



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



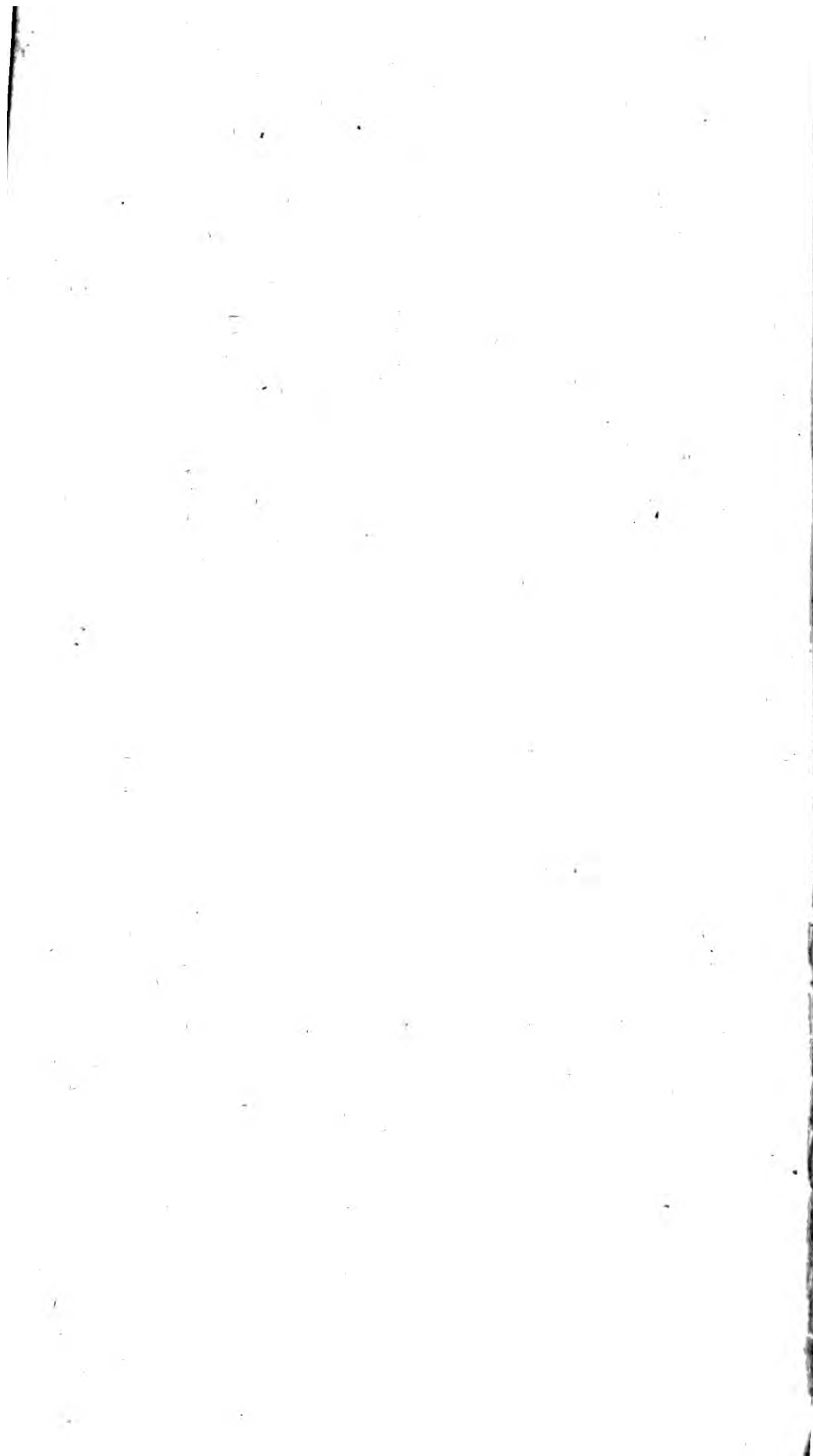
①

Stephens Road
5th Ed.

R. ROBERTSON GLASGOW,
OF MONTGREENAN.



XLN.4





FALSE COLOURS,

W. A. Glasgow
COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

KING'S THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET,

BY HIS MAJESTY'S COMPANY

FROM THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BY EDWARD MORRIS,

FELLOW OF PETERHOUSE, CAMBRIDGE.

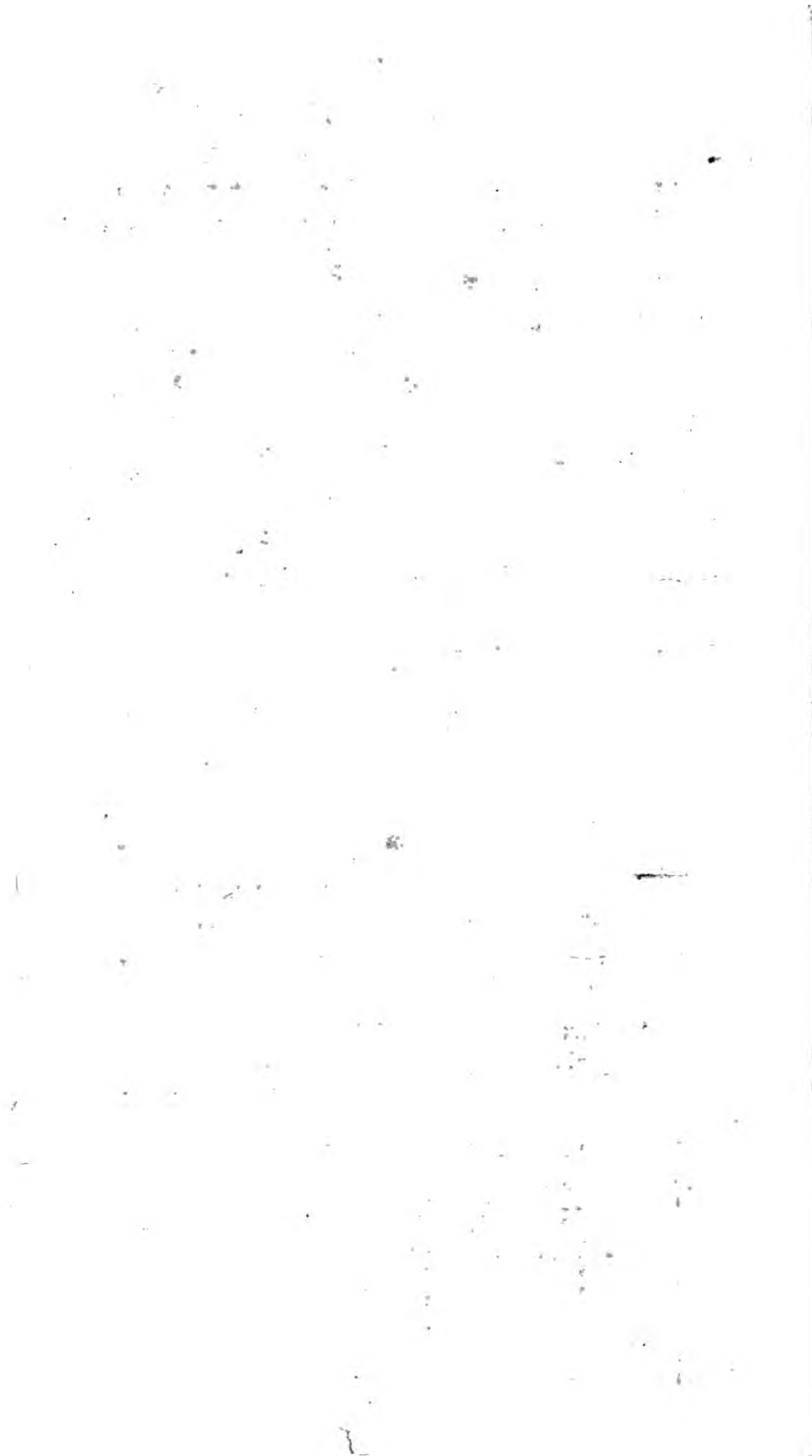
Da mihi te placidum, dederis in carmina vires ;
Ingenium vultu statque caditque tuo.

OVID.

LONDON:

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand,

1793.



TO
MISS *FARRÉN*;
AS A *FAIN*T TRIBUTE,
TO HER
EXQUISITE PERFORMANCE OF *CONSTANCE*,
THIS COMEDY
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY
HER OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT
HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

Glasgow



A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

THE liberality and candour with which this Comedy was received on its representation, flatters the Author with the hope that the same indulgence may attend it to the closet.—To the performers, he is not a little gratified by this opportunity of returning his warmest thanks. On these occasions great obligation is generally due, not only to them, but to the manager; and when an author has found, as in the present instance, a nice discriminating judgment, exerted with the most friendly zeal in his favour, he cannot but feel most sensibly, how far acknowledgments fall short, in expressing his sentiments of Mr. Kemble, as a scholar, and a gentleman.

P R O L O G U E.

Written by CHARLES MORRIS, Esq.

Spoken by MR. WROUGHTON.

*T*O paint dramatic scribblers' hopes and fears,
Has been the Prologue's heavy task for years ;
To-night, a kind reception is our aim,
For one who on " False Colours" builds his fame.
In times like these, when high on ev'ry side,
Britain's True Colours float in martial pride,
Awhile let's drop the customary lay,
And to our country's worth due tribute pay ;
Where social compact binds in silken chains
True Freedom's sons, and Britons' rights maintains.
At home secure, her prince in foreign lands
Leads on to glorious deeds her valiant bands ;
At honor's call the dearest objects yield,
He braves the dangers of the hostile field,
And round a nation spreads Britannia's sev'nfold shield. }
To factious Gaul the Muse indignant turns ;
With loyal pride her proffer'd mischief spurns——
There, gloomy Discord dims fair Freedom's ray,
And Desolation marks her iron sway ;
Peace flies the hated spot ; aghast she stood ;
Her garment crimson'd with a monarch's blood——
Quick fall the veil—let comic scenes appear,
To chase from honest cheeks the gen'rous tear.
Our bard, three winters since, tried critic seas ;
His bark, Th' Adventurers, gain'd a fav'ring breeze,
Fann'd by the genial breath, it reach'd the coast,
Where many a stouter vessel has been lost.
Buoy'd up by hope, again he trusts to fate
Another launch, and risks a deeper freight.
Let no rude storms her tender frame assail,
But candor gently raise a prosp'rous gale ;
With approbation crown his best endeavour,
And grant the wish'd-for passport—Public Favour.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

| | | |
|--|---|--------------------------|
| LORD VISAGE, - - - - | - | Mr. <i>Suett.</i> |
| SIR PAUL PANICK, - - - - | - | Mr. <i>King.</i> |
| SIR HARRY CECIL, - - - - | - | Mr. <i>Wroughton.</i> |
| CAPTAIN MONTAGUE, - - - - | - | Mr. <i>Barrymore.</i> |
| GROTESQUE, - - - - | - | Mr. <i>J. Bannister.</i> |
| SUBTLE, <i>Servant to Lord Visage,</i> - | - | Mr. <i>R. Palmer.</i> |
| TONY, <i>Servant to Sir Paul,</i> - - - | - | Mr. <i>Wewitzer.</i> |
| ROBERT, <i>the Butler,</i> - - - - | - | Mr. <i>Madox.</i> |
| COOK, - - - - | - | Mr. <i>Alfred.</i> |
| FIRST SERVANT. | | |
| SECOND SERVANT. | | |

W O M E N.

| | | |
|---|---|----------------------|
| LADY PANICK, <i>Wife to Sir Paul,</i> - - | - | Miss <i>Pope.</i> |
| CONSTANCE EVELYN, <i>her Ward,</i> - - | - | Miss <i>Farren.</i> |
| HARRIET, <i>her Niece,</i> - - - - | - | Mrs. <i>Goodall.</i> |
| LUCY, <i>Maid to Constance,</i> - - - - | - | Miss <i>Heard.</i> |

SCENE. *At or near Sir Paul's Seat in Cumberland.*

TIME. *Of Representation.*

FALSE COLOURS.

A C T I.

SCENE. *A Hall—(a ringing at the door.)*

Enter Tony, with a tankard in his hand.

Tony.

WHY, Jonathan Geoffrey—are none of you up yet? Will nobody go to the door?—Was there ever such a lazy pack of drunken scoundrels (*he drinks—bell rings again*)—aye, now this is what one gets by being industrious and rising early—instead of a cool comfortable tankard, I must be pacing to the door here before eight in the morning—(*bell rings again*). Ecod I have a great mind to go to bed again. No, as I am here, for once I'll do a good-natured act—and—(*opens the door.*)

Enter Subtle.

Eh, Master Subtle, is it you so early? Where is my lord?

Subtle. On the road, my boy; but he sent me forward with a letter for her ladyship. Is she up yet?

B

Tony.

Tony. Up? Lord help you—not a foul stirring in the house! To tell you the truth, we had a grand rehearsal of one of our Comedies last night, and, somehow, that always makes the family pure sleepy in the morning.

Subtle. What? my lady dashes as usual—eh!

Tony. Dashes—why, we have a private Theatre you know. Ecod, I am a gentleman performer,—hi, hi,—and there's Miss Constance acts as well as thof she was paid for it—then we have our *dilatory* concerts.

Subtle. But what does Sir Paul say? Where are his fears and caution? Why he never dared shew his nose at night; and the bare idea of a hot room used to throw him into a cold sweat.

Tony. Aye, aye, he is at his old pranks still—Nostrums to give appetite in a morning, and nostrums to help digestion in the afternoon. Why, all the servants are but just out of their spring physic—to cool the blood, as he says. Then we are regularly dosed with drugs once a month to prevent fevers. Here, pull away my boy—(*gives the tankard*)—and tell us, is my lord as great a phyzzionomite as he used to be—eh!

Subtle. As great? Why man, he has had the whole household shaved bald as coots, to shew the shape of their foreheads, and wears his wig full two inches in arrear to display his own. You see I am obliged to wear my ears *al fresco*. Such a set as we have at home—not a vulgar face among us. The quarter-sessions indeed makes sad havoc—carried off a brace of heroes last week that were perfect.

Tony. Eh! how? perfect.

Subtle. Aye, nose and chin; but I told my lord at the time, their necks had a very suspicious turn; and indeed they were a little confused in their ideas of property.

Tony. But you don't drink—may be, you like wine better. I can smug you a play-house bottle from our property man.

[*Bell rings.*

Subtle.

Subtle. Eh! no—there is the bell—have a care when his lordship comes, or egad he may detect you.

Tony. Eh! what! oh dear—you don't say so—how?

Subtle. By your face, to be sure. Why man, the features are his alphabet, and he reads characters at sight. Now and then indeed he meets with a crabbed sort of print. You now for instance—that nose of your's is so plaguily ill-spelt—that he'll hardly be able to determine, whether of the two you are most given to—women or wine—though on a nearer inspection the wine seems to have got into your nose, and the women into your head—but come along.

Tony. Ah, Master Subtle, you are a wag; not that I like drinking for drinking sake, only a bottle is company, and one hates to be alone. As for the women, why somehow they do get into a body's head.

Subtle. Never mind, Tony, keep your own counsel; yours seems to be made of such good impenetrable stuff, that whatever may be in, I don't see any thing come out of it. (*Bell rings again.*) [*Exeunt in a hurry.*]

SCENE—*The Garden.*

Enter Harriet, followed by Montague.

Montague. Nay, but my dear Harriet, give me up the promise of marriage. Why keep a musty parchment, every word of which is obsolete.

Harriet. But it's validity is not obsolete. I know 'twas given three years since to Harriet, the daughter of an opulent merchant, which Harriet now finds herself, by his death and insolvency, a poor dependant on the bounty of her aunt Lady Panick—but for all that, the promise is valid.

Mont. True woman—she has me—and no power on earth could make her quit her hold—(*aside*)—'death have I not laid Sir Harry Cecil, a young Baronet, and 5000l. a year, at your feet.

Har. Not altogether that.

B 2

Mont.

Mont. I tell you—it is but playing on his ridiculous caprice, and you are sure of him. Is it not the very end of his plot? Has he not changed characters with me for this sole purpose? To find a girl that would love him for himself forsooth—without the aid of title, fortune, or any such gross attraction—the conceited mongrel;—and while every one else in the family is a stranger to the truth, have I not revealed it to you—shewn you how to lay the net?

Har. Fair and softly, my good sir; there is a delicate sensibility about his mind, of which you have no conception. I must have time—yielding too soon, instead of winning, would disgust him.

Mont. Pshaw—let it seem from excess of affection; then 'twill the more flatter his vanity, and judgment is too prudent to shew its face against such an antagonist; besides, not a moment's to be lost—he begins to see his folly, and a premature discovery of his real character would strip me of my title, disclose *the disinterestedness* of your attachment, and ruin both our prospects—so, pry-thee, my good Harriet, away with delicacy—you have never yet troubled her much, and she is a coy prude, that does not take kindly to new acquaintance. What have you done for me with Constance?

Har. All that inuendoes can effect has been tried—your name emblazoned with every virtue—and one thing is certain.

Mont. What, my sweet girl, what?

Har. Why, young Visage turns out a confirmed libertine.

Mont. I knew it, but what of that? Spare my impatience.

Har. She is certainly averse to the match.

Mont. This is news indeed—I am transported, thou dear delicious girl—why I could almost kneel and worship thee. (*Going to kneel.*)

Har. Confusion—here is sir Harry.

Mont.

Mont. The devil he is.

Har. Stay, stay—don't move.

Enter Sir Harry Cecil, who stops at the back of the Stage on seeing them.

Mont. (In a low voice.) Curses on my heroics.

Har. (Pretending not to see Sir Harry.) Believe me, Sir, I am far from insensible to your merit; but no consideration shall tempt my hand, where I cannot give my heart. That—(seeing Sir Harry)—Captain Montague, here. I am really so confused— [Exit.

Mont. (Pretending not to see Sir Harry)—That in the whole female world my cursed star should point to a woman, who is as blind to the gifts of fortune as the goddesses in giving them! Eh! are you there? (seeing Sir Harry),—you heard her then? Did you think, Cecil, there existed on the face of the earth a woman who would refuse an estate of 5000l. a year, with no other incumbrance than a young baronet of twenty-five.

Sir Harry. Had you no quarrel?

Mont. Oh dear no. She offered me her friendship. No woman ever refuses a man without offering him her friendship. It's the rule of the sex.

Sir Harry. What was her reason?

Mont. No. I will not betray her. Could she have one? She did indeed confess.

Sir Harry. Prithce let us change the subject. No more of Harriet.

Mont. What should we talk about, but these rural divinities; and I am sure she is a thousand times a finer girl than her friend Constance.

Sir Harry. Constance—an angel—I met her within this half hour. She had been relieving the family of a poor peasant—her eye yet wet. Oh, Montague, the tear of sensibility on the cheek of a beautiful woman, like the dew-drop of heaven on its favourite rose, sheds new sweetness where all was sweet before.

Mont.

Mont. Eh! fits the wind in that corner—it must shift, and speedily too—[*Aside.*] Why, zounds, your morality has not stumbled on a married woman to flirt with?

Sir Harry. A married woman!

Mont. Not quite indeed as to forms;—but Lord Vifage and his Nephew are expected every hour;—and the knot will then be tied without further delay.

Sir Harry. Do you know any thing of this young Vifage?—

Mont. Not I!—but they say he is one of the finest fellows breathing.

Sir Harry. Constance likes the match then.

Mont. Did you never hear her speak of it?—’Tis the very delirium of passion.

Sir Harry. Why, she never saw him.

Mont. That is true,—no!—She never saw him;—but his picture she has,—and then his reputation.—

Sir Harry. You seem to dwell on it with peculiar satisfaction.—Fool that I was, to hazard a declaration under such circumstances; if I thought she had not seen the verses,—perhaps they are yet on her harp.—[*Aside.*]—Do you know, Sir, I begin to be weary of this your name of Montagu.

Mont. That is more than I am of your title of Sir Harry.—I would not pay the name of Cecil so bad a compliment.

Sir Harry. Why Sir,—why was I betrayed into this scheme?

Mont. Nay, it was your own.

Sir Harry. Where then was your friendship; you should have check’d my wild, fantastic humour—not urged me on.

Mont. Nay, seriously—I see no reason for regret—in compliance with a pleasant romantic whim of the moment—we have changed names and characters.—You have taken mine of Montague—I yours of Sir Harry;—a deception indeed it is;—but surely a most innocent one.

Sir Harry. I fear, Sir, no deception can be innocent :— have we not imposed on a whole family? they received us with hospitality, and we return it with a lie.

Mont. You speak of us, as of common adventurers ;— if you were not really the Baronet, whose person and character I represent, we might hold this language ;—but since 'tis merely a change between us—excentric, as the refinement may be, that tempted you to take my name of Montague ;—the present wish to discover us, is still more so—just at the moment of success.

Sir Harry. Success!

Mont. The very child of your wish,—a girl that doats on you, even in this your poverty,—that has rejected me and 5000 l. a-year, for you and a knapsack ; the lovely accomplished Harriet—since it must out—she confessed it to me—with streaming eyes, and—a candor, which, in spite of the mortification, (no trifling one, let me tell you,) won my esteem—that—

Sir Harry. Hold, hold !—How cruelly have I involved myself—enamoured to distraction of a woman that views me with indifference.—A few common attentions have entangled me with another I can only esteem.—[*Aside.*] Harriet is an amiable girl ;—and if I were convinced—(Sir Paul and Lady Panick *wrangling behind the scenes*).

Mont. Here are Sir Paul and Lady Panick—you shall hear more.—Did you observe her look when you came in?

Sir Harry. I must own I did.

Mont. Envious Cecil—that look would have made me the happiest of men.— [Exit.]

Enter Sir Paul and Lady Panick.

Sir Paul. Don't tell me, my Lady—paint the house—contaminate the very air I breathe:

Lady Panick. Nay—you need not come near it, Sir Paul.

Sir

Sir Paul. Zounds, I should drink it in at every pore—swallow poison by quarts—I am bloated at the thought!

Lady Panick. Must not I have my theatre fitted up for the winter months?—is not that reason?—Would you have me play tragedies in warm weather—or sigh sentiment in the dog-days?—Besides—Lord Visage expects it in compliment to his Nephew's marriage with Constance—were not the preparations left to me—have I not his proxy?

Sir Paul. Yes, yes—his Lordship will poison by proxy,—no doubt;—but he shall not play off his privileged tricks on me.—I'll not be prevailed on to quaff down columns of pestilential vapour.

Lady Panick. I tell you—'tis absolutely filthy—have you no ideas of cleanliness, Sir Paul?

Sir Paul. Cleanliness!—Zounds, my house my Lady—is not an Augean stable, to have a river turn'd through it twice a week—do you think I am amphibious as a Dutchman—or that I have the constitution of a water-rat?

Lady Panick. Sir Paul, Sir Paul!—you are a mere drudge to the false notions of a mock prudence, and take infinitely more pains to *prevent* an evil—than the *curing* it would require.

Sir Paul. Do I not succeed?—Have I ever a moment's illness?

Lady Panick. Have you ever a moment's health? Do you not visit every empiric in town?—Does not the press groan with certificates of your restoration, and your name is as constantly found at the bottom of their bills, as the blue lamp over the door—you sacrifice every thing to your ridiculous fears—was I not obliged to give up visiting the dowager duchess, because you would not suffer her to bring little Pompey?

Sir Paul. And, zounds—my Lady—did not little Pompey go off in a fit of the hydrophobia?

Lady Panick. And what then, Sir Paul? as it was, you insisted

insisted my whole establishment should go through a course of the Ormskirk:—besides, some trifles must be overlook'd, if you wish for an intercourse with people of fashion.—I could have introduced you into the first cast of characters;—and you would hardly suffer yourself to be propos'd at the club.

Sir Paul. And was I not black-ball'd at the club?

Lady Panick. How could it be otherwise?—you would not canvass, Sir Paul; do you think people get into the *Chit-Chat* as they would get into a rotten borough?—but the little flights of fashion you call fatigue—nay you call every thing fatigue.—I wonder what you married me for?

Sir Paul. Really, my Lady, I am not casuist enough to determine.—Is my peace to be constantly sacrificed to your caprice—all my caution given up?

Lady Panick. Pretty caution indeed!—summer furs—and a dozen magnets dangling at your neck.

Sir Paul. Facts are stubborn, my Lady, facts are stubborn; was not every body with muffled throats and knockers, while I had not even a tickling?

Lady Panick. No, but you poison'd all the rooms with the fumes of tobacco, and I know not what—made every visitor perform Quarantine—and forbade Dr. Diet the house, for fear he should bring contagion in the plaits of his hospital suit—nay, you broke off all connection with our good neighbour the Alderman.

Sir Paul. Good neighbour!—aye, that is one of your civil importunate families—driving their good things down your throat.—Zounds! I never enter'd their den—that I did not eat myself into a Plethora to satisfy the wife—and drink myself almost dropfical to oblige the husband.

Enter Subtle with a letter, introduced by Tony.

Tony. Mr. Subtle, Lord Visage's man, my Lady.

Lady Panick. What! is Lord Visage arrived?

Subt. Your Ladyship will find by that letter.

Lady Panick. How! You need not wait. [*Exit Subtle and Tony. Reads aloud.*] “ I shall follow this in a few
 “ infants myself—but what I have to communicate
 “ does not admit even of that delay. The marriage of
 “ Constance and my Nephew cannot take place; he is
 “ unworthy of her. I have now discover’d what a long
 “ absence had kept from my knowledge, that his person
 “ and fortune are the victims of dissipation. I have paid
 “ his debts, and sent him abroad. Till we meet,” &c.

Sir Paul. Ay, there—I always expected as much, and recommended that Sir Harry should not have received so positive a rejection; but that you laughed at, as one of my ridiculous precautions.

Lady Panick. Why, do you suppose he will not renew his addresses? Will you seek him?—With your cautious management, my dear, we could not fail.

Sir Paul. Why really, my Lady—I made so desperate a plunge myself, that, whatever may be my opinion on this subject—upon my soul I have not the face to offer a word. (*Going.*)

Lady Panick. Was there ever circumstance so provoking? Just as my preparations were completed, and I was ready to blaze forth in all the lustre of splendid elegance.—Then my Epithalamium too, which every body said was the prettiest thing I ever wrote—to have it—a mere dead letter, after all! [*Exit.*]

Sir Paul, (calling after her.) No, no, my dear, as you took care to shew it in confidence to every creature with whom you had the most distant acquaintance, I don’t think its publicity will be at all affected. [*Exit.*]

SCENE. *A Dressing-room, with a Harp, &c.*

Enter Constance, followed by Lucy.

Const. Heigh-ho — What a world of perplexity have I to encounter! the husband destined for me by my guardians expected every hour—and the man I love, unconscious of the passion he has inspired! Dame Nature
 ture

ture treats her children but sorrily after all; did she possess half her boasted intelligence, would she not have whisper'd him the secret?—Ah, Montague—(*goes towards her table*)—Eh, what is this!—a copy of verses as I live—and on *my* harp. (*Reads.*) “Antonio”—Lucy, Lucy, how long have you left the room—has any one been here—have you seen any one loitering about?—Quick, answer.

Lucy. Not a creature, ma'am, as I hope for—

Const. Who then do you suppose is Antonio?

Lucy. Young Mr. Visage, ma'am; it must be a compliment from him.

Const. Pshaw, how could he leave it here?

Lucy. That is true—then it must; yes, it must be Sir Harry Cecil!

Const. Was ever any thing so dull—Why, why Sir Harry Cecil?

Lucy. It cannot surely, ma'am, be Captain Montague?

Const. Now I am sure it can only be Captain Montague. You shall hear. (*Reads.*)

*Soft music, let my humble lay
Thy sweetest accents move,
While in delusive hope I stray,
To Julia, and to love.*

*That when to court the willing strain,
She tries her graceful art,
Each trembling tone may breathe again
The sigh that rends my heart.*

*And should thy plaintive murmurs steal
A sympathetic tear,
In fond emotion then reveal,
Antonio sent thee here.*

ANTONIO.

Lucy, did you ever hear any thing so exquisite?

C 2

Lucy.

Lucy. Never, ma'am—Old Robin Grey is nothing to it.

Const. I see you have a taste for poetry—it is indeed delightful.—I must positively try it——(*Sings the words to an air.*)

Enter Harriet, who stops at the side-scene.

Const. But, Julia—Julia! if it should not be meant for me?

Lucy. Aye, madam, that plaguy Julia—do you know I have been turning and turning Constance every way—and for the life of me, I cannot make Julia of it.

Const. Ah, Lucy, but I have something here (*touching her heart*) which can——

Har. So, so, is it there with you, my good madam? (*aside.*) Constance, my aunt waits breakfast for you in the parlour. Have you seen a sonnet hereabouts?

Const. A sonnet?

Har. Yes—where can it be?—I was trying it this morning, and left it somewhere here.

Const. Are you sure it was for you?

Har. As sure as that I am Julia.

Enter Sir Harry.

Sir Harry. Confusion! they are here. [*Stays behind,*

Const. Here is one I was endeavouring to make something of—but it was quite impossible.

Sir Harry. A pretty ridiculous figure I make here.

[*Aside.*

Const. A mere jingle of rhyme.

Har. Nay, nay, you cannot think so.

Sir Harry. Now cannot I advance or retreat for the foul of me, though to stay here is the devil.

Const. I was telling Lucy so, when you came in—was I not, Lucy? (*She turns and sees Sir Harry.*) Eh! Captain Montague here!

Sir Harry. Yes, ma'am—Lady Panick—Lady Panick, I say—requested me—to tell you—the breakfast was—

on

on the table—but as—I saw—you were particularly engaged—I did not feel myself authorized to interrupt—and with your permission will take my leave. [*Going.*

Const. No, no, we are much obliged to you—and as gallantry is so rare in these days—suppose, Harriet, in return, you was to shew the Captain this sonnet, if that is what you call it—let us have his opinion.

Sir Harry. Mine—by no means.—Indeed you must excuse me.

Har. Oh fie! Constance—fie,—I shall have her discover the truth, [*Aside.*

Sir Harry. Upon my soul, I am the dullest dog alive—and have not, unluckily, the least taste for poetry.

Const. Taste—nay, nay, there is no great necessity for taste—it is but the old story—figs, sympathies, emotions, and so forth—Ha, ha!

Sir Harry. Ha, ha—If ever I set pen to paper again— [*Aside.*

Har. This may be entertaining to you, Constance—but, believe me, it has all the spleen of wit without its point.

Const. Nay, my dear, if the thing has no wit in itself—don't be angry that it is the cause of wit in others—You shall write dozens such in a second—I'll give you the receipt.

Sir Harry. Any other time I should be too happy—but at present—

Har. The breakfast waits; consider my aunt.

Const. Listen now. Receipt for a sonnet—Take of figs and tears a quantity at discretion—Then, if you mean to be very pathetic—and I would always recommend it—your figs may add plaintiveness to the southern breeze, and your tears swell the stream of the brook—At any rate, mix them well with sympathy—Oh, sympathy is a marvellous ingredient; for, as nobody knows what it is, every body has it—And, should the fit be
very

very strong, the rose may turn pale at her complexion, and the lily be put to the blush, or——

Sir Harry, (interrupting her.) I can hold no longer. That I should be rejected, madam, perhaps a sense of my own unworthiness might have taught me to expect—— But you must allow me to tell you,—in the anguish of my heart to tell you, I know not where I could have learnt that Miss Evelyn would return contempt for confidence, or aggravate misfortune by insult. [Exit.]

Conf. What can he mean?

Har. Why——that I have rejected and betrayed him to you to be sure, and join'd in sporting with his passion. These are the effects of your raillery, the return for my confidence as he says——but I fly to undeceive him. They must be kept apart, or we are ruin'd. (*Aside.*) [Exit.]

Conf. I know not what to think——There was a tender earnestness in his manner, a softness in his address to me, that ill accords——Harriet cannot sure——impossible——it must be as she says. Alas, alas! how wakeful is the heart to bewilder and mislead the judgment!

[Exit.]

A C T II.

SCENE. *An Anti-Room.*

Enter Subtle with Robert, the Cook, and two or three more Servants.

Subtle.

HAVE a care, my boys, here comes his lordship. Now, as I know you are all of you given to lying, drinking, wenching, and such elegant accomplishments,

plishments, I would have you keep in the back ground—and, above all, put on your best looks, or you are undone: his lordship, you know, reads faces, and within this last month, on the bare evidence of their noses and chins, he has detected five felons, a brace of highwaymen, six sheep-stealers, and pickpockets out of number. To tell you the truth, the servants in our country would almost as soon see the devil; and, between ourselves, they are persuaded he is in habits of familiarity with that gentleman, or how can he make such discoveries!

Rob. I wish I was well out of his way. [*Aside.*

1st & 2d Serv. Oh, Lord! (*Shuffling Robert before them.*) Robert, you know you must stand first.

Rob. To be sure, to be sure; what are you afraid of—eh?—What noise is that? her ladyship's bell—Did you not hear it?

Sub. & 2 Ser. No, not I.

Rob. Very likely; but I must find heels, though you can't ears. [*As he is going out, he meets Lord Visage.*

Lord Vis. Eh, eh! how! what is that about ears? Subtle, I don't like that fellow's ears; there is a want of firmness about them that is ominous.

Rob. I beg your lordship's pardon, but I was running to answer my lady's bell. I must invent some excuse to get away. (*Aside.*) There it is again—Coming, my Lady, coming—Happy to see your lordship at our house—Though I wish you were at your friend the devil's, from my soul. (*Aside as he goes off.*)

Lord Vis. Sly thief; but I mark'd him, nature has mark'd him, and the police will mark him;—his face is an overt act. Where is Sir Paul?

Sub. This way, my lord.

1st & 2d Ser. Come, cook, let us sneak off.

Cook. What, do you think I'll budge. If I do, damme.

Lord Vis. Eh! what an oath!—I thought so; that fellow's face is all oaths; it's in a state of ebullition at this moment. Oh, he is a desperate dog!

Cook. Why, my lord, do you see, we understand you are come here upon a sort of an *inquisitive* scheme, as a body may say; now we are true-born Britons, and will only be tried by a Jury.

Lord Vis. Why, rascal, your features are a jury that have found you guilty; that nose is of itself a verdict, and your voice would pronounce sentence against you in any court of Christendom.—If that fellow dies a natural death, I'll give up Physiognomy and burn Lavater. [*Exit.*]

SCENE. *A Room.*

Enter Sir Paul Panick and Lord Visage.

Sir Paul. Yes, yes, I tell you; Sir Harry Cecil—he had propos'd for Constance before, and has renewed his addresses. Do you know him?

Lord Vis. The family, his father intimately; but not the present baronet. He came to the title not long since, by the death of his elder brother. Who introduced him to you?

Sir Paul. He and Captain Montague brought letters from a friend of my wife's; and as they came to see the lakes, she ask'd them to the house. Poor Visage! I knew how 'twould end, I always told you so; and now you have sent him abroad, worse and worse. You may graft exotics on the oak, but take my word it is but wasting the generous sap of the tree.

Lord Vis. It would indeed be wasted in your city atmosphere, where your passions, affections, all blow with the trade-winds:

Sir Paul. Winds that are fair for every corner of the globe; but no argument, it's a mere heated vehicle for pride, prejudice, and invective, and irritates the system. My lady's hot fits at breakfast throw me into a fever the rest of the day, and in her stage-pitch, as she calls it, 'gad it has almost crack'd my tympanum.

Lord

Lord Vis. Sir Paul, she is right; you are the mere drudge of a distemper'd imagination.

Sir Paul. I am not distemper'd with physiognomy like you, at least, my lord: I don't trot about, picking up hooknos'd Cæsars, wry-necked Alexanders, and pick-pockets for peripatetics.

Lord Vis. Gross misrepresentation!

Sir Paul. Why, the very cut of your wig betrays you: exposing your ears, you'll certainly lose them the next hard frost.

Lord Vis. Ridiculous!

Sir Paul. Nay, did not I detect one of your housemaids—a face, you said, innocent and spotless as a vestal—did not I detect her breaking her vow with one of the postillions? Did you not marry your wife for her physiognomy? Was not that a trick of your favourite science?

Lord Vis. A trick indeed; but I was then a novice, and have long since forgiven it.

Sir Paul. Aye, because she is gone. I trust I have a due portion of the milk of human nature; but I own I feel myself unequal to such an exertion.

Lord Vis. Why, I suppose now you'll hardly believe there is a conspiracy in agitation against you at this moment?

Sir Paul. Eh! how! a conspiracy against me?

Lord Vis. Yes, by your own servants; cook, coachman, and butler. You have certainly some secret enemy; do you recollect?

Sir Paul. Not I; except, indeed, a cursed contested election my lady would thrust me into.

Lord Vis. That must be it certainly.

Sir Paul. Well, but pray, for heaven's sake, proceed.

Lord Vis. I am as yet wavering, between the chin of the coachman, the brow of the butler, and the nose of the cook; whether the coachman is to break

your neck by overturning the carriage: a good way that enough.

Sir Paul. A good way, do you call it.

Lord Vis. Or the butler poison you in your wine.— Did you never observe what a treacherous ghastly grin he has?—That, you see, would be better, as it might be managed so as to escape detection.

Sir Paul. Zounds! I never put wine to my lips but of my own brewing for fear of the merchants, and this fellow will make me an accessory to my own destruction.

Lord Vis. But the cook.

Sir Paul. Aye, the cook: what an infernal combination.

Lord Vis. He has a luminous nose that cook.

Sir Paul. Luminous! the drunken scoundrel fired the house not a month since.

Lord Vis. Fired your house! There, now, there.— Will you deny physiognomy now? Will you not read Lavater now?—I saw the fire in the fellow's nose; a very *Ætna* of combustion.

Enter Tony.

Tony. Miss Evelyn is in the parlour, my lord. (*To Lord Visage.*)

Lord Vis. I'll go to her immediately. (*Going.*)

Tony. What's the matter, your honour? (*To Sir Paul.*)

Sir Paul. A conspiracy's the matter! Every soul in the family is in a conspiracy! all nature is in a conspiracy!— Stay, stay, my lord; what the devil am I to do?— Zounds! don't leave me.

Lord Vis. Why, for the present, Sir Paul, I know not how to advise; but in future——

Sir Paul. Eh, how! well, what?

Lord Vis. You had their characters from some reputable house-keeper, no doubt?

Sir Paul. To be sure.

Lord

Lord Vis. Now I look for character in the countenance.—Read Lavater,—Sir Paul,—read Lavater;—I should never sleep peaceably in my bed, if I had not read Lavater.— [Exit.]

Tony. Are you unwell,—Sir?

Sir Paul. Unwell!—why, do I look unwell? Gad, I may be poisoned already!—Zounds, I shall never sleep again—Tony—I begin to suspect him harkee, tell the coachman I shall not want the carriage these six months;—the butler, I drink no more wine;—and the cook, don't forget to tell the cook—that I have sent for a fire-escape from the man in Mortimer-street—and, from henceforth, I constitute you my taster.— [Exit.]

SCENE—*a Drawing Room.*

Lady Panick—and Montague—(seated.)

Mont. I may flatter myself then, your Ladyship will interest yourself with Miss Evelyn in my favour?

Lady Panick. Most assuredly, Sir Harry; is your family inform'd of your intentions?

Mont. Not yet,—and unless your better judgment thinks otherwise—I do not mean they should; I must own myself a little eccentric—the tumult and disorder of a public marriage is, in my humble opinion, ill suited to the solemnity of the occasion.

Lady Panick. Bless me, Sir Harry,—you have surely read my last new novel—my sentiment, as I live!

Mont. I should never forgive myself if I had delay'd it an instant—my Lady.

Lady Panick. I thought so well, one likes to be quoted by people of discernment—that is a vanity I confess myself open to; the thought struck you.

Mont. Then so skilfully introduced.

Lady Panick. Indeed you delight me—I don't recollect.

Mont. Nor I, upon my soul—(Aside.)

Lady Panick. Do you?

Mont. To be sure—oh yes—hem ;—the first volume ; let me see—no—stay—yes ; really so many beauties force themselves on my recollection, — that I can give utterance to none.

Lady Panick. I have it to develop the character of the heroine, whose exquisite feelings cannot be brought to comprehend—how any woman of common delicacy can submit to the indecorum of premeditated marriage ;—and so I make her elope with her father's footman ;—then follows a description of the family in all the eloquence of woe ; the silent despair of the Mother ;—the impetuous ravings of the Father ;—the Uncle forgetting his gout ;—no, stay—the Father—the Uncle—I protest, Sir Harry, I don't recollect which has the gout.

Mont. It is very odd—that I cannot recollect which has the gout either.

Lady Panick. Never mind,—you must know I am an humble votary of Thalia's too—and have projected a Comedy and Fête—and sent for Grottesque to superintend it ; do you know him ?

Mont. The Caricaturist ?—by reputation.

Lady Panick. Now, if you would condescend to take a part.

Mont. Highly flattered, my dear madam.

Lady Panick. You have probably been in the habit of personating different characters.

Mont. (Coughs.) Without vanity, I may say I have.

Lady Panick. And without a compliment, no one seems better qualified ; as one only writes now for the performer ;—have you a preference for any ludicrous situation, or particular cast ?

Mont. By no means ;—there is one indeed I should be loath to undertake, I mean that designing specious character — which I am at a loss to conceive how any man of tolerable sentiment can reconcile himself to personate for an instant.

Lady Panick. Such a character, with common discernment, I could never have thought of for you ;—but as there
are

are these wretches in the world—why, we must have them on the stage;—your friend Captain Montague now might not feel the objection.

Mont. I dare say not; he is the best fellow in the world—and happily not teased with these refinements—which are indeed ridiculous and inconvenient.

Lady Panick. Might be so in him, perhaps—without any disparagement, for you know we must have good sort of people in the world, and I am sure I think them extremely respectable in their way.

Mont. Indeed, I must particularly request—my proposals for Miss Evelyn may be kept secret from him—such sort of people have an officiousness on these occasions, which they qualify with some specious name—and I have other reasons.

Lady Panick. Ah—I can easily conceive them.

Mont. I hope not!—(*Aside.*)

Enter Tony.

Tony. Mr. Grottesque is arrived, my Lady.

Mont. I beg he may be shewn up.—[*Exit Tony.*]—Has your Ladyship opened the subject to Miss Evelyn?

Lady Panick. Not yet—but I have no doubt of her consent;—Oh, here is Grottesque.—

Enter Grottesque.

Grot. Your Ladyship's most devoted.—Sir—yours—something wanted in my way—may flatter myself, Grottesque is your man, from the broad high-road of Caricature, to the delicate paths of modest Mezzotint.—Has your Ladyship any particular friend whom one constantly endeavours to render completely ridiculous.—Privilege of friendship that you know—or you, Sir—the outline will do;—set but our heads to work—a bare hint, and we have him—pen or pencil—all one to me;—write him down—or do him up—never known to flinch.

Mont.

Mont. You have, no doubt, some arrangements to make—give me leave to retire.—I shall not apologize for my precipitation in this affair, since it flatters me with the prospect of being allied to your Ladyship.

Lady Panick. You know, Sir Harry, I am all yours.—*(Exit Montague.)*—And now, Grotosque, what have you brought me in my way?—I am all impatience.

Grot. Are we snug? Your Ladyship, you know, in the true pride of genius strikes at universality—from her lofty flights to her faint sketches—here they are—here they are:—the skeleton of an epic poem—sublimity and expansion;—six acrostics—quaint and pretty;—a set of impromptus—written with such exquisite judgment—and admirable pliancy—that they may be thrown in *ad libitum*—and last, not least, the Comedy.

Lady Panick. But, are we sure of our man?—He will not peach;—my dear Grotosque, what would become of me if he was to peach?—indeed, the materials were mine—you know—though I would not submit to the drudgery of putting them together.

Grot. Peach! Why, he is my head-hack;—to say the truth, the dog is troublesome enough at times;—your Poet is an animal, wants a plaguy deal of training, before he is fit for work.—I was obliged to keep him on strict regimen, and short allowance—till these were done;—if your men of genius were not troubled with the physical incumbrances of hunger and thirst,—there would be no taming them to answer the sober purposes of life;—but as they must eat—though now and then a little restive;—upon the whole, they take to the harness kindly enough;—this is a prime fellow;—and as much given to eating and drinking as we could wish him.

Lady Panick. Yes, but unluckily his wife is prolific as his muse; and I am obliged to answer for the labours of both;—really, it is a sad blot in the animal œconomy,—such offices should be left to those who are fit for nothing else;—have you no others?

Grot.

Grot. A dozen in full pay, besides valets and kept mistresses to furnish materials. They are the channels for a choice hit or secret anecdote—not a house in town but by the help of my correspondence I could tell a tale—most of my practice lies in that line, though I must own our best hits flow chiefly from themselves. You are never in a family party half an hour, before you have all their faults in the choice-colouring of their own pencils—who would have thought his Grace more than round-shouldered—but for the Duchefs's intemperate raillery against humps—the baldness of Lord Scratch could never be suspected, but for his Lady's Philippic against wigs—and Sir Jerry's gout would escape the nicest observer, but for the good wife's crushing most affectionately the afflicted toe, and hoping she trod on the sound foot.

Enter Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. A devilish shrewd observation that, Grottesque.

Grot. I am glad you like it, Sir Paul. I have your striking trait—some thoughts of hitching you into my next groupe.

Sir Paul. Hitch me into a groupe!

Lady Panick. Indeed, my dear, I really think if Grottesque was to manage it properly, I should have no objection; and I dare say you might depend on him—Might he not, Grottesque?

Grot. Certainly, my Lady—the best creature breathing, though I say it. T'other day, Pearl the Dentist, who had been regularly overturn'd, plundered, fired at in every daily paper, quitted the hackneyed beaten track, applied to me, and I *caricatured* him into full practice before the end of the month—nothing done without it—the sure road to notoriety.

Sir Paul. Zounds, firrah, notoriety! it's the business of my life to avoid it; and do you hear, the pictures—

(*Enter*

(*Enter Lord Visage*)—would you believe it, my Lord, this fellow had the insolence to order away all the family pictures?

Grot. Troublesome legacies, Sir Paul—scarce know what they are fit for—spoil furniture in a drawing-room, and digestion in an eating-parlour. Last week one of the new knights gave a ball—Rust of the old school—not yet polished to the elegant refinements of our's—the waincots were lined with family lumber. When in the middle of a dance, after shaking their musty frames in unison for a full hour, down from their perches plump'd the whole groupe, and old aunts, great-uncles, and courtesy-cousins, figured in with their discomfited posterity. Next morning I was sent for.

Lady Panick. And how did you dispose of them?

Grot. I furnished the pantry with common-councilmen, generals did duty in the hall, and the genius's of the family I consigned to the congenial sublimity of the garret.

Lord Vis. I don't know what to make of that fellow. He has as many faces as professions—(*aside.*)—I have left Sir Harry with Constance, (*Grotosque retires to the back of the stage,*) but must own there was a reserve in her manner.

Sir Paul. So I told my Lady.

Lady Panick. Pshaw—'tis precisely as I play Juliet in the garden scene—a new reading.

Lord Vis. Aye, there it is; why the devil should you play Juliet?

Lady Panick. Why?

Sir Paul. Aye why, my Lady?

Lord Vis. When you was born for burlesque.

Lady Panick. Eh! how? I born for burlesque.

Lord Vis. Read Lavater—every feature is ludicrous—there is risible rotundity in your nose—a whimsical leer in your eye.

Lady Panick. I tell you, my Lord, there is nothing risible or whimsical about me.

Lord Vis. And I tell you, there is the whole *vis comica* pourtrayed in your countenance—Momus presided at your birth—and if the truth was known, I have not a doubt but you came into the world in a broad grin. Then there is Sir Paul—he must play Comedy forth.

Lady Panick. Aye, so I have told him; those croaking tones of his are in nice unison with the sprightly levity of Comedy.

Lord Vis. There is indeed a tragical expression in his countenance.

Lady Panick. Yes; he has a fine choleric complexion.

Lord Vis. Read Lavater, Sir Paul; read Lavater.

Grot. I have just published a new edition, pared down to a brace of quarto's.

Lord Vis. Eh! what? I perceived something scientific floating in your eye, though I could not exactly tell what. Where is it? Have you a copy with you?

Grot. Never travel without one, my Lord.

Lord Vis. Bring it to my study instantly—a new edition, and I not see it! Why, I have a Scale of Proportion, from Genius to Idiotism, just ready for the press myself:—and have all my tenants' children in training; for as intellect depends solely on the due expansion of the forehead, were the parts skilfully braced as they unfold themselves in infancy, I have not a doubt but the skull of an Esquimaux might be compressed into the head of a Newton. Come along. [Exit.

Grot. You had better be advised, Sir Paul. I have a snug niche between a new Peer and a superannuated Baronet, which as a friend I have kept for you. Besides, you cannot escape—you are a marked man.

Sir Paul. A marked man!

Grot. Yes, Sir, half the Caricaturists in town have sworn to have you—your time is come—you're a marked man, you are indeed—remember, I tell you, you are what we call a marked man. [Exit.

(*Lady Panick laughs very loud at Sir Paul.*)

Sir Paul. The fellow is right. Whenever a man is laughed at, his family are sure to take the lead in a horse-roar. Ha! ha! (*mimicking her.*)

Lady Panick. Bless me, Sir Paul; Grotisque, you know, is one of those people who are allowed to say any thing; and is it not all in friendship?

Sir Paul. 'Gad, I believe you sent for him on purpose. To be sure I have no right to complain—as when your Ladyship's Comedy was damned, I took care to be the first to bring you the news. (*Lady Panick walks off.*) A marked man? Zounds! I shall be common food for public ridicule—sliced and dished out for every gaper's palate.—The rascal—I'll turn him out of the house;—no—I'll after and buy him off instantly. [Exit.

A C T III.

SCÈNE. *A Drawing Room.*

Enter Lady Panick, following Constance.

Lady Panick.

REFUSE Sir Harry Cecil! Was ever any thing so strange—I tell you he has every requisite for a good husband.

Const.

Const. A good husband, my dear Madam, is the most awkward animal alive; and nothing but the rarity of the creature prevents his being hunted from the higher class of social beings.

Lady Panick. What then, good qualities are no recommendation?

Const. Faults would be a much pleasanter; for if we must go astray, we are obliged to the man who swerves first, and civilly furnishes us an excuse; but Perfection is an impertinent unnatural monster, rearing its lofty insolent crest above the crowd, and making pigmies of us simple mortals. I have no taste for the sublime in a husband—give me the Man with a few foibles, which, like Moles in a beautiful Countenance, serve but to heighten it's charms.

Lady Panick. Sir Harry is indeed sentimental, but—

Const. Sentimental, my Lady, and is not that enough? While I am flirting with a few harmless insects of the hour abroad, he would expect to be indulged with a solemn tête-à-tête at home. I should sicken on his sentiment—my gaiety would give him the spleen—indifference, perhaps disgust, succeeds to passion—the mask is soon thrown off—he flies to Newmarket—I to Pharo—'till stopped in our career, we awake, bankrupt in fortune, friends, and fame—But to be serious—I am yet trembling at my late escape from Mr. Visage, and begin to think all marriages more or less unhappy. If you, Madam, for instance, with your refined taste and elegant accomplishments, cannot command happiness, what am I to expect?

Lady Panick. Why now, Constance, you are rational again. But Sir Paul, my dear, sees not with your eyes—nor indeed those of the world.

Const. No, my Lady, he sees with those of a husband—precisely the scrutiny I wish to avoid.

Lady Panick. But we are very far from living unhappily together; 'twas but the other day how vastly well we agreed—let me see, I do not recollect—but here comes Sir Paul, I will ask him; I cannot exactly specify when——

Enter Sir Paul.

Const. On my life, nor he either.

Lady Pan. I have been combating, my dear Sir Paul, this strange whim of Constance's. Can any thing be so unaccountable as her taking an aversion to matrimony? an eye-witness to our happiness.

Sir Paul, (after a pause.) An eye-witness to our happiness!—Oh, your ladyship is at a rehearsal. *(Going.)*

Lady Pan. At a rehearsal indeed! I am speaking of ourselves, that sweet union fostered by the numberless little attentions which flow from the heart, and are only felt by a kindred soul.

Const. That soft delicious calm, far more sweetly soothing than the tumult of pleasure, or——

Sir Paul. Upon my soul, ladies, I want my cue.

Both. How!

Sir Paul. I tell you I never read the piece——You cannot expect me to reply from the book.

Lady Pan. I tell you, Sir Paul, Constance has promised to give her hand to Sir Harry Cecil, if——

Const. Nay, not quite that; but I believe I may venture if you, Sir Paul, and you, my lady, will pronounce audibly and distinctly, as when, "I Paul take thee, &c." that you have lived, and do live happily together.

Sir Paul. Oh! that is quite a different case. With all my heart.

Lady Pan. There—I knew he would most readily——Why, my dear, she has objected to their diversity of temper.

Sir Paul. Oh fie, child! why, diversity of temper in the married state, like discords in music, completes the harmony;

harmony; or, as different shades in the same picture, relieve each other with mutual advantage; or as —

Const. Stay, stay, I insist on the proper forms, and publishing the banns myself—you must repeat after me—*(joining their hands, and placing herself between them)* I do declare—*(they repeat after Constance.)*

Sir Paul. } I do declare—

Lady Panick. } I do declare—

Const. That Sir Paul and I—*(to Lady Panick.)*

Lady Panick, (repeats.) That Sir Paul and I—

Const. That my lady and I—*(to Sir Paul.)*

Sir Paul, (repeats.) That my lady and I—

Const. Have lived and do live—

Both. Have lived and do live — Go on, Constance.

Const. Most happily together—*(They stop—after a pause, she taps Sir Paul.)* Come, Sir Paul—*(She taps Lady Panick)* Come, my lady—*(Then Sir Paul again.)* Come, my dear guardian, out with it.

Lady Panick, (with vehemence.) Why don't you speak, Sir Paul?

Sir Paul. A plague of superlatives! at that “most,” the tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, and for the soul of me—

Lady Panick. Oh! no apologies—the bare attempt at uttering it almost throttled me.

Sir Paul. Besides, there was so much solemnity in the business, it oppressed me with the recollection of a certain ceremony.

Lady Panick. Oppressed! the girl is right—the grossness of your behaviour—*(walks about.)*

Const. These are, I suppose, some of the numberless little attentions which flow from the heart, and are only felt by a kindred soul.

Sir Paul. 'Tis not, to be sure, that sweet delicious calm—

Const. No, my dear sir, 'tis only that diversity of temper, which, as you have just been saying, in the marriage state, like discords in music, completes the harmony; *(Sir*

Paul

Paul *walks about*) or as different shades in the same picture, relieve each other to mutual advantage. Ha, ha! [*Exit.*]

Lady Panick. Nay, save me from the horrors of a tête-à-tête with Sir Paul. [*Running after her.*]

Sir Paul. Chirping to me of a union of hearts and domestic happiness, is as great a treat as the ordinary's sermon to a condemn'd convict. [*Exit.*]

SCENE. *A Library.*

Enter Grotisque introduced by Tony.

Grot. Certainly some pretty picking here; this my lady is finely ridiculous, her husband as miserable as one could wish, my lord bit by Physiognomy, and the whole family comfortably confus'd—if I could but squeeze out something, they would tell well on canvas: ch! there is the country booby; Tony, Tony! hift! hift! you are an honest fellow, Tony, I like that face of your's.

Tony. Yes, its likely enough; hi, hi!

Grot. Stange family this! queer doings, ch?

Tony. The grey mare; hi, hi!

Grot. Ha, ha! you shall drink to her reformation.

[*Gives money.*]

Tony. With all my heart, I will drink to any body's reformation, as a good christian ought, thof I say it—poor Sir Paul—

[*Taps his forehead.*]

Grot. Has it there. Take a chair, my dear Tony, here, take a chair. (*Sits beside him.*) I see you have a proper sense of those things; I thought so. She is domestic in her attachments perhaps—fashionably *domestic*—you take me. I met a glorious fellow on the stairs, full six foot without his shoes.

Tony. Aye, he'll go through his paces in a procession, like any player-man; then to be sure my lady taught him, they have rehearsed together.

Grot. Rehearsed together, ha! ha!

Tony. Ha! ha! but he got so terrible tipsy with a bowl
of

of our tragical poison the other night, that she was for turning him out directly.

Grot. You are sure it was my lady (*Tony nods*); how cursedly unlucky; the finest figure for a back ground; such capability, I could not desire a better; but proceed.

Tony. Why, what do you think?

Grot. Well!

Tony. They have not seen the inside of a church these six months.

Grot. Pshaw! that a peculiarity—you have some tight clever hint.

Tony. What, of my lady? Yes, yes.

Grot. Out with it.

Tony. You will hardly believe me.

Grot. What, it's rich, is it! choice, eh! *Tony.*

Tony. I am not quite sure, but I would swear it.

Grot. Positive evidence, eh? demonstration. Now be particular, my dear boy, be particular.

Tony. Why, to be sure my lady is what you call a prodigious *illiterate* character, but for all that, I really believe—

Grot. Out with it, out with it.

Tony. I don't think she could say her catechiz, for—

Grot. Pshaw! stupid, illiterate scoundrel. Come, come, you have some choice stuff in store, let us have it, we are all on honor—fixed prices on the most liberal scale.

Enter Lord Visage, with a box.

Lord Vis. Scale! aye here it is (*Shewing the box*); some men will be disposed to sneer at this, call it credulity—Pitiful resource! let them read, let them read.

Grot. It is always so at first, my lord, the Science is yet in infancy; but instead of youth boarded and educated, we shall see pasted up in capitals, Skulls trained to any capacity; have licensed professors, and courts of ease to our two universities. In the mean time, suppose we try it on him.

Lord Vis. With all my heart.

Grot.

Grot. Sit down, Tony, sit down; keep that attitude; for your life, don't shake a muscle.

Lord Vis. You see, Tony, I have distinguished you as a fit subject for philosophical research——To destroy one or two prominent features in a countenance, then to compare its expression in that mangled state, with what it was in the natural, would be a fine experiment.

Grot. Fine indeed! what say you, Tony? the deed is reserved for you.

Lord Vis. Democritus put out his eyes for the advancement of science.

Tony. Yes, my lord, but somehow I don't think I could do so well without mine.

Grot. Pr'ythee throw away these vulgar prejudices; what are eyes to the light of philosophy. (*Lord Visage taking Grotelque to the front of the stage, Tony steals off.*)

Lord Vis. Did you observe what a judicious hind-head? very extraordinary, as he is certainly a sad stupid dog, and has scarcely a grain of common sense.

Grot. Yes he may, my lord, yes he may; but it's lodged in the hind-head you know; and I have known many a great man's that no doubt has lain there too——very close and snug, for it has never been brought forward——eh! is he gone? I shall be proud to notice it, my lord, in my next edition.

Lord Vis. You shall, you shall, and set my name down for a dozen copies; or if you want a specimen, my head is at your service whenever you please, or command me in any way.

Grot. Your lordship is so good! if I might presume to——I have a little bill here drawn on your nephew, and return'd protested. [*Giving it from his pocket-book.*]

Lord Vis. Eh! there is no end of his extravagance; how came you by it?

Grot. In the way of business, my lord, had it of lord Crack.

Lord Vis. Why, it is drawn by one Montague——

—*Grot.*

Grot. Yes, a *Captain* Montague; but his company is in a very newly-raised regiment I believe, for I have never been able to find him.

Lord Vis. He is in the house now, nay, he is here; stay, let me inquire.

Enter Sir Harry Cecil.

Pray, sir, do you know my nephew?

Sir Harry. I have not that honor indeed, my Lord.

Lord Vis. I tell you, Sir, you have; what do you mean by denying it? here it is in proof against you, black and white.

Sir Harry. 'Sdeath! here is some infernal scrape of Montague's now. [*Aside.*

Lord Vis. Why, you look confused; here it is, drawn by Montague—will you deny your own hand-writing? or your name? You are not Captain Montague perhaps—I dare say he will deny his name.

Grot. A common trick with these fellows, (*Aside to Lord Visage.*)

Sir Harry. I may have drawn it, but indeed it had escaped my memory; however, if the bill is protested, I am ready to pay it.—What a cursed situation! (*Aside.*)

Grot. I beg ten thousand pardons, 'tis only for fifty pounds; I'll write a receipt instantly; always stamps about me. (*Goes to the table to write.*)

Lord Vis. What was it for, Sir? can you charge your memory with that?

Sir Harry. Not the most distant recollection indeed, my Lord.

Lord Vis. I'll tell you, Sir—'twas a gambling transaction, I know it was; 'tis you who have seduced my nephew; I can read gambler in your Countenance.

Sir Harry. It is a Cross-reading then, my Lord, I assure you.

Lord Vis. You smile, Sir; you are witty, Sir; but I have detected and will expose you to the whole family; you

shall not stay in the house another hour—don't think to hector me, Captain Montague.

Sir Harry. Hold, my Lord——

Grot. Here, here, Sir, is the receipt.

Lord Vis. No, I shall keep the bill in evidence against him; there is knavery in the hand-writing.

Grot. You may let him pay it, and do that too, my Lord.

Lord Vis. What a treacherous blackness between the eyes! as Lavater says——that disturbed walk—that twirling of the hat—that biting of the nails——Grottesque, don't you see villain panting in that muscle?

Sir Harry. That muscle lies then, my Lord.

Lord Vis. Here's a fellow! a muscle lie! why it is impossible: read Lavater.

Sir Harry. (*After a pause of agitation.*) My Lord, the consciousness that I ought to do penance for my egregious folly and indiscretion, smothers every feeling of resentment.

[*Exit.*

Lord Vis. There, he has confess'd it. Grottesque, did you observe a vile deficiency of projection in the forehead? then, the pouting of his under-lip!—I never yet saw that lip honest.

[*Exit.*

Grot. But, my Lord, you might as well have suffered him to pay the bill.

[*Exit after him.*

SCENE. *The Country near Sir Paul's Seat. A Cottage at the side of the stage.*

Enter Sir Paul and Constance.

Sir Paul. I tell you, Constance, you shall drag me into no more of your hovels—you'll corrupt the morals of the whole village, lavishing your money on people nobody knows. Did you ever see me do such a thing?

Const. Ah, Sir, yours is a common-place charity, that only gives when asked—and has no more right to complain the object is undeserving, than a man who buys a chance lot of pictures, that they are not all original. If you wish
that

that your benevolence should never be misapplied, you must search out the gloomy retreat of indigence—The heart of a true-born Englishman, like the sensitive plant, shrinks from the hand that would support it; he must be won, courted, nay cheated into relief; and the cloud of his distress is as difficult to penetrate and disperse, as the fogs and mists of his climate.

Sir Paul. Don't tell me, child; the very atmosphere of the capital is infected with the foul air of so many hospitals, and I never turn a corner but I jostle a dispensary patient.

Const. Ostentation! modern receipts to get a name.

Sir Paul. Receipts to get a name? Come, come, fair play. Every paper is crowded with charitable subscriptions, and I never read one, that an honest X. Y. or philanthropic A. B. does not stare me in the face.

Const. But does not the next column introduce an X. Y. usurer, or A. B. mountebank?—Oh, there should be another language, another alphabet for vice and virtue; speech is but a paltry distinction of natures, since it is common to the villain and the honest man.

Sir Paul. It may be a paltry, but, egad! 'tis a very convenient one, though.

Enter Tony.

Tony. (*Aside to Sir Paul.*) Sir, sir, Mr. Grotesque has just left his Lordship's study, and you'll be sure to find him in his painting room, if you go directly.

Sir Paul. I will, I will: hush, hush! [*Exit Tony.*]

Const. There, Sir, is the cottage I told you of; be persuaded.

Sir Paul. Well, well, another time; but you see I am sent for.

Const. His daughter, poor fellow, has a little taste for drawing. Come, you shall be immortaliz'd; she shall take you doing a benevolent action.

Sir Paul. Why, as to that sort of immortality, I must

own I was always rather indifferent about it; for though very delightful and animating in description, I cannot help thinking it is dismally flat, and unprofitable to the possessors. [Exit.

Enter Lucy in great haste.

Lucy. Oh Lord, ma'am, I have been hunting you every where! Captain Montague, ma'am—Captain Montague is just gone into the drawing-room.

Const. Well, child—heigh-ho—and what is that to me?

Lucy. Nothing, to be sure, ma'am; only I thought you might wish to speak to him, for I am sure he has been talking enough of you.

Const. Of me, Lucy!

Lucy. Yes, ma'am; but, as I told him—Law, Sir, how could you expect, if my mistress lov'd you ever so much, that she could refuse a man with such a power of money? and says I, I believe she has a sort of sneaking kindness for you.

Const. Lucy!

Lucy. Indeed, ma'am, I only told him so to comfort him, as you was going to marry somebody else; and then, poor gentleman, he had been so abused by Lord Visage.

Const. How, Lucy! what do you mean?

Lucy. Why, ma'am, as I pass'd the study, they were at such high words—I made bold to listen, to prevent mischief—you know one ought always to do that—*(Constance going to interrupt.)* Pray, ma'am, don't be angry; indeed I could not help it—when I heard his Lordship say, he should be turned out of the house directly.

Const. How you alarm me! on what account did you hear that?

Lucy. Why, ma'am, there was such a to-do, I could not exactly make it out; but it was about a bill for fifty pounds; and then I heard the word protested several times,

times. I suppose the Captain *protested* he could not pay it; yes, that must be it—and so he was asking time; but his Lordship was furious, and talk'd of exposing him to the family directly.

Const. What do I hear! This suspense is insupportable. My life on his honour! What if—I'll do it instantly. Here, Lucy, take this; (*Gives a purse.*) it is for the family in that cottage: I did think of giving it myself, but there is an oppressive eloquence in their gratitude. (*Exit Lucy into the cottage.*) Is that my reason? Ah, Constance, thou art a woman, and in love! [*Exit.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE. Constance's Dressing-Room.

Constance at a table, sealing a letter.

Constance.

THANKS to my penmanship—I may bid defiance to detection: it is as pretty a clerky hand as I could wish—though Lucy was so sparing in her intelligence, that I have been not a little puzzled. The post is just come in, and I shall scarce have time to slip it among his letters from London. Ah, Montague!—Hold, hold, Constance! what art thou doing? Defiance to detection! and will that satisfy thee? If I was a man, would he not have claims on my assistance? and shall a woman be excluded the dearest privilege of human nature? Oh, no: my heart acquits me. All else is but specious refinement, that would sacrifice the noblest emotions of the soul to an idle distinction. [*Exit.*]

SCENE.

SCENE. *A Room.**Enter Montague.*

Mont. 'Sdeath! this Constance is the coyest prude—
Lord Vifage—confusion! It has been my business to
avoid him, and I have just run in his teeth. If he should
discover me now!—he knew the Cecils—

Enter Lord Vifage.

Lord Vif. Sir Harry Cecil! the very man I was in
search of.—I wish much to have some conversation with
you: take a chair. (*They sit.*)

Mont. The devil you do! (*Aside.*)

Lord Vif. I had a great respect for your father.

Mont. You did him honour, my Lord.—Now will
some cursed questions go near to do me up. (*Aside.*)

Lord Vif. Aye, there is the character of the Cecils in
your countenance.

Mont. You are too good, my Lord. I fear not.

Lord Vif. Yes, there is—the prominent eye—

Mont. You flatter, my Lord—I have not the vanity—

Lord Vif. Then, above all, that curvature of the nose.
My old friend, your father, Sir Harry, had a very pecu-
liar nose.

Mont. Yes, my Lord, I have heard this nose has been
in our family—

Lord Vif. As long as I remember the Cecils.

Mont. If you knew, my Lord, the pleasure you give
me in discovering this likeness—

Lord Vif. Nay, perhaps it is not in the stronger fea-
tures, but those nice points—

Mont. One would not degenerate; and to have it con-
firm'd by so able a connoisseur as your Lordship—

Lord Vif. Why, I have given these things some atten-
tion, and may flatter myself with possessing a tolerably
keen eye.

Mont. There is no doubting it, my Lord,

Lord Vis. I am glad you think so, as I have rather an awkward affair to open to you—Be seated—That friend of yours—that Captain Montague—

Mont. What of him, my Lord?

Lord Vis. He is a damn'd scoundrel, that Captain Montague; I have traced it.

Mont. Traced it!—Oh! why to be sure his *face* is rather against him; but his heart—

Lord Vis. Is a villain's. Read that. (*Gives him the bill.*)

Mont. Confusion! a bill drawn by me on his nephew. (*Aside.*)

Lord Vis. My nephew lost it to him at play.—I see you are cruelly affected, and I like you the better.

Mont. This bill must be a forgery, my Lord—a vile artifice to blacken his reputation.

Lord Vis. How amiable is that suspicion!—How it heightens you in my esteem.

Mont. I'll pledge my life on the honour of my friend. Montague touch a card!—never.

Lord Vis. That such friendship should be so betray'd! He confessed it.

Mont. Confessed it! You astonish me; it cannot be.

Lord Vis. Nay, you shall confront him. Come with me.

Mont. No, my Lord, by no means; it would be too much for me.

Lord Vis. I really believe you could not have felt more if you had done it yourself.

Mont. Believe me, I could not.

Lord Vis. We will expose him to the family immediately.

Mont. No, not *immediately*. Suppose you was to give me the bill, my Lord.

Lord Vis. Why so, Sir Harry?

Mont. I will charge him with it in private. I own the weakness.

weakness. As he was once my friend, I cannot help wishing, that some delicacy should be preserv'd towards him.

Lord Vis. Come to my arms!—But I expected it.—There is an honest frankness, an unsuspecting philanthropy, breathes in every feature. But, Sir Harry, indeed you must be cautious; that noble spirit of yours will be perpetually betraying you.

Mont. How is it possible to avoid it, my Lord? except at the expence of every honest sentiment.

Lord Vis. How! my dear Sir Harry? how?—read Lavater. You may depend on my secrecy; but if you wish for infallibility, read Lavater. I myself should be deceived every instant if I had not read Lavater. [*Exit.*]

Mont. 'Sdeath! how unlucky that this bill should have fallen into his hands.

Enter Harriet.

So, are you come? I wish you joy—We may strike.

Har. How?

Mont. This is your delicacy—You must have time, forsooth, and time has discover'd us. Read that. (*Gives the bill.*) His Lordship has charged Cecil with having won it of his nephew at play.

Har. My delicacy, indeed!—It is the fruit of your licentious conduct. I wonder Sir Harry, with all his simplicity, could for an instant be the dupe of your professions, and a stranger to your real character.

Mont. I wonder Sir Harry, with all his simplicity, could for an instant be dup'd into thinking of you. What have you done with him?

Har. Kept him from Constance;—have you any hopes of her?

Mont. Hopes of her! is she not a woman? But I am prating on the verge of ruin;—you should have had him on his knees ere this.

Har.

Har. You are so precipitate—and make no allowances for the elegant refinements of our sex.

Mont. Something must be done immediately.—(*A Servant enters abruptly with a letter.*)—How now, Sir! what do you want?

Serv. I beg pardon, Sir, but the post is just come in, and here is a letter for Captain Montague—I thought he had been here.—

Mont. A letter by the post!—tell him you gave it me.— [*Exit Servant.*]—Why, this must be for me;—and yet, I thought our retreat tolerably secret—Eh! a draught for 50 l.— [*Reads.*]—“Sir, I have just heard my bill was
“protested—and unable to write myself, a friend has
“kindly undertaken to enclose the amount.—Yours,
“&c.”—This is the luckiest hit—I have it, my girl—I have it,—wish me joy,—wish yourself joy;—take the bill and pay it.

Har. Why, surely your head is turned;—I have no money.

Mont. But here is some—just in the nick.

Har. And for what purpose?

Mont. Why, these elegant refinements have strangely blunted your wit; what will his romantic brain think of the girl who generously sacrifices her scanty pittance to relieve him from pecuniary embarrassment?—why, it is the very secret of his conduct.

Har. I begin to see it now.

Mont. Indeed! I congratulate you.

Har. And I bow with all due humility.

Mont. But, Harriet,—you may as well give up the promise, now that we tread on the heels of victory.

Har. No, not till we have joined hands with her.

Mont. Pshaw! why now wait that?

Har. Why not?

Mont. Well, well; fly to Cecil—and deck yourself out in the true pathetic—there is not a moment to be lost; I must avoid him—for though he will not scruple to take

every advantage of my name, I have not a doubt but his sense of honour is too keen to allow me the same privilege. — [Exeunt.

SCENE. *A Room.*

Lady Panick at a Table, writing.

Lady Panick. Well, well; my Comedy is cast as I should wish.—Sir Harry is delighted with his character; Constance charmed with hers;—and as Captain Montague has not objected to his——

Enter Sir Harry Cecil.

Oh—here he is!—

Sir Harry. Will your Ladyship have the goodness to excuse my breaking in upon you?—I have a business of some little importance to open;—I know not how to begin (*Aside.*)

Lady Panick. Captain Montague must always be welcome—What can he mean? dissatisfied with his character in the play after all?—(*Aside.*)

Sir Harry. How truly ridiculous will this confession make me.—(*Aside.*)—I have—been—prevailed on—my Lady—to assume—to take—a part.—(*Hesitating.*)

Lady Panick. I thought so;—'tis the way of them all—(*Aside.*)—Yes, Sir,—I know you have—nay, be not surprized!—it was at my particular request you were solicited.

Sir Harry. At your request, my Lady?—Do we understand each other; was the change of characters known to you?

Lady Panick. Do I not tell you the plan was my own?—I proposed it to your friend.

Sir Harry. I am all astonishment!

Lady Panick. And although yours was not quite so respectable as I could have wished, I have no doubt you would render it pleasant and entertaining.

Sir

Sir Harry. 'Sdeath, madam!—do you mean to laugh at me?

Lady Panick. Indeed, Sir, I am ferious.

Sir Harry. Confusion! have I then been duped on all sides?—Why, madam!—why was I fixed on as the tool of such a scheme?

Lady Panick. How!

Sir Harry. Why was my reputation to be sacrificed? why was I to figure in so contemptible a plot?

Lady Panick. Contemptible! Sir, I would have you to know it is as excellent a plot as any on the stage;—as finely wrought—and as happily conceived.—(*Sir Harry wishes to interrupt her—she will not suffer him*)—Not, Sir, that this is my opinion—for my part, I think they overrate it—much overrate it;—the thing may have some merit; but they overrate it—at least I think they do;—though, to be sure, the author is the worst judge in the world; and I am not one of those, who prefer their own judgment to that of the soundest critics.

Sir Harry. We are strangely at cross-purposes, my Lady—and if you will allow me—

Lady Panick. Allow you! Oh dear—certainly, Sir, by all means, I like to have every body's opinion, however insignificant.—Moliere read his Comedies to an old woman;—come—ha—ha—you shall be my old woman;—what, not a word!—(*following him round the stage, till they meet Sir Paul.*)—Does it want character? incident? interest? Is not the Dialogue rich, elegant, fanciful.

Enter Sir Paul.

Sir Harry. For heaven's sake, Sir Paul, let me intreat your mediation.—Her Ladyship has most cruelly misunderstood—

Lady Panick. Misunderstood!—Did you not talk, Sir, of a sacrifice of reputation, and a contemptible plot.

Sir Harry. Yes, but it was when I thought you instrumental.

Lady Panick. And so I was;—the sacrifice of reputation would have been on my part, in entrusting you with any character in the piece whatever.

Sir Paul. Contemptible was, to be sure, a harsh word;—but surely, my dear—if the Captain thinks unfavourably of it, and I see no reason to doubt his sincerity, though he may have expressed himself awkwardly, still 'tis an act of friendship—and I am sensible of the obligation, Sir, though her Ladyship is not.

Lady Panick. I see plainly 'tis a combination to insult me.

Sir Harry. Worse and worse!—no such thing, Sir Paul.—Pray, madam, let me intreat you to be calm an instant.

Lady Panick. Calm! why, Sir, have you the assurance to say I am not calm?—was ever any thing so provoking?—Not calm, indeed!—I could cry with vexation.

Sir Harry. Give me but a minute's attention, and I will explain every thing to your satisfaction.

Enter Lord Vifage.

Lord Vif. You will explain every thing—eh!—What! you are preparing her Ladyship's mind, are you?—but it will not do, Sir;—I shall not suffer it;—I have promised secrecy for a short time—but one word, and I reveal the whole.

Sir Paul. Secrecy—eh!—how?—what?—I have a horror of secrecy.

Lady Panick. Had he then told you his sentiments?

Lord Vif. No, no; 'tis by his actions I judge—I have it under his own hand.

Lady Panick. What, Sir, have you had the baseness to write?

Lord Vif. And then this countenance—that speaks plainly enough.

Lady Panick. It does indeed—never saw any thing so vacant,

Sir

Sir Harry. My Lord, I must insist on an immediate explanation.—I have been sported with too long.

Lord Vis. Have you the effrontery to call for an explanation?—but you know I have pledged myself to your friend;—what a contrast! his sentiments, how refined and liberal.

Lady Panick. His remarks, how candid and ingenious!

Sir Harry. I shall run distracted!—give me but a hearing.

Lord Vis. No, Sir, my promise is sacred—you shall not provoke me to break it;—come along, my Lady,—come along, Sir Paul.

Lady Panick. Before I go, Sir, I must tell you—that notwithstanding all that has been said in favour of this Comedy, your contempt is the most satisfactory proof I have yet received of its excellence; the most satisfactory!—do you mark me, Sir—I say, the most satisfactory.—
[Exit with Lord Visage—(as Sir Paul is following, Sir Harry takes hold of him).]

Sir Harry. From you at least, Sir Paul, I may expect—

Sir Paul. No, Sir, while you kept within decent bounds—I was ready to stand forward—but you have been writing, it seems—nay, do not deny it;—and it's a rule with me to cut any man who writes or caricatures—Genius in any shape; you are never safe in their company; nay, intimacy gives an additional zest—and his friends are sure to be indulged with the preference — [Exit—followed by Sir Harry.]

SCENE. *The Drawing-room,—(Folding Doors at the back of the Stage.)*

Re-enter Sir Harry Cecil.

Sir Harry. Was there ever so infernal a situation?—they will not even listen to me; and every instant of delay, still increases the difficulty.—(Muscs.)

Enter Harriet.

Har. There he is; I shall muse too—(*Aside*)—See the man I love plunged into a distress I can alleviate, and yet withhold the means.—(*Muses, pretending not to see him.*)

Sir Harry. I must reveal the whole by letter.

Har. Heaven forbid!

Sir Harry. Are you then acquainted with my shame?

Har. Misfortune you mean; I am, and if you can forget the indelicacy of the proposal, in the urgency of the occasion, I will offer a remedy.

Sir Harry. A remedy!

Har. Yes. (*Gives the draught.*) With that (I never knew its value before) you may pay the note, and all be well.

Sir Harry. Generous Harriet!—how can I thank you for this noble conduct?

Har. By secrecy.—An humble outcast, the wretched dependant on another's bounty—What on some situations might reflect lustre—in mine is criminal.

Sir Harry. Criminal!—Who shall dare think so?

Har. If you do not, I am satisfied. The world has long since taught me to despise alike its praise or censure. But, alas! should you—

Sir Harry. Am I then so tenderly remembered in your thoughts? (*As he goes to kiss her hand, enter Constance.*) Constance here?—confusion!

Har. (*In affected confusion.*) Well, Constance, as you are come, we'll e'en let you into our confidence.

Const. Oh, no! by no means—it is quite unnecessary; the situation speaks for itself—Besides, I have one similar for you—my engagements are nearly completed, and Sir Harry's impatience—

Sir Harry. Sir Harry's impatience!

Har. You have then consented.

Const. Not formally.

Har.

Har. Shall I be the messenger? Lady Panick will be delighted.—I would not give her time to cool. (*Aside.*)

Const. I wish you would; and add, that as soon as the writings are ready, I will sign them.

Har. I fly this instant. As Sir Harry is the friend of Captain Montague, I cannot but be interested on the occasion. How unlucky to be obliged to leave them together! yet, if I delay, she may perhaps retract. (*Aside, as she goes off.*)

[*Constance, after a pause, is retiring.*

Sir Harry. Constance!

Const. (*coldly.*) Sir?

Sir Harry, (*bowing with great respect.*) I beg pardon, Miss Evelyn, my ears surely deceived me: you do not mean Sir Harry Cecil, but Mr. Vifage?

Const. Mr. Vifage!—You cannot, Sir, be ignorant, that my engagements to him were broke off at his uncle's desire.

Sir Harry. By my soul I was.

Const. Indeed! I do not see how you were interested—

Sir Harry. Not interested!—by every tie of Reason, Honour, L—You must not leave me—I am desperate—Hear, in pity hear me, Constance! though the next instant you should spurn me with contempt. (*Reaches chairs.*)

Const. What can he mean?

Sir Harry. Say that you do not love this man; tell me but that—

Const. Why am I thus questioned?

Sir Harry. 'Tis not for myself I ask—There was a time—but that's no more; the delusive vision is fled.

Const. You have already heard it, Sir—he is the husband of my choice.

Sir Harry. It cannot—must not be.

Const. How! (*Rising.*)

Sir Harry. I know him for a villain! a base, deep, artful villain!—The tale will sure provoke a tear, though
for

for my sorrows. (*She sits again.*) At my good father's death, my young heart still big with woe, I was sent forth into a strange world, my little all, a younger brother's scanty pittance—friendless, forsaken, destitute; no bosom then was open to my tears, no hand stretched forth to dry them; the sneer of contempt, and the snarl of obloquy, pursued each faltering step. But when I succeeded to the title, and—

Const. Title! are you then Sir Harry Cecil?—Gracious heaven! (*With rapture.*)

Sir Harry. I am; these papers will confirm it. (*Gives papers.*)

Const. Proceed, proceed!

Sir Harry. My brother was scarcely cold in his grave, when a whole herd stunned me with congratulation; nay, the very men who had tutor'd their menial servants to insult me, were now my slaves. 'Twas too much. Disgust, suspicion, took possession of my soul, tainted every object, and poisoned every source of bliss. Still, I had a heart alive to soft sensation; warm to wish, yet trembling even at its own wishes. In this state Montague found me, crept into the secret recesses of my soul, and fed its wild suggestions with a fantastic hope, which, in the phrenzy of romance, I hastily pursued.

Const. Hastily pursued! Your engagements to Harriet then are decisive?

Sir Harry. Engagements to Harriet! I know of none. Do you then condescend to take an interest—

Const. An interest!—I must conceal my emotion. (*Aside.*) Alas, alas! that common-sense should have so obscur'd my understanding. Poor simple girl! I never once suspected—so far from keeping pace—The flights of you great souls are above the reach of our humble comprehension; you are certainly a different species—Heaven keep me from intermeddling.

Sir Harry. Madam, madam! I am ill disposed to rail-
lery:

lery: it was my duty to tell you this man is an impostor.

Const. Why was this impostor clothed in every gay allurement to attract the eye? I am a woman, Sir, and own my sex's foible. My heart has fallen a victim to this high-flown scheme; yes, Cecil—has fallen a victim. This fond exultation must betray its secret springs, and—

Sir Harry. Did I hear right? Cecil! did you call me Cecil?

Const. Pshaw! this change of name confuses me: your real situation will soon be made known.

Sir Harry. I would not submit to another instant's delay for-----

Const. But I insist, Sir---I claim it as a right---that the deception be first revealed by me, and not before my union. Nay, do not start! you have, I thank you, given me wherewithal to command your assent.

Sir Harry. Impossible! Can I be accessory to your marriage with a villain?

Const. There, now! I see no villany. While you came in full presumptuous hope, that the transcendent qualities of your superior mind were all-sufficient of themselves to arrogate distinction, his modest diffidence blushed at its pretensions, sought all means to win the notice of the maid he loved—Title, fortune, all the pride and pomp of birth, your vanity disdain'd, he priz'd as gems to court her eye.

Sir Harry. Which, now they are restored to the right owner, serve but to throw the stronger light on his obscurity.

Const. Well, Sir, and what then?

Sir Harry. What then, madam! the influence they gave-----

Const. Has struck, perhaps, too deep for any change of time or circumstance to shake. It is my sex's character, win but our hearts, no matter how, and we are wholly yours. Once touch the tender sensibilities, the warm,

H

empassioned

empassioned feelings that play about our breast, no cold reflection chills the generous enthusiasm: Love reigns supreme!—This, Sir, you might have known, and come an humble suitor for that love; not with an eastern pride, as to a haram. [Exit.

Sir Harry. Constance! Constance!----She is gone.--- How truly contemptible do I appear! Harriet too! 'tis plain they all think me under engagements to her, and yet there was an indelicacy in her behaviour when Constance came in, that almost-----I dare not think of it. The die is cast! Honour, your impulse shall be obey'd, though by the sacrifice of every future hope. [Exit.

A C T V.

SCENE. *A Room.*

Enter Lord Visage, Montague, and Constance.

Lord Visage.

I TELL you, Constance, this veil of fashion is but a laboured system of the rankest, barefaced falsehood.

Const. What, my Lord! would you be barbarous enough to detect an icy apathy amidst the extasies of your friends at seeing you? an envious sneer in the raptures of congratulation; or the snarl of malignity in a compliment of condolence?

Lord Vis. There it is: an elasticity of feature is substituted for the genuine play of the passions. Is it not, Sir Harry?

Mont. I fear so indeed, my Lord.

Lord Vis. And, even in age, the grimace of fashion is adopted, instead of the smile of nature.

Const.

Const. In age? Pardon me, my Lord; I have seen countenances where Heaven has only used the hand of time to mellow the expression of its own benignity. As for the young, Sir Harry's sources of information are so much more extensive.

Lord Vis. The young? Where will you find them? The distinction is forgot, and this link of the chain lost. Boys and men are the only *dramatis personæ* of the present day; old at twenty, libertines at threescore.

Mont. Old at twenty? Nay, my Lord, modern education trains for the labours of a Hercules.

Lord Vis. While the elegant accomplishments of the gentleman are neglected.

Const. No, no, my Lord; the inventive spirit of the times has contrived to blend the most opposite pursuits. We still read; but letters keep pace with politics. Expedition is the motto of our day; a man of fashion skims over the sciences with the same velocity he drives his phaeton and six.

Mont. True, madam; the libraries of his ancestors are held in the same mysterious reverence as the groves of the ancient druids: unwieldy folios are left to doze undisturbed on the shelf, while their concentrated essence courts his busy eye in the slim pamphlet or modest duodecimo.—If I can but keep them in the abstract, I shall do.—(*Aside.*)

Const. Nay, nay, to say the truth, I am half a convert to the system myself; for while the grosser particles naturally fall to the bottom for you dull heavy plodders, the light airy ones, cleared of their rubbish, float on the surface for us who flutter round the zenith of polite literature.

Lord Vis. And whose knowledge is a strange olio of superficial-----

Const. Nay, nay, my Lord! when a beautiful, well-varied prospect meets the eye, few people trouble themselves with either the depth or goodness of the soil.-----

Apropos of prospect, I have heard, Sir Harry, a most delightful description of your seat in Berkshire.

Lord Vis. And a true one. I know it well—a park of how many acres, Sir Harry?

Mont. Why really, my Lord, I cannot exactly charge my memory—so, so—it's a-coming.—(*Aside.*)

Const. Bless me, Berkshire did I say?—I meant Buckinghamshire.

Mont. You said Buckinghamshire, I think—at least I understood Buckinghamshire.

Lord Vis. Natural enough, for you know the Berkshire estate went to a distant part of the family.

Mont. It did so, my Lord.

Const. No wonder you could not charge your memory with that—but of this, no doubt, you are better informed.

Lord Vis. Aye, let us hear of this, Sir Harry; I never was there in my life.

Mont. Then I may venture—(*Aside*)—A tolerably extensive domain—no want of wood or water.

Lord Vis. That is very lucky, as the want of water used to be a general complaint in that country.

Mont. Used to be—you are right, my Lord—but 'tis no longer so now. Art every-where usurps the rights of nature. The canals, you know, my Lord, the canals—

Const. True, Sir Harry, I congratulate you on the great advantage that must thence accrue to your property.

Mont. 'Sdeath, I must talk them dumb—(*Aside*)—The streams of Pactolus have absolutely deluged the country; a noble piece of water meanders at the extremity of the lawn, and loses itself in the thick foliage of a wood, whose shaggy main o'erhangs——

Const. But it's extent, Sir Harry, it's extent?

Mont. Madam—Oh, it's extent—Why really, to say the truth, I leave these things wholly to my steward—an honest fellow, grown grey in the service.

Lord

Lord Vis. Grown grey in the service! Nay, Sir Harry, that cannot be. 'Twas my old friend's pride to be his own steward.

Mont. Was ever fellow so baited?—(*Aside*)—True, my Lord, you are right. I remember he was his own steward—to the estate he lived on.

Const. You don't think one head, my Lord, could be equal to the whole of Sir Harry's immense concerns.

Enter Tony.

Tony. The lawyers are below, my Lord, with the contractions; and Captain Montague has been seeking you every where, Sir,—and desires to see you immediately,—(*to Montague.*)

Lord Vis. Is he not yet gone? Ah, Constance, if you knew the refined delicacy of Sir Harry's behaviour—

Mont. Ah, my Lord, I'll come immediately.

[*Exit Tony.*]

Lord Vis. What diffidence! I remember my promise—but if he stays another hour, it's forfeit. You will find us with the lawyers.

Mont. Every moment's delay cheats me of so much happiness. If his Lordship did not take ten times more pains to deceive himself than I can to deceive him, mine would be but a sorry chance, in spite of the Cecil nose—(*Aside as he goes off.*)

Lord Vis. Constance, how unhacknied he is in these matters; and yet he adores you—never saw the symptoms so strong.

Const. Nor I indeed, my Lord; poor man, his memory seems to fail him. I believe I must put an end to his suit to save his estate. Why he could scarcely recollect in which county it lay.

Lord Vis. There is a compliment!—did I not say he was unhacknied in these matters? Why, in general, the estate is the only thing they do recollect. Oh, I wish *Lavater* could see him!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE.

SCENE. *A Room with Materials for Painting, two side Rooms, and a Closet.*

Grotesque and Lady Panick seated. Grotesque with a Manuscript in his hand.

Lady Panick. And now, Grotesque, I am to enter in boy's clothes.

Grot. Hold, my Lady, I don't think that last exit pointed enough—an exit should always be pointed—I have it—a damme—Your damme is to Comedy, what the glance at the Pit is to Tragedy—but when you print indeed——

Lady Panick. Oh, I'll print it in italicks, and one half of the world will think there is a point, if they would be at the trouble of searching for it; and the other half will not be at the trouble of thinking about it at all. Well then, I am to enter in boy's clothes—bye the bye, I don't much like that incident—'tis unnatural.

Grot. Unnatural! and what then? Has it not effect? Nothing done without it—the heroine in boy's clothes is as essential to modern Comedy, as the three unities to the old.

Lady Panick. Modern! Why you do not mean to insinuate that I write for the present day—you will not accuse me of such egregious folly—no, Sir, 'tis posterity must do me justice.

Grot. True; but unless your Ladyship pays turnpikes, you'll be stopped on the road; besides, it admits an entire new plot, unconnected with what preceded; and really the attempt at interesting an audience in one simple story, for five long acts, must be classed among the insolent pretensions of antiquity, and certainly cannot be charged on your Ladyship.

Lady Panick. Right, right. Ah, Grotesque, were all critics like you, how enviable would be the feelings of an author!

Grot.

Grot. Ah, my Lady, were all writers like you, how pleasing would be the task of criticism!

Enter Tony.

Tony. I beg pardon, Sir, but Lady Pet. has sent twice to have her monkey painted before you leave the country. He is in high spirits, bit the doctor's ear, and flung his physic at the chaplain—and my master is coming up.

Lady Panick. Your master coming up?—he does not know of my being here.

Tony. No, my Lady, I thought Mr. Grotelque was alone.

Lady Panick. Shew him up by all means—and not a word that I am here. [*Exit Tony.*] Do but conceal me where I can see and hear—remember he is a marked man, and draw him out as much as possible—I would not lose a word.

Grot. Never fear, my Lady, never fear.

Lady Panick. My Comedy was damned, was it, good, sweet Sir Paul! who will chew the cud next, my dear? [*Goës into a side room.*]

Grot. If I don't squeeze something tight from this—

Enter Sir Paul.

I am really flattered, Sir Paul, by your visit to my room—you find me very busy.

Sir Paul. Aye, about *me*—I thought so—plague seize his expedition!—he looks one of your dry facetious fellows—a droll dog, I'll be sworn. Oh, I have a rooted antipathy to a droll dog. Such cannibals should be hunted from every civilized state.—It won't answer. Remember I tell you as a friend; not that I value being made ridiculous—but I should be sorry to see you plunged into expence; and take my word, it will not answer.

Grot. Not answer? I'll bet you are through six editions before the end of the week. Why, Sir, I mean

to run you against a scurrilous Pamphlet, or a new Opera.

Sir Paul. Mine—a mere common face!

Grot. Common! why, Sir, 'tis a fund—every feature an annuity. Shall I reserve you some proofs?

Sir Paul. My face a fund?—Zounds, Sir, I have no face. My features annuities?—Zounds, Sir, I haven't a feature.

Grot. Pure modesty, Sir Paul; pure modesty! Do yourself justice. Only wait till you see the proofs.

Sir Paul. Extract mirth from me—gold from lead as soon. I defy your art to hammer out a spark—nothing eccentric about me.

Grot. I tell you, Sir, to a Caricaturist—you are a mint of eccentricities—I only hesitate which to coin first.

Sir Paul. An empty, unmeaning—look at me again, Sir.

Grot. The more I look—

Sir Paul. Obstinate thief—(*Aside*)—A broad vacant stare—a—

Grot. Gad, I never noticed that before—sublime indeed!

Sir Paul. The hang-dog—(*Aside*)—Hark ye, you have heard of a prosecution?

Grot. Eh! What, you'll prosecute—the very thing I wish. I'll pay your expences.

Sir Paul. This in a free country!—(*Aside*)—Nay then, a man so disinterested, it would be a shame he should lose—(*Offers a purse.*)

Grot. Ah, Sir, there you hit me. Every man has his foible. Disinterestedness is mine. (*Takes the money.*)

Sir Paul. My wife, indeed—if you had thought of her—she is worth doing—a choice non-descript—her itch for plays—fair game—a noble opening—think of that.

Grot. What your wife—hush, hush—(*stifling a laugh, and drawing him towards the room where Lady Panick is*)—

I would

I would not have her lose a word—(*Aside*)—your wife, you say——

Sir Paul. Has she not dramatized me? Have I not run the gauntlet from play to farce? Am I not food for every hungry author she brings to my house?—cut up by her and her ragged troop, my gait mimicked, and my manners ap'd. (*Lady Panick laughs.*) Eh! what noise is that? 'Twas my wife's voice. I would not have her find me here—I should never hear the last of it—(*Going out at the door he came in at—Sir Harry and Montague are heard disputing.*)—Eh! Zounds, I am beset—fellows hid to sketch me—I shall be flayed alive.

Grot. Here, Sir; here is a closet.

Sir Paul. I shall be squeezed to death in this mummy-case—if you hear a wheezing, burst the door at any rate—or, egad, I may trot off in a fit. (*Goes in.*)

Grot. Captain Montague, by all that is mischievous! come to revenge himself for that cursed note. He seems in an infernal rage—'Gad, I don't like my situation either.

Lady Panick. (*Peeping.*) Hift! Hift! Don't take Sir Paul yet; wait some instructions from me, and I'll help you to such a delicious trait—(*Sir Paul peeps—she shuts the door.*)

Sir Paul. Grotesque, Grotesque! I am half suffocated. Dispatch her Ladyship soon—she is plaguily long-winded—and you shall have a hit at her, will make your fortune.

Sir Harry. (*Without.*) Now that I have found you, Sir,—(*Sir Paul shuts his door.*)

Grot. Zounds, he means me. I'll get out of the way too. [*Exit into another closet.*]

Enter Sir Harry and Montague.

Sir Harry. Whither does this conduct lead?—you cannot think that I will suffer the family to be so far imposed on.

I

Mont.

Mont. Upon my soul, Sir, as I have not the gift of divination, it is impossible for me to guess how far you chuse the family should be imposed on.

Sir Harry. This is no season, Sir, for raillery. They tell me you have offered your hand to Miss Evelyn.

Mont. I have.

Sir Harry. And as Sir Harry Cecil——

Mont. Most assuredly.

Sir Harry. How? do you confess it.

Mont. To be serious then—I have listened tamely to you, Sir; and now hear me—Disgusted with the world—no matter how—this strange wild scheme fascinated your imagination. In the confidence of friendship you entrusted it to me. Unhappily the impulse of affection overcame the stubbornness of principle.

Sir Harry. Pshaw!

Mont. Well, Sir, I yielded. You took the name of Montague, and came to throw the handkerchief. I followed, the humble instrument of your design—the mere creature of your caprice—and as you seemed particular in your attentions to Miss Harriet—nay, I may be mistaken, but the whole family thought so as well as myself—mine, in pure complacency—for she was then betrothed to Visage—were directed to Miss Evelyn;—too late I felt my own imprudence—this slight distinction, which I meant merely as a tribute to the sex, soon grew into passion for her.

Sir Harry. Hold, Sir, what then was meant by your offer to Harriet?

Mont. That was damned unlucky, to be sure (*Aside.*) Visage was expected every instant; I was desperate; what shall I say? have I not told you that I loved? nay, start not; you know it is impossible to see and not to love her; (*Sir Harry sighs.*) but further still, she returns my love, and can you then expect, that in the zenith of my hope, just as I see my Constance smile——

Sir

Sir Harry. Constance knows of the deception.

Mont. Damnation! I almost feared as much from her behaviour.

Sir Harry. I myself revealed it; but in justice I must add, that her intentions towards you were still the same.

Mont. Is it possible! Come, there is an honesty in that confession has subdued my anger, and——

Sir Harry. I know not how to act——this bill of Grotesque's has already rais'd suspicion.

Mont. The rascal! but since Constance——

Sir Harry. What will Sir Paul say?

Mont. Pshaw! Sir Paul is a fretful pusillanimous animal, that may easily be frightened into terms.

Sir Harry. Then, my Lady——(*beats his forehead.*)

Mont. Sooner still——your pretenders to wit are the veriest asses in the whole œconomy of the creation.

Lady Panick, (rushing out.) I can hold no longer. Pretenders to wit! am I a pretender? (*Montague turning to avoid her, meets Sir Paul, and she turns to Sir Harry.*)

Sir Paul, (rushing out.) A fretful pusillanimous animal! Am I fretful? am I pusillanimous? (*Montague turning to avoid Sir Paul, meets Grotesque, and Sir Paul turns to Sir Harry.*)

Grot. (rushing out.) A rascal! call me rascal? (*To Mont.*) but I'll be reveng'd; for though you seem a little confus'd as to your identity, you acknowledged the bill; I can bring witnesses to prove you acknowledged the bill. (*To Sir Harry.*)

Sir Paul. Pshaw! can you bring witnesses to prove them able to pay it?——don't you see they are arrant adventurers both? I always suspected them.

Lady Panick. To attempt to palm so stale a plot on me——(*as Sir Harry is going to speak.*)

Enter Lord Visage and Constance.

Lord Vis. Eh! how? is not that rascal gone yet? Sir Harry, what do you mean?

Lady Panick. Sir Harry, a pretty blunder you have led us into—the Cecil nose indeed!

Sir Paul. Nothing but your damn'd family likeness could have set my suspicions asleep.

Lord Vis. What the devil is all this?

Enter Harriet.

Lady Pan. (to her.) So, madam! are you come? you had seen Sir Harry frequently at your father's, forsooth!

Sir Harry. What do I hear? she must have known the whole then, and I——

Sir Paul. To be sure she did—a grateful return for our kindness!

Lady Panick. Then my friend Lady Rant; that she should serve me such a trick! they brought letters from her.

Sir Paul. Oh dear, Lady Rant! she is a wit, you know, and, I dare say, thought it a devilish good thing to introduce a couple of adventurers into the family of her friend.

Lord Vis. (taking his glass, and looking at Mont.) Eh! how? what? what! a couple of adventurers?

Const. Yes, my Lord, and there (pointing to Sir Harry) is the more daring of the two—one who adventures at the heart; and with such happy skill, that all the little soft refinements of my sex are shamed to silence, and every passion of my soul rushes in eager exultation to confess their sovereign lord and master.—Sir Harry Cecil, there are proofs, (gives papers.) My Cecil! I have not learnt to repay confidence with ingratitude, or think the worse of a generous mind for thinking too well of me (To Montague and Harriet.)—Say, Cecil, can you—will you pardon me these moments of anxiety; necessary as they seemed for the punishment of villany, and the full possession of our hopes?

Sir Harry. (throwing himself on his knees.) It was your generous interference then——Am I awake? 'tis sure a dream.

Mont.

Mont. Well, Harriet, your hand then, since fate will have it so; and let us leave so exquisite a groupe to the refined contemplation of Sir Harry's talent at deception, and his Lordship's at nice discrimination.

Har. Or, if you, my Lady, of the generous sentiments you so liberally commit to paper, had put one in practice, and treated me as your niece, not as a poor dependant, I should never have been tempted, in search of an establishment, to forget what I owe myself and sex.

[*Exit with Mont.*

Sir Paul. Nay, then, we cannot leave his punishment in better hands.

Lady Panick. What do you mean, my dear? You must insist on an apology.

Sir Paul. An apology?—Zounds! he may challenge me.

Lady Panick. Pshaw—I'll take care of that.

Sir Paul. Will you answer it?

Grot. A fretful, pusillanimous animal!—those were his words; I took care to note them down, as your friend. How I envy you!

Sir Paul. Eh!—how?—what?

Lady Panick. So glorious an opportunity of wiping off the aspersion——

Grot. Any man may do away an imputation on his courage.—Oh! I would he had called me coward:—but rascal! it's not so easy to do away that.

Sir Paul. Very true, very true; but d——e if I fight.

Grot. The words, Sir Paul! only consider the words: I took care to note them down as your friend.

Lady Panick. “A fretful, pusillanimous animal!”——only think of that, my dear; only think of that.

Sir Paul. Don't think to wheedle me into an act of desperation—I am not to be so cajol'd—You shall not set me up to be fired at like a Shrove-Tuesday cock.—I should not mind if it was as it used to be——an early walk up Constitution-hill, a round of the Ring, and then

to

to rolls and butter at a coffee-house.—But it's not so now;—your long double-barrelled pistols, with a bore for a three-pounder; and then your hair-triggers go off at the smell of powder!—Egad, modern duelling has put suicide out of fashion.—I tell you again, ~~do~~ if I fight.

Lord Vis. Ah, Sir Harry, if I had but seen that mole, or the dimple in your chin—But I was caught by that fellow's cursed nose.

Grot. Aye, my Lord, they certainly changed noses as well as characters.

Const. But who is this Montague?

Sir Harry. I knew him at college—and, on my return from abroad, he won my confidence by a pretended zeal to serve me—which wore the air of disinterestedness, as he artfully concealed his knowledge of my brother's death.

Const. And then, you know, he never read Lavater, my Lord.

Sir Paul. No, no. Come, come, my Lord, you give up your system? (*To Lord Visage.*)

Const. Give up his system! Heaven forbid! 'Tis yours, Sir Paul—'tis mine—we are all physiognomists; you have made us so. (*To the audience.*) In your countenances we have ever traced that candour and indulgence which softens the rigid sentence of criticism, and welcomes an endeavour to please, with the kind suffrage of partial friendship.

THE END.

THE
RIVAL S,
A
COMEDY.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-S-ROYAL

IN

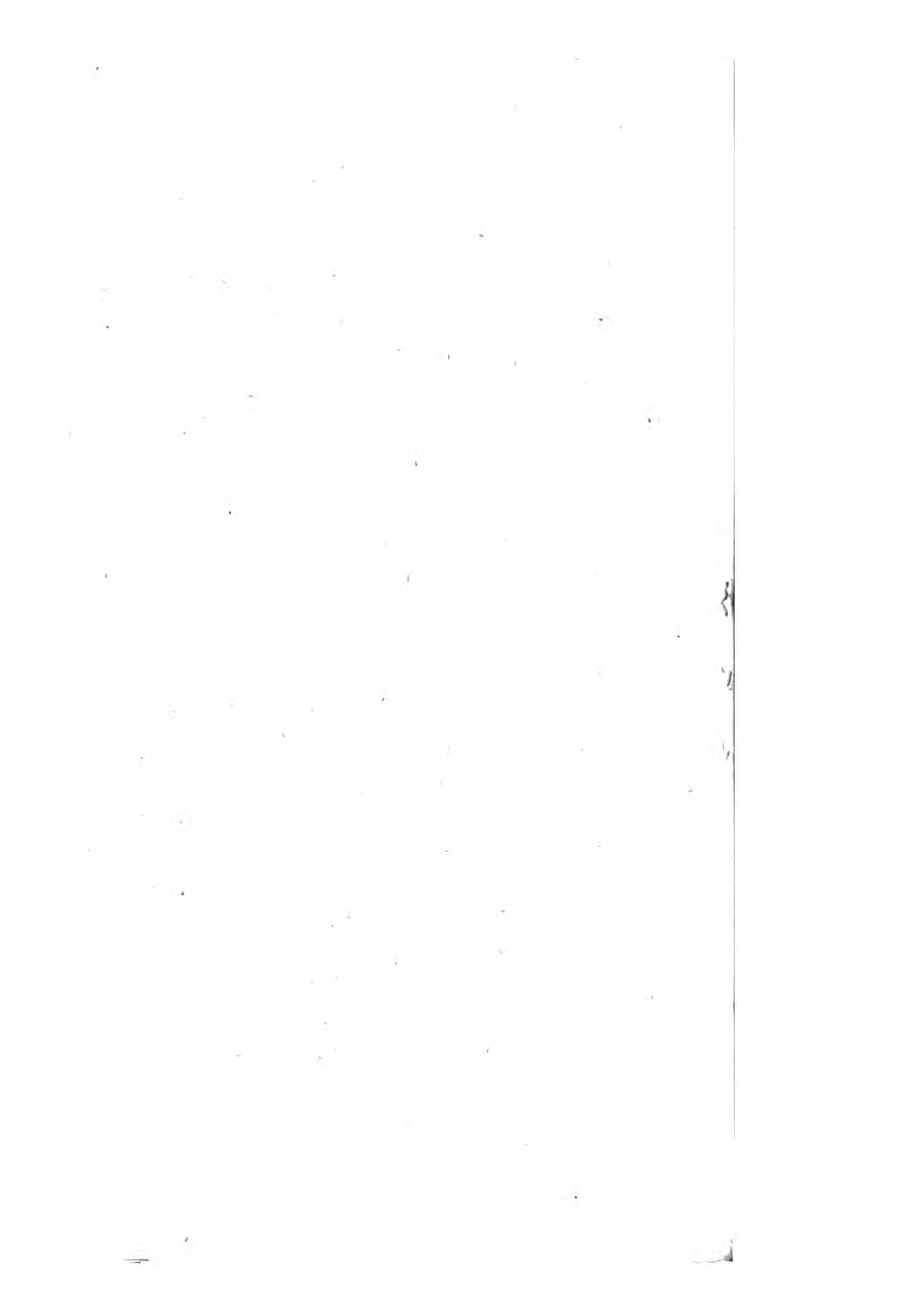
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for G. & T. WILKIE, No. 57, Paternoster-row.

MDC C XCI.



P R O L O G U E.

BY THE AUTHOR.

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD and
Mr. QUICK.

*Enter Serjeant at Law, and Attorney following,
and giving a Paper.*

Serj. **W**HAT's here—a vile cramp hand! I cannot
see

Without my spectacles. *Att.* He means his fee.

Nay, Mr. Serjeant, good Sir, try again. [*Gives money.*]

Serj. The scrawl improves [*more*] O come, 'tis pretty
plain.

Hey! how's this?—*Dibble!*—sure it cannot be!

A Poet's Brief! A Poet and a Fee!

Att. Yea, Sir!—tho' *you* without Reward, I know,
Would gladly plead the muses cause—(*Serj.*) So—So!

And if the Fee offends—your wrath should fall

On me—(*Serj.*) Dear *Dibble* no offence at all—

Att. Some Sons of Phœbus—in the Courts we meet,

Serj. And fifty Sons of Phœbus in the Fleet!

Att. Nor pleads he worse, who with a decent sprig
Of Bays—adorns his legal waste of wig.

Serj. Full-bottom'd Heroes thus, on signs, unfurl
A leaf of laurel—in a grove of curl!

Yet tell your Client, that, in adverse days,

This Wig is warmer than a bush of Bays.

Att. Do you then, Sir, my Client's place supply,
Profuse of robe, and prodigal of tye—

PROLOGUE.

Do you, with all those blushing pow'rs of face,
And wonted bashful hesitating grace,
Rise in the Court, and flourish on the Case.

}
[Exit.]

Serj. For practice then suppose—this Brief will
shew it,——

Me, Serjeant *Woodward*,—Counsel for the Poet.
Us'd to the ground—I know 'tis hard to deal
With this dread *Court*, from whence there's *no appeal*;
No *Tricking* here, to blunt the edge of *Law*,
Or, damn'd in *Equity*—escape by *Flaw* :
But *Judgment* given—*your Sentence* must remain ;
—No *Writ of Error* lies—to *Drury-lane* !

Yet when so kind you seem—'tis past dispute
We gain some favour, if not *Costs of Suit*.
No spleen is here ! I see no hoarded fury ;
—I think I never fac'd a milder Jury !
Sad else our plight !—where frowns are transportation,
A hiss the gallows,—and a groan, damnation !
But such the public candour, without fear
My Client waves all *right of challenge* here.
No Newsmen from *our Session* is dismiss'd,
Nor Wit nor Critic *we* scratch off the list ;
His faults can never hurt another's ease,
His crime at worst—a *bad attempt* to please :
Thus, all respecting, he appeals to all,
And by the general voice will *stand* or *fall*.

P R O L O G U E.

B Y T H E A U T H O R.

Spoken on the Tenth Night, by Mrs.
BULKLEY.

GRANTED our Cause, our suit and trial o'er,
The worthy Serjeant need appear no more:
In pleasing I a different Client chuse,
He serv'd the Poet,—I would serve the Muse:
Like him, I'll try to merit your applause,
A female counsel in a female's cause.

Look on this form*,—where Humour quaint and fly,
Dimples the cheek, and points the beaming eye;
Where gay Invention seems to boast its wiles
In amorous hint, and half-triumphant smiles;
While her light masks or covers Satire's strokes,
All hides the conscious blush her wit provokes.
—Look on her well—does she seem form'd to teach?
Shou'd you *expect* to hear this lady—preach?
Is grey experience suited to her youth?
Do solemn sentiments become that mouth?
Bid her be grave, those lips should rebel prove
To every theme that flanders mirth or love.

Yet thus adorn'd with every graceful art
To charm the fancy and yet reach the heart—
Must we displace her? And instead advance
The Goddess of the woeful countenance—
The sentimental Muse!—Her emblems view,
The Pilgrim's Progress, and a sprig of rue!

* Pointing to the Figure of Comedy.

View

P R O L O G U E.

View her—too chaste to look like flesh and blood—
Primly pourtray'd on emblematic wood!
There fix'd in usurpation shou'd she stand,
She'll snatch the dagger from her sister's hand:
And having made her votaries *weep a flood*,
Good Heav'n! she'll end her Comedies in blood—
Bid *Harry Woodward* break poor *Dunstall's* crown!
Imprison *Quick*—and knock *Ned Shuter* down;
While sad *Barfanti*—weeping o'er the scene—
Shall stab herself—or poison Mrs. *Green*.—

Such dire encroachments to prevent in time,
Demands the Critic's voice—the Poet's rhyme.
Can our light scenes add strength to Holy laws!
Such puny patronage but hurts the cause:
Fair Virtue scorns our feeble aid to ask;
And moral truth disdains the trickster's mask.
For here their fav'rite stands*, whose brow—severe
And sad—claims Youth's respect, and Pity's tear;
Who—when oppress'd by foes her worth creates—
Can point a poignard at the Guilt she hates.

* Pointing to Tragedy.

E P I L O G U E.

BY THE AUTHOR.

Spoken by Mrs. BULKLEY.

LADIES, for *You*—I heard our Poet say—
He'd try to coax some *Moral* from his Play:
' One moral's plain—cried I—without more fufs ;
' Man's social happiness all rests on Us—
' Thro' all the Drama—whether damn'd or not—
' *Love* gilds the *Scene*, and *Women* guide the *plot*.
' From ev'ry rank, obedience is our due—
' D'ye doubt?—The world's great stage shall prove it true.'

The Cit—well skill'd to shun domestic strife—
Will sup abroad ;—but first—he'll ask his *wife* :
John Trot, his friend for once, will do the same,
But then—he'll just *step home to tell his dame*.—

The *surly* 'Squire—at noon resolves to rule,
And half the day—Zounds ! Madam is a fool !
Convinc'd at night—the vanquish'd Victor says,
Ah ! Kate ! *you women have such coaxing ways* ! —

The *jolly* *Toper* chides each tardy blade,—
Till reeling Bacchus calls on Love for aid :
Then with each Toast, he sees fair bumpers swim,
And kisses Chloe on the sparkling Brim !

Nay,

EPILOGUE.

Nay, I have heard that Statesmen—great and wise—
Will *sometimes* counsel with a Lady's eyes ;
The fervile suitors—watch her various face,
She smiles preferment—or she frowns disgrace,
Curtseys a pension here—there nods a place.

Nor with less awe, in scenes of humbler life,
Is *view'd* the *mistress*, or is *heard* the *wife*.
The poorest Peasant of the poorest soil,
The child of Poverty, and heir to Toil—
Early from radiant Love's impartial light,
Steals one small spark, to cheer his world of night :
Dear spark !—that oft thro' winter's chilling woes,
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows !
The wand'ring *Tar*—who, not for *years*, has prefs'd
The widow'd partner of his *day* of rest—
On the cold deck—far from her arms remov'd—
Still hums the ditty which his Susan lov'd :
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The Boatswain whistles in a softer tone.

The *Soldier*, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
Pants for the *triumph* of his Nancy's smile ;
But ere the battle, should he list' her cries,
The Lover trembles—and the Hero dies !
That heart, by war and honour steel'd to fear,
Droops on a sigh, and sickens at a tear !

But Ye more cautious—ye nice-judging few,
Who give to Beauty only Beauty's due,
Tho' friends to Love—Ye view with deep regret
Our conquests marr'd—and triumphs incomplete,
'Till polish'd Wit more lasting charms disclose,
And Judgment fix the darts which Beauty throws !

EPILOGUE.

—In female breasts did Sense and Merit rule,
The Lover's mind would ask no other school ;
Sham'd into sense—the Scholars of our eyes,
Our Beaux from *Gallantry* would soon be wise ;
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
The Lamp of Knowledge at the Torch of Love !

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

| | |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| Sir Anthony Absolute, | Mr. SHUTER. |
| Capt. Absolute, | Mr. WOODWARD. |
| Faulkland, | Mr. LEWIS. |
| Acres, | Mr. QUICK. |
| Sir Lucius O'Trigger, | Mr. CLINCH. |
| Fag, | Mr. LEE LEWES. |
| David, | Mr. DUNSTAL. |
| Coachman, | Mr. FEARON. |

W O M E N.

| | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Mrs. Malaprop, | Mrs. GREEN. |
| Lydia Languish, | Miss BARSANTI. |
| Julia, | Mrs. BULKLEY. |
| Lucy, | Mrs. LESSINGHAM. |

Maid, Boy, Servants, &c.

SCENE, *Bath.*

TIME of ACTION, within One Day.

THE
R I V A L S.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

A Street in Bath.

COACHMAN *crosses the Stage*—Enter FAG, *looking after him.*

Fag. **W**HAT!—Thomas!—Sure 'tis he?—
What!—Thomas!—Thomas!

Coachman. Hey! Odd's life!—Mr. Fag!—give us your hand, my old fellow servant.

Fag. Excuse my glove, Thomas!—I'm dev'lish glad to see you, my lad: why, my prince of charioteers, you look as hearty!—but who the deuce thought of seeing you in Bath!

Coachman. Sure, Master, Madam Julia, Harry, Mrs. Kate, and the postillion be all come.

Fag. Indeed!

Coachman. Aye! Master thought another fit of the gout was coming to make him a visit:—so he'd a mind to gi't the slip, and whip! we were all off at an hour's warning.

Fag. Aye, aye! hasty in every thing, or it would not be Sir Anthony Absolute!

Coachman. But tell us, Mr. Fag, how does young Master? Odd! Sir Anthony will stare to see the Captain here!

Fag. I do not serve Captain Absolute now.—

Coachman. Why sure!

Fag. At present I am employ'd by Ensign Beverley.

Coachman. I doubt, Mr. Fag, you ha'n't changed for the better.

Fag. I have not changed, Thomas.

Coachman. No! why didn't you say you had left young Master?

Fag. No.—Well, honest Thomas, I must puzzle you no farther;—briefly then—Captain Absolute and Ensign Beverley are one and the same person.

Coachman. The devil they are!

Fag. So it is indeed, Thomas; and the *Ensign*—half of my Master being on guard at present—the *Captain* has nothing to do with me.

Coachman. So, so!—what, this is some freak, I warrant!—Do tell us, Mr. Fag, the meaning o't—you know I ha' trusted you.

Fag. You'll be secret, Thomas?

Coachman. As a coach-horse.

Fag. Why then the cause of all this is—LOVE, —Love, Thomas, who (as you may get read to you) has been a masquerader ever since the days of Jupiter.

Coachman. Aye, aye;—I guessed there was a lady in the case:—but pray, why does your Master pass only for *Ensign*?—now if he had sham'd *General* indeed——

Fag. Ah! Thomas, there lies the mystery o'the matter.—Hark'ee, Thomas, my Master is in love with a lady of a very singular taste: a lady who likes him better as a *half-pay Ensign*, than if she knew he was son and heir to Sir Anthony Absolute, a baronet of three thousand a-year.

Coachman. That is an odd taste indeed!—but has she got the stuff, Mr. Fag; is she rich, hey?

Fag.

Fag. Rich!—why, I believe she owns half the stocks!—Z—ds! Thomas, she could pay the national debt as easily as I could my washerwoman!—She has a lap-dog that eats out of gold,—she feeds her parrot with small pearls,—and all her thread-papers are made of bank-notes!

Coachman. Bravo!—faith!—Odd! I warrant she has a set of thousands at least:—but does she draw kindly with the Captain?

Fag. As fond as pigeons.

Coachman. May one hear her name?

Fag. Miss Lydia Languish—But there is an old tough aunt in the way;—though by the bye—she has never seen my Master—for he got acquainted with Miss while on a visit in Gloucestershire.

Coachman. Well—I wish they were once harnessed together in matrimony.—But pray, Mr. Fag, what kind of a place is this Bath?—I ha' heard a deal of it—here's a mort o'merry making—hey?

Fag. Pretty well, Thomas, pretty well—'tis a good lounge; in the morning we go to the pump-room (though neither my Master nor I drink the waters); after breakfast we saunter on the parades or play a game at billiards; at night we dance: but d—n the place, I'm tired of it; their regular hours stupify me—not a fiddle nor a card after eleven!—however, Mr. Faulkland's gentleman and I keep it up a little in private parties;—I'll introduce you there, Thomas—you'll like him much.

Coachman. Sure I know Mr. Du-Peign—you know his Master is to marry Madam Julia.

Fag. I had forgot.—But, Thomas, you must polish a little—indeed you must—Here now—this wig!—what the devil do you do with a wig, Thomas?—none of the London whips of any degree of Ton wear *wigs now*.

Coachman. More's the pity! more's the pity, I say—Odd's life! when I heard how the lawyers and doctors had took to their own hair, I thought how 'twould go next:—Odd rabbit it! when the fashion had got foot on the Bar, I guess'd 'twould mount to the Box!—but 'tis all out of character, believe me, Mr. Fag: and look'ee, I'll never gi' up mine—the lawyers and doctors may do as they will.

Fag. Well, Thomas, we'll not quarrel about that.

Coachman. Why, bless you, the gentlemen of their professions ben't all of a mind—for in our village now, thoff *Jack Gauge* the *exciseman* has ta'en to his carrots, there's little Dick the farrier swears he'll never forsake his *bob*, tho' all the college should appear with their own heads!

Fag. Indeed! well said Dick! but hold—mark! mark! Thomas.

Coachman. Zooks! 'tis the Captain—Is that the lady with him?

Fag. No! no! that is Madam Lucy—my Master's mistress's maid.—They lodge at that house—but I must after him to tell him the news.

Coachman. Odd! he's giving her money!—well, Mr. Fag——

Fag. Good bye, Thomas.—I have an appointment in Gyde's Porch this evening at eight; meet me there, and we'll make a little party.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

A Dressing-room in Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings.

LYDIA *sitting on a sofa, with a book in her hand.*

—LUCY, *as just returned from a message.*

Lucy. Indeed, Ma'am, I travers'd half the town in search of it: I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath I ha'n't been at.

Lydia.

Lydia. And could not you get ‘The Reward of Constancy?’

Lucy. No, indeed, Ma’am.

Lydia. Nor ‘The Fatal Connection?’

Lucy. No, indeed, Ma’am.

Lydia. Nor ‘The Mistakes of the Heart?’

Lucy. Ma’am, as ill luck would have it, Mr. Bull said Miss Sukey Saunter had just fetch’d it away.

Lydia. Heigh-ho!—Did you enquire for ‘The Delicate Distress?’

Lucy. ———Or ‘The Memoirs of Lady Woodford?’ Yes indeed, Ma’am.—I asked every where for it; and I might have brought it from Mr. Frederick’s, but Lady Slattern Lounger, who had just sent it home, had so soiled and dog’s-ear’d it, it wa’n’t fit for a christian to read.

Lydia. Heigh-ho!—Yes, I always know when Lady Slattern has been before me.—She has a most observing thumb; and I believe cherishes her nails for the convenience of making marginal notes.—Well, child, what *have* you brought me?

Lucy. Oh! here Ma’am.

[*Taking books from under her cloak, and from her pockets.*]

This is ‘The Gordian Knot,’—and this ‘Peregrine Pickle.’ Here are ‘The Tears of Sensibility,’ and ‘Humphrey Clinker.’ This is ‘The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, written by herself,’—and here the second volume of ‘The Sentimental Journey.’

Lydia. Heigh-ho!—What are those books by the glafs?

Lucy. The great one is only ‘The Whole Duty of Man,’ where I press a few blonds, Ma’am.

Lydia. Very well—give me the *sal volatile*.

Lucy. Is it in a blue cover, Ma’am?

Lydia. My smelling-bottle, you simpleton!

Lucy.

8 THE RIVALS,

Lucy. O, the drops!—here, Ma'am.

Lydia. Hold!—here's some one coming—
quick, see who it is—— [Exit *Lucy.*
Surely I heard my cousin Julia's voice!

[Re-enter *Lucy.*

Lucy. Lud! Ma'am, here is Miss Melville.

Lydia. Is it possible!——

Enter JULIA.

Lydia. My dearest Julia, how delighted am I!
(Embrace) How unexpected was this happiness!

Julia. True, Lydia—and our pleasure is the
greater;—but what has been the matter?—you
were denied to me at first!

Lydia. Ah, Julia, I have a thousand things to
tell you!—but first inform me what has conjur'd
you to Bath?—Is Sir Anthony here?

Julia. He is—we are arrived within this hour
—and I suppose he will be here to wait on Mrs.
Malaprop as soon as he is dress'd.

Lydia. Then before we are interrupted, let me
impart to you some of my distress!—I know your
gentle nature will sympathize with me, tho' your
prudence may condemn me!—My letters have
informed you of my whole connection with Bever-
ley;—but I have lost him, Julia!—my aunt has
discovered our intercourse by a note she inter-
cepted, and has confined me ever since!—Yet,
would you believe it? she has fallen absolutely in
love with a tall Irish Baronet she met one night
since we have been here at Lady Macshuffe's rout.

Julia. You jest, Lydia!

Lydia. No, upon my word.—She really carries
on a kind of correspondence with him, under a
feigned name though, till she chuses to be known
to him;—but it is a *Delia* or a *Celia*, I assure you.

Julia. Then, surely, she is now more indulgent
to her niece.

Lydia.

Lydia. Quite the contrary. Since she has discovered her own frailty, she is become more suspicious of mine. Then I must inform you of another plague!—That odious *Acres* is to be in Bath to-day; so that I protest I shall be teased out of all spirits!

Julia. Come, come, Lydia, hope for the best—Sir Anthony shall use his interest with Mrs. Malaprop.

Lydia. But you have not heard the worst. Unfortunately I had quarrell'd with my poor Beverley, just before my aunt made the discovery, and I have not seen him since, to make it up.

Julia. What was his offence?

Lydia. Nothing at all!—But, I don't know how it was, as often as we had been together, we had never had a quarrel!—And, somehow, I was afraid he would never give me an opportunity.—So, last Thursday, I wrote a letter to myself, to inform myself that Beverley was at that time paying his addresses to another woman.—I sign'd it *your Friend unknown*, shew'd it to Beverley, charg'd him with his falshood, put myself in a violent passion, and vow'd I'd never see him more.

Julia. And you let him depart so, and have not seen him since?

Lydia. 'Twas the next day my aunt found the matter out; I intended only to have teased him three days and a half, and now I've lost him for ever.

Julia. If he is as deserving and sincere as you have represented him to me, he will never give you up so. Yet consider, Lydia, you tell me he is but an Ensign, and you have thirty thousand pounds!

Lydia. But you know I lose most of my fortune if I marry without my aunt's consent, till of age; and that is what I have determin'd to do, ever since I knew the penalty.—Nor could I love the

man, who would wish to wait a day for the alternative.

Julia. Nay, this is caprice!

Lydia. What, does Julia tax me with caprice?—I thought her lover Faulkland had enured her to it.

Julia. I do not love even *his* faults.

Lydia. But a-propos—you have sent to him, I suppose?

Julia. Not yet, upon my word—nor has he the least idea of my being in Bath.—Sir Anthony's resolution was so sudden, I could not inform him of it.

Lydia. Well, Julia, you are your own mistress, (though under the protection of Sir Anthony) yet have you, for this long year, been a slave to the caprice, the whim, the jealousy of this ungrateful Faulkland, who will ever delay assuming the right of a husband, while you suffer him to be equally imperious as a lover.

Julia. Nay, you are wrong entirely.—We were contracted before my father's death.—That, and some consequent embarrassments, have delay'd what I know to be my Faulkland's most ardent wish.—He is too generous to trifle on such a point.—And for his character, you wrong him there too.—No, Lydia, he is too proud, too noble to be jealous; if he is captious, 'tis without dissimbling; if fretful, without rudeness.—Unus'd to the fopperies of love, he is negligent of the little duties expected from a lover—but being unhackney'd in the passion, his affection is ardent and sincere; and as it engrosses his whole soul, he expects every thought and emotion of his mistress to move in unison with his.—Yet, though his pride calls for this full return—his humility makes him undervalue those qualities in him, which would entitle him to it; and not feeling why he should
be

be lov'd to the degree he wishes, he still suspects that he is not lov'd enough:—This temper, I must own, has cost me many unhappy hours; but I have learn'd to think myself his debtor, for those imperfections which arise from the ardour of his attachment.

Lydia. Well, I cannot blame you for defending him.—But tell me candidly, Julia, had he never sav'd your life, do you think you should have been attach'd to him as you are?—Believe me, the rude blast that overset your boat was a prosperous gale of love to him.

Julia. Gratitude may have strength'ned my attachment to Mr. Faulkland, but I lov'd him before he had preserv'd me; yet surely that alone were an obligation sufficient——

Lydia. Obligation!—Why a water-spaniel would have done as much!—Well, I should never think of giving my heart to a man because he could swim!

Julia. Come, Lydia, you are too inconsiderate.

Lydia. Nay, I do but jest.—What's here?

Enter Lucy in a burry.

Lucy. O Ma'am, here is Sir Anthony Absolute just come home with your aunt.

Lydia. They'll not come here.—Lucy do you watch. [Exit Lucy.

Julia. Yet I must go.—Sir Anthony does not know I am here, and if we meet, he'll detain me, to shew me the town.—I'll take another opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Malaprop, when she shall treat me, as long as she chooses, with her select words so ingeniously *misapplied*, without being *mispronounced*.

Re-enter Lucy.

Lucy. O Lud! Ma'am, they are both coming up stairs.

Lydia. Well, I'll not detain you, Coz.—Adieu, my dear Julia, I'm sure you are in haste to send to Faulkland.—There—through my room you'll find another stair-case.

Julia. Adieu.—(*Embrace*) [Exit Julia.

Lydia. Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books.—Quick, quick.—Fling *Peregrine Pickle* under the toilet—throw *Roderick Random* into the closet—put *The Innocent Adultery* into *The Whole Duty of Man*—thrust *Lord Aimworth* under the sofa—cram *Ovid* behind the bolster—there—put *The Man of Feeling* into your pocket—so, so, now lay *Mrs. Chapone* in sight, and leave *Fordyce's Sermons* open on the table.

Lucy. O burn it, Ma'am, the hair-dresser has torn away as far as *Proper Pride*.

Lydia. Never mind—open at *Sobriety*.—Fling me *Lord Chesterfield's Letters*.—Now for 'em.

Enter Mrs. MALAPROP and Sir ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Mrs Mal. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate Simpleton, who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lydia. Madam, I thought you once——

Mrs. Mal. You thought, Miss!—I don't know any business you have to think at all.—Thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lydia. Ah, Madam! our memories are independent of our wills.—It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mal. But I say it is, Miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to *forget*, if a person chooses to set about it.—I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anth. Why sure she won't pretend to remember what she's order'd not!—aye, this comes of her reading!

Lydia. What crime, Madam, have I committed to be treated thus?

Mrs. Mal. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid?—Will you take a husband of your friend's choosing?

Lydia. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. Mal. What business have you, Miss, with *preference* and *aversion*? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little *aversion*. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a black-a-moor—and yet, Miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleas'd heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed!—But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lydia. Could I belie my thoughts so far, as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. Mal. Take yourself to your room.—You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

Lydia. Willingly, Ma'am—I cannot change for the worse. [Exit Lydia.

Mrs. Mal. There's a little intricate huffy for you!

Sir Anth. It is not to be wonder'd at, Ma'am—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read.—Had I a thousand daughters, by heaven! I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

Mrs. Mal. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anth. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers!—From that moment I guess'd how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. Mal. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anth. Madam, a circulating library in a town is, as an ever-green tree of diabolical knowledge!—It blossoms through the year!—And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Mal. Fie, fie, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anth. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Mal. Observe me, Sir Anthony.—I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance—I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or Simony, or Fluxions, or Paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments:—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order
to

to learn a little ingenuity and artifice.—Then, Sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell, and mis-pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying.—This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anth. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question.—But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate,—you say, you have no objection to my proposal.

Mrs. Mal. None, I assure you.—I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anth. Well, Madam, I will write for the boy directly.—He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. Mal. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anth. Objection!—let him object if he dare!—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a phrenzy directly.—My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 'twas ' Jack, do this; '—if he demurr'd—I knock'd him down—and if he grumbled at that—I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. Mal. Aye, and the properest way, o' my conscience!—nothing is so conciliating to young people

people as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations;—and I hope you will represent *her* to the Captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anth. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you—and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl;—take my advice—keep a tight hand—if she rejects this proposal—clap her under lock and key: and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about!

[*Exit Sir Anth.*

Mrs. Mal. Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition.—She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger—sure, Lucy can't have betray'd me!—No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it.—Lucy!—Lucy!—(*calls.*) Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Did you call, Ma'am?

Mrs. Mal. Yes, girl.—Did you see Sir Lucius while you was out?

Lucy. No, indeed, Ma'am, not a glimpse of him.

Mrs. Mal. You are sure, Lucy, that you never mention'd——

Lucy. O Gemini! I'd sooner cut my tongue out.

Mrs. Mal. Well, don't let your simplicity be impos'd on.

Lucy. No, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. So, come to me presently, and I'll give you another letter to Sir Lucius;—but mind Lucy—if ever you betray what you are intrusted
with

with—(unless it be other people's secrets to me) you forfeit my malevolence for ever;—and your being a simpleton shall be no excuse for your locality. [Exit Mrs. Mal.

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha!—So, my dear *simplicity*, let me give you a little respite—(altering her manner)—let girls in my station be as fond as they please of appearing expert, and knowing in their trusts; commend me to a mask of *filliness*, and a pair of sharp eyes for my own interest under it!—Let me see to what account have I turn'd my *simplicity* lately— (looks at a paper.)

For abetting *Miss Lydia Languish* in a design of running away with an *Ensign*!—in money—sundry times—twelve pound twelve—gowns, five—bats, ruffles, caps, &c. &c.—numberless!—From the said *Ensign*, within this last month, six guineas and a half.—About a quarter's pay!—Item, from *Mrs. Malaprop*, for betraying the young people to her—when I found matters were likely to be discovered—two guineas, and a black padufoy.—Item, from *Mr. Acres*, for carrying divers letters—which I never deliver'd—two guineas, and a pair of buckles.—Item, from *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*—three crowns—two gold pocket-pieces—and a silver snuff-box!—Well done, *simplicity*!—yet I was forced to make my *Hibernian* believe, that he was corresponding, not with the *Aunt*, but with the *Niece*: for though not over rich, I found he had too much pride and delicacy to sacrifice the feelings of a gentleman to the necessities of his fortune. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Captain Absolute's Lodgings.

Captain ABSOLUTE and FAG.

Fag. SIR, while I was there Sir Anthony came in: I told him, you had sent me to inquire after his health, and to know if he was at leisure to see you.

Abs. And what did he say, on hearing I was at Bath?

Fag. Sir, in my life I never saw an elderly gentleman more astonished! He started back two or three paces, rapt out a dozen interjectoral oaths, and asked, what the devil had brought you here?

Abs. Well, Sir, and what did you say?

Fag. O, I lied, Sir—I forget the precise lie, but you may depend on't; he got no truth from me. Yet, with submission, for fear of blunders in future, I should be glad to fix what *has* brought us to Bath: in order that we may lie a little consistently.—Sir Anthony's servants were curious, Sir, very curious indeed.

Abs. You have said nothing to them——?

Fag. O, not a word, Sir—not a word.—Mr. Thomas, indeed, the coachman (whom I take to be the discreetest of whips)—

Abs. 'Sdeath!—you rascal! you have not truted him!

Fag. O, no, Sir—no—no—not a syllable, upon my veracity!—He was, indeed, a little inquisitive; but I was sly, Sir—devilish sly!—My Master (said I) honest Thomas (you know, Sir, one says *honest* to one's inferiors) is come to Bath to *recruit*—Yes, Sir—I said, *to recruit*—and whether for men, money, or constitution, you know, Sir, is nothing to him, nor any one else.

Abf. Well—*recruit* will do—let it be so—

Fag. O, Sir, *recruit* will do surprisingly—indeed, to give the thing an air, I told Thomas, that your Honour had already enlisted, five disbanded chairmen, seven minority waiters, and thirteen billiard markers.

Abf. You blockhead, never say more than is necessary.

Fag. I beg pardon, Sir—I beg pardon—But with submission, a lie is nothing unless one supports it.—Sir, whenever I draw on my invention for a good current lie, I always forge indorsements as well as the bill.

Abf. Well, take care you don't hurt your credit, by offering too much security.—Is Mr. Faulkland returned?

Fag. He is above, Sir, changing his dress.

Abf. Can you tell whether he has been informed of Sir Anthony's and Miss Melville's arrival?

Fag. I fancy not, Sir; he has seen no one since he came in, but his gentleman, who was with him at Bristol.—I think, Sir, I hear Mr. Faulkland coming down——

Abf. Go, tell him, I am here.

Fag. Yes, Sir—(*going*) I beg pardon, Sir, but should Sir Anthony call, you will do me the favour to remember, that we are *recruiting*, if you please.

Abf. Well, well.

Fag. And in tenderness to my character, if your

Honour could bring in the chairmen and waiters, I shall esteem it as an obligation;—for though I never scruple a lie to serve my Master, yet it hurts one's conscience to be found out. [*Exit.*]

Abs. Now for my whimsical friend—if he does not know that his mistress is here, I'll tease him a little before I tell him——

Enter FAULKLAND.

Faulkland, you're welcome to Bath again; you are punctual in your return.

Faulk. Yes; I had nothing to detain me, when I had finished the business I went on. Well, what news since I left you? How stand matters between you and Lydia?

Abs. Faith, much as they were; I have not seen her since our quarrel; however, I expect to be recalled every hour.

Faulk. Why don't you persuade her to go off with you at once?

Abs. What, and lose two-thirds of her fortune? You forget that, my friend.—No, no, I could have brought her to that long ago.

Faulk. Nay then, you trifle too long—if you are sure of *her*, propose to the aunt *in your own character*, and write to Sir Anthony for his consent,

Abs. Softly, softly, for though I am convinced my little Lydia would elope with me as Ensign Beverley, yet am I by no means certain that she would take me with the impediment of our friend's consent, a regular humdrum wedding, and the reversion of a good fortune on my side; no, no, I must prepare her gradually for the discovery, and make myself necessary to her, before I risk it.—Well, but Faulkland, you'll dine with us to-day at the Hotel?

Faulk. Indeed I cannot; I am not in spirits to be of such a party. *Abs.*

Abf. By Heavens! I shall forswear your company. You are the most teasing, captious, incorrigible lover!—Do love like a man.

Faulk. I own I am unfit for company.

Abf. Am not *I* a lover; aye, and a romantic one too? Yet do I carry every where with me such a confounded farrago of doubts, fears, hopes, wishes, and all the flimsy furniture of a country Miss's brain!

Faulk. Ah! Jack, your heart and soul are not, like mine, fixed immutably on one only object.—You throw for a large stake, but losing—you could stake, and throw again:—but I have set my sum of happiness on this cast, and not to succeed, were to be stript of all.

Abf. But for Heaven's sake! what grounds for apprehension can your whimsical brain conjure up at present?

Faulk. What grounds for apprehension did you say?—Heavens! are there not a thousand! I fear for her spirits—her health—her life—My absence may fret her; her anxiety for my return, her fears for me, may oppress her gentle temper. And for her health—does not every hour bring me cause to be alarmed? If it rains, some shower may even then have chilled her delicate frame!—If the wind be keen, some rude blast may have affected her! The heat of noon, the dews of the evening, may endanger the life of her, for whom only I value mine. O! Jack, when delicate and feeling souls are separated, there is not a feature in the sky, not a movement of the elements, not an aspiration of the breeze, but hints some cause for a lover's apprehension!

Abf. Aye, but we may chuse whether we will take the hint or not.—So then, Faulkland, if you were convinced that Julia were well and in spirits, you would be entirely content.

Faulk.

Faulk. I should be happy beyond measure—I am anxious only for that.

Abf. Then to cure your anxiety at once—Miss Melville is in perfect health, and is at this moment in Bath.

Faulk. Nay, Jack—don't trifle with me.

Abf. She is arrived here with my father within this hour.

Faulk. Can you be serious?

Abf. I thought you knew Sir Anthony better than to be surprised at a sudden whim of this kind.—Seriously then, it is as I tell you—upon my honour.

Faulk. My dear friend!—Hollo, Du Peigne! my hat—my dear Jack—now nothing on earth can give me a moment's uneasiness.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Sir, Mr. Acres just arrived is below.

Abf. Stay, Faulkland, this Acres lives within a mile of Sir Anthony, and he shall tell you how your mistress has been ever since you left her.—*Fag,* shew the gentleman up. [*Exit Fag.*

Faulk. What, is he much acquainted in the family?

Abf. O, very intimate: I insist on your not going: besides, his character will divert you.

Faulk. Well, I should like to ask him a few questions.

Abf. He is likewise a rival of mine—that is of my *other self's*, for he does not think his friend Capt. Absolute ever saw the lady in question;—and it is ridiculous enough to hear him complain to me of *one Beverley*, a concealed sculking rival, who—

Faulk. Hush!—He's here.

Enter

Enter ACRES.

Acres. Hah! my dear friend, noble captain, and honest Jack, how do'st thou? just arrived faith, as you see.—Sir, your humble servant. Warm work on the roads, Jack—Odds whips and wheels! I've travelled like a Comet, with a rail of dust all the way as long as the Mall.

Abf. Ah! Bob, you are indeed an excentric Planet, but we know your attraction hither—give me leave to introduce Mr. Faulkland to you; Mr. Faulkland, Mr. Acres.

Acres. Sir, I am most heartily glad to see you: Sir, I solicit your connections.—Hey, Jack—what this is Mr. Faulkland, who——

Abf. Aye, Bob, Miss Melville's Mr. Faulkland.

Acres. Od'so! she and your father can be but just arrived before me—I suppose you have seen them.—Ah! Mr. Faulkland, you are indeed a happy man.

Faulk. I have not seen Miss Melville yet, Sir, —I hope she enjoyed full health and spirits in Devonshire?

Acres. Never knew her better in my life, Sir, —never better.—Odd's Blushes and Blooms! she has been as healthy as the German Spa.

Faulk. Indeed!—I did hear that she had been a little indisposed.

Acres. False, false, Sir—only said to vex you: quite the reverse I assure you.

Faulk. There, Jack, you see she has the advantage of me; I had almost fretted myself ill.

Abf. Now are you angry with your mistress for not having been sick.

Faulk. No, no, you misunderstand me:—yet surely a little trifling indisposition is not an unnatural

tural consequence of absence from those we love.—Now confess—isn't there something unkind in this violent, robust, unfeeling health?

Abf. O, it was very unkind of her to be well in your absence to be sure!

Acres. Good apartments, Jack.

Faulk. Well, Sir, but you was saying that Miss Melville has been so *exceedingly* well—what then she has been merry and gay I suppose?—Always in spirits—hey?

Acres. Merry, Odds Crickets! she has been the bell and spirit of the company wherever she has been—so lively and entertaining! so full of wit and humour!

Faulk. There, Jack, there.—O, by my soul! there is an innate levity in woman, that nothing can overcome.—What! happy and I away!

Abf. Have done:—how foolish this is! just now you were only apprehensive for your mistress's *spirits*.

Faulk. Why, Jack, have I been the joy and spirit of the company?

Abf. No indeed, you have not.

Faulk. Have I been lively and entertaining?

Abf. O, upon my word, I acquit you.

Faulk. Have I been full of wit and humour?

Abf. No, faith, to do you justice, you have been confoundedly stupid indeed.

Acres. What's the matter with the gentleman?

Abf. He is only expressing his great satisfaction at hearing that Julia has been so well and happy—that's all—hey, Faulkland?

Faulk. Oh! I am rejoiced to hear it—yes, yes, she has a *happy* disposition!

Acres. That she has indeed—then she is so accomplished—so sweet a voice—so expert at her harp-sichord—such a mistress of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblante, and quiverante!—there was this
time

time month—Odds Minnums and Crotchets! how she did chirup at Mrs. Piano's Concert.

Faulk. There again, what say you to this? you see she has been all mirth and song—not a thought of me!

Abf. Pho! man, is not music the food of love?

Faulk. Well, well, it may be so.—Pray, Mr. —, what's his d—d name!—Do you remember what Songs Miss Melville sung?

Acres. Not I indeed.

Abf. Stay now, they were some pretty, melancholy purling stream airs, I warrant; perhaps you may recollect;—did she sing—“*When absent from my soul's delight?*”

Acres. No, that wa'n't it.

Abf. Or,—“*Go, gentle gales!*”—“*Go, gentle gales!*”—(sings.)

Acres. O no! nothing like it.—Odds! now I recollect one of them—“*My heart's my own, my will is free.*”—(sings.)

Faulk. Fool! fool that I am! to fix all my happiness on such a trifler! S'death! to make herself the pipe and ballad-monger of a circle! to sooth her light heart with catches and glees!—What can you say to this, Sir?

Abf. Why, that I should be glad to hear my mistress had been so merry, *Sir*.

Faulk. Nay, nay, nay—I'm not sorry that she has been happy—no, no, I am glad of that—I would not have had her sad or sick—yet surely a sympathetic heart would have shewn itself even in the choice of a song—she might have been temperately healthy, and somehow, plaintively gay;—but she has been dancing too, I doubt not!

Acres. What does the gentleman say about dancing?

Abf. He says the lady we speak of dances as well as she sings.

Acres. Aye truly, does she—there was at our last race ball——

Faulk. Hell and the devil! There! there—I told you so! I told you so! Oh! she thrives in my absence!—Dancing! but her whole feelings have been in opposition with mine;—I have been anxious, silent, pensive, sedentary—my days have been hours of care, my nights of watchfulness.—She has been all Health! Spirit! Laugh! Song! Dance!—Oh! d—n'd, d—n'd levity!

Abf. For Heaven's sake! Faulkland, don't expose yourself so.—Suppose she has danced, what then?—does not the ceremony of society often oblige—

Faulk. Well, well, I'll contain myself—perhaps as you say—for form sake.—What, Mr. Acres, you were praising Miss Melville's manner of dancing a *minuet*—hey?

Acres. O I dare insure her for that—but what I was going to speak of was her *country dancing*:—Odds swimmings! she has such an air with her!—

Faulk. Now disappointment on her!—defend this, Absolute, why don't you defend this?—Country-dances! jiggs, and reels! am I to blame now? A Minuet I could have forgiven—I should not have minded that—I say I should not have regarded a Minuet—but *Country-dances*! Z—ds! had she made one in a *Cotillion*—I believe I could have forgiven even that—but to be monkey-led for a night!—to run the gauntlet thro' a string of amorous palming puppies!—to shew paces like a managed filly!—O Jack, there never can be but *one* man in the world, whom a truly modest and delicate woman ought to pair with in a *Country-dance*; and even then, the rest of the couples should be her great uncles and aunts!

Abf. Aye, to be sure!—grand-fathers and grand-mothers!

Faulk.

Faulk. If there be but one vicious mind in the set, 'twill spread like a contagion—the action of their pulse beats to the lascivious movement of the jig—their quivering, warm-breath'd sighs impregnate the very air—the atmosphere becomes electrical to love, and each amorous spark darts thro' every link of the chain!—I must leave you—I own I am somewhat flurried—and that confounded looby has perceived it. [*Going.*

Abf. Nay, but stay Faulkland, and thank Mr. Acres for his good news.

Faulk. D—n his news! [*Exit Faulkland.*

Abf. Ha! ha! ha! poor Faulkland five minutes since—' nothing on earth could give him a moment's uneasiness!'

Acres. The gentleman wa'n't angry at my praising his mistress, was he?

Abf. A little jealous, I believe, Bob.

Acres. You don't say so? Ha! ha! jealous of me—that's a good joke.

Abf. There's nothing strange in that, Bob; let me tell you, that sprightly grace and insinuating manner of your's will do some mischief among the girls here.

Acres. Ah! you joke—ha! ha! mischief—ha! ha! but you know I am not my own property, my dear Lydia has forestalled me.—She could never abide me in the country, because I used to dress so badly—but odds frogs and tambours! I shan't take matters so here—now ancient Madam has no voice in it—I'll make my old clothes know who's master—I shall straitway cashier the hunting-frock—and render my leather breeches incapable—My hair has been in training some time.

Abf. Indeed!

Acres. Aye—and tho'ff the side curls are a little restive, my hind-part takes it very kindly.

Abf. O, you'll polish, I doubt not.

Acres. Absolutely I propose so—then if I can find out this Ensign Beverley, odds triggers and flints! I'll make him know the difference o't.

Abf. Spoke like a man—but pray, Bob, I observe you have got an odd kind of a new method of swearing—

Acres. Ha! ha! you've taken notice of it—'tis genteel, isn't it?—I didn't invent it myself though; but a commander in our militia—a great scholar, I assure you—says that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable;—because, he says, the ancients would never stick to an oath or two, but would say By Jove! or by Bacchus! or by Mars! or by Venus! or by Pallas! according to the sentiment—so that to swear with propriety, says my little Major, the 'oath should be an echo to the sense;' and this we call the *oath referential*, or *sentimental swearing*—ha! ha! ha! 'tis genteel, isn't it?

Abf. Very genteel, and very new indeed—and I dare say will supplant all other figures of imprecation.

Acres. Aye, aye, the best terms will grow obsolete—Damns have had their day.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Sir, there is a gentleman below desires to see you—Shall I shew him into the parlour?

Abf. Aye—you may.

Acres. Well, I must be gone——

Abf. Stay; who is it, Fag?

Fag. Your father, Sir.

Abf. You puppy, why didn't you shew him up directly? [Exit Fag.]

Acres. You have business with Sir Anthony.—I expect a message from Mrs. Malaprop at my lodgings

lodgings—I have sent also to my dear friend Sir Lucius O'Trigger.—Adieu, Jack, we must meet at night, when you shall give me a dozen bumpers to little Lydia.

Abf. That I will with all my heart. [*Exit Acres.*

Now for a parental lecture—I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here—I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir, I am delighted to see you here; and looking so well!—your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anth. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack, —What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Abf. Yes, Sir, I am on duty.

Sir Anth. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, tho' I did not expect it, for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business.—Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Abf. Pardon me, Sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray frequently that you may continue so.

Sir Anth. I hope your prayers may be heard with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time.—Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Abf. Sir, you are very good.

Sir Anth. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my Boy make some figure in the world.—I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Abf.

Abf. Sir, your kindness overpowers me—such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

Sir Anth. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention—and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

Abf. Let my future life, Sir, speak my gratitude; I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence.—Yet, Sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir Anth. O, that shall be as your wife chooses.

Abf. My wife, Sir!

Sir Anth. Aye, aye, settle that between you—settle that between you.

Abf. A wife, Sir, did you say?

Sir Anth. Aye, a wife—why, did not I mention her before?

Abf. Not a word of her, Sir.

Sir Anth. Odd so!—I mustn't forget *her* tho'.—Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference.

Abf. Sir! Sir!—you amaze me!

Sir Anth. Why, what the devil's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Abf. I was, Sir,—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir Anth. Why—what difference does that make? Odd's life, Sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Abf. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase.—Pray, Sir, who is the lady?

Sir Anth. What's that to you, Sir?—Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Abf. Sure, Sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir

Sir Anth. I am sure, Sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to *object* to a lady you know nothing of.

Abf. Then, Sir, I must tell you plainly, that my inclinations are fix'd on another—my heart is engaged to an Angel.

Sir Anth. Then pray let it send an excuse.—It is very sorry—but *business* prevents it's waiting on her.

Abf. But my vows are pledged to her.

Sir Anth. Let her foreclose, Jack; let her foreclose; they are not worth redeeming; besides, you have the Angel's vows in exchange, I suppose; so there can be no loss there.

Abf. You must excuse me, Sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Hark'ee, Jack;—I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool,—quite cool; but take care—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted;—no one more easily led—when I have my own way;—but don't put me in a phrenzy.

Abf. Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Now d—n me! if ever I call you *Jack* again while I live!

Abf. Nay, Sir, but hear me.

Sir Anth. Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you Dog—if you don't by——

Abf. What, Sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to——

Sir Anth. Z——ds! firrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the Crescent; her one eye shall roll like the Bull's in Cox's Musæum—she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this,
firrah!

firrah!—yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

Abf. This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir Anth. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

Abf. Indeed, Sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis false, Sir, I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, firrah!

Abf. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Anth. None of your passion, Sir! none of your violence; if you please—It won't do with me, I promise you.

Abf. Indeed, Sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis a confounded lie!—I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young Dog! but it won't do.

Abf. Nay, Sir, upon my word.

Sir Anth. So you will fly out! can't you be cool, like me? What the devil good can *Passion* do!—*Passion* is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing Reprobate!—There you sneer again!—don't provoke me!—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you Dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last!—but mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do every thing on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you—If not, z—ds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest.—I'll disown you, I'll disinherit

disinherit you, I'll unget you! and d—n me! if ever I call you Jack again! [*Exit Sir Anthony.*]

ABSOLUTE *solus.*

Abs. Mild, gentle, considerate father—I kiss your hands—What a tender method of giving his opinion in these matters Sir Anthony has! I dare not trust him with the truth.—I wonder what old wealthy Hag it is that he wants to bestow on me!—yet he married himself for love! and was in his youth a bold Intriguer, and a gay Companion!

Enter FAG.

Fag. Assuredly, Sir, our Father is wrath to a degree; he comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time—muttering, growling, and thumping the bannisters all the way: I, and the Cook's dog, stand bowing at the door—rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane; bids me carry that to my master, then kicking the poor Turnspit into the area, d—ns us all, for a puppy triumvirate!—Upon my credit, Sir, were I in your place, and found my father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

Abs. Cease your impertinence, Sir at present.—Did you come in for nothing more?—Stand out of the way! [*Pushes him aside, and Exit.*]

FAG *solus.*

Fag. Soh! Sir Anthony trims my Master: He is afraid to reply to his Father—then vents his spleen on poor Fag!—When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another, who happens to come in the way—is the vilest injustice; Ah! it shews the worst temper—the basest—

Enter ERRAND BOY.

Boy. Mr. Fag! Mr. Fag! your Master calls you.

F

Fag.

Fag. Well! you little, dirty puppy, you need not baul so!—The meanest disposition! the——

Boy. Quick, quick, Mr. Fag.

Fag. Quick! quick! you impudent Jackanapes! am I to be commanded by you too? you little, impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred——

[*Exit kicking and beating him.*]

S C E N E II.

The North Parade.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. So—I shall have another rival to add to my mistress's list—Captain Absolute.—However, I shall not enter his name till my purse has received notice in form. Poor Acres is dismissed!—Well, I have done him a last friendly office, in letting him know that Beverley was here before him.—Sir Lucius is generally more punctual, when he expects to hear from his *dear Delia*, as he calls her:—I wonder he's not here!—I have a little scruple of conscience from this deceit; tho' I should not be paid so well, if my hero knew that *Delia* was near fifty, and her own mistress.

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir Luc. Hah! my little embassadress—upon my conscience I have been looking for you; I have been on the South Parade this half-hour.

Lucy. (*Speaking simply*) O gemini! and I have been waiting for your Worship here on the North.

Sir Luc. Faith!—may be, that was the reason we did not meet; and it is very comical too, how you could go out and I not see you—for I was only

only taking a nap at the Parade Coffee-house, and I chose the *window* on purpose that I might not miss you.

Lucy. My stars! Now I'd wager a six-pence I went by while you were asleep.

Sir Luc. Sure enough it must have been so—and I never dreamt it was so late, till I waked. Well, but my little girl, have you got nothing for me?

Lucy. Yes, but I have—I've got a letter for you in my pocket.

Sir Luc. O faith! I guessed you weren't come empty-handed—well—let me see what the dear creature says.

Lucy. There, Sir Lucius. (*Gives him a letter.*)

Sir Luc. (*Reads*) "*Sir—there is often a sudden incentive impulse in love, that has a greater induction than years of domestic combination: such was the commotion I felt at the first superfluous view of Sir Lucius O'Trigger.*" Very pretty, upon my word. "*Female punctuation forbids me to say more; yet let me add, that it will give me joy infallible to find Sir Lucius worthy the last criterion of my affections.*" DELIA."

Upon my conscience! *Lucy*, your lady is a great mistress of language. Faith, she's quite the queen of the dictionary!—for the devil a word dare refuse coming at her call—though one would think it was quite out of hearing.

Lucy. Aye, Sir, a lady of her experience,

Sir Luc. Experience! what, at seventeen?

Lucy. O true, Sir—but then she reads so—my stars! how she will read off hand!

Sir Luc. Faith, she must be very deep read to write this way—though she is rather an arbitrary writer too—for here are a great many poor words pressed into the service of this note, that would get their *habeas corpus* from any court in Christendom.

Lucy. Ah! Sir Lucius, if you were to hear how she talks of you!

Sir Luc. O tell her, I'll make her the best husband in the world, and Lady O'Trigger into the bargain!—But we must get the old gentlewoman's consent—and do every thing fairly.

Lucy. Nay, Sir Lucius, I thought you wa'n't rich enough to be so nice!

Sir Luc. Upon my word, young woman, you have hit it:—I am so poor, that I can't afford to do a dirty action.—If I did not want money, I'd steal your mistress and her fortune with a great deal of pleasure.—However, my pretty girl, (*gives her money*), here's a little something to buy you a ribband; and meet me in the evening, and I'll give you an answer to this. So, huffy, take a kiss before-hand, to put you in mind.

(*Kisses her.*)

Lucy. O lud! Sir Lucius—I never seed such a gemman! My lady won't like you if you're so impudent.

Sir Luc. Faith she will, Lucy—that same—pho! what's the name of it?—*Modesty!*—is a quality in a lover more praised by the women than liked; so, if your mistress asks you whether Sir Lucius ever gave you a kiss, tell her fifty—my dear.

Lucy. What, would you have me tell her a lie?

Sir Luc. Ah then, you baggage! I'll make it a truth presently.

Lucy. For shame now; here is some one coming.

Sir Luc. O faith, I'll quiet your conscience!

[*Sees FAG.—Exit, humming a tune.*]

Enter FAG.

Fag. So, so, Ma'am. I humbly beg pardon.

Lucy. O lud!—now, Mr. Fag—you flurry one so.

Fag. Come, come, Lucy, here's no one bye—so a little less simplicity, with a grain or two more sincerity,

sincerity, if you please—You play false with us, Madam.—I saw you give the Baronet a letter.—My Master shall know this—and if he don't call him out—I will.

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha! you gentlemen's gentlemen are so hasty.—That letter was from Mrs. Malaprop, simpleton.—She is taken with Sir Lucius's address.

Fag. How! what tastes some people have!—Why I suppose I have walked by her window an hundred times.—But what says our young lady? Any message to my master?

Lucy. Sad news! Mr. Fag.—A worse Rival than Acres! Sir Anthony Absolute has proposed his son.

Fag. What, Captain Absolute?

Lucy. Even so.—I overheard it all.

Fag. Ha! ha! ha! very good, faith.—Good bye, Lucy, I must away with this news.

Lucy. Well—you may laugh—but it is true, I assure you. (*Going.*)

But—Mr. Fag—tell your master not to be cast down by this.

Fag. O, he'll be so disconsolate!

Lucy. And charge him not to think of quarrelling with young Absolute.

Fag. Never fear!—never fear!

Lucy. Be sure—bid him keep up his spirits.

Fag. We will—we will. [*Excunt severally.*]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The North Parade.

Enter ABSOLUTE.

Abf. 'TIS just as Fag told me, indeed.—
Whimsical enough, faith! My Father wants to *force* me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with!—He must not know of my connection with her yet a-while.—He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters.—However, I'll read my recantation instantly.—My conversion is something sudden, indeed—but I can assure him it is very *sincere*.—So, so,—here he comes.—He looks plaguy gruff. *[Steps aside.*

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir Antb. No—I'll die sooner than forgive him.—*Die*, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him.—At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper.—An obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy!—Who can he take after? This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters!—for putting him, at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a-year, besides his pay, ever since!—But I have done with him;—he's any body's son for me.—I never will see him more,—never—never—never—never.

Abf.

Abf. Now for a penitential face.

Sir Anth. Fellow, get out of my way.

Abf. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir Anth. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

Abf. A sincere penitent.—I am come, Sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

Sir Anth. What's that?

Abf. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

Sir Anth. Well, Sir?

Abf. I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

Sir Anth. Well, puppy?

Abf. Why then, Sir, the result of my reflections is—a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

Sir Anth. Why now, you talk sense—absolute sense—I never heard any thing more sensible in my life.—Confound you! you shall be Jack again.

Abf. I am happy in the appellation.

Sir Anth. Why, then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you—who the lady really is.—Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented my telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare.—What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

Abf. Languish? What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

Sir Anth. Worcestershire! No. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop and her Niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment.

Abf. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet, stay

—I think I do recollect something. — *Languish!*
Languish! She squints, don't she? — A little
red-haired girl?

Sir Anth. Squints? — A red-haired girl! —
Z—ds! no.

Abf. Then I must have forgot; it can't be the
same person.

Sir Anth. Jack! Jack! what think you of
blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

Abf. As to that, Sir, I am quite indifferent.—
If I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

Sir Anth. Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes!
so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Not a
glance but speaks and kindles some thought of
love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack!
so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-
tale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips! — O Jack, lips
smiling at their own discretion; and if not smi-
ling, more sweetly pouting; more lovely in ful-
lenness!

Abf. That's she indeed.—Well done, old
gentleman!

Sir Anth. Then, Jack, her neck.—O Jack!
Jack!

Abf. And which is to be mine, Sir, the Niece
or the Aunt?

Sir Anth. Why, you unfeeling, insensible pup-
py, I despise you. When I was of your age,
such a description would have made me fly like
a rocket! The *Aunt*, indeed! — Odds life! when
I ran away with your mother, I would not have
touched any thing old or ugly to gain an empire.

Abf. Not to please your father, Sir?

Sir Anth. To please my father! — *Z—ds!* not
to please — O my father — *Oddso!* —
yes—yes; if my father indeed had desired —
that's quite another matter. — Tho' he wa'n't
the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Abf.

Abf. I dare say not, Sir.

Sir Anth. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful.

Abf. Sir, I repeat it; if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, Sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind—now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back: and tho' *one* eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favour of *two*, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

Sir Anth. What a phlegmatic sot it is! Why, firrah, you're an Anchorite!—a vile insensible stock.—You a soldier!—you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on!—Odds life! I've a great mind to marry the girl myself!

Abf. I am entirely at your disposal, Sir; if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the *Aunt*; or if you should change your mind, and take the old lady—'tis the same to me—I'll marry the *Niece*.

Sir Anth. Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or——but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm sure it must—come, now—damn your demure face!—come, confess, Jack—you have been lying—ha'n't you? You have been playing the hypocrite, hey!—I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

Abf. I'm sorry, Sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

Sir Anth. Hang your respect and duty! But, come along with me, I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethian torch to you,—come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back, stark mad with rapture and impatience—if you don't, egad, I'll marry the girl myself! [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Julia's Dressing-room.

FAULKLAND, *solus.*

Faulk. They told me Julia would return directly; I wonder she is not yet come!—How mean does this captious, unsatisfied temper of mine appear to my cooler judgment! Yet I know not that I indulge it in any other point:—but on this one subject, and to this one subject, whom I think I love beyond my life, I am ever ungenerously fretful, and madly capricious!—I am conscious of it—yet I cannot correct myself! What tender honest joy sparkled in her eyes when we met!—How delicate was the warmth of her expressions!—I was ashamed to appear less happy—though I had come resolved to wear a face of coolness and upbraiding. Sir Anthony's presence prevented my proposed expostulations:—yet I must be satisfied that she has not been so *very* happy in my absence.—She is coming!—Yes!—I know the nimbleness of her tread, when she thinks her impatient Faulkland counts the moments of her stay.

Enter JULIA.

Julia. I had not hop'd to see you again so soon.

Faulk. Could I, Julia, be contented with my

first welcome—restrained as we were by the presence of a third person?

Julia. O Faulkland, when your kindness can make me thus happy, let me not think that I discovered something of coldness in your first salutation.

Faulk. 'Twas but your fancy, Julia.—I *was* rejoiced to see you—to see you in such health—Sure I had no cause for coldness?

Julia. Nay then, I see you have taken something ill.—You must not conceal from me what it is.

Faulk. Well, then—shall I own to you that my joy at hearing of your health and arrival here, by your neighbour Acres, was somewhat damped by his dwelling much on the high spirits you had enjoyed in Devonshire—on your mirth—your singing—dancing, and I know not what!—For such is my temper, Julia, that I should regard every mirthful moment in your absence as a treason to constancy:—The mutual tear that steals down the cheek of parting lovers is a compact, that no smile shall live there till they meet again.

Julia. Must I never cease to tax my Faulkland with this teasing minute caprice?—Can the idle reports of a silly boor weigh in your breast against my tried affection?

Faulk. They have no weight with me, Julia: No, no—I am happy if you have been so—yet only say, that you did not sing with *mirth*—say that you *thought* of Faulkland in the dance.

Julia. I never can be happy in your absence.—If I wear a countenance of content, it is to shew that my mind holds no doubt of my Faulkland's truth.—If I seem'd sad—it were to make malice triumph; and say, that I had fixed my heart on one, who left me to lament his roving, and my own credulity.—Believe me, Faulkland, I mean not to upbraid you, when I say, that I have often dressed sorrow in smiles, lest my friends

should guess whose unkindness had caused my tears.

Faulk. You were ever all goodness to me.—O, I am a brute, when I but admit a doubt of your true constancy!

Julia. If ever without such cause from you, as I will not suppose possible, you find my affections veering but a point, may I become a proverbial scoff for levity, and base ingratitude.

Faulk. Ah! Julia, that last word is grating to me. I would I had no title to your *gratitude*! Search your heart, Julia; perhaps what you have mistaken for Love, is but the warm effusion of a too thankful heart!

Julia. For what quality must I love you?

Faulk. For no quality! To regard me for any quality of mind or understanding, were only to *esteem* me. And for person—I have often wish'd myself deformed, to be convinced that I owed no obligation *there* for any part of your affection.

Julia. Where Nature has bestowed a shew of nice attention in the features of a man, he should laugh at it, as misplaced. I have seen men, who in *this* vain article, perhaps, might rank above you; but my heart has never asked my eyes if it were so or not.

Faulk. Now this is not well from *you*, Julia,—I despise person in a man—yet, if you lov'd me as I wish, though I were an Æthiop, you'd think none so fair.

Julia. I see you are determined to be unkind—The *contract* which my poor father bound us in gives you more than a lover's privilege.

Faulk. Again, Julia, you raise ideas that feed and justify my doubts.—I would not have been more free—no—I am proud of my restraint.—Yet—yet—perhaps your high respect alone for this solemn compact has fettered your inclinations,

tions, which else had made a worthier choice.—How shall I be sure, had you remained unbound in thought and promise, that I should still have been the object of your persevering love?

Julia. Then try me now.—Let us be free as strangers as to what is past:—*my* heart will not feel more liberty!

Faulk. There now! so hasty, Julia! so anxious to be free!—If your love for me were fixed and ardent, you would not lose your hold, even tho' I wish'd it!

Julia. O! you torture me to the heart! I cannot bear it.

Faulk. I do not mean to distress you.—If I lov'd you less, I should never give you an uneasy moment.—But hear me.—All my fretful doubts arise from this.—Women are not used to weigh, and separate the motives of their affections: the cold dictates of prudence, gratitude, or filial duty, may sometimes be mistaken for the pleadings of the heart.—I would not boast—yet let me say, that I have neither age, person, or character, to found dislike on;—my fortune such as few ladies could be charged with *indiscretion* in the match.—O Julia! when *Love* receives such countenance from *Prudence*, nice minds will be suspicious of its birth.

Julia. I know not whither your insinuations would tend:—But as they seem pressing to insult me—I will spare you the regret of having done so.—I have given you no cause for this!

[*Exit in Tears.*]

Faulk. In Tears! stay, Julia: stay but for a moment.—The door is fastened!—Julia;—my soul—but for one moment: I hear her sobbing!—'Sdeath! what a brute am I to use her thus! Yet stay.—Aye—she is coming now:—how little resolution there is in woman!—how a few soft words

words can turn them!—No, faith!—she is *not* coming either.—Why, Julia—my love—say but that you forgive me—come but to tell me that—now, this is being *too* resentful: stay! she is coming too—I thought she would—no *steadiness* in any thing! her going away must have been a mere trick then—she sha'n't see that I was hurt by it.—I'll affect indifference—(*bums a tune: then listens*)——No—Z—ds! she's *not* coming!—nor don't intend it, I suppose.—This is not *steadiness*, but *obstinacy*! Yet I deserve it.—What, after so long an absence, to quarrel with her tenderness!—'twas barbarous and unmanly!—I should be ashamed to see her now.—I'll wait till her just resentment is abated—and when I distress her so again, may I lose her for ever! and be linked instead to some antique virago, whose gnawing passions, and long hoarded spleen, shall make me curse my folly half the day, and all the night. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Mrs. MALAPROP's Lodgings.

Mrs. MALAPROP, with a letter in her hand, and Captain ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Mal. Your being Sir Anthony's son, Captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation; but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

Abs. Permit me to say, Madam, that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair at present is the honour of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop; of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mal. Sir, you do me infinite honour!—I beg, Captain, you'll be seated.—(*Sit*)—Ah! few gentlemen, now a-days, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman! few think how a little knowledge becomes a gentlewoman!—Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower of beauty!

Abf. It is but too true indeed, Ma'am;—yet I fear our ladies should share the blame—they think our admiration of *beauty* so great, that *knowledge* in *them* would be superfluous. Thus, like garden-trees, they seldom shew fruit, till time has robb'd them of the more specious blossom.—Few, like Mrs. Malaprop and the orange-tree, are rich in both at once!

Mrs. Mal. Sir—you overpower me with good-breeding—He is the very Pine-apple of politeness! You are not ignorant, Captain, that this giddy girl has somehow contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling, eve's-dropping Ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows any thing of.

Abf. O, I have heard the silly affair before.—I'm not at all prejudiced against her on *that* account.

Mrs. Mal. You are very good, and very considerate, Captain.—I am sure I have done every thing in my power since I exploded the affair! long ago I laid my positive conjunctions on her, never to think on the fellow again;—I have since laid Sir Anthony's preposition before her;—but, I am sorry to say, she seems resolved to decline every particle that I enjoin her.

Abf. It must be very distressing, indeed, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Oh! it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree;—I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but, behold, this very day,

day, I have interceded another letter from the fellow; I believe I have it in my pocket.

Abf. O the devil! my last note. [*Afide.*

Mrs. Mal. Aye, here it is.

Abf. Aye my note indeed! O the little traitrefs Lucy. [*Afide.*

Mrs. Mal. There, perhaps you may know the writing. [*Gives him the letter.*

Abf. I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before:—

Mrs. Mal. Nay, but read it, Captain.

Abf. (*Reads*) “*My soul’s idol, my ador’d Lydia!*”—Very tender, indeed!

Mrs. Mal. Tender! aye and prophane too, o’ my conscience!

Abf. “*I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival*”——

Mrs. Mal. That’s you, Sir.

Abf. “*Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman, and a man of honour.*”—Well, that’s handsome enough.

Mrs. Mal. O, the fellow has some design in writing so.—

Abf. That he had, I’ll answer for him, Ma’am.

Mrs. Mal. But go on, Sir—you’ll see presently.

Abf. “*As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you.*”—Who can he mean by that?

Mrs. Mal. Me, Sir—*me*—he means *me* there—what do you think now?—but go on a little further.

Abf. Impudent scoundrel!—“*it shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance, as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity, which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don’t understand*——

Mrs. Mal. There, Sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute!

brute! Sure if I reprehend any thing in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs!

Abf. He deserves to be hang'd and quartered! let me see—"same ridiculous vanity"——

Mrs. Mal. You need not read it again, Sir.

Abf. I beg pardon, Ma'am, "*does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration*"—an impudent coxcomb! "*so that I have a scheme to see you shortly with the old Harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interviews.*"——Was ever such assurance!

Mrs. Mal. Did you ever hear any thing like it?—he'll elude my vigilance, will he—yes, yes! ha! ha! he's very likely to enter these doors!—we'll try who can plot best!

Abf. So we will, Ma'am—so we will.—Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy, ha! ha! ha!——Well, but Mrs. Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time—let her even plot an elopement with him—then do you connive at her escape—while *I*, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

Mrs. Mal. I am delighted with the scheme, never was any thing better perpetrated!

Abf. But, pray, could not I see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little.

Mrs. Mal. Why, I don't know——I doubt she is not prepared for a visit of this kind.——There is a decorum in these matters.

Abf. O Lord! she won't mind *me*—only tell her Beverley——

Mrs. Mal. Sir!

Abf. Gently, good tongue.

H

[*Aside.*
Mrs.

Mrs. Mal. What did you say of Beverley?

Abf. O, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below—she'd come down fast enough then—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mal. 'T would be a trick she well deserves—besides you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha!—Let him if he can, I say again.—Lydia, come down here! [*Calling.*]—He'll make me a *go-between* in their interviews!—ha! ha! ha! Come down, I say, Lydia!—I don't wonder at your laughing, ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

Abf. 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, Ma'am, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mal. The little huffy won't hear.—Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that Capt. Absolute is come to wait on her.—And I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

Abf. As you please, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. For the present, Captain, your servant—Ah! you've not done laughing yet, I see—*elude my vigilance!* yes, yes, ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Abf. Ha! ha! ha! one would think now that I might throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security—but such is Lydia's caprice, that to undeceive were probably to lose her.—I'll see whether she knows me.

[*Walks aside and seems engaged in looking at the pictures.*

Enter LYDIA.

Lydia. What a scene am I now to go thro'! surely nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger to one's heart.—I have heard of girls
persecuted

persecuted as I am, who have appealed in behalf of their favoured lover to the generosity of his rival: suppose I were to try it—there stands the hated rival—an officer too!—but O how unlike my Beverley!—I wonder he don't begin—truly he seems a very negligent wooer!—quite at his ease, upon my word! I'll speak first—Mr. Absolute.

Abf. Ma'am. [Turns round.

Lydia. O Heav'ns! Beverley!

Abf. Hush!—hush, my life!—softly! be not surpris'd!

Lydia. I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoyed!—for Heav'ns sake! how came you here?

Abf. Briefly—I have deceived your Aunt—I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and contriving to have him kept away, have pass'd myself on *her* for Capt. Absolute.

Lydia. O, charming!—And she really takes you for young Absolute?

Abf. O, she's convinced of it.

Lydia. Ha! he! ha! I can't forbear laughing to think how her sagacity is over-reached!

Abf. But we trifle with our precious moments—such another opportunity may not occur—then let me now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserving persecution, and with a licensed warmth plead for my reward.

Lydia. Will you then, Beverley, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth?—that burden on the wings of love?

Abf. O come to me—rich only thus—in loveliness—Bring no portion to me but thy love—'twill be generous in you, Lydia—for well you know, it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay.

Lydia. How persuasive are his words!—how charming will poverty be with him!

Abf. Ah! my foul, what a life will we then live? Love shall be our idol and support! we will worship him with a monastic strictness; abjuring all worldly toys, to center every thought and action there.—Proud of calamity, we will enjoy the wreck of wealth; while the surrounding gloom of adversity shall make the flame of our pure love show doubly bright.—By Heav'ns! I would fling all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand, to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my Lydia to my bosom, and say, the world affords no smile to me—but here—— [Embracing her.
If she holds out now the devil is in it! [Aside.

Lydia. Now could I fly with him to the Antipodes! but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis.

Enter MRS. MALAPROP, listening.

Mrs. Mal. I am impatient to know how the little hussy deports herself, [Aside.

Abf. So pensive, Lydia!—is then your warmth abated?

Mrs. Mal. Warmth abated!—so!—she has been in a passion, I suppose.

Lydia. No—nor ever can while I have life.

Mrs. Mal. An ill-temper'd little devil!—She'll be in a passion all her life—will she?

Lydia. Think not the idle threats of my ridiculous aunt can ever have any weight with me.

Mrs. Mal. Very dutiful, upon my word!

Lydia. Let her choice be Capt. *Absolute*, but Beverley is mine.

Mrs. Mal. I am astonished at her assurance!—to his face—this is to his face!

Abf. Thus then let me enforce my suit. [Kneeling.

Mrs. Mal. Aye—poor young man!—down on his knees entreating for pity!—I can contain no longer,

longer.—Why, thou vixen!—I have overheard you.

Abf. O confound her vigilance! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Capt. *Absolute*—I know not how to apologize for her shocking rudeness.

Abf. So—all's safe, I find. [*Aside.*
I have hopes, Madam, that time will bring the young lady—

Mrs. Mal. O, there's nothing to be hoped for from her! she's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of Nile.

Lydia. Nay, Madam, what do you charge me with now?

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou unblushing rebel—didn't you tell this gentleman to his face that you loved another better?—didn't you say you never would be his?

Lydia. No, Madam—I did not.

Mrs. Mal. Good Heav'ns! what assurance!—
Lydia, *Lydia,* you ought to know that lying don't become a young woman!—Didn't you boast that *Beverley*—that stroller *Beverley*, possessed your heart?—Tell me that, I say.

Lydia. 'Tis true, Ma'am, and none but *Beverley*.—

Mrs. Mal. Hold;—hold, Assurance!—you shall not be so rude.

Abf. Nay, pray Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the young lady's speech:—she's very welcome to talk thus—it does not hurt *me* in the least, I assure you.

Mrs. Mal. You are *too* good, Captain—*too* amiably patient—but come with me, Miss—let us see you again soon, Captain—remember what we have fixed.

Abf. I shall, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Come, take a graceful leave of the gentleman.

Lydia.

Lydia. May every blessing wait on my *Beverley*, my lov'd *Bev*—

Mrs. Mal. Huffy! I'll choak the word in your throat!—come along—come along.

[*Exeunt severally.*

[*Beverley kissing his hand to Lydia—Mrs. Malaprop stopping her from speaking.*

S C E N E IV.

ACRES's Lodgings.

ACRES and DAVID.

ACRES as just dress'd.

Acres. Indeed, David—do you think I become it so?

David. You are quite another creature, believe me, Master, by the Mass! an' we've any luck we shall see the Devon monkeyrny in all the print-shops in Bath!

Acres. Dress *does* make a difference, David.

David. 'Tis all in all, I think—difference! why, an' you were to go now to Clod-Hall, I am certain the old lady wouldn't know you: Master Butler would'nt believe his own eyes, and Mrs. Pickle would cry, "Lard, presarve me!" our dairy-maid would come giggling to the door, and I warrant Dolly Tester, your Honour's favourite, would blush like my waistcoat—Oons! I'll hold a gallon, there an't a dog in the house but would bark, and I question whether *Phillis* would wag a hair of her tail!

Acres. Aye, David, there's nothing like polishing.

David. So I says of your Honour's boots; but the boy never heeds me!

Acres.

Acres. But, David, has Mr. *De-la-Grace* been here? I must rub up my balancing, and chafing, and boring.

David. I'll call again, Sir.

Acres. Do—and see if there are any letters for me at the Post-office.

David. I will.—By the Mass, I can't help looking at your head!—if I hadn't been by at the cooking, I wish I may die if I should have known the dish again myself! [Exit.

[*Acres comes forward, practising a dancing step.*

Acres. Sink, slide—coupee—Confound the first inventors of Cotillons! say I—they are as bad as algebra to us country gentlemen—I can walk a Minuet easy enough when I am forced!—and I have been accounted a good stick in a Country-dance.—Odds jiggs and tabors!—I never valued your cross-over to couple—figure in—right and left—and I'd foot it with e'er a Captain in the country!—but these outlandish heathen Allemandes and Cotillons are quite beyond me!—I shall never prosper at 'em, that's sure—mine are true-born English legs—they don't understand their curst French lingo!—their *Pàs* this, and *Pàs* that, and *Pàs* t'other!—damn me! my feet don't like to be called Paws! no, 'tis certain I have most Antigallican Toes!

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Here is Sir Lucius O'Trigger to wait on you, Sir.

Acres. Shew him in.

Enter SIR LUCIUS.

Sir Luc. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir Luc. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres.

Acres. Faith! I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-Lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last.—In short, I have been very ill-used, Sir Lucius.—I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as on a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir Luc. Pray what is the case?—I ask no names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius, I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady——her friends take my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of my arrival; and receive answer, that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of.—This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used.

Sir Luc. Very ill, upon my conscience.—Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres. Why, there's the matter: she has another lover, one *Beverley*, who, I am told, is now in Bath.—Odds flanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir Luc. A rival in the case, is there?—and you think he has supplanted you unfairly.

Acres. Unfairly! to be sure he has.—He never could have done it fairly.

Sir Luc. Then sure you know what is to be done!

Acres. Not I, upon my soul!

Sir Luc. We wear no swords here, but you understand me?

Acres. What! fight him!

Sir Luc. Aye, to be sure: what can I mean else?

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir Luc. Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world.—Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman? O, by my soul, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres. Breach of friendship! Aye, aye; but I have

have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir Luc. That's no argument at all—he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

Acres. 'Gad that's true—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius!—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades; I find a man may have a deal of valour in him, and not know it! But couldn't I contrive to have a little right of my side?

Sir Luc. What the Devil signifies *right*, when your *honour* is concerned? Do you think, *Achilles* or my little *Alexander the Great* ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broad-swords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching!—I certainly do feel a kind of valour rising as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say——Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir Luc. Ah, my little friend! if I had *Blunder-buss-Hall* here—I could shew you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the new room; every one of whom had killed his man!—For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipt through my fingers, I thank Heav'n our honour and the family-pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres. O, Sir Lucius! I have had ancestors too!—every man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia!—Odds balls and barrels! say no more—I'm brac'd for it.—The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast!——Z——ds! as the man in the play says, “I could do such deeds——”

Sir Luc. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case—these things should always be done civilly.

I.

Acres.

Acres. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius—I must be in a rage—Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me.—Come, here's pen and paper. *(Sits down to write.)*

I would the ink were red!—Indite, I say indite!—How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir Luc. Pray compose yourself.

Acres. Come—now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a damme.

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now—"Sir—"

Acres. That's too civil by half.

Sir Luc. "To prevent the confusion that might arise."

Acres. Well—

Sir Luc. "From our both addressing the same lady."

Acres. Aye—there's the reason—"same lady"—Well—

Sir Luc. "I shall expect the honour of your company"—

Acres. Z—ds! I'm not asking him to dinner.

Sir Luc. Pray be easy.

Acres. Well then, "honour of your company"

Sir Luc. "To settle our pretensions."

Acres. Well.

Sir Luc. Let me see, aye, *King's Mead-field* will do—"in *King's Mead-fields*."

Acres. So that's done.—Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest—a hand and dagger shall be the seal.

Sir Luc. You see now this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres. Aye, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir Luc. Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time.—Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening

evening if you can; then let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

Acres. Very true.

Sir Luc. So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening.—I would do myself the honour to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me lately, at the expence of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman, to call him out.

Acres. By my valour, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life! I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

Sir Luc. I shall be very proud of instructing you.—Well for the present—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do every thing in a mild and agreeable manner.—Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished as your sword. *[Exeunt severally.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

ACRES'S Lodgings.

ACRES and DAVID.

David. **T**HEN, by the Mass, Sir! I would do no such thing—ne'er a Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom should make me fight, when I wa'n't so minded. Oons! what will the old lady say, when she hears o't!

Acres. Ah! David, if you had heard Sir Lucius!—Odds sparks and flames! he would have rous'd your valour.

David. Not he, indeed. I hates such blood-thirsty cormorants. Look'ee, Master, if you'd wanted a bout at boxing, quarter-staff, or short-staff, I should never be the man to bid you cry off: But for your curst sharps and snaps, I never knew any good come of 'em.

Acres. But my honour, David, my honour! I must be very careful of my honour.

David. Aye, by the Mass! and I would be very careful of it; and I think in return my *honour* couldn't do less than to be very careful of *me*.

Acres. Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honour!

David. I say then, it would be but civil in *honour* never to risk the loss of a *gentleman*.—Look'ee, Master, this *honour* seems to me to be a marvellous false friend: aye, truly, a very courtier-like servant.—Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank God, no one can say of me); well—my honour makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance.—So—we fight.
(Pleasant

(Pleasant enough that) Boh!—I kill him—(the more's my luck.) Now, pray who gets the profit of it?—Why, my *honour*.—But put the case that he kills me!—by the Mafs! I go to the worms, and my honour whips over to my enemy.

Acres. No, David—in that case!—Odds crowns and laurels! your honour follows you to the grave.

David. Now, that's just the place were I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres. Z——ds! David, you are a coward!—It doesn't become my valour to listen to you.—What, shall I disgrace my ancestors?—Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

David. Under favour, the surest way of not disgracing them, is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, Master, to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres. But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, *very* great danger, hey?—Odds' life! people often fight without any mischief done!

David. By the Mafs, I think 'tis ten to one against you!—Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his d—n'd double-barrell'd swords, and cut-and-thrust pistols! Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't—Those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! Well, I never could abide 'em!—from a child I never could fancy 'em!—I suppose there a'n't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol!

Acres. Z——ds! I *won't* be afraid—Odds fire and fury! you sha'n't make me afraid.—Here is
the

the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend Jack Absolute to carry it for me.

David. Aye, i'the name of mischief, let *him* be the messenger.—For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the Mafs! it don't look like another letter!—It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter!—and I warrant smells of gunpowder like a soldier's pouch!—Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off!

Acres. Out, you poltroon!—you ha'n't the valour of a grafs-hopper.

David. Well, I say no more—'twill be sad news, to be sure, at Clod Hall!—but I ha' done.—How Phyllis will howl when she hears of it!—Aye, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her Master's going after!—And I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honour, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born. *(Whimpering.)*

Acres. It won't do, David—I am determined to fight—so get along, you coward, while I'm in the mind.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Captain Absolute, Sir.

Acres. O! shew him up. *[Exit Servant.]*

David. Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

Acres. What's that!—Don't provoke me, David!

David. Good bye, Master. *(Whimpering.)*

Acres. Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven. *Exit David.*

Enter ABSOLUTE.

Abf. What's the matter, Bob?

Acres. A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead!—If I hadn't the valour of St. George and the dragon to boot—

Abf.

Abf. But what did you want with me, Bob?

Acres. O!—There— (*Gives him the challenge.*)

Abf. “*To Ensign Beverley.*” So—what’s going on now! [*Aside.*]

Well, what’s this?

Acres. A challenge!

Abf. Indeed!—Why, you won’t fight him; will you, Bob?

Acres. ’Egad but I will, Jack.—Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage—and I’ll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn’t be wasted.

Abf. But what have I to do with this?

Acres. Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

Abf. Well, give it to me, and trust me he gets it.

Acres. Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

Abf. Not in the least—I beg you wo’n’t mention it.—No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acres. You are very kind.—What it is to have a friend!—You couldn’t be my second—could you, Jack?

Abf. Why no, Bob—not in *this* affair—it would not be quite so proper.

Acres. Well, then, I must get my friend Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack.

Abf. Whenever he meets you, believe me.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the Captain.

Abf. I’ll come instantly.—Well, my little hero, success attend you. (*Going.*)

Acres.

Acres. Stay—stay, Jack.—If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow—will you, Jack?

Abf. To be sure I shall.—I'll say you are a determined dog—hey, Bob!

Acres. Aye, do, do—and if that frightens him, 'egad, perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a-week; will you, Jack?

Abf. I will, I will; I'll say you are called in the country "*Fighting Bob.*"

Acres. Right, right—'tis all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life if I clear my honour.

Abf. No!—that's very kind of you.

Acres. Why, you don't wish me to kill him—do you, Jack?

Abf. No, upon my soul, I do not.—But a devil of a fellow, hey? (*Going.*)

Acres. True, true—but stay—stay, Jack—you may add, that you never saw me in such a rage before—a most devouring rage!

Abf. I will, I will.

Acres. Remember, Jack—a determined dog!

Abf. Aye, aye, "*Fighting Bob.*"

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

MRS. MALAPROP'S Lodgings.

MRS. MALAPROP and LYDIA.

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou perverse one!—tell me what you can object to him?—Isn't he a handsome man?—tell me that.—A genteel man? a pretty figure of a man?

Lydia.

Lydia. She little thinks whom she is praising!
(*Aside.*)—So is Beverley, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. No caparisons, Miss, if you please.—
Caparisons don't become a young woman.—No!
Captain Absolute is indeed a fine gentleman!

Lydia. Aye, the Captain Absolute you have
seen. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Mal. Then he's *so* well bred;—*so* full of
alacrity, and adulation!—and has *so much* to say
for himself:—in such good language too!—His
physiognomy so grammatical!—Then his pre-
sence is so noble!—I protest, when I saw him, I
thought of what Hamlet says in the Play:—
“ Hesperian curls—the front of *Job* himself!—
“ an eye, like *March*, to threaten at command!
“ —a Station, like Harry Mercury, new—”
Something about kissing—on a hill—however,
the similitude struck me directly.

Lydia. How enraged she'll be presently when
she discovers her mistake! [*Aside.*]

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute are
below, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Shew them up here. [*Exit Servant.*]
Now, *Lydia*, I insist on your behaving as be-
comes a young woman.—Shew your good breed-
ing, at least, though you have forgot your duty.

Lydia. Madam, I have told you my resolution!
—I shall not only give him no encouragement,
but I won't even speak to, or look at him.

[*Flings herself into a chair, with her face from
the door.*]

Enter SIR ANTHONY and ABSOLUTE.

Sir Anth. Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop; come
to mitigate the frowns of unrelenting beauty,—

and difficulty enough I had to bring this fellow.—I don't know what's the matter; but if I had not held him by force, he'd have given me the slip.

Mrs. Mal. You have infinite trouble, Sir Anthony, in the affair.—I am ashamed for the cause! Lydia, Lydia, rise I beseech you!—pay your respects! [*Aside to her.*

Sir Anth. I hope, Madam, that Miss Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her Aunt's choice, and my alliance.—Now, Jack, speak to her. [*Aside to him.*

Abf. What the d—l shall I do! (*Aside.*)—You see, Sir, she won't even look at me, whilst you are here.—I knew she wouldn't!—I told you so—Let me intreat you, Sir, to leave us together!

[*Absolute seems to expostulate with his Father.*

Lydia. (*Aside.*) I wonder I ha'n't heard my Aunt exclaim yet! sure she can't have lock'd at him!—perhaps their regimentals are alike, and she is something blind.

Sir Anth. I say, Sir, I won't stir a foot yet.

Mrs. Mal. I am sorry to say, Sir Anthony, that my affluence over my Niece is very small.—Turn round, Lydia, I blush for you! [*Aside to her.*

Sir Anth. May I not flatter myself, that Miss Languish will assign what cause of dislike she can have to my son!—Why don't you begin, Jack?—Speak, you puppy—speak! [*Aside to him.*

Mrs. Mal. It is impossible, Sir Anthony, she can have any.—She will not say she has.——Answer, huffy! why don't you answer?

[*Aside to her.*

Sir Anth. Then, Madam, I trust that a childish and hasty predilection will be no bar to Jack's happiness.—Z—ds! firrah! why don't you speak? [*Aside to him.*

Lydia. (*Aside.*) I think my lover seems as little inclined

inclined to conversation as myself.—How strangely blind my Aunt must be!

Abs. Hem! hem! Madam—hem! (Absolute attempts to speak, then returns to Sir Anthony)—Faith! Sir, I am so confounded!—and so—so—confused!—I told you I should be so, Sir,—I knew it.—The—the—tremor of my passion entirely takes away my presence of mind.

Sir Anth. But it don't take away your voice, fool, does it?—Go up, and speak to her directly!

[Absolute makes signs to Mrs. Malaprop to leave them together.]

Mrs. Mal. Sir Anthony, shall we leave them together?—Ah! you stubborn little vixen!

[Aside to her.]

Sir Anth. Not yet, Ma'am, not yet!—what the d—l are you at? unlock your jaws, firrah, or—

[Aside to him.]

[ABSOLUTE draws near LYDIA.]

Abs. Now Heav'n send she may be too fullen to look round!—I must disguise my voice. (Aside.)

[Speaks in a low hoarse tone.]

—Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love?—Will not——

Sir Anth. What the d—l ails the fellow?—Why don't you speak out?—not stand croaking like a frog in a quinsy!

Abs. The—the—excess of my awe, and my—my—my modesty, quite choak me!

Sir Anth. Ah! your modesty again!—I'll tell you what, Jack; if you don't speak out directly, and glibly too, I shall be in such a rage!—Mrs. Malaprop, I wish the lady would favour us with something more than a side-front.

[Mrs. Malaprop seems to chide Lydia.]

Abs. So!—all will out, I see!

[Goes up to Lydia, speaks softly.]

Be not surpris'd, my Lydia, suppress all surprise at present.

Lydia. (*Aside.*) Heav'ns! 'tis Beverley's voice!—Sure he can't have imposed on Sir Anthony too!

[*Looks round by degrees, then starts up.*
Is this possible!—my Beverley!—how can this be?—my Beverley?

Abf. Ah! 'tis all over, [*Aside.*

Sir Anth. Beverley!—the devil—Beverley!—What can the girl mean?—This is my son, Jack Absolute.

Mrs. Mal. For shame, huffy! for shame!—your head runs so on that fellow, that you have him always in your eyes!—beg Captain Absolute's pardon, directly.

Lydia. I see no Captain Absolute, but my lov'd Beverley!

Sir Anth. Z—ds! the girl's mad!—her brain's turn'd by reading!

Mrs. Mal. O' my conscience, I believe so!—what do you mean by Beverley, huffy?—You saw Captain Absolute before to-day; there he is—your husband that shall be,

Lydia. With all my soul, Ma'am—when I refuse my Beverley—

Sir Anth. O! she's as mad as Bedlam!—or has this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick!—Come here, sirrah, who the d—l are you?

Abf. Faith, Sir, I am not quite clear myself; but I'll endeavour to recollect.

Sir Anth. Are you my son or not?—answer for your mother, you dog, if you won't for me.

Mrs. Mal. Aye, Sir, who are you? O mercy! I begin to suspect!—

Abf. Ye Powers of Impudence, befriend me! (*aside.*) Sir Anthony, most assuredly I am your wife's son; and that I sincerely believe myself to be *your's* also, I hope my duty has always shewn.—Mrs. Malaprop, I am your most respectful admirer—and shall be proud to add affectionate nephew.

nephew.—I need not tell my Lydia, that she sees her faithful *Beverley*, who, knowing the singular generosity of her temper, assum'd that name, and a station, which has proved a test of the most disinterested love, which he now hopes to enjoy in a more elevated character,

Lydia. So!—there will be no elopement after all!

(*sullenly.*)

Sir Anth. Upon my soul, Jack, thou art a very impudent fellow! to do you justice, I think I never saw a piece of more consummate assurance!

Abf. O, you flatter me, Sir,—you compliment—'tis my *modesty* you know, Sir—my *modesty* that has stood in my way.

Sir Anth. Well, I am glad you are not the dull, insensible varlet you pretended to be, however!—I'm glad you have made a fool of your father, you dog—I am—So this was your *penitence*, your *duty*, and *obedience*!—I thought it was d—n'd sudden!—You never heard their names before, not you!—*What*, The LANGUISHES of Worcesterhire, hey?—*if you could please me in the affair, 'twas all you desired!*—Ah! you dissembling villain!—*What!* (*pointing to Lydia*) *she squints, don't she?*—*a little red-haired girl!*—hey?—Why, you hypocritical young rascal—I wonder you a'n't ashamed to hold up your head!

Abf. 'Tis with difficulty, Sir—I *am* confus'd—very much confus'd, as you must perceive.

Mrs. Mal. O Lud! Sir Anthony!—a new light breaks in upon me!—hey!—how! what! Captain, did you write the letters then?—What!—am I to thank you for the elegant compilation of '*an old weather-beaten she-dragon*'—hey?—O mercy!—was it you that reflected on my parts of speech?

Abf. Dear Sir! my modesty will be over-power'd

power'd at last, if you don't assist me,—I shall certainly not be able to stand it!

Sir Anth. Come, come, Mrs. Malaprop, we must forget and forgive;—odds'life! matters have taken so clever a turn all of a sudden, that I could find in my heart, to be so good-humour'd! and so gallant!—hey! Mrs. Malaprop!

Mrs. Mal. Well, Sir Anthony, since *you* desire it, we will not anticipate the past;—so mind, young people—our retrospection will now be all to the future.

Sir Anth. Come, we must leave them together; Mrs. Malaprop, they long to fly into each other's arms, I warrant!—Jack—is'n't the cheek as I said, hey?—and the eye, you rogue!—and the lip—hey? Come, Mrs. Malaprop, we'll not disturb their tenderness—their's is the time of life for happiness!——“*Youth's the season made for joy*”—(sings)—hey!—Odds'life! I'm in such spirits,—I don't know what I could not do!—Permit me, Ma'am—(gives his hand to Mrs. Malaprop.) (sings) Tol-de-rol—'gad I should like to have a little fooling myself—Tol-de-rol! de-rol! [Exit singing, and banding Mrs. Malaprop.] (Lydia sits sullenly in her chair.)

Abf. So much thought bodes me no good (aside)
—So grave, Lydia!

Lydia. Sir!

Abf. So!—egad! I thought as much!—that d—n'd monosyllable has froze me! (aside)—What, Lydia, now that we are as happy in our friends consent, as in our mutual vows——

Lydia. Friends consent, indeed! (peevishly.)

Abf. Come, come, we must lay aside some of our romance—a little *wealth* and *comfort* may be endured after all. And for your fortune, the lawyers shall make such settlements as——

Lydia. Lawyers! I hate lawyers!

Abf.

Abf. Nay, then, we will not wait for their lingering forms, but instantly procure the licence, and—

Lydia. The licence!—I hate licence!

Abf. O, my Love! be not so unkind!—thus let me intreat—— [Kneeling.

Lydia. Pshaw!—what signifies kneeling, when you know I *must* have you?

Abf. (*Rising*) Nay, Madam, there shall be no constraint upon your inclinations, I promise you.—If I have lost your heart,—I resign the rest.—'Gad, I must try what a little *spirit* will do. (*Aside.*

Lydia. (*Rising*) Then, Sir, let me tell you, the interest you had there was acquired by a mean, unmanly imposition, and deserves the punishment of fraud.—What, you have been treating *me* like a child!—humouring my romance! and laughing, I suppose, at your success!

Abf. You wrong me, Lydia, you wrong me—only hear——

Lydia. So, while I fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flatter'd myself that I should outwit and incense them All—behold my hopes are to be crush'd at once, by my Aunt's consent and approbation—and I am myself the only dupe at last! [*Walking about in a heat.*]—But here, Sir, here is the picture—*Beverley's* picture! (*taking a miniature from her bosom*) which I have worn, night and day, in spite of threats and entreaties!—There, Sir, (*flings it to him*) and be assured I throw the original from my heart as easily.

Abf. Nay, nay, Ma'am, we will not differ as to that—Here, (*taking out a picture*) here is Miss Lydia Languish.—What a difference!—aye, *there* is the heav'nly assenting smile, that first gave soul and spirit to my hopes!—those are the lips which seal'd a vow, as yet scarce dry in Cupid's calendar!—and there the half-resentful blush, that *would* have check'd the ardour of my thanks—Well, all that's past!—all over indeed!—There, Madam—

in

in beauty, that copy is not equal to you, but in my mind it's merit over the original, in being still the same, is such—that—I cannot find in my heart to part with it. *[Puts it up again.]*

Lydia. (Softening) 'Tis your own doing, Sir—I, I, I suppose you are perfectly satisfied.

Abf. O, most certainly—sure, now, this is much better than being in love!—ha! ha! ha!—there's some spirit in *this!*—What signifies breaking some scores of solemn promises:—all that's of no consequence you know.—To be sure people will say, that Miss didn't know her own mind—but never mind that:—or, perhaps, they may be ill-natured enough to hint, that the gentleman grew tired of the lady and forsook her—but don't let that fret you.

Lydia. There's no bearing his insolence.

[Bursts into tears.]

Enter MRS. MALAPROP and SIR ANTHONY.

Mrs. Mal. (Entering) Come, we must interrupt your billing and cooing a while.

Lydia. This is worse than your treachery and deceit, you base ingrate. *[Sobbing.]*

Sir Anth. What the devil's the matter now!—Z—ds! Mrs. Malaprop, this is the *oddest billing* and *cooing* I ever heard!—but what the deuce is the meaning of it?—I'm quite astonish'd!

Abf. Ask the lady, Sir.

Mrs. Mal. O, mercy!—I'm quite analys'd for my part!—why, Lydia, what is the reason of this?

Lydia. Ask the gentleman, Ma'am.

Sir Anth. Z—ds! I shall be in a phrenzy!—why, Jack, you are not come out to be any one else, are you?

Mrs. Mal. Aye, Sir, there's no more trick, is there?—you are not like Cerberus, *three* Gentlemen at once, are you?

Abf. You'll not let me speak—I say the lady can account for this much better than I can.

Lydia. Ma'am, you once commanded me never to think of Beverley again—there is the man—I now obey you:—for, from this moment, I renounce him for ever. *Exit Lydia.*

Mrs. Mal. O mercy! and miracles! what a turn here is—why sure, Captain, you haven't behaved disrespectfully to my Niece.

Sir Anth. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—now I see it—Ha! ha! ha!—now I see it—you have been too lively, Jack.

Abs. Nay, Sir, upon my word—

Sir Anth. Come, no lying, Jack—I'm sure 'twas so.

Mrs. Mal. O Lud! Sir Anthony!—O fie, Captain!

Abs. Upon my soul, Ma'am—

Sir Anth. Come, no excuses, Jack;—why, your father, you rogue, was so before you:—the blood of the Absolutes was always impatient.—Ha! ha! ha! poor little Lydia!—why, you've frighten'd her, you dog, you have.

Abs. By all that's good, Sir—

Sir Anth. Z—ds! say no more, I tell you—Mrs. Malaprop shall make your peace.—You must make his peace, Mrs. Malaprop:—you must tell her 'tis Jack's way—tell her 'tis all our ways—it runs in the blood of our family!—Come, away, Jack,—ha! ha! ha! Mrs. Malaprop—a young villain!

[*Pushes him out.*]

Mrs. Mal. O! Sir Anthony!—O fie, Captain!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E IV.

The North Parade.

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir Luc. I wonder where this Capt. Absolute hides himself.—Upon my conscience!—these officers are always in one's way in love affairs:—I

L

remem-

remember I might have married Lady Dorothy Carmine, if it had not been for a little rogue of a Major, who ran away with her before she could get a sight of me!—And I wonder too what it is the ladies can see in them to be so fond of them—unless it be a touch of the old serpent in 'em, that makes the little creatures be caught, like vipers, with a bit of red cloth.—Hah!—isn't this the Captain coming?—faith it is!—There is a probability of succeeding about that fellow, that is mighty provoking! Who the devil is he talking to? [Steps aside.]

Enter CAPT. ABSOLUTE.

Abs. To what fine purpose I have been plotting! a noble reward for all my schemes, upon my soul!—a little gypsey!—I did not think her romance could have made her so d—n'd absurd either.—S'death, I never was in a worse humour in my life!—I could cut my own throat, or any other person's, with the greatest pleasure in the world!

Sir Luc. O, faith! I'm in the luck of it.—I never could have found him in a sweeter temper for my purpose—to be sure I'm just come in the nick! now to enter into conversation with him, and so quarrel genteelly.

[Sir Lucius goes up to Absolute.]

—With regard to that matter, Captain, I must beg leave to differ in opinion with you.

Abs. Upon my word, then, you must be a very subtle disputant:—because, Sir, I happen'd just then to be giving no opinion at all.

Sir Luc. That's no reason—For give me leave to tell you, a man may *think* an untruth as well as speak one.

Abs.

Abf. Very true, Sir, but if a man never utters his thoughts, I should think they might stand a chance of escaping controversy.

Sir Luc. Then, Sir, you differ in opinion with me, which amounts to the same thing.

Abf. Hark'ee, Sir Lucius,—if I had not before known you to be a gentleman, upon my soul, I should not have discovered it at this interview:—for what you can drive at, unless you mean to quarrel with me, I cannot conceive!

Sir Luc. I humbly thank you, Sir, for the quickness of your apprehension, [*Bowing.*]
—you have nam'd the very thing I would be at.

Abf. Very well, Sir—I shall certainly not baulk your inclinations:—but I should be glad you would please to explain your motives.

Sir Luc. Pray, Sir, be easy—the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands—we should only spoil it, by trying to explain it.—However, your memory is very short—or you could not have forgot an affront you pass'd on me within this week.—So, no more, but name your time and place.

Abf. Well, Sir, since you are so bent on it, the sooner the better;—let it be this evening—here by the Spring' Gardens.—We shall scarcely be interrupted.

Sir Luc. Faith! that same interruption in affairs of this nature shews very great ill breeding.—I don't know what's the reason, but in England, if a thing of this kind gets wind, people make such a pother, that a gentleman can never fight in peace and quietness.—However, if it's the same to you, Captain, I should take it as a particular kindness, if you'd let us meet in King's-Mead Fields, as a little business will call me there about six o'clock, and I may dispatch both matters at once.

Abf. 'Tis the same to me exactly.—A little after six, then, we will discuss this matter more seriously.

Sir Luc. If you please, Sir, there will be very pretty small-sword light, tho' it wo'n't do for a long shot.—So that matter's settled! and my mind's at ease. [Exit Sir Lucius.]

Enter FAULKLAND, meeting ABSOLUTE.

Abf. Well met.—I was going to look for you.—O, Faulkland! all the Dæmons of spite and disappointment have conspired against me! I'm so vex'd, that if I had not the prospect of a resource in being knock'd o'the head by and bye, I should scarce have spirits to tell you the cause.

Faulk. What can you mean?—Has Lydia chang'd her mind?—I should have thought her duty and inclination would now have pointed to the same object.

Abf. Aye, just as the eyes do of a person who squints:—when her love eye was fix'd on me—t'other—her eye of duty, was finely obliqued:—but when duty bid her point that the same way—off t'other turn'd on a swivel, and secured its retreat with a frown!

Faulk. But what's the resource you—

Abf. O, to wind up the whole, a good-natured Irishman here has (*mimicking* Sir Lucius) begg'd leave to have the pleasure of cutting my throat—and I mean to indulge him—that's all.

Faulk. Prithee, be serious.

Abf. 'Tis fact, upon my soul.—Sir Lucius O'Trigger—you know him by sight—for some affront, which I am sure I never intended, has obliged me to meet him this evening at six o'clock:—'tis on that account I wished to see you—you must go with me.

Faulk. Nay, there must be some mistake, sure.—Sir Lucius shall explain himself—and I dare say matters

matters may be accommodated:—but this evening, did you say?—I wish it had been any other time.

Abs. Why?—there will be light enough:—there will (as Sir Lucius says) “be very pretty small-sword light, tho’ it will not do for a long shot.”—Confound his long shots!

Faulk. But I am myself a good deal ruffled, by a difference I have had with Julia—my vile tormenting temper has made me treat her so cruelly, that I shall not be myself till we are reconciled.

Abs. By Heav’ns, Faulkland, you don’t deserve her.

Enter Servant, gives FAULKLAND a letter.

Faulk. O Jack! this is from Julia—I dread to open it—I fear it may be to take a last leave—perhaps to bid me return her letters—and restore———O! how I suffer for my folly!

Abs. Here—let me see.

[Takes the letter and opens it.

Aye, a final sentence, indeed!—’tis all over with you, faith!

Faulk. Nay, Jack—don’t keep me in suspense.

Abs. Hear then.—“*As I am convinced that my dear Faulkland’s own reflections have already upbraided him for his last unkindness to me, I will not add a word on the subject.—I wish to speak with you as soon as possible.—Yours ever and truly. Julia.*”——There’s stubbornness and resentment for you!

[Gives him the letter.

Why, man, you don’t seem one whit the happier at this.

Faulk. O, yes, I am—but—but——

Abs. Confound your *buts*.—You never hear any thing that would make another man bless himself, but you immediately d—n it with a *but*.

Faulk. Now, Jack, as you are my friend, **own** honestly—don't you think there is something **for-**ward—something indelicate in this haste to **for-**give?—Women should never sue for reconcilia-
tion:—that should always come from us.—**They** should retain their coldness till *woo'd* to kindness—and their *pardon*, like their *love*, should “**not** “**unsought** be won.”

Abs. I have not patience to listen to you:—**thou'rt** incorrigible!—so say no more on the sub-
ject.—I must go to settle a few matters—let me
see you before six—remember—at my lodgings.—
—A poor industrious devil like me, who have
toil'd, and drudg'd, and plotted to gain my ends,
and am at last disappointed by other people's
folly—may in pity be allowed to swear and
grumble a little;—but a captious sceptic in
love,—a slave to fretfulness and whim—who has
no difficulties but of his own creating—is a sub-
ject more fit for ridicule than compassion!

[*Exit* Absolute.

Faulk. I feel his reproaches:—yet I would not
change this too exquisite nicety, for the gross con-
tent with which *he* tramples on the thorns of love,
—His engaging me in this duel, has started an
idea in my head, which I will instantly pursue.—
I'll use it as the touchstone of Julia's sincerity
and disinterestedness—if her love prove pure and
sterling ore—my name will rest on it with honour!
—and once I've stamp'd it there, I lay aside my
doubts for ever:—but if the dross of selfishness,
the alloy of pride predominate—'twill be best to
leave her as a toy for some less cautious fool to
figh for.

[*Exit* Faulkland.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

*JULIA'S Dressing-Room.**JULIA, sola.*

HOW this message has alarmed me! what dreadful accident can he mean? why such charge to be alone?—O Faulkland!—how many unhappy moments!—how many tears have you cost me!

Enter FAULKLAND.

Julia. What means this?—why this caution, Faulkland?

Faulk. Alas! Julia, I am come to take a long farewell.

Julia. Heav'ns! what do you mean?

Faulk. You see before you a wretch, whose life is forfeited.—Nay, start not!—the infirmity of my temper has drawn all this misery on me.—I left you fretful and passionate—an untoward accident drew me into a quarrel—the event is, that I must fly this kingdom instantly.—O Julia, had I been so fortunate as to have call'd you mine entirely, before this mischance had fallen on me, I should not so deeply dread my banishment!—

Julia. My soul is oppress'd with sorrow at the nature of your misfortune: had these adverse circumstances

cumstances arisen from a less fatal cause, I should have felt strong comfort in the thought that I could now chase from your bosom every doubt of the warm sincerity of my love.—My heart has long known no other guardian—I now intrust my person to your honour—we will fly together.—When safe from pursuit, my Father's will may be fulfilled—and I receive a legal claim to be the partner of your sorrows, and tenderest comforter. Then on the bosom of your wedded Julia, you may lull your keen regret to slumbering; while virtuous love, with a Cherub's hand, shall smooth the brow of upbraiding thought, and pluck the thorn from compunction.

Faulk. O Julia! I am bankrupt in gratitude! but the time is so pressing, it calls on you for so hasty a resolution.—Would you not wish some hours to weigh the advantages you forego, and what little compensation poor Faulkland can make you beside his solitary love?

Julia. I ask not a moment.—No, Faulkland, I have lov'd you for yourself: and if I now, more than ever, prize the solemn engagement which so long has pledged us to each other, it is because it leaves no room for hard aspersions on my fame, and puts the seal of duty to an act of love.—But let us not linger.—Perhaps this delay——

Faulk. 'Twill be better I should not venture out again till dark.—Yet am I griev'd to think what numberless distresses will press heavy on your gentle disposition!

Julia. Perhaps your fortune may be forfeited by this unhappy act.—I know not whether 'tis so—but sure that alone can never make us unhappy.—The little I have will be sufficient to support us; and exile never should be splendid.

Faulk. Aye, but in such an abject state of life, my wounded pride perhaps may increase the natural

tural fretfulness of my temper, till I become a rude, morose companion, beyond your patience to endure. Perhaps the recollection of a deed my conscience cannot justify, may haunt me in such gloomy and unsocial fits, that I shall hate the tenderness that would relieve me, break from your arms, and quarrel with your fondness!

Julia. If your thoughts should assume so unhappy a bent, you will the more want some mild and affectionate spirit to watch over and console you:—One who, by bearing *your* infirmities with gentleness and resignation, may teach you *so* to bear the evils of your fortune.

Faulk. Julia, I have proved you to the quick! and with this useless device I throw away all my doubts. How shall I plead to be forgiven this last unworthy effect of my restless, unsatisfied disposition?

Julia. Has no such disaster happened as you related?

Faulk. I am ashamed to own that it was all pretended; yet in pity, Julia, do not kill me with resenting a fault which never can be repeated: But sealing, this once, my pardon, let me to-morrow, in the face of Heaven, receive my future guide and monitors, and expiate my past folly, by years of tender adoration.

Julia. Hold, Faulkland!—that you are free from a crime, which I before fear'd to name, Heaven knows how sincerely I rejoice!—These are tears of thankfulness for that! But that your cruel doubts should have urged you to an imposition that has wrung my heart, gives me now a pang, more keen than I can express!

Faulk. By Heav'ns! Julia——

Julia. Yet hear me.——My Father lov'd you, Faulkland! and you preserv'd the life that tender parent gave me; in his presence I pledged

M

my

my hand—joyfully pledged it—where before I had given my heart. When, soon after, I lost that parent, it seem'd to me that Providence had, in Faulkland, shewn me whither to transfer, without a pause, my grateful duty, as well as my affection: Hence I have been content to bear from you what pride and delicacy would have forbid me from another.—I will not upbraid you, by repeating how you have trifled with my sincerity.—

Faulk. I confess it all! yet hear——

Julia. After such a year of trial—I might have flattered myself that I should not have been insulted with a new probation of my sincerity, as cruel as unnecessary! I now see it is not in your nature to be content, or confident in love. With this conviction—I never will be yours. While I had hopes that my persevering attention, and un-reproaching kindness might in time reform your temper, I should have been happy to have gain'd a dearer influence over you; but I will not furnish you with a licensed power to keep alive an incorrigible fault, at the expence of one who never would contend with you.

Faulk. Nay, but Julia, by my soul and honour, if after this——

Julia. But one word more.—As my faith has once been given to you, I never will barter it with another.—I shall pray for your happiness with the truest sincerity; and the dearest blessing I can ask of Heaven to send you, will be to charm you from that unhappy temper, which alone has prevented the performance of our solemn engagement.—All I request of *you* is, that you will yourself reflect upon this infirmity, and when you number up the many true delights it has deprived you of—let it not be your *least* regret, that it lost you the love of one—who would have follow'd you in beggary through the world!

[Exit.
Faulk.

Faulk. She's gone!—for ever!—There was an awful resolution in her manner, that riveted me to my place—O Fool!—Dolt!—Barbarian!—Curst as I am, with more imperfections than my fellow-wretches, kind Fortune sent a heaven-gifted cherub to my aid, and, like a ruffian, I have driven her from my side!—I must now haste to my appointment.—Well, my mind is tuned for such a scene.—I shall wish only to become a principal in it, and reverse the tale my cursed folly put me upon forging here.—O Love!—Tormentor!—Fiend!—whose influence, like the Moon's, acting on men of dull souls, makes idiots of them, but meeting subtler spirits, betrays their course, and urges sensibility to madness! [Exit.

Enter MAID and LYDIA.

Maid. My Mistress, Ma'am, I know, was here just now—perhaps she is only in the next room.

[Exit Maid.

Lydia. Heigh ho!—Though he has used me so, this fellow runs strangely in my head. I believe one lecture from my grave Cousin will make me recal him.

Enter JULIA.

Lydia. O, Julia, I am come to you with such an appetite for consolation.—Lud! Child, what's the matter with you?—You have been crying!—I'll be hanged, if that Faulkland has not been tormenting you!

Julia. You mistake the cause of my uneasiness!—Something *has* flurried me a little.—Nothing that you can guess at.—I would not accuse Faulkland to a Sister! (Aside.

Lydia. Ah! whatever vexations you may have,

M 2

I can

I can assure you mine surpasses them.—You know who Beverley proves to be?

Julia. I will now own to you, Lydia, that Mr. Faulkland had before inform'd me of the whole affair. Had young Absolute been the person you took him for, I should not have accepted your confidence on the subject, without a serious endeavour to counteract your caprice.

Lydia. So, then, I see I have been deceived by every one!—but I don't care—I'll never have him.

Julia. Nay, Lydia——

Lydia. Why, is it not provoking? when I thought we were coming to the prettiest distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield bargain of at last——There, had I projected one of the most sentimental elopements!—so becoming a disguise!—so amiable a ladder of Ropes!—Conscious Moon—four horses—Scotch parson—with such surprise to Mrs. Malaprop—and such paragraphs in the News-papers!——O, I shall die with disappointment.

Julia. I don't wonder at it!

Lydia. Now—sad reverse!—what have I to expect, but, after a deal of flimsy preparation with a bishop's licence, and my Aunt's blessing, to go simpering up to the Altar; or perhaps be cried three times in a country-church, and have an unmannerly fat clerk ask the consent of every butcher in the parish to join John Absolute and Lydia Languish, Spinster! O, that I should live to hear myself called Spinster!

Julia. Melancholy, indeed!

Lydia. How mortifying, to remember the dear delicious shifts I used to be put to, to gain half a minute's conversation with this fellow!——How often have I stole forth, in the coldest night in January, and found him in the garden, stuck like

a dripping statue!—There would he kneel to me in the snow, and sneeze and cough so pathetically! he shivering with cold and I with apprehension! and while the freezing blast numb'd our joints, how warmly would he press me to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardour!—Ah, Julia, that was something like being in love.

Julia. If I were in spirits, Lydia, I should chide you only by laughing heartily at you; but it suits more the situation of my mind, at present, earnestly to entreat you, not to let a man, who loves you with sincerity, suffer that unhappiness from your caprice, which I know too well caprice can inflict.

Lydia. O Lud! what has brought my Aunt here?

Enter Mrs. MALAPROP, FAG, and DAVID.

Mrs. Mal. So! so! here's fine work!—here's fine suicide, paracide, and simulation going on in the fields! and Sir Anthony not to be found to prevent the antistrophe!

Julia. For Heaven's sake, Madam, what's the meaning of this?

Mrs. Mal. That gentleman can tell you—'twas he enveloped the affair to me.

Lydia. Do, Sir, will you, inform us. (*To Fag.*)

Fag. Ma'am, I should hold myself very deficient in every requisite that forms the man of breeding, if I delayed a moment to give all the information in my power to a lady so deeply interested in the affair as you are.

Lydia. But quick! quick, Sir!

Fag. True, Ma'am, as you say, one should be quick in divulging matters of this nature; for should we be tedious, perhaps while we are flourishing on the subject, two or three lives may be lost!

Lydia.

Lydia. O patience!—Do, Ma'am, for Heaven's sake! tell us what is the matter?

Mrs. Mal. Why! murder's the matter! slaughter's the matter! killing's the matter!—but he can tell you the perpendiculars.

Lydia. Then, prithee, Sir, be brief.

Fag. Why then, Ma'am, as to murder—I cannot take upon me to say—and as to slaughter, or manslaughter, that will be as the Jury finds it.

Lydia. But who, Sir—who are engaged in this?

Fag. Faith, Ma'am, one is a young gentleman whom I should be very sorry any thing was to happen to—a very pretty behaved gentleman!—We have lived much together, and always on terms.

Lydia. But who is this? who! who! who!

Fag. My Master, Ma'am—my Master—I speak of my Master.

Lydia. Heavens! What, Captain Absolute!

Mrs. Mal. O, to be sure, you are frightened now!

Julia. But who are with him, Sir?

Fag. As to the rest, Ma'am, this gentleman can inform you better than I.

Julia. Do speak, friend. (To David.)

David. Look'ee, my Lady—by the Mass! there's mischief going on. Folks don't use to meet for amusement with fire-arms, firelocks, fire-engines, fire-screens, fire-office, and the devil knows what other crackers beside!—This, my Lady, I say, has an angry favour.

Julia. But who is there beside Captain Absolute, friend?

David. My poor Master—under favour for mentioning him first.—You know me, my Lady—I am David—and my Master of course is, or *was*, Squire Acres.—Then comes Squire Faulkland.

Julia. Do, Ma'am, let us instantly endeavour to prevent mischief.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mal. O fie—it would be very enelegant in us:—we should only participate things.

David. Ah! do, Mrs. Aunt, save a few lives—they are desperately given, believe me.—Above all, there is that blood-thirsty Philistine, Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Mrs. Mal. Sir Lucius O'Trigger!—O mercy! have they drawn poor little dear Sir Lucius into the scrape?—Why, how you stand, girl! you have no more feeling than one of the Derbyshire Putrefactions!

Lydia. What are we to do, Madam?

Mrs. Mal. Why fly with the utmost felicity, to be sure, to prevent mischief!—here, friend—you can shew us the place?

Fag. If you please, Ma'am, I will conduct you.—David, do you look for Sir Anthony.

[*Exit David.*

Mrs. Mal. Come, girls!—this gentleman will exhort us.—Come, Sir, you're our envoy—lead the way, and we'll precede.

Fag. Not a step before the ladies for the world!

Mrs. Mal. You're sure you know the spot.

Fag. I think I can find it, Ma'am; and one good thing is, we shall hear the report of the pistols as we draw near, so we can't well miss them;—never fear, Ma'am, never fear.

[*Exit, he talking.*

S C E N E II.

South-Parade.

Enter ABSOLUTE, putting his sword under his great coat.

Abf. A sword seen in the streets of Bath would raise as great an alarm as a mad-dog.—How provoking this is in Faulkland!—never punctual! I shall

shall be obliged to go without him at last.—O, the devil! here's Sir Anthony!—how shall I escape him?

[Muffles up his face, and takes a circle to go off.]

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir Anth. How one may be deceived at a little distance! only that I see he don't know me, I could have sworn that was Jack!—Hey!—Gad's life! it is.—Why, Jack,—what are you afraid of? hey!—sure I'm right.—Why, Jack—Jack Absolute!

[Goes up to him.]

Abf. Really, Sir, you have the advantage of me:—I don't remember ever to have had the honour—my name is Saunderfon, at your service.

Sir Anth. Sir, I beg your pardon—I took you—hey!—why z—ds! it is—Stay——

[Looks up to his face.]

So, so—your humble servant, Mr. Saunderfon!—Why, you scoundrel, what tricks are you after now?

Abf. O! a joke, Sir, a joke!—I came here on purpose to look for you, Sir.

Sir Anth. You did! well, I am glad you were so lucky:—but what are you muffled up so for?—what's this for?—hey?

Abf. 'Tis cool, Sir; isn't it?—rather chilly somehow:—but I shall be late—I have a particular engagement.

Sir Anth. Stay.—Why, I thought you were looking for me?—Pray, Jack, where is't you are going?

Abf. Going, Sir!

Sir Anth. Aye—where are you going?

Abf. Where am I going?

Sir Anth. You unmannerly puppy!

Abf.

Abs. I was going, Sir, to—to—to—to Lydia—
Sir, to Lydia—to make matters up if I could;—
and I was looking for you, Sir, to—to——

Sir Anth. To go with you, I suppose—Well
come along.

Abs. O! z—ds! no, Sir, not for the world!
—I wish'd to meet with you, Sir,—to—to—to
—— You find it cool, I'm sure, Sir—you'd
better not stay out.

Sir Anth. Cool!—not at all—Well, Jack—and
what will you say to Lydia?

Abs. O, Sir, beg her pardon, humour her—
promise and vow:—but I detain you, Sir—confi-
der the cold air on your gout.

Sir Anth. O, not at all!—not at all!—I'm in
no hurry.—Ah! Jack, you youngsters when once
you are wounded here.

[*Putting his hand to Absolute's breast.*
Hey! what the deuce have you got here?

Abs. Nothing, Sir—nothing.

Sir Anth. What's this?—here's something d—d
hard.

Abs. O, trinkets, Sir! trinkets—a bauble for
Lydia!

Sir Anth. Nay, let me see your taste.

[*Pulls his coat open, the sword falls.*
Trinkets!—a bauble for Lydia!—z—ds! firrah,
you are not going to cut her throat, are you?

Abs. Ha! ha! ha!—I thought it would divert
you, Sir, tho' I didn't mean to tell you till after-
wards.

Sir Anth. You didn't?—Yes, this is a very
diverting trinket, truly.

Abs. Sir, I'll explain to you.—You know, Sir,
Lydia is romantic—dev'lish romantic, and very
absurd of course:—now, Sir, I intend, if she re-
fuses to forgive me—to unsheath this sword—and
swear—I'll fall upon its point, and expire at her
feet!

Sir Anth. Fall upon a fiddle-stick's end!—why, I suppose it is the very thing that would please her—Get along, you fool.—

Abf. Well, Sir, you shall hear of my success—you shall hear.—“O, Lydia!—forgive me, or this pointed steel”—says I.

Sir Anth. “O, booby! stab away, and welcome”—says she—Get along!—and d—n your trinkets!
[Exit Absolute.]

Enter DAVID, running.

David. Stop him! stop him! Murder! Thief! Fire!—Stop fire! Stop fire!—O! Sir Anthony—call! call! bid 'm stop! Murder! Fire!

Sir Anth. Fire! Murder! where?

David. Oons! he's out of fight! and I'm out of breath! for my part! O, Sir Anthony, why didn't you stop him? why did'nt you stop him?

Sir Anth. Z—ds! the fellow's mad!—Stop whom? stop Jack?

David. Ay, the Captain, Sir!—there's murder and slaughter.—

Sir Anth. Murder!

David. Aye, please you, Sir Anthony, there's all kinds of murder, all sorts of slaughter to be seen in the fields: there's fighting going on, Sir—bloody sword-and-gun fighting!

Sir Anth. Who are going to fight, Duncé?

David. Every body that I know of, Sir Anthony:—every body is going to fight, my poor Master, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, your son, the Captain.—

Sir Anth. O, the dog!—I see his tricks:—do you know the place?

David. King's-Mead-Fields.

Sir Anth. You know the way?

David. Not an inch;—but I'll call the Mayor
—Alder-

— Aldermen — Constables — Church-wardens — and Beadles—we can't be too many to part them.

Sir Antb. Come along—give me your shoulder! we'll get assistance as we go—the lying villain! —Well, I shall be in such a phrenzy—So—this was the history of his trinkets! I'll bauble him!

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

King's Mead-Fields.

SIR LUCIUS and ACRES, *with Pistols.*

Acres. By my valour! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance—Odds levels and aims! —I say it is a good distance.

Sir Luc. Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me.—Stay now—I'll shew you.

[*Measures paces along the stage.*

there now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Z—ds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir Luc. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius—but I should think forty or eight and thirty yards——

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no!—by my valour! there is no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot: —a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir Luc. Well—the gentleman's friend and I must settle that.—But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you!

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand——

Sir Luc. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a Quietus with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A Quietus!

Sir Luc. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you chuse to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odd's tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Luc. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Luc. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing.—Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds flies!—I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius—there [Puts himself in an attitude. —a side-front, hey?—Odd! I'll make myself small enough:—I'll stand edge-ways.

Sir Luc. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim— [Levelling at him.

Acres. Z—ds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cock'd?

Sir Luc. Never fear.

Acres. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Sir Luc. Pho! be easy—Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance—for
if

if it misses a vital part of your right side—'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acres. A vital part!

Sir Luc. But, there—fix yourself so—

[*Placing him.*

let him see the broad-side of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean thro' your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acres. Clean thro' me!—a ball or two clean thro' me!

Sir Luc. Aye—may they—and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Look'ee! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an aukward posture as a genteel one—so, by my valour! I will stand edge-ways.

Sir Luc. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure they don't mean to disappoint us—Hah!—no faith—I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey!—what!—coming!—

Sir Luc. Aye—Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them, indeed!—well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius!—we—we—we—we—won't run.—

Sir Luc. Run!

Acres. No—I say—we *won't* run, by my valour!

Sir Luc. What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I-I-I don't feel quite so bold, somehow—as I did.

Sir Luc. O fie!—consider your honour.

Acres. Aye—true—my honour—Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honour.

Sir Luc. Well, here they're coming. [*Looking.*

Acres. Sir Lucius—if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid—if my valour should leave me!—Valour will come and go.

Sir

Sir Luc. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes—my valour is certainly going!—it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

Sir Luc. Your honour—your honour.—Here they are:

Acres. O mercy!—now—that I was safe at *Clod-Hall!* or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter FAULKLAND and ABSOLUTE.

Sir Lucius. Gentlemen, your most obedient—Hah!—what Captain Absolute!—So, I suppose, Sir, you are come here, just like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account.

Acres. What, Jack!—my dear Jack!—my dear friend!

Abf. Hark'ee, Bob, *Beverley's* at hand.

Sir Luc. Well, Mr. Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly.—So, Mr. Beverley, (*to Faulkland*) if you'll chuse your weapons, the Captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulk. My weapons, Sir.

Acres. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends.

Sir Luc. What, Sir, did not you come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulk. Not I, upon my word, Sir.

Sir Luc. Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game—you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

Abf. O pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

I

Faulk.

Faulk. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter.

Acres. No, no, Mr. Faulkland—I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian—Look'ee, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir Luc. Observe me, Mr. Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody—and you came here to fight him—Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him—I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres. Why no—Sir Lucius—I tell you, 'tis one Beverley I've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not shew his face? If *he* were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!—

Abf. Hold, Bob—let me set you right—there is no such man as *Beverley* in the case.—The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

Sir Luc. Well, this is lucky—Now you have an opportunity—

Acres. What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute—not if he were fifty Beverleys! Z—ds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me be so unnatural.

Sir Luc. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valour has oozed away with a vengeance!

Acres. Not in the least! Odds Backs and Abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart—and if you should get a *Quietus*, you may command me entirely. I'll get you *snug lying* in the *Abbey here*; or *pickle* you, and send you over to Blunderbush-hall, or any thing of the kind with the greatest pleasure.

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres.

Acres. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a *Coward*; Coward was the word, by my valour!

Sir Luc. Well, Sir?

Acres. Look'ee, Sir Lucius, 't isn't that I mind the word Coward—*Coward* may be said in joke—But if you had call'd me a *Poltroon*, Odds Daggers and Balls——

Sir Luc. Well, Sir?

Acres. —— I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir Luc. Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Abf. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend, Acres—He is a most *determined dog*—call'd in the country, *Fighting Bob*.—He generally *kills a man a week*; don't you, Bob?

Acres. Aye—at home!—

Sir Luc. Well then, Captain, 'tis we must begin—so come out, my little counsellor,

[*draws his sword.*

and ask the gentleman, whether he will resign the lady, without forcing you to proceed against him?

Abf. Come on then, Sir (*draws*); since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's my reply.

Enter SIR ANTHONY, DAVID, and the Women.

David. Knock 'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony, knock down my Master in particular—and bind his hands over to their good behaviour!

Sir Anth. Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a phrenzy—how came you in a duel, Sir?

Abf. Faith, Sir, that gentleman can tell you better than I; 'twas he call'd on me, and you know, Sir, I serve his Majesty.

Sir Anth. Here's a pretty fellow! I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me, he serves his Majesty!—Zounds! firrah, then how durst you draw the King's sword against one of his subjects?

Abf.

Abf. Sir, I tell you! That gentleman call'd me out, without explaining his reasons.

Sir Anth. Gad! Sir, how came you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons?

Sir Luc. Your son, Sir, insulted me in a manner which my honour could not brook.

Sir Anth. Zounds! Jack, how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honour could not brook?

Mrs. Mal. Come, come, let's have no Honour before ladies—Captain Absolute, come here—How could you intimidate us so?—Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

Abf. For fear I should be kill'd, or escape, Ma'am?

Mrs. Mal. Nay, no delusions to the past—Lydia is convinc'd; speak, child.

Sir Luc. With your leave, Ma'am, I must put in a word here—I believe I could interpret the young Lady's silence—Now mark—

Lydia. What is it you mean, Sir?

Sir Luc. Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now—this is no time for trifling.

Lydia. 'Tis true, Sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

Abf. O! my little angel, say you so?—Sir Lucius—I perceive there must be some mistake here—with regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you. I can only say, that it could not have been intentional.—And as you must be convinced, that I should not fear to support a real injury—you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency—I ask your pardon.—But for this lady, while honour'd with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

Sir Anth. Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, my Boy.

Acres. Mind, I give up all my claim—I make no pretensions to any thing in the world—and if I can't get a wife, without fighting for her, by my valour! I'll live a bachelor.

Sir Luc. Captain, give me your hand—an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation—and as for the Lady—if she chuses to deny her own hand-writing here—

[*Takes out letters.*

Mrs. Mal. O, he will dissolve my mystery!—Sir Lucius, perhaps there's some mistake—perhaps I can illuminate—

Sir Luc. Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere where you have no business.—Miss Languish, are you my Delia, or not?

Lydia. Indeed, Sir Lucius, I am not,

[*Lydia and Absolute walk aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Sir Lucius O'Trigger—ungrateful as you are—I own the soft impeachment—pardon my blushes, I am Delia:

Sir Luc. You Delia—pho! pho! be easy.

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou barbarous Vandyke—those letters are mine—When you are more sensible of my benignity—perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addressess.

Sir Luc. Mrs. Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension; and whether you or Lucy have put this trick upon me, I am equally beholden to you.—And, to shew you I am not ungrateful, Captain Absolute! since you have taken that lady from me, I'll give you my Delia into the bargain.

Abj. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but here's my friend, fighting Bob, unprovided for.

Sir Luc. Hah! little Valour—here, will you make your fortune?

Acres. Odds Wrinkles! No.—But give me your
hand,

hand, Sir Lucius, forget and forgive ; but if ever I give you a chance of *pickling* me again, say Bob Acres is a Dunce, that's all.

Sir Anth. Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down—you are in your bloom yet.

Mrs. Mal. O Sir Anthony!—men are all barbarians— [All retire but Julia and Faulkland.

Julia. He seems dejected and unhappy—not fullen—there was some foundation, however, for the tale he told me—O woman! how true should be your judgment, when your resolution is so weak!

Faulk. Julia!—how can I sue for what I so little deserve? I dare not presume—yet Hope is the Child of Penitence.

Julia. Oh! Faulkland, you have not been more faulty in your unkind treatment of me, than I am now in wanting inclination to resent it. As my heart honestly bids me place my weakness to the account of love, I should be ungenerous not to admit the same plea for your's.

Faulk. Now I shall be blest indeed!—

[Sir Anthony comes forward.

Sir Anth. What's going on here?—So you have been quarrelling too, I warrant.—Come, Julia, I never interfered before ; but let me have a hand in the matter at last.—All the faults I have ever seen in my friend Faulkland, seemed to proceed from what he calls the *delicacy* and *warmth* of his affection for you—There, marry him directly, Julia, you'll find he'll mend surprisingly! [The rest come forward.

Sir Luc. Come now, I hope there is no dissatisfied person, but what is content ; for as I have been disappointed myself, it will be very hard if I have not the satisfaction of seeing other people succeed better—

Acres. You are right, Sir Lucius.—So, Jack, I wish

wish you joy—Mr. Faulkland the same.—Ladies, —come now, to shew you I'm neither vex'd nor angry, Odds Tabors and Pipes! I'll order the fiddles in half an hour, to the New Rooms—and I insist on your all meeting me there.

Sir Anth. Gad! Sir, I like your spirit; and at night we single lads will drink a health to the young couples, and a husband to Mrs. Malaprop.

Faulk. Our partners are stolen from us, Jack—I hope to be congratulated by each other—*yours* for having checked in time, the errors of an ill directed imagination, which might have betrayed an innocent heart; and *mine*, for having, by her gentleness and candour, reformed the unhappy temper of one, who by it made wretched whom he loved most, and tortured the heart he ought to have ador'd.

Abf. Well, Jack, we have both tasted the Bitters, as well as the Sweets, of Love—with this difference only, that *you* always prepared the bitter cup for yourself, while *I*——

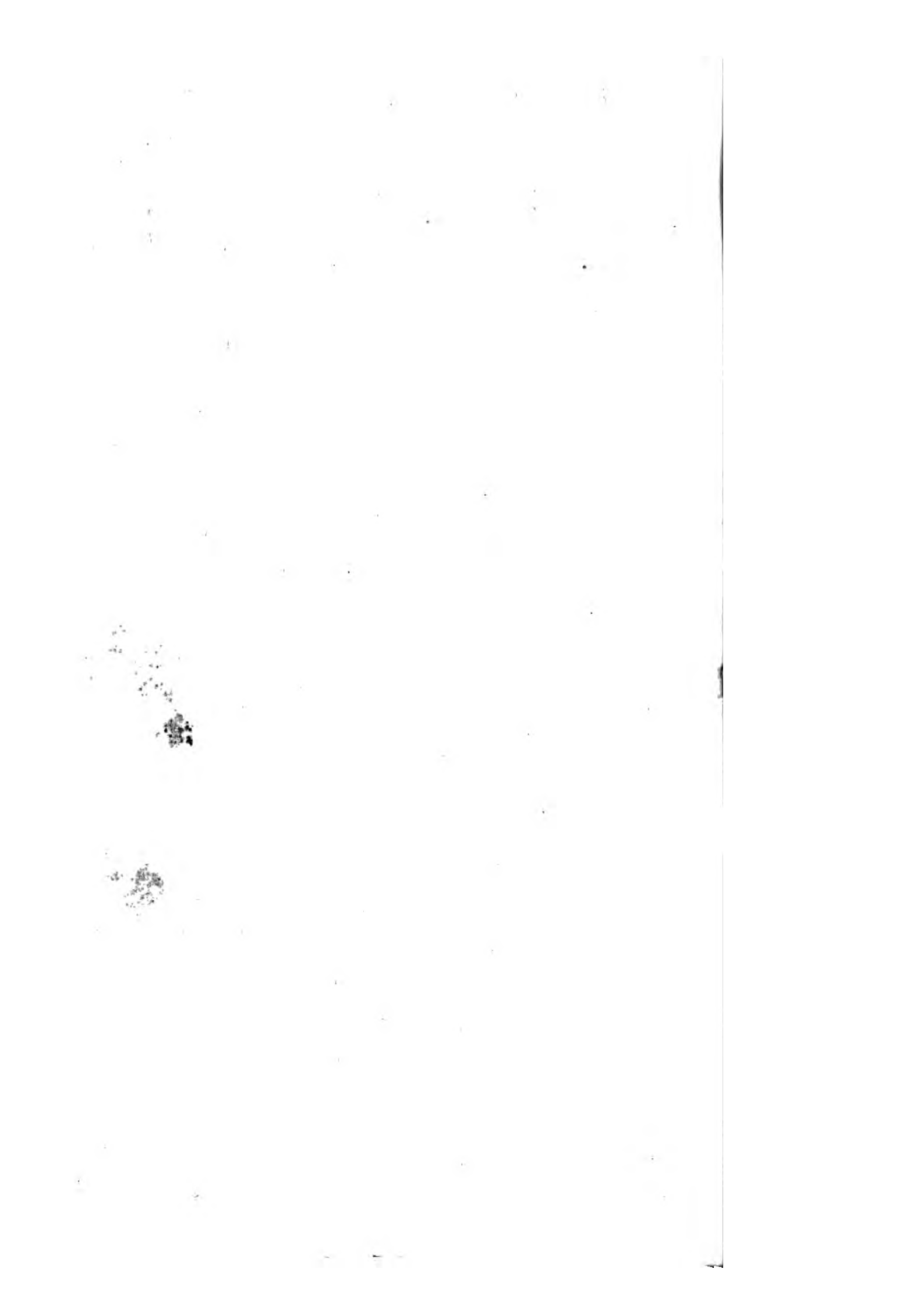
Lydia. Was always obliged to *me* for it, hey! Mr. Modesty?—But come no more of that—our happiness is now as unallay'd as general.

Julia. Then let us study to preserve it so: and while Hope pictures to us a flattering scene of future bliss, let us deny its pencil those colours which are too bright to be lasting.—When Hearts deserving Happiness would unite their fortunes, Virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modest hurtless flowers; but ill-judging Passion will force the gaudier Rose into the wreath, whose thorn offends them, when its Leaves are dropt!

F I N I S.

THE
FUGITIVE:
A
COMEDY.

[Price 1s. 6d.]



THE
FUGITIVE:

A
COMEDY.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
KING'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

By JOSEPH RICHARDSON, Esq.
BARRISTER AT LAW.

Ætherias, lascive cupis, volitare per auras
I, FUGE, fed poteris, tutior esse domi.
MARTIAL.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. DEBRETT, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON-
HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

MDCXCII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*P*ERHAPS there is no expression of gratitude at once so necessary and so suspicious, as that which the author of a dramatic performance pays to the several Ladies and Gentlemen who supported him in its representation.—He must possess much more confidence in himself than belongs to the author of the *Fugitive*, who believes he can insure success upon the Stage, without the concurrence of their kindest and most active exertions—and yet in proportion as acknowledgments are warmly and vividly given, they are obnoxious to this possible imputation—that they are the insidious vehicle of furtive praise to the author, and nothing more in their substance and intention, than a circuitous tribute to his own merits—for, if all this excellence was exhibited in the representation, what are we to say of the person who laid the foundation for it by his *Work*? Does not the author then introduce himself amongst the *Dramatis Personæ* and in compact but pithy dialogue, not less grateful to his ear, than the happiest effusion which he may have allotted to
a others,

ADVERTISEMENT.

others, say, or seem to say—"You hear what eulogies
" have been pronounced upon the performance---ad-
" mirable character---chaste but lively acting, &c.
" &c. Ecce homo!--look at me---I am the man
" whose composition was the basis of their merits, and
" to whose fine writing, in the first instance, they owe
" their successful performance in the last."---For ex-
ample, when it is affirmed, which is nothing more than
common justice and strict truth, that the performance of
Miss FARREN, in the representation of the FUGITIVE,
was at once elegant and intelligent, feminine and sensi-
ble, gracefully serious and impressively gay---that Mrs.
JORDAN completely demonstrated to the town, that
parts of tender interest are as congenial to her powers,
and more cannot be said, as characters of the most
lively and effective comedy; or that Miss POPE with
an admirable dexterity peculiar to herself, shewed
that she could exhibit the humour of vulgar life,
unpolluted by the strained and offensive vulgarity
of its manners----that Mrs. HOPKINS, Mrs.
KEMBLE and Mrs. WARD, did ample justice to
their parts----that, to use the words of a liv-
ing writer unrivalled in this department of literature
---"no language could do justice to the merits of Mr.

KING

ADVERTISEMENT.

KING---that the varied whim and rich luxuriance of PARSONS have not been often more successfully displayed even by himself---that the great and superior powers of Messrs. PALMER, DODD, BENSLEY, WROUGHTON and WEWITZER, so well known in the distinct branches of their art, and so justly admired by the Town, were exhibited with their usual felicity, and that all the performers had the justest claims on the approbation and kindness of the author---when all this has been said, the question at last recurs, whether or no the just praise which the author has bestowed does not find its source in insinuated egotism, and that under the presentation of gratitude he has been contriving a crafty panegyric for himself.

The author will not contend with logicians of this suspicious cast, and as he cannot prove the opinion which he entertains of himself, will rest content with the conscious encouragement of his own mind, which persuades and assures him, that it is possible for an author to do justice to others without the subtlety of self-adulation; and that there is at least one instance of gratitude which is not the irregular progeny of conceit.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The author has a distinct acknowledgment to make for the liberal attention, the criticism, and the friendly zeal of Mr. KEMBLE.---He has also to return his best thanks to the same gentleman for the kind promptitude with which he undertook the performance of Admiral Cleveland at a very short notice, and for the able manner with which he acquitted himself.

P R O-

P R O L O G U E

WRITTEN BY RICHARD TICKELL, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MR. BANNISTER, JUNIOR.

WHAT perturbation flutters in the breast
Of the fair Novice, for St. James's drest !
What almost equal hopes and fears transport
The matron friend that *chaperon's* her to court!
Close to the Palace, as her chair draws near,
The very tassels seem to quake with fear.—
On moves her friend, amid the gathering bands
Of stars, gold sticks, blue ribbons, and white wands ;
With look that canvass and with pleading air
Bespeaking favour for the stranger there ;
Who, close behind, while fearfully she goes,
Peeps thro' her fan, and eyes the observing beaux.
As, down the labyrinth of silk and lace,
They catch a vista vision of her face.—
Such are the terrors untried bards dismay,
Thus to this Court, the Prologue leads the Play ;
Actor and author in one panic join'd ;
I quake before the curtain ; he behind.—
And yet, in modern times, the aspiring Wit
Braves but few perils from the well dress'd pit.
Not as of old, when, train'd to frown and fret,
In murky state, the surly synod met.
Vain of half learning and of foreign rules,
Vamp'd from the jargon of the antient schools,
In black full-bottom'd wig, the Critic God
Shook his umbrageous curls, and gave the nod !
The pit was then all men—how shrunk the muse
From those bleak rows of overhanging yews !
Unlike the gay parterre we now salute,
That shines at once with blossoms and with fruit ;
With chequer'd crowds that mingled taste dispense ;
With female softness join'd to manly sense.—
Here, if ungenerous spleen should strive for vent,
Some fair associate soothes it to content ;
It's rage with promissory looks beguiles,
And checks the incipient hiss by well-tim'd smiles—

The

P R O L O G U E.

The vanquish'd critics frown, but soften fast ;
Hiss and look—hiss and look—hiss and look—and clap
at last.

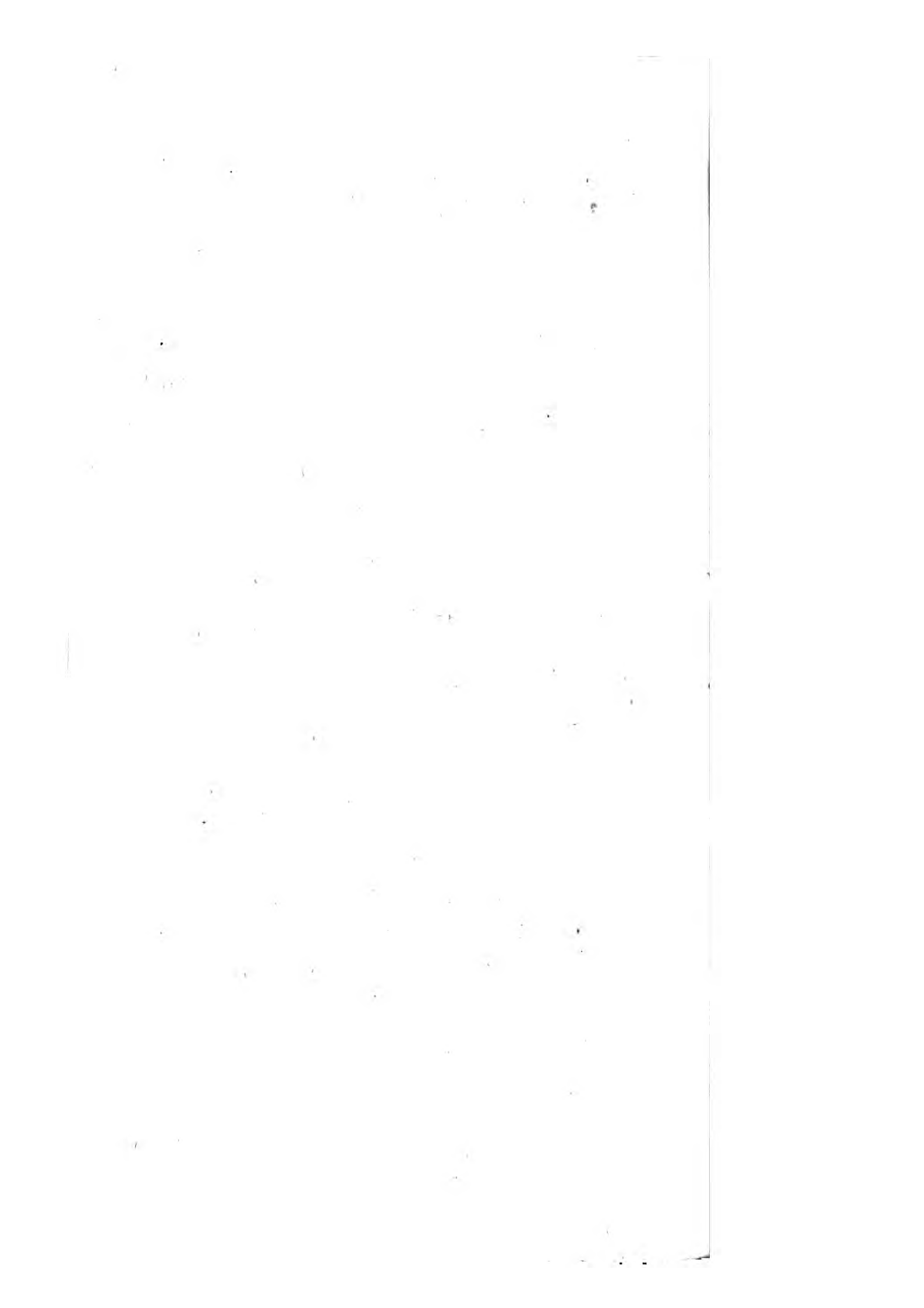
Oh ! if each sterner judge thus mildly view
The poet's toils, what can he dread from you ?
From forms with sympathetic softness join'd ;
From features fashion'd to the lovlier mind ;
From eyes, where gentleness has fix'd her throne ;
From roseate lips, that move in smiles alone—
Well may the Fugitive with hope appear,
When every blended grace gives refuge here.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | | | |
|----------------------|---|---|-----------------|
| Lord Dartford | — | | Mr. DODD. |
| Sir William Wingrove | — | | Mr. BENSLEY. |
| Mr. Wingrove | — | | Mr. WROUGHTON. |
| Old Manly | — | — | Mr. PARSONS. |
| Young Manly | — | — | Mr. PALMER. |
| Admiral Cleveland | — | | Mr. KING. |
| Mr. Welford | — | — | Mr. BARRYMORE. |
| Jenkins | — | — | Mr. MADDOX. |
| Larron | — | — | Mr. WEWITZER. |
| O'Donnel | — | — | Mr. PHILLIMORE. |
| William | — | — | Mr. BENSON. |
| Servant | — | — | Mr. BANKS. |

W O M E N.

| | | | |
|-----------------------|---|---|---------------|
| Mrs. Manly | — | | Mrs. HOPKINS. |
| Miss Herbert | — | | Miss FARREN. |
| Miss Julia Wingrove | — | | Mrs. JORDAN. |
| Miss Manly | — | — | Mrs. KEMBLE. |
| Mrs. Larron | — | — | Miss POPE. |
| Mrs. Rachel Cleveland | | | Mrs. WARD. |



THE
FUGITIVE

A
COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in Sir WILLIAM
WINGROVE's House.*

Enter Sir WILLIAM and Miss JULIA WINGROVE.

Julia.

LET me intreat you, sir, to hear me—let reason be my advocate.

Sir William. Reason, Julia!—You know 'tis my delight, my glory. What constitutes the pre-eminence of man, but his reason? 'Tis, like the sacred virtue of high blood, a natural exaltation, of which we can never lose the advantage, but by voluntary degradation, or perverse misuse—What but reason is the foundation of my preference for Lord Dartford?—Is he not of a family as ancient, even as my own?

B

Julia.

Julia. Did Lord Dartford inherit any of the virtues, which, probably, acquired those highly valu'd honours of his ancestry, my father might have some cause to regret that his daughter's inclinations were at enmity with her duty.

Sir William. And where, madam, have you learnt, that the splendor of Lord Dartford's family suffers any diminution in his own person?

Julia. Where some of the happiest years of my life have been passed, sir, at my dear deceased aunt's.

Sir William. Mr. Manly, now, I dare say, had not the least share in producing this aversion to Lord Dartford.

Julia. Mr. Manly, sir!—Mr. Manly wou'd scorn—nor can it ever be necessary for him to raise his own character by a useless degradation of Lord Dartford.

Sir William. Aye, aye, now we have it—I thought what share the eloquence of your aunt had had in this apostacy from the faith of your ancestors—Mr. Manly, it seems, has contrived to make so successful a monopoly of all the virtues, that there does not remain even the leavings of an accomplishment for any other person.—But since I despair of making *you* enter into the just views of your family, by dutifully consenting, as you ought, to marry a man for the revered merit of his blood, your brother shall try, whether your young spark be not composed of more practicable materials.

Julia. For heaven's sake, dear sir, forego this—What must be the consequence of their meeting?

Sir William. If you have any objection to the interview, you know how to prevent it.

Julia. Oh, sir, do not force me to so dreadful an alternative. I will, if you require it, bind myself by the most solemn engagements to give up
all

all thoughts of Mr. Manly, only let me no more be persecuted with the addresses of Lord Dartford.

Sir William. Nay, now I must believe you; for where has it been recorded that an enamour'd damsel ever broke a promise to an old father, when given at the expence of a young lover?—For once, however, you must excuse me, if I am a little disobedient to the authority of precedent, and endeavour to find some better security for the honour of my family, even than your love-sick renunciation of the object of your affections.

Julia. Yet, sir, hear me.

Sir William. I do hear you—But first tell me why have I preserved you, since the decease of your aunt, from all intercourse with the world, with the single exception of the friendship of Miss Herbert, whose approaching alliance with your brother, gives her a common interest in the lustre of our house?—Why have I, like a fond parent, forbid you society?—Kept you sacred from the arts of our sex and the more dangerous follies of your own ---lock'd you up and guarded you, like the archives of my own family, that you might increase in value, as you advanc'd in years?—Why? but to secure you from the contagion of a degenerate world--- who feel more anxiety about the means of supporting new families, than awful reverence for the names of old ones, and would meanly thrive by plebeian industry, rather than diet on the rich recollection of their immortal ancestry.

Julia. But my dear father, just now, kindly condescended to say he would suffer me to reason with him on this subject. Can birth, alone, entitle a man to the high distinction you speak of?—And surely Lord Dartford—

Sir William. Grant me patience, heaven! Do you call in question the prudence of my choice? Ungrateful Julia, never more will I hear you on

this subject—and now attend my final determination—To-morrow you marry Lord Dartford.

Julia. To-morrow, sir!—You will not—

Sir William. Positively to-morrow—neither remonstrances, nor tears shall sway me from my determin'd purpose. I leave you now to your reflections, and go to adjust the necessary preliminaries of a ceremony, that will recall you, inconsiderate girl, to duty and to reason. *[Exit.*

Julia. Is it possible!—Can my father thus shut his heart to the distresses of his Julia—My brother too, happy in his own affections, not only abandons me to the interested rigour of his cruel ambition, but assists and animates him in the prosecution of his views.—Wretched! friendless Julia—Whither wilt thou turn!—Ah Manly, that amidst the various excellencies of thy heart there is yet a careless generosity in thy nature—an irregular, though not ungraceful excess in thy very virtues, which, though it neither forbids esteem, nor damps affection, yet gives the alarm to delicacy, and checks the full pleasure of a fearless, unsuspecting confidence—were it not for this, I think I could not deny myself with thee a willing asylum from the severities of this domestic persecution. *[Exit.*

SCENE II. *Sir William's Garden.*

Enter Young MANLY.

Young Manly. Thus far, I have atchiev'd my purpose without discovery—what a devil of a wall have I had to scramble up to obtain even the chance of an interview—The sulky grandeur of your ancient battlements was always the difficulty, and the glory of an enamour'd hero—But what can the maddest of the most venerable lads of chivalry
lay

lay claim to, that does not to the full as reasonably belong to me? I have all their hopes with all their apprehensions, all their fears with all their confidence—All their weakness with all their fortitude—So I think it cannot be denied but that I possess as many good, sound contradictions in my character as the best of them—I have not indeed the gift of waiting that those gentlemen had, for I begin already to feel impatient at Julia's delay. Would I cou'd gain but a distant glimpse of her, or hear one strain of her enchanting voice—dear melodious voice! soft as a lover's sigh embodied into music, and sweet as the inspired eloquence of a consenting smile—But soft! soft! she approaches, and in tears! let me endeavour to learn the cause of them, before I make my appearance; what must he be composed of, and what does he not deserve, who has been prophane enough to excite them.

[Retires behind a tree.

Enter JULIA, and seats herself in an alcove.

Julia. Here let me rest awhile, and endeavour to collect my scattered thoughts. Could it be believed that my father, strict as his general notions of honour are, should think of forcing me to become the wife of a man whom my soul abhors!

Young Manly. Forcing thee!

Julia. When, too, he is convinc'd of my being attach'd to another.

Young Manly. To another!

Julia. I think he loves me.

Young Manly. I am sure he does—that is if I am he.

Julia. He is kind and generous, capable of the most ardent, and disinterested passion.

Young Manly. It must be me.

Julia. But he has faults, great faults.

Young

Young Manly. Now I am sure 'tis me.

Julia. I dread the levity of his nature—Oh Manly, Manly, why cannot I trust thee.

Young Manly. I am sure I can't tell.

Julia. How gladly cou'd I owe the relief of my present afflictions to thy kindness, but for the dread of being afterwards exposed to the severer calamity of thy indifference. Oh why, why, Manly, cannot I confide in thee!

Young Manly [*comes forward*]. Why indeed! Dear generous Julia, banish these apprehensions, I never can injure truth, innocence, and beauty like thine.

Julia. Mr. Manly! How you have alarm'd me! What a rash step is this—But fly, I conjure you; if you have any regard for my happiness—fly.

Young Manly. Fly, Julia? Yes, swifter than a lover's thought; but you must be the partner of my flight.

Julia. You cannot surely be serious.

Young Manly. So serious that I shall not stir one single step without you—Julia, Julia, this is no time for trifling or for ceremony. To be candid with you, I have overheard you, and if I deserve punishment for the involuntary offence, reserve it till the danger is over that threatens you.

Julia. Indeed, Mr. Manly, your generous concern for me leaves me as little right, as I have inclination to be severe, but therefore it is I intreat you to quit this scene of danger—You know the fury of my relations.

Young Manly. Nay, Julia, I care not how soon I go—As we depart together you cannot reasonably suspect me of being an advocate for delay.

Julia. What can you mean?

Young Manly. Mean!—Why to decide my fate on the instant—Either to follow you as your
humble

humble slave through the wide world of happiness, for it can have no place in it forbidden to delight while you are with me, or meet with resignation, on the spot, the bitterest resentment of your vindictive family.

Julia. Oh! Manly, give me not such a fatal proof of your affection—I will consider of your proposal by to-morrow—but go now, I beseech you.

Young Manly. Not a step—If I am stubborn, Julia, you are my example. I have not often such authority for my conduct—I will not quit you till I am assured of your deliverance from this unnatural tyranny.

Julia. Hear me for a moment—I do not wish to conceal from you how much my gratitude is interested in your safety—The embarrassment of my present situation, added to this dangerous evidence of your attachment, will, I hope, in some measure, excuse me for the confession I am about to—But indeed, Sir, indeed—what shall I say? A womanish apprehension prevails over my tongue, and sways it from the direction of my heart, in spite of me—Indeed, I cannot go with you—Character, prudence, duty forbid it.

Young Manly. I confess, madam, I was prepared to expect more candour, and more decision from the lips of Miss Wingrove.

Julia. Dear Manly, I thank you for this rebuke—it brings me back to myself—something must be allowed to the fond agitation of a woman's fears—but they are gone; Love himself, unfriendly as he is to truth, yet smiles propitiously upon a slow obedience to it at last.—Meet me at one, in the avenue before our house, and then with more safety to my Henry, as well as more security to our enterprize, I will resign myself and all my hopes to your faithful guidance.

Young

Young Manly. Dearest Julia, on my knees I thank you—I am oppressed at once with love and gratitude—It is needless to say with what anxious, vigilant punctuality, I will obey your mandate—with what idolatry of submissive affection, I will watch over every rising thought, and half-formed object of your future life. [*Rises.*] From this moment, then, dismiss all apprehension of your Henry's levity, and be satisfied that——

Julia. I am satisfied—Surely, I have proved I am so—But interesting as your conversation always is, and on this theme fraught with peculiar endearment, I must deprive myself of it—You must go—pray obey me now—My turn for obedience approaches fast. Remember.

Young Manly. Can I forget the consecrated moment! Adieu, ever dearest, till then.

Julia. Adieu, dear Manly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Lord Dartford's House.*

Enter LORD DARTFORD, followed by JENKINS.

Lord Dartford. Jenkins, does Sir William know of my arrival here?

Jenkins. He does, my lord.

Lord Dartford. Well, I suppose I must pay the first visit—But hold, should not I brush up my style a little, to enable me to undergo this encounter of genealogy? No—I believe there is no occasion; the secret lies in a short compass—Pedigree's the word—and one of your real accurate lovers of historical virtue—will believe any thing—And so, we'll trust to chance and the assistance of such convenient absurdities as may happen to arise [*A knocking at the door.*]—But see who's there, Jenkins.

[*Jenkins goes, and introduces Sir William Wingrove.*
Sir

Sir William. I hope, my lord, my presence, thus unannounced, does not interrupt any of your lordship's weightier concerns.

Lord Dartford. It is impossible that the favour of Sir William Wingrove's company can ever be felt as an intrusion.

Sir William. Your lordship is kindness itself—
[*They sit down*] It is a doubtful point with me, my lord, in the alliance which is upon the eve of accomplishment, by which party the honour will be given or received.

Lord Dartford. So he's off already—there's but one way for me—I should ill deserve my good fortune, Sir William, were I not sensible that the honour and the happiness are both eminently mine.

Sir William. Why, my lord, that is by no means a clear case—I perceive that your lordship possesses a very competent knowledge of the antiquity of our family; but to deal candidly with you, I believe yours takes its rise nearly about the same time—pretty nearly, that is to say—I mean within a century of us, or some such trifle—I dare say it does; for the Dartford family may be very clearly traced to the conquest.

Lord Dartford. The conquest, Sir William, is modern—It is not long since I perused a valuable manuscript, that makes very honourable mention of the Wingroves, in one of the remoter reigns of the Saxon Heptarchy.

Sir William. Could your lordship procure me a sight of that manuscript? The favour will be infinite.

Lord Dartford. Sir William may rely upon it, that if my friend can be prevailed upon to resign the parchment, I shall be happy in promoting his wish. [*Aside.*] And if he does, his politeness must
C positively

positively be of a most accommodating cast, to enable him to part with what he never had.

Sir William. In one of the remoter reigns of the Saxon Heptarchy! Is it possible! But why not possible?—To what times may not the family of the Wingroves be traced by the laudable diligence of learned enquiry? Even up to the dark periods of early nature, of rudeness, ignorance, and barbarity, where Knowledge fails us, and History herself is lost in the confusion of her materials.

[*Muses.*

Lord Dartford. Now will he not be content till he has pursued his high birth to the illustrious parentage of a savage, and drawn the boasted stream of his pure blood from the polluted leavings of the deluge.

Sir William. Now, my lord, to business—The fifty thousand pounds which I purpose as my daughter's dower, is but a small, and indeed inadequate compensation for the honour of your dignified alliance—Happy, but too happy, should we all feel ourselves, if her inclinations accorded with our wishes, and acquiesced in the brilliant provision we have made for her—But she is perverse, my lord, unaccountably perverse—Yet submit she shall, and that without delay—I am fixed, immutably fixed—But if your lordship will do me the honour to accompany me to my house, I will there explain to your lordship the difficulties we have to encounter, and the expedients we have provided to overcome them—Nay, my lord.

[*Contending on the etiquette of precedence.*

Lord Dartford. Impossible, Sir William! mere title is adventitious, birth inherent. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The Road, with a distant View of Sir William Wingrove's House.**Enter* YOUNG MANLY, *singing.*

Young Manly. Was there ever such a happy, unlucky dog as myself—happy beyond the narrow bounds of mortal imagination in the love of my Julia—but horribly unlucky, that the certainty and near approach of my felicity has quite bereft me of my senses—Just as I had abandoned myself to despair, to be raised in one delicious half-hour to the summit of—Oh! egad there's no bearing it! I shall run mad—I am mad, that's certain.

[*Sings and dances.*]*Enter* ADMIRAL CLEVELAND.

Admiral. So, so—there's young Frolicksome in his whirligigs—What, 'Squire Madcap, are you practising how to make a fool of yourself?—Don't take so much trouble, young man; you can succeed pretty well without so much pains.

Young Manly. Ha! my old man of war—give me your hand—When shall you and I go upon a voyage to the—

Admiral. To the moon, Eh! young Fresh-water? Why, you seem to be in her latitude already; or have you been stowing in a fresh lading of champagne?

Young Manly. Your first conjecture is perhaps a little near the mark; for my understanding, I believe, is rather upon the go; but as for champagne—curse champagne.

Admiral. What then you have been in a tight engagement at play, and have brought the enemy to—A'nt that it, my young shark?

Young Manly. No, no, my heart of oak; I defy the power of gold to disorder my senses—But,

what do you think, my noble commander, of gaining the woman one loves. Can your old weather-beaten fancy conceive any joy equal to that?

Admiral. Why, I don't think I can; unless it be seeing an enemy's ship strike; and that does give the senses a whirl that none but a seaman can be a judge of.

Young Manly. Why then, as I am a stranger to naval sensations, the pleasure of being beloved by an angel, must serve *my* turn—When conquered beauty prepares to yield—when willing love strikes the flag—that's the whirl for my money.

Admiral. Well, that's good-natured, however, to rejoice at the thoughts of an engagement, where you are sure to have the worst on't?

Young Manly. Dear admiral, had I but known you when I was a boy.

Admiral. What then?

Young Manly. Then? Do you ask me what then? Oh, Julia!

“ My soul hath her consent so absolute,
 “ That not another comfort like to this
 “ Succeeds in unknown fate.”

Admiral. Poor young man—Well, my lad, when your wits are at anchor, though I fear the vessel's too crazy ever to see port again, you and I may drink a can together—till then, your servant.

Young Manly. Nay, nay, don't go yet.

[Dancing.]

Admiral. Why, damn you, you vere about so, one might as well look for anchorage in a whirlpool, as think to hold a parley with you.

Young Manly. Well, come then, I will be ferious—Do you ever pray at sea, admiral?

Admiral. Why, what should we pray for? Except, indeed, when there's danger in the wind, and then, to be sure, that alters the case.

Young

Young Manly. Well, now, there lies your error.

Admiral. Error!—meaning me.—You?

Young Manly. Aye!—I hold it such an abominable ignorance of duty.

Admiral. Ignorance of duty!—why, you palavering whipper-snapper, am I to be taught my duty, after having had the command of a fleet, by such a sneaking son of a whore as you?

Young Manly. Nay, but why so hot, my good friend? You cannot think I meant to offend you?

Admiral. Not mean to offend, when you tell me I don't know how to command? Ignorance of duty, indeed—Out of my way, you live lumber—Damn you, I only thought you were mad, but now I find you're a fool. [Exit.

Young Manly. Ha! ha! ha!—At any other time I should have been a good deal vexed to have offended old True Blue, that's certain; but at this moment my heart's so crouded with sensations of mirth and joy—with such a confused jumble of contending raptures—with so much delight at what has already passed, and such a maddening anticipation of what is yet to come, that no thought of apprehensive care can obtain sanctuary in my bosom. My dear Julia, my own Julia! Oh! that idea overpowers me with transport—Gad so, there's Sir William—If I stay here much longer, playing the fool, I shall be observed by some of the family, and then—adieu to all my hopes—What shall I do?—I'll return to the Star Inn, which is just in view of the house, and deceive the tedious interval with my companions whom I left there, till my fair day star arises, that leads me to new life, to happiness and love. [Exit.

END OF ACT FIRST.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *A nearer View of SIR WILLIAM WINGROVE'S House. (Moon-light.)*

Enter JULIA. She opens the Door gently; and after an Appearance of Irresolution, shuts it after her. She then comes forward.

Julia.

SO, now my fate's decided!—What have I done?—I dare not think upon it—If Manly now deceives me, I am undone—Shall I go back?—and consent to be the wife of Lord Dartford—that must follow—for but too well I know, that tenderness never yet prevailed upon the stern ambition of my father's nature—But why should I doubt my Henry's unstained honour?—Though he is wild, whom did he ever wrong?—Pardon, dear Manly—pardon the unjust suspicion of thy Julia—and see he comes to clear my heart of doubt.

[Manly sings without.]

Oh, Gracious Heaven, is this the man I've chosen to be the guardian of my honour—Fly, fly, my feet—let me but reach my father's—The door is fast; I have now no hope left, unless the wild confusion that wine has made in him, prevent his observing me. Heaven grant it may.

[Conceals herself behind a tree, and draws a veil over her face.]

Enter YOUNG MANLY singing.

“ Heighten every joy to-day, and never mind
“ to-morrow.”

Aye, so say I—The present—the present is the only time that's worth a wise man's concern—why should we give ourselves any trouble about to-morrow, when we don't know that to-morrow will
ever

ever reach us?—or that we shall reach it, which is pretty nearly the same thing, I take it; and then there is just so much good care thrown away.—Fore Heaven, the man that wrote that song must have been a most profound person—That single line ought to have immortalized him—It shall be my motto. [Sings.

“ Why the plague should we be sad,
 Whilst on earth we moulder;
 Whether we're merry, or grave, or mad,
 We every day grow older.”

'Sdeath, the ground's full of rocks and quicksands, I think; my feet either sink or stumble at every step—What can be the reason? I that am so steady a goer—always, always was—all my life—Egad, I believe the thickets are going to dance—May be, they mistake me for Orpheus—Nay, gentlemen, if you pay such a compliment to my singing, I can do no less than take a turn with you—I am as frolicsome as you can be for the soul of you—So now, let me chuse my partner.

[Catches at a tree, behind which Julia is concealed, who shrieks.

By all the sylvan powers, another Daphne. [Kneels.
 Madam, behold a swain, not altogether so musical as Apollo, I grant you, but a good honest fellow for all that—So, madam, so—psha, never mind more words—let us go.

Julia. Oh, my hard fortune?

Manly. What do you say?—Speak out, my angel—I know that your voice is more tuneful than Philomel's, or mine—that your eyes are the sparkling harbingers of love—that your dimples are the chosen hiding-places of all the Cupids—and those lips!—But hold—rot it—I had forgot—I can't see e'er a one of them—Never mind—no matter for that—I dare say it's all true; and if it isn't, why then we must mend the matter with thinking.

Julia.

Julia. Oh, heavens! is it possible!

Young Manly. No, certainly—it cannot be possible—it is'n't possible—Come, come, I know you are kind as you are beautiful, and so it is possible—and so, without more waste of time, come to my arms, and——

Julia. It is in vain to reason with him in this state—I must endeavour to divert his attention, and by that means escape him if I can.—If you will permit me to be your guide—

Young Manly. Enough, my pretty pilot; take me where you will. We will never part any more, shall we? No, never.

Julia. I dare say not, sir.

Young Manly. Not, sir?—Why to be sure not, sir—Never, never, never.

Julia. Let us walk quickly. [*Aside.*] Oh! Heaven, assist me.

Young Manly. As quick as you please, my angel—I'll fly, if you chuse, for I'm very steady, and very loving. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Wood.*

Enter JULIA.

Julia. At length, thank Heaven, I have escaped—escaped—but is this a place of safety! What will become of me? Yet 'tis some comfort, that the day appears—Oh, Manly, thou hast made life hateful to me.—Who comes here?—I've surely seen his face. Oh! I remember I have seen him sometimes at my aunt's, with lace and gauzes—If he should not know me, perhaps I may prevail on him to conceal me—He has a wife, I know. Let me consider what I shall say to him.

Enter LARRON (with bundles.)

These villain Custome-house Officers give von honest man no rest—You go to bed late—you
rise

rife early—pardie—you fit up all night—it make no difference, dey vil be vid you—Ma foi, I believe dey tink sleep contrabande [*sees Julia.*] Ah! par St. Dominique, here be von young ladi en great agitation—Ah! par hazard her equipage est un peu derangé, and she be retire here till tout soit ajustè—a littel civilitiè de ma parte, me produira peutêtre beaucoup de pratique on de ladi's—En verité de torough bred trader know how to faire son profit de chaque circonstance—Madame, excusè—but you seem beaucoup affligè si Madame—if I can by de utmost exertion of mine contribuer en de smallest instance to votre accomodation, I shall consider de fortune vich led me dis vay, as de plus grande felicité de ma vie, de greatest happiness of my life.

Julia. He speaks very civilly; I think I may venture to tell him so much of my unhappy situation, as may let him know how much I need his assistance.

Larron. Madam, you no anserè—May I beg de faveur to be informe, if I can merite l'honneur de vous rendre le moindre service? Your servants, Madame, ave you any littel message to convey to dem? May I hope you vill permit a me de vous escorter a votre carosse?

Julia. Sir, you mistake the matter entirely—I have neither coach, servants, nor friends at present—The cruelty of one in whom I most confided, has involved me in this calamity; and I must thankfully avail myself of your obliging offers of service, by entreating the shelter of your roof, till I can dispose of myself, so as not to be an incumbrance to any one.

Larron. Eh, my dear—vat you say?—You no coche no servantes, no friend, no hou e, no home, ou vant to come and live a vid me?—Non, non, ma fille—dat vill not do—non, non—Dere be de

D

vat

vat do you call? de maison d'industrie, de work-house for de poor girl—Personne go to my house, but such as peut faire une belle depense.

Julia. [*Aside.*] Mercenary wretch! [*Going.*

Larron. Holla! you littel girl—you tell me, can you vorke? Suppose dat I vas to take pitié upon your condition, can you pay me vell derefore?

Julia. What shall I say? I must bear with his low impertinence, to induce him to give me a shelter. [*To Larron.*] I can, sir, embroider neatly, and make lace.

Larron. Oh pardie, you be von littel busy bee!—You can make love, too. Can you not, my dear?

Julia. Insupportable!—If, Sir, you consider the favour you seemed inclined to confer, as a sanction for your impertinent freedom, I must beg you to leave me to my misfortunes.

Larron. Comme vous voulez, ma fille—dere not be many dat vill take you in—You may meet vid some, if you stay here long, dat vill make you vorse offer.

Julia. That's too true!—If I get to his house, his wife will protect me from his odious familiarity—I must try to make my peace. [*To Larron.*] Perhaps, Sir, I have been too hasty. If you will conduct me to your house, I shall consider it as an obligation which I shall endeavour by my utmost industry to repay.

Larron. Ha, hah!—You say so?—Vell den I vill tink about it. [*Aside.*] She poor, she pretty, she vorke—Mais elle est fiere comme une princesse—Vell, I vill have her—She be von fille dat know de world; it save so much trouble—She be von pauvre innocente, my glory vill be de greater. [*To Julia.*] You be good girl, and I vill take you—I vill inform you vat you say to my wife as ve go along.

Julia.

Julia. How one rash step has involved me in a labyrinth of difficulties—I see no end to it; yet dare not tread back the way I've gone. [*To Larron.*] Very well, Sir.

Larron. Vell, you hold up your head—You not be so cast down. Tenez—you carry dis bondel—you valk first—If you see un homme dat look like von officer des custome, you run straight forward till you come to de stile, and vait dere for me.

Julia. Excuse me, Sir; I cannot consent to be employed in any unfair transaction.

Larron. Vat you not smogel for me, petite ingrate?—Must I not smogel for you? Must I not run you upon my wife? Are you not von littel piece of contrabande vous meme?—You see, my dear, you have to deal vid von bel esprit—but prenez courage, I vill not be too hard vid you—A ça—you vill do ver vell by and by. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. SIR WILLIAM WINGROVE'S *House.*

Enter Mr. WINGROVE.

Mr. Wingrove. How powerful is the influence of prejudice. My reason convinces me that there is no other just criterion for deciding upon the merits of men, but such as grows out of their own personal good or ill properties. If it were true, that the qualities of the parent were transmitted to the progeny, then, indeed, it might be as necessary to establish the genealogy of a man, as to ascertain the pedigree of a horse. But the properties of the mind elude the frail laws of hereditary descent, and own no sort of obedience to their authority—How is it, then, that with this distinct light before me, I cannot help falling into my father's prejudices?—I feel them to be unjust; I know them to be absurd: and yet, unjust and absurd as they are, they influence my conduct in spite of me.—

D 2

I love

I love my sister—I know her affections are engaged to Young Manly—I am satisfied he is worthy of her—Yet I am adverse to the match, and conspire with my father in throwing every obstacle in the way of its completion, and in favour of whom? Of Lord Dartford, a man void of feeling, sentiment, or sincerity—uniting in him every contradiction of depravity; cold, gay, ostentatious, and interested—But he is a man of birth—Despicable distinction.

Enter O'DONNEL.

O'Donnel. Oh, Sir, Sir!—my young master—the house is in an uproar, Sir, Sir.

Mr. Wingrove. Well, Sir, what's the matter?

O'Donnel. Oh! I don't know what's the matter, Sir; my young lady's the matter, Sir—We're all undone, Sir—She's gone, Sir—Nobody knows where, Sir,

Mr. Wingrove. My sister gone! impossible—Degenerate Julia! Is it thus you reward the kind, the anxious zeal of your friends to place you in a situation worthy the exalted regard they entertained for you; to throw yourself away upon the mean pretensions of a plebeian—But where is my father?—Let me fly to him with the news of this disaster. [Exit.]

Enter Sir WILLIAM, with servants.

Sir William. I'll not believe that she is gone—gone!—What—my daughter eloped at midnight! Go all of you and search again—I am certain she is hid somewhere.

O'Donnel. Suppose your honour then was to order the canal and the fish-ponds to be searched, for I am certain if she be hid, it must be at the bottom of one of them.

Sir

Sir William. Be dumb, horrible brute—Would you have me think—Did I ever give her cause—Was I not ever the fondest of parents?

O'Donnel. Sartinly, your honour meant it all for her good. But when a young lady finds nothing to please her in this world, she is apt sometimes to take a peep into the other to try the difference.

Sir William. Begone I say—find her, or I'll discharge you all for your negligence in suffering her to escape. [*Exit. O'Donnel and servants.*] The conjectures of this blundering blockhead terrify me—I hope Julia has not in a fit of rash perverseness—Yet I think her piety—

Re-enter Mr. WINGROVE.

Well, William, any news of your sister.

Mr. Wingrove. No, sir, no news—but of her dishonour, disgraceful girl!

Sir William. O'Donnel alarms me exceedingly—he thinks that in a phrenzy of disappointed passion she has——

Mr. Wingrove. No, my dear sir, Julia is not so weary of life—The porter tells me he found all the doors leading to the road unbarr'd this morning. Wou'd I cou'd discover whether she had a companion in her flight—If she be not recovered speedily the disgrace will be indelible—Lord Dartford will be here soon. What shall we say to him? Oh! shameless Julia.

Sir William. Forbear, my son—these violent transports distress me even more than your sister's flight—Consider that it is thro' you the pure blood of our family must descend to posterity—that thro' you the name of Wingrove must be transmitted to ages as distant and unknown as those from whence it sprung. Reflect a little, my son, bring reason to your aid, and consider how trifling
and

and insignificant are the misfortunes of your sister, compar'd to objects so important, and so sacred as these—Be calm then, William.

Mr. Wingrove. I will endeavour it, sir.

Sir. William. If you were to go to Miss Herbert's, her acquaintance is so extensive, you perhaps may obtain some information of Julia there—Go, go, my son.

Mr. Wingrove. I obey you, sir. [Exit.

Enter O'DONNEL.

O'Donnel. Lord Dartford, your honour.

Sir William. He has not been inform'd of my daughter's absence?

O'Donnel. No, your honour; not a syllable has been spoken to him since he entered the house.

Sir William. Where is he now?

O'Donnel. In the saloon, sir, in earnest discourse with your honour's chaplain.

Sir William. Blockhead!—I'll go to him then.

[Exit.

O'Donnel. Oh! 'tis a pretty blundering piece of business fait.—Devil burn me, but if I didn't tink how it wou'd end. There's nothing so sure to make a young lady run away, as keeping her fast by the heels—O if I had a wife that I wanted to get rid of, fait, I wou'd keep her safe under lock and key. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Miss HERBERT's house.*

Enter Miss HERBERT, and Mrs. RACHEL CLEVELAND.

Miss Herbert. Miss Wingrove elop'd aunt? Heaven grant it may be true! and that those to whom she has fled for refuge may be sensible of her merit—tho' I think I can guess the person.

Mrs.

Mrs. Rachel. I have heard it supposed that young Mr. Manly had a place in her affections—and he is the protector she has made choice of, I fear—the lady's character, and the young man's life are in equal danger.

Miss Herbert. The adventure wears a much less formidable aspect to me, I confess, provided she escapes her father's pursuit—Oh how I shall enjoy the vexation of Sir William and his son, at finding all the views of their persecuting ambition, thus happily disappointed.

Mrs. Rachel. Nay, Harriett, now I think you do not speak with your usual sincerity—Mr. Wingrove I am persuaded is not indifferent to you.

Miss Herbert. Dear aunt, you are partly right, and partly wrong. Mr. Wingrove has, I acknowledge, touch'd my heart a little, but the contagion has not yet made its way to my head—for tho' the little god may have thrown away upon me, an idle arrow, or so, he has kept his bandage as an embellishment to his own person: I can see the failings of my swain as well as another.

Mrs. Rachel. You're a mad girl.

Enter a servant.

Servant. Mr. Wingrove, madam.

Miss Herbert. Desire him to walk up

[*Exit. servant.*]

Now I must tease him a little—do not oppose me my dear aunt. I've a mind to lead him to believe, that his sister is under my protection—this will serve her, by stopping further pursuit for a while, and at the same time put him into a most entertaining rage with me.

Enter Mr. WINGROVE.

But dear madam, have you been kind enough to see

see that every avenue to the east wing of the house is secur'd? has good care been taken that the postern gate at the lower end of the western parterre is properly fasten'd?—Are the man traps all ready for snapping? Are the spikes new sharpen'd on the south wall?—Have orders been given that if any of the inquisitive family of the Wingrove's—Oh! Mr. Wingrove!—you come upon one so suddenly—but, I am overjoyed to see you, sir.

Mr. Wingrove. I am bound in politeness, madam, to return the compliment; yet after what I heard at my entrance, there would perhaps have been no great offence to truth, if the joy had been suppress'd on both sides.

Miss Herbert. You do well, sir, not to express more than you feel.

Mr. Wingrove. If I did, madam, it appears I shou'd not want a precedent for my justification.

Miss Herbert. But why, Mr. Wingrove, if as you are constantly telling me I use you so very, very ill, why will you throw yourself perpetually in my way?—I don't recollect that I sent for you—Did I aunt? Did any body go to desire dear Mr. Wingrove to come to us?—I forget, I vow.—And yet perhaps I might—for I know it does him a world of good, poor dear man!—He is fond of primitive times, and like all your good people of those days, loves to throw himself in the way of a little wholesome persecution—But now, sir, answer me this, you unjust—you ungrateful man, you—Did I ever disappoint you whenever you came here for a little healthful mortification in a morning?—Was I ever the person to send you away without your errand?—No, sir, with all your malice, I defy you to lay that to my charge.

Mr. Wingrove. Madam, I have many obligations to be sure to the gentleness of your nature; but

but I entreat you not to add one more to the many kindneſſes I to owe it, that of driving me to diſtraction—will you have the goodneſs to answer me, madam—Is not my ſiſter here?

Miss Herbert. Bleſs me, ſir, and ſuppoſe ſhe is—But it is all of a piece—You ſet out with informing me you were very ſorry to ſee me, and now you would forbid me all intercourſe with the only part of your family I have any deſire to be acquainted with.

Mr. Wingrove. Let me conjure you, my dear lovely tyrant not to play with my anxiety—ſuſpend a while the triumphs of your ſarcaſm, you cannot miſunderſtand the agitations of my heart at this moment—you know the cauſe of them—If you have given my ſiſter an aſylum——

Miss Herbert. Then, ſir, with equal ſolemnity, I deſire you to believe, that if I have given your ſiſter the ſhelter you imagine, I ſhall not withdraw it to gratify the prejudices of any of her relations; beſides, ſir, were your ſiſter aſſured ſhe ſhould be ſecure from the odious danger that threatens her from a man ſhe deteſts, ſhe would I am convinced be happy to throw herſelf at her father's feet, and on that condition——

Mr. Wingrove. It is a condition, however, that will not be granted her, madam. What, when our honour, when the dignity of our houſe are committed—ſhall all be ſacrificed to the frivolous partiality of a diſobedient girl.

Miss Herbert. Give me leave, ſir, to tell you, that you ſeem to me to miſtake this honour for which you declaim ſo warmly; honour holds no ſociety with injuſtice.

Mr. Wingrove. Injuſtice! madam!

Miss Herbert. Yes, ſir, there can be no injuſtice equal to that of compelling a woman to ſo ſacred a

connection as a married union against the known and settled preference of her heart. It is besides, sir, acting a very ungenerous part towards Lord Dartford himself.

Mr. Wingrove. Not at all, madam; Lord Dartford knows of her aversion, and has spirit enough to disregard it.

Miss Herbert. Does he, sir; then indeed there can be no doubt, with all due deference to his spirit, but he merits it—But in the mean time Mr. Wingrove, permit me to embrace the very earliest opportunity of expressing my gratitude for this new philosophy you have been kind enough to teach us. You are the first lover I believe that ever told his mistress to her face, that a union of the affections was a superfluous ingredient in the composition of matrimony—You made the discovery, sir.—You will leave it to me, to make the proper use of it.

Mr. Wingrove. Nay, madam, if you are determined to make no other use of what I say, but to pervert it into ridicule or injury, I know nothing that's left me, but to use the only privilege which I think you will not deny me, that of making a speedy departure. I have long despaired of exciting any sympathy in you towards myself, yet the distresses of an afflicted brother, I had fondly believed, would have inclined you to forbearance at least, if they had failed to produce any more active effect upon your humanity. [*Exit.*]

Miss Herbert. Haughty to the last—Well, thank heaven this interview is over. Julia, I have fought hard for you.

Mrs. Rachel. Indeed, my dear niece, you carry matters too far; you will certainly lose Mr. Wingrove some of these days, if you persevere in your resent treatment of him.

Miss

Miss Herbert. No, my dear madam—certainly no—The symptoms of love vary with the difference of constitution, and in a lively nature there is no surer proof of it, than a little playful malignity—and that the man ought to have sense enough to understand; or, wanting that, I am sure he has too little to entitle him to become the lord and master of a young woman of my spirit and pretensions.

Mrs. Rachel. Aye, but have a care, Harriet.

Miss Herbert. Well, madam, I'll do my best—but, indeed, if I cannot laugh and teaze him out of some of his faults, we shall make a miserable couple. I can be a willing slave to a gentle master, but I should prove a most rebellious subject to a tyrant, I am certain. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Mr. MANLY'S.*

Enter Young MANLY.

Young Manly. Heigho! What is't o'clock—I wonder? My head aches horridly—perhaps a little tea timely administered will set all to rights; we'll try.

Enter WILLIAM.

William, how came I to have no better accommodation than the sofa last night?—I suppose I was a little gone, but you might have put me to bed, firrah.

William. Sir, you know I was'nt at home, you employed me elsewhere.

Young Manly. Elsewhere? Hang me if I remember---why, how did I employ you?

William. You know, sir, when I called upon you at the Star Inn, you sent me to hire a little vessel to carry you and Miss Wingrove to France.

Young Manly. Miss Wingrove and me to France! peace you prophane rascal.

William. Dear sir, I wonder you should forget--- You know you was almost beside yourself for joy yesterday, and told me that Miss had consented to be your's, and that you should marry her in France first, for fear of accidents, and then you bid me hire a good tight vessel, and to tell the master, that if he would bring to, in the west creek, and put to sea directly upon your getting on board, you wou'd give him a hundred guineas as soon as he had landed you upon the coast of France.

Mr. Manly. Eh!--how?--Miss Wingrove -- Coast of France!

William. But it growing day-light, and the captain getting fulky, thinking as I had made a fool of him, I made the best of my way home to see what was the matter, and now it's all the talk this morning that Miss Wingrove is run away.

Young Manly. What's that? Julia left her father's!--And where is she? Tell me this instant.

William. Dear heart, sir! why how should I know! I thought she had been with you.

Young Manly. This is most unintelligible--- William, are you sure I am awake now? Don't laugh you rascal---Speak, fool, are you certain I am awake I say---I believe I had better convince myself by beating the fellow handsomely, what say you, sir?

William. Why, sir, only---that if it be the same thing to your honour, I would as lieve you would be so good as try some other experiment.

Young Manly. Heavens, what a confusion of horrors breaks in upon my mind---My Julia fled,
' and

and I not the partner of her flight!---Oh! I dare not speak my apprehensions even to myself!--- If they are true, I am undone---Wretch that I am were that all, it would be a trifle; but, Julia, my life, my soul, my love, I have ruined thee. I feel it all come rushing o'er my mind; yet still it has the wildness of a dream---I recollect something of a fair creature weeping and entreating me to let her go---Was it possible, that in any state I could let her sue in vain.

William. I hope, Sir, you'll forgive me for being so bold, but I am afraid Miss and you have had some difference.

Young Manly. What's that to you, Sir?---Contemptible villain that I am, I blush that my own servant should guess at my conduct---Yet she has escaped Lord Dartford---How know I what she has escaped, or what endured? Those heavenly charms of her's may have exposed her to worse than robbery! Yet surely her melodious tongue would subdue a tyger!---Did it soften thee, thou more obdurate far than any other of thy kindred savages in the forest?--And yet 'tis hard--'Twas to her own dear health I sacrificed my reason---Oh! Julia,---if I had lov'd thee less, I had not deserved to have lost thee---Perhaps William might get some intelligence---I cannot let him know how I have acted---Selfish wretch, dost thou start at shame?---May he not bring word where she has taken refuge---Possibly I can serve her---Not for myself---I renounce all hope---Yet if I can but serve her---William.

William. Sir.

Young Manly. I have behaved like a scoundrel, William---worse than a brute. I went to meet Miss Wingrove, and you find how I qualified myself to be her protector---Where she is, I
know

know not---Go, enquire, good William---and be speedy---Go to her father's---every where---and bring me word before I'm quite distracted---Stay, I'll go too---we'll divide, and meet at the post-house an hour hence.

William. Sir, you're so much flurried, you had better stay here till I come back.

Young Manly. Don't talk, Sir---And do you hear?---Take care you don't get drunk, Sir---I know your failing, rascal; but when matters of importance are in agitation, none---no, none but a scoundrel like myself would degrade his nature by basely unfitting it for all the functions which render it either useful or respectable. [Exeunt.

END OF ACT SECOND.

A C T III.

SCENE I. LARRON'S House.

Enter Mrs. LARRON and JULIA.

Mrs. Larron.

SO, my pretty young madam, I have found you out, have I. But I guessed how it was from the first, huffey.

Julia. Is there any thing I can say that will convince you?

Mrs. Larron. Why no, to be sure there an't---Don't you think as all you says must go for nothing, after all that fine masquerading story trumped up between my husband and you? He said you was just com'd out of a nunnery. What sort of a nunnery was it, I wonder?

Julia.

Julia. Good Madam, let me prevail on you to listen to my unhappy story.

Mrs. Larron. Well, child, you may go on, I hears you

Julia. Your husband found me this morning, deprived (by a most unlooked-for accident) of friends, of home, of every thing.

Mrs. Larron. You must be a good un by that ---Well, let's hear---go on, child.

Julia. I made him acquainted with my distrefs, and he agreed to afford me shelter, till I could form some plan, adapted to my melancholy situation.

Mrs. Larron. And so you'd have me believe, as you and my husband know'd nothing of one another before this morning?---Hey?

Julia. I can solemnly assure you, that this morning was the first of our acquaintance.

Mrs. Larron. Well, have a care that you doesn't equivikit now---If I finds you equivikiting, you shall dearly repent it, I promise you---And so you says as you wants work---Why, if I thought you would behave yourself as you should do, may be I'd find you a friend myself, that wou'dn't require much of you; and I suppose you don't care how little you does---But I should like to know how you lost your last friend.

Julia. Let me entreat you, Madam, to spare me upon that point.

Mrs. Larron. Aye, you none on you likes to tell---I suppose it wa'n't for no good as he turn'd you off. [*Julia turns aside and weeps.*] What a poor little whimpering thing it is--I wonders where she can have been, as I have never seen her afore---If I can get her off to old 'Squire Manly, who is a little like my husband for goodness, it will be putting her out of Larron's way, and be something

something into my pocket---Well, well, adone crying, do---I suppose you're not so dilliket as to object to a middle-aged gentleman.

Julia. Has he any family, madam?

Mrs. Larron. Oh, yes---he's a son and a daughter, and a wife into the bargain---but you know that's no hobsticle to the likes of you.

Julia. Quite the contrary, madam; I am glad to hear it.

Mrs. Larron. Well, that's as much as ever I hard-- But that's none of my business.

Julia. Is the gentleman an embroiderer madam, or what?

Mrs. Larron. Embroiderer?---No---the gentleman's a gentleman.

Julia. Then, madam, I should prefer going into a family where I might be useful, rather than to become an idle dependent on any one.

Mrs. Larron. What the deuce is in the wind now, I wonders? Well, the gentleman is an embroiderer; so let's have no more of your hums, and haws, but get up to your own room, and be sure you doesn't stir till I calls you. [*Exit Julia.* If I can tell what to make of her, she's so full of her fine words, and things---As I lives, there's the old 'Squire going by; I'll bring him back. Mr. Manly, Mr. Manly-- It's a pity he's so old; for he has faults enough to make him agreeable to any woman.

Enter OLD MR. MANLY.

So you forgets your old acquaintance, Sir; I warn't worth thinking on; you goes by the door, without ever axing how one does.

Old Manly. What, do you think I can ever forget my durable blossom of five-and-forty.

Mrs.

Mrs. Larron. Forty! Lord, fir, why you reckons every body's years by your own lady's.—I shan't be the age you mention these five years.

Old Manly. You mean you hav'n't been the age I mention these five years---The register can add nothing to the evidence of your face---which proclaims fifty as strongly as if it was in black and white in the parish books.

Mrs. Larron. Ah! you're a merry man. No wonder Madam is so jealous of you.

Old Manly. To tell you the truth, Mrs. Larron, I never thought of roving till she put it in my head, by her doubts of my constancy.

Mrs. Larron. Why, fir, contradiction's as natural to gentlemen as to ladies, for any thing as I see—Now there is up stairs—

Old Manly. What, what is there up stairs?

Mrs. Larron. As pretty a young creter as ever you set eyes on.

Old Manly. Let me go and look at her directly.

Mrs. Larron. Nay, but stay---She's as full of freaks as she can hold. I hardly knows how to deal with her---She says she wants to work at embroidering-- But that's all a pertence--Howsoever, I must tell her at first you wants to employ her that way.—I'll bring her down in a minute.

[Exit.

Old Manly. Hang her---I wish she had not call'd me in. I begin to be too old for these follies, I have half a mind to be off---But when a man has continued in a bad practice for a length of time, it almost costs him as much shame to make good a reformation, as it did at first to venture on the transgression---But I hear a lighter foot on the stair-case than Dame Larron's; and so for the present good-bye, morality---We'll call upon you another time.

F

Enter

Enter MISS JULIA WINGROVE and MRS. LARRON.

Old Manly. By all that's lovely, an angel! (*starts*)
Miss Wingrove.

Julia. Mr. Manly!

Old Manly. Madam, you must think it very odd
---very strange, I say, and very odd---to see me
here upon such an occasion---Appearances, I con-
fess, make against me.---Yet upon a proper ex-
planation, madam, I don't fear being able to set
all to rights.

Julia. Sir, to see you here, was what indeed I
did not expect---By some means, I find the place
of my concealment is discovered---But, sir, though
I cannot deem it otherwise than amiable in you,
to attempt some apology for the conduct of your
son, yet I must tell you, in the anguish of my
heart, that I would sooner become the wife of the
man I once most abhorred, than unite myself to
him, or even listen to the smallest palliation of his
perfidy---And now, sir, excuse my abrupt de-
parture. [*Exit.*

Old Manly. Why, Mrs. Larron, are we awake
here?---Is there nothing of enchantment in all
this? Egad, I hope it's no trick of your's,
mistress.

Mrs. Larron. Trick?---Deuce take me if I
knows of any, I hav'n't been able to find what
you and she meant for my part.

Old Manly. As to what she meant, that does not
appear so difficult to unravel---How she came here
is what puzzles me.

Mrs. Larron. Why, my husband brought her---
He found her like a stray'd sheep, and so seiz'd her
for his own.

Old Manly. Your husband must be a courageous
sort of a man, I think, to steal a young lady of her
pretensions---And you're a pretty gentlewoman,

to come and draw a man in to make a fool of himself---Here did I expect to find a pretty little good-humoured, good-natured, insignificant sort of a good-for-nothing play-thing; when, instead of that, I am exposed to encounter the reproachful glances of Miss Julia Wingrove.

Mrs. Larron. Miss Wingrove! My stars! Why is she the runaway lady that all the country's up in arms about? [*Aside.*] I am glad to hear this ---Well, sir, I'm a little in a hurry, and so I know you'll excuse me.

Old Manly. Oh, with all my soul---I can find excuses enough for going away. The only difficulty is, how to discover an apology for coming in. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Larron. Well, sure some luck'll come of this at last. Who'd have thought she'd been such a proud man's daughter, so as she be-humbled herself to me---I hope she ha'n't giv'n me the slip, though.---If she is fairly out of the house, I dares not follow her. But I warrant she's gone back to the room---She's too genteel to have sense enough to take care of herself. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. MANLY'S HOUSE.

Enter MRS. and MISS MANLY.

Mrs. Manly. Surely, Emma, it was very indiscreet to give Mr. Welford permission to wait on you, at a time when your brother and he are at variance.

Miss Manly. Well, madam, let him be refused admittance. I find every caprice of Henry's is to be complied with, however it may interfere with any prospects of mine. But I dare say he will have the goodness to repay your tenderness with his usual gratitude; for, if I mistake not, there is some new adventure in agitation.

Mrs. Manly. Don't speak with so much asperity

of your brother, Emma: if I seem to feel a particular interest about him, it is not that I entertain a greater affection for Henry than I do for you. But where a young man's imprudencies are constantly exposing him to danger, there the anxiety of common humanity is added to the apprehension of motherly affection; so that it is only the same regard more powerfully awakened, and pity taking part with duty. — But what makes you imagine that he is at present engaged in some new adventure?

Miss Manly. Indeed, my dear madam, I am sorry I spoke so harshly; but my reason for apprehending that he has some wild scheme on foot, is, that yesterday evening his servant told my maid, that his master would soon be a happy man. William staid out all night; and this morning they went abroad with a sort of mystery together, when William told my woman, that his young master had, according to custom, been cutting out vexation for himself.

Mrs. Manly. Never, sure, had any woman so much to disturb her peace as I have! What, with Harry's imprudence, and Mr. Manly's neglect of me, it is a miracle how I support it.

Miss Manly. Dear Madam, your own apprehensions create all your affliction in that quarter. Indeed, I have heard my father say as much.

Mrs. Manly. What, could not he be satisfied with disregarding me himself, but he must endeavour to prejudice your mind against me?

Miss Manly. Oh, you mistake my father's meaning entirely, madam. He was only lamenting your want of confidence in him, and saying, that had he never been causelessly suspected, he should never have given you cause of suspicion.

Mrs. Manly. So then, he owns he has wronged me? He confesses his infidelity, and makes no
scruple

scruple of avowing it to you, too. This is beyond even what I ever supposed. I did, indeed, think there was a little inconstancy in his nature. I confess I had some slight suspicions of that sort. Now I find I am justified in all my conjectures. Oh, Mr. Manly, you have much to answer for on my account.

Miss Manly. I hope not my dear mother—I am sure he always speaks of you with great tenderness.

Mrs. Manly. Does he, my dear Emma? Well, and what does he say?

Miss Manly. I have heard him say, madam, that could you but confide in him, you would be one of the happiest couples in the world.

Mrs. Manly. And did he, indeed, my dear girl, say this? Don't you flatter me now my child?

Miss Manly. Be assur'd, madam, that he said every syllable I have related to you.

Mrs. Manly. How could I ever make him uneasy—

Enter old MANLY.

Old Manly. Mrs. Manly, my dear—Emma, my child, have you heard—

Miss Emma. Oh yes, sir, that Miss Wingrove has left her father's, and my mother is alarm'd, lest my brother.—

Old Manly. No, no, my dear, I can ease you of your apprehensions respecting Henry: Miss Wingrove is not with him, I can assure you.

Mrs. Manly. How do you know that, my dear Mr. Manly.

Old Manly. Why I saw her about an hour ago.

Mrs. Manly. You saw Miss Wingrove! You surprize me! Where?

Old Manly. At Mr. Larron's.

Mrs.

Mrs. Manly. And pray, Mr. Manly, what business carried you there?

Old Manly. No, 'twas not at Mr. Larron's neither—yes, now I recollect it was there too.

Mrs. Manly. 'Tis very strange Mr. Manly, that you should be at such a loss to know where it was you saw her.

Old Manly. Why, I remember now very well it was at Mrs. Larron's, I happened to be there, and she came in.---Psha!---how I blunder---I mean she went in there and——

Mrs. Manly. You followed her---yes, I begin to guess how it was.

Old Manly. This is ever the way! Perpetually cross examin'd, and contradicted.

Mrs. Manly. It is you that contradict yourself, Mr. Manly.

Old Manly. Why, will you give me leave to tell my own story my own way.

Mrs. Manly. Another time, sir, it will be better policy to determine what way you choose to tell your stories before you begin to relate them: you will be less perplexed---less puzzled with the variety of your inventions---But pray let us hear the sequel.

Old Manly. Nay you may guess the remainder, if you will not listen to the beginning of my story, I'll be curs'd if you shall hear the conclusion of it, [Exit.

Mrs. Manly. Oh! Emma, child, what a life is mine, just to be relieved from one apprehension by being plung'd into another---Who could have believ'd your father would so forget himself as to seduce——

Miss Manly. Dear madam; 'tis impossible your fears shou'd be true---If you will give me leave I'll follow

follow my father---I dare say he will acquaint me with the whole affair.

Mrs. Manly. Go, my dear Emma, go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *An Inn.*

Enter Young MANLY.

Young Manly. No tidings to be gain'd of my Julia ; Where can she be ? Wand'ring perhaps---perhaps---oh ! I dare not trust myself with the suggestions of my own thoughts ! How shall I avoid them---oh ! Manly ! thou wert to have met a trembling angel kindly ready to have thrown herself into thy arms for ever---and——

Enter WILLIAM.

Will, what news ? does she live ? where is she ? is she married ?

William. Sir, I hope at last to bring some comfort.

Young Manly. Honest William ! well, your news, my good friend.

William. About half an hour ago I began to be quite out of hope, but thinks I, Ill not return to master till I've got some account to carry him, come on't what will.

Young Manly. That's a good fellow ; well.

William. And so I went from barbers to barbers, and from bakers to bakers, and from inn to inn, and from alehouse to alehouse.

Young Manly. Are you sure you hav'n't been drinking, Will ? If you have you know its what I've sworn never to forgive.

William. Lord, sir, drinking?---No, sir, no more than in a reasonable way---not to disguise myself, an like your honour.

Young

Young Manly. Tell me of my Julia, you block-head.

William. Why your honour's so touchy you see; if you'd ha' been pleas'd to have heard me.

Young Manly. Well, well, that's a good Will--- go on--- go on.

William. Well, pray sir, be pacified--- Well, and so, sir, as I was sitting at the Fox and Grid-iron in West-lane, who should come in promis-cuously, but Larron the smuggler, as conceited as you please---so I never much cared for having any talk with the fellow being as he's a foreigner and a great rogue. However, thinks I, all your French folk have woundy long tongues, and if he knows any thing, fifty to one but he pops it out.

Young Manly. Psha! Curse your tedious introductions.

William. So says I---Mr. Larron, have you heard what a stir there is in our village---such a to do.-----

Young Manly. Pish-- go on---I say---go on.

William. There---there's a young lady lost says I---"Wee" says he, and there be young one ladie found too.

Young Manly. What's that!---go on good William.

William. What says I, have you had the luck to find her then, says I. "Wee" says he again, spluttering out a French oath, and she have the luck to find me as well--oh ho says I, you'd make me believe that she run away for your sake, would you? Make a believe, says he, she not be the first young ladi, that run away for my sake-- Young ladies have droll fancies then says I--- But mayhap she may'nt be the same that all the rout is about--she that I mean is a raw-boned gawky girl, pretty round shoulder'd (just to sift
him

him you see, fir).---Round shoulder, says he, round shoulder. More blue---She one model---she von Venus---so then I knew we were right, for I've heard your honour say Miss was as like Venus as two pease.

Young Manly. Will, you have conducted the whole affair like a complete orator, and profound politician.

William. Very like, fir, but had'nt we better go after Miss for fear of her father's getting her back again.

Young Manly. Certainly---yet now that my fears for her safety are somewhat abated, the recollection of my offence places itself between us as an insurmountable obstacle to our ever meeting again.

William. Lord fir, why to my thinking you had better go and ask her pardon, and then there'll be an end on't.

Young Manly. Never---I can never think of asking her to pardon me.

William. Why, dear fir, how hard hearted you are.

Young Manly. [*Speaking to himself without regarding the presence of his servant.*] I have given her such cause of resentment, that it wou'd be an affront to her justice, as well as her delicacy, even to supplicate forgiveness.

William. Aye, aye, see what good'll come of these megrims.

Young Manly. Any common penitent may look with a rational confidence for pardon, but he who has sinned against the sanctity of beauty, and the religion of a sworn and plighted affection, cannot, ought not, to expect forgiveness.---

William. Nay sure, fir, do listen to a ---

Young Manly. But come---Tho' I must now for ever forego the dear hope of calling Julia mine,

yet if she will but suffer me to possess the soothing reflection of having rescued her from the persecutions of her family, I will bear my loss without a murmur, and resign my future days to patient suffering and unavailing regret---Follow me, Sirrah! [Exit.]

William. Certainly, sir---how difficult it is to make two people think alike in this world---I cannot bring myself to be of my master's mind for the soul of me. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *A Wood.*

Enter Mr. WELFORD.

Welford. What an unlucky fellow thou art, Welford---Here have I by my Emma's order been wandering this hour in pursuit of Manly---One wou'd think that he knew my intentions, and had hid himself to avoid me---Ha! who can this be who's looks betray so much agitation and distress? The grief must be of magnitude indeed that thus presents itself to the licentious comment of every unfeeling passenger---What can be the cause that has reduced loveliness like this [*retires*] to so cruel an affliction?

Enter JULIA.

Julia. Whither shall I fly?---What refuge is there left me---injur'd---insulted---pursued---persecuted every way---what more cou'd vice itself endure? And what indeed have I not sustained of its torments, saving only the pang of consciousness. Yet that's something---Whither shall I now direct my trembling feet? Where, where hope to meet a friend.

Welford. That friend is made, madam, if he's happy enough to be accepted---Pardon me for
thus

thus intruding on your griefs, and only rejoice me by saying in what way I can be necessary to your service.

Julia. May I believe you, sir---I have of late been so much the sport of cruelty, that I dare hardly think any one sincere that approaches me with the voice of kindness---Yet your countenance indicates compassion.

Welford. It would be false to my nature, madam, if it indicated any thing less on the present occasion. But madam, you talked of being pursued---If so---Permit me for the present to conduct you to my house---I have some female relations there, with whom a temporary residence can reflect no disgrace to your reputation---May I, madam, be favour'd by your compliance.

Julia. My tears must thank you, sir---I have no words to do it.

Welford. This way if you please, madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Larron's House.*

Enter Mr. LARRON, and Young MANLY.

Larron. Sir, vat you vant? Pardievat you make noise in my house—de house in England you call de chateau, de castel—vat you mean, you besiege my castel, sir?—Vat you vant, hey.

Young Manly. Want!—must I repeat it to you a hundred times, you blockhead? I want Miss Wingrove—where is she? Miss Wingrove, sir, Miss Wingrove, is the fellow dumb? Produce Miss Wingrove—Produce the young lady you brought home this morning—let me see her instantly.

Larron. De young ladi, qui m'accompagnoit ce matin, vat right have you to make question of me,

fir? I know noting of de young ladi—I no lock de ladi up, Monsieur—You say she Miss Wingrove. If Miss Wingrove shose rader to come to my house den go to her fader's ce n'est pas ma faute; if she take into her head to go away again, ce n'est pas, ma faute neider.

Young Manly. I would advise you, fir, not to be altogether so indifferent upon this occasion—You may not perhaps be aware that I possess a most excellent remedy for a certain complaint called in your country, *sang froid*—and if your symptoms should continue so very alarming, I fancy I shall feel myself under the necessity of applying it.

[*Shewing his cane.*

Larron. Monsieur! you not take a me right—my deficiency of de langue Angloise must s'il vous plait be mon excuse—Veritablement, I not know vere de young ladi be, more den yourself, fir. Vous plait il you please to make demande of my wife.

Enter Mrs. LARRON.

Monsieur elle aura peutetre, so much complaisance for you to inform of de cause of de ladi's departure, but pour moi, she vil not have de condescension de m'instruine pas u'n seul syllable.

Young Manly. Well, Mrs. Larron, you hear I am referred to you, will you favour me with some account of Miss Wingrove?

Mrs. Larron. Dear heart a day—Here's a racket and a fuss indeed! I wishes she'd been fur enough before she set her foot within my doors, I knows.

Young Manly. Nay, but Mrs. Larron, I must know immediately where she is.

Mrs. Larron. Must you, fir?—Why then you must

must know more than I can tell you—Your father came to visit her.

Young Manly. My father!

Mrs. Larron. Yes, sir—and so she went away—that's all I knows.

Young Manly. Did she go with him?

Mrs. Larron. Why yes, sir.—I suppose so—Lord you axes one so many questions.

Young Manly. My dear Mrs. Larron, why wou'dn't you make me happy sooner, by saying so at once.

Mrs. Larron. Lord one should have a fine life on't indeed, if one was to do nothing but make every body happy.

Young Manly. Your œconomy in that respect, madam, is at least good natured to your visitors, and as I have no inclination to disturb so laudable a cruelty I will wish you a good morning. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Larron. And a good riddance of you then, if you goes to that. This comes all along with you Larron, I'm sure I may say its a judgment upon you for thinking to serve me so.

Larron. It be von judgment done upon ma follie to keep in de house von termagante like yourself—De young ladi like ver well to come to my house—She beg, she pray to come—I bring her to you—I leave her vid you—Vat she do den? Ma foi, she run away directement.

Mrs. Larron. Was it so indeed? And so I was in madam's way was I? Oh this is pretty usage indeed! to me who have been the making of you.

Larron. You not hold your tongue, begar, I tourne you out of doors, tout de suite.

Mrs. Larron. You turn me out doors Larron? I dares you to do it—You knows as I knows enough
to

to hang you if I pleases—You forgets who broke open——

Larron. Vat you keep quarrel, quarrel for? You know I not like the quarrel—You and I be good friend—A ca—Give me your hand—pardie—I vill set all right—I vill make you my wife.

Mrs. Larron. Will you? But I am grown a little too wise for that now; I sees you aim well enough, you only wants to get clear of my evidence, and to have the law of your side, for using me ill—No, no Lewis, I am not such a fool as you thinks me.

Larron. Vill any ting please you? You juste now complain——

Mrs. Larron. Aye, but now d'ye see, I will keep my freedom as security for your good behaviour—You are in my power now, and so I will keep you—I knows you have no love for me, but I will make you fear me.

Larron. Eh bien, my dear, we understand von anoder now—you now be ma maistresse en toute choses et pour toujours.

Mrs. Larron. What's that you are jabbering?

Larron. I say, my dear, dat you are so convince me of your great discretion dat you now be my mistress in all tings, and for ever.

Mrs. Larron. Oh! why that's very well—come into dinner then like a good creter as you are, and never, my dear Lewis, never, never forget, that it is in my power to hang you.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT THIRD.

A C T

A C T IV.

SCENE I. MISS HERBERT'S *House*.

Enter Miss HERBERT and Lord DARTFORD.

Miss Herbert.

I AM happy to see your lordship—I hope you bring good tidings of Miss Wingrove.

Lord Dartford. Indeed, my dear madam, you flatter yourself and me. I was sent here, in pursuit of good tidings, or of any tidings—for after the most prodigal expence of bodily fatigue, we are just as much in the dark as ever.

Miss Herbert. What, no intelligence?

Lord Dartford. None—none—I have just left her fantastic father, and her imperious brother, almost as anxiously on the hunt for this modern relation, as if they were persecuting an old parchment, to bring forth a lurking morsel of ancient kindred in the reign of king Lud, or queen Boadicea. It is very unaccountable.

Miss Herbert. Unaccountable indeed!

Lord Dartford. I mean every way unaccountable—the motives that could have led to her escape, as well, as the success with which she has accomplished it. Women are not apt to misunderstand their happiness in these matters—I cannot lay that to their charge, positively.

Miss Herbert. (*Aside.*) Coxcomb!—a thought occurs to me, by which if I succeed I shall be better enabled to reconcile matters with my haughty lover, and rescue Julia from her embarrassments should she be discovered—I'll make him believe

I have

I have a fancy for him myself. [*to Lord Dartford.*] Indeed, my lord, as your lordship very justly observes, women are but seldom guilty of such extravagant inattention to their own interests—giddy girl—what would she have aspired to?—such rank—such accomplishments.

Lord Dartford. Yes—and such a rooted—such a disinterested, such an inviolable attachment.

Miss Herbert. To be sure, my lord. Obdurate Julia! Where were your eyes? Where was your sensibility? Where had you mislaid your understanding?

Lord Dartford. Very true! Where indeed? I that lived but for her.

Miss Herbert. That an affection so ardent—a constancy so noble, should receive so ill a return—unkind Miss Wingrove. [*sighs heavily.*]

Lord Dartford. Eh! What's this?—I begin to perceive something here, and the best on it is, she has a better fortune than the other—I wish I had not talked so much of my constancy. I must wheel about though, [*To Miss Herbert.*] And yet, Miss Herbert, I cannot help thinking that, latterly, Miss Wingrove hardly appeared to me to prefer that——

Miss Herbert. No, indeed, my Lord—I have partly thought so too.

Lord Dartford. That kind of suavity, as it were—that inexpressible something.

Miss Herbert. That plaintive delicacy—that deprecating eye—those imploring smiles—that persuasion which carried with it the authority of conquest, and that gentle command which turned enforced captivity, into voluntary submission. [*Aside.*] Dear girl, I cannot help doing her justice in the very heat of this feigned hostility.

Lord

Lord Dartford. And then her spirits—have some how or other——

Miss Herbert. Yes, her spirits too, have lost that elegant dejection, that pensive apathy—that graceful mope—if one may so express it, that used to shed the soft benignant influence of an autumn evening over every thing around her. How blind have I been! now that your lordship suggests it, I see it all. [*Aside.*] I am obliged to help him out in his very abuse, for he knows too little of love's rhetoric, even to hate with eloquence.

Lord Dartford. Now there is a person, in whose radiant eyes, and sparkling decorums, the majesty of imperial Cupid sits in state, and dispenses innocuous glories with the careless profusion of a city feast, or the dazzling splendor of a courtly gala.—There is a person——

Miss Herbert. Your lordship means Miss Manly?—Yes, indeed, she is a fine young woman enough——

Lord Dartford. Miss Manly! Miss Manly, madam, is as a scintillating link to the gorgeous orb of day, compared to the ineffable divinity of my prostrate adoration.

Miss Herbert. Whom can your lordship mean?

Lord Dartford. Mean! whom should I mean—whom must I mean, whom can I mean, but the celestial Phoenix of her sex, the divine Miss Herbert?

Miss Herbert. Me, my Lord!—Good heaven—I am so confused all on a sudden—Did your lordship say me?

Lord Dartford. Yes, yes, your adorable, everlasting self.

Miss Herbert. If your lordship really entertains—If your lordship has indeed, done me the honour to have conceived a passion——

H

Lord

Lord Dartford. A passion!---a flame---a conflagration—a volcano!

Miss Herbert. Nay now, my Lord, I can no longer doubt the plain sincerity of your professions—but as it is a fixed rule with me, rather to follow than to lead, in events of this awful importance, I should wish to avoid any further communication with a person of your lordship's dangerous eloquence, till the proper sanction of my relations has been previously obtained; my aunt would be too happy to receive any proposals of your lordship's; till then permit me to take my leave. Successful even beyond my hopes.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit.*

Lord Dartford. Hah, hah. Now this I call being in luck—just as one had lost scent in one quarter, to have a nobler game started in another. ---Now gad take me, 'tis very odd, but what a blunderbuss I am at a speech---I mean in the love way---for on other subjects I can deliver myself with a becoming intelligibility enough; but we higher order of beings that have sense enough, never to be more than merely artificial lovers, as we never understand the real orthodox gibberish of the passion, so when we once get to talk upon it, we never know when to stop---Now that scintillating link---gorgeous orb--conflagration, and volcano, were not at all to my liking, but what could I do? I must say something---but above all, what had I to do with an allusion to a city feast? What has a city feast to do among the delicacies of a lover's commons? Well, I must read for it---at least till I am married, and then indeed, it will be full time to discard both the passion and the language of it in amicable indifference together. Well, I will lose no time in preparing my proposals.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *Mr. MANLY's.**Enter Miss MANLY.*

Miss Manly. Could I have suspected Welford of infidelity! Happy, happy Miss Wingrove. So vanish all my hopes!

Enter Young MANLY.

Young Manly. Emma, what means this agitation? Whence these tears? Is my mother well? Where is my father; speak dear Emma.

Enter Mrs. MANLY.

Mrs. Manly. Oh Harry! what uneasiness has your absence occasioned---why will you pay so little attention to your family?

Young Manly. Dear madam, I deserve more reprehension that I ever meet with, yet let me entreat your present forbearance. My heart since last I saw you has been torn by such a variety of anguish, that I have not been master of my conduct---But why is Emma thus uneasy?

Mrs. Manly. Dear girl, I believe her uneasiness results from mine---could you have thought it Harry? I scarce know how to tell you, but your father has seduced Miss Wingrove from her friends, where he has placed her I know not---but---

Young Manly. Thank heaven, then, I have been truly informed, and she is with my father.

Mrs. Manly. Thank heaven, Henry! Do you thank heaven that your father wrongs me? Your behaviour shocks me Harry---It is even worse than his.

Young Manly. Dear mother, don't indulge such suspicions, my father steal Miss Wingrove from her friends---No, no, indeed he did not: that she is with him truly rejoices me.

Enter Old MANLY.

Young Manly. Dear sir, where is Miss Wingrove? Where is my lovely Julia. Will she permit me to behold her face again? Yet how dare I hope it.

Old Manly. Ought I to permit you to behold my face again, sir; how dare you hope that? Instead of asking impertinent questions about what does not concern you, have the goodness to account for your own conduct, sir---you leave your family---fill them with apprehensions for your safety, and at your return, instead of meeting us with proper submission, you begin by hectoring your poor innocent father, and bullying him with a long string of saucy enquiries—"Where is Miss Wingrove?—Where is my Julia?" [*mimicking him.*] What have you to do with Miss Wingrove? Who made her your Julia?

Mrs. Manly. Who indeed? She is differently disposed of.

Young Manly. Dear sir, how could I possibly imagine that what I said would give the slightest ground of offence? the Larrons assured me she went away with you.

Mrs. Manly. There, Mr. Manly, there! I am jealous now without a cause! I have no foundation for my suspicions.

Miss Manly. Dear madam, dear sir! hear me one moment, I can too certainly assure you where Miss Wingrove is.

Mrs. Manly. Where Emma, where?

Young Manly. Dear, dear Emma, tell me instantly. } *all at once.*

Old Manly. Aye, let us hear child— }
let us hear it.

Miss Manly. The report we heard, madam, was too well founded; Miss Wingrove is indeed with Mr. Welford.

Young

Young Manly. With Welford!

Mrs. Manly. Ridiculous child, mere jealous apprehension.

Young. Manly Madam!

Mrs. Manly. Ask your father whose suspicions are the wildest, hers or mine—he can set you right at once if he chooses it—but I'll stay no longer to endure such treatment.

Old Manly. Don't, my dear, don't.

Mrs. Manly. Your indifference, Mr. Manly, is even more injurious than your infidelity. [*Exit.*

Old Manly. Before I go to appease your mother, who is as absurd as you are profligate, let me caution you, young man, how you practise such another frolic in a hurry—the wicked story that you have so ingeniously trumped up about my being at such a place as Larrons'—this excellent joke, I say, sir, which owes all its genius, to its being a falsehood, and its wit to the certain mischief it was sure to produce in your family, won't be passed over unpunished, I assure you---have you no duty?---no regard for truth?—But it was ever thus with you, you prodigal—The best example I have ever been able to set you, either for truth or modesty, never produced the slightest effect upon your vile, impenetrable nature, and the mildest language, you rascal, was always thrown away upon you. [*Retires.*

Young Manly. Dear Emma, unravel if you can, this knot of perplexities; my father answers me with anger, my mother with tears, and you, my dear sister, start an idea, which is one of the last that would have entered my imagination; yet, being once presented, love will not suffer it to repose in idleness---Tell me, my Emma---Can Julia be with Welford? Can she---can he!---can both be so inconstant?

Miss Manly. Oh Harry, why did I mention it---
This

This may be the source of fresh affliction---Think if it is so---that I endure enough, and do not encrease my misery---You know my fears.

Young Manly. Lay them aside, dear Emma! be assured I shall act with moderation---I know I shall ---Oh Julia!---But you must tell me all you know, respecting her, and the villain---I will not name him that has stolen her from me. Come to my study, Emma; nay, dry your eyes---you shall see what an example of patience I will exhibit---I shall quarrel with no one but myself, for in myself alone is the foundation of all the miseries I am exposed to. [*Exeunt Young Manly and Emma.*

Enter Servant to OLD MANLY.

Servant. Miss Herbert, Sir, desires to know if she can have the pleasure of half a minute's conversation with you.

Old Manly. Shew her in. *Exit Servant.*

Enter MISS HERBERT.

Old Manly. This is indeed a kindness, my dear Miss Herbert; your visits are valuable in proportion to their rarity, like winter suns---or---or---no---like---

Miss Herbert. Never mind, my dear Mr. Manly, what they are like, we will settle the impromptu upon more mature deliberation another time.

Old Manly. Egad, and so we will, for nothing requires so much time as an off-hand speech.

Miss Herbert. Now, Sir, to the object of my visit ---Report says, that you have seen Miss Wingrove, and I am anxious to hear how the charming creature endures her misfortunes.

Old Manly. Very true, madam; but where should I see Miss Wingrove?

Miss

Miss Herbert. Why, report does say, sir, that you met her at a place where it would have been equally for her happiness, and your reputation, that you had never met at all---at Mrs. Larron's.

Old Manly. Its a falsehood---a confounded falsehood---I go to Mrs. Larron's! but dear Miss Herbert, how can a young lady of your candour and good sense give credit to such a thing, particularly when you had such good reason for disbelieving it, as its being the general report.

Miss Herbert. Why, indeed Mr. Manly, as you say, what should you do at such places? You know you are subsiding into the calm evening of life, when the tempestuous passions gently sink into a soft undisturbed repose---I dare say now you feel this sweet chearful twilight of your days to be attended with more substantial comfort, and much more real happiness, than the gaudier scenes of your meridian life, when every thing was brilliant, and nothing solid; every thing gay, but nothing rational.

Old Manly. Twilight! Gadso!—None of your twilights neither Miss—This is the way—there is no such thing as purchasing impunity in this world, for one offence, but by pleading guilty to a worse—Well, Miss; and suppose I was at Mistress Larron's?

Miss Herbert, [*Aside.*] O ho! I thought I should bring him to confession; he will acknowledge any vice, but age—So, sir, you were there, then, after all.

Old Manly. Gads life, ma'am, don't ask so many questions; I understand you well enough, Miss—You would insinuate that I am a helpless old fellow—that you can see no great use in my living, and that the sooner I am hang'd out of the
way

way, the better, but give me leave to tell you, madam---

Enter Admiral CLEVELAND.

Admiral. Hey day! What storms a brewing now? Why neighbour Manly this is a rough gale upon so fair a coast—what quarrelling with my neice?

Miss Herbert. Dear uncle I'm quite rejoiced to see you, you never came so seasonably to the rescue of a poor little disabled frigate in your life—Mr. Manly here.——

Old Manly. Your neice is an impertinent, forward, malicious young woman, Mr. Cleveland, and I desire never to see her face again—I'll never, never forgive her—No, if I were to live till I was sixty.

Miss Herbert. What a formidable resentment! Why the period of it has expired these five years.

Admiral. [*Aside.*] Leave him to me, I'll tease the old fellow—I came on purpose.

Miss Herbert. I will.

Admiral. But how did the brush happen? What is the cause of it?

Miss Herbert. Why, sir, I spoke, I am afraid, somewhat too justly of your friend's age, and appeared to entertain too favourable an opinion of his morality—offences which a lively, determined rover, in his climacteric, can never reconcile to his forgiveness.

Admiral. Oh, is that all.

Miss Herbert. So good, Mr. gallant, gay Lothario of sixty-five, a good morning to you.

[*Exit. Miss Herbert.*]

Old Manly. A faucy minx.

Admiral. Come, Manly, you have too many of the substantial afflictions of life to contend with at present to be ruffled by little breezes of this sort—But I am your friend, and I thought it my duty,

as such to call upon you, and to do what a friend ought, to comfort you.

Old Manly. Why that was very kind my old neighbour, very kind indeed—be seated I beseech you—Yes, indeed, 'tis very true, as you say Admiral, I am a wretched, miserable, unhappy man, oppress'd with sorrows, laden with affliction—overtaken before my time, by many cares. Yet 'tis something, my worthy neighbour, to have a trusty friend, to take a kind interest in one's misfortunes—to share, as it were, the sad load of life—to ride and tye with one in the weary pilgrimage—O 'tis a charming thing to have a friend!

Admiral. I think so indeed, and hope to prove as much—I have no other object but to comfort you—None, none.—You are indeed very unhappy.

Old Manly. Very, very!

Admiral. Why there's your wife, now.

Old Manly. Aye—my wife—Oh! Oh!

[*A long sigh.*]

Admiral. Nay be comforted, my friend—be comforted—Why she is of herself a sufficient load of misery for any one poor pair of mortal shoulders. Always fretfull, her suspicions never asleep—and her tongue always awake—constantly making her observations, like a vessel sent out upon discovery—ever on the watch, like an armed cutter, to cut off any little contraband toy, and to intercept any harmless piece of smuggled amusement.

Old Manly. Oh! 'tis dreadful, neighbour, quite dreadful indeed.

Admiral. Take comfort, my friend—What did I come here for? take comfort, I say—There is your son too.

Old Manly. Yes, my son too, an abandon'd profligate.

I

Admiral.

Admiral. Nay, if that were all, there might be hopes---the early little irregularities that grow out of the honest passions of our nature, are sometimes an advantage to the ripened man; they carry their own remedy along with them, and when remedied, they generally leave the person wiser and better than they found him---wiser for his experience, and better for the indulgence which they give him towards the infirmities of others---but a canting, whining, preaching profligate---a sermon maker at twenty---a fellow that becomes a saint, before he's a man---a beardless hypocrite---a scoundrel that cannot be content with common homely sinning, but must give it a relish by joining a prayer with it in his mouth---of such a fellow there can be no hopes---no hopes indeed.

Old Manly. None, none. Oh miserable that I am, where will my affliction end? Where shall I find consolation?

Admiral. Consolation!--In me to be sure!--What else was the purpose of my visit? I forbear to say any thing of your daughter, poor unhappy girl.

Old Manly. Conceal nothing from me. What has happened to my poor child---what has happened to her? She was my favourite. Miserable man! O miserable man!

Admiral. Nay, if it will give you any comfort, I will tell you. It is my duty to do so---why, she, you know, was desperately in love with Charles Welford. He has turned her off, I find---discharged her the service, and has fallen in with somebody else; so that I suppose by to-morrow morning we may look for her birth, poor girl, in the ambush of a willow, or the retirement of a fish-pond.

Old Manly. Now the sum of my calamities is complete

complete [*Weeps*]. Now, indeed, the cup is full—poor undone man—miserable husband—wretched father!

Admiral. Aye, and all to come upon you at your time of life too—Had your misfortunes reached you when you were in the vigour of your days— [*Old Manly dries his eyes, and looks resentfully*] when you retained enough of bodily strength and force of mind to cope with them—but—at your time of day, when the timbers are approaching fast towards decay, when the lights of the understanding are upon the glimmer, and the reckoning of life is pretty nearly out—Oh! 'tis too horrible. Faith, after all, I don't know how to comfort you.

Old Manly, [In a rage.] [Both rising.] I believe not, indeed; you fusty, musty, old, foul-mouthed, weather-beaten coxcomb—timbers approaching fast to decay. Whose timbers do you mean, old jury-mast? look at your own crazy hulk—do—and don't keep quoting your damn'd log-book criticisms upon your juniors and your betters.

Admiral. Nay, my good friend.

Old Manly. Damn your friendship, and your goodness too. I don't like friendship that only wants me to hate myself—and goodness that only goes to prove every thing bad about me. So, good Mr. Yellow Admiral, sheer off—do---and till you can stuff your old vessel with a cargo of more commoditable merchandize, don't let me see you in my latitude again.

Admiral. Sir, let me tell you, you may repent of this language; and were it not for pity of your age and your misfortunes.—

Old Manly. O curse your pity; and as for misfortunes, I know of none equal to your consolation.

Admiral. You shall hear more of this, Mr. Manly.

Old Manly. Not for the present, if you please— if you want my life, take it—take any thing— only take yourself off.

Admiral. Very well, sir. You shall hear from me at a proper time. [*Aside*]. I have made the old fool nobly miserable; that's some comfort, however.

Old Manly. [*solus.*] What an afs was I, to listen so long to the hollow croakings of this melancholy sea monster-- a rusty old weather cock; always pointing one way, and that to the quarter of misfortune—I miserable!—What shou'd make me so?—Is not my wife kind and faithful, and only a little troublesome now and then for my good---Is not my son generous and gay---and---and like his father as a son shou'd be---and a'n't I stout in body, and sound in mind, and is not every thing as I would have it?---a dismal old---now has he given me a sample of the view with which advice is always bestowed, and I him a proof of the effect with which it is always taken---he came to me to increase my distresses by consolation, and I have made use of his counsel as a new argument for pleasing myself, [*Exit,*

SCENE III. *Miss* HERBERT'S.

Enter Miss HERBERT, *and Mrs.* RACHEL.

Miss Herbert. Well, my dear aunt, have you been more successful in your enquiries after the unfortunate *Miss* Wingrove than I have been?

Mrs. Rachael. I don't know how to say I have been more successful—but from your account, I have collected more particulars---I understand she was accidentally encountered by Mr. Welford, who kindly offered her the asylum of his house, which she accepted—but learning, by conversation with his relations,

lations, that her reception there had produced a quarrel between him and his mistress, the generous girl scorned to consult her own comfort at the expence of her protector, and having contrived to change her own clothes for those of a younger brother of Mr. Welford's, she accomplished her escape.

Enter Servant.

Mr. Wingrove, Madam.

Miss *Herbert*. Admit him. O, he shall receive no mercy at my hands whilst he continues the persecutor of his sister—Will you give me leave, madam, to receive him alone?

Mrs. *Rachel*. Certainly, my dear. [*Exit.*

Enter Mr. WINGROVE.

Wingrove. Will Miss Herbert permit a penitent to approach her?

Miss *Herbert*. Oh! by all means—a real penitent—but are you quite sure that you come under that description, or is yours like the common repentance of the world, which consists rather in a prejudice against punishment, than a sincere contrition for the offence?

Wingrove. Dear, charming Harriet, how can you question it—I am ashamed of the violence of my behaviour at our last interview; yet you must acknowledge that you drew me into that suspicion by your ambiguous deportment. Surely my Harriet could not find entertainment in the uneasiness of the man who adores her?

Miss *Herbert*. [*Aside.*] Bless me, if he continues in this strain of humility, I shall never be able to punish him as he deserves—yet I must.

Wingrove. What's that, my Harriet? You cannot doubt the sincerity and devotion of my love.

Miss

Miss Herbert. Apropos—Was it you that fell in love with me, or your father?

Wingrove. My father! Harriet?

Miss Herbert. Aye, you or your father; which of you is it that I have had the good fortune to inspire with so favourable an opinion of me? I am inclined to think it is to the elder gentleman I owe the obligation.

Wingrove. Nay, now madam, I don't understand you.

Miss Herbert. In plain English, then, had you your instructions from your father to undergo the labour of wooing, or did you come of your own accord?

Wingrove. Can my Harriet entertain so humiliating an opinion of me as to suppose I would be actuated in so dear a concern as that, by any influence but the impulse of my own affection?

Miss Herbert. Take care, Mr. Wingrove—take care—there is nothing so tempting, I admit you, as those pretty words that fall gracefully in to close the procession of an ambitious sentence, but let me ask you plainly, sir, Whether, if your father should now, even now, lay his commands upon you to relinquish the passion with which you affect to regard me, you would not instantly obey him, and leave me forsaken and forlorn, to transfer your obedient ardours to any new lady of his choice?

Wingrove. 'Tis true, I feel the most sincere respect for my father; yet had he thought proper to interpose his influence in a case where nature claims a paramount authority, I had renounced a submission which I should have held to have been unjustly exacted.

Miss Herbert. Are you sure of it?

Wingrove. Quite sure.

Miss

Miss Herbert. Dear Mr. Wingrove. [*Taking his hand.*]

Wingrove. [*Kissing it.*] My lovely, my adorable Harriet!—Sure of it! am I sure of my existence? Am I sure of your being the most lovely of your own sex—or I the happiest of mine [*Kisses her hand*]. Am I sure that we shall never exchange another harsh word, or another unkind look? Am I sure——

Miss Herbert. Nay, now, sir, you are fairly caught.

Wingrove. Hey-day! What frolic is in the wind now?

Miss Herbert. If all this be true, Mr. Wingrove, tell me, sir, what it is that constitutes the offence of your sister? Why is she driven out a disgraced wanderer to encounter all the unknown hazards of a merciless world, when one of her persecutors not only acknowledges that he shares in all her guilt—if guilt it be—but glories in the sympathy he feels in her disobedience, because he considers it as a just tribute to the object of his affections, and a proof of his independence?

Wingrove. My sister, ma'am, is a woman—and—and—

Miss Herbert. My sister, ma'am, is a woman—and—and—that is, my sister is an interdicted being—disinherited by nature of her common bounties—a creature, with regard to whom, engagements lose their faith, and contracts their obligations. In your fictitious characters as lovers, you endeavour to make us believe that we are exalted above human weaknesses; but, in your real characters, as men, you more honestly demonstrate to us, that you place us even below your own level, and deny us the equal truth and justice that belongs alike to all intelligent beings. This language, sir, is

NEW,

new, at least in the vocabulary of love, I wish I could say the sentiments it conveys were equally so in the hearts of your most imperious sex.

Wingrove. Before I was interrupted, madam, by this torrent of modest rhetoric on the merits of your most unimperious sex; for so, in particular, I am bound to think them, I meant merely to have said, that I can aggrandize the woman with whom it may be my fate to be united.—whereas, if my sister joined herself with an inferior, she would have become necessarily degraded to the rank of her husband. But I find, madam, these insults are calculated merely to gratify your pride, by proving to what extremity of meanness your power can reduce me. I blush at the servilities to which it has already exposed me, and now throw off the yoke for ever. [*Going.*

Miss Herbert. Stay, sir; before you go, let me beg you to favour this letter with a perusal. Read it at your leisure; and now—“a long farewell to all my greatness.”

Wingrove. Damnation! laugh'd at too—Farewell, madam, and I swear——

Miss Herbert. Nay, sir, don't swear; or if thou wilt swear—swear by thy gracious self!

Wingrove. [*In a fury of passion.*] Madam, I go ---for ever. [*Exit.*

Miss Herbert. To have convinced me of that, your congè, my rebellious captive, should have been taken with somewhat less disturbance. I am glad I had recollection enough to give him Lord Dartford's letter of proposals before he went. He was in a terrible rage, to be sure---so much the better---while a woman retains power enough over a man to make him lose his temper, he is not yet in that state of healthy indifference that intitles him to bid defiance to a relapse of affection. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE I. *The ADMIRAL's Garden.*

Enter JULIA (in boy's clothes, looking back.)

YONDER is my brother, and his servant, as I live; perhaps in pursuit of me! I dare not meet them—Yet sure they cou'd not know me---I hardly know myself---Their eyes seem directed this way---I'll shut the gate till they have pass'd. Ha! who comes here? perhaps the owner of this place. From my long residence with my aunt, I am almost a stranger in my native village---Bless me, he has a stern countenance! I had best conceal myself till he quits the garden. [Retires.

Enter ADMIRAL.

Admiral. Why what a pack of idle fellows I keep about me. When I'm laid up with the gout these rascals do nothing—See what a fine jessamine here is almost spoilt for want of tying up—let's try what I can do. *[Goes to tie it, Julia shifts her place]* What's that shakes the leaves so—Hey, is not that a man? Oh! oh! there's the way my nectarines fall so short. *[Goes and brings Julia forward]* Here! here! no resistance—Come out, and let us see what we can make of you. Well, young graceless, and what do you do here? Come, let's hear what account you can give of yourself.

Julia. I do assure you, sir, I came in by accident.

Admiral. By accident? Well that's a good beginning enough; what do you shut your eyes as

K

you

you go along, that you can't tell the highway from an enclosure?

Julia. I mean, fir, I just stepp'd in to avoid a person I wish'd not to see me.

Admiral. Very like, fir; but pray, fir, will you have the goodness to tell us who you may happen to be, fir?

Julia. Pray, fir, excuse me.

Admiral. Indeed, fir, I shall do no such thing—Come, fir, who's your father?

Julia. I cannot tell you, indeed, fir.

Admiral. Indeed, fir—Well, after all, it might puzzle a wiser head than your's to do that; but possibly you may have better luck with regard to your mother—who is she?

Julia. My mother, fir, is dead.

Admiral. Dead, is she? But had she no name when she was alive? Egad you shuffle so, that I fancy you've been longer at the trade than I at first imagined. You're a gay spark for the profession too—If Rachel had been a young woman, I should have suspected something else; but perhaps the coat may have been stolen too; these gentry now-a-days think nothing they can get too good for them, and the finger is only an accomplice to the felonious pride of the back, “win gold and wear it”—Hey, is that your maxim, my young poacher? Gadso, now I remember, I have seen Sam. Welford in those very clothes—I shall secure you, my lad; you shall answer all this.

Julia. I beseech you, fir, not to expose me.

Admiral. Not expose you—What! do you think I shall connive at felony? Here, Tom, Simon, Ralph—attempt to move, and you're a dead man. Here, will nobody help me to secure this villain?

Enter

Enter Mrs. RACHEL and Servants.

Admiral. Here, seize that fellow, and tie his hands behind him—Keep off, Rachel, I dare say he has got pistols in his pockets—Lead him directly to a magistrate, I'll follow.

Julia. Dear madam, I implore you to plead for me to that gentleman—your looks speak benevolence—I entreat you, madam, to have pity on me!

Admiral. There's a young artful dog now, beginning to coax and flatter Rachel about her good looks; aye, that's the way with these handsomer sprigs of the fraternity, they are sure to attack the women; but 'tis such a snivelling puppy—why hang it, my lad, you must expect these rubs in the way of your business, its only a misfortune in trade—Come man, behave yourself a little more like a rascal of spirit.

Rachel. Brother, I entreat you to send your servants in.

Admiral. Send 'em in, Rachel, why how's this? Do you want him to make his escape? Has he softened you with his whimpering? You know if he takes to his heels, I can't follow him.

Rachel. I have particular reasons for my request.

Admiral. Well, be it so then—wait in the house till I call you. [*Exit. servants.*] Don't you think to get off tho'—if you attempt to stir—

Julia. You may rely upon it, sir, I will not move. Oh, madam, may I hope that you will befriend me in this dreadful exigency!

Admiral. No, no, my lad, You are dipping into the wrong pocket there; Rachel is not like most of her sex, to be won over by wheedling, you do but

fling away your skill. But why was I to dismiss those fellows, Rachel?

Rachel. Brother, if what I've already said has surpriz'd you, I shall encrease your astonishment still farther, by desiring to have a short conversation with this stranger, while you walk aside.

Admiral. What, leave you alone with a pick-pocket, a housebreaker? I tell you, he has pistols in his pockets, or a swashing cutlafs in his coat-lining! Rachel, Rachel, you are a poor ignorant woman, you can't tell what instruments these fellows may have about them.

Rachel. You are mistaken, brother, this is no robber, I am persuaded.

Admiral. Oh Rachel, Rachel, is it comes to this after all!--I did think for your sake, that there might be such a thing as a woman without folly or frailty; but you are determined that I shall not die with too favourable an opinion of your sex---for shame Rachel, for shame---'tis too bad---too bad indeed.

Rachel. A few minutes will convince you brother, that if I merited your good opinion before, I shall not be likely to forfeit it on the present occasion.

Admiral. May be so, may be so, Rachel, it has an odd look however; have a care of yourself, old girl; if you should do a foolish thing, it won't be taken as if one of your prudes had been guilty of a little trespass, who prepare people for their fall, by the fuss they make about their virtue. You'll have a hot birth on't, my old lass, you will—but however mind I give you fair warning.

[Retires.]

Julia. Dear madam, vouchsafe to hear my wretched story.

Rachel

Rachel. As I know not what impression my brother's strange conjectures may have made on your opinion, suffer me to gain a little credit, by sparing you the trouble of informing me that you are Miss Wingrove.

Julia. Madam!

Rachel. Dear young lady, be not alarm'd at this discovery, for never was there more sincere commiseration than what your sufferings have produced in me.

Julia. Oh, madam, how has my wretched situation been made known to you? and by what means may I obtain your friendship?

Rachel. I have but one condition to propose, and that is an unreserved communication of the circumstances that have involved you in this distress—that made, for I cannot admit an idea of criminality in you, I can assure you not only of my own protection, but my brother's; who is as warm in his attachments, as he is rash and hasty in forming conclusions from first appearances; but my brother returns; I would not meet him till I can inform him of the whole. This way, dear Miss Wingrove.

[Retire to an alcove.]

Enter ADMIRAL.

Admiral. What isn't this tete-a-tete over yet! what, they retire at the sight of me—Oh! guilt! guilt! I'll observe you tho'—why she seems to be courting him! I'll be sunk if it isn't so—Aye, Rachel, now you have flung aside propriety, decency, I fancy, will soon follow. Women, I find, never love to do silly things by halves; when once they slip cable on a voyage of folly, let them bring them to that can. Particularly your reasoning

ing sort of sensible, elderly gentlewomen---for when they have fairly passed the equinox of life, they know they sail with a trade wind, and the devil can't stop them, till they are snug in harbour with a yoke fellow, after a tedious passage of difficult virginity. By all that's scandalous she takes his hand—Oh sit down, sit down, my gentle swain—Why he's weeping still—sink me if ever I saw such a watry-ey'd puppy. Not but there was something in his distress that moved me—if circumstances had not been so strong against him, I should no more have taken him for a thief than for a sailor—What, must he have your smelling bottle too—why she has left him in the arbour, and comes this way—she looks as if she saw me too—can she face me? will she brazen out her folly? [*Rachel advances.*] Well, Mrs. Rachel Cleveland.

Rachel. Well, brother, I come to clear up all your doubts and difficulties.

Admiral Oh don't take so much trouble, madam, it is sufficiently clear already, I give you my word.

Rachel. Nay, then I perceive you are under your old mistake, so I shall explain all at once. This way, my dear. (*To Julia.*)

Admiral My dear! by heaven that's too much—what, no shame, Rachel!

Rachel. Now learn your error, brother, and give me leave to recommend to your protection [*Julia advances, Rachel takes her hand, the admiral going out in a rage*] Miss Julia Wingrove.

Admiral. What's that, Rachel! who did you say?

Rachel. This young lady, brother, whose misfortunes you have heard in part, is Miss Julia Wingrove; I am convinced she deserves your friendship,

friendship, and it is evident she is much in need of it.

Admiral. And she shall have it cost what it will. Young lady! why what a fool have I made of myself---Can you excuse an old fellow, madam, who frequently lets his hasty temper run away with his slow wits?

Julia. Your present kindness, sir, infinitely overpays the fears occasioned by your misconception.

Admiral. You must seal my pardon, miss, by a salute, or I sha'nt think we are fairly reconciled. Rachel, I don't apologize to you, as I know your forgiveness is always close in tow of my repentance; but as for you, lady fair, since you have been forced upon my coast, they must fight through fire and water for you that drive you out to sea again.

Julia. Do not, I beseech you, sir, let your generous compassion for me lead you into danger; the bare idea of such a consequence would compel me to forego the comfort of your hospitable protection,

Admiral. Oh don't let your little fearful heart begin conjuring up vexations, it'll do me a great deal of good—make my blood circulate—I have been too long out of action—a vast while too long---I am mere still water---spoiling for want of motion---a little hurricane or two will shake me clear again. I want a bit of a storm for the quiet of my old days, and a little wholesome danger will promote the safety of my health, so away with your fears, my little light fing---'Sblood I was getting on the old tack again.

Julia. But, dear sir.---

Admiral.

Admiral. Do Rachel, tell her what an obstinate old fellow I am, and that it is only wasting her ammunition to oppose me.

Rachel. There is so much generosity, brother, in the substance of what you say, that I have no inclination to dispute about the expression of it. Miss Wingrove, if you please, you shall lay aside this dress.

Julia. Gladly, madam.

Admiral. Come, young lady, let me be your conductor, and they that can make prize of British beauty when under the convoy of a British admiral, must have more weight of metal about them than the whole bulk of your lubberly relations, saving your presence, in a body---so cheerly, my little angel---bear up----“Blest isle with beauty, &c.” (Singing). [Exeunt.]

Scene changes to Lord Dartford's house. Lord Dartford and Jenkins.

Lord Dartford. So this triumph of my attractions, as I had so naturally believed, was a sham after all---Death, how dared this saucy baggage venture to set her pert wits on so hazardous a deception---but my turn may come, and if she should marry this bouncer Wingrove, and grow disgusted with him, which of course must be the case, it will be in vain that she turns her eyes to me, I assure her---But what's to be done in this affair.

Jenkins. Can't your lordship disown having sent any proposal to Miss Herbert.

Lord Dartford. How can I do that; you delivered the letter, did'nt you?

Jenkins. Yes, my Lord, but he must be a very indifferent

indifferent servant whose memory cannot fail him a little, for the advantage of his master.

Lord Dartford. Well, we must consign that difficulty to the eclaireissement of time and better fortune---but in the interim this refusal of Miss Herbert's makes it of importance to recover this wandering nymph as soon as possible. Did Thomas, do you say, trace a young gentleman, resembling Miss Wingrove to Admiral Clevelands.

Jenkins. He did, my Lord, and was almost certain it was herself.

Lord Dartford. If it should prove so, and she obtains shelter there, I think it might be easy to watch for her in the garden, and steal her thence, but first the Admiral must be watched out though---remember that;--- there may be danger else.

Jenkins. That's one of the cases, my Lord, in which my memory never fails me.

Lord Dartford. Well then, let's about it instantly---If I could meet with the lady, there is no harsh treatment to her that the old Baronet will not interpret into respect for him; and as for the swaggerer, his son, let him know of my attempt upon his mistress, when I am married to his sister, with all my heart---Decency will prevent him from killing me then, and as for his opinion, as that is innocent of any effect upon the body, we must endeavour to endure it. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Miss* HERBERT'S.

Miss Herbert. I don't know how it is, but I feel a sort of uneasiness about me, as if something had happened to vex me. What can it be? forgetful creature that I am---Miss Wingrove's distresses, to be sure. Yet that is not a novelty at the present moment; and then the persevering absurdity of her lofty brother---ha! ha!--Sits the wind in that quarter? Well, I can't help it. I am
L afraid

afraid he is not quite indifferent to me; yet I must tame him out of this unreasonable haughtiness before marriage, that he may be entitled to the just pride of a husband when he becomes one.

Enter WINGROVE.

Bless me, how came you here?—Always stealing upon one?

Wingrove. I am so truly ashamed, madam—I cannot---

Miss Herbert. Come, sir, there is an eloquent humility in your manner that speaks for you. I have once before to-day construed your meaning; and I begin to flatter myself I shall not be a less faithful interpreter now, when I suppose that you are indeed a penitent for the treatment to which you have expos'd your sister.

Wingrove. Indeed, indeed, I am so.

Miss Herbert. I am rejoic'd to hear it. You have read the letter I gave you?

Wingrove. I have, madam.

Miss Herbert. Well, in all this wide world of caprice and uncertainty there is but one thing infallible.

Wingrove. What is that?

Miss Herbert. That!—Why that a man of rank never violates his plighted honour, and that birth involves in it every human virtue.

Wingrove. Perfidious scoundrel—I'll tear him piece-meal.

Miss Herbert. Tear your own prejudices from your heart, Mr. Wingrove.

Wingrove. They are gone, madam; and I have no other proof that they ever had an existence in my bosom, but the mortified sensibility which they have left behind them.

Miss Herbert. Come, sir, keep up your spirits; you will do charmingly, I am convinc'd.

Wingrove.

Wingrove. Nay; I am not now a convert to your opinion, my Harriet.

Miss Herbert. What a relapse.

Wingrove. No, I only mean to say, this is not the first time of my life in which I have thought as you do. Reason has had many ineffectual struggles with prejudice in my mind upon this subject before. But, henceforth, I disclaim all reverence for such idle superstitions—I despise birth, and all the vanities which attend it.

Miss Herbert. Now, Mr. Wingrove, I do not think so well of your case as I did. I am, myself, no peevish, morose caviller at birth. It is always graceful, and often useful; when it operates as a motive to a kind and honourable emulation with the illustrious dead; but when those who possess the advantage, endeavour to make it a substitute for every other excellence, then indeed I think the offender is entitled to no gentler sentiment than my contempt, or my pity.

Wingrove. My Harriet shall, from this time, regulate my opinions in every thing---and now may I hope---

Miss Herbert. Not now! not now---Go home and be upon the watch to avail yourself of the first opportunity to reconcile every thing. Let this be the first probation of your recovery; and if, when next we meet, I should find matters in a way that promises general happiness, perhaps I may not be so cruel to myself as to deny you the civility of partaking in it.

Wingrove. Charming Harriet. [*Exeunt separately.*]

SCENE IV. *The Admiral's Garden.*

Enter Mrs. RACHEL, WELFORD, and YOUNG MANLY.

Rachel. Excuse me, Mr. Manly, Miss Wingrove's

grove's feelings have been lately too much agitated for me to suffer her to be exposed to new conflicts.

Young Manly. Madam, I came here to satisfy my anxious doubts about Miss Wingrove's safety; being once assured of that, I resign myself to the despair I have so justly merited.

[*Walks off.*]

Welford. Nay, but madam, don't let your generous compassion for the fair sufferer entirely prevail over the penitent misery of the offender---let them but meet, and leave the rest to chance.

Rachel. Well, sir, if I can prevail, Mr. Manly shall see Miss Wingrove--but let him understand I will not have her urged upon any point, and the length of the interview must be entirely left to her own pleasure and discretion.

Welford. It shall, madam--I engage for his obedience in every thing. [*Exit Rachel.*] Come, Manly, throw away your despair. Mrs. Cleaveland is gone to bring in your Julia.

Young Manly. Call her back, I beseech you. I dare not meet my injured love---Call her back, I intreat you; though I feel this kindness from you, Welford, with double force, after my late behaviour to you---how could I suspect you?

Welford. No more of that--here she comes without my trouble, and with her--shall I send them back?

[*Enter Mrs. RACHEL, and JULIA.*]

[*As soon as they see each other Manly kneels, and Julia reclines on Mrs. Rachel.*]

Young Manly. Oh! Julia.

Julia. Mr. Manly!

Young

Young Manly. Oh! my lov'd Julia, I dare not approach you; yet let me survey that form, where every virtue claims its own impression. Let me see anger aggravated by sweetness, and justice in her most awful form, invested in all the terrors of offended beauty. Look on me but whilst I describe the agonies I have endured for your sufferings, and the pangs I have undergone for my inexpressible guilt. I do not expect to be forgiven---only say you will endeavour not to hate me; and I go, my Julia---if you will have it so, for ever.

Julia. Mr. Manly, I cannot very easily hate---nay, sir, I even forgive you---but if your hopes, which I can hardly suppose, should exceed this prudent limit they deceive you.

Welford. Come, Miss Wingrove, let me hope you will consider this matter. I will not press it now---but---

Julia. My obligations to you, sir, have been important indeed; but this is not a topic even for the claims of gratitude. Mr. Manly, I am sure, will not oppose the only plan of comfort that is left me---a quiet, peaceful seclusion.

Young Manly. No, my Julia, no---never will I disturb your repose.

Julia. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Cleaveland; but indeed I am not well.

Rachel. Be seated, my dear. I intreat you to take your leave for the present, gentlemen.

Young Manly. Rascal that I am.

[*Exeunt Manly and Welford.*]

Rachel. Keep up your spirits. I'll step into the house and fetch something for your relief, my dear.

[*Exit.*]

Julia. I am sorry, madam.

Enter

Enter Lord DARTFORD and JENKINS, with Servants behind.

Lord Dartford. There she is—and alone, by all that's lucky. Lose no time. You are sure the admiral is not at home?

Jenkins. Quite sure, my Lord.

Lord Dartford. Very well; lose no time; advance: *[They seize Julia.*

Julia. What means this rudeness—Help! help! Oh help me, or I am lost.

Re-enter MANLY, WELFORD, and RACHEL.

Young Manly. My Julia's voice!

[Jenkins runs away.

Lord Dartford. Take care, Mr. Manly—We are well armed—take care, I say.

Young Manly. Dastardly villain—a pistol.

[Strikes it out of his hand.

[The Dartford party escape.

How is my Julia?—Thank Heaven that has afforded me an opportunity of being serviceable to her in any thing.

Welford. How fare you, madam?

Julia. Much beholden, gentlemen, to you both; but weary of this life of alarms and rescues.

Enter Admiral's Servant.

Servant. Your father, Sir William, madam, is within, enquiring for you.

Julia. I will intrude upon you so much further as to lead me to my father instantly.

Young Manly. To your father!—Must it be so, Julia?

Julia. Do not oppose my request, Mr. Manly; I am resolved to throw myself upon his mercy.—

My

My misfortunes may have softened him. Will you be kind enough, madam, to accompany me? I shall need your friendly offices.

Rachel. Miss Wingrove may command me in any thing.

Young Manly. Come then, my Julia, and let me deliver you up to that father from whose capricious cruelty I so lately thought to have given you a happy and a lasting freedom. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *The Admiral's House.*

Enter Sir WILLIAM, Miss JULIA, Mrs. RACHEL, YOUNG MANLY, and Mr. WELFORD.

Sir William. I am overjoyed at your safety, Julia; but yet your leaving me—

Rachel. Nay, Sir William, if the step your daughter took was imprudent, who forced her to it? Who was it that compelled her to seek an uncertain refuge among strangers?

Sir William. 'Sdeath, madam, what had my conduct to do with her disobedience? 'Tis true, Lord Dartford's proposals to Miss Herbert render him unworthy my alliance; but is not this man a plebeian—a fellow of yesterday?

Welford. Here, sir, you must allow me the liberty of observing, that Mr. Manly's recent services to your daughter, which you have just heard, merit a more liberal return.

Sir William. That's very true, indeed—very true—I am sorry, indeed. I beg you ten thousand pardons, upon my word, Sir.

Enter Mr. WINGROVE.

Wingrove. Where, where is she?

[Runs to Julia.]

Sir William. 'Gad, I must retrieve my dignity
in

in time, or William will be in a tremendous fury—I say, sir, for any thing I know, you may be a very good sort of person, but you will excuse me if I decline disgracing my family by a connection with one of your condition.

Wingrove. What's that?

Sir William. I say, young gentleman, you have done my family a service—I acknowledge it—I am grateful for it—but——

Wingrove. Nay, sir, now let me interpose. I have long been sensible of Mr. Manly's merits, and have placed myself in the way of the accomplishment of his wishes from causes, which at this moment I feel no delight in contemplating.

Sir William. Why, what's all this? Why, William, is it you?—Are you sure it is you?

Wingrove. If idently depends upon the mind, sir, I glory in saying it is not—but, permit me to tell you, sir, we have been too long unjust to the merit of Mr. Manly, and to the preference of the unhappy Julia—besides, sir, after what has happened it will be necessary, even to the pride of your house, that an immediate union should take place between Julia and Mr. Manly.

Sir William. Well, if the necessity of the case forbids the possibility of a choice, I desire it to be understood—I give my free consent.

Young Manly. Do you hear this, my Julia? Pardon me, but can I be blamed if I am astonished into audacious hope.

Julia. Do not, Mr. Manly renew a sollicitation that may tend to plunge me into the guilt of disobedience a second time.

Enter OLD MANLY, Miss MANLY, and Miss HERBERT.

Old Manly. Mrs. Cleveland, you will excuse an
an

an impatient set of people who have too much affection for that inconsiderate fellow there, but hearing something of a skirmish here, in which he had borne a part, we could not resist a kind of curiosity to know the particulars. I would have come by myself, but though my wife was too much frightened to be able to stir abroad, my daughter was too much alarmed to be able to stay at home, and so here we are together.

Wingrove. You are heartily welcome, sir, and I hope we shall all be better friends before we part.

Mr. Welford. [to *Miss Manly.*] Dare I hope, now, that my Emma has dismissed her doubts?

Miss Manly. Name them not, dear Mr. Welford, I beseech you.

Enter ADMIRAL CLEVELAND.

Admiral. Why, Hollo Rachel! What's all this. There was I gone to attend the examination of that smuggling dog Larron, and the woman he lives with, for receiving stolen goods, when in comes a hue and cry after me, with a Canterbury tale of your being run away with---I confess I did not give much credit to that part of the story, because thinks I, an old maid, whatever may be the value of her lading, is a sort of neutral vessel, that all nations, to do them justice, hold very sacred from attack. I am glad to see you all at my house. Well, Sir William, may an old seaman, who boasts no larger store of arms than the short allowance which nature gave him, presume to strike hands with a man whose ancestry bore command while Noah was a midshipman, eh!

Sir William. I don't very well understand the intention of your speech, Admiral, but your kindness to my daughter spoke a language that could

M

not

not be misinterpreted. I hope you'll excuse our breaking in upon you in this manner.

Enter O'DONNEL.

Who sent for you, sir.

O'Donnel. An' please your honour they have secured the smart little gentleman below, that made such a dirdum about Miss—and we want to know what your honour intends to do wid him? Whether your honour wou'd give him de liberty to be set in de stocks, or wou'd like better that he shou'd take a pritty little walk in de horse-pond, your honour.

Sir William. Who is it the fellow means?

Young Manly. Lord Dartford, I suppose.

Young Wingrove. Oh, let him go—[*Exit O'Donnel*] you cannot punish him—he is above your ridicule—for he is below your contempt.

Old Manly. But, I say, Admiral—

Admiral. Well, my friend.

Old Manly. I was only going to say, that as this lord cannot but feel himself at this juncture in a sort of an aukward kind of a taking it would be good natured in you, and I am sure very agreeable to the company, to go to him and give him a little of your comfort—he's only vex'd now at his disappointment—but go to him, worthy Admiral—do—and console him into perfect misery.

Admiral. Nay, my worthy friend, no more of that, I beseech you, it was only a small splice of fore-castle merriment—the last faculty an old seaman parts with is a little sort of a sneaking fondness for a joke—and as it is often the only comfort that sticks to him after a life of service, it would be hard to deprive him of that.

Old Manly. So, when you are no longer fit for duty, you kindly turn the hulk into a tender, and
make

make it a crazy receptacle for forced jokes, and pressed witticisms. Well, I forgive you.

Admiral. [to *Old Manly.*] Thank you, thank you—and now, Manly, I give you joy.

Old Manly. Eh!---what---joy!---I entreat you my good friend---joy from you---

Admiral. Nay, I am serious now---I heartily congratulate on the approaching happiness, I hope, of this wicked, honest fellow of a son of your's—the conduct of this lord has brought him into the wind of my favour again—well, they may say what they will about the degeneracy of the times, and the falling off of our morals, and all that; but, to my thinking, we improve in every thing except in fighting, and in that---though we may equal-- damn me, if we can better, the good old model of our forefathers. I remember in my younger years, there were some few scattered remnants of such chaps as his lordship---some remains of your old school of beaux, who had been the insects of the former century, and which I had hoped were all extinct by this time; who, like him, were shewy and dangerous, fitter for manœvering than action, and more guady in their tackle, than found in their bottom---whereas, for ought I see, the striplings of these days, like this pickle Manly, have all the gaiety of their predecessors, with not a quarter of their foppery; and with less vice in their hearts, have more nature in their follies.

[*Miss Wingrove advances.*

Julia. I can deny nothing, madam, to the kind eloquence of such an advocate, the more so, when all powerful as it is, it receives some small assistance, I fear, from the persuasions of my own heart---and now, Manly, may a poor, persecuted fugitive hope at last for a happy asylum from the severities of her fortunes? Shall I trust myself

M 2

again

again to the precarious direction of so fickle a guide--yes, I will trust, most confidently trust thee, for where there is generosity as the foundation virtue in a man's nature, the memory of a woman's sorrows will secure her against a repetition of the cause of them, nor with such a mind, can her affection fondly bestowed ever be quite hopeless of a return.

Young Manly. Dearest Julia, I will not injure either my gratitude or my love, by any attempt to convey them through the feeble vehicle of words—let my life speak the sincerity of my repentance, and the homage of my devoted affection: and as for that vice in particular which has protracted my happiness, and, but for the generous kindness of your brother, might have intercepted it for ever, I renounce it to the end of my life---I abjure it---no never shall I offend by intemperance again. Unless——

Julia. Unless, Manly!

Wingrove. Unless, Mr. Manly!

Young Manly. Unless one favouring smile from this company should hurry us all into an unexpected excess---an intemperance of HONEST GRATITUDE.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY THE

Right Hon. LIEUTENANT GENERAL BURGOYNE.

Spoken by Mrs. JORDAN.

MANY a shop hangs forth, in Wit's behalf,
Fugitive Pieces—neatly bound in calf:
With better hopes inspir'd, our Author sues,
Refuge in this Asylum of the Muse:
One little corner of this ample space,
Where Fugitives by hundreds *shall* have place.
For instance, now—each class in order due,
Fugitive Critics—I begin to you.
To you, who migrate from that cruel school
Which tries an author, but to prove him fool;
Who quit the path by partial rigour trod;
More pleas'd to weave the bays than lift the rod;
To you, our judges in the last resort,
Wide fly our doors—behold your sov'reign court;
O'er Tragic rights, o'er Comic laws prelide,
Temper your monitor and taste your guide.
To those who bear not from mere trill of tongue,
Words of soft nothing, by soft nothing sung,
[Sings.] But one dull chime in *Solo, Duo, Trio,*
Ah! *Mio Bel*, to—Ah, Bel Idol Mio.
Who by no sorcery of fashion bound,
Listen for sense e'er they applaud the sound;
We offer shelter in well-hearing seats,
And our best promise of united treats.
Next for friend *John*, this country's strength and pride,
Plain, frugal, competent, and satisfied.
Who flying alehouse, ribaldry and strife,
Takes Sue in arm, for John ne'er flies his wife—
And dedicates to an inviting play,
The extra gainings of a lucky day.
To yonder harbour may they press in crowds
Our faithful overseers in the clouds!
Sometimes, 'tis true, for *Music* eager grown,
Wheugh goes an overture in notes their own;
And sometimes sterling joke appearing scarce,
They roar for hornpipe to eke out a farce;

But

EPILOGUE.

But still true nature, be it laugh or tear,
Finds with electric touch its centre there.
The pregnant sense of right disdains controul,
And the rough hand reports the honest soul.

Now for that speaking look of gay sixteen,
A look so arch, what breadth of fan can screen?
Tho' timid, curious—innocent—but fly—

It asks, in speech call'd Whisper of the Eye—
Sister—dear me—what—what are we to fly?

Man—Monster man—in specious colours hid—

I mean not *all* the race, no, Heaven forbid!

I mean the wretch who fights but to betray,

Take flight before temptation checks your way.

Hard is the trial 'gainst a traitor's art,

A heedless moment and a tender heart—

Take flight from these—of the mere breeze beware,

Start like the frightened dove that gains the air,

Nor trusts her wing to flutter o'er the snare.

Welcome, sweet Fugitives; there (*to the boxes*) fearless
fit,

Where Beauty's girdle binds the realm of wit:
And virtue breath'd from your bright forms below,
Shall waft its essence to our topmost row.

Such are the Fugitives whom we invite,
To aid the humble brother of to-night.

He in your justice may securely trust,

But *my* hopes tell me, you'll be more than just

And spare one precious moment of applause,

E'en to the FUGITIVE who pleads his cause.

NEW PUBLICATIONS printed for J. DEBRETT,
OPPOSITE BURLINGTON HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

THE PARLIAMENTARY REGISTER ; or the History of the Proceedings and Debates in both Houses of Parliament ; containing an Account of the most interesting Speeches and Motions, Authentic Copies of all important Letters and other Papers laid before the House, Authentic Minutes of the most material Evidence, Protests, Bills, Petitions, &c.

* * Numbers I. II. III. IV. V. and VI, complete the first Volume of the Session, and contain the Debates on the ADDRESS to his MAJESTY, on Major MAITLAND'S Motion on the Indian War, Mr. PITT'S Speech on the BUDGET, and the Debate on the Russian Armament, including the celebrated Speech of the Hon. R. B. Jenkinson, &c &c. also the net Produce of the CUSTOMS, EXCISE, STAMPS, INCIDENTS, &c. &c. to January 5, 1792, together with Authentic Copies of all the important State Papers, presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Chancellor PITT, on the RUSSIAN ARMAMENT, &c. &c. Price 6s 6d. half bound and lettered.

The PARLIAMENTARY REGISTER of the LAST SESSION, being the First of the Present Parliament : in 3 large Volumes, 8vo. Price 1l. 11s. 6d. half bound and lettered.

The PARLIAMENTARY REGISTER from the General Election in 1780 to the Dissolution of Parliament in 1784, in 14 Volumes, Price 5l. 5s. half bound and lettered.

The PARLIAMENTARY REGISTER from the General Election in 1784 to the Dissolution of Parliament in 1790, in 13 Volumes, Price 6l. 12s half bound and lettered.

The DEBATES and PROCEEDINGS of BOTH HOUSES of PARLIAMENT, from the Year 1743 to the Year 1774. The several fugitive Publications of the Proceedings of Parliament, during this long and interesting Period have been assiduously collected, and carefully collated with the Journals. Of the Commons there has been only One imperfect Collection published, which is become very scarce ; and of the Lords there has been no Publication whatever, except a few detached Papers. This Work is intended to fill up an important Chasm in the PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY of GREAT BRITAIN. CHANDLER'S Collection of Debates ends in the Year 1743, and the PARLIAMENTARY REGISTER commences in the Year 1774. During this Interval, there is no Account of the Proceedings of Parliament that can be relied upon. Printed uniformly to bind with the Parliamentary Register. In 7 large Volumes, 8vo. Price 2l. 9d. in Boards.

An

NEW PUBLICATIONS printed for J. DEBRETT.

An Authentic COPY of the NEW CONSTITUTION of FRANCE, as revised and amended by the National Assembly, and presented to the King, September 3, and finally accepted Sept. 14, 1791. The fourth Edition, in French and English, Price 3s.

An Authentic COPY of the NEW CONSTITUTION of POLAND, established by the Revolution May 3, 1791. The second Edition. Price 2s. 6d.

PLAN of the NEW CONSTITUTION of the United States of AMERICA, agreed upon in a Convention of the States, with a Preface by the Editor. A new Edition, Price 1s.

* * The three preceding Articles being all uniformly printed in Octavo, may be had complete in one Volume, Price 7s. in Boards.

SPEECHES of M. de MIRABEAU the Elder, pronounced in the National Assembly of France; to which is prefixed, a Sketch of his Life and Character. Translated from the French Edition of M. Mejan, by James White, Esq. Elegantly printed in 2 Vols. 8vo. Price 12s. in Boards.

INTERESTING ANECDOTES of HENRY IV. of FRANCE; containing sublime Traits and lively Sallies of Wit of that Monarch, digested into Chronological Order, and forming a complete Picture of the Life of that amiable and illustrious Hero. Elegantly printed in 2 Vols. small 8vo. Price 6s. in Boards.

The ROAD TO RUIN; as now performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden. By Thomas Holcroft. The fifth Edition. Price 1s. 6d.

The HEIRESS, a Comedy. By Lieut. Gen. Burgoyne. The tenth Edition. Price 1s. 6d.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, from the French of Monsieur Sedaine. The Sixth Edition. Price 1s. 6d.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, a Tragedy, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By the Hon. John St. John. A new Edition. Price 1s. 6d.

The FARM HOUSE, a Comedy, as altered by J. P. Kemble. Second Edition. Price 1s.

The ISLAND of St. MARGUERITE; in Two Acts, as first performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane. Price 1s.

The FAMILY PARTY, a Comic Piece, in Two Acts, acted at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Price 1s.

The LITTLE HUNCH-BACK; or, a FROLIC in BAGDAD. By John O'Keeffe, Esq. Price 1s.

FALSE APPEARANCES, a Comedy, altered from the French. By the Right Hon. General Conway. Price 1s. 6d.

EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT:

A

C O M E D Y,

IN FIVE ACTS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

Mrs. INCHBALD.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

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

1793.

PROLOGUE.

BY THE REV. R. NARES.

Spoken by Mr. FARRER.

OUR Author, who accuses great and small,
And says so boldly, there are faults in all;
Sends me with dismal voice, and lengthen'd phiz,
Humbly to own one dreadful fault of *his*:
A fault, in modern Authors not uncommon,
It is,—now don't be angry—He's—a woman.

Can you forgive it?—Nay, I'll tell you more,
One who has dar'd to venture here before;
Has seen your smiles, your frowns,—tremendous fight!
O, be not in the frowning mood to-night!
The Play, perhaps, has many things amiss: }
Well, let us then reduce the point to this, }
Let only those that have no failings, hiss.

The Rights of Women, says a female pen,
Are, to do every thing as well as Men.
To think, to argue, to decide, to write,
To talk, undoubtedly—perhaps, to fight.
[For Females march to war, like brave Commanders,
Not in old Authors only—but in Flanders.]

I grant this matter may be strain'd too far,
And Maid 'gainst Man is most uncivil war:
I grant, as all my City friends will say,
That Men should rule, and Women should obey:
That nothing binds the marriage contract faster,
Than our — “Zounds, Madam, I'm your Lord and
Master.”

I grant their nature, and their frailty such,
Women may make too free—and know too much.
But since the Sex at length has been inclin'd
To cultivate that useful part—the mind;—
Since they have learnt to read, to write, to spell;—
Since some of them have wit,—and use it well;—
Let us not force them back with brow severe,
Within the pale of ignorance and fear,

Confin'd

P R O L O G U E.

Confin'd entirely to domestic arts,
Producing only children, pies, and tarts.

The fav'rite fable of the tuneful Nine,
Implies that female genius *is divine*.
Then, drive not, Critics, with tyrannic rage,
A supplicating Fair-one from the Stage;
The Comic Muse perhaps is growing old,
Her lovers, you well know, are few and cold.
'Tis time then freely to enlarge the plan,
And let all those write Comedies—that can.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

| | | |
|-------------------|---|---------------|
| Lord Norland | — | Mr. FARRAN. |
| Sir Robert Ramble | — | Mr. LEWIS. |
| Mr. Solus | — | Mr. QUICK. |
| Mr. Harmony | — | Mr. MUNDEN. |
| Mr. Placid | — | Mr. FAWCETT. |
| Mr. Irwin | — | Mr. POPE. |
| Hammond | — | Mr. POWELL. |
| Porter | — | Mr. THOMPSON. |
| Edward | — | Miss GRIST. |

W O M E N.

| | | |
|--------------------|---|----------------|
| Lady Eleanor Irwin | — | Mrs. POPE. |
| Mrs. Placid | — | Mrs. MATTOCKS. |
| Miss Spinfster | — | Mrs. WEBB. |
| Miss Wooburn | — | Mrs. ESTEN. |
| Servants, &c. | | |

SCENE, London.

EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT:

A

C O M E D Y.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at Mr. PLACID's.*

Enter Mr. PLACID and Mr. SOLUS.

PLACID.

YOU are to blame.

SOLUS.

I say the same by you.

PLACID.

And yet your singularity pleases me; for you are the first elderly bachelor I ever knew, who did not hug himself in the reflection, that he was not in the trammels of wedlock.

SOLUS.

No; I am only the first elderly bachelor who has truth and courage enough to confess his dissatisfaction.

PLACID.

And you really wish you were married?

B

SOLUS.

SOLUS.

I do. I wish still more, that I had **been married** thirty years ago. Oh ! I wish a wife **and half-a-score children** would now start up around me, and bring along with them all that affection, which we should have had for each other by **being earlier acquainted**. But as it is, in my present state, there is not a person in the world I care a straw for ; and the world is pretty even with me, for I don't believe there is a creature in it who cares a straw for me.

PLACID.

Pshaw ! You have in your time been a *man of gallantry* ; and, consequently, must have made many attachments.

SOLUS.

Yes, such as men of gallantry usually make. I have been attached to women who have purloined my fortune, and to men who have partaken of the theft : I have been in as much fear of my mistress as you are of your wife.

PLACID.

Is that possible ?

SOLUS.

Yes ; and without having one of those tender, delicate ties of a husband, an excuse for my apprehension.—I have maintained children——

PLACID.

Then why do you complain for the want of a family ?

SOLUS.

I did not say I ever had any children ; I said I had *maintained* them ; but I never believed they were mine ; for I could have no dependence upon the principles of their mother—and never did I
take

take one of those tender infants in my arms, that the forehead of my Valet, the squint-eye of my Apothecary, or the double-chin of my Chaplain, did not stare me in the face, and damp all the fine feelings of the parent, which I had just called up.

PLACID.

But those are accidents which may occur in the marriage state.

SOLUS.

In that case, a man is pitied—in mine, he is only laughed at.

PLACID.

I wish to heaven I could exchange the pity which my friends bestow on me, for the merriment which your ill fate excites.

SOLUS.

You want but courage to be envied.

PLACID.

Does any one doubt my courage?

SOLUS.

No. If a Prince were to offend you, you would challenge him, I have no doubt.

PLACID.

But if my wife offend me, I am obliged to make an apology.—Was not that her voice? I hope she has not overheard our conversation.

SOLUS.

If she have, she'll be in an ill humour.

PLACID.

That she will be, whether she have heard it or not.

B 2

SOLUS.

4 EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT :

SOLUS.

Well, good-day. I don't like to be driven from my fixed plan of wedlock ; and, therefore, I won't be a spectator of your mutual discontent.
[Going.]

PLACID.

But before you go, Mr. Solus, permit me to remind you of a certain concern, that, I think, would afford you much more delight, than all you can, at this time of life, propose to yourself in marriage. Make happy by your beneficence, a near relation whom the truest affection has drawn into that state, but who is denied the blessing of competency to make the state supportable.

SOLUS.

You mean my nephew, Irwin ? But do not you acknowledge he has a wife and children ? Did not he marry the woman he loved, and has he not, at this moment, a large family, by whom he is beloved ? And is he not, therefore, with all his poverty, much happier than I ? He has often told me, when I have reproached him with his indiscreet marriage, " that in his wife he possessed kingdoms ! " Do you suppose I will give any part of my fortune to a man who enjoys such extensive domains ? No :—let him preserve his territories, and I will keep my little estate for my own use.
[Exit.]

PLACID.

John ! John !—[Enter Servant] Has your mistress been enquiring for me ?

JOHN.

Yes, Sir :—My Lady asked just now, if I knew who was with you ?

PLACID.

A COMEDY.

5

PLACID.

Did she seem angry?

JOHN.

No, Sir;—pretty well.

PLACID.

You scoundrel, what do you mean by “pretty well?” [*In anger.*]

JOHN.

Much as usual, Sir.

PLACID.

And do you call that “pretty well?” You scoundrel, I have a great mind—

Enter Mrs. PLACID, speaking very loud.

Mrs. PLACID.

What is the matter, Mr. Placid? What is all this noise about? You know I hate a noise. What is the matter?

PLACID.

My dear, I was only finding fault with that blockhead.

Mrs. PLACID.

Pray, Mr. Placid, do not find fault with anybody in this house. But I have something which I must take *you* very severely to task about, Sir.

PLACID.

No, my dear, not just now, pray.

Mrs. PLACID.

Why not now?

PLACID, *looking at his watch.*

Because dinner will be ready in a few minutes. I am very hungry, and it will be cruel of you
to

6 EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT:

to spoil my appetite. John, is the dinner on table?

Mrs. PLACID.

No, John, don't let it be served yet—Mr. Placid, you *shall* first hear what I have to say.

[*Sitting down.*

[*Exit Servant.*

PLACID.

But then I know I sha'n't be able to eat a morsel.

Mrs. PLACID.

Sit down. [*He sits*].—I believe, Mr. Placid, you are going to do a very silly thing. I am afraid you are going to lend some money?

PLACID.

Well, my dear, and suppose I am?

Mrs. PLACID.

Then, I don't approve of people lending their money.

PLACID.

But, my dear, I have known you approve of borrowing money: And, once in our lives, what should we have done, if every body had refused to lend?

Mrs. PLACID.

That is nothing to the purpose.—And now I desire you will hear what I say, without speaking a word yourself.

PLACID.

Well, my dear.

Mrs. PLACID.

Now mind you don't speak, till I have done.—Our old acquaintance, Captain Irwin, and Lady Eleanor,

Eleanor, his wife (with whom we lived upon very intimate terms, to be sure, while we were in America), are returned to London; and I find you have visited them very frequently.

PLACID.

Not above two or three times, upon my word; for it hurts me to see them in distress, and I forbear to go.

Mrs. PLACID.

There! You own they are in distress; I expected as much. Now, own to me that they have asked you to lend them money.

PLACID.

I do own it—I do own it. Now, are you satisfied?

Mrs. PLACID.

No: for I have no doubt but you have promised they shall have it.

PLACID.

No, upon my word, I have not promised.

Mrs. PLACID.

Then promise me they shall not.

PLACID.

Nay, my dear, you have no idea of their distress!

Mrs. PLACID.

Yes, I have; and 'tis that which makes me suspicious.

PLACID.

His regiment is now broken; all her jewels and little bawbles are disposed of; he is in such dread of his old creditors, that, in the lodging they have taken, he passes by the name of Middleton—They have three more children, my dear, than when
we

8 EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT:

we left them in New England; and they have in vain sent repeated supplications, both to his uncle, and her father, for the smallest bounty.

Mrs. PLACID.

And is not Lord Norland, her father, a remarkably wise man? and a good man? And ought you to do for them, what he has refused?

PLACID.

They have offended him, but they have never offended me.

Mrs. PLACID.

I think 'tis an offence to ask a friend for money, when there is no certainty of returning it.

PLACID.

By no means: for, if there *were* a certainty, even an enemy might lend.

Mrs. PLACID.

But I insist, Mr. Placid, that they shall not find a friend in you upon this occasion.—What do you say, Sir?

PLACID, *after a struggle.*

No, my dear, they shall not.

Mrs. PLACID.

Positively shall not?

PLACID.

Positively shall not—since they have found an enemy in you.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Dinner is on table.

PLACID.

Ah! I am not hungry now.

↑

Mrs.

Mrs. PLACID.

What do you mean by that, Mr. Placid? I insist on your being hungry.

PLACID.

Oh yes! I have a very excellent appetite. I shall eat prodigiously.

Mrs. PLACID.

You had best.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *An Apartment at Mr. HARMONY'S.*

Enter Mr. HARMONY followed by Miss SPINSTER.

Miss SPINSTER.

Cousin, cousin Harmony, I will not forgive you for thus continually speaking in the behalf of every servant whom you find me offended with. Your philanthropy becomes insupportable; and, instead of being a virtue, degenerates into a vice.

HARMONY.

Dear Madam, do not upbraid me for a constitutional fault.

Miss SPINSTER.

Very true; you had it from your infancy. I have heard your mother say you were always foolishly tender-hearted, and never shewed one of those discriminating passions of envy, hatred, or revenge, to which all her other children were liable.

HARMONY.

No: since I can remember, I have felt the most unbounded affection for all my fellow creatures. I even protest to you, dear Madam, that, as I walk along the streets of this large metropolis, so warm is my heart towards every person who passes me, that I long to say, "How do you do?" and

C

"I am

“ I am glad to see you,” to them all. Some men, I should like even to stop and shake hands with ;— and some women, I should like even to stop and kiss.

Miss SPINSTER.

How can you be so ridiculous !

HARMONY.

Nay, 'tis truth : and I sincerely lament that human beings should be such strangers to one another as we are. We live in the same street, without knowing one another's necessities ; and oftentimes meet and part from each other at church, at coffee-houses, play-houses, and all public places, without ever speaking a single word, or nodding “ Good bye !” though 'tis a hundred chances to ten we never see one another again.

Miss SPINSTER.

Let me tell you, kinsman, all this pretended philanthropy renders you ridiculous. There is not a fraud, a theft, or hardly any vice committed, that you do not take the criminal's part, shake your head, and cry, “ Provisions are so scarce !” And no longer ago than last Lord-mayor's-day, when you were told that Mr. Alderman Ravenous was ill with an indigestion, you endeavoured to soften the matter, by exclaiming, “ Provisions are so scarce !”—But, above all, I condemn that false humanity, which induces you to say many things in conversation which deserve to stigmatize you with the character of deceit.

HARMONY.

This is a weakness I confess. But though my honour sometimes reproaches me with it as a fault, my conscience never does : for it is by this very failing that I have frequently made the bitterest

§

enemies

enemies friends—Just by saying a few harmless sentences, which, though a species of falsehood and deceit, yet, being soothing and acceptable to the person offended, I have immediately inspired him with lenity and forgiveness; and then, by only repeating the self-same sentences to his opponent, I have known hearts cold and closed to each other, warmed and expanded, as every human creature's ought to be.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mr. Solus.

[Exit Servant.]

Miss SPINSTER.

I cannot think, Mr. Harmony, why you keep company with that old bachelor; he is a man, of all others on earth, I dislike; and so I am obliged to quit the room, though I have a thousand things to say.

[Exit angrily.]

Enter SOLUS.

HARMONY.

Mr. Solus, how do you do?

SOLUS.

I am very lonely at home; will you come and dine with me?

HARMONY.

Now you are here, you had better stay with me: we have no company; only my cousin Miss Spinster and myself.

SOLUS.

No, I must go home: do come to my house.

HARMONY.

Nay, pray stay: what objection can you have?

C 2

SOLUS.

SOLUS.

Why, to tell you the truth, your relation, Miss Spinster, is no great favourite of mine ; and I don't like to dine with you, because I don't like her company.

HARMONY.

That is, to me, surprising !

SOLUS.

Why, old bachelors and old maids never agree : we are too much alike in our habits : we know our own hearts so well, we are apt to discover every foible we would wish to forget, in the symptoms displayed by the other. Miss Spinster is peevish, fretful and tiresome, and I am always in a fidget when I am in her company.

HARMONY.

How different are her sentiments of you ! for one of her greatest joys is to be in your company. [*Solus starts and smiles*] Poor woman ! she has, to be sure, an uneven temper—

SOLUS.

No, perhaps I am mistaken.

HARMONY.

—But I will assure you, I never see her in half such good humour as when you are here : for I believe you are the greatest favourite she has.

SOLUS.

I am very much obliged to her, and I certainly *am* mistaken about her temper—Some people, if they look ever so cross, are good-natured in the main ; and I dare say she is so. Besides, she never has had a husband to soothe and soften her disposition ; and there should be some allowance made for that.

HARMONY.

Will you dine with us ?

SOLUS.

SOLUS.

I don't care if I do. Yes, I think I will. I must however step home first :—but I'll be back in a quarter of an hour.—My compliments to Miss Spinster, if you should see her before I return.

[*Exit.*

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

My lady begs to know, Sir, if you have invited Mr. Solus to dine? because if you have, she shall go out.

[*Exit Servant.*

Enter Miss SPINSTER.

HARMONY.

Yes, Madam, I could not help inviting him; for, poor man, his own house is in such a state for want of proper management, he cannot give a comfortable dinner himself.

Miss SPINSTER.

And so he must spoil the comfort of mine.

HARMONY.

Poor man! poor man! after all the praises he has been lavishing upon you.

Miss SPINSTER.

What praises?

HARMONY.

I won't tell you; for you won't believe them.

Miss SPINSTER.

Yes, I shall.—Oh no—now I recollect, this is some of your invention.

HARMONY.

Nay, I told him it was *his* invention: for he declared you looked better last night, than any other lady at the Opera,

Miss

Miss SPINSTER.

No, this sounds like truth :—and, depend upon it, though I never liked the manners of Mr. Solus much, yet—

HARMONY.

Nay, Solus has his faults.

Miss SPINSTER.

So we have all.

HARMONY.

And will you leave him and me to dine by ourselves ?

Miss SPINSTER.

Oh no, I cannot be guilty of such ill manners, though I talked of it. Besides, poor Mr. Solus does not come so often, and it would be wrong not to shew him all the civility we can. For my part, I have no dislike to the man ; and, if taking a bit of dinner with us now and then can oblige either you or him, I should be to blame to make any objection. Come, let us go into the drawing-room to receive him.

HARMONY.

Ay ! this is right : this is as it should be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room at the Lodgings of Mr. IRWIN.*

Mr. IRWIN and Lady ELEANOR IRWIN discovered.

Lady ELEANOR.

My dear husband, my dear Irwin, I cannot bear to see you thus melancholy. Is this the joy of returning to our native country after a nine years banishment ?

IRWIN.

Yes. For I could bear my misfortunes, my wretched

wretched poverty with patience, in a land where our sorrows were shared by those about us; but here, in London, where plenty and ease smile upon every face; where, by birth you claim distinction, and I by services:—here to be in want,—to be obliged to take another name in shame of our own,—to tremble at the voice of every stranger, for fear he should be a creditor,—to meet each old acquaintance with an averted eye, because we would not feel the pang of being shunned.—To have no reward for all this, even in a comfortable home; but there, to see our children looking up to me for that support I have not in my power to give—Can I,—can I love them and you, and not be miserable?

Lady ELEANOR.

And yet I am not so. And I am sure you will not doubt my love to you or them.

IRWIN.

I met my uncle this morning, and was mean enough to repeat my request to him;—he burst into a fit of laughter, and told me my distresses were the result of my ambition, in marrying the daughter of a nobleman, who himself was too ambitious ever to pardon us.

Lady ELEANOR.

Tell me no more of what he said.

IRWIN.

This was a day of trials:—I saw your father too.

Lady ELEANOR.

My father! Lord Norland! Oh Heavens!

IRWIN.

He passed me in his carriage.

Lady

16 EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT :

Lady ELEANOR.

I envy you the blessing of seeing him ! For, Oh !—Excuse my tears—he is my father still.—How did he look ?

IRWIN.

As well as he did at the time I used to watch him from his house, to steal to you.—But I am sorry to acquaint you, that, to guard himself against all returning love for you, he has, I am informed, adopted a young lad, on whom he bestows every mark of that paternal affection, of which you lament the loss.

Lady ELEANOR.

May the young man deserve his tenderness better than I have done—May he never disobey him—May *he* be a comfort, and cherish his benefactor's declining years—And when his youthful passions teach him to love, may they not, like mine, teach him disobedience !

Enter a SERVANT *with a letter.*

IRWIN.

What is that letter ?

SERVANT.

It comes from Mr. Placid, the servant who brought it, said, and requires no answer. [*Exit.*]

IRWIN.

It's strange how I tremble at every letter I see, as if I dreaded the contents. How poverty has unmann'd me ! [*aside*]*—*I must tell you, my dear, that finding myself left this morning without a guinea, I wrote to Mr. Placid to borrow a small sum. This is his answer : [*reading the superscription*]*—*“ To Mr. Middleton”*—*That's right ;—he remembers the caution I gave him. I had forgot whether
I had

I had, for my memory is not so good as it was. I did not even recollect this hand, though it is one I am so well acquainted with, and ought to give me joy rather than sorrow [*Opens the letter hastily, reads, and lets it drop*]. Now I have not a friend on earth.

Lady ELEANOR.

Yes, you have me. You forget me.

IRWIN, *in a transport of grief*.

I would forget you—you—and all your children.

Lady ELEANOR.

I would not lose the remembrance of you, or of them, for all my father's fortune.

IRWIN.

What am I to do? I must leave you! I must go, I know not where! I cannot stay to see you perish. [*Takes his hat, and is going.*]

Lady ELEANOR, *holding him*.

Where would you go? 'Tis evening—'tis dark—Whither would you go at this time?

IRWIN, *distractedly*.

I must consider what's to be done—and in this room my thoughts are too confined to reflect.

Lady ELEANOR.

And are London streets calculated for reflection?

IRWIN.

No;—for action. To hurry the faint thought to resolution.

Lady ELEANOR.

You are not well—Your health has been lately impaired.—Your temper has undergone a change too:—I tremble lest any accident—

D

IRWIN.

IRWIN.

What accident? [*Wildly*]

Lady ELEANOR.

I know your provocations from an ungrateful world: But despise it, as that despises you.

IRWIN.

But for your sake, I could.

Lady ELEANOR.

Then witness, Heaven! I am happy.—Though bred in all the delicacy, the luxury of wealth and splendour; yet I have never murmured at the change of fortune, while that change has made me wife to you, and mother of your children.

IRWIN.

We *will* be happy—if possible. But give me this evening to consider what plan to fix upon.—There is no time to lose; we are without friends—without money—without credit.—Farewell for an hour.—I will see Mr. Placid, if I can; and though he have not the money to lend, he may, perhaps, give me some advice.

Lady ELEANOR.

Suppose I call on *her*? Women are sometimes more considerate than men, and—

IRWIN.

Do you for the best, and so will I.—Heavens bless you!
[*Exeunt separately.*]

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE I. *A Coffee or Club-room at a Tavern.*

*Enter Sir ROBERT RAMBLE—and Mr. SOLUS and
Mr. PLACID at the opposite Side.*

SOLUS.

SIR Robert Ramble, how do you do?

Sir ROBERT.

My dear Mr. Solus, I am glad to see you. I have been dining by myself, and now come into this public room to meet with some good company.

SOLUS.

Ay, Sir Robert, you are now reduced to the same necessity which I frequently am—I frequently am obliged to dine at taverns and coffee-houses, for want of company at home.

Sir ROBERT.

Nay, I protest I am never happier than in a house like this, where a man may meet his friend without the inconvenience of form, either as a host or a visitor.

SOLUS.

Sir Robert, give me leave to introduce to you Mr. Placid: he has been many years abroad; but I believe he now means to remain in his own country for the rest of his life. This, Mr. Placid, is Sir Robert Ramble.

Sir ROBERT, to Mr. Placid.

Sir, I shall be happy in your acquaintance; and I assure you, if you will do me the honour to meet me now and then at this house, you will find every thing very pleasant. I verily believe, that since I lost my wife, which is now about five months ago, I verily believe I have dined here three days out of the seven.

PLACID.

Have you lost your wife, Sir? And so lately?

Sir ROBERT, with great indifference.

Yes, Sir; about five months ago—Is it not, Mr. Solus? You keep account of such things better than I do.

SOLUS.

Oh! ask me no questions about your wife, Sir Robert; if she had been mine, I would have had her to this moment.

PLACID.

What, wrested her from the gripe of death?

Sir ROBERT.

No, Sir; only from the gripe of the Scotch lawyers.

SOLUS.

More shame for you. Shame! to wish to be divorced from a virtuous wife.

PLACID.

Was that the case? Divorced from a virtuous wife! I never heard of such a circumstance before. Pray, Sir Robert [*very anxiously*], will you indulge me, by letting me know in what manner you were able to bring about so great an event?

Sir ROBERT.

It may appear strange to you, Sir; but my wife and I did not live happy together.

PLACID.

PLACID.

Not at all strange, Sir ; I can conceive—I can conceive very well.

SOLUS.

Yes ; he can conceive that part to a nicety.

Sir ROBERT.

And so, I was determined on a divorce.

PLACID.

But then her character could not be unimpeached.

Sir ROBERT.

Yes, it was, Sir. You must know, we were married in Scotland, and by the laws there, a wife can divorce her *husband* for breach of fidelity ; and so, though my wife's character was unimpeached, mine was not, and she divorced me.

PLACID.

And is this the law in Scotland ?

Sir ROBERT.

It is. Blessed, blessed country ! that will bind young people together before the years of discretion—and, as soon as they have discretion to repent, will unbind them again !

PLACID.

I wish I had been married in Scotland.

SOLUS.

But, Sir Robert, with all this boasting, you must own that your divorce has greatly diminished your fortune.

Sir ROBERT, *taking Solus aside.*

Mr. Solus, you have frequently hinted at my fortune being impaired ; but I do not approve of such notions being received abroad.

SOLUS.

22 EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT:

SOLUS.

I beg your pardon ; but every body knows that you have played very deep lately, and have been a great loser, and every body knows——

Sir ROBERT.

No, Sir, every body does not know it, for I contradict the report wherever I go. A man of fashion does not like to be reckoned poor, no more than he likes to be reckoned unhappy. We none of us endeavour to *be* happy, Sir, but merely to be *thought* so ; and for my part, I had rather be in a state of misery, and envied for my supposed happiness, than in a state of happiness, and pitied for my supposed misery.

SOLUS.

But consider, these misfortunes which I have just hinted at, are not of any serious nature, only such as a few years œconomy——

Sir ROBERT.

But were my wife and her guardian to become acquainted with these little misfortunes, they would triumph in my embarrassments.

SOLUS.

Lady Ramble triumph ! [*They join Mr. Placid*] She who was so firmly attached to you, that I believe nothing but a compliance with your repeated request to be separated, caused her to take the step she did.

Sir ROBERT.

Yes, I believe she did it to oblige me, and I am very much obliged to her.

SOLUS.

As good a woman, Mr. Placid——

Sir ROBERT.

Very good—but very ugly.

SOLUS.

SOLUS.

She is beautiful.

Sir ROBERT, to Solus.

I tell you, Sir, she is hideous. And then she was grown so insufferably peevish.

SOLUS.

I never saw her out of temper.

Sir ROBERT.

Mr. Solus, it is very uncivil of you to praise her before my face. Lady Ramble, at the time I parted with her, had every possible fault both of mind and person, and so I made love to other women in her presence; told her bluntly that I was tired of her; that "I was very sorry to make her uneasy, but that I could not love her any longer."—And was not that frank and open?

SOLUS.

Oh! that I had but such a wife as she was!

Sir ROBERT.

I must own I loved her myself when she was young.

SOLUS.

Do you call her old?

Sir ROBERT.

In years I am certainly older than she; but the difference of sex makes her a great deal older than I am. For instance, Mr. Solus, you have often lamented not being married in your youth; but if you had, what would you have now done with an old wife, a woman of your own age?

SOLUS.

Loved and cherished her.

Sir ROBERT.

What, in spite of her loss of beauty?

SOLUS.

When she had lost her beauty, most likely I should have lost my eye-sight, and have been blind to the wane of her charms.

PLACID, *anxiously*.

But, Sir Robert, you were explaining to me—Mr. Solus, give me leave to speak to Sir Robert—I feel myself particularly interested on this subject.—And, Sir, you were explaining to me—

Sir ROBERT.

Very true: Where did I leave off? Oh! at my ill usage of my Lady Ramble. Yes, I did use her very ill, and yet she loved me. Many a time, when she has said to me, “Sir Robert, I detest your principles, your manners, and even your person,” often, at that very instant, I have seen a little sparkle of a wish peep out of the corner of one eye, that has called to me, “Oh! Sir Robert, how I long to make it up with you!”

SOLUS, *to Mr. Placid*.

Do not you wish that your wife had such a little sparkle at the corner of one of her eyes?

Sir ROBERT, *to Mr. Placid*.

Sir, do you wish to be divorced?

PLACID.

I have no such prospect. Mrs. Placid is faithful, and I was married in England.

Sir ROBERT.

But if you have an unconquerable desire to part, a separate maintenance will answer nearly the same end—for if your Lady and you will only lay down the plan of separation, and agree—

PLACID.

But, unfortunately, we never do agree!

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

Then speak of parting as a thing you dread worse than death; and make it your daily prayer to her, that she will never think of going from you—She will determine upon it directly.

PLACID.

I thank you; I'm very much obliged to you: I thank you a thousand times.

Sir ROBERT.

Yes, I have studied the art of teasing a wife; and there is nothing vexes her so much as laughing at her. Can you laugh, Mr. Placid?

PLACID.

I don't know whether I can; I have not laughed since I married.—But I thank you, Sir, for your instructions—I sincerely thank you.

SOLUS.

And now, Sir Robert, you have had the good nature to teach this Gentleman how to get rid of his wife, will you have the kindness to teach me how to procure one?

Enter Mr. IRWIN.

Sir ROBERT.

Hah! Sure I know that Gentleman's face?

SOLUS.

My Nephew! Let me escape his solicitations *Aside*—Here, waiter! [*Exit.*

PLACID.

Irwin! [*Starting*] Having sent him a denial, I am ashamed to see him. *Aside*] Here, Mr. Solus!— [*Exit, following* Mr. Solus.

E

IRWIN,

IRWIN, *aside*.

More cool faces ! My necessitous countenance clears even a club-room.

Sir ROBERT.

My dear Captain Irwin, is it you ? Yes, 'faith it is—After a nine years' absence I most sincerely rejoice to see you.

IRWIN.

Sir Robert, you shake hands with a cordiality I have not experienced these many days, and I thank you.

Sir ROBERT.

But what's the matter ? You seem to droop—Where have you left your usual spirits ? Has absence from your country changed your manners ?

IRWIN.

No, Sir ; but I find some of my countrymen changed. I fancy them less warm, less friendly than they were ; and it is that which, perhaps, has this effect upon me.

Sir ROBERT.

Am I changed ?

IRWIN.

You appear an exception.

Sir ROBERT.

And I assure you, that instead of being grown more gloomy, I am even more gay than I was seven years ago ; for then, I was upon the point of matrimony—but now, I am just relieved from its cares.

IRWIN.

I have heard as much. But I hope you have not taken so great an aversion to the marriage-state, as never to marry again.

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

Perhaps not : But then it must be to some rich heirefs.

IRWIN.

You are right to pay respect to fortune. Money is a necessary article in the marriage contract.

Sir ROBERT.

As to that—that would be no great object at present. No, thank Heaven, my estates are pretty large ; I have no children ; I have a rich Uncle, excellent health, admirable spirits ; — and thus happy, it would be very strange if I did not meet my old friends with those smiles, which never for a moment quit my countenance.

IRWIN.

In the dispensation of the gifts of Providence, how few are found blest like you ! [*Sighing.*]

Sir ROBERT.

And I assure you, my dear Mr. Irwin, it gives me the most serious reflections, and the most sincere concern, that they are not.

IRWIN.

I thank you, Sir, most heartily : I thank you for mankind in general, and for myself in particular. For after this generous, unaffected declaration (with less scruple than I should to any man in the world) I will own to you, that I am at this very time in the utmost want of an act of friendship.

Sir ROBERT, aside.

And so am I—Now must I confess myself a poor man ; or pass for an unfeeling one ; and I will choose the latter. [*Bowing with great ceremony and coldness,* Any thing that I can command, is at your service.

IRWIN,

Confounded and hesitating.

Why then, Sir Robert—I am almost ashamed to say it—but circumstances have been rather unfavourable.—My wife's father [*affecting to smile*] is not reconciled to us yet—My regiment is broke—My Uncle will not part with a farthing.—Lady Eleanor, my wife, [*wipes his eyes*] has been supported as yet, with some little degree of tenderness, elegance; and—in short, I owe a small sum which I am afraid of being troubled for; I want a trifle also for our immediate use, and if you would lend me a hundred pounds—though, upon my honour, I am not in a situation to fix the exact time when I can pay it.

Sir ROBERT.

My dear Sir, never trouble yourself about the time of paying it, because it happens not to be in my power to lend it you.

IRWIN.

Not in your power? I beg your pardon; but have not you this moment been saying you are rich?

Sir ROBERT.

And is it not very common to be rich without money? Are not half the town rich? And yet half the town has no money. I speak for this end of the town, the West end. The Squares, for instance, part of Piccadilly, down St. James's-street, and so home by Pall Mall. We have all, estates, bonds, drafts, and notes of hand without number; but as for money, we have no such thing belonging to us.

IRWIN.

I sincerely beg your pardon. And be assured, Sir, nothing should have induced me to have taken
 2 the

the liberty I have done, but the necessities of my unhappy family, and having understood by your own words, that you were in affluence.

Sir ROBERT.

I *am* in affluence, I am, I am; but not in so much, perhaps, as my hasty, inconsiderate account may have given you reason to believe. I forgot to mention several heavy incumbrances, which you will perceive are great drawbacks on my fortune.—As my wife sued for the divorce, I have her fortune to return; I have also two sisters to portion off—a circumstance I totally forgot. But, my good friend, though I am not in circumstances to do what you require, I will do something that shall be better. I'll wait upon your father-in-law, (Lord Norland) and entreat him to forgive his daughter: and I am sure he will if I ask him.

IRWIN.

Impossible.

Sir ROBERT.

And so it is, now I recollect: for he is no other than the guardian of my late wife, and a request from me, will be received worse than from any other person.—However, Mr. Irwin, depend upon it, that whenever I have an opportunity of serving you, I will. And whenever you shall do me the favour to call upon me, I shall be heartily glad to see you. If I am not at home, you can leave your card, which, you know, is all the same, and depend upon it, I shall be extremely glad to see you or that, at any time. [Exit.

IRWIN.

Is this my native country? Is this the hospitable land which we describe to strangers? No—We are savages to each other; nay worse—The savage makes

30 EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT :

makes his fellow-savage welcome ; divides with him his homely fare ; gives him the best apartment his hut affords, and tries to hush those griefs that are confided in his bosom—While in this civilized city, among my own countrymen, even among my brother officers in the army, and many of my nearest relations, so very civilized they are, I could not take the liberty to enter under one roof, without a ceremonious invitation, and that they will not give me. I may leave my card at their door, but as for me, or any one of mine, they would not give us a dinner ; unless, indeed, it was in such a style, that we might behold with admiration their grandeur, and return still more depressed, to our own poverty.—Can I bear this treatment longer ? No, not even for you, my Eleanor. And this [*takes out a pistol*] shall now be the only friend to whom I will apply—And yet I want the courage to be a villain.

Enter Mr. HARMONY, speaking as he enters.

[*Irwin conceals the pistol instantly.*]

HARMONY.

Let me see half a dozen newspapers—Every paper of the day.

Enter WAITER.

WAITER.

That is about three dozen, Sir.

HARMONY.

Get a couple of porters, and bring them all.

[*He sits down ; they bring him papers, and he reads—Irwin starts, sits down, leans his head on one of the tables, and shews various signs of uneasiness ; then comes forward.*]

IRWIN.

Am I a man, a soldier ?—And a coward ? Yes,
I run

I run away, I turn my back on life—I forsake the post, which my commander, Providence, has allotted me, and fly before a banditti of rude misfortunes. Rally me, love, connubial and parental love, rally me back to the charge! No, those very affections found the retreat. [*Sits down with the same emotions of distraction as before.*]

HARMONY.

That gentleman does not seem happy. I wish I had an opportunity of speaking to him. [*Aside.*]

IRWIN *comes forward and speaks again.*

But Oh! my wife, what will be your sufferings when I am brought home to your wretched habitation!—And by my own hand!

HARMONY.

I am afraid, Sir, I engross all the news here. [*Holding up the papers.*]

IRWIN, *still apart.*

Poor soul, how her heart will be torn!

HARMONY, *after looking steadfastly on him.*

Captain Irwin, till this moment I had not the pleasure of recollecting you! It is Mr. Irwin, is it not?

IRWIN,

His mind deranged by his misfortunes.

Yes, Sir: But what have you to say to him more than to a stranger?

HARMONY.

Nothing more, Sir, than to apologize to you, for having addressed you just now in so familiar a manner, before I knew who you were; and to assure you, that although I have no other knowledge of you, than from report, and having been once, I believe, in your company at this very house

house before you left England ; yet, any services of mine, as far as my abilities can reach, you may freely command.

IRWIN.

Pray, Sir, do you live at the West end of the town ?

HARMONY.

I do.

IRWIN.

Then, Sir, your services can be of no use to me.

HARMONY.

Here is the place where I live, here is my card.
[Gives it to him.]

IRWIN.

And here is mine. And now I presume we have exchanged every act of friendship, which the strict forms of etiquette, in this town, will admit of.

HARMONY.

By no means, Sir. I assure you my professions never go beyond my intentions ; and if there is any thing that I can serve you in—

IRWIN.

Have you no sisters to portion off ? no lady's fortune to return ? Or, perhaps, you will speak to my wife's father, and entreat him to forgive his child.

HARMONY.

On that subject you may command me ; for I have the honour to be intimately acquainted with Lord Norland.

IRWIN.

But is there no reason you may recollect, “ why you would be the most unfit person in the world to apply to him ? ”

HARMONY.

HARMONY.

None. I have been honoured with marks of his friendship for many years past; and I do not know any one who could, with less hazard of his resentment, venture to name his daughter to him.

IRWIN.

Well, Sir, if you should see him two or three days hence, when I am set out on a journey I am going, if you will then say a kind word to him for my wife and children, I'll thank you.

HARMONY.

I will go to him instantly. [Going.

IRWIN.

No, do not see him yet; stay till I am gone. He will do nothing till I am gone.

HARMONY.

May I ask where you are going?

IRWIN.

No very tedious journey; but it is a country, to those who go without a proper passport, always fatal.

HARMONY.

I'll see Lord Norland to-night: perhaps I may persuade him to prevent your journey. I'll see him to-night, or early in the morning, depend upon it.—I am a man of my word, Sir; though I must own I do live at the West end of the town. [Exit.

IRWIN.

'Sdeath, am I become the ridicule of my fellow-creatures? or am I not in my senses?—I know this is London—this house a tavern—I know I have a wife. Oh! 'twere better to be mad than to remember her! She has a father—he is rich and proud—that I will not forget. But I will pass his house, and send a malediction as I pass it—[furiously]

F

ously]. No ; breathe out my last sigh at his inhospitable door, and that sigh shall breathe—forgiveness. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The Lodgings of Mr. IRWIN.*

Enter Mrs. PLACID, followed by Lady ELEANOR IRWIN.

Lady ELEANOR.

I am ashamed of the trouble I have given you, Mrs. Placid. It had been sufficient to have sent me home in your carriage ; to attend me yourself was ceremonious.

Mrs. PLACID.

My dear Lady Eleanor, I was resolved to come home with you, as soon as Mr. Placid desired I would not.

Lady ELEANOR.

Was that the cause of your politeness ? I am sorry it should.

Mrs. PLACID.

Why sorry ? It is not proper he should have his way in every thing.

Lady ELEANOR.

But I am afraid you seldom let him have it at all.

Mrs. PLACID.

Yes, I do.—But where, my dear, is Mr. Irwin ?

Lady ELEANOR, weeping.

I cannot hear the name of Mr. Irwin without shedding tears : his health has been so much impaired of late, and his spirits so bad—sometimes I even fear for a failure in his mind. [Weeps again.

Mrs. PLACID.

Is not he at home ?

*

Lady

Lady ELEANOR.

I hope he is [*Goes to the side of the scenes*]. Tell your master, Mrs. Placid is here.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

My master is not come in yet, Madam.

Lady ELEANOR.

Not yet? I am very sorry for it;—very sorry indeed.

Mrs. PLACID.

Bless me, my dear, don't look thus pale. Come sit down, and I'll stay with you till he returns.

[*Sits down herself.*]

Lady ELEANOR.

My dear, you forget that Mr. Placid is in the carriage at the door all this time.

Mrs. PLACID.

No, I don't. Come, let us sit and have half an hour's conversation.

Lady ELEANOR.

Nay, I insist upon your going to him, or desiring him to walk in.

Mrs. PLACID.

Now I think of it, they may as well drive him home, and come back for me.

Enter Mr. PLACID.

Why surely, Mr. Placid, you were very impatient! I think you might have waited a few minutes longer.

PLACID.

I would have waited, my dear, but the evening is so damp.

Lady ELEANOR.

Ah! 'tis the evening, which makes me alarmed for Mr. Irwin.

PLACID.

Lady Eleanor, you are one of the most tender, anxious, and affectionate wives I ever knew.

Mrs. PLACID.

There! Now he wishes he was your husband— He admires the conduct of every wife but his own, and envies every married man of his acquaintance. But it is very ungenerous of you.

PLACID.

So it is, my dear; and not at all consistent with the law of retaliation; for I am sure there is not one of my acquaintance who envies me.

Mrs. PLACID.

Mr. Placid, your behaviour throughout this whole day has been so totally different to what it ever was before, that I am half resolved to live no longer with you.

PLACID, *aside.*

It will do—It will do.

Lady ELEANOR.

Oh, my dear friends, do not talk of parting: how can you, while every blessing smiles on your union? Even I, who have reason to regret mine, yet, while that load of grief, a separation from Mr. Irwin, is but averted, I will think every other affliction supportable. [*A loud rapping at the door.*] That is he.

Mrs. PLACID.

Why, you seem in raptures at his return.

Lady ELEANOR.

I know no greater rapture.

Enter

Enter IRWIN pale, trembling, and disordered.

Lady ELEANOR.

My dear, you are not well, I see.

IRWIN.

Yes.—[*Afide to her in anger*—Why do you speak of it?

PLACID.

How do you do, Irwin?

IRWIN.

I am glad to see you.

[*Bows.*

Mrs. PLACID.

But I am sorry to see you look so ill.

IRWIN.

I have only been taking a glass too much.

[*Lady Eleanor weeps.*

PLACID.

Pshaw! Don't I know you never drink?

IRWIN.

You are mistaken: I do when my wife is not by. I am afraid of her.

PLACID.

Impossible.

IRWIN.

What! To be afraid of one's wife?

PLACID.

No; I think that very possible.

Mrs. PLACID.

But it does not look well when it is so; it makes a man appear contemptible, and a woman a termagant. Come, Mr. Placid, I cannot stay another moment. Good night. Heaven bless you! *To Lady Eleanor*—Good night, my dear Mr. Irwin;

38 EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT:

and now, pray take my advice and keep up your spirits.

IRWIN.

I will, Madam. [*Shaking hands with Placid.*]
And do you keep up your spirits.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Placid.*]

[*Irwin shuts the door with care after them, and looks round the room as if he feared to be seen or overheard.*]

I am glad they are gone. I spoke unkindly to you just now, did I not? My temper is altered lately; and yet I love you.

Lady ELEANOR.

I never doubted it, nor ever will.

IRWIN.

If you did, you would wrong me; for there is not a danger I would not risk for your sake; there is not an infamy I would not be branded with to make you happy, nor a punishment I would not undergo, with joy, for your welfare.—But there is a bar to this; we are unfortunately so entwined together, so linked, so rivetted, so cruelly, painfully fettered to each other, you could not be happy unless I shared the self same happiness with you.—But you will learn better—now you are in London, and amongst fashionable wives; you must learn better. [*Walks about and smiles, with a ghastly countenance.*]

Lady ELEANOR.

Do not talk, do not look thus wildly—Indeed, indeed, you make me very uneasy.

IRWIN.

What! uneasy when I come to bring you comfort; and such comfort as you have not experienced
for

for many a day? [*He pulls out a pocket-book.*] Here is a friend in our necessity,—a friend that brings a thousand friends; plenty and—no, not always—peace. [*He takes several papers from the book, and puts them into her hands—She looks at them, then screams.*]

Lady ELEANOR.

Ah! 'Tis money. [*Trembling.*] These are Bank notes.

IRWIN.

Hush! For heaven's sake, hush! We shall be discovered. [*Trembling and in great perturbation.*] What alarms you thus?

Lady ELEANOR.

What alarms you?

IRWIN.

Do you say I am frightened?

Lady ELEANOR.

A fight so new has frightened me.

IRWIN.

Nay, they are your own: by heaven, they are! No one on earth has a better, or a fairer right than you have. It was a laudable act by which I obtained them.—The parent-bird had forsook its young, and I but forced it back to perform the rites of nature.

Lady ELEANOR.

You are insane, I fear. No, no, I do not *fear*—*hope* you are.

[*A loud rapping at the street-door—He starts, takes the notes from her, and puts them hastily into his pocket.*]

IRWIN.

Go to the door yourself; and if 'tis any one who asks for me, say I am not come home yet.

[*She goes out, then returns.*]

Lady

40 EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT:

Lady ELEANOR.

It is the person belonging to the house : no one to us.

IRWIN.

My dear Eleanor, are you willing to quit London with me in about two hours time ?

Lady ELEANOR.

Instantly.

IRWIN.

Nay, not only London, but England.

Lady ELEANOR.

This world, if you desire it. To go in company with you, will make the journey pleasant ; and all I loved on earth would still be with me.

IRWIN.

You can, then, leave your father without regret, *never, never* to see him more ?

Lady ELEANOR.

Why should I think on him, who will not think of me ?

[*Weeps.*

IRWIN.

But our children——

Lady ELEANOR.

We are not to leave them behind ?

IRWIN.

One of them we must : but do not let that give you uneasiness. You know he has never lived with us since his infancy, and cannot pine for the loss of parents whom he has never known.

Lady ELEANOR.

But I have *known him*. He was my first ; and, sometimes, I think more closely wound around my heart, than all the rest. The grief I felt on being forced to leave him when we went
abroad,

abroad, and the constant anxiety I have since experienced lest he should not be kindly treated, have augmented, I think, my tendernefs.

IRWIN.

All my endeavours to-day, as well as every other day, have been in vain to find into what part of the country his nurse has taken him.—Nay, be not thus overcome with tears; we will (in spite of all my haste to be gone) stay one more miserable day here, in hopes to procure intelligence, so as to take him with us; and then smile with contempt on all we leave behind. *[Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

G

A C T

A C T III.

SCENE I. *A Library at Lord NORLAND'S.**Enter Lord NORLAND, followed by Mr. HARMONY.**Lord NORLAND, in anger.*

I TELL you, Mr. Harmony, that if an indifferent person, one on whom I had never bestowed a favour in my life, were to offend me, it is in my nature never to forgive. Can I then forgive my own daughter, my only child, on whom I heaped continually marks of the most affectionate fondness? Shall she dare to offend me in the tenderest point, and you dare to suppose I will pardon her?

HARMONY.

Your child, consider.

Lord NORLAND.

The weakest argument you can use. As my child, was not she most bound to obey me? As my child, ought she not to have sacrificed her own happiness to mine? Instead of which, mine has been yielded up for a whim, a fancy, a fancy to marry a beggar; and as such is her choice, let her beg with him.

HARMONY.

She does by me;—pleads hard for your forgiveness.

Lord NORLAND.

If I thought she dared to send a message to me, though dictated on her knees, she should find
that

that she had not yet felt the full force of my repentment.

HARMONY.

What could you do more?

Lord NORLAND.

I have done nothing yet. At present, I have only abandoned her;—but I can persecute.

HARMONY.

I have no doubt of it: and, that I may not be the means of aggravating your displeasure, I assure you, that what I have now said has been entirely from myself, without any desire of hers; and, at the same time, I give you my promise, I will never presume to intrude the subject again.

Lord NORLAND.

On this condition (but on no other) I forgive you now.

HARMONY.

And now then, my Lord, let us pass from those who have forfeited your love, to those who possess it.—I heard some time ago, but I never presumed to mention it to you, that you had adopted a young man as your son?

Lord NORLAND.

“A young man!” Pshaw!—No; a boy—a mere child, who fell in my way by accident.

HARMONY.

A chance child! Ho! ho!—I understand you.

Lord NORLAND.

Do not jest with me, Sir. Do I look——

HARMONY.

Yes, you look as if you would be ashamed to own it, if you had one.

Lord NORLAND.

But this boy I am not ashamed of:—he is a favourite—rather a favourite.—I did not like him so well at first;—but custom,—and having a poor creature entirely at one's mercy, one begins to love it merely from the idea of——What would be its fate if one did not?

HARMONY.

Is he an orphan then?

Lord NORLAND.

No.

HARMONY.

You have a friendship for his parents?

Lord NORLAND.

I never saw the father: his mother I had a friendship for once. [*Sighing.*]

HARMONY.

Ay, while the husband was away?

Lord NORLAND.

I tell you, no. [*violently*]—But ask no more questions. Who his parents are, is a secret, which neither he, nor any one (that is now living) knows, except myself; nor ever shall.

HARMONY.

Well, my Lord, since 'tis your pleasure to consider him as your child, I sincerely wish you may experience more duty from him than you have done from your daughter.

Lord NORLAND.

Thank Heaven, his disposition is not in the least like her's.—No: [*very much impassioned*] I have the joy to say, that never child was so unlike its mother.

HARMONY,

HARMONY, *starting*.

How! His mother!

Lord NORLAND.

Confusion!—what have I said?—I am ashamed—

HARMONY.

No,—be proud.

Lord NORLAND.

Of what?

HARMONY.

That you have a lawful heir to all your riches; proud that you have a grandson.

Lord NORLAND.

I would have concealed it from all the world; I wished it even unknown to myself. And let me tell you, Sir, (as not by my design, but through my inadvertency, you are become acquainted with this secret) that, if ever you breathe it to a single creature, the boy shall answer for it; for, were he known to be her's, though he were dearer to me than ever *she* was, I would turn him from my house, and cast him from my heart, as I have done her.

HARMONY.

I believe you;—and in compassion to the child, give you my *solemn promise* never to reveal who he is. I have heard that those unfortunate parents left an infant behind when they went abroad, and that they now lament him as lost. Will you satisfy my curiosity, in what manner you sought and found him out?

Lord NORLAND.

Do you suppose I searched for him? No;—he was forced upon me. A woman followed me, about eight years ago, in the fields adjoining to
my

my country seat, with a half-starved boy in her hand, and asked my charity for my grand-child : the impression of the word, made me turn round involuntarily ; and casting my eyes upon him, I was rejoiced, not to find a feature of his mother's in all his face ; and I began to feel something like pity for him. In short, he caught such fast hold by one of my fingers, that I asked him carelessly " if he would go home and live with me ? " On which, he answered me so willingly " Yes," I took him at his word.

HARMONY.

And did never your regard for him, plead in his mother's behalf ?

Lord NORLAND.

Never. For, by Heaven, I would as soon forgive the robber who met me last night at my own door, and, holding a pistol to my breast, took from me a sum to a considerable amount, as I would pardon her.

HARMONY.

Did such an accident happen to you ?

Lord NORLAND.

Have you not heard of it ?

HARMONY.

No.

Lord NORLAND.

It is amazing we cannot put a stop to such depredations.

HARMONY.

Provisions are so scarce !

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Miss Wooburn, my Lord, if you are not engaged, will come and sit an hour with you.

Lord

Lord NORLAND.

I have no company but what she is perfectly acquainted with, and shall be glad of her visit.

[*Exit Servant.*

HARMONY.

You forget I am a stranger, and my presence may not be welcome.

Lord NORLAND.

A stranger! What, to my ward? to Lady Ramble? for that is the name which custom would authorise her to keep; but such courtesy she disdain, in contempt of the unworthy giver of the title.

HARMONY.

I am intimate with Sir Robert, my Lord; and though I acknowledge that both you and his lady have cause for complaint, yet Sir Robert has still many virtues.

Lord NORLAND.

Not one. He is the most vile, the most detestable of characters. He not only contradicted my will in the whole of his conduct, but he seldom met me that he did not give me some personal affront.

HARMONY.

It is, however, generally held better to be uncivil in a person's presence, than in his absence.

Lord NORLAND.

He was uncivil to me in every respect.

HARMONY.

That I will deny; for I have heard Sir Robert, in your absence, say such things in your praise!—

Lord NORLAND.

Indeed!

HARMONY.

Most assuredly.

Lord

Lord NORLAND.

I wish he had sometimes done me the honour to have spoken politely to my face.

HARMONY.

That is not Sir Robert's way ;—he is no flatterer. But then, no sooner has your back been turned, than I have heard him lavish in your praise.

Lord NORLAND.

I must own, Mr. Harmony, that I never looked upon Sir Robert as incorrigible. I could always discern a ray of understanding, and a beam of virtue through all his foibles ; nor would I have urged the divorce, but that I found his wife's sensibility could not bear his neglect ; and even now, notwithstanding her endeavour to conceal it, she pines in secret, and laments her hard fortune. All my hopes of restoring her health rest on one prospect—that of finding a man worthy my recommendation for her second husband, and, by creating a second passion, expel the first.—Mr. Harmony, you and I have been long acquainted—I have known your disposition from your infancy—Now, if such a man as you were to offer—

HARMONY.

You flatter me.

Lord NORLAND.

I do not.—Would you venture to become her husband ?

HARMONY.

I cannot say I have any particular desire ; but if it will oblige either you or her,—for my part, I think the short time we live in this world, we should do all we can to oblige each other.

Lord NORLAND.

I should rejoice at such an union myself, and I
6 think

think I can answer for her.—You permit me then to make overtures to her in your name ?

HARMONY, *considering*.

This is rather a serious piece of business—However, I never did make a difficulty when I wished to oblige a friend.—But there is one proviso, my Lord ; I must first mention it to Sir Robert.

Lord NORLAND.

Why so ?

HARMONY.

Because he and I have always been very intimate friends ; and to marry his wife, without even telling him of it, will appear very uncivil !

Lord NORLAND.

Do you mean then to ask his consent ?

HARMONY.

Not absolutely his consent ; but I will insinuate the subject to him, and obtain his approbation in a manner suitable to my own satisfaction.

Lord NORLAND.

You will oblige me then if you will see him as early as possible ; for it is reported he is going abroad.

HARMONY.

I will go to him immediately ;—and, my Lord, I will do all in my power to oblige you, Sir Robert and the Lady ; [*aside*—but as to obliging myself, that was never one of my considerations.

[*Exit*.

Enter Miss WOOBURN.

Lord NORLAND.

I am sorry to see you thus ; you have been weeping ? Will you still lament your separation from a

H

cruel

cruel husband, as if you had followed a kind one to the grave ?

Miss WOOBURN.

By no means, my Lord. Tears from our sex are not always the result of grief ; they are frequently no more than little sympathetic tributes which we pay to our fellow-beings, while the mind and the heart are steeled against the weakness which our eyes indicate.

Lord NORLAND.

Can you say, your mind and heart are so steeled ?

Miss WOOBURN.

I can : My mind is as firmly fixed against Sir Robert Ramble, as at our first acquaintance it was fixed upon him. And I solemnly protest——

Lord NORLAND.

To a man of my age and observation, protestations are vain.—Give me a proof that you have rooted him from your heart.

Miss WOOBURN.

Any proof you require, I will give without a moment's hesitation.

Lord NORLAND.

I take you at your word ; and desire you to accept a Gentleman, whom I shall recommend for your second husband. [*Miss* Wooburn *starts*]—You said you would not hesitate a moment.

Miss WOOBURN.

I thought I should not ;—but this is something so unexpected——

Lord NORLAND.

You break your word then, and still give cause for this ungrateful man, to ridicule your fondness for him.

Miss

Miss WOOBURN.

No, I will put an end to that humiliation; and whoever the Gentleman is whom you mean to propose—Yet, do not name him at present—but give me the satisfaction of keeping the promise I have made to you (at least for a little time) without exactly knowing how far it extends; for, in return, I have a promise to ask from you, before I acquaint you with the nature of your engagement.

Lord NORLAND.

I give my promise. Now name your request.

Miss WOOBURN.

Then, my Lord, [*hesitating and confused*]*—*the law gave me back, upon my divorce from Sir Robert, the very large fortune which I brought to him.—I am afraid, that in his present circumstances, to enforce the strict payment of this debt, would very much embarrass him.

Lord NORLAND.

What if it did?

Miss WOOBURN.

It is my entreaty to you (in whose hands is invested the power to demand this right of law) to lay my claim aside for the present. [*Lord* Norland *offers to speak*] I know, my Lord, what you are going to say; I know Sir Robert is not *now*, but I can never forget that he *has been* my husband.

Lord NORLAND.

To shew my gratitude for your compliance with the request I have just made you, [*Goes to a table in the library*] here is the bond by which I am impowered to seize on the greatest part of his estates in right of you: take the bond into your own possession till your next husband demands it

of you ; and by the time you have called him husband for a few weeks, this tenderness, or delicacy to Sir Robert, will be worn away.

Enter HARMONY, hastily.

HARMONY.

My Lord, I beg pardon ; but I forgot to mention——

Miss WOOBURN.

Oh, Mr. Harmony, I have not seen you before I know not when : I am particularly happy at your calling just now, for I have—[*hesitating*] a little favour to ask of you.

HARMONY.

If it were a great favour, Madam, you might command me.

Miss WOOBURN.

But—my Lord, I beg your pardon—but the favour I have to ask of Mr. Harmony must be told to him in private.

Lord NORLAND.

Oh ! I am sure I have not the least objection to you and Mr. Harmony having a private conference. I'll leave you together. [Harmony *appears embarrassed.*] You do not derange my business—I'll be back in a short time. [Exit.

Miss WOOBURN.

Mr. Harmony, you are the very man on earth I most wanted to see. [Harmony *bows.*] I know the kindness of your heart, the liberality of your sentiments, and I wish to repose a charge to your trust, very near to me indeed—but you must be secret.

HARMONY.

HARMONY.

When a Lady reposes a trust in me, I should not be a man if I were not.

Miss WOOBURN.

I must first inform you, that Lord Norland has just drawn from me a promise, that I will once more enter into the marriage-state; and without knowing to whom he intends to give me, I will keep my promise—But it is in vain to say, that, though I mean all duty and fidelity to my second husband, I shall not experience moments when my thoughts—will wander on my first.

HARMONY, *starting*.

Hem!—Hem!—[*To her*—Indeed?

Miss WOOBURN.

I must always rejoice in Sir Robert's successes, and lament over his misfortunes.

HARMONY.

If that is all—

Miss WOOBURN.

No, I would go one step further: [Harmony *starts again*] I would secure him from those misfortunes, which to hear of, will disturb my peace of mind. I know his fortune has suffered very much, and I cannot, *will not*, place it in the power of the man, whom my Lord Norland may point out for my next marriage, to distress him farther.—This is the writing, by which that Gentleman may claim the part of my fortune from Sir Robert Ramble, which is in landed property; carry it, my dear Mr. Harmony, to Sir Robert instantly; and tell him, that in separating from him, I meant only to give him liberty; not make him the debtor, perhaps the prisoner of my future husband.

HARMONY.

HARMONY.

Madam, I will most undoubtedly take this bond to my friend ; but will you give me leave to suggest to you, that the person on whom you bestow your hand, may be a little surpris'd to find, that while he is in possession of you, Sir Robert is in the possession of your fortune ?

Miss WOOBURN.

Do not imagine, Sir, that I shall marry any man, without first declaring what I have done—I only wish at present it should be concealed from Lord Norland—When this paper is given, as I have required, it cannot be recalled ; and when that is past, I shall divulge my conduct to whom I please ; and first of all, to him, who shall offer me his addresses.

HARMONY.

And if he is a man of my feelings, his addresses will be doubly importunate for this proof of liberality to your former husband.—But are you sure, that in the return of this bond, there is no secret affection, no latent spark of love ?

Miss WOOBURN.

None. I know my heart ; and if there was, I could not ask you, Mr. Harmony (nor any one like you), to be the messenger of an imprudent passion. Sir Robert's vanity, I know, may cause him to judge otherwise ; but undeceive him ; let him know this is a sacrifice to the golden principles of duty, and not an offering to the tinsel'd shrine of love.

Enter Lord NORLAND.

Put up the bond.—[Harmony *conceals it.*]

Lord NORLAND.

Well, my dear, have you made your request ?

Miss

Miss WOOBURN.

Yes, my Lord.

Lord NORLAND.

And has he granted it?

HARMONY.

Yes, my Lord. I am going to grant it.

Lord NORLAND.

I sincerely wish you both joy of this good understanding between you. But, Mr. Harmony, [*in a whisper*] are not you going to Sir Robert?

HARMONY.

Yes, my Lord, I am going this moment.

Lord NORLAND.

Make haste then, and do not forget your errand.

HARMONY.

No, my Lord, I sha'n't forget my errand; it won't slip my memory—Good morning, my Lord—good morning, Madam. [*Exit.*]

Lord NORLAND.

Now, my dear, as you and Mr. Harmony seem to be on such excellent terms, I think I may venture to tell you (if he has not yet told you himself), that he is the man, who is to be your husband.

Miss WOOBURN.

He! Mr. Harmony!—No, my Lord, he has not told me; and I am confident he never will.

Lord NORLAND.

What makes you think so?

Miss WOOBURN.

Because—because—he must be sensible he would not be the man I should choose.

Lord NORLAND.

And where is the woman who marries the man she would choose? You are reversing the order of society; men, only, have the right of choice in marriage. Were women permitted theirs, we should have handsome beggars allied to our noblest families, and no such object in our whole island as an old maid.

Miss WOOBURN.

But being denied that choice, why forbid to remain as I am?

Lord NORLAND.

What are you now? Neither a widow, a maid, nor a wife. If I could fix a term to your present state, I should not be thus anxious to place you in another.

Miss WOOBURN.

I am perfectly acquainted with your friendly motives, and feel the full force of your advice.—I therefore renew my promise—and although Mr. Harmony (in respect to the marriage state) is as little to my wishes as any man on earth, I will nevertheless endeavour—whatever struggles it may cost me—to be to him, if he prefers his suit, a dutiful, an obedient—but, for a loving wife, that I can never be again.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE, *An Apartment at Sir ROBERT RAMBLE'S.*

Enter Sir ROBERT and Mr. HARMONY.

Sir ROBERT.

I thank you for this visit. I was undetermined what to do with myself. Your company has determined me to stay at home.

HARMONY.

HARMONY.

I was with a Gentleman just now, Sir Robert, and you were the subject of our conversation.

Sir ROBERT.

Had it been a Lady, I should be anxious to know what she said.

HARMONY.

I have been with a Lady likewise; and she made you the subject of her discourse.

Sir ROBERT.

But was she handsome?

HARMONY.

Very handsome.

Sir ROBERT.

My dear fellow, what is her name? What did she say, and where may I meet with her?

HARMONY.

Her name is Wooburn.

Sir ROBERT.

That is the name of my late wife.

HARMONY.

It is her I mean.

Sir ROBERT.

Zounds, you had just put my spirits into a flame, and now you throw cold water all over me.

HARMONY.

I am sorry to hear you say so, for I came from her this moment; and what do you think is the present she has given me to deliver to you?

Sir ROBERT.

Pshaw! I want no presents. Some of my old love-letters returned, I suppose, to remind me of my inconstancy?

I

HAR.

HARMONY.

Do not undervalue her generosity: this is her present;—this bond, which has power to take from you three thousand a year, her right.

Sir ROBERT.

Ah! this is a present indeed. Are you sure you speak truth? Let me look at it:—Sure my eyes deceive me!—No, by Heaven it is true! [*Reads*] The very thing I wanted, and will make me perfectly happy. Now I'll be generous again; my bills shall be paid, my gaming debts cancelled, poor Irwin shall find a friend; and I'll send her as pretty a copy of verses as ever I wrote in my life.

HARMONY.

Take care how you treat with levity a woman of her elevated mind. She charged me to assure you, "that love had no share whatever in this act, but merely compassion to the embarrassed state of your affairs."

Sir ROBERT.

Sir, I would have you to know, I am no object of compassion. However, a Lady's favour one cannot return; and so, I'll keep this thing.

[*Puts it in his pocket.*]

HARMONY.

Nay, if your circumstances are different from what she imagines, give it me back, and I will return it to her.

Sir ROBERT.

No, poor thing! it would break her heart to send it back—No, I'll keep it—She would never forgive me, were I to send it back. I'll keep it. And she is welcome to attribute her concern for me to what she pleases. But surely you can see—you can understand—But Heaven blefs her for her

her love! and I would love her in return—if I could.

HARMONY.

You would not talk thus, if you had seen the firm dignity with which she gave me that paper—“Assure him,” said she, “no remaining affection comes along with it, but merely a duty which I owe him, to protect him from the humiliation of being a debtor to the man whom I am going to marry.”

Sir ROBERT,
With the utmost emotion.

Why, she is not going to be married again!

HARMONY.

I believe so.

Sir ROBERT.

But are you sure of it, Sir? Are you sure of it?

HARMONY.

Both she and her guardian told me so.

Sir ROBERT.

That guardian, my Lord Norland, is one of the basest, vilest of men.—I tell you what, Sir, I'll resent this usage.

HARMONY.

Wherefore?—As to his being the means of bringing about your separation, in that he obliged you.

Sir ROBERT.

Yes, Sir, he did, he certainly did;—but though I am not the least offended with him on that head (for at that I rejoice), yet I will resent his disposing of her a second time.

HARMONY.

And why?

Sir ROBERT.

Because, little regard as I have for her myself, yet no other man shall dare to treat her so ill, as I have done.

HARMONY.

Do not fear it—Her next husband will be a man, who, I can safely say, will never insult, or even offend her ; but sooth, indulge, and make her happy.

Sir ROBERT.

And do you dare to tell me, that her next husband shall make her happy ? Now, that is worse than the other—No, Sir, no man shall ever have it to say “ he has made her either happy or miserable,” but myself.

HARMONY.

I know of but one way to prevent it.

Sir ROBERT.

And what is that ?

HARMONY.

Pay your addressee to her, and marry her again yourself.

Sir ROBERT.

And I would, rather than she should be happy with any body else. The devil take me if I would not.

HARMONY.

To shew that I am wholly disinterested in this affair, I will carry her a letter from you if you like, and say all I can in your behalf.

Sir ROBERT.

Ha, ha, ha ! Now, my dear Harmony, you carry your good-natured simplicity too far. However, I thank you, I sincerely thank you—But do you imagine I should be such a blockhead, as to make love to the same woman I made love to seven years ago, and who for the last six years I totally neglected ?

HARMONY.

Yes : for if you neglected her six years, she will now be a novelty.

Sir ROBERT.

Egad, and so she will. You are right.

HARMONY.

But being in possession of her fortune, you can be very happy without her.

Sir ROBERT.

Take her fortune back, Sir. [*Taking the bond from his pocket and offering it to Harmony*] I would starve, I would perish, die in poverty and infamy, rather than owe an obligation to a vile, perfidious, inconstant woman.

HARMONY.

Consider, Sir Robert, if you insist on my taking this bond back, it may fall into the husband's hands.

Sir ROBERT.

Take it back—I insist upon it. [*Gives it him, and Harmony puts it up*] But, Mr. Harmony, depend on it, Lord Norland shall hear from me, in the most serious manner, for his interference—I repeat, he is the vilest, the most villanous of men.

HARMONY.

How can you speak with such rancour of a nobleman, who speaks of *you* in the highest terms?

Sir ROBERT.

Does he, 'faith?

HARMONY.

He owns you have some faults.

Sir ROBERT.

I know I have.

HARMONY.

But he thinks your good qualities are numberless.

Sir ROBERT.

Now dam'me, if ever I thought so ill of *him*, as I have appeared to do!—But who is the intended husband,

62 EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT :

husband, my dear friend? Tell me, that I may laugh at him, and make you laugh at him.

HARMONY.

No, I am not inclined to laugh at him.

Sir ROBERT.

Is it old Solus?

HARMONY.

No.

Sir ROBERT.

But I will bet you a wager it is somebody equally ridiculous.

HARMONY.

I never bet.

Sir ROBERT.

Solus is mad for a wife, and has been praising mine up to the heavens; you need say no more; I know it is he.

HARMONY.

Upon my honour, it is not. However, I cannot disclose to you at present the person's name; I must first obtain Lord Norland's permission.

Sir ROBERT.

I shall ask you no more. I'll write to her—she will tell me;—or, I'll pay her a visit, and ask her boldly myself.—Do you think [*anxiously*]
—do you think she would see me?

HARMONY.

You can but try.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mr. Solus.

Sir ROBERT.

Now I will find out the secret immediately.—I'll charge him with being the intended husband.

HAR-

HARMONY.

I will not stay to hear you.

Enter SOLUS.

Mr. Solus, how do you do? I am extremely sorry that my engagements take me away as soon as you enter. [*Exit Harmony running, to avoid an explanation,*

SOLUS.

Sir Robert, what is the matter? Has any thing ruffled you? Why, I never saw you look more out of temper, even while you were married.

Sir ROBERT.

Ah! that I had never married! never known what marriage was! for, even at this moment, I feel its torments in my heart.

SOLUS.

I have often heard of the torments of matrimony; but I conceive, that at the worst, they are nothing more than a kind of violent tickling, which will force the tears into your eyes, though at the same time you are bursting your sides with laughter.

Sir ROBERT.

You have defined marriage too favourably; there is no laughter in the state: all is melancholy, all gloom.

SOLUS.

Now I think marriage is an excellent remedy for the spleen. I have known a Gentleman at a feast receive an affront, disguise his rage, step home, vent it all upon his wife, return to his companions, and be as good company as if nothing had happened.

Sir ROBERT.

But even the necessary expences of a wife should alarm you.

SOLUS.

64 EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT :

SOLUS. .

I can then retrench some of my own. Oh! my dear Sir, a married man has so many delightful privileges to what a bachelor has!—An old Lady will introduce her daughters to you in a dishabille—“It does not signify, my dears, it’s a married man”—One Lady will suffer you to draw on her glove—“Never mind, it’s a married man”—Another will permit you to pull on her slipper; a third will even take you into her bed-chamber—“Pshaw, it’s *nothing* but a married man.”

Sir ROBERT.

But the weight of your fetters will overbalance all these joys.

SOLUS.

And I cannot say, notwithstanding you are relieved from the bond, that I see much joy or brightness here.

Sir ROBERT.

I am not very well at present; I have the head-ach; and, if ever a wife can be of comfort to her husband, it must be when he is indisposed. A wife, then, binds up your head, mixes your powders, bathes your temples, and hovers about, in a way that is most endearing.

SOLUS.

Don’t speak of it; I long to have one hover about me. But I will—I am determined I will, before I am a week older. Don’t speak, don’t attempt to persuade me not. Your description has renewed my eagerness—I will be married.

Sir ROBERT.

And without pretending not to know who you mean to make your wife, I tell you plainly, it is, Miss Wooburn, it is my late wife.—I know you
have

made overtures to my Lord Norland, and that he has given his consent.

SOLUS.

You tell me a great piece of news—I'll go ask my Lord if it be true; and if he says it is, I shall be very glad to find it so.

Sir ROBERT.

That is right, Sir; marry her, marry her;—I give you joy,—that's all.—Ha, ha, ha! I think I should know her temper.—But if you will venture to marry her, I sincerely wish you happy.

SOLUS.

And if we are not, you know we can be divorced.

Sir ROBERT.

Not always. Take my advice, and live as you are.

SOLUS.

You almost stagger my resolution.—I had painted such bright prospects in marriage:—Good day to you. [*Going, returns*].—You think I had better not marry?

Sir ROBERT.

You are undone if you do.

SOLUS, *sighing*.

You ought to know from experience.

Sir ROBERT.

From that I speak.

SOLUS,

Going to the door, and returning once or twice, as unstable in his resolution.

But then, what a poor disconsolate object shall I live, without a wife to hover about me; to bind up my head, and bathe my temples! Oh! I am

K

im-

impatient for all the chartered rights, privileges,
and immunities of a married man. [Exit.

Sir ROBERT.

Furies, racks, torments—I cannot bear what I feel, and yet I am ashamed to own I feel any thing!

Enter Mr. PLACID.

PLACID.

My dear Sir Robert, give me joy. Mrs. Placid and I are come to the very point you advised; matters are in the fairest way for a separation.

Sir ROBERT.

I do give you joy, and most sincerely.—You are right; you'll soon be as happy as I am. *Sighing* But would you suppose it? that deluded woman, my wife, is going to be married again! I thought she had had enough of me!

PLACID.

You are hurt, I see, lest the world should say she has forgot you.

Sir ROBERT.

She cannot forget me; I defy her to forget me.

PLACID.

Who is her intended husband?

Sir ROBERT.

Solus, Solus. An old man—an ugly man. He left me this moment, and owned it—owned it! Go after him, will you, and persuade him not to have her.

PLACID.

My advice will have no effect, for you know he is bent upon matrimony,

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

Then could not you, my dear Sir (as you are going to be separated), could not you recommend him to marry your wife?—It will be all the same to him, I dare say, and I shall like it much better.

PLACID.

Ours will not be a divorce, consider, but merely a separate maintenance. But were it otherwise, I wish no man so ill, as to wish him married to Mrs. Placid.

Sir ROBERT.

That is my case exactly. I wish no man so ill, as to wish him married to my Lady Ramble; and poor old Solus in particular, poor old man! a very good sort of man—I have a great friendship for Solus.—I can't stay a moment in the house—I must go somewhere—I'll go to Solus.—No, I'll go to Lord Norland—No, I will go to Harmony; and then I'll call on you, and we'll take a bottle together; and when we are both free [*takes his hand*] we'll join, from that moment we'll join, to laugh at, to contemn, to despise all those who boast of the joys of conjugal love. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at Mr. HARMONY'S.**Enter Mr. HARMONY.*

HARMONY.

AND now, for one of the most painful tasks that brotherly love ever draws upon me ; to tell another, the fruit, of which I gave him hope, has failed.—Yet, if I can but overcome Captain Irwin's delicacy so far, as to prevail on him to accept one proof more of my good wishes towards him ;—but to a man of his nice sense of obligations, the offer must be made with caution.

Enter Lord NORLAND.

Lord NORLAND.

Mr. Harmony, I beg your pardon : I come in thus abruptly, from the anxiety I feel concerning what passed between us this morning in respect to Miss Wooburn. You have not changed your mind, I hope ?

HARMONY.

Indeed, my Lord, I am very sorry that it will not be in my power to oblige you.

Lord NORLAND, in anger.

How, Sir ? Did not you give me your word ?

HARMONY.

Only conditionally, my Lord.

Lord NORLAND.

And what were the conditions ?

HARMONY.

HARMONY.

Have you forgot them? Her former husband.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir Robert Ramble is in his carriage at the door, and, if you are at leisure, will come in.

HARMONY.

Desire him to walk up. I have your leave, I suppose, my Lord? [*Exit Servant.*]

Lord NORLAND.

Yes; but let me get out of the house without meeting him. [*Going to the opposite door*] Can I go this way?

HARMONY.

Why should you shun him?

Lord NORLAND.

Because he used his wife ill.

HARMONY.

He did. But I believe he is very sorry for it.—And as for you, he said to me only a few hours ago—but no matter.

Lord NORLAND.

What did he say? I insist upon knowing.

HARMONY.

Why then he said, “that if he had a sacred trust to repose in any one, *you* should be the man on earth, to whom he would confide it.”

Lord NORLAND.

Well, I am in no hurry; I can stay a few minutes.

Enter Sir ROBERT RAMBLE.

Sir ROBERT.

Oh! Harmony! I am in such a distracted state
of

of mind—[*Seeing Lord Norland, he starts, and bows with the most humble respect.*]

Lord NORLAND.

Sir Robert, how do you do?

Sir ROBERT.

My Lord, I am pretty well.—I hope I have the happiness of seeing your Lordship in perfect health.

Lord NORLAND.

Very well, Sir, I thank you.

Sir ROBERT.

Indeed, my Lord, I think I never saw you look better.

Lord NORLAND.

Mr. Harmony, you and Sir Robert may have some business—I'll wish you a good morning.

HARMONY.

No, my Lord, I fancy Sir Robert has nothing particular.

Sir ROBERT.

Nothing, nothing, I assure you, my Lord.

Lord NORLAND.

However, I have business myself in another place, and so you will excuse me. [Going.]

Sir ROBERT, following him.

My Lord—Lord Norland,—I trust you will excuse my enquiries.—I hope, my Lord, all your family are well?

Lord NORLAND.

All very well.

Sir ROBERT.

Your little Elevè,—Master Edward,—the young Gentleman you have adopted—I hope he is well—

well—[*hesitating and confused*] And—your Ward, Sir—Miss Wooburn—I hope, my Lord, she is well?

Lord NORLAND.

Yes, Sir Robert, Miss Wooburn is tolerably well.

Sir ROBERT.

Only tolerably, my Lord? I am sorry for that.

HARMONY.

I hope, my Lord, you will excuse my mentioning the subject; but I was telling Sir Robert just now, of your intentions respecting a second marriage for that Lady; but Sir Robert does not appear to approve of the design.

Lord NORLAND.

What objection can *he* have?

Sir ROBERT.

My Lord, there are such a number of bad husbands; there are such a number of dissipated, unthinking, unprincipled men!—And—I should be extremely sorry to see any Lady with whom I have had the honour of being so closely allied, united to one who would undervalue her worth.

Lord NORLAND.

Pray, Sir Robert, were you not then extremely sorry for her, while she was united to you?

Sir ROBERT.

Very sorry for her indeed, my Lord. But, at that time, my mind was so taken up with other cares, I own I did not feel the compassion which was her due; but, now that I am single, I shall have leisure to pay her more attention; and should I find her unhappy, it must, inevitably, make me so.

Lord

Lord NORLAND.

Depend upon it, that on the present occasion, I shall take infinite care in the choice of her husband.

Sir ROBERT.

If your Lordship would permit me to have an interview with Miss Wooburn, I think I should be able at least—

Lord NORLAND.

You would not fure insult her by your preference?

Sir ROBERT.

I think I should be able at least to point out an object worthy of her taste—I know what she will like better than any body in the world.

Lord NORLAND.

Her request has been, that I may point her out a husband the reverse of you.

Sir ROBERT.

Then, upon my honour, my Lord, she won't like him.

Lord NORLAND.

Have not you liked women the reverse of her?

Sir ROBERT.

Yes, my Lord, perhaps I have, and perhaps I still do. I do not pretend to love *her*; I did not say I did; nay, I positively protest I do not; but this indifference I acknowledge as one of my faults; and, notwithstanding all my faults, give me leave to acknowledge my gratitude that your Lordship has nevertheless been pleased to declare you think my virtues are numberless. [*Lord Norland shews surprise.*]

HARMONY, *aside to Sir Robert.*

Hush, hush!—Don't talk of your virtues now.

Lord NORLAND.

Sir Robert, to all this incoherent language, this is my answer, this is my will : The Lady, to whom I have had the honour to be guardian, shall never (while she calls me friend) see you more.

[*Sir Robert, at this sentence, stands silent for some time, then, suddenly recollecting himself*]

Sir ROBERT.

Lord Norland, I am too well acquainted with the truth of your word, and the firmness of your temper, to press my suit one sentence farther.

Lord NORLAND.

I commend your discernment.

Sir ROBERT.

My Lord, I feel myself a little embarrassed.—I am afraid I have made myself a little ridiculous upon this occasion—Will your Lordship do me the favour to forget it ?

Lord NORLAND.

I will forget whatever you please.

HARMONY following him, whispers.

I am sorry to see you going away in despair.

Sir ROBERT.

I never did despair in my life, Sir ; and while a woman is the object of my wishes, I never will.

[*Exit.*]

Lord NORLAND.

What did he say ?

HARMONY.

That he thought your conduct that of a just and an upright man.

Lord NORLAND.

To say the truth, he has gone away with better

L

manners

74 EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT :

manners than I could have imagined, considering his jealousy is provoked.

HARMONY.

Ah ! I always knew he loved his wife, notwithstanding his behaviour to her ; for, if you remember, he always spoke well of her behind her back.

Lord NORLAND.

No, I do not remember it.

HARMONY.

Yes, he did ; and that is the only criterion of a man's love, or of his friendship.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

A young gentleman is at the door, Sir, enquiring for Lord Norland.

Lord NORLAND.

Who can it be ?

HARMONY.

Your young gentleman from home, I dare say. Desire him to walk in. Bring him here.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Lord NORLAND.

What business can he have to follow me ?

Enter EDWARD.

EDWARD.

Oh, my Lord, I beg your pardon for coming hither ; but I come to tell you something you will be glad to hear.

HARMONY.

Good Heaven ! how like his mother !

Lord NORLAND,
Taking him by the hand.

I begin to think he is—but he was not so when I first took him. No, no, if he had, he would not have been thus near me now;—but to turn him away because his countenance is a little changed, I think would not be right.

EDWARD, to Harmony.
Pray, Sir, did you know my mother?

HARMONY.
I have seen her.

EDWARD.
Did you ever see her, my Lord?

Lord NORLAND.
I thought you had orders never to enquire about your parents? Have you forgot those orders?

EDWARD.
No, my Lord; but when this gentleman said I was like my mother—it put me in mind of her.

HARMONY.
You do not remember your mother, do you?

EDWARD.
Sometimes I think I do. I think sometimes I remember her kissing me, when she and my father went on board of a ship; and so hard she pressed me—I think I feel it now.

HARMONY.
Perhaps she was the only Lady that ever saluted you?

EDWARD.
No, Sir; not by many.

Lord NORLAND.
But pray, young man (to have done with this
L 2 subject),

76 EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT:

subject), what brought you here? You seem to have forgot your errand?

EDWARD.

And so I had, upon my word. Speaking of my mother, put it quite out of my head.—But, my Lord, I came to let you know, the robber who stopped you last night is taken.

Lord NORLAND.

I am glad to hear it.

EDWARD.

I knew you would; and therefore I begged to be the first to tell you.

HARMONY, *to Lord Norland.*
Should you know the person again?

Lord NORLAND.

I cannot say I should, his face seemed so much distorted.

HARMONY.

Ay, wretched man! I suppose with terror.

Lord NORLAND.

No; it appeared a different passion from fear.

EDWARD.

Perhaps, my Lord, it was *your* fear that made you think so.

Lord NORLAND.

No, Sir, I was not frightened.

EDWARD.

Then why did you give him your money?

Lord NORLAND.

It was surprize caused me to do that.

EDWARD.

I wondered what it was! You said it was not fear, and I was sure it could not be love.

HARMONY.

HARMONY.

How has he been taken ?

EDWARD.

A person came to our steward, and informed against him ;—and, Oh ! my Lord, his poor wife told the officers who took him, they had met with misfortunes, which she feared had caused a fever in her husband's head ; and, indeed, they found him too ill to be removed ; and so, she hoped, she said, “ that as a man, not in his perfect mind, you would be merciful to him.”

Lord NORLAND.

I will be just.

EDWARD.

And that is being merciful, is it not, my Lord ?

Lord NORLAND.

Not always.

EDWARD.

I thought it had been.—It is not *just* to be unmerciful, is it ?

Lord NORLAND.

Certainly not.

EDWARD.

Then it must be *just*, to have mercy.

Lord NORLAND.

You draw a false conclusion. Great as is the virtue of *mercy*, *justice* is greater still. *Justice* holds its place among those cardinal virtues which include all the lesser.—Come, Mr. Harmony, will you go home with me ? And before I attend to this business, let me persuade you to forget there is such a person in the world as Sir Robert, and suffer me to introduce you to Miss Wooburn, as the man who—

HARMONY.

78. EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT :

HARMONY.

I beg to be excused—Besides the consideration of Sir Robert, I have another reason why I cannot go with you. The melancholy tale which this young gentleman has been telling, has cast a gloom on my spirits which renders me unfit for the society of a Lady.

Lord NORLAND.

Now I should not be surpris'd were you to go in search of this culprit and his family, and come to me to intreat me to forego the prosecution ; but, before you ask me, I tell you it is in vain—I will not.

HARMONY.

Lord Norland, I have lately been so unsuccessful in my petitions to you, I shall never presume to interpose between your rigour and a weak sufferer more.

Lord NORLAND.

Plead the cause of the good, and I will listen ; but you find none but the wicked for your compassion.

HARMONY.

The good in all states, even in the very jaws of death, are objects of envy ; it is the bad who are the only real sufferers : There, where no internal consolation cheers, who can refuse a little external comfort?—And let me tell you, my Lord, that amidst all your authority, your state, your grandeur, I often pity you. [*Speaking with unaffected compassion.*]

Lord NORLAND.

Good-day, Mr. Harmony ; and when you have apologis'd for what you have said, we may be friends again. [*Exit, leading off Edward.*]

HARMONY.

HARMONY.

Nay, hear my apology now. I cannot—no, it is not in my nature to live in resentment, nor under the resentment of any creature in the world.

[*Exit, following Lord Norland.*]

SCENE II. *An Apartment at Lord NORLAND'S.*

Enter Sir ROBERT RAMBLE, followed by a Servant.

Sir ROBERT.

Do not say who it is—but say a Gentleman who has some very particular business with her.

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir. [*Going.*]

Sir ROBERT.

Pray, [*Servant returns*] You are but lately come into this service, I believe?

SERVANT.

Only a few days, Sir.

Sir ROBERT.

You don't know me, then?

SERVANT.

No, Sir.

Sir ROBERT.

I am very glad of it. So much the better. Go to Miss Wooburn, with a Stranger's compliments who is waiting, and who begs to speak with her upon an affair of importance.

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Sir ROBERT.

I wish I may die if I don't feel very unaccountably! How different are our sensations towards
our

80 EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT :

our wives, and all other women ! This is the very first time she has given me a palpitation since the honey-moon.

Enter Miss WOOBURN, who starts on seeing Sir Robert ;—he bows in great confusion.

Miss WOOBURN.
Support me, Heaven ! [*Aside.*]

Sir ROBERT,
Bows repeatedly, and does not speak till after many efforts.
Was ever man in such confusion before his wife ! [*Aside.*]

Miss WOOBURN.
Sir Robert, having recovered in some measure, from the surprise into which this intrusion first threw me, I have only to say, that whatever pretence may have induced you to offer me this insult, there are none to oblige me to bear with it.
[*Going.*]

Sir ROBERT.
Lady Ramb—[*recalling himself*] Miss Woo—
[*She turns*] Lady Ramble—[*recalling himself again*]
Miss Wooburn—Madam—You wrong me—
There was a time when I insulted you, I confess ;
but it is impossible that time should ever return.

Miss WOOBURN.
While I stay with you, I incur the danger.
[*Going.*]

Sir ROBERT, holding her.
Nay, listen to me as a friend, whom you have so often heard as an enemy.—You offered me a favour by the hands of Mr. Harmony—

Miss WOOBURN.
And is this the motive of your visit—this the return—

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

No, Madam, that obligation was not the motive which drew me hither—The real cause of this seeming intrusion is—you are going to be married once more, and I come to warn you of your danger.

Miss WOOBURN.

That you did sufficiently in the marriage-state.

Sir ROBERT.

But now I come to offer you advice that may be of the most material consequence, should you really be determined to yield yourself again into the power of a husband.

Miss WOOBURN.

Which I most assuredly am.

Sir ROBERT.

Happy, happy man! How much is he the object of my envy! None so well as I, know how to envy him, because none so well as I, know how to value you. [*She offers to go*] Nay, by Heaven you shall not go till you have heard all that I came to say!

Miss WOOBURN.

Speak it then instantly.

Sir ROBERT.

No, it would take whole ages to speak; and should we live together, as long as we *have* lived together, still I should not find time to tell you—how much I love you.

[*A loud rapping at the street-door.*]

Miss WOOBURN.

That, I hope, is Lord Norland.

Sir ROBERT.

And what has Lord Norland to do with souls
M free

free as ours? Let us go to Scotland again; and again bid defiance to his stern commands.

Miss WOOBURN.

Be assured, that through him only, will I ever listen to a syllable you have to utter.

Sir ROBERT.

One syllable only, and I am gone that instant.

Miss WOOBURN.

Well, Sir?

[*He hesitates, trembles, seems to struggle with himself; then approaching her slowly, timidly, and as if ashamed of his humiliation, kneels to her—She turns away.*]

Sir ROBERT, kneeling.

Maria, Maria, look at me!—Look at me in this humble state—Could you have suspected this, Maria?

Miss WOOBURN.

No: nor can I conceive what this mockery means.

Sir ROBERT.

It means, that now you are no longer my wife, you are my Goddess; and thus I offer you my supplication, that (if you are resolved not to live single) amongst the numerous train who present their suit, you will once more select me.

Miss WOOBURN.

You!—You who have treated me with cruelty; who made no secret of your love for others—but gloried, boasted of your gallantries?

Sir ROBERT.

I did, I did—But here I swear, only trust me again—do but once more trust me, and I swear
by

by all I hold most sacred, that I will for the future carefully conceal all my gallantries from your knowledge—though they were ten times more frequent than before.

Enter EDWARD.

EDWARD.

Oh, my dear Miss Wooburn—What! Sir Robert here too! [*Goes to Sir Robert and shakes hands*] How do you do, Sir Robert? Who would have thought of seeing you here? I am glad to see you though, with all my heart; and so I dare say is Miss Wooburn, though she may not like to say so.

Miss WOOBURN.

You are impertinent, Sir.

EDWARD.

What, for coming in? I will go away then.

Sir ROBERT.

Do, do—There's a good boy—do.

EDWARD, *going, returns.*

I cannot help laughing, though, to see you two together!—For you know you never were together when you lived in the same house.

Sir ROBERT.

Leave the room instantly, Sir, or I shall call Lord Norland.

EDWARD.

Oh, don't take that trouble, I will call him myself. [*Runs to the door*]—My Lord, my Lord, pray come here this moment—As I am alive, here is Sir Robert Ramble along with Lady Ramble!

Enter Lord NORLAND.

Sir Robert looks confounded, Lord Norland points to Edward to leave the room.

[*Exit Edward.*

Lord NORLAND.

Sir Robert, on what pretence do you come hither ?

Sir ROBERT.

On the same pretence, as when I was for the first time admitted into your house ; to solicit this Lady's hand. And, after having had it once, no force shall compel me to take a refusal.

Lord NORLAND.

I will try however—Madam, quit the room instantly.

Sir ROBERT.

My Lord, she shall not quit it.

Lord NORLAND.

I command her to go.

Sir ROBERT.

And I command her to stay.

Lord NORLAND.

Which of us will you obey ?

Miss WOOBURN.

My inclination, my Lord, disposes me to obey you ;—but I have so lately been accustomed to obey him, that *custom* inclines me to obey him still.

Sir ROBERT.

There ! There ! There, my Lord ! Now I hope you will understand better for the future, and not attempt to interfere between a man and his wife.

Lord NORLAND, to her.

Be explicit in your answer to this question—
Will you consent to be his wife ?

Miss WOOBURN.

No, never.

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

Zounds, my Lord, now you are hurrying matters.—You should do it by gentle means ;—let me ask her gently. [*With a most soft voice*] Maria, Maria, will you be my wife once again ?

Miss WOOBURN.

Never.

Sir ROBERT.

So you said seven years ago when I asked you, and yet you consented.

Lord NORLAND.

And now, Sir Robert, you have had your answer ; leave my house. [*Going up to him.*]

Sir ROBERT.

Yes, Sir ; but not without my other half.

Lord NORLAND.

“ Your other half ? ”

Sir ROBERT.

Yes ; the wife of my bosom—the wife, whom I swore at the altar “ to love and to cherish, “ and, forsaking all others, cleave only to her as “ long as we both should live.”

Lord NORLAND.

You broke your oath, and made the contract void.

Sir ROBERT.

But I am ready to take another oath ; and another after that, and another after that—And, Oh, my dear Maria, be propitious to my vows, and give me hopes you will again be mine. [*He goes to her, and kneels in the most supplicating attitude.*]

Enter EDWARD, shewing in Mr. SOLUS and Mr. PLACID; Edward points to Sir Robert (who has his back to them) and goes off.

Sir ROBERT,

Still on his knees, and not perceiving their entrance.

I cannot live without you.—Receive your penitent husband, thus humbly acknowledging his faults, and imploring you to accept him once again.

SOLUS,

Going up to Sir Robert.

Now, is it wonderful that I should want a wife ?

PLACID.

And is it to be wondered at, if I should hesitate about parting with mine ?

Sir ROBERT

Starts up in great confusion.

Mr. Solus, Mr. Placid, I am highly displeas'd that my private actions should be thus inspect'd.

SOLUS.

No one shall persuade me now, to live a day without a wife.

PLACID.

And no one shall persuade me now, not to be content with my own.

SOLUS.

I will procure a special licence, and marry the first woman I meet.

Sir ROBERT.

Mr. Solus, you are, I believe, interest'd in a peculiar manner, about the marriage of this Lady.

SOLUS.

And, poor man, you are sick, and want somebody

body to "bathe your temples," and to "hover
"about you."

Miss WOOBURN.

You come in most opportunely, my dear Mr. Solus, to be a witness——

Sir ROBERT.

"My dear Mr. Solus!"

SOLUS.

To be a witness, Madam, that a man is miserable without a wife. I have been a fatal instance of that, for some time.

Miss WOOBURN.

Come to me then, and receive a lesson.

Sir ROBERT.

No, Madam, he shall not come to you; nor shall he receive a lesson. No one shall receive a lesson from you, but me.

Lord NORLAND.

Sir Robert, one would suppose by this extraordinary behaviour, you were jealous.

Sir ROBERT.

And so I am, my Lord; I have cause to be so.

Lord NORLAND.

No cause to be jealous of Mr. Solus—He is not Miss Wooburn's lover, I assure you.

Sir ROBERT.

Then, my Lord, I verily believe it is yourself. Yes, I can see it is; I can see it by her eyes, and by every feature in your face.

Miss WOOBURN.

Oh! my good friend, Mr. Placid, only listen to him.

Sir

Sir ROBERT.

And why " my good friend, Mr. Placid ?" [*To Placid.* By Heavens, Sir, I believe that you only wished to get rid of your own wife, in order to marry mine.

PLACID.

I do not wish to part with my own wife, Sir Robert, since what I have just seen.

Sir ROBERT,

Going up to Solus and Lord Norland.

Then, pray, gentlemen, be so good as to tell me, which of you two is the happy man, that I may know how to conduct myself towards him ?

Miss WOOBURN.

Ha, ha, ha !

Sir ROBERT.

Do you insult me, Maria ?—Oh ! have pity on my sufferings.

SOLUS.

If you have a mind to kneel down again, we will go out of the room.

PLACID.

Just as I was comforting myself with the prospect of a divorce, I find my instructor and director pleading on his knees to be remarried.

Enter Mrs. PLACID.

Mrs. PLACID.

What were you saying about a divorce ?

Sir ROBERT.

Now, down on your knees, and beg pardon.

Miss WOOBURN.

My dear Mrs. Placid, if this visit is to me, I take it very kind.

Mrs.

Mrs. PLACID.

Not absolutely to you, my dear. I saw Mr. Placid's carriage at the door, and so I stepped in to desire him to go home. Go home directly.

PLACID.

Presently, my dear ; I will go presently.

Mrs. PLACID.

Presently won't do ; I say directly. There is a lady at my house in the greatest possible distress [*whispers him*]*—Lady Eleanor—*I never saw a creature in such distraction ; [*Raising her voice*]*—*therefore go home this moment ; you sha'n't stay an instant longer.

SOLUS.

Egad, I don't know whether I will marry or no.

Mrs. PLACID.

Why don't you go, Mr. Placid, when I bid you ?

SOLUS.

No ;—I think I won't marry.

PLACID.

But, my dear, will not you go home with me ?

Mrs. PLACID.

Did not I tell you to go by yourself ?

[*Placid bows, and goes off.*]

SOLUS.

No ;—I am sure I won't marry.

Lord NORLAND.

And now, Mr. Solus and Sir Robert, these ladies may have some private conversation. Do me the favour to leave them alone.

Miss WOOBURN.

My Lord, with your leave *we* will retire. [*Turns*
N *when*]

when she gets to the door.] Sir Robert, I have remained in your company, and compelled myself to the painful task of hearing all you have had to say, merely for the satisfaction of exposing your love, and then enjoying the triumph of bidding you farewell for ever. *[Exit with Mrs. Placid.]*

SOLUS,

Looking steadfastly at Sir Robert.

He turns pale at the thoughts of losing her. Yes, I think I'll marry.

Lord NORLAND.

Come, Sir Robert, it is in vain to loiter ; your doom is fixed.

Sir ROBERT,

In a melancholy musing tone.

Shall I then never again know what it is to have a heart like her's, to repose my troubles on ?

SOLUS.

Yes, I am pretty sure I'll marry.

Sir ROBERT.

—A friend in all my anxieties, a companion in all my pleasures, a physician in all my sicknesses—

SOLUS.

Yes, I *will* marry.

Lord NORLAND.

Come, come, Sir Robert, do not let you and I have any dispute. *[Leading him towards the door.]*

Sir ROBERT.

Senseless man, not to value those blessings—Not to know how to estimate them, till they were lost.

[Lord Norland leads him off.]

SOLUS, *following.*

Yes,—I am determined ;—nothing shall prevent me—I will be married. *[Exit.]*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at Lord NORLAND'S.*

Enter HAMMOND, followed by Lady ELEANOR.

HAMMOND.

MY Lord is busily engaged, Madam; I do not suppose he would see any one, much less a stranger.

Lady ELEANOR.

I am no stranger.

HAMMOND.

Your name then, Madam?

Lady ELEANOR.

That, I cannot send in. But tell him, Sir, I am the afflicted wife of a man, who for some weeks past has given many fatal proofs of a disordered mind. In one of those fits of phrensy, he held an instrument of death, meant for his own destruction, to the breast of your Lord (who by accident that moment passed), and took from him, what he vainly hoped might preserve his own life, and relieve the wants of his family. But his paroxysm over, he shrunk from what he had done, and gave the whole he had thus unwarrantably taken, into a servant's hands to be returned to its lawful owner. The man, admitted to this confidence, betrayed his trust, and instead of giving up what was so sacredly delivered to him, secreted it; and, to obtain the promised reward, came to this house, but to inform against the wretched offender; who now, only resting on your Lord's clemency, can escape the direful fate he has incurred.

N 2

HAM-

HAMMOND.

Madam, the account you give, makes me interested in your behalf, and you may depend, I will repeat it all with the greatest exactness.

[*Exit* Hammond.]

Lady ELEANOR,
Looking around her.

This is my father's house ! It is only through two rooms and one short passage, and there he is sitting in his study. Oh ! in that study, where I (even in the midst of all his business) have been so often welcome ; where I have urged the suit of many an unhappy person, nor ever urged in vain. Now I am not permitted to speak for myself, nor have one friendly voice to do that office for me, which I have so often undertaken for others,

Re-enter HAMMOND, EDWARD *following,*

HAMMOND.

My Lord says, that any petition concerning the person you come about, is in vain. His respect for the laws of his country demands an example such as he means to make.

Lady ELEANOR.

Am I, am I to despair then ? [*To* Hammond] Dear Sir, would you go once more to him, and humbly represent——

HAMMOND.

I should be happy to oblige you, but I dare not take any more messages to my Lord ; he has given me my answer.—If you will give me leave, Madam, I'll see you to the door.

[*Crosses to the other side, and* *Exit.*]

Lady ELEANOR.

Misery—Distraction !—Oh, Mr. Placid ! Oh,
Mr.

Mr. Harmony ! Are these the hopes you gave me, could I have the boldness to enter this house ? But you would neither of you undertake to bring me here!—neither of you undertake to speak for me !

[*She is following the Servant; Edward walks softly after her, till she gets near the door; he then takes hold of her gown, and gently pulls it; she turns and looks at him.*]

EDWARD.

Shall I speak for you, Madam ?

Lady ELEANOR.

Who are you, pray, young Gentleman ? Is it you, whom Lord Norland has adopted for his son ?

EDWARD.

I believe he has, Madam ; but he has never told me so yet.

Lady ELEANOR.

I am obliged to you for your offer ; but my suit is of too much consequence for *you* to undertake.

EDWARD.

I know what your suit is, Madam, because I was with my Lord when Hammond brought in your message ; and I was so sorry for you, I came out on purpose to see you—and, without speaking to my Lord, I could do you a great kindness—if I durst.

Lady ELEANOR.

What kindness ?

EDWARD.

But I durst not—No, do not ask me.

Lady ELEANOR.

I do not. But you have raised my curiosity ; and in a mind so distracted as mine, it is cruel to excite one additional pain.

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

I am sure I would not add to your grief for the world.—But then, pray do not speak of what I am going to say.—I heard my Lord's lawyer tell him just now, "that as he said he should not know the person again, who committed the offence about which you came, and as the man who informed against him was gone off, there could be no evidence that he did the action, but from a book, a particular pocket-book of my Lord's, which he forgot to deliver to his servant with the notes and money to return, and which was found upon him at your house: and this, Lord Norland will affirm to be his."—Now, if I did not think I was doing wrong, this is the very book—[*Takes a pocket-book from his pocket*] I took it from my Lord's table;—but it would be doing wrong, or I am sure I wish you had it. [*Looking wishfully at her.*]

Lady ELEANOR.

It will save my life, my husband's and my children's.

EDWARD, *trembling.*

But what is to become of me?

Lady ELEANOR.

That Providence, who never punishes the deed, unless the *will* be an accomplice, shall protect you for saving one, who has only erred in a moment of distraction.

EDWARD.

I never did any thing to offend my Lord in my life;—and I am in such fear of him, I did not think I ever should.—Yet, I cannot refuse *you*;—take it.—[*Gives her the book.*] But pity me, when my Lord shall know of it.

Lady ELEANOR.

Oh! should he discard you for what you have done, it will embitter every moment of my remaining life.

EDWARD.

Do not frighten yourself about that.—I think he loves me too well to discard me quite.

Lady ELEANOR.

Does he indeed?

EDWARD.

I think he does;—for often, when we are alone, he presses me to his bosom so fondly, you would not suppose.—And, when my poor nurse died, she called me to her bed-side, and told me (but pray keep it a secret)—she told me I was—his grand-child.

Lady ELEANOR.

You are—you are his grand-child—I see,—I feel you are;—for I feel that I am your mother. [*Embraces him.*] Oh! take this evidence back [*returning the book*—I cannot receive it from thee, my child;—no, let us all perish, rather than my boy, my only boy, should do an act to stain his conscience, or to lose his grand-father's love.

EDWARD.

What do you mean?

Lady ELEANOR.

The name of the person with whom you lived in your infancy, was Heyland?

EDWARD.

It was.

Lady ELEANOR.

I am your mother; Lord Norland's only child, [*Edward kneels*] who, for one act of disobedience, have been driven to another part of the globe in poverty,

poverty, and forced to leave you, my life, behind.
[She embraces and raises him.] Your father, in his struggles to support us all, has fallen a victim;—but Heaven, which has preserved my child, will save my husband, restore his sense, and once more——

EDWARD, *starting.*

I hear my Lord's step,—he is coming this way :
 —Begone, mother, or we are all undone.

Lady ELEANOR.

No, let him come—for though his frown should kill me, yet must I thank him for his care of thee.
[She advances towards the door to meet him.]

Enter Lord NORLAND.

[Falling on her knees.] You love me,—'tis in vain to say you do not : You love my child ; and with whatever hardships you have dealt, or still mean to deal by me, I will never cease to think you love me, nor ever cease my gratitude for your goodness.

Lord NORLAND.

Where are my servants ? Who let this woman in ?
[She rises, and retreats from him alarmed and confused.]

EDWARD.

Oh, my Lord, pity her.—Do not let me see her hardly treated—Indeed I cannot bear it.

Enter HAMMOND.

Lord NORLAND, to *Lady* Eleanor.

What was your errand here ? If to see your child, take him along with you.

Lady

Lady ELEANOR.

I came to see my father;—I have a house too full of such as he already.

Lord NORLAND.

How did she gain admittance?

HAMMOND.

With a petition, which I repeated to your Lordship. [*Exit* Hammond.]

Lord NORLAND.

Her husband then it was, who—[*To Lady Eleanor*] But let him know, for this boy's sake, I will no longer pursue him.

Lady ELEANOR.

For that boy's sake you will not pursue his father; but for whose sake are you so tender of that boy? 'Tis for mine, for my sake; and by that I conjure you—[*Offers to kneel.*]

Lord NORLAND:

Your prayers are vain—[*To Edward.* Go, take leave of your mother *for ever*, and instantly follow me; or shake hands with me for the last time, and instantly begone with her.

^a [Edward stands between them in doubt for some little time: looks alternately at each with emotions of affection; at last goes to his grandfather, and takes hold of his hand.]

EDWARD.

Farewell, my Lord,—it almost breaks my heart to part from you;—but, if I have my choice, I must go with my mother.

[*Exit Lord Norland instantly.*

[*Lady Eleanor and her Son go off on the opposite side.*

O

SCENE

SCENE II. *Another Apartment at Lord NORLAND'S.**Enter Miss WOOBURN and Mrs. PLACID.**Mrs. PLACID.*

Well, my dear, farewell.—I have staid a great while longer than I intended—I certainly forgot to tell Mr. Placid to come back after he had spoken with Lady Eleanor, or he would not have taken the liberty not to have come.

Miss WOOBURN.

How often have I lamented the fate of Lord Norland's daughter! But, luckily, I have no personal acquaintance with her, or I should probably feel a great deal more on her account than I do at present.—She had quitted her father's house before I came to it.

*Enter Mr. HARMONY.**HARMONY.*

My whole life is passed in endeavouring to make people happy, and yet they won't let me.—I flattered myself, that after I had resigned all pretensions to you, Miss Wooburn, in order to accommodate Sir Robert—that, after I had told both my Lord and him, in what high estimation they stood in each other's opinion, they would of course be friends; or, at least, not have come to any desperate quarrel:—instead of which, what have they done, but, within this hour, had a duel!—and poor Sir Robert——

Miss WOOBURN.

For Heaven's sake, tell me of Sir Robert——

HARMONY.

You were the only person he mentioned after
he

he received his wound ; and such encomiums as he uttered——

Miss WOOBURN.

Good Heaven ! If he is in danger, it will be vain to endeavour to conceal what I shall suffer.

[Retires a few paces to conceal her emotions.]

Mrs. PLACID.

Was my husband there ?

HARMONY.

He was one of the seconds.

Mrs. PLACID.

Then he shall not stir out of his house this month, for it.

HARMONY.

He is not likely ; for he is hurt too.

Mrs. PLACID.

A great deal hurt ?

HARMONY.

Don't alarm yourself.

Mrs. PLACID.

I don't.

HARMONY.

Nay, if you had heard what he said !

Mrs. PLACID.

What did he say ?

HARMONY.

How tenderly he spoke of you to all his friends——

Mrs. PLACID.

But what did he say ?

HARMONY.

He said you had imperfections.

Mrs. PLACID.

Then he told a falsehood.

HARMONY.

But he acknowledged they were such as only evinced a superior understanding to the rest of your sex ;—and that your heart——

*Mrs. PLACID,
Bursting into tears.*

I am sure I am very sorry that any misfortune has happened to him, poor, silly man ! But I do not suppose [*drying up her tears at once*] he will die.

HARMONY.

If you will behave kind to him, I should suppose not.

Mrs. PLACID.

Mr. Harmony, if Mr. Placid is either dying or dead, I shall behave with very great tenderness ; but if I find him alive and likely to live, I will lead him such a life as he has not led a long time.

HARMONY.

Then you mean to be kind ? But, my dear Miss Wooburn, [*going to her*] why this seeming grief ? Sir Robert is still living ; and should he die of his wounds, you may at least console yourself, that it was not your cruelty which killed him.

Miss WOOBURN.

Rather than have such a weight on my conscience, I would comply with the most extravagant of his desires, and suffer *his* cruelty to be the death of me.

HARMONY.

If those are your sentiments, it is my advice that you pay him a visit in his affliction.

Miss

Miss WOOBURN.

Oh no, Mr. Harmony, I would not for the universe. Mrs. Placid, do you think it would be proper?

Mrs. PLACID.

No, I think it would not—Consider, my dear, you are no longer a wife, but a single Lady, and would you run into the clutches of a man?

HARMONY.

He has no clutches, Madam; he is ill in bed, and totally helpless.—But, upon recollection, it would, perhaps, be needless to go; for he may be too ill to admit you.

Miss WOOBURN.

If that is the case, all respect to my situation, my character, sinks before the strong desire of seeing him once more. Oh! were I even married to another, I feel, that in spite of all my private declarations, or public vows, I should fly from him, to pay my duty where it was first plighted.

HARMONY.

My coach is at the door; shall I take you to his house? Come, Mrs. Placid, wave all ceremonious motives on the present melancholy occasion, and go along with Miss Wooburn and me.

Miss WOOBURN.

But, Mrs. Placid, perhaps poor Mr. Placid is in want of your attendance at home.

HARMONY.

No, they were both carried in the same carriage to Sir Robert's.

Miss WOOBURN,

As Harmony leads her to the door.

Oh! how I long to see my dear husband, that I may console him!

Mrs.

Mrs. PLACID.

Oh! how I long to see my dear husband, that
I may quarrel with him! [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Hall at Sir ROBERT RAMBLE'S.*

The PORTER discovered asleep.

Enter a FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

Porter, porter, how can you sleep at this time
of the day?—It is only eight o'clock.

PORTER.

What did you want, Mr. William?

FOOTMAN.

To tell you my master must not be disturbed,
and so you must not let in a single creature.

PORTER.

Mr. William, this is no less than the third time
I have received those orders within this half hour :
—First, from the butler, then from the valet, and
now from the footman.—Do you all suppose I am
stupid?

FOOTMAN.

I was bid to tell you. I have only done what
I was desired; and mind you do the same. [Exit.

PORTER.

I'll do my duty, I warrant you. I'll do my
duty. [A loud rapping at the door] And there's a
rap to put my duty to the trial. [Opens the door.

*Enter HARMONY, Miss WOOBURN, and Mrs.
PLACID.*

HARMONY.

These ladies come on a visit to Sir Robert.
Desire

Desire one of the servants to conduct them to him instantly.

PORTER.

Indeed, Sir, that is impossible—My master is not ——

HARMONY.

We know he is at home, and therefore we can take no denial.

PORTER.

I own he is at home, Sir; but indeed he is not in a situation——

Miss WOOBURN.

We know his situation.

PORTER.

Then, Madam, you must suppose he is not to be disturbed. I have strict orders not to let in a single soul.

HARMONY.

This Lady, you must be certain, is an exception.

PORTER.

No Lady can be an exception in my master's present state; for I believe, Sir, but perhaps I should not speak of it, I believe my master is nearly gone.

Miss WOOBURN.

Oh! support me, Heaven!

Mrs. PLACID.

But has he his senses?

PORTER.

Not very clearly, I believe.

Miss WOOBURN.

Oh! Mr. Harmony, let me see him before they are quite lost.

PORTER.

PORTER.

It is as much as my place is worth, to let a creature farther than this hall ; for my master is but in the next room.

Mrs. PLACID.

That is a dining-room. Is not he in bed ?

HARMONY,

Aside to the Ladies.

In cases of wounds, the patient is oftentimes propped up in his chair.

Miss WOOBURN.

Does he talk at all ?

PORTER.

Yes, Madam, I heard him just now very loud.

Miss WOOBURN, listening.

I think I hear him rave.

HARMONY.

No, that murmuring is the voice of other persons.

Mrs. PLACID.

The Doctors in consultation, I apprehend.—Has he taken any thing ?

PORTER.

A great deal, I believe, Madam.

Mrs. PLACID.

No amputation, I hope ?

PORTER.

What, Madam ?

HARMONY.

He does not understand you. [*To Miss Wooburn.*—Come, will you go back ?

PORTER.

Do, my Lady, and call in the morning.

Miss WOOBURN.

By that time he may be totally insensible, and die

die without knowing how much I am attached to him.

Mrs. PLACID.

And my husband may die without knowing how much I am enraged with him!—Mr. Harmony, never mind this foolish man, but force your way into the next room.

PORTER.

Indeed, Sir, you must not. Pray, Mr. Harmony, pray, Ladies, go away.

Miss WOOBURN.

Yes, I must go from my husband's house for ever; never to see that, or him again.

[*Faints on Mr. Harmony.*]

Mrs. PLACID.

She is fainting—open the windows—give her air.

PORTER.

Pray go away:—There is plenty of air in the streets, Ma'am.

HARMONY.

Scoundrel! Your impertinence is insupportable. Open these doors; I insist on their being opened.

[*He thrusts at a door in the centre of the stage; it opens, and discovers Sir Robert and Mr. Placid at a table surrounded by a company of Gentlemen.*]

Sir ROBERT.

A song—a song—another song—

[*Miss Wooburn, all astonishment, is supported by Mr. Harmony and Mrs. Placid—the Porter runs off.*]

Oh! what do I see!—Women! Ladies! Celestial beings we were talking of.—Can this be real?

[*Sir Robert and Mr. Placid come forward—Sir Robert perceiving it is Miss Wooburn, turns himself to the company*]

P

ried

ried men and single men, hear me thus publicly renounce every woman on earth but this; and swear henceforward to be devoted to none but my own wife. *[Goes to her in raptures.]*

PLACID,

Looking at Mrs. Placid, then turning to the Company.

Gentlemen, Gentlemen, married men and single men, hear me thus publicly declare, I will henceforth be master;—and from this time forward, will be obeyed by my wife. *[Sir Robert waves his hand, and the door is closed on the company of Gentlemen.]*

Mrs. PLACID.

Mr. Placid—Mr. Placid, are not you afraid?

PLACID.

No, Madam;—I have consulted my friends, I have drank two bottles of wine, and I never intend to be afraid again.

Miss WOOBURN, to Sir Robert.

Can it be, that I see you without a wound?

Sir ROBERT.

No, my life, that you do not; for I have a wound through my heart, which none but you can cure. But in despair of your aid, I have flown to wine, to give me a temporary relief by the loss of reflection.

Mrs. PLACID.

Mr. Placid, you will be sober in the morning.

PLACID.

Yes, my dear; and I will take care that you shall be dutiful in the morning.

HARMONY.

For shame! How can you treat Mrs. Placid thus? You would not, if you knew what kind things she has been saying of you; and how anxious she

she was when I told her you were wounded in a duel.

Mrs. PLACID.

Was not I, Mr. Harmony? [*Bursting into tears.*]

PLACID,

Aside to Harmony and Sir Robert.

I did not know she could cry;—I never saw it before, and it has made me sober in an instant.

Miss WOOBURN.

Mr. Placid, I rely on you to conduct me immediately from this house.

Sir ROBERT.

That I protest against; and will use even violent measures to prevent it.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Lord Norland.

Enter Lord NORLAND.

Miss WOOBURN.

He will protect me.

Sir ROBERT.

Who shall protect you in my house but I? My Lord, she is under my protection; and if you offer to take her from me, I'll exert the authority of a husband, and lock her up.

Lord NORLAND, to Miss WOOBURN.

Have you been deluded hither, and wish to leave the place with me? Tell me instantly, that I may know how to act.

Miss WOOBURN.

My Lord, I am ready to go with you, but——

HARMONY.

—But you find she is inclined to stay; and do have

some compassion upon two people that are so fond of you.

Enter Mr. SOLUS, dressed in a suit of white clothes.

SOLUS.

I am married!—I am married!—With me joy!
I am married!

Sir ROBERT.

I cannot give you joy, for **envy**.

SOLUS.

Nay, I do not know whether you will envy me much when you see my spouse—I cannot say she was exactly my choice. However, she is my wife now; and that is a name so endearing, I think I love her better since the ceremony has been performed.

Mrs. PLACID.

And pray, when did it take place?

SOLUS.

This moment. We are now returning from a friend's house, where we have been joined; and I felt myself so happy, I could not pass Sir Robert's door, without calling to tell him of my good fortune.—And, as I see your Lady here, Sir Robert, I guess you are just married too; and so I'll hand my wife out of the carriage, and introduce the two Brides to each other. [Exit Solus.

Sir ROBERT.

You see, my Lord, what construction Mr. Solus has put on this Lady's visit to me. And by Heaven, if you take her away, it will be said, that she came and offered herself, and that I rejected her!

Miss WOOBURN.

Such a report would kill me.

Enter

Enter SOLUS, leading on Miss SPINSTER.

SOLUS.

Mistress Solus. *[Introducing her.*
HARMONY, *starting.*

My Relation! Dear Madam, by what strange turn of fortune do I see you become a wife?

Mrs. SOLUS.

Mr. Harmony, it is a weakness I acknowledge; but you can never want an excuse for me, when you call to mind "the scarcity of provisions."

SOLUS.

Mr. Harmony, I have loved her ever since you told me she spoke so well of me behind my back.

Enter SERVANT,

And whispers Mr. HARMONY, who follows him off.

Lord NORLAND.

I agree with you, Mr. Solus, that this is a most excellent proof of a person's disposition; and in consideration, Sir Robert, that, throughout all our many disagreements, you have still preserved a respect for my character in my absence, I do at last say to that Lady, she has my consent to trust you again.

Sir ROBERT.

And she will trust me; I see it in her smiles. Oh! unexpected ecstasy!

Enter Mr. HARMONY.

HARMONY,

Holding a letter in his hand.

Amidst those bright prospects of joy which this company are contemplating, I come to announce an event that ought to cloud the splendour of the horizon.—A worthy, but an ill-fated man, whom
ye

ye were all acquainted with, has just breathed his last.

Lord NORLAND.

Do you mean the husband of my daughter ?

SOLUS.

Do you mean my nephew ?

PLACID.

Is it my friend ?

Sir ROBERT.

And my old acquaintance ?

HARMONY.

Did Mr. Irwin possess all those titles you have given him, Gentlemen ? Was he your son ? [*To Lord Norland*] Your nephew ? [*To Solus*] Your friend ? [*To Mr. Placid*] And your old acquaintance ? [*To Sir Robert*].—How strange he did not know it !

PLACID.

He did know it.

HARMONY.

Still more strange that he should die for want, and not apply to any of you !

SOLUS.

What ! Die for want in London ! Starve in the midst of plenty !

HARMONY.

No ; but he seized that plenty, where law, where honour, where every social and religious tie forbid the trespass ; and in punishment of the guilt, has become his own executioner.

Lord NORLAND.

Then my daughter is wretched, and her boy involved in his father's infamy.

SOLUS.

SOLUS.

The fear of his ghost haunting me, will disturb the joys of my married life.

PLACID.

Mrs. Placid, Mrs. Placid, my complying with your injunctions in respect of Mr. Irwin, will make me miserable for ever.

Miss WOOBURN.

I wish he had applied to me.

Sir ROBERT.

And as I refused him his request, I would give half my estate he had *not* applied to me.

HARMONY.

And a man who always spoke so well of you all behind your backs!—I dare say, that, in his dying moments, there was not one of you whom he did not praise for some virtue.

SOLUS.

No, no—when he was dying he would be more careful of what he said.

Lord NORLAND.

Sir Robert, good-day. Settle your marriage as you and your Lady shall approve; you have my good wishes. But my spirits have received too great a shock to be capable of any other impression at present.

Miss WOOBURN,
Holding him.

Nay, stay, my Lord.

SOLUS.

And, Mrs. Solus, let me hand you into your carriage to your company; but excuse my going home with you. *My* spirits have received too
great

great a shock, for me to be capable of any other impression at present.

HARMONY,
Stopping Solus.

Now, so loth am I to see any of you, only for a moment, in grief, while I have the power to relieve you, that I cannot help—Yes, my philanthropy will get the better of my justice.

[*Goes to the door, and leads on Lady Eleanor, Irwin, and Edward.*]

Lord NORLAND

Runs to Irwin, and embraces him.

My son ! [Irwin falls on his knees] I take a share in all your offences—The worst of accomplices, while I impelled you to them.

IRWIN,
On his knees.

I come to offer my returning reason ; to offer my vows, that, while *that* reason continue, so long will I be penitent for the phrensy which put your life in danger.

Lady ELEANOR,
Moving timidly to her Father, leading Edward by the hand.

I come to offer you this child, this affectionate child ; who, in the midst of our careffes, droops his head and pines for your forgiveness.

Lord NORLAND.

Ah ! there is a corner of my heart left to receive him. [*Embraces him.*]

EDWARD.

Then, pray, my Lord, suffer the corner to be large enough to hold my mother.

Lord NORLAND.

My heart is softened, and receives you all. [*Embraces Lady Eleanor, who falls on her knees; he then turns to Harmony*—Mr. Harmony, I thank you, I most sincerely thank you for this, the joyfullest moment of my life. I not only experience release from misery, but return to happiness.

HARMONY

Goes hastily to Solus, and leads him to Irwin; then turns to Mr. and Mrs. Placid.

And now, that I see you all reconciled, I can say, there are not two enemies in the whole circle of my acquaintance, that I have not within these three days made friends.

Sir ROBERT.

Very true, Harmony; for we should never have known half how well we all love one another, if you had not told us.

HARMONY.

And yet, my good friends, notwithstanding the merit you may attribute to me, I have one most tremendous fault; and it weighs so heavy on my conscience, I would confess what it is, but that you might hereafter call my veracity in question.

Sir ROBERT.

My dear Harmony, without a fault, you would not be a proper companion for any of us.

Lord NORLAND.

And while a man like you, may have (among so many virtues) some faults; let us hope there may be found in each of us, (among all our faults) some virtues.

Q

HARMONY.

114 EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT.

HARMONY.

Yes, my Lord,—and notwithstanding all our faults, it is my sincere wish, that the world may speak well of us—behind our backs.

T H E E N D.

E P I.

EPILOGUE.

By M. P. ANDREWS, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

“EACH has his fault,” we readily allow,
To this Decree, our dearest friends must bow;
One is too careless, one is too correct,
All, save our own sweet self, have some defect:
And characters to ev’ry virtue dear,
Sink from a hint, or suffer by a sneer.

“Sir Harry Blink! Oh, he’s a worthy man,
“Still anxious to do all the good he can;
“To aid distress, wou’d share his last poor guinea,
“Delights in kindness—but then, what a ninny!”

Lady Doll Primrose says to Lady Sly,
“You know Miss Tidlikins? Yes—looks awry—
“She’s going to be married,—that won’t mend it;—
“They say she’ll have a fortune,—and she’ll spend it.
“I hope your La’ship visits Lady Hearty,
“We meet to-night—a most delightful party—
“I don’t like Dowagers, who *would* be young,
“And ’twixt ourselves they say—She has a tongue.”

If such the general blame that all await,
Say, can our Author ’scape the general fate?
Some will dislike the saucy truths she teaches,
Fond bachelors, and wives who wear the breeches.

“Let me be wedded to a handsome youth,”
Cries old Miss Mumblelove, without a tooth.
“These worn-out Beaux, because they’ve heavy purses,
“Expect us, spinsters, to become their nurses.
“To love, and be beloved ’s the happy wife,
“A mutual passion is the charm of life.”

Marriage is Heaven’s best gift, we must believe it,
Yet some with weak ideas can’t conceive it.—
Poor Lady Sobwell’s grief the town wou’d stun;
“Oh, Tiffany! Your mistress is undone.

E P I L O G U E.

“ Dear Ma’am—I hope my Lord is well—don’t cry—
“ Hav’n’t I cause?—The monster will not die—
“ The reason why I married him, is clear,
“ I fondly thought he cou’d not live a year :
“ But now his dropfy’s better, and his cough—
“ Not the least chance for that to take him off.
“ I, that cou’d have young husbands now in plenty,
“ Sha’n’t be a widow till I’m turn’d of twenty—
“ No lovely weeds—No sweet dishevell’d hair—
“ Oh! I cou’d cry my eyes out in despair.”

[*Sobbing and crying.*]

Sir Tristram Testy, worn with age and gout ;
Within, all spleen, and flannel all without ;
Roars from his elbow-chair, “ Reach me my crutches,
“ Oh! if Death had my wife within his clutches,
“ With what delight her funeral meats I’d gobble,
“ And tho’, not dance upon her grave, I’d hobble ;
“ No longer then, my peace she could unthinge,
“ I shou’d cut capers soon, [*tries to jump, and stumbles*]
Zounds! What a twinge!”——

These playful pictures of discordant life,
We bring to combat discontent and strife,
And, by the force of contrast, sweetly prove
The charm that waits on fond and faithful love :
When suited years, and pliant tempers join,
And the heart glows with energy divine,
As the lov’d offspring of the happy pair
Oft climb the knee, the envied kils to share.

Such joys this happy country long has known,
Rear’d in the Cot, reflected from the Throne ;
Oh! may the glorious zeal, the loyal stand
Which nobly animate this envied land,
Secure to every breast, with glad increase,
The heartfelt blessings of domestic peace!

NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS;

A

C O M E D Y.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.]

THE HOUSE OF MERCHANTS

1

MEMORANDUM

FOR THE RECORD

IN THE MATTER OF THE

NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS;

A C O M E D Y;

I N

T H R E E A C T S.

FROM THE

French Dramas *L'Indigent & Le Dissipateur.*

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

B Y

MRS. INCHBALD.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,
PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

M, DCC, XCI.

P R O L O G U E,

BY T. VAUGHAN, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MR. BANNISTER, JUN.

To PUFF, or not to Puff—that is the Question—
Puff by all means, say I, it helps digestion.
To prove my maxim true, pray read the Papers—
From *Quacks of State*, to those who cure the Vapours.

You'll find them, one and all, puff high their skill,
Tho' nine in ten, are oft'ner found to kill.—
Yet Puff's the word, which gives at least a name,
And oftener gains the *undeserving* Fame :
Or wherefore read we of *Lord Fanny's Taste*,
Of me—an Actor—*wonderfully chaste* !
And yet so squeamish is our Lady elf,
She'd rather die—than paragraph herself ;
So fix'd on me—the *Prologue speaking Hack*,
To stop, with *Puff-direct*, the Critic Pack,
Who yelp, and foaming, bark from morn to night,
And when run hard—turn tail—then snap and bite ; }
Putting the timid Hare-like-Bard to flight.
To such, the best and only Puff to hit, }
Is that which honest CANDOUR must admit,
A Female Scribbler is an harmless Wit ;
And who so harmless as our present Bard,
Claiming no greater or distinct reward,
Than what from free Translation is her due,
Which here in fullest trust she leaves to you:
With this remark—Who own their Debts with pride,
Are well entitled to the Credit Side.
And as for those with whom she makes so free
They'll ne'er complain of English Liberty ;
But glory to behold their Tinsel shine,
Through the rich Bullion of the English Line.

Fear

PROLOGUE.

Fear then avaunt! Trust to a BRITISH JURY—
With them, an honest Verdict I'll ensure you:
Let Echo catch the sound—'Tis PRATT * enacts,
You're Judges of the Law, as well as Facts.
On this she rests her Cause, and hopes to find,
As Friends, and *Next Door Neighbours*, you'll be kind;
At least, this only punishment ensue,
A Frown—and that's severe enough, from you.

Thus puff'd—I freely to the Court commit her,
Not doubting, as a Woman, you'll acquit her—
And now join issue, Sirs, without delay—
Judging from *written Evidence* our Play,
And—*send her a good Deliverance*, I pray. }

* Vide, Earl CAMDEN's celebrated and Constitutional Speech and Opinion on the subject of Libels.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

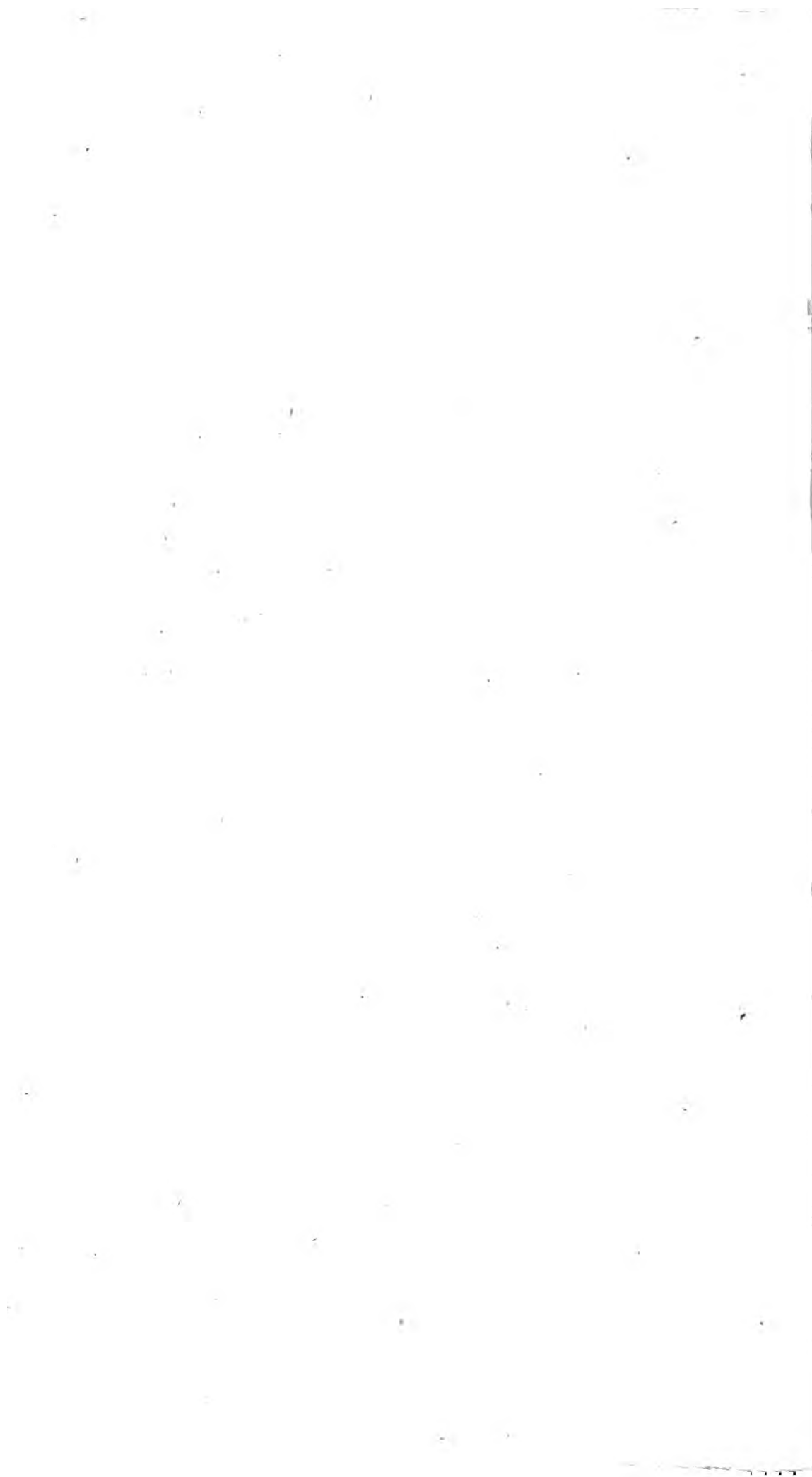
| | |
|--------------------------|---------------------|
| Sir George Splendorville | Mr. PALMER. |
| Mr. Manly | Mr. KEMBLE. |
| Mr. Blackman | Mr. BADDELEY. |
| Mr. Lucre | Mr. R. PALMER. |
| Lord Hazard | Mr. EVATT. |
| Willford | Mr. AICKIN. |
| Henry | Mr. PALMER, Jun. |
| Bluntly | Mr. BANNISTER, Jun. |

WOMEN.

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------|
| Lady Caroline Seymour | Mrs. BROOKS. |
| Lady Bridget Squander | Miss HEARD. |
| Evans | Mrs. EDWARDS. |
| Eleanor | Mrs. KEMBLE. |

Other Ladies, Gentlemen, Servants, &c.

SCENE—LONDON.



NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

A C O M E D Y.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *An Antichamber at Sir GEORGE
SPLENDORVILLE's, adjoining a Ball-room.*

Enter BLUNTLY, meeting a Servant in Livery.

BLUNTLY.

COME, come, is not every thing ready?
Is not the ball-room prepared yet? It is
past ten o'clock.

SERVANT.

We have only to fix up the new chandelier.

BLUNTLY.

I'll have no new chandelier.

SERVANT.

My master said the last ball he gave, the com-
pany were in the dark.

B

BLUNTLY.

2 NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

BLUNTLY.

And if you blind them with too much light, they will be in the dark still.

SERVANT.

The musicians, fir, wish for some wine.

BLUNTLY.

What, before the ball begins? No, tell them if they are tipsy at the end of it, it will be quite soon enough.

SERVANT.

You are always so cross, Mr. Bluntly, when my master is going to have company.

BLUNTLY.

Have not I a right to be cross? For while the whole house is in good humour, if there was not one person cross enough to take a little care, every thing would be wasted and ruined through extreme good temper. (*A man crosses the stage.*) Here, you—Mister——Pray are you the person who was sent with the chandelier?

SHOPMAN.

Yes, fir.

BLUNTLY.

Then please to take it back again—We don't want it.

SHOPMAN.

What is your objection to it, fir?

BLUNTLY.

It will cost too much.

SHOPMAN.

Mr. Bluntly, all the trades-people are more frightened at you than at your master.---Sir George,

George, Heaven blefs him! never cares how much a thing cofts.

BLUNTLY.

That is, becaufe he never cares whether he pays for it or not—but if he did, depend upon it he would be very particular. Tradesmen all wifh to be paid for their ware, don't they?

SHOPMAN.

Certainly, fir.

BLUNTLY.

Then why will they force fo many unnecessary things, and make fo many extravagant charges as to put all power of payment out of the queftion?

Enter EVANS:----The Tradesman goes off at the oppofite Door.

BLUNTLY.

How do you do, Mrs. Evans? [*Sullenly.*]

EVANS.

What makes you figh, Mr. Bluntly?

BLUNTLY.

What makes you fmile?

EVANS.

To fee all the grand preparations for the ball this evening. I anticipate the joy my lady will take here, and I fmile for *her*.

BLUNTLY.

And I figh for my mafter.—I forefee all the bills that will be brought in, for this evening's
B 2
expence,

4 NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

expencc, and I anticipate the sorrow it will one day be to *him*.

E V A N S.

But consider, Mr. Bluntly, your master has my lady's fortune to take.

B L U N T L Y.

Yes, but I consider he has your lady to take along with it; and I prophecy one will stick by him some time after the other is gone.

E V A N S.

For shame.—My lady, I have no doubt, will soon cure Sir George of his extravagance.

B L U N T L Y.

It will then be by taking away the means.—Why, Lady Caroline is as extravagant as himself.

E V A N S.

You are mistaken.—She never gives routs, masquerades, balls, or entertainments of any kind.

B L U N T L Y.

But she constantly goes to them whenever she is invited.

E V A N S.

That, I call but a slight imprudence.—She has no wasteful indiscretions like Sir George. For instance, she never makes a lavish present.

B L U N T L Y.

No, but she *takes* a lavish present, as readily as if she did.

E V A N S.

And surely you cannot call that imprudence ?

B L U N T L Y.

BLUNTLY.

No, I call it something worse.

EVANS.

Then, although she loves gaming to distraction, and plays deep, yet she never loses.

BLUNTLY.

No, but she always wins—and *that* I call something worse.

[*A loud rapping at the street-door.*]

EVANS.

Here's the company. Will you permit me, Mr. Bluntly, to stand in one corner, and have a peep at them?

BLUNTLY.

If you please. (*Rapping again.*) What spirit there is in that, Rat, tat, tat, tat.—And what life, frolic, and joy, the whole house is going to experience except myself. As for me, I am ready to cry at the thoughts of it all. [*Exit.*]

Enter LADY CAROLINE.

LADY CAROLINE.

Here, the first of the company. I am sorry for it. (*EVANS comes forward.*) Evans, what has brought you hither?

EVANS.

I came, my lady, to see the preparations making on *your* account—for it is upon your account alone, that Sir George gives this grand *fête*.

LADY CAROLINE.

Why, I do flatter myself it is.—But where is he? What is it o'clock?—It was impossible to stay at the stupid opera.—How do I look? I once did intend to wear those set of diamonds Sir George presented me with the other morning—but then, I reflected again, that if——

E V A N S.

Ah, my lady, what a charming thing to have such a lover—Sir George prevents every wish—he must make the best of husbands.

LADY CAROLINE.

And yet my father wishes to break off the marriage—he talks of his prodigality—and, certainly, Sir George lives above his income.

E V A N S.

But then, Madam, so does every body else.

LADY CAROLINE.

But Sir George ought undoubtedly to change his conduct, and not be thus continually giving balls and entertainments—and inviting to his table acquaintance, that not only come to devour his dinners and suppers, but him.

E V A N S.

And there are people malicious enough to call your ladyship one of his devourers too.

LADY CAROLINE.

As a treaty of marriage is so nearly concluded between us, I think, Mrs. Evans, I am at liberty to visit Sir George, or to receive his presents, without having my character, or my delicacy called in question. (*A loud rapping.*) The company are

are coming: is it not strange he is not here to receive them. [Exit EVANS.]

Enter two Ladies and a Gentleman, who curtsy and bow to LADY CAROLINE.—SIR GEORGE enters at the opposite door, magnificently dressed.

SIR GEORGE.

Ladies, I entreat your pardon; dear Lady Caroline excuse me. I have been in the country all the morning, and have had scarce time to return to town and dress for your reception. [Another rapping.]

Enter MR. LUCRE, LORD HAZARD, LADY BRIDGET SQUANDER, &c.

SIR GEORGE.

Dear Lucre, I am glad to see you.

MR. LUCRE.

My dear Sir George, I had above ten engagements this evening, but they all gave place to your invitation.

SIR GEORGE.

Thank you.—My dear Lady Bridget—

LADY BRIDGET.

It is impossible to resist an invitation from the most polished man alive. (*Sir GEORGE bows.*) What a superb dress! (*in his hearing, as he turns away*) and what an elegant deportment.

8 NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

MR. L U C R E.

[*After speaking apart with SIR GEORGE.*
No, I am not in a state to take any part at Pharo—I am ruin'd.—Would you believe it Sir George, I am not worth a farthing in the world.

S I R G E O R G E.

Yes, I believed it long ago.

MR. L U C R E.

Now we are on that subject—could you lend me a hundred pounds?

S I R G E O R G E.

[*Taking out his pocket-book.*
I have about me, only this bill for two hundred.

MR. L U C R E.

That will do as well—I am not circumstantial. (*Takes it.*) And my dear Sir George command my purse at any time—all it contains, will ever be at your service.

S I R G E O R G E.

I thank you.

MR. L U C R E.

Nay, though I have no money of my own, yet you know I can always raise friends—and by heaven! my dear Sir George, I often wish to see you reduced to my circumstances, merely to prove how much I could, and *would*, do to serve you.

S I R G E O R G E.

I sincerely thank you.

MR.

MR. L U C R E.

And one can better ask a favour for one's friend than for one's-self, you know: for when one wants to borrow money on one's own account, there are so many little delicacies to get the better of—such as I felt just now.—I was as pale as death, I dare say, when I asked you for this money—did not you perceive I was?

S I R G E O R G E.

I can't say I did.

MR. L U C R E.

But you must have observed I hesitated, and looked very foolish.

S I R G E O R G E.

I thought for my part, that I looked as foolish.—But I hope I did not hesitate.

MR. L U C R E.

Nor ever will, when a friend applies to you, I'll answer for it—Nor ever shall a friend hesitate when you apply.

L O R D H A Z A R D.

[*Taking SIR GEORGE aside.*

The obligations I am under to you for extricating me from that dangerous business—

S I R G E O R G E.

Never name it.

L O R D H A Z A R D.

Not only name it, Sir George, but shortly I hope to return the kindness; and, if I do but live——

S I R G E O R G E.

[*To the company.*

Permit me to conduct you to the next apartment.

LADY

LADY CAROLINE.

Most willingly, Sir George. I was the first who arrived; which proves my eagerness to dance.

SIR GEORGE.

[Aside to her.

But let me hope, passion for dancing was not the only one, that caused your impatience.

[As the company move towards the ball-room, Mr. LUCRE and LORD HAZARD come forward.

MR. LUCRE.

Oh! there never was such a man in the world as the master of this house; there never was such a friendly, generous, noble heart; he has the best heart in the world, and the best taste in dress.

[The company Exeunt, and the music is heard to begin.

SCENE II. *An Apartment, which denotes the Poverty of the Inhabitants.* HENRY and ELEANOR discovered.

ELEANOR.

It is very late and very cold too, brother; and yet we have neither of us heart to bid each other good night.

HENRY.

No—beds were made for rest.

ELEANOR.

And that noise of carriages and link-boys at Sir George Splendorville's, next door, would keep us awake, if our sorrows did not.

HENRY.

H E N R Y.

The poor have still more to complain of, when chance throws them thus near the rich,—it forces upon their minds a comparison might drive them to despair, if—

E L E A N O R.

—If they should not have good sense enough to reflect, that all this bustle and show of pleasure, may fall very short of happiness; as all the distress *we* feel, has not yet, thank Heaven, reached to misery.

H E N R Y.

What do you call it then?

E L E A N O R.

A trial; sent to make us patient.

H E N R Y.

It may make you so, but cannot me. Good morning to you. [Going.

E L E A N O R.

Nay, it is night yet. Where are you going?

H E N R Y.

I don't know.—To take a walk.—The streets are not more uncomfortable than this place, and scarcely colder.

E L E A N O R.

Oh, my dear brother! I cannot express half the uneasiness I feel when you part from me, though but for the shortest space.

H E N R Y.

Why?

E L E A N O R.

E L E A N O R.

Because I know your temper ; you are impatient under adversity ; you rashly think providence is unkind ; and you would snatch those favours, which are only valuable when bestowed.

H E N R Y.

What do you mean ?

E L E A N O R.

Nay, do not be angry ; but every time you go out into this tempting town, where superfluous riches continually meet the eye of the poor, I tremble lest you should forfeit your honesty for that, which Heaven decreed should not belong to you,

H E N R Y.

And if I did, you would despise and desert me ?

E L E A N O R.

No : not desert you ; for I am convinced you would only take, to bring to me ; but this is to assure you, I do not want for any thing.

H E N R Y.

Not want ?—Nor does my father ?

E L E A N O R.

Scarcely, while we visit him. Every time he sees us we make him happy ; but he would never behold us again if we behaved unworthy of him,

H E N R Y.

What ! banish us from a prison ?

E L E A N O R.

E L E A N O R.

And although it is a prison, you could not be happy under such a restriction.

H E N R Y.

Happy!---When was I happy last?

E L E A N O R.

Yesterday, when your father thanked you for your kindness to him. Did we not all three weep with affection for each other? and was not that happiness?

H E N R Y.

It was---nor will I give up such satisfaction, for any enticement that can offer.---Be contented, Eleanor,---for your sake and my father's, I will be honest.---Nay, more,---I will be scrupulously proud---and that line of conduct which my own honour could not force me to follow, my love to *you* and *him*, shall compel me to.---When, through necessity, I am tempted to plunder, your blushes and my father's anguish shall hold my hand.---And when I am urged through impatience, to take away my own life, your lingering death and his, shall check the horrid suggestion, and I will live for you.

E L E A N O R.

Then do not ever trust yourself away, at least from one of us.

H E N R Y.

Dear sister! do you imagine that your power is less when separated from me? Do you suppose I think less frequently on my father and his dismal prison, because we are not always together?

together? Oh! no! he comes even more forcibly to my thoughts in his absence—and then, more bitterly do I feel his misery, than while the patient old man, before my eyes, talks to me of his consolations; his internal comforts from a conscience pure, a mind without malice, and a heart, where every virtue occupy a place.—Therefore, do not fear that I shall forget either him or you, though I might possibly forget myself. [Exit.]

E L E A N O R.

If before him I am cheerful, yet to myself I must complain. *[Weeps]* And that sound of festivity at the house adjoining is insupportable! especially when I reflect that a very small portion of what will be wasted there only this one night, would be sufficient to give my dear father liberty.

[A rapping at the door of her chamber, on the opposite entrance.]

E L E A N O R.

Who's there?

M R. B L A C K M A N.

Open the door. *[Without.]*

E L E A N O R.

The voice of our landlord. *[Goes to the door.]*
Is it you, Mr. Blackman?

B L A C K M A N.

Yes, open the door. *[Rapping louder.]*

[She opens it :- -BLACKMAN enters, followed by BLUNTLY.]

B L A C K M A N.

BLACKMAN.

What a time have you made me wait!—And in the name of wonder, why do you lock your door? Have you any thing to lose? Have not you already sold all the furniture you brought hither? And are you afraid of being stolen yourself?

[ELEANOR retires to the back of the Stage.

BLUNTLY.

Is this the chamber?

BLACKMAN.

Yes, Sir, yes, Mr. Bluntly, this is it.

[BLACKMAN assumes a very different tone of voice in speaking to BLUNTLY and ELEANOR; to the one he is all submissive humility, to the other all harshness.]

BLUNTLY.

This!

[Contemptuously.

BLACKMAN.

Why yes, sir,—this is the only place I have left in my own house, since your master has been pleased to occupy that next door, while his own magnificent one has been repairing.---Lock yourself up, indeed! (*Looking at ELEANOR.*)---You have been continually asking me for more rooms, Mr. Bluntly, and have not I made near half a dozen doors already from one house to the other, on purpose to accommodate your good family.—Upon my honour, I have not now a single chamber but what I have let to these lodgers, and what I have absolute occasion for myself.

BLUNTLY.

BLUNTLY.

And if you do put yourself to a little inconvenience, Mr. Blackman, surely my master—

BLACKMAN.

Your master, Mr. Bluntly, is a very good man—a very generous man—and I hope at least he has found me a very lucky one; for good luck is all the recommendation which I, in my humble station, aspire to—and since I have been Sir George's attorney, I have gained him no less than two law-suits.

BLUNTLY.

I know it. I know also that you have lost him four.

BLACKMAN.

We'll drop the subject.—And in regard to this room, sir, it does not suit, you say?

BLUNTLY.

No, for I feel the cold wind blow through every crevice.

BLACKMAN.

But suppose I was to have it put a little into repair? That window, for instance, shall have a pane or two of glass put in; the cracks of the door shall be stopt up; and then every thing will have a very different appearance.

BLUNTLY.

And why has not this been done before?

BLACKMAN.

Would you have me be laying out my money, while I only let the place at a paltry price, to
people

people who I am obliged to threaten to turn into the streets every quarter, before I can get my rent from them?

BLUNTLY.

Is that the situation of your lodgers at present?

BLACKMAN.

Yes.—But they made a better appearance when they first came, or I had not taken such persons to live thus near to your master.

BLUNTLY.

That girl (*looking at ELEANOR*) seems very pretty—and I dare say my master would not care if he was nearer to her.

BLACKMAN.

Pshaw, pshaw—she is a poor creature—she is in great distress. She is misery itself.

BLUNTLY.

I feel quite charmed with misery.—Who belongs to her?

BLACKMAN.

A young man who says he is her brother—very likely he is not—but that I should not enquire about, if they could pay my rent. If people will pay me, I don't care what they are. (*Addressing himself to ELEANOR*) I desire you will tell your brother when he comes in, that I have occasion for the money which will be due to me to-morrow—and if I don't receive it before to-morrow night, he must seek some other habitation.

C

BLUNTLY.

BLUNTLY.

Hush, Mr. Blackman—if you speak so loud, you will have our company in the next house hear you.

BLACKMAN.

And if they did, do you think it would spoil their dancing? No, Mr. Bluntly.—And in that respect, I am a person of fashion.—I never suffer any distress to interfere with my enjoyments.

ELEANOR.

Dear sir, have but patience a little while longer.—Indeed, I hope you will lose nothing. *[Coming to him.]*

BLACKMAN.

I won't lose any thing. *[Going.]*

ELEANOR.

Sir, I would speak a single word to you, if you will be so good as to hear me? *[Following him.]*

BLUNTLY.

Ay, stay and hear her.

ELEANOR.

But I wish to speak to him by ourselves. *[Looking at BLUNTLY.]*

BLUNTLY.

Then I'll withdraw.

BLACKMAN.

What have you to say? *[In anger.]*

BLUNTLY.

Hear her, Mr. Blackman—or may none of her sex ever listen to you. *[Exit.]*

BLACKMAN.

BLACKMAN.

If it is only to entreat me to let you continue here, I am gone in an instant.—Come, speak quickly, for I have no time to lose.—Come, speak, speak.

ELEANOR.

But are you resolved to have no pity? You know in what a helpless situation we are—and the deplorable state of my poor father.

[Weeping.]

BLACKMAN.

Ay, I thought what you had to say—farewel, farewel.

ELEANOR.

[Laying hold of him.]

Oh! do not plunge us into more distress than we can bear; but open your heart to compassion.

BLACKMAN.

I can't—'tis a thing I never did in my life.

[Going, he meets BLUNTLY, who stops him.]

BLUNTLY.

Well, have you granted her request?

BLACKMAN.

I would do a great deal to oblige you, Mr. Bluntly—and if you will only give your word for the trifle of rent owing, why, I am not so hard-hearted but I will suffer her to stay.

BLUNTLY.

Well, well,—I will give my word.

C 2

BLACKMAN.

BLACKMAN.

But remember, it is not to be put down to your master's account, but to your own.—I am not to give credit.

ELEANOR.

Nor am I to lay my brother under an obligation of this nature. (*To BLUNTLY*) I thank you for your offer, sir, but I cannot accept it.

BLACKMAN.

[*In extreme anger.*]

What do you mean by that?

BLUNTLY.

Perhaps she is right.

ELEANOR.

My brother would resent my acceptance of a favour from a stranger.

BLACKMAN.

Your brother resent! A poor man resent! Did you ever hear of any body's regarding a poor man's resentment?

ELEANOR.

No—nor a poor woman's prayers.

BLACKMAN.

Yes, I will regard your prayers, if you will suffer this gentleman to be your friend.

ELEANOR.

Any acquaintance of your's, Mr. Blackman, I must distrust.

BLACKMAN.

Do you hear with what contempt she treats us both?

BLUNTLY.

BLUNTLY.

But perhaps she is right—at least, in treating one of us so, I am sure she is—and I will forgive her wronging the one, for the sake of her doing justice to the other.

Enter HENRY: he starts at seeing BLACKMAN and BLUNTLY.

HENRY.

Who are these?

BLACKMAN.

“Who are these?” Did you ever hear such impertinence? *(Going up to him)* Pray who are you, sir?

HENRY.

I am a man.

BLACKMAN.

Yes—but I am a lawyer.

HENRY.

Whatever you are, this apartment is mine, not your’s—and I desire you to leave it.

BLACKMAN.

But to-morrow it will be mine, and then I shall desire *you* to leave it, and force you to leave it.

HENRY.

Eleanor, retire to the other chamber; I am sorry I left you. *[Leads her off.]*

BLACKMAN.

And I am sorry that I and my friend should come here to be affronted.

BLUNTLY.

Mr. Blackman, I won't be called names.

BLACKMAN.

Names, fir! What names did I call you?

BLUNTLY.

Did not you call me your friend? I assure you, fir, I am not used to be called names. I am but a servant whose character is every thing—and I'll let you know that I am *not* your friend.

BLACKMAN.

Why, you blockhead, does not your master call himself my friend?

BLUNTLY.

Yes, my master is a great man, and he can get a place without a character,—but if I lose mine, I am ruined; therefore take care how you miscall me for the future, for I assure you I won't bear it. I am not your friend, and you shall find I am not.

[*Exit (in great anger), BLACKMAN following.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at SIR GEORGE
SPLENDORVILLE'S.*

Enter SIR GEORGE, followed by BLUNTLY.

SIR GEORGE.

WHAT's o'clock? [*Rubbing his eyes.*]

BLUNTLY.

Just noon, fir.

SIR GEORGE.

Why was I waked so early?

BLUNTLY.

You were not waked, fir—You rung.

SIR GEORGE.

Then it was in my sleep—and could not you suppose so?—After going to bed at five, to make me rise at noon! (*in a violent passion*) What am I to do with myself, fir, till it is time to go out for the evening?

BLUNTLY.

You have company to dinner you know, fir.

SIR GEORGE.

No, it is to supper—and what am I to do with myself till that time?

C 4

BLUNTLY.

B L U N T L Y.

Company again to supper, Sir?

S I R G E O R G E.

Yes, and the self-same company I had last night—I invited them upon Lady Caroline's account—to give her an opportunity of revenge, for the money she lost here yesterday evening—and I am all weariness—I am all lassitude and fretfulness till the time arrives.—But now I call to mind, I have an affair that may engage my attention a few hours. You were giving me an account, Bluntly, of that beautiful girl I saw enter at Blackman's?

B L U N T L Y.

Yes, sir, I saw her late last night in Mr. Blackman's house—she lodges there.

S I R G E O R G E.

Indeed? In Blackman's house? I am glad to hear it.

B L U N T L Y.

And he has assured me, sir, that she and her family are in the greatest poverty imaginable.

S I R G E O R G E.

I am glad to hear it.

B L U N T L Y.

They have been it seems above a twelvemonth in London, in search of some rich relations; but instead of meeting with them, the father was seen and remembered by an old creditor who has thrown him into prison.

S I R G E O R G E.

I am very glad to hear it.

BLUNTLY.

B L U N T L Y.

But the young woman, Sir, has been so short a time in town, she has, seemingly, a great deal of modesty and virtue.

S I R G E O R G E.

And I am very glad to hear of that too—I like her the better—you know I do—for I am weary of that ready compliance I meet with from the sex.

B L U N T L Y.

But if I might presume to advise, sir---as you are so soon to be married to her ladyship, whom you love with sincere affection, you should give up this pursuit.

S I R G E O R G E.

And I *shall* give it up, Bluntly, before my marriage takes place—for, short as that time may be, I expect this passion will be over and forgotten, long before the interval has passed away. ---But that brother you were mentioning-----

B L U N T L Y.

I have some reason to think, that with all his poverty, he has a notion of honour.

S I R G E O R G E.

[*Laughing.*

Oh! I have often tried the effect of a purse of gold with people of honour.—Have you desired them to be sent for as I ordered.

B L U N T L Y.

I have, Sir.

S I R G E O R G E.

See if they are come. [*Exit BLUNTLY.*] Ah! my dear Lady Caroline, it is you, and only you, whom

whom I love with a sincere passion ! but in waiting this long expected event of our marriage, permit me to indulge some less exalted wishes.

Enter BLUNTLY.

SIR GEORGE.

Are they come ?

BLUNTLY.

The young man is in the anti-chamber, sir, but his sister is not with him. (*Speaking to HENRY who is without*) Please to walk this way—my master desires to see you.

SIR GEORGE.

No, no, no—I do not desire to see him, if his sister is not there.—Zounds you scoundrel what did you call him in for ?

Enter HENRY, and bows.

[SIR GEORGE looks at him with a careless familiarity—BLUNTLY leaves the room.]

SIR GEORGE.

Young man, I am told you are very poor—you may have heard that I am very rich—and I suppose you are acquainted with the extensive meaning of the word—generosity.

HENRY.

[*After an hesitation.*] Perhaps not, sir.

SIR GEORGE.

The meaning of it, as I comprehend, is, for the rich to give to the poor.—Have you any thing to ask of me in which I can serve you ?

HENRY.

H E N R Y.

Your proposal is so general, I am at a loss what to answer—but you are no doubt acquainted with the extensive meaning of the word, *pride*,—and that will apologize for the seeming indifference with which I receive your offer.

S I R G E O R G E.

Your pride seems extensive indeed.—I heard your father was in prison, and I pitied him.

H E N R Y.

Did you, Sir?—Did you pity my father:—I beg your pardon—if I have said any thing to offend you pray forgive it—nor let my rudeness turn your compassion away from him, to any other object.

S I R G E O R G E.

Would a small sum release him from confinement? Would about a hundred pounds—

H E N R Y.

I have no doubt but it would.

S I R G E O R G E.

Then take that note.—Be not surpris'd—I mean to dispose of a thousand guineas this way, instead of fitting up a theatre in my own house.—That (*giving him the note*) is a mere trifle; my box at the opera, or my dinner; I mean to dine alone to morrow, instead of inviting company.

H E N R Y.

Sir George, I spoke so rudely to you at first, that I know no other way to shew my humility, then to accept your present without reluctance—I do therefore, as the gift of benevolence, not as the insult of better fortune.

S I R

SIR GEORGE.

You have a brother, have not you?

HENRY.

No, Sir---and only one sister.

SIR GEORGE.

A sister is it? well, let me see your father and your brother---your sister I mean---did not you say?---you said a sister, did not you?

HENRY.

Yes, Sir.

SIR GEORGE.

Well, let me see your father and her; they will rejoice at their good fortune I imagine, and I wish to be a witness of their joy.

HENRY.

I will this moment go to our lawyer, extricate my father, and we will all return and make you the spectator of the happiness you have bestowed.

Forgive my eagerness to disclose your bounty, sir, if, before I have said half I feel, I fly to reveal it to my father; to whom I can more powerfully express my sensations---than in your presence. [Exit,

SIR GEORGE.

That bait has taken---and now, if the sister will only be as grateful.

Enter BLUNTLY.

BLUNTLY.

Dear sir, what can you have said to the young man? I never saw a person so much affected!

SIR GEORGE.

In what manner?

BLUNTLY.

BLUNTLY.

The tears ran down his cheeks as he passed along, and he held something in his hand which he pressed to his lips, and then to his heart, as if it was a treasure.

SIR GEORGE,

It is a treasure, Bluntly---a hundred Guineas.

BLUNTLY.

But for which, I believe, you expect a greater treasure in return.

SIR GEORGE.

Dost think so Bluntly?---dost think the girl is worth a hundred pounds?

BLUNTLY.

If she refuses, she is worth a thousand---but if she complies, you have thrown away your money.

SIR GEORGE.

Just the reverse.

BLUNTLY.

But I hope, sir, you do not mean to throw away any more thus---for although this sum, by way of charity, may be well applied, yet indeed, sir, I know some of your creditors as much in want as this poor family.

SIR GEORGE.

How!---You are in pay by some of my creditors I suppose?

BLUNTLY.

No, Sir, you must pay them, before they can pay any body.

SIR

SIR GEORGE.

You are impertinent---leave the room instantly, and go in search of this sister; now, while the son is gone to release his father.—Tell her, her brother is here, and bring her hither immediately.

BLUNTLY.

But, sir, if you will only give me leave to speak one word—

SIR GEORGE.

Do, speak; [*Goes to the chimney-piece and takes down a pistol*] only speak a single syllable, and I'll send a ball instantly through your head.

BLUNTLY.

I am dumb, Sir---I don't speak indeed, Sir---upon my life I don't. I wish I may die if I speak a word.

SIR GEORGE.

Go on the errand I told you; and if you dare to return without the girl this is your fate.

[*Holding up the pistol.*]

BLUNTLY.

Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

SIR GEORGE.

[*Laying the pistol on the table.*]

Impertinent puppy; to ruffle the temper of a man of fashion with hints of prudence and morality, and paying his debts—all this from a servant too. The insolent, chattering—

Enter BLUNTLY.

BLUNTLY.

May I speak now, sir?

SIR

A COMEDY.

31

SIR GEORGE.

What have you to say?

BLUNTLY.

Mr. Blackman, sir.

SIR GEORGE.

Bid him come in.

Enter BLACKMAN. *Exit* BLUNTLY.

SIR GEORGE.

Good morning, Mr. Blackman; come, sit down.

BLACKMAN.

[Bowing respectfully.]

I am glad, Sir George, I have found you alone, for I come to speak to you on important business

SIR GEORGE.

Business!—no---not now if you please.

BLACKMAN.

But I must, sir---I have been here ten times before, and have been put off; but now you must hear what I have to say.

SIR GEORGE.

Don't be long then---don't be tedious, Mr. Blackman---for I expect a, a---in short, I expect a pretty woman.

BLACKMAN.

When she comes, I will go.

SIR GEORGE.

Very well, speak quickly then. What have you to say?

BLACKMAN.

BLACKMAN.

I come to speak upon the subject of your father's will; by which you know, you run the hazard of losing great part of what he left behind.

SIR GEORGE.

But what am I to do?

BLACKMAN.

There is no time to be lost. Consider, that Mr. Manly, the lawyer, whom your father employed, is a man who pretends to a great deal of morality; and it was he who, when your father found himself dying, alarmed his conscience, and persuaded him to make this Will in favour of a second person. Now, I think that you and I both together, ought to have a meeting with this conscientious lawyer.

SIR GEORGE.

But I should imagine, Mr. Blackman, that if he is really a conscientious man, you and he will not be upon good terms.

BLACKMAN.

Oh! people of our avocation differ in respect to conscience. Puzzle, confound, and abuse each other, and yet are upon good terms.

SIR GEORGE.

But I fear——

BLACKMAN.

Fear nothing.—There are a vast number of resources in our art.—It is so spacious, and yet so confined—so sublime, and yet so profound—so distinct, and yet so complicated—that if ever this person with whom your fortune is divided
shoul

should be found, I know how to envelope her in a labyrinth, where she shall be lost again in a hurry.—But your father's lawyer being a very honest—I mean a very particular man in his profession,—I have reason to fear we cannot gain him over to our purpose.—If, therefore,—

Enter BLUNTLY.

SIR GEORGE.

My visitor is come, as I told you.

BLACKMAN.

And I am gone, as I told you.

[*Rising.*
[*Going.*

Enter ELEANOR.

BLACKMAN.

My lodger! ah! ah! (*To her in a whisper*)
You may stay another quarter.

[*Aside.*
[*Exit.*

SIR GEORGE.

(*To Eleanor*) I am glad to see you.--Bluntly—
[*Makes a sign to him to leave the room.*

BLUNTLY.

Sir?

[*SIR GEORGE waves his hand and nods his head a second time.*

BLUNTLY.

Sir?—

[*Still affecting not to understand him.*

SIR GEORGE.

I bid you go.

[*Angrily.*

D

BLUNTLY.

BLUNTLY.

You bid me go, fir?—Oh yes, fir.—Very well, fir.—But indeed, fir, I did not hear you before, fir.—Indeed I did not.

[*Bows, and exit with reluctance, which ELEANOR observes.*]

ELEANOR.

Pardon me, fir.—I understood my brother was here, but I find he is not.

SIR GEORGE.

He is but this instant gone, and will return immediately.—Stay then with me till he comes. (*Takes her hand.*) Surely you cannot refuse to remain with me a few moments; especially as I have a great deal to say to you that may tend to your advantage.

Why do you cast your eyes with such impatience on that door? (*Goes and locks it.*) There, now you may look at it in vain.

ELEANOR.

For heaven fake, why am I locked in?

SIR GEORGE.

Because you should not escape.

ELEANOR.

That makes me resolve I will---Open the door, fir. [*Going to it.*]

SIR GEORGE.

Nay, listen to me. Your sentiments, I make no doubt, are formed from books.

ELEANOR.

No, from misfortunes—yet more instructive.

SIR

SIR GEORGE.

You shall never know misfortune more—you, nor your relations.—But this moment I presented your brother with a sum of money, and he left me with professions of the deepest gratitude.

ELEANOR.

My brother!—Has he received money from you? Ah! he promised me he'd not disgrace his family.

SIR GEORGE.

How! Family, indeed!

ELEANOR.

I cannot remain here a moment longer. Open the door, fir---open it immediately.

[Raising her voice.]

BLUNTLY.

Sir, fir, fir,---open the door, if you please---you are wanted, fir. *[Without.]*

SIR GEORGE.

S'death! who can want me in such haste?

[Opens the door, and appears confounded.]

Enter BLUNTLY.

SIR GEORGE.

Well, fir!

BLUNTLY

—Did you call, fir?

SIR GEORGE.

It was *you* who called, fir.

D 2

BLUNTLY.

BLUNTLY.

Who, I, fir?

SIR GEORGE:

Yes, fir, you---Who wants me?

BLUNTLY.

[*Looking at ELEANOR.*
Perhaps it was *you* that called, Ma'am.

ELEANOR.

It *was* I that called: and pray be so kind as to conduct me to my own lodgings.

[BLUNTLY *offers her his hand.*

SIR GEORGE.

Dare not to touch her---or to stay another moment in the room.---Begone.

[BLUNTLY *looks at ELEANOR aside, and points to the pistol; then bows humbly, and retires.*

SIR GEORGE.

And now, my fair Lucretia---

[*He is going to seize her---she takes up the pistol and presents it.*

ELEANOR.

No, it's not *myself* I'll kill---'Tis you.

SIR GEORGE

[*Starting.*
Nay, nay, nay, lay it down.---Lay that foolish thing down; I beg you will. (*Trembling.*) It is charged---it may go off.

ELEANOR.

I mean it to go off.

SIR

SIR GEORGE.

But no jesting---I never liked jesting in my life.

ELEANOR.

Nor I---but am always serious.---Dare not, therefore, insult me again, but let me go to my wretched apartments.

[Passes by him, presenting the pistol.

SIR GEORGE.

Go to the—

[She turns short at the door, and presents it again.

SIR GEORGE.

What would you do?—Here Bluntly! Bluntly!

[Exit ELEANOR.

Enter BLUNTLY.

BLUNTLY.

Did you call or no, fir?

SIR GEORGE.

Yes, fir, I did call now. *(In a threatening accent.)* Don't you think you have behaved very well this morning?

BLUNTLY.

Yes, fir, I think I have.

SIR GEORGE.

I am not joking.

BLUNTLY.

Nor am I, fir.

SIR GEORGE.

And do not you think I should behave very well, if I was to discharge you my service?

38 NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

B L U N T L Y.

As well as can be expected, fir.

S I R G E O R G E.

Why did you break in upon me just now?
Did you think I was going to murder the girl?

B L U N T L Y.

No, fir, I suspected neither love nor murder.

S I R G E O R G E.

What then did you suspect?

B L U N T L Y.

Why, fir, if I may make bold to speak—I
was afraid the poor girl might be robbed: and
of all she is worth in the world.

S I R G E O R G E.

Blockhead! I suppose you mean her virtue?
[Smiling with contempt.]

B L U N T L Y.

Why, to say the truth, fir, virtue is a cur-
rency that grows scarce in the world now-a-days
—and some men are so much in need of it, that
they think nothing of stopping a harmless female
passenger in her road through life, and plunder-
ing her of it without remorse, though its loss, em-
bitters every hour she must afterwards pass in her
journey.

Enter H E N R Y.

H E N R Y.

Sir George, my father, liberated from prison
by your bounty, is come gratefully to offer—

Enter

Enter WILLFORD and ELEANOR.

ELEANOR.

[Holding her father by the hand, to prevent his going forward.]

Oh, my father! whither are you going? Turn back—turn back.

HENRY.

[To his father.]

This is your benefactor—the man whose benevolence has put an end to your sufferings.

[ELEANOR bursts into tears and retires up the stage.]

WILLFORD.

How, sir, can I ever repay what I owe to you?—or how describe those emotions, which your goodness at this moment makes me feel?

SIR GEORGE.

[In confusion.]

Very well—very well—'tis all very well. *(Aside)* I wish it was.——*(To him)* I am glad I have been of service to you.

WILLORD.

You have been like mercy to us all. My daughter's gratitude overflows in tears.—But why, my child, do you keep apart from us? Can you be too timid to confess your obligation?

SIR GEORGE.

Let her alone—let her indulge her humour.

WILLFORD.

Speak, Eleanor.

SIR GEORGE.

No, I had rather she would be silent.

D 4

WILLFORD.

WILLFORD.

You offend me by this obstinacy.

ELEANOR.

[Going to WILLFORD and taking his hand.]

Oh, my father!—Oh! I cannot—I cannot speak.

WILLFORD.

Wherefore?—Explain this moment, what agitates you thus.

ELEANOR.

You must return to confinement again.

WILLFORD.

How?

ELEANOR.

The money that has set you free, was given for the basest purposes—and by a man as far beneath you in principle, as you are beneath him in fortune. Disdain the obligation—and come my father, return to prison.

WILLFORD.

Yes.—And with more joy than I left it. *(To SIR GEORGE)* Joy, in my daughter's virtuous contempt of thee. *(To his children)* Leave the house instantly.

[Exit HENRY and ELEANOR.]

WILLFORD.

[Addressing himself to SIR GEORGE.]

Your present is but deposited in a lawyer's hands, whose word gained me my liberty—he shall immediately return it to you, while I return to imprisonment.

SIR

SIR GEORGE.

If the money is in a lawyer's hands, my good friend, it may be some time before you get it returned. [Going.

WILLFORD.

Stay, Sir George—(*he returns*) And look me in the face while you insult me. (SIR GEORGE *looks on the floor.*) You cannot.—I therefore triumph, while you stand before me abashed like a culprit.—Yet be assured, unthinking, dissipated man, that with all your insolence and cruelty towards me and mine, I have still the charity to rejoice, even for your sake, at seeing you thus confounded. This shame is at least one trait in your favour; and while it revenges my wrongs, gives me joy to find, you are not a *hardened* libertine. [Exeunt.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The apartment at SIR GEORGE SPLENDORVILLE'S, where the night has been passed at play—Several card-tables with company playing—SIR GEORGE and LADY CAROLINE at the same table. SIR GEORGE rises furiously.*

SIR GEORGE.

NEVER was the whole train of misfortunes so united to undo a man, as this night to ruin me. The most obstinate round of ill luck—

MR. LUCRE.

[Waking from a sleep.]

What is all that? You have lost a great deal of money, I suppose?

SIR GEORGE.

Every guinea I had about me, and fifteen thousand besides, for which I have given my word.

MR. LUCRE.

Fifteen thousand guineas! and I have not won one of them.—Oh, confusion upon every thing that has prevented me.

SIR GEORGE.

[Taking LADY CAROLINE aside.]

Lady Caroline, you are the sole person who has profited by my loss.—Prove to me that your
design

design was not to ruin me; to sink me into the abyss of misfortune,---prove to me, you love me in return for all my tender love to you. And (*taking up the cards*) give me my revenge in one single cut.

LADY CAROLINE.

If this is the proof you require, I consent.

SIR GEORGE.

Thank you.—And it is for double or quit.—
Thank you. [*She shuffles and cuts.*]

SIR GEORGE.

Ay, it will be mine—thank you.—I shall be the winner—thank you. (*He cuts—then tears the cards and throws them on the floor.*) Destruction!—Furies of the blackest kind conspire against me, and all their serpents are in my heart.—Cruel, yet beloved woman! Could you thus abuse and take advantage of the madness of my situation?

LADY CAROLINE.

Your misfortunes, my dear Sir George—make you blind.

SIR GEORGE.

[*Taking her again aside.*]

No, they have rather opened my eyes, and have shown me what you are.—Still an object I adore; but I now perceive you are one to my ruin devoted.—If any other intention had directed you, would you have thus decoyed me to my folly?---You know my proneness to play, your own likelihood of success, and have palpably allured me to my destruction. Ungrateful woman, you never loved me, but taught me to believe so, in order to partake of my prodigality.

44 NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

lity.---Do not be suspicious, madam; the debt shall be discharged within a week.

L A D Y C A R O L I N E.

[With the utmost indifference.]

That will do, fir---I depend upon your word; and that will do. *[Exit curtsying.]*

S I R G E O R G E.

Ungrateful---cruel---she is gone without giving me one hope.--She even insults---despises me.

M R. L U C R E.

[Coming forward.]

Indeed, my dear friend, I compassionate your ill luck most feelingly; and yet I am nearly as great an object of compassion on this occasion as yourself; for I have not won a single guinea of all your losses: if I had, why I could have borne your misfortune with some sort of patience.

L A D Y B R I D G E T.

My dear Sir George, your situation affects me so extremely, I cannot stay a moment longer in your presence. *[Goes to the door, and returns.]* But you may depend upon my prayers. *[Exit.]*

L O R D H A Z A R D.

Sir George, if I had any consolation to offer, it should be at your service --but you know---you are convinced---I have merely a sufficiency of consolation---that is, of friends and of money to support myself in the rank of life I hold in the world. For without that---without that rank---I sincerely wish you a good morning.

[Exit LORD HAZARD.]

S I R G E O R G E.

Good morning.

[The

[*The company by degrees all steal out of the room, except Mr. LUCRE.*]

S I R G E O R G E.

[*Looking around.*]

Where are all my guests?--the greatest part gone without a word in condolence, and the rest torturing me with insulting wishes. Here! behold! here is the sole reliance which I have prepared for the hour of misfortune; and what is it? ---words---compliments---desertion---and from those, whose ingratitude makes their neglect still more poignant. [*Turns and perceives Mr. LUCRE.*] Lucre, my dear Lucre, are not you amazed at what you see?

M R. L U C R E.

No, not at all---'tis the way of the world---we care for our acquaintances whilst they are happy and in power, but if they fall into misfortune, we think we do enough if we have the good nature to pity them.

S I R G E O R G E.

And are you, one of these friends?

M R. L U C R E.

I am like the rest of the world.---I was in the number of your flatterers; but at present you have none---for you may already perceive, we are grown sincere.

S I R G E O R G E.

But have not you a thousand times desired me, in any distress, to prove you?

M R. L U C R E.

And you do prove me now, do you not?---Heaven bless you. [*Shaking hands with him*] I shall

shall always have a regard for you---but for any thing farther---I scorn professions which I do not mean to keep. [Going.

S I R G E O R G E.

Nay, but Lucre! consider the anguish in which you leave me!---consider, that to be forsaken by my friends is more affecting than the loss of all my fortune. Though you have nothing else to give me, yet give me your company.

M R. L U C R E.

My dear friend I cannot. Reflect that I am under obligations to you---so many indeed that I am ashamed to see you.—I am naturally bashful; and do not be surpris'd if I should never have the confidence to look you in the face again. [Exit.

S I R G E O R G E.

This is the world, such as I have heard it described, but not such as I could ever believe it to be.---But I forgive---I forget all the world except Lady Caroline---her ingratitude fastens to my heart and drives me to despair. She, on whom I have squandered so much---she, whom I loved---and whom I still love, spite of her perfidy!

(Enter BLUNTLY.)

Well, Bluntly---behold the friendship of the friends I loved! This morning I was in prosperity and had many---this night I am ruined, and I have not one.

B L U N T L Y.

Ruined, sir?

S I R

SIR GEORGE.

Totally : and shall be forced to part with every thing I possess to pay the sums I owe.—Of course, I shall part with all my servants---and do you endeavour to find some other place.

BLUNTLY.

But first, sir,---permit me to ask a favour of you ?

SIR GEORGE.

A favour of me? I have no favours now to grant.

BLUNTLY.

I beg your pardon, sir---you have one---and I entreat it on my knees.

SIR GEORGE.

What would you ask of me ?

BLUNTLY.

To remain along with you still.---I will never quit you ; but serve you for nothing, to the last moment of my life.

SIR GEORGE.

I have then one friend left. (*Embracing him.*)
And never will I forget to acknowledge the obligation.

Enter BLACKMAN.

BLACKMAN.

Pardon me---sir---I beg ten thousand pardons ---pray excuse me, (*In the most servile manner,*) for entering before I sent to know if you were at leisure---but your attendants are all fast asleep on the chairs of your antichamber.---I could
not

48 NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

not wake a foul---and I imagined you yourself were not yet up.

SIR GEORGE.

On the contrary, I have not yet been in bed. And when I do go there, I wish never to rise from it again.

BLACKMAN.

Has any thing unexpected happened ?

SIR GEORGE.

Yes.---That I am ruined---inevitably ruined ---Behold (*Shewing the cards*) the only wreck of my fortune.

BLACKMAN.

(*Starting.*) Lost all your fortune ?

SIR GEORGE.

All I am worth---and as much more as I am worth.

[BLACKMAN *draws a chair, sits down with great familiarity, and stares SIR GEORGE rudely in the face.*

BLACKMAN.

Lost all you are worth ? He, he, he, he ! (*Laughs maliciously.*) Pretty news, truly ! Why then I suppose I have lost great part of what I am worth ? all which you are indebted to me ? ---However there is a way yet to retrieve you. But---please to desire your servant to leave the room.

SIR GEORGE.

Bluntly, leave us a moment. (*Exit BLUNTLY.*) Well, Mr. Blackman, what is this grand secret ?

BLACKMAN.

BLACKMAN.

Why, in the state to which you have reduced yourself, there is certainly no one hope for you, but in that portion, that half of your fortune, which the will of your father keeps you out of.

SIR GEORGE.

But how am I to obtain it? The lawyer in whose hands it is placed, will not give it up, without being insured from any future demand by some certain proofs.

BLACKMAN.

And suppose I should search, and find proofs? Suppose I have them already by me?—But upon this occasion, you must not only rely implicitly on what I say, but it is necessary you should say the same yourself.

SIR GEORGE.

If you advance no falsehood, I cannot have any objection.

BLACKMAN.

Falsehood!----falsehood!----I apprehend, Sir George, you do not consider, that there is a particular construction put upon words and phrases in the practice of the law, which the rest of the world, out of that study, are not clearly acquainted with. For instance, *falsehood* with *us*, is not *exactly* what it is with other people.

SIR GEORGE.

How! Is truth, immutable truth, to be corrupted and confounded by men of the law?

E

BLACKMAN.

BLACKMAN.

I was not speaking of truth---that, we have nothing to do with.

SIR GEORGE.

I, must not say so, however, sir.---And in this crisis of my sufferings, it is the only comfort, the only consolatory reflection left me, that truth and I, will never separate.

BLACKMAN.

Stick to your truth---but confide in me as usual.—You will go with me, then, to Mr. Manly, your father's lawyer, and corroborate all that I shall say?

SIR GEORGE.

Tell me, but what you intend to say?

BLACKMAN.

I can't do that. In the practice of the law, we never know what we intend to say---and therefore our blunders, when we make them, are in some measure excusable---and if I should chance to make a blunder or two, I mean any trivial mistake, when we come before this lawyer, you must promise not to interfere, or in any shape contradict me.

SIR GEORGE.

A mere lapse of memory, I have nothing to do with.

BLACKMAN.

And my memory grows very bad; therefore you must not disconcert me.

SIR

SIR GEORGE.

Come, let us begone---I am ready to go with you this moment.

BLACKMAN.

I must first go home, and prepare a few writings.

SIR GEORGE.

But call to mind that I rely upon your honour.

BLACKMAN.

Do you think Bluntly, your servant, is an honest man?

SIR GEORGE.

I am sure he is.

BLACKMAN.

Then, to quiet your fears, I will take him along with us; and you will depend on what he shall say, I make no doubt?

SIR GEORGE.

I would stake my being upon his veracity.

BLACKMAN.

Call him in, then, and bid him do as I command him.

SIR GEORGE.

Here, Bluntly. (*Enter BLUNTLY.*) Mr. Blackman has some business with you---listen to him with attention, and follow his directions.

[*Exit.*

BLACKMAN.

You know, I suppose, the perilous situation of your master?

[*BLUNTLY shakes his head, and wipes his eyes.*

BLACKMAN:

Good fellow! good fellow!---and you would, I dare say, do any thing to rescue him from the misery with which he is surrounded?

BLUNTLY.

I would lay down my life.

BLACKMAN.

You can do it for less. Only put on a black coat, and the business is done.

BLUNTLY.

What's that all? Oh! if I can save him by putting on a black coat, I'll go buy mourning, and wear it all my life.

BLACKMAN.

There's a good fellow. I sincerely thank you for this attachment to your master.

[Shaking him by the hand.]

BLUNTLY.

My dear Blackman, I beg your pardon for what I am going to say; but as you behave thus friendly on this unfortunate occasion, I must confess to you---that till now I always hated you ---I could not bear the sight of you.---For I thought you (I wish I may die if I did not) one of the greatest rogues in the world. I fancied you only waited on, and advised my master to make your market of him.---But now your attention to him in his distress, when all his friends have forsaken him, is so kind---Heaven bless you---Heaven bless you---I'll go buy a black coat.

[Going.]

BLACKMAN.

I have something more to say to you.---When you have put on this coat, you must meet your master

master and me at Mr. Manly's, the lawyer; and when we are all there, you must mind and say, exactly what I say.

B L U N T L Y.

And what will that be?

B L A C K M A N.

Oh! something.

B L U N T L Y.

I have no objection to say something---but I hope you won't make me say any thing.

B L A C K M A N.

You seem to doubt me once more, sir?

B L U N T L Y.

No, I am doubting you now for the first time; for I always thought I was *certain* before.

B L A C K M A N.

And will you not venture to say yes, and no, to what I shall advance?

B L U N T L Y.

Why---I think I may venture to say yes to your no, and no to your yes, with a safe conscience.

B L A C K M A N.

If you do not instantly follow me and do all that I shall propose, your master is ruined.—Would you see him dragged to prison?

B L U N T L Y.

No, I would sooner go myself.

B L A C K M A N.

Then why do you stand talking about a safe conscience. Half my clients would have been ruined if I had shewn my zeal as you do. Con-

science indeed! Why, this is a matter of law, to serve your master in his necessity.

B L U N T L Y.

I have heard necessity has no law—but if it has no conscience, it is a much worse thing than I took it for.---No matter for that---come along. ---Oh my poor master!---I would even tell a *lie* to save him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A lawyer's study.*

MR. MANLY *discovered at his writing-desk---a Servant attending.*

M A N L Y.

Who do you say wants to speak with me?

S E R V A N T.

Mr. Lucre, sir.

M A N L Y.

And who else?

S E R V A N T.

A person who says his name is Willford, he looks as if he came from the country, and seems in mean circumstances.

M A N L Y.

Shew him to me directly. And take Mr. Lucre, or any other person of fashion that may call, to my clerks. [Exit Servant.] But for the poor, let them be under *my* protection.

Enter WILLFORD and ELEANOR.

M A N L Y.

Come in---walk in, and let me know what I can do to serve you.

WILLFORD.

WILLFORD.

I deposited, fir, in your clerk's hands, a sum of money to set me free from confinement for debt. ---On his word, I was discharged--he owns he has not yet paid away this money, still he refuses to restore it to me, though in return I again render up my person.

MANLY.

And why would you do this?

WILLFORD.

Because my honour---I mean my conscience---for that's the poor man's honour---is concerned.

MANLY.

Explain yourself.

WILLFORD.

A son of mine, received this sum I speak of, and thought it *given* him; while it was only meant as a purchase---a purchase of what we had no right to sell---and therefore it must be restored to the owner.

MANLY.

And who is he?

WILLFORD.

Sir George Splendorville---I suppose you have heard of him?

MANLY.

He, you mean, who by the desire of his father's will, lately changed his name from Blandford?

WILLFORD.

Sir!

MANLY.

The name, which some part of the family, while reduced, had taken.

E 4

WILLFORD.

W I L L F O R D.

Good Heaven! Is there such a circumstance in his story?

M A N L Y.

Why do you ask with such emotion?

W I L L F O R D.

Because he is the man, in search of whom I left my habitation in the country, to present before him a destitute young woman, a near relation.

M A N L Y.

What relation?---Be particular in your answer.

W I L L F O R D.

A sister.

M A N L Y.

I thank you for your intelligence. You have named a person who for these three years past, I have in vain endeavoured to find.---But did you say she was in poverty?

W I L L F O R D.

I did.

M A N L Y.

I give you joy then—for I have in my possession a deed which conveys to a lost daughter of Sir George's father, the other half of the fortune he bequeathed his son---but as yet, all my endeavours have been in vain to find where she, and an uncle, to whose care she was entrusted in her infancy, are retired.

W I L L F O R D.

[Turning to ELEANOR.

Now, Eleanor, arm yourself with fortitude---with fortitude to bear not the frowns, but the smiles

smiles of fortune. Be humble, collected, and the same you have ever been, while I for the first time inform you---you are not my daughter.--- And from this gentleman's intelligence add, you are rich---you are the deceased Blandford's child, and Splendorville's sister.

ELEANOR.

Oh! Heavens! Do I lose a father such as you, to gain a brother such as he is?

MANLY.

[To WILLFORD.

There can be no mistake on this occasion--- And you, if I am not deceived, are the brother of the late Mr. Blandford. Your looks, your person, your very voice confirms it.

WILLFORD.

I have writings in my care, shall prove it beyond a doubt; with the whole narrative of our separation when he with his son, then a youth, embarked for India; where I suppose, riches, soon succeeded poverty.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Lady Caroline Seymour, sir, is at the door in her carriage, and will not be denied admittance. She says she must see you upon some very urgent business.

MANLY.

[To WILLFORD and ELEANOR.

Will you do me the favour to step for a moment into this room? Lady Caroline will not stay long. I'll not detain you.

[*Exit* WILLFORD and ELEANOR.

Enter

Enter LADY CAROLINE.

LADY CAROLINE.

Dear Mr. Manly, I have a thousand apologies to make---And yet I am sure you will excuse the subject of my visit, when you consider---

MANLY.

Your ladyship will please to sit down.

[He draws chairs and they sit.]

LADY CAROLINE.

You cannot be ignorant, Mr. Manly---you must know, the terms of acquaintance on which Sir George Splendorville and I have been, for some time past?---you were his father's agent; his chief solicitor; and although you are not employed by Sir George, yet the state of his affairs cannot be concealed from you---Has he, or has he not, any inheritance yet to come?

MANLY.

Pardon me, madam---though not entrusted by Sir George, I will, nevertheless, keep his secrets.

LADY CAROLINE.

That is plainly telling me he is worth nothing.

MANLY.

By no means---Sir George, in spite of his profusion, must still be rich. He has preserved his large estate in Wales; and as to money, I do not doubt but he has a considerable sum.

LADY CAROLINE.

Not a guinea. I won it all from him last night.

MANLY.

You? You, who are to become his wife?

LADY

LADY CAROLINE.

I might, had I not been thus fortunate. But why should I marry him, when his riches are mine, without that ceremony.

MANLY.

Inconsiderate man!---what will be the end of his imprudence! Yet, Heaven be praised! he has still that fine estate, I just now mentioned.

LADY CAROLINE.

Indeed he has not---that has belonged to me these three months.

MANLY.

To you!

LADY CAROLINE.

Yes---Bought for me under another name by agents; and for half its value.

MANLY.

Madman!---Yet your ladyship must excuse me. I know your income stinted, and till the death of the Earl, your father, where could you raise sufficient to make even half the purchase?

LADY CAROLINE.

From Splendorville's own prodigality---from lavish presents made to me by him.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir George Splendorville, sir, desires to speak with you---he is at the door with Mr. Blackman.

LADY CAROLINE.

Oh Heavens! do not let him see me here.

[She is hastening to the room where WILLFORD and his daughter are.]

MANLY.

60 NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

M A N L Y.

I have company there---walk in here, if you please.

[Shows her another door and she enters.]

M A N L Y.

[To the servant.]

Desire Sir George to walk in.

Enter Sir GEORGE and BLACKMAN.

M A N L Y.

Sir George, do me the favour to sit down.

[He looks coolly on BLACKMAN, and pointing to a chair says Good morning. They sit.]

S I R G E O R G E.

Mr. Manly, my attorney will let you know the business on which I am come.

B L A C K M A N.

Why yes, Mr. Manly, it is extremely hard that Sir George has for so long a time been kept out of a very large part of his fortune; particularly, as he has had occasion for it.

S I R G E O R G E.

I have had occasion for it I assure you Mr. Manly; and I have occasion for it at this very time.

M R. M A N L Y.

But so may the person, sir, from whom you would take it. In a word, Sir George, neither your lawyer nor you, shall prevail on me to give up the trust reposed in me by your father, without certain evidence, that your sister will never come to make her claim.

B L A C K M A N.

B L A C K M A N .

You are not afraid of ghosts, are you ?

M A N L Y .

No, nor of robbers either :—you cannot frighten me, Mr. Blackman.

B L A C K M A N .

Then depend upon it, the sister of Sir George can never appear in any other manner than as a spirit. For, here, fir, (*taking from his pocket a parcel of papers*) here are authentic letters to prove her death. (SIR GEORGE *looks confused.*)

M A N L Y .

Her death !

B L A C K M A N .

Yes, her death. Here is a certificate from the curate of the parish in which she was buried.

M A N L Y .

Buried too !

B L A C K M A N .

Yes, fir, buried. Here is also an affidavit from the sexton of the said village, signed by the overseer and churchwardens, testifying the same.---You see, (*shewing him the paper, and reading at the same time*) “ Died Anno Domini, one thousand seven hundred and eighty nine, the seventeenth of June -----

[*Mr. MANLY takes the paper, and while he is reading, SIR GEORGE says apart-----*

S I R G E O R G E .

How near to the brink of infamy has my imprudence led me ! And s'death, my confusion

fusion takes from me the power to explain, and expose the scoundrel.

Mr. Manly, I will leave you for the present; but you shall hear from me shortly,—when this matter shall be accounted for clearly---perfectly to your satisfaction, you may depend upon it.---
(*Going.*)

M A N L Y.

Stay, Sir George, and-----

B L A C K M A N.

Aye, Sir George, stay and see Mr. Manly's objections wholly removed. He seems to doubt the evidence of paper; I must, therefore, beg leave to produce a living witness---the gentleman whom I appointed to meet me here.

M A N L Y.

And who is he?

B L A C K M A N.

The apothecary, who attended Sir George's sister in her dying illness. [Sir GEORGE *starts.*

M A N L Y.

Desire him to walk in by all means. What is the matter, Sir George, you look discomposed?

B L A C K M A N.

Sir George is something nervous, Mr. Manly; and you know the very name of a medical gentleman, will affect the nerves of some people.

[BLACKMAN *goes to the door, and leads on*
BLUNTLY, *dressed in mourning.*

S I R G E O R G E.

Bluntly!---But I will see the end of this. [*Afide.*

M A N L Y.

M A N L Y.

(*Bowing to him*). You are an apothecary, I think, fir?

[BLUNTY *looks at* BLACKMAN]

B L A C K M A N.

Yes, fir.

B L U N T L Y.

(*After seeming inclined to say, No*). Yes, fir.

M A N L Y.

Pray fir, what disorder took the young lady, on whose account you have been brought hither, out of the world?

[BLUNTLY *looks at* BLACKMAN.]

B L A C K M A N.

Oh! the old disorder, I suppose.

B L U N T L Y.

The old disorder.

M A N L Y.

And pray what may that be, fir? (BLACKMAN *offers to reply*). Mr. Blackman, please to let this gentleman speak for himself.—What is it you mean, pray fir, by the old disorder?

B L U N T L Y.

I---I---mean---Love, fir,

M A N L Y.

You will not pretend to say, that love, was the cause of her death?

B L U N T L Y.

(*Confused and hesitating*). That---and a few fits of the gout.

M A N L Y.

M A N L Y.

I fear, fir, you are not in perfect health yourself---you tremble and look very pale.

B L A C K M A N.

That is because the subject affects him.

M A N L Y.

Do you then never mention the young lady without being affected ?

B L U N T L Y.

Never, fir---for had you seen her as I did --um---Had you seen her.-----She was in very great danger from the first; but after I attended her, she was in greater danger still.---I advised a physician to be called in; on which she grew worse.---We had next a consultation of physicians; and then it was all over with her.

S I R G E O R G E.

(*Rising from his chair*). Blackman, this is too much---all my calamities are inferior to this---Desist, therefore, or-----

B L A C K M A N.

(*To Bluntly*.) Desist---He cannot bear to hear the pathetic description. Consider the lady was his sister---and though he had not the pleasure of knowing her---yet, poor thing---(*affecting to weep*)---poor young woman! he cannot help lamenting her loss.

B L U N T L Y.

No more can I---for though she was not my relation---yet she was my Patient. (*pretending to weep also*).

S I R.

S I R G E O R G E .

I can bear no more.---Mr. Manly, you are imposed upon. But think not, however appearances may be against me, that I came here as the tool of so infamous a deceit.---Thoughtlessness, Mr. Manly, has embarrassed my circumstances ; and thoughtlessness alone, has made me employ a villain to retrieve them.

B L A C K M A N .

Mighty fine !

S I R G E O R G E .

I have no authority, sir, to affirm, that my sister is not alive ; and I am confident the account you have just now heard, of her death, is but an artifice. My indiscretions have reduced me nearly to beggary ; but I will perish in confinement---cheerfully perish---rather than owe my affluence to one dishonourable action.

B L A C K M A N .

Grief has turned his brain

M A N L Y .

Sir George, I honour your feelings ; and as for the feelings of these gentlemen, I am extremely happy, that it is in my power to dry up their tears, and calm all their sorrows.

S I R G E O R G E .

Sir!

B L A C K M A N .

How ? In what way ?

M A N L Y .

(*Going to the door where WILLFORD and his niece are.*) Come forth, young lady, to the arms
F of

of a brother, and relieve the anguish of these mourners, who are lamenting your decease. (ELEANOR and WILLFORD enter)---Yes, Sir George, here is that sister, whom those gentlemen assure us, is dead;-- and this is the brother of your father.---These are proofs, as convincing, I hope, as any Mr. Blackman can produce.

S I R G E O R G E.

She, my sister! Her pretended father my uncle too! (*Aside*) Blackman, you would have plunged me into an anguish I never knew before; you would have plunged me into shame.

B L U N T L Y.

And so you *have* me.

B L A C K M A N.

Pshaw.---Mr. Manly, notwithstanding you are these people's voucher, this appears but a scheme.---These persons are but adventurers, and may possibly have about them forgeries, such as an honest man, like myself, would shudder at.

M A N L Y.

[*Going to the door.*
Who's there? [*Enter Servant.*] Shew that---that Mr. Blackman, out of my house instantly; and take care you never admit him again.

B L A C K M A N.

Sir George, will you suffer this?

S I R G E O R G E.

Aye, and a great deal more.

B L U N T L Y.

Look'ee Blackman.---If you don't fall down upon your knees, and beg my pardon at the

the street door, for the trick you have put upon me, in assuring me my master's sister was really dead, and that I could do her no injury, by doing him a service—if you don't beg my pardon for this, I'll give you such an assault and battery as you never had to do with in your life.

B L A C K M A N .

Beat me---do, beat me---I'll thank you for beating me---I'd be beat every hour of the day, to recover damages. [*Exit with* BLUNTLY.

S I R G E O R G E .

My sister---with the sincerest joy I call you by that name---and while I thus embrace you, offer you a heart, that beats with all the pure and tender affection, which our kindred to each other claims.---In you (*embracing his uncle*) I behold my father; and experience an awful fear, mingled with my regard.

W I L L F O R D .

Continue still that regard, and even that fear ---these filial sentiments may prove important; and they shall ever be repaid with my paternal watchings, friendship, and love.

E L E A N O R .

My brother---

S I R G E O R G E .

I have been unworthy of you---I will be so no more, but imitate your excellence. Yet, when I reflect---

F 2

[LADY

[LADY CAROLINE comes softly from the inner apartment, and attends to the discourse.]

E L E A N O R.

My brother, do not imagine——

S I R G E O R G E.

Leave me, leave me to all the agonies of my misconduct.---Where is my fortune? Now *all* irrecoverably gone---My last, my only resource is now to be paid to another--- I have lost every thing.

L A D Y C A R O L I N E.

[Coming forward.]

No, Sir George, *nothing*---since I possess all that was yours.

S I R G E O R G E.

How!

L A D Y C A R O L I N E.

Behold a friend in your necessities---a mistress whom your misfortunes cannot drive away---but who, experiencing much of your unkindness, still loves you; and knowing your every folly, will still submit to honour, and obey you.

I received your lavish presents, but to hoard them for you---made myself mistress of your fortune, but to return it to you—and with it, all my own.

S I R G E O R G E.

Can this be real? Can I be raised in one moment, from the depths of misery to unbounded happiness?

Enter

Enter Servant.

S E R V A N T.

A young man, who says he is Mr. Willford's son, is called to enquire for him.

M A N L Y.

Shew him in.

[SIR GEORGE *and* LADY CAROLINE
retire to the back part of the stage..

Enter H E N R Y.

W I L L F O R D.

Come, Henry, and take leave of your sifter for ever.

H E N R Y.

How so, sir?---What do you mean? To be parted from her, would be the utmost rigour of fortune.

M A N L Y.

The affection with which you speak, young gentleman, seems to convey something beyond mere brotherly love.

W I L L F O R D.

I some years since revealed to him she was *not* his sifter.

E L E A N O R.

And he, some years since, implied it to me. Yet, in such doubtful terms, I knew not which of us had the sorrow not to be your child.--- I now find it is myself---and I aver it to be a sorrow, for which, all the fortune I am going to possess will not repay me.

S I R

S I R G E O R G E .

Then, my dearest sister, indulge the hope you may yet be his daughter. This young man's merit deserves a reward, and in *time* he may learn to love you by a still nearer tie than that, you have so long known to exist between you; nay, even by a nearer tie than that of brother.

H E N R Y .

I am in doubt of what I hear---Eleanor, since our short separation, there cannot surely have been any important discovery---

M A N L Y .

Be not surprised---great discoveries, which we labour in vain for years to make, are frequently brought about in one lucky moment, without any labour at all.

S I R G E O R G E .

True---for till this day arose, I had passed every hour since my birth, without making one discovery to my advantage---while this short, but propitious morning, has discovered to me all my former folly--- and discovered to me--- how to be in future happy.

T H E E N D .

E P I L O G U E,

BY T. VAUGHAN, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MRS. KEMBLE.

“ LONG before the beginning of this Play,”
I heard some DEEP ones in the Green-Room, say,
They had their fears and doubts—whilst some did
quake—

And others wish'd it bed-time for her sake.
Do you, our best Physicians, ever kind,
Prescribe our true Cephalic for the Mind,
Of these our Neighbours, and *kind Friends*—behind, }
And with it, give a cordial of the best,
To one, with deepest Gratitude imprest.
For some there are—I have them in my eye—
Will sicken and turn pale with jealousy,
Whene'er we scribbling Women wield the Pen,
Or dare invade the Rights of scribbling Men ;
And fir'd with zeal, in dread array appear—
With Tenets from the *learned Hemisphere* ;
Thence cry (*kind Souls*) “ Invention is the only Art,
“ And mere Translation but a second Part ;
“ Besides—*we Men of Taste*—can ne'er withstand
“ E'en Nature's GARRICK thus at second Hand !
“ Then why do Comic Writers live on Theft,
“ When such Ragouts and Dainties still are left ?
“ Not richer were, in CONGREVE's days or BEHN,
“ For now, the Males are Females—Women, Men—
“ Nay some so *manly*, and so orthodox,
“ Will drive you four in Hand—or hold the Box ;
“ And if perchance the fatal Die is thrown,
“ Will storm and swear, like any Lord in Town.”

But might I whisper in this Censor's ear,
I'd prove his observations too severe—
And urge—“ Translation to hit off with skill,
“ Is not the province of each common Quill ;

“ But

EPILOGUE.

“ But by improving what was writ before,
“ Tho’ Genius may be less, our Judgment’s more ;
“ And whilst we paint with energy from Life,
“ The gallant Husband, or *more gallant Wife*,
“ With Tints from living Portraits from the Spot,
“ It matters not by whom related—or begot ;
“ And thus, much surer shall we reach the Heart,
“ Than all the *lifeless* pomp of *boasted* Art.”
As such, deny her not—at least the merit
Of giving *Gallic Froth*—true BRITISH SPIRIT.

And as for you, ye Fair, how blooms the Cheek,
How sweet the Temper which those eyes bespeak ?
No Midnight Oil has e’er destroy’d a Grace,
Or Gaming’s Horrors found with you a place ;
But Cupid lent you all those winning Arts,
Which at a glance—can warm the coldest Hearts.

Check then with me these Censors as unjust,
Who form their judgments—as *they live*—on Trust.
Nor ever credit what they dare to say,
Unless with you they join, and like our Play.

Use for a signal then—your Magic Fan,
And all the House will follow to a Man ;
Or should there be a disaffected few—
A Counter Revolution—rests with you.

A DAY IN TURKEY;
Robt. or Glasgow
THE RUSSIAN SLAVES.

A
C O M E D Y,
AS ACTED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL,
I N
COVENT GARDEN.

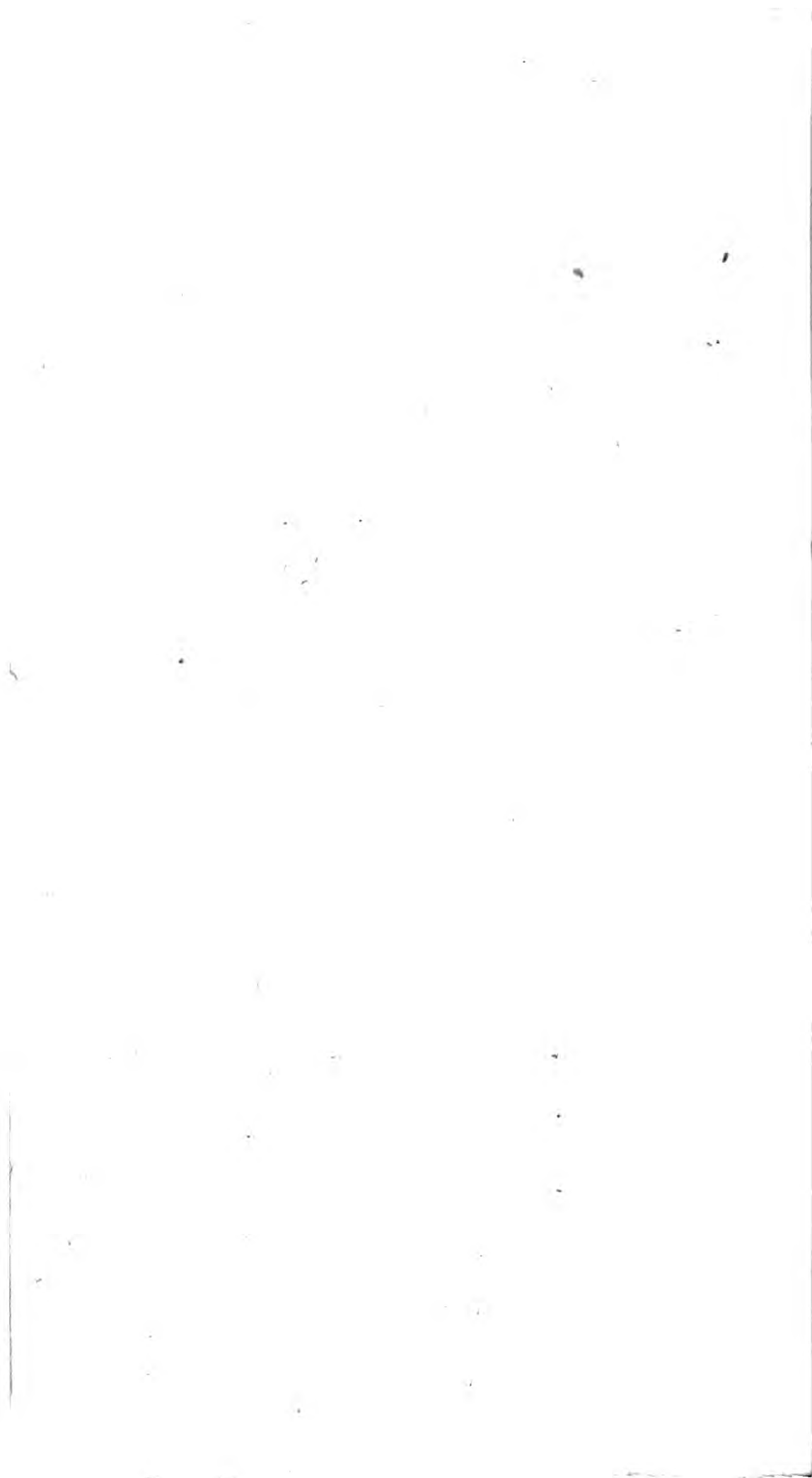
BY MRS. COWLEY.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON, IN
PATER-NOSTER-RROW.

M D C C X C I I .



ADVERTISEMENT.

HINTS have been thrown out, and the idea industriously circulated, that the following comedy is tainted with POLITICS. I protest I know nothing about politics;—will Miss Wolfstonecraft forgive me—whose book contains such a body of mind as I hardly ever met with—if I say that politics are *unfeminine*? I never in my life could attend to their discussion.

TRUE COMEDY has always been defined to be a picture of life—a record of passing manners—a mirror to reflect to succeeding times the characters and follies of the present. How then could I, pretending to be a comic poet, bring an emigrant Frenchman before
the

A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

the public at this day, and not make him hint at the events which had just passed, or were then passing in his native country? A character so written would have been anomalous—the critics ought to have had no mercy on me. It is A LA GREQUE who speaks, not I; nor can I be accountable for *his* sentiments. *Such* is my idea of tracing CHARACTER; and were I to continue to write for the stage, I should always govern myself by it.

THE illiberal and *false* suggestions concerning the politics of the comedy I could frankly forgive, had they not deprived it of the honour of a COMMAND. The passages on which those misrepresentations were built, were on the second night omitted, but immediately afterwards restored; and the DAY IN TURKEY leaves the press exactly as it has continued to be performed amidst the most vivid and uninterrupted plaudits—or interrupted only by the glitter of soft tears; a species of applause not less flattering than the spontaneous laugh, or the voluntary collision of hands.

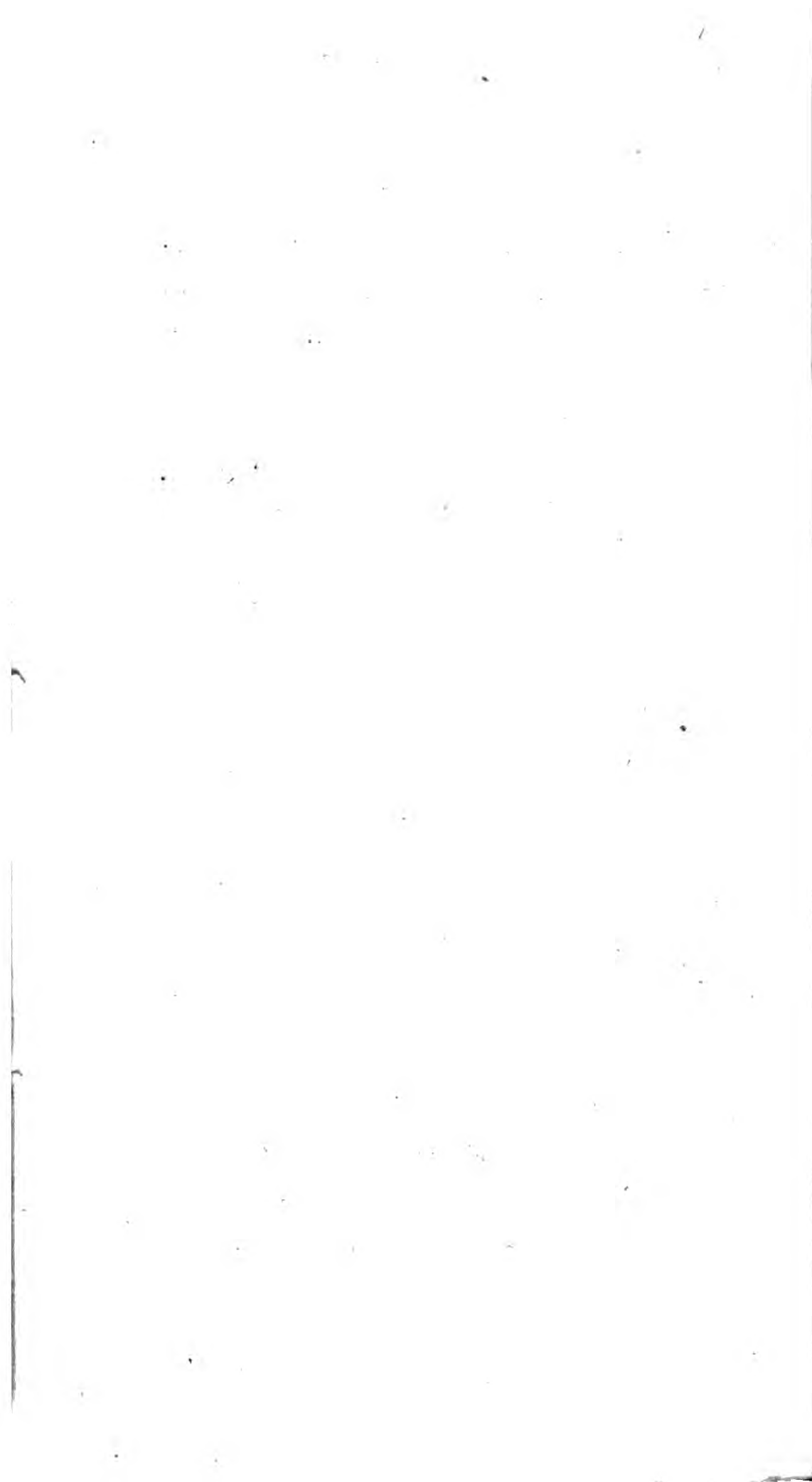
Some

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

SOME of the performers in this comedy have play'd
so transcendently well, that their names deserve to be
recorded; but to particularise any, when *all* have
aim'd at perfection, would be invidious.

H. COWLEY.

Feb. 17,
1792.



P R O L O G U E.

SPOKEN BY MR. HARLEY.

NOT from the present moment springs our play,
Th' events which gave it birth are past away—
Five glowing moons have chas'd night's shades from
earth,

Since the war fled which gave our Drama birth.

“ Not smiling peace o'er RUSSIA's wide-spread land

“ Wav'd gently then, her sceptre of command.

“ No! thousands rush'd at red ambition's call,

“ With mad'ning rage to triumph—or to fall.

“ 'Twas then our female bard from BRITAIN's shore

“ Was led by fancy to the distant roar”——

'Twas then she saw sweet virgins captives made,

'Twas then she saw the cheek of beauty fade,

Whilst the proud soldier in ignoble chains,

Was from his country dragg'd to hostile plains.

Thus was her bold imagination fired
When battle with its horrid train retired ;
Yet, sure the story which she then combin'd,
Should not to drear oblivion be resign'd—
No—let it still your various passions raise,
And to have touch'd them, oft', has been her praise :
Trusting to candour, she solicits here,
Your smile of pleasure, or your pity's tear ;
For tho' the *time* is past, the FEELING true,
She dedicates to NATURE, and to YOU !

Note.—The lines distinguished by italics are from the pen of
DELLA CRUSCA.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

MEN.

| | |
|--------------|-----------------------|
| IBRAHIM, | MR. <i>HOLMAN</i> . |
| ORLOFF, | MR. <i>FARREN</i> . |
| A LA GREQUE, | MR. <i>FAWCET</i> . |
| MUSTAPHA, | MR. <i>MUNDEN</i> . |
| AZIM, | MR. <i>CUBIT</i> . |
| SELIM, | MR. <i>INCLEDON</i> . |
| MULEY, | MR. <i>M'CREADY</i> . |
| ISMAEL, | MR. <i>FARLEY</i> . |
| OLD MAN, | MR. <i>THOMPSON</i> . |
| SON, | MR. <i>CROSS</i> . |
| 2d TURK, | MR. <i>EVATT</i> . |

MALE SLAVES, &c.

WOMEN.

| | |
|----------------|--|
| ALEXINA, | MRS. <i>POPE</i> . |
| PAULINA, | MRS. <i>ESTEN</i> . |
| LAURETTA, | MRS. <i>MATTOCKS</i> . |
| FATIMA, | MRS. <i>MARTYR</i> . |
| FEMALE SLAVES, | { MRS. <i>FAWCET</i> , MRS. <i>ROCK</i> , and others. |

A
DAY IN TURKEY.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Forest.*

IN THE BACK GROUND A TURKISH CAMP.

Several Turks are seen at a Distance passing and repassing with Haste; some of them look out from amidst the Trees, and then retire.

Enter PAULINA, precipitately.

At the Bottom

PAU.
WHERE—O, where shall we fly? [*Looking round wildly.*] Brother—father—come! We are driven from our cottage; we have no longer a home—let us run some where to seek another.

Enter OLD MAN and SON.

SON. Come father lean on me, and let us walk faster, or we shall be pick'd up by some of the turban'd gentry.

B

They

They are out a foraging; and they always consider christians as useful cattle. Let us fly.

FATHER. Fly! alas, with the load of seventy years upon my shoulders, how hard a task! We shall never escape them, child—Thou'lt see thy father murdered, and worse luck than that will be thy fate.

PAU. Worse luck than to be murdered! I should be glad to see the day—What worse *can* happen?

OLD MAN. Thou'lt be made a slave,—slave to a Turk [CRIES]—I shall see thee in a vile Turk's *feraglio*, no better, as it were, than the handmaid of a Jew.

PAU. Well, I may out-live such a misfortune as that; but I never heard of out-living a throat cut—So, dear father, cheer up, and let us hurry on to the next village. Peter, take care of that bag—for it contains all we have in the world.

SON. Aye; and if it hadn't been for some of our own soldiers, I had been a lost man—They were so kind as to strip our cottage yesterday, and left us no more than I can very *conveniently* move under.

PAU. Yes; and more than all that, they took away my very best gown, and my new fur cap! [*crying*] yes; and he who took them said it was in friendship, for that otherwise my very best gown and cap would certainly fall into the hands of the enemy.

SON. Yes; it was truly a very friendly action, and they perform'd it like gentlemen—No words, but their very looks were oaths, and the black eyebrows of one of them spoke louder curses than I ever heard between fifty Siberian boar-hunters [*clashing of swords without.*] There—there! d'ye hear? Our friends are coming

down upon us; and our enemies are at hand! Come, let us run [*with a look of terror*]*—*From friends and enemies, holy Michael, defend us! [*Exeunt.*]

[*Clashing of swords; A LA GREQUE enters running at top, then stops, looks back and speaks.*]

A LA GR. There it goes—There it goes! Nothing can save thee, my gallant master—This comes of your reconnoitering—Had you not better have been in your tent, quietly breaking your *fast*, than here, breaking the heads of the Turks—So, now he's difarm'd—Well, nobody bid ye—'tis all your own fault—Now, how comely he looks with his arms folded, and his sword in the hands of that beetle-brow'd Turk! Pardie! I feel now as great a man as my master.

Enter ORLOFF, surrounded by Turks.

MULEY. Courageous Ruffian, thou art ours! Could valour have saved thee, captivity and you had never met—Your emprefs, we trust, has not many such soldiers in the neighbouring camp.—Come, droop not, Sir, this is the fortune of war.

ORLOFF. Had I been made your prisoner, whilst on a post of duty, I could have borne my lot—A soldier can support not only death, but even slavery, when a sense of duty gives *dignity* to his chains; but *my* chains are base ones, for I reconnoiter'd without command, and have lost my liberty without glory.

A LA GR. Then *I* have lost my liberty too without glory, for I *attended* you without command, and now—Oh, *le diable!* I am valet de chambre to a slave!

TURK. Let not that affect thee! The fortune of war, which has wounded your master's pride, ought to

elate yours, for you are now his equal—both slaves alike.

A LA GR. [*Eagerly.*] Are we so? And has he no farther right to command me, nor threaten me? Kind Sir, tell me but that—tell me but that —!

TURK. None, none.

A LA GR. Hum! [*Puts his hat on, takes out his snuff-box, takes snuff, then goes to his master, and offers his box.*] Take a pinch, don't be shy.

ORLOFF. Scoundrel! [*Throws up the box with his arm.*]

A LA GR. Nay, no hard names—let us be civil to each other, as brother slaves ought to be—And now I think of it—Hark ye! I suppose your slaves take rank according to their usefulness.

TURK. Certainly.

A LA GR. Well then, my master—I mean that man there, who was my master, can do no earthly thing but fight, whilst I, on the contrary, am expert at several.

MULEY. Your qualifications?

A LA GR. They are innumerable—I can sing you pretty little French airs, and Italian canzonettas—No man in Paris, Sir—for I have the honor to be a Frenchman—No man in Paris understands the science of the powder-puff better than myself—I can frize you in a taste beyond—Oh, what you are all CROPS, I see—fore fronts, and back fronts—Oh, those vile turbans, my genius will be lost amongst you, and a friseur will be of no more use than an oyster-woman.—Why, you look as though you had all been scalp'd, and cover'd your crowns with your pillows.

TURK.

TURK. Christian, our turbans are too elevated a subject for your sport.

A LA GR. Dear Sir, [*pointing to his turban, and then to the ground*] drop the subject, it will be a proof of national taste.

MULEY. Thy speech is licentious and empty; but in a Frenchman we can pardon it—'tis *national Taste*—However, if your boasted qualifications end here, it is probable, you will be a slave as little distinguish'd as your master.

A LA GR. Pardonnez moi! I can do things he never thought of—You have heard the story of the basket-maker amongst savages? I do not despair of seeing my master my servant yet—Courage, Monsieur le Compte! I'll treat you with great condescension, depend on't, and endeavour to make you forget in all things the distance between us.

MULEY. He seems too deeply absorb'd in melancholy, to be roused by thy impertinence!

A LA GR. Poor young man! Times are alter'd, to be sure; and at present he's a little down in the mouth; but he's fond of music, cheer him with a Turkish air—Helas! all the *air* we have will be Turkish now.

ORLOFF. Ah no! forbear your music, and bring me your chains! Drag me to your dungeons! The intellectual bitterness of this moment cannot be increased by *outward* circumstance.

A LA GR. Chains and dungeons! Why sure the ghost of our dead bastille has not found its way hither—Hey, Messieurs! Have you lantern posts too, and hanging Marquisses in this country?

ORLOFF, [*angrily.*] Peace!

B 3

A LA

A LA GR. Peace! That's a bold demand.—Your Empress can't find it at the head of a hundred thousand men, and the most sublime Grand Signior is obliged to put on his night-cap without it, though he has a million of these pretty Gentlemen to assist him—Besides, England has engross'd the commodity.

ORLOFF. Come, Sir, let us not loiter here—I would have my fate determined, and my misery compleat. Alas! is it not already so? Yes, my heart has been long the property of sorrow, and it will never relinquish its claims.

MULEY. I shall lead you to the palace of the Bassa Ibrahim—it is in the neighbourhood of yonder camp which he commands, what your fate may then be, his humour determines.

A LA GR. Then I hope we shall catch him in a good humour, and what care I whether a Turk or a Russian has the honor to be my master? Now you see the misfortune of being born a Count! Had he lost no more than I have, he'd be as careless as I am—Come, brother slave—no ceremony, no ceremony, I beg.

[Exeunt—A LA GREQUE pulls back his master, and walks out before him.]

S C E N E II. R O C K S.

[Enter PETER—runs across the Stage, is follow'd by PAULINA shrieking—they go off—Two Turks pursue them, and bring them back.]

TURK. Stay, stay, young ones! it is but manners to wait for your father—You see he is hobbling up as fast as he can.

PAU.

PAU. Aye, very true—Oh, Peter, how could we run away, and leave our father?

PETER. Why, we only took care of number one, and we have a right to do that all the world over. So we are captives now then, and slaves in downright earnest?

TURK. Aye.

PAU. Look at my poor father! If your hearts were not harder than those very rocks, you could never make a slave of *him*.

Enter the FATHER, guarded by two TURKS.

FATHER. O my dear children! Those flints which wound my feet are not so sharp as the wounds which gash my heart for you.

PAU. There!—Do ye hear? O the miseries of war! I wonder war is ever the fashion—Pray, Sir, what made the King of the Turks and our old Empress agree to go to war together?

TURK. To give brave soldiers an opportunity of running away with such pretty girls as you.

PAU. O fye on them! I think if they were now to see my father and brother Peter, and I in this condition, they'd be both ashamed of themselves.

PETER. Ashamed of themselves! Don't talk so ign'rantly.—Excuse her, gentlemen, she knows nothing of the world. She thinks Kings and Empresses are made of the same stuff as other mortals.

TURK. [*To the Father.*] Come, Honesty, cheer up! at the next village there is a waggon, into which you and your family shall be put, and carried to the end of your short journey.

PAU. Laws! A waggon—whose is it?

TURK. It shall be your own for the present.

PAU. Our own! that's droll enough; so **we** are made slaves in order to ride in our own carriage.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E. *The Gardens of the Bassa, decorated with Palms, Fountains, &c. in the Eastern style.*

Enter MUSTAPHA.

MUS. Where is she? Where is she? I don't see her here—She's generally leaning on that fountain, looking like the nymph of the stream, swelling it with her tears.

AZIM. [*without.*] But I say no—do you mark me, I say no—

Entering with two SLAVES.

MUS. Then I say yes, do ye mark me? What a bawling you make—What are you coming here for, hey?

AZIM. To look for that insolent female slave, that Ruffian, that I may manage her a little.

MUS. You manage her! Your ill humour towards her is never to be satisfied—You are as malicious as you are high—Don't I know how to manage an obstinate female as well as you?

AZIM. Ha, ha, ha! All the knowledge that nature cou'd contrive to pack into that little carcase of thine wou'd be insufficient for such a purpose—Manage an obstinate female! The greatest generals in the world, and the greatest tyrants have been foil'd at it—Leave her to me—I have discretion—she shall be kept on bread and water.

MUS. Mark his discretion! Keep a pretty woman on bread and water to make her contented and kind.

AZIM.

AZIM. 'Tis right, I'll maintain it to her teeth—for, first, she is a Russian and a bear—

MUS. The beautiful Alexina a Russian bear! Well, secondly?

AZIM. She is a christian, and those christians are the most unnaturalist creatures in the world—Why, man, they betray their friends, and love their enemies, ha, ha!

MUS. Do they so? Then she's no christian—for as to loving her enemies, I have heard her say to thy face, that she hates thee—So, let her be treated like an honest Turk.

AZIM. So she shall—an honest Turk returns hate for hate, and so, d'ye see, her feast shall be a fast.

[Goes off at the top.

MUS. Take care of the orders I gave ye—When our master arrives, let no one be over busy to speak of this Russian slave—if possible, I would have him forget that she is in the Haram.

SLAVES. We shall be careful. [Exeunt SLAVES.

Enter ALEXINA from the top, follow'd by AZIM.

ALEX. Pursue me not, thou inexorable slave! You invade my retirement, you drive me from solitude, though solitude alone can mitigate my sorrows.

AZIM. Nonsense—Solitude and retirement! *they* were made for birds of night; owls may rejoice in them, but women should seek day-light.

ALEX. Day-light gives me no joy. Through eleven weeks have I dragg'd on a torpid existence—See! (*going to a tree*) here is the sad register of my days of infelicity. My bodkin on its tender rind hath mark'd the return of each *unhallow'd* SABBATH;—the wounds now but just

discernible will deepen as the tree advances to maturity, and speak in another age, the miseries of Alexina.

[*Takes up a folded paper from amongst the shrubs.*]

A paper!—poetry! ah, how descriptive of my own sensations—which of my companions hath thus melodiously sung her sorrows? [*reads*]

I a poor captive feel each day
That slowly creeps with leaden pace,
Blest freedom here ne'er lends her ray—
Her bright steps here, we never trace.

Oh that wild on some high mountain
I could catch the wand'ring winds,
Or starting from some desert fountain,
Emulate the bounding hinds!

The clouds that swim in air's soft ocean,
Seem to scorn my prison towers,
Zephyr's light unfetter'd motion,
Deeper, heavier, makes my hours.

AZIM. [*snatching the paper from her hand.*] Such a wailing about freedom and liberty! why the christians in one of the northern islands have established a slave-trade, and proved by act of parliament that freedom is no blessing at all.

MUS. No, no, they have only proved that it does not suit dark complexions. To such a pretty creature as this, they'd think it a blessing to *give* every freedom—and *take* every freedom.

AZIM. Come, come, be gay and happy, like the rest of the slaves. How stands your mind to-day towards a handsome

handsome Bassa? Our master is returning from the camp—The cessation of hostilities will give him a short leisure, which he will certainly devote to pleasure and his haram.

ALEX. Mustapha, do not let that unfeeling slave talk to me—thou hast humanity.

MUS. Would I could administer to his disease, it is a terrible one! the love of talking is in him an absolute frenzy! To silence him is impossible—but as I have power over him, I can oblige him to retire—Go!

AZIM. Go! What, shall an insolent christian?—

MUS. Go, go!

AZIM. She shall repent. [Exit.]

ALEX. Doth your master indeed return to-day?

MUS. Yes; and all the women of his haram are preparing for his reception—they, half frantic with joy, wonder to behold your tears.

ALEX. I am not a woman of his haram [*with disdain.*]

MUS. But, charming Alexina, can you hope longer to escape? To-day he will see you.

[ALEXINA stands a moment as tho' struck; then clasps her hands with an action of despair; then turns.]

ALEX. Oh Mustapha! behold a lowly suppliant. [*Kneels*] She is of no vulgar rank who thus kneels to you for protection.

MUS. For protection! I am myself a slave—Rise, dear lady.

ALEX. [*Rising*] But thou hast power with thy master. Oh! invent some excuse—say something to save me from the interview.

MUS.

MUS. I will confider—I—[*music at a distance*] Nay, if it muſt be ſo, conceal yourſelf at once, for I hear the muſic which announces his approach; and he will probably haſten hither.

ALEX. O miſerable ſpeed! I go—Muſtapha, on thy eloquence depends my breath—The moments of my life are number'd by thy ſucceſs—Preſs fearleſsly the cauſe of virtue, and glow with the fainted ſubject.

Thus, tho' a ſlave, thy ſoul's high ſtate
 Shall prove its origin divine,
 Soar far above thy wretched fate,
 And o'er thy chains ſublimely ſhine. [*Exit.*]

MUS. Why, as to chaſtity, and all that, which you make an orthodox article of, ſweet one! we Turks are a fort of diſſenters—a woman's virtue with us, is to CHARM, and her religion ſhould be LOVE.—Ah, ah! here comes Ibrahim, and his whole haram—*His* creed is love, and there is not a more orthodox man in the country.

Enter LAURETTA and FATIMA [haſtily.]

LAUR. Ah! Muſtapha, the Baſſa is arrived full of triumph, full of wiſhes, panting to behold Alexina—What will become of her? Where is ſhe?

MUS. She juſt now run off on that ſide, and I ſhall run off on this—for I have not ſettled what to ſay about her, and BASSAS and TYGERS are animals not made to be trifled with. [*Exit.*]

FAT. Well, let that pretty melancholy ſlave feel as ſhe pleaſes—I, for my part, am half out of my wits, to think how happy we ſhall be now the Baſſa is come back—we ſhall have nothing but whim and entertainment.

ment.—Have you been looking at the new pavilion to-day?

LAUR. No.

FAT. O dear! it is almost finished.—The hangings are gold tissue, and when our beautiful sofa, which we have been making for him is set up, and the Bassa sees it all together, he will be transported.—Do you not think so? Hark! here he comes with all the ensigns of war at his heels.—O no—*they* come first, I protest—I'll stand here, and take a view of the whole.

[A march is play'd. Standard bearers advance first; they are followed by female slaves, who dance down the stage to light music, and exit. The chorus singers follow; female slaves strewing flowers from little baskets succeed; the Bassa then appears at the top with his principal officers.]

Chorus. SELIM, LAUR. FAT. &c.

Hark! sound the trumpet, breathe the flute,

And touch the soft melodious lute:

To heav'n let ev'ry grateful sound ascend,

Thanks for our prince restor'd,

Our lover, and our friend.

Victorious hero! blooming sage!

The scourge and glory of our age!

Let roseate pleasures round thy footsteps twine,

And lead thee on to joy,

And bless thy valiant line!

Vain breathes the trumpet, and the flute,

And lost the soft melodious lute,

When, Ibrahim! thy praise they wou'd display.

Sunk in the lofty theme,

As twilight yields to day!

IBRA.

IBRA. Enough of praise, and of triumph! A sweeter triumph than your songs can bestow, awaits me—Where is the lovely Russian, who, tho' my captive more than two moons, I have not yet beheld?

AZIM. We rejoice in our lord's return, that her pride may be humbled.—The insolence of her carriage, and the perverseness of her temper, are intolerable.

IBRA. Thou hast seen her, Muley, does she justify Azim's description?

MULEY. She is reserved, my lord, reserved and melancholy—but she is too gentle to be insolent.

AZIM. Muley knows her not—Canst thou believe it, mighty Bassa, the idea of surrend'ring her charms to thee, and of being raised to the honour of thy notice, has never once soften'd her ill humour, nor abated her melancholy.

IBRA. Indeed! [*Angrily*] Bring her to me instantly—yes, instantly bid her come to my presence, and tell her—No—hold—I will receive her in my hall of audience, dazzle her with my greatness, and astonish her into love.

LAUR. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

IBRA. Why that laugh, Lauretta?

LAUR. Ha, ha, ha! at your new invention of astonishing people into love.—If you can contrive to do that, you will be the most astonishing *Bashaw* in all Turkey.

IBRA. How then?

LAUR. Grandeur and dignity to inspire love! Ha, ha, ha! they may inspire your pretty captive with veneration and respect—but veneration and respect is an atmosphere so cold, that love starves in it.

IBRA. What then must I do to touch her heart with love?

LAUR.

LAUR. Affect humility, not greatness. You must become a suppliant, before you can hope to be a victor.

IBRA. Dost thou speak truth, my pretty Italian?—Thy country is the country of love, and thou should'st be an adept in the science.

LAUR. Yes; I know the history of the heart, and do assure you, that you must become the slave of your captive, if you ever mean to taste the sublime excesses of a mutual passion.

AZIM. [*contemptuously*] Mutual passion! Sir, she is your slave, *command* her! Such baseness may besit an Italian, but a Mussulman is more sensible to his dignity.

IBRA. I will hear you both further on the subject—The iron labour of the war is for a few weeks suspended—and during that cessation, Pleasure! I am thine. Prepare your banquets, compose new delights, let every hour teem with fresh invented joys, till I forget the toils of the sanguinary field, and bathe my wounds with rosy-finger'd love. [*Exit with part of his train.*]

FAT. Well, he's in delightful spirits—But how strange it is that the Russian slave shou'd not have presented herself to welcome her master, and to give him an impression of her charms.

LAUR. Stranger if she had, when nothing frightens her so much as the idea of inspiring him with a passion—I am interested for her, and it is for this reason I shall endeavour to make Ibrahim pursue a conduct not usual from a mighty Mussulman to his slave. [*Exit.*]

FAT. Hark ye, Azim! What makes your lovely countenance look so grim, when we are all so gay? I declare your glum face suits the day as little as a black patch upon a gold robe—Change it, man, change it!
and

and don't be afraid of losing any thing by it, for you must look carefully to pick up a worse. [*Exit.*

MULEY. Azim, since I saw thee last, I have trod the paths of glory—I have flumbered amidst the frosts of the night, I have toil'd amidst the streams of burning day; but I return and find thee the same.—With me all things have chang'd, but thou art unalter'd.—Thy temper, like the deep shadow of the forest, is sometimes chequer'd by the dart of the angry lightning, but the serene cheerfulness of the morning dwells not with thee.

AZIM. Well, and what then? If you like me not, thwart me not. There's room enough in Turkey for thee and for me.—Let the crow and the vulture rest on the same tree; but may thou and I live as far apart as the streams of Ilyffus, and the waters of the Bosphorus.

SELIM. Surely thy evil disposition must be a scourge to thy soul—it must be affliction to thee.

S O N G, SELIM.

Ah! teach thy breast soft pity's throbs,
 And harmonize thy rugged mind,
 Ah! teach thy lid soft pity's tear,
 That gem of sentiment refined.
 Could'st thou once know the tender bliss
 The sympathizing bosom knows,
 When at meek sorrow's sacred touch,
 Responsive sadness round it flows—
 No more thy brow wou'd wear that frown,
 Thy glance no more so sternly dart,
 But joys would glitter in thy eye,
 And peace cling gladly to thy heart. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE *An Apartment in the BASSA's Palace.*

IBRAHIM *discovered, seated under a Canopy, Officers and Slaves attending.*

Enter MULEY.

IBRA. SAY, valiant Muley, where are your prisoners?

MULEY. Waiting at your threshold for admittance.

IBRA. Are they of rank?

MULEY. I suspect one of them conceals his rank with the hopes of lowering his ransom—the other is his servant.

IBRA. Bring them before me. [*Exit MULEY.*

Re-enter MULEY with ORLOFF and A LA GREQUE.

IBRA. Who are you?

ORLOFF. A soldier.

IBRA. The enemy of our faith.

ORLOFF. The enemy of those only who oppose the interests of my sovereign—To chastize them I this morning bore a sword which your slaves won from me, hardly! Let them consider it as the noblest acquisition of the day.

IBRA. Christian, this air of intrepidity, when amidst the soldiers of the Russian camp, might have suited thy

condition; thou art now a slave thyself, acquire then that humility which becomes thy state.

ORLOFF. Dishonourable! I demand my liberty.—
A truce has been proclaim'd, and——

IBRA. Not till after thou wert captured; thou art, therefore, by the laws of arms, fairly our prisoner.—
Give him the slave's habit, and set him to labour. *Who art thou?*

A LA GR. Not a Russian, dear Sir, 'pon my honour, nor the enemy of your faith; I believe it's a very genteel faith, and I have all the respect in the world for Turkish gentlemen.—I never saw prettier behav'd, prettier dress'd people in my life—they have as much politeness and good breeding as tho' they were my own countrymen.

IBRA. Of what country are thou?

A LA GR. Oh, Paris, Sir, Paris. I travell'd into Russia to polish the brutes a little, and to give them some ideas of the general equality of man; but my generosity has been lost;—they still continue to believe that a prince is more than a porter, and that a lord is a better gentleman than his slave. O, had they but been with me at Versailles, when I help'd to turn those things topsy turvey there!

IBRA. Did you find them equally dull in other respects?

A LA GR. Yes. Finding they would not learn liberty, I would have taught them dancing, but they seem'd as incapable of one blessing as the other; so, now I am led a dance by this gentleman [*turning to his master*] into your chains, in which, if I can but dance
myself

myself into your favour, I shall think it the best *step* I ever took.

IBRA. The freedom of thy speech does not displease me.

A LA GR. Dear Sir, I am your most obedient humble slave, ready to bow my head to your sandals, and to lick the dust from your beautiful feet.

IBRA. Ha, ha, ha!

A LA GR. Ah, ah!—*ça ira!*—*ça ira!* [*springing*].

IBRA. Go, take thy late master into thy protection, and see if thou canst inspire him with thy own good humour; his chains will be the lighter.

A LA GR. Oh Sir, as to chains, I value them not a rush; if it is your highness's sweet pleasure to load me with them, I shall be thankful for the honour, and dance to their clink—Bless ye, Sir, chains were as natural t'other day to *Frenchmen* as mother's milk.

IBRA. Take them away.

[*Exit* ORLOFF, A LA GREQUE, &c.

IBRA. Well, Azim, where is this lovely Russian?

Enter AZIM.

AZIM. Mighty lord, thy servant dares scarce pronounce his errand.—She refuses to come.

IBRA. How!

AZIM. I delivered your commands, I ordered her on pain of death to appear instantly before you, yet she still refuses. She talks of her sacred honour, and I know not what.

IBRA. [*Pausing*] Cold,—unimpassion'd,—not to be awed,—and a sacred regard for her honour—Then, at

length, I shall taste the joy of overcoming RESISTANCE. [*with an action of pleasure*]

AZIM. What means my lord?

IBRA. I am fatiated, I am tired with the dull acquiescence of our eastern slaves, and rejoice that I have at length found one, who will teach me to hope and to despair.

AZIM. Mighty Bassa, she will have the insolence to despise equally your threats and your love—Punishment ought to be inflicted.

IBRA. Beware how thou endeavourest to weaken her hauteur! I will abate nothing of her inflexibility, I will be enamour'd of scorn, her cruelty shall be my triumph.

Enter LAURETTA.

AZIM. I say then, my Lord.

IBRA. What! am I to be opposed—retire, slave!

LAUR. Why do you not go? have you not leave to depart? Come, try the fresh air, Goodman Whiskers. (*pulling him out by the sleeve*) I declare, my Lord, that busy meddling slave is not able to conduct an affair of this sort—but, Sir, if you will follow my advice, I'll engage—

IBRA. I'll follow *no* advice—My heart spurns at *instructions*, and equally contemns both your lessons and his—

LAUR. Upon my word, he's advanc'd a great way in a short time—follow no advice! [*aside*]

IBRA. There is a transport which I have never yet experienc'd, but which my soul longs to possess—Yes, my heart languishes to remove the timid veil of coyness, to soften by sweet degrees, the ice of chastity,
and

and to see for once, reserve sacrificed at the altar of tenderness; *these*, cruel Love! are luxuries thou hast never yet bestowed on me. [Exit.]

LAUR. So, so! 'tis dangerous to give some people a hint, I find—I thought to have held the master-spring, and to have managed him like a puppet; but presto! he's out of sight before I knew I had lost him, and leaves his instructor groveling behind—I must seek some other field for my talents, I see. [*considering*] Yes, I think, I think that may do—Muley, and the other four, with our little Mustapha—Yes, yes; with these half dozen, I'll weave a web of amusement to crack the sides of a dozen gloomy harems with laughter—Mercy! what a sleepy life wou'd our valiant Bassa and his damsels lead, but for my talents at invention. [Exit.]

S C E N E *The Garden.*

Enter MUSTAPHA, AZIM, and FATIMA.

MUS. All thy malice is not worth that, [*snapping his fingers*].

FAT. That's right, my little Mustapha, [*patting him on the shoulder*] don't mind him; he's never happy, but when he's plaguing somebody—What has the pretty Russian done to you, that you should be so set on making her wretched?

MUS. I tell thee Alexina shall not be made miserable whilst I have a hair in my beard.

FAT. There, do you hear, Mr. Sour-Chops? I am sure if all the slaves who have the care of us, had your ill-nature, I had rather sink down into the condition of a water-carrier, than live in a great man's harem.

AZIM. I tell thee, that should she become the favourite slave, thou wilt repent thy blind prejudice—We shall then all be in her power—tremble at her revenge.

MUS. Tremble thou, whose persecutions will make thee a proper object of her revenge—for me, what will she have to return me but offices of respect and kindness? Go, go, thy turbulent spirit makes thee hateful.

Voice [*without*] Fatima! Fatima!

FAT. I'll come instantly—And you shall come with me. [*running up to AZIM*] Nay, 'tis in vain to resist, there is a dozen of us in the next walk, and we'll mould you into a better temper'd monster before we have done with you, I warrant. Selima! Basca! come and help me.

MUS. Begone, I say.

FAT. O, what you move, do you? The creature is mended already. [*Exit, dragging out AZIM.*]

MUS. So, my Lord Bassa, that hasty step, and that eager look proclaim thy errand—I know thou wilt catch the bird at last; but I will keep the little flutterer from thee as long as I can.

Enter IBRAHIM, [*hastily*].

IBRA. Where is the Russian slave? the women tell me she spends her hours in my garden, but I cannot see her here, though her fragrant breath seems to salute me from the rose trees, and her melodious voice from amidst the bushes, where the painted songsters pour forth their strains. Where is she, Mustapha?

MUS. I saw her awhile ago at the right there somewhere, but may be she's at the left by this time—There's no guessing.

IBRA.

IBRA. Azim complains that she is an insolent and scornful beauty, not gentle, nor complaisant in the least.

MUS. I'll follow the lead, and destroy every wish he may have to behold her. [*aside*] Yes, yes; as to insolence, match me her fellow if you can—Bless us, to see the difference! Why, my Lord, our Eastern beauties are so gentle, so complying, they scarcely give you time to wish

IBRA. Thou say'st right [*smiling*].

MUS. Pretty creatures! if a man does but look at them, they drop like a ripe cherry from the bough—No coldness, no disdain; but as to this proud Russian, it would be easier to march an army to St. Petersburg, and whip the Empress through a keyhole into your baggage waggon, than to subdue her petulance.

IBRA. Dost thou think so? Oh, ev'ry word thou utterest gives new ardor to my hopes, new impulses to my desires—I adore her.

MUS. Alack! alack! [*with surprize*].

IBRA. Oh, Mustapha, my imagination paints her till my heart grows sick with love! I see the beautiful scorners dart living lightnings from her eye, and her cheek glow with chaste disdain; I weep in anguish at her feet, I implore her compassion—Melted with my love, yet still rigid and reserv'd, I behold the bewitching conflict in her soul—I triumph in the discovery, yet conceal my delight, still implore, still complain, then seize some happy instant, when her whole soul is touch'd, and boast a victory indeed!

MUS. What then—What then, my Lord, you are not displeas'd at her haughtiness?

IBRA. Displeas'd! [*smiling*].

MUS. So, so, so! I have been driving on when I thought I had been pulling back; spurring a mettled courser, and neglecting the check rein [*aside*].

IBRA. Go on to paint her—pencil her in all her fascinating pride, deck her in the coldness which dwells on the polar Alp! My glowing soul shall burn at the description, and blaze with the fierceness of newly tasted love.

MUS. Why, as to that—to be sure as to that, she is as cold as the Alps, and all their snow-balls—she perfectly make's one's teeth chatter at her.—But then—

IBRA. What? [*impatiently*] then what?

MUS. Why, if truth must be spoke, there is, after all, something oddish about her.

IBRA. Oddish!

MUS. Why now, my Lord, look at me—pray look at me—Ay, my Lord Bassa, examine me well.

IBRA. To what purpose?

MUS. Why, the ladies of your harem say that this same beautiful Russian is exceedingly like me.

IBRA. Ridiculous!

MUS. Particularly about the nose. [*Ibra. shews impatience*] Nay, there are handsome likenesses, my Lord—I don't say but that she may be rather handsomer.

IBRA. Thou art mad.

MUS. Not that ever I saw the likeness myself—except something in the shape indeed—But there I have the advantage, for her right shoulder, and her right ear, have too right an understanding, they are always together. Then her hair, to be sure it may suit some people, but according to my fancy, the colour is execrable.

IBRA.

IBRA. Wretch, wert thou a christian, I shou'd believe thee intoxicated with wine—But I'll this instant seek the charmer, and judge how far—[*going off*]

Enter SELIM on the opposite side.

SELIM. My Lord, a Messenger from the Divan.

IBRA. [*turns and stamps*] What say'st thou?

SELIM. A message from the Divan with weighty dispatches.

IBRA. I wish they had been *weightier*, that his speed might have been less—Let him wait and be refreshed. [*still going*]

SELIM. He is order'd to hurry your reply, and to return without delay to the Sublime Porte.

IBRA. Impossible! I say—I—would the Sublime Porte were sunk beneath their own lumber. [*Exit.*]

SELIM. What is all this? What does the wind carry now?

MUS. [*angrily*] Whims and oddities of all sorts and colours—The humours of Bassas I find it is as impossible to guess at, as at the weight of moonshine.

SELIM. See! Alexina is weeping in that arbour.

MUS. Bless her! And her cheeks through the shining tear, look like carnations when they are first washed in the dew of the morning.—Retire for a moment. [*Exit SELIM.*]

Enter ALEX. from an Alcove.

ALEX. O Mustapha! I have witness'd thy kindness trembling and grateful—But, alas! what will it avail? The darkness of night hangs upon my soul—Hope has forsaken me!

MUS.

MUS. Ay, that's because you did not grasp her fast—Treat Hope as you would a favourite lover, Lady! never lose sight of it.

ALEX. Thou art light!

MUS. Even so is hope—as light as one of your own country rein-deer—and to carry on the comparison, it will whisk you *like* a rein-deer over all the bitter frosts of life: Buckle hope to your sledge, and you will travel over the tiresome waste, disdain the blast, and smiling at the tempest.

ALEX. O that I could *seize* her! But how is it possible within these walls? These walls, the temple of loose desires, the abode of a tyrant and his slaves? Mustapha! could'st thou effect my escape?

MUS. There indeed, hope will give you the *slip*—for I could as easily escape into the air, and pluck a feather from the flying eagle, as help you in that, and to tell you the truth, my master will not much longer be dallied with.

ALEX. Dreadful words! Thou canst not guess at their weight—a tumbling rock to crush this worthless frame, would not,—could not give me half the horror.

MUS. She frightens me—her eye is wild!

ALEX. I do swear to thee,—THEE! to whom my fruitless vows were paid, never to forget that I am thine—never to suffer the slightest violation of our sacred love.—This [*drawing a dagger*] is thy surety. To be used in that moment, when heav'n itself will approve the suicide, when applauding angels will nerve my arm to strike the blow! and this vow, I call thee, heav'n, from thy highest throne, to witness and record!

[*Exit.*
MUS.

Mus. By my turban, I hardly know where I stand. Women of different countries have different souls, I believe; and I am sure this is the first time this sort of soul was ever in a harem [*walks a little, and considers*]. Come hither, Selim.

Enter SELIM.

Mus. Go to the Janissary Heli, he has sent me notice, that he has captured some slaves and other merchandize.—Tell him I shall be directly there, to look at his women and his velvets.

SELIM. So! then we shall have some other females, fate willing to plague us. I swear of all the merchandize our traders deal in, that of women is the most troublesome and unprofitable—And our wise and puissant Bassa is as much out in his chart of courtship, as he would be in that of the moon.—Why, he's as melancholy as a moping Spaniard on the outside of his mistress's grate.

D U E T T E. SELIM *and* MUSTAPHA.

Deuce take whining,
 Pouting, pining,
 What jokes in all this pother,
 If one wont do,
 Nor let me woo,
 I'd fit me with another.
 If blue eyes frown,
 I'd turn to brown,
 Nor lose an hour in fighting,
 Shou'd all the sex
 Combine to vex,
 They'd ne'er see me dying.

S C E N E

SCENE *A wide Court with several unfinished Buildings.*

[*Slaves discover'd at work at a distance. Two slaves drive barrows across the stage, and go off, followed by A LA GREQUE.*]

A LA GR. Aye, wheel away, comrades—wheel away! Hang me if I do though. I'll wheel no more of their rubbish. Let the Bassa dig his own dirt [*oversetting the barrow*]. Why, the sun here in Turkey seems to mind nothing but how to keep himself warm [*seating himself on the ground*]. The poets talk of his being a coachman by trade; but hang me if I don't believe he was a baker, and his oven is always hot.—I wish he'd make acquaintance with a north wind now, for half an hour, or a good strong south wester.—Lud, lud! how I do long for a wind! If I was in Lapland, I'd buy all that the witches of that country have bottled up for ten years to come [*sings*].

Blow, ye pretty little breezes,
Buffle, buffle midst the trees.

Enter AZIM.

AZIM. How now, you lazy boar! What are you seated for, and tuning your pipes in the middle of the day?—To work—to work, firrah!

A LA GR. Tuning my pipes! Why, I like to tune my pipes—and I don't like to work, good Mr. Muffulman—I don't indeed!

AZIM. Then you shall smart, good Mr. Christian [*shaking his whip*].

A LA GR. What, would you take the trouble to beat me such a day as this? My dear Sir, the fatigue
wou'd

wou'd kill you—I can't be so unchristian as to suffer it [*Azim gives him a stroke*]. Nay, if you strike, [*getting up*] I stand.—Pray, Sir, what may be your office in this place?

AZIM. To keep you and your fellow-slaves to their duty.

A LA GR. And who keeps *you* to *your* duty?

AZIM. Who? why, myself to be sure.

A LA GR. Then I think yourself is a very ill-favour'd scoundrel, to oblige you to perform a duty so distressing to your politeness.

AZIM. You are an odd fish!

A LA GR. No, I am one of a pair—I have a twin-brother just like me.

AZIM. The man who was taken with you?

A LA GR. No—he has not such good fortune; he's a Russian count, poor fellow! and was my master.—Gad, I could make you laugh about him.

AZIM. Well!

A LA GR. About two months ago, Mr. Slave-driver, he was married.

AZIM. Well!

A LA GR. A pretty girl faith, and daughter to one of our great Russian boyards—a boyard ranks as a marquis did in France, and as a laird still does in Scotland—I love to elucidate,

AZIM. Well!

A LA GR. So, Sir, a few hours after the ceremony, before the sun was gone down, and before the moon had thought about dressing herself for the evening—Whip! his pretty bride was gone.

AZIM. Where?

A LA

A LA GR. That's the very thing he would get at.—Ma'am and he were walking like two doves in the boyard's garden, which garden was border'd by trees, which trees were border'd by the sea—Out springs from the wood forty Turks with forty fabres, and forty pair of great monstrous whiskers, which so frighten'd the bride, that, instead of running away, she fainted away, and staid there.

AZIM. Hah, hah! then my countrymen had a prize.

A LA GR. That they had, worth two Jew's eyes. Six of them hurried off with her to a Felucca, which lay at the edge of the wood; and all the rest employ'd my master. I suppose they would have had him too, but the boyard, with a large party of friends, appearing at the top of a walk, they thought fit to make off with what they had.—Well, my master's bridal bed was, that night, the beach, where he staid raving and beating himself, as tho' he took himself for one of the Turkish ravishers.

AZIM. Ha, ha, ha! thy story is well—so, all that night, he walk'd in the garden—Oh, and the night-ingales, I warrant, sung responses to his complaints, and the melancholy wood dove cooed in sympathetic sorrow.—It must have been very pleasant.

A LA GR. O, a pleasant night as could be; but it cost him a fortnight's lying in bed; for a hissing hot fever laid hold of him; and the doctors, with all their rank and file of phials and bolusses, could hardly drive him out of his veins.

AZIM. Well, now go to your labour [*twirling him round*].

A LA

A LA GR. O, my dear domine, I have not finished yet.—I want to tell you how he join'd the army, to have an opportunity of revenge, and how, in all the skirmishes we have had, he has drawn more Turkish blood than——

AZIM. Go! you are an idle rascal, and would rather talk an hour than work a minute—Go, or I will draw some of thy French blood to balance accounts with your master.

A LA GR. Sir, you are extremely polite; the most gentleman-like, civil, courtly, well-behav'd slave-driver I have ever had the felicity to encounter [*takes up the barrow*] My service to your Lady, Sir! [*Azim lashes him off.*]

AZIM. The time he mentions, about two months, is about the period when our Felucca landed Alexina, and his account tallies exactly with the account of the sailors—Aye, it must be so—Now, would it *add* to her misery to know that her husband is so near her? I must consider, and she shall either know it, or not, according to the effect which I think it will produce.—I know she hates me, and let her look to it.

Enter ORLOFF.

My good Lord Count, pray be so good as to take this spade in your hand—Dig you must, and shall—I have had the honor to bring down as noble spirits as yours to the grindstone before now.

ORLOFF. Inflict your punishments! to those I can submit, but not to labour.

AZIM. Why not? Has Nature made any distinction between you and the rest of the slaves? Look at yourself,

yourself, Sir!—Your form, your limbs, your habit! are they in aught different from the rest?

ORLOFF. [*haughtily*] BIRTH has made a distinction!

AZIM. That I deny—The plea of birth is of all others the most shadowy. There, at least, Nature has been strictly impartial: the son of an Empress receives life on the same terms with the son of a peasant.

ORLOFF. Pride then, and Fortune, make distinctions.

AZIM. True; but Fortune has deserted you, and pray recommend it to your pride to follow her, that you may, without trouble, attend to your business.—Here! take the spade.

ORLOFF. [*snatches the spade, and flings it down*] There, if you dare again to insult me, I'll hurl thee there, and tread on thee.

AZIM. Now, if the Bassa had not commanded me to be gentle to him, I would have beaten him with thongs till his broken spirit brought him to my feet for mercy: but if I can't bend it, I'll torture it. [*aside*] So, you think to master me, do ye?

ORLOFF. I think not of thee.

AZIM. No, I suppose—Ha, ha!—I suppose your pretty wife is——

ORLOFF. My wife—my wife—Oh, art thou apprized that I had a wife? [*AZIM grins*] Oh! speak to me, tell me if thou know'st her—Nay, turn not from me!—All the lineaments of thy face become important—if thou wilt not speak to me, let me gaze on *them*, and there gather my fate.

AZIM.

AZIM. Well, gaze and gaze ! Can't thou there read her story ? Dost thou know *whether* she breathes, and *where* ? Dost thou behold thy lovely wife triumphant in a seraglio, or submissive in a bathing house ?

ORLOFF. Oh, villain ! monster ! neither. By every glittering star in heaven, if she lives, she's chaste ! [*pauses, and strikes his forehead*] Had I gold and jewels, I would pour the treasure at thy feet, but now have mercy on me—Oh, I beseech thee, tell me if Alexina lives.

AZIM. Ha, ha, ha ! if Alexina lives ! [*laughs again, then walks slowly off.*]

ORLOFF. Nay, thou shalt not avoid me—I will pursue thee, kneel at thy feet, perform the most menial offices, so thou wilt tell me of my Alexina !

AZIM. [*turning*] Now, where are the distinctions of thy birth ? Do they prevent thy feeling like the vulgarst son of Nature ?

ORLOFF. Thou shalt chide long, if thou wilt at length soften the anguish of my soul—Oh, hear me, hear me !
[*Follows him out.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

D

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I. *The Garden.**Enter MUSTAPHA.*

COME along, I say—Why, what do you stand there for?—O the difference of women! This is a stubborn one, I warrant her—Though she saw me pay down the money for her, she has not the least notion that she's a slave—Well, if you won't come, Madam, I'll fetch ye.—[*Goes out and re-enters with PAULINA, new-dress'd.*]

PAU. Law! how you hawl one—I tell ye, I don't like to walk here—Let me alone. [*Trying to disengage her hand.*]

MUS. Come, come, Madam, none of your airs—You must here be obedient and civil—Come along. The Janissary of whom I bought you, told me you was a good natured, complaisant creature.

PAU. Yes, but he was not so rough as you are; he made me throw away my peasant weeds, and gave me all these fine cloaths. See this tiffany, all spotted with silver; look at this beautiful turban—He gave it me all!

MUS. Why, that was only to set off your beauty, that you might fetch a better price; but I bought you for your good humour only. Here is a sweet woman
who

who pines and sighs till she puts one in mind of a myrtle blossom, all paleness and fragrance.

PAU. [*with quickness*] What's that to I? I suppose I shall be pale and flagrant too, if I am to be kept down by you.

MUS. Who wants to keep you down? Behave yourself prettily, and you may live as merrily here as sparrows upon a may-bush. The gentle creature for whom I bought ye, is your countrywoman, and I guess'd you might divert her with your *sensible* prattle.

PAU. Ah, did you so? Why, you guess'd as though it was your trade then—for I am the most divertingest creature in our whole village, and if I could but see my father, and brother Peter—

MUS. Well, if you behave discreetly—I'll buy your father, and brother Peter.

PAU. Buy! buy! Why, you talk of buying us, as though we were baskets of eggs, or bales of cotton.

MUS. Yes, it is the mode here—Every country has its fancies, and we are so fond of liberty, that we always buy it up as a rarity.

PAU. What, did you buy all those ugly men that I see at work yonder?

MUS. Men! Make no mistakes, child—It would be death for a man to be seen here. None ever venture a foot within these shades.

PAU. No! why then do *you* venture here?

MUS. O, as for me, I—I—hold your tongue, [*angrily*] and make no impertinent enquiries.

PAU. But I *will* make enquiries. What do all them there ugly men do here, I say?

D 2

MUS.

MUS. Why them there ugly men were bought to keep you pretty women in order.

PAU. In order! Why what controul have they over us?

MUS. Oh, they are guards and spies; and are now and then convenient at taking off a lady's head, or suiting her neck with a bowstring, when the whim happens to seize a great man, of amusing his seraglio with a tragic gala.

PAU. Why, what wicked wretches you all are, then! Get out of my sight, do! You look so ugly I can't bear ye, and if I was a great man, I'd string you all together upon a rope that shou'd reach from here to Saint Peterburgh.

MUS. Ah, you have a spirit, I see—Hark ye, hufsey. [*seizes her arm.*]

PAU. O, dear heart, do not look so ferocious! I really believe you are a female tyger.

MUS. Dread my claws then! See, here is the gentle creature for whom I bought thee—had she had thy impertinence, she might have pined in solitude for me.

Enter ALEXINA, [hastily.]

ALEX. Nay, but it is—Impossible! And yet it is so! Art thou not Paulina, the daughter of my father's vassal, Petrowitz?—Alas! thou art. Unhappy girl! what——

PAU. Goodness, goodness! If it is not the Lady Alexina, may I be whipt!

ALEX. Dear Paulina, what dreadful destiny brought thee hither?

PAU.

PAU. Destiny do you call him? [*looking at Mustafa-pha*] Why, this place is all full of dreadful destinies, I think. Some with black whiskers, and some with grey ones. Was it this little odd destiny who bought you too?

ALEX. Alas! thy question brings back such a rush of sorrows—Oh! thou can’st not be ignorant that I was torn from my husband within the very hour that made me his, [*weeps*] and dragg’d from bliss to slavery.

PAU. I did not know that you was *here*—but I am monstrous glad to meet you here—It is the luckiest thing—I have always been in luck!

MUS. Yes, that compliment is a proof of it. You are vastly lucky there! Well, go on, and amuse her, child—I shall enlarge your party presently. [*Goes out.*]

PAU. The little body is as pert as though it was five feet high—But, for all him, I will say, my dear lady, that I would not but have seen you here for the best gown I have—Not even for this, though it is so fine.

ALEX. Ha! Paulina! I fear that this dress is the mark of thy dishonor—I fear thou art undone!

PAU. Undone indeed! I think we are both undone; to be brought into such an odd, out-of-the-way country as this—ha, ha, ha, ha. I have been here but an hour, and it seems an hundred—In one place a parcel of copper-colour creatures, without tongues, pop out, glaring with their sawcer eyes, and if you want to talk and be a little sociable, ba, ba, ba, is all you can get—I believe they learnt their alphabet of the sheep—Then in another corner—

D 3

ALEX.

ALEX. [*impatiently*] Pray reserve your observations—I have questions to ask, which tear my heart-strings to pronounce—Speak to me of Orloff—Oh, my Orloff! Speak to me of my parents.—Did they *support* the moment which dragg'd me from them?

PAU. Truly as bad as you cou'd wish.—At last 't was said that my Lord, the Count, went into *the* army, and there he has play'd about him valiantly! I warrant he'll pay the Turks for robbing him of you, though, may be, they won't like his coin.

ALEX. Oh, preserve him THOU, in whose hand remains the fate of battles!

Enter MUSTAPHA, with LAURETTA.

MUS. Here, I have brought ye Lauretta; she is a girl of enterprize, and I have a fancy which her intriguing spirit will bring to perfection.

ALEX. Alas! how can she serve me? Can she restore me to my country—to my husband—?

MUS. Fear her not—she has as many plots as dimples; so I leave ye together.—Stand on one side, [*To Pau. who is in his way.*]

PAU. Aye, on any side but your's, Mr. Destiny [*crosses*—I hope you and I shall be always at contrary sides.

MUS. So hope I, Miss Nimble Tongue! For if you were always beside me, I should soon be beside myself. [*Exit.*]

LAUR. Dear madam, look a little cheerfully—I have a thought in my head—Hark ye, my dear [*to Paulina*—you are a Ruffian, I find—What sort of lovers do your countrymen make?

PAU,

PAU. How should I know? I never had but three—One was old enough to be my father, so, I used to kneel down and ask his blessing—So, one day, he gave me a curse, and walked off.—The next was a school-master, and he had such a trick of correction, that, had I married him, I should have been in constant fear of the birch.—The third was a soldier—but as I neither liked to follow the camp, nor to live a widow bewitch'd, I made him beat his march.

LAUR. Brava! you dispos'd of them all like a girl of spirit, and yet, I think, had the case been mine, I should have taken a march with the soldier—I do love soldiers.—A regiment on its march always makes my heart shiver to pieces amongst a thousand Cæsars and Alexanders, [*To Alexina.*] Has the Bassa seen you yet?

ALEX. He sent by Muley to command me to his presence, but I will first rush into the arms of death.

LAUR. Ha, ha, ha! such a resolution in this country! Rather rush into the arms of death, than into the arms of a handsome lover! the notion is exotic—it is an ice-plant of the North—and our hot sun will wither its honours, depend on't.

ALEX. [*Scornfully.*] Are you the friend who was to soothe my sorrows? Alas! where shall HONOR be *honor'd*, if the mouth of WOMAN casts on it contempt!

LAUR. Ah, pardon my levity, for I mean to serve you.

ALEX. In *you*, the contented inhabitant of a seraglio, such profanation may be pardon'd; but alas! in the world, the grace of chastity is scarcely longer

acknowledged! I have heard the wife and the daughter affix ridicule to the name. O virtue! where canst thou expect worship, when the speech of the matron and the virgin *unballows* thy sacred idea?

LAUR. I am not so lost, but I can feel and thank you for your reproof; and as the first fruits of it, I will labour for your escape from a situation, which, to you, must be misery indeed! But, madam, we must confer alone—I intreat you to retire with me.

ALEX. Alas! so miserable is my situation, that I am obliged to accept services from those whom the feelings of my heart wou'd impel me to shun.

[Exit.

LAUR. [To Paulina, who is following.] Ah! not so quick, miss! Do you stay here 'till I return—Stir not, I charge you.

[Exit.

PAU. Stay here, indeed! There is pretty good care taken that one shou'dn't run away. The walls are as high as a cathedral, and such frightful looking oddities prowling about, that a mouse could not run from one shrub to another without observation—How they all stare at me! So! there's another of them—He looks rather better than the rest—but I shall have nothing to say to him. [Regards her dress, &c.]

Enter IBRAHIM, follow'd by slaves. He turns and speaks to them with impatience.

IBRA. No more, no more of business. Let not a thought of public duty here obtrude itself—I have already sacrificed those hours to it, due to a dearer cause. [The slaves retire.] And now for my reward! Now will I seek the charming obdurate, nor ever leave—

Hah!

Hah! she is there! The lovely fugitive—I have found her—I have found her!

PAU. Heigho! what shall I do with myself! I'll gather flowers for lady Alexina.

IBRA. Yes, she has a thousand charms, and my heart is already in her chains.—How dared Mustapha deceive me? He talked of deformity—her form is symmetry itself, and her hair which he decried, is fit for the bow-strings of the god of love.

PAU. Hang this sharp thorn, it has made my finger bleed.

IBRA. [*Advancing.*] But you, charming Russian! still more barbarous, are born to make hearts bleed. [PAU. *looks at him attentively, then tosses her head scornfully away.*] What a true picture they have given me of her scorn! Will you not speak to me?

PAU. [*Looks at him again.*] I wonder at some people.

IBRA. What dost thou say? Oh, that mouth is too lovely to be closed so soon.

PAU. [*Talking to her flowers.*] You are very pretty, and you are very sweet, but you are not complete yet—Good Mr. What-d'ye-call—reach me that flower that grows so high.

IBRA. With transport! [*presents the flower.*] Shall I arrange them for you?

PAU. Get along, do!

IBRA. Teach me to do something that may not displease you.

PAU. Get out of my way, I say.

IBRA. Do you know me?

PAU. Not I, nor never desire to know ye—I wish
I was

I was out of this wretched place altogether, I know that.

IBRA. It shall be the business of my life to make you happy in it.

PAU. You! ha, ha, ha.

IBRA. You are surely unacquainted with my rank, and my situation.

PAU. No, no—I know that.—Do hold your nonsense.

IBRA. [*With displeasure.*] Your haughtiness I was prepared to bow to, but I know not how to meet your contempt.

PAU. Don't begin to redden at me—I mind ye no more than I do this fallow leaf—There—see—I blow it, and away it flies—go after it—there lies your way.

IBRA. But not the attraction—You bid me go, whilst your eyes chain me here.

PAU. Then I'll shut them—There—now how do you like me?

IBRA. In vain you shut your eyes, unless you cou'd likewise hide that rosy mouth, those teeth, those features, that form! I could love you though you were blind.

PAU. Love! What, can you love? Such a hard-hearted—*Turkish*—creature as you love?

IBRA. Can I? yes, to distraction! It is not possible for me to tell you *how* I could adore you—Whole days wou'd be lost in gazing on your charms! I could hang on your breath like the humming-bird on the vapour of the rose, and I should drink your glances, 'till my soul, sick with excess of pleasure,

would leave me scarce power to murmur forth my blifs.

PAU. Now, what can he mean by all that? I believe a bishop could not talk finer! [*Aside*] I tell ye what, mister, you may make grand speeches about this and that; but I hate both you and your love; and if ever you teize me with it any more, I'll make you repent, that I will [*sings*].

SONG. PAULINA.

You think to talk of this and that,
And keep me here in filly chat,
But I know, I know better.
There clearly lies, kind Sir, your way,
Pursue it then I humbly pray,
And me you'll make your debtor.

Why, blefs my stars, it's very odd,
That here upon this harmless fod,
I cannot stay in quiet.
But now you know so clear my mind,
Mayhap you'll leave me here behind,
The path seems wide, pray try it.

IBRA. Charming songstrefs!—I dare not pursue her.—How well she knows the power of love, to treat with disdain the man in whose hands is her fate! Hah! would I suffer her thus to leave me, but that at last she *must* be mine! Go then, lovely tyrant, indulge thy scorn, and treat me like a humble slave—A moment comes when thou shalt repay me! [*Exit*,

PAU. [*Coming down*] So! he's gone!

Enter

Enter ALEXINA, MUSTAPHA, *and* LAURETTA.

LAUR. Hah! see what sweet flowers I have gathered for you! Why did you stay so long?

ALEX. Oh, let me embrace thee!

PAU. What, all this for the flowers?

ALEX. No, for hope—for soft returning hope! Paulina, the powerful Bassa is thy slave—He loves thee—I have witnessed your interview, and bless that fortune which has done for me in an instant, what, by a train of artifices, we meant to have procured.

MUS. Ah, but, you little rogues, 'tis I that have done it, 'tis I that have brought about all this, though like some other great actions, more is owing to chance than skill.

PAU. Why, what have *you* done to be so full of your brags?

LAUR. What, are you not sensible of your happiness? To have subdued the heart of one of the handsomest, and most powerful men in the empire?

PAU. Men!—What are you talking about? Oh then, that handsome man is not one of those odious creatures who bowstring us? Laws! how could I treat the gentleman so? I'll run after him, and make it up. [*running off.*]

ALEX. [*following and holding her*] Stay! or you undo me.

PAU. Well then, the next time I see him, I'll tell him that I'm ashamed of myself; and I'll try by all due civilities to appease his anger.

ALEX. Oh, not for worlds—Still you will undo me, my fate is in your hands.

Mus.

MUS. Hark ye, my pretty maid, our Bassa, like all great men, has his fancies, he does not like too much honey on his bread.

PAU. Laws! Ha, ha, ha!

LAUR. If you wish to retain his heart, you must plague it—if you are tender you'll lose him.

PAU. Why, that's the way in my country too; as soon as our ladies grow fond, their lovers grow cold; for all the world like the little Dutch painted man and woman in the weather box, when one pops out, the other pops in—never in a mind.

MUS. Keep the lesson in *your* mind, and you may be a great lady—only take care not to begin your pops too soon. You see she is apt.

LAUR. O, as a parrot! Come, my good girl, you shall go to my chamber, and I will give you the prettiest lesson you ever yet learnt—I'll teach you in half an hour all the arts of a fine lady, and you shall be able to play on your lover as you wou'd on an harpsichord. The whole gamut of his mind shall be in your possession, and every note of it obedient to your wish.

ALEX. Be attentive to her lessons, my dear Paulina; perhaps my honor, and my felicity, depend on your success—O preserve your own innocence, and be the guardian of mine!

PAU. Preserve my own innocence! Ay, to be sure I will—for my father has read to me in many a good book, which says, that a woman, when she loses her innocence, loses her charms, and that, like a faded rose dropt from the tree, the foot of every passenger will tread on her in her decay. O, who would lose

their innocence ! My dear lady, why, your eyes look as bright again as they did when I first saw you.

ALEX. It is because Hope hath shed its lustre on them. [LAUR. *leads off* PAULINA.] My heart is full ; my veins confess a warmer flow, and the brightest visions glide before me. O, nature ! thou who hast made us capable of so much bliss, why is it thy decree that we shall sink in sorrow ? Why must our joys be so often shrivel'd by the cold touch of indurating DESPAIR ! [Exit.

Enter SELIM and FATIMA.

FAT. Selim, was not that the Russian slave who departed as we enter'd ? Surely it was, and with a look of pleasure !—

SELIM. Pleasure ! I am glad to hear it. I am sure her melancholy has thrown a gloom over the whole harem.

FAT. What an odd whim it is in our master to grow fond of the *mind* of a woman ! Did ever any body hear of a woman's *mind* before as an object of passion ?

SELIM. I don't understand it.

D U E T T E. SELIM and FATIMA.

Give me (you) a female soft and kind,
Whose joy 'twould be to please me (ye) ;
The beauties of her precious mind,
Would neither charm nor teize me (ye).

The

The dimpled cheek, and sparkling eye,
To me (you) are wit and found sense;
And better worth a lover's sigh,
Than stores of mental nonsense.

The touch of honied velvet lips
Is reason and bright science,
And he who at that fountain dips,
May scorn the *Nine's* alliance,

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I.—*A Quadrangle—On one Side of the Square is a very high Garden Wall; behind which are heard frequent Bursts of Laughter—A LA GREQUE is seen moving from Place to Place, trying to peep through.*

A LA GREQUE.

DEVIL take the workmen who built the wall! Not a chink or cranny can I find to fend in the thousandth part of an eye-beam [*laugh within*]. There they go again! Oh, you sweet tits you! I wish I was one amongst ye. [*Enter a Turk, and crosses.*] Hark ye, Mr. Gravity! Is there no getting a peep at these jolly girls?

TURK. No.

A LA GR. What, are they never suffer'd to be seen by a handsome Christian young fellow like me?

TURK. No.

A LA GR. D'ye think they'd take it amiss if a man was to venture his neck over the wall, to get at them?

TURK. No.

A LA

A LA GR. D'ye believe the Bassa would forgive such an innocent piece of curiosity?

TURK. No.

A LA GR. Egad, you manage your words discreetly—Are you afraid your stock won't last the winter, shou'd you spend too many these summer months?

TURK. No.

A LA GR. Well done, my boy! Since you are so fond of the word, I'll give ye a song on the subject.

SONG, A LA GREQUE.

A pretty gemman once I saw,
 The neighbours said he studied law,
 When full of grief,
 In 's hand a brief,
 A poor man came,
 Good Sir, he cried,
 Plead on my side,
 The lawyer *careless* answer'd—No!

A rich gown'd parson wou'd you ask
 To do a charitable task
 For Tom and Sue,
 A couple true,
 Who'd fain be tied,
 With eye elate,
 And strut of state,
 The parson *furly* answers—No!

E

Should

Should lab'ring honest low-fed Dick,
 In spite of starving, very sick
 To doctor send,
 By some kind friend
 To *beg* advice;
 He strait will see
 No hope of fee,
 And ten to one he answers—No!

A senator you ask'd to vote,
 The dear red book he knows by rote,
 His country's good
 He understood
 You had in view,
 But shou'd he find
 No place design'd,
 His bow *polite* you know, means—No!

To a young beauty wou'd you kneel,
 And talk of all the pangs you feel?
 With eye askance
 She'll steal a glance,
 And blushing sigh,
 But shou'd you press
 Her power to bless,
 She'll whisper forth a *trembling*—No!

TURK. I like your song.

A LA GR. I like your praise.

TURK. And to reward ye, I'll shew ye a place,
 where, by the help of loose bricks, and good climbing,
 I sometimes get a squint at the girls;—though if it
 was

was known, I should never squint on this side paradise again.

A LA GR. You are an honest fellow, and 'tis pity you are a Turk—but it can't be help'd, and 'tis to be hoped a man may travel to heaven at last, though he never leaves the country in which he was swaddled.—
Come along! [hurries him off]

SCENE II. *The Garden.*

Enter female Slaves, singing and beckoning to their companions, who enter from opposite wings all the way up, During the song others enter, dancing to the music,

CHORUS—OF FEMALE SLAVES.

Come away! come away!
Companions so gay!
Come away! Come away!
Companions so gay! &c.

SONG, AND CHORUS.

This is Freedom's precious hour,
Welcome, airy, sportive Mirth!
We'll enjoy thee whilst we've pow'r,
Give to all thy whimsies birth,

Let the cross ones burst with spite,
We'll ne'er heed their shrugs or frowns,
Vary ev'ry sweet delight,
While blythe Joy our labour crowns.

CHORUS.

Come away! &c.

E 2

A LA

A LA GR. [*from the top of the wall*] Hah! hah! you little merry rogues, you're there, are ye?

[*The women shriek, and all go off, except LAUR. and FATIMA.*]

LAUR. What audacity! Presuming slave, do you know the consequence of your temerity?

A LA GR. Yes, I can guess at it, that you are all set a longing, and are ready to ask me to come down amongst you.

LAUR. You are impertinent. [*Exit.*]

FAT. Do you hear, young man?—"you are impertinent"—Yes, you are an insolent, presuming, audacious—sweet fellow, hang me if he is not. [*Exit.*]

A LA GR. Ah, you sweet little saucy jade, come under the wall, and blow me a kiss—You won't! Why get along then, you ill-humour'd baggages—Hah! what, you look back, do you? You'd better think on't, and turn—What, the grapes are sour, are they? Ah, ah! I understand you—this is a fine place for the gypsies, hang me if it is not—These Turks have a life on't—Such fine girls, and such fine gardens—Whu! who comes here? This is another—Yes, yes, I'll turn Turk—There's nothing like it, I see.

Enter PAULINA.

A LA GR. Hark ye, pretty maid—come this way.

PAU. Gracious! where can that voice come from? I see nobody. [*running about*]

A LA GR. I say, you little rogue, if—Why, how can this be? If my eyes are my own eyes, and if her eyes are hers, it is Paulina, the daughter of old Petrowitz.

PAU.

PAU. [*Clapping her hands.*] As sure as that impudent head was once on the shoulders of A la Greque; who ever thought of seeing it on the top of a Turkish wall? How came you amongst them? Did they buy you too?

A LA GR. Buy me! No, I was taken fighting in a little skirmish, where I had only time to disarm half a dozen Turks, and kill a few Bassas; and now the cowardly rogues have shut me up here, for fear I should do them further mischief—I believe they think I have a design upon the crown.

PAU. Law! only think of it.

A LA GR. Didn't you hear that the Grand Turk had offer'd a reward for my head?

PAU. Your head!—Why, what could he do with it?

A LA GR. Faith, I had no inclination to enquire, so I took to my heels and carried it off.

PAU. Then how came it there? [*pointing.*]

A LA GR. Didn't I tell ye that a whole army set upon me and my master, and brought us——

PAU. Mercy! is your master here, count Orloff?

A LA GR. Is he? aye, lock'd up within the brazen gates of this——

PAU. Why, if ever I heard the like—Within the same gates is locked up lady Alexina, who was stole from him by these odious Turks.

A LA GR. She here too! Why, this place is like the sick lion's den, where all the beasts of the forest assembled together.

Voices [*without*] Help! help! here's a man talking to one of the female slaves.

A LA GR. I'll prove ye a liar in your teeth [*goes down*].

SLAVES *enter*.

ISM. Where is the man to whom you talked ?

PAU. Man !—Do men grow on the bushes in your country ? There is no other way of a man's finding himself in this garden, I fancy.

ISM. I heard his voice—Let us drag her before the Bassa.—Go you and search the gardens.

2d. SLAVE. [*Apart*] Take care what ye do—This is the new slave whom we were commanded to treat with so much respect—We shall bring mischief on ourselves—Her word will go further than ours as long as she's in favour.

ISM. I understand you—[*turning*]—I thought I heard the voice of a man,—but sounds deceive one—it might be a bullfinch perhaps—beg pardon for the mistake, lady. [*Exeunt SLAVES.*]

PAU. A man a bullfinch, ha, ha, ha ! These stupid creatures might be persuaded, I dare say, that a cat was a green slipper. Well, how oddly things turn out !—Little does lady Alexina think her husband is so near her.—Hist ! A la Greque ! A la Greque !—[*Looking towards the top of the wall*]—Psha ! he's gone now—Well, I'll run and bless her with the news, and then take one more lesson for my behaviour to the Bassa.—I shall be able, after that, to behave as proudly as though my father were a noble of the land—Let me see—How is it to be a fine lady ? First, I must disguise all the feelings of my heart—But how can I do so without telling fibs ? Well, fine ladies don't mind that.—Second, when he kneels, I must turn from him,

him, or hum a tune—thus—[*hums*]—Did you speak to me, Sir?—And when the charming man—O Lord! I shall never do it, as though I were us'd to it—When he attempts to kiss me, I must complain of his insolence, and walk away in this manner. [*Walks off scornfully.*]

S C E N E, *The Buildings.*

Enter AZIM, with other SLAVES.

AZIM. Shall we stand by each other, brothers? Will you be faithful?

ISM. Aye, that we will; we must do as you bid us—You are over us. By allowing that, we generally come over him. [*To another.*]

AZIM. Well then, you see how the case stands; she is come wonderfully into favour, and will, without doubt, be reveng'd on us, for the severities she receiv'd in our lord's absence. The Bassa has just now threaten'd vengeance to all who displease her.

SLAVE. Will it not displease her then to be put into a prison?

AZIM. 'Tis likely it may—but what is that to us? We can, whenever we determine to do so, connive at her escape; and if we allow her to leave the palace, she'll readily pardon the prison; so, she'll be gratified, and we shall be skreen'd.

ISM. Well, well; let her be locked up as you said, and then persuade him she has escaped.

2d. SLAVE. We can dig down part of an old wall, and drop a ladder at the bottom, and then it won't be doubted.

AZIM. Yes; and that old tower will be a proper place to confine her in; then, if need be, she can hereafter be produced, for I don't entirely approve of poisoning her.

ISM. No, not at present—it may be more convenient hereafter—[*drily*]—Where shall we seize her?

AZIM. She is generally in the garden, and alone—it will not be difficult if we watch for a moment when Mustapha is absent.

SLAVE. Here's some one coming.

AZIM. Then let us disperse several ways. People who have a plot in hand should never be seen together—A flight of crows always proclaims a carcase.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter ORLOFF, followed by A LA GREQUE.

ORLOFF. Pursue me not, thou contemptible wretch! My sorrows are too profound to be interrupted by repentment at thy folly—Oh, most inhuman fate! To know that my Alexina lives, to know that she exists in this province, and not to know *where*—My chains are become heavy indeed!—They are insupportable!

A LA GR. Let me lift them for you, Sir—I can make them jingle lighter.

ORLOFF. Begone, I say.

A LA GR. Well, I'll go—People often drive their good fortune from them, like you. I shall only say, as I was saying before, that this house has a garden, and that this garden has a wall.

ORLOFF. Oh, my charming bride! could I but cheer thee by my voice, could I but lessen *thy* anguish, by speaking to thee *my own*.

A LA

A LA GR. Well, a *wall*—What is a *wall* to me?

ORLOFF. Could I, each morning, when I greet its rays, behold but thee, I could bear to live even in this wretched state, and every heavy night I could creep to my straw pallet with less despondency, having first receiv'd from thy sweet eyes, farewell!

A LA GR. To be sure the wall is a high wall, and a strong wall; but it is *but* a wall.

ORLOFF. If thou dar'st mention the wall again.

A LA GR. Well, I won't then; but was I to tell you, my Lord, what that wall contains, I really believe you'd forgive all my fauinefs for ten years to come.

ORLOFF. Surely thou hast a meaning! What would'st thou say?

A LA GR. A meaning! Aye, such a meaning!

ORLOFF. Oh, trifle not!

A LA GR. Why then, in two words, I have climbed the garden wall, and who do you think I saw in the garden—Who do you think?

ORLOFF. Oh speak! [*grasping his hand*] Speak! my soul hangs upon thy words—Could'st thou but know what I feel!

A LA GR. Then, my Lord, there, as sure as you lost your bride on the day of marriage, there I saw the fair Paulina, daughter of old Petrowitz.

ORLOFF. Oh! [*drops*]

A LA GR. Mon Dieu! if the joy of that has been too much for him, how would he have borne it, if I had seen his wife? [*goes to him*] My Lord—my Lord! Why he's as pale as death—I dare not tell him now that Alexina is within a hundred yards of him.

ORLOFF.

ORLOFF. Bitter, bitter disappointment! it has been a stab to my heart—Barbarous wretch! [*rising and seizing him*] to raise and feed my hopes with such artful cruelty, and then—but why do I talk to thee? [*Exit.*]

A LA GR. So! what he is *disappointed* then! Why if he would but have had patience, I was just going to tell him that his wife—but hang patience! 'tis a scurvy virtue, and not fit for a gentleman. I have no patience to know there are so many fine girls caged up here for that *greedy Dog* the Bassa. I'll try to pick a bone with him, though;—and if I can once lay hold of one of his pullets, he shall find it as difficult to get her out of my fangs, as it would be to make a judge dance, or a bishop cut capers. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E, *The Prison.*

[*Voices are heard without, ALEXINA shrieks.*]

AZIM. [*entering*] Stop her mouth, and drag her in.

[*ALEXINA is dragg'd in—her hair dishevell'd.*]

ALEX. Monsters! if ye are of the human race, desist—O drag me not from day, and from my husband!

AZIM. This is your habitation, Madam, make the best of it.

ALEX. At whose command is it my habitation? What is my crime? You act without the knowledge of your Lord—and if you do, doubt not his vengeance! O, it is not possible that he can authorize this cruelty!

AZIM. Come, come, Madam, a few weeks spent here will quiet you a little—Your sorrows won't be half so violent a fortnight hence as they are now—Let that comfort you,

ALEX.

ALEX. A fortnight! Oh, it is an eternity! Death is nothing to this. Dragg'd at *such* a moment from light, and health, and hope! [*running wildly about*] O, Azim, my HUSBAND is here—my HUSBAND is at hand!

AZIM. Then let him get ye out, if he can.

ALEX. O, best of men, hear me! [*kneeling*] Tell him only that his Alexina is here, that he may walk round my prison, that I may hear his steps through the chinks of these dismal walls, and my soul shall bless thee.

AZIM. Oh, you are mighty humble now; yet you know what insolence I have borne from you.

ALEX. I meant it not—Oh, forgive me, forgive me! Here, take this ring, let it *purchase* my forgiveness. [*rising*] It is rich, but not half so rich as shall be thy reward, if thou wilt be my friend—if thou wilt pity me!

AZIM. Well, I am so far soften'd that I permit thee to use the apartment next to this—It has more air and light—I'll unlock it—its last inhabitant had it fourteen years. [*whilst he goes to unlock it, ALEXINA clasps her hands, and fixes her eyes wildly*] There! you shall each day have your allowance of food regularly brought; but whether you are ever released or not, depends on yourself—Be patient! That only can serve you.

ALEX. Patient! Oh yes, I'll try to be patient, though much I fear my brain will be disturbed.

AZIM. Well, you'll be disturbed by nothing else—Your apartment will be quiet enough, whatever your brain may be—Come, Madam. [*Puts her in, and shuts the door.*] There, she's safe, and that makes

us safe.—Now, let us go and fix the rope-ladder, and then swear she has escaped. Comrades! They talk of countries, where, what we have done, might be punished by the law—but *we* fear no punishment while we can deceive our master. [*Exeunt, laughing.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

S C E N E,

A spacious Apartment in the Harem.

Enter PAULINA, running from the Top.

PAU. [*Looking back.*] THE sweet man follows me still. Hah! Lauretta little thinks the difficulty I have had to behave to him as tho' I hated him—How hard it is when one sees a great gentleman, and so handsome withal, ready to die at one's feet, to be forced to be snappish and ill-natur'd—Laws! he's coming here—Which way shall I run next? [*Looking about.*]

IBRA. [*Entering*] Oh, fly me not—yet fly! Even the distance you throw me at gives you a thousand charms, and whilst it tortures, it bewitches me.

PAU. [*Aside*] I do like to hear him talk.

IBRA. You smile! Ah, did you know the value of those rosy smiles, you would not bestow on me more than one in a thousand hours—Each is worth a diadem.

PAU. I suppose you hope by all this to make me forget I am a captive, and a slave [*pretending to cry, then turning away, laughing*].

IBRA. You can be neither—It is I who am *your* slave—You hold the chains of my destiny—Ha! let me catch your tears!

PAU.

PAU. I tell you once again, that I can never be happy here—I hate the life people lead in harems—All is dismal, not even a window to the street! Nothing to look at but trees, and fountains, and great whiskers, and black slaves.

IBRA. Could I but have the transport to touch your heart, all those objects would give you new impressions—This hated harem would seem transform'd, and would become an enchanted palace of pleasure.

PAU. But I tell you, I will never suffer my heart to be touch'd.—It is very hard that I must belie my conscience so, my heart leaps every time I look at him. [*Aside.*]

IBRA. Who knows what persevering, constant love may do? You may at length be soften'd, at length—Oh rapture! confess the delicious pain!

PAU. [*Aside*] I long to confess it now, if I might speak out.

IBRA. Most charming creature, deign but to look on me, say only that I am not hateful to you.

PAU. Aye, that would be the truest word I ever spoke [*aside*]. But I will say that you are hateful to me, and I do declare, if you ever speak to me about love again—I—I don't know what may be the consequence—I must get away, or all my fine lessons will be forgot [*aside*]. In that room yonder I see ladies singing and playing; but don't you come to us now, I charge you—I will not have you come, or if you do come in half an hour, not a word [*looking back*]—No, not one word about love. [*Exit.*]

IBRA. Oh, if there is language in eyes, her words are false—Her lips forbid my love, but her eye invites

vites it—Charming sex! who know how to make refusal bliss; and who can give delight even in denying! *Half an hour* did she banish me—Oh, I'll follow her instantly—Every moment spent where she is not, is a moment not to be counted in my existence. [*Going—Noise behind.*] Ha! what noise is that? [*Puts his hand to his scymetar.*] The sounds of violence in the bosom of my retirement!

ORLOFF. [*Without.*] Base slaves, in vain you oppose me! Were your master surrounded by instruments of torture, and ministers of vengeance, I would force my way.

[*Forcing in, Slaves endeavouring to withhold him—after them, MULEY enters.*

IBRA. [*Fiercely.*] Your way! What, here? Those apartments, christian, are sacred; and did not I pay some regard to your fame as a soldier, and your rank in the Imperial army, by Mahomet, your life's quick stream should pay me for the insult.

ORLOFF. Talk not of life, dishonourable man! Restore to me my bride—Restore—but canst thou restore her? Oh, canst thou restore to me the SPOTLESS angel, whom heaven's most sacred ordinance made mine?

IBRA. Wretches! allow a madman to invade my retirement.

ORLOFF. Thy retirement! Thy *life*, base Turk! shall be invaded. No madman, but an injur'd husband stands before thee! Restore her!—Give her back to me chaste as that morn, when trembling, blushing from the altar, I led her to parental fields—That morn unblest.

IBRA. Slaves! speak, declare whom 'tis he means; or dread my vengeance—A fear hath seiz'd my soul, that curdles all my blood—Should it be so—speak!
[*Furiously.*]

MULEY. Mighty Bassa! We fear he means the lovely Ruffian, who adorns your harem.

IBRA. Ah! [*wildly*] Is she his *wife*? Christian, art thou the *husband* of the beautiful slave I love?

ORLOFF. Love! Darest thou give birth to such a phrase? Love! Oh that the words had scorpion's teeth to tear the throat which utters them!

IBRA. And art thou—O cursed discovery! It is too true—My heart tells me it is true, and hates thee for the conviction. Tear him from my presence—I dread the energies of my own temper—tear him away, lest I should stain my honor with the blood of her husband whom I adore.

ORLOFF. I will not stir—Give way to all your vengeance—Vengeance would now be mercy.

IBRA. Amidst the agonies I see thee in, thou art my envy! She is thy wife, she surely loves thee, and pants to be restor'd to thy arms—By what tortures would I not purchase with such a bliss—Bear him off, I command—Yet hurt him not, but drag him from the harem.

ORLOFF. At your peril, slaves.

[*They drag him off.*]

IBRA. And now, oh wretched Ibrahim! what remains for thee? A moment since, the fruit of felicity bent down within thy reach; the branches were laden with happiness, and thy joys bloom'd forth in tender blossoms; but a hurricane is come, the tree is torn up

by the roots, and its fruits are devour'd by disappointment.

TURK. Mighty Lord! is not the beauteous slave within thy power?

IBRA. Within my power! No, she is removed from it for ever. As my slave, I have undoubted right over her; but as the wife of another, she is sacred.

MULEY. Then remove her from your presence, and give her back to her adoring husband.

IBRA. Never! O virtue, in exacting that, thy commands are too rigorous. Never, never can I send her from me—I will go this moment, and at her feet—Oh, I dare not—If I see her I am lost—All barriers, human and divine, wou'd sink before me—Beholding her within my grasp, and the dread of losing her, would be a conflict in which *I* shou'd be lost, and *she* would be undone! I fly from her—I tear myself from the sweet enchantment—Oh wretched husband, I assume voluntarily the miseries I have bestow'd on thee!

[*Goes off wildly; on the side opposite that, at which PAULINA went.*]

TURK. What! run away from the woman he loves, when she is in his power! She is *his*, and I would force her to make me happy.

MULEY. His generous spirit would abhor the deed! What, though his passions are headstrong as the mighty north, which shakes the pyramid to its base, and lifts the rooted forest from the embracing earth, yet will REFLECTION like a celestial minister arrive, and scourge from his soul each spot and fordid tint, that virtue ought to scorn, or manhood blush at. [*Exeunt.*

F

Enter

Enter FATIMA, and another Female Slave.

FAT. Ah! this room is luckily empty. So, bring in the Bassa's seat—We'll set it up here before it goes to the pavilion; that we may judge of it—Come, make haste. *[speaking to those without]*

[Two or three bring in between them a light stool, on which is a white sattin covering, ornamented with festoons; another brings a small white sattin mattrafs, trimm'd with gold fringe.]

FAT. There, set the stool just there—Now put on the covering—Give me the mattrafs—There, do you see how nicely it fits? Now bring the canopy.

[Slaves bring in a canopy ornamented with festoons, gold fringe, and tassels.]

Fix it just here—There—that will do—Is it not pretty? *[walks round it]*

2d. SLAVE. It is delightful! How charmed the Bassa will be when he sees it in his pavilion at supper; and he will praise both our industry and our taste.

FAT. Mercy! what's that noise?—Why—here comes that impudent slave who was hanging over the garden wall.

Enter several female Slaves hastily, followed by A LA GREQUE.

A LA GR. My dear pretty little creatures, why do you fly from me at this rate? Grant me one kiss to save my life,—for I am famish'd.

FAT. That kiss would cost thee thy life, should it be known.

A LA

A LA GR. KNOWN! [*getting to a small distance, and speaking in rant*] Madam! what do you take me for? Do you think that I, Madam, am a man to betray a lady's favours? I, who have been well receiv'd by Duchesses and marchionesses?

FAT. [*interrupting him*] Duchesses and Marchionesses! What are they?

A LA GR. [*in his usual tone*] They were a sort of female creatures, my dear, who once infested Paris.

FAT. And where are they now?

A LA GR. Now, my sweet charmer, there is not one in the country, I mean of *native* growth; and if the neighbouring nations do not now and then send them one for a sample, a duchess will be as rare an animal in France, as a crocodile.—You sweet fellow! [*throwing his arm round FATIMA.*]

FAT. You bold fellow! [*breaking from him*] Why you are quite at your ease.

A LA GR. I always am;—and I'll sit down on this pretty seat, and be quite comfortable.

FAT. You must not sit there—it is a seat made on purpose for the Bassa. [*Two or three endeavour to prevent him.*]

A LA GR. Well, can't you fancy *me* the Bassa? [*Sits.*]

Enter LAURETTA.

LAUR. Mercy! mercy! What, a man amongst ye? are ye all bewitched?

A LA GR. No; they have only bewitched me—Ah! you lively little rogue. [*flying to her*]—Come here, and sit down by me, and you shall be my Bassa-ess. I like you best of all.

F 2

LAUR.

LAUR. If you like your own life—Fly swifter than the light.

A LA GR. [*rising*] With *you* any where.

LAUR. Stranger, this is no place for gallantry, or for jesting; are you not afraid of death?

A LA GR. Afraid of him? No—Death is an aristocrate! and I am bound, as a Frenchman, to hate him.

AZIM. [*without*] Search every where, I say—He must be hereabout—I saw him ascend.—Come this way.

LAUR. There! Now your carelessness or your courage will be equally ineffectual. Unhappy stranger, you are on the threshold of death.

[*The slaves clap their hands, and seem agoniz'd.*

1st. SLAVE. We too are lost!

A LA GR. Not unless *I* am found. What a dozen women without a trick to save one man! Ah! I am sensible of my imprudence too late. [*Throws himself on his knees, turning first to one, then to another.*] Oh, save me! save me!

LAUR. What signifies your kneeling?—yet, it shall signify—Lower! [*pushing him*] Lower still! rest on your hands—Reach that covering—quick—quick!

[*They cover him with the drapery, mattrass, &c. and place the canopy behind him.*

AZIM. [*Without*] Come this way then—here he must have entered. [*Enters, with others.*] Fly all of ye—hide yourselves—A man is somewhere in the harem.

LAUR. And what are we to fly for? Is a man a tyger, that we shou'd be so scared? Who is he?

AZIM.

AZIM. The new French slave—Frenchmen, there is no being guarded against.—They make free every where.

LAUR. At least they have made themselves free **AT HOME!** and who knows, but, at last, the spirit they have raised may reach even to a Turkish harem, and the rights of women be declared, as well as those of men.

AZIM. Don't talk to me of the rights of women—you would do *right* to go and conceal yourselves as I order'd ye—You, Ismael, and Hafez go and search the inner apartments, I'll wait here, with the rest, to intercept him, should he escape ye.

[*Two slaves go off.*]

LAUR. O, we'll intercept him, never fear—you'd better follow the rest. [*Pushing him.*]

AZIM. I choose to wait here, and I'll sit down, for I'm horridly tired.

LAUR. Pardon me, Mr. Azim—I am going to sit there myself. [*Sits, on A la Greque.*]

AZIM. I say I'll sit there, Madam, so get up.

LAUR. I wonder at your impertinence. Surely we may keep our seats, though we have lost our liberties.

AZIM. I have been walking ever since sun-rise.

LAUR. Then walk till it sets—Motion is healthful.

AZIM. I say I will sit down.—Give me the seat.

LAUR. A sit-down I would give you with all my heart, and such a one as you should never forget; but this seat you shall not have.

AZIM. Say you so—I'll convince you in a moment.

[Goes to LAURETTA, and seizes her hand to pull her up.

ISM. [Without] We have found him—We have found him—There is a door fasten'd on the inside—He must be there,

AZIM. Hah! follow—follow—Now, we'll shew a Frenchman what liberty is in Turkey.

[Exit with the male slaves. LAURETTA rises.

A LA GR. [Getting up with the covering about him] That fellow is certainly descended from Cerberus, or an English mastiff. My precious burden, how shall I thank you! Jupiter, when loaded with Europa on his back, was not half so much charmed with her, as I am with you. [Slaves speak without.

LAUR. Waste not an instant—They are returning—Begone!

A LA GR. Well, good bye then, and heav'n bless ye all, and send to each LIBERTY and a HUSBAND!

[They push him off.

2d. SLAVE. What a kind man he is! How happy must Frenchwomen be to have such lovers for husbands.

LAUR. Yes, my dear, they wou'd be so; but unluckily husbands *forget* to be lovers—Let us run and appease Azim, you hear he is loud, and his vengeance may fall upon us—Haste—haste!

[Exeunt hastily, all but FATIMA.

FAT. I'll make no haste about it. [Looking round irresolutely.] Hang me if I don't try to change a word or two with that agreeable Frenchman—I shou'd like to know a little of their customs—Such an opportunity

portunity can't happen above once in one's life—So, Monsieur Azim, ha, ha, ha! What a fool he is now. [Exit.

S C E N E, *The Garden.*

Enter IBRAHIM from towards the Top, thoughtfully, follow'd at a small Distance by MULEY.—He sighs deeply.

MULEY. Alas! my Lord, dare your slave offer you consolation?

IBRA. I can receive none.

MULEY. I know that in afflictions like your's, there can be but one support, that is in virtue—there, my Lord—

IBRA. [*Interrupting*] Yes, I have resolv'd!—She shall be sacred—her chastity for ever inviolate! and perhaps, [*sighing*] perhaps I may hereafter restore her to her husband.

MULEY. That will be a moment of triumph to *yourself*.—When magnanimity thus conquers affliction, affliction may be envied.—Such a moment is the imprimature of heaven on the purified heart—it is the exaltation of virtue.

IBRA. O VIRTUE! when I can do that, thou may'st boast a victory indeed! When I can resolve no more to look on the soft radiance of her eyes—When I can resolve to behold no more the natural and unartful graces that adorn her—When I shall seek those groves in vain for that dear form; when I shall listen, and hear her voice no more—then, then, O virtue! thou may'st boast thy triumph. [*After a pause.*] Leave

me, for night and solitude best suit the colour of my mind. [*Exeunt.*]

[ORLOFF *appears at the top of the wall, where A LA GREQUE had before been seen, and calls to him.*]

ORLOFF. Quick, pri'thee! mount, and give me the rope—O! thou art as slow as if this moment were *not* the most precious of my life! As though this garden did *not* contain my Alexina.

A LA GR. [*Appearing*] Consider, I have but just had one escape, my Lord, and another escape may escape *me*—There; here's the rope, if you will be so venturesome—but don't blame me if they should make you dangle at the end of it.

ORLOFF. [*takes the end of the rope, and is let down*] There! Environ'd with dangers as I am; this moment is dear to me, and the first, that for succeeding months has given my benighted soul one gleam of comfort.

A LA GR. Well, my Lord, I leave ye to your comfort—I am off—The very moon over my head seems to say, “Sweet Monsieur A la Greque, your master is very little better than a lunatic; so, take care of *yourself*”—I am off [*goes down*]

ORLOFF. Ye conscious walks, which the feet of my Alexina have so often press'd, ye bending trees, whose boughs have given to her beauties your soft shade; ye fountains, whose murmurs have sometimes lull'd her sorrows to repose, my full soul greets ye! Hah! surely her voice floated on that passing breeze—No—all is still. That passing breeze may bear upon it's wings a thousand notes, but none like hers. O, thou pale moon, thou art not deck'd to-night in half thy glories; shine brighter, put on thy most seductive

ducive rays, to tempt my angel from her sad retirement! [*Soft music at a distance.*] Music in the gardens! Near that spot then I shall not fail to find her—It is an adjuration her soul must yield to, for her soul is harmony. [*Exit. Music continues a few bars.*]

Enter PAULINA.

PAU. Where, where can the Bassa conceal himself? I am tired with seeking him—Can he be offended with me, that he flies me thus? Alas! I feel I could not *bear* to offend him—Oh no, I *could* not! [*Enter MUSTAPHA.*] Ah, Mustapha, hast thou seen the Bassa?

MUS. Not I—I have been taken up in watching the motions of Azim, who, I am sure, has some plot in hand, though I cannot divine what—Where is the gentle Alexina.

PAU. [*Pettishly*] I don't know—I hav'n't seen her a great while.

MUS. Nor I—I'll go in quest of her—Should the Bassa have seen her, I would not give a cockle-shell for our scheme. [*Going.*] But what's the matter? Why, you look as dismally as a widow at the funeral of her thirteenth husband.

PAU. I can't find the Bassa—I have been looking for him 'till my eyes ach—He flies me now, he does indeed [*sighing*].

MUS. Ay, ay, I understand it—You would put too much honey on his bread, though I gave ye the caution—You have been too kind to him.

PAU. [*With quickness*] I am sure I have not.

Mus;

MUS. Pho! pho! I know better—Have you not learnt, child, that fondness is the most cloying food in the world? Dash your sweet sauce with acid, if you would not have it pall upon the palate.

PAU. [*Angrily*] So I did then—I was as cross as I could possibly be—I never treated a gentleman so hard hearted before. To be sure I must say, that at leaving him, I told him—I told him he might *follow* me. [*Confused.*]

MUS. Ay, there's the case—You invited him to follow, and he in course runs away. [*Angrily.*]

PAU. Oh dear! [*Takes out a fan to hide her tears.*]

MUS. If I were a woman, wou'd I tell a man to *follow* me? [*Snatches her fan.*] 'This is the away you shou'd treat 'em—"Keep your distance, Sir—how " can you be so rude? Fie! my Lord, it is quite " shocking! [*Very affected and extravagant with the " motions of the fan.*] Oh, monstrous! if you come " nearer I shall faint! I hate you now, I do indeed " —I can't possibly bear ye!" This, you see, would be graceful and captivating [*throwing away the fan.*]

PAU. Graceful and captivating! [*With surprize.*]

MUS. I tell ye, the women are all fools! and if the sweet rogues knew what they lost by substituting rouge for blushing, and an undaunted look for modest timidity, we should soon see all their affectations swallow'd by one, and that would be the affectation of modesty. [*Exit.*]

PAU. I hate affectation—For all he thinks he knows so much, the next time I'll follow my own way—I am sure I know as much of the matter as he does.

Re-enter

Re-enter MUSTAPHA.

MUS. [*Peeping in through the wing.*] Remember the hint I gave you—If our master shou'd see your countrywoman, all your hopes are gone in a hurricane, You may as well attempt to catch a husband with bird-lime as to catch him after that ; so prevent it.

[*Exit.*

PAU. How can I prevent it? Besides, Mr. Destiny, I have good reason to think, that, as far as the matter of beauty goes, I am not behind hand with she—Alack-a-day! no, no, he has hit upon it!—As sure as harvest is yellow, Lady Alexina has certainly seen the Bassa, and he'll now be *her* ADORER as he calls it—May be they are now together, and he is at her feet sighing, as he did to-day at mine—Oh, I cannot bear it—The fight wou'd crack my heart-strings! Now I do feel that I dearly, dearly love him—Oh mercy! he is here—he is here!

Enter IBRAHIM musing ; seeing PAULINA, starts.

IBRA. Oh Paulina, hide thee, hide thee! At sight of thee every resolution fades, and the altar of virtue seems to blaze no more [*gazing on her long*], Cruel charmer!

PAU. Cruel! Oh no, my heart melts to see your distress, and I am sure you have no occasion for it.

IBRA. Why didst thou not at first tell me thou wert another's! Why suffer my heart to burn with tumultuous love, to waste itself in glowing flames, whilst thine beats only for another,

PAU. What other?

2

PAU.

PAU. *sings*

“ Never ’till now I felt love’s dart—
 “ Guess who it was that stole my heart,
 “ ’Twas only you, if you’ll believe me !” *

IBRA. O thou enchantress ! [*Starting back.*] Thou wife of Orloff ! thou hast my soul in chains—drag it not to perdition !

PAU. Why should you call me *wife of Orloff* ? Oh, forgive me if I speak too plain—My heart, my whole heart is your’s. You have awaken’d its first tender thought, and you shall fill it to the last ! There *can* be no other.

IBRA. Nay then, farewell to every dread ! Tho’ hell shou’d gape beneath my feet, I *shrink* not.—Rush on my soul, ALMIGHTY LOVE ! absorb each faculty and thought, for I am thine !—[*turning to PAU.*]—for I am thine ! [*Throws himself prone ; then rises and clasps her.*] Transcendent moment ! O, bliss too exquisite !

ORLOFF. [*Rushes in*] Base woman ! adulterous villain ! [*Presents a dagger to IBRAHIM’S breast.*]

[*PAULINA shrieks and runs off.*]

IBRA. Hah ! [*wrests the dagger*] my life attack’d—Ho ! slaves ! [*Slaves rush in from various wings.*] Twice to-day ! Once in the bosom of my harem, and now in the sacred walks of my garden—Seize him [*to the slaves, who obey*], Thy death shall expiate thy double crime.

* These lines were introduced by Mrs. Esten.—She sings them without instruments, and they are always followed by rapturous applause.

ORLOFF,

ORLOFF. Dost think to give me terror?—I welcome death—I welcome it 'midst tortures!

IBRA. Christian, thou know'st me not! Whilst left to myself, I could command myself! My ardent passions I could hold in chains, and suppress that love which honor could not sanction—But thou shalt know when thus oppos'd, I own no law but *will*—drag him away. [Exit.]

ORLOFF. Tyrant, I know that I shall die; but the bitterness of death is past—To live after having seen my wife embrace thee, and embrac'd—Oh madness! speed your death, I rush to meet it.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE *The Prison.*

Enter ALEXINA through the Flat.

ALEX. Surely this is the darkest hour of the night! The dim light my solitary window afforded has long been past, and gloom and silence every where prevail. No sound, no footstep, no voice of soft consoling love, or weeping friendship. Can I be her whom the beamy finger'd morn, till lately, ever rous'd to joy? I, her who not a short hour since glow'd with delight—whose troubled sky felicity and freedom began to gild? Oh, the reverse is too deep, too direful!

Voices [*without*] This way—make sure the outer gate.

ALEX. Hah! slaves and lights! perhaps they come to end my wretched being—Ah! nature shrinks at the idea, and whilst I almost dread to live, I fly from death, by impulse irresistible!

[Exit hastily through the flat.]

[ORLOFF.]

[ORLOFF is brought in by slaves.]

SLAVE. There, Sir! Here you must stay till *our* master hath determined on the *sort* of death you are to die, for we have great variety in this country. The bowstring is the easiest you can hope for. We'll leave you a lamp though, to shew the apartments, and make your last hours a little pleasant—With your honor a good night. [Exeunt slaves.]

ORLOFF. May this hour of bitterness be short! Here, on the flinty earth I'll pass it, and give to thee—*despair!* the fleeting moments that remain.

[Throws himself on the ground.]

ALEXINA enters, fearful, from the flatts.

ALEX. What wretch can he be, who, in this dreary place, is the victim of tyranny and despotism? [Advancing, and looking over him.] By every sacred power it is my husband! Orloff—[seizing his hand] my Orloff! [He starts up, throws her off, and flies to the opposite side.] Dost thou distrust thy senses? It is thy Alexina—thy wretched—happy Alexina!

ORLOFF. Abandon'd woman! dost thou follow me to my prison to insult my last moments? Or dost thou come to administer the bowl of death?

ALEX. Heavens! what mean you? (*rushing towards him with open arms.*)

ORLOFF. Nay, touch me not—By heav'n, rather than be enfolded in thy adulterous embrace, I'll—[draws a dagger] O, my thoughts are desperate! Avoid me if thou would'st live.

ALEX. Alas! affliction has made him mad.

ORLOFF. Oh! [*flings away the dagger.*]

ALEX.

ALEX. Or if thou art not mad, to threaten death is needless. Be witness for me, ye celestial spirits, that I'll not live an instant to endure a husband's hate—All other miseries I've borne, but this last subdues me. [*snatches up the dagger*] Thou accusest me of crimes I shudder at—Orloff, an adu'tress would not dare this blow.

ORLOFF. [*springs forward, and seizes her arm*] Die! Yes, thou ought'st to die; but let *my* fate come first—It lingers not—its ministers are at hand! [*gazing on her*] O, had I not seen thee in his arms, had I not heard thy vows of never-ending love to the tyrant.

ALEX. [*Interrupting eagerly.*] My vows! ah, my Orloff, a beam of radiance once more breaks in on my afflicted soul. I have never *seen* the Bassa—Nay, look not thus incredulous—this dungeon proves it—I am a prisoner here as well as you, and was this day brought hither.

ORLOFF. [*Gazing wildly.*] Oh fate, spare me a moment! Scarcely dare I give way to the overpowering thought! yet it must be so! It was not thee, *my heaven!* whom I beheld in Ibrahim's arms—No, it was another, and Alexina's pure!

ALEX. As pure as at that sacred hour, when at the altar you receiv'd my virgin vows; and heaven is witness, that this form has ne'er been press'd in any arms but thine.

ORLOFF. [*Clasping her.*] Then art thou dearer in these prison walls, dearer in this thy faded beauty, than when a blaze of charms o'erpower'd my senses, beneath the haughty dome where first I woo'd thee.

ALEX.

ALEX. How matchless is the power of virtuous love! Having thus seen thee, having thus once again been press'd to thy fond bosom, I am prepar'd for death.

ORLOFF. Behold! they mean that we shou'd die together—The ministers of death are entering.

[*Going towards the wing.*]

MUS. - [*Without.*] Make fast the outer gate—bring him along. [*Entering. Slaves bring in AZIM, in chains; they are followed by LAURETTA, FATIMA, and females; male slaves bearing torches.*] I thought we should nick you at last. The lime twigs which you have been so busily spreading for another, have at length entangled thyself.

LAUR. Yes, my friend Azim; I promis'd you a *set down*, and now I think you will have it. Joy—joy to Alexina!

MUS. To Alexina and her lord.

ORLOFF. Ah! what mean ye? A tide of bliss breaks in upon my soul, which *yet* I dare not yield to.

LAUR. Fear not to trust it! Our master hath heard from Paulina your touching story, and hath sent us to conduct you to his presence.

MUS. Go, Madam! and make room for your persecutor Azim;—*he* shall take your place here.

ALEX. Farewel—farewel, ye dreary walls! We fly to light, to liberty—

ORLOFF. To love!

[*Exit, leading ALEXINA, followed by part of the slaves.*]

MUS. [*To Azim.*] Why you look a little strange;—pray make free, Sir; you are as welcome as though you were at home. [*Bowing ludicrously.*]

LAUR.

LAUR. Come, hold up your head, man! and look round your new apartments. Examine the furniture—is it not elegant! Look through its spacious windows—are you not charm'd with the prospect? Thou monster! to this dreary abode thou wouldst have consign'd innocence and virtue.

AZIM. O, that those curf'd chains were off!—I to be imprison'd in a dungeon!

MUS. Come, come—"a few weeks spent here will quiet you a little." I have heard every thing from your accomplice there. "Your sorrows won't be half so violent a fortnight hence, as they are now—let that comfort ye."

AZIM. [*Furioufly.*] Dogs!

MUS. Be civil, and "I'll permit thee to use the apartment next to this—its last inhabitant had it fourteen years," you know. [*Tauntingly.*] Nay, it is in vain to struggle, drag him in! [*Exit.*

[*Slaves drag AZIM in; the door is shut.*]

LAUR. Ah! he's caught at last. [*Runs up to the door.*] Good night, my pretty Azim. [*He rattles his chains.*] Good night—I'll give ye a friendly call once a month or so, for the next ten years. [*He rattles.*] Farewel—pleasant fancies hang about your dreams! [*Exit, followed by the slaves with torches; AZIM rattling his chains within.*]

S C E N E, *The Bassa's Apartment.*

Enter IBRAHIM at top, leading PAULINA.

IBRA. O, adored Paulina! what wonderful events are these! Thou *may'st* be mine! it is no crime to

G

love

love thee. I have struggled against a passion which heaven had determin'd to reward.

PAU. It blesses my heart to see you so happy! And shall my father and brother be releas'd from slavery—shall they *witness* my happiness?

IBRA. They shall *partake* it. Riches and honour await those so dear to thee. Lo! they are here.

[*The father and son are introduced.*]

PAU. O, my dear father! Peter! what a day this has been! Here am I going to be a great lady, and not the handmaid of a Jew, as you told me this morning. [*To her father.*]

FATHER. My dear child, I cannot speak for joy. Say something for us to the Bassa—we shrink before him.

ALEX. [*Without.*] Hasten!—O, my Orloff, let us hasten to his presence. [*Entering.*] Mighty Ibrahim, I no longer tremble to appear before thee;—in the presence of my husband, I dare to *look* upon thee, and to ask thy mercy.

IBRA. Mercy! how poor the word! I give ye instant liberty, and in giving ye that, I give ALL, for ye *love*! What then remains to perfect your bliss!

ORLOFF. Hearest thou, ALEXINA? Ah! what sounds—they rush upon my soul in transport.

IBRA. Valiant Russian, I embrace thee! The poniard you directed to my breast, had it enter'd there, would have pierc'd a heart, which, amidst the turbulencies of war, and the infatuations of a court, has yet preserv'd its OWN RESPECT;—accept its friendship!

ORLOFF. With earnestness unspeakable; and I return it with such gratitude and fervor, as becomes a soldier and a husband.

IBRA. Such charms, I could not have beheld insensibly, [*to Alexina*] had I known them before Paulina engrossed my heart—but now, that heart can beat for her alone. To-morrow you shall be escorted to your camp, and I, to give that dignity to love, without which it sinks into lowest appetite, will make this charmer mine, by sacred rites.

ORLOFF. Illustrious Turk! Love has taught thee to revere marriage, and marriage shall teach thee to honour love.

A LA GR. Why what ups and downs there are in this world! My lord, [*to Orloff*] I am once again your most dutiful servant—for *fellow slaves*, I perceive, we shall be no longer—So there goes my dignity! I'll make a bold push for a new one though. Azim, I find—pardon me, my lord, [*to Ibrahim*] Azim, I find, is out of place, will your mightiness bestow it on me, and make me your principal slave-driver?

IBRA. [*Laughing.*] What wouldst thou do?

A LA GR. Any thing, and every thing. I'd imitate the smack of Azim's whip, and roll my eyes as he does, to frighten your *male* slaves, and transform myself into a fatten feat, with a canopy over my head, to amuse your *female* slaves.

IBRA. Transform thyself into a fatten feat, with a canopy over thy head—thou art bewildered. [*To Alexina.*] Pronounce, Madam, the fate of the profligate

fligate slave, whose villainy had nearly brought about such disastrous events—Shall he perish?

ALEX. Ah, in this hour of felicity, let nothing perish but *misfortune!* Be the benevolent Mustapha rewarded, and let Azim have frank forgiveness.

IBRA. Charming magnanimity! if it flows from YOUR CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES, such doctrines must be RIGHT, and I will closely study them.

ALEX. [*Stepping forward.*] And may *our* errors have frank forgiveness too! Bestow on us your favour, and make the DAY IN TURKEY one of the happiest of this happy season!

T H E E N D.

E P I L O G U E.

WRITTEN BY MRS. COWLEY.

SPOKEN BY MRS. POPE.

ESCAP'D from Turkey, and from prison free,
Yet still a SLAVE you shall behold in me ;
An *English* slave—slave to your ev'ry pleasure,
Seeking your plaudits as her richest treasure.

Whilst thus you feast with cheering praise my ear,
For our soft poet I confess some fear.
Perhaps you'll say,—“ Two marriages for love !
“ Thus foolish *female* pens for ever rove ;
“ But give us, Madam, give us, *real* life,
“ Who goes to Turkey pray, to fetch a wife ?”

Critic! a few months past I wou'd allow
Your comment just, but not, Sir Surly, now !
For now we know A PRINCE can cross the seas
T' obtain a wife, a nation's hearts to please.
“ *The age of chivalry*” again returns,
And love, with all its ancient splendor burns ;
Yes——
Tell the rapt Orator whose magic pen
So late chastised the new found rights of men——
Who fear'd that honor, courage, love were lost,
And Europe's glories in the whirlwind tost ;

Tell him "*heroic enterprise*" shall still survive,
 And "*loyalty to sex*" remain alive ;
 "*The unbought grace of life*" again we find,
 And "*proud submission*" fills the public mind ;
 T'wards *her*, now borne to BRITAIN'S happy coast—
 A husband's honor, and a nation's boast.
 "*Just lighted on this orb the vision shines*
 "*Scarce seems to touch,*" and as it moves, refines !
 O, may she long adorn this chosen isle,
 Where the best gifts of fate unceasing smile !
 When, "*like the morning star*" at wond'rous height,
 She soars at length beyond this world and night,
 Still may your blessings to her name be given,
 While soft she fades into her native heaven !

THOSE who *read* will know, that in the above Epilogue
 all the passages distinguished by italics are taken from an
 effusion inspired by *another* royal lady ;— agitating the
 lightning pen of a man who in his head is all REASON, in
 his heart all SENSATION. A man whom *politics* seized, and
 seems to have dragged reluctantly from LOVE. Let the
 women of future times weave to his memory the fairest gar-
 lands, and twine amidst laurels and roses the name of BURKE.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SOPHA.

THE canopy is composed of two umbrellas of white sattin, or stuff; the upper one very small, each trimmed with gold fringe, festoons of flowers, and tassels. The covering for the stool, of the same materials, is made in the form of a hammer cloth; a white sattin mattress is laid on it, trimmed with gold fringe.

LIST OF MRS. COWLEY'S WORKS :

TO BE HAD OF MESSRS. ROBINSONS, IN
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

D R A M A S.

THE RUNAWAY. Comedy.

ALBINA. Tragedy.

WHO'S THE DUPE? Farce.

BELLE'S STRATAGEM. Comedy.

WHICH IS THE MAN? Comedy.

BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND. Comedy.

MORE WAYS THAN ONE. Comedy.

SCHOOL FOR GREYBEARDS. Comedy.

THE FATE OF SPARTA. Tragedy.

P O E T R Y.

MAID OF ARRAGON.

SCOTTISH VILLAGE.

POETRY OF ANNA MATILDA;

To which is subjoined, the

DIARY OF SIR WILLIAM WALLER;

STILED

RECOLLECTIONS;

GENERAL IN THE PARLIAMENT ARMY.

B E L L.

