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Drop

THE
SCHOOL OF REFORM;

OR,
HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND;

A COMEDY,
IN FIVE ACTS;

57
BY THOMAS MORTON, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS
FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS
BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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T. DAVISON, Whitefriars,
London.

REMARKS.

This comedy, like every other of the author's compositions, was received with high marks of approbation.

It is bold in its outline—interesting in its events—and moral in its purposes. Still it is not amongst the best dramas of Mr. Morton. The reader will here find both improbable characters, and occurrences.—In the one Mr. Ferment stands foremost, and in the other, some of the incidents in which he is chiefly concerned.

But as imperfection attaches to all human productions, the reader will consider himself, as the editor has done, compelled to admire an ingenious work, though it does not soar to that excellence which is above criticism.

The author has dedicated this play to the members of the Philanthropic School, and has furnished incidents which are meant to redound to the honour of that most charitable society.

In a speech delivered from one of his characters, like a true Englishman, he praises the virtues of his own country. It would be somewhat more polite, though not, perhaps, equally just, to carry our eulogiums to neighbouring nations; but, the vice of vanity is always tolerated, when national prejudice, or national spirit, is its foundation. Good manners,

which, in other cases, oblige every one to
 in which they have no concern, and to pre-
 sence their own merits, is violated perpetually
 dramatic patriot; whilst he is sure to gain
 ed applause for being a puffer of virtues
 require no such aid to charm an admirer.

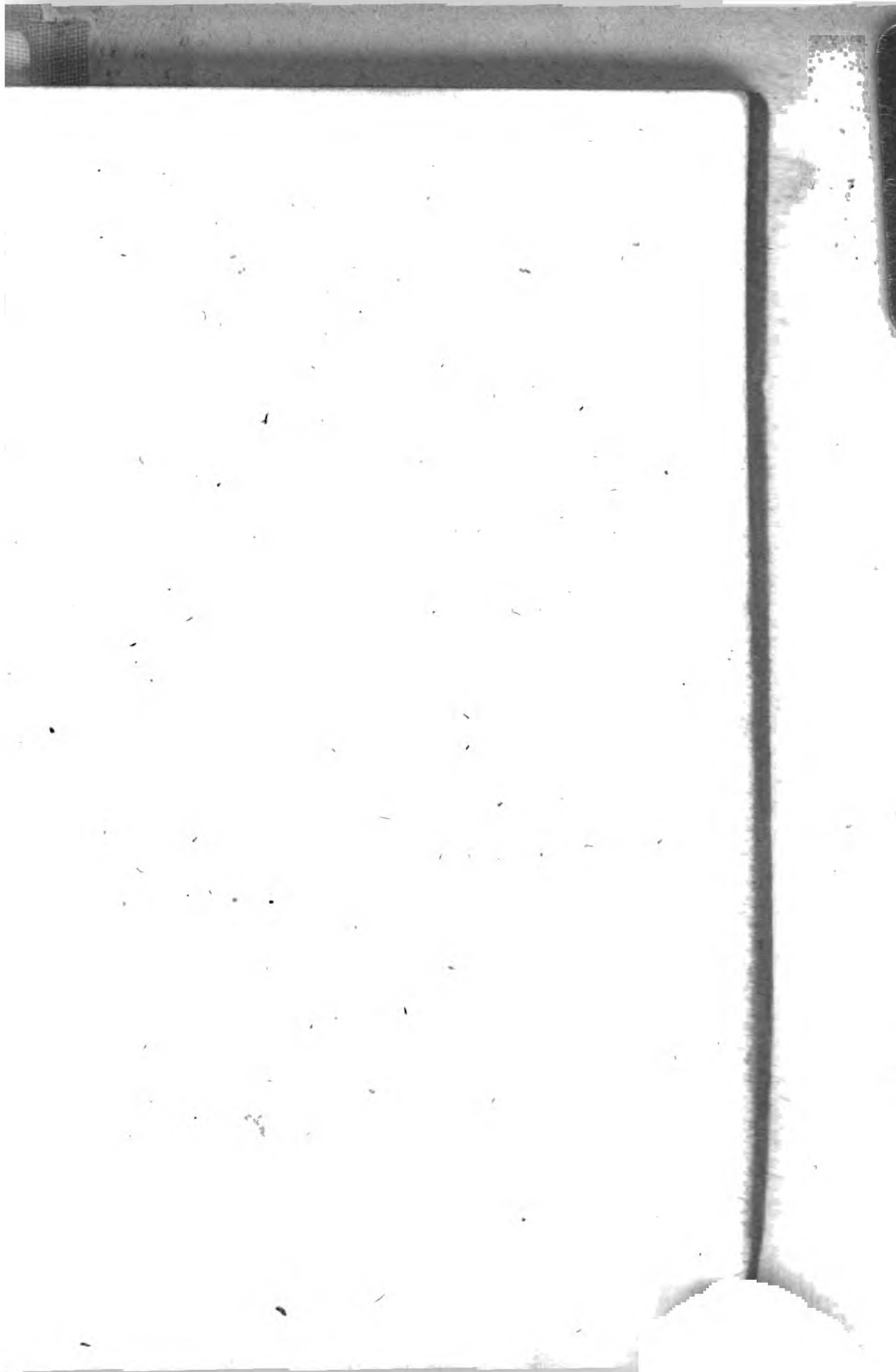
The author tells us truly, that, "we have
 land, palaces for poverty, and princely
 for calamity"—The English are charitable
 are too apt to boast of their benevolent
 a higher boast would be, to have fewer
 require them.

Were the defects of this play as numerous
 its beauties, it contains one speech, that
 for them all.

Couched in a few simple lines, the most
 eloquence urges the avoidance of evil, and
 tice of good so irresistibly, that whoever
 speech, and reflects seriously upon it,
 continue, or become, virtuous.

"He's a deep one" are part of the wit
 ing to this edifying sentence, delivered
 somewhere near the end of the fourth act.

Though Mr. Emery's representation of
 character does not rank with that class
 which requires the display of grace, eloquence
 of the dignified passions, yet his mimic
 fact in its nature, as to give infinite
 such minds as can find delight in content
 debased, as well as the elevated orders of



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD AVONDALE
GENERAL TARRAGAN
MR. FERMENT
FREDERICK
TYKE
OLD MAN
TIMOTHY
PETER
BAILIFF
GAOLER

MRS. ST. CLAIR
JULIA
MRS. FERMENT
MRS. NICELY
SHELAH

Mr. Cooke.
Mr. Munden.
Mr. Lewis.
Mr. C. Kemb
Mr. Emery.
Mr. Murray.
Mr. Beverley.
Mr. Klanert.
Mr. Atkins.
Mr. Jeffries.

Mrs. Gibbs.
Miss Brunto
Mrs. Litchfie
Mrs. Davenp
Mrs. Beverle

THE
SCHOOL OF REFORM.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Interior of a Pavilion attached to the Castle of LORD AVONDALE. PETER and other SERVANTS employed in nailing up a large Cabinet.—MRS. NICELY seated, giving directions.

Mrs. N. Come, that will do; but don't make more litter than you can help. [*Rises.*] Be it what it may, I am glad it is safely put up, however.

Peter. I say, Mrs. Nicely, should not you like to know what's in the inside?

Mrs. N. Should not you, Peter?

Peter. Oh fie! no. Curiosity don't become a servant.

Mrs. N. Umph! can't it be opened, think you?

Peter. Opened—no, no.—I've been trying these two hours.

Mrs. N. Indeed!—you have no curiosity, and yet you try to pick your master's locks :—now I own I

have the greatest curiosity in the world, but in this world I would not so gratify it.—Well, no more of this thing is in its place.

Peter. Yes, Mrs. Nicely, you have fagged me awfully; and for what? Do you think his lordship would thank you for keeping every thing in its place?

Mrs. N. Why, I fear there is one thing I can't do, I have no reason to thank me for, and that is for putting you in your place, coxcomb!—*[A knocking at the Door.]*—Go and attend the door—Whoever has been scraping his shoes, and that's always a good sign.

Fred. *[Without.]* Let the carriage proceed with its business here, and will walk to the castle. *[He takes up and places on the Table a Portfolio.]*—Ay, that's the pavilion his lordship mentioned—the cabinet, the table, already placed—his lordship shall know your name, please attention.—*[Sits, and takes a Letter from the Portfolio.]*

Mrs. N. Who is he, I wonder.

Peter. I'll tell who he is:—his father was a

Mrs. N. A thief!

Peter. A convicted felon,

Mrs. N. Poor youth!

Peter. And you know, what's bred in the bone, that's all.

Mrs. N. Why, there may be something in it, for I remember, Peter, your father was an innkeeper, and you can't help following the trade.

Fred. *[To the SERVANTS.]* Be good enough to take that portfolio, and accompany me to the castle. *[SERVANTS smile, whisper, and point at him.]*—even here the busy tongue of fame has proclaimed my disgraceful origin—heighho!—Madam, please to sume I address the housekeeper of Lord A. *[Looking at the Letter, and presenting it.]* Mrs.

Mrs. N. *[Putting on Spectacles.]* 'Tis in his lordship's hand; and you have kept it very nice and safe of a young man.—*[Apart.]* I don't know what man

the bone, but the flesh is handsome and comely, however.—[*Reads.*] *My good old lady,—Ah! if I was as sure that I am good, as I am that I am old—well, well—on the receipt of this, you will prepare for my immediate arrival at the castle—All is prepared.—It will be delivered to you by my private secretary: he is a youth of singular worth—to his courage I owe my life.* [To SERVANTS.] *Do you hear that?—I need not desire you to pay him respect, as his virtues will better command it; those of my establishment who wish to gain my regard, will best secure it by endeavouring to obtain his.*

AVONDALE.

[*The SERVANTS officiously take up the Port-folio, and bow to FREDERICK.*

Fred. Let it rest; I will carry it myself. I have no occasion for your attendance.

Mrs. N. Don't stand scraping there, dirtying the floor; but go along, all of you, as you are bid. [*Exeunt SERVANTS.*] And shall I see his lordship in good health, sir?

Fred. Perfectly so.

Mrs. N. I am glad to hear it; for he has plague enough in that Parliament House.—Why, I read the other day in the news, that he was on his legs three hours, poor man! and yet, goodnatured soul! he said he was content.

Fred. The situation of the pavilion does credit to his lordship's taste—the prospect is enchanting.

Mrs. N. Yes—but I believe it has a recommendation more enchanting in his eyes—for here stood the cottage of a lady he loved: I was her nurse—poor Emily!

Fred. Was she unfortunate?

Mrs. N. Ay; and though he is my master, shame on him for making her so, good dear soul!—Why, she would live a month in a room without so much as rumpling a chair cover; and then the tears she shed! Ah, sir, had you seen the quantity of pocket hand-

kerchiefs I had to wash, it would have m
heart.—My memory fails me now, or I cou
all about her.—It will be twenty years, con
Wednesday in January, since he took her
was a fine clear frosty morning—he came ab
o'clock—

Fred. Your memory does not seem so
Mrs. Nicely.

Mrs. N. Yes, 'tis gone. He was not a l
it was before he went abroad.

Fred. But these follies of his youth an
more.

Mrs. N. Follies!—I think they used to
vices, young man.

Fred. His lordship is about to be married.

Mrs. N. I think I can remember his fat
riage; it will be nine and forty years come
mas—they were rather too late at the chur

Fred. Shall we not be too late at the cas
forget.

Mrs. N. Ay, I do indeed!—the brid
white and silver negligee—[*Looking out.*]
what is that? Have they got a man in cust

Fred. Yes; last night General Tarragan
daughter were attacked by a robber: the
taking him to the castle, till his lordship an

Mrs. N. Let us follow, or there will b
doings.

Gen. [*Without.*] Away with him, a ras

Fred. That is General Tarragan, who, in
has won by his sword wealth enough to
daughter in marriage to Lord Avondale.

Gen. [*Without.*] His lordship not here!
see who is here—

Enter GENERAL TARRAGAN.

Why, what a gew-gaw place is this!—'Sblo

pounder would blow it to atoms in——Eh, who goes there ?

Fred. I am——

Gen. Five feet eleven, a'n't you ?

Fred. I believe so.

Gen. Well, what regiment ?

Fred. I am not in the army.

Gen. Not in the army ?

Fred. No, sir—I am——

Gen. Don't trouble yourself——'tis no matter what you are.

Fred. I am a dependent on Lord Avondale.

Gen. A dependent, and five feet eleven !—hope no offence—if there be, I guess what will follow, and must take the consequences.

Fred. Quarrelling with Lord Avondale's friend would ill repay the obligations I owe——

Gen. Sir, I hope you don't pretend to have more obligations to Lord Avondale than I have. 'Sdeath, sir, but for Lord Avondale, I should not have been worth a scar. But for Lord Avondale, I might, at this moment, have been, a sound, healthy, peaceable man ; fit for nothing but to kill time, wound feelings, and cut up reputations with old tabbies at a tea-table.—Madam, I did not see you—hope no offence—if there be, you, doubtless, have relations ; and, in that case, I guess what will follow, and must take the consequences.

Fred. I hope your daughter has recovered from the alarm——

Gen. What, you heard of it ?—Yes, we had a pleasant sort of a skirmish—a fellow clapt a pistol to my head—My daughter screamed confoundedly, and jumped out of the carriage ; but she got protection from some clodhopper——

Fred. Which was your humble servant.

Gen. The devil ! Well, sir, I've said it ; I conclude an apology won't be accepted, and so——

Fred. I do not even wish you, sir, to mak

Gen. Don't you! Then, sir, I ask your pa
all my heart.—Yes, I slapped off a couple
at the rascal, but I missed him: the fact
not lately had the practice I could wi
zounds, my Julia will get to the castle befo
say, how do you like her?

Fred. [*Embarrassed.*] Miss Tarragan is
charms—I—

Gen. You don't like her: well, it can't be

Fred. Indeed, general, your daughter is
danger of exciting too warm an interest.

Gen. Poor wench! she's new to England
in India;—none of your routing, flouting,
—all strut and streamers, like a young ensig
I have only to say, open arms! first rank
down she goes; supple as a whanyee:—
Tarragan's manual, my old girl.

Mrs. N. Tarragan! ah, my poor head
sure you can't be the son of old Tarragan th
dasher, of Beverley?

Gen. Why, yes, I believe I am—I can't

Mrs. N. Deny it! why should you? he
honest man.

Gen. Yes, I believe he was—come along.

Mrs. N. Why, then, you must be little J
went to the Indies.

Gen. Yes, I'm Joey—Come along, I say.

Fred. General, can I assist you?

Gen. Assist me—damn your assistance
you are five feet eleven. Take care of the c

Mrs. N. What a memory have I! Now I
my life recollect, whether or no there was n
bill left unsettled at your father's—

Gen. Oh, confound your memory! I
FREDERICK.] walk fast—breathe her—t
only chance.

SCENE II.

A Saloon in Avondale Castle.—Shouts without.

Enter PETER and SERVANTS.

Peter. Now, you stand there—and you, there. I think I hear the carriage—Zounds! where's Mrs. Nicely?

Enter Mrs. NICELY.

Mrs. N. Bless me! bless me! I hope I'm not too late. There—hold up your heads, and pull out your frills—I'm in such a pucker!

Enter FREDERICK.

Is his lordship coming?

Fred. Heard you not those applauding shouts?

Enter LORD AVONDALE and SERVANTS.

My benefactor! Oh, how sweetly must those sounds of joy vibrate on a patriot heart!

Lord A. Guard against its fascination, by remembering how many, to gain a nation's approbation, have parted with their own. Believe me, Frederick, unless conscience echoes back the approving plaudit, the world presents not an object more pitiable than the victim of ambition. Let those memorials, I mentioned, be copied.

Fred. It is already done.

Lord A. [Taking his Hand.] Good boy! thy active zeal still anticipates my wishes.

Mrs. N. [After having fidgetted about LORD AVONDALE.] Hem! hem!

Lord A. Mrs. Nicely, I heartily rejoice to bear your years more as an ornament than a burden.

Mrs. N. I am pretty well, thank your goodness, excepting that my memory is gone.

Lord A. I am not very sorry to hear that.

Mrs. N. Your lordship came through the window.

Lord A. Yes, and marked your diligence.

Mrs. N. The old rusty armour and shield look like a row of nice pewter dishes. It is a sight.

Lord A. [To FREDERICK.] Enough to make an antiquary mad.

Mrs. N. And the colours that came from all torn to rags with bullets, I've had them darned and scoured, that nobody would suppose had ever been out of the parish. And, now I have placed the cabinet in the pavilion, just where the window used to be, where poor Emily sat.

Lord A. Silence! I thought your memory was gone. Is it not enough that I never can find you?

Mrs. N. It will break my heart, if I've lost you. Bad as my poor head is, I must try to remember your lordship's kindness.

Lord A. Nay, nay, I meant no anger; kneel, I insist.

Mrs. N. Well, dear master! I won't. A carpet, it might dirty my apron, to be sure.

Lord A. You will now see my bride.

Mrs. N. Well, she won't be handsome as Emily was.

Lord A. Again!—fie! fie!

Enter GENERAL TARRAGAN and JUDITH.
General Tarragan, a thousand welcomes!

Gen. There, my lord: my girl and my fortune all I possess;—they are yours.

[Taking his Daughter's Hand, and presenting her to the Lord.]

LORD AVONDALE.

Lord A. To intrude on you, at this moment, professions of regard, would insult feelings, that even now seem wounded; but there are professions which may be made with delicacy, and heard with pleasure—those of friendship, lady; in the character of friend alone, honour me with your consideration, till you may be pleased to change it for one more endearing.

Julia. My lord, I am highly sensible of your goodness—attribute my agitation to the alarm I last night suffered.—My father's will to me is—

Gen. Martial law.

Lord A. [To FREDERICK.] Is she not beautiful?

Fred. [Sighs.] She is, indeed.

Gen. But, my lord, my people have got the rascal that wanted to blow me to the devil: you had better commit him, and put him out of his misery.

Lord A. Well remembered: Frederick, prepare for his examination:—but hold, I ought to make you acquainted with this worthy youth.

Gen. Oh, we have met: and the young dog had a mind to pick a quarrel with me.

Fred. My lord, on my honour—

Julia. I last night benefited by this gentleman's protection;—his delicate attentions I must ever remember with gratitude.

Gen. And I'll return the obligation:—I will, sir, for all your proud menacing looks: I guess what you would be at. So, my lord, tell me his family.

Lord A. At present we will wave that subject—there is a difficulty.

Fred. [Advancing.] My lord, pardon me; my soul abhors mystery and concealment—My story is soon told. I—[Is overcome by his Feelings, then, collecting himself, proceeds.]—In me you behold the son of a criminal!

Julia. A criminal!

Fred. Even so: my father's name is not known to

me ; for in my earliest infancy he was, for I was banished his native land.

Julia. O Heaven ! and were you left to the desertion of an unfeeling world ?

Fred. No, lady. I was left to meet the protection of Heaven ; for by those generous those guardians of infant virtue—I was snatched from infamy, and placed at the Philanthropic Asylum there, soon as the dawn of reason chased the dreams of childhood, I endeavoured to deserve the blessings bestowed on me by diligence, and gratitude.

Gen. Bravo!—why, they made you a philosopher.

Fred. Sir, I am indebted to them for a noble example for they made me a christian. Some time since Providence blessed me by making me its instrument in preserving the life of Lord Avondale ; and he has rewarded me ? he has placed me near his person, and he has asked me to call him friend.—Oh ! if I could but enjoy the fruition of this life——

Lord A. Dear Frederick ! no more.

Fred. One moment. 'Tis true, I think of it with grief, but, till vice can be proved heinous, I will not think of it with shame : if virtue be my mate in this breast, shall I basely scorn the hands that placed it there ?—no, rather let me claim that my protectors were the noblest in the land. O, generous imperial Britain ! I will only round ; and, while other nations boast of their theons of gods, do thou display thy princely monuments for calamity—thy palaces for poverty—talked too long—pray pardon me ; but my heart—this grateful heart—was bursting !

Gen. Damn that fellow, to make an old man a general ! [*Wiping his Eyes.*] Oh, if I could but have made him a drummer, by this he might have been a hero—and as dead as Alexander the Great.

Julia. Dear father, what a horrid thought!—how fortunate is he in so noble a patron!

Lord A. His merit steps before his fortune; for if, proudly blossoming on the tree of hereditary honour, so many produce only the fruit of vice, how greatly should he be esteemed in whose breast (spite of the uncultivated soul, the nipping blasts of adversity, and the foul and poisonous weeds that envelope it) virtue takes firm root; and, warmed by the divine ray of our religion, gives produce grateful to Heaven—a blessing to mankind! [Noise without.]

Julia. Here comes the criminal!—allow me to retire.

Lord A. Honour me with your hand. This good lady will attend you.

[*Exeunt* LORD AVONDALE, JULIA, MRS. NICELY, and ATTENDANTS.]

Gen. So, here comes Scapegrace!

Enter FREDERICK, with TYKE, in Custody of Black SERVANTS.

Fred. You may now unbind him.

[*Takes out a Pocket Book.*]

Tyke. Ah, do; for ease, you know, is every thing. [*They unbind him.*] Ay, now we're all alike—and that makes company pleasant. Give me my hat, though;—for I wish to be mannerly; and a hat helps a body a bit. [*Moving his Hat about.*]

Fred. Well, fellow!—behold the vile situation to which you have brought yourself.

Tyke. No, sur, don't say that; because I did not bring myself—they brought me: bless you! I did not wish to come. I just mention it, 'cause right's right.

Fred. From whence do you come?

Tyke. Fra t'other side of watter—I come fra abroad.

Fred. Your name?

Tyke. Why, my name's Bobby.

Fred. Your surname?

Tyke. Oh! I understand, mun—Tyke.

Fred. Robert Tyke?

Tyke. Yes.

Gen. You have occasionally changed your name?

Tyke. Nay, never: sister changed hers when we were married—but then I never was married.

is a very pretty room—don't you think so?

Fred. Insolent!

Tyke. Oh no, sur; I civilly thought you might like to change conversation: too much of one thing, you know—

Fred. More knave than fool, I find.

Gen. Well, scoundrel!—

Tyke. Sur, I ax pardon; but consider I'm new to a stranger; and saying scoundrel is rather more free at first sight, I think.

Gen. But at first sight you clapped a pistol to my head, and be damned to you! I'll trounce you, black rascal!

Tyke. [*To black SERVANT.*] You hear what my master says to you?

Fred. And you shall hear what Lord Avondale says to you.

Tyke. But now, why should we trouble his lordship? I'm sure if you will propose any thing at all for a reason, you'll not find me fractious.

Gen. Go to the devil!

Tyke. [*Looking at SERVANTS.*] Ecod, I see they have got there already.—

Gen. Here comes my lord.

Enter LORD AVONDALE.

Lord A. Where is the prisoner?

Tyke. Ay, where's prisoner? My lord wants to know where prisoner is.—

[LORD AVONDALE, on seeing TYKE, starts; TYKE looks at him with an Eye of Recognition.]

Lord A. It is impossible—Yet those features—

Tyke. If it should—but, no, it can't be—

Lord A. [Recovering.] What is the prisoner's name?

Fred. Robert Tyke.

Lord A. [Apart.] It is the man!—How shall I proceed?

Tyke. I'm dommed, but it's him! Oh, then all's just as nice as ninepence.

[Apart, and snapping his Fingers.]

Lord A. This man a robber?—impossible!

Tyke. Quite foolish to suppose it.

Lord A. I know him well. He is my tenant.

Tyke. Yes; and if I had been a rogue, 'tis very likely you would have trusted me, as you did, with—

Lord A. [Interrupting him.] Very large sums of money. General, can you swear that this man presented a pistol to your breast?

Gen. Oh no, my lord! I can't see very well by day, and it was as dark as the devil.

Lord A. What evidence, then, have you of his guilt?

Tyke. We have not got ony at all, sur.

Gen. Why, when I fired, the robber fled into a wood; and my servants found this fellow perched on a tree.

Tyke. Yes, that's right enough—that's no lie.

Gen. Lie! Oh that you were a gentleman!

Tyke. Thank you, sur; perhaps you could help me to someit in that line?

Lord A. How came you, fellow, on that tree?

Tyke. Sur—my lord, I mean—you was though when——

Lord A. [*Interrupting him.*] When you tenant?—no : go on.

Tyke. Why, I was taking alone by my tary walk, thinking of what not—about and cheeses, and politics, and pigs, and thi quainted with like—quite natural, you kn heard a shooting off o' gunpowder ; so, say self, without speaking tho', as sure as Bob, here's a parcell of rogues or smugg mering and fighting, and ecod an hones get himsel shot amoug 'em ; so I clavvero —quite natural, you know.—

Lord A. This is far from improbable.

Tyke. Very far. 'Tis highly improbable you.

Lord A. [*To GENERAL.*] A word—You tainly mistaken the man. A victorious g coming the prosecutor of a felon would haps, be very agreeable ?

Gen. No ;—I should not like it. I say about his business.

Lord A. There are suspicions ; but——

Gen. Suspicions don't become a gentler

Lord A. Perhaps he might again attack

Gen. Do you think he would ? [*Apart*] just what I should like. Let him go ; I secute : only let him go, that's all.

Lord A. Frederick, the evidence add too slight to place the life of man in dange his character by unfounded accusation, charged.

Fred. Discharged !

Lord A. Yes, sir, discharged ! [*With*] Unless your superior judgment and author the determination.

Fred. 'Tis very strange ;—discharge the prisoner !

Tyke. That's me—I'm prisoner, I know.

Fred. You may depart.

Tyke. Thank you, sur. I'm sorry to break up company like— [*Going.*

Lord A. Hold ! [*To TYKE apart.*] This time you have escaped ; but if again—

Tyke. Oh ! why should I ? I shall want for nothing now, you know. He ! he ! I was varry glad to see you, sur—my lord ; for I don't suppose among strangers my innocence would have stood me in much stead—I don't indeed.

Lord A. Be prudent. Frederick, at more leisure I mean to admonish this man respecting his future conduct ;—convey him to a secure apartment, and let him not converse with my people. Come, general ; your lenity does credit to your feelings.

Gen. My lord, I'll not contradict you, because it might lead to unpleasant consequences.

[*Exeunt LORD AVONDALE and GENERAL TARRAGAN, followed by black SERVANTS.*

Fred. What should this mean ?—I am ready to attend you.

Tyke. Sir, 'tis too much—really too much—

Fred. Go before—

Tyke. Upon my honour, I'm quite shocked like—
Ha ! ha ! ha ! But if I must—why—

[*Puts on his Hat.—Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The House. A Pleasure Ground of MRS. FERMENT is discovered at the Top of the Stage, adjusting some Flowers.

Enter TIMOTHY, from the House.

Tim. Dear, dear, where can mistress be!—master is in such a combustion and a passion—[*FERMENT advances.*]—Madam, my master wants to see you directly; he says he has a plan—

Mrs. F. A plan—you mean a hundred.—well, I'll come. [*Moves the other*

Tim. That's a queer way of coming.—

Mrs. F. Did you not hear me, sir? [*Exit TIMOTHY.*] A plan, indeed! heigho! unless I take this good man of mine, by his profound penetration and superior foresight, will absolutely run blind into ruin.

Enter TIMOTHY.

Tim. My master, madam, is quite angry with you because you won't come:—now, madam, that's my fault, you know, because—

Mrs. F. Silence!—Has Miss Tarragan returned from Avondale Castle? Oh, I see her carriage. [*kisses her Hand.*] Tell your master I'll come presently.

Tim. I have told him that, but—

Mrs. F. Don't you hear, sir? [*Exit TIMOTHY.*]

Enter JULIA.

My dear girl, welcome back!—Well, all quiet there? [*Pointing to JULIA'S Heart.*] Eh! were you not dazzled with the splendid emanation of his lordship's diplomatic fame?

Julia. [*Bursting into Tears.*] O madam!

Mrs. F. My sweet girl! pardon me; I am shocked at my levity—But, tell me, does this projected alliance render you miserable?

Julia. Oh! truly so.

Mrs. F. I have not the honour of his lordship's acquaintance, but am convinced he never will press the fulfilment of an engagement which would entail misery on one so lovely and amiable.

Julia. [*With Vivacity.*] Do you think so?—Ah! but then my father is determined.

Mrs. F. And are you determined to obey?

Julia. You know, madam, I must obey my father, as much as if he were my husband.

Mrs. F. Umph! Why, as much as *that* perhaps you may; but there are instances, my love, where even husbands are not always obeyed.

Enter TIMOTHY.

Tim. My master, madam, insists on it you come to him.

Mrs. F. I cannot come—I'm engaged—say so. [*Exit TIMOTHY.*] Ha! ha! rather an apt illustration.—

Julia. Govern a husband!

Mrs. F. Yes.

Julia. But how is it done?

Mrs. F. What a question!—of course by the tongue.

Julia. Ha! ha! I have heard, indeed, that its voluble exertion will achieve—

Mrs. F. Nothing, positively nothing;—on the con-

trary, I maintain that its flexibility is the grand
of female subjugation.—Words, my love, give
mation to the contest; there's blow for blow
the weapon not being fatal, victory is seldom
tained—but, to sullen inveterate silence what
opposed?—My motto is—Be dumb, and con-

Julia. I wonder, then, silence is not more
tised.

Mrs. F. Oh! my dear child, 'tis very dis-
—even I, anxious, of course, for the honour
system, can hardly keep my tongue quiet—
long to prattle, that, upon my honour, I am
sometimes to give it a bite.

Julia. Ha! ha!

Mrs. F. My dear young friend! I don't
make a rebel of you; but if you honour
your company a few days, I think you will be
vinced that a woman may sometimes govern
propriety.

Tim. [*Speaks in the House.*] Yes, sir—My
is in the garden.

Mr. F. [*Within.*] Oh, very well; then I'll go

Mrs. F. Ah! here he comes! Fly, my love,
for it would be cruel in me to allow you to miss
the joys of matrimony.—Now for a duet, which
will be distinguished rather by its spirit than
mony, and will probably end in a solo by
crazy husband.—Pursue this walk, and I'll
you presently—look here—this way.

Mr. F. [*Without.*] You are sure she's here?

Tim. [*Without.*] Yes, sir.

MR. FERMENT enters from the House—Paper
Hand—others sticking out of his Pocket-
THY follows.

Mr. F. So, madam, I must come to you—
—Why did you say my wife was here?

Tim. Why, sir, I am sure she was—if you'll allow me, sir, only to—

Mr. F. Don't be tedious.

Tim. Sir, I only—

Mr. F. Blockhead! don't you know you address a man of penetration and talents?

Tim. I'm sure I ought to know, for you have told me so a hundred times.—There's a man in the hall waiting for you—'tis—

Mr. F. I know who it is—'tis the churchwarden.

Tim. No, sir, it is not; 'tis—

Mr. F. I know it is Mr. Visto, the author of the picturesque and beautiful—

Tim. No, sir, it is not the picturesque and beautiful gentleman—'tis Dr. Oxygen, the man that cures folks by giving them airs to drink—

Mr. F. True, Timothy; and I mean to be his patient.—

Tim. Don't, sir.—Lord, I'm sure you can give yourself airs plenty.—

Mr. F. Silence!—Give the doctor this certificate of cures.

Tim. Yes, sir—[*Reading and going.*]—*Mortality bill for the year*—

Mr. F. You stupid rascal! you have got the wrong paper.

Tim. Yes, sir—I ax pardon for your giving it me—[*MRS. FERMENT appears again.*]—Sir, here is—

Mr. F. I know—'tis my wife. [TIMOTHY smacks his Hands together.] What did you mean by that?

Tim. I'll be shot if for *once* you have not guessed right.—

Mr. F. For once guessed right!—begone!—[*Exit TIMOTHY.*]—What a misfortune to possess talents, penetration, foreknowledge, and be surrounded by a parcel of ignorant—

Mrs. F. Hem!—

Mr. F. I think, madam, you might have my summons a little sooner.—[*She shakes her head.*] Ay, that means no! [*She nods.*] Ah, that is all—but why not say so?—damn it, there can be no trouble in saying—yes—[*She smiles.*]—A wife! never shall I forget what you said was a twelvemonth.—You said, and I thought the music of the spheres, that nothing was so good as a congenial interchange of sentiment.

Mrs. F. I think so still.

Mr. F. She speaks—now for a charming wife, do you think so still?

Mrs. F. Yes, my dear; and provided you are reasonable—

Mr. F. Certainly.

Mrs. F. And don't contradict—

Mr. F. I never do—there I must contradict. Now tell me, when did I ever contradict you, my wife?—This is delightful, “the feast of the flow of soul.” Well, how go on the improvements—Now here, for instance—[*Looking towards the audience.*]—the hot-house—charming, is it not?—the choicest gems of nature nurtured by the rays of art, lovely to behold, but difficult to come at—

Mrs. F. I should be very sorry to part with any of them.

Mr. F. I don't wonder at it—That apple left is infernal—we must plant laurels by the way.

Mrs. F. Why, indeed, the planting of laurels comes rather a necessary duty, when so many gallant countrymen are determined to get laurels.

Mr. F. Oh! pretty, pretty!

Mrs. F. But instead of laurel-trees, better pedigree-trees, I could mention a tree of your husband, you will never cultivate—and your parent stock from which these scions pro-

Mr. F. Indeed!

Mrs. F. It is called, my dear, the 'tree of industry;—its soil is liberty—its root is integrity—its stem is independence—its branches are benevolence—its blossoms are honours—and its fruit—a plum.

Mr. F. How she talks! But you like this plan of pulling down the house—putting a hundred acres under water?

Mrs. F. No.

Mr. F. Why, my love? explain in full—be ample, my darling.

Mrs. F. Because we cannot afford the expense—indeed, my dear George, if you would turn your attention to the means of increasing our fortune instead of diminishing it—consider our children.

Mr. F. Oh bless you, my very thoughts—that's sympathy—what I call the nuptials of the soul.—Sit down, my darling Fanny! I've such a plan! You know, my love, that my relative Miss Tarragan is about to be married to Lord Avondale. [*She nods.*] Nay, hang it, don't do that!—[*Imitating.*]—as the man says in the play, 'If thou canst nod, speak too.'

Mrs. F. Very well.

Mr. F. Then I shall be introduced.—

Mrs. F. Very well.—

Mr. F. You know I'm a devilish clever fellow.—

Mrs. F. No, I don't.

Mr. F. Yes, you do—and Lord Avondale is a first rate—a monstrous great gun.—Now his interest, backed by a few thousands, for which we could mortgage our estate—[*She shows symptoms of discontent.*]—would obtain me a seat in a certain assembly, which with my talents, would lead to——[*Pause.*]—Eh!—now what do you say? it would lead to—[*Pause.*]—Dumb again!—[*She turns her Chair from him, and looks at an Ornament suspended at her Breast.*]—That's my hair in the locket, is not it? [*Loud.*]—Don't you hear? [*Pause, greatly irritated.*] Allow me,

madam, to ask you one question, which is—
 devil's the use, when I can't get an answer
 are a scandal to your sex, do you hear that
 divorced—'tis a new case.—I'll be divorced
 you. Now what have you to say to that, eh?
 Blockhead! to explain my grand designs to
 ninny—I've done with you.

Enter TIMOTHY, *who whispers* MRS. FERMENT.

Mrs. F. Very well—I'll come—

Mr. F. Eh?—very—what did you say,
 What do you want, sir?

Tim. My mistress will inform you, sir.

Mr. F. Will she? Well, if she will, I shall
 obliged—[*Exit* MRS. FERMENT *into the* H
 Gone! Oh I shall go mad!—I wish I could
 —Now must I abandon all my delicious pla
 shall never get another word from her—[*L*
 She's coming back: oh ho! she relents—no
 manage this in my best manner—I won't co
 to look at her.—

Enter GENERAL TARRAGAN.

So, you've thought proper to return—pretty
 quarrel indeed, as if I should not have plagu
 with that old absurd general! Sit down—
 you into his character; you don't know him
 [GENERAL *seats himself.*]—He talks devilis
 fighting, but I have my doubts—a word in
 —[*Turning round, sees* GENERAL TARRAGAN.]

Gen. And a word in yours—you may sat
 doubts directly.

Mr. F. [*Stammering, and affecting to lau*
 vilish comical, was not it?—I thought it was
 and it is very hard that a man can't say
 pleases to his own wife—Ha! ha!—you c
 like a joke, my dear general?

Gen. Not if it's a good one—but I can't say much for yours.

Mr. F. Indeed!—then say no more about it.

[*Apart.*] Well parried.—Did you meet my wife?

Gen. Yes—a very fine woman—perhaps you don't think so?—

Mr. F. Oh yes, I do—I adore her; but—

Gen. But—ah! there's always a but.

Mr. F. Did she speak a little to you?

Gen. Certainly.

Mr. F. Happy fellow!

Gen. Oh! what she's apt to speak too much to you?

Mr. F. No; damn it! she won't speak at all.—My dear cousin, considering how very few silent wives there are, 'tis devilish hard that I should be cursed with a dummy.—

Gen. Why, I own your case is singular; but I'll give you a bit of advice, I have often received advice from you—

Mr. F. You have been so fortunate.

Gen. And bad enough it was.

Mr. F. Nay, don't say that.

Gen. Well, I won't; but it was very bad.

Mr. F. That is not fair.

Gen. I own it is not—but damned bad it was, to be sure.

Mr. F. Nay.

Gen. Well, tell me—does she ever talk?

Mr. F. Oh, yes, sometimes!

Gen. Then mark—when she's inclined, don't let her.

Mr. F. Not let her! 'tis my delight—the solace of—

Gen. Never mind; when she begins, do you thunder, gabble away, never stop—How are your lungs?

Mr. F. Pretty well.

Gen. Don't give it up—Suppose you go and re-

hearse—the water mill's going—
for a lady's prattle.

Mr. F. But, my dear General,
introduced to the peer?—I pant for
the public ought and shall benefit by
mean to get into parliament. [

Gen. Why, you'll have no war
there.—

Mr. F. True; and married me
members—they bear contradiction
—never in a hurry to call for the
home—so—But you must own that
did you any harm.

Gen. Well, I own it never did; for
friend Ferment, damme if ever I to

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Avondale

*Enter LORD AVONDALE; he pauses
the opposite Door, and enters*

Enter from it, TYKE

Lord A. Come hither—How is this
I left England you were a youth, was
pointed out as an object of imitation
were pure, your industry exemplary
that I now see you an abandoned creature

Tyke. Ah, sur, it was all along your

Lord A. Me! was not my bound
I give you independence?

Tyke. Ah, that was it—when you
told me to take care on—

Lord A. Hush!

Tyke. Well, well;—and that big lump of money! you see, as I had not worked for it, it made me quite fidgetty; I always had my hand in my pocket, scrummelling it about like—so, as all Yorkshire lads like galloping horses, I bought one, and took't to races, up at our country side—and, ecod! I pulled stuff in to my hat as clean as nine-pence. Oh, ho! says I, I'll make short work of this; I'll go to Newmarket, where the lords do bring their cattle, and settle matters in a hurry. So I went, and mighty pleased I was; for the jockey lords called me squire, you see—and clapping me on the back in this manner, says, squire, your horse will beat every thing!

Lord A. Indeed!

Tyke. Yes, yes—that was pleasant enough; but, unluckily, the jockey lords told me a damned heap o' lies; for ma horse always cam in *lag-last*.—Then they told ma to hedge; but it was not the hedging I had been used to, and somehow I got intid ditch like—So what with that, and playing cards at *Lamb skinnings* (for, bless you, I could not catch them at *Snitchums*). I was—

Lord A. Ruined.

Tyke. Yes; as jockey lords said—completely cleaned out.

Lord A. Did you not return to honest labour?

Tyke. Oh, no, I could not—my hands had got soft and smooth, and I had a ring girt about my finger:—no, I could not tak to work.

Lord A. Go on.

Tyke. Why, as I could stay there no longer, I thought it would not be a bad plan to go away—so I went intid stable, and, would you believe it? the horse that beat mine sometimes coax'd, and contrived to get me on his back like—and, ecod, galloped off wi' me a matter of an hundred miles.—I thought no more about it myself—

Lord A. But they did.

Tyke. Yes, dom them, and were ve for they put me intid castle, and tried

Lord A. What could you say to av

Tyke. Why, I told the judge—sa hope you'll excuse my not being use tackle—exchange is no robbery—n kind will happen—but, I assure yo best of company wi' the jockey lords as yourself.—So they all smiled, as he's one of us like—and I thought enough: but the judge puts him on without saying with your leave, or o me to be hanged?—

Lord A. Poor wretch!

Tyke. Don't you be frightened; th ma mun—dont'e believe that;—no, sent ma' to Botany Bay for fourteen y

Lord A. Where, I hope, you ren to your fate.

Tyke. Oh! quite resigned—for I away:—I dare say I tried a hundred

Lord A. Why did not I know it? to my house—

Tyke. I did send to your house.

Lord A. Well!

Tyke. Why, they wrote word, I had been called up to t'other house—not know where that was—and tha abroad by government:—I was sorry cause I knew what that was by myse it surprised me, because I heard of yo at Cockpit, and I guessed what that

Lord A. Pshaw!—Come hither; t to ask it—that child—where—hush rupted—retire into that room.

Tyke. Certainly: oh, you'll find m able companion like.—There seems s clothes of yours in that room,—I sho

at all if one of them coats would fit me—for we're a good deal alike as to person and manner, I think.—

Lord A. Well, well,—go in, go in. [*Exit TYKE.*]

Enter FREDERICK.

Frederick, welcome ; you must execute a commission for me. Look here, this is my portrait, painted many years since ; present it to my lovely bride—Why do you start ?

Fred. My lord, I am ill suited to the task.

Lord A. By no means. This marriage, Frederick, is of the highest import to my happiness and honour.—The claims made on the purse of him who boasts the people's favour, few fortunes can uphold—mine has sunk beneath them ;—and, but for this wealthy alliance, obloquy might foully spot the proud name of Avondale :—therefore, good Frederick, you must be my advocate.

Fred. Indeed, my lord, I shall disgrace your cause.

Lord A. Is it then much to praise a friend, who, perhaps, has merited your praise ?

Fred. Oh no ! [*Taking the Picture.*] on that theme doubt not my zeal.—I fly to know my duty. [*Going, returns.*] I had forgot—General Tarragan begs a few minutes' conversation. It seems, as well as I can collect from his discourse, that he has conducted to England a Mrs. St. Clair, in whose cause he wishes to interest your Lordship.

Lord A. She may command my services : how are they to be directed ?

Fred. She wishes, as I understand, to institute an inquiry respecting the child of a deceased friend, a Mrs. Radnor.

Lord A. [*Starting.*] Radnor !

Fred. It is your Lordship's family name.

Lord A. [*Embarrassed.*] Yes ; that occasioned my surprise.—Where did the general meet this lady ?

Fred. On the confines of Spain : she re
years in the convent where Mrs. Radnor c

Lord A. Died!—[*Seems in thought.*]

Fred. Shall he attend you here?

Lord A. Yes; no——

Fred. He means to publish the particul
fer a large reward.

Lord A. [*With energy.*] Not for the w
covering.] that is, I would not advise it.
to him——hold—is he alone?

Fred. He is attended by Mr. Ferment,
bour.

Lord A. Ferment! I know him not;
him alone—tell him so, good Frederick.

Fred. He will be rejoiced to hear how
lordship is interested in the cause of his fa

Lord A. I am interested—[*Exit FRED*
oh, deeply interested.—Should it be so
lows? ruin, shame, dishonour.—Oh, g

MR. FERMENT *peeps through the Door,*
then enters.

Mr. F. While his lordship is engaged v
neral, no harm in taking a peep——Charr
fit for expanded genius like mine:—here
ander through these enchanting labyrinths
the closet—the sanctum sanctorum—
somebody in that room: it would be cu
propos to stumble on the peer before I'm
—but he's safe with the general, so never

Enter TYKE, in a different Coa

Sir, your most devoted servant.

Tyke. Same to you, sir; same to you.

Mr. F. Odd figure!—Oh, I see at o
is—great county man, in the commissio
with him—may be useful. Sorry, sir,
was not brought home to that rascal.

Tyke. Are you? Now there we differ.

Mr. F. Indeed!—You, who are used to the sessions, must know these things better than I. Your friend, Lord Avondale, is a great character, extremely popular:—Did you hear his last speech?

Tyke. No; I don't myself much fancy last speeches.

Mr. F. In the country, perhaps?

Tyke. No; I was out of the country.

Mr. F. Abroad?

Tyke. Yes.

Mr. F. What, run out a little, eh—rather out at the elbows?

Tyke. A good deal.

Mr. F. You'll excuse me; but I see things in a moment.—What—cards, hazard—ah, my dear sir, you should have got some friend to have tied you up.

Tyke. You think so? Why I could have got that done fast enough.

Mr. F. But I suppose you were determined to take your swing.

Tyke. Not exactly: but I did not go abroad on that account.

Mr. F. Oh, I know it in a moment—ill health?

Tyke. Why, I certainly should have died if I had stayed.

Mr. F. Indeed!—Oh, my dear sir, in this world we must all have our trials, and you have had yours.

Tyke. I have.

Mr. F. Suffer much confinement?

Tyke. A good deal.

Mr. F. You of course were properly attended; you had good judges of your case?

Tyke. They were reckoned so; I did not much fancy them myself.—

Mr. F. And they said a voyage would save you?

Tyke. To a certainty.

Mr. F. You must have been transported at the news.

Tyke. I was.

Mr. F. Has it cured you?

[Offering a Pinch

Tyke. I don't know; I think I feel some of the symptoms—[Takes the Box.]—This is a varicella box—I've lost mine.

Mr. F. Do me the honour to use that—[Apart.]—If he would but keep it!—[TYKE takes it in his Pocket.]—he has—My dear sir, you have a very great and less considerable interest with Lord Avondale.

Tyke. Why, I believe he would not much offend me.

Mr. F. Lucky fellow!—[Apart.]—My name is Ferment; by and by I shall be introduced to your peer. You know business—a word thrown in your way would prevent my being in the wrong business—[TYKE winks and nods.]—I apprehend you.

Tyke. You apprehend me, do you? [Apart.]

Mr. F. That is, I conceive—I understand you, sir, you don't know me.

Tyke. No, I don't; and you don't know me.

Mr. F. Yes, I do; you are a generous and interested gentleman—I can see what others can't.

Tyke. Yes, you can.

Enter LORD AVONDALE, unobserved by FERMENT.

Lord A. Ah! whom have we here?

Mr. F. As for the peer, you'll see how I'll get into him. I'll worm into his secrets.—I say, which is his weak side—where is he ticklish?

Tyke. Ticklish!—I'm sure I never tried.

Mr. F. Never mind; I know.—Between ourselves—see the whole man as plain as if he stood before me.

[LORD AVONDALE has placed himself in FERMENT'S Chair.]

Tyke. Why for that matter, so do I.

Mr. F. I'll soon find the right place to tickle him.

[*Turns round, sees LORD AVONDALE at his elbow, who eyes him with severity—FERMENT attempts to speak, but cannot—LORD AVONDALE advances—FERMENT escapes at the door where he entered.*

Lord A. Worm into my secrets!—What does he mean?—Who is he?

Tyke. He calls himself Ferment.

Lord A. I shall remember him.

Tyke. He gave me this box to speak a good word for him like—he seems but a silly bad sort of chap, I think.

Lord A. At present he is not worth a thought—for I have received information that alarms—distracts me.—Come near—that boy—(what a question for a parent!)—does he survive?

Tyke. I don't know.

Lord A. Not know?

Tyke. No.

Lord A. Where did you leave him?

Tyke. Where did I leave him? Why—come, come, talk of something else. [Seems disturbed.]

Lord A. Impossible!—Have you to human being ever told from whom you received that child?

Tyke. No.

Lord A. Then my secret's safe.

Tyke. I've said so.

Lord A. Why that frown? What! not even to your father?

Tyke. Who! [Starts.]

Lord A. What agitates you?—You had a father.

Tyke. Had a father! be quiet, be quiet.

[Walks about greatly agitated.]

Lord A. By the name of Him who indignantly looks down on us, tell me—

Tyke. [Striking his forehead.] Say no more about that, and you shall hear all.—Yes, I had a father;

and when he heard of my disgr
walked, wi' heavy heart I warran
jail to see me; and he prayed up
[*Pointing, but not daring to look up*
if I had still been the pride of his

[*Speaks with difficulty*

Lord A. Proceed.

Tyke. Presently.

Lord A. Did you entrust the ch

Tyke. I did.

Lord A. Do not pause—you rac

Tyke. Rack you!—well, you s
out.—I meant to tell father all abo
when parting came, old man coul
could not speak:—well, they put r
and I saw father kneeling on the sl
in his arms.—

Lord A. Go on.

Tyke. 'Tis soon said—[*Collecting*
When the signal gun for sailing v
old father drop down dead—and
child and carried it away. I felt a
my eyes flashed fire, the blood g
mouth—I saw no more.—

[*Sinks exha*

Lord A. Horrible!—What! rec
without a tear?

Tyke. Tear! Do you think a
father's death to answer for can cry
a pack of dogs worrying my heart
fire—but I can't cry. [*A vac*

Lord A. And is this desolation
repent! repent!

Tyke. [*Starting up.*] For what? i
—a'n't I a thief—cursed—hated—
should I be afraid of the devil?—
here? My mouth's parched—

Lord A. Within is wine.

Tyke. Brandy! brandy!

Lord A. Compose yourself—follow me—you want sleep.

Tyke. Sleep! ha! ha! under the sod I may.

[*Points down, and groans heavily.*—*Exit, following* LORD AVONDALE.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Garden belonging to MR. FERMENT.

Enter MRS. FERMENT and JULIA.

Mrs. F. Look, my dear, the windows of Mrs. St. Clair's apartment are open—probably we may see her.

Julia. Here comes her attendant—an Irish girl.

Enter SHELAH.

Well, good Shelah, how is my friend?

Shelah. Oh! mighty weak, madam.

Mrs. F. I fear her indisposition increases.

Shelah. Then Heaven keep her as she is, poor lady, for fear she grows worse.—She wishes to take a walk out, so I am going to carry a coach to her.

Mrs. F. I'll take care of that.—Did you reside in the same convent with your lady?

Shelah. I did, madam, till the soldiers came with

their bayonets and turned us all
wicked world, as merry as grigs, n

Mrs. F. You doubtless are ac
St. Clair's story?

Shelah. I am, madam.

Mrs. F. Then pray tell me.

Shelah. I won't, madam.

Mrs. F. My faithful girl, believ
would not have tended to abu
placed in you.

Shelah. I hope not, madam; fo
in this world I can call my ov
lady's.

Mrs. F. Accept this, as a rewar

Shelah. Ah, madam, and would
ing me for what is no trouble at a
help!—Had I, indeed, betrayed
would have been a mighty trou
should have deserved every thing
Excuse my boldness in refusing—
me.

Julia. Here comes my friend.

Enter MRS. ST. CLAIR, leaning

Mrs. F. Dear madam!

Julia. My charming friend!

Mrs. St. C. Pardon me; but
care-worn, kindness oppresses, a
grateful heart can return the tribu
volence would oft destroy what i
cherish.

Mrs. F. I hope to tempt you
rounding scenery is esteemed beau

Mrs. St. C. Too well I know its
Surely the hand of Providence has
place where first I saw a loved, but
Oh Heaven! should he yet live,

finger point to his devoted head—first grant me thy justice—then let the dispensations of thy mercy pardon his offences!

Enter FREDERICK.

Julia. Good morning, sir!—Mrs. St. Clair—

[Presenting him.]

Fred. Lord Avondale, ma'am, warmly solicitous that his services may contribute to your happiness, asks when he may be permitted the honour of attending you?

Mrs. St. C. Express my humble gratitude to his Lordship.—All times must equally suit her who has in this world but one business—one care.

Fred. I shall say so; and if the efforts of him who addresses you can serve you, lady, point but the road; inquiry must pursue, and zeal and diligence will do their best to supply the absence of influence or talent.

Mrs. St. C. Oh, sir!—Dear girl, speak my gratitude.

Julia. He is already thanked: for the kind heart, while prompting the tongue to speak its dictates, receives, in return, the grateful whispers of approving virtue.

Fred. What fascinating sweetness!—but, stern duty! I obey thee.—My noble friend begs leave to lay at the feet of his fair bride this offering of his devotion—of his love.

[He tremblingly presents a Portrait—she receives it—both remain silent.]

Mrs. F. Upon my honour, this offering seems a talisman—it has absolutely chained both your tongues. Why, sir, if an antiquary present to his society an old saucer, he makes a bit of a speech about it.—Let me see—Why, my love, is Lord Avondale so young, and so handsome?—

Julia. I don't know.

[Pettishly.]

Mrs. F. Well, well; I asked a civil question—
ha! ha!

Fred. It was painted many years since.

Mrs. St. C. The portrait of the nobleman who
so kindly interested himself in my behalf?

Mrs. F. Yes: really a charming man, is he not?
[*Presenting the Picture to MRS. ST. C.*]

Mrs. St. C. Heaven! Oh, support me!

Mrs. F. She recovers.

Mrs. St. C. A sudden oppression—Where
youth? [*Grasps FREDERICK'S Hand, and speaks of
difficulty.*] Are—you—his—son?

Fred. Alas! madam, a poor orphan—the child
of his bounty.

Mrs. St. C. Has he no son?

Fred. None, madam; his lordship was never
married.

Mrs. St. C. I'm sick at heart; lead me into my
chamber—give me for ungratefully repelling your kindness
I must be alone.

Fred. May I convey to Lord Avondale the
—[*She waves her hand refusingly.*]—Shall his
ship attend?

Mrs. St. C. Never! [*To SHELAH.*] 'Tis his
Shelah. Ah!

Mrs. St. C. Hush!

[*Exeunt MRS. ST. CLAIR and SHELAH.*]

Fred. How changed—how mysterious—how
enveloped?—but is that my duty? No, no.

Julia. Dear, dear! I wish I could divert her
her solitude;—I wish—I'll tell you—I wish I
could purchase for her a pretty low phaeton and two
quiet ponies, that I could drive. Sir, here is a
list—and when I consider that its contents might have
lightened the heart of misery, I blush that it
long remained here a useless burden.—Will you
accept of this commission for me?

Fred. With my best skill.

Julia. I am sure your sympathising heart will convert this trouble to a pleasure.

Fred. Ah, lady! of the cup of flattery we all wish to taste; but when it is presented by the hand of a Hebe, what fortitude can resist the sweet intoxication? [*Apart.*] Ah, perfidious wretch! is this pleading my noble patron's cause?—I humbly take my leave. [*Bows and exit.*—*JULIA* looks after him.

Mrs. F. So, so!—my love, that's a gate.

Julia. Yes, I know 'tis a gate; but, at that moment my thoughts were—

Mrs. F. On the other side of it.—Here comes your father, and with him my dear wise husband.

Enter GENERAL TARRAGAN and FERMENT.

Mrs. F. My dear general, I have something very important to tell you. I don't like your daughter's intended husband—and she don't like him; and you ought to consult her happiness.

Gen. Why, don't I consult it? Zounds, madam, won't her house be besieged by all the fashion of London?—Won't she be hated by all her female friends?—Will she have a moment's peace or comfort?—What the devil would a woman have?

Julia. You don't love your daughter.

Gen. Better than any thing in the world, except my regiment.

Mrs. F. Then don't transfer her duty, where she can't serve with pleasure—unless the heart be a volunteer, mutiny and desertion will follow.—Consider a woman like a soldier.

Gen. I hope, madam, you won't compare a woman to—

Mrs. F. Yes, sir; to the best grenadier in your van: for, like him, she is pretty sure to conquer.

Gen. Indeed! Now I think a woman is more like a soldier left in the rear.

Mrs. F. Ay; why?

Gen. Because he generally has a devilish deal of the baggage about him. Let them take that.

[*To FERMENT*]

Mr. F. I say—she seems in a rare humor—suppose you speak to her now about her silence to me.

Gen. I will.

Mr. F. You promised, you know, to put an end to it for ever.

Gen. I'll do it in a minute for you, and make her own she's wrong.

Mr. F. Do, my dear cousin; now's the time.

Gen. To be sure—Madam, I am going to ask your favour.

Mrs. F. Then, in other words, general, you are going to procure me a gratification.

Gen. [*To FERMENT.*] You hear.—Madam, we have all our little foibles.

Mrs. F. If you allude to mine, pray call them faults.—Come! what are they! and how may I correct them?

Gen. [*To FERMENT.*] I told you how easy it was.

Mr. F. Thank you!—thank you!—Now for it.

Gen. Why, then, madam, my cousin complains of a certain reserve—you understand—a glum kind of silence; and when I consider that man is—a man—why I own I am at a loss for your reasons, and wait to hear them.—Now mind her answer. [*To FERMENT.*] And, as I said before, wait to hear them.—[*Pause—he confused.*]—You know we can argue the matter pleasantly.—[*Pause—he more confounded.*]—Because want of temper in such a case is—Eh! [*Pause—he becomes irritated.*]—Upon my soul, madam, I must say—[*She holds up her Hands to silence him.*]—well, madam—very well—I've done; and now let's hear.

[*She takes JULIA'S Hand and courtesies.—The*
exeunt.]

Mr. F. Well, you've settled it!

Gen. Eh?

[*Abashed.*

Mr. F. You've done it!

Gen. Yes, yes; you see she had not a word to say for herself.

Mr. F. No; but you forgot to make her own she was wrong.

Gen. But silence gives consent, you know.

Mr. F. [*Sighing*] 'Tis very pleasant!—Is not it?

Gen. Oh, 'tis the devil!—Curse it!—'tis as bad as fighting without a drum.

Mr. F. I'll forget her.

Gen. That's right!—And now we'll go to Lord Avondale's, and I'll introduce you. I would have done it to-day, if I could have found you.

Mr. F. And forget her!—But, my dear cousin, every thing depends on the manner.—Now will you do it my way?—I have a plan.—I'll instruct you as we go along—and never think of her.

Gen. No, never.

Mr. F. I tell you what, poor creature!—I pity her about you!

Gen. Yes—and what's more, I pity you.

Mr. F. No, no!

Gen. Yes, I do pity you, upon my soul!

Mr. F. No, no!

Gen. But I do, though.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Avondale Castle.

Enter MRS. NICELY, followed by an OLD MAN.

Mrs. N. Walk in, walk in.—Are you ill?

Old Man. Feeble!—very feeble!

Mrs. N. And unhappy?

Old Man. Ah, madam!

Mrs. N. Come, come; tell me who you are all about it.—He is a nice tidy old man.

Old Man. I was a tenant of Lord Avondale, and had a son.

Mrs. N. Well, that was a comfort!

Old Man. Ah, no! a profligate son, who put me into my pillow, and wore furrows in my cheeks; neither expected nor hoped to survive his sins, but Heaven willed it otherwise. I employed a gentleman of the law, who always flattered me he could obtain a remission of the sentence my boy was condemned to suffer. The expenses I have, for I vainly endeavoured to pay, and now a prison to receive these aged limbs.—But it matters not where they lie!

Mrs. N. But it does matter a great deal, —To shelter age and infirmity is a sacred duty, and woe be to them who neglect it!

Old Man. Having heard that Lord Avondale returned to this country, I have walked here to-day, and hope he will pity an old man's sorrows.—Here is a paper, which will explain.

Mrs. N. He shall have it.—Come into my parlour, and take something to refresh you, and come again to-morrow.

Old Man. I'm very troublesome.

Mrs. N. Nonsense!—troublesome, indeed! very often, I shall always be very glad to see you when it is not dirty.—Troublesome, indeed!

[*Exeunt* OLD MAN and MRS. N.]

Enter LORD AVONDALE.

Lord A. Within, there!

Enter PETER.

Find Frederick, and send him to me.

Peter. Yes, my lord.—General Tarragan waits.

Lord A. Introduce him.

Peter. And Mr. Ferment.

Lord A. Who?

Peter. The general is accompanied by Mr. Ferment, your lordship's neighbour.

Lord A. Ferment!—ah, I recollect that gentleman's honourable intentions, and shall, of course, reward them.—Well, show them in here. [*Exit.*]

Enter GENERAL TARRAGAN and MR. FERMENT.

Peter. Gentlemen, his lordship will wait on you immediately.

Mr. F. You mentioned my name?

Peter. Mr. Ferment.

Mr. F. That's right; you're a fine fellow! [*Exit PETER.*] Now, my dear general, are you perfect?

Gen. Yes, yes!

Mr. F. But consider, 'tis the most important event!—an epoch!—a crisis!—the very acme—

Gen. Well, I'll introduce you in your own words.

Mr. F. But do say them again—"My lord, give me leave"—now do indulge me—I'm his lordship—now begin—"My lord, give—"

Gen. Well, well, be quiet—"My lord, give me leave to present you this—"

Mr. F. Bravo!

Gen. Bravo!—I thought it was gentleman!

Mr. F. To be sure!

Gen. Then don't put me out—"this gentleman, whose wishes, hopes, and ambition, centre in a zeal for your lordship's service."

Mr. F. Vastly well!—Now—"I doubt not, General, but his talents and virtues will command my esteem."—That he'll say of course.

Gen. You think so.

Mr. F. Think so!—don't I know?—You only mind

what you have to say yourself.—“Commendation and esteem.”—Now—

Gen. Be quiet!—“To accomplish that darling object will be the sole aim of his life.”

Mr. F. Very well!—“Then I receive his blessing, my friend.”

Gen. “In doing that, my lord, you will owe me an everlasting obligation.”

Mr. F. Oh, thank you, my dear cousin! [*bracing.*] Then I pour forth such a torrent of eloquence—the awful moment's at hand!—heaven! I'm all agitation! hope—

Enter LORD AVONDALE.

[*Prompting GENERAL.*] My lord, give me a word.

Gen. Damn it, be quiet!—My lord, give me a word to present this—

Mr. F. Beautiful!

Gen. Beautiful gentleman!—no—this gentleman don't put me out—whose wishes, hopes, and expectations, centre only in a zeal for your lordship's service.

[*The GENERAL only attending to what he says next.*

Lord A. I already know the object of his mission; he is to insinuate himself into my confidence, and honourably to worm into my secrets.

Gen. To accomplish that darling object will be the sole aim of his life.

Lord A. Indeed! Then, general, with your permission, I shall order a servant to show you the door.

Gen. In doing that, my lord, you will owe me an everlasting obligation.

[*Exit LORD AVONDALE.*

[*FERMENT in Agonies.*] Perfect to a letter, my friend! I've done for you!

Mr. F. Yes, you've done for me!

Gen. Well, I seldom praise myself; but if that was not what it ought to be—What! is his lordship gone?

Mr. F. Gone!—Zounds! did you not hear what he said?

Gen. No, not I; you told me not to mind.—What, wrong again? eh, ferment!

Mr. F. Bloc head! to trust to such an old—If you know as little about war—

[*Walks about irritated.*

Gen. What's that you say? [*Following him.*

Mr. F. Sir, I'll say what I please.—I'm roused, and would advise you to be careful.

Gen. Oh, I can take a hint!

Mr. F. What! do you talk to me of hints?—any thing to say to me—speak out like a man.

Gen. Will you fight?

Mr. F. No, sir, I won't!—Damn it, I'll show a proper spirit here.

Gen. Do you see this cane?

Mr. F. That for your cane. [*Snapping his Fingers.*] Don't think you have one of those to deal with, who, because they have not manly fortitude enough to bear a few knocks, run into Hyde Park—load pistols—fire in the air—shake hands.—Pretty courage!—No, no!

Gen. [*Insignantly.*] Sir, I ask your pardon.

Mr. F. Sir, I'm satisfied. [*Grasping his Hand.*

Gen. But, zounds!—

Mr. F. Sir, I won't hear another word!—You have asked my pardon—pity nobody hears—you have asked my pardon, and there's an end.—Do you suppose I want you to go on your knees?

Enter PETER, who whispers GENERAL.

Gen. Immediately!—Oh, very well!

Mr. F. Duelling, indeed!—Pshaw.

Gen. Why, true;—'tis but poor, shabby work—mere snack: but in glorious war—damme! there's

cut and come again!—Good bye, Ferment.
 “My lord, give me leave”—Oh, you’re a gentleman!—Ha! ha! [Exit GE]

Mr. F. Oh, I could cry! [Sits down.] Pret I shall make when I go home! [PETER bows.]
 the matter with you?—What are you bobbing head at me for—Eh?

Peter. I wait your commands, sir.

Mr. F. I’ve no commands for you, my ho low!

Peter. Yes, sir, you certainly have.

[Bows, and points to t

Mr. F. Have I? [Rises.] Your name’s T

Peter. No, sir, Peter.

Mr. F. Ah, Peter! you never come to Timothy, Peter!

Peter. No, sir, I never intrude.

[Pointing to t

Mr. F. Don’t you, Peter!

Peter. A pleasant walk to you! [

Mr. F. Thank you, Peter.—Lived long ho

Peter. Yes, sir, and hope to live here much

Mr. F. I don’t wonder at it, Peter.

Peter. A good morning, sir.

Mr. F. A last look!—Oh!—

Enter LORD AVONDALE and GENERAL TAR

Lord A. Not see me?

Gen. No, my lord.

Lord A. Not trust the papers and evidenc possession?

Gen. No.—i don’t understand it.

Lord A. What do they contain?

Gen. Why, as she tells me, certificates of and baptism, letters, jewels; in short, as co chain of evidence as justice could desire.

Lord A. I rejoice to hear it.—Distraction!—are these papers?

Gen. I can't say. I suppose in Ferment's custody.

Lord A. Ah!—Within there!

Enter PETER.

Run, directly, and tell that gentleman to return.
[*Exit PETER.*] General, I'll follow you. I fear I was rather harsh to your friend.

Gen. Why, he's harmless; and, if he did not pretend to see twice as far as other folks, he might have credit for seeing half as far. Ha! ha! A mere blank cartridge, my lord; makes a bit of a bounce and a splutter, and ends in smoke. [*Exit.*]

Enter MR. FERMENT, abashed.

Lord A. Sir, I ask pardon for giving you the trouble of returning.

Mr. F. Oh! no trouble, my lord: I had only got to the other side of the door.

Lord A. Give me your hand, sir.

Mr. F. [*Running up to him.*] Oh, my lord!

Lord A. Grant me your pardon, and allow me a place in your esteem.

Mr. F. My lord, you—you overpower me.

Lord A. The fatigue of business, the many cares that press on me, tease and—

Mr. F. To be sure—I know—papers to read—all those drawers full, I dare say.

Lord A. I understand, sir, Mrs. St. Clair has intrusted to you certain documents.

Mr. F. In my house, my lord, but not in my custody. And leave me alone to expose to the whole world the villain who has basely deserted his wife and child.

Lord A. Rascal! [*Apart.*]

Mr. F. Oh, I'm getting on here surprisingly!

Lord A. [*Apart.*] I must know where they are

concealed.—I never had the pleasure of seeing your villa; if a visit would not be deemed impertinent.

Mr. F. Impertinent!—My dear lord, the pleasure would be such an honour that—I'll go and prepare.

Lord A. No, no, we must not part so.—You will dine with me.

Mr. F. Dine!—My boy, you have done it all. [Exit]

Lord A. [To SERVANT.] Go to Mr. Ferris and say he dines with me.

Mr. F. [affectedly.] Yes, say I dine with your lordship; and they must do without me, as well as I can. And tell my wife if she has any thing to say, why, she must wait till I come home.

Lord A. Come, sir. [Offering his hand]

Mr. F. Oh, my lord!—Peter, you see how

SCENE III.

Inside of a Cottage—Table, and a Candle burning.
—OLD MAN seated, his Handkerchief to his face.
Two BAILIFFS standing near him. A Box on the Table.
Drawer.

Bailiff Come, come, sir, we shall be late.

Old Man. [Rising] I am ready. But your excuse might have given me a little more time. I presented a petition to a nobleman, and, perhaps, in a day or two—Well, well, now to a prison.—T

Bailiff. Why, master, our business, at best, is a very pleasant one; but if we had to answer those we deal with, none but a devil would be a bailiff.

Old Man. Reach me my hat, and let me take a little thing to comfort me.

[Opens a Drawer, and takes out

Bailiff. Ay, we'll take a drop with you—What! a book?

Old Man. Yes, of devotion! And had your employer tasted of its spirit, he would have turned the cup of bitterness from the lips of the afflicted.

Bailiff. Why, that may be; but remember, old gentleman, that for one unfeeling creditor, we get hold of a hundred hard-hearted debtors, who, to have twenty dishes on their own table, will prevent twenty honest men from having one upon theirs.

Old Man. Ay, that's true!—that's very true!—It grows late—I cannot walk very fast.

Bailiff. Then the sooner we set out the better.

Old Man. I'll do my best.

Bailiff. Come, we'll help you.

Fred. [*Without.*] Hollo!

Bailiff. Come in.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Good people, I have mistaken my way. Pray inform me which road leads to the Castle?

Bailiff. Why, if you mean York Castle, we can show you, for we are going there.

Fred. To a prison!—Are you, sir, in the custody of these men?

Old Man. Alas!

Fred. Good Heaven!

Bailiff. Why, is it so very singular that an old man, past work, should be behindhand in the world?

Fred. No, but I hope 'tis singular that he should suffer for it.—To prison, but not to-night. [*BAILIFF shakes his Head.*] Defer his fate but till the morning—on my word, I'll return.

Bailiff. Young gentleman, we must do our duty, and words won't do.—If you chuse to pay fifty pounds, indeed—

Fred. Alas! I have not—ah, this purse!—for what was it intended?—to allow a lady to breathe the air

more commodiously—if applied here it may pro-
 age and infirmity from perishing in a dungeon's
 ous vapour:—'tis not mine; but will not Julia t
 me? and will not my industry soon supply
 How have you incurred this debt?

Old Man. In endeavouring to restore a lost s
 his fond father's arms.

Fred. Ah, in the sacred cause of paternal lov
 here, take the money! and with it take the than
 him whose cheek was never bedewed by a fa
 precious tear. [*Weeps.*] Come, your demand?

Bailiff. Nay, your honour! we do but obey or
 but if the gentleman can pay, why, Lawyer Clav
 sired us to be quite civil; and so, as there's plen
 money—why, another time—[*FREDERICK*
Money.] Thank you, sir.—Good night, old ge
 man; and I hope, for your sake, that we may
 meet again. [*Exit BAILIFF.*]

Old Man. Surely this was sent by an angel!

Fred. It was, indeed!—An angel who will
 on her minister, when, to her pitying ear, he tell
 story.

Tyke. [*Without.*] Ay, a comely kind of lad.

Bailiff. [*Without.*] Why, there's such a on
 that cottage.

Enter TYKE, running.

Tyke. Ay, there he is, sure enough!—I say, y
 fellow, run off 'tid castle as fast as you can.—
 lordship's quite in a taking—all the servants
 you.

Fred. Which road?

Tyke. To the right.—Come, be sharp!—be sh

Fred. Farewell! [*Taking OLD MAN'S Hand.*]
 doubt not but Heaven has in store a blessing t
 ward thy virtues!—Come, come, be of good chee
 I'll see you soon again. [*Exit TYKE.*]

Old Man. Pray, sir, who is that generous you

Tyke. Why, he's a kind of foreman like, to Lord Avondale—my friend.

Old Man. Are you the friend of that worthy nobleman?

Tyke. Yes—between ourselves—I have him under my thumb;—but I say that out of confidence—you understand.—That's a smartish purse you've got there; but, I tell you what, I don't think it's very safe, just now.

Old Man. Indeed, sir!—You alarm me!

Tyke. I tell you what—I'll take care of this for you. [Takes the Purse.]

Old Man. Well, sir, you are very kind.—You live at the castle?

Tyke. Yes, yes!

Old Man. Then, perhaps, you could aid a petition I have presented to his lordship—my name is—

Tyke. Well, well, let's hear your name.

Old Man. Robert Tyke!

Tyke. Eh!—what!—speak!—no, don't!

Old Man. Robert Tyke!

Tyke. [Trembling violently, rushes to the Table, brings down the Candle, looks at the OLD MAN, dashes Candle and Purse on the Ground, and tears his Hair in agony.] Oh, villain!—villain!

Old Man. What's the matter?

Tyke. Don't you know me?

Old Man. No, sir.

Tyke. I'm glad on't!—I'm glad on't!—Ruin my own father!

Old Man. Ah! did I hear rightly?—Father!—What!—Oh! let me see—let me see! [TYKE, with a Countenance strongly impressed with Shame and Horror, turns round.] Ah! it is my son!—my long lost, dear, profligate, boy! Heaven be thanked!—Heaven be thanked!

Tyke. [Groaning, strikes his Breast.] Oh! burst,

burst, and ease me! Eh!—but he's
alive!—Ha! ha! [Lau

Old Man. You terrify me. Robert
me!—Take my forgiveness—take my

Tyke. What!—forgive—bless—su
[Bursts into a

Old Man. Be composed.

Tyke. Let me cry; it does me good
does me good.

Old Man. Oh! if there be holy we
the sinner's tears.

Tyke. But he's alive! [Rush

Old Man. Ay! alive to comfort an
my poor prodigal—and Heaven will p

Tyke. No, don't say that, father, b

Old Man. It is all-merciful.

Tyke. Yes, I know it is. I know
could—but not me!—No, no!

Old Man. Kneel down, and ask its

Tyke. I dare—father—I dare not!
but just thank it for thy life!

Old Man. Angels will sing for joy.

Tyke. What, may I, think you?—

[By Degrees he tremblingly fa
and clasps his Hands in ene
—The Curtain falls.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

MR. FERMENT'S *House*.

Enter MR. FERMENT, followed by TIMOTHY.

Mr. F. What does your mistress say ?

Tim. Why, I suppose she'll obey your commands, sir.

Mr. F. Yes, I know—she said she would come directly.

Tim. No, not quite, sir.

Mr. F. What did she say ?

Tim. Why, she said plump she would not.

Mr. F. Confusion !

Tim. [*Apart.*] Yes, there's plenty of that in this house.

Mr. F. But, yet, I'll condescend to introduce her to Avondale Castle. Yes, yes, I'll take her under my wing, poor woman !—Timothy, go and prepare the sociable.

Tim. The sociable !—for whom, sir ?

Mr. F. For my wife and myself.

Tim. What ! together in a sociable ! Why, that's so comfortable ! Ecod ! it shall be ready in a minute.

[*Exit.*

Mr. F. But 'tis devilish hard to come home in triumph, overflowing with exultation, and no one to partake in my joy—not a word of congratulation—

Enter SHELAH.

How do you do ? how do you do ?

Shelah. Oh! thank you, sir—I hope your honour is well.

Mr. F. Now, she'll talk to me!—What, you've been pulling a posy—

Shelah. For my dear mistress, sir. But, oh! she's unhappy; and, in that case, as I have read in an Irish poetry book,—the perfume of flowers will not please the eye—the peaceful silence of evening does not charm the ear—nor heavenly dreams refresh the mind, which cannot take repose.

Mr. F. Pray, my dear, did you meet my wife?

Shelah. No, sir.—Oh, what a happy man you are!—

Mr. F. Am I?

Shelah. To have a wife so handsome, and such a sweet spoken lady.

Mr. F. Is she?

Shelah. Oh! to hear her talk is delightful!—

Mr. F. Delightful, is it?—indeed!—Now, would not this drive a man mad?

[*Throws himself into a Chair*]

Shelah. Any thing the matter?—Are you ill, sir? Can I offer any consolation?

Mr. F. Eh! what? Can you offer consolation? [*Jumps up.*]—Egad, I've hit it!—Suppose I try to make my wife jealous?—'Tis a brilliant thought, and here's a very pretty subject!—If that won't untie his tongue, the devil's in't.—'Tis a monstrous fine thought!—What shall I say, though?—I—I—you—you—we—we—eh!

Shelah. What's the matter? Are you dying?

Mr. F. I am—with love for you, my darling!

Shelah. [*Alarmed.*] Sir!

Mr. F. You are a divine creature, and I am a man of honour and secrecy. Don't be terrified, my little trembler!

Shelah. And is it yourself would take advantage

a poor weak girl? [*She pushes him from her with great Force: he falls into a Chair.*] Oh! oh! [*She weeps.*

Mr. F. Zounds! [*Recovering.*] Don't weep, my angel: behold me at your feet!

Shelah. And is it that you want your throat cut by my little brother Samson, that you dare insult? Rise, sir!

[*Jerks him up violently.*

Mr. F. Zounds! no!—[*Rubbing his Shoulder.*]—Hush!—Damn it, 'tis all a fetch. 'Tis only to make my wife jealous!—Don't howl so.—I'll explain.—I wish to take advantage of your weakness! [*Rubbing his Shoulder.*] Oh lord! not I.—Here comes my wife.—Now, do humour the thought, that's a good soul! and, if I should offer to kiss you, now don't knock me down, that's a dear little girl!

[*He gallants in dumb Show.*

Enter MRS. FERMENT.

Mrs. F. Heavens! what do I see?—Sir!

Mr. F. Madam!

Mrs. F. Am I thus insulted?—

Mr. F. Silence!—

Mrs. F. Sir, I shall not be silent; and I say—

Mr. F. I know what you would say—you would say your love is wounded—but I say I don't care that for your ove.—

Mrs. F. This usage—

Mr. F. Is not to be borne, you say; but I say, you must bear much more.

Mrs. F. What! won't you hear me?

Mr. F. No, ma'am. You are always chattering; and you know I despise the paltry prattle of the sex, so let me have mute obedience.—

Mrs. F. Inhuman! was ever woman so insulted?

Mr. F. [*Apart.*] Charming!

Mrs. F. I, that have made your real happiness the study of my life—

Mr. F. Delightful!

Mrs. F. I, that have had that confidence in love, that nothing but the evidence of my sense—
Cruel man! have I deserved this?—oh!— [A

Mr. F. It will do, it will do!

Mrs. F. [*Overhears him; turns to SHELAH, explains in dumb Show, and exit.*] Is it so!

Mr. F. Well, I hope you have done with silly idle complainings? [*Pause.*]—Hold your tongue, madam! [*Pause.*]—Why don't you hold your tongue? [*Pause.*]—Not but what I would condescend to what you complain of—justice demands that I don't be tedious. [*Pause.*]—Damme but she's here again!—Dry your tears, my darling Fanny, and convince you that my love is still—

Mrs. F. Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. F. What do you laugh at, madam? I'll give you a hundred pounds to tell me what you laugh at. I'll—I've done with you: and if ever I open my lips to you again, may all the—

Mrs. F. George!

Mr. F. Oh! that voice—how it soothes!—
love!

Mrs. F. Go!

Mr. F. Go! go where? what do you mean by that? [*Pause.*]—Yes, I will go to the world's end. [*C*
returns.]—No, I won't go. [*Sits down.*]—And I should like to hear what you can say. [*She re*
—What, then, you'll go?—very well, madam, good bye to you!—won't you say good bye?
MRS. FERMENT.]—Won't you say—you won't say good bye? [*Bawling after her.*]—Furies! De
Let discord reign for ever! Oh!—

Enter TIMOTHY.

Tim. The sociable's ready, sir.

Mr. F. Stand out of my way, you rascal! or
[*Exit, driving off TIMO*

SCENE II.

The Pavilion.

Enter SHELAH with Caution : she looks about.

Shelah. Madam, you may approach ; there is no one here.

Enter MRS. ST. CLAIR.

Mrs. St. C. Ah ! do I again behold the place which gave me birth ; where I fondly gamboled round my parents' knees ?—Oh ! could their kind hearts have known the sorrows their child was doomed to suffer ! Alas ! how changed ! For the lowly cottage, I see the gaudy palace ! 'Stead of the modest woodbine, tangling its ligaments in the humble thatch, and giving sweetness to the breath of nature—behold the proud exotic, in sullen majesty shedding its feverish perfume !—just emblem of its imperious master !—

Shelah. Imperious ! Give him his true title—a villain.

Mrs. St. C. No, no.

Shelah. What ! is he not going to be married again ?—

Mrs. St. C. Nay,—you know he thinks me dead.—Ah ! what do I see ?—that cabinet !—it was mine—it contained—Are we observed ?

Shelah. No, dear lady.

Mrs. St. C. If I am right, the secret spring will unfold—

[Touching it, the Doors open, and discover a Portrait of MRS. ST. CLAIR, in a Spanish Habit, her right Hand pointing to the Ring on her left.

Shelah. Sure, and 'tis your own sweet self!—and in the dress you have with such care preserved!

Mrs. St. C. Yes; the better to conceal our marriage, I assumed the dress of the country.—Oh, memory! thou torturer of the wretched! why dost thou whisper to this aching heart,—that I was then a happy mother and a wife? Now—yet some consolation steals into my breast—perhaps he has raised this to my memory—perhaps he sometimes sits here alone, and to my wrongs pays the tribute of a repenting tear:—but then my little cherub—my darling boy—torn from my breast—abandon'd—lost!—can a mother pardon that?—no, never, never.—Yet I'll save him from a further crime!—but how?—Ah! that dress!—it shall be so!—Yes: at an awful moment he shall again behold an injured wife—shall hear a mother's moans—then see me leave him, and the world, for ever.

Shelah. Oh, then, dear lady, take me with you!

Mrs. St. C. Ah! we're surprised!—I hear footsteps—

Shelah. [*Runs and closes the Cabinet.*] Don't be alarmed. This way—this way. [*Exeunt*]

Enter LORD AVONDALE, followed by MRS. NICELY bearing a small Box, which he places on the Table.

Lord A. Set it down. I hope the weight has not fatigued you?

Mrs. N. No, no, 'tis not heavy; and when the heart's light, the body's nimble, be it ever so old—ha! ha!

Lord A. I am glad to see you so merry.

Mrs. N. Ah! a clean house and a clean conscience will make any one merry.

Lord A. Heighho!—I have not forgot the petition.

Mrs. N. Oh, my lord, 'tis all settled.—Mr. Fr

derick, Heaven bless him! saved the old man! he has gained the love of every body.

Lord A. I rejoice to hear it.

Mrs. N. Indeed! but I fancy you won't be glad to hear that he has gained the love of one who—

Lord A. What mean you?

Mrs. N. Why, if I know what eyes say, Miss Julia and he—

Lord A. Ah!

Mrs. N. They just look as you and poor Emily used to do.

Lord A. Oh, spare me! spare me! [*A Knocking at the Door,*—See who is there.

[*MRS. NICELY goes out, and returns.*

Mrs. N. 'Tis the young man who comes here by your appointment.

Lord A. Show him in.—'Tis plain I am suspected!—And shall the name of Avondale become the sport of foes—the jest of fools?—No, no!—It is determined!—These evidences of my shame must—shall be mine!—Now to my purpose! [*He unlocks the Box, and takes out a Cloak, a Mask, and Pistol. On hearing some one approach, he covers the Pistol with the Cloak.*]—This fellow will be a fit instrument to effect it.

Enter TYKE.

[*Beckons TYKE to approach—turning round, is surprised at his Appearance, which is changed to a plain, but very neat Dress.*]—Astonishing! can this be the man?

Tyke. No, it is not; I be quite another man to-day—ha! ha!

Lord A. Why do you laugh!

Tyke. Why, I laugh, my lord, because I've been crying, ha! ha! I say, I've found old man—father's alive—he! he! and, do you know, he says positive sure Heaven will forgive me; and I declare, I somehow feel so warm and comfortable, that, between you and me, I should not at all wonder, if it had already,

Lord A. You thought your father dead ?

Tyke. Yes, and he thought so himself, poor man ! but it was really what you gentry call a fine—a fine-nomenoun—You understand, that the ironmonger who made tackle for our legs, picked father up, got life into him again, and took him up to Lunnon, and just advertised in news the antidote about his case, and, would you believe it ? next morning, fine ladies, in their own coaches, came tid' old man, wi' tears in their pratty eyes, and bank notes in their pratty hands to a matter of forty pound—Now, I've just one commentation to mak on this matter :—I've seen your player show folks, and such like wiggeling and waggeling, and chattering about London pride, and London profligation, and what not—Now I think, if one of them was just to set about talking a little of London kindheartedness and London charity, it would be rather more truerer, and quite as becoming.

Lord A. Tell me, knows he aught of that boy ?

Tyke. What ! your son ?—no, never could hear a word about him—Ah ! could we but make him out now, then, mayhap, your lordship would try your hand at a bit of a laugh :—let me only once see him—I'll find him out directly.

Lord A. Ah !

Tyke. That is, if I know 'tis him—you understand.

Lord A. Pshaw !

Tyke. Because I put a mark upon him.

Lord A. Indeed !

Tyke. Oh yes, I managed it right enough.

Lord A. Explain.

Tyke. Why, you know, before you were a lord, your name was Mr. Philip ; so I got some gunpowder, and marked an F on his neck, because F stands for Philip—yes, yes—it struck me as proper.

Lord A. Come hither, Robert—I sent for you to

—[*Looks at the Cloak.*] to tell you that—that you—possess my regard—

Tyke. Thank you, my lord.

Lord A. And may command my patronage and protection.

Tyke. And you mine—quite mutual, I assure you.

Lord A. You can confer on me happiness.

Tyke. Why no, sure.

Lord A. By putting me in possession of certain evidences, you can save me from ruin.

Tyke. What! can I though?—I'll go through water or fire, or any thing—Come, let's begin—How—where?

Lord A. Look under that cloak—it will explain the means.

Tyke. I will—he! he!—I declare I'm as happy as—[*Lifts up the Cloak, sees Pistol and Mask, then trembling, drops the Cloak.*]

Lord A. [*Catching his Hand.*] You know the use of those?

Tyke. I do.

Lord A. You must employ them.

Tyke. Hush! [*Still trembling.*]

Lord A. What alarms you?

Tyke. Hush!

Lord A. No one hears.

Tyke. Yes, there does.

Lord A. Impossible!

Tyke. There does, I tell you—there does.

Lord A. Ah! how! where?—[*TYKE, shuddering, points up to Heaven.*]*—*Damnation!—baffled—trod on by this wretch!—and must I stoop to dissemble?
—Robert, I am satisfied.

Tyke. I wish I was.

Lord A. 'Twas but to try your virtue.

Tyke. Was not it, though?—well, I hope that's true; but it flustered me sadly—I declare, I'm all of a dother now.

Lord A. But swear to me——

Tyke. No, I'll never swear no more.

Lord A. True, 'tis unnecessary—Here, take t
purse, good fellow.

Tyke. Eh! no, no.

Lord A. For the friendship I bear you.

Tyke. Yes, I understand; only, you see—you
excuse me.

Lord A. Do you scorn my bounty?

Tyke. By no means, only it won't do—no m
purses.

Lord A. For your father's sake—

Tyke. Yes, yes, I'm sensible about all that—but
to father, you see, I happen to have a couple of han
at his service—I'm much obliged—only I've gro
a little cute and knowing lately.

Lord A. And would I again plunge his soul
guilt?—Oh, villain! villain!

Tyke. Did you speak to me?—Oh—talking
yourself—yes, yes—Why, I'll tell you a bit of secr
my lord: I've found out that the honestest are t
cunningest chaps—Why, there is father now—he
deep one—do you know he can lay his head on
pillow, and think of dying wi' a smile—I say, he m
have kept a pratty sharp look out as to what's rig
like—must not he?

Lord A. Leave me.

Tyke. I will—I say, my lord, he! he! I is go
tid' plough this afternoon, to earn a supper for
man, ha! ha!—[*Snapping his Fingers.*]—Do yo
lordship's heart good to come and see I work.

[*Rubbing his Hands exulting*

Lord A. Leave me, I say!

Tyke. Wi' pleasure—Ah! I see how it is—E
cuse the liberty I take wi' your poor soul; but if y
would but be persuaded to fall a crying, and be co
fortable——

Lord A. Instantly begone!

Tyke. I will.—Shall I send old man to you? Oh, he's a capital hand at your deplorable case. [*Exit.*

Tyke. [*Without.*] Yes, yes; you'll find his lordship in that room.

Enter FREDERICK.

Lord A. Ah, Frederick, speak—ease this agonized breast; this tortured brain!—what hast thou heard?

Fred. All access to the lady, or the evidence she possesses, is impossible.

Lord A. Be it so. Frederick, I love—I envy—I fear thee.

Fred. My dear lord! fear him who would sacrifice his life?

Lord A. Thy life?—wouldst thou?

Fred. Put my firmness to the proof.

Lord A. I shall do so.—Mark me—In early life—blest years of innocence!—I lov'd a sweet and virtuous girl, but lowly born—come and behold her—*[Opens the Cabinet.]*—Ill-fated Emily! oh, could I recall that guilty hour——

Fred. With what melancholy sweetness she points to the pledge of virtuous love!

Lord A. Yes, to avoid a parent's anger, we were privately married: I went abroad, in the suit of an ambassador, and she imprudently followed me: She lived in profound retirement—I could seldom see her; but her regret at my absence was softened by the endearments of our infant son,

Fred. Have you a son?

Lord A. I had—oh, do not torture, but hear me! Shortly after, the ambassador died, and I was thought worthy of the splendid appointment. From that moment ambition took full possession of my soul, and my buoyant fancy twined round my brow, the proudest honours a subject can enjoy; but this secret, this degrading, marriage, crushed each aspiring thought.

Fred. But surely the affections of a virtuous man would compensate——

Lord A. That was prevented: for my wife secretly, but falsely, accused of practices against religion of the country.

Fred. How I envy you the proud joy of asserting her innocence, and affording her the protecting arms of the husband she loved!

Lord A. True; but——

Fred. Did you not so?

Lord A. No;—it might have injured my fortune at home.

Fred. What! a virtuous wife injure the [fortune] of a British statesman!—You know, my lord, I am not so; you know you libel your august patron.—You discover the secret villain who accused her

Lord A. Villain!

Fred. Was he not a damned one?

Lord A. He was.—Oh, Frederick! avert that lest the indignant lightning of thy eye blast me, as was that villain!

Fred. You freeze my blood!—The man that I worshipped—that my very soul is bound to——

Lord A. My innocent wife was secretly imprisoned in a convent, and the news shortly reached me—she was no more.

Fred. It cannot be! Oh, tell me so! My patron is the nurse of merit, the scourge of base men; the good man's hope, the villain's fear; the rich man's envy, and the poor man's friend.

Lord A. Thou tortur'st me, for such I might have been:—but now view me in all my horrors—behold me the selfish patriot, the abject hypocrite, the sordid father, and the murdering husband.

Fred. Oh, ambition!

Lord A. Ay, 'it was my god: for that I suffer this lovely flower to wither in a cloister's gloom

damned ambition, I tore my infant from its mother's panting breast, and he is lost—lost for ever! But mark! Heaven, who is as watchful to lay bare the villain's breast, as it is to shelter that of innocence, has, as from the grave, raised up evidence of my shame; I know where they are concealed—they must instantly be mine.

Fred. But how?

Lord A. By theft.

Fred. Forbid it, Heaven!

Lord A. Think'st thou I would live to hear my name coupled with dishonour, or behold myself (as inquisitors treat their victims) drest out in hellish shapes, and thus exposed to public mockery and scorn?—No, no— [Seizes the Pistol and Mask.

Fred. Ah!

Lord A. Frederick, didst thou not say thou wouldst sacrifice thy life?

Fred. Ay, my life, but not my honour: to save you, pluck out this heart—but its last pulse shall throb with virtue.

Lord A. Thou dost refuse!

Fred. It is impossible—no wretch can be found—

Lord A. Yes, there is one I am sure of.

Fred. Ah! who?

Lord A. Avondale!—Tell me, is he not a villain fitted to my purpose? [Snatches up the Cloak.] Farewell! should we meet no more—and if my aim fail, it will be so—thou wilt find that in my death I have not forgot thee. [Is strongly affected.]—Pardon, good, dear youth, the trial to which I put thy virtue: on my soul, I am glad that it sustained it. [Weeps.

Fred. Ah, tears! obey their sacred impulse.—Plunge not your soul in horrors. Thus I'll cling to you—thus save you from a damning deed. [Kneels.

Lord A. Frederick, beware!—[Presents the Pistol to him.]—Thou art the only soul on earth I love: but thee, even thee, would I roll at my feet a corpse, didst

thou check my purpose. Do not pull
on my head.—'Tis in vain—farewell!

[*Breaks from him,*

Fred. Father of mercies, pity and p

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

*An enclosed Apartment with Two Doors
of Steps, as leading to a Turret.—F
scends.*

Fred. Not returned! I've watched
which commands the road, till my str
refuse their office.—This agony of do
Hark! sure I heard a confused noise
Pistol is fired.—O Heaven! he is no

[*A Noise is made at the Door, and*

AVONDALE *rushes in, and tak*

Fred. Ah, he lives!

Lord A. Behold, they're mine—

[*Showing Cas*

Fred. I heard the report of a pistol.

Lord A. It was levelled at one w
Let me but plunge these in eternal ni
defy. [FERMENT *without.*] Follow
way!

Lord A. Ah! I'm pursued.

Fred. Hush! here we may avoid—ah! this door beset?

Lord A. Then escape is impossible—and, bereft of the means of death! O Frederick! if thou lovest me, take this faithless weapon, nerve thy young arm, and in mercy dash out this maddening brain.

Gen. [*Without.*] We have him, sure enough.

Lord A. Dost thou hear? Wilt thou behold me dragged forth a criminal?

Fred. Distracting thought!—how—where? Oh that my life could save you!—My life—Ah! it shall be so.

Lord A. What dost thou mean?

Fred. Give me this weapon—this mask.

Lord A. Frederick, what wouldst thou?

Fred. [*Rushing into his Arms.*] Save my benefactor, I cannot sin, but I can suffer for you.

Gen. [*Without.*] Force the door.

Lord A. Think me not so damned.

Fred. There is no time for words—fly to the turret.—I being found, all search will cease.

Lord A. Thou shalt not suffer, by Heaven!

Fred. No, no, fear not; I will escape—a moment more, and all is lost: they force the door—away, away!

[*LORD AVONDALE retreats to the Turret—FREDERICK puts on Cloak and Mask—the Door is forced.*]

GENERAL TARRAGAN, FERMENT, and SERVANTS
rush in.

Gen. Ah, there he stands! unmask the villain!

Mr. F. I'll do that.

[*Going up to FREDERICK, he shows the Pistol—FERMENT retreats—FREDERICK then takes off the Mask.*]

All. Frederick!

Gen. What!—no!—it can't be!—let me see only let me see him!—[*Wiping his Eyes.*]—Viper! hypocrite!—'Sdeath! what am I about that have lighted the mine that was to blow in air hundreds of innocent souls, and now to snuff—
—but they are red-hot drops of fury, damn shall be choked instead of him. Seize him! W his lordship? [SERVANTS *seiz*

Mr. F. I'll find him directly.—I know I shall proceed to the situation he has dishonoured. W my wife?

Gen. You have disgraced the charity that for you; your example may palsy the warm hand of benevolence, and many an innocent may suffer for crime!

Fred. Oh!

Julia. [*Without.*] What do I hear! I'll not believe it.

Fred. Julia's voice! Oh, save me from this—lead me to my prison.

Gen. Hold!

Enter JULIA.

Julia. O Frederick! then it is so—father, save me!

Gen. Look at this girl, the daughter of George Tarragan—more—the heiress to a princely fortune—nay, more—the darling child of an honest man—don't cry, you rascal!—now, do I?—she, yet confessed she loved you.

Fred. Oh, brain! brain! brain!

Gen. Recover, and hear more. I, like a father—no, like a damned old rascal—was about to give Lord Avondale's consent to your union. Now, with him!

Fred. Hold off one moment. [*He breaks from her and falls at JULIA'S feet.*] Angel of pity, th

whose cherub lips the breath of hatred never yet found way! oh, do not curse me!

Julia. Say, then, you are innocent.

Fred. I am.

Julia. Innocent?

Fred. Oh, most unfortunate!

Gen. Away with him, I say!

Fred. Stand off! Julia mine—that heaven within my reach. Instant conduct me to——

Julia, Where? speak, speak, Frederick—where?

Fred. To——[*After a Struggle, which overpowers him.*]—to my prison. [Exit attended.

Gen. Zounds! I'm as hot as—I'm a portable furnace: but where is his lordship? you shall be his instantly: I won't eat—I won't sleep, till you are Lady Avondale.

Julia. My happiness is gone for ever.

Gen. No, it is not—you shall be happy—you shall be a happy bride. Fly, rascals! find Lord Avondale. [*Exeunt SERVANTS.*] Come along; you shall be this day a happy, happy bride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter LORD AVONDALE, followed by TYKE.

Lord A. My good fellow——

Tyke. Bless me, my lord, what can be the matter?

Lord A. I am distracted.

Tyke. Oh, now I understand: he's going to be married, poor man, and, of course, in a taking about it; why, that's all natural enough.

Lord A. Hear me; Frederick has been detected—
Tyke. Detected!

Lord A. In the commission of a robbery.

Tyke. What! that mask! that pistol!
 [Shaking his Head]

Lord A. Hush! dost thou not pity him?

Tyke. I do indeed! poor lad! I say, you know
 he is not half so bad as either of us.

Lord A. Robert, I was once thy landlord; I trust
 not a severe one.

Tyke. Severe! nay, that's cutting; that's as much
 as to say that I've forgot your kindness to me. Did
 not you put me to school? and though I settled all
 my matters there in a month, that was no fault of
 yours: you gave me money—if I misused it, you
 were not to blame: only tell me how I can show my
 love, honestly, wi' submission like.

Lord A. Procure Frederick's escape.

Tyke. I'll do my best.

Lord A. See this purse, 'tis richly stored; and
 properly disposed of, it may do much; promise me
 nothing, half my estates; and remember, Robert,
 that in saving him you will preserve my life.

Tyke. What! your life? that's enough.

[Takes the Purse, and runs off]

Lord A. Never, Frederick, shall judgment be pro-
 nounced against thee. Here I swear that if the hour
 of trial come, Avondale will stand forth, arrayed in
 all his guilt, and save that innocent, that noble youth.

Enter PETER.

Peter. General Tarragan requests your immediate
 attendance; he intreats the marriage ceremony may
 instantly take place. [LORD AVONDALE starts
 The preparations have already begun.

Lord A. I'll come to him. [Exit PETER.] Mar-
 riage; why does the thought terrify? My heart

ceases to beat ; my numbed limbs seem to fasten on the earth, and the faded form of Emily flits before my dazzled sight. Let me shake off this horrid lethargy—let me collect my thoughts.

[*Sinks into a Chair.*]

Enter MR. and MRS. FERMENT.

Mr. F. There he is—he seems unhappy ; but as soon as he perceives me you'll see the difference. I suppose the evidence of your own eyes and ears will convince you ? now mark the attention, the joy.—How do you do, my lord ?—how do you do ? [LORD AVONDALE looks, then turns from him—FERMENT, disappointed, carries his Chair round to the other Side.] I see how it is, my lord ; the villany of that young viper, which you fostered in your bosom—but I flatter myself, that in your humble servant you will find more talent, and a zeal warm as——

Lord A. Did you speak ?

Mr. F. Yes, a little.

Lord A. Oh ! [Relapsing into Inattention.]

Mr. F. But for me, the monster would have escaped.

Lord A. [Starting up, and turning to him.] Ah ! indeed !

Mr. F. [Apart.] Oh, now we come on a little :—Did not your lordship know that I detected him ?

Lord A. No. [Restraining his Rage.]

Mr. F. Oh ! all owing to me—caught a glimpse of the villain in my house—followed him up close—he thought to frighten me. Pugh !—fired at me—received his shot like a castle—it passed through my hat—not this hat—but I take no merit.

Lord A. Yet take——

Mr. F. Oh, my sweet lord ! any thing that you propose.

Lord A. Yes ; take my everlasting curses. [Exit.]

Mr. F. Oh, lord ! oh, dear ! I'm very ill. Fanny, wife—one word—only one—let me hear some voice

beside my own, in this damned infernal house, poor Juliet says, or I shall faint.

Mrs. F. Do you confess you are wrong?

Mr. F. I do.

Mrs. F. Will you abandon your schemes?

Mr. F. I will.

Mrs. F. Will you sometimes follow my advice?

Mr. F. Always; you shall be my magnet.

Mrs. F. The first that ever attracted lead, I believe, ha! ha!

Mr. F. Say what you will, only talk, and if ever go a lord-hunting again, may I lose this worthy head!

Mrs. F. Then, if ever I think of ruling again, may I lose your estimable heart!

Mr. F. What!—don't make me cry—then talk for you, old sour-croat [*Snapping his Fingers.*] I have a plan!

Mrs. F. A plan! [*Alarm.*]

Mr. F. A plan for imitating your silence, my dear Fanny.

Mrs. F. Then my plan shall be to imitate your prattling: You know, after so long a silence—

Mr. F. You must have a great many words to say to you.

Mrs. F. I shall talk till I tire you.

Mr. F. No, you won't.

Mrs. F. Yes, I shall.

Mr. F. No; Oh, delicious! charming!

[*Exeunt, embracing.*]

SCENE IV.

Inside of a Prison.

FREDERICK discovered; his Figure and Dress bespeaking the Desolation of his Mind.

Fred. When the contemplative mind approaches death, how little seems the mighty war of passions which agitate this atom, man!—() Julia! to know thy love only to meet thy hate! Perhaps, even now, he leads her to the altar—Ah! that thought is madness! but no, it cannot be! this is no hour for joy! my fate must banish pleasure from their hearts! no, no, 'tis impossible—I wrong my friend!—I wrong thee, lovely Julia! [*A Chime of Bells sound at a Distance.*] Ah! those sounds! it is the marriage peal—and with it my dying knell!—Julia, hear me: I am innocent!—Avondale, hold! inhuman, guilty man!
[*The Door is unlocked.*]

Enter TYKE and GAOLER—TYKE motions GAOLER to retire.—Exit GAOLER.

Tyke. There he is, poor fellow! yet I think he looks innocent—at least I am pratty sure, when I used to look intid' glass, I never saw any thing like that—I say, I is come to comfort thee like—I hope thou repents of what thou hast done?

Fred. No.

Tyke. Oh dear, he's not fit to die I mun get him away—I say, Lord Avondale sent me to ———

Fred. Oh! leave me!

Tyke. But I won't though, thou mun try to escape.

Fred. I will not escape: Begone, rascal!

Tyke. Rascal! well, I was one, and I mun bear
—but—

Fred. Dare not approach me.

Tyke. Fugh! pugh! [Advancing]

Fred. Must I, then, force you from my presence

[Strikes him]

Tyke. A blow!

[Seizes FREDERICK by the Collar; the action forces
opens the Neck of his Shirt, sees the F mark
on his Neck; he tremblingly lets go, and points
to the Mark.

Fred. What do you point at?

Tyke. At—at—I hardly dare look again!—E
'Tis he! 'tis he! [With great Animation]

Fred. This mark!

Tyke. I made it—I'll take my oath on't. I
found him—I've found him! Come to thy father
Come to Lord Avondale!

Fred. Ah! have I then suffered in a father's cause
Oh, do not deceive me.

Tyke. Why, do I look like such a savage beast, the
—See here [Placing his hands on his moist Eyes, and
shewing them.] Believe my eyes, if you won't
tongue. I've often danced thee on my knee—Give
me thy hand!

Enter GAOLER.

Gaoler. What's the matter here?

Fred. My happiness—the happiness of Lord Avon-
dale—is in your power. The property in question
was my own, the legacy of an unfortunate mother.
Pinion me hand and foot, only bring me to my
father.

Tyke. Do: I'll stay here for him—No, I can't
that—I must be in the thick on't.

Fred. Be merciful! I will not fly!

Gaoler. Why, I believe I may venture to take you
to the castle.

Tyke. You may.

Fred. Oh, each moment is an age!

Gaoler. Well, let me find the key.

Tyke. Oh, never mind key. [*Rushes against the Door—it opens.*] There! Come—come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Gothic Chapel illuminated; the Entrance of the Choir in the back Scene, with Steps to ascend—folding Doors conceal the Interior of the Chapel—Music behind the Scenes.—A Marriage Procession enters.

Enter LORD AVONDALE, JULIA, and GENERAL TARRAGAN.

Gen. Well, my lord, the joyful hour is at length arrived. I fancy it would be difficult to find three happier people. [*LORD AVONDALE bows.*] Now, farewell to Julia Tarragan! a name my tongue has dwelt on with rapture, and demands a parting tear. Kiss me, my girl!—but I shall see thee grace a nobler name. Well, now to the altar—my lord, we wait—

Lord A. [*Starting.*] For me! [*Recovering.*] My lovely bride, your hand.—[*They move towards the Chapel—the folding Doors are opened, which discovers MRS. ST. CLAIR in the Dress of the Picture, her right Hand pointing to the wedding Ring—LORD AVONDALE, advancing up the Steps, beholds her—falls back into the Arms of the Attendants, exclaiming*] Angels of mercy! Emily! [*Faints.*]

Emily. Yes! behold thy innocent, thy much-wronged wife! [*All express Astonishment—she comes*]

forward.] Inhuman man!—hear me!—Where is my child?—where is my darling boy?

Tyke. [*Without.*] Stand out of the way! here he comes! here he comes!

Enter FREDERICK and TYKE.

Fred. Julia! married?

Julia. [*Looking down.*] No, Frederick!

Fred. [*Seeing LORD AVONDALE.*] Ah!—what means this? Father, father, hear me!—it is your son that calls! Will not that charmed name restore you?

Emily. Ah, son! [*Leans on JULIA*

Fred. [*Turning round.*] What do I see?—that form!—that dress!—Oh, tell me!—does my heart deceive me?—Mother!—[*She rushes into his Arms.*]

I know thy wrongs—my father has bewailed thee with tears of anguish. Oh, forgive him!—he has been my benefactor—he has loved me—he has been a father to me!—Take his hand—there—the warm contact will animate each torpid pulse—will warm his heart to penitence—to love! Ah, he revives.

Lord A. [*Recovering, looks round.*] Emily!—A Frederick here? what am I to think?

Tyke. Think! look there—look there! [*Points to the Mark.*] He is your own!

Lord A. What! my wife? my child?—both, both restored? O All-merciful!—accept my contrition—deign to receive my gratitude!

[*The Curtain slowly falls, while LORD AVONDALE kneeling, lifts his Hands to Heaven—JULIA takes the Hand of EMILY—GENERAL TARRANT RAGAN rests on his Stick, with his Handkerchief to his Eyes—TYKE, with joyful Satisfaction points to the Group.*

THE END.





