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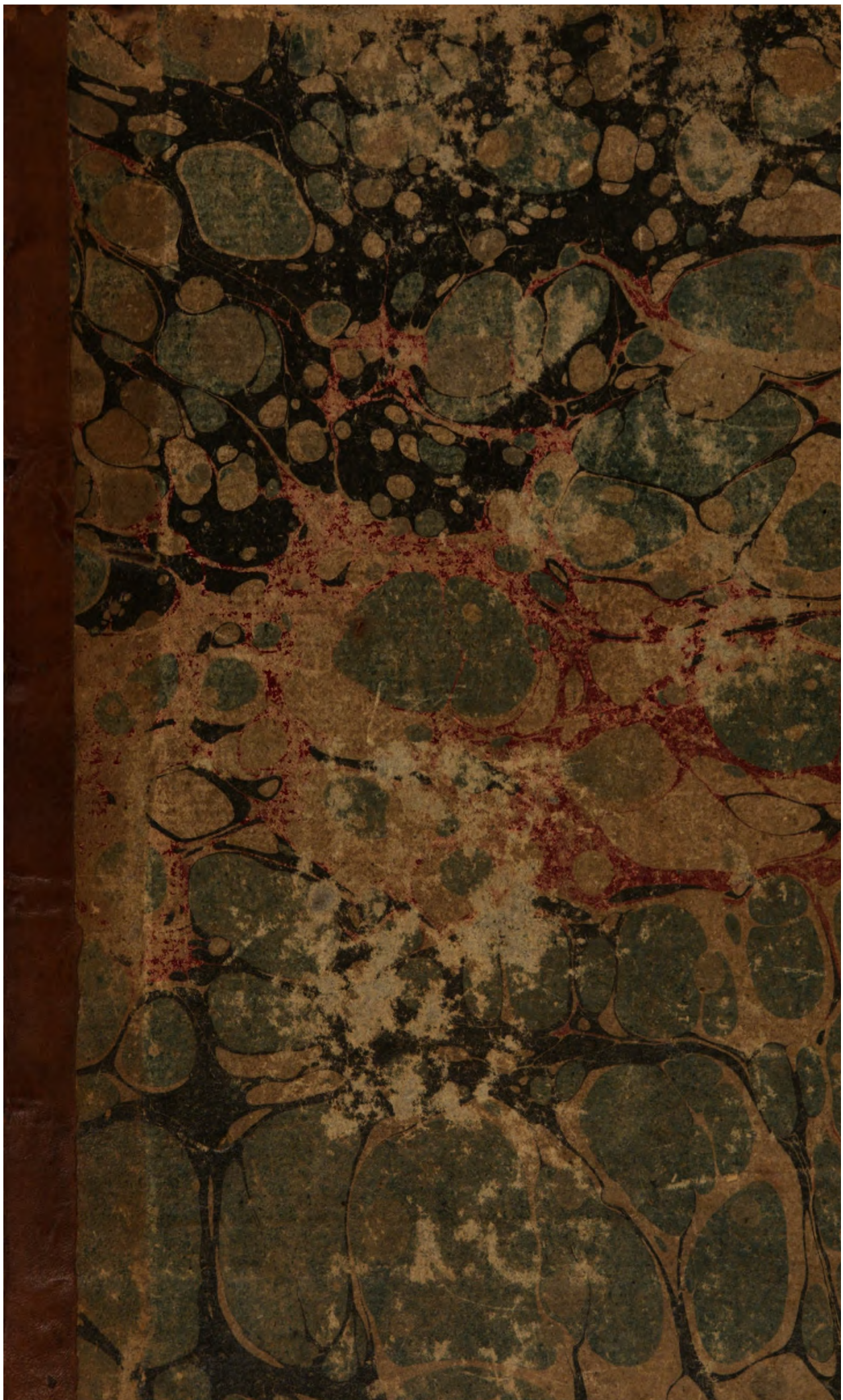
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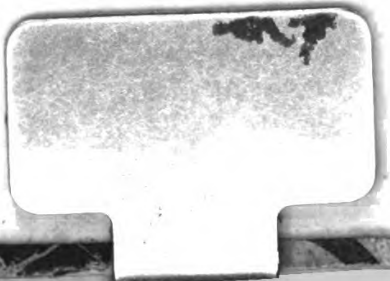


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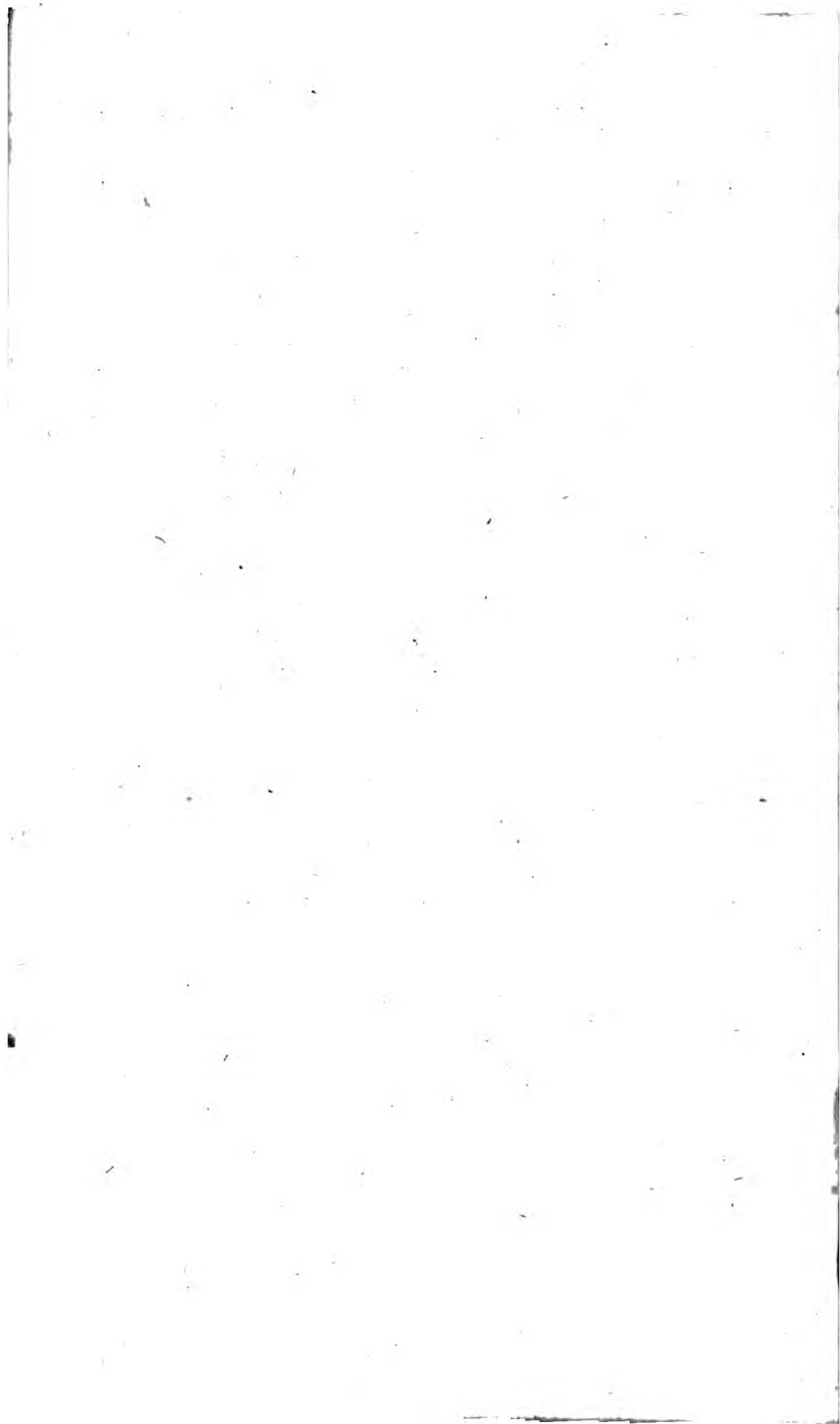
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R. ROBERTSON GLASGOW,
OF MONTGREENAN.



XL 11.4

1991



THE
MAN OF TEN THOUSAND:

A

C O M E D Y.

AS IT IS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BY

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1796.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE character of Major Rampart was intended to represent one of those persons who imagine they have uttered volumes, without having said a word : whose eager looks inform us how important they suppose their own conceptions to be ; but, being too mighty for utterance, language sinks under them, and they expect the assent and applause of their companions to their Humphs? Hays? and expletives. These expletives, as used by the Major, are omitted in representation ; because they offended. They are here restored, and left to the consideration of the reader. It may be necessary to add, they should not be pronounced in an articulate and emphatical manner ; but with a half-muttering rapidity : accompanied by equally rapid glances, looking round for, and demanding, admiration.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dorington	-	-	-	-	Mr. KEMBLE.
Hairbrain	-	-	-	-	Mr. BANNISTER, jun.
Sir Pertinax Pitiful	-	-	-	-	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Lord Laroon	-	-	-	-	Mr. PALMER.
Major Rampart	-	-	-	-	Mr. R. PALMER.
Confol	-	-	-	-	Mr. SUETT.
Curfew	-	-	-	-	Mr. DODD.
Hudson	-	-	-	-	Mr. AICKIN.
Herbert	-	-	-	-	Mr. WEWITZER.
Robert	-	-	-	-	Mr. TRUEMAN.
Thomas	-	-	-	-	Mr. MADDOX.
Clerk	-	-	-	-	Mr. PHILLIMORE.
Footmen.					
Mob.					
Lady Taunton	-	-	-	-	Miss POPE.
Olivia	-	-	-	-	Miss FARREN.
Annabel	-	-	-	-	Mrs. GIBBS.
Girl	-	-	-	-	Miss TIDSWELL.

THE
MAN OF TEN THOUSAND:

A
COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A superb hall, with a grand stair-case, illuminated by chandeliers. The Maître d'Hôtel on the top, at the drawing-room door. Footman, below, calls—*

Foot. **B**ARON Steinberg's carriage is ready.
Maît. d'H. (Above) Baron Steinberg's carriage.

The Baron comes from the drawing-room door, and descends the stair-case.

Foot. The ambassador's carriage!

Foreign ambassador descends: his footmen in gaudy livery, attending below.

Foot. Lord Lackwit's coach.

Several persons descend together: among the rest, Lord LARON, Major RAMPART, Mr. CONSOL, Mr. CURFEW and Sir PERTINAX PITIFUL.

Con. (To some persons going) Your Lordship will go? *(To another)* Good night to your grace!

B

Cur.

2 THE MAN OF TEN THOUSAND:

Cur. (To Lord Laroon) With submission, my Lord, do you know that impertinent person?

Lord L. Certainly: so do you. It is Consol; the great Court and City Broker.

Cur. Pardon me, I transact business with him; but I don't know him. I wonder our friend Dorington admits such people.

Sir P. Oh! He is the right hand man of the whole Peerage!

Lord L. (*Bows*) And of the Baronets to boot, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Yes; We have him in turn.

Cur. Under correction, the man has all the vulgar insolence of wealth, newly and knavishly acquired.

Sir P. Very true. The fellow makes himself quite familiar. By the bye, our friend here lives in prodigious splendour.

Maj. Blow me to atoms! Immensely rich.

Lord L. His West India property is incredible.

Maj. Then his generosity of soul! Humph: Hay? Damme! Unbounded! Humph?

Cur. With great deference (*Looking at them sarcastically*) I wish he had a little more discrimination.

Con. (*Coming forward*) What, our friend above?

Lord L. Surrounded by a selfish set!

Sir P. Oh! A vile crew!

Cur. (*Locking round*) Each, I presume, has a design upon him.

Con. To be sure! That is natural.

Lord L. (*Looking at Sir P.*) One borrows his money.

Sir P. (*Looking at the Major*) Another his interest.

Maj. (*At Lord L.*) A third makes his house his Hotel: Humph?

Lord

Lord L. (*At Curfew*) A fourth hopes to trick him into marriage.

Cur. (*At Lord L.*) A fifth picks his pocket by gambling.

Sir P. He has not one true friend.

Maj. Well, he can afford it! Do you take me? Humph? Hay? Damme! Humph?

Con. You are all wrong, and he is right. You do not understand calculation. He has a scheme! A plan! Popularity! Parliament! Pension! Place!

Maj. And perhaps Prime—Humph? Hay? Do you take me? Damme! Humph?

Con. Why does he give such dinners? To serve himself, to be sure! I never ask a man to dinner, that I do not mean to get something by.

Cur. I believe you.

Con. Believe me? Ay certainly! You do the same. Why here, now, do I stand prating to you! What do I get by it? Nothing. Then why do I stay? Because I am a fool! If you wanted forty or fifty thousand now, upon good security, and were pinched into a premium, it might be worth my while: but you are a fly filcher. There is nothing to be got by you: so, good night. Sir Pertinax; the Mortgagee will be at my house at two to-morrow.

Sir P. I will not fail.

Con. Dorington knows what he is about. Never ask a man to dinner, that you do not mean to get something by. Never! [Exit.

Lord L. (*Looking after him*) A very contemptible scoundrel!

Sir P. A pitiful rascal!

Maj. No foul! Humph? Hay? Damme! Only means to pick our friend's pocket, Humph? Hay? Do you take me? Damme! Humph?

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Lord L. Why now, Major, you hope for promotion through Dorington's interest.

Maj. Who, I?

Sir P. Aided by his purse.

Maj. Blow me to atoms! I?

Cur. I speak it with great deference, but you have petitioned him.

Maj. Mr. Curfew, you have a very polite way with you; otherwise—But you have remarked how hot I am.

Cur. Pardon me, I never saw a man more cool.

Maj. You are pleased to compliment—Sir but my blood and—Gentlemen, I will tell you a story.

Lord L. Pray do not.

Maj. An affair that happened between me and Herr General Von Dondertronic.

Sir P. I will be gone. My feelings will not suffer me to see my friends make themselves ridiculous.

Lord L. I know your feelings are prodigiously troublesome to you, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. It is my misfortune. Major, go on with your story. You tell it excellently, and often. Adieu. [Exit.

Maj. I chanced to affirm at Laudohn's Levee (I served the Emperor at that time) to affirm that Frederic the Great commanded the right wing, in person, at the battle of Prague. Mein Herr, said Von Dondertronic, very respectfully taking off his hat (I give you his manner and phrase) Mein Herr, you am a committa mistake a. Carnage and gunpowder, General, said I, interrupting him, do you mean to tell me that I am mistaken? Von Dondertronic was as daring as he was polite. Herr Mayor, said he, for this von littel timea you am a committa mistake a——He knew it was signing his
own

own death warrant, damme! Humph? Hay? Yet he said it! Blow me to atoms, said I, a barrel of gunpowder! Quick! And a fire-brand! Humph? Hay? Do you take me? Damme! Humph? Contradict me?—Sir, the gunpow—

Cur. With humble submission, Major, you never tell this story twice the same way.

Maj. Gentlemen, the gunpowder was brought.

Cur. The last time, you said that, luckily, there was none in the Camp;

Maj. Body of Belzebug!—My Lord, it was an affair of honour. Laudohn, the Generalissimo, attended to see that all was in rule.

Cur. You said he put you both under arrest.

Maj. Blow me to atoms! Sir, do you tell the story.

Cur. With submission, Sir, I never tell stories that I do not believe.

Maj. No, Sir? Why then, carnage and flames! you are no story-teller. Humph?

Lord *L.* Come, come, be merciful, my dear Mr. Curfew. The Major's stories, like himself, are very inoffensive.

Maj. I? A soldier inoffensive! Blow me to— Humph? Hay?

Lord *L.* Nay, is it not a soldier's duty to keep the king's peace?

Maj. Right! Your Lordship is right! Humph? Hay? Damme! I know a soldier's duty! Humph?

[*Calls*] Hola! Where are my rascals? [*Enter Footman.*] Order my carriage.

Foot. It is at the door, Sir. [*Exit.*

Maj. Mr. Curfew, you are a very polite— Humph? Hay? Do you take me? Damme! Humph?

Cur. Excuse my temerity, but I do not take—

Maj.

6 THE MAN OF TEN THOUSAND:

Maj. You beg pardon and make concessions very apropos. Humph? Hay? My Lord? Damme! Humph?

Cur. With great deference, I make no concessions; and should be glad you—

Maj. Sir, my carriage is waiting. Sir, (*Seriously*) I know a foldier's duty. Do you take me? Humph? Hay? Damme! Humph? [*Exit.*

Lord L. Of which retreating is a very essential part.

Cur. (*Calling after him*) With submission, Sir, you are no foldier.

Lord L. Calm yourself, my good Mr. Curfew.

Cur. Under correction, my Lord, I am calm.

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha! Your contradiction and the Major's acquiescence are very amusing.

Cur. With deference to your Lordship's superior judgment, I deny what you say.

Lord L. I knew you would.

Cur. With humble submission, of that I doubt.

Lord L. Very well, Mr. Curfew.

Cur. Excuse me, it is not very well. I am not amusing, and have less contradiction than any man breathing.

Lord L. I perceive, Mr. Curfew, you perfectly know yourself.

Cur. Pardon me, I do not know myself.

Lord L. *Diavolo!* There is no pleasing you, Mr. Curfew.

Cur. Under favour, no man is so easily pleased.

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha! Right, Mr. Curfew, very right! You have it every way! You are neither this, that, nor the other: every thing and nothing: the most facetious, melancholy, complaisant, rude, polite, pleasant, impertinent person I ever beheld.

Under

Under favour, with humble submission, and begging your pardon. Ha, ha, ha!

DORINGTON, *descending the stair-case, leading Lady TAUNTON. HERBERT, in the back ground.*

Cur. My Lord! I presume to tell you, though a Peer—

Dor. What is the matter, my good Sir? (*To Lady Taunton*) Let me see you to your carriage.

Lady T. Not yet gone, my Lord?

Lord L. Who can quit such good company?

Lady T. You are a little malicious, I suspect. You are an adorer of Olivia; and wish to rival your friend here?

Dor. Let him, if he can.

Lady T. Ten to one, now, to-morrow morning, you will tell her I am handed to my carriage, by her lover; nay, will insinuate we have had a tête à tête. You love mischief.

Lord L. It is my ambition to vie with your Ladyship.

Lady T. Me? Oh no! In the art of tormenting, I do not know your equal. Good night. Be cautioned. [*Exit: led by Dorington.*]

Lord L. And so, my dear Mr. Curfew, as you were saying, you are the nonpareil of perfection.

Cur. With submission, I was not saying any thing.

Lord L. Oh! What, you were lost in astonishment, at the gallantry of Dorington to Lady Taunton? Well, well; don't mention it to your Ward! She is scarcely a being of this age. Accustomed to your perfections, she has no indulgence for these fashionable accommodations. Bon soir! But don't tell Olivia.

[*Exit: bowing to Dorington who returns.*]

Cur.

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Cur. Pardon my presumption, Sir, but I must say the persons I meet, at your table, do very little honour to your choice.

Dor. That, Sir, is your opinion.

Cur. Allow me to remark, candour is my character; and there is not one among them but is knave, or fool, or both.

Dor. May be so: what then, Sir?

Cur. In my humble judgment, he that associates with such renders himself their equal.

Dor. Pshaw! If I will associate with no man who is either knave or fool, I must cage myself at once. Nay, I must never look in a glass; for fear I should happen to meet one where I least expected it.

Cur. Under correction, you, Sir, can discover merit where other people can find nothing but deformity.

Dor. Then, Sir, under correction, I have a pleasure, which I am sorry other people want.

Cur. I am concerned for my Ward's sake.

Dor. Nay, nay, leave her and me to settle those points.

Cur. Pardon me, my scruples must be quieted.

Dor. I thought I had quieted them all, when I agreed to leave her fortune in your hands, without interest, for a term of six years after the day of marriage.

Cur. Excuse me, I am not so easily satisfied.

Dor. So it appears.

Cur. Olivia begins to have her scruples.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha!

Cur. With submission, your laugh is unmannerly; and I believe she is inclined to break off the match.

Dor. Good night, Sir.

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Cur. Permit me humbly to remark——

Dor. Not a word more. Whenever I perceive a Gentleman obstinately bent both to give offence and to take offence, I leave him : lest I should follow a bad example.

Cur. Sir, I humbly presume I never give a bad example. I never take offence : and he that says I do is a—a—a

Dor. (*Calmly*) What?

Cur. Good night, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Dor. (*Bows*) Ha, ha, ha!

HERBERT comes forward.

Her. Zo. A be al alone at long length. Now, an I had but the audacity to unbosom my mind to'n!

Dor. Herbert! Why do you stand there, my honest fellow?

Her. I be a guaing, zir.

Dor. Did you wish to speak to me?

Her. Why, if zo be as I might be zo bold.

Dor. Ay surely! What should you fear, my good friend?

Her. Don't ee cal I your friend : I be but a poor Devonshire lad.

Dor. Poor, Herbert? You are the heir of landed property : of which I expect you will very shortly be in possession.

Her. Ay, ay ; you ha' bin to law : a drowing away a deal o' your own money, to get me a little o' mine.

Dor. Why, what a contemptible fellow must I have been, Herbert, could I have seen you and Annabel, your orphan cousin, robbed, by a wicked and rapacious executor, and not have done you both right ! Speak honestly : (*Leans on his shoulder*) would you have seen me so used ?

C

Her.

Her. Don't ee speak so kindly to I. I do zee you worse used every day of my life; and I can't help it, nether! Al a begging and a borrowing! and you a never zaying nay! Money! Money! I do zee well enough, avore they've adone, they won't leave you a morsel to put i' your mouth.

Dor. Having been once in want, Herbert, thou art always in dread of it.

Her. Ees zure! I war used to play at pinch-belly, and now the game is choak-throat!

Dor. Well, Herbert, to shew thee that they shall not have all, here, take this; carry it to the poor tradesman, whose goods thou knowest were taken in execution.

Her. Marcy goodnefs! A hundred pounds?

Dor. Tell him to pay his debts with half; and to increase his little stock with the remainder.

Her. A hundred pounds!

Dor. We give five hundred for a bauble, to glitter on the finger. Shall we refuse one, to rescue a dozen human beings from famine, and imprisonment?

Her. Zurely! Zurely!—Well, may cousin Annabel zay, you be the kindest, best, and most generous gentleman i' the whole wordle.

Dor. Not half so good or so kind as herself, Herbert.

Her. Why, tho'f she be my cousin, I can't but zay, a's a kindly zoft zoul.

Dor. Well, is she satisfied with her friend, and protectrefs?

Her. What, Miss Olivia? Marcy dear! How can she be othergues? Why, she cals cousin Annabel zister; ay and she treats her more reverently, by half, nur many a zister would. But now do'ee, Zir, bethink you avore hand that, when
you

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II

you ha' giv'n al away, you'll ha' nothink vor yourzel.

Dor. Well, make thyself eafy, good Herbert; when I have time, I will confider thy advice.

Her. Nay but, I do befeech you, don't ee ftay till then. No; don't ee, don't ee! Mifs Olivia herzel begins to be mortal uneafy about it. And I am zure coufin Annabel and I could never reft in our graves, if as any mifvortin fhould betray you. I do hope you beant angry wi' I for my audacity; but indeed, indeed, I do love your gracious kindnefs, as I do love my two precious eyes. So pray you now, for God's love, bethink you! Do'ee! Do'ee! Do'ee! [Exit.

Hairbrain. (without) Thomas! Pay my coach.

Dor. Heyday!

SCENE III. *Enter* HAIRBRAIN.

Hair. Well, Dorington, here am I!

Dor. Hairbrain! What the plague brings you always at fuch unfeafonable hours?

Hair. Damn hours! What have you or I to do with hours? Time is all foul! If not, he is a sneaking fcoundrel; and I would kick him out of company.

Dor. Why did not you come to dinner?

Hair. Why did not you invite me?

Dor. So I did.

Hair. Pshaw! When you fent the card, you fhould have accompanied it with an old coach and a new coat.

Dor. Did I not?

Hair. No: you only fent me money, to hire one, and buy the other; and I had a different ufe for that. But come, draw me a cork; instantly. Here! Thomas! A bottle of Burgundy! The

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best, you fly dog! I am in fine flavour——Dorington! I am a made man! You shall drink a pint bumper to me! The greatest event!

Dor. What mad whim now?

Hair. Baw! Damme now, Dorington, none of your dampers! I am high in luck, high in spirits, and could leap over the moon. You must let me have five hundred directly.

Dor. Is that all?

Hair. Oh I would not accept one farthing more. This is no rhodomontade! A rational sober plan! By only advancing five hundred pounds, I am to be secured in a thousand a year!

Dor. Indeed!

Hair. Certain! Damme, said I, Ned Hairbrain, you are a lucky fellow! 'Twill just do you! A thousand a year, you happy dog, will make an emperor of you! Quick! Quick, you tardy rascal, and secure it!

Dor. A thousand a year?

Hair. Yes. What should I want with more? I will pull up! No more mad freaks! I will be an orderly, sedate, considerate, putt! I will go to bed at ten, get up at six, eat posset, scold my servants, and wear a scratch! Oh! You shall see such a reform!

Dor. And who is to secure the payment?

Hair. Oh, the security is undeniable!

Dor. How do you know?

Hair. Know? Proof positive! The advertiser himself told me so.

Dor. The advertiser?

Hair. Yes, A. B. No. 13, Knave's Acre. All my fear is that I should let it slip.

Dor. I will answer for that.

Hair. Oh, damme, it will be snatched at! Give

me the money: it will be gone! A. B. told me he has already had five applications: mine was the sixth! But I pleased him. He gave me the preference. My honest good-natured phyz struck him.

Dor. But who and what is he?

Hair. You have heard, no doubt, of the *pilula salutifera*?

Dor. I? Not a word!

Hair. Not Alexander Mackenzie, my coachman?

Dor. Never.

Hair. Sore throat! Complicated evil! Deplorable state! Waiting his dissolution! Now as well as ever he was in his life!

Dor. Miraculous!

Hair. Restoration! Grateful thanks! Daily prayers! Tears in his eyes!—A. B. Knave's Acre—He is the man! Lamp at the back door.

Dor. A. B.?

Hair. Yes. His are the genuine pills! T'other is an impostor. A wonderful discovery! One dose is sufficient! Profits prodigious! Make a cart-load for a crown: sell a single box for a guinea!

Dor. Prodigious indeed!

Hair. And for 500l. I am to be taken in, as a sleeping partner.

Dor. What shall I say to thee, Ned? Arguments I know are vain: yet to throw money thus absurdly away is painful, to be tricked out of it contemptible, and to become a vender of poison by proxy not much to a man's honour.

Hair. (*Vexed*) Ah, damme, I knew how it would be! I am not to be trusted! I have no discernment! I tell you it is a certainty! The man is honest. I thought I knew you, Dorington, that you
would

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would have taken fire! Would have flown to assist such a fellow! But—Good night!

Dor. Stop, Ned!

Hair. A kind thing done willingly is done doubly.

Dor. Will you hear?

Hair. A friend is one thing; a refusal is another.

Dor. Convince me, and you shall have the money.

Hair. No, damme! I have been rich; I am poor; but, though my coat has faded, my soul is the same! 'Tis an evergreen. [*Exit.*

Dor. Why, Ned! Ned!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *The House of CURFEW.*

OLIVIA and Lady TAUNTON.

Lady T. **O**H, ho, you romantic creature! Ha, ha, ha! Pure undivided hearts? Do you think our handsome fellows and fine women trouble themselves about pure undivided hearts? Lud! They know nothing about hearts. They have no hearts.

Oli. Nor heads neither, perhaps?

Lady T. Oh, no! They have no use for them. Thinking and feeling are out of fashion.

Oli.

Oli. Well, they must at least be allowed the virtue of candour.

Lady T. Oh, yes! To glory in our failings is the essence of good breeding. Hypocrisy and affectation are laughed out of doors.

Oli. I wish folly and effrontery had kept them company.

Lady T. Oh, you cruel thing! What would become of persons of fashion, without folly and effrontery? They would lose their existence! They would be out of countenance at every word, and blush at every thought!

Oli. They are in no danger: blushes and bloom are become mere articles of perfumery.—Your Ladyship dined in Brook-street, yesterday?

Lady T. Oh! With Dorington? Yes. Do you know, I begin to think him a very charming man. I envy you. But—is the match quite certain? Is there no chance of rivalling you?

Oli. Your Ladyship is the best judge of that.

Lady T. Why, I really feel half inclined. I don't know but I may. Beware of me: for, if I set about it, there is danger. I assure you, he was very attentive; and I was very much pleased. I never saw a man more gallant.

Oli. I should have hoped you had never seen one less.

Lady T. Indeed! And why, pray?

Oli. A man attentive to the happiness of others I delight in; but a gallant man is a vender of falsehood by system.

Lady T. Dear!

Oli. And a character I despise.

Lady T. I protest you are jealous!

Oli. No. I can renounce; but I cannot condescend to suspect.

Lady T.

Lady T. Well! I declare, I had not the least intention to put you in a flurry!

Oli. A flurry? Ha, ha, ha!

Lady T. Nay, nay, laugh out! What, you can't? Well, well, I own, you have reason to be alarmed. We, who, from our childhood, have been used to move in the first circles, have always something fascinating in our manner.

Oli. Your manners are very marking, indeed.

Lady T. I must be going. Good morning. But it is very true: rank will carry it against riches. So, if any thing should happen, do not indulge these violent emotions; nor do not pout, and complain; like a city miss, that your friend has betrayed you, because her attractions had the power that yours wanted.

Oli. Complain? No, no! I am not so totally a Novice as to complain of unexpected treachery, in a Lady of fashion.

Lady T. It is very ill bred to be jealous. It is a confession of inferiority. Good bye, my dear. I see you are not well: I will send somebody to you. Good bye. Remember. *[Exit.]*

Oli. Why this is admirable! Can Dorington endure these manners? Can he countenance, can he esteem, or, what is worse, can he affect to esteem, nay, can he coquet with this fashionable Lady? If he can, his heart and mine have no affinity. I seem to have been most miserably mistaken.

SCENE II. *Enter ANNABEL, hastily; with fear.*

Ann. Dear Madam! What is the matter?

Oli. With whom?

Ann. Lady Taunton bade me run to you; for she said you were in a fit!

Oli. Better and better!

Ann.

Ann. Why did she tell me such an untruth?

Oli. For the joke's sake, I suppose.

Ann. Oh the wicked!

Oli. Sneers and insults are become the commonplace jests of a certain set; who may aptly enough be termed high low life. And with these Dorington associates! These are his friends! They never shall be mine.

Ann. Law, now you are angry again; with mine and my cousin's dear protector!

Oli. The just, the feeling, the delicate mind I only can admire. The sweet intercourse of intelligent and pure souls revolts alike at trivial unmeaning gallantry, clandestine love, and that audacious vice which sets censure at defiance.

Ann. Dear now! I would not be jealous of my poor Herbert for—

Oli. Annabel, you do me wrong: I am not jealous. Mine is a more dignified motive.

Ann. Dignified motive, dear Lady, is a fine name, but I doubt it is what most people call jealousy.

Oli. Annabel, I forgive this injustice to your friend.

Ann. Ah, Madam, I love you dearly! Dearly! Indeed I do! I am sure my Herbert's Dorington and you were made for one another.

Oli. No; we are not! I never can, never will be the wife of the friend of—depravity and vice.

SCENE III. *Footman and Lord LARROON.*

Foot. Lord Laroon.

[*Exit.*

Lord L. Madam, your most obedient. I passed Lady Taunton at the corner. Has she been visiting you?

D

Oli.

Oli. She has.

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha! Well, her Ladyship is certainly the highest bred woman in the kingdom. Ah, my sweet Annabel! *Toying. Annabel offended* Pooh! I brought your cousin in my carriage. *(Calling)* Herbert! Where are you?

Ann. (Pleased) Come in, Herbert!

Lord L. Ay, come in. Was not I kind? I dare say, he will let me have a kiss?

Her. (Interposing) Your pardon vor that. Wi' us, Lords, tho'f they be Lords, don't kiss country cousins.

Oli. But what is the high breeding of Lady Taunton?

Lord L. Breeding? Breeding? Oh! I recollect. I thought it had escaped you. A very marking trait. Her very first visit, in the morning, to the Lady whom, over night, she had been endeavouring to undo.

Oli. Undo?

Lord L. Undo? No, no! Undo was the wrong word. Too strong. Rather too strong. I merely meant rival.

Oli. Well, well, her Ladyship's success is certain.

Lord L. You do not think so.

Oli. What can an "unfinished, scarce half made up," simple creature, like myself, oppose; to all a fashionable Lady's borrowed beauties, and bought perfections? Hair sheared from the dead, teeth plucked from the living, a shape bespoke of a mantua-maker, a complexion purchased in Spain, grace imported by figurants, taste by Italian fiddlers, elegance by French courtezans, and manners improved by the polite conversation of grooms, and the attic wit of gamblers!

Lord L.

A COMEDY.

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Lady *L.* Very true! And I fairly tell you, this formidable train she now brings to the attack.

Oli. How condescending in her Ladyship! How kind in you! Yet, should she succeed, I do not think your Lordship would feel any exquisite pain?

Lord *L.* How should I? It has long been my ambition to make you a peeress.

Oli. Commoner as I am, how shall I return the obligation! Especially when I remember your friendly endeavours to promote a quarrel, between me and Dorington?

Lord *L.* Only for the good of all parties!

Oli. Oh! To be sure! Then perhaps, to answer this charitable end, a little deviation from the truth now—

Lord *L.* No! Upon my honour! I have a witness! Herbert!

Her. My Lord.

Lord *L.* You can testify?

Her. What can I testify?

Lord *L.* Did not you see my dear friend hand Lady Taunton down the stair-case?

Her. May hap I did!

Ann. (*Making signs*) Herbert! Be quiet!

Her. And may hap I had as lieve a' zeen zummut else!

Ann. Be quiet, I tell thee!

Lord *L.* And how long had the company been gone?

Her. I can't tell.

Lord *L.* Less or more than half an hour?

Her. I can't tell.

Lord *L.* You see, Madam, that charming handsome huffey is bribing him to silence.

Oli. I see, my Lord, all that you or Lady Taunton could wish: and, what is more, it has produced

duced the very effect you both intended. Present my compliments, therefore, and tell her she need not tax her own ingenuity or your friendship farther. Tell her, she may declare it, as my avowed resolution, never to be the partner of a man whose principles do not forbid him that dalliance, that hypocrisy, which he may call good breeding, but which I know to be vice. [Exit.]

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha!

Ann. I wonder that, being a Lord, you are not ashamed to raise jealousy, and quarrels, between true lovers!

Lord L. Charming innocent! Ha, ha, ha! I shall make love to you!

Her. Begging your pardon, but you shan't tho'.

Lord L. I have a pretty tale to tell you.

Her. Don't ee believe 'n, Annabel! Don't ee believe a word he zays! I zee nothing but fibs in his face! Come away!

Lord L. I shall meet with you alone; and then! [Exit.]

Her. What then? What then? Did thee ever zee such sheameful doings? Wilt come?

Ann. Why are you vexed, Herbert?

Her. What did thee let him look at thee zo vor?

“ Ann. Nah! Never mind his looks. What if he be a Lord, and offered me watches, and rings—

“ Her. Did he? Did he?—I wish I'd a heard 'n!
“ That's al!

“ Ann. I would rather walk in the fields, arm in arm with my Herbert, than swing ding, here and there and every where, with a Lord in his chariot.

“ Her. Would thee, Annabel? Would thee?

“ Ann. You know I would, Herbert. So, you should

"I should not be jealous. Oh, it is very bad! Very bad to be jealous!"

Her. Well, well! I won't!" Come thy way. Come. [Exeunt: fondly.]

SCENE IV. *The Library of DORINGTON.*

DORINGTON and CURFEW.

Dor. Indeed, Sir, you are mistaken. You attribute interest to me which I do not possess. I have no view in the company I keep, and the dinners I give, except conviviality.

Cur. Excuse me, this would be a very proper apology, or put-off, to your Major, or such people; but not to the guardian of an heiress.

Dor. In my opinion, Sir, it would be much less proper to the Major, than to you.

Cur. Sir!

Dor. You have money and friends; he has neither. You are childless; he is the father of a family.

Cur. And, for this reason, he is to be served rather than me.

Dor. Could you desire a better?

Cur. In my humble judgment, Olivia has a hundred thousand pounds; and I am her Guardian!

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! Nay, nay, I mean no offence.

SCENE V. *Footman, introducing Major RAMPART.*

Maj. My dear fellow, good morning! Mr. Curfew, I am your humble servant.

Cur. Under correction, Sir, I know no service you can do me.

Maj.

Maj. Humph? Hay? Oh! I take you! As pleasant and full of contradiction as—

Cur. Your pardon, Sir, I—

Dor. Come, come!—Major, I have seen your friend.

Maj. Have you, my boy? Humph? Hay? Damme!

Dor. The business is in a fair train.

Maj. Blow me! Humph? Hay? Damme! Do you take me? Humph?

Dor. But, we must not yet think it secure.

(A Servant calls Dorington aside)

Cur. With submission, I do not take you.

Maj. Body of Belzebub! Rank, Mr. Curfew! Rising! The staff! Who knows? Commander in chief! Sea and land? Humph? Hay? Blow me! I have the great requisites! Do you take me? Humph? Hay? Damme! Fire and—! Humph?

Cur. With much deference, there is one great requisite, at least, which you want.

Maj. Humph? Hay? I!

Cur. Personal courage, though seldom tried in a General, should always be possessed.

Maj. Blow me! You are right! Oh! Damme! Humph? Hay?

Cur. Cowards, I have remarked, are generally fools.

Maj. Right again! Damme! Humph? —

Cur. The first to affront, and the first to be afraid.

Maj. Always, Mr. Curfew! Always!

Cur. The first to threaten, and the first to run away.

Maj. Humph? Hay? Oh! I take you! Damme!—Harkye, Mr. Curfew, you're my friend's friend, or,—Blow me!—Keep your tongue, damme—!

me—! Humph? Hay? Left you should be choaked in swallowing your teeth! Do you take me? Damme! Humph? [*Exit Curfew.*]

Dor. What! Is this humble Guardian gone?

Maj. Beat a retreat, damme! The first to affront, and the first to be afraid! Humph? Fumes and—! Humph? Hay? Damme? Humph?

Dor. I heard part of your dialogue: he is unworthy your anger.

Maj. Last night the same! Damme! Humph?

SCENE VI. CONSOL, Lord LARON, Sir PERTINAX PITIFUL; introduced.

Dor. Good morning, gentlemen. Well, what is the news?

Consol. Nay, that you must tell us. A king's messenger arrived last night. Harkye; let me speak a word. (*They retire into a cabinet.*)

Maj. Brave news for me! Humph? Hay? Another step! Colonel in contemplation! Damme! Do you take me? Humph? Hay? Humph? Dorington is my friend! Humph?

Lord L. Oh, yes! He is the friend of every blockhead he meets.

Maj. Blockhead?

Lord L. Of Consol, for instance!

Maj. And Curfew? Oh, damme! I take you! — Carnage and death! I shall be a great commander! Another siege of Prague! Humph? Did you ever hear my account of the siege of Prague? Damme! Humph!

Sir P. Yes; a hundred times.

Maj. Here the enemy! There the ditch! Morafs on the right! River on the left! Double tier of artillery! Batteries masked! The word Glory!

Fire!

Fire! Bomb! Thunder! Blow me to atoms!
 Humph? Hay? Do you take me? Damme!
 Humph?

Lord *L.* Why, Major, you are gunpowder itself!

Maj. Blow me! Humph? Hay?

Lord *L.* But gunpowder can flash in the pan.

Maj. Flash?

Lord *L.* Nay? It can kill too!

Maj. Oh! I am answered! Blow me! Humph?

Lord *L.* Yes; like your own charger, you prance under the lash; but are too well curbed to resent it.

Maj. Curbed?

Lord *L.* By your good sense.

Sir *P.* Ha, ha, ha! Be merciful, my dear Lord! I feel for my friend, the Major.

Lord *L.* Soldiers are professionally valiant. Some of them tell us, they have killed more than they have eaten.

Maj. My Lord, I take you! Damme! Humph? You wear a tongue! So does a woman! But keep it in its proper Guard-room! Set your fears sentinel over it! Blow me! I'll have it up at the halberds! Do you take me? Damme! Humph? Hay? Humph? Though you are a peer of the realm! The halberds! Blow me! [*Exit.*

Sir *P.* Really, my Lord, I feel for you. The Major is not so great a coward as you supposed.

Con. (*Returning.*) Good morning. If you hear any thing that will touch the stocks, my dear friend, dispatch a messenger! I'll pay coach-hire.

Lord *L.* Yes, Mr. Consul, we all know your generosity.

Con. Do you? Then you know more than I do; and that I doubt. Generosity is an *As*! When I give, it is to get.

Lord

Lord *L.* Why, I do not believe your charity, by day, will disturb your rest, by night, Mr. Confol.

Con. No, my Lord: and yet my charity is as great as some people's good manners.

Lord *L.* Nay, don't be vexed! You are a good Man—at Garraway's, by inch of candle.

Con. I wish your Lordship were a good man any where!

Lord *L.* Your reputation is established.

Con. My reputation is in my pocket.

Lord *L.* Oh, yes! A rich rogue is always a damned honest fellow!

Con. At least, I know nobody so poor, either in purse or principle, as to think of borrowing from —hem.

Lord *L.* Nay, now you are too severe: I am your friend.

Con. I know you are. But I am aware of you. When a man professes himself my friend, he always intends either to insult or to trick me. I know the world: I always suspect my friends. Good morrow. I know the world. [*Exit.*]

Sir *P.* Ha, ha, ha! Your Lordship is out of luck this morning.

Lord *L.* And you feel for me?

Sir *P.* I do. 'Tis strange how utterly void of sensibility, most men are!

Lord *L.* All men, Sir Pertinax, have not your refined thillings!

Sir *P.* No: mine are my misfortune.

Lord *L.* (*Half aside*) And other people's misfortune too.

Sir *P.* They are too exquisite!

Lord *L.* (*Half aside*) They are intolerable.

Sir *P.* I have a request to make.

Lord *L.* Indeed! How will you give it utterance?

Sir *P.* A favour to ask our friend.

Lord *L.* Ha, ha, ha! Is it the first?

Sir *P.* No; and therefore requires the more management.

Lord *L.* Ay, ay. The more sensibility? The more gratitude? The more obligation? Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *P.* It does. Will you accommodate me?

Lord *L.* And be gone?

Sir *P.* I shall ever gratefully remember the benefit, you so generously confer.

Lord *L.* Zounds, Sir Pertinax! Grateful to me too?

Sir *P.* It was the will of Providence to form me so.

Dor. (*Returning*) Gentlemen, I beg your pardon.

Lord *L.* No apology: mine is a mere How do you do? visit. Sir Pertinax tells me he has a load of obligations to discharge; so I will leave him to lay the burthen at your feet. Your strength will be quite sufficient, he says, to relieve his shoulders. Adieu. Oh! Shall you be at the Dowager's rout this evening?

Dor. I shall call in, to see the company.

Lord *L.* Ha, ha; ha! It will be prodigiously select! Peers and pickpockets, boobies and black legs, male and female. I shall be there.

Dor. The faro bank would else want its chief ornament.

Lord *L.* You beat me at piquet, the other night.

Sir *P.* And me.

Dor. For a wonder!

Lord

Lord *L.* Shall we have our revenge ?

Dor. Perhaps. I can't promise.

Lord *L.* Adieu. You will be there, Sir Pertinax ?

Sir *P.* Without fail.

Lord *L.* Husband your sensibility. You have a large stock : but diamond mines themselves may be exhausted. [*Exit.*

Dor. From his Lordship's hints, I collect, you have something to communicate ?

Sir *P.* My dear friend, I have. But his Lordship is so unfeeling, he has quite deranged me. I know your philanthropy. You do not, like him, delight to torment. You are my kind, my dear, my open-hearted friend.

Dor. For heaven's sake !

Sir *P.* I knew it ! I knew his Lordship's distressing raillery would jaundice the ebullitions of the soul ! It is cruel ! It is really cruel ! Very cruel !

Dor. Shorten your exordium ; come to the point.

Sir *P.* I cannot ! Yet—it would lay me under eternal obligations ! Serve me essentially !

Dor. Well ?

Sir *P.* You have an inexhaustible share of the milk of human kindness ! I know you never refuse a tried and true friend.

Dor. Sir Pertinax, I shall join with his Lordship, and begin to suspect.

Sir *P.* Why look you ! Upon my soul ! Upon my honour ! The devil take his Lordship ! But it is always the same ! You never will endure the truth ! You will hear any body praised, but yourself ! That is your only fault.

Dor. I must bid you a good morning, Sir. It is suffocating !

Sir P. (*Holding him*) You shall not leave your friend in anger! Your dear, your obliged, your everlasting friend! Is a heart overcharged with gratitude hateful?

Dor. Overcharged gratitude generally ends in enmity; or something worse. Do good, and receive good, whenever you can; and make the performance of your duty the test of your integrity.

Sir P. I will, I will. And happy am I to receive instruction from such a friend. You have convinced me; it is my duty to receive good. I feel the morality! I will venture to communicate my wants.

Dor. I am all attention.

Sir P. You generously lent me 5000l. to pay off that cursed mortgage.

Dor. True.

Sir P. It got wind. Creditors heard I had cash. Writs were out; and, unfortunately, I am only a Baronet.

Dor. Proceed.

Sir P. I cannot! It looks so like—You have the best heart in the world!

Dor. Name the sum.

Sir P. I—really—my feelings—

Dor. Zounds! Speak.

Sir P. Two thousand more.

Dor. Is that all? You shall have it. I supposed the whole five had disappeared.

Sir P. (*Aside*) I wish I had known that! Oh! I am a cursed Ass!—I am glad my liberal-hearted friend will find it no inconvenience.

Dor. Why, to that, I know not what to answer. I have been so prodigal lately, and am so prodigal still, my principles make so many just demands upon

upon my purse, and my passions so many false ones, that—But this is a question I have considered. Your family has produced many high-minded and excellent men. You have a son worthy of ancestors whose virtues live, while they sleep in peace. To rescue his patrimony from the gripe of usury, and give it a chance of becoming beneficial, I willingly grant what you ask.

Sir P. My kind, my incomparable friend! I feel these painful pleasing scenes too intimately! They depress and wound, elevate and heal—! There is no describing!

Dor. Sir Pertinax!—Have not I told you, you shall have the money?

Sir P. Oh my heart! [Exeunt.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The House of CURFEW.*

OLIVIA and Lord LARON.

Oli. IF your Lordship hopes to torment me by these tales, you mistake the means. I grieve at Dorington's conduct for his own sake, not for mine.

Lord L. Why grieve for any body's sake? The Dowager is a person of fashion. Her rout is fashionable; her faro bank is fashionable. All the world was there.

Oli.

Oli. For which some of them, I fear, are now execrating all the world.

Lord *L.* A dozen, at least, among my own particular friends. Lady Hotwater was terribly cut! Her last stake was a desperate venture. Her frame distorted, her cheeks livid, her hand palsied, she cut a card, lost, shrieked, fell in a fit, was carried out in convulsions, and is this morning parted from her husband. It was a high scene.

Oli. You seem to have enjoyed it?

Lord *L.* Oh! It was in a great stile.

Oli. You no doubt were on the right side?

Lord *L.* Me! I am a partner in the bank.

Oli. And was Dorington a loser?

Lord *L.* Ha, ha, ha! That now is pleasant. I knew you would ask. The fact is, he is in for it, to some purpose. I don't know the sum. Bills and drafts handed about by wholesale.

Oli. You are his dear friend?

Lord *L.* I am.

Oli. Why did not you prevent him?

Lord *L.* Oh Lord! Ha, ha, ha! I and Sir Pertinax got him to piquet, and touched him for ten thousand.

Oli. Beside his loss at faro?

Lord *L.* Oh! yes. Sir Peter is a deep schemer! He completely wiped off an old score of seven thousand. I have draughts for three in my pocket; which I shall present to-day or to-morrow. Are not you sorry?

Oli. More for his loss of morals than of money. To the latter his fortune is equal.

Lord *L.* Pardon me! To prodigality like his no fortune is equal; for he gives and lends more than he loses.

Oli.

Oli. And you his intimate friends, encourage him in ruin?

Lord L. My dear Madam; what is it to me, if my friend be disposed to ruin himself? My time would be well employed, were I to preach maxims of wisdom to all who choose to play the fool. I must tell every man I meet he is a blockhead; and get my throat cut fifty times a day. Dorington is my dear friend; but, like many more of my dear friends, he is a damned —.

SCENE II. DORINGTON *introduced.*

Lord L. Ah! Dorington? This is quite apropos! You were the last man in our mouths. You cannot imagine how many things I have been saying in your praise. Have not I, Madam?

Oli. You have said a great deal, I own.

Lord L. Yes: I was telling her what bad success you had last night.

Dor. Was that in my praise?

Lord L. To be sure. What does a hero, like you, mind the loss of a few thousands? Your half-fouled fellows, on such an occasion, will take opium over night, and a pistol the next morning: but you brush such trifles from your mind, as your footman does powder from your coat.

Dor. When I am coward enough to commit suicide, it will not be for the loss of money.

Lord L. I love your spirit. I know no young fellow who has so much. When shall I present the draughts?

Dor. Whenever you please. Why do you ask that?

Lord L. You remember the sum?

Dor. How should I forget?

Lord L. How indeed! if it will any way oblige you,

you, I will forbear a day or two. I am in no immediate want of cash.

Dor. And I am in no immediate want of your forbearance.

Lord L. Nay, don't take pet at my being willing to accommodate.

Dor. Why should you think I need accommodation ?

Lord L. Is it strange that I should wish to oblige my dearest friend ?

Dor. Yes ; when your dearest friend has no inclination to be obliged.

Lord L. I am really sincere. I have no malice.

Dor. Yes, you have ; and I do not like you the worse for it. You are a high-flavoured sauce ; a mixture of you is relishing.

Lord L. We all have our uses. I the sauce, you the turtle.

Dor. On which you have the cunning to cut and feed ? Yet you are no conjuror.

Lord L. Conjurors are scarce. I must fly : a hundred calls to make : I shall see you at dinner. Adieu. Don't quarrel. [Exit.

Oli. This dear friend of yours is in full spirits.

Dor. I never knew him otherwise. A very magpie ; always hopping and chattering. 'Tis a quality I like in him.

Oli. Is there any other quality for which you like him ?

Dor. Yes ; his frank honest satire.

Oli. To torment is his study.

Dor. And he is a master of the art : a proof of his genius.

Oli. He spares neither friend nor foe.

Dor. If he did, I should despise him. What
the

the heart thinks let the tongue utter. Knaves and cowards only fear its freedom.

Oli. He has made tolerably free with you.

Dor. With all my heart. I am fair game; and he is a fair sportsman.

Oli. Not too much of that. He advises me to break with you; and offers to dignify me with a coronet.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! There is merit even in his impudence.

Oli. And ate you not offended with him?

Dor. Not in the least.

Oli. Do you esteem me so little?

Dor. Fie! I esteem you so much. Your understanding is of too high an order.

Oli. To marry him, when I may have you?

Dor. Yes.

Oli. Frank, at least.

Dor. Certainly. I despise hypocrisy. Why not as freely speak good of myself, when I think it, as of another?

Oli. Or ill?

Dor. Ay; or ill. I have faults as many as you please: but I have something that will hide them all.

Oli. Be not too confident. A single cloud will conceal the sun.

Dor. That is a mistake. A few acres I grant may be overcast; but his rays, at the same instant, shine refulgent on the remaining world.

Oli. Less poetry, and more prudence, might perhaps be as well.

Dor. Not in your eyes.

Oli. You seem very certain.

Dor. As I am of my own heart, which beats in unison with yours; or I never could have admired,

never could have loved you as I do. I confess your coldness this morning a little surprises me; and might alarm, were I less acquainted with the justice and the dignity of your mind. My last night's follies offend; and with reason.

Oli. They are indefensible; they are degrading; and yet, comparatively, they are trifles.

Dor. Indeed?

Oli. The loss of wealth only strips vanity of her plumes: but the loss of principle covers us with contempt.

Dor. Granted.

Oli. To preserve our good temper, when the profligate and the absurd surround us, is as worthy of the sage as the man of the world: but to smile approbation, to ape their hypocrisy, and be the high priest of their nocturnal orgies, is to be ambitious of infamy; and to renounce the love and the society of the good.

Dor. A dreadful sentence.

Oli. But inevitable.

Dor. Well, I am now in haste; but, in the course of the evening, I will call, listen to reproof, kiss the rod, and adore the chastiser.

Oli. I may happen not to be at home.

Dor. I'll venture that. Good morrow. [*Exit.*

Oli. This self confidence is insulting! Conscientious as he is of a dissipated spirit, male coquetry, and depravity of manners, can he so familiarly talk of the unison of our hearts? When he is present, he fascinates! I have but one resource: I will avoid him! Former affection shall not subject me to future wretchedness. Let me be any thing rather than the wife of one whom passion prefers; but whom the understanding rejects. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A drawing-room at Dorington's. A large company assembled. Lord LARON, Lady TAUNTON, Sir PERTINAX PITIFUL, Major RAMPART, Mr. CURFEW, &c.*

Enter DORINGTON.

Dor. Ladies and gentlemen, I am glad to see you! My blundering servants are late with the dinner. What is the news?

Lord L. I hear there has been a great storm at some of our West India Islands; in which hundreds, some say thousands, of the inhabitants have perished.

Dor. Poor wretches!

Lord L. Your possessions are all there. You may well feel interested.

Lady T. That is but natural.

Dor. I hope, my Lord, without pretending to any uncommon degree of benevolence, I should feel a greater desire to save the lives of men than my own possessions; the produce of which, I fear, I have hitherto put to a very indifferent use.

Maj. That is noble, damme!

Sir P. The sentiments of a refined and feeling heart!

Enter Footman.

Foot. A Mr. Hudson is below, Sir; and desires to see you immediately.

Dor. Mr. Hudson! Is it possible? (*Considers a moment*) Show him up. A worthy and well informed man; and, though my agent and manager in the Colony, will not dishonour this good company at table.

Lady T. Oh, let us have him.

Lord L. He brings papas, pines, and fourfops, sugars, rums, and riches.

Maj. His conversation will enliven! You take me? Damme! Humph? Hay? Humph?

Lord L. He will enable you to defy those mighty conquerors, Hazard, Piquet, ay and Faro himself.

SCENE IV. *Enter HUDSON.*

Dor. Welcome to England, Mr. Hudson. But what brings you so unexpectedly? My affairs, or your own?—Why are you silent? How left you Barbadoes?

Hud. A desolate and barren wilderness!

Dor. Desolate?

Lady T. (*Significantly looking round*) How?

Hud. The particulars are for your private ear.

Lord L. Oh! Oh!

Maj. (*Alarmed*) You take me! Humph?

Sir P. Hush!

Dor. Your news I perceive is bad: speak out.

Hud. Pardon me, Sir, I must not.

Lord L. Whoo! The devil!

Sir P. Be quiet!

Dor. Speak, I say. The moment to be explicit is favourable. I am surrounded by my friends.

Hud. Are these good Ladies and Gentlemen all your friends?

Dor. All! All!

Lady T. Oh, yes; we are all his friends.

Sir P. His dear, his feeling, his affectionate friends.

Lord L. And are come to dine with him.

Cur. With submission, you may speak out.

Hud. I have your leave, Sir, but not my own. — This is a serious moment. Bethink you, Sir. Men who give dinners do not infallibly invite their friends.

Lord L. Very right, Mr.—Barbadoes: you come I think from Barbadoes?

SCENE V. CONSOL *without.*

Gen. Where is he? Where is he? [*Enter*]
Have you heard the news? Is it blown?

Lady T. No! What is it?

Con. It's all over the City!

Omnes. What? What?

Con. You are ruined, Sir! Ruined past all hope!

Dor. (*Firmly*) Indeed?

Maj. (*With sorrow*) Bombs and thunder!
Humph?

Lady T. Is it possible?

Sir P. I shall sink!

Lord L. Pray let us hear.

Con. Your vast estates all swept away, like dust before the wind.

Omnes. How? How?

Con. A Tornado! The like was never known.

Lady T. Dear, dear!

Sir P. I shall never support it!

Lord L. It is very shocking.

Dor. Speak, Mr. Hudson.

Lady T. Ay, ay, for heaven's sake let us hear!

Sir P. Be delicate! Be tender! Respect our feelings!

Dor. Mr. Hudson, I again seriously request you will at once relate all that has happened.

Hud. Arm yourself with fortitude!

Dor. Fear me not; speak.

Lady T. I am in the horrors already.

Sir P. My poor dear friend: how I feel for him!

Hud. Nurtured in splendour, encouraged in waste, accustomed to scatter with a prodigal munificence.

ficence. You are now the most desolate, the most helpless of men.

Dor. (*With dignity*) Ha, ha, ha!

Lady *T.* What will become of him!

Sir *P.* My heart bleeds!

Maj. (*Sorrow*) A thundering fall! Damme! Humph?

Dor. Spare your comments and your regret, Sir, and to the point——Go on——There has been a hurricane?

Hud. A wreck of nature, rather! Sweeping destruction, and prodigies unheard! The misery is general; though on that side the Island where late your fruitful lands were situate most complete. Your ponderous vessels, mills, stores, and buildings, were wrested from their distracted beds, and swept into the sea! Your vast domains loaded with vegetation, incredible to tell, were torn up and whirled like chaff to the clouds; leaving behind mephitic lakes, whose stench infects the air! Universal nature was convulsed! The elements all waged horrible war; while heart-rending and intolerable cries, roars, and howlings, made the bursting thunder seem a whisper.

Maj. Blow me to atoms! The siege of Prague, Damme! Humph? Hay?

Dor. Were many lives lost?

Hud. Numbers were hurried through the air, and dashed against the rocks; or overwhelmed by the mad and incomprehensible ocean.

Dor. Miserable men! Numbers say you?

Hud. Warned by the Caribbs, and the alarming phenomena that preceded, many put timely to sea, of whom I was one. But still the Negroes and the Poor remained.

Dor.

Dor. Ay, ay! The Negroes and the Poor.

Lord L. It was very affecting.

Sir P. It would have been too much for my sensibility.

Lady T. I am glad I was not present.

Maj. Had I been there, Damme! Do you take me? Humph?

Cur. In my humble opinion, if you had, you would not have been here.

Dor. (*Afide*) Why so! I am now, what in the vanity of my heart I have often wished to be. Put to a mighty trial. Let me then collect my thoughts, and not at this crisis yield to passions, at which Manhood ought to spurn.

Con. He is confoundedly down in the mouth! I will be gone: he will want to borrow money of me.

Cur. Under favour, I do not think so: he knows you better.

Con. His interest with the great is all flown! There is nothing now to be got by him! He is a dangerous acquaintance! I will go. (*Going*)

Dor. Will not you stay and dine?

Con. I cannot, Sir. Exceedingly sorry! Business must be minded——Harkye! A word! A thought has struck me. Your's is a hard case. Open a subscription, make me your banker, and I will promote it. I will do more for you! I will put down a nominal hundred, at the head of the list! You understand me? Nominal. That is between ourselves. It will—

Dor. Stop, Sir——Ladies and Gentlemen, here is my generous friend, Mr. Confol, proposes a subscription for me, with a large promise of personal support; ay, and a nominal hundred at the head of the list; provided he may be my banker!

What

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What say you to his dignified project, and his nominal liberality? Are they not worthy his great soul?

Lady T. Quite in character.

Lord L. Just what I should have expected.

Cur. Pardon me, but I should have expected a demand of brokerage.

Con. You are all damnably charitable, I warrant! I know the world, and I know you!

Cur. With submission, you seem to know yourself too, honest man.

Con. As honest as you, or the best of you! As honest as the law makes me. He that is more is a fool.

Sir P. Such delicacy of sentiment!

Lady T. Such dignity of principle!

Maj. A conscience so convenient! Humph!

Con. Why as for that, all the world are agreed every man's principle is to get all he can, keep it as long as he can, and pay his just debts when he can't help it. "So that, if I had the privilege of Peers, I should make just the same use of it that they do: (To Lady T. and Lord L.) only I should not have the impudence to cant about my honour."

Maj. That is home! Damme! Humph!

Con. I shall leave you all to shew how much honesty, sentiment, conscience, and principle, you have more than myself! Your servant, — your very humble servant! *[Exit.]*

Dor. 'Tis strange what a respectable air sincerity gives, even to a scoundrel!

Sir P. Unfeeling brute! Our dear friend's case so distressing too!

Lord L. So unexpected!

Lady T. I am quite unwell with the shock! I must retire.

Dor.

Dor. Nay, seeing me so distressed, you will stay to console me.

Sir P. What can be done? I am extremely sorry, my Lord, that you and I won the ten thousand pounds.

Lord L. So am I really.

Sir P. It wounds my delicacy beyond expression!

Lord L. It is quite distressing.

Sir P. I know his high and over scrupulous spirit would spurn at the proposal, or I should consult my feelings, and—

Dor. Pshaw!

Sir P. Yes! I knew it!

Lord L. Oh, he will accept no favours!

Sir P. That is his only fault. But really I must withdraw; it is too much for sensibility like mine! I cannot give it utterance! Think, my dear friend, what passes here at this trying moment! Ah well a day! Alas! Oh heavens! Adieu. [*Going.*]

Lady T. Upon my honour, Sir Pertinax is monstrously moved.

Lord L. It would move a heart of stone.

Sir P. (Returns) I forgot to mention that, at this critical moment, I am quite out of cash. And it would wound me to the soul, were you, as you have every right a never-ending friendship can bestow, to request a Loan. I say it would cut me to the very quick to be asked: for ah! Hard necessity! I must refuse.

Cur. That is exactly my case.

Onthes. And mine.

Maj. Damn'd sorry! Do you take me? Humph?

Lord L. These are my feelings; though perhaps rather too coldly expressed.

G

Lady

Lady T. Yes! I believe we are all in the same predicament.

Omnes. All! All! *(The Major stands apart.)*

Lady T. Cash cannot be commanded: but we are extremely sorry for your misfortunes.

Lord L. Very sorry indeed.

Dor. Kind friends! How can I repay such tenderneſs! Yours, Sir Pertinax, is truly a moſt melancholy ſtate! I ſympathize with your ſufferings! A heart ſo ſuſceptible! So prodigiouſly generous! So dangerous ſincere! Nay, nay, alluſe your griefs!

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha! Vaſtly well!

Dor. Your tears diſtreſs me!

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Dor. Adieu, thou moſt immaculate of friends! One laſt embrace!

[Exit Sir Pertinax; terrified, as Dorington approaches.]

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Dor. So much for ſenſibility.

Cur. With ſubmiſſion, Sir Pertinax is a very contemptible perſon.

Lord L. A horrid ſycophant.

Lady T. Such a hypocrite!

Maj. Damme! Humph? Hay? Humph?

Dor. And do you, my dear friends, think Sir Pertinax was the only contemptible perſon, the only ſycophant, the only hypocrite in company?

Lord L. I would by no means affirm ſo bold a thing as that. I can only answer for myſelf.

Lady T. Your Lordſhip is amazingly polite.

Maj. Oh a ſneering—Humph? Hay? Blow me! Humph?

Lord L. But left you ſhould accuſe me of hypocrify, I will be very ſincere. You are a ruined man;

Man, and I need not tell this good company that a ruined man is a person that nobody knows.

Dor. That is a thing of course.

Lady T. No want of friendship in that.

Lord L. But this is a trifle; for you will soon know nobody.

Dor. Your reason?

Lord L. A very obvious one; you will soon lose your senses.

Dor. How, and why so?

Lord L. Only for your own convenience.

Tasting and smelling will go first. Because, as you know, faculties not exercised are lost. Creditors will next come to your door: animals that have very discordant voices. They will clamour, vociferate, and possess the miraculous gift of making you deaf. They will insolently demand why you are a—Hem!

Dor. Sir?

Lord L. They are shocking hard-mouthed scoundrels.

Dor. Ha!

Lord L. Why you are—hem—and they are ruined? Here you will be struck dumb!

Dor. Proceed.

Lord L. They will meet you in the street: and while their eyes shall be riveted upon yours, you will be stone blind.

Dor. Humph! Why most men's organs are defective; you for instance have a most exquisite taste and scent at a friend's table.

Maj. But never at his own. Blow me! Humph?

Dor. Then if your most intimate acquaintance be traduced, no man's ear more open! But if commended, you are instantly as deaf as an adder! I did not say as venomous.

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Maj. He has it! Damme! You take me?
Humph?

Dor. With respect to vision too, I have known you distinguish a Coronet, on a Coach, at a prodigious distance! Yet unable to see a poor relation, though he brushed your elbow as he passed!

Lady T. (*To Major &c.*) He can't deny it.

Dor. Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, by this time we have tolerably well explained ourselves: you have nothing more to hope from me; and I just as much from you.

Lady T. Very sorry.

Lord L. But how can it be helped?

Dor. Be under no concern! We are perfectly agreed. I am as little disposed to accept as you are to offer. I shall indulge in no reproach; for I feel no surprize. I took you for neither better nor worse than you are. Epithets mean but little: I call my dog Cæsar; and I have called you my friends: but I did not persuade myself that either you or Cæsar were Romans.

Lord L. Your philosophy is exquisitely polite.

Dor. It is adapted to my company.

Lady T. Let us be gone. I presume we have our good friend's permission?

Dor. To consult your own inclination in all things, dear Madam.

Lady T. I am prodigiously shocked and concerned! I am indeed. [*Exit.*]

Maj. (*Dejectedly*) I am dumb founded; damme! Humph? Hay? My friend? Do you take me? Humph? [*Exit.*]

Lord L. Oh, no doubt we all compassionate your case! [*Exit.*]

Cur. For my part, I have only to remark with
great

great deference, that I cannot, Sir, give you my Ward.

Dor. Your reason, kind Sir?

Cur. Because, might I hazard an objection, you are a beggar.

Dor. Can no consideration bribe you?

Cur. With submission, none that you can offer. I am sorry, but it is no fault of mine. Your very humble servant, Sir.

Dor. Thou last and dearest of my friends, farewell! [*Exit Curfew*] Why so! The farce of greatness is ended; and the task of Man begins—'Tis the poor wretches whom the afflicting heavens have left shelterless that demand our pity. Wretched sufferers! Would my loss had been the sole misfortune!

Hud. I am glad, Sir, you meet it with so much fortitude.

Dor. Not with so much but that I am fool enough to feel it. My cherished hope, the passion of my heart, is cruelly assaulted. But, I know thee, Olivia! Thy pure and dignified love not even this can shake.

Hud. So may it prove! Yet the scene I just have witnessed makes me doubt.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha!

Hud. Your forbearance, with these your false friends, is to me unaccountable. I could have trampled them to dust.

Dor. And thus have reduced yourself to their level. What! A battle with chimney sweepers? Manhood and common sense forbid!

Hud. Nay, but malice so undisguised!

Dor. What of it? Shall I be angry that insects buzz and strain to push forth stings they never had?

Or

Or should they blur the mirror that reflects my face, shall I fancy it deformed?

Hud. After a life of splendour, to become the daily butt of insult and contempt?

Dor. Bugbears for children! This man shuts his pocket, and that his door upon me: one overlooks me: another eyes me as steadily forgetful as the stranger that has neither borrowed from my purse nor eaten at my table. Is this worthy my notice? Is it my misfortune or theirs that the first is miserly, the second mean, the third imperious, and the fourth a mere summer-fly, that began in a muckworm and so will end? What, chagrined because I am not like them? Oh, no, no!

Hud. I own I cannot think like you.

Dor. Mere want of thought. Who would make himself the Tantalus of fools, or the foot-ball of fortune?

Hud. We are so in our own despite.

Dor. Rather by our own endeavours. Equal to every change the man of fortitude remains unmoved, when, most depressed, feebler spirits sink; or, most exalted, flutter. In prosperity he exults not: he shrinks not from adversity. He doubts if there be adversity; except to the impotent and unwise. Souls are distinguished by their qualities; and the day of assault is, to him, the fortunate day in which he proves his rank.

Hud. To whom? Poor and deserted, who will notice, he asks not testimony: for if he did, when, where, how often should he meet minds capable of doing him justice? Conscious and secure in himself he needs no other proof.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. Demur is below, Sir.

Dor.

Dor. I am coming. [*Exit Servant.*] He brings intelligence I have already heard. My honest Herbert, an oppressed orphan, has gained his cause. Why this dilates and fills my heart. I have lost an ample, a superfluous, fortune; he has gained a small one, but a competency. I shall make him happy! Him and his Annabel! Why what a misery-minded reptile should I be, were I not, this very moment, to rejoice in his good fortune! [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I. OLIVIA and ANNABEL.

Ann. LAW, now, what if Lady Taunton was invited to dinner again! Where is the harm?

Oli. You talk in vain, Annabel. I know myself. The heart that can unite with mine must be pure as infancy, gay as youth, unshaken as manhood, and benevolent as wisdom in ripe old age. If it can sully itself with the vices of contagious custom, if it can descend to associate with—
Faugh! My soul sickens at the very image.

Ann. Well, I am sure, all England could not shew his equal; except my dear Herbert.

Oli. My whole soul would be my husband's! It would hover round him, dwell on his lips, live in his eyes, attend on, watch over, take flight with him; suffer, rejoice, laugh, weep, and feel every affection his noble heart should feel! And none but a noble, none but a magnanimous heart could yield delight to me.

Ann. Dear, dear, I am very sorry! I can't tell what to say! I am young and know but little; yet I very much fear such over nice notions do but make people misfortunate.

Oli. I grant, Annabel, as my love is immeasurable, so is my sensibility. A cold, an indifferent, a divided heart? Oh! it would give me torture inexpressible!

SCENE

SCENE II. *Enter CURFEW.*

Cur. With submission, Ward, may I speak a word with you?

Oli. Certainly, Sir. Leave us, my dear Annabel.
[*Exit Ann.*]

Cur. I presume to ask a favour.

Oli. What is it?

Cur. With great deference, Dorington is unworthy of you.

Oli. I begin to think him unworthy of any woman, possessed of delicacy or dignity of feeling.

Cur. Under correction then, promise me to break with him.

Oli. Promise?

Cur. With much humility, did you know all, you could have no hesitation.

Oli. Can there be any thing more offensive than what I already know?

Cur. Infinitely!

Oli. What is it?

Cur. Pardon me, I must forbear. It would shock you to hear.

Oli. Indeed! Is he so very a Man of the age? Is he so deep in depravity? I renounce him.

Cur. With humble submission, you have great cause.

Oli. For ever! For ever!

Cur. Under favour, I will give orders to the servants that you are no more at home to him. Robert!

Enter ROBERT.

Oli. Sir——This eager haste——Robert, if Mr. Dorington should call, say—say—I—I—(*Turns away*) Why do I feel this reluctance, this weakness?

H

No!

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No ! I will not yield ! My understanding shall not be enslaved and insulted by my affection. [*Exit.*

Cur. Robert, with submission, it is your Lady's order, to all the servants, not to admit Mr. Dorington. She is not at home to him. Be upon the watch yourself. Shut the door in his face. It is your Lady's strict injunction. Remember ! Your Lady's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The house of DORINGTON.*

DORINGTON and HUDSON.

Dor. From these rough estimates, I find, the wreck of my fortune will suffice for the payment of my debts ; and I am happy. Be kind enough to proceed as instructed ; and, when you are in the city, inquire as minutely as possible, that I may consider if some poor pittance of relief may not yet be afforded to the wretched sufferers at Barbadoes.

Hud. Relief, Sir ! How are you to provide for your own existence ?

Dor. Ha, ha, ha ! How can man be so blind to the fewness of his wants, and the infinitude of his means, as to ask such a coward question ?

Hud. I wish, Sir, I could feel as you do. (*Going.*)

Dor. Stay.. I recollect another matter. Step this way. (*They retire to the cabinet.*)

SCENE IV. *Footman and Major RAMPART.*

Foot. My master is just gone into that room. I will tell him you are here, Sir.

Maj. Mighty well. Blow me ! What can I do ? What can I say ? I know what he wants well enough, damme !

DORINGTON returns. HUDSON and Footman pass through the apartment.

Dor.

Dor. Major, I took the freedom to request five minutes conversation with you.

Maj. Yes, damme! I know the subject. I take you. You want money: I am a few hundreds in your debt. Curst unlucky! I wish I had thousands! They should all be yours, blow me! But if I have fifty pieces at my Banker's, I am a cut-throat Kalmuck! Do you take me? Damme! Humph?

Dor. Do not be alarmed. I am no dun. I want no money.

Maj. No?—Fire and—! Humph? Hay? Humph?

Dor. I have something to present you with. You have long been soliciting rank; but wanted friends. I have been lucky enough to meet better success. There is a commission.

Maj. Blow me to— Humph? Hay? Humph?
(*Reads.*) Oliver Rampart, Colonel of the forty— Carnage and— Humph? Hay? But how? I want heavy artillery! I can't purchase! I have no guns, blow me! Humph?

Dor. That is all settled.

Maj. Hay? Do I take you? Arrears discharged? Exchange money paid?

Dor. It is.

Maj. Sulphur and— When am I to bring up my rear? Do you take me? Pay day? Humph? When am I to find bounty money?

Dor. When your two sons are Captains, and your three daughters well married.

Maj. Blow me to atoms! Humph? Hay? Do you take me? Damme! Humph?

Dor. I have only one request to make. When you become a General—

Maj. Ay! Damme! Humph? Hay? Humph?

Dor. You will study to win your battles by shedding as little human blood as possible.

Maj. Carnage and— You are a great hero! I will not shed a drop. Flames and fury! You are a mighty conqueror! And what are you to do? Humph? Hay? Damme! Do you take me?

Dor. Seek my fortune. The world is wide enough. I have health, strength, courage, and common sense. What do I want, which these cannot acquire?

Maj. Blow— I never saw a great man till this moment!

Dor. Farewell! Go and make your family happy.

Maj. (*Catches his skirt*) Humph? Hay? (*Cries, laughs, and sings*) “Rule Britan”—Colonel Rampart! Ha, ha, ha! “Britons nev”—General next year!—“never will”—You are a fine—Oh! Damme! Humph? Hay? Do you take—“Britons “never”—Oh you are a—“Britons”— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The front of CURFEW'S house.*

HERBERT, and afterward DORINGTON.

Her. I did watch un out: a be coming thick way. I be zure a be guain to Madam's, and I do want to know what an a welcome a wul meet.

[*Retires on the watch.*

Dor. (*Knocks at the door, which Robert opens*)

Rob. Who do you want, Sir?

Dor. Want? Why don't you know me, Robert?

Rob. Yes, Sir; I know you very well; only that my orders are to know no such person.

Dor. Not know me?

Rob. I can't find in my heart to say I don't know

know a gentleman that has been so kind to me.
But servants must obey.

Dor. Are these Olivia's commands?

Rob. I am sorry to say it, Sir, they are. I am strictly charged to shut the door in your face; and may perhaps get turned away, for talking to you. But, since it is come to this, I don't much mind if I am.

Dor. Go, go, Robert! Obey your orders. *(Pause)*
[Exit Robert shutting the door.]

HERBERT *in great anxiety.*

Her. Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

Dor. Why then the dissolution of worlds may be foretold; and impossibilities are true. Can it be? Holiday friends, slaves of appearances, sycophants of prosperity, that rats like these should fly the falling edifice is nothing strange; it moves not my gall. But thou, Olivia? Thou!—It cannot be! 'Tis but some generous artifice to try my temper; and put my knowledge of thy noble nature to the test.

Her. I must speak a word of comfort to 'n; and I wul!

Dor. And shall a sport, a shew of injury, deceive me? From a mind, too, native in magnanimity; incapable of insult? What, distrust thee? Rank thee with the base, the venal, and the vain? With grovelling spirits, that never felt the exalted swell of souls? Souls that rise superior to controul; that hold Fate itself their slave; and make their mirth of their misfortunes? These are thy peers, Olivia. Shall I sink thee, cast thee from thy high place in my heart by one degrading thought? Oh no!
(Going)

Her. I do reverently hoape, Zur, you won't take it amiss, but if I could be zo happy as to do any mortal

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mortal thing, to give you a bit of heart's ease, why, just at this time, it would make me main light i' my stomach here.

Dor. Thank you, Herbert ; but I want no aid.

Her. I do hoape you don't take the baseness of zum volk too much to heart. I do know what it is to have a liking vor a zweetheart ; and zure enough, if Annabel wur to zarve I o' that'n, I do believe it would make a mazed man o' me !

Dor. Have you seen Mr. Hudson ?

Her. No, zure. I don't know the gentleman.

Dor. Well, go home. He has something for you.

Her. Won't ee let me go wi' you, Zur ? Won't ee ? I pray you do ! You have a need enough of comfort. Tho'f al the wordle do vorfak you, I do humbly hoape you don't think I be so wicked to vorfak you too ?

Dor. I have no need of your services, my kind friend. When I have, I will accept them.

Her. Wul you ? Wul you, Zur ? Why then the blessing of marcy be wi' you.

Dor. I am happy ; be you so too. Go home, my good friend. [Exit.

Her. I do believe a's one of God a'mighty's angels ! As zure as can be, a's not o' this arth ! Go whoam ? But I won't though. I won't go whoam, till I have been into that abomination house once more. I do hoape it won't fal, avore I do get out on't ! I'll take Annabel away, I'm detarmint ! I'll tell madam my mind, come on't what wul !

[Goes to the door.

SCENE VI. *The house of CURFEW.*

OLIVIA, and then ANNABEL.

Oli. Why do I make myself thus miserable, for
an

an unworthy man? Why does my wilful heart regret one who would have fixed it in wretchedness?

Enter ANNABEL.

Ann. Dear, dear, Madam, here is poor Herbert in such a taking!

Oli. What is the matter?

Ann. You know he used to adore your very name, and now he is in the bitterest passion with you!

Oli. With me?

Ann. For your unkindness to our dear benefactor. He has something at heart that he cannot find words to explain.

Oli. Where is he? Bring him here.

Ann. Herbert, you may come in.

SCENE VII. *Enter HERBERT.*

Her. I don't know if I do want to come in. I don't know if it beant a zin to be under the zeame roof wi' a false hearted—

Ann. Herbert!

Her. May hap thee do mean to larn o' Madam, and zarve I the zeame? Doee! Doee! That's al! Doee!

Ann. I do advise you to know, Herbert, I be no such person!

Her. I do hoape i' my heart and zaul thee bean't! I do hoape thee be come of a better breed.

Oli. Who is it, Herbert, that you are thus angry with?

Her. I do know who! Ees zure! I do know who!

Oli. Apparently, it is me?

Her. That your vine volk, that came o' purposely

posely to eat up his very bones, and drink down his heart's blood, that they should turn their backs in his distress !

Oli. Distress ?

Her. Why it wur a mortal curst abomination to be zure ! But it wur little more nur natural. I had a vorfeeling o' that !

Oli. What do you mean by distress ?

Her. So kind a wur to ee ! Volk may be asheamed o' theirzel ! A would a gin his zaul's eyes to a zaved the little vinger o' those that the moment misvorain befell'n they shut the door in his vace !

Oli. What is it you mean ?

Her. Where zuch wicked volk do hoape to go to I can't tell ! But their end can't be good ! No ! They can't die in peace !

Oli. Herbert, I intreat, I insift, you tell me instantly what has happened to Dorington.

Her. Oh, marcy, marcy ! As if you didn't know ! Annabel, I do charge thee come away ! If thee dost stay here another night, I'll never zee thee more ! I'll make away wi' myzel ! I do love thee dearly ! Thee dost know I do ; so come ! Thee wilt take pattern to learn a bad zample. I do know thee will ! So come !

Ann. I'll come to thee presently.

Her. Come along ! Come ! Will ee come ? I'll be my own death else ! Will ee come ? (*Pulls her*)

Ann. Be quiet, Herbert—Dear, dear Madam, good bye ! I love you ! Indeed, indeed I do ! But Herbert will have me with him. Heaven's blessings light upon you !

Her. That be impossible, Annabel ! I do wish vrom my zaul it war not ! But it be, it too zurely be ! Madam, I did think ee such a Leady as the

wordle couldn't match! But I'll pray vor you! I can do no more! I'll pray that heaven may grant your precious zaul the grace to repent.

[*Exeunt Herbert and Annabel.*]

Oli. The passion of this honest youth is incomprehensible! What heinous act have I committed, that should excite odium so violent, and so unfeigned, in his well-meaning and kind heart? (*To Robert passing through the chamber*) Robert! Has Dorington called this afternoon?

Rob. Very lately, Madam.

Oli. Did you open the door to him?

Rob. I did, Madam.

Oli. And what did you say?

Rob. I obeyed your directions.

Oli. What were they?

Rob. Madam? To shut it in his face.

Oli. In his face? How durst you be guilty of such an outrage?

Rob. It was Mr. Curfew's positive order, given in your name, Madam, as you were leaving the room.

Oli. In my name?

Rob. I supposed it was because the poor gentleman is ruined.

Oli. How? When?

Rob. All his West-India estates, by a great storm.

Oli. Heavens, and earth!

S C E N E VIII.

Mr. CURFEW.

Oli. What is it I hear, Sir?

Cur. With submission, Madam, How can I tell what you may have heard?

Oli. Is Dorington ruined?

Cur. Completely.

Oli. And was that the motive, which you would not explain, for urging my consent to deny myself?

Cur. With all deference, would you desire a better?

Oli. Better! Sir, as my Guardian, I have long struggled to preserve some respect for you, but it is no longer possible! Better? (*Aside*) Demons could not have imagined a worse.

Cur. Begging your pardon, Miss —

Oli. Sir, I will not be awed by your angry humility, and an irritable spirit of contradiction, You have practised deceit upon me: odious pernicious deceit: and have made me an abettor of guilt that I abhor.

Cur. Under favour, by saving you from ruin.

Oli. By plunging me into the lowest contempt. By giving me the attributes of a fiend! Shut the door in the face of the unfortunate? Of thee, Dorington? The most generous and compassionate of men! Whose liberal hand and large heart were open to the whole human race! Abandon thee now? No! My actions shall vindicate me from the wicked, the foul aspersions. If my whole fortune can save thee, thou shalt be saved. (*She sits down to write.*)

Cur. I venture to suppose, Madam, you will first ask my advice.

Oli. No, Sir; I will not. I have followed your advice oftener than it was good. I will be guilty of this weakness no more.

Cur. I humbly presume, Miss Olivia, you are my ward. (*Pause*) Are you not? (*Pause*) With all due deference to your contemptuous treatment, I expect an answer. (*Pause*) Excuse my freedom, your impertinence deserves punishment.

Oli.

Oli. Robert! Take this letter to Mr. Confol, wait for an answer, and I particularly request you will be quick! For heaven's sake, fly!

[*Exit Robert. Olivia retires with agitation.*]

Cur. (*Following very angry*) Why, Madam! Your pretended apathy is insolence, Madam! You are in a passion, Madam! You are in an abominable passion, Madam! You are in a damned passion, Madam. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IX. *The house of DORINGTON.*

HERBERT and HAIRBRAIN meeting.

Hair. Herbert!—My good fellow!—What is the matter?

Her. Matter enough.

Hair. Zounds, why the fool has tears in his eyes! Oh you shocking blockhead! Learn of me! Kick care to the devil! There is no blast of bad fortune, however black, that has not a white and bright speck in it. Catch at the glorious phantom, you ranting rogue! Pursue it full speed! Hug it, enjoy it, devour it, you happy dog! If it vanish one moment, it will flame with double blaze the next! Light up your imagination at it, and be in a conflagration yourself, you sublime roister!

Her. Vine talking.

Hair. Fine doing, Herbert! Imitate me: realize your raptures; and then you will be the richest rascal on earth! The whole Globe is mine! The pretended owners plow, sow, and fret. I eat, drink, and enjoy!

Her. No, no! There be no more joy vor I!

Hair. I am the happy man. I am alert! Alive! All soul! All fire! All pure spirit! I never walk the earth: I am in air! I fly! I soar! Skim!—Oh damme, you never see me in the glums!

Her. May be not. May hap you do zet as little store by your vriends as the rest o' this bafe wordle.

Hair. Damn the world! I know it is bafe. But is that any reason that I should be miserable? Oh, no, Mr. Devil, you shall not have that pull upon me! While I live, the sun shall shine; and, if it should be snuffed out, I'll create a sun of my own!

Her. Your zun may shine; but other volks zuns be zet.

Hair. Whose?

Her. Mine. But that be nothing. I shall never be happy again, so long as I do draa breath! But that don't much matter.

Hair. Oh you miserable mortal! You earth-born booby! But never mind. I will be your doctor: your alchymist. I will sublimate, will spiritualize you! Only tell me, where Dorington is?

Her. Ah poor gentleman, he be ill enough!

Hair. Ill? Damme, how dare he be ill, without my leave? But I have news!

Her. Have you?

Hair. News that will make his heart leap!

Her. Why have you indeed, Zur? Why have you? Be it good?

Hair. Good? A. B. is—The like was never heard!

Her. Laukadaify! I be glad to hear it! What can it be?

Hair. A. B.!—I treated him ill last night. I refused his money. But I am come to make him ample amends! A. B.!—Instead of gool, he shall lend me a thousand!

Her. Lend a thousand! Marcyful God!—What bafe wretches there be i' this wordle!

Hair. Who is base, fellow? What is the matter? I know him! To make my fortune will give him rapture! I shall repay him all I owe him within a month! Damme, I have been too long in his debt! It is high time to pay off. But I am his friend.

Her. Friend? Lord vorgi' me! I had liked to ha' zaid, May old cloven foot flee away wi' his friends, all in a string!—Friends? Patience o' my heart!—Poor Gentleman! (*Wipes his eyes*)

Hair. (*Catching tenderness*) Why!—Herbert. What? Hay?—Speak!—Any—Hay?—Any misfortune?

Her. What ull become o' 'n?

Hair. Zounds! You tormenting—(*His heart fall*) My good—dear—An—Herbert, speak. Take courage! Be—e—e calm!—Be calm!

Her. He can't work—He won't beg—(*Bursts into a cry*) He must starve—That's al!

Hair. (*Bursting the same*) Starve? Do-o-oring-ton my frie-e-end! Da-a-mme if he shall!—Wha a at do you cry y y so for; you curst he-e-en hearted dog?

Her. He that has be en zo goo ood to al!

Hair. I kno o ow he has! Wha at then? Wha at then? Da da a amme, don't cry! Doo o o n't cry! You foo ol, do n't cry!

Her. But I can wo ork vor'n; and zo can A-Annabel.

Hair. And so o o can I, you booby! So o can I!

Her. (*Recovering*) As long as we a' got a morsel, he shall never want! Never!

Hair. Want, Herbert! Want? Oh ye immortals! You have set my brain in a frenzy! Speak! Speak!

Her. I can't speak—Vorzaken of al his friends!

His

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His house and lands and al blowed down! His zweetheart false to her vows! No zaul on earth to comfort his poor heart! What ull become o' 'n?

Hair. Death and dam—Blown down?—It must be so! The great tornado!

Her. Too zure! Too zure!—I ha' but one hoape.

Hair. What is that? My good dear Herbert! What is that?

Her. May hap you may a' heard of an esteccate left vor I and my coufin? 'Tis but dree hundred a year. A mortal deccal too much, to be zuré, vor I; but almost nothing at al, vor he!

Hair. And you would thare it, hay; my heroic foul?

Her. Share it? Ees zure! Vor it should be every fard'n al his own!

Hair. Poïson and fire! Is not this cutting now? Here is this pitiful claypole will give his estate! And I, pennylefs rascal that I am, have not a doit to bestow!—Have not I?—Did I dare tell myself such a lie?—Herbert, I applaud the project, my foul of benignity! He shall have half your estate, and all mine!

Her. Al yours! I didn't knaw you had an esteccate!

Hair. Yes but I have, and a noble one it is!

Her. Ay vor zure? Whereabouts do it lie?

Hair. In a very narrow compass, my boy!

Her. Ay ay truly; I do fear as much.

Hair. In a ring fence! Here! (*Strikes his forehead*) It is portable! Go where I will, I carry it about me! Thieves cannot steal! Confiscation cannot take it away! While I am capable of enjoying, it is certain to be in my possession! And, what is better, damme, it is daily rising in value!

Her.

Her. May hap zo. May hap zo. But I do know the lawyers won't gi' five vardins vor the fee simple of 't.

Hair. You are a royal rogue! But I, I am royalty itself.

Her. I do fear you be crack-brained!

Hair. I am a genius! And genius is a monarch on a large establishment; for whom the public are in duty bound to furnish a fund of praise, equal to his expenditure of intellect!

Her. Ay ay! He be too zurely crack-brained!

SCENE X. *Enter Mr. HUNSON.*

Hud. Your name I believe, Sir, is Herbert?

Her. Ees zure.

Hud. And yours, Sir, if I do not mistake, Mr. Hairbrain?

Hair. (*Avoiding him*) Zounds! He's a Bailiff! — Well, Sir; and what then?

Hud. I am glad you are present to witness that I deliver these deeds.

Hair. What? Hay? The estate, Herbert! Hay? My honest fetter?

Hud. On the part of Mr. Dorington. [*Exit.*

Her. As zure as I be I, it is. (*Seeks after Dorington*)

Hair. Hurrah!—This will be a great day yet. I last night dreamt my ticket was come up a blank. Dreams go by contraries! It will be a great day yet! First my prize in the lottery! Then A B! Then the fruits of my own labours! That first of delights, that most exquisite most certain of resources, the products of my own genius!

Her. Dang it! Where can a be?

Hair. Herbert, my boy! Come! Let us fly! We'll find him.

Her.

Her. Where ?

Hair. Leave that to me. I can do every thing. We'll settle our property upon him ! He'll be very proud ! I know him. Ha, ha, ha ! What a damn'd booby you were to cry so ! It will be a great day ! A glorious day ! Come along ! Curse your crying ! Come along ! Hurrah ! Away ! Hurrah ! Ha, ha, ha ! Damn your crying !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *The house of CONSOL.*

Footman and CONSOL.

Con. Inform Madam Olivia I am come, as she desired.

Foot. Yes ! Sir.

[*Exit.*

Con. I wonder what she can want with me. Not money ; for she is rich and has not learned to squander. She has some design. She is very smooth spoken : a sure mark of cunning. Oh she has some end to answer. Odds body ! A comical thought has crossed me ! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ! It can be only that ! Ha, ha, ha ! She has taken a fancy to me ! Fallen in love with me ! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ! I have hit it ! I have the whole clue ! I am the rich Consol ! Oh ! Besides now I recollect, I have seen her look—I cannot tell how ! She knows I am one of the richest, ergo, one of the greatest men breathing ! Then there are agreements, similarities between us ! She is prudent economical and cunning ! So am I : She is rich young and beautiful : so am—? Yes—so am I ! Five and forty is young enough : and as for handsome, your plump, round-faced, smug-looking, person is always agreeable : and I have a remarkable smile—Ha, ha, ha ! She is a good one ! She knows two and two make four. 'Tis a deep thought !

Her

Her vast fortune added to mine, I shall soon be able to buy up the Bedford rent roll! It is a grand idea!—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh she is a good one! Zounds, I wonder the thought never struck her or me before! Odds body, it will be a rare match! It will amaze every body! Oh Lord! How happy the discovery has made me! Ha, ha, ha! It is a deep game!

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Mr. Confol, I thank you for your immediate attention. I want your aid, and fear I have taken a liberty with you, which you may think strange.

Con. Strange, dear Madam? Allow me to say, it is strange you did not take it sooner.

Oli. Take what, Sir?

Con. No matter. Better late than never.

Oli. I have a business to propose, to which I am but little accustomed.

Con. I know it, dear Madam! I know it! But what matters custom?

Oli. Good sense, I own, Sir, is a better guide.

Con. No doubt on't! Be under no alarm, Madam; come to the point at once. I know the world.

Oli. Poor Dorington is at present in distress.

Con. Ay, ay! Poor and in distress. Oh you are a shrewd Lady!

Oli. I am persuaded you will not think me so.

Con. Dear Madam, I know you to be so! I never admired any Lady's prudence so much in my life!

Oli. I am glad you approve my proceeding.

Con. Approve? I am transported with it! I adore you for it! Oh, it was a prodigious thought!

K

Oli.

Oli. A very natural one.

Con. You are a great beauty. So I am a great wit. For why? I can command half a million! Show me another man as witty as myself. Then, as for person, I have a straight leg, a comely face, and a fine eye, for I always see my own interest.

Oli. I do not comprehend you, Sir.

Con. Nay, nay, dear Madam, speak out, you are shrewd: you know well enough modesty is only a mask.

Oli. It may be so with the knavish.

Con. Knavish? All people are knavish at heart. When they are honest it is from a knavish motive.

Oli. Indeed? Your philosophy is beyond me.

Con. I hope no offence, Madam? I would rather the stocks should fall than offend you!

Oli. (*Aside*) What is the matter with the man?—My business with you, Mr. Confol, is an affair of delicacy.

Con. Speak; fear nothing, Madam. With the Ladies, no man more delicate than myself.

Oli. You are gallant, Sir.

Con. To be sure, Madam! You have made me gallant; have fired me; have put my blood in a blaze!

Oli. Mr. Confol!

Con. Ay, and Mrs. Confol! Is not that it, Madam?

Oli. (*Aside*) Is the man frantic?

Con. I see you will not speak; so I will. I love you, Madam!

Oli. Sir!

Con. May my Banker break if I do not! Full fifty per cent. better than ever I loved woman in my life!

Oli.

Oli. Amazing!

Con. Not at all. I love you; you love me: there is no love lost. Our purses shall be as loving as our persons; one pocket, one pair of sheets.

Oli. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I shall expire.

Con. Expire, Madam? I would almost rather be a lame duck.

Oli. Ha, ha, ha! I dare say, Sir, your grief would be as pungent as your passion is powerful. I know not what odd accident has blown up this flame in your bosom; but I imagine a single word will quench it. You are mistaken.

Con. Me, Madam?

Oli. Strange as it may seem, even you.

Con. How can that be? You are rich, Dorington is ruined; you are shrewd, I am deep; you are a spinster; I am a bachelor. You sent for me; and having no call for cash, why did you send? To do the deep thing, to be sure; and couple at once our fortunes and our affections.

Oli. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! How shall I support this extacy of arithmetic! This profusion of fifty per cent. tenderness?

Con. Nay, Madam——

Oli. This Change Alley Cupid! That studies amorous looks in the price of bullion; passionate desires in correct tables of interest; and tumultuous transports according to the rate of Exchange! Ha, ha, ha!

Con. I don't understand, Madam!

Oli. That falls most woefully in love to the quaking of lame ducks, and the music of bulls and bears! That kindles up his flame to the sweet harmony of scrip fix and a half! Omnium

ten, seven-eighths! Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
(Laughs)

Con. Very odd!

Oli. Ha, ha, ha! Pardon me, Sir. Indeed I would resist this impertinent laugh, if I could.

Con. What is there to laugh at in me? Fifty thousand in the long annuities: three times the sum bank stock: and not much less in India Bonds, Consols, and South Sea. Is all that a joke? If it be, it is a devilish good joke! One of the wittiest I ever heard.

Oli. Well, Sir, I will leave you in full possession of your wit and jocularly; and, waving farther preface, declare my business.

Con. And am I then really hummed?

Oli. (Shakes her head) Ha, ha, ha!

Con. Are you sure?

Oli. Ha, ha, ha! Past all doubt.

Con. Then, Madam, you have missed a glorious opportunity; and are not the woman I took you for!

Oli. Pray let us be serious, Sir. My business with you requires dispatch. I want an immediate sum of money.

Con. Money? That is quite another affair! Money is a very scarce article.

Oli. You forget, Sir? Long Annuities, India Bonds, South Sea?

Con. Forget, Oh no! Can't forget! Never forget! But the terms?

Oli. Shall be of your own dictating.

Con. Humph! That's something—And the security?

Oli. Is surely undeniable.

Con. Oh Lord, Madam! A Ward! Mr. Curfew your guardian! A bill filed in chancery!

Oli.

Oli. I must have money, Sir, of you, or elsewhere.

Con. Must, I own is an imperious gentleman! Tho' I own I have no dislike to his acquaintance; for he is always willing to hear reason and pay for risk.

Oli. To be sure, Sir. (*Aside*) Yes, Dorington; I will bless even usury; since it will afford thee relief — Please, Sir, to step into my apartment, and we will agree on the terms.

Con. I attend you, Madam. But, do now, give the love business a turn in your thought. Pray do! Really I am a jewel! Do wear me in your bosom.

Oli. (*Laughing.*) We should be a charming pair!

Con. A lovely pair!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT,

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE I. *The street.*

HAIRBRAIN'S lodgings. *A tumult without. Enter fellows neatly dressed, favours in their hats; butchers in white and blue; Drum-major and Drummers. They all sound. HAIRBRAIN looks out at the window.*

Hair. **H**OLLA, Holla, Holla! (*They cease.*)
What the devil is all this hallabaloo?

Clerk. (*Knocks at the door, a girl opens it.*) Does Edward Hairbrain, Esq. live here?

Girl. Here's an uproar indeed! Who are you? What do you want?

Clerk. Squire Hairbrain.

Hair. This is some damn'd bailiff. Betty! Shut the door! Keep 'em out! I am not at home!

Clerk. Oh, Sir, if you are the gentleman, rare news! Come down! Come down!

Hair. You confounded scheming rascals, I tell you, I am not at home! I know your tricks! You are in masquerade, you dogs!

Clerk. Come down, Sir! Come down!

Hair. Get away, villain! Get away! Or curse me but I will down with you! I have a four-barrelled blunderbuss; and, if you offer to storm my Castellum, damme but I'll pepper you!

TOO

Clerk. Nay but hear!

Hair. I'll let fly! I will! I will!

Clerk. (*Retreating*) I am the head clerk at Fleece-
'em's Lottery-office.

Hair. What? Who? Lottery?

Clerk. Yes.

Hair. A Prize?

Clerk. Of twenty thousand pounds!

Hair. Twenty—Take care! Take care! (*De-
scends.*) Where are you? How many have I killed?
Twenty thousand?

Clerk. Sterling-money of Great-Britain!

Hair. You intolerably lucky dog! Your fortune
is made! Twenty thousand! You inanimate scoun-
drels! Why don't you shout? Shout, you dull
dogs! Shout!

Mob. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Hair. Play, you villains! Harmony! Heavenly
harmony! Silence! Silence, I say! Have you
brought a coach and fix?

Clerk. No, Sir!

Hair. Oh you damned thoughtless street-trotter!

Clerk. But there are twenty on the stand.

Hair. I'll ride in them all! Call 'em every one!
Get within! And without! Upon the roof! Under
the wheels! Mount your fiddlesticks and make a
cavalcade. Five rounds of beef and as many butts
of porter are yours! I'll regale you! Shout, rascals!
—Silence! Once again silence! Be mute, villains,
and obey! I am the Great Mogul! Take me
to my friends! Quick! Quick, you iron-souled
scoundrels! Don't you know he is in distress?

Clerk. Where must we go?

Hair. Brook-street, hound! Brook street! Where
else, wiseacre?—I'll be with him! I told him he
might

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might depend upon me. Away! Sing! Shout!
Dance! Be mad, you villains! Away! I come,
Dorington! I come! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The house of* DORINGTON.

DORINGTON and HUDSON with letters.

Dor. The mistake appears extraordinary!

Hud. Impelled by inexpressible terrors, at the approaching hurricane, I left the island before it happened; and escaped to the ship that brought me to England.

Dor. Of whom, then, did you learn the detail you gave me?

Hud. From various vessels; that all were uniform in their report. I am sorry I have unwittingly been the cause of so painful and false an alarm.

Dor. Think not of the pain.

Hud. The intelligence those letters bring is certain. Sheltered by the high lands, your domains received but little damage; and, from the too general devastation, your crops, which were great, are doubled in value.

Dor. Doubled? No! Let me perish indeed, rather than batten on the general distress! Seek a passage; return with all speed; and deal out, to the necessitous, all the relief my crops and stores can supply. But let your aid itself be cautious, and gradual; else, instead of good, it may be mischievous. [Exit Hudson.]

Shouting; and then violent and repeated knocking.

Dor. What does this mean?—Who is there?—
How now?—Why John! Harry!

SCENE

SCENE III. *Enter HAIRBRAIN.*

Hair. Dorington!—My friend!—Damme!—I can't speak!—(Recovers) Has honest Herbert found you?

Dor. Found me?—No!

Hair. Poor fellow!—I am first! The luck is all my own!—Do you know the extent of your riches?

Dor. No, indeed.

Hair. I'll tell you. I have brought the account. The balance shall be struck instantly. Here.

Dor. What is there?

Hair. Your prize.

Dor. How!

Hair. Among my mad whims, you remember, I one day made you buy a lottery ticket.

Dor. For you?

Hair. For me, while you were rich, and I was poor; but now you are poor, and I am rich, for you. In law and justice it is all your own.

Dor. (Taking the bills) Have you got a prize?

Hair. No: but you have.

Dor. I am heartily glad!

Hair. Why that is an honest fellow! That is a good fellow! God blefs you! That is acting like a man! I reverence you!

Dor. Well, but hear!

Hair. You take it without a word. You don't strike your friend dead by a refusal! I reverence you! God blefs you!

Dor. My excellent heart! My thrice noble friend!

Hair. Yes; we are friends! Everlasting friends, since you have not refused me!

L

Dor.

Dor. Listen for a moment!

Hair. Let me go! What the devil do you hold me for? I have ten thousand affairs—Why, zounds! Will you let me go?

Dor. Ned!—Angel-fouled mortal! Hear! And, if thou canst, be still more happy than thou art!—I do not want thy money.

Hair. Damme!—Cut my throat!—Use me tenderly, and blow my brains out!

Dor. My estates are not destroyed!

Hair. (*Pause*) I have deserved this!—I refused your money, and you are seeking your revenge!—I deserve it!

Dor. By all that is just and sincere, I am as rich as ever!

Hair. Can you so solemnly assert that which is not?

Dor. Ay, Ned! Ask! Can your friend do that?

Hair. Why—can—may—

Dor. Again and again, I am sincere!

Hair. I can't stand it!—My soul is suffocated! Dorington himself again! Give me some Burgundy!

Dor. And have you a prize?

Hair. Damn my prize!—Give me some Burgundy!—Lend me your arm!—Dorington!

Dor. Ned!

Hair. I can't stand it! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Changes to the ball.*

OLIVIA and Mr. HUDSON entering.

Oli. (*Eagerly*) Then, Sir, you do not know where Mr. Dorington is?

Hud. I am in search of him. Not long since, I left him at home.

Oli.

Oli. I must find him. I am miserable till I have proved I am not what appearances have made me — You brought the fatal news?

Hud. I did; and was anxious to prepare him to support the shock.

Oli. To which, dreadful as it was, I know him equal.

Hud. Till then, I had never beheld, nor had any hope any image of, a mind so tempered; a heart so heroic; a soul so dignified!

Oli. And I, at the very moment when oppression poured upon him, when the brutal, the wolfish, the idiot world deserted and cast him forth, I added insult to outrage!

Hud. His confidence in you was supreme. It seemed even to increase, by the unmanly taunts, and base defection of the sycophants around him. To you he turned, as to the tried friend of all fortunes. The consolation it gave him beamed in his countenance.

Oli. Oh God! Oh God! Could I but atone the injuries I have done thee, Dorington, I should die content.

Hud. Nay, nay, he is still the same. His faith in you is not to be shaken; not even by your own actions.

Oli. They were not my own. The wickedness of fiends is not more hateful to my heart. You, Sir, I know are his tried and trusty agent. Be kind enough to take charge of these bills, and deliver him this letter.

Hud. Pardon me, but I dare not. Neither is it necessary. [Exit.

Oli. He will not, himself, give me such a refusal! His mind is not so narrow! My fortune will not restore him to what he was; but it will do some-

thing. Of revenge he is incapable.—Yes! He is above me!

SCENE V. *Enter HAIRBRAIN, half drunk.*

Hair. Your humble servant, fair Lady!

Oli. Sir! Is it you?

Hair. Yes: it's me!

Oli. Have you seen your friend? Where is Dorington?

Hair. Dorington is an ex exquis quis quifite exquisite fellow! The happiest dear dog on earth! And I am still happier!

Oli. Ay, indeed!

Hair. You are—No—I won't tell you what you are—I won't insult a woman. But I am sorry for you.

Oli. Tell me but where he is, and reproach me as bitterly as you please.

Hair. Fie, Madam! I scorn re reproach! I never re reproach the Ladies! Never! But I am sorry for you.

Oli. Well, well, where is Dorington?

Hair. Dorington is a he hero!

Oli. Most true!

Hair. And I am a he hero! I'm a hero! And yesterday, yestday, I thought you as great a he hero as the best of us! So I am sorry for you! Very sorry! I am upon my soul!

Oli. Recollect yourself, I intreat you!

Hair. Re e collect? You don't sup up pose that I am tip ip fy?—See? What did I see? Oh! I could weep a fea, ay and a tea-cup full of tears! A Lady in dis is tress of weather always excites my compafs—ion! My passions! It is a mo oving scene! I pity you! pity—pit you pit you against any

any—~~it~~—~~it~~—No, damme, Ned, be the Gentleman!

Oli. Shall you see him again this evening?

Hair. To be sure I shall, (*Turns aside*) unless I should happen to get drunk for joy.

Oli. Then be kind enough to give him that letter. (*Going*) From that I hope he will learn the true state of my heart.

Hair. Nay, but stop! Stop! I have something to tell you.

Oli. Concerning Dorington?

Hair. Yes! Great news!

Oli. News! What is it? I intreat you speak!

Hair. Pro ro ro digious news! I can't find utturance!

Oli. Endeavour, pray!

Hair. I do! I do en—end—End? I haven't begun!

Oli. Now!

Hair. His lands and chat—tels were all blown away!—You heard of that?

Oli. I did.

Hair. I know you did! So you you you were blown away too! Ha, ha, ha! Blown away! All blown away!

Oli. Do you laugh at that?

Hair. Yes! Ha, ha, ha! Yes I do! For they are all blown back again!

Oli. Heavens!

Hair. Every stick and stone! All in their proper places! As quiet as lambs!

Oli. Oh happiness! (*Recollecting*) Yes! Happiness for him! But what for me?

Hair. You thought him poor, and treated treated him like a—Be quiet, Ned!—Harkye, if ever you should see me in my cups, fly! Get out of my way!

way! I should say the rudest bit bitter—But, while I am sober, I only think—I only think you are a bitter—Oh! In my cups beware of me!

Oli. Even so! Why then he is restored to honour and happiness; and I am fallen into the contempt, the scorn, which motives so mean as those imputed to me would well have merited! And who will believe them other than they have appeared? When he was poor, I seemed to abandon him. Now he no longer needs my friendship, I fly to afford him aid!—It must not be! He is lost. Conduct so abject as this shall never be imputed to me!—And is it thus?—A heart so munificent! A soul so capacious! Manners so gentle! Fortitude so unshaken! Is there no hope? Am I forever cut off from their benignant influence? I am! For ever! He is lost; and annihilation is come upon my soul! *[Exit.*

Hair. Who is lost? I am not lost! Here am I!—Why don't you speak?—Think of some excuse—I'll plead for you—I am el el elo eloquent, I am eloquent, and he is noble! Noble—So be under no concern, Madam; I, I'll be your mess elfs messmate—Pshaw! Messenger. I'll deliver—Liver? I have the liver hiccup, I believe!

SCENE VI. *Enter DORINGTON.*

Dor. Ned! My dear fellow, where is Olivia?

Hair. Hey day! What the devil! Are you blind? There she stands!

Dor. Where?

Hair. Before your eyes! Can't you see?—Sobbing and crying! Comfort her! Com um come—Go to her! Take pity on her!

Dor. What have you there?

Hair. An Epistle—Ovid—in Arabic—crabbed characters—Thomas! Bring me a wet nap ap kin! A nap ap a nap sob sobers me to a mir-a-cle—for I begin to suspect I am how came you so?—Do you hear both? I leave you to love and—A wet napkin, Thomas!—Make it up! Be charitable Pa a Paphians Pa Pagans and good Christians—Thomas! [*Enter Thomas*] A nap a nap—Be quiet. Damme! Do you think I am drunk?

Dor. Take care of him, Thomas.

Hair. Stand off! You mongrel son of a plate and trencher! Stand off! Dorington! Be merciful! Consider! A woman! Oh the dear sweet creatures! I love 'em from my soul! They are the delight, the—I—I—I'd marry them all! (*Sings*) “With women and wine I defy ev'ry care”—I'd marry them every one!—“For life without these”—Marry them all! All!—“Is a bubble of air”—All!

[*Exit, watched by Thomas.*]

Dor. (*Looks carefully, then surveys the letter with anxiety*) It is sealed! But it is directed to me! In her own hand! Why do I feel this palpitation? Do I then at last suspect her? Oh no! (*Breaks it open and reads.*) “Contemning the fetters of pre-
“judice I write the pure feelings of my heart. I
“have been unintentionally guilty of gross injus-
“tice, have listened to the malevolent, and have
“insulted your exalted character. In you I know
“my actions will meet a very different interpreter.
“—I expect you. The door—Oh how I scorn
“my odious conduct!—The door will not be shut
“in your face. OLIVIA.”

(*Dorington retires.*)

SCENE VII. *Enter OLIVIA.*

Oli. How could I forget the letter! 'Twill seem like

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like the meanest of cunning. Heavens! What do I see?

Dor. Olivia!!!

Oli. I perceive you have read a letter that was not intended for your perusal.

Dor. Not intended?

Oli. I would have died rather than it should have met your eye. It was to the ruined Dorington. I am incapable of the artifice of which it appears to accuse me.

Dor. Olivia!—Am I the man to accuse you of artifice?

Oli. Oh Dorington! (*She falls on his neck.*)

Dor. My soul! My heart's precious treasure!

Oli. I thought you poor! Abandoned! I have been heart-broken!

Dor. Here hush your fears! Here bury your disquietudes!

Knocking. Enter Footman.

Foot. Colonel Rampart is below.

Dor. Oh, the Major? Shall we see him?

Oli. By all means. [*Exit Footman.*]

Loud knocking. Enter Footman.

Foot. Lady Taunton desires to know if she may be admitted.

Knocking. Another Footman.

Foot. Lord Laroon's compliments, Sir, and asks if you are disengaged?

Knocking. Enter Thomas.

Tho. Sir Pertinax Pitiful's most respectful congratulations; is inexpressibly affected by your return of happiness, Sir, and understanding you were here, requests —

Dor. Hey day! What homily is this?

Knocking.

Knocking. Enter Footman.

Foot. More company, friends of Mr. Dorington, desire to know if you are at home, Madam.

Oli. No!—Yes! But not at leisure to interrupt my happiness by listening to the sneers of malice, or the glozings of hypocrisy.

Dor. My compliments, Thomas, to the Ladies and Gentlemen. In public, as usual, I shall meet them as acquaintance, but never in private treat them as friends!

Tho. I'll not forget the message, I warrant me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII. *Enter Colonel RAMPART.*

Oli. Colonel, I give you joy of your promotion.

Col. Madam, Dorington is a——Humph? I wish I was an Orator! Do you take me? Humph? Hay? Damme! Humph?

Oli. Yes, yes; I understand you, Colonel.

Col. Dorington—Cæsar and Pompey? Pshaw! I wish I was an Orator!

Oli. I think you are one.

Col. Dorington is my friend. Do you take me? Humph? Were his Majesty to appoint me Generalissimo, I should not be ashamed of my friend; and I hope my friend will never be ashamed of me.

Dor. There is no fear of that, Colonel.

Col. Why, yes——Blow me to——I am a Colonel, thanks to somebody. Do you take me, Madam? Oh, damme, I wish I was an Orator! Humph? Hay? Damme! Humph?

SCENE IX. ANNABEL *timidly at the door:*

HERBERT *pulling her back.*

Her. Why, Annabel! Are thee mazed?

An. I tell thee I will! I know she will forgive us.

M

Her.

Her. Come back, I zay, Annabel! Pize on't!
Come back.

An. I am sure she will forget our ingratitude!

Her. Nay then, an thee will be mulish, let I
speak——Zur——Madam——

Oli. Annabel!

Dor. Herbert!

Her. I be sheamed, mortal sheamed to shew my
face! But Annabel is nought to blame! It's al
the fault of I! Annabel ull break her heart an
you don't vargi' her, Madam.

A.1. I hope you won't be angry with Herbert;
he meant it all for the best!

Her. (*Aside*) Hold thy tongue, Annabel!——
Ees zure! I meent it al for the best! And zo did
Annabel. I wish I could have zarved you in any
zort! I do wish it wi' al my heart! And so does
Annabel! Don't you, Annabel?

An. Yes! Indeed, indeed I do!

Her. Be quiet! Hold thy tongue, Annabel!——
I would a laid down my life! I would as I am a
Christian zaul, an I could but a helped to a' meade
you both as happy as you do zeem to be: and zo
would Annabel! Wouldn't thee, Annabel?

An. That I would! Oh! That I would! And
I am sure so would Herbert.

Her. Be quiet, Annabel! Zo, as to be zure
you mun be angry wi' I, having such good cause,
wherefote I do beg and pray——Kneel, Annabel
——and I do hoape and petition you'll not bear ma-
lice wi' Annabel!

An. Pray——pray forgive Herbert.

Oli. My kind, good girl!

Her. (*To Annabel*) There! I tauld thee I should
compass it!

Oli. My gentle-hearted Herbert!

Her. Ees indeed! I wouldn't hurt a worm, not I!

Oli. I love you both!

Her. Do'ee?

Oli. Dearly!

Her. Do'ee?—I tould thee I should compafs it, Annabel! Didn't I now? Didn't I?

Dor. And I would love you still better, if I could!

Her. Would 'ee?—I—love I; not Annabel! I do love she al myzel!—Annabel! I be half out o' my wits! Bifn't thee?

An. Oh, Herbert!

Her. Hold thy tongue! I tauld thee I should compafs it!

Oli. Come, come, friends—

Her. There! Dost thee hear? Vriends! I tauld thee I—

Oli. Husband your raptures! Let us be sober, even in our joys. Let us emulate my noble-minded Dorington! Be full, yet tranquil, in felicity: active, yet smiling, in misfortune! Let us reflect on the past for improvement, and meet the present with equanimity. We shall then obtain approbation for our good deeds, and indulgence for our mistakes. [Exeunt Omnes.

THE END.

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P R O L O G U E.

TO whining prone, to sighs and sobs and tears,
How much is man the creature of his fears !
Hence grief and lamentation long have been
The serious subject of the comic scene.
Nor knew the hero of the doleful tale
To meet mischance : he knew but to bewail !
Each wind of heaven some swift destruction brought.
The willing slave of every brain-sick thought,
He hunts for woe ! For plagues capitulates !
And those he cannot find he soon creates.
The thousand joys he has are all despised :
The toy he cannot get alone is prized :
Give him but wealth, poor churl, he frets and frowns !
Take it away, poor wretch, he hangs or drowns !
Pursued by phantoms, through life's troubled day,
Coward and fool go with him all the way.

In conscious rectitude confirmed, and bold,
To-night appears a man of different mould :
Who meets misfortune ; fate defies ; and braves
The rolling thunder ; and the furling waves :
Rides safe among the rocks, though tempest-toft,
Where many a tall-built bark lies wrecked and lost.
Poetically rides : but—Thought of fear !
Should one more hurricane o'ertake him, here,
Should bursting yells and howls, from yonder skies,
Bid the wild billows of damnation rise,

Courage

Courage and skill in vain the storm oppose,
He founders in the gulph, and down he goes !

But should you take the helm, and kindly please
To steer, with pleasant gales, through halcyon seas,
The white sails swelling where the zephyrs sport,
Sweet will the plaudits be that welcome him to port.

EPILOGUE.

ONCE more I'm sent, the Poet's Plenipo',
Your high behest, dread Potentates, to know.
Say, mighty Monarchs! how shall I begin
(Oh that I knew the way!) your hearts to win?
That Critics are unjust is falsely rumour'd:
Then smile, dear sweet Sir Gruff! Do look good humour'd!
Must Mr. Bays go hang himself? Declare:
Does he deserve damnation and despair?
In gratitude, return of praise is due:
You can't imagine how he praises you!
He vows, in this most great and wise of ages,
That this whole audience are Saints and Sages!

Yonder sits Solomon! Socrates, there!
One queu'd and powder'd: t'other cropt and bare.
This a most sapient Whig; that a staunch Tory.
Their country's mutual boast! Old England's glory!

The Greek, a student in the school of taste,
Who cultivates the arts by which he's grac'd,
Sports his half-boots; buttons his half-great coat;
And props his chin with wool-pack round his throat:
With bludgeon arm'd, to knock down those that laugh,
He sallies forth—the Bear and ragged staff!

The Jew—Great Houndsditch never saw his peer! —
The cunning Jew, with ev'ry wind can veer.
“ I lend my moneesh, 'cause I love de Nation
“ I join, mit all my art, to pay taxation.
“ De Var and Peeesh to me be quite all von,
“ Give me but von goot shlish from dat great loaf—de
“ Loan!”

Yet do not think, proud sirs, that we shall own
The genius we admire is yours alone.
We claim our share. Our taste, and wisdom too,
Can equal yours: so let us have our due.
We study the antique! Its simple grace
Shines forth in ev'ry form, and ev'ry face!

Thus

Thus Lady Candlewick, Sir John just knighted,
 Prepares for Court. Like turkey-cock bedighted,
 With rosy gills, red plumage, pink and muslin,
 And scarlet petticoat, the fatten rustling,
 She blazes all abroad! As if she came
 'To set the Presence-chamber in a flame!
 Loaded with dignity, and loops, and laces,
 The prototype of *Wenus* and the Graces.
 Slim as a Porter butt, tall as a Drum,
 With feathers six feet high, behold her come!
 Beef-eaters stand abash'd, fall back and stare;
 She waddles on with such a Greek, Dutch air!
 None can dispute her elegance, and taste:
 All must allow my Lady has no waist!
 Anxious and proud to captivate beholders,
 Her hips have just join'd issue with her shoulders!

I prate too long; yet, hear me one word more.
 Shall I defy, petition, or implore!
 Great is your pow'r; and you know how to use it;
 None sure would wish, would prompt, you to abuse it.
 Our cause is yours; to you that cause we trust:
 If merit you perceive, you'll be to merit just.

T H E
DESERTED DAUGHTER:

A
C O M E D Y.

AS IT IS ACTED AT THE

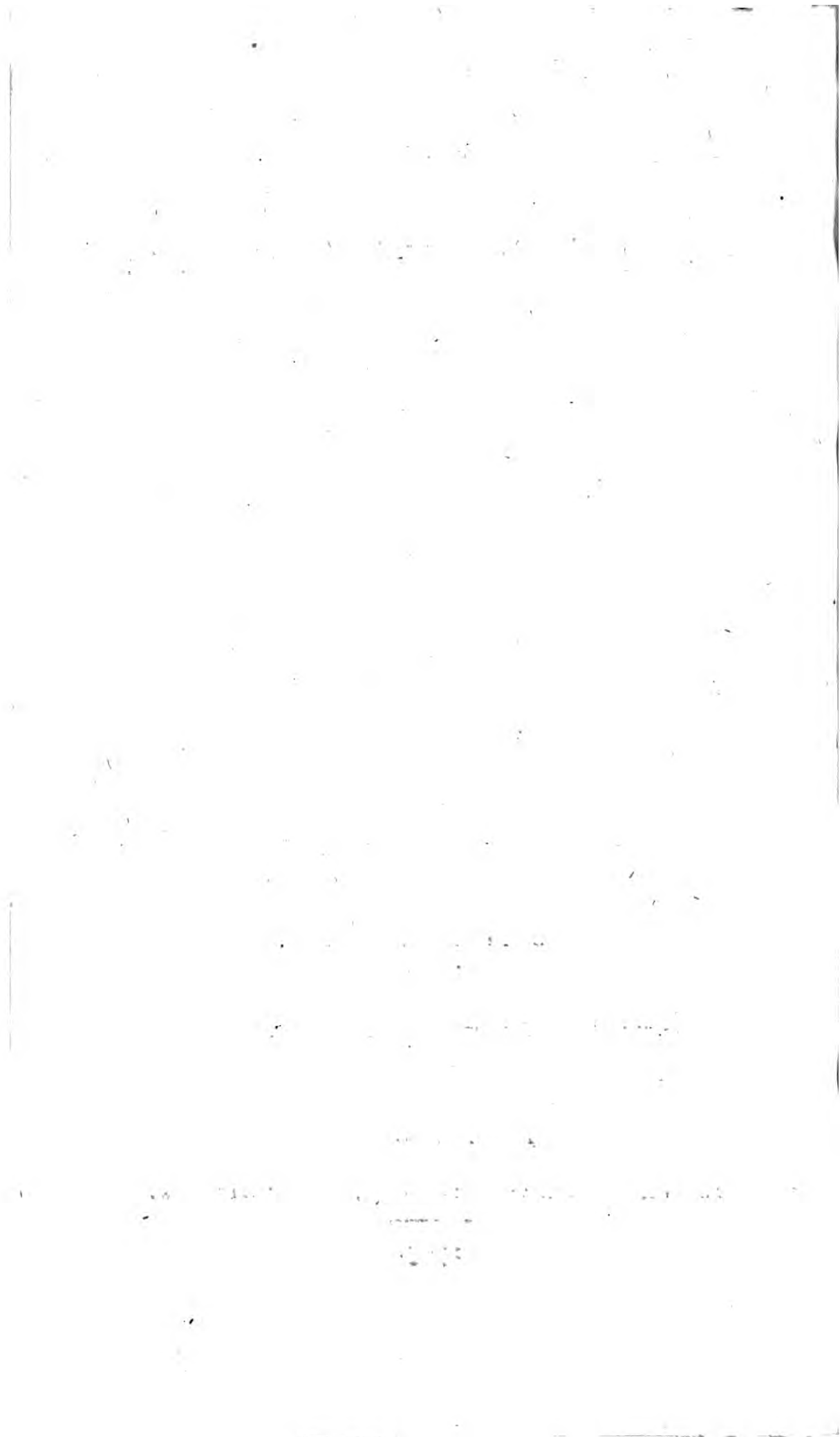
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

THE THIRD EDITION,

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATER-NOSTER-ROW;

1795.



P R O L O G U E.

FRUITFUL in good and ill, the teeming earth
To wheat and tares affords promiscuous birth :
At once, from nature's womb, rise woe and weal ;
The springs that poison, and the streams that heal.
Nay more, her offspring each and all contain,
Within themselves, both antidote and bane.
Each is a jarring world, where death yields life ;
And concord rises out of endless strife.
Each seems distinct, yet all together bound ;
And separate and collectively is found
A hoard of infinite ; a countless mass
Of miracles within a blade of grass.

First of the tribe, and master of the whole,
Man stands erect ; the sovereign and the soul.
In him all union and disunion shine :
He's now above half brute ; now more than half divine.
Wayward in humour ; infinite in wit ;
The slave of all, to none will he submit ;
In act an idiot ; in conceit a sage ;
Mov'd by a breath, he'll brave the tempest's rage ;
Now soar, a demi-god ; now sink, a straw ;
Now weep, a child ; now give the planets law.

Railing at wretchedness, in folly wise,
Alive to all the bliss that he denies,
Worthy your laughter or perhaps your tears,
Brain-sick of errors past, to night appears
A moody mortal ; sketch'd on this mad plan ;
A surly misanthrope, and yet a man.

Within his orbit other beings move ;
Some urg'd by av'rice, others spurr'd by love,
To aid or injure him, as passion drives ;
The worst of servants ; and the best of wives :
With many more, all waiting here within ;
My task being ended, ready to begin.
Hear, and decide, like men who think and feel :
For, from this night's decree, there's no appeal.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Mordent,	—	Mr. POPE.
Cheveril,	—	Mr. LEWIS
Lennox,	—	Mr. HARLEY
Item,	—	Mr. QUICK
Grime,	—	Mr. BERNARD
Clement,	—	Mr. MIDDLETON
Donald,	--	Mr. MUNDEN
Joanna,	—	Miss WALLIS
Mrs. Sarfnet,	—	Mrs. MATTOCKS
Mrs. Enfield,	—	Mrs. CORNELYS
Lady Ann,	—	Mrs. POPE

THE
DESERTED DAUGHTER:

A
C O M E D Y.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *The House of Mr. MORDENT.*

MORDENT and DONALD in anger.

DONALD.

GIN the black de'el glowr at me, I'ze tell ye my mind! Discharge me an ye wull: I a been nae mair but therty years i' the faimily. I care nae for yeer canker'd girns! An ye wad nae hear fashus tales, ye munna be guilty o' fow deeds!

Mor. (Looking anxiously round) Will you speak in a lower key?—Earth is wholly inhabited by Harpies, and I am eternally haunted by the most malignant of them!

Don. An I get nae tidings of her to-day, I'ze advertize for her i' the public papers! Ay, and I'ze gar yeer name be imprinted at full langth!

Mor. (Terrified) Print my name?

Don. The de'el hike me on his horns gin I dunna.

Mor. Dæmon! I'll blow your brains out!

B

Don.

2 . THE DESERTED DAUGHTER :

Don. Fiz, wi' your flash i'the pan! I dunna fear ye! Yeer rash and mad enoch! Sham be-tide ye! A father abandon his child?

Mor. Leprosy feize your licentious tongue, will you speak lower? Did I abandon her?

Don. Ye wad nae acknowledge her; wad nae see her; never frae the time that she war a wee tot at the knee! Gin ye had a hairt ye wad nae aixpose her tul.—(*Holding up his hands in terror.*)

Mor. What?

Don. Tramp the streets! Aixpald the warld of onesty by her ain.father! And why, trow? She is a naitural child! To beget cheldren, and then turn them adrift to bag, steal or stairve, is a dam-ned unnaitural deed!

Mor. Prophet of evil! Would you tell all the family? Expofe me to my wife?

Don. I'ze aixpose ye tul the whole warld, gin I dunna find her! And what the muckle better shall I be gin I do? A thrawart poverty maun be her lot! Ye ha' diced, and drabbed, and squandered, and mortgaged, till ye wull na' hae a bawbee tul yeerfal!

Mor. Cease your croaking, raven! Do you govern this house, or I?

Don. Govern, trow? Balzebub himfal is the governor! There is yeer pett steward! An auld whilly wha! Tak warning! I ha' toud ye afore-time and I tell ye again, he's a rascal.

Mor. Viper, 'tis false! If the earth hold an honest man, Mr. Item is he.

Don. Oonest? A juggling loon o'hell! He feigns to borrow the filler for ye wetch he lends himfal; and the walthy possaffions ye lang syne held wull eftsoon be aw his ain.

Mor. I say 'tis false! His truth, integrity and zeal are unexampled!

Don. Marcy o' God, ye'er bewetched!

Mor.

Mor. What a den of misery is this world! Swarming with one set of fiends that raise the whirlwind of the passions, and with another that beset and tantalize the bewildered wretch for having been overtaken by the storm!

Don. Poor Joanna! Winsom lassie—I'ze keep my ward!

Mor. Can nothing stop your pestiferous tongue? Have I not fifty times descended to explanation, and shewn you that I must not, cannot, own her?

Don. Dare not! Ye hanna the hairt to be onest! Ye bogle at shadows!

Mor. Pertinacious devil! The public clamour and disgrace, the affected sufferings and insulting forbearance of Lady Anne, the resentment of her imperious family, are these shadows?

SCENE II. *Enter Mrs. Sarsnet.*

Mrs. Sar. What is it you are pleased to be talking, pray, about my lady, Mr. Scotch Donald?

Don. Troth, Mrs. English Sarsnet, nae ward o' ill.

Mrs. Sar. Ill truly! No, fir, my lady may defy her worst enemies! Though there are folks, who ought to adore the very ground she treads upon, that use her like a Turk!

Mor. How now?

Mrs. Sar. I name no names.

Mor. Who sent for you here, Mistress?

Mrs. Sar. My lady sent me here, fir.

Mor. And did she bid you behave with impertinence?

Mrs. Sar. She, indeed! A dear suffering saint! She bid me always behave with affability and

4 THE DESERTED DAUGHTER :

decorum : and so I would, if I could. But it would provoke an angel !

Mor. And what is it your wisdom thinks so provoking ?

Mrs. Sar. To see a sweet lady fit for hours, and pine and grieve ; and then, when some folks are in fight, pretend to smile and be all *assignation* and contentment, when all the while her poor heart is ready to break !

Mor. Then she complains to you ?

Mrs. Sar. I said no such thing, fir ! No : she complains to no christian soul ; more's the shame ! I wish some folks had a little of my spirit ! other folks, mayhap, *mut* find the difference !

Don. Troth, an yee wad nae be sneaking o' that, Mrs. Sarfnet.

Mrs. Sar. A poor weak woman, who can only take her own part by crying, and fainting !

Don. Ye forget, Mrs. Sarfnet, there are some poor weak women that ha' tongues and nails.

Mrs. Sar. Have they, Mr. Snap-short ? Why then, if I had you for a husband, mayhap I would let you see that I could use them.

Don. The muckle de'el may doubt yee !

Mrs. Sar. It's a shame, Mr. Donald, for you to be getting into corners, and whispering and peering and plotting to my lady's dishonour !

Don. (Angry) I plotting ? How dare yee, Mrs. Sarfnet.

Mor. Silence, with you both !

Mrs. Sar. You ought to be ashamed of making yourself a spy, and a skip-jack go-between !

Don. I a skip-jack ? Varra weel ! Yee hear, fir, what are my thanks ! 'Tis unco weel ! I hae but my defairts ! True enoch, I am a go-between !

Mrs. Sar. Yes, yes ; we know that very well, Mr. Donald.

Don.

Don. But nae sic go-between as ye, Mrs. Malapert, may thenk me! I hae been a trust worthy caterer tul the family: (*To Mordent.*) a slave tul yeer revels, and yeer roots, and yeer banquetings. 'Tis lang syne ye made me yeer purveyor; but nae man ever yet made me his pander!

Mor. Begone! See if Mr. Item is returned.

Mrs. Sar. Ah! There's another!

Don. Skip-jack? Go-between? Mag's malison o' yeer spitefoo' tongue-gab! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. MORDENT and Mrs. SARNET.

Mor. Did your lady, I say, instruct you to behave with this insolence?

Mrs. Sar. You know very well, sir, my lady is the best of wives! she sent me on a civil message, and bid me speak with *propriety*: and so, if speaking one's mind and telling the truth be a fault, its all my own.

Mor. I'll put an end to this.

Mrs. Sar. Oh, to be sure; you may tell my lady and get me turned away, if you please! because, I know very well, if you bid her, she will do it!

Mor. Prometheus and his vulture is no fable!

Mrs. Sar. But, as it is all for love of my lady, I am sure the Earl of Oldcrest, her father, will give me a *situation*. He knows, mayhap, more than you may think. So does the Viscount her brother, too; her aunt lady Mary, and her uncle the Bishop: and every body is not obliged to be so blind and so tame as my lady!

Mor. What is it they know?

Mrs. Sar. That's more than I can say; but they have all been here, and my lady desires to speak with you.

6 THE DESERTED DAUGHTER.

Mor. (*Aside.*) Indeed!—I have no leisure.

Mrs. Sar. Ha! I told my lady so!

Mor. Begone! inform your lady, I have tormentors enough; and have no inclination to increase the number. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Sar. I *prognostified* the answer!—A good for nothing chap!—I know very well what is becoming of a husband! He should love his wife, dearly, by day and by night! he should wait upon her; and give her her own way; and keep her from the cold, and the wet; and provide her with every thing comfortable; and if she happen to be in an ill humour, should coax her, and bear a little snubbing patiently! Humph! The fellows! What are they good for? [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Changes to the Steward's Room.*

ITEM and GRIME meeting.

Item. (*Eagerly.*) My dear Grime, I am glad you are come! Well, is the deed prepared?

Grime. Ready for sealing. Mr. Mordent never examines what he signs! he trusts all to you!

Item. We cannot be too safe. But, this other affair? this Joanna? What have you done? Have you decoyed her to Mrs. Enfield's?

Grime. Really, Mr. Item, she is so fine a creature that, when I consigned her over, I am not a true Christian if I did not feel such a twinge here!—

Item. Curse your twinges? Is she safe? Did she suspect nothing?

Grime. No, no! The poor innocent blessed herself, to think what a kind protectress Providence had sent her!

Item. (*Joy.*) That is well! That is well!

Grime.

Grime. But I do not yet understand why you should seek the ruin of this lovely creature?

Item. I? You mistake: 'tis Mr. Mordent!

Grime. What, with destruction to his child?

Item. No, no. We neither of us seek her harm; but our own safety.

Grime. Which way?

Item. He has various tormentors; his wife, or rather her proud relations, are among the chief; and he dreads they should come to the knowledge of this secret. But his strongest terror is of being detected, in having for years disowned a child who, if now produced, would be his everlasting disgrace.

Grime. Then he does not know that his daughter is now in the house of Mrs. Enfield?

Item. Not a word. His plan, for the present, is to settle her in some profession; for this he will bestow a thousand pounds, which, ha, ha, ha! I am to expend.

Grime. (*significantly.*) Or keep?

Item. (*Aside.*) Plague! I have said too much.

Grime. (*Aside.*) Oh, oh! A thousand pounds?

Item. That—that, my dear Grime, would be a paltry motive.

Grime. (*Aside.*) I'll have my share!

Item. Mr. Mordent has been all his life squandering, like a blockhead, what I have been prudently picking up.

Grime. And pretty pickings you have had, Mr. Item!

Item. (*Exulting.*) I have him in the toils! Interest accumulating upon interest, and all in arrears. I can foreclose upon him when I please, for all except the Berkshire estate; and by this second mortgage, agreeably to the deed you have

8 THE DESERTED DAUGHTER :

brought, equity of redemption will be forfeited, and that as well as the rest will then be mine !

Grime. If he had but signed and sealed—

Item. Which he shall do this very day.

Grime. Still, why are you the enemy of Joanna? What have you to fear from her?

Item. Much! Very much! An action of recovery!

Grime. How so? She has no title! She is illegitimate!

Item. Would she were! No, no; a lawful daughter, born in wedlock; her mother poor but virtuous, and died in childbed. Fearful it should injure his second marriage with lady Anne, he never produced the infant, but told his man, Donald, it was a natural daughter, and by his intermission secretly maintained and had her educated.

Grime. Why not employ the same agent still?

Item. Because this Donald has got the fool's disease, pity, and threatens to make Mordent own his daughter, or impeach.

Grime. And it was prudent to place her beyond Donald's knowledge?

Item. It was.

Grime. Ha! 'Tis a strange world! Well, now, Mr. Item, give me leave to say a word or two on my own affairs.

Item. To be sure my dear friend! Speak and spare not.

Grime. There is the thousand pounds, you mentioned.

Item. (*Aside.*) Hem!

Grime. Then the premium on this mortgage— In short, Mr. Item, I do all your business, stand in your shoes—

Item.

Item. You are my right hand, the apple of my eyes!

Grime. Ay, but—

Item. The dearest friend I have on earth!

Grime. The division of profits—

Item. Don't mention it. Am not I your friend? I shall not live for ever.

Grime. No, nor I neither. Friendship—

Item. Don't think of it. You can't distrust me! The first and best friend you ever had!

Grime. Fine words—

Item. (*Evading.*) Yonder is my nephew. (*Calls.*) Clement.

SCENE V. *Enter* CLEMENT.

Clem. Sir.

Item. Fetch the title deeds of the Berkshire estate from my good friend Mr. Grime's.

Grime. Well, but—

Item. Any time, to-day.

Clem. Very well, sir.

[*Exit.*

Grime. Once again, Mr. Item—

Item. And, Clement!

Grime. I say the division—

Item. (*Listens.*) Hark! I hear Mr. Mor-dent!

Grime. (*Aside.*) It shall not pass off thus. I begin to know you!

Item. I would not have you seen just now— My dear Grime! My kind friend! Through this door! Some other opportunity! Pray oblige me!

Grime. Well, well—(*Aside.*) The next time we meet, you shall know more of my mind.

[*Exit Grime.*

Item. (*Angry.*) The rascal begins to grow trouble-

troublesome!--Take care of the steps, good Mr. Grime!

[*Follows.*]

SCENE VI. *Enter* MORDENT.

Mor. What is life? A continual cloud; pregnant with mischief, malignity, disease and death. Happiness? An ignis fatuus. Pleasure? A non-entity. Existence? A misfortune, a burthen. None but fools condescend to live. Men exert their whole faculties to torture one another. Animals are the prey of animals. Flowers bloom to be plucked and perish. The very grass grows to be torn and eaten: trees to be mangled, sawed, rooted up, and burned. The whole is a system of exquisite misery, and I have my full proportion!—Oh! this girl! Why am I thus perturbed concerning her? She can but be wretched; and wretchedness is the certain fate of all! “But then, the world? Why what an infatuated ass am I; contemning the world and all it contains, yet living in continual dread of its reproof!”

[*Re-enter* ITEM.]

Well, my good Mr. Item, this poor Joanna! What have you done? Can you secure her happiness? Pshaw! Fool! Can you lighten her misery? I can think of nothing but her; though distraction is in every thought!

Item. 'Tis a serious affair: very serious—you ought to do nothing lightly.

Mor. Turned adrift, rejected of all, no relation, no friend, never acknowledged, never?

Item. My advice you know, Sir, was at once boldly to produce her, as your daughter. No matter for the impertinent clamours and questions of who her mother was, and what became of

of her; why the child was never owned; where she had been concealed, and for what purposes?

Mor. Ay, ay, ay! The malignant sneers of friends, the cutting calumny of enemies, the reproaches of Lady Anne, the insults of her pompous proud family!

Item. For my part, I obey your commands, but I cannot approve them.

Mor. My late ward, Mr. Cheveril, should he hear of it what would he think?—Then this Berkshire mortgage!

Item. Ay, there again! Totally opposite to my advice.

Mor. Can you shew me any other possible way of paying my debts?

Item. The danger of signing it is extreme!

Mor. 'Tis ruin! But what matter? Is not the whole one mass of wretchedness?

Item. Young Cheveril, I own, has demands.

Mor. Which must be paid.

Item. Then the out-standing bills—tradesmen are provokingly insolent!

Mor. Ay, ay! They, like the rest, have their appointed office of torture!

Item. Well, remember I have given you fair warning!

Mor. Certainly! You do your part, and with the best intentions; goad, and sting, and add your quantum to the sum of suffering! The consistency of evil is amazing! good and bad, all concur!—Is the deed ready?

Item. I must first read it through.

Mor. Do so. I leave it all to you.

Item. But that will not take ten minutes.

Mor. I will be back presently. The gulph is before me, plunge I must, and to plunge blindfold

fold will be to cheat the devil of some part of the pain ! [Exit.]

Item. (following) Nay, if you will not be warned, it is not my fault. [Exit.]

SCENE VII. *The Dressing Room of Lady ANNE.*

Lady ANNE and Mrs. SARNET.

Mrs. Sar. I told your Ladyship he would refuse.

Lady A. What reason did he give ?

Mrs. Sar. Reason, forsooth ! Husbands never have any reason !

Lady A. (To herself) Unkind man ! Why does he thus wish to avoid me ?

Mrs. Sar. He keeps his distance, both day and night ! But I would teach him to sleep in two beds ! A pretty fashion truly ! I would tell him I was afraid of ghosts ; and so I married because I could not nor I would not lie alone. So let him remember that.

Lady A. Why were you so long in bringing the message back ?

Mrs. Sar. Why that is what I have to tell your Ladyship. If there is not bad doings, say I am no witch.

Lady A. What do you mean ?

Mrs. Sar. Your Ladyship must not be angry ; but you know I can't help having a sharp eye and a quick ear of my own.

Lady A. What have you been doing now ?

Mrs. Sar. So I saw my Master go into the steward's room.

Lady A. (Endeavouring to suppress her curiosity) Pshaw ! Folly ! What of that ?

Mrs. Sar. So I had all my seven senses and my eye-teeth about me.—

Lady

Lady *A.* Pray have done !

Mrs. *Sar.* So I clapped my ear to the key-hole; and then I heard a—whuz, buz—

Lady *A.* This was very improper !

Mrs. *Sar.* So I could only catch up a word here and there : and the first was *summut* about—of a child !

Lady *A.* A child ?

Mrs. *Sar.* And a mother, my Lady ! Though for the matter of that, where there is a child, one's own *nataral penetrality* will tell one there must be a mother.

Lady *A.* Of what weaknes am I guilty ?

Mrs. *Sar.* And I thought I caught the sound of Mr. Item of a fathering the child ! and I'm *positive* he said it *wuz* against his conscience !

Lady *A.* Who said so ?

Mrs. *Sar.* Mr. Item, my Lady ! And so a little bit after, my master called somebody a poor *injurious* girl, and a *prodigality* of wit and beauty ! So then I heard somebody's foot on the stairs, and I *wuz* fain to scamper.

Lady *A.* I know not why I listen to this indecent prattle ! My over-anxious curiosity betrays me, and you are much to forward to profit by my weaknes.

Mrs. *Sar.* Because you know, my Lady, I love you in my heart ; and it is all for your own good.

Lady *A.* A child ! An injured girl ! Yet why do I feel agitation ? His infidelities have been too open, for me to be ignorant of them. And who has been to blame ; he or I ? Oh ! doubtful and difficult question !

Mrs. *Sar.* But I'll come at the truth, I'll warrant me, in all its *particlers* !

Lady *A.* Suffering perhaps under the consciousness of error, which the sight of me might increase, he flies from additional anguish. Oh! that I had the power to soothe and reconcile him to himself! Why will he not receive consolation from me?

Mrs. *Sar.* I'll rummage about.

Lady *A.* If I am unhappy, how must I be certain that it is not my own fault? Where there is unhappiness, neither party can be wholly blameless.

Mrs. *Sar.* He ought to love and adore such a Lady! and clothe her in satin and gold!

Lady *A.* Shall I tyrannize over the affections that I cannot win? If I want the power to please, let me correct my own defects, and not accuse my husband of insensibility! Oh, nothing is so killing to a husband's love, as a discontented, irksome, wailing wife! let me be any thing but that!

Mrs. *Sar.* He is a barbarian Turk! and so I as good as told him.

Lady *A.* "What is the test of an affectionate wife? It is that, being wronged, her love remains undiminished; having cause of complaint, she scorns to complain, convinced that any misery is more welcome than the possibility of becoming the torment of her bosom's Lord! Oh, let me rather suffer every possible evil than endure my husband's hate!"

Mrs. *Sar.* If any fellow was to use me so, I know what I would do.

Lady *A.* Yet have I not lost his love? Dreadful doubt! My family advise a separation, and, if this fatal loss be real, how is it to be avoided? Yet, I will not lightly yield! Let me hope my
efforts

efforts will not all be ineffectual. Would this agonizing contest were ended! [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Sar.* She may say what she will, but I know very well she is the most *miserable-est* lady alive, and I could tear his eyes out! Husband, indeed? And so, because I listened to the fellow's love, and nonsense-stuff, and took pity on him, when he was going to hang or drown himself, he must think, as soon as he has got me safe, to be my lord and master! I'd tell him another story! My lord and master, truly! [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *The House of Mrs. ENFIELD.*

Mrs. ENFIELD and BETTY.

Mrs. ENFIELD.

AND, mind me, treat her with great kindness and deference.

Betty. I'll be careful.

Mrs. En. Keep her in continual good humour: don't let her ask for any thing twice; and above all things listen to her complaints, and pity them.

Betty. My white handkerchief shall be at her service.

Mrs. En. Is the messenger returned?

Betty

Betty. Yes, madam; and there is no answer from Mr. Mordent, but Mr. Lennox sent word he will soon be here.

Mrs. En. Send her to me.

Betty. Yes, madam. [Exit.

Mrs. En. She is young, and ignorant of the town; but, I can see, she has a quick and courageous spirit.

SCENE II. *Enter* JOANNA.

Mrs. En. Well, my sweet Joanna; do you think you can love me, and trust me, and follow my advice?

Joanna. Are you not my benevolent protectress, and will it not be my duty?

Mrs. En. Why that's a precious! Ay, ay; do but as I desire you, darling, and then!

Joanna. Oh, that I will! Come, set me to work.

Mrs. En. Ah, I won't kill you with work. Pretty dear! Those delicate arms!—They were not made for work.

Joanna. Fie! You must not tell me that. My mother is dead, and my father—! (*firmly*) But I must bear my fate with fortitude. Labour is no punishment.

Mrs. En. Labour? Oh the beauty! Chicken gloves, my lamb, for those white hands! A noble looking-glass, to see that sweet form! A fine chariot, to shew off your charms! These you ought to have, and a thousand other fine things. Ay, and if you will take my advice, have them you shall.

Joanna. Fine things? Chariots? No, no; not for me. To work, to work.—But I'll willingly take your advice; for, you are so kind, it cannot be ill!

Mrs. En.

Mrs. *En.* Ill? Heaven protect me! I advise a dear sweet handsome creature to ill?

Joanna. Handsome? Fie! an orphan; Fatherless!

Mrs. *En.* Ay, very true! Ill? No, no; think me your parent.

Joanna. (*Snatch and kiss her hand*) Dear lady!

Mrs. *En.* Ah, my tender lamb! Think of joy! Think of pleasure!

Joanna. Be not so kind. You should not soften, but steel my heart! Teach it to have neither fear nor feeling of wrong; to laugh when others weep. Oh! I'll mock at sorrow!

Mrs. *En.* Do not think of it.

Joanna. Did you never see your father?

Mrs. *En.* Anan, dear?

Joanna. I never saw mine! Do not even know his name! I had a strange desire to see him once, but once, and I was denied! I am a high spirited girl, but I would have kneeled to him; would have kissed his feet; and was refused.—No matter!

Mrs. *En.* Forget it.

Joanna. Well, well!—Courage!—You must let me work. I'll earn what I eat. I love you for your kindness, but I will not be dependent.

Mrs. *En.* Since you will! You say you can draw?

Joanna. It has been my delight. I have studied the human countenance, have read Lavater.

Mrs. *En.* Anan! Will you copy the engraving I shewed you?—

Joanna. What, the portrait of that strange —?

Mrs. *En.* Mr. Mordent. (*Handing down a frame.*)

Joanna. Mordent?

Mrs. En. Of Portland Place.

Joanna. (*Examining*) I don't quite like him!

Mrs. En. Why?

Joanna. He's a wicked man.—

Mrs. En. Nay—

Joanna. A wild eye!—I hope he is not your relation.

Mrs. En. No; but has been a very good friend.

Joanna. Take care of him!

Mrs. En. Can you judge so certainly?

Joanna. Looking at such a face, who can fail? (*Examining Mrs. Enfield*) You are a worthy lady; a kind lady; your actions bespeak it: and yet—Don't be angry—there is something about your features—that I don't like!

Mrs. En. Bless me, dear!

Joanna. I must be wrong, because you are good: but you have not a good countenance. That's strange! I never saw such a thing before!—And the more I look the less I like.

Mrs. En. (*Aside*) Does she suspect me?

Joanna. If ever I draw your face, I'll alter some of the lines. I'll make them such as I think virtue ought to have made them; open, honest, undaunted. You have such a number of little artful wrinkles at the corners of your eyes!—You are very cunning!

Mrs. En. (*In a tremor*) What does she mean?

Joanna. But what of that? You are kind to me; and I fear no cunning, not I! You found me friendless, have given me work, and I would die to serve you! So I'll copy that wild man's portrait.

Mrs. En. Wild?

Joanna. Nay, for that matter, you need not fear him: but if you know any vain, foolish young

young girls, that love flaunting, and will listen to fine promises, bid them beware of him!

Mrs. En. (Aside) A little witch.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Mr. Lennox is below, madam. [*Exit.*

Mrs. En. I am glad of that! Come, my sweet Joanna, I'll introduce you to him.

Joanna. Me, madam?

Mrs. En. Ay, Child! that I will. Every body shall know what an angel my dear young friend is.

Joanna. Consider, madam—

Mrs. En. Nay, I am sure you will not refuse me this pleasure? Come, come!

Joanna. You are too kind!

Mrs. En. Come, my precious.

Joanna. Well! I commit myself to your trust. Friendless and fatherless, you will be my guardian. You are too generous to injure the helpless, and the forlorn: and the lines in your face are false!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An Anti-chamber in the House of MORDENT.*

MORDENT and CHEVERIL.

Chev. Grumble no more 'Guardy! Have done with prognosticating evil! 'Tis all in vain: your gloomy reign is ended: I am of age!

Mor. To play the fool!

Chev. I'm free! I'm alive! I'm beginning to exist!

Mor. Like a wretch at the stake, when the flames first reach him!

Chev. The whole world is before me! its pleasures are spread out, and I long to fall on!

The golden apples of delight hang inviting me to pluck, eat, and—

Mor. Be poisoned!

Chev. Ha, ha, ha!

Mor. As your guardian, I—

Chev. Damn guardianship! I have been guarded too long. Years out of number have I been fed with lean Latin, crabbed Greek, and an abominable olio of the four faculties: served up with the jargon of Aristotle, the quirks of Thomas Aquinas, and the quibbles and quodlibets of Doctor Duns Scotus.

Mor. Take warning—!

Chev. Fined for Horace, horsed for Homer, and plucked because I could not parrot over their premises and predicates, majors and minors, antecedents and consequents. My brain was a broker's shop; the little good furniture it contained all hid by lumber!

Mor. Let me tell you, young Sir—

Chev. Not now: Your day is done. I am my own man! I breathe! I am abroad! I am on the wing to visit the regions of fruition and Paradise; to banquet with the Gods, and sip ambrosia from the lips of Venus and Hebe, the Hours, the Loves, and the Graces!

Mor. You are a lunatic!

Chev. No! I am just come to my senses; for I am just come to my estate! High health, high spirits, eight thousand a year, and one and twenty!

Mor. Youth? Riches? Poor idiot! Health too? What is man but a walking hospital? You, boy, you, little as you suspect it, include within yourself a whole pharmacopoeia of malady and mischief!

Chev.

Chev. Zounds! He'll persuade me presently I am Pandora's box!

Mor. So you are!

Chev. Why, guardy! You are mad!

Mor. True, or I should take the shortest way to get rid of misery, and instantly go hang myself!

Chev. What a picture!

Mor. Equal it in accuracy, if you can.

Chev. Why I am but a young artist; however I can dash my brush at the canvas as daringly as you have done! So what think you (*Rapturously*) of mirth, songs, and smiles; youth, beauty, and kisses; friendship, liberty, and love; with a large capacious soul of benevolence, that can sooth the afflicted, succour the poor, heal the sick, instruct the ignorant, honour the wise, reform the bad, adore the good, and hug genius and virtue to the heart?

Mor. Every feature a lie!

Chev. Curse me but I say the likeness is at least as good as yours: and I am sure the colouring is infinitely more delightful!

SCENE IV. *Enter DONALD.*

Don. I'ze ganging about the business of the poor lassie, ken ye me? Gin ye want me, I'ze be back in a blink.

Mor. Go to the devil, if you will; so that you do not torment me.

Chev. Ha, friend Donald! Don't you know that I'm of age? Won't you revel and roar, my boy? Why do you look so glum, old honesty?

Don. Troth ye mistake the maitter, young gentleman: I am an auld go-between.

Chev. Ha, ha, ha!

Don. It's varra true ; wetch makes me unco' blate. A helpless bairn has been cast upo' the wide warld, by a hairtlefs father, and I am a pairt o' the caufe.

Mor. Again, Imp ?

Chev. A child deserted by the father !

Don. Ye well may shew the gogle o' yeer eyn.

Chev. Is he poor ? Is he pennylefs ?

Don. Much theraboot, an I dunna misf my ken.

Chev. Bring the child to me ! Bring it to me, old rueful ! I'll be its father ! I never fathered a child in my life, and I long to begin !

Don. Ye seem trully to hae mair human affaition than some fathers.

Mor. Begone ! Leave us, Ellood-fucker ! Goblin ! Vampire !

Don. Yas—I'ze gang where I tow'd ye ; and, gin I dunna hear o' her, ye'ze hear o' me ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. MORDENT *and* CHEVERIL.

Chev. Bring me the baby, Donald ! Zounds how it would delight me to father all the fatherless children in the world ! Poor little dears ! I should have a plentiful brood !—And so, guardian, I want money.

Mor. What ! To purchase destruction wholesale ?

Chev. I have five hundred good, wicked, spirited, famous projects on hand. You have seventeen thousand pounds of mine, hard cash. I want it.

Mor. Seventeen thousand plagues !

Chev. Every farthing.

Mor. Your money, fir, is locked up in mortgages.

Chev.

Chev. Locked up? Oh, damme, I'll unlock it. I'll send honest Grime to ye; he carries a master key.

Mor. Have you no regard to my convenience.

Chev. I'll pay the premium; and, if you want security, you may have mine. I must have money! The world must hear of me! I'll be a patron, and a subscriber, and a collector, and an amateur, and a connoisseur, and a diletanti! I'll hunt, I'll race, I'll dice; I'll grub, plant, plan, and improve! I'll buy a stud, fell a forest, build a palace, and pull down a church. [*Exit.*]

Mor. Mr. Cheveril!—He is flown—Why ay, with spirits equally wild, wanton, and ignorant of evil, I began my career. I have now lived long enough to discover that universal nature is universal agony! O this rejected Joanna! Miserable girl! Well? Am not I miserable too? Who is not?—The dangers to which she may be exposed? The cruelty of utterly abandoning her? never shall I again be at peace with myself!—

Lady A. (Without) Where is your master?

Mor. Hark! My wife! She tortures me with her silent sufferings and her stifled sighs. Passion, bitter reproach, and violent menace, would be infinitely more supportable. In short, I have not deserved her kindness, and cannot endure it.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *Lady ANNE.*

Lady A. Mr. Mordent! Thus does he continually shun me! Why then do I haunt him? Why intrude myself upon him?—Must this have no end? Fond foolish heart, these aches and pains are fruitless! Sleep in forgetfulness, cease to feel, and be at peace!

Mrs. Sar. (Without) I tell you, I can't stay!

C 4

Lady

Lady A. The stories, too, with which this kind but officious creature torments me—

SCENE VII. *Enter Mrs. SARNET hastily.*

Mrs. Sar. I've got it, my lady! I've got it!

Lady A. What is the matter now?

Mrs. Sar. Why, I'll tell your ladyship. A queer quandary kind of person brought my master a letter; which I knew was suspicious. So my master's coat was all powder; over here. (*significantly*) How he came by it, I don't know!

Lady A. Pshaw! Pray don't tease me.

Mrs. Sar. So, my lady, he took it off, and ordered one of the fellows to give it a brush. So, making a pretence, I was close at his heels.

Lady A. At whose heels?

Mrs. Sar. The footman's, my lady. So while he was brushing, he had a *wrangling* with the cook; and turned about to gabble footman's gibberish with she; so I, having a hawk's eye, twirled my hand behind me; so; and felt in the pocket; and there I found this written letter, which I sily slipped under my apron; so—

Lady A. Take a letter out of your master's pocket?

Mrs. Sar. Yes, my lady; because, being broke open, I read the contents, and found that it was from one Mrs. Enfield, to appoint an *assassination* between my master and a young girl.

Lady A. Give it me!

Mrs. Sar. Yes, my lady; I was sure you could not but wish to see it.

Lady A. Mistress Sarnet, I have frequently cautioned you against practices like these; which are mean, dishonest, and pilfering.

Mrs. Sar. My lady!

Lady

Lady A. To have robbed your master of his money would have been less culpable, than to steal from him the knowledge of transactions which, because of their impropriety, he has not the courage to avow.

Mrs. Sar. (*Whimpering, and with tokens of great affection*) It's very hard, because I can't bear your lady—ladyship's ill usage, and, and, and always feel as if my very stays were a bursting, to see your, your treatment, time after time—that I should get myself ill, ill, ill-will, because I love you from the very bottom of my heart!

Lady A. I have winked at these liberties too often: I'll suffer them no longer.

Mrs. Sar. Very—very well—Since your ladyship is so angry, you may turn, turn, me away, if you please, and quite break, break, break my heart!

Lady A. No: the fault is more than half my own: But, from this time, I seriously warn you against such improper, such base actions.

Mrs. Sar. Very—very well, my lady! I'll be deaf, and dumb, and blind! and, when I see you treated worse than a savage, I'll burst twenty laces a day, before I'll speak a word!

Lady A. (*With great kindness*) What you have done has been affectionately meant. I am sorry to have given you pain, and to have excited your tears. But I must earnestly desire you will commit no more such mistakes. They are wrong, in themselves; and every way fatal to my peace.

Mrs. Sar. (*Catching and kissing her hand*) You are the tenderest and best of ladies! and I know who is an unfeeling brute! [*Both retiring.*]

SCENE

SCENE VIII. *Enter LENNOX and CHEVERIL.*

Lennox. Pray, mistress Sarsnet, is Mr. Mordent within?

Mrs. Sar. Indeed, sir, I don't know! (*Muttering*) Mr. Mordent is a good for nothing chap!

[*Exit.*

Len. I'll bet you a thousand, Cheveril, your charmer does not equal the girl I have this moment left.

Chev. Done, for ten thousand!

Len. You would lose.

Chev. You never beheld so peerless a beauty!

Len. How did you become acquainted with her?

Chev. We are not yet acquainted; (*Sighs*) and I begin to fear we never shall be.

Len. Oh, oh!

Chev. I met her three times in the Green Park. The first moment I gazed at her with admiration—as soon as she was gone by!

Len. Gone by?

Chev. Good manners, you know, would not let me stare her in the face. Such a shape! Such elegance! The next time I determined to speak to her, and approached as resolutely as Hercules to the Hydra.

Len. A good simile for a beauty!

Chev. I had studied a speech; but, somehow, there was such a sweet severity in her looks—I—I had not the power to utter a word!

Len. Courageous lover!

Chev. The third time however, it being a little darker, for it was always in the evening, I was more undaunted: so, fully determined to throw myself at her feet and declare my passion, up I marched! But, as the devil would have it, she

turned and looked me full in the face ; and her beauty, and—and virtue—and—and modesty, were so awful—that my heart sunk within me !

Len. Ha, ha, ha !

Chev. It is now a fortnight since ; and, though I have walked the Green Park, morning, noon and night every day, I could never once again set eyes on her ! Intolerable booby that I was, to lose three such precious opportunities !

Len. Of making love to a lady's maid ?

Chev. Oh for one momentary glance, that I might give vent to the passion that devours me !

Len. Ha, ha, ha !

Chev. What ! You think I dare not ?

Len. Ha, ha, ha ! Look you, Cheveril, I know you : a lighted match and the mouth of a cannon could not cow you like the approach of a petticoat.

Chev. I !—Afraid of women ? Damme, I don't understand having my character attacked and traduced ! Make a Master Jackey of me ? I am a wicked one !

Len. Ha, ha, ha ! Wicked ? You are as conscientious as a drunken methodist, or as a dying miser ! You are not only afraid of the woman but of the sin !

Chev. Why, if—No, damme, 'tis not true ! I have no more conscience than yourself.

Len. Me ? I have a deal of conscience. Pleasure, I own, can tempt me ; but I make no pretensions, like you, to sin for the sake of reputation.

Chev. Sir, I make no such pretensions ! I am, indeed, resolved to be a fellow of enterprize, pith, and soul ; but not by vile rascally methods. I'll love all the women, and perhaps trick some of the men ; but not seduce wives, ruin daughters,
and

28 THE DESERTED DAUGHTER :

and murder husbands and fathers. No! If I cannot be wicked without being criminal, damme if I do not live and die an honest dull dog! [Exit.

SCENE IX. *Enter MORDENT searching his pockets.*

Mor. Curse the letter—It's gone—Careless booby.

Len. What's the matter?

Mor. A thousand to one but it has fallen into the hands of lady Anne!

Len. What have you lost?

Mor. (*Still searching.*) A damned epistle, from—

Len. Hem!

SCENE X. *Enter Lady ANNE.*

Lady A. Mr. Mordent, I am glad to meet with you!

Mor. Glad? Is the thing so difficult?

Lady A. I did not say so: I meant nothing unkind.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady A. Indeed I did not—I wish to speak to you.

Mor. (*To Lennox retiring.*) Stay where you are, Lennox. What, man, you are in no fear of soothing insult! You are not married.

Len. I'll return in five minutes. [Exit.

[*Mordent following.*

Lady A. Pray, Mr. Mordent—

Mor. Pshaw! I know I am a bear at the stake: don't shorten my tether.

Lady A. I have a paper—(*Shewing the letter.*)

Mor. (*Returning.*) Ay, ay! I knew it. Come, begin! I am prepared.

Lady A.

Lady A. It fell into my hands by the reprehensible but unauthorized curiosity of my woman.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady A. Indeed, I have never opened it.

Mor. Nor she either!

Lady A. Yes; but that is not my fault.

Mor. Yours indeed? Impossible!

Lady A. The heart, which I cannot secure by affection, I will not alienate by suspecting.

[Returns the letter.

Mor. Pshaw! Meekness is but mockery, forbearance insult.

Lady A. How shall I behave? Which way frame my words and looks, so as not to offend? Would I could discover?

Mor. You never complain? You have no jealousy?

Lady A. Indeed, I have been very obstinately blind.

Mor. Ay, ay! Patience on a monument!

Lady A. Reproach, at least, has never escaped my lips.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! As if lips were the only instruments of upbraiding! No deep fetched sighs? No pale melancholy glances? No obvious hiding of the ever ready tear?

Lady A. I fear I have been to blame! Indeed, I am sorry that my sensations have been so acute.

Mor. You accuse? You give a husband pain? Insolent supposition!

Lady A. I sincerely wish, my dear, you gave no more than I intend to give!

Mor. There! Did not I say so? Ha, ha, ha! You accuse?

Lady A. I am wrong! I forgot myself! Pray forgive

30 THE DESERTED DAUGHTER:

forgive me! Why am I subject to these mistakes?

Mor. You are all angel!

Lady A. Would I were!

Mor. And I all demon!

Lady A. Do not, Mr. Mordent, by the dear affection you once bore—

Mor. There! There! The affection I once bore?

Lady A. Heavens! Must I ever be fated to wound, when it is most the wish of my soul to heal?

Mor. Why was the Earl of Oldcrest here, this morning? Why are these family consultations held?

Lady A. They are contrary to my wish.

Mor. A separation, I hear, is the subject of them?

Lady A. But not countenanced by me.

Mor. Pretending in pity to spare me yourself, they are to be set upon me!

Lady A. Never! Heaven be my judge, never!

Mor. I am to be subjected to their imperious dictates!

Lady A. I own they have lately been very urgent with me, to return to my father; but, were you only kind, their solicitations would be vain indeed. Oh! take pity on yourself and me, and teach me to regain your lost affections! or, if that be too great a blessing to hope, there is still one evil, which I would suffer any other torture to escape. Think, if you can, that I no longer love; treat me with unkindness; neglect, accuse, do any thing—but hate me! Let me not endure that last stage of misery! But—Oh heavens!—if our former endearments must end in that, have mercy, and retard or conceal it as long as you can!

[*Exit.*

Mor.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! What are barbs, and stings, and poisoned arrows? Pitiful instruments! Thou, triumphant wretchedness, usest these but on small occasions; they want pungency!

SCENE XI. *Enter LENNOX.*

Len. May I come in?

Mor. Ay, ay!—Now am I ripe for mischief!

Len. You seem out of temper! What has happened?

Mor. Trifles, trifles! She has got the letter.

Len. From whom?

Mor. Mrs. Endfields!

Len. Zounds!

Mor. An invitation to a new sample of beauty. She has seen it; returned it; has graciously forgiven; has racked, has driven me mad!

Len. (*Suspiciously.*) And do you mean to go?

Mor. (*Wildly.*) Ay will I! Since devil I am, devil let me be! It will be some, though but a petty vengeance for prying.

Len. You must not.

Mor. (*Passionately.*) Indeed but I will.

Len. We have long been friends, and fellow-finers; but, in these affairs, we have always behaved honourably.

Mor. What then?

Len. I have seen the girl!

Mor. Where?

Len. At Enfield's.

Mor. Did she write to you, too?

Len. She did. An angel, Mordent!

Mor. Ha, ha, ha!

Len. An angel! I am seriously and deeply smitten.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! Marry her, and make wretchedness secure!

Len.

Len. No ; but I am fixed for life, Such animation ! Such foul ! The finest creature my eyes ever beheld !

Mor. I'll see her.

Len. No ; I cannot consent.

Mor. Why so ? I'll aid you to carry her off.

Len. Are you serious ?

Mor. As malice can make me ! The sex have been worse to me than plague, pestilence, and famine !

Len. And what have you been to them ?

Mor. No matter : I'll have my revenge !

Len. And you will aid me in this business ?

Mor. I will.

Len. Solemnly ? on your word and honour ?

Mor. I tell you, I will !

Len. Why then, see her you shall ; but in my company, observe.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha ! Right ! anticipate your torments !

Len. On this condition, I shall thank you for your assistance and advice.

Mor. Why ay ! Advice ! I too, fool that I am, knowing the impotence of man to avert mischief, I wish for advice ! I—(*Aside.*) There may be danger in telling him ?

Len. Well ?

Mor. A—A friend of mine has a child ; suppose it a—a natural child ; that he knows not how properly to dispose of.

Len. (*Ironical gravity.*) A natural child, that he knows not how properly to dispose of ?

Mor. Yes.

Len. Could not he sell it to the kidnappers ?

Mor. Pshaw !

Len. There are honest overseers that will take it, fifty pounds down !

Mor.

Mor. Not an infant: twenty years of age.

Len. Oh! Then indeed! There are crimp ferjeants!

Mor. When I put a serious question, I expect a serious answer.

Len. (*Indignation.*) Serious! And ask what a man is to do with his child!

Mor. Suppose he should have legitimate offspring?

Len. (*Sneer.*) Oh, oh! Legitimate! Hah! Made of other metal? A different manufacture?

Mor. You won't hear! He provided for her.

Len. A female, too?

Mor. Would have continued to provide, but she rejected his assistance.

Len. How so?

Mor. Unless he would see her, embrace her; that is, whine over, acknowledge her, and bestow his blessing.

Len. And he refused?

Mor. Why not? Of what benefit are blessings? Where all is evil, why torment conscience concerning the mode?

Len. He is a monster!

Mor. But, fir, appearances—

Len. Damn appearances.

Mor. Friends—

Len. Damn his friends!

Mor. A wife—

Len. Damn his wife! He has friends, appearances, and a wife; but he has no heart!

SCENE XII. *Enter DONALD in great agitation.*

Don. She is gone! She is lost for aye! I'ze e'en red wude!

D

Mor.

34 THE DESERTED DAUGHTER:

Mor. (*Aside to Donald*) How now? Herald of malice and mischief!

Don. I canna foregether her! Fair fa' yeer hairt! I'ze ne'er fet eyes o' her mair.

Mor. Peace, hound!

Don. I tell you I wanna! Misca' me an ye wull, the de'el ma' care! A father turn his back o' his bairn!

Len. Oh, ho! What it was yourself, your own daughter, you were talking of?

Don. Gin earth haud her, I'ze hae her yet; ay and I'ze gar ye do her recht. (*Return.*) She laft a maffige for ye!

Mor. (*Anxiously.*) What message?

Don. Tell him, gin he wanna gi his child ane kefs, ane scrimpet blaffing, that child wull wark, stairve and die, ore she wull leve like a parish pauper on scraps and alms. Tell him she has a pridefoo' spirit, that wanna bag, gin she canna win: and, gif he scorn his dochtor, she scorns akfapt his chairity. (*Go.*)

Len. So you commit crime, and then invent a fytem for its justification? Excellent philosopher!

Don. (*Returning.*) Why dunna ye spier a'ter her yeersal? Hech! Waefucks! Ye dunna ken yeer ain bairn!

Len. How?

Don. Ye never saw the face o' her, fin she hung a wee giglet at the breast! Weel, weel! Nothing comes more surely tul licht than that which is long hidden! An ill life, an ill end!

[*Exit.*

Mor. Wolves, tigers, serpents were first created, and then man!

Len. You are truly a high fellow, Mordent: you spend your fortune, wrong your wife, and disown

disown your child! That is, you inflict misery and then tell us all are miserable.

Mor. I act and I am acted upon. The precept and the proof go together.

Len. You are incorrigible! But come; we must about this business. My heart is deeply interested.

Mor. My affairs are at a crisis; and, if I augur rightly, it will soon be all over with me.

Len. Hope better. Come; come with me to Enfield's.

Mor. I'll meet you there in half an hour.

Len. Do not fail. I am all impatience.

[*Exit.*

Mor. Just so are curs fighting, and thieves in the act of plundering. Man is ever eager on mischief! With what infernal ardor do two armies prepare in the morning, to exterminate each other before noon! Are they not wise? What is it but compressing the sum of evil within an hour, which trembling cowardice would protract through an age? [

Exit.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

D 2

A C T

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The House of Mordent.*

CHEVERIL and GRIME.

CHEVERIL.

YOU must let me have the cash directly.

Grime. That is impossible.

Chev. I say, you must. When I have wants and wishes, nothing shall be impossible.

Grime. (*Aside.*) What if I were to tell him of Joanna? He would pay well.

Chev. Twelve hours have I been free, and have not had a taste of pleasure yet! If I do not make haste, I shall grow old before I begin!

Grime. (*Aside.*) I should make him my friend; "perhaps should get him to myself, and leave "old Item in the lurch." 'Tis a rare thought!

Chev. Why do you ruminate? Do you doubt me?

Grime. Mr. Cheveril!

Chev. Well, sir?

Grime. Do you love innocence, youth and beauty?

Chev. Do I? 'Sdeath, I am dying for them.

Grime. I know where they are to be found.

Chev. You?

Grime. The rarest creature!

Chev. Where? Where?

Grime. Such pure white and red!

Chev. Ay!

Grime. Such moist, ripe, ruddy lips!

Chev. 'Sdeath, don't drive me mad! Tell me where; where?

Grime. At a certain convenient—

Chev. (*Disgust*) Indeed? No, no; I have no taste for beauties of this kind.

Grime. See her, and then judge.

Chev. (*Aside*) Beside, I'll not be unfaithful to my angelic incognita of the Green Park!

Grime. She is a young untutored thing.

Chev. Untutored?

Grime. (*Significantly*) That I can assure you.

Chev. Then depend upon it I'll not be her instructor. How came she in such a place?

Grime. She knows nothing of the place, nor in the least suspects she is in bad company!

Chev. Poor dear soul, what rascal sent her there?

Grime. Hem! Why, that is, it it it was a kind of accident.

Chev. She is not for me. I want to be a famous wicked fellow, but not by ensnaring the helpless. No, damme, that is not the true way.

Grime. Nay, if you will neither ensnare nor accept the already ensnared, you must e'en marry, or starve.

Chev. That is damned hard!

Grime. Ensnared she will be.

Chev. Curse me but she shall not!

Grime. What will you do?

Chev. Snatch her from danger; provide for her, cherish her!

Grime. Ay, now you say something.

Chev. Zounds! Here have I been an age in the possession of eight thousand a year, and have not

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done one famous good wicked thing yet! It's a damned shame!

Grime. You will fall in love with her the moment you see her!

Chev. To be sure I shall!—No; on recollection, I can't love two at a time. Then if she should tempt me to be wicked? I mean vicious. I love wickedness, but I hate vice. 'Tis a dirty whirlpool, in which if once a man set his foot he is soon up to his chin.

Grime. 'Tis in Dover-street. I'll furnish you with an introduction.

Chev. You are abundantly civil. An introduction from a usurer to a—Hem! I shall come to preferment!

Grime. This is the address. (*Gives a card.*)

Chev. Dover-street

Grime. Yes: Mrs. Enfield.

Chev. (*Reads*) Number—(*Recollects*) 'Sblood! Why do I stand prating here? I who have been kept fasting from happiness and pleasure so long? Another day will be over and I shall not get a taste of pleasure! (*Going.*)

Grime. Nay, I am telling you of a banquet.

Chev. Are you? Why then, I have a keen appetite, and a most devouring wish to fall to: so here goes! [*Exit running.*]

SCENE II. *Enter* MORDENT.

Mor. So, Mr. Grime.

Grime. Every thing is prepared, Sir: we wait your good leisure,

Mor. You will find Mr. Item in his own room.

Grime. I shall attend you there: we can do no business till you come. [*Exit.*]

Mor. Heigh ho!

SCENE

SCENE III. *Enter* CLEMENT.

Clem. My uncle desires me to inform you, Sir, that he has examined the deed, and it is ready for signing.

Mor. I am coming.

Clem. Had I but any influence with you, Sir, I would intreat, I would conjure you not to execute it.

Mor. Why?

Clem. A sudden demand may be made, by the first mortgagee; you may be unprovided for payment; equity of redemption will be forfeited; he will foreclose, and the estate will be his at a valuation made fifty years ago, at less than half its present worth.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! 'Twill become his incumbrance, as it has been mine.

Clem. Money lenders neglect no advantage.

Mor. And as for conscience or honour—

Clem. Some of them I am afraid, Sir, have very little of either.

Mor. 'Tis in the order of things. Your uncle indeed is a man of integrity; he knows them to be rogues, and warns me of them.

Clem. Sir, he—I—He may be a mistaken man, like others. I once again conjure you, Sir, to re-consider the consequence. It is a very serious affair.

Mor. Mr. Clement you are young: You cherish the fond hope of alleviating misery. Ah!

Clem. Sir, I—My situation is a painful one, but every feeling of honesty and duty compel me to inform you that, when once you have signed this deed, you will be wholly in the grasp of mercenary men, who will pay no respect to former profits, the benefits they have received,

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or the feelings and distresses of him by whom they have acquired wealth, power, and pride,

[Exit.

Mor. The nephew and the uncle, poor fools, have the misfortune to be honest. Grime, sly villain, is more cunning, and will not forfeit his hope of cutting evil short at the gallows. The deed must be signed; for the money must be had. Yet these cautionings do but strengthen an aversion which, in spite of necessity, I have always felt against this last act of despair.

SCENE IV. Enter ITEM.

Mor. Mr. Item, you are right: this mortgage is a damned affair. Delay is dangerous; thought is vain; yet I am inclined to think again, before I sign.

Item. By all means, Sir! I like that! I approve that! Act with your eyes open! Take no rash step! 'Tis what I always say—but mine is a thankless office. Like other officious fools, I can give counsel, but no help. I am sorry to tell you, here is the upholsterer below, who is very insolent, and declares, if he be not paid immediately, he will have an execution in the house before night.

Mor. Scoundrel!—Could not you put him off for a week?

Item. He has been put off too often.

Mor. Are there no means by which you might advance me that sum yourself?

Item. Oh, that I could! It would make me the happiest man on earth!

Mor. Affectionate soul!

Item. Riches would now indeed be welcome!

Mor. (*Sensibility*) Mr. Item, you make me as great a fool as yourself.

Item.

Item. As to the deed, again and again I warn you not to sign it.

Mor. Then I will not. Ruin and wretchedness are certain; but the mode of being wretched is in my own choice, and I will not.

Item. Yet, what the devil I shall say to all your other tradesmen I don't know! They are every man of them as clamorous as the upholsterer. I don't believe one of them will wait two days.

Mor. Was ever man so pestered?

Item. Here too is a long account that I have just received from your groom at Newmarket; who says he shall soon want even a whisp of hay. For my part, I have not a guinea in hand! I wish I had! Then the impatience of Cheveril? And what the malignant, damned world will say of the defalcation of a guardian there is no foreseeing! "Mine is a painful task; for I cannot honestly discharge my conscience, without shewing you both sides of the picture."

Mor. "Ay, Ay! Be faithful; follow nature; daub in the dark shades!"

Item. Sign you must not!

Mor. At least I will take an hour or two to think of it. Misfortune, disgrace, and approaching infamy sit mocking at me, and I shall soon attain the acmé of misery. [Exit.

Item. (*Sneer*) Ha, ha, ha! You won't sign? Indeed, moody master of mine! Ha? But I will send those about your ears that will presently make you! [Exit

SCENE V. *The Street.* CHEVERIL.

Chev. This is the street. It must be somewhere hereabout. What a fatiguing affair pleasure hunting is! Oh that I could once more meet
my

my lovely angel; my Green Park Deity! (*Examines his card*) This is the number.

SCENE VI. *Enter LENNOX from Mrs. ENFIELD'S Door.*

Chev. Heydey! Lennox?

Len. Cheveril?

Chev. Coming from—? You! Who preach refinement of pursuit, and delicacy of enjoyment?

Len. Oh! We preach one thing, we practice another. Beside, were you but to see her!

Chev. Her! who?

Len. The girl I told you of—The divinest creature—!

Chev. What, here?

Len. I am all flame!

Chev. In this house?

Len. Yes: but she shall not remain there half an hour. I am going to prepare every thing. I am determined to secure her—.

Chev. (*Aside*) Honest Grime has given him an introduction too.

Len. Hush! (*Joanna throws up the sash, and appears for a moment at the window.*) There she is! (*Points.*)

Chev. Where? I see nobody.

Len. Ah, she's gone again.

Chev. Oh, but I'll (*Preparing for a run.*)

Len. (*Seizing his arm*) Where are you going?

Chev. To leap through the window!

Len. No, Cheveril; that must not be.

Chev. Why not?

Len. She is mine.

Chev. Yours?

Len. I have bought an exclusive right to her: paid a hundred pounds down.

Chev. Pooh.

Len.

Len. I tell you she is, and shall be mine!

Chev. Well, well; if so—(*Going.*)

Len. (*Preventing him*) Come with me!

Chev. No; I can't.

Len. Why not?

Chev. This is my way.

Len. Nay, but—

Chev. Good bye! [*Exit running.*]

Len. Zounds, my damned blabbing tongue!
(*Looking after him*) There he flies, the whirligig!
Ah! he is out of fight, and all is safe. I must
have Mordent's assistance. Where the devil
does he loiter? (*Looks wistfully at the window*)
I'll soon be back though, for fear of accidents.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *The House of Mrs. ENFIELD.*

Mrs. En. (*Calling*) Betty!

Betty. (*Without*) Ma'am.

Mrs. En. Who is it that bounced through the
back door in such haste?

Betty. (*Enters*) I don't know ma'am: 'a young
—Hem! [*Exit.*]

Enter CHEVERIL.

Chev. I am here, safe: I have tricked him!
Your humble servant, Madam. Your name
is——?

Mrs. Enfield, at your service, Sir.

Chev. You keep a——modish magazine, I
think?

Mrs. En. Magazine!

Chev. Of ready-made beauty?

Mrs. En. Well, Sir?

Chev. Your acquaintance, honest Mr. Grime,
informed me you have a sample of a fine sort.

Mrs. En. Ah, You are too late!

Chev.

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Chev. My friend Lennox has paid you one hundred pounds. Don't stare; I know the whole. Bring me to the lady, and, if I like her—

Mrs. En. I am very sorry, sir, but I cannot: my honour won't let me.

Chev. Prodigious virtue! Come, come! Lennox is cunning forty; I am foolish one and twenty. He is too old to be a lavish paymaster.

Mrs. En. Ah, sir, that is your mistake! He is too young! He will pay better as he grows older.

Chev. I have eight thousand a year, and am determined to be a—a—a—wicked dog.

Mrs. En. Ah, lord love you!

Chev. So see her I must. This is my proof,
[*Shewing a Bank bill.*]

Mrs. En. As Mr. Lennox is your friend, perhaps you have his permission?

Chev. Permission? Oh, yes—No! I'll be wicked but not unprincipled: I won't lie! That is a paltry scoundrel vice; no soul in it. Look you, if that sum will not content you, tell me what will?

Mrs. En. Why, sir, you are such a handsome, charming, pleasant young gentleman, that—if you could spare me another such—?

Chev. To settle accounts with your honour. Well, there.

Mrs. En. Observe, sir—it is only a short conversation.

Chev. Nothing more.

Mrs. En. No injury to Mr. Lennox?

Chev. Never fear.

Mrs. En. But you must be wary: young as she is, I never saw so 'cute a one!

Chev. Never fear, I tell you! I understand such affairs; or soon shall do at least. I'm a
young

young beginner, but a devilish apt scholar!

[Exit Mrs. Enfield.]

Now if she be worth carrying off, and I could out-wit Lennox! I! Oh! I should establish my character, for spirit, soul, and intrepidity for ever! I'll not be out of countenance. No, damme, I am determined! I'll—I'll speak, and to the purpose too! I'll be a damned forward, prating, impudent, wicked, dog!

SCENE VIII. Enter Mrs. ENFIELD, leading JOANNA, who follows reluctantly. CHEVERIL turns his back and tries to assume courage.

Joanna. Really, madam—

Mrs. En. Ah, my lamb, pray oblige me! He is one of my kindest, best friends.

Joanna. What then?

Mrs. En. You are so sweet a cherub! I must procure my friends the pleasure of your acquaintance! Ah! There's a dove! There's a beauty!—Dear! I forgot my knotting! I will be back in a moment. [Exit.]

Chev. (Not daring to look at Joanna, calls) Mrs. Enfield!—She is gone!—I should have felt bolder, had she been present.

Joanna. It is very strange!

Chev. What does she say?

Joanna. First one man, and then another!

Chev. (Listening) Hay? Hem!

Joanna. Her friends too are all men!

Chev. Where the devil now is all my impudence flown?

Joanna. But she is so kind, so winning, that I have not the power to deny.

Chev. If I could but turn round—One plunge and it would be over!

Ma—! Heavens!

[Turns by degrees.]

[Stands astonished.]

Chev.

Joanna. (*Aside*) Mercy ! It is he !

Chev. (*Aside*) The very beauty of the Green Park !

Joanna. (*Sighs*) I had almost hoped never to have seen him more !

Chev. (*Aside*) This is the luckiest—Lucky ? To find her here ?

Joanna. (*Aside*) I have thought of him much too often !

Chev. (*Aside*) A creature so divine ! Looks of such conscious modesty ! And in this place ?

Joanna. Sir—

Chev. Madam—(*Aside*) O that I might but touch her lips !

Joanna. Mrs. Enfield informs me you are one of her best friends.

Chev. Me, madam ?

Joanna. Yes, sir.

Chev. Why—That is—(*Aside*) No : I'll not deceive her ! (*Aloud*) I—I never saw Mrs. Enfield before in my life.

Joanna. Never—?

Chev. Never. And I don't care if I never see her again.

Joanna. Bless me !

Chev. Very true, madam. And I—

Joanna. (*Calling*) Mrs. Enfield !

Chev. Stop, madam !—Pardon my presumption, but—I—you—you have so much beauty and modesty—and merit—and—I am such a faltering—bashful booby—that, if you leave me—I shall run mad !

Joanna. Mad, sir ?

Chev. Upon my soul I shall, madam ! I can't help it ! I never was so enchanted, enraptured, and ravished in all my life ! And I am very sorry to find you—

Joanna.

Joanna. Sorry to find me?

Chev. No, no, no, madam! Glad to find you!
Infinitely glad; but not in this house!

Joanna. And why, fir?

Chev. I was frantic to think I had lost you!

Joanna. How so, fir? We are not acquainted?

Chev. I am sorry for it, madam!—B—b—but
I hope we shall be. I have been a very Bedla-
mite! I could neither eat, drink, nor sleep!—
I have dreamed of you every night! You have
been in my head, in my heart, in my arms—!

Joanna. Your arms, fir?

Chev. Oh lord, no, madam! No, no!—I—
I am talking in my sleep now. I mean—That is
—I would not offend you, madam, no, not for
ten thousand thrones! Though to find you here
is the greatest torment—!

Joanna. Torment?

Chev. B—b—blifs! I—I—I would say blifs,
madam! Blifs ineffable! And if—you would but
leave this wicked place—

Joanna. I do not understand you, fir!

Chev. Purity of heart is the characteristic
of your countenance: I am sure you are inno-
cent; or, if not, I would give worlds that you
were!

Joanna. This, fir, is the first time we ever
spoke together: what have you heard or seen of
me that should authorize you to doubt?

Chev. Nothing, madam! On my soul, nothing!
Every motion, word and look, speak virtue
void of blemish! I would lay down my life
to prove it, and to rescue you from this bad
woman!

Joanna. From Mrs. Enfield?

Chev. An odious, vile—!

Joanna.

Joanna. You make me half suspect you are as frantic as you describe yourself! She is the most benevolent of women!

Chev. Forgive me if I appear intruding; indeed my intention is good; but, how long have you been in this house?

Joanna. Not four hours.

Chev. And how long acquainted with this woman?

Joanna. To-day was the first time I ever saw her.

Chev. (In raptures) She's innocent! She's innocent!

Mor. (Without) I tell you, I will see her!

Chev. (Alarmed) 'Sdeath! I hear my guardian!

Mor. Lennox will be here presently.

Chev. (Looking round) I must not be seen, but for heaven's sake let me speak to you once more!
[Retires into a closet, from which he occasionally looks.

SCENE IX. Enter MORDENT.

Mor. (Surveys Joanna) Your humble servant, madam. (*Aside*) She is indeed beautiful!

Joanna. (Aside) This is the man of the portrait!

Mor. You are acquainted, I believe, with my friend, Mr. Lennox?

Joanna. I, sir? Not to my knowledge.

Mor. Did he not converse with you this morning?

Joanna. I have conversed with two gentlemen this morning: you are the third.

Mor. (Aside) Lovely creature! Can she too be an instrument of malevolence? (*Aloud*) I mean a fair gentleman, about forty.

Joanna. Well, sir; what of him?

Mor. Did he—not make proposals?

Joanna

Foanna. To me? Proposals?

Mor. Ay, madam; on the common subject, the promoting of ill?

Foanna. You speak riddles. He talked idly, and perhaps was more unprincipled and insulting than I supposed!

Mor. (*Aside*) By heavens, she is an innocent! Nay her countenance would half persuade me there are beings capable of happiness!

Chev. (*From the closet*) Zounds! He looks as if he too would fall in love with her!

Mor. Pardon my intrusion, madam: I am a stranger to you, but—

Foanna. Not entirely.

Mor. Not!

Foanna. I have been studying you all the morning.

Mor. Me?—You never saw me before!

Foanna. Yes, I have.

Mor. When? Where?

Foanna. (*Pointing to the picture*) Here—In effigy.

Chev. What are they about?

Mor. My portrait? (*Aside*) How dare the old beldam hang it up in her house?

Foanna. It speaks volumes: yet not so much as the original.

Chev. Oh that I could hear them!

Mor. Indeed! And what does it say, madam? If it speak good, it lies.

Foanna. Either it indicates falsely or you have flattered, promised, deceived, and betrayed.

Mor. (*Aside*) Astonishing!—Who?

Foanna. More poor girls than one!

Mor. (*Aside*) Her eyes penetrate to the heart!—
(*Aloud*) Evil is every where, therefore in me.

Chev. How she gazes at him! S'death!

E

Foanna.

Joanna. There is a mixture; traits that struggle to be just and good; occasional marks of virtue, but more of moody remorse.

Mor. (Aside) Is this real?—You judge and speak freely, madam. I applaud your sincerity.

Joanna. What should I fear? Beside, you have not the features of revenge.

Mor. (Aside) Her understanding and discernment surpasses her beauty.

Chev. Will they never have done?

Joanna. This eye! How often must it have assumed the same deceiving form and meaning, to have impressed these deep lines of artful seduction! How frequently must health, wealth, and principle have been sacrificed, to gratify dishonest passions!

Mor. (Aside) Amazing! So young too!

Joanna. You are an unhappy man: for you have not the apathy of folly; you have a sense, a feeling of what you have done.

Chev. I shall go mad!

Mor. I have never had faith in sorcery! Is it your profession?

Joanna. I have no profession. I am nobody; the child of nobody; a branch lopped off and cast away; that might have grown, but that could find no root. Misfortune and an active spirit, struggling to shake off oppression, have quickened me a little. Other than this I am but a simple girl; and my whole art is to note what I see, and to speak what I think.

Mor. Whoever you are, come but with me, and, while I have a morsel, a home, or a heart, you shall share them!

Chev. (Runs forward) Damme if she shall!

Mor. Why, Mr—!

Chev. She shall have my morsel, my home, and my heart!

Mor.

Mor. You in this house, fir?

Chev. Nay, fir, you in this house, fir? Madam, put no faith in him! You are very right, he is a seducer! I love you, heart, body, and soul! I'll offer you no wrong! Every proof that the most ardent, purest passion can give, feel, or imagine, shall be yours!

Joanna. This house! This house! What is it you mean, gentlemen? Is there contamination in this house?

Chev. Vile! Detestable! A place of intrigue!

Joanna. Heavens! [*Exit precipitately.*]

Mor. (*Prevents Cheveril from passing.*) How came I, fir, to find you here?

Chev. Zounds, fir, how came I to find you here?

SCENE X. *Enter Mrs. ENFIELD.*

Mrs. En. What have you done, gentlemen, to alarm the young creature in this manner? A little more and she had escaped us all!

Mor. Hark you, Mrs. Enfield. At your peril, keep her safe and free from insult till my return! [*Exit.*]

Chev. Insult! If you breathe impurity in her presence, I'll make a general massacre! Let any one take her away, speak to her, or even look at her, while I am gone, and I'll grind you all to powder! (*Goes and hastily returns*) Here! Here are all the bills I have! I'll be back in five minutes! keep her safe and I'll give you a thousand pounds! My name is Cheveril: ten thousand! (*Returns*) Cheveril, I say, my whole estate!

Mrs. En. But, fir! fir!

[*Exit.*]

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The House of MORDENT.*

ITEM enraged and GRIME determined.

GRIME,

ONCE for all, Mr. Item, it will not do! So be of a sweet temper.

Item. Why you grumbling old bockhead, what would you have? May you not thank me for every shilling you are worth in the world?

Grime. Don't tell me Mr. Item! I am but your scavenger, and you put me to a deal of dirty work.

Item. Here's gratitude! Why, Mr. Grime!

Grime. Well, Mr. Item!

Item. Did I not first find you in a miserable garret, in Fullwood's Rents, where you were starving in rags and wretchedness?

Grime. Well!

Item. Did I not take you to Monmouth-Street, make you cast your beggar's skin, transform you into something almost human, hire you apartments in the Temple, and pass you on my master for a rich usurer, a damned rogue?

Grime. Very true. But you would not let me act my part! You took care to be the damned rogue yourself!

Item. Have I not trusted you, tutored you, taught you your trade, and furnished the tools?

Grime.

Grime. What then?

Item. And do you pretend to bargain, wrangle, and prescribe terms to me?

Grime. Yes: I do!

Item. You do?

Grime. I do. Help yourself how you can.

Item. Here's a villain!

Grime. You tutored me, you know; you taught me my trade, and furnished the tools.

Item. You viper! Sting the bosom that fostered you?

Grime. I follow your own example; Mr. Mordent fostered you? There's morality in it.

Item. Oh, damn your morality!

Grime. Be of a sweet temper! Time was I was your slave; you are now mine.

Item. Oh, the rascal!

Grime. I am too deep in your secrets for you to dare discard me; so, I'll have my share.

Item. Your —?

Grime. Ay, my!—My full share. So be sweet tempered.

Item. And who is to find the money?

Grime. You.

Item. And who is to run the risk?

Grime. You.

Item. And who is to be prosecuted for usury and collusion?

Grime. Cast perhaps for perjury, [whipped, imprisoned, and put in the pillory—] You

Item. And you to run away with half the profits?

Grime. Yes.

Item. Here's justice! Oh, what a damned world do we live in!

Grime. Your fortune is made; you must now help to make mine.

SCENE II. *Enter DONALD unperceived.*

Item. Here's a villain!

Grime. You must, or I tell.

Item. What will you tell?

Grime. All!—All the usurious tricks you have practised on Mordent: the arts by which you have cheated him of his estates, pretending that I am the man; your intention to foreclose; your neglect in not paying yourself interest, purposely to rob according to law; your plots to ruin Cheveril; all, all!

Item. You will tell all this?

Grime. I will.

Item. Why you fiend! You superlative villain! You cut-throat!

Grime. (*Seeing Donald.*) Hem! [*Pause.*]

Don. What the hornie de'el do ye stop at? What gars ye swither? I'ze haud my whisht! Yeer confabulation is unco entertaining!

Item. Ah! good Mr. Donald! Here is my old friend, Mr. Grime, has, has—(*Aside to Grime.*) [You see what your villainy has done!] (*Aloud.*) He is a good-natured soul, as you know, [Scoundrel!] and he—I—I—

Don. Ye!—Yas; ye'er a sweet nut, gin ye war well crackt.

Item. I, I, I was bantering him: trying to, to— [Villain!] but nothing can put him in a passion! [Oh, curse you!] Nothing!

Don. The fient! Wow! But ye'er a pauky Gilligapus!

Item. Perhaps you want our good master, Mr. Donald?

Don. Aiblins yeer right, auld Clootie.

Item. He is gone out. Nothing but a joke, Mr. Donald: nothing else.

Don.

Don. (*Clenching his fist.*) Noo could I gi' him sic an a gowf o' the haffet!

Item. Can I, can my dear friend, Mr. Grime [Oh, you thief!] do you any service?

Don. Haud yeer blether, mon!

Item. Can we oblige you any way in the world?

Don. Yas.

Item. (*Fawning.*) How? How?

Don. Tak compaission o' the boeels o' yeer brother, Jack Ketch, and be yeer ain hangman!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. ITEM and GRIME.

Item. There villain! You see what you have done!

Grime. Is it my fault? I tell you again, you had better be sweet tempered. I shall say no more: you know my mind. (*Going.*)

Item. (*Aside.*) Oh that I could poison him!
(*Aloud.*) Mr. Grime! Mr. Grime!

Grime. Well, Mr. Item?

Item. This quarreling is very foolish.

Grime. Oh, ho!

Item. We are necessary to each other.

Grime. I know it.

Item. Your hand?

Grime. There.

Item. We are friends?

Grime. If you please.

Item. Well, well—(*Aside.*) Damn him! How I hate the dog!—Concerning this Berkshire mortgage—

Grime. Ay?

Item. You shall have twenty per cent. on the premium.

Grime. That won't do!

Item. Thirty!

Grime. It won't do! Half! The full half!

Item. (*Aside.*) Hell take him!—Well, well, my dear Grime, the half be it.

Grime. Together with my moiety of the thousand, given with Joanna.

Item. Your—? Hem! (*Sighs.*) You shall; you shall. Are your satisfied?

Grime. On these conditions.

Item. Where is the deed?

Grime. In that bag.

Item. Mordent is coming. I know he will, for I know he shall, sign. But that is not all.

Grime. What more?

Item. This damned Scotchman will assuredly betray us to him; and Lady Anne's jointure prevents his being so entirely destitute, and powerless, as is necessary.

Grime. But how is that to be helped?

Item. Easily enough. You must convey information, to her father and relations, that he has a daughter.

Grime. Nay, but—

Item. Hush! Here he comes! I will give you my reasons and instructions when we are alone. Where is the deed?

Grime. Here, ready. Hem!

SCENE IV. *Enter Mr. MORDENT.*

Mor. (*Anger.*) What is the meaning, Mr. Item, that I see that upholsterer, and two other ill looking followers with him below?

Item. Nay, why ask me? Why knit your brows at me? Can I coin?

Mor. Excuse me! I am a hunted bull, and butt at friends and foes!

Item.

Item. The insolent fellow insisted on taking possession; so, thinking you would not wish Lady Anne to know, I prevailed on him and the officer to remain in the hall, till I could speak to you. If I have done amiss, shew me in what.

Mor. No, no. I know your zeal. Why will you not advance two thousand pounds, for that and other immediate purposes, and delay signing, Mr. Grime? I ask only a day!

Item. Ay, Mr. Grime, why will you not?

Grime. (With great gravity.) Impossible!

Item. Don't tell me! Impossible, indeed! You ought to consent; it is your duty: nay, you shall consent.

Grime. I cannot. Must have security.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! Villain!—Where is the deed?

Item. So you will not, Mr. Grime? You will not?

Grime. I wish I could! But I am myself a borrower: the money is not my own.

Item. Hem!

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! Damn your rascal hypocrisy! Give me the pen!

Item. (Holding his arm) Why you will not sign, sir! Will you?

Mor. Peace, fool! Cannot you see a wretch on the wheel but that your bones too must achi?

Item. (Quitting him: he signs.) Ah! It is always thus! I may advise, but my advice is never followed!

Mor. (Seals) "I deliver this as my act and deed." Here, implement of hell! I know your thirst, blood hound! 'Tis ready mixed destruction: take, quaff, and burst! Begone!

Item. (Seizing the deed.) Come, sir! My good master has sufficient reason to be angry with you!

It

It was very unfriendly, fir, to refuse. You teach Mr. Mordent what he has to expect. (*Aside.*) All is now secure ! [*Exeunt ITEM and GRIME.*]

SCENE V. *Enter DONALD, looking earnestly after them.*

Don. Ha' ye signed?—Ha' ye signed?

Mor. Ask no questions—Yes.

Don. Weel, well!—Stark deed has nae re-meed!—Twa wolves may worry ane sheep—I kam to tal ye that yeer glib gabbit steward, and his compeer, Grime, are too scoondrels.

Mor. Pshaw! Fool!

Don. I tal ye, they are twa damned villains!

Mor. Grime, fellow! Grime! A paltry, gold-loving, ravenous rascal! But Item?—a worthy man!

Don. He wordy? That fient? Marcy o' my soul! He is the prime cock deel o' the blackest pit o' hell! The malison curse catch 'em aw! 'Tis nae stick and stow sax minutes sin I heard aw their murgullied gab!

Mor. Hear?

Don. Yas! hear!

Mor. What did you hear?

Don. Item himsal confess that he had slethered ye of aw yeer estates; that Grime is nae mair but his flunkie; that it is his intantion to foreclose; that he has wilfully neglected to pay himsal interest, for that he may claw ye according tul law; that there ha' been sham deeds; and that a plot is laid to felch maister Cheveril of aw his walth.

Mor. (*Convulsive laughter.*) Ha, ha, ha! You heard all this?

Don. Wi' my ain ears!

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! Item? Are you sure you heard this precious mischief?

Don. When did Donald tall ye a lie?

Mor.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! Item? I am glad on't! 'Tis right! 'Tis consistent! 'Tis delightful! Ha, ha, ha! Abraham's rejected prayer: not one honest man. Ha; ha, ha!

Don. Hoot awa! Nae oneest? Nor ye nor the black clawed Lucifer himsal canna deny but that Donald is oneest.

Mor. Item? Ha, ha, ha! Inestimable villain!—And I too? Thought him just and good! Oh, Gull! Gull! Gull! Ha, ha, ha! (*Recollecting.*) Tell Mr. Clement I wish to speak with him.

Don. Noo the steed is stolen, ye wad steck the door. [*Exit.*

Mor. (*Convulsed anguish*) Oh the sharp fanged wolf! Ha, ha, ha!

SCENE VI. *Enter LENNOX.*

Len. Mordent! How now? How you look!

Mor. I am an afs! A most ineffable afs!

Len. What is the matter?

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis proved upon me!

Len. Your mirth is of a strange kind!

Mor. The man whom I have trusted through life, ha, ha, ha! he whose rigid honesty—do you mark me? ha, ha, ha! honesty!

Len. Well?

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! whose honesty made me sometimes doubt the truth of the self-evident system of evil, ha, ha! he's a rascal! A double leagued hell dog!

Len. Your steward?

Mor. Item! A deep damnable thorough-paced villain; that can bully, cajole and curse, fawn, flatter and filch, ha, ha, ha!

Len. Be patient.

Mor. Oh I am delighted, ha, ha, ha!

Len.

60 THE DESERTED DAUGHTER:

Len. Be calm. You knew yourself to be in the power of a villain, and 'tis little matter whether his name be Grime or Item.

Mor. How? Ha, ha, ha! In a world of rascality, are not two rascals better than one?

Len. Nay but attend to me. I want your help instantly, in Dover-street.

Mor. (Pause.) Dover-street?

Len. Yes.

Mor. (Recollecting.) It must not be.

Len. Ahey! What's the freak now?

Mor. (Wildly.) You can have no help of mine.

Len. (Angry.) Indeed but I must!

Mor. (Earnest rapidity.) I would not commit an injury on that girl for worlds.

Len. (Anger increasing.) Why what conscientious mummery is this? You neglect your own child, and pretend to interest yourself for a stranger!

Mor. If the stranger be an angel of light, a beneficent being, why not?

Len. Beneficent! What, in this system of evil?

Mor. An exception to the rule! A rare exception?

Len. Like Item?

Mor. Pshaw! Hell!

Len. And may not your deserted daughter be equally an angel?

Mor. (Wild terror.) May she? If she should—I'll have no concern in the ruin of that girl!

Len. (Confirmed suspicion and anger.) Hark you, Mordent, you are plotting.

Mor. I?

Len. No distress can cure you of your old propensities. You mean to trick me of her.

Mor.

Mor. Ha, ha!

Len. 'Tis evident. Do you not affirm she cannot remain innocent, in the house into which she is decoyed?

Mor. (Cooling yet perturbed) Granted.

Len. Marriage excepted, which would be madness; am I a man to treat her vilely?

Mor. Not worse than the malignity of fate ordains.

Len. Pooh! Cant! Cheveril, in the fervor of youth, is lunatic enough rather to marry than lose her!

Mor. Ay, ay; he is horn mad to begin his career of wretchedness.

Len. And you his guardian, from pretended pity to a stranger, will guide and spur him to the course?

Mor. Even so it is! Mischief here, mischief there; turn which way you will, mischief!

Len. Your word and honour are solemnly pledged. If you really wish the lovely creature's welfare, would preserve your ward, and prove your friendship and honest intentions, you will aid me.

Mor. Well, well, I am blind; I am but the tool of destiny; so be it!

Len. Your authority will oblige Mrs. Enfield to yield her to me.

Mor. No; my credit there is on the decline. Stratagem; stratagem.

Len. But how? What?

Mor. Convey a disguise to the girl.

Len. And so she will escape us all!

Mor. Escape? No, no! Malevolence is the element of man, and I have an apt alacrity! I will instruct you. Come this way. Having her safe, you may post away with her to my commodious

62 THE DESERTED DAUGHTER:

dious house in Park-lane. Fear not me! When Belial is busy, shall his progeny be idle?

SCENE VII. *Re-enter DONALD.*

Don. Maister Clement is nae i' the hoose.

Mor. No matter—"The circle is complete; knaves and fools engender each other; together they make rulers; rulers make laws; laws make villains, and villains sanctify and perpetuate the use of prisons, chains, ropes, racks!"

Len. Come, come!

Mor. Oh! What an excellent gull is this image of the gods, this thing called man!

[*Exeunt MORDENT and LENNOX.*

Don. Ah! Waes me! This poor lassie! I canna rest! I hirple here and gang hilching there, till I'ze e'en ramfeelzed wi'the ripples. I wist nae where tul spier nieft. My dool and thole wull be my deeth! I' Gode's name, and wi' aw my hairt; for I'ze recht weary o' life!

SCENE VIII. *Enter CHEVERIL in great haste, searching.*

Don. Hoot, man! What is the bang?

Chev. My dear Donald, can you direct me where Mr. Item or Mr. Grime may be found?

Don. Donald diract ye tul sic an a pair o' scoondrels? Father Balzebub! But I wad at anes gar ye o'er catch plague pastilence and famine!

Chev. 'Sdeath! they are both dead and buried, I believe; for they are neither here, nor there, nor any where else. Can you tell me where I can borrow a few thousands?

Don. Sir! Do ye tak me for a thief, or a steward?

Chev.

Chev. I shall go mad—Oh, Donald, I left the most angelic girl your eyes ever beheld at a wicked house! she must be friendless and fatherless, or she could not have been there.

Don. (*Eagerly*) What's that ye red of angil and fatherless?

Chev. I am sure she is innocent. Vile as the house is, she is innocent.

Don. Wha? What she? What hoose?

Chev. I can't stay—I saw her first in the Green Park.

Don. Green Pairk?

Chev. She is now at Enfield's—A divine girl! A miracle!

Don. What? Hoo?—A menzfoo' maiklefs las? I' the bloom o' youdith?

Chev. Not twenty; yet with the penetration, wit, and understanding of the seven sages!

Don. (*Agitated*) The Green Pairk? Maircy misgi' me! Enfield's!

Chev. In Dover-street.

Don. I ken the place! A hoose o' hell!—Gin it be—! Quick, Donald, Quick! [*Exit hastily.*]

Chev. What is the matter with the honest soul? I don't know what sum that old harridan will require, but I can do nothing without money. I must have enough too, for I must make sure. I'll place her in safety and splendor: she shall be my queen!

SCENE IX. *Enter ITEM.*

Chev. Ah, my dear, dear Item! I am the luckiest fellow on earth! I am in instant want of money!

Item. So am I. I have been in want of it all my life.

Chev.

64 THE DESERTED DAUGHTER :

Chev. You must furnish me with ten thousand pounds.

Item. Ah! I wish I could!

Chev. 'Sblood, don't stand wishing, but give me the money!

Item. If my friend Grime were but here—

Chev. 'Sdeath and the devil, give me the money! I shall lose her! She'll be gone! I'll make over the seventeen thousand, that is in Mordent's hands! I will by heaven! On the word and honour of a gentleman!

Item. The seventeen thousand?

Chev. I will!

Item. It is true, I have cash in hand; but not my own.

Chev. Zounds! Never mind whose it is! Let me have it!

Item. Why, if I could but manage the matter—I am but a poor old man, and it would be a little lift.

Chev. Damn your poverty and your cant!

Item. You are sure you understand—the seventeen thousand?

Chev. I tell you, yes!

Item. The risk will be very great!

Chev. Do you doubt my word?

Item. No, no—But—

Chev. But what?

Item. Your hand-writing, on a stamp, would be a memorandum.

Chev. You shall have it! Write a receipt for seventeen thousand: I'll sign it!

Item. (Searches, takes out an account book, lays it down; then takes out another book, finds a stamp, and writes.) Ay, this is the thing. You remember the risk? Otherwise, it might be thought—

Chev. Give it me! Give it me! I have no time for thinking! (Signs).

Item.

Item. I must borrow to replace it.

Chev. Will you come away, and let me have the money? Come, come, man! 'Sdeath will you dispatch!

SCENE X. *Enter CLEMENT.*

Clem. Do you know where Mr. Mordent is, fir?

Item. No, fir! (*Cheveril hurries Item off; who puts up his receipt in one book, but forgets the other, that he laid down on the table.*)

Clem. Mr. Mordent has asked for me, and unfortunately I cannot find him. I fear he has signed the mortgage. Oh this uncle! Never was situation so excruciating as mine. Must I cast off all ties of blood, become his accuser, and, as the world would call it, betray my benefactor? Beside, what have I to reveal? My fears and my suspicions. Unconnected facts, that can alarm but not relieve. And who is it that I should thus impotently accuse? My own uncle. (*Sees the book*) Hah! What have we here? As I live, his private account book! The very thing he so carefully has concealed from all inspection! What shall I do? Deliver it to Mordent? What may be the consequences? Disgrace, infamy, and —! Dreadful thought! I must not be rash.—Hark! He's here! I must consider well. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI. *Re-enter ITEM and CHEVERIL.*

Item with his hair on end, frightened; runs up to the table, looks over it, under it, and every where.

Chev. (*Anxious to get him away*) You see, there's no book there!

Item. (*With terror*) I am certain I had it in my hand!

F

Chev.

Chev. We have not quitted the room a minute!
Nobody can have been here since!

Item. We left my nephew here.

Chev. Well, if he have it, 'tis safe enough.

Item. I don't know that! I don't know that!
If I have lost it, I shall never sleep again!

Chev. Come away! You have it somewhere,
locked up safe.

Item. No! I laid it down here! I am positive
of it!

Chev. Nay, but you see that is impossible!
Come, come! (*Taking his arm*).

Item. If it be gone, I shall go mad!

Chev. Is it so valuable?

Item. (*Still searching his pockets, the table, and
the chamber*) I would not lose it for all I am
worth in the world!

Chev. Come, come—(*Elbowing him but not
rudely, at first to the door*.) What did it contain?

Item. My soul! My secrets!

Chev. Well, it certainly is not here! You
must go! You shall go! I'll indemnify you!

Item. You can't!

Chev. I tell you, I will! (*Pushing him off*) It
is in your own room.

Item. I hope so! I hope so! (*Turning back*)
But my heart misgives me! Oh lord! I'm un-
done!

Chev. (*A push*) Will you go?

Item. (*Turning*) I am wretched!

Chev. (*Again push*) You won't!

Item. (*Turning*) I'm ruined!

Chev. (*Again*) Will you, or—?

Item. (*Turning*) I'm lost! I'm dead! I'm—!

Chev. (*Again with more violence*) Furies and
fire, begone!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE

SCENE XII. *Enter* MORDENT.

Mor. (*Calls*) Mr. Cheveril! (*Runs over to the door*) Mr. Cheveril!—'Tis impossible to stop him! But no matter; the plan cannot fail: Lennox by this time has her safe. Why ay! I have advised! I have plotted, I have aided! And in what? Why the ruin of an innocent; who, while I looked and listened to her, I would have lost my life to defend? "Why was man endowed with thought? It breeds but confusion! Fools have called it the gift of gods, wise men know it to be the medium of misery."

SCENE XIII. *Enter* Mrs. SARNET.

Mrs. Sar. My lady, sir, desires to know if she may have the honour to see you!

Mor. What is the matter now?

Mrs. Sar. Oh! as to that, let my lady speak! I have got ill-blood enough, because I would not take somebody's part. But that is all over.

Mor. What is over?

Mrs. Sar. I have told my lady, often and often, how a gentleman's proud spirit might be brought down: but she would never listen to my *consultation* before.

Mor. Before?

Mrs. Sar. For said I, my lady, you would be as merry as May, if you would but pluck up a spirit to take the Earl's advice, and leave all base seducers to their own course!

Mor. You said so?

Mrs. Sar. Yes, I did! I should be no woman, if I would not take part with my *sect*! So we are all ready for moving; seeing as we are resolved. For, said I, if he should fall at my feet and cry his eyes out; I would not hear a word!

Mor. Indeed!

Mrs. Sar. Not but I have as tender a heart as another. But then, I would sooner break his heart than my own!

Mor. What does this insolent gabble mean?

Mrs. Sar. Why it means that my lady is coming to take her leave; and that then we shall be gone; and then it will be seen who will have most cause to repent.

Mor. (*Aside*) Is it possible?

Mrs. Sar. I am sure if I could have made folks happy, I would have done it with all my heart and soul! But the secret is out at last; and all is settled. Not but, for all I'm so glad, I can't say but I'm sorry in the main! for I'm sure some folks will be miserable enough! and, though they richly deserve it, one can't help feeling for them, in ones heart. And so, fir, as perhaps I shall never see you *no* more, God blefs you, and mend you! [*Exit.*

SCENE XIV. *Enter Lady ANNE.*

Lady A. Mr. Mordent, I am driven upon an agonizing task, which a too painful sense of duty only could oblige me to execute.

Mor. Proceed, Madam; apologies, for feeling or for inflicting pain, are quite unnecessary!

Lady A. Forgive me! Would it were to be avoided!—You have a daughter?

Mor. Whence gain you that intelligence!

Lady A. From the Earl of Oldcrest.

Mor. And what is his authority?

Lady A. I know not. But I, it seems, have innocently been the cause that she is disowned and abandoned. Of such an act I cannot knowingly consent to be a moment guilty. The fatal
period

period is come! that separation which I so much have dreaded, is inevitable!

Mor. And you support your fate with patience.

Lady A. Cruel man! do I deserve this parting reproach?

Mor. You deserve? Who shall dare insinuate it?

Lady A. Happy days and past endearments rush upon my mind with sensations unutterable?

Mor. I know! I know!—I am the vilest of men!

Lady A. Far from saying, far from thinking so, I take my full share of blame. How do I know that the fault is not wholly mine?

Mor. (*Much moved*) Madam I— I— I request I may be tortured by any thing but your candor.

Lady A. I know I have lost the envied art of making myself intelligible to your feelings! And how? You once were happy, tender, and prone to smile at every look and word of mine! Of what fatal errors have I been guilty, that should have wrought this change?

Mor. Oh, exquisite! Continue! my nerves are strung!

Lady A. To despair of recovering those inestimable blessings was quite sufficient! But to be the cause of banishing a child from a father's arms and heart? to cast it an orphan on a tempestuous world? No! whatever my other mistakes may have been, of that no tongue shall accuse me!

Mor. Right! let the guilt be all my own!

Lady A. And now, I have one last request to make; which I conjure you, by all our former affection, not to deny!

Mor. To ask favours, where there is neither the power to grant nor the desire to be thanked, is fruitless.

Lady A. I am but too well acquainted with the state of your affairs.

Mor. A humane motive for parting!

Lady A. The settlements you made on me, in our early days of love, were ample. In the sincerity of affection, I vowed, if ever they should be necessary to your happiness, that moment they should again be yours.

Mor. (*Greatly agitated*) Madam?

Lady A. Pardon and endure this proof of my fidelity! The deeds are now in Mr. Clement's possession: he will restore them to you.

Mor. (*Indignantly*) Never!

Lady A. Stop! Beware of rashness! You are a father, and have a father's sacred duties to fulfil. Take home your daughter: make her what amends you can for the desertion of a parent's love.

Mor. 'Tis too much! Scorpions could not sting like this!

Lady A. On this last occasion, suffer a gleam of former kindness once more to warm your bosom. Money is a poor vehicle, for the affections of the soul! a contemptible token of the love I have borne you! but, such as it is, for that love's sake, give it welcome! A cold adieu I cannot take! It freezes my very heart! From my soul, I ever have loved, and ever shall love! Had I a heaven of happiness to bestow, would you but deign to accept it from me, it should be yours. [*Exit.*]

Mor. Why, so! so! so!—It rages! it bursts! it is complete! Let fate or fiends increase the misery, if they can!

SCENE

SCENE XV. *Enter DONALD.*

Don. It's past! It's aw o'er! My forebodings are foofilled!

Mor. (*Alarmed*) Have you not found her yet?

Don. Yes, yes! I hae foond her!

Mor. Have you? Where?

Don. I'ze noo indeed a rafca' go-between!
(*Horror*) But what are ye?

Mor. You fay you have found her?

Don. She is gone! She is ruined! Ye're a wratch: the most meeferable o' wratches!

Mor. Tormenting demon! What? Who?—
Where have you been?

Don. To Dover-street!

Mor. (*Seized*) Dover—?

Don. Tul the elritch limmer Enfield.

Mor. (*With terror*) What do you fay?

Don. I was too late! A maister scoondrel, e'en as wecked as her ain father, had decoyed her intul his net!

Mor. (*Frenzy*) Decoyed?

Don. Lennox! Yeer friend; yeer crony!

Mor. (*Horror*) From Enfield's!

Don. Ha' not I toud ye?

Mor. Lennox? Dover-street? Joanna?

Don. Hear it, gin ye can, and live! Joanna! yeer child! Yeer guileless Joanna!

Mor. (*Distractedly*) Misery of Hell! And was that Joanna? That my child? Celestial creature! And I the pit-digger!

(*Pause—Despair.*)

Don. (*Alarmed at the agony of Mordent*) Sir!—
Sir!—Maister!

Mor. (*Startling*) I the pander? I cast her
F 4 shriek-

shrieking on the bed of infamy, and chain her in the arms of lust? Her father do this?

(*Pause of fixed horror.*)

Don. Maister!—Dear Maister!—Maister Mordent! Dear Maister Mordent! Speak! I'ze forgi' ye! Why maister! I'ze pray for ye! I'ze die for ye! I'ze forgi' ye!

Mor. (*Starting from a profound trance of despondency*) Fly! Summon the servants! Arm yourselves! follow me to Park Lane! [*Exit.*]

Don. (*Confusedly*) William! Sandy! Jock!
[*Exit calling.*]

END OF ACT FOUR.

A C T V.

SCENE I. *The Green Park, twilight.*

MORDENT *and* LENNOX.

MORDENT.

WE are now in private.

Len. I am glad we are.

Mor. And now, Sir, I insist on a clear and explicit answer. Where have you lodged Joanna?

Len. Nay, Sir, where have you lodged Joanna?

Mor. Mr. Lennox, I will not be trifled with! where is she?

Len. Nor will I be trifled with, Mr. Mordent: I say where is she? The contrivance was your own! I know you! The moment you set your eyes on her you began your cursed plots, to secure her for yourself; and, when you found
I would

I would not give her up at your persuasion, you put them in practice while you treacherously pretended to secure her to me.—I tell you, I know you.

Mor. This will not serve, sir, it is all evasion.

Len. Ay, sir, it is evasion! cunning, base, damned evasion! and I affirm she is in your possession.

Mor. Mr. Lennox, I am at this moment a determined and desperate man, and must be answered—Where is she?

Len. Sir, I am as determined and as desperate as yourself, and I say, where is she? For you alone can tell?

Mor. 'Tis false!

Len. False?

Mor. Ay, false!

Len. (*Going up to him.*) He is the falsest of the false that dares whisper such a word!

Mor. Hark you, sir, I understand your meaning, and came purposely provided. (*Draws a pair of pistols*) Take your choice. They are loaded.

Len. Oh, with all my heart! (*Presents at some paces distant.*) Come, sir.

Mor. (*Approaching sternly*) Nigher!

Len. (*Approaching desperately*) As nigh as you please!

Mor. (*Placing himself*) Foot to foot!

Len. (*Frantically—both presenting*) Muzzle to muzzle!

Mor. (*Short pause*) Why don't you fire?

Len. Why don't you unlock your pistol?

Mor. (*After unlocking it*) There!

Len. Why do you turn it out of the line?—(*Drops his arm. Pause*) I see your intention, Mor-dent! You are tired of life, and want me to murder you!—Damn it, man, that is not treating your
friend

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friend like a friend !—Kill me if you will, but don't make me your affassin !

(*Pause—both greatly affected*)

Mor. (*Tenderly.*) Nay, kill me, or tell me where you have lodged the wretched girl.

Len. (*With great energy.*) Fiends seize me if I have lodged her any where, or know what is become of her.

Mor. Your behaviour tells me you are sincere, and to convince you at once that I am no less so, know—she is my daughter !

Len. (*Seized.*) Your daughter ?

Mor. The honest indefatigable Donald discovered her at Enfield's !

Len. Murder my friend, and debauch his daughter !

Mor. (*Deeply affected.*) We are sad fellows.—(*They pause, and gradually recover from the deep passion with which they were mutually seized.*) Again and again, 'tis a vile world.

Len. (*Eagerly.*) I'll seek it through with you to find her.—Forgive me ?

Mor. (*Takes his hand.*) Would I could forgive myself !

Len. (*With animation.*) But it seems then she has escaped, and is perhaps in safety.

Mor. Oh that she were !—Donald used to meet her here, in the Green Park, about this time of the evening. (*Listens.*) I hear the sound of feet. (*Looks.*) 'Tis not a woman. Let us retire among the trees, and keep on the watch. [*While they are seen retiring,*

SCENE II. *Enter CHEVERIL.*

Chev. (*Looking round with great anxiety.*) She is not here—she is gone ! For ever gone—gone—gone ! I shall never more set eyes on her ! I'll fire that infernal Dover-street !—I'll pistol Lennox !—
I may

I may perambulate here till doomsday, and to no purpose. She would have been here had she been free. Ay, ay, she is in thralldom; perhaps in the very gripe of vice!—Furies!—Lennox is a liar!—I'll cut his throat!—I'll hack him piece-meal!—I'll have her, or I'll have his heart!

SCENE III. *Enter JOANNA in men's cloaths.*

CHEVERIL seen walking among the trees.

Joanna. Whither shall I run?—Where shall I hide? How fly the pursuits of wicked men, and women still more depraved? I have neither house, home, nor friend on earth; and the fortitude that can patiently endure is my only resource. What then?—Have I not escaped the dens of vice?—Oh happiness!—I have!—I have! And rather than venture in them again, welcome hunger, welcome cold, welcome the bare ground, the biting air, and the society of brute beasts.

Chev. (Advancing.) What can that youth want? Why is he watching here? *(Walks round Joanna.)*

Joanna. As I live the young gentleman I saw this morning! What reason can he have for being in this place?

Chev. He eyes me with curiosity.

Joanna. His intentions seemed good, for he first warned me against that wicked woman.

Chev. Who can say, he may know her? He is a smart, handsome, dapper fellow: I don't like him.

Joanna. I am not now confined by walls and bolts;—there can be no danger.—I'll speak.——Pray, sir—

Chev. (Abruptly.) Well, sir?

Joanna. Have you seen a young person—?

Chev. (Eagerly.) A lady—

Joanna. Yes,

Chev.

Chev. (*Rapidly.*) With blue eyes, auburn hair, aquiline nose, ivory teeth, carnation lips, ravishing mouth, enchanting neck, a form divine, and an angel face ?

Joanna. Have you seen her ?

Chev. Are you acquainted with that lady ?

Joanna. I am acquainted with a lady, but not an angel.

Chev. Ah ! then it is not her. (*Jealous.*) Perhaps you are her—her lover ?

Joanna. Humph—I—I love her.

Chev. You do ! (*Aside.*) I'll be the death of him !—And she loves you ?

Joanna. Why—Yes.

Chev. (*Aside.*) I'll put an end to him !—Are you married ?

Joanna. No.

Chev. You—you mean to marry her ?

Joanna. No.

Chev. Is she then lost to virtue ?

Joanna. Who dare suppose it ?

Chev. Ay ! who dare ? I'll cut the villain's throat that dares !

Joanna. She has indured insult, constraint, and violence ; but not guilt.

Chev. Guilt ? No ; not wilful guilt : impossible ! But then—Is she safe ? Is she safe ?

Joanna. Disowned by her family, exposed to the snares of vice, houseless, hopeless, not daring to approach the wicked haunts of men, she wanders forlorn and desolate, willing to suffer, disdaining to complain.

Chev. Tell me where ! I will rescue, defend, protect, cherish, love, adore, die for her !

Joanna. Is your heart pure ? Have you no selfish dishonest purposes ?

Chev.

Chev. How came you to imagine, fir, that I or any man durst couple her and dishonesty, even in a thought?

Joanna. Meet me here to-morrow at ten.

Chev. You!

Joanna. You shall see her.

Chev. See her! Shall I?

Joanna. You shall.

Chev. My dear friend! (*Catches her in his arms.*)
I'll make your fortune!—At nine?

Joanna. Ten.

Chev. Could not I see her to-night?

Joanna. To-morrow Joanna will meet you.

Chev. Joanna? Is that her dear name?

Joanna. It is.

Chev. Delightful sound! The sweet Joanna!
The divine Joanna! My heart's best blood is not so precious as Joanna!

Joanna. But pray where do you live?

Chev. Joanna!—In Portland-Place.

Joanna. Your name?

Chev. Joanna!—Cheveril: Hans Cheveril.—
Joanna!—Be sure you don't forget.

Joanna. I'll be punctual.

SCENE IV. MORDENT *appearing among the trees.*

Joanna. Who's here (*Glides behind a tree.*)

Chev. Joanna!—At eight did not you say?—
Where is he gone?—Sir! Sir! [*Runs off seeking.*]

Mor. I heard the name repeated! (*Aloud*) Who is it here that knows Joanna?

Joanna. (*Appearing*) I do.

Mor. Sir! Do you! Well, and what? Where?
—Is she safe?

Joanna. I hope so.

Mor. But where, Sir, where?

Joanna. (*Aside*) 'Tis Mr. Mordent! (*Aloud*)
Why do you enquire?

Mor.

Mor. For heaven's sake, Sir, do not torment me by delay, but tell me where she is.

Joanna. I must not.

Mor. (*Seizing her arm*) But, Sir, I say you must, and shall!

Joanna. (*Firmly*) Sir, you mistake, if you suppose menaces can prevail.

Mor. Excuse me! I would give my right hand to know what it appears you can tell.

Joanna. I can tell nothing, 'till I am first made acquainted with your true motives.

Mor. And will you inform me then?

Joanna. Provided I am certain of their purity.

Mor. Know then that I pant for a sight of her once more, to do her the little justice that is yet in my power. Know, the wrongs she has received from me are irreparable, vile, such as could not have happened but in this worst of worlds! Know that I, her natural guardian, have been her actual persecutor; that I drove her to the abode of infamy; that I became the agent of her ruin, the plotter against her chastity; and that, when I had set the engines of darkness and hell at work to ensure her everlasting wretchedness, I then discovered [*With horror*] she was my daughter!

Joanna. Sir!—Your daughter!—You? You my father?

Mor. How!

Joanna. (*Falling at his feet and snatching his hand.*) Oh!

Mor. Can it be?—My child—?—My Joanna? (*Eagerly raising and regarding her again.*) It is! It is! (*Falling on her neck.*)

Joanna. My father!

Mor. My child! And innocent?

Joanna. As your own wishes; or the word father should never have escaped my lips! This dress was the disguise conveyed to me, by which I effected my escape. I can suffer any thing but dishonour.

Mor.

Mor. A father? Oh!—I do not deserve thee! I do not deserve thee! (*Gazing rapturously*) Once again, let me fold thee to my heart!

Len. (*Without, at a distance.*) Zounds, sir!

Chev. (*Without.*) I insist, sir!

Joanna. I hear voices. [*They retire.*]

SCENE V. *Enter CHEVERIL and LENNOX.*

Chev. Oh for swords, daggers, pistols!

Mor. (*To Joanna.*) This way!

[*Exeunt Mordent and Joanna.*]

Len. Confound your impertinent freaks; they have stopped my mouth this half hour! I would have told you all I knew instantly, but for your insulting passion!

Chev. Did not you say you would not tell me where she is?

Len. I said I could not.

Chev. Why there now.

Len. But I suspect I can tell more at present, if you will but hear.

Chev. 'Sdeath, then, why don't you?

Len. Will you be silent?—I had a glimpse of Mordent this moment, in conversation with a youth.

Chev. Well?

Len. It was the identical dress I sent as a disguise to Joanna.

Chev. How!

Len. And I suspect that very youth to be Joanna herself.

Chev. (*Recollecting*) By Heaven, and so it is! (*Anger and fear.*) In the possession of Mordent?

Len. Be patient—there is a secret.—His claims supersede all others.

Chev. His claims!—By every power of heaven and hell——

Len. (*Catching his arm.*) Be patient I tell you;—she is his daughter!

+

Chev.

Chev. (*Momentary Pause.*) Joanna? my sweet Joanna? his daughter?

Len. Even so.

Chev. His daughter? Hurrah! My dear Lennox! (*Hugs him in his arms.*) Hurrah! (*In extacy.*) Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Hurrah! His daughter? Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The House of MORDENT.*

CLEMENT and Mrs. SARNET.

Clem. Are you sure it was Mr. Mordent?

Mrs. Sar. I tell you, fir, I was on the watch, and opened the door myself. Take care, my dear, said he, to the sham gentleman-lady; and handed her in as lovingly!—The monster!—My lady is bewitched!—She is *fabricated*!—She can't quit the house. I am sure he must have nailed an invisible horse-shoe to the threshold!

Clem. But how do you know this pretended youth to be a woman?

Mrs. Sar. Did not I hear? I held the candle full flare in her face; it was a perfect *piſter*! I never saw the like.—So she is to be brought home, truly!—Such *magnanimous* impudence! But I'll go to my lady.

Clem. Be cautious: you may do mischief.

Mrs. Sar. I don't care! I am resolved to *ſtabilate* and *confound* facts. So then, having a ſufficient *dearth* of proofs, we ſhall ſail off in the *charut*; and be properly received by the Earl, the Viſcount, and the Biſhop; and be ſquired into the hall; and be kiſſed for joy; and ſhall ſwim up ſtairs into the boſom of the family. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *Enter CHEVERIL haſtily.*

Chev. Dear Clement, have you ſeen Mr. Mordent?

Clem.

Clem. No :—I am in search of him, on affairs of the utmost importance.

Chev. So am I.

Clem. No less than the recovery or total loss of his mortgaged lands.

Chev. How?

Clem. I am in great need of advice, and should be glad to consult you.

Chev. Consult!—'Sdeath, man, I am in a hurry! I cannot rest till I have found him.

Clem. Nay, but on the decision of the moment his ruin or safety depends.

Chev. Indeed! If so, my impatience must wait. What is it?

Clem. I hear footsteps.—This way. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. *Enter MORDENT and JOANNA.*

Mor. Yes, dear girl, your rare endowments surpass my hopes; and, convinced as I am that beauty is destructive, and wisdom impotent, I joy to find you thus adorned.

Joanna. Wait to know me better. I fear you should prize me above my worth.

Mor. How shall I reward it? Fool that I am, madman that I have been.

Joanna. (*Rapturously kissing his hand.*) This is my rich reward!

Mor. I have told you in part my desperate situation. If Grime would but give honest evidence—But of that there is little hope.

Joanna. My greatest fear arises from what you have said of Lady Anne. I must not, will not be the cause of separation.

Mor. Let me do her justice: She is a miracle of forbearance. I have hated and spurned at the kindness I did not deserve. Her perseverance in good has been my astonishment and my torture.

G

Joanna.

Joanna. Oh that I could see you reconciled !
Oh that I could gain the love of such a lady !

Mor. Of that, sweet girl, you are certain. *Lennox* is with her, and by this she knows your story ; and I am sure adores your virtue.

Lady A. (Without.) Where is she ?

Mor. I hear her.

SCENE IX. *Enter LADY ANNE.*

Lady A. Oh ! noble girl ! (*Runs and embraces Joanna.*) Forgive this rude tumult of affection, which I cannot restrain.

Joanna. Is it possible ?

Lady A. Mr. Mordent, you are now a million fold more dear to me.

Mor. I cannot bear it !

Lady A. Will you be my daughter ?

Joanna. Oh, madam !

Lady A. Will you ?

Joanna. Adversity I could endure, but this un-
hoped-for tide of blessings overpowers me.

Mor. Oh, how I hate myself !

Lady A. And why ?—Can you be ignorant of the virtuous struggles which have caused the conflict you have felt ? The strength of these sensations shew how fitted you are to be great and good.

Mor. To be a——— I dare not think !

Lady A. Indeed you are wrong. Had I not been guilty of a thousand errors, you never would have had occasion for this self reproach. Like cowards, we both have shunned inquiry. Let us be more courageous ; let us affectionately communicate our mutual mistakes, and while we examine we shall correct the mind, expand the heart, and render ourselves dear to each other, and beneficent to the whole world.

Mor. Oh shame, shame !

Lady

Lady A. Nay, my love—

Joanna. My dear father!

Mor. Well, well, I will endure existence a little longer, if it be but to hate myself.

SCENE X. *Enter CHEVERIL, flying to JOANNA.*

Chev. My life! my soul! my precious Joanna!

Mor. They will persuade me presently that happiness is possible!—You have cause, child, to thank Mr. Cheveril?

Joanna. Oh, yes! He has a heart of the noblest stamp.

Mor. Ay! every body right! All angels! except myself: I am cast into the shade; a kind of demon, grinning in the dark!

Chev. Come, come, guardian, dismiss these *sombre* familiars, they have plagued you long enough. Clement is in eager search of you, to communicate secrets of the utmost importance concerning his uncle.

Mor. The villain!

Chev. Yes;—he is below, half distracted, foaming with rage, and accusing every servant in the house with having stolen his book! I hear him—Pray keep back! My sweet Joanna, but for a moment.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Enter ITEM.*

Item. [*Looking about eagerly.*] 'Tis gone! 'tis lost! I am undone! I am murdered! I am betrayed!—I shall be prosecuted, pilloried, fined, cast in damages, obliged to pay all, to refund all, to relinquish all!—all—all—all! I'll hang myself!—I'll drown myself!—I'll cut my throat!—Mordent has got it!—All my secrets, all my projects, all

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my rogueries,—past, present, and to come!—Oh that I had never been born!—Oh that——

SCENE XII. *Enter CLEMENT.*

Item. (*Runs up to him.*) Have you seen my book?—Give it me!—Where is my book?

Clem. What book?

Item. My account book! my secrets! myself! my soul! my heart's blood! (*Seizes Clement's coat laps, and searches.*) I have it—'tis here—I feel it!

Clem. (*Defending himself.*) Yes, sir, 'tis here. Be pacified.

Item. (*Affaulting.*) I won't! I won't! I'll have it! Give it me! I'll swear a robbery! I'll have you hanged!

Clem. (*Takes a book sealed up out of his pocket.*) This book, sir, I consider as a sacred trust; and part with it to you I must not.

Item. You shall part with it, villain! You shall! I'll have your soul! 'Tis mine! I'll have your heart! 'Tis mine! I will have it! I will have it! I will have it! (*Violently assaulting him.*)

Clem. You shall have heart, life, and soul first!

Item. (*Falls on his knees.*) My dear nephew! My good boy! My kind Clement! I'll supply all your wants! I'll pay all your debts! I'll never deny any thing you ask! I'll make you my heir!

Clem. You are the agent of Mr. Mordent, whom I fear you have deeply wronged. I have a painful duty to perform; but justice must be obeyed: nothing must or shall bribe me to betray an injured man.

Item. I'll give you ten thousand pounds! I'll give you twenty! I'll give you fifty! Would you rob and ruin your uncle? Would you put him in the pillory? Would you see him hanged? (*Falls upon him again.*) Villain! I will have it! 'Tis mine! I will! I will! Thieves! Robbers! Murder! Fire!

SCENE

SCENE *the last.* Enter Mr. MORDENT, Lady ANNE, LENNOX, CLEMENT, GRIME, DONALD, JOANNA, and CHEVERIL.

Mor. (*With the book.*) I am glad Mr. Item, that your inattention and your nephew's inflexible honesty have afforded me the means of doing myself justice : that is all I require.

Len. Here is double testimony ; your handwriting and your agent.

Item. (*To Grime.*) Have you impeached then ?

Grime. I am a villain, a rascal, a cut-throat !

Mor. Mr. Clement, your worth and virtue are beyond my praise.

Clem. If my conduct escape censure, it is more than I expect.

Mor. If it meet not retribution, all sense of justice is lost. Donald !

Joanna. (*Pressing Donald's hand.*) My watchful guide ! My never failing friend !

Chev. Your hand, old boy ! You and I must settle accounts. I am I know not how many score pounds a year in your debt.

Mor. What then am I ?

Joanna. And I ?

Don. Hoot awa ! Gin ye wad pay Donald, it mun nae be wi' yeer dirty filler ; it mun be wi' yeer affactions.

Joanna. True, my noble protector ! (*Kisses his hand with great energy.*)

Don. Why ay, noo ! That's a receipt in foo ?— It makes my hairt gi' sic an a bang !

Mor. Honest worthy foul. And now to reconcile—

Chev. Come, come ; make no speeches. I'll settle the business. I am the proper person. I have eight thousand a year, and ten thousand in my pocket—Ten ? (*To Item.*) Is it ten or seventeen ?

Item.

Item. Seventeen!

Cher. Joanna shall be queen of joy, pleasure, and happiness. Honesty, here, shall fettle all his ill-gotten gains on his nephew: Lennox, as a bachelor's penance, shall marry his housemaid: You, Guardian, shall change your system of evil for practical good: Lady Anne shall become more patient and kind—if she know how: and old Moloch (*To Grime*) shall go hang himself.

Len. Spoken like an oracle.

Cher. Why then, toss up your caps, farewell to folly, long life to one and twenty, and mirth, health, and happiness to all!

Lady A. How strange are the vicissitudes of fortune! With what gloom was the dawn overcast! How have the storms of this memorable day risen, and increased even to horror! And now how bright the prospect; and how glowing the hope that it excites! Cherish it, kind friends, with your smiles: and, in the gentle slumbers of the night, let us joyfully dream that we still merit, and still obtain, your willing favour.

[*The Curtain drops.*]

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E.

Mrs. POPE, Miss WALLIS, and Mrs. MATTOCKS come forward.

Mrs. POPE.

AND now, thrice gentle friends, our plotting ended,
We hope you're pleas'd—at least, not much offended?
Surely, you'll own it was a little moving,
To see a modern wife so very loving!
Who deems the marriage vow a thing expedient!
And is at once meek! faithful! and obedient!
Such whims were common in the golden age:
And still they may be met with—on the stage:
But grant they now are false, past contradiction,
We hope they yet may be endur'd—in fiction.

Miss WALLIS.

You've heard that good Queen Befs had maids of honour;
Whose courtly trade it was to wait upon her;
To quaff brown stout, yet not be overtaken,
Breakfast on beef, and sup on eggs and bacon?
In those strange days, I can't say what might happen!
Virtue might, then, be thought the woman's weapon!
But daughters now like me, whate'er we feign,
No where exist; but in a poet's brain!
Such blunders are too gross! No soul can brook 'em!
And yet I wish, for once, you'd overlook 'em.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Poor Man! He's mad! An heir of one and twenty,
With frolicks, freaks, and pounds and passions plenty,
Who, being told where he may purchase beauty,
Begins to cant of conscience, love, and duty?
Was such stuff ever heard? Ye sprigs of fashion,
Say, is it thus you treat the tender passion?
'Ere such shall be the picture of our youth,
Earthquakes shall come, and prophets shall speak truth!
Yet, put him not in poet's purgatory;
For, should you damn him, we shall all be sorry.

Miss WALLIS.

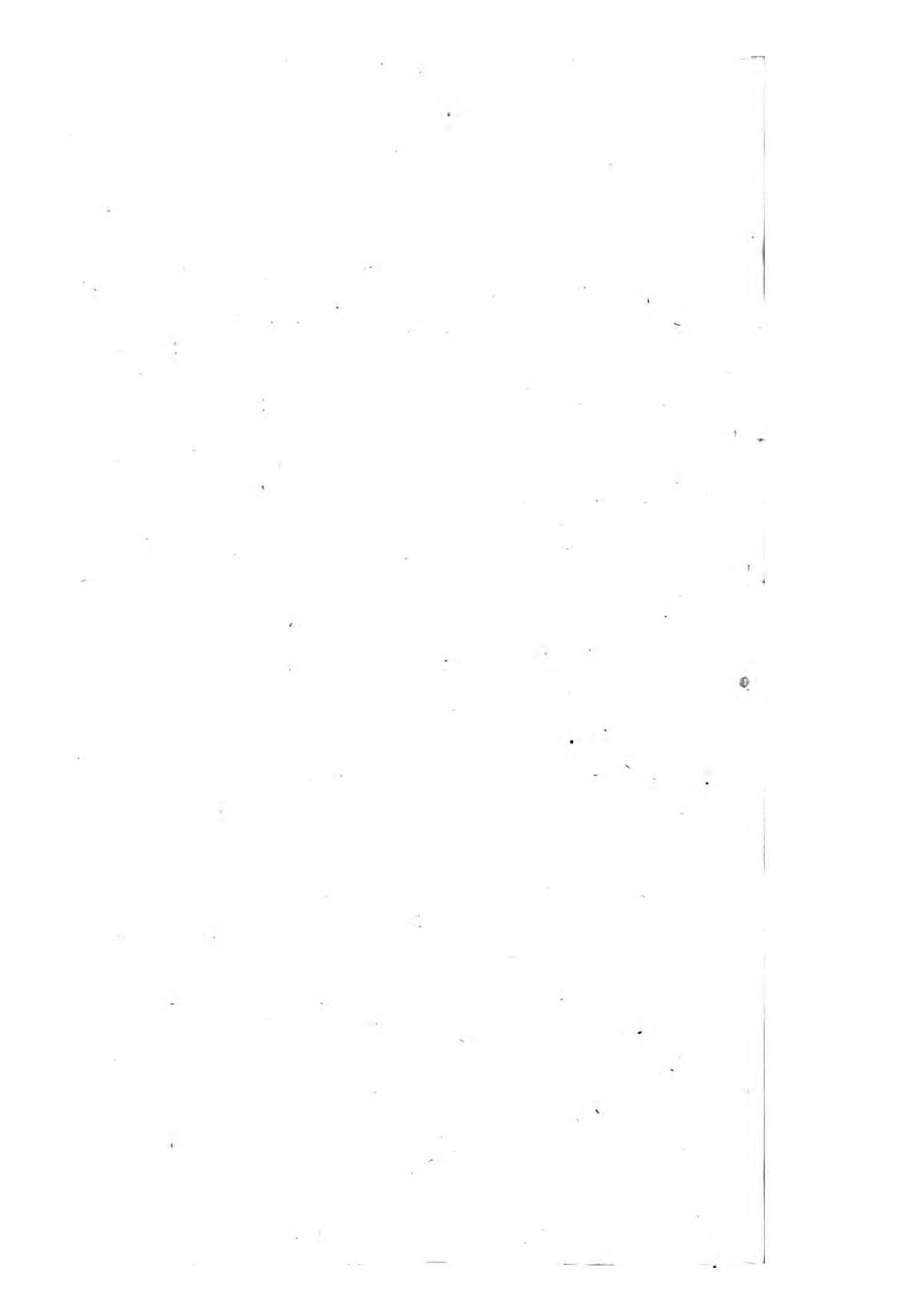
Then be sweet temper'd!

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Grant the man his cause!

Mrs. POPE.

And once more make us blest in your applause.



SPECULATION;

COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY

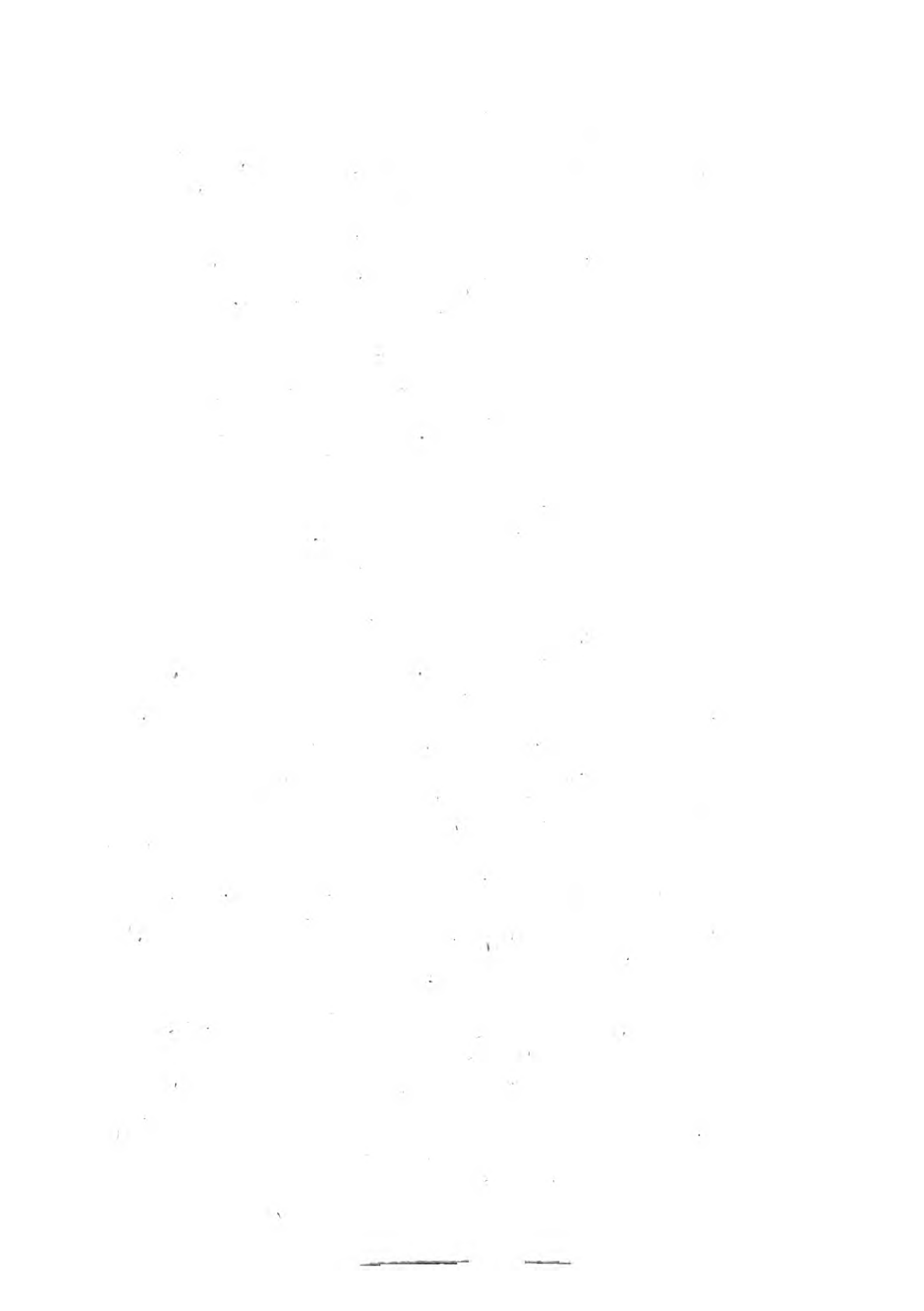
FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1795.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]



PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE COMEDY,

AND SPOKEN BY MR. HARLEY.

OUR bard and I were just about to fight,
When he consented you should set us right.
He says "he's nervous—nought can cool his fever,
" The town won't bear such trivial scenes for ever.
" The times are chang'd—sententious draughts they quaff,
" And all is nonsense now that makes them laugh.
" Morals from Seneca have gain'd the day,
" And poor Joe Miller's jests have died away.
" What then becomes of him, since Joe's no more?
" He never dealt in sentimental lore.
" In modern novels tortur'd virtue's fame,
" Or "from the fame" wrote letters "to the fame."
" Would that he had!—fine words gain approbation;
" But if you laugh not—where's our Speculation?"

My answer was—"Sir Criticize may swear,
" You ought not to be pleas'd, when most you are.
" Say, that's obscure!—he understands not, this—
" But pray—is that the author's fault or his?
" May call that pantomime in which a scene,
" Too much embellish'd by a chair or skreen—
" For ah! how oft when hackney'd logic tires,
" Would Ranger's ladder rouse your latent fires?
" And one broad laugh rais'd by satyric Foote,
" Has done more good than novelist e'er wrote.

The comic muse was born to lash mankind,
Not by false sentiment debauch the mind.
What villain trembles at grave Plato's name?
But Horace' satyr laughs him into shame!
Lecture the proud—will preaching make them humble?
No—but lampoon them and their pride will tumble!

All this I told our bard, but still he sigh'd,
Still urg'd his former doctrines, mine denied—
At length he said that you should fettle all,
And by your sentence, he must stand or fall!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TANJORE	MR. LEWIS.
ALD. ARABLE	MR. QUICK.
PROJECT	MR. MUNDEN.
JACK ARABLE	MR. FAWCETT.
CAPT. ARABLE	MR. MIDDLETON.
SIR FRED. FAINTLY	MR. CLAREMONT.
VICKERY	MR. FARLEY.
LADY PROJECT	MRS. DAVENPORT.
CECILIA	MISS MANSEL.
EMMELINE	MISS WALLIS.

SCENE LONDON AND THE COUNTRY AROUND IT.

SPECULATION.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in PROJECT'S Country House. A Door in Flat.*

CECILIA *discovered trying to unlock the Door.*

CECILIA.

SO, nobody being near, I'll make use of the attendant's key, and for the second time converse with my dear Emmeline. We were yesterday interrupted by Sir Frederick, and I had only time to say a few words to my old friend and school-fellow, but now—how! Sir Frederick again!

Enter Sir FREDERICK FAINTLY.

Cecil. Sir, I beg I may not be thus constantly disturb'd.

Sir Fred. Disturb'd! I would request the same favour, Miss Cecilia, but that nothing on earth ever disturbs me; and indeed nothing ever pleases me—I'm in a perfect state of happy *nonchalance*—I fancy though we're both on the same errand—that door, heh?

Cecil. I told you yesterday, sir, I know nothing about that door.

Sir Fred. Oh, for shame!—what! do you pretend not to know that it leads to that part of the
B house

house where Emmeline is lock'd up? come, come, Miss—you remember I caught you bribing the attendant to lend you the key—(*Cecilia walks about in agitation*) now why be affronted? nothing ever affronts me—no, if you were a man, and chose to say I had caused all Emmeline's sufferings—that I had behaved like a rascal to her—then send me a challenge—then cane—then kick me—why, I shouldn't be affronted—no, I've too much good breeding and good temper.

Cecil. Very likely, sir; but as a visitor at Mr. Project's house here in the country, I pry into no family secrets—if I did, I believe the story of this young lady—

Sir Fred. Ah, poor girl! she and all her large fortune had been mine if she hadn't—you understand—love touch'd her brain.

Cecil. How do you mean, sir?

Sir Fred. Why, that's the cause of her present confinement: to be sure she has lately recovered her senses—indeed is quite restored; but her guardian and physician think her entering too suddenly on the world again might occasion a relapse—therefore she is kept quiet and close in that part of the house—Would you believe it, ma'am, she preferr'd another man to me?

Cecil. Indeed! and who could be so accomplish'd as to out-rival a lover like sir Frederick?

Sir Fred. A cousin of hers, one Captain Arable, whose father, being averse to the match, sent him to Gibraltar, where ever since—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Lady Project desires to see you immediately.

Cecil. There now—you need not be mortified—
there's

there's your equivalent : I'm sure her ladyship prefers you to another man, even to her husband.

Sir Fred. She does, so shew me to her. Miss, if you should get a peep at Emmeline, tell her as I'm always in love in the country——

Cecil. In the country ! Why not in London ?

Sir Fred. Oh, that depends on the part of the town I'm in—I constantly adapt myself, and in every street I'm a different man—for instance now : in the Temple I'm a lawyer ; in St. James's street a lounge ; in St. George's church I'm a married man ; in Doctors' Commons a bachelor ; Guildhall gives me an appetite : the Alley makes me waddle ; in the Squares I'm not worth a farthing ; and in Lombard street I've as many plumbs as a banker—So tell Emmeline I still love her and will still be her husband.

[*Exit.*

Cecil. Now then for my charming recluse—(*Opens a door in flat.*) Emmeline, it is your friend Cecilia !

[*She leads in Emmeline.*

Emme. Oh, forgive me, 'tis so long since I have seen a friend.

Cecil. Come, as we were interrupted yesterday, pray sit down and proceed with your story : the little I have heard makes me anxious to hear more—(*They sit.*)—now, my sweet friend, proceed.

Emme. I will when I am able——First then, did you ever hear the name of Edward Ara——? you see my weakness ; I have not power to proceed.

Cecil. Nay, nay ; unbosom your feelings : pray go on.

Emme. I will, I will—the name of Edward Arable—it is enough to say we lov'd and were divided—My father chose Sir Frederick for my husband, and on the morn of our intended marriage, they falsely told me Edward was no more. What was to

be done? my lover dead! about to be united to his rival! my health long worn by grief and disappointment! Oh my friend! I had not strength to combat against such complicated misery: a fever seiz'd me; my harass'd brain was heated to delirium, and merciful forgetfulness gave me that comfort, my friends and father had denied me!

Cecil. Poor Emmeline! and during your malady your father died.

Emme. He did, bequeathing me his whole fortune in case of recovery, and appointing Mr. Project my guardian. Now mark what follows: two months ago the physician, who had the care of me, proclaim'd my health restor'd, and I came to this house in the full hope of taking possession of my fortune, and sharing it with the man who best deserves it—but what is the reverse? I am confin'd to those rooms; not suffer'd to be seen or spoken to; my letters intercepted and destroy'd, and when I ask the reason for all this, they say, “Your health's precarious, it requires peace and quiet, and if you mix too suddenly with the world the joy may occasion a relapse”—the joy! What joy, my friend? What pleasure can there be in mixing with that world that hitherto has only robbed me of my senses, and thwarted me in my affections?

Cecil. True, Emmeline; and now I see the motive for your guardian's conduct—He is an enterprising man—has involv'd your fortune in his schemes; and at present not being able to give you a fair account, he keeps you close, till by some lucky speculation he is enabled to repay you—but is there no way to extricate you? no means of escaping?

Emme. None; impossible.

Cecil. I have contrived to unlock one door in your
room,

room, you see; why can't I get the key of the other?

Emme. Because it leads to a pagoda that adjoins the house, and which has not been opened since my confinement. Oh Cecilia! is it not hard to wake as from a long and frightful dream, and find all true? no cheering friend to dissipate your terrors? nay, even he whose very smiles would clear the clouds around me! he to be absent! he not near to soothe me!

Cecil. He knows not of your recovery—your letters have not reach'd him, else——hush! somebody's coming! (*Looks out.*) it is your guardian! I cannot leave you so unsatisfied—let me go with you—we'll plan some letters that may recal his sensibility—his heart was once humane; and had he not ruin'd himself by living beyond his income—

Emme. Ah! there's the fountain of all modern evil! when once a man exceeds the limits of his fortune, the barrier of honour as well as prudence is thrown down—money is borrowed never to be repaid—friends are dup'd and become enemies—the gaming table is flown to as a last effort—till imperceptibly, step by step, the mind, originally virtuous, becomes desperate, harden'd, and unprincipled! and for these errors I am doom'd to suffer! but he's here—Oh my father! why was I left to be the sacrifice of another's dissipation and extravagance?

[*EMMELINE and CECILIA exeunt at door in flat.*

Enter PROJECT followed by a Servant.

Project. I tell you, go directly to Portsmouth; take my own carriage and horses, and, when the packet arrives from the East Indies, ask for Mr.

Tanjore, and give him this letter—stop, let me read it once more.—

“ *My dear Cousin,*

“ My house in town is magnificently fitted
 “ up to receive you—to my house in the country
 “ I have added two wings, built in the eastern
 “ style to make it more worthy your acceptance ;
 “ my carriage, horses, and servants are waiting
 “ to conduct you to London ; and I have got a
 “ bride for you, young, beautiful, and rich.”

There, that will please the young Nabob : to be sure it was unlucky my shutting my doors against him before he went to India, but these attentions, and bringing his sister Cecilia to my house, will remove former prejudices, and make it a most successful speculation—there, dispatch.

[*Giving letter to the Servant.*

Serv. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*

Project. Then by marrying him to my ward Emmeline, I shall prevent any overhawling of accounts, and if I keep her close till he arrives—here comes my wife in a rage at my refusing her money this morning—the miserly spendthrifts ! to be saving farthings in the comforts and necessaries of life, and wasting hundreds in luxuries and superfluities.

Enter Lady KATHARINE PROJECT.

Lady Pro. So, Mr. Project, how dare you refuse me money when I condescend to send for it ?

Project. Because 'tis time to grow prudent, madam. Wait the event of my speculations before you let folly and extravagance again undo us.

Lady Pro.

Lady Pro. Extravagance!—Sir, 'tis your speculations that have undone us—haven't they all fail'd?—didn't the first wise bubble burst into air?

Project. The first, madam!

Lady Pro. Yes: didn't you give two thousand pounds for a picture gallery? think the pictures all originals? call it the Asiatic Asiphuficon, and say you should make a fortune by its exhibition?—very well, sir, and didn't the famous picture that you advertis'd, as “the celebrated champion of England, by Rembrant,” turn out to be nothing more than an old sign of St. George and the Dragon, blown down from an alehouse in Leadenhall Market? wasn't the boasted beech tree, by Claude Lorraine, daub'd out a week before by a glazier's boy, in Cheap-side?—

Project. No, no Madam. Besides if it was, didn't the speculation on bark make me ample amends? didn't I, by the monopoly of that medicine, dispose of it at my own price?

Lady Pro. No: for the doctors and apothecaries, finding they could get no profit by it, swore bark was unwholesome physic, and nobody took it.—Then didn't you run up so many new houses at Paddington that many of them were built without stair cases; and by the time one part was finish'd, didn't another fall all to pieces?—wasn't—

Project. Zounds! have you done, ma'am?—I say it is your false œconomy that has hurt my fortune: saving trifles and squandering thousands.

Lady Pro. Squandering!—What, sir, do you pretend I don't consult cheapness?

Project. Yes: but how, madam? you will lame my best horses by sending them to a cheap blacksmith, and then give a hundred pounds for a ham-mercloth—you will quarrel with your maid for

burning two candles instead of one; and the same night lose a thousand pounds at faro—and, answer me fairly, that you might use otto of roses instead of lavender, haven't you sent me to bed supperless for a whole month?

Lady Pro. Well: and what then, sir?

Project. Then you stint the servants in meat and drink, only to dress them with bags and nosegays—and once when you gave one hundred and fifty pounds for a curricule, didn't you want me to drive two miles over impassable roads, only to avoid paying a turnpike?—another time when you and your favourite Sir Frederick——

Lady Pro. There he always strikes me dumb—Oh! if I could recriminate! (*aside.*) Well, sir: what of Sir Frederick? I'm sure there's no impropriety in our intimacy: we are never tête à tête—At the theatre, the opera, all public places, my grandmother is always present; and if ever Sir Frederick kiss the tip of my finger, the old lady saw it—

Project. That's impossible: for the old lady's as blind as Cupid.—However, it isn't our interest to quarrel; and if my schemes on the Alderman and the Nabob turn out as I expect, you shall have what money you desire—come, shake hands,—and now walk with me towards Aldgate farm, and I'll explain to you all my plans.

Lady Pro. Aldgate farm! there again! pray, sir, to whom do you owe the power you have over the Alderman? By whose means is that lump of agriculture become an annuity to you?—have not my charms lur'd him?

Project. To be sure: he too has a blindness; and by his own affectation of intrigue, and your flattering his vanity——

Lady Pro. He is become so attach'd to the wife,
that

that the husband may speculate him out of all his property. Well, sir, since you confess the obligation, I'll walk with you, and see how this curious gentleman farmer goes on. Saturday is the day, I think, the rustick comes from London.

Project. It is; and as usual he only comes to paint his outhouses and neglect his land.—The farm is mine, and he thinks I shall give him a long lease; but when I find he has finish'd his improvements, I'll let it over his head.—Oh, Eliza! this is the age for speculation—People love delusion—ay, so much that the more you dupe them, the better they like you, and while a rich citizen shall propose a fair scheme which nobody adopts, a dashing west-end of the town gentleman shall start a visionary one, and, hey! presto!—every body meets him in full cry—This is my plan, and so the Nabob and the gentleman farmer shall find it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A view of the Alderman's Farm—Barn with painted doors—Carts, waggons, &c. of different colours—Hay-stack cover'd with an elegant awning—White rails, &c.*

VICKERY discovered with a basket in his hand.

Vickery. Here are alterations!—The vulgar clod who kept this farm before my master, said he built every thing for use; he minded the value not the look of a thing:—now I think the Alderman has shewn him the difference.—Here he comes, and I must be off to his dear Lady Project with this basket full of choice garden-stuff, and haunches of Nova Scotia mutton. I wish the Alderman may succeed better as a lover than as a farmer; though
between

between you and I, master Vickery, I believe he knows as much of one as of the other. [Exit.

Enter PROJECT and Alderman ARABLE.

Ald. Ar. There, there are improvements!—Welcome to Aldgate farm, my friend.

Project. Thank'ye, Alderman, thank'ye.—Any news in London?

Ald. Ar. That for London,—that for trade! (*snapping his fingers.*) here's the spot to make a fortune in. Look my dear friend: isn't every thing so tasty? so neat? so clean? you see at once this is none of your rough dirty farms: it belongs to a gentleman; not to a farmer.

Project. True: all the outhouses so new, so neat! ay, common farmers never think of these things.

Ald. Ar. No: plodding blockheads! they think of nothing but ploughing, sowing, and reaping: they look to the inside of their barns; I to the out! that pretty team now; (*pointing to one.*) it carries all the ashes and other manure to a neighbouring farmer's, for you must know I'm too cleanly to have any dust or dirt thrown on my land: a little chalk makes it look light and pretty.—Then the piggery! what do you think of the piggery? there! why there it is.

Project. Mercy on me! in high varnish! Why, its very elegant. But pray, Alderman, haven't you found that the pigs spoil the paint?

Ald. Ar. Yes, and that the paint spoils the pigs; so I've got an excellent remedy—I keep none.

Project. That's one way to be sure.—But with regard to the more essential parts of farming,—how goes on your cabbage plantation? your speculation on butter? what have been your profits?

Ald. Ar. Profit! ask my bailiff about that. The fact

fact is, Project, I have had a curst unlucky year: the seasons have been against me: a hot winter—a frosty summer—flies, blights, and grubs, in all the corn—sheep, calves, and horses, all with the staggers—foxes eating up my chickens—cocknies shooting my geese—and as for the speculation you mention, why, the cows eat me forty load of hay, and I only made thirty pounds of butter;—“Debtor for hay one hundred forty five pounds, twelve shillings and eight pence. Per contra, creditor for butter, one pound, seventeen shillings, and ten pence halfpenny farthing!”

Project. Ah! I see it don't answer so well as I expected; but about the plantation?

Ald. Ar. Oh! the cabbages.—Ay: there I've been fortunate.—I tell you what—that plantation and my Nova Scotia sheep will make up for all my losses.

JACK ARABLE. (*without.*)

Father—Where are you father?

Project. Here's your son. I'm told since he left Oxford and went to study under a special pleader, that he's much improv'd.—Why his education must have cost you a great sum of money, Alderman?

Ald. Ar. Thousands, thousands! But he'll repay me.—Hark'ye; he is now a Batchelor of Arts—by and by King's Counsel—hereafter member for the county—then great Orator—the Seals—the Cabinet! Oh! there's no doubt but Jack will make his own fortune and mine too.

Project. How do you mean?—why don't you allow him an income?

Ald. Ar. Not a shilling.—I have given him a most glorious education and that's fortune enough now-a-days.—Now he starts fair, and he's like my field of cabbages;

cabbages ; so well cultivated that there's no doubt of a fine crop.

Enter JACK ARABLE.

Jack Ar. O father, I've been hunting for you every where. The Novia Scotia Sheep.—pheugh.
[*puffing himself.*]

Ald. Ar. Well, what of the dear animals ?

Jack. Why, they have broken into the plantation and are eating up the cabbages as fast as they can—I dare say, I saw them devour one third before I came away.

Ald. Ar. You did ! did you ?—where's the bailiff ?—oh ! this is an old manœuvre—the farmers are in a combination against me, and whenever their cattle want food, they send them to breakfast, dine, and sup on my crops—they're not my sheep, so I'll go and pound them—in the mean time, Jack, do you give my friend, Mr. Project, a specimen of your talents.
[*Exit.*]

Jack Ar. My talents !—Lord ! they speak for themselves I'm sure—don't they Mr.—

Project. How long is it since you left college, sir ?—and pray what was your chief study there ?

Jack Ar. Study, heh ?—come—that's fair, very fair. Why, my study was to shoot without missing : leap five barr'd gates full speed—get drunk—make love to my laundress—break lamps with my mathematical instruments, and knock down the proctors with the classics—famous, heh ?—oh ! I finish'd my education in a most capital style.

Project. So I perceive, sir—but how do you like the Temple, sir ?—how does Special Pleading agree with you ?

Jack Ar. Special Pleading !—I'm above that—mum :—don't tell father, and I'll let you into a

secret—I've been two years with a Special Pleader and never saw his fat face in all my life—fair, heh!—very fair!—no, no:—I know——

Project. What do you know, sir?

Jack Ar. That Westminster Hall won't do for Jack Arable—the market's over-stock'd—there's such a croud of black cattle, and so few buyers, that one half must be return'd on the owner's hand, at prime cost.—O!—besides, if one did get a brief, the King's-Bench is like other courts, so crouded, that there's no getting a place in it—and there's the case—I must come back to father—and what then?—he won't give me the Spanish.

Project. The Spanish!—now what the devil's that?

Jack Ar. Why, ready money, not credit or paper. When I ask him for a few guineas he reminds me of my education—refers me to Westminster Hall—says I shall be call'd next term and make thousands. Thousands! plague on't!—after being three years a barrister, attending the courts, and going the circuits; I dare say, I shan't fetch the price of my gown and wig!—so you see, Mr. Project, here am I with a finish'd education in the high road to a jail.

Project. No, no—your marriage with Cecilia will prevent that.

Jack Ar. Ay, I shall be glad to have her.

Project. What! you love her, do you?

Jack Ar. No, but I love her fortune; and if I could marry her to-morrow, I'd touch the Spanish, and be off to London directly—to Epsom Races—the grand Cricket Match—zounds!—in making me a Special Pleader, they'd spoil one of the most dashing dogs in Europe.

Re-enter

Re-enter Alderman ARABLE.

Ald. Ar. I've secur'd the gormandizers, and there's an end of that bufiness. Well, my friend, how have you found him?—isn't his head like my land?

Project. Exactly—so barren that no cultivation can improve it—(*aside.*) but since you agree to the match with Cecilia, the sooner he pays his addresses the better. What say you? will you go and have the first interview now?

Ald. Ar. With all my heart; her brother is a Nabob, so let's go directly——

Jack Ar. Stop, stop—when we get to Mr. Project's house, you must both of you grant me a favour, you must let me see my brother Edward's friend.

Project. Who is that, sir?

Jack Ar. Why, the lady that's lock'd up—my cousin Emmeline—nay, don't be angry; I only want her to pay me twenty pounds she owes me.

Ald. Ar. My niece Emmeline owe you twenty pounds!—how do you make out that?

Jack Ar. I'll tell you: two years ago I ask'd her to lend me fifty pounds, she had only thirty in her pocket, which she generously gave me—now you know she owes me the odd twenty—fair, very fair, isn't it?

Ald. Ar. Nonsense!—she is under the care of my best friend here, who don't chuse she should be disturb'd in her seclusion: he does every thing that is right with regard to that unhappy girl.

Project. I thank you for your approbation—but come; let's to Cecilia.

Ald. Ar. Ay, come, my boy: odsheart! strike her with your talents at once; and if she asks about a marriage settlement, put your hand to your head;
hit

hit it hard; it won't hurt it, Jack—say, “ here it is ” here's the place, like the Alderman's granary—
so full——

Jack Ar. Full, father!——

Ald. Ar. Faith! I forgot—it's empty. However, don't despair, for three such lads as we are will make a match, or be a match for any woman in the world! [*Exeunt.*

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in Mr. Project's House.*

Enter PROJECT, and CECILIA.

Cecilia. I tell you, it's all settled—I've seen young Arable: he propos'd marriage, and I gave him as warm a reception as you could wish. But, Lady Katharine Project, fir; she tires me with her insinuations—she says, I come here to seduce her husband's affections, when you know, Mr. Project, he's the last man on earth I should fix on for a gallant.

Project. Mr. Project's very much oblig'd to you: but the truth is this, Cecilia—she knows I see her partiality for fir Frederick: this makes her all obedience—but if she could once recriminate; only prove I have my gallantries (and I have had them beyond a doubt) why then snap goes the rod I hold over her, and all the money I spent in patching up her reputation—

Cecilia. Money, in patching up reputation!—how do you mean, coz?

Project. Mean! that when certain people lose their character, they spend half their fortune in attempting to retrieve it—keep open house, give public entertainments—suppers, balls, concerts, galas—then every body comes; for if Belzebub himself gave a dinner, there are people who would go to it!—every body comes, I say—eat, drink, dance, and retire; and while the host and hostess fancy they are sounding their praises, egad! they're only cutting up their reputation, and laughing at them more and more for their folly.

Cecilia.

Cecilia. Are they? then I wish lady Project would recriminate, for I'm very fond of balls, concerts and galas; and if you're expos'd, you must give them to patch up your own reputation, you know—so adieu!—oh, I forgot, though—lend me the key of the Pagoda, will you?

Project. The Pagoda!

Cecilia. Ay, there's an eclipse to night, and it will be a charming place to see it from—come give it me—foolish man!—I dare say, now, you're thinking this may lead to some plot about Emmeline; but you forget there are other doors and other keys, Mr. Cerbertus, and as I've given the Bridegroom such a warm reception—

Project. Well!—your kindness to young Arable deserves a reward, and as I've no reason to suppose you mean to make a bad use of the key, take it—heh!—here's the gentleman himself! and I declare looking as melancholy as if the honey moon was over—nay—don't leave us.

Cecilia. If I don't, I shall be too late for the eclipse—so good evening—spouse will describe our interview to you—he'll tell you what pretty things I said of him and his father: upon my word they're a charming pair, and though a namesake of mine had long since won my affections; yet, when I saw young Arable—Oh! who can resist a man of his education. [Exit.

Enter JACK ARABLE.

Project. Joy! I give you joy, sir,—she has consented!—you'll be brother-in-law to a Nabob, and I, bringing about the match, shall touch a thousand pounds from the Alderman. Come, sit down, my boy, and tell me all about it—*(they sit.)*—who had the first word? you or Cecilia?

C

Jack Ar.

Jack Ar. I had the first : she the last.

Project. Ah ! that's one of the sex's privileges ; but how did she conclude ? with recommending you to go to a parson, and finish the marriage ?

Jack Ar. No : she concluded with recommending me to go to school again and finish my education !—Mr. Project, you'll hardly believe it, but she call'd me Master Jacky : laugh'd at my learning ; ridicul'd my manners ; and when I reminded her that I had been made a scholar, and a gentleman, she said I might as well say one of my father's cows had been made to translate Greek, or dance the minuet de la Cour.

Project. Why, this is a warm reception indeed !—well : what was your answer ?

Jack Ar. Says I, ma'am !—ma'am ! I'm a Bachelor of Arts, and a Student at Law ; I can solve a Problem, draw a Demurrer, and read a Latin Ovid.

Project. A Latin Ovid !—what not a translation ?

Jack Ar. No : a real Latin Ovid, says I, ma'am !—that was fair, was'nt it ? had her there—famous, heh ?

Project. Was ever time and money so wasted on a blockhead's education ? (*aside.*)—you should have told her you were shortly to be call'd to the bar ; that you were now at a Special Pleader's : if I mistake not, she is a great admirer of the profession.

Jack Ar. No, no : she's not so bad as that either ; for when, by way of a joke, I said, that Westminster Hall would be a knowing place to give a masquerade in—“ a masquerade ! ” says she—“ there's one there every day in Term time ! ”—famous, heh ? had me there : but here's father just awoke from his after dinner nap—'gad ! he shall have his share—

Enter

Enter ALDERMAN ARABLE.

Jack Ar. Father, I'm come from my intended wife: she speaks so highly of you.

Ald. Ar. Does she? that makes out my dream then: I dreamt she gave you her hand, because she said your father understood farming better than any man in England. Oh! the dear creature!—how was it?

Jack Ar. She said, that while you were planting shrubberies, building outhouses, and painting the pig sty, your bailiff was cheating you of the small crops your neglected fields produced; that in a month you would spend more money in fattening a single wether, than would supply the Court of Aldermen with turtle and venison for a year; that your garden is as expensive as your farm, for that every Monday morning, when your coach is cram'd with hampers of garden stuff, there isn't a turnip top within them but costs more than all the pine apples in Covent Garden market—that was fair, wasn't it?—very fair.

Ald. Ar. I'll hear no more—it's a libel; and if she wasn't sister to a Nabob—a wether cost me more than venison; and turnip tops more than pine apples! I'll be reveng'd.

Jack Ar. So will I—but how father?

Ald. Ar. How! why by making her your wife, whether she will or no—I'm determin'd to have a pow'r over her; and Mr. Project, I'll give you all my crops in and out of the ground—all my live and dead stock—ay, an additional thousand pounds only to make me father to this Jezabel, and then—leave me to manage her education.

Project. If she won't consent, Alderman, what can I do?

Jack Ar. What! college for that; we classics know a trick or two, and give me an opportunity, and five to four but I make her Mrs. Jack Arable before to-morrow morning. Zounds! I'll carry her off, then touch the Spanish, and away to Epsom and cricket—(*aside*)—come, what say you to the two thousand pounds.

Project. That it's a nice Speculation, and as there can be no harm in getting a girl a good husband, I will give you an opportunity: hark ye, she is now in my garden, in the pagoda; come with me directly, and—— but hold, hold, where will you carry her to?

Jack Ar. To Aldgate farm to be sure, where we've a parson waiting, and where we'll convince her, that we can make a match, or be a match for any woman in the world: come—

Ald. Ar. Ay, away with you; and when she's my daughter, instead of being fashionable and impertinent, she shall be humble and industrious: she shall give up the harpsicord for the spinning wheel; fero and archery for the hen-house and the dairy; and, instead of parading *à la militaire* on a high bred hunter, she shall carry eggs to market on broken-knee'd Dobbin, and be a pattern for all the farmer's wives and daughters in the land! away my boys!

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in Project's Country House.—A Door in Flat.*

Enter CECILIA.

Cecil. So, I've trick'd him out of the key, and now for my dear Emmeline (*Opens the door in flat.*)

Enter

Enter EMMELINE.

Emme. Oh my friend ! you come most opportunely—at the very moment when most I needed consolation and support. Look there (*giving a letter*) 'tis my guardian's answer to the letter we plan'd together.

Cecilia reads :

“ You are kept here to recruit your health—
 “ your fortune shall be paid you on the day of
 “ your marriage—in the mean time don't trouble
 “ me any more with unreasonable requests, lest
 “ I should imagine you have relaps'd—you un-
 “ derstand——”

This is beyond all bearing, I cannot endure such—

Emme. How then can I? Oh, Cecilia! when dissipation and ruin deprives the thoughtless profligate of his senses, there is little cause for lamenting a disorder that bereaves him of all memory of his vices; but when a poor sufferer like myself, whose only error has been virtuous love, who has done no wrong but that of cherishing an honest passion, and that passion for a time deprived her of her reason, what is to be her fate? is she to be pitied, or thus forever punished?

Cecil. Don't be unhappy, Emmeline; I feel for you—pity you sincerely.

Emme. I need it, for if I were as they insinuate, I should not have the sense to feel my sorrows so acutely. My heart has long been breaking, and but for your humanity, the struggle had been past—would it were! and yet Cecilia—

Cecil. What, my friend?

Emme. If I could see and bless the lovely cause of all——

Cecil. Be comforted, you shall see him; come, cheer up, for sunshine breaks in upon you, Emmeline; look, this key will secure your escape—ay, 'tis the pagoda key, your guardian gave it me, and in my lodgings in London you may be safely concealed, till Edward comes to punish him and to reward your sufferings.

Emme. Is there a hope then of our meeting? Oh! joy will now distract me, but think what difficulties——

Cecil. None but what we can surmount: the servant who brings a chaise near the garden, will unlock the gate outside; I'll go give him orders directly, and that no time may be lost do you retire instantly into the pagoda (*gives Emmeline the key.*) wait till I come, or you hear the gate unbarred—nay, no more melancholy looks; henceforth you must smile and be cheerful, and some years hence, you, I, and Edward will sit over a winter fire, and laugh at our cunning in outwitting that first of schemers my cousin Project.

Emme. Kind generous girl! I will do all that you desire—till we meet, farewell! how I tremble for the event, yet why? if I'm brought back, they cannot persecute me more, and if I 'scape their snares, the sight of Edward——Oh! the thought revives me! and since my guardian is so bold in guilt, wherefore should innocence be fearful? no, I've a virtuous cause, and I will nobly fall or triumph in the conflict!

[*Exeunt separately.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.—PROJECT'S Garden: a Pagoda at
the Wing—moon-light.

Enter PROJECT and JACK ARABLE.

Jack Ar. So she was caught in her own snare, heh? Well, this is the place with the foreign name, the pagoda as you call it, pray what put it into your head to build such an out-of-the-way thing?

Project. Speculation, sir, speculation: the house stood on my hands, so by running up a pair of wings after the eastern fashion I thought to catch some thoughtless Nabob, but it wou'dn't do, they were obstinate; however, my rich cousin is coming home—

Jack Ar. And he pays for their obstinacy—fair, that's very fair; but about this Miss Cecilia—she is coming here to see an eclipse you say.

Project. Yes, she has herself given you a fair opportunity, and if you don't carry her to your father's, where a parson and a licence is ready—stop, I think I saw a light, perhaps she's there already (*looks through the key-hole*) she is! I see her petticoat.

Jack Ar. Do you? that's famous—an eclipse, heh? gad! she shall see a constellation. Go, squire, go, tell the alderman to look out for me and my wife—

Project. No, I must go and look out for my own wife, for if she finds me and Cecilia out of the house at this time of night, she'll talk of recrimination for ever; so success to you, and remember, she's an angel, my young lawyer.

Jack Ar. Why, as I'm a lawyer I'd better forget it, for we and angels don't exactly suit each other. You manage your wife, I'll take care of mine. (PRO-

JECT *exit.*) now for it—now to coax her into the garden—(*opens the door of the pagoda*)—Ma'am! hadn't you better come out, ma'am? don't be frighten'd, there's nobody here but me—she's coming by all that's tender, classical, and famous!

Enter EMMELINE from the pagoda.

Emme. This is my friend's servant, I suppose, with the carriage—where can she be herself? she promised to follow me instantly; however I'll ask him—Heavens! what do I see? my cousin Arable! then I'm deceived, and am undone for ever.

Jack Ar. (not knowing her.) Yes, it's master Jacky! he's not gone to school you see; however, I'll first secure the gate, that nobody may come from the house and disturb us—(*he bars the gate of the pagoda*)—come, Miss Cecilia, come to Aldgate-farm, and teach the cows to translate Greek and dance minuets. What, sulkey, heh? let's look in your face—how! why, it is not you, is it? no, egad! 'tis cousin Emmeline.

Emme. Yes, that Emmeline who was once your friend and favourite, who being deserted by her family, and persecuted by her guardian, meant to escape from confinement, but she is disappointed; you have discovered my intentions, sir, and I confess myself completely in your power.

Jack Ar. What! it's a trick, is it?—you stole out instead of the other,—come, that's fair, very fair. Well! and how d'ye do, coz? do you know I've finished my education since I saw you—I have famously, but you've been very ill, Emmeline? however, we won't talk about that, you're recover'd, and I'm glad on't with all my heart! yet, you used me most unkindly, coz.

Emme.

Emme. It seems I have used every body so, else I think I should not have been so hardly treated. I have been amply punished, sir.

Jack Ar. You have, you have, Emmeline; but you should have kept your promise about the Spanish—I always kept my word with you, and once you know when we were boys and girls and you and my brother Edward quarrelled about your little tame fawn, did not you cry and ask me to make it up between you! and didn't I bid him kiss the fawn and kiss you, and ever after wasn't he so fond of you——

Emme. Let me beseech you, sir, name not your brother: lead not my mind to thoughts, that, whilst they charm, distract me. I'm sorry I forgot my promise, but you should remember, I also forgot myself;—remind me, and perhaps——

Jack Ar. I've a great mind——I will!—why the fact is, Emmeline, you offer'd to lend me fifty pounds, and you only gave me thirty: now you know you owe me the odd twenty.---I'm the last person on earth to dun people for money, but really when it has been owing so long, upon my soul I beg your pardon, but the Alderman cuts so close: he has educated me so like a gentleman, and keeps me so like a beggar, that here I am with a head full of the notions of life and dissipation, and a pocket as empty as Oxford in the vacation.

Emme. I regret that my guardian has not left me the means of fulfilling my promise, but when I see my friend Cecilia, I've no doubt but she'll procure what you desire.—And now, sir, let me know my fate: am I to go back to my prison?

Jack Ar. Go to prison! what! when we've Spanish to keep us out of it? no, that's not fair.—We'll go to London, to Epsom, to the grand match; or if, as is most likely, you prefer Miss Cecilia's

lia's company to mine, I'll call her to take care of you; for if I leave you till you're safe out of your guardian's clutches, may I lose the long odds, and be flogg'd round the race-course like a blacklegs.

Emme. Now, indeed, you are the brother of my Edward:—then call Cecilia: I dare say by this time she is arriv'd in the pagoda; and yonder is a carriage waiting to conduct us to London: there I shall remain till your brother arrives, and then make an appeal to the laws of my country.

Jack Ar. Never, never go to law: leave the whole business to arbitration, for if you don't at first, the lawyers, after emptying your pockets, will only do it at last.—However, I'll unbar the gate, (*goes to pagoda.*) gad! this is famous!—how Project and the Alderman will be bother'd?—Zounds! what do I see?—your guardian!—(*runs to EMMELINE.*) don't, don't agitate yourself: pull down your veil and I'll—

EMMELINE pulls down her veil, and PROJECT enters.

Project. As I thought.—My wife suspects an assignation between me and Cecilia, and is now coming to detect me. Mr. Arable: a word if you please. (*JACK leaves EMMELINE, and comes to PROJECT.*) If you don't get her off,—and, I see how it is?—you can't persuade her—

Jack Ar. Can't I? um? ecce signum, as we great scholars say. (*goes to EMMELINE.*) Come, Miss, will you go with Master Jacky, and be made daughter-in-law to an Alderman? (*EMMELINE gives him her hand and nods assent.*) there! haven't I a rare granary? Why, I'll back my head at a scheme against yours, Little Project.

Project. No, you mustn't do that; for this lucky scheme was all my planning, you know,

Jack Ar.

Jack Ar. So it was; and you shall have the full credit of it, my boy!—The chaise will take us to the nearest inn, and I'll return for Cecilia. (*aside to EMMELINE.*) Bid her good by; give her your sanction. (*PROJECT bows and kisses his hand.*) There; now you do as he orders you.—You see, squire, you see,—this is both famous and fair, isn't it?

[*Exit, banding off EMMELINE.*

Project. It is! it is! (*looks out.*) He hands her into the carriage! the postilion shuts the door!—mounts his horses!—away they go!—Huzza! Huzza!

Enter Alderman ARABLE, running against him.

Ald. Ar. Huzza! huzza! he has her! he has her!—Joy! I give you joy, my friend.

Project. This is reaping the harvest, farmer.

Ald. Ar. Ay; we're in clover now!—But *Project*, I met that good and sweet woman your wife, in such a jealous rage—

Project. That's a better joke than t'other.—She thinks to detect me in an assignation with Cecilia; but the bird is flown, you see.

Enter Lady KATHARINE PROJECT.

Lady Pro. So, Mr. *Project*; where have you conceal'd Cecilia?—Mr. *Arable*, he brings this young lady to my house,—entertains her in the most expensive style,—gives her the most extravagant suppers, and having decoy'd her into an assignation, he now comes here to carry her off.

Ald. Ar. That's impossible, your ladyship, because Jack has carried her off already.—She is by this time as safe at Aldgate farm, as *Emmeline* is in your house, and I dare say they and the parson
are

are setting down to a haunch of my Novia Scotia mutton.—Do you know, my lady, I always kill my own mutton and milk my own cows?

Lady Pro. At Aldgate farm indeed!—more likely she's in that Pagoda.—Ar'n't I right, my life?

Project. You are, my foul.—Hark'ye,—did Sir Frederick teach you this?

Lady Pro. There now! I'm always to be choak'd at the moment of recrimination! I believe Cecilia's innocent, but to know my husband's falshood, and never be able to prove it.—I can't bear his triumph—I (*taking out her handkerchief*) am the most unhappy, ill-treated wife. (*Crying.*)

CECILIA taps at the door with inside the Pagoda.

Ald. Ar. What the devil's that?

Project. What, indeed!—hush!

Cecilia. (within.) Why don't you open the door? 'tis I! 'tis Cecilia!

Lady Pro. Oh! it is, is it?—then come out and—(*Opens the door of the pagoda, and leads out CECILIA.*) I say Mr. Alderman, they're setting down to a haunch of Novia Scotia mutton, are they?

Ald. Ar. Project, this is reaping the harvest indeed.

Project. Ay: we're in clover now with a vengeance. Cecilia, what does this mean?

Cecil. Why as all concealment will now be useless, I may venture to inform you that by some accident Emmeline has escap'd, I find; and I came here in search of her, and not to meet your husband ma'am, upon my honour.

Project. Emmeline escap'd!—that was her then that the well-educated blockhead handed off, saying,
“you

“ you see ! this is both famous and fair ! ” ’Sdeath ! I’ve out-schem’d myself.—I’ll pursue her instantly. Alderman, will you go with me ?

Ald. Ar. Ay ; that I will ; my son, Captain Edward, is arriv’d, and if he and Emmeline should meet,—I tell you what,—as Jack has made two foats of us, I’ll persuade the East Indian to let Edward marry his sister Cecilia. Come along. Odsheart ! I won’t wait to order my carriage or have garden stuff—(*Cecilia laughs.*) now there again ! I only wish I had you at the farm.—I’d——

Project. Come ; I know what you’re going to say.

Ald. Ar. Do you ? then you know more than I do myself ; for plague on the girls, they’ll drive me out of my senses ! [*Exit with PROJECT.*

Lady. Pro. My dear Cecilia, I never doubted your innocence.—Come ; let’s go and prepare for London. I long to see your brother the young Nabob. I dare say, he’ll bring over the most charming presents.

Cecil. Very likely : but my mind is all on Emmeline. Poor Girl ! May she escape the persecution of her enemies, and be rewarded as her virtue and her sufferings deserve ! [*Exeunt.*

A C T

A C T III.

*An elegant Apartment at PROJECT'S House, in
London.*

Enter PROJECT, and SIR FREDERICK.

Project. Not find her! Emmeline not to be found! tell me, sir Frederick, have you been at young Arable's chambers?

Sir Fred. I have—and he is out of town, at Epsom: positively, I can hear nothing of Emmeline—but what then? fretting won't find her; and if it did, I dare say you'd find something else to fret you—I'm her lover, and you see I'm not uneasy.

Project. No: you hav'nt the reason I have—she may fall into the hands of some enemy, who may say, I have entangled her fortune; confin'd her after her health was restor'd; and at last convince her uncle, the alderman, that I have wrong'd her—then her friend, captain Arable, is in town, you say.

Sir Fred. Yes, he arriv'd last night from Gibraltar—receiving a letter that inform'd him of Emmeline's recovery; he quitted the regiment at the risk of offending his father—leave me to manage him: let me see—(looking at his watch.) I am now going to meet him.

Project. Are you? then tell him of her escape: the necessity of restoring her to my power—hint at a relapse, and persuade him to join in searching for her: I would go with you; but I'm waiting here to receive my cousin Tanjore.

Flourish

Flourish of clarinets without.

Project. That's him! that's the young Nabob—
I order'd the band to strike up as he pass'd through
the hall; and as he's been accustom'd to be sur-
rounded with slaves, I've hir'd those Blacks and
other attendants to give him a sort of pompous
entrée.

Sir Fred. Ay, there's the East Indian: I won-
der whether Mr. Tanjore's as easy and familiar as
ever: I remember when he had neither cash nor
credit, he used to call the greatest men by their
Christian names; and though he hadn't a coat to his
own back, he was always remarking on the drefs of
other people.

Project. Ah! he was no Nabob then: now I fear
he's as haughty and reserv'd as he was before free
and familiar: good day, sir Frederick: I shall rely
on your making captain Arable my friend: (*Sir
Frederick exit.*) now for it: now for my best scheme!
to be sure, my tricking him and turning my back
on him before he went to Madras, was rather
unlucky; but his coming to my house, proves he
don't think the worse of me—no, no: I have him:
and when I've fairly strip'd him; I'll send him to
India again, there to make another fortune, for the
benefit of me and my Speculations!

*Another Flourish.—Enter Blacks with Music, servants
in superb liveries preceding Tanjore and Cecilia,—
other attendants following.*

Tan. Billy, your hand—where's Betsy? well:
here we are you see: hot from Madras: warm as
Lucifer—rich as Cræsus, my boy!

Project.

Projeēt. 'Tis as I thought! (*aside.*) I hope yōt found my carriages and horses all ready: I should have been miserable if you hadn't condescended to make use of them.

Tan. Should you? then be happy, coz; for I'll make use of them for ever: the carriages and horses are mine, Billy.

Projeēt. They are, you do me great honour in accepting them!—he has forgot our old quarrel—and I shall finger every farthing!—(*aside.*) Well: but about India, cousin—you made your fortune very rapidly.

Tan. Yes: the princess Nundomoree took a fancy to my person and dress—introduc'd me to the Nabob of Begumboree: he to the Rajah of Seringapatoree; and so amongst them you see—but, Billy, what makes you so civil? before I sail'd, you wouldn't pay the fare of a hackney coach for me, and now you give me all your carriages and horses: well, well: I take it very kind of you; and so hark'ye—a few westerly winds will bring round the homeward bound fleet, and then hire all the strongest waggons you can get: bullion! pearls! diamonds!—oh, damme, coz, this house shall never hold them.

Projeēt. I hope this house will hold them though: oh! for a westerly wind!—in return, my dear friend, the wife I design for you has five thousand a year—to be sure it's very little; but—

Tan. A little's better than nothing, you know; and if I like her person and manners, why, five thousand a year will be very pretty pin money: but what's here, Billy?—(*looking at his coat,*) is this a dress for a cousin of a Nabob?

Projeēt. What! at the old work?—psha! what signifies dress?

Tan.

Tan. Every thing, now-a-days—a good coat is tantamount to a good character; and if the World be a Stage, it's as necessary to dress as to act your part well: then consider the effect—why, when I landed from the Packet in my old blue coat, shabby red waistcoat, and decay'd kerseymeres, I cut through the alleys, and was push'd and smok'd by every apprentice and shopkeeper I met: but, the moment I put on these smart cloathes that you sent, I swagger'd through the most public streets—jostled all the men of fashion—cock'd my eye at all the lords, and receiv'd the homage and bows of the very shopkeepers and apprentices that had before sneer'd at me. Oh! in this age of false appearances, there's nothing like a shewy outside; and a taylor is a man of more consequence than you imagine.

Project. Well, but after the fatigue of travelling, don't you want some refreshment: pray do here as if you were at home.

Tan. That I do every where: I never stood on ceremony in my life; but as to refreshment, that depends on our hostess, who, if I recollect, is rather close—short commons—heh, Billy?

Project. Worse and worse: she has almost starv'd me since you went: you haven't yet seen her though: John, call Lady Project.

Tan. No, no: call her yourself: in India, I was always waited upon by the master of the house, and therefore, go, Billy—go—besides, I wish to speak to my sister: stop, though—I shall want some ready money.

Project. What the Spanish?

Tan. Oh, nothing else—go, send your wife, and pray——

Project. For a westerly wind! you shall have
D what

what money you require ; so—here's Speculation !—
Oh ! for a westerly wind !

[*Exit. The servants follow him.*]

Cecilia. My dear brother, let me once more congratulate you : why, who'd have thought of your coming home so rich ?

Tan. Ah ! who indeed ?—you didn't expect it : did you, Cecily ?

Cecilia. No ; I expected you'd return as you went. I thought you'd come and say, “ here's a Nabob without a shilling, Cecily ! ”

Tan. Did you ? then you thought exactly right, for “ here's a Nabob without a shilling, Cecily ! ”

Cecilia. Nonsense !—Mr. Project says, you have brought over money enough to buy him new houses :
new——

Tan. Not enough to buy him a new coat.

Cecilia. Nay, now you're joking : I know you must be rich, by the style you kept up in India : you liv'd in a palace, my dear brother.

Tan. I liv'd in a jail, my dear sister.

Cecilia. Come, come ; havn't I heard that your furniture was emboss'd with gold ? that your dinners were more expensive than the governor's.

Tan. My furniture was the bare walls, and my dinner bread and water ; the fact is, a man may starve in India, as well as in England ; and, instead of finding gold like dirt, or diamonds like pebbles, I found a sort of gentleman that must be attended to in all countries : I mean a bailiff ! 'tis true, they didn't visit me on my arrival ; but, in the course of a twelvemonth, they whip'd me into one of their hospitable mansions, and there I should have been at this moment, had not the captain of the Packet assisted me in my escape, and landed me generously in old England ! I say generously, for curse me, if I am Nabob enough to pay for my passage.

Cecilia. Amazing! if Mr. Project knew this, he wouldn't be so friendly—

Tan. He friendly! no: when he and the club had schem'd me out of all the money I had left; they shut their doors against me, while Sir Charles Stanley—I shall never forget his liberality! befriended me, and sent me to India: I guess how the mistake has happened—there is a man of my name, at Madras: an old lover of yours.

Cecilia. Mr. Henry Tanjore—my friend as well as lover.

Tan. Well: he's now as rich as I'm poor; is coming home in the next ships; and scheming Billy, with his usual perspicuity, takes me for him, and determines to make the most of me; and he shall make the most of me: there's no favour he can offer, but I'll have the condescension to accept: and to begin, I'll marry this five thousand pound lady.

Cecilia. Don't—don't think of her: there are a thousand reasons against it.

Tan. Ay; but there are five thousand for it: no more bare walls, and bread and water.

Cecil. Poor Emmeline! then I must conceal from him where she is? [aside.

Tan. See! our hostess, lady Stingy! To poor Tanjore she has often refused a dinner, but to the rich Nabob, I suppose—mum! mark how I'll—

Enter Lady PROJECT.

Lady Pro. Joy! joy on your success, my ever dear cousin.

Tan. Thanks, thanks, my ever dear Kitty.

Lady Pro. Kitty! familiar as ever I see—Well coz! ar'n't you glad to set foot in Old England again? once more to see London and the fashions?

Tan. Why, as to the fashions, coz, they fly so fast one can't be quick enough to catch them—nothing lasts above a day. Before I went to India the whole town was running after the Goddess of Health; she died, I'm told, and the learned Pig came to life; he went the grand tour, and the balloon came into power; that bubble burst, and boxing bore down all before it: then came the varieties of dress, such as short skirts, short hair, short sticks, and short great coats! in short, if the world didn't turn round of its own accord, people of fashion would make it, for the moon, whose votaries they are, isn't half so fickle or so changeable!

Lady Pro. Very true; then don't you observe the alterations in buildings? my husband and other speculatists, have built so many new streets, and London is so absolutely gone into the country, that a citizen coming to a rout at Marybone, must be at the expence of changing horses, and paying turn-pikes!—but, I understand, you want some little refreshment.

Tan. Little refreshment! now mind Cecily.—Yes, any thing will do, some turtle and venison, a great deal of game, a quantity of pine apples, and plenty of burgundy and champagne. Then about my bed; at the Rajah of Seringapatoree's I always slept under a canopy empanelled with looking-glass, and covered with gold and silver tiffue—didn't I, Cecily? you'll get such a bed Kitty. So now for dinner.

Lady Pro. Turtle, venison, canopies, and gold and silver tiffue! Mr. Tanjore, you don't intend to live here in the same style you did in India.

Tan. No, that I don't. I hope neither my furniture nor my dinners will be the same, heh, Cecily? then my wedding-day, coz; I shall celebrate my
nuptials

nuptials at your house, and we'll have such a ball and supper ! between ourselves, it shan't be overcrowded though ; I'll only ask about three hundred people.

Lady Pro. Three hundred people ! Sir, I must tell you, no fortune can support this extravagance, and if you give us every farthing you've brought over—

Tan. Why, I shall, every farthing is your's upon my honour ; and by way of specimen to-morrow I'll send you a large chest of shawls, pearls, china, chintzes—

Lady Pro. Will you ? Can you be so obliging ? Oh ! I doat on pearls and shawls, and then for china and chintzes—my dear, dear cousin, come to dinner, and order whatever you like.

Tan. (*aside to CECILIA.*) There now ! and I haven't brought over a rag or an empty trunk ; however Kitty shall have the presents. There are Indian goods in England, and I'll buy them with Billy's own money. Come, sister ! come, hostess !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*Lincolns Inn.*

Enter Captain ARABLE and Sir FREDERICK.

Sir Fred. Nay, but reflect, Captain Arable, reflect.

Capt. Ar. I do reflect, and there's my cause for grief. Have I not quitted my regiment and offended my father ? is he not now in search of me, to send me abroad again ? and when I expected to meet Emmeline in happiness and health, do you

not tell me that her malady has returned, that she has escaped from her guardian, and is not to be found?

Sir Fred. I do, but I hope you don't blame me or Mr. Project.

Capt. Ar. No, far from it; I believe he has been more a parent than a guardian to her, and you have sunk the name of rival in that of friend—but my brother to aid in her escape, and now not to be heard of! What is to be done? I dare not meet my father, and if I leave England till I see Emmeline restored to her asylum I shall well merit the anguish that awaits me.

Sir Fred. Psha! you're talking about anguish too—now nothing gives me pain, and why? because I'm so cool and placid, that not even death—death! no, that pain must be over, for hang me, if I think I've been alive these last ten years—but, where are we to find her, Captain?

Capt. Ar. Ah! where indeed? poor Emmeline! without friends, without assistance, and with the loss of that fine sense which now might best support thee, where? where art thou wandering? let us be gone—let us search every where—

Enter TANJORE.

Tan. My cousin to say he has a wife for me, and then not tell me her name or residence! however, I've found out she's at Cecily's lodgings, and so while dinner's getting ready—

Sir Fred. Mr. Tanjore I am happy to see you—what! don't you know me? have you forgot Sir Frederick Faintly, a member of Bubble's club?

Tan. Sir Frederick! my old acquaintance! how d'ye

d'ye do, Fred? how are you Fred? never saw Fred before in all my life. [aside.

Sir Fred. This is a particular friend of mine, Mr. Edward Arable.

Tan. Psha! hang ceremony; Ned, your hand Ned—by the bye, Fred. is your friend a riding master?

Sir Fred. Why?

Tan. Cock'd hat and boots! curst vulgar—you too! never wear a cravat with a full dress'd coat, its like a tooth-drawer. Well! what's the news, my boys?

Sir Fred. I know of none, but that you were last night re-elected a member of Bubble's.

Tan. Was I? only observe Ned—my cousin Billy brought me into this club, and when they had fleec'd me of all my cash, they kick'd me out as a pigeon quite bare—now I return from India with my feathers fresh moulted, they re-elect me, in the hopes of having another pluck—Ay, it's the way at all your fashionable gaming-houses. “Mr. President, who is the new member proposed?” “A great fool, but very rich!” pop, in goes a white ball.—“Who is the next, Mr. President?” “A great genius, but very poor!” “Here waiter! drop in a black ball.”—Your servant though—I can't stay, I must go take a peep at my wife.

Sir Fred. Your wife!

Tan. Yes, gad! it's a most curious business; my cousin says I'm to be married to a lady with five thousand a year, but he either won't or can't tell me who or where she is! however, I overlooked a letter my sister was just now writing, and I suspect spouse is conceal'd in her lodgings—mum! shan't I delight and astonish her! in India I was such a favourite with the women, that one day six princesses

cesses came to prison to see me——Prison did I say? Oh, ay, that was when I fought against Tippoo, had six horses shot under me, and was at last taken prisoner by——

Capt. Ar. Pray, sir, what is this lady's name?

Tan. Emmeline is her christian name, as to surnames, I never knew but two in my life. Sir Charles Stanmore, and your humble servant Tom Tanjore, two as fine fellows as ever handled rupees and pagodas. Fare-you-well. I shall marry this Emmeline to-morrow.

Capt. Ar. You marry Emmeline, sir?

Tan. Yes, I Ned! and what's more, I invite you to our wedding-dinner, and you also, Fred. and all your friends, and your friend's friends!——Lady Project desired me to ask the whole town, and I'll take care the nuptials shall be celebrated in the true eastern style of magnificence; here's my card, and if you wish to be asked again, come well dress'd; nothing like a good coat, and so farewell, Fred. and Ned! [Exit.

Capt. Ar. It must be her; let's follow him directly.

Sir Fred. Stay, suppose you should meet the Alderman there, and I know he has business with this Mr. Tanjore.

Capt. Ar. Why then, and not till then, let's think what's to be done? come, lose not a moment——in his sister's lodgings, and he about to marry her! 'tis dark, mysterious! mark me, Sir Frederick. I'd traverse half the world to thank the man that has befriended Emmeline! but if I find she has been wrong'd, if there should live a villain that has added to her sorrows, I pledge my honour to avenge her cause——my life or his must answer the event.

[Exeunt.
SCENE

SCENE—CECILIA'S *Lodgings*.

Enter TANJORE and ALDERMAN ARABLE.

Tan. Walk in, Sir, walk in ; your christian name is Obadiah, you say, and your business is concerning a marriage between your son and my sister—did I never see you before ?

Ald. Ar. Only once : if you remember, sir, it was in Mr. Project's park, when the dear Lady Project had fainted away and you caught her in your arms. I'm not censorious, Mr. Tanjore, but if her grandmother hadn't come up at the instant—

Tan. You'd have been jealous, heh ? Well ! but about your son—

Ald. Ar. Why, sir ; I wish your sister to become the wife of my son, Captain Arable ; the reprobate has quitted his regiment to pursue an unhappy young lady, that I'm determined he shall never be united to. Now, sir, by the recommendation of that worthy man, Mr. Project—

Tanjore. Pray Obadiah, where did you get that curious waistcoat ?—positively, it's only fit for an alderman.

Ald. Ar. Then it's fit for me Mr. Tanjore ; for I am an alderman.—Ay, and a farmer too, and if I could find my son, and Cecilia would consent, we'd whisk down to Aldgate farm to night : tack them together to-morrow, and in the course of a month, you can get them out to India, and there you know they're snug and comfortable for life. To a man of your interest, I suppose eight thousand a year will be——

Tanjore. Nothing—a mere trifle.

Ald. Ar. So I thought.—Oh ! when the captain
gets

gets to Madras, I only wish he may be provided for as you were Mr. Tanjore.

Tanjore. Provided for as I was! that's what I wish myself: for curse me if I know or care about you or the captain. (*half aside.*) Yonder's Emmeline I fancy.—I must get rid of this rustic.—Good bye Obadiah; go look for the captain, and if you find him, bring him to my wedding dinner. Lady Project keeps open house while I stay; so bring all your city and rural friends—carters and common-councilmen——

Ald. Ar. Sir, you delight me, and Aldgate farm and all its produce is at your service. Are you fond of Novia Scotia mutton, sir?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Captain Arable below.

Ald. Ar. Oh! there is, is there? now then I'll go and detain him till we meet at the charming Lady Project's. Show me to him, firrah. Once more I thank you, Mr. Tanjore, and if you think eight thousand a year too much, you may reduce it to half; that is, to the exact profits I clear, or mean to clear, by Aldgate farm! [*Exit.*

Tanjore. Good day, Obadiah. Now this it is to be a Nabob! I'm as much sought after here as in India, and exactly from the same motive—friends want money here, and the bailiffs there. Here she is! An angel, by the Ganges! I'll marry her before I leave the house.—Soft; what letter is she reading?—no doubt, the one my sister wrote to her.—I'll observe. [*stands back.*

Enter

Enter EMMELINE with a letter in her hand.

Emme. What has my escape avail'd me? this letter renews my sufferings with tenfold force.— Married! to whom? [*Reads.*

“ My brother Tanjore agrees to your guardian’s proposals, and determines to marry you: I must regret this, while I know there is one who so much better deserves you.”

Tanjore. (behind.) Indeed!—He must be a very clever fellow, then.

Emme. (reading.) “ I have conceal’d from Tanjore your present residence, yet I think if he knew that you had escap’d from your guardian, because he made a prisoner of you, and embarrass’d your fortune”——

What then?—he is weak enough to think him honest.

Tanjore. (behind.) No; he’s not such a fool as that either.

Emme. (reading.) “ If he knew that Edward Arable has won your heart—that your uncle the Alderman deserts you—that a marriage under these circumstances will be death to you and misery to him;”——

Tanjore. (behind.) Misery indeed!—this is more like a funeral than a wedding.

Emme. (reading.) “ And lastly, if you were to inform him, that your father, Sir Charles Stanley was the man who befriended him in the hour of misfortune, I think he is not so void of gratitude and humanity, but he would assist rather than distress you.”

Tanjore. (coming forward.) That he would—well said, sister; you have done your part, now let your brother do his.—Ma’am, my name is Tanjore:
your

your father got me out to India, when I hadn't a house to pop my head in; and though the habitation I pop'd my head into there wasn't altogether so comfortable, that was no fault of Sir Charles's.—He was my benefactor—I am your friend.

Emme. Is it possible? Will you not force me to accept your hand?

Tanjore. Accept my hand! I'll cut it off first. I wouldn't marry you for all the bullion in Bengal! Not but what I could love you Emmeline; and but for Ned—ah, but for Ned! we might have been a very happy, handsome couple!

Emme. Can this be the man I was taught to expect? Can this be the haughty East Indian, whose riches—

Tanjore. Riches! that's your guardian's story: he insists upon it, I've brought home millions, and as he must know better than I do, it would be rude to contradict him, you know—but enough of myself,—Tell me how I can serve you? My poverty shall not prevent me going instantly to this speculatist and commanding him to do you justice. Zounds! I wish I had him in Calcutta: I'd march an army against him, as black as his own heart—cram him into the hot hole and smother him, if he didn't give you your fortune, and the man that deserves you!

Emme. Sir, I insist you run no hazard on my account. I have form'd a determination which I shall now execute: it is, to go instantly and make one more appeal to my uncle—to Alderman Arable—

Tanjore. What Obadiah! he was here just now and seems so fond of your guardian—

Emme. I know it; he has the highest opinion of his honour and veracity; but as the Alderman is the nearest relation I have left, he is the most proper

person to protect me; and therefore I shall make this last effort to undeceive him. Yonder is your sister, I see: she will conduct me.

Tanjore. Allow me to attend you—heigho!—I don't know what's the matter with me. I feel such new emotions, and there's such a warm glow about my heart, that, gad! it fancies itself in India. Can you tell me what it means, ma'am?

Emme. Indeed, I cannot, sir; but very likely it results from the satisfaction of having done a generous action, and the emotion is new, because like too many others, you have perhaps sacrific'd your time and happiness at the shrine of fashion.

Tanjore. That's it ma'am—you have hit it exactly—Oh! what I have suffer'd by keeping up the appearance of a fine gentleman!—Horses I never rode—carriages I never saw—Houses I never enter'd—frequenting clubs, routs, operas, and in short doing every thing I dislik'd, because I was told, it was what I ought to like:—but now I've done with it—henceforth I'll live to please myself; and while I don't suffer in my own opinion, what need I care for that of other people. Come, sweet Emmeline; you shall be happy still. [*Exeunt.*

A C T

ACT IV.

An Apartment in the Alderman's House.

Enter PROJECT and CAPTAIN ARABLE.

Capt. Ar. Yes, sir, I am most happy in the opportunity of thanking you for the care you have taken of this unfortunate girl—her escape proves she has relaps'd.

Project. It does: for had she been herself, she would have scorn'd to elope from the care of her guardian—you say she has left Cecilia's lodgings.

Capt. Ar. Not an hour ago she and Cecilia went away together, but where I know not.—

Project. Well—well—I'll go send the young Nabob after them, and I'll likewise consult with her old physician about the best mode of securing her for the future—good day Captain, and remember, whoever first discovers her, gives information to the other.

Capt. Ar. Agreed.

Project. Oh! I forgot—if you should see her first, don't let your wishes get the better of your judgement—she may perhaps have a lucid interval, and talk with apparent rationality—but be on your guard—be convinc'd she has relaps'd, and don't leave her till you see her safe in my custody.

Capt. Ar. Rest assur'd I shall do every thing her unhappy situation demands—good evening—(*exit Project.*)—Oh my lost Emmeline!—three tedious years are past since last I saw thee, and in that time we've both endur'd so much, that I did hope our
meeting

meeting might be happy—but 'tis denied—if we should meet—'tis but to divide with added grief—well, I'm prepar'd—let me restore the hapless wanderer to her friends, and then once more abroad—in the heat of war, I may forget the treasure I have lost; or in a glorious death, bury at once my love and misery!— (*sits down in great agitation.*)

Enter EMMELINE and VICKERY.

Vickery. The Alderman is in the next room ma'am.

Emme. Then tell him that a relation who was once dear to him requests an interview. (*exit Vickery.* Is every moment to bring new affliction?—but now I heard, that he who charm'd my heart, and stole away my senses—that he was coming home to wed Cecilia—can falsehood be so—I'll not suspect him—in this very room Edward first proffer'd me his love, and no tongue but Edward's shall make me think him faithless.

Capt. Ar. (*having observed her, rises.*) Sure I'm not mistaken—it is herself!—Emmeline!

Emme. I am discover'd—who can it be?—perhaps some agent of my Guardian's sent to secure me— (*as she is going he stands before her.*)

Capt. Ar. What avoid me Emmeline!—have you forgot—

Emme. Edward! my long lost only friend!— (*puts her handkerchief to her eyes.*)—pardon me—my prospects have so long been darken'd, that the least flash of light quite blinds me.

Capt. Ar. You must not weep—I came not to encrease your sorrow.

Emme. What I have suffer'd since we parted last—a heated brain—painful confinement—merciless

cilefs keepers—and if an interval of reason came, to bring your form before me, and then remember that our love was hopeless—Oh! but now I've found you, and we'll ne'er part again—(*Edward turns away from her.*)—why that averted look?—why those tears?—speak!—you are not chang'd!—I have not forfeited your love?

Capt. Ar. No—it is not that, but I could wish—

Emme. Name it and I will fly——

Capt. Ar. That during these lucid moments, I could persuade you to accompany me to your Guardian's—to return to an asylum form'd to relieve, to succour and restore you.

Emme. What! does he conspire against me?—he that has caus'd all this?—sir, I was told the motive for this conduct, but I disdain'd suspicion!—nay—ask not an explanation—I shall not condescend to answer you.

Capt. Ar. You cut me to the soul—what motives can I have but those of pity and humanity.

Emme. Humanity!—is it humanity to harass a mind already shatter'd and impair'd?—to encrease rather than remove the fever you have occasion'd?—to combine with enemies in cloistering me in a shameful seclusion, while false and unfeeling as you are, you *humanely* give your hand to another!—Oh my poor brain!—why did your sense return, only to make you feel encreasing injuries?

Capt. Ar. To another!—hear me Emmeline—

Emme. No sir,—'tis now too late—I shall go instantly to your father and throw myself under his protection—farewell, sir!

Capt. Ar. (*holding her.*) Stay—you know not what you do—by heaven you shall not leave me thus—think of our past love—

Emme.

Emme. I do sir: I remember in the hours of happiness and prosperity we exchange'd hearts, and you have now set me an example which I scorn to imitate—my heart is still your own! I shall banish this last conversation from my memory, and think of Edward, only as he was—the friend of Emmeline—the foe to those who wrong'd her—this will be my best solace in retirement, and cheer a mind that has not long to struggle.

Capt. Ar. I cannot part with you; and to prove no other for a moment can engross my thoughts, I'll henceforth watch you in your malady—weep as you weep, and nurse each smile that waits you—and if but one day in the year, returning reason should adorn your mind, I will forego all other women's charms, to pass that day with Emmeline—Oh! I have suffer'd in my turn, and were you always thus—

Emme. Why still so credulous?—why now believe?—

Capt. Ar. I do not! will not! or if you are the sufferer they describe, there is a charm about your malady so far exceeding all their boasted sense, that it enhances, doubles my affection! (*embraces her*) in losing you I knew what I had lost, and I have caus'd a wound which it shall be the business of my life to heal.

Emme. Shall we be happy then?—I am most grateful—my Guardian has deceiv'd you—he has involv'd my fortune.

Capt. Ar. This I heard, and that by marriage with his East Indian cousin, the debt was to be cancel'd—but I'll know all hereafter—at present I am lost in joy.

E

Re-enter

Re-enter VICKERY.

Vickery. Madam, the Alderman desires to see you in the next room.

Emme. What shall we do?—to separate so soon?—

Capt. Ar. 'Tis hard my Emmeline, but to secure our union, you *must* persuade your Uncle to befriend you—

Emme. I know it, and he is so bigotted to my Guardian—but since you desire it—shew me the way—*(to Vickery)*—adieu my generous friend! Should but the father imitate the son, my sufferings will be recompenc'd at last—adieu! [*Exit.*

Capt. Ar. Fool that I was to credit what they told me; but they shall answer sorely for their guilt—here comes the fop who was to be her husband—how the empty coxcomb kisses his hand to her!—I'll humble him—I'll—

Enter TANJORE.

Tanjore. (*speaking as he enters*) Success sweet Emmeline, and if Obadiah don't take pity on you, Tom Tanjore will!—if she succeeds I'll give her such a kiss—ah Ned!—how's Fred?

Capt. Ar. Be more respectful I insist, sir.

Tanjore. Respectful!—what makes you so proud Neddy?—Oh! ho!—I see—better dress'd!—and you think that new coat and waistcoat makes you look like a gentleman!—heh?

Capt. Ar. Answer me, sir—what brings you here?

Tanjore. To see your sweetheart, Ned, and if the Princess Nuncomoree was to know that she prefer'd your tragic Scowl to my comic grin—

Capt.

Capt. Ar. Hear me, fir—I'll tell you a secret—your friend Mr. Project is a villain.

Tanjore. What's that a secret?—why I've known it these ten years.

Capt. Ar. Tell him I say it—but 'tis of no avail—I'll answer for it, he is so void of courage, that he can't persuade himself to fight any man living.

Tanjore. Now there you're wrong; for he is so void of character, that he can't persuade any man living to fight him—therefore have the goodness to tell him he's a villain, and retrieve his reputation—my friendship and his depends on the weathercock, and the moment that points westerly, up blows a breeze that oversets it for ever.

Re-enter VICKERY, crossing the stage with his hat on.

Capt. Ar. Vickery, where are you going in such haste?

Vickery. I can hardly tell fir—my master was in such agitation when he gave me his orders, and he particularly desir'd me not to inform you.

Capt. Ar. Not inform me!—speak this instant firrah.

(laying hold of him.)

Tanjore. Ay, speak this instant firrah.

(laying hold of him.)

Vickery. Then the truth is, the Alderman has lock'd up Miss Emmeline, and sent me for her Guardian, to whom she is to be deliver'd and confin'd for life—there, now you know the fact, and I take my leave. *[Exit.*

Capt. Ar. Send for her Guardian and confine her for life!—what's to be done?—while my father is attach'd to this hypocrite, there is no way to extricate or save her.

Tanjore. Yes, there is one—you seem a fine fighting fellow—Tom Tanjore's another, and as her father once sav'd me from being confin'd, while I can cock a pistol, or brandish a cane, I won't see his daughter expos'd to a similar predicament—come along Ned—we'll trip up Obadiah and carry her off.

Capt. Ar. What! are you the friend of Emmeline?

Tanjore. Yes, and your's because you are hers—come let's have at them—what! do you shirk?

Capt. Ar. I dare not go.

Tanjore. Dare not!—now this is always the way with your fighting gentlemen—but perhaps it's constitutional, and the poor fellow's conscience is a little tender—ay, ay, some of us Nabobs have very weak nerves.

Capt. Ar. You misconceive—her Uncle is my father—he has forbid me his presence, and would you have me lift my arm against a parent.

Tanjore. No Ned: but as he is no father of mine, and Emmeline is in danger, there can be no harm in my trying trick, stratagem, or force, to protect her; therefore I'll start alone; and may I go to India or to prison—and one will of course follow the other—if I don't snatch her from Obadiah, and restore her to my dear Ned!

Cap. Ar. The attempt is hopeless; but be it as it may—I request on knowing how I can return your kindness?

Tanjore. Why, there are two ways—the first is that you patch up your quarrel with Project, in order that you may celebrate your nuptials at his house, and the next is, that as Emmeline will like you the better for resembling me, you marry her in the fellow coat to that I now wear—it's a pretty
hymeneal

hymeneal colour isn't it?—so huzza!—now for the onset!—
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*An apartment in the ALDERMAN'S house hung with pictures, a portrait of the ALDERMAN in his gown and full dressed wig—leaning on Plough—A round table—Two chairs and wine on the Table.*

The ALDERMAN discover'd asleep.

Ald. Ar. So there you are my dear niece till your guardian comes for you—(*locks the door and takes out the key.*)—I'll place the key by me and—(*puts the key on the round table and sits down*)—plague take the girl!—to wake me out of my afternoon's nap, and the sweetest agricultural dreams—however, she is now as safe as the Rats in my granary, and Edward shall marry Cecilia directly—that being settled, I'll renew my pastoral and delicious dreams!
(*dozes in his chair.*)

Enter TANJORE hastily.

Tanjore. Where is she?—I don't see her—she's in this room perhaps—(*trying to open the stage door*) the door lock'd!—ha Obadiah!—how are you Obadiah!—(*waking him*)—what still in the same dress?—damme, that waistcoat will be the ruin of you.

Ald. Ar. What the devil do you want, sir?

Tanjore. I want Emmeline, Obadiah—cousin Billy has sent me to conduct her to his house—where is she?—dispatch, and tell your servant to get a coach, for it rains as hard as it can pour.

(*rain heard here.*)

Ald. Ar. So it does!—oh!—my cabbages will grow as tall and thick as a wilddernefs——as to Emmeline, Mr. Tanjore, I shall deliver her to no person but her guardian himself.

Tanjore. Won't you?—then I'll give you a toast—come fill—nay, do exactly as if you were at home Obadiah—here's "success to the next harvest!"

Ald. Ar. I rise to drink that—"success to the next harvest."—Ah Mr Tanjore—if all farmers were so easily satisfied as I am—but they're always grumbling—railing at the weather—(*rain stopt*)—zounds, the rain stopt!—the cabbages will be burnt to a cinder.

Tanjore. (*aside, taking up the key.*) What's here? no doubt the key of the prison house—death!—why did I wake him?—however, if I get him off his favourite topic, he'll soon go to sleep again—come Obadiah!—one more bumper, Obadiah!—and now I'll tell you a long story.

Ald. Ar. Will you?—au—au— (*yawning.*)

Tanjore. A very long story Obadiah——in the East or West Indies, or somewhere thereabouts, there was a fine young fellow drinking wine with a grunting old Alderman—Alderman I beg pardon—I mean Bramin—well! after a glass or two the Bramin yawn'd—then doz'd—then clos'd his eyes, and at last, fell fast asleep, (*Alderman sleeps, and Tanjore rises.*) then this fine young fellow took a key off the table, and stealing to the prison door, unlock'd it, and led forth one of the loveliest——

(*as he is opening the door, Vickery enters hastily.*)

Tanjore. What's the matter, sir?

Vickery. Mr. Project is below, sir,
(*Vickery takes up the bottle and glasses and proceeds to wake the Alderman.*)

Tanjore.

Tanjore. Then let him stay there—zounds!—what are you at?

Vickery. Going to wake my master, sir—there is a physician in Mr. Project's carriage, to whom Miss Emmeline is to be deliver'd, and as he is in a hurry—

Tanjore. Don't touch him—I'll wake him, or the devil, or his own conscience will wake him—begone firrah, or—*(exit Vickery with bottle and glasses)*—pheugh!—what's to be done now?—if I can't get this guardian out of the house without seeing the Alderman, murder will be the consequence, for sooner than give her up, curse me if I don't shoot Billy, choak Obadiah, and poison the doctor!—pheugh!—*(walking about in agitation.)*

Project. *(without)* He's in this room is he?—very well—I shall see him—

Tanjore. See him!—no you shan't—if I can prevent their meeting at this moment, I may secure Emmeline's escape, and—how can I hide the old farmer?—I'll stand before him, and spread my coat—no—curse these short skirts—what can I devise?—Project at the door! the poor girl's fate depending on the event—I have it.—*(Turns up the round table, which completely covers the Alderman.)*—There—now he's as snug as if he was at Aldgate-Farm.

Enter PROJECT with his hat on.

Project. What cousin!—how came you here?—well!—how's the wind?

Tanjore. Southerly, Billy—by the heat southerly—don't wear your hat in the room though—*(pulls it off)*—it's like a citizen left off business—pheugh!—

Project. Why, where's the Alderman?—he has sent for me about Emmeline.

Tanjore. The Alderman's not at home—he's just gone to his farm, to sow turnips, plant potatoes, and cut cabbages—if you want him, follow him—go—go Billy.

Project. Pooh!—I dare say he's in the next room—(*Alderman snores.*)—I hear him—at the old work!—asleep and snoring.

Tanjore. No—it's not him—it's some of his live stock—

Project. Not him!—I'll swear to both the tune and the instrument, so come out Alderman—nay; stand by—I must see him—so wake and come out Alderman—(*opens stage door and leads on Emmeline*) Emmeline!—ha!—have I at last recover'd you?—come madam—without wasting time by recapitulating your past misconduct, answer me this question—will you return to your asylum or accept the hand of this gentleman?

Tanjore. Accept the hand of the gentleman to be sure—take it Emmeline and we'll go get a parson directly—there—now you can escape.

(*aside.*)

Emme. No, sir: I will no longer fly to artifice and subterfuge for safety—I have too long been passive and submissive, and my cause is not so weak but I may boldly bring it to decision—call in my uncle, and when he hears our charges face to face, then let him say who is most fit to be confin'd?—Emmeline for the errors of the head, or her Guardian for the vices of the heart!

Tanjore. Well spoken my heroine—I'll give him a volley myself presently.

Project.

Project. Call in your uncle!—he will not believe you—besides where is your evidence—who will stand up?

Tanjore. I will—I'm always ready to shew a good face in a good cause; and the cause and the face are the two best that ever came before a court—I love your ward and may I double the Cape only to get once more doubled in a jail—jail did I say?—oh ay:—that was a nickname for one of my palaces—it was a castle so surrounded with walls, bastions—in short, it was so superb, Billy, that I wish you were in it at this moment with all my heart.

Project. You love her do you?—then the business is settled at once—there—I join your hands.

Emme. No, sir; I insist my uncle may be call'd—he thinks you honest, me derang'd, and I'd convince him—(*Project smiles*)—what! is't a cause for triumph?—is malady to be derided, not lamented?—weak thoughtless man!—be thankful that your own poor reason is not lost, and pray that it may soothe, and not insult misfortune.

Project. You mistake Emmeline—I smil'd to think you could convince your uncle, when I and my wife can turn him round our fingers just as we please—hark'ye, coz—come here—nearer the table, if you take part against me at this moment, I'm ruin'd.

Tanjore. Are you? I've a great mind to twitch Obadiah and wake him. (*aside.*)

Project. The fact is, I've embezzl'd her fortune, and if you marry her there'll be no overhawling of accounts—I'll make you amends by assigning over to you the Alderman's farm.

Tanjore. Oh! that Obadiah heard this? (*Here the Alderman puts his head over the table, Tanjore nods*

in

to him: Alderman remains conceal'd.) Oh, ho!—
So, Billy, you confin'd Emmeline because you had
involv'd her fortune! (*very loudly.*)

Project. Softly—if you speak so loud the Alder-
man will hear you—it is as you say, her health is
quite restor'd, but I have so imbarc'd her fortune
in my schemes—

Tanjore. Say no more, make me over Aldgate-
farm, and she shall be a Nabob's wife to morrow.
Yonder's pen and ink, we'll sign directly; and now
Billy I think I shall repay you for all your kind-
ness. (*goes up the stage.*)

Project. You will! you will! oh my dear, dear
coz! you've secur'd me my best Speculation—so,
madam, the tables are turn'd you see.

Emme. He too desert me! my firmness then
forsakes me!—my uncle still prejudiced, Edward
about to be lost for ever, what hope have I but in
my Guardian's humanity?—Oh sir! behold me
once again imploring your protection.

Tanjore. (*coming down the stage with pen, ink, and
paper.*) Here coz, let's sign—why Obadiah thinks
he has a long lease, don't he?

Project. Oh the poor clodpole!—he knows as
much about a security, as he does about a farm;
and as he is wasting hundreds on rotten sheep and
blighted cabbages, I'll kindly give you the means
of turning him out at a moment's warning: here—
now for my best Speculation! (*Pulls down the ta-
ble to write upon it. Alderman leans across the
able and stares Project full in the face. Project
pushes down the chair he was going to sit upon, and
stands agast.*)

Ald. Ar. (*with his arms on the Table.*) Oh you
consummate scoundrel!—this is your Speculation
is it?

Tanjore,

Tanjore. Why Billy, the tables are turn'd indeed!

Project. They are—did the Alderman hear?

Ald. Ar. He did; the Alderman heard that the farm was to be let over his head, that he was wasting hundreds on rotten sheep and blighted cabbages; and what's more, the Alderman heard of this poor girl's persecution. Niece, give me your hand, henceforth, I'll be a friend, a comforter, a father to you.

Project. Cousin, I wish I was in your Indian palace.

Tanjore. Don't be afraid, you'll be there sooner than you expect.

Ald. Ar. Sir, I desire you'll quit my house directly—stop though—(*takes Project aside*)—in three hours time repay me and this lady all the money you have schem'd us out of, or—you think I don't understand farming, Mr. Project; but this I know, that when stray cattle are found eating up other people's property, they are secur'd; and the King's Bench shall be your pound, you interloper.

Project. Cousin, stay and try to compose him,—then follow me, and—ah!—now my only hope is a westerly wind! [*Exit.*]

Emme. Generous young man! I perceive why you took part against me—uncle you know not half his kindness.

Ald. Ar. I do though—the sly rogue cock'd his eye to me behind the table, and I suppose whisk'd it up on purpose—well! come with me to my lawyers—Oh the scheming scoundrel! he has made such dupes of us, Emmeline, that I'd give up farming to find any body that has trick'd him.—I
tell

tell you what Mr. Tanjore, don't give him any of the treasures of the East.

Tanjore. No, that I won't; for so far from having the treasures of the East to give, I expect my taylor will send me to the King's Bench every Moment:—you take the joke Obadiah, don't you?

Ald. Ar. I do! Oh the poor clodpole!—come—I'm glad you've outchem'd him.

Tanjore. So am I: and when Speculators and monopolists from fordid, selfish motives, distress their fellow creatures, and bring odium on their country, may they be caught in their own snare, and, like Project, have the tables turn'd upon them!

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

SCENE—*An elegant Room in the King's Bench.*

Enter PROJECT, and PROMPTLY.

Project. Ay, ay: this room will do very well for the little time I shall stay: get it ready, and in the mean time I'll return and finish my conversation with Sir George. Why, you have very good company here, in the King's Bench. Oh! I beg pardon—College, I think you call it.

Prom. Yes, College is the polite name for Prison, sir: pray, won't you pull off your boots?

Project. No, as I shall soon get my discharge, I remain booted and spur'd ready to ride away, you see—though Sir George has been telling me, that a fox-hunter, who has been a prisoner here these ten years, has been so sure of getting out every moment, that he has been booted and spur'd the whole time: however, I've written to my cousin Tanjore, told him the alderman has arrested me: and there's no doubt but he'll come instantly and pay the debt—so get the room ready.

Prom. Yes, sir: but about the chum.

Project. The chum!—what's that?

Prom. Your companion, sir: every room in the King's Bench has two tenants; and unless you buy the other gentleman——

Project. (*giving him money*) There then, I buy the other gentleman: there's for the chum; and now, when Mr. Tanjore comes, call me—(*looks*

round the room.) um! hah! handsome room, good furniture; and if all fails, perhaps this is as good a place for Speculation as any other. (Exit.

Enter MEANWELL, shewing in TANJORE.

Mean. Nay, look up, fir: Mr. Promptly, here's a prisoner just arriv'd, who is so melancholy, that I've brought him to your gay apartments to raise his spirits: were you never in jail before, fir.

Tan. Yes: in India, fir—heigho!

Prom. Come, look around you, and be cheerful: why, what are you? and who arrested you?

Tan. I'm a Nabob, and my taylor arrested me for thirty pounds, (*looks up*) heh! how? egad! this is not like the Indian palace: pray, fir, inform me; are all the rooms like this?

Mean. No: I wish they were: mine is a wretched one; but having been all my life at sea, I know nothing about the town: the last tenant of this room was a Blackleg.

Prom. And the present one is a Swindler, I fancy, for he came here in a coach and four.

Tan. Came to jail in a coach and four! ah! I see how it is: 'tis here as elsewhere—the fraudulent debtor rolls in luxury: the unfortunate one starves; and while a gallant seaman is in one room freezing without fire or food, a dashing money-lender is in the next, quaffing champagne, and drinking “confusion to his creditors!”—but no matter: they hang themselves, or the law hangs them; for the Devil will have his own.

Prom. Ay, ay, we havebut three or four of them.

Tan. So much the better: but as I shall certainly be out in a few minutes——what do you smile at?

at? I've sent to my cousin Project; and I'm sure he won't suffer me to be confin'd for the paltry sum of thirty pounds—no, no: my getting out is a certainty; and as I wish to see this coach and four gentleman, before I go, I'll, with your leave, sit down here till he comes.

Prom. With all my heart: I'm glad we leave you in better spirits. *[Exit with Meanwell.]*

Tan. (solus) Being alone, I get nervous again: this now, is the end of dissipation! of losing large sums at Bubble's club, and wasting others on houses, horses, carriages—and where was the gratification? when I us'd to dash through the streets in my phaeton, every body was envying, sneering—nobody seem'd pleas'd: nobody! yes? hang it, the bailiffs us'd to smile: they us'd to think it a fine sight; and nod and wink, as much as to say—“Ah, Master! those horses heads will be turn'd tow'rds our lock-up houses at last:” oh! I hope Billy won't forsake me!

Re-enter PROJECT. (Tanjore is sitting with his back to him.)

Project. I'm quite uneasy at Tanjore's not coming: what are a few thousands to a man of his fortune—*(sits down with his back turn'd to Tanjore.)* I hope he won't desert me:—heigho!

Tan. Heigho!

Project. This is the chum, I suppose: he don't know I've bought him. *[aside.]*

Tan. Here's the Swindler, I imagine: he seems as miserable as myself: I'll condole with him—*(aside.)* Pray, sir, what first induc'd you to keep a coach and four?

Project. Zounds! what's that to you, sir: I
3 have

have bought you, and—(*here they both look round, and meet face to face*) what do I see? my dear, dear cousin!

Tan. Is't possible? oh, my kind, kind Billy!—(*they embrace, and then rise.*)

Project. I thought he wouldn't forsake me at this moment.

Tan. I said, I should be out to a certainty.

Project. Well, here we are, coz.

Tan. Yes, here we are, coz.

Project. I knew I should have the pleasure of seeing you here to day.

Tan. Did you? it was a pleasure I didn't know of myself: but I shan't stay now: the sooner we go out the better, I say; come along, Billy.

Project. Ay, come along, Nabob—(*they go to the stage door, and stop.*) have you paid the debt costs though?

Tan. No, but you have, and that's the same thing you know: come—

Project. Come—you forget, coz: how can a man, that's in limbo, as they call it, come and—

Tan. What!

Project. How can I, that am a prisoner in the College here?

Tan. Are you a prisoner?

Project. To be sure I am: I'm not like you: I can't walk in and out.

Tan. Ha! ha! ha!

Project. What's the matter with you?

Tan. Ha! ha! ha!

Project. What the devil do you laugh at? why don't you go and discharge the debt?

Tan. I can't, I can't: (*still laughing.*) because I'm in limbo too! I'm a prisoner myself: so give me your hand—here we are to a certainty!—lord!

it's

it's nothing when you're us'd to it; and if you'd been in an Indian College as long as I was—zounds! what have I said?

Project. How's that? what did you say? imprison'd in India!

Tan. Well: it's in vain to conceal it: the truth must come out at last, so the fact is, cousin, the ships are arriv'd: they have brought over the rich Mr. Tanjore, with bullion, pearls and diamonds; but I'm sorry to say, in their hurry, they left all my treasure behind.

Project. Then curse me, if one of my speculations have succeeded: I'll give up scheming: I'll—answer me, sir: how dare you waste a gentleman's fortune, when you knew you could never repay him?

Tan. And how came you to waste a lady's fortune, when you knew you could never repay her?

Project. But you talked of your riches, sir: said my house could never hold them.

Tan. Well; and haven't I kept my word? look'ye, sir: when I left this country, ruin'd by you and the club; you refus'd even to shake hands with me at parting: I'm indebted to you for your hospitality, and for that, I thank you—down to the very ground; you made me welcome in your apartments: I beg you'll be at no ceremony in mine: sit down, Billy.

Project. If I could only get free and leave him—What do I see? the Alderman! no doubt, his regard for my wife has induced him to come and settle my affairs.—(*Enter Alderman ARABLE.*)—Ah, my old generous friend, I thought you'd forgive me; I knew you'd procure a discharge.

Ald. Ar. You thought right; I have procured the discharge.

F

Tan.

Tan. Why, Obadiah, are you too in limbo? What the devil brings you here?—(*looks at his dress*)—Ah! ah! didn't I say, that waistcoat would be the ruin of you?

Project. Mr. Nabob, I leave you to the misery you deserve, never mind though, while you stay in the college here, you needn't pay your debts, and nothing is so comfortable as to have a good warm house over your head, so good bye, chum.

Tan. What have you brought his discharge, Obadiah, and—

Ald. Ar. No, but I've brought yours, here it is, my boy; I heard you were pounded, and I came as eagerly to get you out, as if you'd been part of my own live stock; come along though, I want you to go directly and find my son Jack; he's either at his own chambers or Bubble's club; you must find him and tell him I want Emmeline's marriage settlement drawn directly.

Tan. Emmeline's marriage-settlement! with whom, sir?

Ald. Ar. Hark ye, come here—(*takes TANJORE aside*)—Lady Project has at last consented to an assignation; her passion for the pastoral virtues of her sweet shepherd, as she calls me, has induced her to meet me *tête a tête* in her dressing-room; now, in an hour's time—Oh! I knew my person and the Nova Scotia mutton would make an impression at last! therefore, at her intercession (*turning to P.*) I've determin'd that Emmeline shall marry her old sutor, Sir Frederick; he was her father's choice, and as Edward has offended me, he shall be mine.

Project. Say you so? then I've an iron in the fire yet.

[*aside.*
Tan.

Tan. What are you at, Obadiah? Lady Stingy will make as great a dupe of you as her husband has; she is a woman of design, one of those half-and-half ladies whose reputation depends on keeping open house; and entertainment, or no entertainment, makes or mars her reputation—don't you remember her fainting in my arms?

Ald. Ar. I do, but her grandmother was close at hand; yes, I am the idol of her heart, and she is to receive me in her dressing-room, that sacred temple that not even her husband ever entered. Good day, Mr. Project; I've already quitted Aldgate farm, and taken a snug profitable one near Islington, where you'll always be welcome to—the rotten sheep and blighted cabbages—come, Nabob.

Tan. We'll talk further about this Lady Project——Chum, good bye! while you stay in the College you needn't pay your debts you know, and nothing is so comfortable as to have a good warm house over your head, particularly when the wind is high and westerly! hem! come along, Obadiah!

[*Exit with Alderman,*

Project. (*rubbing his hands.*) Bravo! if Sir Frederick marries Emmeline, he takes her with the fortune in its entangled state, and consequently I shall be discharged—(*Enter a Servant who gives him a letter*)—from my wife!—*Reads*;

“ *My dear Husband,*

“ I've only time to say, that if you hear of
 “ an assignation between me and the Alderman,
 “ be convinc'd it is to secure the marriage be-
 “ tween

“ tween Emmeline and Sir Frederick, and thus
 “ restore you to your

affectionate wife,

KATHARINE PROJECT.

Kind wife and kind Sir Frederick ! I'll go and communicate the good news to Sir George ———Oh ! this is a safe speculation ! and not like the Indian one—fool ! blockhead that I was, to take that broken-down prodigal, for the rich Mr. Tanjore, however, this is a different scheme—yes, yes, it depends on my wife's prudence, and Heaven be praised, not on ships, water, Nabobs, or westerly winds ! [Exit.

SCENE.——BUBBLE'S Club. *A Flat with two Doors.*

Enter from one Door JACK ARABLE and a Servant.

Jack. Curse my bad luck, or rather curse my bad management, to be at Epsom only ten minutes and lose all the Spanish ; I thought to make an excellent hedge, when plague on't, I found I had betted the long odds both ways ; then to borrow thirty of the man at the coffee-house and take a dash here at Bubble's, to lose that too, and then be bothered by one's clerk about law business. Well, fir, what——

Serv. The special Pleader has sent you these declarations, fir.

Jack Ar. Why, is it term time ?

Serv. Term began four days ago, fir.

Jack Ar. And I on a race ground the whole time ! come, that's fair, very fair. (*sits.*) I don't think

think my education so finished as I thought, for if it was I never could be so ignorant, as to bet the long odds both ways; I wonder who wins? for when I complain of my losses, every body else says they have lost too; hang me! if ever I saw a man that had won in my life.

Enter TANJORE. (from the other door.)

Tan. Done it at last! huzza! here's retribution, Jack, retribution!

Jack Ar. Why, what is this? Who are you, fir?

Tan. The luckiest dog in Europe, Jack. Your father Obadiah sent me to look after you here at Bubble's, and not seeing you I put my hand in my pocket where I found five guineas my sister had lent me, "I'll have a touch," says I, "this Faro Bank dished me formerly, now I'll try to dish them"—down went the five guineas on your namesake the knave of clubs, Jack, the knave in my favour! I cock't it—once more in my favour!—cock'd it again, till it had won so often, that I thought the ships were arrived, and I was a Nabob in reality.

Jack Ar. And what's all this to me? what do I care for your luck?

Tan. (*Putting Rouleaus, Guineas and Bank notes on the table.*) Here they are; look, you rogue, look! how I feel for the poor devils that lost them! I always pity the unlucky ones, don't you, Jack?

Jack Ar. Zounds, fir, I am an unlucky one; that was my Pouey and that was my Bank note.

Tan. Was it? then take it again and go and put it on the knave; I'm serious, Jack, take it, and

— by the Ganges ! that's a neat Nisi Prius dress ;
What ! you prefer a scarlet coat to a black one ?

Jack Ar. Ay, and cards to briefs ; so give me
the Spanish and let me be off.

Enter Captain ARABLE, hastily.

Capt. Ar. Stay, and grant a brother's last re-
quest, nay, I must and will be heard ; by my fa-
ther's orders, are you not going to draw a settlement
between Emmeline and Sir Frederick ?

Jack Ar. Me going to draw a settlement !---No,
I'm going to cock the knave ; and as to father, he
can't blame me, because he once play'd himself, you
know. I'll tell you how it was, sir ; (*to TANJORE.*)
he was sent for, as magistrate, to put down a hazard
table---in he came with the constables—push'd
down the groom porter—seiz'd the caster—laid hold
of the dice-box, when lo ! as if there was magic in
the wood, he cast his eyes at the guineas on the
table, and avarice so compleatly got the better of
justice, that he hallowed out, “ seven's the main---
at all in the ring, my jolly boys.”

Tan. Well ! and they cheated him, gave him
loaded dice.

Jack Ar. No, that wasn't worth while ; they saw
what a flat he was, so picked his pocket at once !
famous, heh ? adieu, brother ; farewell, benefactor !
here's the Spanish once more !

[*Exit looking at the Bank note.*

Tan. (*To Captain.*) Don't stop him, Ned ; let
him go, I say ; if he's out of the way, the settlement
can't be drawn ; I gave him the money on pur-
pose.—

Capt. Ar. This is but temporary consolation,
while the Alderman's absurd vanity attaches him

to

SPECULATION.

to Lady Project, there is no hope of saving Emmeline; and to lose her after all the conflicts we have suffered! to see her given to another, at the moment when I thought her mine for ever; then perhaps to see her mind but late restored, again involved—by Heaven! that thought will madden mine.

Tan. So it ought, if you will talk of your own sufferings and forget her's, poor girl! did you tell her?

Capt. Ar. I did, and when she heard she was to wed Sir Frederick, there was a wild emotion in her countenance portending that her fever would return—she said, “they'd rob her of all hope, and once more steal her senses; yet they should not, I would not let them, would I?” then with a sigh she left me; Oh, my friend! I am not used to sink beneath misfortune, but this last scene has quite unman'd me.

Tan. More shame for you, it only animates me, misfortunes always rouse me, and if ever you should be in prison at Madras, the gaolers there will tell you so. I've already exposed the husband; now I'll try to manage the wife; she loves money; here's plenty, so I'll go directly and bribe her.

Capt. Ar. That will be hopeless, nothing but exciting the Alderman's jealousy.

Tan. I'll try that too, Obadiah half suspects me at present, so wait for your brother and come together to Lady Project's, and by the time you arrive if all isn't to your wishes, may the monsoon deluge me! may Tippoo torture me! may the marattha's——but this is no time for fine speeches——follow me to Lady Project's—(*going, returns.*) and d'ye hear, Ned, bring your wedding coat along with you, for damme, but you shall be Emmeline's husband this very night!

[*Exeunt separately.*]

SCENE—*Lady PROJECT's dressing room,*

Enter Lady PROJECT with a paper in her hand, follow'd by a servant.

Lady Pro. When the Alderman comes, shew him up stairs. (*exit servant.*) I have honour'd him with this tête a tête in my dressing room, to secure the marriage; and he sha'n't leave the room, till he signs this agreement; which binds him in a penalty of ten thousand pounds to give Emmeline to Sir Frederick. Thus by œconomy——

Serv. (without.) Sir, you mustn't pass.—This is my lady's dressing room.

Tanjore. (without.) I tell you, I will come up. Stand by, firrah. (*Tanjore enters.*) So Kitty! here's the Nabob.

Lady Pro. Heavens! Where do you come from, fir?

Tanjore. From the college, coz; where I left Billy so certain of getting out, that he was ready booted and spur'd.

Lady Pro. Sir, I insist you leave the room—I'm engag'd—besides I should be sorry to use hard words; but your conduct has been so little short of that of a swindler——

Tanjore. Coz, why so? though I didn't get money in India, Iv'e got it in England—look here!

[*Shewing bank notes.*]

Lady Pro. Hundreds I declare! Who gave you these notes? Some swindling knave, I suppose.

Tanjore. It was a knave, but not a swindling one, upon my honour. Look here, and here! enough to give ten wedding dinners, and buy all the shawls, china, and chintzes in Europe.—Don't the sight charm you?

Lady

Lady Pro. It does ; and when a man has money, it don't signify whether he got it in India or England. My dear cousin, my house and table were always open to you ; and if I knew how to oblige you——

Tanjore. There is a way Kitty—as you still govern the Alderman, persuade him to let Edward marry Emmeline—do, and half these are yours. (*Putting rouleaus in her hand.*) There,—and I wish from my soul that all who have luck at the gaming table, may dispose of their winnings in so benevolent a manner.

Lady Pro. Impossible!—The only mode of settling my husband's affairs, is by Sir Frederick's marrying Emmeline; and therefore as my pride will not suffer him to remain in prison, and the living there is too expensive, I shall make the Alderman sign this agreement which binds him in a penalty of ten thousand pounds——

Tanjore. Make him sign this agreement—make him renew Emmeline's malady—break his son's heart—separate—curse it! what's the use of winning, when money will not purchase even momentary gratification? Now do Kitty: there's a dear, liberal, generous girl. Think how they love each other: think—here are more rouleaus, here——

[*A knocking at the door.*]

Lady Pro. Bless me! if this should be the Alderman? (*looks out.*) it is! come to keep an assignation and find another man in my dressing room! Go, sir, get out of the way directly—step into the next room—hide yourself——

Tanjore. I say, Kitty; don't you remember when Obadiah caught you fainting in my arms?

Lady Pro. I do: and that's an additional motive for concealing yourself.—Now pray retire. (*Tanjore nods*)

nods assent.) Thanks, my kind cousin. (*Tanjore pauses.*) Why, what's the matter with you? What makes you put your hand to your head? Are you ill?—

Tanjore. Softly: it's my old complaint—a giddiness—a vertigo—I'm going—hold me or I shall tumble—Oh, I'm sick, I'm—

Lady PROJECT holds out her arm to support him.

TANJORE rests himself upon it, and the Alderman enters.

Ald. Ar. Where is my life, my love?—Hol-loa! what the devil's all this?

Tanjore. Only the tables turn'd again, you see, Obadiah, you see. (*Comes away from Lady.*) Cousin, I'm better.

Ald. Ar. Why, where's her grandmother? Oh! this is beyond her husband's speculation!

Tanjore. (*aside to Ald.*) If you want further proof, look at those rouleaus which she took as a bribe: then read that agreement: then—

Ald. Ar. My eyes are open'd. I was partly convinc'd before I came; but now, I give all my love to the wind—pheugh!---there, it's gone! and the Alderman's himself again! (*Enter a servant.*) Step over the way to Sir Frederick's, and tell him to come here directly, and bring Emmeline and Cecilia along with him. (*Servant exit.*) I left them there in company with the real Nabob, the rich Mr. Tanjore, who seems as fond of your sister as I am of my new farm; and takes as much notice of her person, as you have done of my waistcoat.---It's a match, isn't it?

Tanjore. I hope so. It's an old attachment. He's a worthy fellow, and next to being a Nabob myself, I should like to be brother to one.

Enter

Enter Sir FREDERICK, EMMELINE, and CECILIA.

Lady Pro. Ay; now Alderman you can give Emmeline to her husband.

Ald. Ar. So I can, and so I will. Emmeline, give me your hand—nay, don't think to avoid me. I insist you marry the man I have in my eye.

Sir. Fred. (*advancing to take EMMELINE'S hand.*) Alderman, you are all kindness.

Emme. Let me entreat you, sir, hear me—

Ald. Ar. I'll hear nobody. I wouldn't hear the Board of Agriculture if they were going to adjudge me a prize. I tell you, take the man I chuse for your husband. (*Enter Captain and Jack ARABLE.*) there; (*giving EMMELINE to EDWARD.*) now don't interrupt me, for the clouds are chuck full of water, and there's been lately so much bad weather, that sunshine will be welcome to us all.

Tanjore. Emmeline, I give you joy. Ned, your hand. Fred, yours. Obadiah, I shall like you and your waistcoat as long as I live. Kitty, yours. And now let me advise you to order your coach and four. Drive to the college and try to raise the wind—a westerly one if possible.

Lady Pro. Come, Sir Frederick; I believe we'd better retire: only I beg leave to observe, that if any body defames my character, I shall prosecute them notwithstanding the expences of the law. I'll have my reputation justified if it costs me five pounds. Come, sir.

Tanjore. Ay; that's about the value of it. Go, Fred. go.—Go. (*Lady and Sir FREDERICK exeunt.*) I say, Kitty, my love to your grandmother.

Ald. Ar. Edward, forget and forgive my boy. Though Project has hurt Emmeline's fortune, there's enough left, to make you live happy—if not,
take

take a landed estate near mine, and I'll shew you how to make a fortune by farming, you rogue.

Jack. (to Tanjore.) Yes; I cock'd the knave, but all the Spanish—hang it! I'm half tir'd of gaming, and if I won ten thousand a year, I don't think I could tell how to spend it?

Tanjore. Couldn't you? then take a wife, Jack, and she'll tell you how to spend it—enter into the school of matrimony, Mr. Batchelor of Arts, and there finish your education.—Cecily here, has set you an example: haven't you—

Cecilia. I have from two motives: first because Mr. Henry Tanjore has long won my affections, and secondly because he means to give affluence to his namesake. My dear brother, you may now return to India and live in a palace in reality; for a third of my husband's rupees and pagodas are at your disposal.

Jack Ar. Are they? that's fair, very fair.

Emme. (to Tanjore.) And is there none to share your treasures?—is there no fair one worthy a heart so warm and so benevolent.

Tanjore. (shaking his head.) Hereafter perhaps it may find one like Emmeline's.—Till then, I shall pursue a plan, which had Project follow'd, he had now been happy—that is, not to waste a fortune in dissipation, and try to retrieve it, by false and unjust Speculation.

If we must scheme let us try Projects here.

When they have merit, where's our cause for fear?

If they have not good humour props our cause;

So make us Nabobs, by your kind applause.

END OF THE COMEDY.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MILES PETER ANDREWS, ESQ.

AND

SPOKEN BY MR. LEWIS.

THE Drama done, proceed we now to say
Something about, or not about the play ;
Fine subject ours—rare times ! when Speculation
Engrosses every subject in the nation ;
To help the State,—Jews, Gentiles, all are willing,
And for the Omnium, venture their last shilling ;
Nay, some subscribe their thousands to the Loan,
Without a single sixpence of their own :

Be that their Speculation—I profess,
To speculate on one thing only—Dress ;
Shew me your garments, Gents, and Ladies fair ;
I'll tell you whence you come, and who you are—
But sportsman like, to hit the game, I'll try,
Charge, prime ; present my glafs, and cock my eye.
What a fine Harvest this glad Season yields !
Some Ladies' heads appear like stubble fields ;
Who now of threaten'd famine, dare complain ?
When every female forehead teems with Grain ;—
See how the wheat-sheaves nod amid the plumes !
Our Barns are now transferr'd to Drawing-rooms ;
And husbands who indulge in active lives,
To fill their Granaries, may thrash their wives ;
Nor wives alone prolific, notice draw,
Old Maids, and young ones, all are in the straw.—
That damsel wrapt in shawls, who looks so blue,
Is a return from India—things wont do—

The

EPILOGUE.

The market's up—she couldn't change her name ;
No rich Ram-Rowws, or Wang jang Wappers came ;
Bad Speculation, Bet, so far to roam ;
Black legs go out, and Jail birds now come home——

You stripling there—all trowsers, and cravat,
No body, and no chin—is call'd a Flat ;
And he beside him, with a square cut frock,
Button'd before, behind a square cut dock ;
Is, I would bet, nor fear to be a loser,
Either a man of fashion, or a bruifer :
A man of fashion ! nothing but a quiz—
I'll shew you what a man of breeding is :
With back to fire, slouch'd hat, and knowing slang,
He charms his mistress by this sweet harangue ;
“ Well, pretty, lovely Lucy ! how d'ye do ?
“ Come, see my puppy !” “ No, Harry, to see you.”
“ You're vastly welcome, you shall see my stud,
“ And ride my poney,”—“ *Harry, you're too good.*”
“ Zounds ! how it freezes ! Fly was Sancho's fire—
“ Miss, can you see ?”—“ I'd like to see the fire.”
That's your politeness—that's your flaming lover :
The fair may chill—but he'll be warm all over.

We're an odd medley, we must all confess—
Strange in our manners, stranger in our drefs :
Whim is the word—droll pantomimic age !
With true tip-tops of taste, Grottesque's the Rage !
Beaux in long sleeves, and small cloaths, close confin'd,
Belles hunch'd before, and bundled up behind ;
The flights of fashion bordering on buffoon,
One looks like Punch, the other Pantaloon :
But hold—my raillery makes some look gruff—
So I'll steal off—I think I've said enough.

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Ready	- -	<i>Mr. Davenport.</i>
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P R O L O G U E

TO

T H E R A G E.

(*Written by* JAMES BOADEN, *Esq.*)

S P O K E N *by* Mr. HOLMAN.

HOW narrow is the sphere a modern Bays
Is doom'd to range, while he contrives his Plays;
Still urg'd by folly, Beings to explore,
Whom *he* and *you* so often saw before:
Precluded characters by *their* advance,
Whose minds could pierce thro' Nature with a glance,
And still of right possess the moral Stage
With lessons studied in a distant age;
In this, our glass, you yet reflected find
The levities which lessen human kind:
The lighter follies which the Town engage,
All that prevail in fashion makes—the Rage;

Yes, all! though various be the motly forms,
That sway by weak'ning, or compel in storms:
That up to Fop evaporate the Lord;
Or down to Jockey sink the Maid ador'd;
Confound distinctions, firm and frail perplex,
And make it difficult—to guess ev'n sex.

But is the Rage to levity confin'd?
Does no just passion sway the general mind?
Lo! the rough Veteran, whom his Country's claim,
Rouses to vindicate her injured name!
The *Rage* is *Conquest* which his bosom fires,
The foe yields! then—no! then his rage expires.

When in some dreadful contest on the wave
The gallant seaman finds a wat'ry grave,

P R O L O G U E.

Ere the last pulse of ebbing life be o'er,
When the eye turns towards his native shore,
This thought may ev'n the parting pang assuage
That, there—*Humanity* is still the *Rage*.

Our Author's Muse follows with fashion's gale,
Down a smooth river an amusive sail;
She dares no sea where boisterous passions sway,
Or merely dips her wing, and hastes away.
O may her airy toil your love engage,
And her new flight to please you be—*The Rage*.

THE

E P I L O G U E

TO

T H E R A G E.

(*Written by* EDWARD TOPHAM, *Esq.*)

SPOKEN *by* Mrs, MATTOCKS.

WELL, Gentlefolks, again your most obedient ;
That I'm the Epilogue is held expedient :
Our Bard, who for a youth well knows the Stage,
Thought as to speaking, Women were " The Rage,"
And said—" Good Mrs. Mattocks, pray, advance ;
Females must now step forward as in France."

My answer was—my dear, kind Sir, have pity,
" Pray spare the Ladies—Men secure our city.
" For arm'd by Parliament, to calm each fear,
" Huge corps of Common-Councilmen appear,
" Wards, Liveries, Deputies, en Militaire,
" Led by Lieutenant-Colonel—my Lord Mayor !
" Each man, (a fight at which his Lady swoons,)
" Belt, sabre, helmet, spurs, and pantaloons !

" Dear Chuck"—says Spouse—" pray sit at home, do yielde,
" Consider, Love, your age ; you grow unwieldy ;
" Good twenty stone, Dear, cannot play about,
" Besides those cold Jack Boots hurt Lovey's Gout."
" Gout ! vulgar nonsense Voman—Gout ! Gad's curse,
" Heavy ! why I'm a private of Light Horse—
" Dress ! wheel ! charge !—Could I on Horseback get
" I or my horse would do some mischief yet.'

Thus, meaning no offence, in language faint,
The City Rage for soldiering we paint.
But sure no sons of Briton, with repress
That zeal which leads one man to serve the rest ;
Which strives due right and order to maintain,
Against a Chaos that would come again.

Long

EPILOGUE.

Long may such Rage inspire the English mind!
In neighbouring Climes a different "Rage" we find;
Poor *Jean François* who shouts for Liberté
Finds Slavery still the Order of the Day!

"Ma foi! he cries—no people blest as we
They force me out to fight to make me free,
Den! viv! alert!—begar we must not tarry,
My Wife, for common good, oblige to marry:
She labour for the State, tant mieux pour elle,
She forget me—I her—c'est Bagatelle!
Allons au Guerre! L'eau de vie banish sorrow,
Victoire to-day—La Guillotine to-morrow!"

English Tom Blunt, a dealer in small wares,
Who knows a bit what's passing above stairs.
Cries—"Why in that there change of wives so fast
"I think a good one mayhap may come at last,
"But in that *gulleting* machine, d'ye see,
"I've no idea how it makes one free:
"For my part now, whatever may be said,
"I'm for a little meat, and safe warm bed,
"I does not relish freedom—when one's dead;
"So once for all my means and resolution
"Go, to stand by the good old Constitution."

Such and so different reign with sovereign power,
The various "Rages" of the present hour,
I wish, in truth I wish in very spight,
Your Rage may be, to see us many a night.

THE RAGE:

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—DARNLEY'S Garden, and view of
his small Villa.

Enter DARNLEY and Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET.

SIR GEORGE.

AND so, Darnley, you prefer this solitary life, to all the joys of London—to be sure you've a nice snug Villa, and a charming wife here—but its dull—the scene tires—it wants variety, Harry.

Darnley. No, Sir George.—Since I retir'd to this peaceful spot, I have not had a wish beyond it: I've been so happy in that humble cottage, that when I'm doom'd to leave it, the world will be a waste, and life not have a charm!

Sir George. How you are alter'd, Darnley? When we were brother officers you were the greatest rake in the regiment; but from the

B

time

time we were quarter'd at Worcester, where you first beheld Miss Dormer——

Darnley. I saw the folly of my former life; I own'd the power of her superior charms, and leaving a busy and tumultuous world, retir'd with her to this sequester'd scene——'tis now three years since I married.

Sir George. And from that time to this, have you liv'd in this out-of-the-way place?

Darnley. Yes: and till you yesterday honour'd me with a visit, I have not seen a friend within my doors—but isn't it a happy life, Sir George? Our affections have room to shoot—care and distrust are banish'd from our cottage, and with such a woman as Mrs. Darnley to converse with, what is the world to me? I can defy and scorn its malice.

Sir George. She's an angelic creature indeed, Darnley: and at Worcester, I had myself nearly fallen a victim to her charms; but about your future life—do you mean to live for ever in these woods and meadows?

Darnley. No—would to heaven I could!—I fear I must forego my present calm, and mix in active life again: When I married, I sold my commission, you remember, to purchase this small farm—Mrs. Darnley's portion was but a trifle, and an encreasing family has so enlarg'd my expences, that unless I return to the army——

Sir George. Ah—you want to be raking again?

Darnley. No—I want to secure an independence for my family—I want to see my children affluent; and to attain this, I have once more applied to my uncle Sir Paul Perpetual, who

who was so offended at my felling out, that he has ever since abandon'd me.

Sir George. What—does the old beau still persevere in his resentment?

Darnley. His anger has encreas'd; for he writes me word, he intends marrying Lady Sarah Savage, on purpose to have heirs more worthy his estate:—Oh! my friend:—'tis hard, that fortune should bestow such treasures, and then compel me to desert them?

Sir George. So it is: but now I think on't, this Lady Sarah Savage and her brother are my intimate friends; and as you are their neighbours, I'll introduce you and Mrs. Darnley to their notice—When are they expected from town?

Darnley. To day.

Sir George. Then we'll pay them a visit: Lady Sarah Savage shall interfere with your uncle, and if that fails, her brother can easily ensure your promotion in the army—but see; here's Mrs. Darnley?

Darnley. Look at her, Sir George—do you, can you blame me?—who would not act as I have done?

Sir George. I would by heav'ns!—I'd live with her in a hermitage!—die with her on a pilgrimage!—I'd—death: if I don't mind, I shall discover all. [*Aside.*]

Enter Mrs. DARNLEY.

Darnley advancing to her.] Maria!

Mrs. Darnley. Oh Harry!—I have been looking for you every where—I declare you're grown quite a truant—Before your friend came, you

us'd to walk with me over the farm: or ride with me to see our children; or sit and read to me under our favourite Beach Tree—but now—Sir George!—I beg your pardon—I didn't see you before.

Sir George. Madam! [*Bowing obsequiously.*]

Darnley. My friend is all kindness, Maria; he has promis'd to introduce me to the honourable Mr. Savage:

Mrs. Darnley. What:—take you to Savage house!

Darnley. Ay—why not:—you shall go with me.

Mrs. Darnley. No—let me stay here—I am not weary of my present life.

Darnley. Nor I—but 'tis a great connexion: and though not absolutely distress'd, I would improve my fortune—I would see you and my children have every comfort,

Mrs. Darnley. We have, while you are with us—consider we have never liv'd a day apart, and if they lure you into fashionable scenes, you'll be corrupted, Harry—you'll despise the humble roof you once rever'd, and I perhaps shall be forgotten and neglected.

Darnley. Never!—I cannot bear the supposition; and while we have hearts to endure, and hands to labour, there is sufficient for our cottage!—I will not go—My friend, who sees my motive, I'm sure, will not condemn me.

Sir George. No—always obey the Ladies; but Darnley, I see our horses—you recollect we were to ride to see your children: so, Madam, I have the superlative honour——

Enter

Enter CLARA SEDLEY—a basket of flowers is hanging on her arm, and she is eating an apple.

Sir George. What, Clara!—been picking flowers my angel!—well!—I thought they had all died—all died from envy egad! ha! ha!—excuse me—I never laugh but at my own wit.

Clara. Do you? then you laugh very seldom, I believe.

Sir George. No—very often: for I take the joke though nobody else does, ha! ha!—come Darnley—adieu Ladies—I'll not run away with him!— *(Exit Darnley and Sir George.)*

Clara. What a coxcomb it is!—and if he wasn't a duellist into the bargain, I'd tell Mr. Darnley all my suspicions—that I would—but he's so fond of fighting, that I heard him say, he once sent a man a challenge for wafering a letter instead of sealing it.—I wish he was gone.

Mrs. Darnley. Indeed so do I, cousin—Mr. Darnley is so chang'd since he arriv'd—his ideas so enlarg'd—he talks of visiting at Savage House, of improving his fortune.

Clara. Fortune!—ay: and this morning he gave me his note for two hundred pounds, begging me to get one of my guardians to lend money upon it—his excuse was that his expenses exceeded his income, and by his uncle's marriage with Lady Sarah Savage, all his expectations were ruined—Now, my life on't, this is all Sir George's doings—He has stole into our cottage like the Arch-fiend into paradise, and I won't eat another apple while he stays!

(Throws away the apple she is eating.)

Mrs. Darnley. Is Darnley then distressed?—Oh Clara!

Clara. Don't be unhappy—I shall apply to both my guardians; Sir Paul and Mr. Flush, they are now at Bath, and one way or other the Villa shall flourish still—Lord! I shall have plenty of money when I come of age, and I'll throw it all into the scale, and come and plant, sow, and reap with you and your husband.

Mrs. Darnley. What give up the gaieties of London, cousin?

Clara. London! ay: I hate it—I once pass'd a month there, but they hurried me so from sight to sight, that in the bustle all places appear'd alike—I saw no difference—And, if you'll believe me, one morning after seeing Westminster Hall in term time, they took me inside Bedlam; and so confus'd was I, that I didn't know the lawyers and their clients, from the keepers and their patients.

(Signor Cygnet without).

“Trompите, trompите тра!”

(Singing an Italian air.)

Mrs. Darnley. Who can this be?

Enter Signor CYGNET, spying.

“Tra—tra—tra!”

(Singing.)

Clara. Bless us!—What animal's this?

Mrs. Darnley. He has mistaken his way, I suppose—Sir—*(Signor don't regard her.)* I beg pardon, Sir—but perhaps you don't know that this garden—

Signor. “Beviamo tutta trè!”—ah, ha!—les Demoiselles!—Ladies, à votre service.—

Mrs.

Mrs. Darnley. Sir! (*Curtseying.*)

Signor. I and the Honourable Mister Savage arrive last night—ce Matin I take a my little walk—see your small Chateau, and am so enchanté with the spectâcle that—me voici!—I honour you with my first visit—eh bien!—vat is your names?

Clara. Our names!—rather we should ask yours.

Signor. Mine!—Diable!—do you not know me?

Clara. No—how should we?

Signor. Vat! not know I am Signor Cygnet—de first Violin in Europe! de best composer in de whole world!—de husband of Signora Cygnet—de great singer at de opera—de professional—de Abbey—de—Marbleu!—and am I not myself?

Clara. No—I don't think you are yourself.

Mrs. Darnley. And so, Sir, you are on a visit at Mr. Savage's?

Signor. Oui—in my vay to Bath I condescend to pass a few days there—Lady Sarah Savage, she love music, or pretend to love—vich is de same ting you know—they entertain me comme çâ—give me good dinners, and take ticketts for mine and my wife's concert—mais there be two tings I don't like.

Clara. And what are they, Sir?

Signor. Vy Mister Savage, he give me cold suppers and sleep in the best bed himself—Now, begar!—I vill have hot suppers and de best bed, or else I take a my fiddle and promenez—“Malbrouk s'en va, &c.” (*Singing.*)—De grand Duke—O! de grand Duke—he never use me thus—never—jamais!

Clara.

Clara. The Grand Duke!

Signor. Oui—ven I was at Florence how you tink he treat me? accoutez—he quarrel with all his Ministers—all but one!

Clara. And who was that one?

Signor. Me!—me he shake by the hand and go to my wife's benefit tout le même—de fame as ever!

Clara.—[*To Mrs. Darnley.*] Upon my word, music seems so important a science, that I think you had better let your little boy have some lessons—it is necessary for his education—isn't it, Signor?

Signor. Neccessaire!—ma foi: 'tis de only education now-a-days—never mind vat you call Latin and Greek—put de fiddle in his little hand and let him scrape away! den he vill be great man—like me: and call for hot supper and best bed verever he go!

Mrs. Darnley. What! shall I give up making a parson of him, Clara?

Signor. Parson!—pif!—vat is de parson to de musician?—he ride his old white horse—preach away at four or five churches, and vat he get?—forty pounds a year—Eh bien! I and my wife ride in vis-a-vis—sing only ven we like, and make five thousand a year—ah ha! voila la difference!—Parson!—begar! de blind fidler get more money!

Mrs. Darnley. More shame for the country then, where foreign arrogance is so rewarded, and gentlemanly merit so insulted—come Clara—

Re-enter

A C O M E D Y.

Re-enter Sir George GAUNTLET.

Sir George. Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Darnley ; but I and your husband have just been present at an accident, that——

Mrs. Darnley. An accident, fir !

Sir George. Yes : Lady Sarah Savage, who is one of those ladies call'd female phaetoneers, was driving four in hand across the heath ; the horses took fright, and ran away with her, when Darnley, with more gallantry than prudence, rode a-head of the unruly animals, and stopt them on the edge of a precipice.

Mrs. Darnley. Heaven be prais'd !—and where is the lady, fir ?

Sir George. My friend is conducting her to the villa, where he begs you'll instantly join them.

Mrs. Darnley. By all means—come—

[*To Clara.*

Clara. Signor, won't you assist your friend ?

Signor. Non—I am musician, not physician, and my head is so full of de tune.

Clara. So full of de vapour, he means—like the inside of his own violin—come cousin—now isn't it a pity, that while we have butterflies and bullfinches in the garden, we should be tormented with coxcombs and fiddlers—insects, adieu ! [Exeunt Clara and Mrs. Darnley.

Sir George. Signor, I rejoice to see you ; you have often assisted me in my amours, and I now want your aid more than ever.

Signor. Eh bien !—my wife has a concert at Bath next week.

Sir George. Has she ! then I'll give a dinner to some Somersetshire bumpkins, and force off

C

a score

a score or two of tickets—You saw the lady I first spoke to—she has won my heart, and I have won her husband's.

Signor. Dat is good—den if you make de discord between them——

Sir George. Ay, Sgnior: if I excite jealousy! and this accident has sprung the mine—Lady Sarah Savage is already half in love with Darnley—She has invited him to Savage house, and if he takes Mrs. Darnley along with him——

Signor. Dey will be both out of tune for ever—ah ha! I go to Mr. Savage, toutefuite.

Sir George. Do—and increase Lady Sarah's love for Darnley—assist in all my schemes; triumph I must, and will; for I offer'd Mrs. Darnley my hand long before this husband won her heart.

Signor. I will be first fiddle rest assurè—tenez; I vill compose two duettos—one between Lady Sarah Savage and de husband—de other between you and de vife—allôns. You no conceive the power of music, Sir George.

Sir George. I do, Signor—for as Shakespeare says: “There's nought so stockish, hard and
“ full of rage, but music for a time does
“ change its nature.”

Signor. Shakespeare! vat is dat Shakespeare? He never compose a single tune, and dough at present he make a little noise, begar, you'll soon find de fiddle and de bravura vill lay him on de shelf—now-a-days, sound always get de better of sense, mon ami—Ah ha! venez! you no forget my vife's benefit. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.—*A Room inside Mr. DARNLEY'S Villa, Prints, Books, Fowling Pieces, Fishing Tackle, &c.*

Enter Mrs. DARNLEY and CLARA.

Mrs. Darnley. Well Clara: if Lady Sarah Savage be a picture of town-bred women of fashion, let me remain a plain simple rustic all my life—Did you ever see any thing so confident—so masculine—her brother too! “What you call impudence,” says he, “we call ease.”

Clara. Ay: they're a precious pair; and yet in London they are both the Rage!—quite at the top of the beau monde—But, cousin, they've order'd their carriages, and insist on our going to Savage house—Mercy on us! what's to become of two lambs amongst such a parcel of wolves?

Mrs. Darnley. This is Sir George's scheme: to delude Mr. Darnley from this tranquil spot into fashionable life, is the first step towards affecting his base designs—He told Mr. Savage about your fortune too—

Clara. I know it: and the vulgar man made downright love to me directly;—'faith-Coz. I believe Sir George wants to get me married, and you unmarried.

Lady Sarah Savage without.) Bring round the Phaeton, and d'ye hear—don't tighten the curbs—I'll whip and gallop them every inch of the road.

Clara. “She'll whip and gallop them!” there now!—this is one of the modern breed of

fine ladies, who, instead of being feminine and tender, have the Rage for confidence and boldness—Look at her dress—she's more like a man than a woman, and her language is as masculine as her manners.

Enter Lady SARAH SAVAGE dressed in a great coat, with a number of capes; a plain round beaver hat; a fur tippet and sash. Boot shoes, a whip in her hand, and a riding habit, under great coat; two grooms enter with her.

Lady Sarah. John, exercise the pointers, and the hounds—I shall shoot to-morrow, and hunt the next day.

Groom. Any thing else, madam?

Lady Sarah. No—nothing—Oh yes: call at the taylor's and enquire for my fencing jacket—tell him I broke two foils in my last rencontre, and ask him if any body ought to make assaults in a gown and petticoat?—Ah! my little dears—here (*Seeing Mrs. Darnley and Clara, she makes them pull off her great coat, which the groom takes.*) Well! and how do ye do? Oh William!—tell the recruiting serjeant I must learn the new military manœuvres, and bid him bring the largest fusil in the regiment—there—go along—

[*Groom Exeunt.*

Mrs. Darnley. I hope you have recover'd your fright, ma'am.

Lady Sarah. Recover'd!—heh!—why, where's my deliverer?—my dear charming Mr. Darnley?

Mrs. Darnley. Madam!

Lady Sarah. He is certainly the most divine engaging creature—I mean to take him home with

with

with me, and the Phaeton is waiting—so call him, child—(to Clara.) call him directly.

Clara. Call :—whom, madam ?

Lady Sarab. Why, Mr. Darnley, to be sure ; what does the girl stare at ?—did she never see a person of quality before.

Clara. Never—its the first time, ma'am ; and if this is the specimen, I hope it will be the last :—I'll call Mr. Darnley. [Exit.

Lady Sarab. I wish I was like you, my dear—I wish I was married—its so comfortable—so convenient—heigho !—I shall be so glad when old Sir Paul is my stalking horse—my husband I mean—shan't you, Mrs. ———

Mrs. Darnley. Excuse me, madam : when I reflect, that Sir Paul is Mr. Darnley's uncle, and by your union he is deprived of all his future fortune, you cannot blame me, if ———.

Lady Sarab. Deprive my dear Darnley of his fortune !—so it does—well !—that's vastly droll !—but then it makes mine, which is the same thing you know—See !—here's my bear of a brother !—you've no idea what low, vulgar company he keeps ?—nothing but Buffoons, Bow-street Officers, and Boxers !—and only conceive, my dear, me and my friends mixing in such horrid society.

Mrs. Darnley. Surely Mr. Savage cannot wish——

Lady Sarab. He does, ma'am : and only conceive I say my intimate acquaintance—people of the first consequence—such as Signor Cygnet, the husband of the fine Soprano—Monsieur Puppitini, the inventor of the dear Fantoccini, and Count Spavin the greatest of Horse Doctors—only imagine such pick'd com-
pany

pany as this, mixing with my brother's low-liv'd wretched crew.

Mrs. Darnley. Indeed, ma'am, people of rank ought to set a better example.

Enter the Honourable Mr. SAVAGE.

Savage. So Savage—sister I mean—I lost ten pounds by your silly accident—The moment I saw the horses off, I said to my friends around me, ten pounds to five, the driver gets a tumble—“done!”—“it's a bett” says I—away flew the racers,—snap went the reins—five to four in my favour!—when plague on't! the Squire rode across, stopt the carriage—you sav'd your neck, and I—lost my wager.

Lady Sarah. You brute: did you ever hear your brother, Lord Savage, talk in this manner?

Savage. My brother!—pough!—he's a gentleman to be sure—proud, independent, and all in the grandee style—but I!—I'm not like him—I'm a man of fashion—I'm not a gentleman.

Lady Sarah. No—that you are not upon my honour.

Savage. I am the hero of my society—he is the slave of his—he keeps high company, ma'am (*To Mrs. Darnley,*) lives with judges, generals, and admirals—but does he ever encourage the arts and sciences? does he ever shake hands with men of genius? such as peace officers, tennis play'rs, and boxers—no, no—that was left for me.

Lady Sarah. Yes: and though born to wealth and titles, there you stand, that have been six times bottle holder at a boxing match!—vulgar science!—I hope Sir Paul don't understand it.

Savage.

Savage. No—not now—but if he makes you his wife, it may be necessary he should, learn,—I say, ma'am, that was a straight one—wasn't it.

Mrs. Darnley. Indeed I don't know, sir;—Wou'd Mr. Darnley were here!—I am unequal to their society; but from the little I have learnt, I think one hour of domestic life worth all this new unintelligible scene.

Savage. Hark'ye: (*to Lady Sarah,*) here's a letter from the old beau, Sir Paul—he is coming to Bath, and can only stay one day with us, in his way; but as people of quality are not always people of quantity you know, he shan't stir, till the marriage is effected—mum!—I'll keep him close——

Enter DARNLEY.

Savage. Ha! squire!—come Mrs. Darnley; (*takes her by the hand.*) I'll drive you and your pretty cousin——

Mrs. Darnley. Sir, I am unus'd to visiting; unfit——

Savage. Nonsense!—I never take an excuse; when I ask people to my house, I make them go when I like—stay while I like, and behave as I like—so come along—squire mind you don't snap the reins; and d'ye hear; as my sister is rather lame—only just recover'd from the gout—

Lady Sarah. The gout!—how dare you, sir?

Savage. What!—do you deny it?—do you disown having been cur'd by a quack doctor, and returning him thanks in all the papers?
 “Lady Sarah Savage informs Dr. Panacea, that
 “his alagaronic antispasmodonic tincture, has
 “entirely remov'd the gout from the extremi-
 ties,

“ties, and she now hunts, shoots, eats and
 “drinks more freely than ever!”—now isn’t
 it a shame, ma’am? between them, they plun-
 der both the patient and the physician.—The
 quack cheats the doctor of his fee, and the
 woman robs the man of his gout.

[*Exit with Mrs. DARNLEY.*

Lady Sarah. Oh, Mr. Darnley!—I am so glad
 you’re going to Savage house—’twill be such a
 relief—come—I’ll appoint you my rural Cicis-
 beo—my guardian shepherd—you sav’d my life,
 and I won’t let you die for me, I am deter-
 min’d!

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*The Honourable Mr. SAVAGE'S Park and Garden—a Canal with a Vessel on it—a Bridge—a Temple surrounded with Weeping Willows—at the Wing a Portico and Steps leading to the House.*

Enter DARNLEY and Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET from the Portico.

Sir George. Why now indeed you are an alter'd man?

Darnley. I am—I am—the wine—the scene—the company—has so transported me, that I begin to think I'm not quite sober, Sir George—I do indeed.

Sir George. No wonder at it—you've led the life of a recluse and every new scene dazzles you—you are like a nun escap'd from a convent.

Darnley. No—more like a Friar in one—at least if I may judge by my eating and drinking—But my friend—this is a glorious place, and I begin to think I've liv'd too long out of the world—coop'd up in a cottage—buried in a farm—What did I know of life and all its pleasures?

Sir George. Ay: what indeed?—in town—and Savage-house is the same thing you see; for they always bring London into the country with them—but Lady Sarah, Darnley—I saw you at dinner;—she gave you such affectionate looks.—

Darnley. Fie! fie Sir George—you forget—I am a married man.

Sir George. A married man!—what then!

D

Darnley

Darnley. Why then I love my wife—I do—I tenderly love her—and when I chuse to play the fool, let me expose myself, but not wound her for heaven's sake!

Sir George. Nonsense!—you don't know Lady Sarah—she is one of those confident females, who won't let a man escape—who mark you for their prey---lure you into their talons; and, if you don't yield, will so claw you.—

Darnley. What! make me love her whether I will or not?

Sir George. Certainly: but consider the advantages of her friendship: first she can get you promotion in the army; secondly, by gaining an ascendancy over her, you may prevent her marrying your uncle; and thirdly, you can provide for your family without injuring your honour—there!—there's an opportunity!

Darnley. That's true; and if I thought—hark'ye; as we're alone, and you're my best of friends—I've got a letter from her! the Signor brought it me—here! (*taking out a letter.*)—She appoints me to meet her in her dressing-room.

Sir George. Bravo, Signor!—(*aside*)—let's read.—(*Reads the Letter.*)---“Lady Sarah Savage, “having something particular to communicate “to Mr. Darnley, begs to see him in her dressing-room in an hour's time.”——Go by all means,—go, I insist.

Darnley. Why, if I can persuade her not to marry Sir Paul, or even get her to interfere with him—I'll go!—I'm fix'd—I'll write to her this instant. “He that essays no danger gains no “praise!”

Enter

Enter the Honourable Mr. SAVAGE hastily.

Savage. Joy! joy my lads! Sir Paul is arrived! and how do you think the old boy introduced himself to my porter?—"Tell your master, says he, a young gentleman desires to see him."

Sir George. Young gentleman!—that's excellent—he's at least seventy-two.

Savage. No, you wrong him; he's only seventy—Sir Paul Perpetual—Old P. I mean; for that's his nick name you know—has been the ancient beau of the age these thirty years, and as his great grief is, that he never had a son, he wants my consent to marry my sister.

Darnley. And do you mean to consent, sir?

Savage. Certainly—I say (*aside to Sir George*)—I want his fortune to repair my own, and therefore he shan't leave the house till the marriage is effected—you know my way.—I've given the hint to the servants.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir here's the young gentleman.

Savage. Squire, take my place at the table—push the wine about, and tell the jovial crew to prepare for quizzing—quizzing you rogue!—go (*Darnley exit*)—the license is in my pocket, a parson's in the house, and if we can but confuse the young gentleman, we'll marry him in a joke, and afterwards take his fortune in earnest.

Enter SIR PAUL PERPETUAL, in a riding dress.

Sir Paul. "Be lively, brisk and jolly!—lively, brisk and jolly!" (*singing.*) Ah, my boys!—here I am—as young and hearty—but I can't stay; I must be at Bath to-morrow.

Sir George. At Bath!—what to drink the waters? to renovate before marriage, Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. No—upon my soul there's no occasion—though, at present, perhaps a little physical advice wouldn't be much amiss: for between ourselves, I've just cut a tooth, and suffer'd most violently from the hooping cough! (*They laugh*)—Why what do you laugh at?

Savage. Nothing—nothing—only we wonder'd how such a chicken as you could struggle against a pair of such mortal disorders!—but, seriously—what takes you to Bath?

Sir Paul. Such an event? I have trac'd a son; a boy above twenty years of age! that's my first reason—my second is—to see my grandfather.

Savage. Your grandfather!

Sir Paul. Hark'ye—he shall make settlements on my first four children.

Sir George. Pray, Sir Paul—I beg your pardon though—what age may your grandfather be?

Savage. Two hundred, if he's an hour! heh? an't I right, old P.?

Sir Paul. Old P.! there it is now!—here I stand, that walk as much as any man—that ride as much as any man—that am every night at a concert, an opera, or a club—that sing, dance, game or intrigue! and what's more, that have done all this for sixty years!—and yet to be call'd
old

old P!—they said I never was a father—but I shall soon prove the great and glorious fact.

Savage. Ay! how will you prove it?

Sir Paul. How! why you've all heard of my little Nelly—poor girl! she was jealous, and she left me to marry a tradesman—a clerk at a lottery office, and three months after we parted she was deliver'd of a boy—a fine boy! as like me as one Cupid is to another—a year after her marriage, she died, and I can hear nothing of her husband; but let him say what he will, I'll swear the boy was mine; I'll swear it, because I'm convinc'd I'm father to more children than one, Sir George.

Sir George. Very likely; but where did you learn all this?

Sir Paul. From Nelly's sister; a month ago I accidentally met her at Tunbridge; she had neither seen nor heard of the husband since her sister's death, but she remember'd the child went by his mother's name! its mine!—I'm sure its mine! and (*they laugh again.*) I tell you what—you'd better be careful; for when you and other young sprigs of fashion smile at me, jeer me, and call me the infirm old P.!--'gad! you little think you dogs, you are laughing at your own father perhaps! however, I've trac'd my boy to Bath, and whoever discovers him shall have the too best racers in my stud.

Savage. What fidget and fizgig? then I'll seek for young P. myself—I'll find him—I'll—but hold—hold—(*Stopping Sir Paul who is going*) don't go yet—your nephew's in the house.

Sir Paul. What Darnley?—zounds! then I won't stay a moment—no—not even to see my dear Lady Sarah, who I'll marry if its only to
disappoint

disappoint that rural reprobate—that——I'm gone.

Savage. No—you're not—I'll tell you a secret; you shall stay a week with me.

Sir Paul. A week!

Savage. Ay: I've my reasons—so don't think of stirring; for your horses are turn'd out to grafs—your saddles and bridles snug in a hiding place, and all the gates double bar'd, inside and out.

Sir Paul. What the devil! make a prisoner of me?

Savage. Nonsense!—I only forestall your wishes:—I'm sure you want some soft discourses with my sifter, and don't I know what my visitors like better than they do themselves? don't I know you like getting drunk?—so come; come in and drink! (*Pulling him.*)

Sir Paul. I don't—I hate drinking; and death and fire! haven't I told you I want to find my son ——

Sir George. (*Aside to Sir Paul.*) Humour him; humour him, Sir Paul; or he'll refuse you his sifter.

Savage. Ay: give consent, or else ——

Sir Paul. Or else I lose my wife I suppose; when I'm in the country, don't I like always to live quiet, and keep early hours, and would you lock me in a house where you never see the sun? where you go to bed just before it rises, and get up the moment after it sets?

Savage. Will you give up the marriage, and let Darnley have his wish?

Sir Paul. No—I'll die first—I'll ——

Savage. Then will you join the jolly crew and prove—

Sir

Sir George. That you have as much health, youth, and spirits—

Savage. As any choice spirit—

Sir George. Or young gentleman—

Sir Paul. In the whole world!—I'm rous'd! I'm fir'd! and to shew I'm feason'd! true English heart of Oak!—allôns!

Savage. (*Singing.*) “Bring the flask! the music——

Sir George. (*Singing.*) “Joy shall quickly find us—

Sir Paul. “Let us dance and laugh and sing, and drive old care behind us!”

[*Exeunt at Portico.*]

Enter Mrs. DARNLEY.

Mrs. Darnley. Can this be the mansion of elegance and taste? I meet with nothing but rudeness and neglect!—I wish I could find Mr. Darnley!—I dare say, by this time, he is sicken'd of the scene, and anxious as myself, to see his home again.

Enter DARNLEY from the Portico, half drunk, with Lady Sarah Savage's letter in his hand.

Darnley. (*Speaking as he enters.*) Fill away my boys!—fill!—fill!—while I like a faithful gallant!—gallant! hold, hold, friend Darnley. This letter is to benefit your interest, not sacrifice your honour.

Mrs. Darnley. Heavens!—what do I see? Mr. Darnley!

Darnley. (*Not regarding her.*) Yes:—you do; you see Mr. Darnley.

Mrs.

Mrs. Darnley. Why?—what's the matter with you!—what's that letter?

Darnley. This letter?—this is a love letter, my angel,—ha!—why it is!—it is my wife!

Mrs. Darnley. Yes: that wife who in the hour of dissipation you forget—can I believe it?—in a little hour can all our past attachment—but why am I alarmed?—Fashion may dupe the wicked and the weak, but virtue such as his must scorn its empty power.

Darnley. Forget!—no never!—and now I look at you—I think I ought to be massacred for having even for a moment neglected you—Oh! Maria!—I have such news for you—Lady Sarah has been so kind—she has promised to promote me—to befriend you—and in short she has taken a liking to the whole family.

Mrs. Darnley. And why, Harry?

Darnley. Why! ay: there's the rub! but don't be jealous, Maria—I entreat you, don't be jealous!--for by heaven, I love you!--I do so tenderly that if it were not for my promise, I could find in my heart to return home directly.

Mrs. Darnley. Do; let us begone—the place distracts me: and I fear this high company will corrupt you.

Darnley. High company!—hang it:—if that's all you're afraid of, there's not much danger in this house I fancy—but my letter—my word to Sir George—and consider our interest, Maria.

Mrs. Darnley. Oh no—consult our happiness my love; and surely there is none in this tumultuous scene—we left all joy behind us, in our children and our cottage, Harry; and there alone we shall recover it—come.

Darnley. She's right—the pretty prattler has reason on her side and who can disobey—*(looks without,*

without,) ha!—Sir George and Lady Sarah in close conversation!—they beckon me!—again!

Mrs. Darnley. Why do you pause?

Darnley. I'm in for it—the die is cast!—Maria!—excuse me. *(going from her.)*

Mrs. Darnley. How! will you leave me, Mr. Darnley?

Darnley. What can I do?—'tis but for a short time.—

Mrs. Darnley. You must not.

(Laying hold of him.)

Darnley. Nay: only for an hour.

Mrs. Darnley. *(Letting him go and taking out her handkerchief.)*—This is the first time you ever us'd me thus.

Darnley. So it is—now what a pretty scoundrel I am!—and this is fashionable life is it?—Oh fool! fool! to quit substantial peace for artificial pleasure!—don't weep, Maria—I go for our mutual advantage—I go to make our children happy.

Mrs. Darnley. Then stay with their mother—they never wish'd that we should part.

Darnley. Nor will we—we've liv'd so long and happily together, that I would rather lose the little we have left, than hurt your quiet.—*(Enter Sir George Gauntlet.)* Sir George stay with her—I'll see Lady Sarah, entreat her forgiveness, and return instantly; for, oh my friend!—my heart drops blood for every tear she sheds.

Sir George. P'ha!—remember your interest—Lady Sarah will soon reconcile your scruples, and leave me to compose Mrs. Darnley—nay: take your opportunity—you must keep the appointment—I insist—so begone!—*(Darnley exit.)*
What a fuss here is about a man's leaving his
E wife

wife for an hour, when so many worthy couple would be happy to part for ever.

Mrs. Darnley. Sir George, tell me, where is he gone? tell me, that I may fly and overtake him!

Sir George. Why! can't you guess?

Mrs. Darnley. No, indeed, I cannot.

Sir George. Not that he is gone to Lady Sarah to keep an assignation with her.

Mrs. Darnley. An assignation.

Sir George. In her dressing-room! at this very hour—the gay scene has so alter'd him, that you see he has left you to keep the appointment.

Mrs. Darnley. I'll not believe it!—he is above such baseness.

Sir George. Won't you?—then I'll prove it.

Mrs. Darnley. I defy you!—he knows the value of my heart too well to trifle with it; and I've known him so long, that I'll not venture to suspect it—no—though his friend defames it.

Sir George. Nay then—you remember his hand-writing—here is his answer to the lady's letter—read.

[*giving her the letter.*

Mrs. Darnley. (*Looks over it.*) Ha!—it is too plain—I am deceiv'd—deserted.

Sir George. I was the bearer of that letter, and preserv'd it merely to shew it you, I thought it the duty of a friend.

Mrs. Darnley. And from the same duty, you advis'd him to write it.—Oh! I have known you long, Sir George—you are one of those who find no happiness but in marring that of others—who seduce the affections of the husband, the better to betray the honour of the wife! and when you've spoilt all social and domestic peace, the
friend

friend you laugh at, and the woman scorn!—I know you well!

Sir George. My dear ma'am, how you mistake!—I meant to oblige you.

Mrs. Darnley. Sir—there is but one way—leave me—nay, I insist—

Sir George. I shall obey.

Mrs. Darnley. I must have stronger proof before I am convinc'd, and then observe, Sir George, if his truth weakens, I'll add strength to mine! my constancy and honour shall be so exemplary, that I will shame him from his follies! make him repent: and when reclaim'd, be proud to say he is my own again! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An elegant Apartment leading to Lady SARAH'S Dressing-Room—the Door in the Flat.*

Enter CLARA.

Clara. Yes: yes: its all over the House—Sir George makes no secret of the assignation, and I've no doubt but Darnley is now in that room waiting for Lady Sarah Savage—she can't come at present—the servant says, she's gone to the stables to see the beasts unharnes'd—faith! if she'd go to her brother's party she'd see that business already done!—however I'll prevent Darnley's exposing himself, and as he is certainly conceal'd in that room, I'll talk to him.—Dear!—here's my guardian again!

E 2

Enter

Enter Sir PAUL PERPETUAL, (hastily.)

Sir Paul. So far, I'm safe, my dear girl; you don't know what your poor guardian has suffer'd in this high—no—this low-lif'd house!—they forc'd me into a room full of buffoons, boxers, and blacklegs—made me drink a bowl of punch, and I'd as soon drink so much poison—then winking and nodding they began whispering pretty loudly—"smoke the old prig!—damme, quiz him!"

Clara. Quiz him!—what's that, Guardy?

Sir Paul. Why, with our young men of quality, quizzing is a substitute for wit, my dear; so one man challeng'd me to play on the violin, and when I rose to move my elbows, another whip'd the chair from under me; a second put hot coals into my pocket, so when I felt for my handkerchief, I burnt my fingers; a third tried to cut off my tail, but that assassins I pursued, when unluckily in running after him, they had tied a string across the stairs, and I pitch'd headforemost into a *barrel* of water, they had placed for the purpose.

Clara. Indeed, its quite terrible, Gaurdy.

Sir Paul. Then they shew'd me a license; brought me a fat parson, and said, if I'd instantly be married, they'd let me go to find my son—if not, I should be lock'd in, and have plenty of it—now here's hospitality!—but they've overshot the mark; and if I get out of their doors, I'll not only break off the match, but promise to befriend Darnley. —

Clara. What! disappoint Lady Sarah, and relieve my poor distressed friend—then I'll get you out
of

of the house—I will, if I'm quizz'd to death for it—You see that door—if he meets Darnley, he'll at least interrupt the assignation.—

Sir Paul. Secure my escape—only get me out of this den of savages, and, if I don't befriend Darnley, may I never live to see old age. Where does that door lead to?

Clara. I fancy to Lady Sarah's dressing room; for it is full of half boots, horse great coats, military fashes, helmet caps, and amazonian jackets! and this is your only way to escape—enter that room.

Sir Paul. Yes—

Clara. Put on one of Lady Sarah Savage's great coats, tie one of her fashes round your waist—throw a fur tippet about your neck, and with a whip in your hand, and her driving hat on your head—

Sir Paul. I understand—the servants will take me for their mistress, and open the gates; Oh! you dear girl! (*kisses her.*)—I'll about it instantly—(*opens the door in flat.*) I say, Clara, the hounds below are unkennel'd; they have started me for game, and after keeping them at bay, by fousing in a flood of water, I take to cover; that is, I put on Lady Sarah Savage's cloathes to avoid passing for a wild beast; mum! (*enters the room.*)

Clara. If he does but get out of the house, the marriage is broken off and Darnley made happy.

Lady Sarah Savage (without.) I'm at home to nobody but Mr. Darnley.

Clara. (*Going to the door.*) We're undone, ruin'd; stay where you are; here's Lady Sarah.

Sir Paul. (*putting his head out*)—The devil!

I

Clara.

Clara. Hush! lock yourself in, and don't stir till I tap at the door, or stop—stop—lest she or somebody else should tap, don't open it till I give you a signal—let me see; what shall be the watchword? Oh, "quizzing," you won't forget "quizzing," Guardy.

Sir Paul. No—I shall remember it these fifty years; so when I hear the word "quizzing," out I come, and—softly—here she is (*shutting himself in.*)

Enter Lady SARAH, with pocket-book and tickets in her hand.

Lady Sarah. (*Speaking as she enters.*) Tell my dear Signor, I shall get rid of all these benefit tickets; heh! (*taking out her spying glass.*)—what young creature's this?

Clara. How d'ye do again ma'am?

Lady Sarah. Again! you're vastly forward child; I never saw you before.

Clara. No ma'am! that's very strange; you saw me this morning at Mr. Darnley's, and invited me to your house.

Lady Sarah. Oh, ay: now I recollect; you must excuse me; we people of rank are so very absent; we're extremely intimate with a person in the morning, and don't know them at night; well! I'm vastly glad to see you; but you mustn't stay here, I'm engaged child.

Clara. I shan't intrude, ma'am—good day.

Lady Sarah. Adieu! stop—stop—I forgot; give me two guineas.

Clara. Two guineas, ma'am!

Lady Sarah. Yes: for these tickets; they're for the Signor's wife's benefit at Bath next Monday,

day, the whole town will be there—nay, I shall attend—I'd make you take more, but as you'll have to pay card money bye and bye, it would be asking you to one's house absolutely to make a bargain of you! (*Clara gives the two guineas.*) there—you may go.

Clara. A bargain indeed! and a bad one too: for if I was mean enough to make money by my guests, would I lay it out on foreigners who loll in carriages? no—not while so many of our gallant soldiers and sailors have only wooden limbs to stand on! (*half aside.*) I am gone, ma'am, (*curtseying.*) and now may Darnley get out of the scrape—Sir Paul get out of the house—and she and her brother knock their stupid heads together. [*Exit.*]

Lady Sarah. I suppose this filly creature has interrupted the charming Mr. Darnley, and he has stept into my dressing room—(*goes to the door and finds it fasten'd.*)—lock'd inside—it must be so—(*listens*)—I declare I hear him moving; (*she listens again*)—he sighs!—poor man! (*she speaks loudly.*)—don't be dejected, my dear sir; when I'm married to that old tottering beau, Sir Paul, I'll think of nothing but you. So come, Mr. Darnley, (*Enter Mrs. Darnley,*) come my sweet Mr. Darnley.

Mrs. Darnley. Can it be possible?—then all's confirm'd madam, when I am convinced that my husband—that Mr. Darnley has been decoyed into that room.

Lady Sarah. (*spying at her.*) Bless me!—its Mrs. Darnley!—this is a little aukward—however I'll soon talk her out of it, (*aside.*) Don't be uneasy, my dear—these fashionable intrigues are
very

very harmless, I'll assure you, and if you had had my free and liberal education—but poor thing! I suppose you were sent to school for instruction.

Mr. Darnley. To school! as certainly ma'am—

Lady Sarah. There it is then: for what could you learn! only to sing well enough to spoil conversation—to play on the harpsichord, so as to give papa, mama, and the whole family an afternoon's nap—to dance so awkwardly as to be always out of tune and place; and to speak just French enough, to make you forget English; this is a boarding school education—But I my dear——

Mrs. Darnley. Hear me, madam! when I first saw you, I was the happiest of women—I had a husband who lov'd and honour'd me—who doated on his children, and knew no pleasure but in his family! and now how severe is the reverse! you have robb'd me of that treasure, seduc'd it from my heart, and I return to a melancholy home, without a friend for my own distresses, or a father for my children!

Lady Sarah. And how can I help it?—didn't I mean to do you both a service by introducing you to the great world?

Mrs. Darnley. Great world!—there again, madam!—when I enter'd this house, I expected from the exalted rank of its owner to have been surrounded with kindness, elegance, and hospitality!—but I find that high birth doesn't create high breeding, nor am I, because humbly born, less likely to set a polish'd example than yourself—Oh Darnley! why will you not come forth and save your once lov'd wife from agonies too great to bear.

Enter

Enter Mr. SAVAGE.

Savage. So Savage—here's a pretty story buzz'd about!—they say that Darnley, the country 'squire, is lock'd up in your dressing-room! if this is true you Jezabel—

Lady Sarah. Scandalous brute!—but I don't wonder at it, you've had such a low vulgar education.

Savage. I had an education!—well that's more than ever you had!—but look'ye, Miss, no time must be lost; for if Sir Paul discovers your intriguing, he'll break off the marriage, and we are ruin'd—yes; ruined madam! (*to Mrs. Darnley,*) you and your infamous husband will make your own plots and marr mine—so I'll unkennel him.

Mrs. Darnley. Hold, fir—indeed he is not to blame—he was betray'd into that room.

Lady Sarah. Betray'd!—nay, then I must confess, brother, that Mr. Darnley is there; I dare say he conceal'd himself on purpose to expose me to Sir Paul—nay, I am sure of it now.

Savage, (looking thro' the key-hole.) I see him through the key-hole—the rascal's in disguise! (*enter two servants.*) John call up the club—unloose the hounds—tell the whole house to prepare for quizzing—quizzing, you rogue.—

Sir PAUL dress'd in Lady SAVAGE's Great Coat, &c. opens the door, endeavours to escape, but meeting Mr. SAVAGE retires again directly.

*Savage—*John, open the back-door, and shew the disguis'd gentleman out of the house directly—go—and as for you Mrs. Darnley—

F

DARNLEY

DARNLEY enters, and Mrs. DARNLEY, Lady SARAH, and SAVAGE, stand astonished.

Savage. Confusion!—Darnley!

Mrs. Darnley. Is he then innocent?—Oh Harry! (*Embracing him.*)

Lady Sarah. Amazing! why, who was that wretch in my coat, hat, and tippet!

Darnley. No less a gentleman than Sir Paul Perpetual—Clara told me the whole story—he put on that disguise to avoid the snares that were laid for him, and he has ere this left the house, determined to break off an union, that would have undone me and my family—Lady Sarah, I entreat your pardon; but here (*taking Mrs. Darnley by the hand,*) here is my apology.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, I have shewn the disguis'd gentleman down stairs.

Savage. Go to the devil with you.—

[*Kicks the servant off.*]

Lady Sarah. Brother!

Savage. Sister!

Lady Sarah. We are the fools that are outwitted.

Savage. Yes: we've turn'd out the wrong man—but let's pursue and overtake him instantly; come,—'squire, I insist you leave my house directly, and as to you Miss—if I catch the young gentleman, I'll have some sport, I'm determined—I'll turn you both loose amongst the hounds below, and the Club shall decide, whether

ther old P. isn't the prettiest looking female of the two !

[*Exit with Lady Sarah.*]

Darnley. I resolved, Maria, to meet any censure, rather than give a pang to such a heart as yours ; but let us be gone ——

Mrs. Darnley. Ay : let us return to our villa, nor ever wander more.

Darnley. No—not yet Maria.

Mrs. Darnley. Not yet !

Darnley. No—I have a plan to execute—Sir George, my best of friends, has invited us both to his aunt's house at Bath, and is now waiting without to conduct us.

Mrs. Darnley. Do not go ! let me entreat you ; do not—I have a thousand fears.

Darnley. Nay, nay : he will introduce us to friends, who can render us essential service ; come—come—indulge me—the society will be pleasant, and unlike this ill-bred scene—

Mrs. Darnley. Well ! if it must be so—Ah, Harry ! I have now pass'd hours in the humble and exalted scenes of life, and I find that good breeding is confin'd to no rank or situation ! it consists in good sense, and good humour, and I believe we may see as large a share of it under the roof of the cottage, as in the splendid mansions of the great !

[*Excunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

F 2

A C T

A C T III.

SCENE I.—*A superb room in FLUSH's house ; handsome sideboard of Plate—Pictures in elegant Frames—gilded chairs—two servants in fine liveries, putting silver coffee pot, tea urn, &c. on the table for breakfast, a third servant shewing in*
 READY.

Enter READY.

Ready. Tell your master, his agent desires to see him.

Servant. Sir, Mr. Flush is hardly drest yet.

Ready. Not up!—why it's two o'clock.

Servant. Very likely, sir—my master seldom rises sooner—besides he gave a grand supper last night ; all the first people in Bath were present, sir.

Ready. Well ! well ! tell him Mr. Ready is here : (*Servant exit.*) now isn't it amazing that a man who was only twelve years ago clerk to a lottery-office-keeper in London, should be so rich, and so visited, and how has he done all this ? how, but by the modern mystery of money lending !—by opening a shop in the city for lins, gauzes ; and muslins—by keeping a fine house near Bond-street, and another in Bath. His son manages in London, and I here, while he by not appearing, is every where noticed and respected.

Flush. (without.) James ! Thomas ! tell the cook to send a plan of my dinner.

Ready.

Ready. He's such an epicure! and he, who formerly could scarcely get necessaries, is now not satisfied with luxuries.

FLUSH enters with two servants.

Flush. (*sits.*) Ha! Ready! how d'ye do, Ready?

Ready. Sir! (*bowing.*)

Flush. Sit down, Ready—sit down. (*Ready sits.*) well! how go on money matters?

Ready. I have alter'd the advertisement as you desir'd, and insert'd it in the Bath and Bristol papers.

Flush. Read it—read it. (*Takes up a pine apple on the breakfast table*) You scoundrels! (*to the servants.*) is this a pine apple for a gentleman? buy a larger; buy one if it costs ten pounds; I can afford it—read, Ready, read.

Ready. (*Reading a news-paper.*) “Money matters!—the nobility, gentry, ladies of fashion, officers of rank, bankers, &c. may be secretly accommodated with money to any amount, on personal security only, by applying to P. O. Holly Street, Bath—No. 93.”

Flush. Excellent! well! does the trap fill! have you caught any birds?

Ready. Plenty; plenty of pigeons already; (*Takes out his pocket-book.*) here, here's a note for five hundred—left by a dashing young parson—I think it's good.

Flush. (*Looking at it.*) It is—treat him well; give him value; I can afford it.

Ready. Value! but in what manner, Sir?

Flush. (*rising.*) Oh! pay him in the old way, Ready; first, give him my draft at a week for thirty
thirty

thirty guineas, then offer him damag'd linen and muslin to the amount of one hundred and twenty, and bid him call again in a fortnight—you have his note all the time you know.

Ready. Certainly, fir; and when he calls—

Flush. Give him a bad bill for one hundred and fifty, and pay him the odd hundred in trifles; such as paste buckles, gilt bracelets, Westphalia hams, painted prints, neats tongues, and Stilton cheeses—so shake hands, and have done with Master Parson.

Ready. But not with the bill, fir.

Flush. No—my bankers discount it, and pay it away, till passing through different hands, somebody gives value for it at last, and then the glorious work begins—then comes the hero into combat! an attorney is employ'd! an attorney, my boy! action is brought upon action! declaration filed upon declaration! till the drawer, acceptor, and indorsers all get into the King's Bench—the King's Bench—no—I beg pardon; the high money-lenders, and low attornies, have so fill'd it, with their dupes, that there isn't room there—the house overflows! so Newgate, Newgate is the shop!

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Here's your son! just arriv'd from London!

Flush. Shew him in. *[Exit servant.]*

Ready. I'm told, fir, Mr. Gingham is quite another man, since I saw him.

Flush. Yes, yes, you knew his curst, ingenuous, candid disposition; he learnt it in the country, the dog would speak the truth, and his simplicity

plicity so injur'd our trade, that I threatened to turn him out of doors; but he has reform'd Ready! the boy has the good sense to tell a lie now, and I've sent for him to witness his blessed reformation.

Ready. Ay, sir, your son always spoke his mind too freely—in short, Mr. Gingham was too honest for his profession.

Flush. He was; however he has given me his word, never to speak what comes uppermost, and he is now what he ought to be; a regular, solemn, jesuitical—in short—he's a very promising young man.

Enter GINGHAM.

Gingham. Sir, your hand—Ready yours, well! here I am—quite converted—like father, like son—tell a lie without blushing.

Flush. Here—I told you so—ay, ay, I knew the boy would come to something good at last—so my dear boy you've left off telling the truth—speaking your mind.

Gingham. Mum! close as the cabinet—keep you in my eye—put on your face, and do it so punctually, you wouldn't know young P. O. from yourself—(*Looking about the room,*) zounds! what a fine house you've got! how its furnish'd! what plate! what pictures!

Flush. The result of trade and honest industry, Frank—yes—its pretty furniture isn't it?

Gingham. Pretty furniture! it's so handsome, that except yourself, curse me, if I see a shabby bit in the room!—nay, nay, upon my soul, I didn't allude to you; I meant Ready.

Ready.

Ready. He's at his old tricks I see—as candid as ever.

Gingham. Plague on't! I could sooner bite off my tongue, than stop its speaking what I think! nay, sir, now pray.

Flush. Well, well, I excuse you this once; I, a shabby bit! however we shall soon see—how goes on the shop in London?

Gingham. The shop!

Flush. Ay, the shop in the city that you've the care of—the linens—the——

Gingham. Oh ay: now I recollect; why very well upon the whole, I believe, sir—very well—only between ourselves; I'm afraid it won't last; I think we and our tricks shall be found out—you understand—

Flush. Found out! 'sblood, firrah——

Gingham. Softly sir—softly—don't put yourself in a passion, and lay the blame on me; don't charge me with our ruin, for every body knew my opinion long ago; didn't they, Ready? I told it to a thousand people—says I, “swindling will never thrive, and I and my poor father shall get duck'd at last!”

Flush. You did! did you?

Gingham. That I did, sir; and I'll prove I said so—the other night I slept at the west end, and two friends—distress'd old officers in the army—brought their notes to be discounted—says I, “Gentlemen, it won't do—you'll get little cash, but a quantity of trumpery nonsense, such as hams, cheefes, prints, linens, and other vegetables!” said they; “we know that—we know you and your father are two infernal sharpers, but a guinea now is worth ten a month hence—so give us the money.”

Flush. Well: and you took their note, didn't you?

Gingham. No, I didn't—I gave them the cash, shook the two old soldiers by the hand, and said I was tir'd of such d——d swindling practices.

Ready. This is sad work, Mr. Gingham you'll never be at the top of your profession.

Gingham. The top!—Oh! what the pillory? no—I leave that to you, Ready!

Flush. Was there ever such a scoundrel?—but we'll hear more, (*aside.*)—So, you sleep at the west end of the town, do you?

Gingham. Always—its vulgar to be in the city of an evening; besides I like to walk in Kensington-gardens in the morning—You know Kensington-gardens, father—the place where there's such a mixture of green leaves and brown powder—of blue violets and yellow shoes; and where there's such a croud, that to get air and exercise you stand a chance of broken bones and suffocation!—Well!—there I strut away, my boys—

Flush. You do—do you?—I can hardly keep my hands off the rascal—So then I suppose, the moment my back was turn'd, you never thought of business.

Gingham. Business!—no never—Did I, Ready? I recollected my father play'd the same game before me; that when he was clerk at the lottery-office, at billiards all the morning, and at hazard all the evening—therefore, says I, where's the difference?—none! but that he had the policy to conceal his tricks, and I the folly to shew mine—heh! I'm right—an't I, Ready?

Flush. You villain!—is this your reformation? not even conceal your own faults, much more

G

mine.

mine. Expose my character, neglect my trade, and strut away in Kensington-gardens! I have done with you from the country you came, and to the country you shall return—Speak the truth, indeed! zounds! firrah, what has truth to do with money lending! [Here Ready exit,

Enter CLARA SEDLEY.

Clara. Oh, Guardy—I'm just come to Bath with Mr. and Mrs. Darnley—we are all on a visit at Sir George Gauntlet's, and——

(Seeing Gingham, she stops.)

Flush. Its only my son, Clara—a simple foolish young man.

Gingham. *(bowing to her.)* More knave than fool, upon my honour, ma'am.

Clara. The gentleman don't praise himself I see, Mr. Flush.

Gingham. No, ma'am—nor do I know any body that will praise me—unless my father indeed.

Flush. Silence, sir!—well: but about the rural pair, my dear ward; do you know I have a great regard for Mr. and Mrs. Darnley.

Clara. Have you? I'm vastly glad of that for your joint guardian, Sir Paul, is so employ'd in seeking for his lost child, that he has forgot his promise to assist Darnley; therefore I want you to do him a favour.

Flush. A favour!—he may command me.

Clara. The case is this—his increase of family has so enlarg'd his expences, that he has thoughts of returning to the army—Sir George has promised to procure him a company, but Mrs. Darnley, not chusing he should owe his promotion to him, wishes he should purchase; now,
Guardy,

Guardy, if you would lend him two hundred pounds.

Flush. Two hundred pounds, child!

Gingham. Ay, two hundred pounds, father!

Flush. Who bid you speak, sir?—Why, Clara, in money matters there is an etiquette.

Clara. True: but this is your friend.

Gingham. So it is, ma'am: the man he has a great regard for.

Clara. And when you consider the charms of Mrs. Darnley, and the wants of her children—

Gingham. He can't refuse, ma'am—indeed he don't intend it—and therefore as I see he means to grant the favour, I'll save him the trouble of putting his hand in his pocket—Here, ma'am! (*taking out bank notes*) here are two bank notes of a hundred each—they belong to Mr. Flush—now they belong to Mr. Darnley—(*Flush gets in his way and prevents Clara's taking them.*)—he begs you'll give them to his friend—and present his compliments—and say, he'll double the sum.

Flush. Stand off—stand off—or by heavens I'll—

Gingham. (*Offering Clara the notes across his father*) Double the sum, whenever call'd upon, ma'am.

Flush. Hold your tongue, or I'll knock it down your throat, firrah.—I say, Clara, in the the way of business, I've no objection to do Mr. Darnley a service; that is, if I can make a profit by it—first, he should send me his note.

Clara. Here it is, sir. (*Giving it to Flush.*)

Flush. That's right—now we can proceed—here, sir—(*Giving the note to Gingham,*) take the note to my agent, and tell him to give Mr. Darnley thirty pounds—I can afford it.

Gingham. This is too bad—take in his own friend, and a man with a family, (*aside.*) Sir,—a word if you please—I told you, we were all blown upon—now, here's an opportunity for retrieving our reputation—lend him the two hundred pounds—prove, for once, we can behave like gentlemen, and hark'ye—we shan't reach the top of the profession.

(*putting up his neckcloth.*)

Flush. This is beyond bearing—quit the room directly—'sdeath!—leave my house, sir—be-gone!—I disinherit you—I—

Clara. Lord!—why so angry, guardian?—I'm sure he is a good young man, and as warm in his heart—

Flush. Warm in his heart!—nonsense!—will he be warm in the funds? no—never—while he is so candid—so—

Clara. Not while he is candid, sir?

Flush. No—do you think I made my fortune by candour or openness; answer me, sir—did I ever get a shilling by speaking the truth—speak!

Gingham. (*In a melancholy voice.*) No, sir, I never said you did—I know the contrary, sir; madam, I'm of a communicative disposition, I own; but there are many secrets of my father's I never blabb'd.

Flush. Are there, sir?

Gingham. Yes, that there are, sir.

Flush. I don't recollect them.

Gingham. Don't you? Why, now, did I ever mention, sir, that you got these pictures by sucking out execution? That you got that plate, by its being pawn'd to you for half its value; that you intrigue with a female money-lender; and that the last time you were made a bankrupt, you

you went to get your certificate signed in a new vis-a-vis? did I, or will I ever mention these things?

Flush. Begone, fir—I'll never see you more—Yet, stay—you have papers in your possession—meet me in an hour's time at my agent's, fir,—at Mr. Ready's.

Gingham. Forgive me this once, father—I'll never let the cat out any more.

Flush. No, fir, I never will forgive you—I am engaged, fir, and you know we great men are select in our company.

Gingham. Well, if it must be so—farewell, father! the world is all before me, and what trade to follow, heaven only knows. Good bye, madam!—your sex will never befriend me, because I can't keep a secret, you see.

Clara. I will befriend you, fir; for while there is so much deception and hypocrisy in the world, it would indeed be unjust, not to approve such frankness and honesty. Guardy, let me intercede for him; I'll answer for his conduct.

Gingham. Aye; and if ever I mention ducking or swindling again.—There! you see he's fix'd, ma'am.

Clara. At present he is, and therefore leave him, perhaps by the time you meet him at the agent's I shall have talked him into good humour. Adieu! depend on't, I shan't forget your generous intentions.

Gingham. Nor shall I, yours; and if fortune smiles on me, I'll prove that I deserve your kindness—If ever my father pardons—but I see he's more and more angry, so I take my leave. May every blessing attend you—may you meet with a heart as liberal as your own—May your
cousins'

cousins' distresses vanish—may your guardian once more value a son, who can't help speaking the truth for the soul of him. [Exit.

Clara. Upon my word he's a charming man! and pardon him you must, Guardy, if its only to please me.

Flush. No—I'm determined.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. The dinner's ready.

Flush. Come, Clara, you shall dine with me; I want to talk to you, and if I cou'd see my joint Guardian, Sir Paul—

Clara. I met him at your door—he's only just gone by.

Flush. Just gone by! that's a mistake; for the old beau has been gone by these thirty years: however, come in—come, and eat and drink what you like. Call for burgundy, champagne, or tokay—Ay, call for tokay at a guinea a pint; I can afford it, my dear Ward, I can afford it.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.—*The Crescent and the surrounding country,*

Enter Lady SARAH SAVAGE, and Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET.

Lady Sarah. Sir George, I own my weakness: the proud, the haughty lady Sarah is humbled; Darnley has ensnared my heart, and one way or other, I must insure his pity—Heigho! you are his friend, Sir George.

Sir George. You see I am; and that he esteems me more than ever, is evident from his bringing Mrs. Darnley to my house—did you mind his orders to her?—take an airing my dear with Sir George in his phaeton! it will raise your spirits, my love!—Ha! ha! he absolutely throws her into my arms.

Lady Sarah. Yes; but she absolutely contrives to get out of them again.

Sir George. She does; and therefore, there is no way but the one I mentioned—we must make Darnley jealous.

Lady Sarah. True:—I'll tell him that you love his wife,

Sir George. Nay, nay, not me—fix on somebody else—we'll soon find an object, and then by convincing him of her falsehood, he naturally turns his thoughts to another woman; which is you, you know—and she wanting a protector, consequently flies to another man, which is me, you know—we'll add the Signor to the confederacy,

Lady

Lady Sarah. You're a sad wretch—a sad wretch indeed, Sir George, to impose on a friend, who places such confidence—such—I won't hear you—positively I won't hear you—only observe, if I don't win the cruel Darnley's affections, I'll drive my Phaeton down a precipice in reality; I will, or with the bayonet of my fusil, pierce my too tender heart, and expire at his feet.

Enter the honourable Mr. SAVAGE hastily.

Savage. So Sarah—I and Sir Paul have had such an adventure!—though we quarrel'd last night, we made it up to day; for I never think alike two hours together—Do you, sister?

Lady Sarah. Never: but when I think of you brother, then I think more than I say, I assure you.

Savage. No; you say more than you think, I assure you—but would you believe it? The old boy has seen his son,—we trac'd him from the stage coach he came in, to the pump room, from the pump room, to the billiard room—there Sir Paul saw him playing with the marker, and when he heard the young man's name, he fainted; actually fainted in my arms.

Lady Sarah. What, in a fit! poor old man! well! if you'll believe me, Sir George, I never saw a person in a fit in all my life.

Savage. Long before he recover'd, the young man was gone—the bird was flown—for the standers by, all blacklegs began laying betts on Sir Paul's recovery, and those who were against him, wouldn't let water be thrown in his face.

A C O M E D Y.

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Lady Sarah. Inhuman wretches!—they ought to have sours'd him to death: but pray, brother, who is this child? where does he come from? what's the story?

Savage. Why—about twenty years ago, Sir Paul's lady quarrell'd with him at Tunbridge, and married a citizen—Four months after the marriage she had a son, which the citizen brought up as his own, and Sir Paul now swears the boy was his—'gad! it will be curious; for the child will have two fathers.

Lady Sarah. Curious!—not at all—but why should you meddle?

Savage. Because it secures me the two best racers in his stud—Fidget and Fizzig; and what's better, because it still secures us Sir Paul's fortune: for though he won't marry you himself, he intends his son should; and, if I could but once more see the young man—I know he goes by his mother's name—*(Looking out)* heh! its him! there he is again!—get out of the way; don't interrupt—

Lady Sarah. No—I have too great a regard for Sir Paul's property to interrupt any plan for securing it; besides, Sir George and I have business—come—I say brother, tell the old gentleman to be careful, and in his eagerness bid him not claim another man's child instead of his own!

[Exit with Sir George.

Savage. Where can Sir Paul be loitering? he said he'd follow me—num! *[Stands aside.*

H

Enter

THE RAGE:

Enter GINGHAM.

Gingham. Oh! what a whirligig world is this? I that was brought up to lend money; must now try to borrow it: but where? who'll trust a wandering linen-draper! who'll trust the notorious young P. O.? however, I've got my equivalent; I can speak my mind now—no longer need I smother my thoughts, and be ready to burst: no longer have an itching on my tongue, and be ready to bite it in two—no, no, I may open now. The sweet lady sends me word my father is inexorable, but hopes she shall soon see me again; heigho! I hope so too; when I think of her, my heart feels such queer sensations—I have it: she has taken lessons of my father, and swindled me out of my affections; but then my poverty—I can never indulge even a hope.—(*Sees Mr. Savage.*)—Ha! here's the friend of the queer old gentleman, who fainted in the billiard room.

Savage. (*advancing pompously.*) Sir, the honourable Henry Savage has the pleasure—the felicity——What are you——

Gingham. the honourable?

Savage. Ay: why didn't you know it?

Gingham. No: nor never should if you hadn't told me—ha! ha! ha! ha!

Savage. Ha! ha! ha! you're a droll dog! 'gad! you shall come to my house, and pass a week with me.

Gingham. Faith! a year with all my soul! I've nothing to do with myself; I've left off trade; haven't change for sixpence in the world,
and

and so my little right honourable—I'll honour you with my company. [*Shaking him by the hand.*]

Savage. Hush! if you want money don't own it: we great people are close—

Gingham. I know it; economical too!—you live cheap.

Savage. What! people of fashion live cheap?

Gingham. To be sure; you don't pay; and if that isn't living cheap, the devil's in't!—ha! here's the fainting gentleman again!—who the deuce is he?

Savage. I fancy you'll find him a pretty neat relation of yours—at least, if you were born at Tunbridge, and your mother's name was Gingham.

Gingham. It was; that's the name of her, and of the town.

Savage. Say you so?—(*Enter Sir Paul Perpetual,*)—The racers are mine, Sir Paul!

Sir Paul. Ay: my whole stud—any thing: every thing! only let me have another peep at my dear boy!—only let me prove to posterity!

Savage. There he is!

Sir Paul. Where!

Savage. There! there is your son! who was born at Tunbridge—whose mother's name was Gingham, and who is now without a shilling in his pocket, or a friend in the world—joy! joy! old boy! you've got a young P. at last!

Sir Paul. Stand off! let me come at him; come to thy father's arms!

Gingham. My father!

Sir Paul. Ay: thy real father! who has a fortune to bestow on thee, and health, youth, and spirits to share in all thy pleasures—The dog has my right eye to a T.

H 2

Gingham.

Gingham. (*To Mr. Savage.*) Pray does your friend bite in his fits?

Savage. (*aside to Gingham.*) Hark'ye—its Sir Paul Perpetual! better known by the name of old P.—he has an immense property.

Gingham. Has he?

Savage. Yes: and if its certain you are his son, he'll give you every farthing of it.

Gingham. Oh! if that's the case—if he has an immense property—let me see who dare deny it? Sir, your blessing!—(*kneeling.*)—I always said I wasn't my father's own child.

Sir Paul. Rise my boy! my darling! and tell us how the citizen educated you!—The turn of my nose exactly!

Gingham. I've done with linens, gauzes, and muslins now!—let the shop and all its swindling go to the bottom—I'm the son of Sir Paul Perpetual, better known by the name of old P. I'm not a tradesman —.

Sir Paul. Tradesman!—zounds!—my son brought up in a shop!—how it freezes my warm blood!—look'ye, my boy—two things I must request of you—never to talk about trade, or mention your former father's name.

Gingham. Never—I'll never mention his name because I despise it; but as to trade, what's bred in the bone, you know father —

Sir Paul. Well—well—come to Mr. Savage's house; there we'll introduce you to your intended wife—Miss Savage will soon break you of talking about trade, or the city—so come along.

Savage. Ay: pray give up the city—the rich rogues have no taste for us men of wit and genius—they estimate every thing by property,
and

and if the great Ben Jonson—nay, if the great Big Ben were alive, is there one citizen would give the poor dogs a dinner?

Sir Paul. No—you're right there; in the city a man that has no money, has no wit—the smallest bank note is more entertaining than the wittiest manuscript; and talk of Ben Jonson's name for jokes—damme, Abraham Newland beats him hollow! isn't it true, my boy?

Gingham. As true, as that you beat my other father hollow—come—henceforth, no money lending tricks for me. But young P. O. shall stick to gay old P. [Exeunt.

A C T

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Drawing-Room in Mr. SAVAGE'S House at Bath.*

Enter Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET and Signor CYGNET.

Sir George. Bravo! Signor bravissimo!—and so Lady Sarah Savage has actually persuaded Darnley, that his wife loves another man?

Signor. Si—at first he no believe—but Lady Sarah lay it down with such courâge—her oaths were so superbe, and mine so magnifique, that 'at last he accompany us with tears—pauvre Mister Darnley!—Ah ha!—you no forget my wife's concert.

Sir George. And who did you say Mrs. Darnley was attached to?

Signor. Attendez—Sir Paul—what you call—old P.—he has found one child—eh bien!—the enfant was at the comedie, and saw Madame Darnley and her 'cousin maltraité by some qu'on appelle bobbies—villains who fight de duels, and interrupt de music—Vell! de child relieve de ladies, conduct them home—sup, and dough all de time he make love to Mad'moiselle Clara—

Sir George. Yet, Lady Sarah Savage fixes on him for Mrs. Darnley's gallant—excellent! and if this scheme fails, I understand she has another—there is Mr. Flush—a sort of money agent.

Signor. Je connois—je connois—he make a you poor, by lending you cash.

Sir

Sir George. This Mr. Flush has got Darnley's note for two hundred pounds—now he can't pay it; and therefore if Lady Sarah Savage buys it up——

Signor. Je comprende—the fay, give me my heart, or pay me my money—ah ha!—I see you will be the first fiddle yourself;—(*looking out.*) Je voici!—here is Mr. Flush!

Sir George. No—it's Sir Paul and the son you spoke of—good day Signor—and if you see Darnley, tell him I'm out of town.

Signor. I vill!—ecoutez—I no like to meet this Sir Paul—ven he ask me to his house, he always sing himself—toujours—if he has de cold—de fore throat—il chante! and begar: he sing as well with the hoarseness, as without—bon-jour, Sir George—bon-jour—(*going, recollects and turns back.*) Ah ha!—you no forget my wife's concert? [*Exit.*]

Sir George. Darnley, jealous of his wife! and she under my own roof!—now, if I can persuade her to retaliate—here's her supposed gallant.

Enter Sir PAUL and GINGHAM, elegantly dressed.

Gingham. I tell you, father, Clara Sedley is the girl of my heart!—your ward is the girl for young P.

Sir Paul. Nonsense!—haven't I made you a gentleman—stuck a sword by your side?—haven't I brought you here to address Lady Sarah Savage?—ha! Sir George!—now mind (*to Gingham*) and conceal your low education—not a word about trade or the warehouse; for I mean to put you into the army, and I've told every body

body you've been on your travels.—Sir George !
—my son !

Sir George. (*bowing,*) Sir, I'm very proud of the honour.

Gingham. Sir !—I'm very proud of—(*bowing up to him, and spying at his bitterlin*)—right India muslin, by all that's—mum !

Sir George. You've been a great traveller, fir, —much abroad ?

Gingham. Abroad !—yes, fir—I was seldom at home—generally at the West End, for between ourselves, though I was brought up to trade, I always despis'd the warehouse—always—pshaw !

Sir Paul. (*taking him aside.*) Zounds !—mind what you're at—consider, if you talk as my son, about linens and the warehouse, they'll take your father for a tradesman ; they'll say I'm a haberdasher, knighted on a city address !

Gingham. A haberdasher !—that's a good one, a very good one—upon my soul, Sir George, my father isn't such a fool, as you take him for—no—that he isn't—are you, father ?

Lady Sarah Savage. (*without.*) When Mr. Flush comes, shew him up stairs.

Sir George. Here's your intended wife, fir—'gad ! I hope it will be a match, for Lady Sarah is so anxious for a husband, that in the scramble, she might seize me at last—come, Sir Paul—let's leave the happy pair together.

Sir Paul. Now, remember what I told you—Lady Sarah is the essence of fashion and good breeding ; and if you want to polish, and rub off the city-rust, imitate her—copy her elegant manners.

Sir George. Ay : she's the rage !—and, if he wants to secure her affections, bid him imitate

his father, Sir Paul—copy you, and he must succeed with the women.

Sir Paul. Ay, that he must, Sir George—there's not a girl at Newmarket, not a dancer at the opera, or a singer at the ancient concert, but adores me—they treat me with the same respect they would a father—they say I'm so quiet—so inoffensive—so harmless.

Gingham. Harmless! do they say you're harmless, father?

Sir Paul. Ay, harmless, and under that idea, I've done more mischief, than any ten dangerous men in Europe—So copy her manners, and success to you, my boy!

[*Exit with Sir George.*

Gingham. Bravo! these are fine times, Master Gingham,—but will they last?—is there no trick play'd, or to be play'd thee?—Sir Paul I'm told has a way of disguising himself in women's cloathes, surely this is'nt another masquerading affair—Ah! here's spouse!—now to imitate her fashionable manners.

Enter Lady SARAH SAVAGE.

Lady Sarah. Marry him, I will: because in the first place, there's a scarcity of husbands; and in the next, being his wife, secures Sir Paul's fortune, and makes Darnley for ever in my pow'r—besides, I can draw the youth into all my schemes—hem!

Gingham. Hem! (*imitating her.*) If this is a woman of fashion, the breed is grown pretty bold I think.

Lady Sarah. I must shew him my spirit—terrify him before marriage, in order to tame
I him

him after. (*Going towards him wriggling her head.*)
Sir!

Gingham. (*Going towards her wriggling his head.*)
Ma'am.

Lady Sarah. Give me a chair!

(*Staring full in his face.*)

Gingham. A chair, ma'am?

Lady Sarah. Yes, a chair, sir.

Gingham. (*Staring full in her face.*) Effence of breeding!—she's the effence of brafs! (*brings her a chair.*) A chair, ma'am!

Lady Sarah. (*Staring vacantly.*) He little knows what a life I shall lead him.

Gingham. (*Shews alarm.*) Heh!—a chair, ma'am!—here's a chair, I say—(*loudly.*)

Lady Sarah. Oh, I forgot—I am really so absent—(*sits down*) he! he! he!

(*Spying in his face.*)

Gingham. (*sitting down.*) Are you really!—he! he! he!—I should like to—(*mimicking*) imitate her manners! hang me if I dare—she has set me all in a tremble—pheugh! (*Puffing himself with his hat, and drawing his chair from her.*)

Lady Sarah. Look up, my hero! (*slapping him.*) You can't think how I rejoice at your being designed for the army. I'm of a military, martial turn myself, and shall serve every campaign with you.

Gingham. You serve campaigns!—I wish I was out of the room—pheugh! (*aside.*)

Lady Sarah. I shall make an excellent soldier—a dauntless warrior! and if you talk of little unfledg'd fluttering ensigns, look at me—look!—(*shaking him*) march!—wheel about!—left!—make ready!—present!—fire!

Gingham.

Gingham. (*Looking first at her feet, then at her head.*) It is—it is an impostor!—ugh! (*whistles.*)

Lady Sarah. Shan't I make a warlike appearance! animate one army, and intimidate another? restore the name of amazon—revive the age of chivalry, and if there are fools that threaten, and cowards that dread an invasion; Oh! how the thought fires me!—(*rises,*)—give me a few champions like myself, and we'll stand on our white cliffs, and scare away whole nations.

Gingham. Damme, it's another man in woman's cloathes! don't agitate yourself—be compos'd—(*to her as she walks about.*) what would I give to be snug behind the counter?

Lady Sarah. I am no timid helpless woman; I can shoot—I can fence—flourish a sword, or fire off a musket!—penetrate your sword arm at the first thrust, or lodge a bullet in your forehead at forty yards.

Gingham. Keep cool—my hero keep cool! Oh! it's a clear case—it's a man, and here am I to rub off the rust, by being run through the body! sit down my fine fellow! sit down.

Lady Sarah. Fine fellow!

Gingham. Ay, I see how it is—Sir Paul has adopted me out of joke, and you are to make mince meat of me for my vanity!

Lady Sarah. Why, what is all this! (*smiling.*) mince meat!

Gingham. He smiles! then the joke's at an end, and they don't mean to hurt me! give me your hand—you comical dog, give me your hand.

Lady Sarah. Comical dog! what do you mean? explain.

Gingham. Explain! nay: that's too bad—do you think I don't know you my jolly boy?—do you think I can't see you are a gentleman?

Lady Sarah. What! I a gentleman?

Gingham. Ay, and a brave one too!—why I suspected you at first sight!—I saw there was nothing feminine about you, and then when I looked you full in the face, “pooh,” says I, this can never be a woman!

Lady Sarah. Not a woman!—have I studied modern fashions? exceeded all the present race of high spirited women! only to be mistaken for—Oh Lord! I never wept before in all my life—but this—Oh, I shall faint—Oh! Oh!
(*Sits in a chair weeping.*)

Enter FLUSH.

Flush. My rascal of a son has gone off with all my papers—Darnley's note amongst the number—and though Lady Sarah would give twice the value for it, I cannot find him—

Gingham. (*advancing to him.*) Hush! not so loud father—he'll flourish a sword—fire off a musket!

Flush. He!—who!—but how came you here, sir? in this disguise too!

Gingham. Phoo!—it isn't me that's disguis'd; a word—(*whispers to him*)—there! (*pointing to Lady Sarah Savage.*)

Flush. What! that lady!

Gingham. No; that comical dog—I'm sure of it—mum!

Flush. Ha! ha! ha!—you blockhead! why it's Lady Sarah Savage! she's rather masculine to be sure:

sure: but Lord help you—she and I are old friends.

Gingham. What! you know her? do you!

Flush. Know her!—why I'll take my oath she's a woman.

Gingham. He'll take his oath!—Oh then I see my error—she's on the pavé, discarded; and they want to palm her on me.

Flush. Fool!—would you make more blunders! can't you tell a women of fashion from a

Gingham. No—there it is, sir,—if women of fashion will talk and dress like women of another description, who the devil can tell one from the other! and, if likewise they will hunt, shoot, and fence, and prefer masculine assurance, to feminine diffidence, is it amazing, that a gentleman should confound the sexes? however, I'm glad it's not a man.

Flush. Come—come—without further enquiry, give me Darnley's note; the one Clara brought; the comical dog there, as you call her, is in love with Darnley, and wants to hold the bill as a rod over his head: I shall only ask her one hundred pounds premium for it.

Gingham. (*Taking the note out of his pocket book.*) Only a hundred premium! heh!

Flush. No; I can afford it: and she, by arresting him, can make her own terms—you understand!

Gingham. Perfectly; so I'll shew her the note, and make peace—(*goes towards Miss Savage, who is still sitting.*)—madam—lady.

Lady Sarah. Pshaw! don't come near me, brute.

Gingham.

Gingham. I am convinc'd of my mistake, ma'am—this gentleman will take his oath on the subject, and therefore—in hopes of making amends—here is a note, my lady; a note of Mr. Darnley's for two hundred pounds.

Lady Sarab. What did you say, sir?

Gingham. A note of Mr. Darnley's, ma'am!

Lady Sarab. (*Looking at it.*) So it is; sign'd with his own dear hand—(*rises*)—well, now I look at you again, sir, I'm quite asham'd of our silly misunderstanding—I am indeed—he! he! perhaps it was my fault—nay—I dare say it was—and so, that's Mr. Darnley's note, is it?

Gingham. It is, and now I recollect, wasn't the lady I conducted from the play, his wife?

Lady Sarab. It was—but entre nous—what's the price of that foolish bit of paper?

Flush. Only three hundred pounds! one hundred for the premium, and two for the principal.

Lady Sarab. Here is the money then.

Gingham. (*Putting his hand on hers.*) Softly; keep the principal, because you'll both want it, and as to the note, I'll keep that, lest somebody else should want it! (*putting it in his pocket,*) you brought me up to the trade, and if I haven't learnt a trick or two, Mr. Flush, it's no fault of yours.

Flush. What! would you turn swindler, you rascal!

Lady Sarab. Ay, this is a new mode of getting money.

Gingham. No—not so very new—is it Mr. Flush?—however, as the wife is the only person that ought to have a pow'r over the husband,
I'll

I'll e'en go instantly to Mrs. Darnley, and give it her.—

Enter DARNLEY.

Darnley. (fiercely.) What, fir?

Gingham. A note for two hundred pounds, fir, —have you any objections? never mind the loss of the premium, Mr. Flush—you can afford it, you know—adieu!—Mr. Bluff, (*To Darnley, who is frowning,*) your servant—it wouldn't do—you comical dog, it wouldn't do!—

(*Shewing Lady Sarah Savage the note, and exit.*)

Darnley. (To Lady Sarah Savage.) 'Sdeath!—this is the very man you told me of.

Lady Sarah. Ay, now can you want further proof of his attachment to your wife?—I'll leave it to any body?—isn't it evident, Mr. Flush?

Flush. His giving her two hundred pounds is a strong circumstance to be sure—but then, when I recollect the money is mine, and not his—

Darnley. What then, fir.

Flush. Why then, I think, the lady ought to be in love with me, and not him, fir.

Darnley. I'll set out for London, and never see her more—yet no—I'll be satisfied—I'll know the worst!—I'll instantly pursue this new found idol of her heart, and if I catch him in her presence—

Lady Sarah. Kill him—for a wretch, who can't distinguish the human species, isn't fit to live—come—I'll go with you.

Flush. So will I—but pray don't kill him, till I've got my papers.

Lady

Lady Sarah. Nay, don't fret about it, Mr. Darnley—you shall return with me to Savage-house—come—never think of going to London at this time of year—it's so thin—all the great houses are lock'd up, and there's no making a fashionable party; is there, Mr. Flush?

Flush. Your pardon, ma'am—I and my attorney can always collect a fashionable party, and if the great houses are lock'd up, why there are great people in lock-up-houses, so don't be afraid of finding good company, Mr. Darnley!

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*A library in Sir George Gauntlet's house.*

Sir GEORGE, and a servant meeting.

Servant. Sir! Sir! Mrs. Darnley is coming here to look for some books.

Sir George. That's fortunate: did you deliver my message to her, and her husband?

Servant. I did, sir, I told them you were gone out of town, and would not return till to-morrow.

Sir George. Very well! then, in case of accident, leave open the private door that leads behind the library. (*Servant opens a door that leads behind the library.*) A man of intrigue should always have a place to lay snug in, and where is he so little likely to be discover'd, as amongst works of study and reflection! here she is!
mind

mind we're not interrupted. (*Servant exit—Sir George retires towards the Library.*)

Enter Mrs. DARNLEY.

Mrs. Darnley. Will Mr. Darnley never be convinc'd of this friend's hypocrisy! he is so credulous, that he even now places more confidence in him, than ever: I'm glad Sir George is out of town—I can at least pass another hour in peace, and—(*Going towards the Library, Sir George meets her.*)

Sir George. Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Darnley; I'm only a living volume, and if you will peruse my thoughts, you'll read of nothing but yourself—you are engraved here in indelible letters, upon my honour.

Mrs. Darnley. Sir, I was inform'd—but this is no time for parleying—alone and unprotected! (*Going, Sir George stands in her way.*)

Sir George. Nay, you know I have long professed a regard for you; long thought you the finest woman on earth! and as a proof, didn't I offer you my hand, before my friend —

Mrs. Darnley. Friend! call him by some other name, Sir George, and don't profane such honourable terms.

Sir George. Why, isn't he my friend? havn't I so completely gain'd his affections, that he wishes me to win yours? does he not bring you here—to my house!—leave me tête-a-tête with you! and in every respect prove so kind, so obliging —

Mrs. Darnley. Hold, sir—if he has expos'd me to insults, I am the person to accuse him—not
K you!

you! I know his heart, and I know yours—one has my love—my esteem—the other—

Sir George. Has what, my sweet creature?

Mrs. Darnley. My scorn.

Sir George. Nay then—I must tell you, that when I condescend to love a woman, I always insist on making her happy; and therefore, with opportunity on my side, and the whole world to lay the blame on your husband——

Mrs. Darnley. On him! the world is not so easily deceiv'd! but lest it should, I'll vindicate his fame—I'll proclaim the falsehood of his friend—his perfidy——

Sir George. Gently—gently—I see I must take advantage now or never! (*Goes to the door.*)

Mrs. Darnley. What do you mean, sir?

Sir George. First to fasten the door, and then, my angel—(*As he opens it to fasten it closely, Gingham enters and pushes by him.*)

Gingham. And then, my angel—to give you two hundred pounds—this note, ma'am, is Mr. Darnley's—it accidentally fell into my hands, and I designedly place it in yours—put it up, ma'am—keep it tight in your pocket; for what, with one having a rage for disguises—another having a rage for swindling—a third—(*Seeing Sir George.*)—ha! my judge of good breeding! is it you?

Sir George. This blockhead has ruin'd one scheme already, I see.

Gingham. I'll tell you a secret Sir George; you fashionable people are very vulgar—it is your fine cloathes, gay equipages, and superb houses that are well bred, and not yourselves, egad! now only pull off that spangled coat—stick yourself behind a counter, and——

Sir George.

Sir George. Sir, don't you see I'm busy?

Gingham. To be sure I do.

Sir George. Why don't you leave the room then?

Gingham. Because I've no where else to go.

Sir George. Then I command you; this lady and I are engag'd.

Mrs. Darnley. Engag'd, Sir George!—Sir, (*to Gingham*) if you'll conduct me to Mr. Darnley, I shall think myself a second time indebted to your gallantry.

Sir George. Madam, I insist—(*Crossing Mrs. D. and taking her by the hand,*)—retire this instant, Sir—retire —

Gingham. Oh! I perceive—he detains her for base purposes! oh fie! fie!—fie for shame, Sir George—is this your good breeding!—your hand, ma'am—(*Trying to pass Sir George.*)

Sir George. 'Sdeath—obey me, or this sword, with which I've so often fought.

Gingham. Often fought! what in earnest?

Sir George. Rascal! draw.

Gingham. No—I'd rather not.

Sir George. What! you don't like to fight!

Gingham. No—who the devil does! but you call me rascal, sir—now I've been long in doubt whether I am one or not—but if I was half as clear on the subject as you must be, I'd own it publickly—I'd say, “I Sir George Gauntlet am such a rude—ill bred—vulgar” —.

Sir George. Coward!—come on—(*Drawing his sword.*)

Gingham. Come on!—well! why shouldn't I! I may be alarm'd at masculine women, but I don't care that—(*Snapping his fingers,*)—for ef-

feminate men! so, though I never learnt to fence in all my life—though I don't know whether to hold my sword in my right hand or my left, have at thee!—ha!—ha!—

Sir GEORGE and GINGHAM make two or three passes, when loud knocking at the door interrupts them.

Sir George. Zounds!—if this should be Darnley—(looks out:)—it is! I'm ruin'd—undone!

Gingham. Ay, ay, I must take lessons—I'm touch'd—pink'd—(shaking his hand which is slightly wounded.)

Sir George. If I stir, I meet Darnley—hark'ye Sir—(aside to Gingham,)—that lady's husband is now on the stairs, and your present wound is only a slight one; but if you hint or speak one word against my honour —

Gingham. You'll run me through the body I suppose—well! as I can't fence—mum!

Sir George. I shall not leave the room—I shall be conceal'd, and on the slightest insinuation, by heaven! I'll come forth and cut you into atoms; promise—or—you know my way —

Gingham. I do—I'll live and fight another day.

Sir GEORGE goes behind the Library unperceiv'd by GINGHAM or by Mrs. DARNLEY.

Gingham. I wish I knew the name of Sir George's fencing master—(Mrs. Darnley comes to him)—my dear ma'am, don't be uneasy—it's only graz'd, and if they don't send doctors and apothecaries to me, I shall live to pink him, again and again.

Mrs.

Mrs. Darnley. Let me bind your hand, with my handkerchief. (*Darnley enters behind.*) Indeed—indeed, I owe you much.

Darnley. (*still behind*) 'Tis now beyond a doubt—Oh woman! woman!

Gingham. (*to Mrs. Darnley.*) You hav'nt got the rage—no, you are what a woman ought to be; mild, gentle, affectionate—an angel by all that's sacred.

Darnley. How! make love before my face!—(*advances*) So Mrs. Darnley——

Mrs. Darnley. Oh my dear!—I'm so glad you're come—this gallant, generous young man——

Darnley. Generous young man!

Mrs. Darnley. Has been wounded in my cause, and——

Darnley. And you bound up his arm, with your handkerchief!—nay, don't deny it, madam—with my own eyes, I saw it—well, sir! what have you to say, sir? to that handkerchief, sir?

Gingham. Say, sir!—why, I say, the handkerchief is as fine cambrick as ever was sold—twelve shillings a yard, sir!—at least I used to sell such for a guinea—a guinea, Mr. Bluff——as to any thing else, if you are the lady's husband——

Darnley. I am her husband, sir!—who has long lov'd—long ador'd her!—and now comes here to witness her falsehood and his own dishonour.

Mrs. Darnley. What does he say?—dishonour!

Darnley. Yes, madam—with him! with this gallant, generous young man! did he not last night accompany you from the play, and now do I not find you praising each other to my very face?

face?—observe me, Maria—as you have found me tender in my affections; so you shall find me severe in my resentment.

Mrs. Darnley. I know not what he means: but I thought they'd make him hate me—I guilty of falsehood! dishonour to my husband! Oh, Harry! if you believe me so debas'd, take up that weapon, and pierce me to the heart!—in pity do!—I cannot live and know that you condemn me.

Darnley. (*taking her hand.*) Do you not love him.

Mrs. Darnley. Whom!

Darnley. (*Pointing to Gingham.*) Him.

Gingham. Me!—love me!—I wish she did, for if I didn't use her better than you do, I'd cut my jealous head off!—look'ye, great lord and master!—she is more faithful to you, than you deserve—I know it, because just before you enter'd the room, Sir George Gauntlet, like a vile seducer as he is, was attempting to — (*here a book falls from the library.*) *crau—au—au!* (*checking himself.*) I shall be a dead man, before I know it.

Darnley. Sir George Gauntlet!—paltry evasions!—he is out of town and has so often prov'd himself a friend. —

Mrs. Darnley. Friend!—Oh, Mr. Darnley! at last I am compell'd to tell you, he is your enemy and mine—it is that very friend, who would destroy your domestic peace; who would rob you of a heart, that is, and ever shall be all your own! and that, even now, might have triumph'd o'er a helpless woman, had not his friendly arm been stretch'd to serve me.

Gingham.

Gingham. It's true—I'll swear it!—I'll——
(*another book falls.*) crau—au—au!

Darnley. I'll not believe it—he is above such arts, and I would have you, madam, not encrease your guilt, by daring to abuse my best of friends.

Gingham. Best of friends!—upon my soul, you've a rare set of acquaintance then.—Sir! I always had a knack at speaking what comes uppermost, and I say, Sir George wanted to turn me out, in order to lock her in—I say, he gave me this wound, in trying to defend her from his insolence—I say he is now conceal'd in this room!

(*Books fall from the Library, and leave an open space.*)

GINGHAM looks round, and sees Sir *GEORGE'S* face frowning at him through the aperture.)

Gingham. No—I don't say he is in the room—I don't! because—because—(*looking round again*) it's better to be choak'd than kill'd.

Darnley. See how he prevaricates: and therefore, that my friend may be slander'd and I deceiv'd no longer, 'tis time I should decide—Maria!—It almost kills me to pronounce it—
(*aside*) we meet no more—— (*going.*)

Mrs. Darnley. (*Holding him.*) Stay—spare me but a moment—I cannot—will not lose him; Harry, think of our love—our children. —

Gingham. Sir! sir!—let me ask you two questions— (*Another book falls, and Sir George frowns at him.*) Ay, grin away you—Sir! can you fence, and will you fight?

Darnley. Perhaps, you'll find, I can, sir.

Gingham.

Gingham. And if I prove that Sir George hid himself to avoid you, will you stand by, and see a poor fellow cut to atoms?

Darnley. No—on the contrary, I shall be so convinc'd of the truth of your story —

Gingham. Say you so? then come out you black infernal seducer!

(Runs up to the Library—forces open the front doors, and amidst the falling of all the books, Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET is discover'd!)

Gingham. There—there he is! and now come on, if you dare—here's a pair of the best fencers in Europe? *(Snatching up a sword and placing himself by Darnley.)*

Darnley. 'Tis all unravel'd—detested hypocrite!

Sir George. Ah, Darnley!—how d'ye do!—this is a droll circumstance, isn't it!—but I hope you are convinc'd.

Darnley. Yes, sir, I am convinc'd.

Gingham. We're all convinc'd, sir.

Darnley. That you and Lady Sarah have join'd in a conspiracy to deceive me and betray my wife; that you have meanly put on the mask of friendship, to conceal the blackest artifices, and that if you had come to my house and boldly plunder'd me of all my fortune—

Gingham. He'd only have been hang'd!—but now he shall be cut to atoms.

Sir George. Be cautious in your language, Mr. Darnley—you know my disposition.

Darnley. I do—I know you well: and henceforth if you dare, either by action, word, or look; mark me, sir—raise but a blush in her unsullied
6
cheek,

cheek, I will resent it—I'll inflict a punishment, great as your arrogance deserves!

Sir George. Arrogance!

Gingham. Ay, arrogance!—are you deaf!

Sir George. Sir, this requires an explanation; you shall hear from me.

Gingham. Pooh!

Darnley. Delay not then, for I shall leave your house this moment, (*Sir George exit.*)—come Maria—to you and this gentleman I have a thousand apologies —

Gingham. Bless you! I'm amply paid in letting my tongue wag—and as to any thing else, allow me once more to speak my mind to your sweet cousin, Clara! come let's go to her—Oh! you well bred ruffian!—to be first pink'd, and then nearly choak'd by such a —; on the whole, though, I never fought better in all my life!

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in a Tavern—Dinner under Covers—Darnley discover'd sitting at the Table—Waiter attending.*

Darnley. Tell Sir George Gauntlet, Mr. Darnley is waiting—what's o'clock?

Waiter. Six, sir.

Darnley. The time draws near—I wonder where my friend can be? put some wine on the table and leave me.

Waiter. Sir George is below, in close conversation with a gentleman, who seems anxious to see you, sir.

Darnley. His second, I suppose—tell him, I am here—(*Waiter exit.*) 'Sdeath!—to what have I reduc'd myself?—I that had every joy this world can give—a peaceful home—a wife that lov'd, and children that rever'd me!—I to be now in a tavern, on the eve of meeting with a profess'd duellist? to be about to commit murder, or else to live dishonour'd and disgrac'd—Oh, Maria!—when thou shalt hear thy husband is no more, wilt thou forgive me?—wilt thou—but my fate determines hers, and if I fall she is for ever lost!

Re-enter the Waiter.

Waiter. The gentleman from Sir George Gauntlet, sir.

Darnley.

Darnley. Admit him—now then for the event!

Enter GINGHAM hastily.

Gingham. I'm so fag'd—so completely knock'd up (*sees the dinner.*) ha, ha! what's here?—the very thing to revive me.

Darnley. I hope, sir, you haven't been talking to Sir George.

Gingham. Yes, but I have though—you employ'd me as second, and if you're shot, it shall be in the way I like best. (*sitting down*) Waiter! waiter!

Waiter. (*To Gingham, who is going to pull off a cover of one of the dishes.*) Sir! sir!—Sir George order'd that dish not to be touch'd till he came.

Gingham. Did he?—then it's the pick'd thing I suppose, so I'll eat it all up directly, (*uncovers it, and sees a brace of pistols lying 'midst powder and ball.*) here—it's quite at his service, and I wish the whole were in his stomach with all my soul!—(*giving the dish to the waiter, and uncovering another.*) Ah! here's something that I can swallow. (*begins eating.*) Well after hunting every where for Sir George, I found him below stairs at last—“so” says I “my little Librarian”—alluding to the book-case you know—“when are you and this jealous husband”—alluding to you, you know—“to fight this foolish duel?” (*drinks a glass of wine.*) Clara! my dear Clara Sedley!

Darnley. Well, sir.

Gingham. Says I “the fact is this; one will be kill'd, the other be hang'd, and the world get rid of two hot-headed fellows:” says he, “Will

Darnley make me an apology?" says I "he might as well."

Darnley. You did not!

Gingham. Ah, but I did though "it's very well for fashionable husbands, to leave their wives with friends, in hopes of getting divorces and damages; but what right," says I, "has a country squire to quit his farm, and trust his wife, with baronets, fools, and coxcombs?—to plant his own horns" says I! (*drinks.*) "Success to trade."

Darnley. And how did this end, fir?

Gingham. How!—why the other second interfer'd—said Sir George could'nt fire at you, and advised him to apologize—he hesitated—I put my hand on my sword—reminded him of my fine fencing—he sign'd this paper—I've already shewn it to Mrs. Darnley, and so—(*drinks*) Here's the child that has two fathers!

Darnley. (*Reading the paper.*) 'Tis ample, final satisfaction—wasn't my Maria happy?

Gingham. She was—but with women, grief soon follows joy, you know—she says, your uncle, whoever he is, has order'd you to quit Bath, and go abroad—that she is to be left behind, and as your fortune is exhausted, she fears you must consent—I'm sorry I'm pinch'd too—however—(*drinks.*) Here's confusion to your stingy old uncle!

Darnley. Unfeeling! persecuting man!—separate me from all I love—I know the motive for this barbarous conduct—he has found a son, on whom he means to lavish all his favours, and while he rolls in luxury, I and my family may starve—may—but he comes.

Enter Sir PAUL PERPETUAL.

Sir Paul. So Mr. Darnley: how dare you intrude into the houses of great people, and thus repeatedly disgrace me?—look'ye, fir—I have made up my mind—you must seek your fortune abroad—I'll pay your expences to the continent, and lest your family should be a burthen to you, I'll provide for your wife at home.

Darnley. Oh, fir! do not part us!

Sir Paul. I will!—I'm resolv'd! (*seeing Gingham.*) hah!—what do I see?—my boy!—my darling!—how came you here you rogue?

Gingham. Father, you're come in time—just in time to finish the bottle! (*filling him a bumper, and putting it in his hand*) drink! drink the last toast!

Sir Paul. Ay, what is it?

Gingham. “Confusion to Darnley's”——

Sir Paul. With all my heart—“confusion to Darnley's”——

Gingham. “Stingy old uncle!”

Sir Paul. (*spitting out the wine.*) Stingy old uncle!—why that's confusion to myself you dog!

Gingham. What! is it you—well! hang me if I didn't think it was my father—that is my other father, the money-lender—cousin—relation—how are you! (*shaking Darnley by the hand.*)

Sir Paul. Nonsense! never mind him—I've brought you your commission—a company in a regiment serving in Ireland.

Gingham. Have you! (*to Sir Paul.*) who'd have thought my father was your miserly uncle, heh! (*to Darnley.*)

Sir

Sir Paul. It's three hundred a-year, my boy ! psha ! don't mind him I tell you, (*pulling him away from Darnley.*) I reserve every thing for you—I always meant to give all I could to my son.

Gingham. Did you !—Oh then it comes to the same point ; why, perhaps, you'll give me two hundred pounds.

Sir Paul. Ay, that I will.

Gingham. What ! and the commission too !

Sir Paul. Yes, and the commission too ! here they are both—and some ten years hence, I'll join the regiment, and serve under you ; under my brave son !

Gingham. No—under your brave nephew if you like—I don't understand the exercise, and Darnley does ! and therefore, as we're all relations—all in a family, I'll e'en give him the commission—Nay, don't be shy cousin—it makes no difference father, does it ?

Sir Paul. Death and fire ! it does, sir, it makes all the difference, and I swear——

Gingham. Softly—you can make me a hero in another way—as I was brought up to trade, pop me into the train bands—then I can be kill'd in the artillery ground in one day, and be alive in the shop the next ! so keep the commission, cousin ; keep it—(*Forcing it into Darnley's hand.*) and here—here's the money to take you, your wife and children to Ireland—(*giving the bank notes.*)—there ! now moderate your joy, father ! you've done a kind, generous action to be sure : but why ! why in such an ecstasy !

Sir Paul. Ecstasy ! agony you puppy !

Gingham. Gently, gently, at the public breakfast I shall sound forth your praises—come,
cousin

cousin—the best of the joke is, I've another father; and though he won't lend you a shilling, I'll make him send you linen enough to shirt your whole regiment.—Farewell, thou liberal man!—look!—Self-gratification has brought tears of joy into his eyes! *(Exit with Darnley.)*

Sir Paul. Tears of joy!—if being cheated out of my money, makes me cry for pleasure, what shall I do, if I get it back again?—was there ever such a fellow?—however the commission is of no use to Darnley—but then the two hundred pounds—and the ease with which he did it.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. A letter from your Ward, Sir Paul. It requires an immediate answer.

Sir Paul. *(Reading it.)* “Sir, I am now at the Public Breakfast, where Miss Savage actually insisted on my coming. I have discovered a deep plot of Mr. Savage's, and when I tell you, I am in danger of being run away with, without my consent, I'm sure you will fly to the relief of your——Affectionate Ward,
CLARA SEDLEY”.

Sir Paul. I'll come directly—*(Servant exit.)*—So—So—they have heard of her sudden acquisition of fortune—of the Copper Mines being discovered on her estate, and now like true savages, they mean to paw the property—but I've a husband for her in my eye. She has formed an affection for this liberal son of mine, and the dog can't take *her* for a man in woman's clothes.

Enter

Enter FLUSH.

Flush. You knave!—if I catch you—how! has he left the tavern!—Ah! Sir Paul!—pray Sir, have you seen any thing of my son?

Sir Paul. I know nothing of your son, sir.

Flush. He has been distributing my property—giving away my money, Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. 'Gad! My son has been doing me the same favour.

Flush. Ay, sir; but my son has swindled me out of two hundred pounds.

Sir Paul. That's the exact sum!—my son has swindled me out of—so let's shake hands and cry for joy!

Flush. Well, well—I can afford it—but, Sir Paul, there is only one way he can make me retribution—you've heard of our ward's copper mines, and though you have only known me as a private gentleman, and I you as joint guardian—yet I think you will consent to her marrying the man I propose.

Sir Paul. And pray, who may the gentleman be?—not the Honourable Mr. Savage, I hope, for he has no property, but my two racers.

Flush. No—no—my Son!—my rogue of a Son!—will you agree?

Sir Paul. Why I would with pleasure only——

Flush. What Brother Guardian?

Sir Paul. I mean to propose my rogue of a son.

Flush. Your son!—why how came you by a son?—but to the point—my boy has won her heart, Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. So has mine too, Mr. Flush.

Flush.

Flush. Yours too!—Sdeath, Sir Paul—this racing has turned your brain.

Sir Paul. Racing!—Iv'e done with it, fir—I hate it—I'm above the turf now.

Flush. Above the turf!—I wish you were under it!—do you pretend she loves both our sons?—two men at the same time, fir?

Sir Paul. To be sure—she's not the first woman that has lov'd twenty at the same time, fir—but as she can't marry without our joint consent, and is now in great distress at Lady Sarah Savage's public breakfast, let's adjourn there directly.

Flush. With all my heart—I can afford it—Publick breakfast!—why this is later than usual—*(Looking at his Watch)*—Nine o'clock at night!

Sir Paul. Ah, these are late hours: but what need we care, Mr. Flush?—we that have health, youth, spirits—do you know there is only one house in England that affects my constitution?

Flush. And what house is that?

Sir Paul. *(Whispers him.)* I never was there but twice—the first time there was a motion about relieving poor insolvent debtors, and the house was so empty I got an ague. The next time, somebody mov'd to remove the hackney coaches from Bond-Street, and the benches were so cram'd that I was thrown into a fever!—So hey for the breakfast.—Youth's the season made for joy!

Flush. Love is then our duty! &c.

(Exeunt singing together.)

M

SCENE

SCENE II.—*A garden at Mr. Savage's on Lansdown hill—a marquee at the upper wing, in which is seen a table full of fruits, wine, meat, tea urns, coffee pots, &c. A distant view of Bath—moon rising.—Long flourish of clarinets!*

Enter Lady SARAH SAVAGE and a Servant.

Lady Sarah. Call Miss Clara—(*Servant enters marquee.*)—I have given this party in order to secure this young creature and her fortune, for my brutish brother has so less'n'd our gold, that only her copper can save us from sinking—if her guardians refuse, we are prepar'd for bolder schemes.

Enter CLARA.

Well: my dear girl, how do you like our breakfast?—breakfast by moonlight? isn't it quite charming—so nouvelle?

Clara. Quite—and in addition to tea and coffee, here are fowls, fruit, and wine, so that you may breakfast, dine, drink tea, and sup all in the same meal—nouvelle!—surely nobody else is so singular.

Lady Sarah. I don't know—I never copy—the world's so very ignorant—that only act unlike other people, and you're pretty sure of being right, but, didn't you like the music—the singing?—

Clara. No; I don't much like these fine singers—it's a long time before you prevail on them to sing, and then when they once begin—faith! they never stop. I declare I only saw one person I liked amongst the party.

Lady

Lady Sarah. And who was that?—the dear Signor!

Clara. No—the dear creature, my guardian's son.

Lady Sarah. What! that monster? I wonder who invited such a heterogeneous animal, and you to prefer him—

Clara. Even to your brother, Ma'am—I know Mr. Savage designs me his hand; but, if my guardians will agree—and why they leave me in this scene of danger when I wrote to Sir Paul—

Lady Sarah. Here they are both—I'll go call my brother, and by the time I return, I hope I shall call you sister—adieu!—Gingham, indeed! [Exit.

Enter Sir PAUL and FLUSH.

Flush. Here she is—here's the girl to answer for herself—now be cool, Sir Paul—compose yourself, and I'll fairly put the question to her. Clara, haven't you fix'd your affections?

Clara. To confess the truth, I have, Sir.

Flush. Very well—softly, Sir Paul! and now, what is the Gentleman's name?

Sir Paul. Ay, what is his name, Clary?

Clara. Gingham, Sir.

Flush. There! I told you so—it's my son!

Sir Paul. Why there! I told you so—it's my son!

Flush. Your son!—In the first place I don't believe you have a son; and in the next, do you pretend that this Gingham—

Sir Paul. Is my boy! my own darling child!—and I'll prove it.

Flush. Well, well, if this is the case. I'll make you a fair proposition, let's call in both our sons, and let the one she prefers be her husband.

Sir Paul. Agreed—and I'll bet you a hundred pounds she chuses mine.

Flush. Done,—I'll bet you a hundred she chuses mine.

Gingham. (*Within the Marquee.*) My life! my love! my Clara!

Flush. Here he comes! (*Rubbing his Hands.*)

Sir Paul. Here he comes! (*Rubbing his Hands.*)

Gingham. (*Within Marquee*) I cannot live a moment from thee—I——

GINGHAM enters from the Marquee, and, seeing his two fathers together, pauses and starts.

Flush. Now, Clara—Silence, Sir Paul!—don't you chuse him!—him!—for your husband?

Clara. I do, Sir.

Flush. Huzza! I've won my bet!

Sir Paul. Here is a father don't know his own child.

Gingham. (*Coming between them*) And here's a child don't know his own father! upon my soul, Gentlemen, I cannot tell which of you had the honour of inventing me; but here I am, and if you have more property to distribute—if either of you has another two hundred pounds, I'll dispose of it so neatly, that tears of joy shall trickle down your cheeks!

Flush. (*After looking some time at Sir Paul.*) Sir Paul!

Sir Paul. Mr. Flush—We were joint guardians just now and——

Flush. And now we're joint fathers it seems.—
Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. This must be the tradesman—a word in private, if you please, Sir. (*They enter the Marquee.*)

Gingham. Lay your heads together; settle it as you please; for while Clara smiles on me, I care not whether I'm son to a haberdasher, or heir to the grand Turk.

Clara. I hope they won't quarrel—I fear Mr. Flush will insist——

Gingham. He insist!—bless you, he'd sell me for half a crown.

Re-enter FLUSH and SIR PAUL.

Sir Paul. He's mine! he's mine! the father knows his own child at last.—I never suspected Flush was clerk to a Lottery Office, and consequently little thought he was the tradesman who married my Nelly—'gad! I always took him for a gentleman.

Gingham. Did you?—that was very good natur'd of you—and so you give me up, Mr. Flush?

Flush. Yes, I can afford it.—The Tunbridge story is perfectly explain'd, and I have done with you, you rogue—Your *wife* father here has promis'd to restore my papers, so now you may speak truth till you're black in the face.

Gingham. May I?—then I won't; lest other faces should be of the same complexion—but, gentlemen, since you've found out who I belong to, will you inform me who this lady is to belong to?

Clara. Ay, Mr. Flush—I'm sure I shall have your consent—you are a monied man and have lived with people of rank.

Flush. Your pardon, ma'am, if I had lived with people of rank, I had not been a monied man—the fact is, I touch cash wherever I can, and Sir Paul has brib'd me so handsomely, that I have sold my consent—I have sold my ward as well as my son, and for this plain reason—I can afford it.

Sir Paul. Clary, take his hand, my Girl. (*Giving her to Gingham.*) The dog has an odd way of speaking his mind, but instead of checking him, encourage him; many a man only wants to be told of his errors to correct them, and that is my case—

Gingham. Your case, Sir?

Sir Paul. Yes, my boy—since you talked of self-gratification bringing tears of pleasure into my eyes, I resolv'd to try the experiment—I determin'd to retrench my expences, to sell my hounds, dispose of my stud, and see if I could not lay out my money on rational and solid pleasures; in bestowing happiness on two as innocent and injur'd creatures as ever existed!

Enter Mr. and Mrs. DARNLEY.

Sir Paul. Niece, your hand—Darnley forgive what's past, and henceforth if I don't prove a friend to you, tell that son of mine to speak his mind to me—tell him to take another two hundred pounds out of my pocket; nay, disperse my whole property—any thing, so you don't drink “Confusion to a stingy old uncle!”

Mrs. Darnley. Sir, we owe every thing to your son—he has been our pilot through the storms of fashion, and if he now secures to us independence and our cottage—

Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. Independence and a cottage! S'life! you shall have affluence and a farm as large as Salisbury Plain—I'll come and see you every summer! ay! for sixty years to come!—odsheart! they say I'm like an old Volcano burnt out! but it's a mistake—I'm like an Egyptian lamp that flames for ever!—A'nt I, my boy?

Gingham. Must I speak truth, father?—mum!

Darnley. (To *Sir Paul.*) You have made me the happiest of men, Sir Paul; but you must excuse me when I say, that your son has the first and greatest claim—

Gingham. Nay, Cousin; if you knew me half as well as I know myself, you would find I have as many faults as any of you.—But come, let's adjourn from this vulgar fashionable scene, and while they drink one toast, we'll give another—

—May manners masculine no more deface
The charms that constitute each female grace.
To man, be bold and daring schemes confin'd,
Woman for softer passions was design'd,
And by meek virtue—to subdue mankind!

[*Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.

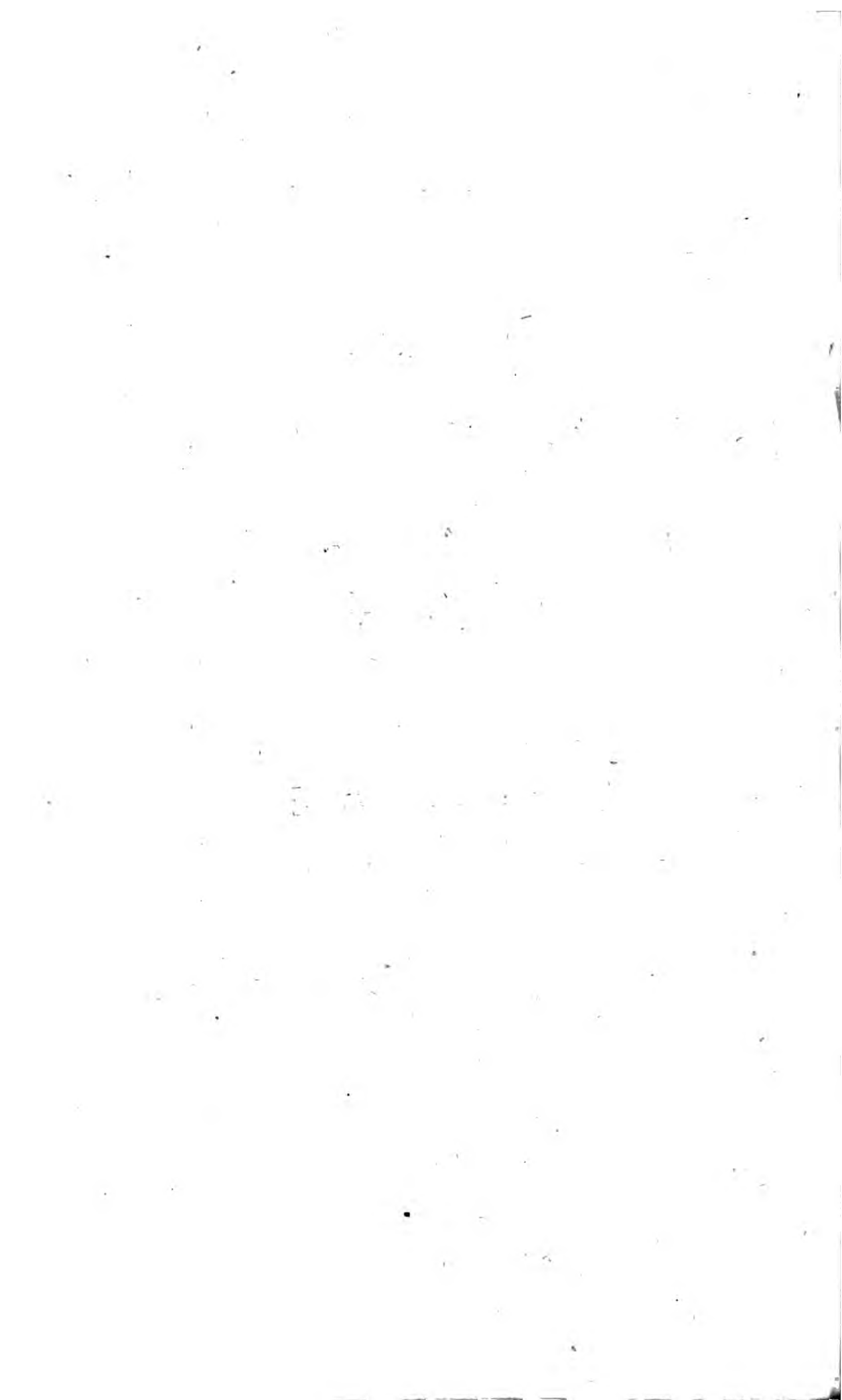
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THE TOWN BEFORE YOU,

A
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THE TOWN BEFORE YOU,

A

COMEDY,

AS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By MRS. COWLEY.

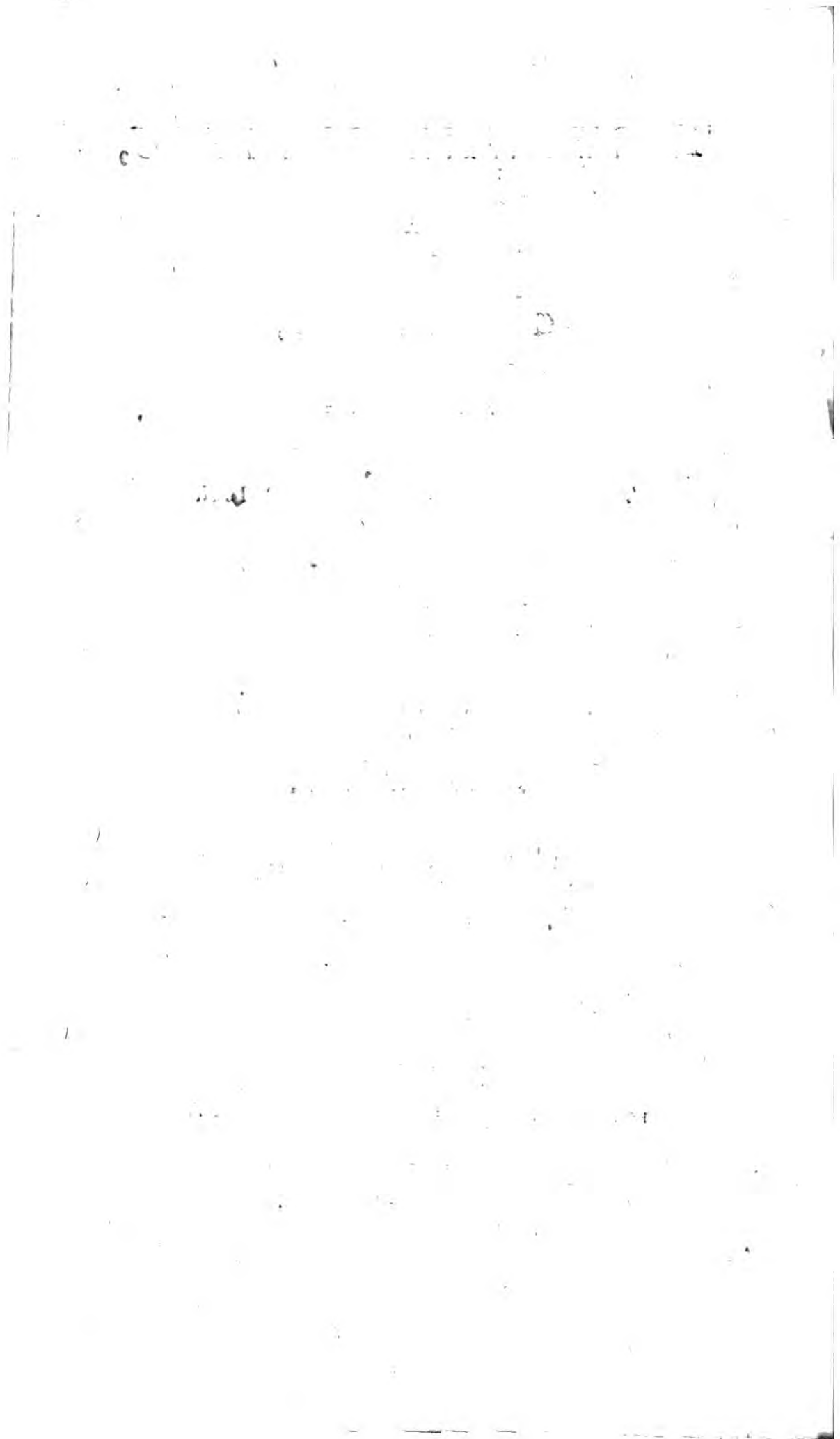
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1795.



TO

MRS. FRUSHARD,

CALCUTTA.

MADAM,

I SELDOM write Dedications. Whenever I have written one, it has been from an impulse of veneration, or of tender gratitude. THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM I dedicated to *her Majesty*; THE TOWN BEFORE YOU is dedicated to *you*.

The virtues which you practise in your elegant pavilions at GASSARY, have

A 3

reach'd

reach'd the British shores. Their reputation now echoes back again to those of the Ganges; and I would persuade myself that I may be the cause of extending it still farther. Yes, I would hope that this humble pen may speak to those of after times, and tell them that you *quietly* perform such acts of graceful goodness, as open a thousand mouths in your praise, whilst you persuade yourself that all is secret, and that no one finds you out to be more amiable and respected, than the generality of human creatures.

This self deception is a little help'd on, by him, to whom of all earthly beings you are bound to look up. He *aids* your charming impositions—he *assists* you in fixing fetters of gratitude on all around you, and then persuades himself and you, that Heaven alone is privy to the deed. But you could not hope always to go on
in

in this sort of concealment—at length you
are unveil'd!

I am unable to measure the extent of
my private obligations to you; but may
this public acknowledgement of them con-
vince you that they throb in my heart, and
that I must be

Ever,

MADAM,

Your faithfully devoted,

H. COWLEY.

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PREFACE.

THE following is rather the Comedy which the Public have chosen it to be, than the Comedy which I intended. Some things have been left out, and some have been added since the first representation: In short, the Comedy has been *new class'd*—it has been torn from its genus.

It is hoped, however, that there may be found characters, in THE TOWN BEFORE YOU, to interest, and situations to attach; and that those events which were vivacity in the Theatre, will not be dulness in the closet.

But it must be noticed, that the scene, in the second act, between TIPPY and his Landlady, and that in the fifth act, between TIPPY and the Bailiff, were no part of my original design. They were written during the illness of MRS. POPE, after the Piece had been played several nights. Alas! I am sorry to remark, that no scenes in the Comedy (to use the Stage idiom) *go off better.*

An acute Critic lately said, in one of those assemblies where conversation, though sometimes light, is seldom without meaning, "A Comedy to please, in the present day, must be *made*, not written." It requires no great expanse of comprehension to perceive the meaning of this dogma; the truth of which I am equally ready to acknowledge, and to deplore: But should it *want* illustration, it may be found every week in a popular Piece, where a great Actor, holding a sword in his left hand, and making aukward pushes with it, charms the audience infinitely more than he could do, by all the wit and observation which the ingenious Author might have given him; and brings down such applauses, as the bewitching dialogue of CIBBER, and of FARQUHAR pants for in vain!

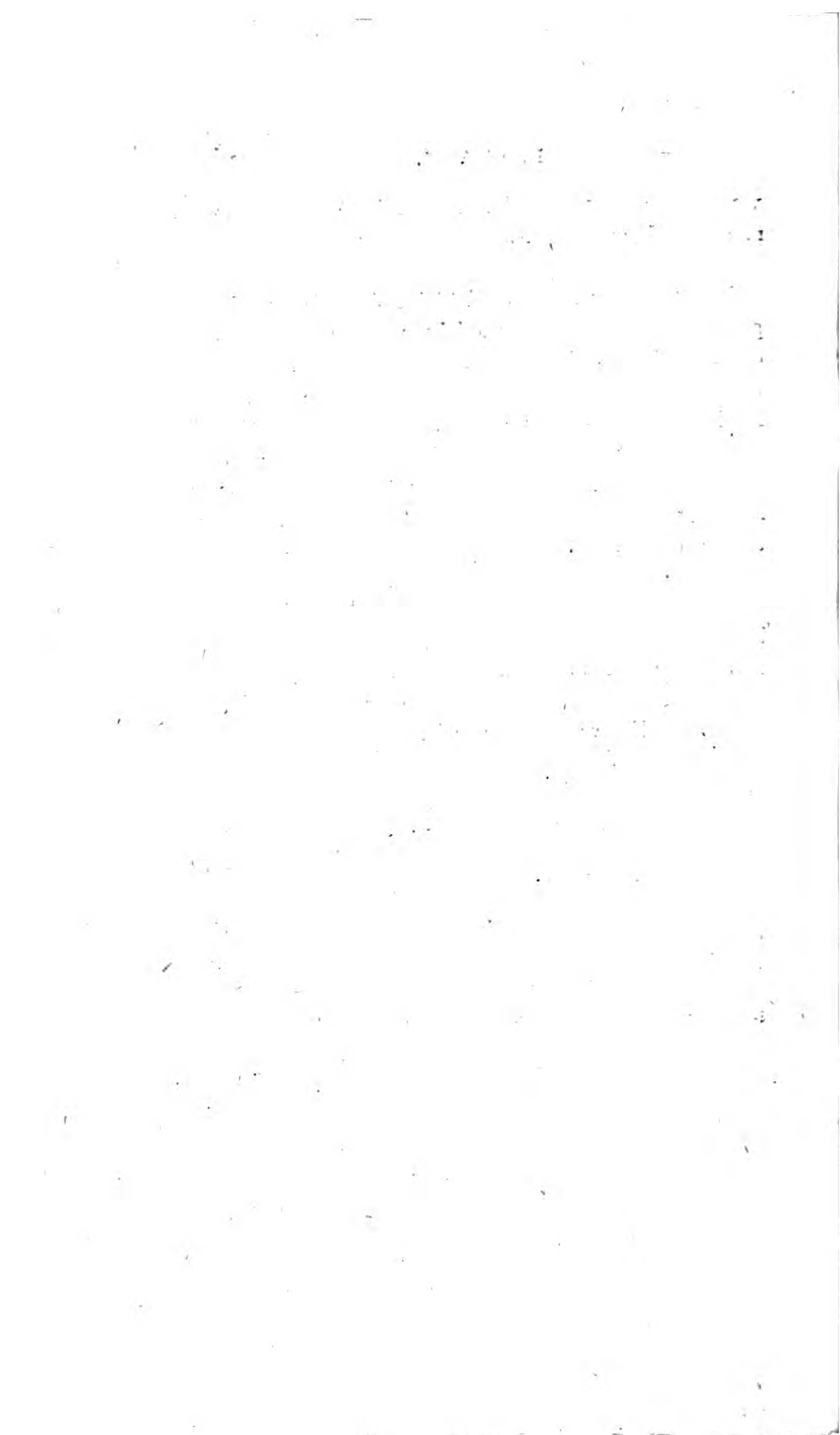
The patient development of character, the repeated touches which colour it up to Nature, and swell it into identity and existence (and which gave celebrity to CONGREVE), we have now no relish for. The combinations of interest, the strokes which are meant to reach the heart, we are equally incapable of tasting. LAUGH! LAUGH! LAUGH! is the demand: Not a word must be uttered that looks like instruction, or a sentence which ought to be remembered.

From a Stage, in such a state, it is time to withdraw; but I call on my younger cotemporaries, I invoke the rising generation, to *correct* a taste which, to be gratified, demands neither genius or intellect;—which asks only a happy knack at inventing TRICK. I adjure them to restore to the Drama SENSE, OBSERVATION,

VATION, WIT, LESSON! and to teach our Writers to respect their own talents.

What mother can now lead her daughters to the great National School, THE THEATRE, in the confidence of their receiving either polish or improvement? Should the luckless Bard stumble on a reflection, or a sentiment, the audience yawn, and wait for the next tumble from a chair, or a tripping up of the heels, to put them into attention. Surely I shall be forgiven for satirising myself; I have *made* such things, and I blush to have made them,

O! GENIUS of a polish'd age, descend!—plant thy banners in our Theatres, and bid ELEGANCE and FEELING take place of the *droll* and the *laugh*, which formerly were found only in the Booths of *Bartlemy Fair*, and were divided between *Flocton* and *Yates*! With actors capable of giving force to all that is intellectual, is it not *pity* to condemn them to such drudgery? THEY are no longer necessary. Let Sadler's Wells and the Circus empty themselves of their performers to furnish our Stage; the expence to Managers will be less, and their business will be carried on better. The UNDERSTANDING, DISCERNMENT, and EDUCATION, which distinguish our modern actors, are useless to them;—strong muscles are in greater repute, and grimace has more powerful attraction.



PROLOGUE,

MRS. MATTOCKS.

AH! ah! you're here, and comfortably tight?
Well squeez'd and prefs'd, I see—from left to right.
Waiting the moment when the curtain rises,
Gasping for plots, adventures, and surprises!
Were I a Poet—a Dramatic Wit,
And by the Stage Tarantula were bit,
My Prologue shou'd, as was the good old way,
A word or two upon *the subject say*;
Hint a loose outline of the scene within,
And let you guess the whole ere we begin.
In present times, the Prologue and its Play,
Are as near kin as Michaelmas and May—
Confin'd, then, not to say a word of *that*,
I'll tell a story—and I have one pat.

A Boniface of late, placed near his door,
“ Good larders here, of genuine wines, rich store.”
In gold the gaudy invitation hung,
And to the shifting Zephyrs gently swung.
It chanc'd a traveller, with stomach keen,
Leapt from his Rozinante, tir'd and lean,
Talk'd of his supper, with an eager air—
Resolved, for once, in no expence to spare;
I'll have stewed carp, he cried, and chicken roast,
And, bring me, of the Burgundy you boast.
Y—e—s, Sir, the staring, curtsying Damsel said,
And, in a trice, the table-cloth was laid.
I am my own man, he adds, in accents bold,

Nar

PROLOGUE.

Nor shall I fear, to-night, my household scold;
One hundred miles, betwixt me and my dear—
Odds bobs! her shrill alarum can't reach here!
At length came back the pretty, fimping Kate,
And plac'd—two eggs upon his lonely plate.

Our Traveller amazed, the Landlord call'd,
Host! Host! in angry accents loudly bawl'd;
He came—Where are your ducks, your lobsters, turkey,
hare?

“ Why, there you have them—in the *Bill of Fare*;
“ There you have game, and fowl, and fish, well drest,
“ And neat old Port, to give the whole a zest;
“ My house affords no other, Sir, believe me,
“ I scorn, I'm sure, to go for to deceive ye.”

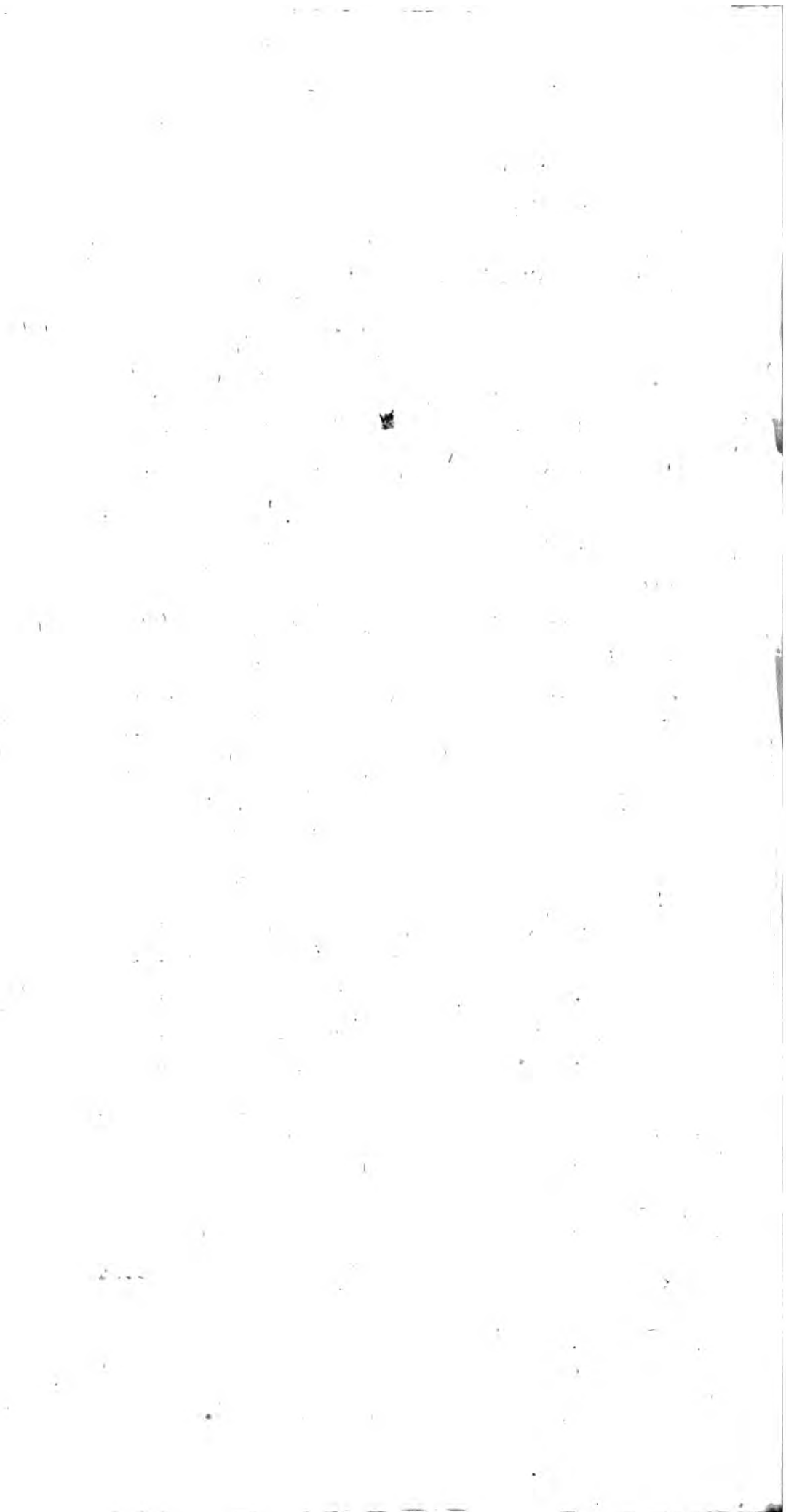
The guest fatigued, enraged, the Inn forsook,
And the road, slowly, to another took:
There, *without* promise, all was neat and clean,
His food was wholesome, and his room not mean.
So—not to raise high hopes, we cannot meet,
We trust this night's *plain* fare is fresh and sweet;
And shou'd you like the dressing, we invite ye,
To come as often as the dish delights ye;
A hearty welcome you will always find,
And to your wills, our Host, and House, resign'd.



PERSONS

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

TIPPY	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
FANCOURT	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
CONWAY	<i>Mr. Holman.</i>
ASGILL	<i>Mr. Pope.</i>
SIR ROBERT FLOYER	<i>Mr. Quick.</i>
SIR SIMON ASGILL	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>
HUMPHREY	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
PERKINS	<i>Mr. Hull.</i>
SLOPSELLER	<i>Mr. Thompson.</i>
BUCKRAM	<i>Mr. Williamson.</i>
HOLDFAST	<i>Mr. Cross.</i>
SIR ROBERT'S SERVANT	<i>Mr. Simmons.</i>
LADY HORATIA HORTON	<i>Mrs. Pope.</i>
GEORGINA	<i>Miss Wallis.</i>
MRS. FANCOURT	<i>Mrs. Mattocks.</i>
LADY CHARLOTTE	<i>Miss Chapman.</i>
JENNY	<i>Mrs. Martyr.</i>
MRS. BULLRUSH	<i>Miss Stuart.</i>
LADY HORATIA'S SERVANT	<i>Miss Leferve.</i>



THE TOWN BEFORE YOU,

A

C O M E D Y.

A C T I.

SCENE I.—*A plain Apartment, with a few Books.*

FANCOURT *sits reading*—Mrs. FANCOURT *at work at some distance.*

FANCOURT.

HOW well those fellows wrote, those anti-ents! How finely they satirize the rich, and what respect they have for virtue in rags! My dear, I will translate the passage—off hand now, d'ye hear, off hand! (*rises and reads*)

“Poliarchus, the rich Athenian, wantoning in
“gluttony, looks with contempt on the poor
“Cassander: Cassander reposing on his bed of
“straw, thanks the Gods that he has health
“and virtue; and prays to be preserved from
“the misfortune of being rich, like Poliarchus,
“whose floors are stained with the wine of
“drunkenness, and whose silver couch is con-
“stantly crowded by physicians.”

Mrs. Fancourt. Are you sure that is a just translation, Mr. Fancourt?

B

Mr.

Mr. Fancourt. What, Madam, do you doubt my knowledge of Greek! Some people can hardly read English at sight; I can translate at sight, thanks to the milk I suck'd in at Oxford. Doctor Johnson and I, were both Oxford men.—I like to read that old Quiz, he was so fond of us Oxford fellows. But he had too much respect for riches—he liked rich people.

Mrs. Fancourt. To say truth, I have a little of his way of thinking. I had never much respect towards those Philosophers who are always throwing sarcasms on the rich—

Fancourt. (*interrupting*) I do maintain, Madam, that the rich are *the* vilest—

Mrs. Fancourt. Come, come, Mr. Fancourt, your extravagancies have rendered you poor, and therefore you are always raving thus, and pouring your philipics on people of fortune;—as though vice and folly could only be found in palaces, and virtue in garrets.

Fancourt. Hey day! Why Ma'am—why—

Mrs. Fancourt. For my part, I believe there is as much goodness amongst persons of fortune, as amongst the poor—and I do not see why the power of dressing elegantly, and living in well educated society, should debase the heart, or weaken the understanding.

Fancourt. You do not see! why you are the greatest—the most abominable—upon my soul, you are the most provoking fool that ever—

Mrs. Fancourt. My dear Sir, I do not doubt it—you have repeated these opinions too often for me not to be convinced of their justice. But really now, between ourselves (*rising and laying down her work*) as opinion is nothing without

without example, I will take the liberty to quote yourself in support of mine.

Fancourt. Me! quote me!

Mrs. Fancourt. Even your great and mighty self! Mr. Fancourt, when I married you, you were not poor—not so poor as you are now; and I think at that time you had no particular vices; but as dissipation has brought poverty upon you, I have observed that by little and little your shallow virtues have disappeared, till—

Fancourt. (*impatiently*) 'Till what?

Mrs. Fancourt. Till you are capable of almost any action that will not endanger your neck. Nay, I no longer mind your threatening looks—I am so convinced of what I have said, that my heart feels horror.

Fancourt. I'll make it feel something else.

Mrs. Fancourt. You cannot. All *other* power over my heart is over; you can afflict it no more! But observe my deduction. I state you to yourself as a proof that poverty is *sometimes* the source of wickedness; and that squalid wretchedness is as capable of debasing the heart, as affluence and splendor.

Fancourt. Very well, woman! very well! still the noise of that child there—(*going to the door*) what an odious squaling it keeps!

Mrs. Fancourt. It is not easy, Mr. Fancourt, to still the noise of children who are hungry. Though they are the children of the *first* Mrs. Fancourt, it pierces my heart to hear them—why will you not do something to get bread for them?

Fancourt. What would you have me do? I was not bred to stand behind a counter, nor

to cry "*Chairs to mend*" in the streets. You know all that—what did you marry me for?

Mrs. Fancourt. Alas! because I loved you. The sweetness of your manners disguised the emptiness of your heart, and I romantically thought that poverty could never be an evil, when two hearts fondly *shared* its difficulties. But now—permit me to ask, why you married me?

Fancourt. Because you had a modicum of a fortune—a score of hundreds: and I had not so many shillings.

Mrs. Fancourt. That little modicum might have been a bank, if properly managed, and—

Fancourt. Pshaw!—stuff! I hate such cant. What do you want?

Enter a female Servant.

Servant. A person left this parcel, Sir, and said there was no answer. [Exit.

Fancourt. Such abominable cant! (*untying the up parcel*) I am as tired of it as I used to be of my Grandmother's spelling through Hannah Glas's Art of Cookery, and I believe in my conscience—the devil! here is gold!

Mrs. Fancourt. Gold!

Fancourt. Keep off—you are too good, too pure, to want such vile trash. Twenty guineas by Jupiter—ah, ah! (*shaking the purse.*)

Mrs. Fancourt. Here is a note dropt (*takes it up and reads*) "Accept this purse, Sir, from one "who is sorry to see such merit in confined "circumstances, and who was charmed with "your delicate manner of revealing it.

Fancourt. Who is it signed by?

Mrs.

Mrs. Fancourt. Robert Floyer.

Fancourt. Ay, Sir Robert Floyer, a fine old Welchman, who got himself made Sheriff, then a Knight—those two dignities generally follow, like the Old Bailey and a whipping. I made the old blockhead believe that I was deeply versed in Welch antiquities—that Snowden was once a burning mountain, and that the *Ap Morgans* and *Ap Shonefes* were lineally descended from King Priam. You see I know how to turn my wits to account—I can make money, though I can't make shoes.

Mrs. Fancourt. Yes, and you see there is generosity where there is no poverty; and that but for the beneficence of a man of fortune, a rich man, your children to-day wou'd have wanted a dinner.

Fancourt. Psha! what merit is there in the generosity of a rich man! a fellow who takes out a handful of guineas from his store as you would dip a bucket into a well? give me the virtue of the poor man who divides his last shilling—his last two-pence with his friend; who takes his pint of porter from his thirsty lips, and shares it with his poorer neighbour.

Mrs. Fancourt. Ah, here is your poor sister—I will go and receive her—you can now assist her distresses—what pleasure it will give you!

Fancourt. None of your documents—if she is in distress, let her pawn her superfluities, as other poor people do. (*going out.*) There is some difference between sharing one's last two-pence with a friend, and one's last twenty guineas. [Exit.

[*Mrs. Fancourt goes out on the opposite side, with an air of abhorrence.*

SCENE II.—*A Square.*

Enter HUMPHREY (searching his pockets).

Humphrey. Rot et, here be three caerds or noates, or what the devil they be, left after all. Dang et, I have delivered seventeen—all the way from Manchester-square to Petty France; from there to Bishopsgate-street after sweet-meats for Miss, and then to the Hay-market about the pianny forty. Hang me if I doant make dead men of these (*tearing the notes*); dead men tell no tales. The people they were for, will never know their losfs. I can say I found nobody at hoam; ha, ha, ha! that was amoast the first word I larn'd, when I come to Lunnun—"Not at hoam, Sir." Dad! the gentry here have the cheapest way of entertaining their friends; it doesn't cost above a dozen or two lies a day to keep acquaintance with great quality. Hey! did you speak to me, Sir?

BUCKRAM enters.

Buckram. Yes, my lad—Pray which is Sir Robert Floyer's?

Humphrey. Which is—(*bursting into a laugh*) What, don't you know Sir Robert's? Why, Sir Robert is as well known in Wales as the Monument in Lunnun, or my Lord Mayor in his gilt coach.

Buckram. Very likely: But which is his house in this street?

Humphrey. Why this house to be sure (*takes off his hat*). Why I live we'en. Pray, Sir, what may be your business we'en?

Buckram. I am the young lady's staymaker.

Humphrey. Staymaker! (*puts on his hat*) why, I took you for a curnel, or a coptain, or a great knight belonging to a prince, or some'at of that sort. Why, your coate is amoast the colour of scarlet. Aye, I know why that be—you think to pass for one of those brave fellows who go over sea to fight for their country, and, i'faith, its pity but you shou'd!

Buckram. Prithee let your young lady know that I am here. I am recommended by Lady Horatia Horton; I work for all the ladies of fine taste in town.

Humphrey. Fine teaste! Dad! we cut this morning for breakfast the finest pork griskin I ever teasted in my life. Come with me down the eary steps, and I'll give ye a bit with fresh mustard that shall put your teaste in tune for the whole day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*An elegant Apartment (within).*

Enter Sir ROBERT, followed by a Servant.

Sir Robert (looking out). Humphrey! Humphrey! Where can this loitering rascal stay? So you found Mr. Fancourt's house?

Servant. Yes, Sir; in one of the retired streets near Bloomsbury?

Sir Robert. Well, I am glad I sent him those few guineas. Fancourt seems to be a lad of merit; and when he opened his distresses to me,

he did it in such a delicate, modest way! He is an excellent companion, and he has a pretty taste for antiquities—I like antiquities.

Servant. So I gues's'd, Sir, by the vast quantity of old worm-eaten furniture you have at home, which you never make any use of, but to shew to strangers. All from the old castles belonging to your forefathers, Sir, I take it?

Sir Robert. Yes, all from my forefathers castles. Hum (*aside*). My grandfather was the first man of his family who ever went to bed, or got up his own master.

Servant. Two or three rooms of precious rotten furniture, Sir, give people a notion of the antiquity of your family (*archly*).

Sir Robert (aside). I believe the dog has found me out—it was for that very reason I bought it. You may remember, David, the year that I was sheriff—I say that year in which I was high sheriff for the county.—Ho—here comes Humphrey.

Enter HUMPHREY.

Where have you been, you loitering, west-country booby, these three hours?

Humphrey. Three hours! Why, Sir, 'tis my belief you wou'd have loitered six hours, if you had seen what I have seen, and heard what I have heard.

Sir Robert. What hast thou seen and heard?

Humphrey. Why, in my way to Bishopsgate-street, I saw folks go into that old fashioned house, where Gog and and Magog stand up to guard the mince-pies, whilst the Lord Mayor dines.

Sir

Sir Robert. Guildhall.

Humphrey. Yes, Gilthall—it is all over gilt and finery. So I follow'd a gemman into a great chamber, and there—O, my eyes! there I saw beautiful angels coming down through the clouds, on purpose to hold up the glass candlesticks, thus (*stretching out his arm*).

Sir Robert (*seriously*). Gad! I shou'd like to see them.

Humphrey. And the gemmen were debating. Yes—O! my ears! I heard a city debate, and they called one another Mr. Deputy—and one of them, with a fine red double chin, got up and said, “ I am sorry to differ from Mr. Deputy (*speaking gruffly*) ; but I contend that these innovations bode no good to our constitutions. The hour for dining, since my time, was two; it has been three, four, and six; and I suspect shortly it may be eight—hum! I move, therefore, that a petition be presented to the Lord Mayor—hum—hum—”

On which a little squinting gentleman rose, and said (*in a shrill quick voice*), “ I support the worthy Deputy who spoke last. These late hours are ruinous to the body corporate. On Lord Mayor's Day we dined so late, that when I went afterwards to Fishmonger's-hall to *supper*, the turbot was gone, nay, the second course was demolished, the sweetmeats were pocketed, and nothing remained but cheese and pickles.”

Sir Robert. You are a pickle! Get out—here is a great lady coming—get out of her way—go!

[*Exit. Humphrey.*]

Enter

Enter Lady CHARLOTTE.

What, Madam, is your Ladyship going? Has not my daughter had the honour to see you, Lady Charlotte?

Lady Charlotte. Yes; and I have left her with a person of much greater consequence—she is in deep consultation with her milliner. To a girl of eighteen, Sir Robert, a milliner is of as much importance as an aid-du-camp to a general. I knew my distance when she entered, and immediately took leave—Pray, Sir, order my chair (*to the first servant, who goes off*).

Sir Robert. Madam, forgive me, if, before you go, I just *plump* one question. What do you think of Mr. Conway?

Lady Charlotte. Ha, ha, ha! Think of Mr. Conway? That he has all the advantages which belong to fashion, without its vices. He has certainly some vanity, but more good sense. His friends are well chosen; he admires beauty; he loves goodness; and there *is* a young lady—(*archly*) Adieu, Sir Robert! Your anxiety about Mr. Conway I perfectly understand, and I hope you are satisfied. [*Exit.*

Sir Robert (bowing repeatedly). What a thing it is to have a lady of quality so familiar with one!

GEORGINA *enters hastily, followed by* JENNY.

Well, Georgina, what now? What now?

Georgina. O, papa! look at this cap—did you ever see so bewitching a thing?

Sir Robert. Pho! you little fool!

Georgina.

Georgina. Look at this bow—look at the tip of this scarlet feather! Here, Jenny, put it away, with great care.

Jenny. Care, indeed (*aside*); it is pity my talents have not better employment than taking care of feathers, and wiping band-boxes. [*Exit.*]

Georgina. Good bye, papa; I am going to Lady Horatia Horton's. I do love to go there. And what do you think I long to be? I long to be a sculptor!

Sir Robert. I don't understand ye.

Georgina. O! Lady Horatia does look so charmingly whilst at her labours; her sweet white hands appear like the very marble she is at work upon.

Sir Robert. Did I hear right? At work upon marble?

Georgina. Bless me! Why did I never tell you before that she is a sculptor? She has a large room full of fine things of her own work. O dear! I wish she wou'd teach me her art; I could spend my life amidst fine statues. But pray, papa, when am I to be presented! I am not in town till I am presented.

Sir Robert. Not in town!

Georgina. Nay, indeed, its true; Lady Charlotte told me so. I can't go any where in public, nor be spoken to by a single creature, till I have been presented: I am not come out till then.

Sir Robert. Not come out! Bless me, *Georgina*, my dear, why then Saint James's has its *flang* as well as Saint Giles's.

Georgina. Yes, to be sure it has; and we must make haste and get the *flang*, or they will find

find us out to be mere bumpkins. When shall I be presented?

Sir Robert. Have patience. I am come to town about a little business of that sort myself. Perhaps we shall be presented together.

Georgina. How, ha, ha, ha! presented together! Was ever such a thing heard of? Miss and her papa presented together! Then did you never come out till now, papa?

Sir Robert. Pshaw! mine is quite a different business. If I am put into a great office, I must be presented in course.

Georgina. Why, what are you going to be?

Sir Robert. That I cannot tell.

Georgina. If they give you your choice, pray be a duke. O! how I shou'd doat on your being a duke!

Sir Robert. Why?

Georgina. Then I shou'd be a lady.—Lady Georgina—delightful! Lady Georgina's name should fly about the town as though it were made with wings to it.

Sir Robert. Nonsense! You a duke's daughter, indeed! A pretty figure you'd make as a duke's daughter!

Georgina. Figure! Where the difficulty? I can do it exactly—you shall see now—When I was last at Lady Horatia Horton's, a countess from the Opera came in, thus (*striding across, and sitting down abruptly*)—Bless me, Lady Horatia, how cou'd you be at home to-night? I gallopp'd sixty miles to-day, have kill'd one coach-horse, and spoiled another, merely to hear the Banti—O! the Banti!

Sir Robert. The bantling! why, whose bantling was it!

Georgina.

Georgina. O! her upper tones!—and, O! her under tones! whilst she was flying from B to C, hanging upon G, running into cantabile from E, and sinking down by just gradations to D, the whole house were magnetized—I saw a general faint—a minister of state take out his smelling bottle, and a prince of the blood blew his nose.

Sir Robert. Blew his nose! very affecting indeed! and countesses are charming creatures. But, dear Georgina, the warmth of thy imagination would disturb my peace, did not thy extreme giddiness prevent its fastening on any one object for more than ten minutes together. Hah! take care of thyself, my dear Georgina, thou art treading upon men-traps and spring-guns. Thy paths, though seemingly covered with flowers, are full of thorns, prickles, and adders.

Georgina. Thorns, prickles, and adders! law, Papa, why people never seem to feel them, and I dare say I shall dance over them as lightly as my neighbours. [Exit.

Sir Robert. Yes, DISSIPATION! thou art the enemy of female honour. It is on thy accursed altar that the peace of the wife, the repose of the husband, and the welfare of whole families, are continually offer'd up. O! shield my child. (*lifting up his eyes and hands*) from the corruption of DISSIPATION! [Exit.

SCENE—ASGILL'S Lodgings.

CONWAY enters, preceded by a Servant.

Servant. My master is engaged, Sir, but I will acquaint him that you are here. [Exit.

FANGOURT

FANCOURT *runs in.*

Fancourt. Hah, Conway, I saw you come in, so I follow'd you up—I know you are *at home* in Afgill's lodgings.

Conway. Are you acquainted with Mr. Afgill.

Fancourt. No; notwithstanding he keeps good company, and is nephew to a rich old Sir Simon in the City, who between loans and lumber, makes money faster than he tells lies! but there are an odd sort of three corner'd mortals one can never *close* with—they present a point at every turn; you may as easily come into contact with a porcupine. I know all the people in town except himself, and I came in on purpose to ask you to make us intimate.

Conway. That will be impossible. Pray Fancourt, how do you get acquainted with every body, for—let me say it in a whisper—your reputation is not of the very first water. (*not whispering.*)

Fancourt. Pho! what men are *diamonds* in the way of reputation? French paste does as well, and one is not so much afraid to damage it. If I were such a fellow as you, with a character of the true water, I should be in eternal anxiety—never dare to turn to the right or the left—fearful of a speck here, of a flaw there; as it is, I brush on through the world—my French paste makes a shew, and if I lose it—why I lose a thing of no value.

Conway. Amazing!

Fancourt. Hang me if I would be troubled with a first rate character, any more than with a first rate beauty—it would only
create

create envy, and my friends would never rest 'till they had robb'd me of it.

Conway. O! that talents should be thus enlisted in the service of vice.

Fancourt. That I swear you learnt from our old one-eyed Proctor of Brazen Nose—I remember the very words; I have heard them fifty times whilst I stood on his blind side. O! that a man should thus live on the scraps of others all his life, and never *dare* coin a principle for himself! So, you won't introduce me to Asgill? (*Conway shakes his head*) very well—very well—I'll introduce myself to an Archbishop before I am a week older, and get myself made a Prebend in revenge.

[*Exit.*

Enter ASGILL.

Conway. Asgill, I am come to disengage myself from the hunt; I cannot be with you to-morrow.

Asgill. Very well—I shall not enquire your reasons; nor shall I pretend to guess that there is a little Welch Diana in the way of the hunt—you have not seen her I dare swear.

Conway. Be not so daring—I *have* seen her; but I have only seen her. She is as wild as one of the kids on her father's mountains.

Asgill. Where have you met with her?

Conway. At Lady Horatio Horton's; but her volatility is so great, that it wou'd be as easy to catch quicksilver.

Asgill. I cannot say I think so—she does not want life; but it is the sweet pensiveness of her character that charms me—a thousand graces hang

hang about pensiveness which mere animal spirits destroy.

Conway. I have not seen her in that humour.

Afgill. And then her fine taste.

Conway. Her taste is as fine as other people's I dare swear; but she will bear a little polish.

Afgill. She bear polish—ha, ha, ha! where will you find such a mind, such an understanding?

Conway. I have no doubt of its native excellence, and I hope to have the pleasure of improving it.

Afgill. You! what do you mean, Sir? of whom are you speaking?

Conway. Of whom do you speak?

Afgill. Of Lady Horatia Horton—did you not name her?

Conway. Ha, ha, ha! so this is confidence by chance! dear Afgill, I have blundered on your secret very undesignedly—I was speaking of the daughter of Sir Robert Floyer.

Afgill. But you mentioned Lady Horatia; and the moment her idea is presented to me, every other is swallowed up. O! Conway, she engrosses my whole soul—to see her is bliss, and the sound of her voice is rapture.

Conway. Heyday!

Afgill. You *have* the secret by chance; but you are welcome to it, and I am prepared for all your jests on my passion for a woman who is devoted to sculpture.

Conway. Faith, I perceive no room for jests. I think it must be charming to see a fine woman fit with a chissel, and bring out of a block of marble, a form as graceful as her own; every feature glowing with animation beneath

her eye; and every stroke of the mallet warming the cold mass into mind and expression.

Asgill. (*smiling and catching his hand*). I thank you; but your eulogy is not compleat, for the purity of my Horatia chastises the art she loves. The subjects she selects, Delicacy itself would paint out: with an enchanting modesty she seeks for models only in the graces of her own sex, the daughters of Britain, and the matrons of Greece.

Conway. Very well: but you are a *Son* of Britain—does Lady Horatia—

Asgill. (*eagerly*). Yes—no—I can not tell. She treats me with rigour, yet I think her heart has passion. I sometimes fancy I see it shine like the sun in November—unwillingly, and by starts.

Conway. Why do you not lead to an explanation.

Asgill. I cannot; for she is rich; and I am as you know, dependent on the will of an Uncle.

Conway. He has the reputation of being a Cræsus.

Asgill. True; but a fortune, whose basis is commerce, may be doubled, or dissolved in a month.

Conway. Well. Pray for me, my dear Asgill, that I may catch my little Welch fawn; I have no prayers to make for *you*; for I perceive your's is one of those sober passions, that, end as it may, your mind will keep its equilibrium. O! how delightful it must be to love with so much good sense.

[*Exit. laughing.*]

Asgill. O! how he mistakes! it is in souls like mine that love rages with all his fury.

The gay, the volatile, can scarcely *maintain* a passion; but in the serious and reflective mind, love raises a despotic throne, and, like the burning sun of Africa, he pours his chiefest ardors upon slaves.

Enter PERKINS.

Perkins! how now! your looks alarm me. What news from the City?

Perkins. O! Sir!

Asgill. My good friend, speak. You very much distress me. Something is amiss.

Perkins. Would I could say your fears were unfounded. Something is amiss——your Uncle——

Asgill. Nay, speak at once! I can bear any thing rather than suspense.

Perkins. Then summon all your fortitude! your Uncle, the good Sir Simon, has sent me to tell you that—he—is—undone.

Asgill. Oh! (*pressing his forehead with his hand*) undone! did you say so, Perkins? did you?

Perkins. The misfortunes which have shaken the trade of Europe have at last reached him. He who lately ranked on Change a two hundred thousand pound man, may not, when his creditors are satisfied, be able to command one thousand pound.

Asgill. (*after a distressful silence*). Your news is heavy, very heavy! leave me, dear Perkins! I want to ruminate on my misfortunes alone.

[*Exit. Perkins.*

(*Throws himself into a chair*). My worthy, my unhappy Uncle! the tide of affliction must roll heavy

heavy on him. (*Arises after a pause*). It is determined—I see Lady Horatia no more. No—never more—(*sighing deeply*) never shall her delicacy be insulted by seeing a beggar court her to his arms. (*Walks backwards and forwards*). But what can I do? bred to no profession, knowing nothing; ignorant of every art by which independence, or even *bread* may be obtained; I am thrown a vagabond upon the world. O! my too indulgent Uncle, when you sent me to Cambridge, had you placed me, rather, in a counting-house, I might now have been in a situation to have soften'd all your afflictions—instead of which—O, horror! my soul sickens—my head is dizzy—I sink to death. [*Goes off reeling.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*A Lodging House.*

TIPPY *walks hastily across the stage, and almost goes off*—Mrs. BULLRUSH *follows him.*

Mrs. Bullrush (bawling) Nay, Mr. Tippy—stay, Sir, you shall hear—you shall hear me. (*Groans and puts a handkerchief to her mouth.*)

Tippy (turning). Shall hear;—why how the devil can I avoid it? a pound of cotton stuff'd into my ears would not keep out the sound—I wonder you can open your mouth so wide, with such a pain in it.

Mrs. Bullrush. Aye—between my tooth-ache and you, I am almost mad. Sir, I tell you plainly I do not like your goings on, and I desire you to quit my lodgings.

Tippy (chucking her chin). Not for the world; for then I must quit *you*, my dear, good humour'd, quiet Mrs. Bullrush.

Mrs. Bullrush. None of your jeers. I don't like the sort of company you keep (*groaning*).

Tippy. That's odd; for my friends are of all sorts and complexions.

Mrs. Bullrush. And of all characters too, I believe. They seem most of them to be men who live by their wits.

Tippy. Yes;—I like to have my wits about me.

Mrs. Bullrush. And, Sir, you have been in my lodgings fourteen weeks, and I have never yet seen the colour of your money.

Tippy.

Tippy. No!—that's a reproach I am ashamed of—you shall make it no more (*takes out a purse, and pours gold into his hand*). There—bright yellow gold as ever came from the mint—does not the colour charm ye (*she attempts to snatch it*). Good morning! [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Bullrush. Nay, this is too bad—stop—stop! [*Runs after him with her handkerchief up.*]

SCENE II.—*St. James's Street.—the Palace, Fruit Shop, &c.*

FANCOURT is discovered in the fruit-shop, talking to the mistress, and eating fruit. He looks through the window.

Fancourt. The sun always brings out butterflies—a fine shew of women to-day. (*Tippy walks across*). Tippy—Tippy—hey!

Tippy. Who is so familiar with my name? (*looking round*). Hah! Fancourt—I have not seen you these six months—are you engaged there?

Fancourt. No—I'll come to you.

Tippy. The fellow looks as well as ever; I wonder what he's upon now (*Fancourt comes from the shop*). Well, my boy—how goes the world?

Fancourt. How goes the world—round, I suppose; for its inhabitants seem all giddy—where have you been since we parted at Bath?

Tippy. Bath? that was a twelvemonth since. I have been in a thousand shapes, and a thousand places since then. The last was Italy.

Fancourt. Italy! how the devil could you get there? was you bear driver? I mean did you hold the leading strings of some pretty Master, running the tour?

Tippy. How I got there you may know here—after; but there I have been. Zounds, man, I learnt to be a critic there—I talk of statues and intaglios—of busts and medallions—I find fault where ever I go—my judgment is asked—my satire is feared—I am *courted* and *bated*—O! its a glorious thing to be a critic.

Fancourt. Why you don't pretend that you are really a connoisseur?

Tippy. I pretend to any thing that will either get me into a dining parlour, or a wine cellar. I pronounce on Paintings and Tokay—on Statues and Old Hock; I know exactly the grapes from which the one was pressed, and the age in which the other was chissell'd—psha! man, there requires little to be a connoisseur, but impudence.

Fancourt. Well—but how do you live,—plainly—how do you eat?

Tippy. For the last three months I have eat on the strong likeness I bear to Lord Beechgrove.

Fancourt. The resemblance is astonishing—they call you his polygraph.

Tippy. You are mistaken. They call his Lordship *my* polygraph.

Fancourt. I stand corrected. But how have you lived on this resemblance, has he taken you up for the sake of the likeness?

Tippy. Taken me up! you are curst unlucky in your phrases to-day. No, no—he has been useful to me without his knowledge: for instance, I pass'd one night through Portland Place, and saw a great rout. I dash'd into the hall, cursing the crowd of carriages which prevented *my chariot* from coming up. The porter instantly knew me; gave my name—and LORD

BEECH-

BEECHGROVE resounded all the way up the stairs. The lady of the house received me; placed me immediately at a Loo table, and in two hours I brought off two hundred guineas.

Fancourt. Lucky rascal!

Tippy. I lately walk'd down to Barnet; took a chaise and four, and bade them whisk me to the Royal Hotel, Pall-Mall. Away we flash'd; roads all mud—horses plunging—post-boys cutting; measured Finchley Common in seventeen minutes, ten seconds. Rode over a smoking Common Councilman at the Adam and Eve—run in at Tottenham Court Road, and came neatly up (*making postillicn-like motions*).

Fancourt. Ha, ha, ha!

Tippy. The waiters recognized my Lordship, gave me the best apartments, the very rooms the Turkish Ambassador had, and there I lived in first style; no epicure—never chose more than five things at table; drank Champagne: in ten days took my leave to visit my Cumberland estate, and ordered the bill to be ready against my return.

Fancourt. Gad, I advise you to take his Lordship up, and swear that he's an impostor—you may then enjoy his Cumberland estate.

Tippy. I have taken a fancy to an estate in another county; a better scheme, my boy! (*slapping him on the shoulder*). A plan which sometimes forces me to take shelter, like Hercules, under the disguise of a petticoat. Yes, like him, I exchange my club for a distaff, or like Achilles, transform my surtout to a gauze robe, and my waistcoat to a lace tucker.

Fancourt. Hah—high examples! Come, tell me—No, defer! defer! here comes a lovely

Welch girl, whose father I sometimes do the honour to call upon.

GEORGINA *enters from Pall-mall, followed by*
HUMPHREY.

Georgina. O! dear Mr. Fancourt, how do you do? Nay, do not stop me. I hate to stand in the street, people stare at one so.

Fancourt. For that very reason you do *not* hate to stand in the street. What is beauty good for, if it is not to be looked at?

Tippy (aside). Oh, ho—now I find where—about you are. I know more of this family than you guess at, mon ami.

Humphrey. Whilst these gentlemen are talking to Miss, I'll step in here for a hap'eth of apples. (*goes into the fruit-shop.*)

Fancourt. How came you here without your carriage?

Georgina. It is so charming a morning that I bid it follow me from Pall-mall, where I have been shopping. Nay, I beg you let me pass. Bless me! where is my servant? (*looking round*) I am going to Lady Horatia Horton's on the most particular business in the world. (*Humphrey bursts out of the shop.*)

Humphrey. O! such extortioning! such cheatery!—I never heard the like—I wonder they are not afraid to stand in their shoes.

Georgina. What is the matter, Humphrey?

Humphrey. Miss, as I hope to be—I did but just pop into my mouth a little bit of a peach—'twere no bigger than a walnut—it went down at a gulp like a pill—and they have made me pay a shilling for it.

Georgina.

Georgina. Why, how could you think of going into such a shop?

Humphrey. Such a shop! why not? A shop's a shop, if honest people did but keep it, and as free for me as another.

Georgina. Follow me—I am ashamed of the noise you make. [Exit.

Humphrey. A shilling! Upon my say-so if—aye, I'll mark you, never fear. (*following*).

Tippy. She's a lovely girl! an heiress? I'll pretend ignorance for the present (*aside*).

Fancourt. She is—we'll speak of that hereafter. Her father is coming towards us from the Park. Now her father is a rich old fool, and we are two wits. Folly has been the natural food of wit, since the sun first threw his burning glance upon mankind.

Tippy. I understand ye—But I'll lend no assistance unless we *halve it*—remember that—halves or nothing.

Fancourt. Why, to be sure.

Tippy. Are you upon honour?

Fancourt. To the last breath—The old fool—hang it—he is no fool neither. In ten words, for here he comes, he was of use on a late election, and the *parliament-man* (*sneering*) advised him to come up to town to receive acknowledgments from the minister. He was afraid to leave his daughter behind, so *wisely* brought her up.

Enter Sir ROBERT FLOYER.

(*Running towards him.*) My dear, Sir, how I rejoice to see you! I call'd at your house to return thanks for the great—

Sir Robert. O! not a word, not a word,
Mr. Fancourt. Silence will oblige me——

Fancourt. Permit me, Sir Robert, to make
you known to my Lord Beechgrove.

Sir Robert. Lord Beechgrove (*whispering*);
Is he not a near relation of the Duke of——

Fancourt. First cousin, and his most parti-
cular adviser.

Sir Robert. My Lord, I am your Lordship's
very obedient, very humble servant.

Tippy. Sir Robert, I am rejoiced to see you.
We have long look'd for you in town. I have
heard you much spoken of at a certain table.
We know our *friends*, Sir Robert. Pray,
Mr. Fancourt, bring Sir Robert to dine with
me. I am sorry to leave you, but it is a cabi-
net morning, and the concerns of Europe, you
know, must not be neglected. Adieu! [*Exit.*

Sir Robert. That's right—never neglect bu-
siness. O! I wish all the peers were like this
peerless peer. Ay, there he goes into the Pa-
lace, I see. Mr. Fancourt, I am prodigiously
obliged to you for making me known to his
lordship. Is he a man of large fortune?

Fancourt. Yes; but a little out at present.
It is amazing what vast sums he has expended
for the public. He was just asking me if I
knew any honest man who could lend him a
thousand pounds. He could have ten times
that of the Jews—But he hates the Jews—O!
he has never any dealings with the Jews.

Sir Robert. Perfectly right.

Fancourt. O! I always say, my lord, what-
ever you do, borrow money of the Christians
—always borrow of the Christians. He only
wants it for a month, just till quarter-day.

Sir

Sir Robert, its an opportunity now—he has amazing interest—a single sentence, whilst he is swallowing a glass of Burgundy, would do your business.

Sir Robert. Indeed! Whilst he is swallowing a glass of Burgundy?

Fancourt. I'll shew you now. This is my glass (*holding up his glove, formed like a glass*). you shall be the great man; we'll suppose his name to be SNAPPER, and I am Lord Beechgrove. Come, SNAPPER, "here's to the girl we love!" (*sips*) I say, SNAPPER, we must do something for that Welch knight; he who was sheriff there t'other day——

Sir Robert (interrupting). High sheriff for the county.

Fancourt. Pardon me! High sheriff for the county (*sips*). He is the saddest old rascal (*Sir Robert stares*); he (*sips*) is the greatest enemy we have in the principality.

Sir Robert (in a passion). Why, Sir, what do you mean? They never had such a friend; I spent more money to favour the cause than I care to own. I was for ever on horseback; there was not a cottager who could influence the sixteenth cousin of a voter, whom I did not entertain; and the fact is, it was solely owing to me——

Fancourt. What, do you take me to be such a ninny as to plead your *services*. You are a mere chicken! Listen. I say, SNAPPER, we must have him on our side (*sips*). The old scoundrel killed his set of coach greys, and fifteen nags in riding about the country to oppose us (*sips*). He is a great fool, but he is related to all the *ap Morgans*, and the *ap Shoneses* in three counties.

ties. In short, we must have him—so here goes—
“the girl we love!” Thus, *I* swallow the girl,
he swallows the hint, and the business is done.
Will you lend me the thousand pounds?

Sir Robert. I will—I understand; this is what
you call kicking a man up stairs.

Fancourt. Only for a month.

Sir Robert. Nay, if it is for six weeks. I
shall not stand upon a fortnight.

Fancourt. Thus it is to deal with men of
generosity.

Sir Robert. Call upon me after dinner. I am
hurried just now; our member lives in the
next street, and I am going to him; but I'll
write a draft on my banker for the thousand
pounds against you call. O! I like to oblige
a lord. [Exit.

Fancourt. Well, now to him who is rich in
expedients, of what consequence is being pen-
nyless? Let gross, plodding spirits dig and
labour; it is ours to gather the fruit. [Exit.

SCENE—*Lady HORATIA'S Drawing-room.*

*Enter HUMPHREY, with Georgina's dress hang-
ing on his arm; Maid meets him.*

Humphrey. Here, I have brought this odd
garment for Miss. What is she going to do
with it?

Maid. I can't tell.

Humphrey. Could a body see that fine place
they talk about, where Madam makes men
and women all in marble.

Maid. Perhaps you may get a peep at it.
There is company there at present. It is
called a school.

Hum-

Humphrey. School! Zooks, I am glad to hear great folks go to school. Some of them, mayhap, may larn better manners. [Exit.

SCENE—*A large, elegant Apartment, with various Pieces of Sculpture, Statues, Urns, &c.*

Lady CHARLOTTE walks down from the top, viewing the statues.

Lady Charlotte. This is, indeed, a school! Here are copies of all that is valuable in the art she loves. Ah, the lovely artist herself.

Enter Lady HORATIA.

Lady Horatia. Dear Lady Charlotte, I rejoice to see you. They did not tell me you were here.

Charlotte. I have been here a long while; delighting myself with your charming works. But how full of labour is the amusement you have chosen?

Lady Horatia. I do not find it so.

Lady Charlotte. So different from fashionable life.

Lady Horatia. O! the labour of a fashionable life wou'd kill me; I should sink under it. Chipping marble is playing with feathers compared to that.

Lady Charlotte. How so?

Lady Horatia. The discipline of a life in fashion is by no means of the mildest sort (*smiling*). Consider, for instance, the necessary vigils and abstinence of a gamester. It is expedient

dient that she works hard and lives sparingly ; for if she does not keep her spirits perfectly cool, instead of cheating her friend, her friend may cheat her*. My labours are less and more innocent than hers.

Lady Charlotte. O ! I perceive you will be able to defend yourself.

Lady Horatia. In the next place reflect on the toils of a *determined* beauty. Whether she wakes or sleeps ; whatever she does, wherever she goes, it is all with relation to the one great object which engrosses her meditations. After hours wasted, murder'd, in the *hard work* of the toilette, away she springs ! Her wheels thunder rapidly through the streets—she flies from assembly, to assembly. Does the music of the concert fascinate her ? No. Does polish'd conversation interest her ? No. Some other beauty has been the belle of the evening ; her heart has been torn with envy ; she returns home ; drags off her ornaments in disgust, and throws herself on a sleepless bed in anguish. Are *my* labours less pardonable than hers ?

Lady Charlotte. You will be too hard for me in argument, so I drop your statues, to talk of yourself. Something, I see, is wrong. What is it ? (*tenderly*) Come, be explicit—You will not speak ! In plain language, when did you see Mr. Afgill ?

Lady Horatia. Not this week—no—not for a whole week ! I will conceal nothing from you. I find now that my tenderness more than equals his. I have no joy left—the chissel

* This reflection is copied, pretty nearly, from the elegant Doctor Horne.

drops from my hand, the marble block is no longer moulded into flesh, my taste has no employment, and my heart is breaking.

Lady Charlotte. How do you account for his absence?

Lady Horatia. Tired with my haughty coldness, he has forsaken me. I die with jealousy and self-reproach. He has found an object more amiable and more tender. I knew he loved me, and I gloried in my conquest.—

“ Yet still I tried each fickle art
 “ Importunate, and vain,
 “ And whilst his passion touch'd my heart,
 “ I triumph'd in his pain.”

O, Afgill! thou art revenged!

Lady Charlotte. What hearts we possess! Always too cold, or too feeling. My dear Horatia, stonify your's a little. As you give spirit to marble, transfuse the marble to your heart. See, here is your little Welch friend.

Enter GEORGINA.

Georgina. O! Lady Horatia! I am so rejoiced! Bless me! you are weeping—what has happened?

Lady Charlotte. A favourite goldfinch has happened to die, my dear.

Georgina. And last night I lost a Canary bird. I am sure I cried for half an hour. Give me your goldfinch, and we will bury them together. O, dear! and you shall copy them in marble; that will be a sweet task for you. (*Lady H. takes her hand, and smiles*). You know what I have hurried here for?

Lady

Lady Horatia. No.

Georgina. No! Why did not you tell me you wanted to give my form to the statue of Andromache—Andromache mourning for her husband; that you have just begun to chip out there, you know. (*pointing to a block of marble*).

Lady Horatia. I did so; but I am out of spirits to-day.

Georgina. O! I will not be disappointed. Your favourite work will put you in spirits. I have brought a dress for the purpose; Humphrey, bring it in.

HUMPHREY enters with the dress, and shows marks of awkward wonder.

I shall be sadly mortified if you send me away.

Lady Charlotte. Come, sit down, Lady Horatia, it will amuse you.

Georgina. Yes, do; and 'tis very fortunate that I lost my Canary bird. I'll think of that, and then I shall look sad enough for Hector's widow.

Lady Horatia. Pho! you little chit! Well, stand on the pedestal, and lean on the broken column now, with proper pensiveness and grace.

(*Georgina runs up steps behind the pedestal*).

Georgina. Yes, I will be exactly the thing. (*tries to look very melancholy*). O! my poor Canary bird!

Lady Horatia. Ha, ha, ha! Come, let us place your drapery in statue like order. (*she and Lady Charlotte place the folds*). Now, keep steady, and think of your Canary bird.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Servant. Mr. Conway.

Lady Horatia. Who?

Servant. Mr. Conway.

Georgina (starting). Dear! Mr. Conway.

Servant. Some Gentlemen are with him, and they wish to see the school.

Lady Horatia. Dear Lady Charlotte, receive them, then—I cannot—I cannot indeed! [*Exit.*

Georgina (runs down). Gracious! now I think of it, I have a great mind to run up again; I will, I declare, and see what Mr. Conway says to me as a statue.

Lady Charlotte. A statue—why, surely, you do not expect to impose on him?

Georgina. O yes, I do—I am sure he will not find me out (*runs up*). Now, dear Lady Charlotte, just place my veil a little on this side. O! make haste—make haste—I hear them coming.

Lady Charlotte (placing the veil). I must gratify you. What a giddy thing you are!

Enter CONWAY, with TIPPY, and three Gentlemen.

Conway. Lady Charlotte, you have heard of Mr. Tippy?

Tippy. Ah, ah, what, this is the place! don't mind me, Ma'am; don't mind me, I am used to run about this town, and correct its follies; 'tis a damn'd good town, that is certain; one

D

always

always finds subjects for ridicule! well, what the devil am I to see?

Conway. Look around.

Tippy. I, just warm from the School of Florence; I who have trod the Roman Way; have seen the Baths of Trajan, and the Dog Kennels of Nero, I look at the works of an English artist. Ha, ha, ha! (*walking amidst the statues, and observing them thro' a glass*).

Conway. Heavens! it is—it is she! ah! how well do you represent yourself: for you are yourself all marble; at least your heart is so. Yes, flinty-hearted charmer! you are ever cold and inflexible. O! I could stand and gaze my life away, like Pygmalion, had I, like him, the power to warm *my* statue into love! what, will you not bless me with one glance. Ah, you act your part too well.

Tippy. Here is an arm; faith, it would make a very good leg; and this fine Grecian lady is like a Kentish hop-picker!

Conway. Critic! come hither; come this way; here is a new subject—has not *this* the true Grecian character?

Tippy. What is this? is this Lady Horatia's chisel? (*looking thro' his glass*).

Conway. No—it is by a greater artist.

Tippy. An English one, I'll be sworn (*looking*) Grecian indeed! a mere block-chipper!

Conway. Is it ill proportioned?

Tippy. Pshaw! nonsense! talk of proportions to scale makers and carpenters; the thought is mechanical! a mere wax doll! where are the inflexions? a human figure made on this principle, could never move. Now I will convince you---

you—nothing like conviction; observe the muscle of this foot!

Georgina (shrieks). O! do not touch me (*leaps down*). There, Sir, you see I can move; and I can dance (*dancing round him*).

(*Tippy seats himself, in extreme confusion, on the pedestal*).

Lady Charlotte. What, Mr. Tippy! the breathing form of beauty a wax doll! the work of a block chipper! ha, ha, ha.

Gentleman. Why, Tippy, how is this? is it the First of April to-day?

Lady Charlotte. Accept my smelling bottle; you seem ready to sink.

Tippy. Whu! I am done up as a connoisseur. (*starts up, and runs out*).

Lady Charlotte. Mr. Tippy! Critic! Mr. Tippy! [*Exit, follow'd by all but Conway and Georgina*].

Conway. Ha, ha, ha! done up indeed; they pursue him as small birds do a hawk. Angel! (*turning to Georgina*).

Georgina. Why, you were the person whom I wanted to make a fool of—pray follow him.

Conway. How is it possible for me to quit the spot where you—

Georgina. I declare, Mr. Conway, I will not hear you; I have told you so twenty times. And as to your kneeling, one finds such things in novels; but no man who really loves, thinks of such fooleries.

Conway (rising). How do you know that?

Georgina. I am sure of it; there was a young man who came down to Glamorganshire from College, and almost broke his heart about me! and he never knelt once.

Conway (startled). O, roses and carnations! (*aside*) then—did—how—how, I say, were you sure that he loved you?

Georgina. How! O, I was sure of it.

Conway. Was he always telling you so?

Georgina. He never told me so once. He used to run away from me; and, at last, he had a fever, and in his ravings, he talk'd of no one but me.

Conway. Who told you so?

Georgina. His sister told me so!

Conway. And did you not pity him?

Georgina. Yes, I pitied him, because I could not love him.

Conway. O, that saves my life. (*aside*) And where is he now?

Georgina. I don't know; but I have heard he is recovered, and makes a very great figure somewhere. They always get over it.

Conway. But if you should not love me, I should die.

Georgina. Love! I wou'd not love for all the world. Miss Gwatkin was in love once, and she grew as pale as horse-radish. Foolish creature, if she had kept her colour, perhaps the Gentleman would have liked her.

Conway. O! let me teach you to love; I see you are yet as ignorant of it, as——

Georgina. As that fine Mr. Tippy was of sculpture, ha, ha! teach me to love; what, teach me to be wretched, to weep, to be sleepless, to lose my bloom. O! if I ever thought it possible that I could love you, I should hate you beyond all bearing—I would fly from you, and never see you more.

[*Runs off hastily.*
Conway.

Conway. She flies! O happy omen! let her but dread me, and I have advanced one step; if she fears to love me, the business is half completed. [*Going off with an air of triumph.*]

SCENE—*A Counting-House.*

Enter SIR SIMON and PERKINS.

Sir Simon. Has not my Nephew been here yet?

Perkins. He was here last night, Sir—I took care that he saw no one but me, and he went away in such distress, that my heart ach'd for him.

Sir Simon. Dear lad!

Perkins. Here he comes—here he comes—

Sir Simon. O! how shall I speak to him? I have given myself a task that I can hardly bear.

Enter ASGILL.

My dear boy!

Asgill. O! Sir, what shall I say to you—words cannot utter—

Sir Simon. Come, come, hope the best—perhaps matters may not turn out so badly.

Asgill. Yes, I will hope and pray for you. But in the mean time (*taking out a folded parchment*) my dear Sir, I am ashamed, I blush at such an offering. But it is my all—

Sir Simon. What, what is it you mean?

Asgill. You know I have by inheritance a little land; it is but one hundred pounds a year—O! that it were thousands. In this paper,

Sir, it is made over to you (*lays it at his feet*),
 And now (*Sir Simon looks astonished, takes up the
 paper, seems much moved, and turns his back*),
 O! my father! (*gushes into tears, and runs
 out*).

Sir Simon. O! stop, stop—my dear Sidney,
 stop!

Perkins. He has rushed into the street like a
 flash. Let him go, Sir. Such a moment as
 this does good to the heart of man. He will
 be better for this affliction as long as he lives.

Sir Simon. But does he not deserve all my
 love; all my anxiety; all my care?

Perkins. He does—he does——

Sir Simon. This Lady Horatia, whom I am
 told of, must be an angel if she deserves him,
 I wonder now, Perkins, what effect the news
 of his poverty will have upon her. I have a
 good mind to wait upon her myself, to see how
 she takes it.

Perkins. Will you, Sir?

Sir Simon. I have no great opinion of these
 fine ladies. *She* may be good for something;
 but in general, I believe, you may take them
 by the bushel; there is not much choice.

Perkins. Then will you go yourself, Sir
 Simon?

Sir Simon. Yes, I think I will go; and if I
 find her worthy my SIDNEY—O! but she can-
 not be worthy! birth, and beauty and riches
 are all fine things; but when put into the scale
 against such innate goodness; such an upright
 mind; such rectitude of character, it is weighing
 jewels against dross!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I.—FANCOURT'S.

Enter FANCOURT, singing with a careless air, followed by Mrs. FANCOURT.

“ To obey your will at any time,

“ I am ready—I am ready to resign her.”

Mrs. Fancourt. *Affected* pleasantry, Mr. Fancourt, is the poor refuge of an uneasy heart. The conversation which has passed in the next room with Mr. Tippy, I have heard; and I fear you have an action in contemplation which will hereafter give you remorse.

Fancourt. Remorse, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Fancourt. Pray do not think that every thing is to be carried off with a laugh.

Fancourt. Not carried off with a laugh! Let me tell you, my, dear, that as long as you can get the world to laugh *with* you, you may carry any point you please. Only make wickedness pleasant, and they'll heartily forgive you.

Mrs. Fancourt. But, Sir, *remorse of heart*--- Do you never feel that?

Fancourt. Oh, exceedingly. Yes, I feel remorse very much, when in any of my---little---odd---excentricities, which you, in your vulgar dialect, call *wickednesses*, I cannot get the laugh on my side.

Mrs. Fancourt. What, then, do the world really laugh at wickednesses?

Fancourt. O! yes, always, my dear, always--- when they do not suffer by it. A man will be

horridly mad if I cheat him of a thousand pounds; but if I swindle his neighbour out of it, he laughs, and says, "That Fancourt is a
" fad, wicked fellow, but he's clever; hang
" the dog, tho' he does deserve the gallows,
" I like him after all."

Mrs. Fancourt. Monstrous!

Fancourt. If one seduces any one's wife, the injured husband rages, but his friend simpers; and when he meets the aggressor he takes him under the arm, and says, "Come, tell us the story."

Mrs. Fancourt. O flagitious! Well, Sir, and a daughter?

Fancourt. A daughter! O! what——what you heard Tippy just now, did you? You heard what was said about Sir Robert Floyer's daughter?

Mrs. Fancourt. I did.

Fancourt. Well, then, my dear, keep silence; for if you do not, I will slit that pretty tongue of your's, and make it chatter double, like a starling's. [Exit.

Mrs. Fancourt. Oh, horrible! I cannot contain myself! Here is a plot laid for the bitter anguish of a father, for the ruin of a child! (*pausing*) I will—that dress—yes, that dress of the Savoyard—I still have it——and in that——

FANCOURT *returns.*

Fancourt. Hark ye, woman, lest you should mistake the good humour I have shewn, I tell you, that if you dare to utter---to *whisper* with the slightest breath, what your impertinent curiosity

riosity has put you in possession of, every misery that I can inflict awaits you! I have a dagger (*she starts*), not for your body, but for your mind. I have something that shall pierce your spirit, through, and through!

Mrs. Fancourt. I tremble at your threats—yet I cannot forbear to bid you remember, that the young woman, whose fortune and peace you design to ruin, is the daughter of the man who, touched by your distresses, sent you yesterday noble relief.

Fancourt. Yesterday is past, and a thousand to-morrows are to come; I must *provide* for them; my opportunities are few, and my wants are pressing! (*heavily and lowering*)

Mrs. Fancourt. Now, Mr. Fancourt, what say you—is POVERTY the nurse of virtue?

Fancourt. Woman! I cannot argue—Remember! [*Exit. with a stern air, and shaking his finger.*]

Mrs. Fancourt (after a pause). O! how has necessity hardened his heart! Yes, poverty, thou hast a thousand ills besides thy nakedness and want! But this young creature shall not be its victim. I must try to save her—I feel it a duty, and will not be deterr'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Room of statues, at Lady HORATIA'S.*

Enter Sir SIMON ASGILL, followed by a servant.

Sir Simon. Yes, tell your lady, Sir Simon Asgill from the city (*walking a little way up, and looking about him*). Why, what an odd place this is!

is! Your servant, Madam (*bowing to the figure of a woman*). Why, you look as melancholy as the wife of a lame duck just waddled home from the Alley. O! here comes the lady herself.

Enter GEORGINA.

Lady Horatia Horton, I am your most obedient servant.

Georgina. Sir, I am—(*making a low curtesy*) I Lady Horatia—ha, ha, ha! (*tittering*) I wonder who he is.

Sir Simon. Madam, I wait on you on a melancholy occasion.

Georgina (aside). I'll keep it up. Then, Sir, I wish you had staid away. I hate melancholy. Sir, this is my birth-day. I am this day eighteen years of age, and I will not be made melancholy.

Sir Simon. Eighteen years; my nephew is ten years older. A happy age, Madam; the union of youth and manhood! Were I a lady I would never take a boy to guide me through life. Eight and twenty is *the* age, and that is the age of my nephew.

Georgina. Ha, ha, ha! And pray, Sir, ha, ha, ha! Now pray, Sir, who is your nephew?

Sir Simon (aside). How flippant she is! My nephew, Madam—Gad, I don't much like her (*aside*). My nephew is that unfortunate young man, who has been so long in love with you—Sidney Afgill.

Georgina (aside). So---I shall have some of Lady Horatia's secrets presently. How I will teize her about Sidney Afgill,

Sir Simon. I understand he has possessed your good opinion.

Georgina. Yes, I admire him exceedingly--- I never saw him in my life (*tittering*).

Sir Simon. Then, Madam, it must give you pain to know that he is undone. I am his uncle, on whom he depends; but the misfortunes of trade---In short, Madam, if you will be so generous on account of his great merit as to marry him, you will marry a beggar.

Georgina. I marry a beggar on account of his great merit---Law, Sir! ha, ha, ha!

Sir Simon. Consider, Madam, how he loves you.

Georgina. What signifies his love---a beggar! I am sure if my papa shou'd---O, dear! I forget---I am Lady Horatia (*aside*).

Sir Simon. I did not know you had a father.

Georgina. Yes, Sir, I have a father, and a dear father; and if I should---Pho! I blunder again (*aside*).

Sir Simon. Well, that's not to the point. You say, Madam, you will not marry my nephew, because he's a beggar. You will not marry Sidney Asgill, though he is dying for you.

Georgina. Certainly I will not. (*with a determined air*). I am safe in saying that, for I am sure Lady Horatia will not marry a beggar. (*aside*). I desire I may hear no more of your nephew, Sir; a frightful, ugly, disagreeable, odd tempered mortal! I can't abide him.

Sir Simon. Then, Madam, as it wou'd not be civil to correct you, I have a great mind to lay my stick about your ridiculous mummery here!

here! (*in a great passion*). You say you will not marry my Nephew?

Georgina. I do say I will not, Sir, (*in a pet*). I never will! The winter shall scorch first, and the summer freeze.

Sir Simon. Then by—you shall *not*, hang me if you do! I will look amongst the girls in the City. We have as much beauty, more money, and more goodness east of Temple Bar, than can be found in all the squares west of it. So, Madam, I leave you, I leave you to your follies (*pointing to the statuary*). Refuse my Nephew! I am glad of it; I am glad of it! he shall have a City girl! I have one in my eye, ten times as handsome as you are—old Simon says so!

[*Exit. with an air of spite.*]

Georgina. Then let him have a City girl, old Simon! ha, ha, ha! law, what a fury he went off in!

Enter LADY HORATIA.

O! Lady Horatia, I have been so diverted—ha, ha, ha!

Lady Horatia. What has so amused you, my dear?

Georgina. Yes, yes, I know all about Sidney Apgill—O! how sly you were, ha, ha, ha!

Lady Horatia. You amaze me; where is Sir Simon? (*looking round*).

Georgina. O! here has been the queerest old Cit! storming and raving because I would not marry his Nephew.

Lady Horatia. What can this mean?

Georgina. He took me for you; and he came to tell you that his Nephew was a beggar, and

that he was dying for you, and I know not what stuff.

Lady Horatia. Is Mr. Afgill dying? (*greatly alarmed*)

Georgina. Do not look so frightened. For love of you—no otherwise dying; but he'll get over it; they always do.

Lady Horatia. And does he say Sidney is a beggar?

Georgina. O! yes, he repeated that, as though it was a recommendation. You cannot think what a passion he went away in; for I vowed nothing on earth shou'd make me marry a beggar; and he took me all the while for you, ha, ha, ha! (*going, and returning*). O! I had forgot; the best of all is, he swears his Nephew shall marry a City beauty, with a great, large, clumsy City fortune.

Lady Horatia. Marry! marry!

Georgina. I shou'd like to see the bride. He declares she is twenty times as handsome as I am.—I mean; as you are.

Lady Horatia. O! you know not what you have done! (*going, and returning*). And she is very handsome? cruel Georgina! and I shall appear to Sidney Afgill, mean, fordid, detestable! he is in poverty, and will think that I despise him! he—you have undone me! and beautiful too—beautiful and rich—O! I am lost!

[*Exit. in extreme distress.*]

Georgina. Why, what can the matter be? I certainly have done something wrong. But to be sure she will not marry a beggar; and yet I don't know—perhaps she may; one hears for ever of the whims of fine ladies, who fit and contrive what odd thing they shall do, to surprize the town with next.

[*Exit.*]
SCENE

SCENE III.—*A Drawing Room at SIR ROBERT'S.**A noise without, of scolding.**Enter JENNY, followed by HUMPHREY.*

Jenny. Such an impudent, insolent clown as you are; you to pretend for to talk; you! one who never learnt his horn-book.

Humphrey. Better never larn a horn-book, than such books as you have learnt to read, you trumpery! I tell you, I doant like your goings on, and I'll tell master. You are always filling Mifs's head with stuff; and I doant like many things as I do see.

Jenny. You see! you don't know what you see.

Humphrey. Doant I? yes, I do, and what I hear too. I yeard a fine tale of you in Wales—yes, yes, it is not for nothing that you are drawn forth in your silk gowns, and all this fine rufflety-tufflety; and going half naked, as though you were a lady of fashion. D'ye remember the Coptain who used to come on pretence of admiring the old tattered velvet furniture, that came out of my master's great grandfather's castle, three hundred years ago?—

*Enter SIR ROBERT, and FANCOURT.**Sir Robert.* Heyday!

[Humphrey and Jenny run off frightened.]
 Quarrelling about my tattered velvet furniture! I am proud of those rags: the rags of a man's ancestry ought to be dear to him. I would
 give

give fifty acres for the rags of the old doublet of that ancestor of mine, who came over with the Ambassador of King Priam.

Fancourt. I am sorry you interrupted them; I like those children of nature; I am fond of natural characters; no disguise—all open honesty—what their hearts prompt, their tongues utter.

Sir Robert. True, Sir, true: I am glad you like plainness; and therefore tell you, Mr. Fancourt, that the draft I promised you for my Lord Beechgrove, I have altered my mind about.

Fancourt (astonished). Sir!

Sir Robert. All that affair about Mr. Snapper was very pleasant to be sure; but I have met with a thing that has stagger'd me a good deal.

Fancourt (aside). The devil! staggered, Sir?

Sir Robert. Yes, Sir; I do not understand a man's wanting favours, and then treating those ill who would do them service.

Fancourt. My very heart shrivels like scorched parchment (*aside*). Treat you ill, Sir! who has dared to accuse me of treating you ill, Sir Robert? I defy the man; I defy the human being. Whu! I wish I was out of the house (*aside*).

Sir Robert. Dear, Mr. Fancourt, I have not the least suspicion that you wou'd use me ill. I believe it to be impossible. No, Sir, it is my Lord Beechgrove of whom I complain. Why, Sir, do you know I met him in the Park; and he would not speak to me! would scarcely return my bow! tho' an hour before he

he invited me to visit him, as you know. Bless me! what's the matter, Mr. Fancourt.

Fancourt. O! Sir Robert, I am seized with a vertigo, which is sometimes very troublesome (*smothering a laugh*). If I had a glass of hartshorn and water——

Sir Robert. Here—Thomas—Humphrey—I'll go myself. [*Exit.*

Fancourt. Ha, ha, ha! he has seen the *real* Lord Beechgrove. O! my back cracks like an old wainscot. The thousand is gone like last year's moonshire, if I can't——

TIPPY enters.

O! you devil, out of the house!

Tippy. What has happen'd?

Fancourt. What has happen'd! why old Taffy has seen—out of the house—do not stay to ask questions; he has seen your *polygraph*—out—out—here he comes! (*Tippy vanishes*).

SIR ROBERT enters, follow'd by a Servant with a glass.

O! this will be too much for me, I fear, at last. Sir Robert you are very good (*drinks*). O! bless me every spring and fall! I am better now. You were pleased to say something, Sir, about my friend, Lord Beechgrove. O! I remember now—he met you, and did not recollect you.

Sir Robert. That was very odd tho'! and I said—says I—“ My Lord, the thousand pounds “ which Mr. Fancourt spoke to me of——

Fancourt.

Fancourt. Did you—did you? (*coughs and laughs with his back turned*). Well, Sir Robert, and what said my Lord?

Sir Robert. Never a word—never a word. Stared as though I had been a new caught monster. I had not changed *my* dress, though he had changed his. The difference of dress made me almost think once, that I might be mistaken; but on looking again, I was sure of my man.

Fancourt. Aye—pray what was his dress, Sir?

Sir Robert. Regimentals.

Fancourt. Regimentals? a hint! (*significantly aside*) O! he had his regimentals on—aye—he is a Colonel in the Guards. Rather odd not speaking, I confess; but a man, whose head is stuff'd with the business of all Europe, must be forgiven if a slight acquaintance slips out of it.

Sir Robert. Why, I can make allowances, Mr. Fancourt; I remember myself, when I was High Sheriff for the county, I once passed an acquaintance, but I made him an apology; and, Sir, I shall expect an apology from my Lord, for not returning my bow, before I advance the thousand pounds. A thousand pounds is money, Mr. Fancourt.

Fancourt. It is—it is, Sir, and the man who will not make a bow for a thousand pounds, ought never to possess a thousand pence (*laughs aside*). I will go, Sir, and bring his Lordship here (*going*). He dines to-day at the Dutchess's in his own square; but I'll engage to bring him away in spite of wit, and beauty, and champagne.

E

paigne.

paigne. I'll be a match for thee yet, old Taffy!
(*aside*). [Exit.]

Sir Robert. I wish my Lord wou'd invite me to dine at a Dutchess's. I never did dine with a Dutchess. It must be very delightful! I should go back to Glamorganshire, and be able to amuse my neighbours with all her Grace's bons mots, and repeat her Grace's toasts; I would hold my ass-skin sily under the table, and pencil down her good things. 'Tis all the fashion now. Many a man gets a dinner by being known to write down the wit of his host or hostess; tho', after long watching, he frequently brings away empty tablets. [Exit.]

GEORGINA enters laughing audibly, followed by
JENNY.

Jenny. Aye, Miss, you may laugh, but for my part, I doesn't see any thing in your alabaster statutes—all of one colour, like a duck's egg. Give me a fine large picture, with robes of red, and blue, and rich damask curtains.

Georgina. Your taste is excellent! (*continuing to laugh*).

Jenny. But if you talk of statuary, go to Mrs. Silvertip's.

Georgina. Who is she?

Jenny. Why, a lady who makes the finest statutes in the world, all in wax. There are generals,—and sailors— and princesses— and dukes— and old women, more natural than life. Now if I can raise her curiosity to go there, Jack's business is done (*aside*).

Georgina.

Georgina. Dear Jenny, how can I see them?

Jenny. Why, by going to her Exhibition on Fish-street-hill.

Georgina. Fish-street-hill---where is that?

Jenny. Hang me if I know (*aside*). O! Miss, every body knows where that is. 'Tis just by Grosvenor Square.

Georgina. I wonder if she wou'd teach me her art?

Jenny. Yes, to be sure she wou'd. All arts are to be learnt by those who have money, except the art of being happy.

Georgina. Then the first use I would make of it, shou'd be to imitate the features of Mr. Conway in wax. I then shou'd be able to look at him without blushing, and even talk to him without his being a bit the wiser.

Jenny. Mr. Conway, indeed! (*aside, petulantly*).

Georgina. O dear! yes I will, I will learn the art. I know his countenance so well, that I shou'd be able to copy it without ever seeing him more. And yet there is *one* look, which no art can imitate! (*tenderly*).

Jenny. Devil take him! (*aside*). Well, Miss, I'll carry you there to-morrow. But Sir Robert must not know it.

Georgina. O not for the world! I will go--- I will go---I will go. [*Runs off.*]

Jenny. Yes, so you shall; but Mr. Conway shall never be the better for it. You have a large fortune, my dear, and are handsome; my brother is handsome, and has no fortune---the best reason for to bring you together.

Enter SIR ROBERT.

Sir Robert. Where is my daughter?

Jenny. Just gone to her dressing-room, Sir.

Sir Robert. Then I'll go and hear her on the harp a little. She has a sweet finger; aye--- and she is a sweet girl; but my heart has a thousand aches about her, and dearly as I love her, I am ready sometimes to exclaim with the old song,

“ I wonder any man alive, would ever have a daughter.”

Jenny. O! you old—— if you'd had wit enough for to have put a proper value on my charms, I would have taken every care about your daughter off your hands;—but I'll be revenged for all your tricks! here I have been spending anxious days, and sleepless nights, for two years;—making up the smartest caps of wash'd gauze and dyed ribbons;---buying new braids of hair, of a nice nut brown---and all without being able to touch the old goose, any more than if his heart was made of leather. But I'll match you! since you will not make *me* your wife, I'll give your daughter a husband; and if you should die of the mortification, I know where to find a place to dance on. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—ASGILL'S Lodgings.

Enter ASGILL and CONWAY.

Asgill. O! 'tis in vain! never, Conway, will I sue for compassion from a proud beauty, who
treated

treated me with haughtiness, even when she believed me heir to prosperity.

Conway. Pride and loveliness ought to go together. I dislike the vulgar railing against the haughtiness of conscious beauty. She, who *over* values herself, will never sink too low; and the lady of whom we speak, perhaps loves you.

Asgill. For that very reason, I will not again appear before her. I am too proud to raise a conflict in her bosom between her pride, and her tenderness, and to owe at length, perhaps, to her *compassion*, the acceptance to which her love would never have acceded.

Conway. You are very nice. If my heart were not pre-occupied, and so fine a woman had an inclination to make me master of herself and fortune, I would not quarrel with her about the motive; I wou'd thank the pretty creature, and give her all the love I could.

Asgill. Yes; but you are a man of fortune. By this time, I suppose, people begin to talk of my distress'd state.

Conway. I have heard it mentioned.

Asgill. What has been said?

Conway. A lady observed, that it was pity a man so handsome shou'd be sunk so low; and her husband said he was sorry, because you were such a good kind of young man.

Asgill (with contempt). Good kind of young man! I am sorry I have incurr'd such an approbation. (*Conway seems surpris'd*) No, no, do not imagine (*smiling*) that I wish for the reputation of a bad heart. But the term, "Good kind of young man," in our days, is so

applied, that I desire not to be honoured with it. An idle fellow, who hangs loose on society, without merit or avocation, or one who corrupts the sister of his friend, or runs away with his daughter, or does all those things which mankind ought to execrate, is said, in excuse, to be *a good kind of young man*. In short, good kind of young man, in the present acceptance, may very fairly be translated *scoundrel*.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, here is the person you ordered from Tower-hill. Slop-feller, I think he calls himself. [*Exit.*

Conway. Slop-feller! How do you translate that? Apothecary, I suppose?

Asgill. Ha, ha, ha! No, I assure you. A Tower-hill slop-feller does not deal in emulsions and syrups, he---but you must excuse my telling you what he deals in. (*growing grave*) My dear Conway, adieu! Often *think* of me, and speak of me as I deserve; but be sure you never suffer people to call me *a good kind of young man*.

Conway. Asgill, though there is some pleasantry in your manner, there is also a seriousness which shocks me. What are you going to do?

Asgill. What I ought to do. What, do you imagine I intend to stay at home, to parade Bond-street, and make the circle of Piccadilly, Saint James's-street, and Pall-mall? No, no, my burning brain cannot be cooled by such expedients; 'tis only the powerful voice of my country can regulate its distraction---Ask no questions---my resolution is fixed---Farewell!

Conway.

Conway. What! and is the frenzy of your brain regulated by the hope of serving your country? Do all your *private* woes sink before that powerful principle! O! glorious effect of patriotic love! Every selfish feeling vanishes---to tear myself from you becomes a DUTY. I go---despise not this weakness---I venerate, I pity you! [Exit.

Asgill. Friend of my heart! He goes in tears! Oh! the drops which manly friendship forces from the eye, are more precious than those collected in the groves of rich Arabia---They sink into my heart---they *cherish* it!---Now come in, Sir.

Enter a Man, with a bundle.

Have you brought what I ordered?

Man. Yes; here are the things, Sir. (*opens the bundle*)

Asgill. This, then, is the complete dress of an English sailor?

Man. Complete! (*opening and displaying it*)

Asgill. O! the sight of it warms my heart! In this dress what heroes have bled---what gallant acts have been achieved! Those who have worn it, have given England all her glory---have given her the boundless empire of the ocean.

Man. Ay, Sir, it was your Raleighs, and your Drakes, and your Boscawens who did all that.

Asgill. O! whilst our grateful retrospection twines laurels around the heroes of departed days, let us not forget what is due to those of our own! Let us look with gratitude towards a HOWE, and hang, with tributary tears, over

the names of MONTAGUE, HARVEY, and HURT!

Man. Ah! the three last are gone.

Asgill. But some remain. There only wants occasion, and *other* Montagues, and *other* Harveys will start out like meteors, and glide along the British sky, blazing in glory!

(*Goes out, pressing the bundle to him.*)

Man. Gad! he's a fine fellow, and will make a noble sailor; but our fleets, thank heaven, are full of such. [*Exit.*]

ASGILL returns, meeting a Servant.

Asgill. There are still two bills unpaid---go and discharge them. That purse contains sufficient. [*Exit Servant.*]

Now, all my debts paid, and a few guineas in my pocket, I quit my country; but I quit her, to serve her! O! may the boundless blessings of heaven descend upon her; may *my* arm contribute to restore peace to her; and may GLORY and MONARCHY be hers, till time shall be no more! [*Exit.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I.---Lady HORATIA'S Drawing-room.

She enters with rapidity and disorder, then turns, and speaks.

Lady Horatia. Yes---order the horses instantly---and yet---no---I shall not want them---Go to his uncle in the city! How strange that will be! But can I hesitate on *decorums*, when EXISTENCE is at stake? Can I suffer Sidney Afgill to believe that Georgina's fooleries are my sentiments? Can I suffer another to have the transport of lifting him from poverty, whilst I am despised! The thought breaks my heart-strings! Ah! Mr. Conway!

Enter CONWAY.

Conway. I flew the moment I received your commands.

Lady Horatia. My commands! Sir, I only sent to ask---it was only with an intention to --- (*much confused.*)

Conway. Speak, Lady Horatia. (*a pause*) Do me the honour to repose confidence in me.

Lady Horatia. Yes, Sir, I believe I can--- I believe I ought---but shame weighs down my very soul. In one moment what will you think of me?

Conway. What I have always thought, that you are one of the first of your sex.

Lady

Lady Horatia (walks a little way in extreme agitation, then returns). I must speak, for the conflict is too great for me to endure. You are the friend of Asgill---the friend of his youth---the chosen of his heart. (he bows)--- Permit me then to ask, even though your answer shou'd be a breach of confidence, did you ever hear him mention any other lady as one ---as one---with whom he wished to unite his fate?

Conway. O never! You are the object of his adoration.

Lady Horatia. (with quickness) Then find him out---pursue him! What have I said? My soul shrinks at the sound of the words I have uttered.

Conway. Would my Asgill's ears could have received them! Go on, Madam.

Lady Horatia. Go on! Alas! need I add another sentence! You see that---humble me not too far---I am proud---Had Asgill continued the heir of splendid possessions, perhaps my pride and coldness would never have abated; but he is poor; he is undone!

Conway. Peerless woman!

Lady Horatia. My fortune is his---my heart ---my soul!

Conway. O! suffer me to kneel for him! For him I thank you, adorable, transcendent woman!

Lady Horatia. I feel your kindness in endeavouring to abate my confusion. The step I have taken I shou'd yesterday have thought less easy than to die. Permit me to leave you, nor dare to think (with resumed dignity) that, because my passion is strong, my conduct shall be

weak! My reputation is in your hands—
 preserve it as you wou'd your own life and ho-
 nour. [Exit.

Conway. I accept the glorious deposit, and
 I will deserve the trust. What grace can dig-
 nity of soul bestow! The very conduct which
 from a vulgar mind would disgust, from such
 elegance and virtue becomes fascinating. Now,
Asgill, I will dare to seek thee; and I will pour
 such transport on thy heart, as shall make thee
 confess, the hour of thy poverty the most
 blessed of thy life. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Sir ROBERT FLOYER'S Library.*

*Enter Sir ROBERT in a hurry, followed by a
 Servant.*

Sir Robert. Bring up his lordship and Mr.
Fancourt directly—fly down—never keep a
 lord in waiting. [Exit Servant.

(Sits.) No, I won't receive his lordship sitting
 (rises), that will look like want of respect. I
 will be standing. No---that will not be the
 thing neither; for then I shall have no opportu-
 nity to shew my veneration, by rising at his
 entrance. No—I must sit, and—Yes,
 there I've hit it—I'll be reading—deeply
 employed in reading. Then, when the great
 man enters, start up, and dash away the book.
 Let me see—it shall be a large book. I'll get
 up and reach one down. (mounts the library
 steps, and takes down a book)—*Chambers's Dic-
 tionary*—that will do. (Takes down another)
 “The Fall of the Roman Empire.” Bless
 me—my lord!

(A servant announces *Lord Beechgrove.* *Sir Ro-
 bert* looking round sees *Tippy* enter, dressed as
 Lord

Lord Beechgrove, followed by Fancourt. In his fright he tumbles with the books from the steps. They help him up.)

Sir Robert. O, dear! I am quite confounded. My lord, I beg your lordship's pardon a million of times. Mr. Fancourt—O, my knee! (*rubs it*) Reach his lordship a chair. A most untoward accident, my lord; but pray accept it as an *omen*. You found me sprawling at your feet—it shews how devoted I am to your service.

Tippy, Sir Robert, I have often heard of the politeness of the Welch gentlemen, and you really confirm all that has been said. The year in which you were sheriff, Sir Robert, was such a year of splendour and magnificence, as Glamorganshire will long remember. We heard a vast deal of it at Saint James's; it amused the Royal Circle for a month.

Sir Robert. Why, my lord, I did my best on that occasion. When I was high sheriff for the county, I neither spared myself or my purse. A hanging in the morning, and an assembly at night; giving the judges a dinner to-day, and to-morrow consulting Jack Ketch about a new gallows. Such a variety of business, my lord, demands a man's whole attention.

Tippy. Certainly, certainly. A little thing happened this morning, Sir Robert, which has given me pain. You addressed me in the Park, I really was, at that moment, throwing over in my mind the compact between Russia and Poland. In short, I had almost determined to go to Saint Petersburg, ambassador myself; for I think one or two points might be revised. At that very moment, Sir Robert, just as I was de-

delivering my credentials to the Empress, and receiving one of those *delicious* smiles, which—

Fancourt. You will go too far. (*twitching him*)

Tippy. I say, just then, Sir Robert, you addressed me.

Sir Robert. No wonder, my lord, that you overlooked *me*; I am ashamed to have made a complaint of such a trifle.

Fancourt. Pray, my lord, examine Sir Robert's shelves; you will find them well stocked.

Sir Robert. All dead stock, my lord; heavy dead stock.

Tippy. Pardon me, Sir, pardon me! Such stock is never dead. You have here in calf's-skin and sheep's-skin, the very souls of the authors. Well chosen, I dare say.

Sir Robert. Why, my lord, as to the choice, I left that to my broker. He furnished the whole house, from the kitchen to the garret; the pots and the poets; the frying-pans and the philosophers were all of his choosing.

Fancourt. Now, Sir Robert, if you would do the thing genteely, write the draft without his observing it, and I'll present it to him after we have left the house. Great men must not have services tendered them coarsely.

Sir Robert. I understand you; there is a nice way of doing things. Pray, my lord, amuse yourself with a folio or two. A certain delicate—it shall be so. (*goes and writes*)

Tippy (*taking up a book*). "The debates of Leadenhall-street." Pleasant reading—light—pretty reading in a heavy morning!

Fancourt. Leadenhall-street—A thought strikes me.

Tippy.

Tippy. Then strike again.

Fancourt. I say, my lord, as Sir Robert is a liberal man, and fond of patronage, suppose you give him, by way of outlet, a place at the Board of Controul for Indian affairs, just till a better thing offers. (*Sir Robert writes, and listens by turns.*)

Tippy. The thought was too obvious to be missed—exactly suits his discernment and spirit. (*whispers, then speaks audibly*) The nabobs (*whispers*)—the begums (*whispers*)—mullins, alaballas, mul-muls, and nanfooks (*whispers*), Nankeen china (*whispers*), Patna rice (*whispers*).

Sir Robert (runs up). O, my lord! my lord! (*slides the draft into Fancourt's hands*) Not a word—mum! (*his finger to his lip*)

(*Fancourt holds up the draft to catch Tippy's eye.*)

Tippy. Faith, I had better go about it directly—no time to be lost—let us finish the business at once. (*looking significantly at Fancourt*) Sir Robert, your servant.

Fancourt. Sir Robert, your servant. (*both hurrying off*)

Sir Robert (stands and stares). “Sir Robert, your servant”—mighty short! Well, but they're in a hurry to serve me—a little rudeness, when it proceeds from kindness, may be pardoned.

Enter GEORGINA hastily, followed by JENNY.

Georgina. O! dear papa, there is a woman in the square with some odd music; I am going to the bow-window to hear her.

[*Exit.*
Sir

Sir Robert. Get along, madcap! (*going*) be-
gums, nabobs, Patna rice——*Sir Robert, your*
servant—mighty short! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The square.*

Mrs. FANCOURT, dressed as a Savoyard, enters, winding a burdy gurdy, attended by two children, the one with a tambour, the other with a cymbal.

Mrs. Fancourt. This is the house; here will I place myself—fortunately I may attract the lovely victim. (*sings and plays*)

I be von poor Savoyard,
Get but lit, and labour hard;
Wet and cold me oft' endure,
Patience be my only cure.

GEORGINA *appears, JENNY stands behind her.*

Ah, Ah, charmante lady, cast down your bright eye,
Compassionate look, or perhaps I be die;
I see von sweet smile stealing over your face,
It give you new beauty, it give you new grace.

I be von poor Savoyard,
Get but lit, and labour hard;
Wet and cold me oft endure,
Patience be my only cure.

Make von curtesy to de lady, you lit impudent
ting.

Georgina. Do not chide her. Where did
you come from?

Mrs.

Mrs. Fancourt. From von great vay off; I live among de mountains, and I be come to make please de prit lady of dis country. (*Georgina throws down silver.*) Take up l'argent, ma petite, and put it in votre poche—Bless your charité. Lady, I can tell de fortune by looking at de vite hand.

Georgina. Can you? O! dear Jenny, let us have her up.

Jenny. Laws, Miss, don't let such creatures come in; they may steal something; there's a wicked look in her eyes; I understand eyes as well as she does hands.

Mrs. Fancourt. Dat prit young voman's by your side, lady, be born to von great luck—she vill ave de grande offer.

Jenny. Well, Miss, if you *will* have her in—I'll go and open the door.

[*They leave the balcony.*]

Mrs. Fancourt. Thus far I am successful, O! horrid! that such youth and goodness should become the prey of two villains! Ah! the door opens.

Jenny (*opening the door*). Come, come—make haste. [They enter.]

SCENE—Changes to the Drawing-room.

GEORGINA enters, followed by Mrs. FANCOURT and JENNY.

Mrs. Fancourt. Come, let me look at your prit vite hand. (*takes Georgina's hand, and pretends to examine the lines.*) Ah, I see—I see—But I ave not de power to tell de fortune before any von—dat gentle---sweet temper young voman must go.

Geor-

Georgina. Go, Jenny, d'ye hear? Leave the room; go directly.

Jenny (going reluctantly). I shou'd not have thought of that foreign woman's impudence, to have me sent out of the room---I don't like her---I'll listen, I am determin'd. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Fancourt. Now, Miss, me vill tell you ---you be born to be ver happy, if you be ver good.

Georgina. Dear! Do you think I am not good?

Mrs. Fancourt. Bau! Bau! dere be von---two vicked mens, who ave de vicked design upon you---li faut, you must not see gentlemen, but in de presence of your papa. Your papa be your bon friend.

Georgina. I never heard any thing so ridiculous. Never see gentlemen, but in my papa's presence. O! you are a fine fortune-teller! Good-day (*going*).

Mrs. Fancourt (is agitated; follows, and seizes her). Madam, if you would not be lost beyond redemption, observe what I have said. Two villains have laid such a train---

Georgina. Amazing! Why, you now speak good English.

Mrs. Fancourt. Hah! I had forgot; but when the heart feels it is hard to dissemble. You have detected me. Charming young woman, slight not the cautions which I wear this disguise to give! Surely they must have weight with you, when I tell you, that it is perhaps at the hazard of *my life*, that I appear before you.

Georgina. You freeze me!

Mrs. Fancourt. Treat not lightly then the advice of one, who runs such risks to press it
 F
 upon

upon you—I know not exactly what is designed—I have awakened your caution, and my duty is complete.

Jenny (running in). Get out of the house, you impostor—you deceiving jezebel. If you do not go this minute, I will order the footman to sweep you out.

Mrs. Fancourt. Young lady think upon my words. [*Exit.*

Jenny. Think upon her words—a vagabond! did you ever see such assurance, Miss? I have a great mind to beat her hurdy-gurdy about her ears.

Georgina. Be silent! what I have heard shall sink into my heart. I will be circumspect (*walking slowly and gravely off*).

Jenny. Here's a pretty kettle of fish! who can that vile woman be? Jack has let somebody into our secret, who has betrayed us. What labour it will cost me to throw her off her guard! but I'll try (*takes a letter from her pocket, and looks it over*). Yes, yes; this letter will bring Jack. Hang me, if I don't believe I have spelt disguise wrong. Well, no matter---the meaning is undisguised enough (*wafers the letter*). Here Humphrey! (*smiling, and speaking very gently*) Humphrey!

HUMPHREY *entering.*

Come, none of your flummery.

Jenny. Nay, don't be cross---you know we have made it up---here, take this letter, and carry it to my brother Jack. Come now, (*coaxingly*) you know I am working you the corners

corners of a new handkerchief, twenty times as pretty as this (*touching that which he wears*).

Humphrey. Shall I have it by Friday, when I go to Bob's wedding?

Jenny. You shall. (*bell rings*)

Humphrey. Well, give it me (*snatching the letter*). The old place, I suppose.

Jenny. Yes, yes, the old place (*bell again*). Hang the bell---go directly. [*Exit.*]

Humphrey. The wafer's wet, ha, ha, ha! now she thinks I can't read wroiting---help her fappy head! ha, ha, ha! I can read and wroite too, but that's a secret between me and my ownself (*looking at it all round*). I would not break a seal for the world---for that I know would be a most unhonorable thing; but as to a chambermaid's wet wafer---there---it opens like a boil'd oyster.

'Tis a dainty scrawl. The lines run as straight as the zig-zag of a screw. (*reads*) "LovingBrother,"---well that's koind---"cum here to-morrow in your old disguise---I mean the (*spelling*) f--e--m--fem. (*looking earnestly*) "f--e, fe. M. by itself M." Yes, it is female---"and call yourself, as before, Miss Sally Martin." So, so! then that strapping wench that I have let in sometimes, is all the while her brother Jack. (*scratches his head, and reads again*) "There's something in the wind---we must make short work---befure you come---" your affectionate sister, Jane."

So Jack and Jane are a pretty pair; now, what can they be upon? that's nothing to I---I think I won't carry it---yes, (*looks at the corners of his handkerchief*) yes, I think I will---I

will carry it---I will see Jack in petticoats once more. [Exit.]

SCENE V.---*St. James's Park.*

TIPPY walking backwards and forwards with an air of great uneasiness---FANCOURT appears.

Tippy (running towards him) O! you are come (*breathless*). I have been waiting here these two hours. I began to fear that you were slippery---that you were upon your tricks.

Fancourt. What, with each other? O fye! never. I drove to the banker's and back as fast as the horses of a wretched hack could carry me. In my way I met a fellow in his chariot, who two years since borrowed money of me for shoes.

Tippy. I never shall meet such a fellow, for I never lend---make a point of that. Come, give me the money---my moiety of the thousand pounds.

Fancourt (unwilling). Directly-- directly--- ha! how d'ye do? (*bowing to those suppos'd to be passing*). Here is the--- (*puts his hand slowly in his pocket*). Ha! I saw you last night (*to others*) a full concert. I shall be at the tennis-court presently (*running off towards the top*).

Tippy (following). Rot the tennis-court! give me the notes.

Fancourt. The notes! well, there are the notes.

(*Tippy looks at the notes astonished, and at Fancourt by turns*).

Tippy.

Tippy. Well, what are these?

Fancourt. What *are* they? why, the notes--- your share of the thousand pounds procured by *me* this morning (*carelessly*).

Tippy. Here are five notes, five and twenty pounds each.

Fancourt. What, can't you reckon? four notes, five and twenty pounds each, make one hundred---one hundred pounds, principal money. Dear Tippy, do not look so thunder-struck---you are very welcome. I confess I had some thoughts of making it fifty; but re-collecting our antient friendship, when I bought into the four per cents. with the rest, I reserved a whole hundred for you. Good day, Tippy.

Tippy (seizing him). Stay, Sir---stay you *shall* (*fiercely*).

Fancourt. Nay, my good fellow, do not make an uproar in the Park; because you know if you do, Tippy, I shall be under the necessity of relating some little anecdotes of you, which may end in a procession to Newgate.

Tippy (trembling with passion). So, you have bought nine hundred pounds stock?

Fancourt. I have.

Tippy. And you are determined I shall touch but one.

Fancourt. Only one, Tippy.

Tippy (smothering rage). Very well---very well.

Fancourt (in a passion). Zounds! what wou'd the man have? an hundred pounds for only just walking into an old sprawling fellow's library---and---the devil!---he's here---I'm off!--- (*runs off*).

Tippy. Is he? he is---no, I'll not run---he's coming towards me---I'll not flinch. Now you shall see, Mr. Fancourt, what it is to use a brother rascal ill. Is not the world wide enough for our tricks, but we must cheat one another? I'll sacrifice myself rather than not be revenged. (*Takes out his pocket book and pencil, seeming very intent*).

Enter SIR ROBERT.

Sir Robert. Hah! there's his Lordship---he seems very busy---perhaps I had better pass on---no, I won't---surely, after such a favour---
Hah! my Lord; your most obedient.

(*Tippy looks at him, gazes, then continues to write*).

Well now I declare (*looks amazed*). My Lord, I say, your most obedient.

Tippy. Pray, Sir, who are you?

Sir Robert. I am astonished!

Tippy. Who, I say, are you; who thus, twice have taken the freedom to address me in public?

Sir Robert. Who am I? what, does not your Lordship know me now? O! perhaps the delicious smiles of the Empress are in your Lordship's head again---perhaps the Polish treaty---perhaps---

Tippy (in a feigned passion). Perhaps neither of these! I am engrossed by your impertinence. Who are you, Sir?

Sir Robert. Who am I? why, the man who, two hours since, lent you a thousand pounds, principal money, to keep you from the gripe of the Jews.

Tippy.

Tippy. A thousand pounds. Eh, eh! (*looking very gravely*). Lent me a thousand pounds! Sir, (*seizing his hand*) I am full of concern for you---I see you have been imposed on. Sir, there is a fellow about this town so like me, that we might play the two Socias, or the two Dromios, or pass for two brown ruffetans growing on the same twig. He resembles my person; he imitates my very dress---Sir, depend on it, he has also assumed my name, and has swindled you out of one thousand pounds, principal money.

Sir Robert. Why, my Lord, I am thunder-struck. Then, what you said to me this morning---I mean what *he* said, concerning the Begums, and the Nanfooks---

Tippy. Was all to cozen you, depend on't. You are cheated, I see clearly. Sorry for you ---can't stay---clearly cheated, Sir, depend on't (*going*).

Sir Robert (much agitated). My Lord---my Lord, grant me a moment---permit me to ask one question---do you know Mr. Fancourt?

Tippy (with scorn). Do I know Mr. Fancourt, Sir! there are a sort of people one may be said to know, because one meets them every where. But as to Mr. Fancourt, why, Sir, I would not keep a groom who was acquainted with such a ---such a person.

Sir Robert. Oh!

Tippy. If you want to find his character, you will hear of it in Bow-street; if you want to find his lodgings, you must go to St. Giles's. Do I know Mr. Fancourt indeed! [*Exit.*]

Sir Robert. Is it ground I stand upon? I am amazed---never were two men so alike on earth,

The look---the voice---the dress---but can Fancourt be a villain? no, it is not possible; to me he cannot be a villain---yet---I know not what to conjecture.

Enter FANCOURT behind, grinning, and claps him on the shoulder.

(Turns and gazes on him). No---his looks are innocent---it is not possible that he can be guilty.

Fancourt. How d'ye do, Knight? how d'ye do?

Sir Robert. Yet I'll try him *(looks sternly)*. Sir, I have seen a man who tells me you are a villain.

Fancourt. 'Tis well he does not let me see him. But who is the man---who is he, Sir?

Sir Robert. Lord Beechgrove---the real Lord Beechgrove, Sir.

Fancourt. Hell and ten thousand furies! *(aside)* explain, Sir, explain! I really cannot possibly comprehend you.

Sir Robert. He tells me, Sir, that the man you brought to me to-day, is an impostor, and that in concert with him, you have cheated me of a thousand pounds.

Fancourt. How, Sir, an impostor! *(in a rage)* but I'll be cool---I'll be cool---where was you told of this---where, Sir?

Sir Robert. On this very spot, Sir.

Fancourt (aside). Hah! I begin to smoke---what, Lord Beechgrove has just left you then?

Sir Robert. This moment---I found him here.

Fancourt. So, this is Tippy's damn'd revenge! *(aside)* ha, ha, ha! O what a---ha, ha, ha!

ha! what a droll dog! why, Sir, do you not know that my noble friend is the greatest joker in England? ha, ha, ha! I suppose he might tell you there was a man about town who resembled him?

Sir Robert. He did---he did sure enough---he said they were as like as two drums.

Fancourt. Ay, ay, he plays those tricks continually---he is inexhaustible as a joker. O! the rascal! (*aside*).

Sir Robert. That's very odd in a Privy Counsellor.

Fancourt. It is by way of unbending, Sir---those great men must unbend. The lion must dandle the kid sometimes---the villain! (*aside*) I could tell you such tales of him. Hah! here his Lordship comes.

Enter TIPPY.

(*Runs up to him*) You shall have the other four hundred (*apart*).

Tippy. Ah, ah, Sir Robert---what, I frightened you, did I?---I shan't trust you (*apart to Fancourt*).

Fancourt (*giving him notes*). Take it---here it is---the dog has been up to me this time (*aside*). Really, my Lord, it was not right to play on Sir Robert's credulity. He could not know but that you might be in earnest. But I must particularly insist on one thing, my Lord, that you do not speak of my character in such terms, though in jest. The jest which laughs away a man's reputation, is deadly poison administered in honey.

Tippy. Well, I won't---I won't. What do you

you think I told him, Fancourt? I told him you lived at St. Giles's, ha, ha, ha!

Fancourt. No!--did you?

Sir Robert. He did indeed, ha, ha, ha! and that you were known in Bow-street, ha, ha, ha!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Fancourt. Well, now I propose that we three jolly fellows, full of good humour, and lovers of fun, dash off to the Star and Garter---Champagne and a song shall cheer our hearts, and set us above the cares of the world.

Sir Robert. With all my heart. Rattle glasses with a Lord---h--m--m--- (*with secret delight*) it will be as good as dining with a Dutchess.

Tippy. Come along, my little fellow; I'll introduce you to three Lords, and a Duke.

Fancourt. Here then we go---jest, mirth and pleasure inspire us!

[They take Sir Robert between them and go off, wave their hats, and buzza.]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE I.---TIPPY'S Lodgings.

Enter Mrs. BULLRUSH, bringing in the Gown she wore in the first scene, work bag, &c.

Mrs. Bullrush. I'll take possession of his room myself, hang me if I don't! (*sits down*) here am I obliged to mend my gowns instead of buying new ones, because my lodgers won't pay me (*treads a needle*). No, no, Mr. Tippy--- I'll fit you! I spoke to my neighbour *Holdfast*, yesterday; no one ever got out of his clutches yet, if once *Holdfast* touch'd him, on the shoulder (*works a little*), Bless me! how my teeth torment me again (*puts up her handkerchief*) Betty! Betty---bring me a little brandy to hold in my mouth. I'll e'en go myself, she always brings such a drop! [Exit.

Enter TIPPY, with a Letter in his hand.

Tippy. Yes, yes---tell them so--- (*speaking gaily*) no, my artful sister, it won't do (*reading*) "Wear the same disguise, and come as Miss "Sally Martin." That is not possible---my landlady's maid, who used to lend me that smart dress, is off. What the devil can I do? to go there as a *man*, after having just been there as *Lord Beechgrove*, would be kicking down the milk pail with a vengeance! and yet to lose that sweet girl and her sweet estate---well, I can't go---I cannot go to Sir Robert's,
pos!

pos! (*going out, runs against the table*). What's this? my landlady's gown? gad it is! (*opens it*) if it fits me, I'll borrow it to personate Miss Sally Martin (*puts it on*). Hang me, but it does very well. She has often said, she would fit me, and now she has done it. And the smart bonnet too (*puts it on*). Freeze me, but I look as well as my landlady. Who---who the devil is this? (*looking thro' the door*) HOLDFAST, the Bailiff? whu! I am in the jaws of the lion! (*throws himself into a chair*).

Enter HOLDFAST.

Holdfast. Well, Madam, is Mr. Tippy come home? I have been watching for him the whole day (*Tippy groans*). I have been hunting him through every tavern, coffee-house, and gaming-house. I have been within three minutes of him, fifteen times. O! that I had but hold of his skirts! (*Tippy groans*). Alack-a-day, Mrs. Bullrush, still plagued with your teeth? (*Tippy makes motions with his hand*). Well, Madam, don't speak. If I once catch the young villain, we sha'n't part, (*Tippy groans*) I have one room double grated, and if he slides out of that, it must be thro' the keyhole.

(*Tippy groans, gets up, and puts Holdfast into his chair, making motions*).

Very well---I understand you. I'll stay here till you come back, Mrs. Bullrush; yes---I will.

[*Exit. Tippy groaning.*

Poor creature! her teeth torment her like--- what the dickens! why there's Mrs. Bullrush! (*looking out*) a trick! a trick! (*bawling out*) no--- yes--- 'tis all in white! (*looks scared*) perhaps---

Mrs.

Mrs. Bullrush---Mrs. Bullrush! oh! (*goes off trembling and frighten'd*).

SCENE II.---SIR SIMON ASGILL'S Counting-House.—*He is seated, looking melancholy and oppress'd.*

PERKINS *enters*---*he looks at SIR SIMON with great concern.*

Perkins. Sir, Sir---I pray you, Sir, speak!

Sir Simon. Perkins! I have carried it too far. My boy can no where be found. Why did I hit on such a plan? I ought to have known that the sensibility of his heart, and the nobleness of his soul, could neither support seeing my distress, or living a useless member of society.

Perkins. Sir, be comforted---it is not yet noon; perhaps the evening may bring us tidings.

Enter a Servant.

A lady, Sir, desires to see you.

Sir Simon. I can see no lady (*petulantly*).

Servant. She is particularly pressing, and requests to see you alone.

Sir Simon. Who is she?

Servant. I have never seen her. Her servants are in mourning (*a pause*). Shall I conduct her to the drawing-room, Sir?

Sir Simon. No---if I must see her, bring her in here. The counting-house of an English merchant is respectable enough for the reception
of

of a prince;---I should not be ashamed to receive my king in it. (*exit. Servant*). Well, Perkins, you find the lady will have me alone---if I was in spirits to joke now, I could make myself merry at the fancy.

Perkins. Well, Sir, I hope your spirits and your jokes will soon come back. Faith, she's a pretty lady
[*Exit*]

Enter LADY HORATIA.

Sir Simon. Your humble servant, Madam. (*She curtsseys, and seems confused*). Pray sit down.

Lady Horatia. I thank you. (*He stands by her chair---she fans herself*).

Sir Simon. You seem faint; Madam.

Lady Horatia. No, Sir---no. In a moment I shall be better.

Sir Simon. Not used, perhaps, to the bustle of driving thro' the City?

Lady Horatia. Not often. O! how shall I begin? my heart bursts with feeling, yet my tongue cannot give it utterance (*aside*).

Sir Simon. Pray may I ask---what brought you here to-day?

Lady Horatia. To-day, Sir---I came to-day (*breathless*) on a business so important---that---I scarcely know how to mention it, Sir---but---you have a nephew (*looking on her fan*).

Sir Simon. I hope so, Ma'am.

Lady Horatia. You have heard of Lady Horatia Horton,

Sir Simon. Heard of her---yes---I have heard of her!

Lady

Lady Horatia. It is believ'd, Sir, that Mr. Afgill has some regard for her.

Sir Simon. I hope not. My nephew, I believe, knows better than to regard such a gill-flirt.

Lady Horatia. Gill-flirt! Lady Horatia Horton, a gill-flirt.

Sir Simon. Yes---the greatest gill-flirt I ever saw in my life.

Lady Horatia (rising). Ah, he means Georgina, who saw him yesterday. I am so confused, I know not how to explain (*aside*).

Sir Simon. My nephew in love with a stone-cutter!

Lady Horatia. Sir!

Sir Simon. A hewer of marble! why he may as well live in a quarry.

Lady Horatia. Monstrous! (*aside*).

Sir Simon. Her study is a work-shop---her drawing-room a mason's saw-yard.

Lady Horatia (aside). Insupportable! can this be the uncle of Sidney Afgill?

Sir Simon. There she chiffls out womens' faces with young serpents hanging in drop curls, by way of a new fashion'd tete.

Lady Horatia (in great warmth). Nay, I can bear it no longer! Sir, this more than gothic ignorance, is a disgrace to the age in which we live, and to your own situation. The head of the beautiful MEDUSA is amongst the wonders of the art. O! the more than martial skill, which could make BEAUTY horrible!

Sir Simon. Hey! The dumb lady cured! what is she crazy?

Lady Horatia. At the same place you saw
5 (*with*)

(*with enthusiasm*) the touching NIOBE, mourning over her children;---the light ATALANTA flying from her lover---the graceful GANYMEDE caught up to Olympus for his beauty, did none of those strike ye? none of those awaken your adoration for the sublime art,---for SCULPTURE! whose long enduring beauties bid defiance to time, and laugh at ages!

Sir Simon (singing). "I am mad Bess, believe me."

Lady Horatia. Your coarseness, Sir, is hardly to be borne! how different from yours is the mind of your nephew! he has sat whole hours admiring those wonders of the art, and patiently watching the strokes of the chissel, which presumed at distant imitation.

Sir Simon. It is the first instance of his folly I ever heard. I thought Sidney had been a different sort of a man.

Lady Horatia. I suppose you have been employing *your* talents to the more exalted purposes of importing verdigrease, and blubber, and in making monopolies.

Sir Simon. Monopolies! no, Madam, never! there is one monopoly, and only one, to which I give my assent;---may the posterity of Englishmen continue to monopolize this little island, as long as the sea fills its channel, or the winds blow upon its rocks! have you any commission for me, Madam?

Lady Horatia. Commission---Sir---I came---I intended---it was my design---no, Sir, I have no commission.

Sir Simon. When you have, Madam, I shall be happy to see you again, but I really have not had
had

had time to read my letters, which I must beg to do directly. Order the lady's carriage

Lady Horatia. Sir---I really feel myself so insulted that---perhaps, Sir---but no matter. Perhaps you are right---yes, Sir, you are *very* right (*goes out weeping, yet with dignity*).

Sir Simon. Perkins! come in Perkins! (*he enters*) why I was never so stunn'd in my life. Here's a woman comes on pretence to speak about my nephew, and then begins some gibberish about sculpture,---and talks of Gany-mede, and Atalanta, and Olympus, and such vile trash as lads learn out of Ovid; books, that if I was a member of parliament, I'd bring in a bill to make it felony for any bookseller to vend.

Perkins. It would do you more honor, Sir, than any canal bill, bill for roads, or any other improvement that was ever brought before the House.

CONWAY *enters.*

Sir Simon. Hah, Mr. Conway, what news---what news? (*running towards him*).

Conway. Alas! none, Sir. I have follow'd our poor Sidney by every possible clue that I could obtain; but he has pass'd away like a vapour---not a trace remains (*sighing*).

Sir Simon. O! fye---O! fye. (*shaking his head with a melancholy air*).

Conway. I suppose Lady Horatia Horton has been here to make enquiries.

Sir Simon. Who?

G

Conway.

Conway. Lady Horatia Horton. She stepped into her carriage as I came up to the gate---but she seem'd to be weeping, so I avoided her.

Perkins. Bless me, Sir---there has been some mistake. (*to Sir Simon*)

Sir Simon. I don't know---I am all in a wood! why, was that lady in mourning, Lady Horatia Horton?

Conway. Assuredly.

Sir Simon. Why 'tis quite a different person from her I saw, yesterday, at her house.

Conway (*smiling*). O yes, ha, ha---I have heard about that. The lady you saw *was* quite a different person.

Sir Simon. Gad I hope I shall never have the luck to see her again.

Conway. Why, Sir?

Sir Simon. I can't endure her.

Conway (*angrily*). Sir! not endure her? why, she is the most charming of her sex. That lady, Sir, has more sweetness of disposition, more playful innocence of heart, and more beauty than half the women in the world.

Sir Simon. I hope I may form a different opinion, Mr. Conway.

Conway. No, Sir---no man shall form a different opinion---or if he does, he must take care to conceal it in my presence.

Sir Simon. I shall take *no* care, Sir. I will use the freedom of an Englishman to speak all I think of you, and of every man, and of every woman too. How dared she assume a character she was not?---how dared she say such things of my nephew to my face?

Conway. Sir! whatever that lady says, I make myself answerable for.

Perkins. O, Gentlemen, let me entreat you! —you will both be forry—you have been both too warm.

Conway. I advise you to persuade Sir Simon that he has been so!—I shall expect his apology.

[*Exit.*

Sir Simon (staring). Why, what's in the wind to-day, Perkins! I affront every one who comes near me, without designing it, I am sure.

Perkins. Your temper has been a little ruffled, Sir; you are fore about Mr. Afgill.

Sir Simon. Sore indeed! and my heart will be fore soon, as well as my temper, if I do not hear of him, But about this Lady Horatia--- 'tis very odd! what could bring her here? perhaps she came to tell me some news. I think I will go to her.

Perkins. It would be best, Sir.

Sir Simon. I certainly will---after charge. But I hope I shall not see her *marble monsters* again---they'll put me out of sorts if I do. What a taste!

Perkins. Dear Sir, any taste is better than *no* taste, and a lady who employs her thoughts and her chissel on works of art, is, at least, *not idle*; and, therefore, as Doctor Johnson says, not in the way of being wicked. [Exeunt.]

SCENE *changes to* SIR ROBERT'S *Drawing-Room.*

Enter TIPPY, *with* HUMPHREY.

Humphrey. Why, what a noddy have I been, to take this strapper always for a girl! (*aside*).

Tippy. What is the oaf grinning at? do as I bid you---tell Mrs. Jenny her friend Miss Sally Martin is here.

[*Humphrey goes out, making faces.*
Gad, I had a good run. I was hardly safe in the hack, before the bailiff and my landlady were in pursuit.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. O! Jack, I am so---

Tippy. Hush! come to the point. I am in danger every moment that I stay. What progress have you made with your mistress! What is to be done?

Jenny. Why what *is* to be done, is to get her *any way* into your power---once get her to your lodgings, and a marriage *must* follow.

Tippy (*sneeringly*). Good!

Jenny. I have prevail'd on her to go with me alone, to the famous wax-work. She knows not where it is, so I'll bring her in a hack to your lodgings; and then---mercy! here she comes---what shall we do?

Tippy. Do!---upon my soul she's a sweet creature! I hope she won't detect the Connoisseur, in petticoats.

GEORGINA

GEORGINA enters---TIPPY bows very low---
recovers himself, and curtsseys.

Georgina. Bless me, Jenny---who is this?

Jenny. A--- stranger Ma'am---a lady that. Did you not say, Madam, that you ran into the hall to avoid some gentlemen who were rude to you? (*to Tippy*) and then, Miss, that blundering fellow, Humphrey, brought him up---I mean brought the *lady* up here.

Tippy. Yes, Ma'am, he brought me up here. Really a modest woman can hardly walk the streets, men are so impertinent. One gentleman seiz'd my hand; d---n you, Sir, says I--- I mean I said, bless me, Sir, I beg you won't be rude.

Georgina. A very odd lady, Jenny!

Tippy. Curse the petticoats! Madam I scorn to impose on you---no, Madam, I have a soul above it---I am *not* a lady. I put on this disguise to procure admission here, that I might tell you how I adore you. Madam (*kneeling*) my passion for you is so great, that if you do not look on me with pity---if you do not listen to me with compassion--- (*Jenny shrieks*).

SIR ROBERT enters, with FAN COURT.

Sir Robert. A lady at my daughter's feet! (*Tippy starts up*) some great favour sure she is asking. What did you shriek for?

Jenny. Shriek, Sir---O, Sir, the poor lady---she was saying as how that she had a cruel husband---I never heard of such a villain! and she was deploring Miss to speak to you in the
G 3 affair,

affair, for you know him. He seems a most sweet young fellow, Ma'am, it would be great pity to betray him! (*aside*)

Georgina (to herself). The Savoyard! O, I remember all at this moment!

Sir Robert. Do I know your husband, Ma'am! Pray do not wheel round in this manner---there's nothing shameful in having a bad husband---if there were, few married women would care to shew their faces.

Tippy (in a shrill voice). O, Sir, I should die with confusion. (*still keeping his back to Sir Robert*).

Sir Robert. Pray, Madam, is the fault *all* your husband's?

Tippy. O, entirely, Sir;---my behaviour to him is quite angelic.

Sir Robert. I dare say your face is angelic, if one could but see it (*still wheeling to get a peep at her*). Perhaps you live a little too gaily for him, poor man!

Tippy. Not at all! I am a pattern of prudence ---generally at home by four in the morning. Charming creature! pity my distress! (*in his own voice to Georgina*).

Georgina. Pray Ma'am turn, and shew yourself to my Papa, and if you tell him the same affecting story you began to me---

Fenny (apart). Nay pray, Ma'am, do not betray him! how can you have the heart? he would die rather than do *you* an ill turn. Did you observe what teeth he has?

Georgina. Sweet lady, speak! a design so pure, and eloquence so irresistible, will affect Sir Robert as it ought.

Fancourt.

Fancourt. Sweet lady turn round! gad, there's some fudge here---I am sure there is. Sir Robert take my advice---look in the lady's face.

Sir Robert (goes to her). Nay, Madam, 'tis in vain. I will see your bright eyes, or never---(*Tippy trips up Sir Robert, and then attempts to run off*).

Fancourt. A Thalastris, by Jupiter! (*seizing Tippy*) nay, I will have a peep, spite of your dexterity, Miss! (*Tippy struggles*) come, to the right about! by Heavens this must be a man---Sir Robert, I smell a rat (*turns him*). Zounds! what Tippy! I am a bit of a Marplot here. This comes of your entrusting your friends by halves (*apart*).

Sir Robert. What it is a man, then! I thought it was the most robust damsel I had ever met with.

Fancourt. Get out of the house (*pushing him*). You might well hide your face! get out, or I will make you shew it at the Old Bailey (*drives him out*).

Sir Robert. Who is he?

Fancourt. Oh, a fellow who lives by his wits; one whose stock in trade is all in the *pia mater*. (*touching his forehead*).

Sir Robert (to Georgina). How came he here in this disguise? where have you seen him? I insist on knowing the truth.

Fancourt. She seems sadly puzzled---the girl has been taught that 'tis a sin to tell lies.

Sir Robert. Why don't you speak, Georgina? come be bold! your prompter I see is at your elbow.

Jenny. Pray speak, Miss. Say it is your staymaker. (*aside*)

Georgina. Yes, I will speak. I assure you, Sir, (*taking her father's band*) I never saw that person till now; but a circumstance which, I believe, must relate to him, has struck my recollection, and makes me shudder.

Sir Robert. What is it, child?

Georgina. Sir—I—yesterday, Sir, I had my fortune told.

Sir Robert. Pho!

Georgina. Nay, Sir, mine was no common fortune-teller; she was certainly a well-bred woman in disguise.

Sir Robert. Why, what did she say to you?

Georgina. She told me that two men—two most unprincipled monsters, had laid a plot for my destruction (*he starts*). Her disguise was that of a Savoyard, with music.

Fancourt. Whu! (*aside.*)

Sir Robert. I remember you ran through the library to go to listen to her.

Fancourt. Pray—pray, Madam, what sort of a person was this pretended Savoyard?

Georgina. An agreeable little woman, with eyes full of intelligence, and manners full of good sense.

Fancourt. Yes, it was my devil, I see clearly. (*aside.*)

Georgina. This seeming lady is probably one of the two men I had notice of, who introduced himself here, to carry on designs which make me tremble.

Sir Robert. I believe you do, my dear. I never saw you so grave, nor heard you talk so discreetly before; a little fright has done you
good

good. May you never cease to tremble, Georgina, when you recollect the hazards of this hour!

Georgina. You, Jenny, have always nourish'd my follies, and cherish'd my absurdities; I will never hold communication with you more. Go directly to the housekeeper, receive your wages, and leave my father's house. Begone!

Jenny. Why, she can never mean this in earnest; this must be all fudge before her father. (*goes hesitatingly.*)

Sir Robert. O! that every misguided daughter would retrieve her errors before it be too late, and, like you, take shelter in the arms of a fond and forgiving father! (*embracing her.*) My dear Georgina, I wish thou hadst either a mother, or a husband!

Fancourt. A most edifying scene, this! (*aside.*)

Sir Robert. Mr. Fancourt, you know who this fellow is.

Fancourt. Not absolutely know him—I have seen him; and I will trace him out, Sir, if it be possible. And I'll find your little Savoyard too; Madam; your pretty fortune-teller; it shall go hard but I'll meet with *her*! [*Exit.*]

Georgina. O! I wish he may discover her, for I shall cherish burning gratitude towards her, to the last hour of my existence! My dear Sir, I feel like one of our little Welch kids at home, trembling on the brink of a monstrous precipice, when its fond parent appears, and guides back its feeble steps, to crop the flow'ry herbage in safety.

[*Led out by her father.*]

SCENE

SCENE—*Lady HORATIA'S Drawing-room.*

She enters, meeting Sir SIMON.

Sir Simon (entering). Madam, your most obedient. I did not know that you were Lady Horatia Horton this morning; so I came to apologize, and all that.

Lady Horatia. An unnecessary trouble, Sir. *(coldly.)*

Sir Simon. Not at all, Madam, not at all. If I offend, I am always ready to make amends. A little gipsy yesterday took your name, and railed at Sidney; I could not bear it.

Lady Horatia. And was it therefore, Sir, that you insulted my art? Was it therefore that you laughed at, and abused my—

Sir Simon. Your monsters, Madam. O! keep clear of them, whatever you do! Don't talk of them!

Lady Horatia. Why, is this possible?

Sir Simon. Madam, this life is too short to squander time upon trifles; so, let us come to the point! I am told that you have a great regard for my nephew, and I love and admire you for it; talk of him, and we shall agree to the end of the chapter.

Lady Horatia. The person who told you so, Sir, took an unwarrantable freedom.

Sir Simon. Why, you told me so yourself. Would any lady fly into the city, to talk to a cross old fellow about his nephew, if she had not set her heart upon him? Pho! pho! that spoke your sentiments pretty plainly.

Lady

Lady Horatia (weeping with vexation). O dear! I tell you, I hate your nephew?

Sir Simon. Do you? O, you woman! You downright woman! I see how it is. When he was rich, you loved him; when you looked forward to fine equipage, splendour and expence, you acknowledged his merits; but now that you have heard he is poor, you despise him. O! woman, woman!

Lady Horatia (with heat). Sir, it is false. You injure me in every part of your opinion. When he was rich, he never knew that he had caused a tender thought in me; it was only his poverty that made my passion break out without disguise. It was his distress that made me feel, and acknowledge I adore him.

Sir Simon. What, then, you do love him?

Lady Horatia (much confused). What have I said?

Sir Simon. What you ought never to recal. Speak on; you now talk like a sensible woman.

Lady Horatia. Well, then, receive my full confession. You, his second father! Mr. Afgill has twined himself into my soul; his poverty has endeared him to me a thousand times. Go, Sir, search him out; bring him from his retreat, and tell him, that Horatia Horton knows no value in wealth, but in the pleasure of dividing it with him.

Sir Simon. Huzza, huzza! here's a woman for ye! Madam, he is not poor. I'll put down for Afgill thousand for thousand, as long as you please, and when I die, leave him a plumb!

Lady Horatia. Sir!

Sir Simon. It was all a sagacious trick of mine,

mine. I wanted to try if the dear lad really loved me, and if he possessed real worth of soul. Sentiments, truly noble, he often uttered; but noble sentiments are uttered by scoundrels, who do not possess one feeling, which, if brought to the touchstone, would not disgrace humanity.

Lady Horatia. Mr. Afgill not poor! (*pausing.*) Nay, then I understand the flimsy contrivance. A pitiful plot, to force me to reveal a secret, which I chose to bury in the bottom of my heart. Presuming! (*haughtily.*) Make *me* a dupe! Now, Sir, know that your nephew rich, and your nephew poor, are two distinct persons. I detest his art, and recal all I have said. The *rich* Mr. Afgill, I shall teach myself henceforward to despise. [*Exit.*]

Sir Simon. Whu! Why, what's in the wind now? Upon my soul, I would rather cast up the most intricate account of compound interest, than attempt to calculate what will please a woman. Refuse a man because he is rich!!!

Enter PERKINS.

Perkins. O, Sir! I followed you here without your permission, my tidings are so good; Mr. Afgill is found.

Sir Simon. Ah, Perkins, I saw it in thy eyes, without a word. Thou art an honest fellow, Perkins (*squeezing his hand*). In what street or alley was he found?

Perkins. Street, Sir! A very wide, and a very turbulent street. You will be surprised to hear. I employed my own brother in the business. He traced him last night down to Port-

Portsmouth, where he had entered himself on board a man of war before the mast!

Sir Simon. Oh!

Perkins. Nay, come, Sir, he is returned.

Sir Simon. Is he come back?

Perkins. William prevailed on him; put him into a chaise and four, and brought him back to his own lodgings.

Sir Simon. Come along, come along! It shall be the best day William ever saw. [Exit.

SCENE—FANCOURT'S.

Enter FANCOURT, followed by Mrs. FANCOURT.

Fancourt (carelessly). Yes—no, my dear—yes—

Mrs. Fancourt. I hope you have been well amused since yesterday, Mr. Fancourt?

Fancourt. Perfectly so, Mrs. Fancourt.

Mrs. Fancourt. You shou'd let me know when you do not mean to return. It is rather unpleasant to sit up all night watching.

Fancourt. O! you can find amusement.

Mrs. Fancourt. How?

Fancourt. You are fond of masquerading, you know.

Mrs. Fancourt. I do not understand you; I never was at more than one masquerade, nor ever formed a wish to repeat it.

Fancourt. And the habit you then wore, I remember, was that of a Savoyard.

Mrs. Fancourt (starting). It was.

Fancourt. And did you then tell fortunes too?

Mrs.

Mrs. Fancourt (aside). I die with fear. Surely I am betrayed.

Fancourt (seizing her hand), Come, tell me, Madam, have you not lately repeated the scene of the Savoyard?

Mrs. Fancourt. Sir! O! he will have no mercy on me! (*trembling.*)

Fancourt. But, why need I ask? I know you have. That fortune-telling was a pretty thought, my dear; but did it occur to you to tell your own fortune? Did you foretel to yourself your own fate on the discovery.

Mrs. Fancourt. Alas! I know too well I must expect all that malice and revenge can inspire; but if I have saved an innocent from destruction, and turned away the arrow which was about to pierce the heart of her benevolent father, I am resigned.

Enter two Men.

Fancourt. Who are you, who enter with so little ceremony into my apartments?

1st Man. What, Master Fancourt, don't you remember us? Mayhap you'll know this? (*taking a constable's staff from his pocket.*)

2d Man, And this? (*drawing forth another.*)

1st Man. Here is a coach waiting below with two of our companions; so the quicker you are, the better.

Fancourt (pale and trembling). This sudden surprise has overpowered me. On whose account do I see you?

1st Man. You'll know that in proper time. I never likes to answer trogatories.

Fancourt. Where am I going?

2d Man. You'll see when we arrive.

Fancourt. Wherever it is, I will not stir without this woman. She shall accompany me wherever I go.

2d Man. Why, you have a very fond husband, Madam.

Mrs. Fancourt. Not so; but he *is* my husband: I therefore follow without a murmur.

Fancourt. Go first; I will not leave you in the room? [*Exit Mrs. Fancourt.*

Come, gentlemen, let us follow the lady. Bear witness that I am a polite husband to the last. [*Exit.*

SCENE—*Sir ROBERT's Drawing-room.*

He enters with a troubled air.

Sir Robert. A sad, sad slut! Why, what a town this is! A stranger, like me, should go about in leading-strings. Plotters, deceivers in every corner of it. Whether the people one associates with, are what they appear to be, or whether it may not be all one universal masquerade, there is no guessing. (*Goes and opens the door.*) Come—come forth!

JENNY comes out, and walks to the front. He looks at her earnestly.

Now art thou a woman, or a griffin, prithee tell me?

Jenny. Dear Sir, I can tell you no more than I have; I have confess'd every thing; and, on my
my

my bended knees, I ask for mercy. (*kneeling*)
I am not a griffin, Sir.

Sir Robert. Get up; your flummery of kneeling has no effect. How far I shall have mercy on a wretch, who plann'd the dishonour of my child, I shall consider. I have never met with so atrocious a jade, since the year I was high sheriff for the county. Retire. Your brother, my Lord Beechgrove, approaches.

Jenny (starting up). I care not *that* for your sneers! (*snapping her fingers.*) I'll teach you, my old gentleman, what it is for sixty to have the *impudence* to slight five and twenty. I have wasted as many tender blushes, soft ogles, and enamoured glances on *your* shrivell'd chops, as might have subdued half the gallant soldiers in the allied armies; but I'll be up with you yet!

[*Exit.*]

Sir Robert. O, a huffy! What a sad thing it is for a young man, like me, to have wanted gallantry.

TIPPY enters.

My Lord, I am your lordship's most obedient. Why, you have made great haste in undressing, my lord; you are a quick hand at a toilette, I see.

Tippy (looking aghast). Hey!

Sir Robert. I did not exactly know, at first, how to direct to you, to summon your lordship hither, but your sister, the lady Jenny, help'd me out—Mr. Tippy!

Tippy (aside). The devil!

Sir Robert. Pray, when do you publish, Sir?

Your

Your life must be an amusing one. Put me down as a subscriber.

Tippy (aside). Nay, since all is out, I'll brazen it. I'll put you down for something else, Sir, when I publish.

Sir Robert. Aye.

Tippy. Be assured the public shall not want the story of *Taffy*, the Welch knight; who came up a wool-gathering from Glamorgan-shire, after Begums, Nanfooks, and Patna-rice.

Sir Robert. Well, well, I feel that I deserve this, so I take it patiently. Here comes more company; some of your friends, my lord.

FANCOURT enters, Mrs. FANCOURT, and Constables. Sir ROBERT nods to the Constables, who retire.

Fancourt. So, Tippy—all is up!

Tippy. Faith, I think, all is down—we have rather a tumble.

Fancourt. Be it so! I have aim'd high; resolved if I did fall, to fall from an eminence. Well, Sir Knight, you'll give us a bottle of Champagne at parting, and let us be merry *once* again! You thought it celestial happiness, last night, to get tipsy with a lord, and hear him roar out an indecent catch. Do you remember, Tippy, how he oped his mouth, and how his eyes water'd with joy? Ha, ha!

Sir Robert. I can bear all this, for I really have been so preposterously ridiculous, that, I think, I deserve even more than your malice can suggest.

Fancourt, "I say, SNAPPER, we must have him on our side." Ha, ha, ha! "The old

H

scoun-

scoundrel had like to have undone us (*sips*). He is a great fool, but he is related to all the ap Morgans, and ap Shoneses in the county." Ha, ha, ha! That was well, I never hook'd a gudgeon with so little trouble in my life!

GEORGINA *rushes in.*

It is, it is herself! My charming Savoyard, how I rejoice to see you! You are my mother, sister, friend——

Fancourt (going up to Mrs. Fancourt). You, Madam, to whose officiousness my friend and I, owe our disgrace—you shall be rewarded. Now listen (*seizing her hand*), for I am going to plunge a dagger into your heart——you are not my wife. (*flinging away her hand.*)

Mrs. Fancourt. Not your wife?

Fancourt. No. Your affectation and delicacy would not permit you to be married in a Church, you may remember, so I took advantage of your folly, and brought a man, who was never priest till that moment.

Tippy. It is very true, and I am he; it was I who married you. (*bowing low*)

Mrs. Fancourt. Can it be possible? Do I hear right? Am I releas'd from obedience to a man whom I *abhor*? Is it no longer my *duty* to associate with vice? Is it no longer my *fate* to eat the bread of wickedness? O, blissful moment!

Tippy. I am surpris'd you feel so; he is a very good kind of young man.

Mrs. Fancourt. O! welcome poverty and want!

Georgina. Never! Your fate is united to mine.

mine. You are my mother, sister, friend! I must quit you a few moments, for Lady Horatia Horton has sent Mr. Conway for me; but I will leave you in my own apartment. My father's roof is your everlasting protection!

Fancourt. This is, indeed, a stroke! Is *she* to be happy?

Sir Robert. Yes, that she shall, if my protection can make her so.

Mrs. Fancourt. Unhappy man, farewell! The ruin of my peace and fortune I can forgive! O! whilst innocence and friendship invite me to repose, may you find it in *repentance*.

[*Georgina leads her out.*]

Sir Robert. And now, gentlemen, leave my house this moment, or the next you shall be returned into the hands of the constables. Go! turn out upon the world!

Fancourt. We *will* turn out upon the world; so let the world beware! Come, Tippy, the field before us is a wide one—let us erect our banners! *Talents* are our armed forces, with which we encounter Vanity and Folly. Wherever *they* appear, we wage war. Allons! (*to Tippy.*) Be of good heart, my boy! The foe is numerous, but weak. Conquest and pillage are our own!

[*They go off.*]

Sir Robert (looking after them). I am glad you are off! These gentlemen have given me some amusement, together with some experience, and it has cost me only one thousand pounds—a cheap bargain!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE---Lady HORATIA'S *Drawing-room.*

Lady HORATIA *enters, accompanied by Lady CHARLOTTE.*

Lady Horatia. No---no---Adieu to low spirits for ever! My heart is as light as the feather in your hair; I know all; Mr. Conway has told me every thing; there was no plot on *me!* No, my Afgill has proved himself in the hour of trial, as noble, as delicate, as brave as my fancy had always painted him.

Lady Charlotte. Well, happiness is a most becoming thing; it gives fire and expression to every feature. But can it be possible that Mr. Afgill should design to *serve* as a sailor? I thought the party with whom he—

Lady Horatia. Mention *parties* at an hour like this! O! let such distinctions melt into air, and be obliterated for ever! Let every party join hand and heart to save this country, and to cherish its BLESSED CONSTITUTION!

Lady Charlotte. See, here comes Georgina, playing the little tyrant with her enamour'd Conway.

Enter CONWAY leading GEORGINA.

Georgina. I protest I will not hear such things, Mr. Conway. (*snatches away her hand*) Why will you tease me thus? Lady Horatia, I beg you chide him; for he has been talking nonsense to me all the way in your coach.

Lady Horatia. It will give him more pleasure if you chide him. Nay, I will be more
5 ma-

malicious still, spite of your frowns; I absolutely will tell you——

Georgina puts her hand to Lady Horatia's mouth.

You do not hate him.

Conway. O! that sound is bliss to me!

Georgina. Ah, but I am sure I do not love him.

Conway. How do you know, angel?

Georgina. Why, I never keep wakeful about you, nor ever dream about you. And I do not grow pale, like Miss Gwatkin; and I eat my breakfast with pleasure, and I dine very well; and if I do not see you for a whole day together, I only think——well, tomorrow I shall be more lucky.

Conway (in rapture). Enough, enough——more than I hoped. On these terms I am content to bind my fate to yours. Such artless candour renders you enchanting.

Georgina. Well, then-- but do not speak to my papa about it for whole week. Bless me——here's old Simon. (*runs to the top, followed by Conway.*)

Enter Sir SIMON, with ASGILL, in a sailor's dress.

Sir Simon. Here, Madam, I have brought ye your failor; and if you do not receive him with kindness, and welcome him back with your whole soul, you are no woman for me!

Asgill (rushing to her feet). Adored mistress of my heart! am I welcome?

Lady Horatia. Welcome! O, Asgill, there are characters so high, so noble, that to be chained in by common decorums, would be to have no taste for excellence, and my heart
bounds

bounds with disdain from such frozen rules ! I, who have hitherto treated you with coldness, almost bordering on disdain, now declare, in the presence of my friends, that I am proud to make you master of my fate ; that I feel exalted in having it in my power to confer happiness on you.

Afgill (rising). O ! woman unequal'd !— Blessed be the hour in which you believed me poor and undone ! Sir Simon has been feeding my soul with extacy.

Lady Horatia. Mr. Afgill, you must, indeed, love Sir Simon ; but I know not how I shall set about doing so ; he hates the arts ; he thinks there is nothing dignified in sculpture ; he hears, without veneration, the names of Phidias, and Michael Angelo.

Sir Simon. Come, come, Madam, throw away your chisel and your marble blocks, and set about making a good wife. That ART is the noblest pride of an Englishwoman.

Lady Charlotte. Lady Horatia, you are all smiles ! I declare I should not so easily have forgiven a man (*looking on Afgill*) who could fly from me to the boisterous ocean, and prove such insensibility to beauty and love.

Afgill. Misjudge me not ! I, insensible to beauty, and to love ! O ! my glowing soul confesses their force, and adores their power. Yet the enthusiasm which seized me, when I trod the deck of the Victory, can never be chill'd ! In the glorious tars around me, valour, intrepidity, heroism, shone forth with all their fires ; they flashed through my heart ! And, I swear, that should my country need my assistance, I will again resume the trowsers,
and

and sail before the mast, wherever she bids her
cannon roar, or her proud pendants fly.

(Advancing forward)

Ah! repose on *us!* And when you look on the
gallant spirits, who do honour to this habit,
let every fear subside; for, whilst the sea
flows, and English sailors are *themselves*, ENG-
LAND MUST BE THE MISTRESS OF THE GLOBE!

THE END.

EPILOGUE,

MISS WALLIS.

THROUGH five long Acts—a pretty decent swing—
I've been a giddy, tender, harmless thing ;
Light as a feather, in the morn of May,
Borne by the perfum'd breath of blue-eyed day.
Nor have I yet thrown by my *studied* part,
GEORGINA, still I am, in garb, and heart—
GEORGINA humbly stands again before ye,
Of gratitude so full!—she half adores ye.

It puzzles me to guess, when Conway's wife,
On what sweet plan to form my married life :
My heart beats high to think how I shall flash,
Pre-eminent, and bold, like Lady Dash.
Reflection ne'er to me shall be a damper,
My curriclè I'll drive—on horseback scamper—
Keep Pharo Banks—take the long odds at races,
And know the knowing ones, in all their paces ;
Lounge at Newmarket in the betting-rooms,
And prate to Lady Harriet—and my grooms.

But whilst I thus blaze on, in Folly's road,
And profligate, forsake my blest abode—
Where is my husband's peace?—his honour—where ?
Who shall his lonely hours console, and share ?
O ! the black prospect scares my trembling art,
And from the headlong precipice I start.
Dear *wedded happiness* ! my soul is thine,
My pride shall be, in thy mild paths to shine—
My CONWAY'S temperate joys I'll make my own,
And *his* felicity my life shall crown ;
With *him* through Pleasure's paths I'll sometimes roam,
But still my *first enjoyment*, shall be HOME.
The Household Gods ten thousand graces wear,
Nor stoop to borrow tinsel'd, *foreign* glare—
Yet never shall your Household Deities frown,
Though you should steal an hour, to see—THE TOWN !







