

**THE IDLE BORN, A
COMEDY
OF MANNERS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649188598

The idle born, a comedy of manners by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor & Reginald De Koven

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.

Cover @ 2017

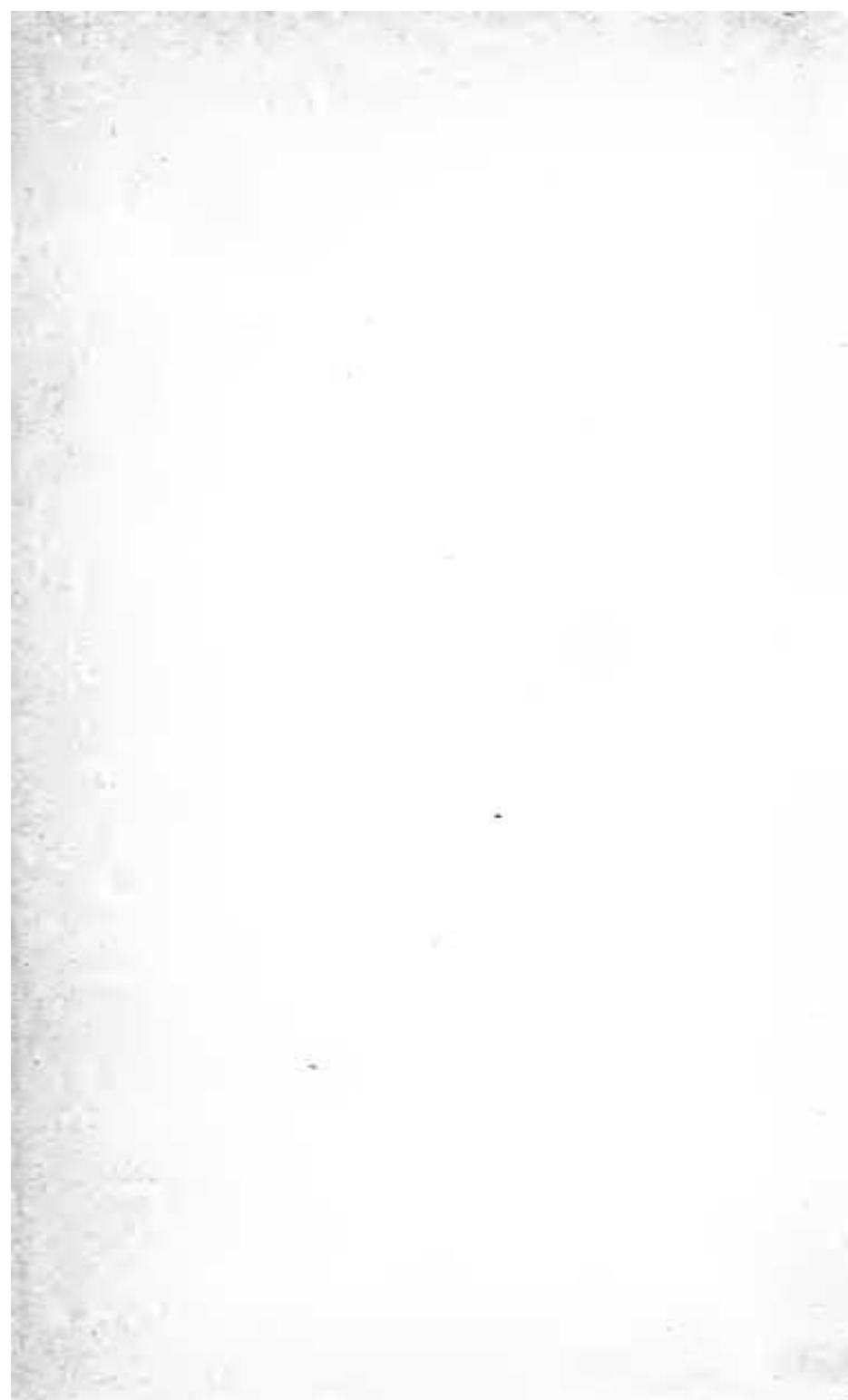
This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR & REGINALD DE KOVEN

**THE IDLE BORN, A
COMEDY
OF MANNERS**

THE IDLE BORN



THE IDLE BORN

A COMEDY OF MANNERS

BY

H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

*Author of "Two Women and a Fool," "The Land of the
Castanet," "The Vice of Fools," "An American Peeress," etc.*

IN COLLABORATION WITH

REGINALD DE KOVEN



HERBERT S. STONE AND COMPANY
ELDRIDGE COURT, CHICAGO
MDCCCC

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY
HERBERT S. STONE & CO

A HOMILY

When Isaac Watts wrote his time-worn lines about the mischief Satan finds for idle hands he perhaps found his inspiration in the "smart society" of the day. Certainly the courts of the Restoration and George the First presented a spectacle of depravity which might even shock a far more liberal-minded person than a non-conformist minister.

The point of view, however, of the author of Psalms and Hymns must have been restricted by his opportunities. The Sabbath lighting of Whitehall, and the sounding of the tabors for the weekly "brawl," or a boyish glimpse through the trees of Bird Cage walk of the Merry Monarch romping with his spaniels and greyhounds and followed

apace by a bevy of laughing beauties, whose reputations were as highly colored as their cheeks, may have been sufficient to impress the mind of the youthful Puritan with the shallowness of Vanity Fair. Or, again, when grown to manhood, the pastor of Mark Lane may have received his impressions of the gross and vulgar Hanoverian court while passing in his humble wanderings the country drive, called Hyde Park, where the ladies drove round and round in a cloud of dust, singing, laughing, tickling each other and munching cheese cakes and China oranges. He might even have sauntered to the river side, and beheld a royal barge, with its rowers in scarlet jackets, bearing a party of pleasure-seeking dames and attendant Maccaronis to Marble Hill or Twickenham. A glimpse only of gay, laughing ladies in slouch hats and falling mantles, of gentlemen in puce-colored coats, with cocked hats, and old point

lace dark as coffee water could make it; but enough to cause the good man to shudder and offer a prayer for the souls of the idle born.

Of the lives of those fine people—of their evil ways—the Rev. Issac Watts could know but little, except as the scandals of the court were whispered in distorted form, from mouth to mouth, or pointed by innuendo in the pages of the Tatler.

Society then was the court, and the court was to all intents and purposes the government. The chief mischief provided by Satan for the idle was the means to barter place and emolument, the power to injure their fellow men. People have not changed appreciably since then, for human nature alters little, but in the never ending conflict between the powers of good and evil the good is slowly but surely advancing, and were Isaac Watts to return to earth to-day he would find many changes