

"Then save your ha'pence and see that one to begin on. 'T is called 'The Rivals,' and well 't is named, for it can rival aught I've ever seen; though I'm told it was a failure when they tried it first, last year. 'The Rivals' is the name: Dick Sheridan wrote it."

"'Dick' Sheridan! '*Dick*'! You know him, then?" questioned Trisket, in awe-struck tones.

"Not I, forsooth," disclaimed Sycamore, disdainfully. "But one calls these player fellows 'Dick' or 'Ben' or 'Davy,' as 't were any other vagabond one spoke of. Know him, indeed! I ne'er heard of the knave until last night, and would not have heard of him even then but that I went to Covent Garden to bear a message to the new Lord Brandon, and found his lordship hobnobbing with the rogue as though it were an equal he clinked glasses with. 'T was 'Dick' here, and 'dear Dick' there, and 'bonny Dick'