough for you to know that. If it will tend to restore your peace of mind to learn that Mr. Warren [Calthorpe] is nothing whatever to me—'

'Lady Julia [Miss Barrington], you are a lady of high rank [and fortune], I am a poor milliner's girl [humble, little music mistress]; don't let me forget that in what I am going to say. I loved Ralph [Harold]—I must call him so—devotedly; I love him still, or I should not be here. Before he quitted [left] me, each day was an earthly life that died and left me in heaven. He was so good to me, so kind to me, so true to me; he was so clever [who am so silly] and I so common-place. He left me to go to Singleton [six months ago for Ovington Grange], and I have never seen him since. I have been true to him—who would not be?—I have waited [humbly and trustfully] and waited for him, believed in him through the long dreary days and the cold black nights—through a long, long illness which [that] nearly killed me—through my slow recovery—even through the knowledge that he was on the point of being married to you. I loved him in my humble [quiet simple] way [as dearly,] as devotedly as you could have done [love him now]. I suffered when he left me as you suffer now. Dear Lady Julia [Miss Barrington], I came here in hot anger to upbraid you for having torn my love from me; I remain to tell you how well I know how to sympathize with your bereavement [deep, deep grief], and to beg of you to pardon me for having broken in upon you with my selfish sorrow at such a time.'

*** * * * ***

{The Letter}

Little Woman, with her hot sorrow strangely chastened, hurried back to town. And there she found, at last, a letter from Ralph. A hot, fevered letter, written under a passionate pulse—a letter that told her how he had longed for her throughout his engagement to another, how her form had been in his mind all day, and in his eyes all night, how he had chafed under the fetters he had woven for himself, and how he had freed himself from them.

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UNAPPRECIATED SHAKESPEARE BY W. S. GILBERT.
from "CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED
 SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" DECEMBER 9, 1882.

THE theory that I am about to propound is so audacious that at the request of the Editor of this paper I begin by stating that he has no sympathy whatever with it. He is a family man, and his life is a valuable life, and he is quite right to be cautious. For myself I have the courage of my opinions. I have no doubt but that the Editor has the courage of *his* opinions, but he has not the courage of *my* opinions, and, indeed, it would be unreasonable to expect it of him.

My theory is that the people of England have no real appreciation of the merits of their most distinguished poet. I do not refer to a thoughtful few, of whom I am one, and the reader is another, but to the mass of English-speaking men and women, educated and otherwise. I am prepared for the storm of indignant rejoinder with which this expression of opinion will be met. I am prepared to hear that the people of these islands hail Shakespeare as the greatest poet, the most profound thinker, and the most accomplished dramatist the world has ever produced. That the only theatre in which his plays are adequately presented is crowded with enthusiastic audiences. That we have mosaiced a hundred of his pithiest apophthegms into our daily conversation. That a public speaker, however unpopular or insignificant, has only to wind up his speech with half-a-dozen lines of Shakespeare (and to make it clearly understood that they *are* Shakespeare's) and he will sit down amid thunders of applause. That to mention any other author in the same page with Shakespeare is to insult that other author, however distinguished he may be in the abstract, by reminding society of his relative insignificance. All this is quite true. My argument is, not that Shakespeare does not deserve all that has been said and done in his honour, but that he deserves so much more.

He deserves to be read, but who reads him? *I* read him, and *you* read him, and probably Mr. Irving reads him, but how many more read him? A few, no doubt, but how many? I do not mean "how many dip into him?" I mean how many read him right through, as they read Dickens, Thackeray, and Tennyson, and Carlyle—or as they used to read Byron and Walter Scott, and Cooper and Marryat? Not to have read every novel of Thackeray is

to be at a serious social disadvantage. No man with any pretence to a cultivated mind will publicly admit that he is not familiar with every important poem of Tennyson. But how many Englishmen can lay their hands upon their hearts and say that they have read *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* from beginning to end? or *Alls Well that Ends Well*? or *Richard the Second*? or The First, Second, and Third Parts of *Henry the Sixth*? or *Julius Caesar*? or *Coriolanus*? or *Troilus and Cressida*? or *Cymbeline*? or *Love's Labour Lost*? or *Timon of Athens*? A few, no doubt, but how many? I do not mean that these plays are never "looked into," but how many have read them as they have read "The Newcomes," or "David Copperfield," or "Adam Bede," or "Ivanhoe," or "Childe Harold," or the "Idylls of the King?" A few, no doubt, but how many? How many of those who bubble over about Shakespeare could give a brief abstract of the plots of the plays above mentioned—or quote half-a-dozen lines from any of them? A few, no doubt, but how many?

Of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Henry V.*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, most people know something, for most people *have seen these plays acted*. But how many know anything about those plays of Shakespeare which are never acted? The gentleman who is reading these lines knows all about them, but how many of his friends are as well-informed as he? Let him invite the first acquaintance he meets (who has no professional connection with the stage) to favour him with a sketch of the plot of *Cymbeline*, and note the result. The chances are ten to one that that acquaintance, if he ventures on an answer at all, will describe *Cymbeline* as a woman. Of *Troilus and Cressida* he will be equally ignorant.

The truth is that Shakespeare is not light reading. But an absolute ignorance of the works of Shakespeare is most properly held to be disgraceful, and so it comes to pass that when a play of Shakespeare is adequately presented people rush to see it in order to familiarise themselves, in the readiest and easiest and most agreeable way, with works with which it is considered—and most rightly—that all Englishmen should be familiar.

But of those who go to a theatre at which a Shakesperian play is presented, how many are aware that the play is *not* Shakespeare's, but a trimmed and docked and interpolated and mutilated and generally desecrated version of his play? How many are aware that

the tragedy of *Hamlet*, as Shakespeare wrote it, contains about four thousand five hundred lines, *of which only about two thousand two hundred are usually delivered upon the stage?* I shall be told that that is quite enough, and perhaps it is, but how is this sentiment to be reconciled with the enthusiastic veneration in which all people profess to hold the works of Shakespeare? What author can be fairly judged by a play of which one half is deliberately suppressed? Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* contains about three thousand two hundred lines, the "Acting Edition" of this comedy contains only one thousand! Then, again, how many are aware that in very many cases—I believe I may say in all cases—the actual order of the scenes is changed, merely to provide time and stage-room for elaborate scenic display? If such an outrage were attempted upon a play by, say, Mr. Tom Taylor, would it not be regarded as an insult to his memory? When *Henry VIII.* is presented, it is customary to omit the last two acts—not because they were not written by Shakespeare, but because the star-part, Wolsey, finishes in the last act but two! But who cares? So with the *Merchant of Venice*. The last act is rarely presented because Shylock is not in it; though, in justice to Mr. Irving, I should state that upon the occasion of his recent revival of this play it was allowed to proceed to its legitimate conclusion. *The Taming of the Shrew*, a five-act play, is usually reduced to three acts, sometimes to two, occasionally to one! *The Comedy of Errors*, a five-act play, loses nearly three thousand lines in representation!

But who cares? Who resents these atrocious liberties? *I* do and the reader does, but who else? A few, perhaps, but how many? Who calls out from the pit to the "star" who deliberately cuts out the last two acts of *Henry VIII.* because he has no part in it—"You insufferably vain and sacrilegious impostor, how dare you lay your mutilating hand upon the immortal work of a genius whom we revere as we revere our religion? Restore the fourth and fifth acts of this great play! Perform them at once, or up go your benches!" *I* am in the habit of publicly addressing the star-tragedian in these words, and so is the reader; but who else does so? No one else—probably because it is not generally known that two acts have been suppressed. As for the "star," in all probability he has never read these acts. Why should he? There is no Wolsey in them.

In truth—and it is a lamentable truth—the *popular* knowledge of

Shakespeare is almost entirely derived from performances of mutilated versions of his plays. Of those plays in their entirety, and of the plays that are seldom or never performed, the mass of Englishmen know little or nothing.

I will point the moral of this paper with a quotation from the "Players' Preface" to the Folio Edition of Shakespeare's Plays:

"It is not our province who onely gather his workes and give them to you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough both to draw and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. Reade him, therefore, and againe, and againe, and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him."

CLEMENT SCOTT'S RESPONSE.
from "THE THEATRE" JANUARY 1, 1883.

"What author can be fairly judged by a play one-half of which is deliberately suppressed?" asks Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and proceeds to argue that Shakspeare {variant of Shakespeare} is not appreciated, and that "Hamlet" is not understood by the playgoing public, because the play is not acted precisely as written. This whimsical satirist has positively got it into his head, or, at any rate, pretends to believe, that, "if such an outrage were perpetrated on a play by Mr. Tom Taylor, it would be regarded as an insult to his memory!" There are various methods of ridding the stage of Shakspeare. Ridicule having failed, it having been proved nonsense to say that "Shakspeare could not write a play for the nineteenth century," the latest weathercock device is to excite the public to hoot the manager who does not court absolute failure by acting Shakspeare *verbatim et literatim* {word for word and letter for letter}. Is there one single play that has held the stage for a hundred years that is now acted as written? Is "The School for Scandal?" Is "The Rivals?" Is "She Stoops to Conquer?" Can any one single stage classic be quoted that is acted literally as written? and who wants them to be so acted? Is the stage to be deprived of Sheridan and Goldsmith in obedience to an impracticable whim? Don't add words, for goodness sake; don't Cibberize or Garrickize; don't attempt to "paint the lily or

gild refined gold;" don't improve upon Shakspeare—but why not take away, lop out, excise, rearrange, and make practicable what would otherwise be lost to the stage? I disagree with Mr. Gilbert *toto coelo* {opposite as black and white}. I hope that Mr. Henry Irving, with his reverential treatment and true appreciation of Shakspeare, will go on giving us acting editions by the dozen, and producing more plays as beautifully, as sensibly, and as intelligently as he has done "Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Much Ado About Nothing." There are stage editors and stage editors.

Mr. Irving has done more to encourage the love of Shakspeare among the people than any actor who ever lived. Supposing it be true, as Mr. Gilbert hints, that no one knows anything about Shakspeare until they go to the theatre—well, granted all that, having gone to the theatre, they surely take down the book and study the discarded lines whose omission is supposed to be such an "outrage," but if they did not see Shakspeare on the stage, they would probably never be induced to study the book. Mr. Irving's good work is before the world, and I really do not think that anyone desires to "tear up his benches" for his irreverence. On the contrary, I believe that there are hundreds and thousands of playgoers who would like to see Mr. Bancroft or Mr. Hare doing for comedy—old English comedy—exactly what Mr. Irving is doing for Shakspeare. There are volumes of good plays on our theatrical bookshelves absolutely lost to the stage for want of editing and rearrangement. *Autres temps, autres moeurs* {other times, other customs}, in plays as in everything else. No, no, my dear Mr. Gilbert, if authors, modern authors, clever authors, would only allow their plays to be altered more than they do, to be cut and trimmed more than they will, the stage and the public would be the gainers. Then we should have no "Promise of Mays." Not a play is ever acted that has not to be cut after it is produced. It is not cut before, because the author naturally loves his offspring. But I suppose this is only another joke by Mr. Gilbert—a topsy-turvydom or criticism served up for the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*' Christmas number, which, I may here remark, is quite admirable. I like Christmas numbers that have a lot of short stories and sketches by clever men, and I would cordially recommend the instant perusal of the hunting story by the editor, Mr. Alfred E. T.

Watson—admirably told—and the ghost story of Mr. Herbert Gardner, in excellent taste and style; and everyone should read, of course, Mr. Gilbert’s “Unappreciated Shakspeare,” but not be misled by it.

CLEMENT SCOTT ON QUEUES.
from “THE THEATRE” MARCH 1, 1883.

Mr. D’Oyly Carte writes to the papers advocating the *queue* system at pit and gallery doors as in Paris, and, in the warmth of his advocacy, he is a little hard on those members of the public who prefer to stand for hours outside the doors of a theatre instead of securing reserved seats. He thinks that they compose an unruly, pushing, impatient crowd; whereas, at nearly every theatre in London, the expectant audience has very much to contend against. The tables might very readily be turned against the managers. Why do they not compel their architects to provide vestibules, or ante-rooms, for all who wait at the doors, instead of turning them into the street? If the architect neglects the comfort of the hundreds who must wait at the doors in all weathers, why do not managers erect a glass awning abutting from the theatre wall, as Mr. Toole and Mr. Hollingshead have done, in the teeth of a strong parochial remonstrance? Should these courtesies fail, is it quite impossible to open the doors a little earlier these wet and miserable nights? Why should not the crowds be admitted as they appear? There is always some one about a theatre, and I cannot see what harm pittites or gallery folk would do in their seats, reading the paper or a book. At any rate, anything is better than getting wet outside, and these are the people, at present so wretchedly provided for, who are told to stand in order and marshal themselves. No crowd ever yet marshalled itself without a director in the form of a policeman. The weakest must go to the wall; the strongest must inevitably prevail. The *queue* system is carried to an absurdity in Paris, and no one would wish to see it imitated here. We do not want to take tickets for omnibuses, or to be locked up in waiting rooms until the train arrives. But English people love order as well as most people, as may be seen at the ticket-office of every railway station. They want to be directed, not bullied. If Mr. D’Oyly Carte will shelter his patrons, he will earn their gratitude; failing that, let him station a

policeman to see that the strong do not prevail over the weak. Besides, the *queue* system is impossible without barriers. A door opened suddenly and letting in hundreds of people packed against it must create confusion, and more than half that confusion might be avoided—not alone by temper on the part of the audience, but by common sense on the part of the managers.

SADLEIR AND DARGAN

In his Times review (July 28, 1869), John Oxenford states “Some persons, indeed, will trace in the position of the two principal personages a reference to a celebrated case of fraud that a few years ago created a strong sensation among the public of England and Ireland.” The ‘two principal personages’ are Colonel Calthorpe and James Casby. The ‘celebrated case of fraud’ refers to the life and suicide death of John Sadleir in 1856.

In My Lifetime (1895), John Hollingshead states “The *Old Score* was said to be founded on a passage in the life of Mr. Dargan, the great Irish contractor, and Sadleir, the banker who committed suicide on Hampstead Heath.” The ‘passage in the life’ of William Dargan would refer to his becoming very wealthy and famous after a poor and obscure beginning.

Sadleir and Dargan were both Irish Catholic and were both prominent in Ireland at the same time, but there is no mention of their meeting or corresponding in any biographical description.

WILLIAM DARGAN (1799-1867) was the son of a tenant farmer in the town of Carlow (45 miles southwest of Dublin), Ireland. Dargan left for England in his early twenties and obtained a minor position under Thomas Telford, who was directing the construction of the London to Holyhead (Wales) roadway. He rose quickly under Telford, and was entrusted with the supervision of the Dublin to Howth Harbor mail coach road. For his successful efforts, he was awarded a bonus of three hundred pounds. His reputation established, Dargan used this sum to commence his career as the foremost builder of railways in Ireland.

He presented the low construction bid for Ireland’s first railway, the Dublin and Kingstown Railway. The D&KR was proposed in 1831 to run the six miles from Dublin to the port town of Kingstown (changed to the ancient Irish name of Dun Laoghaire in 1921). The £83,000 contract was awarded to Dargan in 1833 and the railway was finished in 1834.

From this beginning, Dargan rose to prominence and became involved with nearly every railway building project in Ireland. He became extremely wealthy and was famous as a philanthropist to the Irish people in a time of great need.

JOHN SADLEIR (1813-1856) was the son of an upper middle class banker in the town of Tipperary (110 miles southwest of Dublin), Ireland. Sadleir studied as a solicitor, and his father set him up in practice in Dublin. He started making his fortune by acting as a land agent for large Irish estates. He left for London in 1846 to seek greater business opportunities. The next ten years would see the rapid rise and sudden fall of John Sadleir.

He became a parliamentary agent for railway investors, and was successful in obtaining MP support for a number of bills to further railway development. Sadleir became well known in London, and reasoned that further business success would be enhanced by his becoming a Member of Parliament. He chose Carlow (by then Dargan was residing in his estate near Dublin), thinking that his best chance for success would be in an Irish Catholic area.

As an MP and successful businessman, Sadleir quickly became Chairman or Director of a bank, two railways, and other ventures. It is noted that none of these ventures crossed paths with Dargan.

Sadleir appeared to be a financial genius. His companies consistently declared large dividends and he spent lavishly in his personal life. The truth was that he lost large sums in stock speculations and that the dividends were financed by using new investor funds. He prepared false balance sheets for the shareholders' review to hide mounting deficits.

Sadleir would accept large sums for land investment and make the purchases in his name; he would then obtain mortgages on the deeds. He sold counterfeit share certificates in companies of which he was director, and pocketed the receipts. He forged William Dargan's name to a £12,000 promissory note and used it as security for a loan.

By 1855, after ten years in London, his indebtedness was over one million pounds. The unmarried Sadleir made a final attempt to keep himself afloat by seeking out single daughters of wealthy friends. This came to naught and his schemes were on the verge of discovery. Sadleir knew the unraveling would begin when he received word an investor would go the next day to register a fraudulent deed that Sadleir had forged.

The evening before, Sadleir left his house with a bottle of Prussic acid and a razor. The razor was not needed. He died from the poison on Hampstead Heath in London on February 17, 1856.

W. S. GILBERT would have been aware of the details of Sadleir's career. There are a number of episodes which he used to his advantage in *An Old Score* to characterize Colonel Calthorpe. The most significant is the forging of the notes. Calthorpe's forgery with a total of £8,500 for the two Casby notes is about the same as Sadleir's £12,000 forgery of Dargan. Since Dargan does not acquire and destroy his note, Sadleir's transgression becomes revealed in time. In both situations, however, the original holders of the notes lose their investments. Casby destroys the notes to save the Colonel, but there is no indication that Parkle, the original holder, receives any reimbursement. This lapse in Casby's character is noted by Arthur àBeckett in his Tomahawk parody 'You have forged my name to a bill, and I have stolen it, to the great loss of him who discounted it for you.'

There are other similarities. Colonel Calthorpe lost large sums in stock speculations. As Harold says 'For every sovereign I've laid on a horse, you have laid five hundred on the rise and fall of speculative stocks.' In another arena, Colonel Calthorpe was more ingenious in securing the hand of a wealthy marital partner than was Sadleir. Finally, his line 'It was always a mystery to me how even brave men could make up their minds to suicide. It's no mystery now!' appears to be a reference to the ultimate fate of Sadleir.

There is less direct use of specific episodes in Dargan's life. The closest parallel would be Casby's statement of 'I succeeded in gaining the confidence of my employers, and passed through the various subordinate grades' until he became successful and wealthy. WSG uses Dargan to achieve credibility that Casby's steady progression in the House of Bounderby was a reasonable, if unlikely, sequence of events.

DATES AND AGES

At the beginning of *An Old Score* (p2), it is stated that 'Twelve months are supposed to elapse between the first and second acts, and six months between the second and third. Time—1868-9.' In Act II, Flathers reads from Mrs. Pike's account book (p22), 'Week ending 4th July'. Also, WSG has Mary state in the *Fun* parody, 'Here are eggs and sausages (although it is July).' Taking all this into account: Act I takes place July 1868, Act II

takes place July 1869, Act III takes place December 1869.

The ages of Ethel Barrington and Harold Calthorpe are clearly stated in Act I. Casby says to Ethel (p5), 'you are a young girl of eighteen.' With regard to Harold, Manasseh says to Mary (p19), 'he ain't of age' to which Harold replies, 'I am of age now.' This would indicate that Harold had just turned twenty-one, which was the age of majority at that time. Mary would be about nineteen; this accommodates Ethel's comment (p17) that Ethel is 'one who is older than yourself in everything but years' and takes into account Mary's general naïveté.

The age of Colonel Calthorpe is tied to that of James Casby. Calthorpe was a company commander, probably a captain, at the time of his court-martial (p42). His age is estimated at about twenty-eight. Since Casby was about ten (p6) when rescued from the streets, Calthorpe would be about eighteen years older than Casby. It is noted that Casby was sent to a day school (p42) for some period of time. It would appear that this was for a brief period, and does not materially affect the estimates.

The age of James Casby presents a problem. It is surprising that such a collection of inconsistencies could have escaped WSG's notices and been permitted to be presented on stage. The initial presentation of the life of James Casby is clearly stated (p5 & p6) and would show that Calthorpe rescued him thirty-eight years before. He presently would be forty-eight, starting as office boy for Bounderby at age ten, becoming junior clerk at age fifteen, and relocating to Bombay at age eighteen (where he has lived for thirty years).

This statement of facts is soon contradicted by Calthorpe to Parkle (p9) 'thirty years ago I took him from the streets', Calthorpe to Casby (p10) 'exactly thirty years ago I took you from the streets', Casby to Ethel (p36) 'singing under your uncle's window thirty years ago', Casby to Calthorpe (p42) 'you took me from the streets thirty years ago'. 'Thirty years ago' is alluded to twice in WSG's *Fun* parody (p51 & p55).

The conclusion is that as WSG went further into the play, he realized that a forty-eight year old Casby would not fit well with the details of Calthorpe's life. It is more appropriate for Calthorpe to be fifty-eight (than sixty-six), being childless the first ten years of his marriage (rather than eighteen), and having the younger man's

energy and ambition that his character requires. This is another instance where WSG does not notice or bother to go back and fix simple errors or inconsistencies.

The age of James Casby would therefore be forty years and he would have spent closer to twenty years (not thirty) living in Bombay.

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