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(9)

# EDUCATION:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

*THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.*

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BY THOMAS MORTON, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "SPREAD THE PLOUGH," &c. &c.

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## PROLOGUE,

BY MR. TAYLOR. SPOKEN BY MR. ABBOT.

“ ’Tis Education forms the common mind,  
“ Just as the twig is bent the tree’s inclin’d.”—  
Is this a maxim ratify’d by truth,  
And is there then such pliancy in youth?  
Alas! experience shews us, ev’ry day,  
That still new passions and new habits sway;  
And, as our lives from stage to stage advance,  
Most are impell’d by int’rest and by chance.  
Spite of the discipline of wisdom’s school,  
The fool of nature will remain her fool;  
And oft, we find, as varies fashion’s code,  
That vice or virtue proves the reigning mode;  
To her each sex submissive bend in turn,  
And what she teaches, all are proud to learn,  
Her wildest whims are caught with eager haste,  
As if sustain’d by Genius, Science, Taste!  
The modern Nymph, as Fashion rules the heart,  
Attempts to rob poor *Crispins* of their art,  
And while to gain her smiles the Lover sues,  
Now bawls bravuras, or now shapes her *shoes*.  
The youth, whate’er his parents may have plann’d,  
Who soars for fame, by driving four in hand;  
Though Fortune may decree a noble doom,  
Nature design’d a coachman, and a groom.  
Let then the Drama, to its purpose true,  
Reflect the times, but aim to mend them too;  
Prevailing follies try to laugh away,  
But deeply probe the vices of the day.  
And hence our Bard, who, for your kindness past,  
Bears a fond record, that thro’ life will last,  
To-night directs the Muse’s honest rage  
’Gainst venal defamation’s daring page,  
From which the highest no protection gain,  
Since infamy and law alike are vain.  
Aid then our Bard, to lead ingenuous youth  
From Fashion’s snares to Reason, and to Truth.

*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

Count Villars - - - - Mr. YOUNG.  
Sir Guy Stanch - - - Mr. MATTHEWS.  
Mr. Templeton - - - Mr. FAWCETT.  
Vincent Templeton - - Mr. C. KEMBLE.  
Suckling - - - - - Mr. LISTON.  
Dampier - - - - - Mr. BARRYMORE.  
Aspic - - - - - Mr. JONES.  
Broadcast - - - - - Mr. EMERY.  
George, his son - - - Master CHAPMAN.  
*Steward, Attorney, Servants, Husbandmen, &c.*

Rosine - - - - - Miss BOLTON.  
Mrs. Templeton - - - Mrs. C. KEMBLE.  
Ellen - - - - - Miss BOOTH.  
Dame Broadcast - - - Mrs. DAVENPORT.

# EDUCATION.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Templeton's House.*

*A Knocking at the Door.—Servant crosses the Stage—returns, followed by DAMPER.*

DAMPER.

IS Mr. Templeton within?

*Serv.* The favour of your name, Sir? (DAMPER gives a card) Mr. Damper—he is not, Sir.

*Damp.* Pugh, pugh! I'm his intimate friend.

*Serv.* Oh no, Sir—there you'll pardon me—I keep a most accurate list of my master and mistress's friends (*shewing a Book*).

*Damp.* Indeed! a convenient sort of reference; for to know friends, as times go, is no very easy matter. Hark you, fellow; tell your master that Mr. Damper from Lombard-street—a stranger to his present fashionable nomenclature, but one who formerly was in his books—insists on seeing him instantly.

*Serv.* Sir, I shall give in your ticket; but making speeches is not in my department.

*Damp.* Indeed! then I presume you are what is called a figure footman, and hired by measure—(*Servant bows*). Six feet of more accomplished assurance I never looked up to.

*Serv.* You are pleased to flatter.

*Damp.* But if the distance across your shoulders was not included in the estimate—here is a mea-

sure (*shewing a cane*) that will in one moment ascertain it, unless you exactly obey my orders. [*Exit SERVANT.*] Bad memories indeed—when friends cannot be remembered without book.—When in London and in active life he was above these modern fopperies; but a young gay wife sadly alters your middle aged gentleman.

*Enter Mr. TEMPLETON and SERVANT.*

Templeton! heartily glad to see you.

*Temp.* What, my old partner Damper!—welcome to Leicestershire—thrice welcome, my worthiest friend!

*Damp.* (*To Serv.*) Do you hear? his worthiest friend!—Book me—[*Exit Serv.*]. You look tolerably hearty and cheerful—but—

*Temp.* But!—Oh, old Damper still, I see—When will you leave your vile butts, and doubts, and perhaps's.

*Damp.* When my friend's conduct no longer requires them—perhaps yours don't:—but—you are married again I hear?

*Temp.* To a woman I adore.

*Damp.* Poor fellow—when the diseases of children attack maturity, they always rage with redoubled violence.

*Temp.* Marriage, believe me, is the end of life.

*Damp.* I believe it would be the end of mine. So you adore the charms of this Venus, eh?

*Temp.* I do indeed.

*Damp.* Perhaps she adores you for the same cause, eh, my Adonis of half a century!—ha! ha!

*Temp.* No, no—yet gratitude for my affection—my attention to her happiness—the affluence I placed her in—

*Damp.* True; when fifty and twenty match, 'tis a sort of give and take race, and you are expected to carry weight for age. So my old friend is as happy as I could wish him?

*Temp.* Yes, exceedingly—very—reasonably happy—tolerably happy—certainly—but—

*Damp. (aside)* So I have brought *him* to his *but*s.

*Temp.* Perfection, you know, my dear Damper, is—

*Damp.* Fortunately not necessary to human happiness.

*Temp.* Certainly not: but—

*Damp. (aside)* Zounds, again—Come, out with the worst.

*Temp.* Then the worst is, that Mrs. Templeton has had a perverted modern education:—for in our stylish manufactories of female attainments, the Muses and Graces so struggle for precedency, that the unassuming domestic virtues are completely jostled into a corner;—and from this *magazin a la mode* issues an abundant supply of female poets, artists, attitudinarians, philosophizing daughters, waltzing wives, and infidel mothers.

*Damp.* The effects on Mrs. Templeton—

*Temp.* Are an active taste for expense, with a decided averseness from all household duties, produced by the indolent and deceptive spirit of procrastination; which, pregnant with the productions of to-morrow, leaves to-day barren and comfortless; and while we abound in economical theories, we are ruined by unthrifty practice:—so that in Mrs. Templeton's boidoir you may see the Lady's best Companion entombed in the dust it aims to sweep away; while a satirical spider has drawn his web over the Complete Housewife.—And thus to-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow—

*Damp.* Come, come.—Considering the bad culture of the soil, the produce might have been worse.

*Temp.* Very true, indeed:—but—

*Damp.* Zounds, again!—(*aside.*)

*Temp.* You must know I was captivated with



her eyes—brilliant, fascinating, penetrating—  
and—and—

*Damp.* I'll finish the sentence—their brilliancy  
blinded you to her imperfections, while their keen-  
ness enabled her to discover yours.

*Temp.* Rather so—yes.—And, between ourselves,  
a priest of the sun is not required to offer more  
frequent incense to his idol, than I am to their  
effulgence.—She's here.

*Damp.* A fine woman, faith.—I'm afraid of these  
jazzling eyes—a *coup de soleil* might be fatal.—I  
had better go.

*Temp.* Go, my friend!

*Damp.* I can't administer to vanity, not I;—  
besides, I'm in *deshabille*.—Oh! here's a  
glass to adjust my wig and cravat by (*goes to a  
glass*). Personal vanity I abominate, friend  
Templeton, and few are to be found without it—  
(*adjusting his figure in the glass*).

*Temp.* Very few, indeed.

(*Mrs. Templeton without*)—Pray, don't tease  
me now; tell them all to be sure and come to-  
morrow.—(*Enters*). My dear Mr. Templeton,  
you'll be delighted with the guest your son Vincent  
has introduced.

*Temp.* You mean Mr. Aspic.

*Mrs. Temp.* Such commanding talents, such  
superior taste—he has found fault with every  
thing he has seen; and has pronounced the house  
and grounds so detestable, that I can't endure the  
sight of them:—how obliging it is of him!

*Temp.* Extremely.

*Mrs. T.* We've laid such delightful plans:—the  
house is to come down, the farm to be parked,  
and the meadows to be put under water.—Now,  
my love, you'll have no trouble—

*Temp.* Except the slight trouble of paying  
for it.

*Mrs. T.* Oh, but Mr. Aspic says people of

taste never think about that : so I shall give orders to begin.

*Temp.* When, my dear?

*Mrs. T.* Oh, to-morrow.

*Temp.* Then all's safe (*aside*).

*Mrs. T.* Who is that odd man?

*Temp.* My late partner, who, contented with competence, retired—(*Damper advances*). My love, I am happy to afford you the gratification of making welcome my friend Mr. Damper.

*Mrs. T.* The possessor of that title must be interesting in my eyes.

*Damp.* Eyes already! (*aside*.)

*Mrs. T.* To see a friend of Mr. Templeton's is highly gratifying.

*Temp.* (*to Damper*) Do you mark the emphasis?

*Mrs. T.* But in glancing over our list I have not observed your name: but my tall man is shockingly inaccurate. Do you know, last winter, Sir, he told me I was quite intimate with Lady Paramount—but in making her a visit, the old Goth denied the least knowledge of me. I wish some of the Society of Arts' people would offer a premium for the best system of visiting one's friends.—Could not you book-keeping gentlemen deserve well of your country by some plan?—

*Damp.* Why really I don't see why the merchandise of fashionable arrangements should be without its ledger, though it might be difficult to post some things to the credit of the account.

*Mrs. T.* Ha, ha!

*Damp.* Then as your time is so precious, what think you, madam, of a subscription for a west-end of the town clearing house, where these worsted lace representatives of our nobility might assemble for the exchange of accepted calls, dishonoured invitations, and the quick transfer of the paper currency of polite accommodation.

*Mrs. T.* Delightful!—the tunnels and auction marts in real utility would be nothing to it. I'll positively write to town about it to-morrow.—Oh, there's Mr. Aspic!

*Damp.* Who?

*Mrs. T.* Mr. Aspic!—If you don't know him, I'll make you acquainted.

*Damp.* I will not be acquainted, madam, because I do know him.

*Mrs. T.* Are you aware that he writes in the Tenterhook Review, is a caricaturist, and the author of the severest satirical novels?—'Tis highly dangerous not to be well with him.

*Damp.* A pleasant recommendation, truly.

*Mrs. T.* Well, I must away—I've a thousand things to arrange for to-morrow. I hope I may look forward, Sir, to a long visit?

*Damp.* I shall not have the temerity to promise that—you may not like me a little, and I may like you too much.

*Mrs. T.* Oh, I shall wink at that.

*Damp.* Closing those eyes is certainly the best way to secure my safety.

*Mrs. T.* Pshaw! Templeton can tell you how I hate all that.

*Damp.* He has.

*Mrs. T.* I'm too clear-sighted to be deceived by such flattery, I assure you.—Adieu! (*Exit.*)

*Damp.* Rid your house of that fellow—that Aspic. He's another instance of the blessed effects of modern education, which has armed every witling with the weapons of personal satire:—for now, cities are visited, tours are made, not to paint the world's beauties, but to caricature its pitiable deformities; not to cull the sweets of nature, but to collect the poison of defamation—not to bestow instruction, but to purvey to the insatiable appetite of slander, and teach the rising generation to “prey on garbage.”—But where's your son Vincent?

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*Temp.* I see little of him—he's all abstraction.

*Damp.* Do him justice, he's all one thing, or all t'other—he's no retailer of the passions. You gave him the rein too soon.

*Temp.* Too soon! Did not he carry off the prize at school?

*Damp.* And did not he carry off the bedmaker's daughter with it?

*Temp.* Did not his calculations make him a wrangler at Cambridge?

*Damp.* And a tame pigeon at the club at St. James's.—When he came to town he was all business:—he involved the house in speculations, then he was all extravagance—things went wrong, then he was all rage—that subsided, then he was all indolence.

*Temp.* That accounts for his conduct—he avoids me.

*Damp.* Perhaps not; for here he comes.

*Temp.* Indeed! I'll speak to him.

*Damp.* Perhaps I had better do so; your tenderness may overcome your fortitude.

*Temp.* True, and your fortitude is in no such danger.

*Damp.* Humph! Perhaps 'tis tenderness for you both makes me ask it.

*Temp.* True, true, my friend; grant me your pardon!

*Damp.* On condition you take it away with you instantly.

[Exit TEMPLETON.]

Enter VINCENT TEMPLETON.

*Vinc.* Hey day, Damper!—what rare occurrence brought you here?

*Damp.* A very rare one, I assure you—friendship.

*Vinc.* 'Tis always under the sanction of that name that grumblers annoy society.—Now for a lecture as long as a tailor's bill.

*Damp.* That is unnecessary, when the total may be expressed in one word—economy!

*Vinc.* I'm its slave ; have not I sold my barouche and stud ?

*Damp.* And lost the produce at *Maccow*.

*Vinc.* That was unlucky ; but have not I discharged my lodgings ?

*Damp.* What at Farmer Broadcast's ?

*Vinc.* Confusion ! what do you mean, Sir ?

*Damp.* Generally what I say—Poor Rosine !

*Vinc.* Ah, her name ! If you betray me !

*Damp.* Young man, if you despise the character of a betrayer as much as I do, virtue and secrecy will be equally sacred.

*Vinc.* Rosine's virtue is sacred, and he merits chastisement that suspects it.

*Damp.* And what does he merit who placed her in a situation to justify suspicion ?

*Vinc.* 'Sdeath, how could you learn ?

*Damp.* Was it likely that a beautiful and accomplished woman from a fashionable seminary should disappear without inquiry—without wonder—without sorrow ?

*Vinc.* Pshaw ! I'm weary of your croaking.

*Damp.* Yet the raven must breathe a hoarser note—your father—

*Vinc.* (*Alarmed*) What of him ?

*Damp.* Is on the brink of ruin.

*Vinc.* Ruin !

*Damp.* I fear inevitable ruin.

*Vinc.* I dread to ask the cause.

*Damp.* His son's indiscretion.

*Vinc.* Oh, save me from that thought!—May dishonour blast me, if the life he gave me is so precious as my dear father's happiness!—Let me fly to him.

*Damp.* Hold ! he is as yet unacquainted with his situation—I am by his partners intrusted with the secret. Is this estate large ?

*Vinc.* Very.

*Damp.* It must go.

*Vinc.* It will destroy him.

*Damp.* Has he other resources ?

*Vinc.* His expenditure is very ample. I hope he has—senseless prodigal! unfeeling son!

*Damp.* Vincent, come hither.—I see in your countenance the expression of sincere sorrow, and your eye is illumined with the benign lustre of filial love.—Here's my hand—the blood that animates it is not propelled from an unfeeling heart.—Your father shall not fall, while old Damper can buy a crutch to sustain him.—Come, come—though I sometimes depress the buoyancy of unfeeling prosperity, I hope I am always willing to lift up the desponding.—All may yet be well.

*Vinc.* Here comes my mother-in-law with Aspic.—I would avoid them.

*Damp.* Avoid your friend!

*Vinc.* Not my friend; but his knowledge of the world.

*Damp.* The man that shuts his heart against every valuable feeling, finds his excuse in this boasted knowledge of the world.—It is often the purchase of prudence at the expense of virtue, and implies a devotion of the mind to the detection of low cunning, intrigue, and self interest;—the pure and elevated dignity of genius looks above these contemptible arts.—Dismiss him from your counsels.

*Vinc.* I've sometimes courted the Muses, and his favour—

*Damp.* That writer neither consults his interest nor his honour who seeks any favour but that of the public. In their candour will his weakness find the securest shelter—in the sunshine of their favour only can the wreath blossom that is to crown his honourable exertions. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Library of Mr. Templeton's—An iron chest occupies a conspicuous situation.*

*Enter Mrs. TEMPLETON and ASPIC.*

*Mrs. T.* You are a vile, shocking, man! Indeed,

Mr. Aspic, you are too severe. How many instances of disinterested friendship do we find in books?

*Asp.* True, and no where else, ha! ha!—Come, come, don't mar an enchanting smile by the cold intrusion of prudery, which acts on the mind like our grandmothers drapery on the body; burying in whalebone stiffness, and cut-velvet dignity, the form, ease, and vigour, of wit and repartee.

*Mrs. T.* Pshaw! what signifies how I look!

*Asp.* Heigh ho!

*Mrs. T.* You sigh.

*Asp.* Woe to the world!—what devastation will those eyes cause in the spring!

*Mrs. T.* Now I hate you—Yet, I own, I long for the spring—dear, animating spring! how delightful to enjoy thy charms in Bond-street, to hear the dear little dingy sparrows chirping on the lamp-irons, and see Flora's fairest flowers nodding in carts for the decoration of the ball-rooms.—Dear Templeton, come here!—

*Enter Mr. TEMPLETON and DAMPER.*

The prospect from these windows will be a *coup d'œil* of science, spirit, taste—

*Asp.* And, at present, 'tis as flat as the fens, and antiquated as a clipt yew-tree. There are certain objects, Sir, which should be kept at a proper distance. I'll—(*approaching familiarly.*)

*Mr. T.* (*gently repelling him and bowing.*) I have made that a particular study.

*Asp.* My views, Mr. Templeton, are—

*Damp.* (*apart to him.*)—Sufficiently obvious.

*Asp.* Damn that quiz!—I owe him money. Mr. Damper, I know the world.

*Damp.* (*aside*) And I'll take care the world shall know you.

*Asp.* Your debt shall be discharged—you have my word, which is as good as my bond.

*Damp.* Exactly.

*Mrs. T.* Treason! (*Pointing to Templeton*) I accuse this man of speaking treason against the monarchy of fashion, of which I am a most loyal subject.

*Damp.* I hope, madam, that in the true spirit of your country your allegiance only holds while fashion assumes a limited prerogative; for 'tis the essence of our moral constitution that the mind should not bend to its sway;—for instance, I would not scoff at futurity though an atheistical poet were the fashion, nor affect the puritan to comply with the popularity of a religious novel; but for the discussion of fashion's legitimate decrees I know no lady more entitled to a seat on the woolsack than Mrs. Templeton (*bowing*).

*Asp.* Pretty well put 'faith. Ma'am, I give you joy of your appointment. — Won't your red book furnish a place for me?

*Damp.* Why, in the olden time, there was a court favourite of a motley garb.

*Asp.* The court fool!—thank you, Sir.

*Mrs. Temp.* Ha! ha!—I give you joy of yours.

*Asp.* But the truth is, that the business of that department increased so rapidly, that, like other great offices, they were obliged to put it into commission, and now every court dangler is entitled to a seat at the board.

*Mrs. T.* Ha! ha!

*Asp.* He don't laugh—he don't understand a good thing.

*Damp.* Try me. (*a cracking of whips.*)

(*Sir Guy Stanch without*). Get out of my way, you rascal!—I've been insulted.

*Mr. T.* Sir Guy Stanch quarrelling with my servant.

*Enter Sir GUY STANCH.*

*Sir Guy.* Jerry, keep the hounds back—for the confounded perfumes in these rooms might spoil the dogs noses. I've been insulted, I say.



*Mr. T.* The man that has unjustly offended you, Sir Guy, shall instantly turn out from my—

*Sir G.* (*slapping him on the shoulder.*) Then turn out directly, for you are the man.

*Mr. T.* I!—

*Sir G.* Yes. A tenant of yours, by your order it seems, tried to prevent my galloping over his corn and turnips.

*Damp.* What, stop a baronet full cry!—unheard-of outrage!—

*Sir G.* He stop me!—no—no—I rode over the rascal.

*Mr. T.* If satisfaction is to be made, I think, Sir Guy, my poor tenant has some small claim to it from you.

*Sir G.* Sir, my family never gave satisfaction to any body—they rode where they liked, and did what mischief they liked; and while your profit and loss forefathers were weighing an ounce of nutmegs, the Sir Guy Stanch's roasted their oxen whole, and brewed twenty bushel to the hogshead. (*Sees Mrs. Templeton.*) Soho! Sarvant, Ma'am—should not have given tongue so loud, had I known you were present—'Tis not reckoned mannerly to take away the talk from the ladies.

*Mrs. T.* Yet, Sir Guy, I'll waive my privilege, if you will have the goodness to explain how this happened.

*Sir G.* With the greatest pleasure, Ma'am!—You see we were all at fault—

*Mrs. T.* Oh, if you own the fault—

*Sir G.* Zounds, no, Ma'am—no!—You're a fine creature, but 'tis your misfortune to know but little of fox-hunting,

*Mrs. T.* In pity to that misfortune, instruct me.

*Sir G.* The pack had overrun the scent—(*with earnestness*)

*Mrs. T.* Aye, now I see how it is,

*Sir G.* Huntsman, says I, try back—make a cast.

*Asp.* To be sure.

*Sir G.* How beautifully they spread!—(*with enthusiasm.*)

*Asp.* Yes—(*encouraging him.*)

*Sir G.* Mind that old hound—how he feathers—how he flings for the furze brake—it holds the fox—they view him—there's a chorus—where are your pains and megrims now, my boys?

*Asp.* Aye, where indeed!

*Sir G.* How they carry the scent—how they strain—crack goes the hedge! Damn the turnips—nothing but the cover can save him—he gains it—rush they all go in—not a skirter among them—how terribly they press—they are on him—they have him—who whoop—huntsman, my old boy!—(*In his enthusiasm he forgets every thing but the chase, and slaps Mrs. Templeton on the shoulder, who faintly screams*) Eh! what, where—what a blunder!—To the very ground, madam, I humbly ask pardon; I was—

*Asp.* In a wood.

*Sir G.* Yes, ma'am, in a wood.

*Mrs. T.* Excuse my foolish exclamation, Sir Guy, but really I never was in at the death before.

*Temp.* To attempt to control such enthusiasm would only imply greater insanity.—Sir Guy, your amusements shall receive no further hindrance from me.

*Sir G.* Give me your hand; you're a good-natured fellow, and I dare say you have quite forgot what I said about the nutmegs, so we need not mention it, you know.—I declare, madam, I thought I was among a parcel of dogs worrying a fox—instead of which I am among—(*pointing to the books*).

*Asp.* A parcel of authors worrying one another.

*Sir G.* You seem, sir, to understand that sort of hackle.

*Damp.* A literary whipper in, sir.

*Mrs. T.* I ought to apologize for seeing company in Mr. Templeton's book-room—but the other apartments are in a sad disorder.—We find people so very dilatory—don't we, my dear? (*Templeton and Damp exchange looks*).

*Sir G.* The room's an excellent room, for it not only contains garnish for the head—but solid pudding—(*striking the iron chest with his whip*). I'll warrant you this strong box contains something better than the nutmegs I was so unmannerly as to mention, eh, Templeton!

*Mrs. T.* Nutmegs, indeed!—(*aside*) Now for a little tiny white fib, to give the brute an idea of our consequence.—Certainly, Sir Guy, a piece of furniture containing fifty thousand pounds is no contemptible ornament to any room. (*Templeton starts*).

*Damp.* }

*Asp.* }

*Sir G.* }

(*To Templeton.*) Fifty thousand pounds!

*Temp.* (*Embarrassed, with a forced smile.*) I will not contradict a lady.

*Asp.* (*aside.*) Devilish hard if I have not a dip into that spice-box.

*Damp.* This has relieved my heart from an oppression almost unsupportable. (*With great alacrity*) Templeton, your hand.—Aspic, I'll try to tolerate you.—Madam, the magic of your tongue has outwitted the enchantment of your eye.—Sir Guy, I think it very likely I may break my neck fox-hunting with you.

*Sir G.* Sir, I shall be happy to shew you sport.

*Damp.* For the present, adieu!—I'll soon return.

*Mrs. T.* But when?

*Damp.* (*bowing.*) Oh, to-morrow.—(*Exit.*)

(*Templeton and wife talk together, Templeton irritated.*)

*Sir G.* Egad, a bright thought, and then I shall have the whole country to hunt over.—Templeton, you have a son, I have a daughter: what say you to a match?

*Temp.* (*with embarrassment.*) Your proposal, Sir Guy, does honour to my son and me.

*Sir G.* That's hearty!

*Temp.* What have I done! assented to a falsehood! What could occasion Damper's extraordinary conduct? Perhaps he has not yet left the house.—I'll own—what a lie!—where shall I hide my shame! [*Exit.*]

*Sir G.* So, ma'am, I sent my girl Nell to Mrs. Polish's tip-top school, to learn how to behave when company comes, and do the chattering part properly, and make the punch, and so forth.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Your servant has brought this letter, sir.

*Sir G.* (*breaking the seal*) From Mrs. Polish, I declare. "Expect your daughter's arrival."—I must be off full gallop. "Receive her with pride, Sir Guy, for you will find her *aufait*——"

*Asp.* We say *aufa*.

*Sir G.* Yes; I know "*aufa* of astronomy, botany, chemistry, history, geography, geology, philology, and chronology"—'tis odd among so many ologies not to find theology.—I have drawn on you for—(*whistles*) 530 l.

*Mrs. T.* Very moderate, indeed.

*Sir G.* Moderate! Why zounds, ma'am, my dogs don't stand me in the money.

*Mrs. T.* Oh, fie, Sir Guy! you really must modernize, and benefit by the rapid advances daily made in sentiment, spirit, refinement——

*Sir G.* Roguery.

*Mrs. T.* Ha! ha!—Yes, there modern refinement is peculiarly conspicuous. Formerly you were plundered in dismal forests illumined by the lightning's glare—you now suffer in perfumed drawing-rooms, beneath the mild irradiation of Chinese lamps.—Instead of daggers and poison, you are now presented with ice-creams and wafer biscuits; the crimson field of slaughter is converted into a square yard of superfine green cloth; and the appalling cry of your life, your treasure, is mellifluously modernized into—Can you one—or pam, be civil.—Ha! ha! [Exit.

*Asp.* Bravo! ha! ha!

*Sir G.* Sir, I shall be happy to see you at Tantiety Hall, for I am afraid Nell and I will want an interpreter—and as you seem au—au (*peeps silyly at the letter*) aufaut of these matters.

*Asp. (aside)* An heiress fresh from Mrs. Polish's hands—no difficult conquest. Sir Guy, I'll wait on you with pleasure.

*Sir G.* That's hearty! 'Tis Liberty Hall—We dine at three; and if you an't there to a moment you'll lose your dinner—and you have only to drink one bumper to fox-hunting, and another to the girl of your heart, and then you do as you like. I'll leave for you my famous horse Somerset.—Jerry, let the hounds loose.

*Asp.* Is the road intricate?

*Sir G.* Oh! Somerset won't trouble you with the road—he'll across the country as straight as a rifle. (*Horns sound without*) There's heavenly music!—Voix! [Exit.

*Asp.* There he goes:—if his feed is as excellent as his cattle, and his daughter as high-bred, no bad speculation.

*Enter VINCENT TEMPLETON.*

*Vinc.* What a situation's mine!—Cursed impetuosity!—How can I, in my father's present cir-

stances, name to him an honourable connection with Rosine! How can I name to her a dishonourable one! Dare I name it to myself? Beloved Rosine, how have I involved thee!—never shall uncontroul'd passion again sway me.—Feeling may be allowed to execute, but first let reason legislate.

*Asp.* (*advancing*) “Whilome in Albin’s isle  
there dwelt a youth,

“Who ne in virtue’s ways did take delight;

“But spent his days in riot——”

*Vinc.* Damn poetry!—I hate it. The Muses and I have parted.

*Asp.* I did not know you had ever met—ha! ha!

*Vinc.* Spare me, Aspice—your mirth’s oppressive.—Where’s Damper?

*Asp.* Looking for you, to be his partner in a *pas de deux*.

*Vinc.* Sir, my father’s misfortunes——

*Asp.* What the devil have you got into your head now? your father is certainly oppressed with the singular misfortune of having 50,000*l.* in that strong box.

*Vinc.* What! explain.

*Asp.* Your mother-in-law averred it, and your father unequivocally assented to it.

*Vinc.* Huzza! Dear Aspice, the fire of Prometheus never gave such animation to his clay, as thy words have kindled here.

*Asp.* Why, the Galvanic spark tickled old Damper in the same way; for he capered like a cart-horse in a curvette, or my Lord Clubby in a cotillion, ha! ha!

*Vinc.* Fifty thousand pounds!—I’m all essence, spirit—the world’s at my feet!

*Asp.* Then kick it along, my boy!

*Vinc.* Enchanting Rosine!—lovely as the morning beam,

Yet pure as the fountain that reflects its ray.

*Asp.* Damn poetry!—I hate it, ha! ha!

*Vinc.* Gentle as the Zephyr, yet blithe as the leaf that dances in its eddy.

*Asp.* Mercy, mercy! Come, come—over a venison chop and a batch of champaign we'll plan operations. That's the time for the projection of vigorous measures.

*Vinc.* True; for what the devil would become of the country if it were not for the cabinet dinners! There our importations are discussed over the turtle, and the home supplies accompany the English sir-join—the loaves and fishes naturally introduce the debates—and parliamentary speeches are mixed with the whipped syllabub—colonial produce is handed in with the coffee—in a glass of Constantia they double the Cape of Good Hope—and settle the India trade over a cup of souchong. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Tantivy-Hall.*

*Enter* SIR GUY STANCH *and* SERVANT.

*Sir G.* Mr. Aspic not yet arrived?

*Ser.* No, Sir; but Somerset has been home some time.

*Sir G.* Poor Mr. Aspic, ha! ha! can't take a five-barr'd gate;—there's a precious education for you!—yet I dare say in London he's reckoned a clever fellow.

*Enter* ASPIC.

Welcome, Sir, to Tantivy-hall! Why, Somerset and you did not agree?

*Asp.* No, I ventured to debate the right of way, which at the hedge produced a division.

*Sir G.* And left you in a minority.

*Asp.* Left me in a ditch; but we'll let that subject stand over *sine die*, without my asking leave to sit again.—Where's your accomplished daughter?

*Sir G.* Within there—(*enter Servant*) Where's Nell?

*Ser.* My young lady is gone botanizing, I think she said. (*Exit.*)

*Sir G.* Botanizing! ah, Mr. Aspic, 'tis a melancholy thing to have children wiser than ourselves.—I'm a miserable father.—If I happen to say 'tis a star-light night, I must run the gauntlet of the zodiac; and then "O fie, Sir Guy! that's an anachronism—I'm shocked, papa, at that solecism."



So what between the isms and the ologies, curse me if I can open my mouth in comfort—(*Ellen sings without, do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si,*)—There again, she used to enliven my heart with singing “A southerly wind and a cloudy sky,”—but now she goes about sol-faing like a parish clerk.

*Enter ELLEN.*

Come hither, Nell! I present you to Mr. Aspici. Who is—who is—what the devil are you?

*Asp.* Who is anxious to be ranked among the admirers of the accomplished Miss Stanch—(*Ellen bows ceremoniously*).

*Sir G.* What! have you been gathering a posy?

*Ellen.* Selecting some pleasing specimens of the *bellis hortensis, nigella cerulio, narcissus latifolius.*

*Sir G.* What a lying old rascal French the gardener is, for he always told me they were batchelors buttons, the devil in a bush, and daffy down dillys!

*Asp.* Observe, Sir Guy, with what grace she unshawls herself—(*Ellen in a picturesque way unrobes herself of her shawl, and carelessly drops it on a chair.*) Divine!—I shall expire!

*Sir G.* Shall you though—no, don't;—(*to Ellen*) and you think that vastly clever.—Now, miss, I'll shew you how your grandmother did it—(*folds it neatly, pins it, and lays it smooth on a chair*)—there, and if the old fashion is not worth an hundred of the new one, may blank days be my portion to the end of the season!

*Ellen.* Indeed, Sir Guy, you should abstain from hunting in the morning, the plants then give out carbon.

*Sir G.* What do I care what they give out!—Damn carbon!—talk to me of carbon!

(*Suckling, without*). Uncle, where are you?

*Ellen.* Ah!—the voice of dear cousin Suckling—

*Sir G.* And what's cousin Suckling to you?

*Ellen.* Every thing;—my early friend—my playmate.

*Sir G.* But I mean to couple you with another playmate—Vincent Templeton!

*Ellen.* Sol, fa, de, ra!—

*Sir G.* Now that's to drive me mad.—Go to your room.

*Ellen.* I prefer the grove.

*Sir G.* Why you forget—the plants give out carbon.

*Asp.* Charming Ellen! (*apart to her*)—will obedience to a father's harsh rule—

*Ellen.* Oh, Sir, don't be alarmed!—ha! ha!—The ladies in the lowest class are quite perfect in the exceptions to the rule of paternal obedience—ha! ha!—Receive, Sir Guy, the homage of my duty.

*Sir G.* Don't Sir Guy me, you hussy! or I'll knock you down.—An't I your own affectionate father?

*Ellen.* (*aside*)—If I can't outwit you, my dear papa, I've been to Mrs. Polish for very little purpose.—Sol, fa!— (*Exit.*)

(*Suckling, without.*) See, if I don't tell uncle.

*Sir G.* There's another plague—I sent this ward and nephew to Parson Porker, to get a solid, substantial education; but he seems to have studied nothing but Mrs. Glass's cookery.

*Enter SUCKLING,*

*Suck.* Oh, here's uncle!—Why, uncle, that's not Ellen!

*Asp.* An ingenious discovery!—Sir, your remark does credit to your penetration, my name being Aspice,

*Suck.* And if you go to that, my name's

Boniface Suckling, esquire.—That's a Lunnoner!—Why, uncle, compared with he you're as old-fashioned as a tansey pudding!—Sir, I never was in Lunnon.

*Asp.* Then, Sir, you have yet to behold a large city, composed of buildings of various descriptions, which are occupied by their respective inhabitants.

*Suck.* No, sure!—wonderful!

*Asp.* I think you would shine there—you have a very fashionable stare, and a fine upright person.

*Suck.* Yes, straight as a spit, an't I!—Ah, but then, don't be shocked at my telling the truth—consider, I have never been in London; you must know I don't think I am flourishing and saucy enough.—You see I am a plain man.

*Asp.* Very—ha! ha!

*Suck.* That's saucy enough, however.

*Sir G. (to Asp.)* I wish you could make something of him—see, how he blushes now! your company would cure him of that; and then, as to assurance, there again you could help him—and, in return, if the use of my stud—

*Asp.* Oh, Sir!

*Sir G.* Or if any of my drafts would be acceptable—

*Asp. (with alacrity)* My dear Sir, drafts did you say?

*Sir G.* Yes, if you'll accept any of my draft hounds—

*Asp. (aside)* Damn your hounds!—Come hither, Bonny! Shut your mouth and open your ears, my plump one!—Instead of the Olympics of the ancient Greeks, you must study the mystic games of the moderns.—To the groves of Academus you must prefer the *pavè* of Bond-street. Your jurisprudence may be limited to the annuity act and the game laws, and your zoology to the racer and

bull-dog; these, with an energetic devotion of mind and body to waltzing, and a close attention to business—that is, to Newmarket and the clubs—constitute the essence and vitality of a first-rate modern education.

*Suck.* Dang it! how he knocks the words about!

*Sir G.* And do you hear, burn your cookery books.

*Asp.* Oh, no! culinary criticism is in high request. He shall deliver the axioms of Apicius, with the accuracy of Euclid—only his *gout* must be made *piquant* and *recherchés*.

*Sir G.* Must it! well, I'll order it to be made so.

*Suck.* I see what they are at; they want to make me a genius: but it wont do—not such a fool as that, neither:—So I'll go to Ellen!—You must know I'm in love with her.

*Asp.* Indeed! and does she return your passion?

*Suck.* Why, that follows as naturally as brandy follows pig—he! he! So, I'll go and talk to her.

*Sir G.* You talk to her! Lord help you!—She's all up among the stars! A little almanack learning is very well; such as “thirty days has September;” or to know when the day begins, or when Saint Swithin falls.

*Suck.* Or Pancake Tuesday.

*Sir G.* But she can't tell how much flannel will make a poor child a petticoat, or enumerate the ingredients of a hunting pudding.

*Suck.* I can.

*Sir G.* I dare say; but I've provided her a husband; so think no more of her.—Come along, Mr. Aspic.

*Asp.* Good bye, Bonny!

[*Exeunt Sir Guy and Aspic.*]

*Suck.* Now there's behaviour from an uncle to his own natural nephew: he supposes I've no

spirit ; but the moment I come to years of discretion I'll play the very devil—see if I don't.

*Ellen.* (*peeping*) Bonny! Cousin Bonny!

*Suck.* Eh! where! what! Why, Ellen! Lud a mercy, you skim about like a swallow in spring, and look as pretty as the primrose it hovers over, and I'm sure you be as welcome.

*Ellen.* Thank you, Bonny.

*Suck.* Ah! when you left me, Parson Porker said I looked as pale as a parsnip ; so I took a little mulled wine—(*sighs*).

*Ellen.* You're just the same, Bonny.

*Suck.* Am I? I'm so glad at that. I was fearful there might be some alteration ; and then who knows but the fervency of your affection—

*Ellen.* My affection!—I'm sure I never told you—

*Suck.* Told me! no : but don't you remember—I love my love with a B, because he's bonny—he! he! Bless me, how elegant and tasty you are!

*Ellen.* You don't dislike female accomplishments?

*Suck.* Oh, no ; they're like a second course—not necessary, but agreeable : but do you know that uncle and that Lunnoner are laying their heads together to part us.

*Ellen.* Then perhaps, Bonny, if we were to lay our heads together we might prevent them.

(*He draws her towards him, and kisses her.*)

*Suck.* And rather than part, I'll run away with you any morning you like after breakfast.

*Ellen.* Will you? hush : I hear them ; this way.

*Suck.* And we'll lay our heads together again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Parlour at Farmer BROADCAST'S.*

*Enter Dame BROADCAST and BROADCAST.*

*Broad.* (as he enters) Come, come, wife! a mug of beer, directly! (*Exit Dame.*) Eight hours ploughing, in a stiff clay, makes a man cruel limp, and faintish—(*wipes his forehead: enter Dame with beer*) Aye, there's heart and proof in this (*drinks*). Where's George? At school, I suppose, idling his time in studying.

*Dame.* Ralph Broadcast, don't you be always worrying and taunting about the child's learning; it costs you nothing. Mr. Templeton, Heaven bless him! pays for it; and I'm sure George grows quite politesome and mannerly.

*Broad.* What need he go to school for that, you old fool! I never was learnt manners.

*Dame.* That's true, Ralph! but improvement—

*Broad.* Oh, yes, there are rare improvements now a days! Why, I remember the time when I could get drunk to my heart's content for ninepence; and now, though I spend half a crown I come home as sober as a sucking calf. I hope you don't call that improvement? Has Goad the drover been here?

*Dame.* No, Ralph!

*Broad.* I must find his account.

*Enter GEORGE.*

*George.* Good evening, father! (*bows, gets on a chair, and places books on a shelf.*) I'm very hungry, mother!

*Broad.* (*looking among papers in a pocket-book, drops one*) Aye, instead of stuffing thy head I would make thee yarn someit to fill thy belly. I say, George, what's the use of thy larning—doist know, boy?

*George.* Why, father, I was thinking about that myself, so I asked my master.

*Broad.* Well.

*George.* Says he, I will endeavour to impress your young mind with a probable occasion for its usefulness.

*Broad.* Now for it.

*George.* When your dear father becomes old and past labour, your learning will be useful to him in managing his accounts in this world, and by reading good books to him, enable him to settle his account with advantage in the world to come.

*Dame.* There, husband! (*Broadcast looks grave*).

*George.* And, my dear child, says he (*taking both their hands*), if it should please Heaven to afflict your beloved parents with lameness or blindness, think what a happiness it will be to comfort and assist them, and change many a long winter's night of sorrow into contentment and cheerfulness!— (*Broadcast and wife become strongly affected, they sob, and conceal their faces.*) Oh dear! why I have made you cry: I thought it would make you happy and merry.

*Broad.* So it do, my dear!—so it do—he! he! (*mixing laugh with cry, he then snatches up George and kisses him.*) I say, missus, he's mortal like me, beant he —he! he!

*George.* And, father, when I heard I could be such a blessing to you I went to my book so eager, and so vicious—

*Broad.* Thee shalt go to school all thy days, if thee lik'st. I declare he conversations better than I can.

*George.* Now I'll go to Miss Rosine.

*Dame.* She's not within, my lamb!

*George.* I'm sorry for that; but it won't do for me to idle my time so. (*Picks up the paper his father has dropped, and seats himself on the ground, making figures with chalk*).

*Broad.* (*significantly*) Has young Squire Templeton been here to-day? Eh!

*Dame.* Ralph Broadcast, none of your wicked insinuations; Miss Rosine is as virtuous as your own mother. When the young squire brought her here she thought he was taking her to his father's house; and then he pertended the chay broke down.

*Broad.* Well, I hope all's right—only things look a little matter *suspicious*.

*Dame.* I've seen you wink, and nod your stupid head before Miss Rosine—and then, dear lady! she has sighed as if her poor heart would burst.

*Broad.* I be deadly sorry for that—if I should offer to do so again, you can give me a hint, you know.—Here comes Miss, and, seemingly, in a mortal taking.

*Enter ROSINE.*

*Ros.* Oh, Dame! I've been greatly alarmed.

*Dame.* You look so, dear lady!

*Ros.* An old gentleman fell senseless from his horse—his servant galloped off for assistance, leaving me to watch him. When he recovered, he gazed at me with frantic eagerness, and this ornament became entangled in his hands; at the sight of it he, with curses, threw me from him.—I fled; he then wildly commanded my return; but nature being exhausted, he again fainted. Medical aid arrived, and they bore him away. See, there they go!

*Broad.* Why, certain sure 'tis my landlord, old Mr. Cleveland!—Poor man! he's past his best. You must know, Miss, that, long ago, he quarrelled with his daughter, and ever since he has been startleish, and athwart, and across, and oddish like. He has left all his fortune to old Mr. Templeton—I say all the better for some folk. (*Winks. Dame pinches him.*) Zounds, what a grip!—I did not tell thee to give me a hint with a pair of pliers, did I? Oh, there's Goad the drover!—now, where's the paper (*to George*). What, you have got it, and scribbled it I suppose?



*George.* I have done it no harm, father (*rises*).

*Broad.* This seventy-five pounds will just pay a quarter's rent.

*George.* (*looking at the paper*) I was thinking, father, that if the drover only pays you seventy-five pounds, he will cheat you out of twenty-eight pounds fourteen shillings.

*Broad.* Eh! what did you say, my dear?

*George.* I think the cattle sold comes to a hundred and three pounds fourteen shillings.

*Ros.* Let me see—'tis so indeed: good boy.

*Dame.* Now, is his learning nonsense?

*Broad.* He! he! he!—he's a cute one, he has it all fra' his feyther. You must understand, Miss, that our famely is a particular sort. There's a crown for you, you cunning little jackanapes!—he! he!—Come, dame!—Mortal like me, to be sure!

*George.* What a grand gilt Robinson Crusoe this will buy!—(*Dame Broadcast takes George's hand.*)

*Broad.* Mortal like me, to be sure.

[*Exeunt Broadcast, Dame Broadcast, and George.*]

(*Vincent Templeton, without.*) Ha! ha! beer after champaigne! No, no, Broadcast, that would indeed be sounding the base string of humility (*enters somewhat intoxicated*). Enchanting Rosine! see at your feet your impassioned lover! (*kneels*) Will you not raise him to your arms?

*Ros.* How is this? There is a freedom in his look and manner new and alarming.—Vincent, this extravagant emotion does some violence to my subdued spirits.—Pray rise. (*with gentle serenity.*)

*Vinc.* By my hopes—that supplicating eye, that plaintive voice, that interesting dejection, fire my soul with love so ardent—here could I gaze for ever!

*Ros.* Fie! fie!—This is the vilest trash of romantic enthusiasm—let your language be the emanation of a feeling and enlightened mind.—Love's

best employment is the interchange of confidence—the mutual sacrifice of selfishness—the endearing offices of friendship—the sweet memory of kindness:—these are the features of that love whose parent is honour, and whose nurse is virtue.

*Vinc.* “And truths divine came mended from her tongue.”—Sweet moralist!

*Ros.* Does he mock me!—Oh, Vincent! where is the father whose arms you said were open to receive me? Without his public sanction, poor and unprotected as I am, I never will be yours!—Here I remain no longer.

*Vinc. (Aside)* As I wished.—My care for you, Rosine, has devised a secure retreat—a chaise waits to bear you to it.

*Ros.* Ah!

*Vinc.* There away from fathers—the world, and its cold rules—

*Ros.* His senses are disordered!—Let me fly!—But whither?—To the next precipice, rather than remain.

*Vinc.* I’ve been drinking bumpers of champagne to our safe arrival at this Elysium.

*Ros. (aside)* Stratagem alone can free me.

*Vinc.* What says my love?

*Ros. (averting her face)* Vincent, you shall witness the extent of your power over me—I’ll instantly prepare for my departure. (*Rushes into her room*).

*Vinc.* Then love’s triumphant. But hold!—Rosine to consent so soon!—I’m not quite sure I like that—I’m afraid I’m growing sober—’Tis a cursed awkward thing to be half a rascal.—Oh for a little more virtue, or a little more champagne!—Damn this plan of Aspice’s! I don’t like it—But, zounds, I need not hunt for scruples if she don’t—so confusion to reflection. She comes—no, she don’t. Your faithful Vincent waits.—I don’t hear her.—Rosine!—Still silent—(*Peeps through the key-hole*)

—The window open. (*Bursts open the door.*)—  
Gone—fled from her seducer!—a detested word.  
I'll pursue, but not to destroy. If ever I allow  
uncontroll'd passion—What, again protesting!  
Drunkard, idiot, scoundrel!—(*Rushes out.*)

SCENE III.—*A Park—House in the distance—  
Trees in the centre—Near them a seat.*

*Enter ROSINE, running.*

*Ros.* I have escaped; but whither have my fears  
compelled me? I must rest awhile. I'm very faint  
—a female approaches—(*conceals herself behind a  
tree.*)

(*Ellen crosses the stage, with a small basket under  
her arm—on seeing Rosine, starts.*)

*Ellen.* A lady, and alone! She seems greatly  
agitated. How may I venture to address her? I  
fear, Madam, you are ill? Shall I procure as-  
sistance? (*Rosine advancing, recognizes Ellen,  
shrieks, and conceals her face.*) Heavens, Rosine  
St. Clermont, my beloved instructor! (*with re-  
serve*) Madam, *Je suis bien aise de vous voir.*  
Oh! I cannot school it. Dear, dear Rosine! look  
on me:—'tis Ellen; 'tis she you have called your dar-  
ling Ellen that entreats.

*Ros.* I am not guilty—by my soul I am not.  
I dare bathe your hand with my tears. I dare  
press you, Ellen, to my broken heart; were it a  
guilty one, I durst not do so. Tell me where am I?

*Ellen.* In my father's domain; there's his man-  
sion, whose hospitable doors will open wide as  
these arms to receive you.

*Ros.* No! that must not be.

*Ellen.* Ah! but it must, though: here I am ver-  
derer, you are a trespasser, and by virtue of my  
office I am bound to impound you. I don't care  
for your frowns, Ma'am. School's up, school's up!

By my wishes, here comes my father! Dear Rosine, rest there a moment. (*Leads her to a seat.*)

*Enter* SIR GUY STANCH.

Oh! Sir, I've been so surprised and delighted; and you'll be delighted. I've met dear Rosine!

*Sir G.* Who?

*Ellen.* The teacher.

*Sir G.* The teacher! Good bye! (*Going.*)

*Ellen.* (*holding him*) Nay.

*Sir G.* The learning of the pupil has quite satisfied me.

*Ellen.* But, dear papa, she is in distress; she claims your hospitality.

*Sir G.* That claim was never refused by the Stanch's!—she shall be received, though she were president of the Blue Stocking club.

*Ellen.* That's a dear dad! (*patting his cheek.*)

*Sir G.* Call me dad, and you may do any thing. What the deuce shall I say to this old starch female buzwig?—I wish I could hit on some hard words. (*Ellen advances with Rosine*)—Old buzwig! I never beheld a more lovely and interesting creature!—Hem!—Pardon, madam, my unphilosophical incompatibility to make my congratulatory advances recommendatory and conciliatory to a lady (*peeping at a letter*), who is aufaut of astronomy, botany, chemistry, history, geography, geology, philology, and chronology.

*Ellen.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Ros.* Receive my heartfelt acknowledgments—but allow me, Sir, to enter my humble protest against that system of education whose object is rather to obtain the meed of public applause than to insure the felicity of domestic retirement—and which teaches the arts of obtaining a husband, rather than the duties of making one happy.

*Sir G.* Your sentiments are admirable!—I long to introduce you to the Hall.

*Ros.* First know the person you thus honour—My mother was an Englishwoman, who was discarded by her family for marrying a native of France.

*Sir G.* And serve her right.

*Ros.* Oh, Sir, had you known my father, you might have been pleased to think otherwise.

*Sir G.* To what English family did your mother belong?

*Ros.* I know not, Sir—my parents carefully concealed it.

*Sir G.* Why this is the history of old Cleveland's daughter! Your father's name?

*Ros.* Saint Clermont.

*Sir G.* No, that won't do—I've interrupted you.

*Ros.* I was sent to an English school, while my father fought in the armies hostile to the existing government. At length the usual remittances did not arrive;—this, though it filled my heart with dread for the fate of my dear parents, was not otherwise important, as by the indulgent judgment of the teachers I was thought capable of communicating the instruction I had received:—there I remained contented, till an unfortunate attachment, an—an—ill-placed confidence,—my words are incoherent.

*Sir G.* Never mind; 'tis a proof they are sincere.

*Ros.* But, indeed, they come from my heart.

*Sir G.* And when words come from one heart they generally find their way to another.—'Fore gad I'm so charmed, that if you wished to be Lady Stanch, or, what is more, asked me for my favourite hound, hang me if I could refuse you.

*Ellen.* Dear papa! Oh, we'll be so happy!—And I won't tease you any more.

*Sir G.* Won't you? that's right.—Curse the ologies—

*Ellen.* Yes cur—Oh dear! (*putting her hands be-*

*fore her mouth*). And I'll make my harp twang with Sir Roger de Coverly, and the Devil among the Tailors.

*Sir G.* Will you?

*Ellen.* Yes,—and what's more, I'll go hunting with you, and before the lark has chanted its matin song, I'll be under your window singing,

Hark, hark away,  
Gone, gone astray,  
Fal lal de ral,  
Follow, follow, follow.

*Sir G. (joins)* Damn the footmen! how they halloo!

*Both.* Fal lal de ral.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

### ACT III.

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#### SCENE I.—TEMPLETON'S *Library*.

*Enter* Mr. TEMPLETON, *meeting* Mrs. TEMPLETON,

*Temp.* Look here, madam! see what the report of my supposed wealth has produced: these are the effects of your innocent falsehood—your harmless exaggeration, subscription-hounds, races, balls, clubs, canals, railways (*throwing papers on the table.*) There's not a speculation of interest or folly, that I am not expected to patronize; and I must either incur the censure of illiberality, by a refusal, or embarrass my fortune by compliance.

*Enter* SERVANT, *who delivers papers, and exit.*

Bills of my son's:—so, so, he has heard the report, and is gone mad again.

*Mrs. T.* Does not the chest contain the title-deeds, and I know not what, of old Cleveland, whose will is made in your favour?

*Temp.* But, madam, Mr. Cleveland lives—

*Mrs. T.* Pshaw! 'twill only be the wonder of an hour, you will hear nothing of it to-morrow.

*Temp.* To-morrow! I nauseate the word; my whole house is infected with it: indeed, Julia, if you saw with my eyes—

*Mrs. T.* Your eyes, Mr. Templeton!

*Temp.* Though I admit they cannot rival yours in lustre, yet they can clearly discern that ruin—

*Mrs. T.* Ruin!—the oddest and most disagreeable word I ever heard. I beg you'll not repeat it, my love.

*Temp.* Your amended conduct must prevent its iteration, my life!

*Mrs. T.* Must, my dear!

*Temp.* Even so, my darling!

*Mrs. T.* Husband, you are rude.

*Temp.* Wife, I am just.

*Mrs. T.* Arrogant man!

*Temp.* Vain, thoughtless woman!

*Mrs. T.* Brute!

*Temp.* Torment! (*They walk about in anger.*)

*Enter DAMPER.*

*Damp.* Here I am again. Hey-day! What are they about?—Oh, I see, a pedestrian contest. The lady has the foot hollow—Templeton, you're beat (*laying hold of him*). So stop, stop, I say, my peripatetic disputants, while I inform you (can't you be quiet?) that I like you so well, that I've purchased an estate in your neighbourhood; and to prevent disappointment, have promised to pay five thousand of the purchase-money to-day, which I must have of you. (*Templeton and wife stand motionless.*) I've brought them to a stand still at last; so open this iron portal, and let the Pactolean stream flow.—What, silent!

*Mrs. T.* Oh, Templeton, I see my error. Pardon me, shield me; this shall be our last quarrel, indeed it shall. (*Runs out.*)

*Damp.* So, the lady has started again. Come, come! why don't you let me have the money? Not a word! immoveable! Is it so? Mr. Templeton, I cannot misunderstand your meaning, and my thanks are due for having with such moderation checked my unwarrantable application, my impertinent intrusion. (*Bows, and is going.*)

*Temp.* (*stopping him.*) Not so, not so, my friend!



*Damp.* How then, sir?

*Temp.* With shame and sorrow let me own, that what my wife averred, and I did not oppose, respecting the contents of that chest was—false.

*Damp.* (*starts.*) Destruction to my hopes!

*Temp.* I am very sorry on your account.

*Damp.* I think not of that; concealment is now impossible. Templeton, summon to your aid that fortitude which is the inmate of an honest breast, while you peruse that letter.

*Temp.* (*reading*) “Your son’s speculations—other failures—have caused a run—Expect bankruptcy.”—’Tis sudden, ’tis terrible—“Our only hope is delay”—that ray of hope—

*Damp.* I have unfortunately extinguished—for not daring to doubt your verity, I wrote to hasten the payments.

*Temp.* Oh, divine truth, none with impunity ever violate thy hallowed shrine! (*Weeps*).

*Damp.* Come, man, do not sink.

*Temp.* These are not selfish drops—To ruin those who placed their confidence in me—my son—my wife—

*Damp.* I’ll break it to her.

*Temp.* Oh, could you mar those smiles?

*Damp.* Let her smile through her tears; I don’t know any thing more becoming: but as you please—Here’s your son.

*Temp.* His buoyant hopes for ever wreck’d.

*Damp.* He is young and able; let him boldly buffet with the tempest till it’s fury ceases, and the gale of prosperity again fills his sails.

*Temp.* Could I but secure his happiness!

*Damp.* Send him to Sir Guy Stanch’s; there reposes the gem he covets.

*Temp.* Indeed! I rejoice at it (*aside*). A marriage with Sir Guy’s daughter would meet my wishes;—it shall be so. (*Goes to a table and writes*).

*Enter VINCENT.*

*Vinc.* No tidings of her. Heigh ho! how willingly would I give the wealth that chest contains to procure the sweet repose of a tranquil mind, the proud consciousness of innate rectitude.

*Damp.* How now, melancholy?

*Vinc.* Oh, no. Overjoyed that your fears for my father were illusory.—

*Damp.* His wealth is illusory,—founded in error, in mistake,—be sure you do not name it.—Behold him, Vincent; he wants such consolation as a virtuous son can bestow.

*Vinc.* Virtuous son! (*aside.*)

*Damp.* And your reformed conduct in regard to Rosine gives me assurance—

*Vinc.* Does he mock me?

*Damp.* I say that your obtaining for her the honourable protection of Sir Guy Stanch, at whose window I just now beheld her—

*Vinc.* Is she there? (*with surprise and animation.*)

*Damp.* (*Indignantly taking his hand*) Did you not know it? Look at me, Sir.—Did she fly there for safety?—Away! away! (*flings him aside, and exit.*)

*Vinc.* Is she so near? Blest tidings! then may I sue for pardon, may again behold her! (*Templeton groans*). Ah, a groan!—Selfish wretch! what are thy maudling griefs to his unmerited misery? (*Templeton rises*). Oh, my father! if laying down my life—

*Temp.* You offer the sacrifice of life as an atonement for what the sacrifice of follies might have averted. But I pardon you.

*Vinc.* Oh, Sir, never again shall this heart be stabbed by your anger, or more deeply wounded by your forgiveness.

*Temp.* Vincent, you cannot know the affection a father bears his child. It impels every thought,

governs every action, forms the object of his life, nor leaves him at the awful hour of death. As that hour may not be far distant from me—

*Vinc.* Oh, in mercy! (*weeps*).

*Temp.* I meant not to distress you. Come, come, we are in the hands of an all-merciful Providence; and they who meet the worst with resignation, may be permitted to hope the best. I've just learnt where your affections are engaged. Here's a letter to Sir Guy Stanch; it will aid the fulfilment of your heart's fondest wishes, and my blessing be upon your union. No thanks.—Lead me in, my son; for I feel as if I had suddenly grown very old. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*A Farm Yard.*

*Enter* Dame BROADCAST, *followed by* BROADCAST.

*Dame.* Lack a day! what can have become of the child? He ought to have been home an hour ago. I hope no harm—

*Broad.* No, no—don't be frightened—you may see I beant.

*Dame.* Thank Heaven, there he is—

*Broad.* Is he? (*recovering from his alarm*). Did not I say what a fool thee was to be frightened?

*Dame.* Ralph, see!—he's leading a strange looking man—one of your oversea foreigners like—

*Broad.* Foreigners! he gets no harbour here, I can tell him. [*Enter George, leading in Count Villars.*]

*Geo.* There, Sir, we've got home at last. Oh, father, I found this poor gentleman so faint and weary he could not walk—

*Broad.* And what was that to you?

*Geo.* Why, I'll tell you, father. My master ordered me to get by heart these words, We become good ourselves by doing good to others. So I practised my lesson, by assisting—

*Broad.* A villain, may be. You don't enter my house.—I boast of being a true born Briton.

*Count Vil.* I thought a Briton's proudest boast was humanity to a fallen enemy.

*Broad.* That's a bit of a puzzler. But, zounds, he may be a spy, and come to tell—

*Geo.* Then don't let him tell that I have a hard-hearted father.

*Count Vil.* I ask a little water for charity.

*Dame.* Water,—that's but cold comfort, Ralph.

*Broad.* Mortal poor hungry stuff indeed.—I say, you may just draw him a mug of beer, if 'tis only for the novelty of the thing.

*Dame.* With all my heart. [Exit.

*Broad.* I'm a bit of a constable, and must cross question him.

*Geo.* Don't cross question him, father.

*Broad.* What countryman be you?

*Count Vil.* A native of France.

*Broad.* A Frenchman!

*Count Vil.* Yes, Sir.—Oh, my beloved country! degraded as thou art, still art thou mine, and with my latest breath will I assert thee!—Sir, I was shipwrecked on your coast, and the small remains of a princely fortune, which I had preserved from revolutionary destruction, was buried in the waters.

*Geo.* Poor gentleman! (*coaxingly pulls his father's arm round his neck*).

*Broad.* Bless thy tender heart! I thought just now I had lost thee, and then my worst enemy might have pitied me. (*To Count Villars*) And what was your errand here, eh?

*Count Vil.* To seek a lost child.

*Geo.* And won't you pity your enemy that has lost his child?

*Broad.* I hope,—that is, I suppose you found it.

*Count Vil.* No, she was gone,—fled with a—  
Let me not proclaim my shame,—rather let the foul

pollution consume and dry up the vital stream she has dishonoured.—Oh! oh! (*Is near fainting.*)

*Enter Dame, with Beer.*

*Dame.* Here, dear good outlandish man, drink.

*Count Vil. (eagerly drinks)* 'Tis reviving, 'tis delicious!—A wretched man thanks you for your hospitable kindness.

*Broad.* Drabbit it, I don't know what to do, not I.

*Dame.* What does your heart say, Ralph?

*Broad.* Why it somehow takes his part,—I can't say but it does. Come, drink again.—My beer's like you, Mounseer, it improves upon acquaintance. (*Count Villars drinks*). It makes him smile, don't it? (*Broadcast drinks*.)

*Count Vil.* 'Tis excellent indeed.—Ah, this is the liquor that make the Englishman fight.

*Geo.* Yes, Sir, it makes my father fight very often.

*Broad.* Hush! (*Dame motions George to be silent.*) But, I say, you'll allow that an Englishman's a match for a dozen Frenchmen?

*Count Vil.* A dozen, Sir, is a great many.—But I will say, that the Englishman who boasts of his superiority makes himself a Frenchman's inferior.

*Broad.* That's plump, however.

*Dame.* Come, Ralph.—Ask him in.—Don't be stingy.

*Broad.* Stingy.—It beant for that.—I think money's like manure, of no use when in a heap; but properly spread it draws forth nature's best blessings.—I will, if 'tis only for variety, and the fun on't like.—What say you, Mounseer, to an English supper, and a warm bed after it?

*Count Vil.* A bed of clean straw is a luxury I have not lately enjoyed.

*Broad.* Come, Dame, be alive. [*Exit Dame.*] Your fare will be coarse, but wholesome.

*Count Vil.* While you can eat the bread of liberty and independence, it does not much import whether it is white or brown.

*Broad.* Why, dang it, that's as good a bit of downright English as ever was spoken in parliament house. You must know, I was brought up to hate foreigners. What mischief they do in the nation let wiser heads than mine settle; but one of them made sad work here, for the daughter of my worthy landlord Mr. Cleveland—

*Count Vil.* (*aside*) Cleveland! Stand I a beggar on my wife's inheritance!

*Broad.* She married a countryman of yours, one Count Villars. It almost broke the old gentleman's heart, and made the name of Villars hated mortally;—but that's no concern of yours, and so walk in, Mounseer.

*Count Vil.* Hold! Suppose Count Villars should claim your hospitality?

*Broad.* I would spurn him from my door.

*Count Vil.* I am he! (*Broadcast snatches George from his hand, rushes into the house, shutting the door with violence*). Almighty Father, be merciful if despair drive me into the embraces of my last friend! Tremble, ye tyrants, whose ambition engenders 'twixt man and man the baleful passions of hatred and revenge, defiling the temple of the human heart, which heaven has gifted with its own attributes of love and charity to all its creatures. Now to seek the shelter of some hovel.—Mr. Cleveland, of thy wide domains all Villars will claim of thee is a grave. [*Exit.*

### SCENE III.—*Tantivy Hall.*

*Enter ASPIC.*

Let me review the state of affairs.—Rosine being here, Vincent won't think of Sir Guy's daughter;—two material articles disposed of.—Now, if my

prospectus succeeds, my pupil Suckling shall disgust Sir Guy with his acquired jargon, and then *To triumphe*.—But now for the lovely Mrs. Templeton;—and if her virtue wont suit my personal purposes, her follies will exactly suit my new novel.—Here comes my *eleve*, and conning his lesson.

*Enter* SUCKLING.

*Suck.* When man was created, and before the alembic of ratiocination had amalgamated opposing passions, and neutralized deleterious affections, and before—

*Asp.* Bravo! you are perfect.

*Suck.* An't I? Oh, now I've got a speech to my back, I beant afeard of the best of them. 'Tis a very sensible speech.—I say what, what is it about?

*Asp.* That's their business to find out,

*Suck.* So it is, he! he!

*Asp.* Now mark me,—Sir Guy refuses you his daughter, because he thinks humbly, and of course erroneously, of your talents,—but give him proof to the contrary, and Ellen's your own:—here he comes.—Now astound him with your impudence, paralyze him with your consequence, and smother him with your eloquence. [*Exit.*

*Suck.* (*imitating*) And smother him—'tis soon said—I don't think much good will come of making me a *beau esprit*—'tis distorting into a fricasee what nature meant should be plain boiled. Besides, I've read, that a critic at a book is like a dog at a feast, who only feeds on what other folks throw away, and snarls all the time into the bargain. Now I love good humour and the nice bits, but 'tis all for Ellen;—and as love makes wise men fools, who knows but it may make me a wise man—and so, old Guy, I'll smother you.

*Enter* Sir GUY STANCH and Servant.

*Sir Guy.* Mr. Templeton's servant brought it, did he?

*Serv.* Yes, Sir.

*Sir Guy.* (*reading a letter*) "I am delighted to find that my son Vincent has conceived an attachment for your daughter."—So am I. "Permission to address her—wait on you."—Summon all the maids to dizen out Nell, and tell her to summon all her airs and graces.—Let her have her music at her fingers' end, her capers at her foot's end, and her ologies at her tongue's end, that she may make a burst with the whole pack of them.—(*To Suckling*) Stand out of my way!

*Suck.* Stand out of my way!—'Ecod, 'tis high time to smother him.

*Sir G.* I dare say he will be here immediately. What's o'clock?

*Suck.* Hem! In discussing that important subject it will be necessary to recur to first principles, When man was created, and before the alembic of ratiocination had amalgamated opposing passions, and neutralized deleterious affections, and before the social compact had received the indentation of common consent, and the impress of experience, and before—

*Sir G.* (*whistles*) He's cracked! I did not ask what time of the month it was, you mooncalf.

*Suck.* Mooncalf! Your remark, old Guy, is as insipid as boiled veal, and I deem it a paramount duty to explode your damned formal, corner cupboard notions.

*Sir G.* And I deem it a paramount duty, when puppies are let into the parlour and misbehave to dismiss them with a horsewhip. Come, clear the course, for I expect young Templeton to receive my daughter's hand!

*Suck.* What! Oh, thou most savage of hunters! —By the gods, such a deed, even in the days of barbarism, when man was created, and before the alembic of ratiocination had—(*a knocking at the door.*)



*Sir G.* He's here!—Away, you babbling mongrel! (*Pushes out Suckling, who goes on with his speech till forced off*),—for here comes a thoroughbred one, and so capitally trained, that at the next parliamentary stakes I'll start him for the county.

*Enter VINCENT TEMPLETON.*

Welcome, thrice welcome, my dear Sir, to Tantivy Hall! Where are all my rascals?—throw open the best rooms;—load the sideboard with plate, and serve the venison pasty—

*Vinc.* What the devil's all this ceremony for!—Sir Guy, think me not ungrateful for this noble reception—but my anxiety to behold—

*Sir G.* You amorous young rogue! but I like you the better, it shews blood; only you need not push me out of my own house.

*Vinc.* I ask ten thousand pardons.—Is she in that room?

*Sir G.* (*patting down his hand*) No, no, I must prepare her to receive you.

*Vinc.* And does she consent to receive me?

*Sir G.* To be sure.—A father's authority—

*Vinc.* (*aside*) True, all my dear Rosine required was my father's sanction, which, being obtained, she will pardon. 'Sdeath and fury, Sir, a'nt you gone?

*Sir G.* What a fiery dog it is! I'm going. I say, was it at Mrs. Polish's she touched you?—Eh! (*hitting Vincent's breast*).

*Vinc.* Exactly; 'tis very rude to keep a lady waiting.

*Sir G.* So it is. I say, do you think she likes you?

*Vinc.* To be candid, she has confessed as much.

*Sir G.* A sly jade!

*Vinc.* Jade! Sir, that's a liberty—

*Sir G.* Oh! true, nobody justified in calling a

woman a jade but her husband. Well, well, I'll go—'Ecod, I'm so happy—tol de rol! [*Exit.*]

*Vinc.* In the name of absurdity, what is he capering about?—what's my union with Rosine to him?—what right has he to be pleased? (*Enter Suckling, who crosses the stage, making faces.*) Every soul in this house is crazy. Why do you make an ugly face at me?

*Suck.* I can't make an ugly face; but I would if I could, you Tarquin Superbus.

*Vinc.* Why, this booby's sulkiness is more inexplicable than Sir Guy's capers.

*Suck.* To part true lovers—

*Vinc.* Lovers! have you dared to lift your saucy eye?

*Suck.* Yes, and my saucy mouth too.

*Vinc.* Mouth! dam'me I'll make mince meat of you.

*Suck.* Mince meat! perhaps some people know as much about making mince meat as some people.

*Vinc.* I must have this explained. Sir, I am calm, and will thank you for such information—

*Suck.* Information! Oh! when man was created, and before the alembic of ratiocination had amalgamated opposing passions, and neutralized deleterious affections, and before the social compact had received the indentation of common consent, and—

*Vinc.* Buz, buz, buz—In love with you!—ha! ha!

*Enter Sir Guy.*

*Sir G.* Mr. Templeton—(*to Suckling*) now, pray stand out of the way—your bride waits.

*Vinc.* Sir Guy—(*to Suckling*) now, pray stand out of the way—I attend you with joy.

*Sir G.* Allow me to lead you to her presence.

*Vinc.* Lead me where you please, Sir Guy.

[*Exit, pulling out Sir Guy.*]

*Suck.* Oh, dear, I'm faint! I foresee the most dreadful consequences; I should not wonder if it affected my appetite. Oh, Bonny! Bonny! where can you fly for comfort?—to philosophy.—When man was created (*cries violently*), and before the alembic of ratiocination had—No, that won't do. What infernal punishment does that wretch merit! He deserves—he deserves to be starved.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Apartment in Tantivy Hall.*

(*ROSINE and ELLEN discovered.*)

*Ellen.* Oh, dear! oh, dear! which is to be most pitied! the lady who has lost her lover, or she that has found one?

*Ros.* My sweet friend, let not your kind sympathy for me influence your determination, I resign my pretensions.

*Ellen.* Without a sigh?

*Ros.* (*sighing*) Yes. Can he know that I am here?

*Ellen.* He shall know it. So soon to forget your rights!

*Ros.* So soon to forget my wrongs! They come.—Ah, this agitation! Daughter of St. Clermont, where sleeps your pride? If the blood must stain your cheek, let it be the glow of just resentment; if the heart will throb, let its impulse be the consciousness of innate honour. [*Exit.*

*Ellen.* How shall I contrive to make him dislike me! Vain girl! will it be difficult with him, whom Rosine's chains could not fetter? He is said to possess talents of the first order: so I'll appear to him as vulgar, gawky, and pert a miss as ever stood on boarding-school stocks (*seats herself, and draws a veil over her face*).

*Enter VINCENT TEMPLETON and Sir GUY.*

*Vinc.* There she sits!---(*eagerly,*)

*Sir G.* Zounds, you are enough to frighten the girl! be quiet, I say (*brings down Ellen, and places her hand in Vincent's*). Receive her, Mr. Templeton, and Heaven bless you together!

*Vinc.* Oh, Ro---(*Ellen withdraws her veil, Vincent is petrified.*)

*Sir G.* I never saw joy have such an effect before! Recover yourself, my dear son-in-law!

*Vinc.* S—s—so—son—

*Sir G.* He can't speak—that's right, rub your eyes. It would not be proper for my daughter to embrace you, but I will, my dear boy! (*hugs him.*)

*Vinc.* Is---is---not---(*pointing to another room.*)

*Sir G.* I know—I can take a hint. Yes, I'll leave you together, you happy---Oh, my dear son! (*hugs him, and exit.*)

*Vinc.* (*aside*) Whose damned scheme is this? Fool! to think Rosine was here!—What shall I say?—Won't you be seated Ma'am—Miss—

*Ellen.* If you please, Sir. (*aside*) Make him dislike me! 'Ecod, the difficulty would lie the other way.

*Vinc.* She speaks. No, thank you, ma'am. My father to join in deceiving!—Hold, perhaps this opulent connection was planned to save him from ruin;—it must be so. Then, cruel as the sacrifice is, I devote myself. If I cannot love, at least let me behave like a gentleman (*throws himself into a chair, his back towards Ellen*). She is said to be highly accomplished, and---

*Ellen.* Hubby!

*Vinc.* Eh!

*Ellen.* He! he! he!---Hubby!

*Vinc.* (*starting up*) Hubby! Oh, my cursed stars!

*Ellen.* Did you speak, Sir?

*Vinc.* Yes, Ma'am, I was blessing my happy stars.

*Ellen.* Your stars! why, la! I know all the stars, but they never told me that any of them were your'n.

*Vinc.* Accomplish'd! was there ever such a gawky idiot! Never mind, the more misery the better.

*Ellen.* (*poutingly*) You don't love me.

*Vinc.* Not love you, my---my charmer! Have not I flown to you on the wings of love?

*Ellen.* Flown on the wings of love! Trotted three miles on a pony, you mean. Why, father will gallop fifty miles after a fox; and some folks would think that not such good sport, either. (*peeping through her hands.*)

*Vinc.* I'll fly the country.

*Ellen.* Come, come, no shirking! Will you flop down on your knees, and swear you love me?

*Vinc.* Yes; there (*keels*), I do swear. (*Ellen beckons in Rosine.*)

*Ellen.* And do you call the world to witness?

*Vinc.* Yes; I call the whole world to witness that I love--- (*seeing Rosine.*)

*Ros.* Proceed, Sir.

*Vinc.* Rosine! (*starts up*). Joy, sorrow, shame, confound me. (*advancing to Rosine, she repels him.*) Oh, do not fear me!

*Ros.* No, Vincent! I only feared while I loved.

*Vinc.* While you loved!—distraction! Why do you smile, Rosine?

*Ros.* Because all here is at peace (*placing her hand on her breast*). Why don't you smile?

*Vinc.* I own appearances condemn me; but I was deceived, imposed upon (*with rapidity*). May each hour of my life be an accumulation of misery! may my death be more—

*Ros.* Did not I behold you at that lady's feet?

*Vinc.* Yes; I was about to sacrifice my happi-

ness; but 'twas to preserve a parent. Could I behold a father, respected and beloved, on the verge of ruin, and not devote myself to save him?

*Ros.* Could you behold a woman, a stranger, without a friend, and yet devote yourself to her destruction?

*Vinc.* 'Twas intemperance—'twas madness! If a life of repentance can atone, here will I hang for ever. Pity me, Rosine! (*kneels.*)

*Enter Sir GUY.*

*Ellen.* (*weeps*) Very well, Sir, "a man of words and not of deeds."

*Vinc.* To be jealous of a—a prating cockatoo, that was forced on me by that old blockhead her father. (*seeing Sir Guy*) Now, 'tis all over with me.

*Ellen.* I won't be called a cockatoo. (*they follow Vincent up and down the stage.*)

*Sir G.* Oh, you most tremendous of villains! Where are my servants? Load all the blunderbusses!

*Vinc.* With all my heart—muzzle high.

*Ellen.* I won't be called a cockatoo.

*Vinc.* Will you leave me, Rosine?

*Ros.* Vincent, farewell!

[*Exit.*

*Sir G.* Sir, I will not be treated thus.

*Vinc.* Gone! I defy the malice of fate to add another plague.

*Enter SUCKLING.*

*Suck.* When man was created, and before the alembic of ratiocination—

*Vinc.* (*interrupting him with vehemence*) Fiends! tortures! my horses—servants—(*rushes out.*)

*Sir G.* Dam'me, but I'll hunt him! (*follows Vincent, Suckling and Ellen exeunt hand in hand, laughing and pointing at Sir Guy.*)

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Enter* Farmer BROADCAST, *with Whip, and booted, meeting* Dame BROADCAST.

*Broad.* Here, wife, take my whip, and put this receipt by safe.

*Dame.* Did you see Mr. Cleveland, or did the steward receive the rent?

*Broad.* When my landlord heard I was there, he sent for me, in his sick chamber, and asked kindly after the crops and cattle, and you, and so forth. Says he, "Your wife, when a girl, used to run wild about the park with my undutiful daughter." I had nearly popt out that the hated Count Villars was here; but a trembling came on the old man, followed by one of his fits.

*Dame.* 'Tis not for the likes of me to judge; but perhaps his unkindness to his daughter lies heavy on his conscience.

*Enter a FARMER, hastily.*

*Farm.* Neighbour—dame—don't be frightened.

*Broad.* No, no, I bean't (*alarmed*).

*Farm.* Your boy—

*Dame.* Speak!

*Broad.* Is he alive?

*Farm.* Yes, and safe.—In trying to save my child's life, who fell into the river, and nearly lost his own—but he's safe, I tell you—I ran before, least, seeing him in other clothes, should alarm you.—He's here! (*Exit.*)

*Enter GEORGE, who runs into his mother's arms.*

*Dame.* My dear babe!

*Broad.* What happened, my lamb?

*Geo.* Indeed, father, I was not to blame—the flood had left the footbridge wet and slippery; my schoolfellow ran, heedlessly, and fell in.—I caught him; but the stream was very strong, and I had not the heart to let him go, so I fell in too.

*Dame.* My kind, brave, boy!

*Geo.* When I recovered I found myself in the arms of a gentleman, who had plunged in.

[*During this COUNT VILLARS has entered, and placed himself behind Broadcast.*]

*Broad.* Where is he, that I may bless him?

*Geo.* Here, father—this is my preserver! (*running to Count Villars.*)

*Dame.* A mother's blessing be upon you.

*Broad.* (*Oppressed with surprise, gratitude, and shame, attempts to express his feelings by pointing up to heaven, and striking his breast.*)—You are a father—I need say no more. To shut my door against the saviour of my child—It don't signify—I can't look you in the face.

*Count Vil.* (*taking his hand*) Your feelings I honour—your prejudices I pardon.

*Broad.* Oh, thank you! thank you!—But, you feel cold and aguish. Go, Dame, and get some garments to the fire, and heat some elder wine.—Run and help, boy! (*Exeunt Dame and George*) If I had but the sense to hit on some way to sarve him!—Ah, Sir, let me persuade you to go to Mr. Cleveland's, just to—

*Count Vil.* Go to Cleveland! (*aside*) he will ask where's the proud Count Villars?—here, a wretched outcast and a beggar!—Where his illustrious progeny?—the degraded minion of lust and dishonour!—Perish first! If I have merited your gratitude, pay me by your secresy.



*Broad.* His daughter, your wife—is she happy?

*Count Vil.* Yes; for she is dead.

*Broad.* Poor dead lady!—The old man never held up his head after—he made a fresh will, and has given all his estate to a worthy gentleman, Mr. Templeton.

*Count Vil. (aside)* Ah, the name of the villain that bore away my child!—Worthy! (*with violence*).

*Broad.* What's the matter?—There's no sin in saying a man's worthy—is there?

*Count Vil.* I shall betray myself (*aside*).—No.

*Broad.* His son's a little matter skittish like, not penn'd in properly when young, and bad hedges make bad cattle.—Between ourselves, he had a bit of a sweetheart here.

*Count Vil.* Here! here! where is she? (*with vehemence*).

*Broad.* I don't know.—Ecod, he frightens me! and I never thought I should be afeard of a Frenchman.—You had better ax young squire about it; he can't be far off, for there's his servant.

*Count Vil.* Ah, fortune, this is all I asked! (*shewing pistols*)—A father's curse weigh down thy steps, till a father's vengeance shall o'ertake thee! (*rushes out*).

*Broad.* Pistols! there'll be murder!—Here, wife, where's my constable's staff?

(*Exit into the house*).

SCENE II.—MR. TEMPLETON'S. *Table and implements of writing.*

*Enter ASPIC with a memorandum book—seats himself—writes.*

*Asp.* “Eyes, folly; teeth, whales.” There you are, my pretty, vain Mrs. Templeton, as large as life; if I could persuade you into the badinage of an in-

trigue, it would finish the character with spirit and effect. (*rises, leaving the book on the table.*) I wonder she don't come (*looking out of a window*). What, eh! bailiffs! (*runs from the window*) How the devil could they ferret me out here? (*peeps*). I know you, you faithful followers of genius! Miserable reflection! That the proceedings of the court of Apollo should be supersedable by the court of Common Pleas; that the poet's bay should be withered by the cauliflower wig of a counsellor; and that the rules of composition should be accompanied by the rules of the bench. If I could but get at some of the produce of the strong box—'tis the talisman of flattery must unlock it—I'll instantly bribe the porter to say I've got out of the country, or have got into parliament. [*Exit hastily.*]

*Enter* MRS. TEMPLETON.

What can be the matter with my husband? he sighs, seeks solitude;—sure he can't be vulgar enough to be jealous? If he thinks me unworthy his confidence, I shall not consider him entitled to my sympathy.—I wonder where Mr Aspice is. One must load these literary gentlemen; for a fashionable author is, now, become as necessary an appendage to a stilted party as a confectioner; or, a Bow-street officer—(*going to the table*). His commonplace book, I declare! Now for a peep! I know I'm his heroine; but if there be any fulsome compliments I shall prohibit the publication—(*reads*) “A sketch—Mrs. Templeton, alias Mrs. Argus, “all”—all what—“all eyes! which she rolls about “as industriously as a sightless pauper, and with the “same effect, for it excites our pity!”—Pity! I'll tear them out! I'll never open them again, only to have evidence of the villain's treachery.—“She “smiles for effect without cause, and never shews “her teeth without shewing her folly—” (*cries with vexation*)—“Swallows flattery as voraciously as

“the Malestrom in Norway does whales, tho’  
 “in the vortex is wrecked.” What! (*with solemnity*)  
 is wrecked a husband’s happiness!—Ah, am I  
 awake—Well, madam, what say you to the charge?  
 —Guilty!—Vain, unthinking woman! Oh, I could  
 kiss the venomed ink!—What’s to be done?—Ah,  
 it shall be so! (*writes in the book*)—My husband  
 comes;—let me conceal—no, he shall judge of the  
 sincerity of my repentance by the voluntary ex-  
 posure of my follies (*throws the book on the ground,*  
*and retires*).

*Enter* TEMPLETON.

*Temp.* This agony of suspence is insupportable!  
 No letters from London—no messenger! Mr.  
 Damper gone without a parting word!—Hitherto  
 I’ve concealed from my wife the tortures I en-  
 dure; but soon, alas!—What’s here? (*takes up the*  
*book and reads*)—“Mrs. Argus—excites pity—  
 flattery”—Unmanly libeller! Ah, what follows is  
 in Julia’s character.—“To this she pleads guilty;  
 “but, happily, the same moment that unmasked a  
 “hypocrite, impressed on her heart a keen sense of  
 “her folly, and with it the resolution of seeking  
 “happiness in the active duties of a wife, and in  
 “the indulgent forgiveness of an affectionate hus-  
 “band.”—(*she comes unperceived, and kneels by his*  
*side*).

*Mrs. Temp.* Oh, Sir, pardon!

*Temp.* Julia, joy of my life, rise to my dotting  
 heart! (*embraces her*)—Blissful moment! it will  
 sweeten my dying hour!—But, oh!—

*Mrs. Temp.* You tremble!—Your wife will en-  
 treat to partake your joys—but she demands to  
 share your sorrows.

*Temp.* Your husband is a beggar—ruined!—  
 worse—the cause of other’s ruin!

*Mrs. Temp.* (*faintly*) Is there no hope?

*Temp.* None.

*Mrs. Temp.* Then we must welcome resigna-

tion. Oh, I could cherish the grief that has awakened in my bosom its better feelings, but for the agonising thought that I may have caused this ruin;—teach me, Sir, what can I do?

*Temp.* Nothing, dearest wife! we will wait the events of to-morrow.

*Mrs. Temp.* To-morrow! do not afflict me with that hated word.—Where's Vincent?—Where your firm friend Mr. Damper?

*Temp.* Gone.

*Mrs. Temp.* Gone! he seemed your shadow.

*Temp.* But when the sun of my prosperity set, the shadow vanished.—Ah, here comes that vile libeller!

*Mrs. Temp.* Templeton! no resentment, I entreat.

*Enter ASPIC.*

*Asp.* The porter (Cerberus) took his sop kindly enough; now if I can doze Templeton and his wife—and, luckily, they are here.—What an interesting contemplation is domestic happiness!—what a lesson to the world! Had I permission to record such worth, its advantages could not be lost—(*feeling for his book*)—could not be lost—(*tremulously, and running to the table*), as I said before, could not be lost—(*searching eagerly about the room*).

*Temp.* Is it this, sir, you seek?

*Asp.* This! No! Oh, yes! my sketch book, where my friends' virtues and graces—(*peeps into it, and drops it*)—Punished—beat—shelved—defunct—screwed down and buried! The fangs of the law without, an enraged woman's tongue within;—however my shoulders will bear any thing but the paralysing paw of a bailiff. Sir, I, I, must live—

*Temp.* Did it ever occur to you, sir, that you must die? Is this base perversion of the human mind to be endured? 'Sdeath, while the legal in-

former is marked for public contempt, shall no ignominy attach to the literary one? While the maimers and slayers of this perishable body are consigned to the hangman, shall the stabbers of reputation, the assassins of our immortal honour, escape whipping? Call me not proser or exaggerater; 'tis the crying sin of the age; and he who stands forward publicly to expose and condemn it, is well entitled to the protection of the sons and daughters of virtue. Yet, here, sir, I am sorry you impose on me the harsh task of requiring you to quit my house.

*Asp.* I would directly—but the danger——

*Temp.* My servants shall conduct——

*Asp.* Thank you, sir; but that's very unnecessary; there are attendants without very willing to take all possible care of me, and see me quite safe to town. Mr. Templeton, I throw myself on your mercy. The fact is, sir, there are bailiffs (*Templeton stands, and trembles*) about the house, and if they see me——

*Mrs. T.* Templeton, you tremble!—Heavens do you fear?

*Temp.* Dear Julia, be composed. Sir, while I have power here you may remain. Retire to some proper place of safety.

*Asp.* Thank you, sir. Proper place! I know the poet's—the garret. [*Exit.*]

*Temp.* Lost! disgraced! Oh, heaven end my days soon, soon!

(*Vincent Templeton rushes in.*)

*Vinc.* I saw suspicious men lurking about.

*Temp.* Be not alarmed, my son; you are in perfect safety. These men, Vincent, wait for your father.

*Vinc.* My father! (*with horror.*)

*Mrs. T.* (*shrieks*) No, no.

*Temp.* Hark! a noise!—They come.

*Vinc.* Close all the doors.

*Mrs. T.* Fly! conceal yourself, dear Templeton, for my sake.

*Temp.* By your leave, love (*kisses her hand*).

*Vinc.* Secure the doors, I say.

*Temp.* I say no! As this will be the last exertion of my authority, at least let it be an act of justice.—I command that all have free admittance. Dragged to a prison—my honest name given up to calumny—to—they are here.

(*Enter a STRANGER.*)

*Str.* Your name is Templeton?

*Temp.* Yes.

*Str.* When you have perused that (*presenting a paper*) I shall require you to go with me—I will wait in the next apartment.

*Temp.* Sir, I will not detain you long; the feelings and decorum you have shewn in discharging your duty demands my gratitude.

[*Exit STRANGER.*]

*Vinc.* Father!

*Mrs. T.* Husband!

*Temp.* 'Tis hard to part.

*Mrs. T.* Part!—Never! never!

*Temp.* The die is cast.—Let me see at whose suit (*unfolds the paper; utters an hysteric exclamation, and falls back, Vincent supporting him.*)

*Mrs. T.* (*snatching up the letter*) "Acquaint you, that at six o'clock—Mr. Cleveland departed "this life." Liberty—liberty!—Oh, my husband! Let the warm breathings of affection call back your fleeting spirits—these drops of sympathy reanimate your drooping heart!

*Temp.* (*recovering*). Heaven's will be done! Give me the paper. (*reads*) "His last moments "were employed in calling for and blessing you, his "beloved friend."—This demands a tear of grateful sorrow.—Merciful Father! how inscrutable are the dispensations of thy providence!

*Enter SERVANT and an attorney.*

*Serv.* That is Mr. Templeton.

*Att.* Sir, the critical state of your affairs has compelled my client to institute what you may consider harsh, legal proceedings; but the security of your person—

*Temp.* I am ever willing to pay a prompt submission to the laws of my country; but if you will have the forbearance to suspend further proceedings till you have accompanied me to the late Mr. Cleveland's—

*Att.* Is Mr. Cleveland no more? (*Templeton presents the paper*). The disposition of his property in your favour is well known. I will attend you, sir; and am rejoiced that this event will preclude the necessity of pursuing measures so destructive to your happiness and honour.

*Temp.* Julia! Vincent! Oh, thus supported, thus beloved, thus blessed, I hardly dare trust my happiness. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A sequestered Place in a Park.*

*Enter VINCENT TEMPLETON.*

*Temp.* A father restored to affluence and happiness, my whole heart turns to thee, Rosine! (*takes out a miniature.*) And, must I be content with this inanimate semblance of my love?—Though it was pencilled in early years to gratify a doting father's pride, yet here is the promise of those matchless charms, which time has perfected; here beam the eyes of ingenuous innocence, which seem to smile on me forgiveness. (*During this Count Villars has entered—he sees the picture—starts—then snatches it from his hand.*) Ah, a robber!—Villain, I part with that picture but with life!

*Count Vil.* With life be it, then. (*Gives him a pistol—retires a few paces.*) Defend yourself!

*Enter BROADCAST and Gamekeeper.*

*Broad.* (*rushing between them.*) Hold!

*Vinc.* Secure that villain.

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*Broad.* Dare not to lay a hand upon him.

*Vinc.* What means this insolence?

*Broad.* Sir, I'm his Majesty's own petty constable, and when there's ony fighting, this is my authority for making one among them. And I would die to serve that man.

*Vinc.* Why?

*Broad.* Because he would have died to save my child.

*Vinc.* He has robbed me.

*Broad.* Robbed you! (*Surprised and dejected.*)  
No, sure.

*Vinc.* Wrenched from my hand a picture of value inestimable.

*Broad.* Why, some people do take violent fancies to pictures. (*slily to Villars*)—Never heed—give it him again.

*Vinc.* This mystery shall be explained. Will you restore—

*Count Vil.* Never!

*Vinc.* What motive urged you to seek my life?

*Count Vil.* Interminable, mortal detestation.

*Vinc.* Who are you? (*Count Villars by the action of his hands repels him, and turns away.*)  
Seize him, and follow me. I'll make good the charge.—Old man, do your duty. [*Exit.*

*Broad.* Young man, do yours. (*to Gamekeeper*)  
Why don't you follow your master?

*Game.* He ordered me to bring this man.

*Broad.* He ordered you! and, pray, who am I?  
Come, don't stand there bullying me, and making a riot, or, as peace officer, I'll break every bone in your skin.

*Game.* Very well, you act at your peril!

[*Exit Gamekeeper.*

*Broad.* At my peril be it.

*Count Vil.* (*Taking out the picture*) Rosine! Oh, my child! (*Broadcast listens with astonishment.*)  
Here thou art innocent, and I may kiss thee.—No



more!—For thus a wretched father casts thee from him—thus, on the base earth—he—(*looks at the picture, hesitates, and thrusts it in his bosom.*)

*Broad.* His daughter—Miss Rosine—the daughter of—it may save the old man's life—it may give happiness—justice.—Noble Sir, you must come with me to Mr. Cleveland's.

*Count Vil.* Never!—

*Broad.* You forget you are my prisoner.

*Count Vil.* I did, indeed!—Vain worm, not yet humbled!—still wilt thou turn, when trampled on.

*Broad.* I tremble to offend you,—but as it is to serve you, I'll even drag you there. (*Seizes him, and is drawing away when a bell tolls at a distance, he drops Villars's hand.*) 'Tis all over!—that's old Mr. Cleveland's knell.

*Count Vil.* (*Kneeling*) Father of mercy! grant him that pardon which he denied his child.—Hope,—hope no more.—Come, whither do you lead me?

*Broad.* Not to Mr. Templeton's.—No, I'll go to Sir Guy Stanch.—Yes—come Sir.—'tis my office to walk first.—I know you'll not think of running away; because if you were, I'm so touched in the wind I could not overtake you.—No, he won't go.

*Count Vil.* Bury my secret deep in your breast. (*taking his hand.*)

*Broad.* They mun tear my heart out that gets at it. [*Exeunt, Broadcast supporting him.*]

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment at Mr. CLEVELAND'S. A Cabinet sealed, secretary Table.—A knocking at the Door.*

*Enter Mr. CLEVELAND'S STEWARD and SERVANT.*

*Stew.* If that be Mr. Templeton, shew him in here. [*Enter Templeton and Attorney.—Tem-*

*pleton places his hat and cane on the table.] Mr. Templeton, my honoured and beloved master, in his last moments, requested that you would make the disposition of his property immediately known.*

*Temp.* I will obey. His testament will be found here (*pointing to the cabinet*). Break the seals. (*He opens a drawer, and takes out a will.*) As you see—the date unaltered—the same you witnessed.

*Stew.* The same.

*Temp.* Are there any other papers?

*Stew.* None. (*Examining the cabinet.*)

*Temp.* Pray, leave me. [*Exit Attorney.*] No alteration—no codicil.—None. (*Turning over the leaves a paper falls out unperceived.*) Kind, liberal, lamented friend! If it might be permitted thee to know that this has saved thy friend from disgrace, from poverty, from a prison—how wouldst thou rejoice!—What's this? (*picks up the paper.*) Ah! In Cleveland's hand.—What do I fear?—Why do I tremble?—(*reads,*) “ Templeton, I “ have seen her—I have beheld the child of my injured daughter—her look, voice, the jewel she “ wore, confirmed it!—Can I meet a merciful judge, “ not shewing mercy? My eyes grow dim—my “ senses fail.—This informal paper will with you be “ sacred, for it is sealed with the impression of divine forgiveness—it is witnessed by the all-seeing “ eye of Heaven.—All I have is Rosine Villars'.” (*Templeton stands in speechless agitation, then looks fearfully round, and thrusts the paper into his bosom. In terror exclaims*) Who's there?

*Enter STEWARD and ATTORNEY.*

*Stew.* Did you call, Sir?

*Temp.* No—Yes.

*Att.* With your leave, (*takes the will.*) Perfectly satisfactory.—This you publish as Mr. Cleveland's last will? His grateful feelings overpower him.—

Be composed, Sir.—This you pronounce—(*Templeton utters a groan—snatches the will from his hand, and rushes off the stage.*) His senses are disordered.—Mr. Templeton!—(*they follow.*)

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.  

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SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Sir GUY STANCH'S.**Sir GUY discovered asleep.**(A harp is heard in the adjoining room.)*

*Sir G. (waking).* Eh! what's that? Oh, Nell, claw, clawing at her harp-strings, as if the only road to a lover's heart was through his ears. (*Rings a bell*). Stubborn jade! she has refused three husbands; and to none of which she could reasonably object, for she had not even seen them.

*Enter SERVANT.*

Send my daughter.

*Serv.* My young lady has rode out with your ward. *[Exit.*

*Sir G.* With Suckling! a sneakup!—If he had any pluck he'd run away with her.—Give me a dasher, a thunderer, a fellow that would brow-beat a vestry meeting, dumb-found a turnpike meeting, and bang a bench of justices with Latin and logic till they don't know a subpoena from a mittimus.

*Enter ROSINE.*

Ah! what doleful ditty were you twanging?

*Ros.* A plaintive native melody—'twas written by my father; and while I sing it memory recalls those happy hours when my beloved parents listened to the strain, and fills my heart with so sweet a melancholy that joy itself might envy.

*Sir G.* Poor child!

*Ros.* Oh, call me by that name, 'tis long since my ears were blest with the sound!—But has not my friend Ellen return'd? I feel an alarm I hardly can account for.

*Sir G.* Alarm!

*Ros.* She seem'd agitated by extremes of gaiety and grief; she laugh'd, wept, accused you, Sir, of tyranny. Indeed, Sir Guy, a parent's harshness, acting on the free and dangerous principles of the education she has received, may lead to the most imprudent consequences.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* The constable wants your honour.

*Sir G.* I'll come to him.

*Ros.* The magistrate wait on the petty officer! Pray let my dismissal prevent so flagrant a violation of legal decorum.

[*Courtesying and exit; he bows.*]

*Sir G.* Shew him in.

*Enter BROADCAST.*

*Broad.* Lord, Sir Guy, what do you suppose?

*Sir G.* Any thing happen'd to the hounds at walk?

*Broad.* No; 'tis an unfortunate Christian—

*Sir G.* Oh! that's all; ecod, you frighten'd me.

*Broad.* A French gentleman, a prisoner—

*Sir G.* Broke his parole, perhaps?

*Broad.* Nan—

*Sir G.* Broke his parole?

*Broad.* No; young Squire Templeton and he had a tussel; but I don't believe any thing's broke. They were going to gun it wi' pistols.

*Sir G.* Who is he?

*Broad.* That's it. (*mysteriously*) Oh, Sir Guy, if you did but know what I know!—

*Sir G.* Indeed! well?

*Broad.* Then you would know—

*Sir G.* What?

*Broad.* Nothing. (*Recollecting himself.*)

*Sir G.* Very likely.

*Broad.* Hush! I'll amaze you. (*with consequential insinuation.*) He's a foreign nobleman, come to England by sea; married a lady; had a daughter; she grew up to be a woman. There! what do you think of that?

*Enter JERRY, with a letter.*

*Jerry.* Oh, master! the horses are come back without my young lady and 'squire.

*Sir G.* Eh! what?

*Jerry.* The boy that brought this letter says they were setting off in a chay and four.

*Sir G.* What, eloped? Oh, the ravisher! Oh, the villain! I, who thought him such a quiet, amiable, sweet boy.—*Jerry!* Mount all the grooms; saddle Somerset for me: my daughter's eloped, away!

*Jerry.* Which road?

*Sir G.* The north, you blockhead! all fools go that road; the wise ones come south. Now we shall hear what the scoundrel can say for himself. (*Reads*)—"Dear dad elect"—

*Broad.* Come, that's affectionate and pretty enough.

*Sir G.* Hold your tongue! "You have always wish'd for a dashing son-in-law, and dam'me you shall have one"—There's a reprobate—"Your absurdities we pity, your tyranny we pardon."—How very kind!

*Broad.* So it is, indeed; quite forgiving, and without any malice, like.

*Sir G.* "So open your arms to receive us; your house to receive the county; and give the enclosed hasty sketch of a wedding-dinner to the cook." Impudent rascal! "Adieu!—the boys are mounted, the whips crack, and hey for the blacksmith."

*Broad.* (*snapping his fingers.*) Smart and funny, I'll be shot if it beant; he! he!

*Sir G.* How dare you laugh, sir? If I can but catch a view of the rascal.

*Enter JERRY.*

*Jerry.* Somerset's ready, sir.

*Sir G.* Then, dam'me, we'll have a gallop for it.

*Broad.* (*stopping him.*) But stop—you forget gentleman lock'd up in room.

*Sir G.* Let him stay there—I shall be back in a day or two.

*Broad.* But he's a foreigner, and don't understand the law.

*Sir G.* Then tell him, to comfort him, that I'm a native, and pretty much in the same situation.—Oh! that my own flesh and blood should run away from me! Why, such an atrocious thing, farmer, has not happen'd in the county.

*Broad.* No, never, Sir Guy, since you ran away with your lady.

*Sir G.* Zounds! [*Exit hastily.*]

*Broad.* He! he! dam'me, that touch'd him a little matter in the withers, he! he!—Made the old one kick up a bit, he! he! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Stone Room, unfurnished, except with a Chair and Bench.*

VILLARS discovered.—(*He rises.*)

*Count Vil.* Why should I longer struggle with my fate? Cleveland's death dooms me to wretchedness;—my lost, unhappy child dooms me to dishonour. Well, soon or late, the common friend of misery will call me to his cold embrace; and then, my sainted wife—yes, then we meet again! In that hope my soul reposes; and he whose vile philosophy shuts from the human breast the Christian's hope, inflicts a curse on man more

heavy than ever tyrant could impose. (*A harp plays without—Rosine sings.*)

Ah! vous dira Je Maman  
Ce que causè mon torment  
Depuis che j'ai vue Silvandre  
Me regardant d'un œil tendre,  
Mon cœur dit à chaque instant,  
Peut on vivre sans amant.

Hark! ah, that well-known strain! hush, my heart, still those tumultuous throbs!—(*Rosine sings again.*) Those words—that voice—it is—it is my child! Rosine, thy father calls! (*A female shriek is heard.*) She hears me—Oh, give her to my arms! Stain'd, lost as she is, let me but hold her to my heart, I'll bless—forgive—(*The door is unlocked*)—

*Enter ROSINE, who rushes into his arms.*

My child!

*Ros.* My father!

*Count Vil.* Stand off, and let me gaze on thee, image of thy mother! Oh, where in that form can guilt find an habitation? Swear that thou art innocent! in mercy deceive me, and let me die in the blest delusion.

*Ros.* By my mother's revered name!—

*Count Vil.* Ah! her name has roused me to the call of injur'd honour—yes, degenerate girl, I will speak of her. In prison she was my deliverer; in sickness my solace; in battle my preserver—wounded, and confounded with the dead and dying, her eager eye sought and found me. The plunderers came to rifle and destroy; the deadly tube was levelled at my life; her faithful bosom was my shield, and received the fatal wound. Oh, what a moment! I call'd on death to join us.—She, expiring, cried, “We have a child—live! a father's hope shall sustain you!”

*Ros.* My mother! Oh, my mother! (*Clasps her hands, and looks up in fixed devotion.*)



*Count Vil.* Yes, Rosine, it did sustain me. What made light the chain of slavery, that corroded to the bone this soldier's arm? A father's hope.—When famine convulsed my frame, what gave impulse to the stream of life? A father's hope.—When the waves overwhelm'd me, what made me with gigantic strength grapple the naked rock? A father's hope.—Naught, naught could bow me down with shame and sorrow, but an ingrate daughter; naught break this heart, but the deadly woundings of a child's dishonour!

*Ros.* Oh, hear me! In justice I demand—in mercy I implore!

*Count Vil.* Why cling to me? What would'st thou of a wretched beggar?—What have I to bestow?—Yes, a father's curse! (*Going to kneel, he raises his hand to heaven.*)

*Ros.* (*Seizing it.*) It will not be recorded!—the sainted spirit of my mother, that knows my innocence, will shield me from a father's malediction.

*Count Vil.* Innocence! say on.

*Ros.* Oh, were I the guilty thing my tongue disdains to name, could I meet the dreadful vengeance of your eye? Should I not grovel on the earth, and with these hands dig out a grave to hide my guilty head? Could I, my father, stand thus erect, proudly demanding the strictest scrutiny of man—challenging, if I lie, the avenging bolt of heaven?

*Count Vil.* It is the voice of truth—it is the confidence of purity—it is the consummation of a father's hope—I must, I will believe thee.—(*Rushes into her arms; he then staggers from weakness.*)

*Ros.* Ah! that death-like paleness! you tremble! within there! help!

*Enter BROADCAST.*

*Broad.* Ah! Miss Rosine; then all will come right.

*Count Vil.* A frame, worn down by misery, is unfitted to bear the extremes of good or ill. Come next my heart—nearer—nearer—I have much to learn of thee; for they told me a tale.

*Ros.* You shall know all, my father—all my imprudence—all my sorrow; but I have found such kind, such noble friends!

*Count Vil.* Beggar that I am, how shall I reward them, how provide for thee?

*Ros.* I am young, and able.

*Broad.* Yes, and so am I, Sir—strong as a bull, and I'll work this flesh off my bones—

*Count Vil.* I must not live on charity.

*Broad.* No, Sir—but though you won't accept charity, you might be pleased to shew some; and I'm sure it would be charity to let me rub out some of the debt that's scored up against me. Indeed, Sir, I can't eat, or sleep, till you are so kind and magnanimous to enter the door that this hand shut against you.

*Count Vil.* My worthy Englishman, believe me, with every consideration of gratitude, to be your friend.

*Broad.* And, noble Sir, believe me to be yours, without any consideration at all.

*Ros.* Come, Sir, let me lead you hence. Oh, how I long for my dear friends to partake my happiness! how my heart pants to repeat to each, and to all—"I've found a father." [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—*Another Apartment at Sir Guy's.*

*Sir G.* (*without.*) Come along, you runaway baggage! (*pushing in Ellen*) Bread, water, and a bed-post shall be your portion.

*Ellen.* I'm very sorry, papa.

*Sir G.* That you were stopped.

*Ellen.* Yes, papa.

*Sir G.* That is my reward for all my care; such

care, that I defy you to prove, in a single instance, that I ever allowed you to follow your inclinations.

*Ellen.* Very true, papa.

*Sir G.* Then what have you to say for yourself?

*Ellen.* That I would rather be chosen by the humblest, than offer'd to the noblest.—You had better turn me into the paddock, with your colts and fillies, to be view'd and knock'd down to the best bidder.

*Sir G.* That would not do, my dutiful daughter, because all there are warranted free from vice and blemish. Oh! here comes your blushing companion.—

*Enter SUCKLING, dressed in a fashionable great coat, boots, and a white cockade in his hat.*

Welcome back, sweet, modest Mr. Suckling.

*Suck.* Thank you, Guy, thank you—your hand, old boy. Pshaw! anger's vulgar, and penitence pitiful.—Upon my soul, you old ones should make allowances for the erratic flights of us young devils; for somehow, curse it, we can't help it.—Come, won't you? (*offering his hand.*)—Oh! as you like. Ah! Ellen, my adored!

*Sir G.* His impudence confounds me!

*Ellen.* (*To Suckling.*) It was all your fault we were stopped.

*Suck.* Don't say so, my darling.—Now, damn it, Guy, you shall judge. Just as we were stepping into the chaise, the landlord popt the bill of fare into my hand, turtle in the van; and I thought it would be generalship to lay in an ample supply to assist baviacking in our retreat. At that moment who should pass the inn but my tutor, Parson Porker; the scented gale attracted his well-informed nose, and he demanded admittance; and the landlord unluckily saying that the room contained a pair of turtles going to Scotland, he, mistaking us for Calipash and Calipee, rushed in—

Ellen swore, and I fainted—I mean, I swore, and Ellen fainted.—But, reckless of both, he anathematised the blacksmith, vowed the church should not be cheated of its dues, and before my eyes voraciously devoured the contents of the interesting tureen my care had provided.

*Enter ROSINE, running.*

*Ros.* Oh, my dear Ellen, I'm so rejoic'd at your return!—(to Sir GUY) You now see, sir, the effects of your severity—But, may not I sue for pardon?

*Sir G.* No, never. D—

*Ros.* (stopping his mouth.) Oh, fie! Come, you would not frown if you knew how a smile becomes you.

*Sir G.* Nonsense! A smile become me! (*Simpering.*)

*Ros.* And so, because you have always been so correct, so scrupulously accurate with the sex yourself, you make no allowances—

*Sir G.* (smothering a laugh.) I correct!

*Ros.* Yes; I say, because you, sir, married a lady with the consent of friends, and—

*Sir G.* (chuckling.) No—I say—hush! a word—(in a loud whisper)—I ran away with her.

*Ros.* Oh, you dangerous man! I declare I'm afraid of you. (*Motions Ellen and Suckling to keep back.*)

*Sir G.* Hush! Nonsense! Come here,—there was a time—you understand—

*Ros.* Ah, that roguish eye!—But how did you persuade her?

*Sir G.* I had a way with me—Says I, “there stand your family, that want to make you miserable, here stands your lover, that will make you happy.”

*Ros.* Bravo! Excellent! And what did she do?

(Beckons down ELLEN and SUCKLING.)

*Sir G.* What did she do? Why, was it likely,

that, encircled in the arms of the man of her heart, that she would mind what a damn'd old fool of a father said ?

*(In saying this he turns round, and sees ELLEN and SUCKLING in the situation he has described.)*

*Ros.* Ha ! ha ! Come, own you're caught—no escape—confess !

*Ellen.* Ah, my dear papa !

*Suck.* What do you say now, Sir Guy ?

*Sir G.* Fairly beat, I own, and I forgive you.

*Ros.* And now, my kind, my generous friends, rejoice with me, for I have found a father—not St. Clermont—Count Villars is my father.

*Sir G.* Count Villars ! What, is Rosine the poor and neglected heiress of Cleveland ?

*Ros.* Even so ; but sorrow shall not deform this happy day.

*Sir G.* Where's my guest ? Let all accommodations be provided.

*Ellen.* Be that my care.

*Sir G.* And a splendid entertainment.

*Suck.* Be that mine.

*Ros.* Oh, let none dare to say that human misery is beyond the reach of happiness ; or, that the humblest creature lives in vain. *[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE THE LAST.—*Mr. Templeton's.*

*Enter Mr. TEMPLETON, followed by Mrs. TEMPLETON.*

*Mrs. Temp.* Templeton, you alarm me !

*Temp.* Hide me from the world, from myself. I found Cleveland's will—here it is—it placed me beyond the reach of fortune's malice ; but a paper fell from it, which blasted all ! I thought of home, of liberty, of you ! Hope died within me, and with it fear, with it virtue. I listen'd to the tempter.—I—Oh, look more mildly on me—I concealed the fatal paper—here, in this tortur'd bosom—read—

Ah! 'tis gone!—(*Throws open his waistcoat.*)—I'm undone—exposed—they'll pursue me—Close the doors!

*Mrs. Temp.* Templeton, recall your better thoughts. (*A noise without.*) Mr. Templeton can't be seen.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* 'Tis Farmer Broadcast's son.

*Mrs. Temp.* No matter; go, go.

*Serv.* He says he has found a paper.

*Temp.* Ah! (*rushing past Mrs. Temp.*)

*Mrs. Temp.* This agitation will destroy you.—  
Shew him in. [*Exit. SERV.*]

*Enter GEORGE.*

*Geo.* Near Mr. Cleveland's I found this paper.

*Temp.* (*with eagerness.*) Give it me—(*recovering, and patting his head.*)—Good boy—good boy!

*Geo.* I ran as fast as I could,—for, as you are always doing good, sir, I thought this paper might enable you to make some poor unfortunate people happy.

*Temp.* Oh! coward guilt! the tongues of babes can make thee tremble! (*Aside.*)

*Mrs. Temp.* I doubt not but you are scholar enough to remember what you read.

*Geo.* I only read the name of Mr. Templeton, madam.—For though my master tells me to seek for information every where, yet I would not have opened that paper for all the learning in the world.

*Mrs. Temp.* Dear child; go into my room, there are plenty of books—I'll come to you.

*Geo.* Oh, thank you, dear lady! [*Exit.*]

*Temp.* Let me secure these evidences.

(*Puts papers in chest.*)

*Sir GUY STANCH, without.*

*Sir G.* Delay I hate, and ceremony I despise.

*Mrs. Temp.* Again interrupted.

*Enter Sir GUY STANCH.*

*Sir G.* Excuse my intrusion, Mr. Templeton,

but your son, sir, has charged a gentleman with a robbery, so I have brought the accused to answer him—convinced that he will here receive impartial justice; for I am sure no selfish feeling will ever make Mr. Templeton swerve from virtue or from honour.

*Temp. (agitated.)* Oh, conscience!—I will endeavour to merit your good opinion.

*Enter DAMPER and ATTORNEY.*

*Damp.* The will not acted on?

*(Apart to ATTORNEY.)*

*Att.* No, sir; and my duty—

*Damp.* Hush! he's here,—Templeton, my friend!

*Temp. (bows.)* I'm glad to see you, sir.

*Damp.* You are engaged.—I'll retire.

*Temp.* Pray remain.—And, sir, your presence may be necessary.

*Enter on one side VINCENT TEMPLETON, on the other VILLARS and ROSINE.*

*Vinc. (starts.)* Rosine!

*Sir G.* Now, sir, produce your charge against this gentleman.

*Ros.* Aye, sir; of what crime do you accuse my father?

*Vinc.* Her father! then I am lost indeed.

*Temp.* This gentleman, criminal! If ever heaven impressed on man the character of nobility and honour, I behold it in this stranger.—What is your charge?

*Vinc.* None, sir; I am the culprit.

*Temp.* What means this mystery?

*Count Vil.* I will explain, sir: I am one of those unfortunate men, who, exiled from their native country, have sought this hospitable land. England, sir, contained my wife's large inheritance, contained a beloved and virtuous child.—I was thrown on your shores a very beggar, and found

my wife's inheritance possessed by a stranger; my child, by specious arts, withdrawn from her peaceful asylum.

*Temp. (agitated.)* What is this to me?

*Count Vil.* Thus far only—that the man who has deprived me of every earthly hope is Mr. Templeton—the man who drove my child to seek a stranger's protection is his son.

*Temp.* Your name.

*Count Vil.* The license from your government will tell you. (*Shewing paper.*)

*Temp.* Count Villars!

*Count Vil.* Yes, sir, Count Villars!

*Temp.* Why do you all hem me in?—let me breathe—What do you suspect? What would you say?

*Sir G.* That if you are the man I take you for, you will not refuse some of the valuable contents of that strong box.

*Temp.* Ah, sir; you and all shall judge me. (*Whispers VINCENT, and gives a key.*)

VINCENT *unlocks the chest, and takes out papers.*

*Temp.* Look up, Julia!—the tempter environ'd, but has not subdued me.—(*Takes a paper from his son.*)—Rosine Villars, by the possession of this informal paper, which I now deliver, you become sole heiress to Mr. Cleveland's large possessions. By the destruction of this legal will, which, like a deadly sin, I thus cast from me (*tearing it*), I am, sir, your prisoner. (*To ATTORNEY.*)

*Damp.* The ordeal's past, and he is purified.

*Count Vil.* A prisoner! no, no—but I will not dictate generosity to my child.

*Ros.* All claims, Sir—

*Damp. (Apart.)* It will not be accepted.—If your heart, lady, does not dictate the means to save that suffering parent, all other efforts will be vain. (*Pointing to Vincent.*) Can you, unmoved, behold the tear of anguish roll down the manly



cheek of him you have said you love? Can you see his youthful frame totter beneath the weight of self reproach and despairing love?

*Ros.* Oh, my heart! (*To Villars.*) Have I your leave, Sir?

*Count Vil.* In that—in all.

*Ros.* Vincent! as for a father's sake you aspired to the possession of the lovely Ellen, perhaps, for his sake, you will not disdain the proffer'd hand of the humble Rosine.

*Vinc.* (*Falling at her feet.*) Angel of forgiveness! Rosine mine—a father saved—

*Damp.* Hold! the oak must not be propped by the saplin; its own native vigour shall sustain it.

*Temp.* What mean you?

*Damp.* That my friend is solvent, is prosperous!

*Mrs. T.* Best of men! how did you proceed?

*Damp.* Straight forward—look'd misfortune full in the face—look'd the creditors full in the face—threw myself and property again into the firm. My security gave them confidence, and their confidence confirmed my security; and thus, a few words of unsophisticated truth—

*Temp.* I hear you.

*Damp.* And a few hours of exertion, untainted by procrastination—

*Mrs. T.* I shall not forget.

*Damp.* Has restored my friend to prosperity and happiness.

*Count Vil.* While I view with transport this happy termination of our sorrow, this domestic compact of increasing love and amity, a sigh will force its way for the distracted world. Oh! be those days not far removed from us, when mad ambition shall bow the neck to justice and humanity, and the weary world repose again in *Peace!*

## EPILOGUE,

BY MR. SMITH. SPOKEN BY MISS BOOTH.

WE read in every village in the nation,  
Flourish'd in fine gold letters, Education:  
Schools bring girls up, their beauty brings them thro',  
Court brings them out, and courting brings them to.

To-night we open school, our terms are fair,  
Here sit the pupils—the head masters there.  
We fag when usher-prompter gives the nod,  
He plays the lesson, and the Pit's the rod.  
When we our lessons say, what dire snip-snapping!  
The monitor's a hiss, the prize, hands clapping:  
But where's the author? vanish'd all at once,  
We've thrust him in a corner—he's a dunce!

School games *all* play at: he who *plays* will write,  
Trusts to the wind and flies a paper kite.  
Your critic is a dragon, his game's snap;  
Wives play at racket, widows play at trap.  
When I eloped just now from old Sir Guy,  
He hunted me with "Yoic eye, spy eye!"  
'Twas well he did, or sure with hearts like *Ætna*,  
Suckling and I had danc'd hop-scotch to *Gretna*.—

Now for the parlour-boarders, there's a beau,  
Frog'd, booted, button'd up from ear to toe;  
Whisker'd like puss, brows knit, and arms a-kimbo;  
Chains rattling at his heels, Macheath in limbo.  
He loves to run where fashion leagues with whim,  
Follow my leader is the game with him.  
But when alarm'd, his heart goes pit-a-pat,  
Now bouncing this Box-door, now banging that.  
If in a whisper I the truth may speak,  
The bailiff's near—he plays at hide and seek!

Nay, if we stalk abroad, 'tis still the same,  
And every state in Europe has its game:  
The Continent at commerce tries her chance,  
Beggar my neighbour was the game in France;  
That game is up! she now pays off old scores  
While Russia plays at—beat knave out of doors.

### EPILOGUE.

What says our Author to this sportive whim?  
Shall what is sport to you, be death to him?  
While Education o'er this favour'd Isle,  
Rolling her tide like fertilizing Nile,  
Invigorates with strength, embalms with health,  
The poor man's cottage, and the dome of wealth.  
Shall one new school, unaided by our betters,  
Fall to decay before we've said our letters?  
No! let me, kind, good masters, I implore ye,  
Night after night as Ellen trip before ye;  
I like my place, smile, fix me in my station,  
And kindly patronize *our* Education!

