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(3)

Oxberry's Edition.



A

Roland for an Oliver.

A FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

By Thomas Morton.



WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.



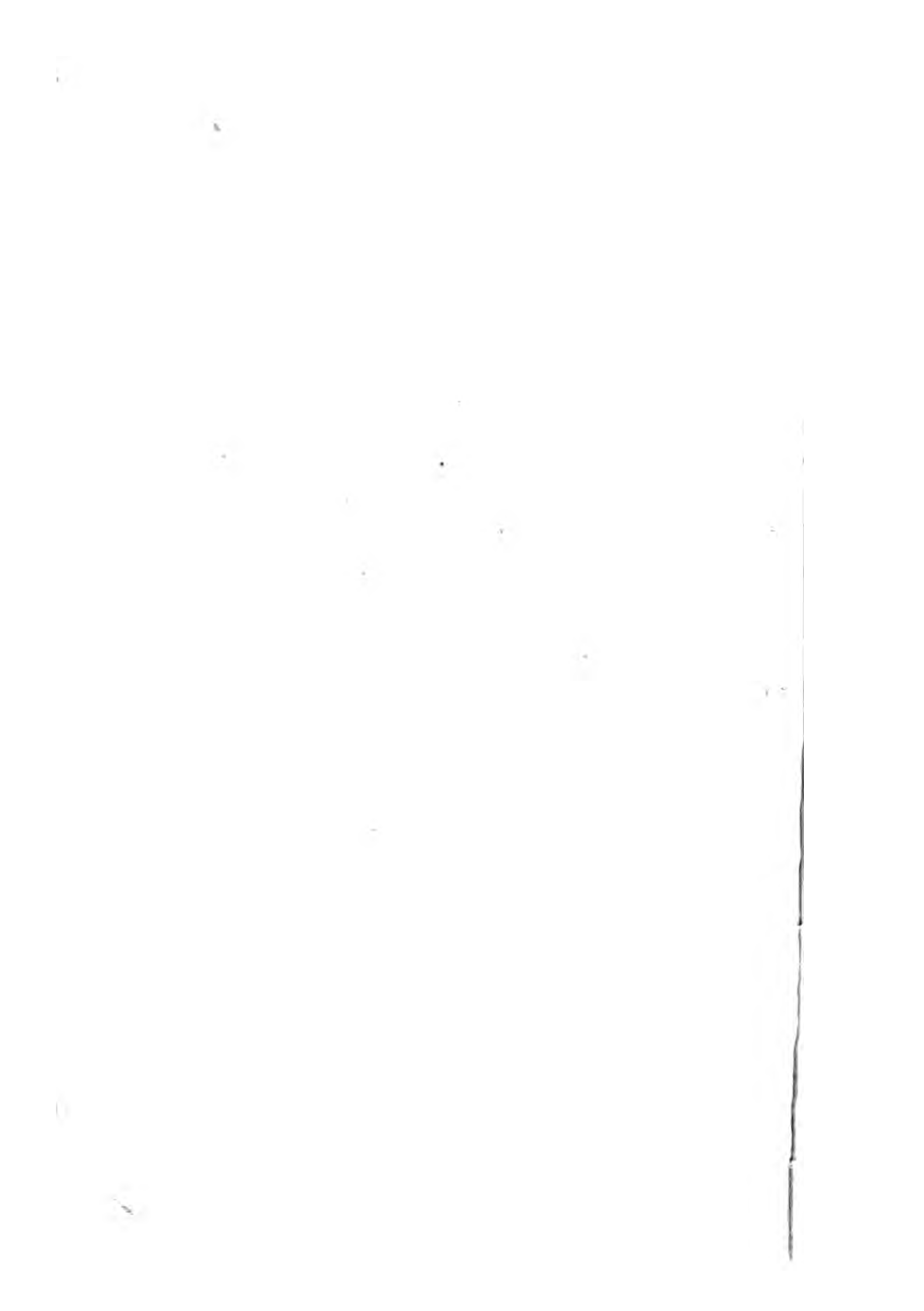
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1826.



Remarks.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

THIS Farce is composed of two French pieces, the *Visite à Bedlam*, and *Une Heure de Mariage*, of SCRIBE, and affords a tolerably fair criterion, by which, to judge of the comparative merits of the modern French and English Drama, the weight of matériel being evidently two to one in our favor. The facetious Doctor Kitchener is said to have written the following recipe for composing an English farce of the present day, "Let a regular dramatic cook take two French petite comedies, or, if they cannot be procured, two vaudevilles; strip them of their idioms, mix them up well together, and put them on clean writing paper, throw in some English names by way of seasoning, enrich them with a few broad jokes from the well-known store-house of Mr. Joseph Miller, and, when the whole is properly dressed, serve it up at one of the Royal Theatres, where, by the aid of a good company, there is no doubt the composition may be sufficiently digested to go down as a genuine English farce."

'A Roland for an Oliver' appears to have been formed, and not unskillfully, according to these directions. It is well concocted, and sufficiently naturalized, or anglicised rather, for the purpose. A very critical eye may, indeed, sometimes detect the process, by an occasional discrepancy of connection, and jostling of incident, but it will pass current with the million. The greatest objection to this

Piece, is, that the situations are forced; the effects are evidently the result rather of a knowledge of Stage Trick, than the natural working up of the Plot. In this, consists the great difference between Comedy and Farce; effective situation, arising out of the natural progress of events, is one of the first provinces of Comedy. It is only Farce that depends for its mirth, on far-fetched equivoque and strained conjunction. But this sin is rather to be visited on the head of the original author of the Pieces, on which it is founded, than on that of the adapter, Mr. Morton. This Piece, has of late days acquired much celebrity by Miss Foote's personation of its principal female character; the love-lorn adventures of the actress, having, in some measure, (we know not why) identified her with the heroine, and almost rendered Maria Foote and Maria Darlington synonymous. When well acted, and on the London stage, it has been particularly fortunate in its representation, supported, as it has been, by the powerful talents of Fawcett, Jones, Emery, &c. &c. 'A Roland for an Oliver' is more than ordinarily amusing, and does no discredit to the more original and important productions of its author, Mr. Morton. We say author, notwithstanding its gallic origin, for there is enough of original matter about it to warrant the appellation. Mr. Morton's merits are not to be confounded with the literal ones of Messrs. Poole, Planche, Payne, and other of our working translators. The late lamented Emery's delineation of the passion of jealousy, in the part of Fixture, in this farce, presented an union of the terrific and the ludicrous, of which there is, perhaps, no other instance on the stage; not even his *Tyke*, in the *School of Reform*, of the same Author, a Performance, in which, we have heard him styled, by no mean judges, the John Kemble of Low Comedy, excelled it in effect. The veteran FAWCETT'S performance of *Sir Mark Chase*, is also of the very first order, in the scale of perfection; it is a robust, healthy piece of acting, perfectly Sylvan and veracious, breathing of the woods and real Life. We have met with five hundred Sir Mark Chases in the Country, in our occasional Sporting Trips, and can give our unqualified testimony to the correctness of its delineation. Fawcett's astonishment, in this character, when Highflyer runs off with his gun, in Scene II. Act I. is most ludicrously natural; and the hearty salute he gives

Miss Foote, as *Maria Darlington*, in their first interview. Scene I. of the same Act, the fling up of his hands, cock of his leg, &c. are altogether most sportsman-like and heart-stirring.

As the Author was not in England when this Piece was originally produced, and it was Published under the same disadvantage; it is but justice to Mr. Morton to give the Advertisement prefixed to it by his old friend Fawcett. "The Author of this Farce, who is now residing in France, consigned it to my care, in my double capacity of Stage Manager and Old Friend, to do what I thought best by it. The Stage is to much indebted to him for many excellent Dramas, and I am so much bound to him by ties of sincere regard, that I have been exceedingly anxious for its success. Those who have witnessed its representation, must know how highly I have been gratified; for, perhaps, no Farce ever excited more genuine laughter, and tumultuous applause, than this has done. I now publish it without the advantage of my Friend's revision; but as I act in this, as in all other instances relative to him, with my best judgment, I trust he will approve what I have done."

Mr. Morton's Life furnishes but few incidents for the pen of the Biographer, he has pursued 'the even tenor of his way,' calmly and happily. From the best authorities we have been able to obtain, we learn that he was born in the county of Durham, about the year 1770, of highly respectable parents. His father dying in his infancy, the care of his education, and the direction of his future fortunes, devolved on his maternal uncle, Mr. Madison, an eminent stock-broker in the city, no less distinguished for his professional integrity than valued for the practical benevolence of his disposition. By this gentleman Mr. Morton was placed under the tuition of Doctor Barrow, at the celebrated Soho-square academy, where he became a contemporary performer with Mr. Holman in the private plays which at that time made so much noise there. Mr. Morton was intended for the law, and Mr. Holman for the church; but nature and inclination thwarted the inclinations of their friends in both instances. Mr. Morton was doomed to *write* plays, and Mr. Holman to *act* them. On leaving Dr. Barrow, Mr. Morton entered himself a member of Lincoln's Inn, under the legal instruction of Mr. Hart, then of the Temple.

Here he performed all the usual duties of a student at law, but never summoned sufficient resolution to be called to the Bar. Excepting his performance at Soho, Mr. Morton does not appear to have ventured any further in dramatic personation, but at once commenced author, having long before felt the capability within him. The first opportunity that presented itself of gratifying his desires was the introduction of a comic song for Johnstone, in Reynolds's play of *Notoriety*. This song afforded a very humorous mixture of French and Irish, and was highly approved; it encouraged him to complete his first regular dramatic production *Columbus*, which at once established his fame. One circumstance attending the production of this piece deserves to be recorded. On its first appearance, that literary charlatan, Elocution Thelwall, who has been 'every thing by turns, but *nothing long*,' having written an opera from Marmontel's *Incas*, which was presented to, and justly rejected, by the late Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden Theatre, thought proper to publish a letter, in which he had the unblushing temerity to charge Mr. Morton with wholesale plagiarism from his work, a charge declared by Mr. Harris to be as false as it was scandalous. This conduct he afterwards repeated with *Zorinski*, which he declared was stolen from Brooke's *Gustavus Vasa*. The public, however, scouted the pitiful attack with the contempt that it deserved.

The production, soon afterwards, of *Speed the Plough*, *A Cure for the Heart Ache*, *Way to Get Married*, *Secrets worth Knowing*, &c. &c. speedily raised Mr. Morton in dramatic estimation as only second, in the walk of Legitimate Comedy, if at all so, to George Colman the younger.

The death of his worthy uncle, Mr. Maddison, from whom he is said to have drawn the character of Cosy in *Town and Country*, and which occurred some years back, put Mr. Morton into possession of a very handsome independence. This, by the by, may account for the indolence he has evinced in his theatrical career. Mr. Morton's musical taste is very considerable. The airs of *Zorinski* and the *Children in the Wood*, were wholly selected by him. He is said to be no mean sportsman; to be a good cricketer, and an excellent shot. He is married and has a family, and of late years has resided chiefly in France. For the gratification of female readers, it may be men-

tioned that in person, Mr. Morton is handsome and manly. At the period of writing this, a new Comedy is announced from his pen, as being in preparation, for the forthcoming Season at Covent Garden.

The following is a list of his productions : *Columbus*, M. P. Dec. 1792 ; *Children in the Wood*, M. E.* 1793 ; *Zorinski*, P. 1795 ; *Way to Get Married*, C. Jan. 1795 ; *Secrets Worth Knowing*, C. Jan. 1796 ; *Cure for the Heart Ache*, C. Jan. 1797 ; *Speed the Plough*, C. Feb. 1800 ; *Blind Girl*, C. O. 1801 ; *Beggar my Neighbour*, F. at the Hay-market, unsuccessful ; *School of Reform*, C. 1805 ; *Town and Country*, C. March, 1807 ; *Knight of Snowdown*, Mus. D. 1811 ; *Education*, C. 1813 ; *The Slave*, Mus. D. 1816 ; *A Roland for an Oliver*, F. 1819 ; *Henri Quatre*, Mus. P. 1820. M.

* Ascribed on its first appearance to a Mr. Rose.

—◆—

The time this Piece takes in representation, is generally
one hour and a half.

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Stage Directions.

—◆—

By	R.H.	.	.	is meant	.	.	Right Hand.
	L.H.	Left Hand.
	S.E.	Second Entrance.
	U.E.	Upper Entrance.
	M.D.	Middle Door.
	D.F.	Door in Flat.
	R.H.D.	Right Hand Door.
	L.H.D.	Left Hand Door.

◆

Costume.

SIR MARK CHASE.

Smart green shooting jacket, with bright buttons, drab breeches and gaiters.

MR. SELBORNE.

Blue frock coat, white pantaloons and boots.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

Brown frock coat, braided with black braid, buff waistcoat, and white trowsers.

FIXTURE.

A rich old fashioned livery.

GAMEKEEPER.

Hunting dress.

GROOM.

Green frock coat, white breeches, top boots.

POST-BOY.

Scarlet jacket, leather breeches, top boots.

GAMEKEEPERS and SERVANTS to SIR MARK.

Hunting dresses and liveries.

Mrs. SELBORNE.

White leno dress, trimmed with white satin riband, and flowers, white willow hat.

MARIA DARLINGTON.

Pink satin pèlisse, white leno dress under, white willow hat, lined with white satin.

SECOND DRESS.

White leno dress, trimmed with flowers.

Mrs. FIXTURE.

Blue figured gown, red petticoat, white apron.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
<i>Sir Mark Chase,</i> . . .	Mr. Dowton.	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Mr. Selborne,</i> . . .	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Alfred Highflyer,</i> . . .	Mr. Browne.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Fixture,</i>	Mr. J Russell.	Mr. Emery.
<i>Gamekeeper,</i> . . .	Mr. Bedford.	Mr. Isaacs.
<i>Mrs. Selborne,</i> . . .	Miss I. Paton.	Miss Beaumont.
<i>Maria Darlington,</i> . . .	Miss Foote.	Miss Foote.
<i>Mrs. Fixture,</i> . . .	Mrs. Orger.	Miss Green.

Servants, &c.

ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A hall belonging to SIR MARK CHASE—a chamber door in the back scene, another in the side scene; An entrance far back, through which is seen a wall, and a house beyond for Lunatics.

Enter MR. and MRS. SELBORNE, with a Post-boy. M.D.

Mr. Sel. The horses are paid for; there's for yourselves—(*giving money.*)

Post-boy. (dissatisfied.) Your honour, we galloped all the way.

Mr. Sel. True; and had you trotted, I would have given you double—Go! [*Exit Post-boy. M.D.*

As I expected—nobody to receive us. The old faithful domestics are, no doubt, gathered round my poor uncle's death-bed. If the fatal moment has not passed, I must find some one to announce me. (*Rings the bell. L.H.*) Nobody to answer.

Mrs. Sel. I hear a carriage stop.

Mr. Sel. (sighing.) The mourning equipage, may be!

Mrs. Sel. (looking out at the hall door.) No; happily

it is the carriage of our kind friend, Maria Darlington—true to her appointment!

(Mr. Selborne runs out, and returns with Maria. R.H.)

Mrs. Sel. A thousand grateful thanks!

Maria. My time to a second! Me voici! (*showing her watch to Mrs. Selborne.*) My dear Frances! (*salutes her,*) How provokingly handsome you look: Nay, don't blush, or there'll be no bearing you! But now, my sweet friends, having accomplished my journey, I hope you'll not think me very unreasonable, if I ask—*why* I have made it?

Mrs. Sel. Indeed, Maria, it will require all your good nature to pardon the liberty my husband—

Maria. Pardon, nonsense!—Come, Mr. Ædipus, solve your riddle.

Mr. Sel. Thus then—my worthy uncle here is dead, or dying.

Maria. Poor Sir Mark, I'm very sorry; I flatter myself I was a great favorite of his.

Mr. Sel. He wrote me this letter, which—(*producing a letter.*) Oh! here's old Fixture, his favorite Yorkshire servant. (*Fixture sings without, "Old King Cole," &c.*) What, *singing! unfeeling scoundrel!* That fellow has fattened on my uncle's bounty these thirty years; and to sing at such a moment is unfeeling indeed.

Enter FIXTURE, *singing.* R.H.

Fix. (*seeing Mr. Selborne.*) Ah! my young Master, I be mortal glad to see you—you look deadly well.

Mr. Sel. *Mortal, and deadly!* apt words I own, and fitted to the scene. Well, Fixture, my poor uncle—what! he's gone?

Fix. Yes—I wish he had *not*; he'll find it very cold.

Mr. Sel. *Cold!* (*apart.*) True, the grave is cold!

Fix. But he said he should be soon in a fine glow.

Mr. Sel. Soon be in a fine glow!

Fix. I suppose you can *guess where* he is gone?

Mr. Sel. Where we *all* hope to go.

Fix. Yes—he's gone a shooting!

Mr. Sel. *Shooting!* why, he wrote me word he was dying!

Fix. Dying! he! he! Why Lord, Sir, he has been dying any day these thirty years,—he! he!

Mr. Sel. Indeed! he! he! I'm rejoiced. (*walks.*)

Fix. Yes, I see. (*two guns are fired.*) Bang! bang! That's he!—a brace down,—for a guinea!

Mr. Sel. Why, look here—(*showing a letter.*) He sent for me to close his eyes in death! (*emphasizing each word.*)

Fix. I don't know about closing his eyes in death; but I know he seldom closes one without it. (*aiming.*)

Mr. Sel. 'Tis absolute insanity! (*striking the letter with his hand.*) I say—the next house to this, surrounded by a high wall—(the fellow's drove us there by mistake) 'tis an establishment for folks deranged here—(*Hitting his forehead.*) Is it not?

Fix. Oh, yes!

Mr. Sel. Depend on't, 'tis catching; my uncle's got a touch—I'll be damn'd but it is catching!—(*Walks about, gesticulating.*)

Fix. (*Looking at him suspiciously.*) Why, I don't know but it is—

(*A dog-whistle is blown in a long continued note.*) That's Master—that's for me! what a shortness of breath he has got! he! he! dying, quotha! he! he!—Coming, Sir.

Mrs. Fixture. (*Without. R.H.*) Why, Fixture! husband! husband! I say.

Fix. That's my wife's whistle; how shrill and tuneful! Master must wait, when Mistress wants me.—Coming, dearee. [*Exit. R.H.*]

Mr. Sel. Here's a pretty affair! But, don't do me the injustice to suppose I'm sorry to hear of my uncle's health. By my soul, I wish the worthy old fellow every blessing! But I've got into such a scrape—such a dilemma—so, so, so—(*walks about.*)

Maria. Don't stammer, and strut about so—but explain.

Mr. Sel. I'll endeavour. You know, Maria, my uncle always wished that you and I should be united, and you know I—

Maria. Did not wish it.

Mr. Sel. Oh, fie! you shock me—no—no I was conscious—I—I—did not merit so much—ha—ha—happiness—yes, so much happiness; and my dear Frances not thinking me unworthy her affection, we were—

Maria. Privately married—ye cruel wretches!—ha! ha! ha!

Mr. Sel. Don't laugh—'tis really no laughing matter—

Maria. Being married, you know best.

Mr. Sel. Three days ago I received this letter from my uncle; now only read it.

Maria. (*Reads.*) “Dear Nephew, I find I am approaching my last moments”—

Mr. Sel. Last moments!—That's the gentleman that's shooting—pray go on!—

Maria. “I shall leave you my whole fortune, provided “you present to me Maria Darlington as your bride.” Meaning me! my best courtesy is due for that (*courtesies.*) “rely on it, George, look England through, you'll not find so perfect”—(*Tickled with the supposed compliment.*) Oh! dear!—“so beautiful”—Oh! I really can't go on. (*Giving the letter to Selborne.*)

Mr. Sel. “Not find so perfect, so beautiful a manor “for Partridges, as she is heiress to”—

Maria. (*with playful spite.*) *Partridges!* an old wretch—I'll plague his heart out for this.

Mr. Sel. (*reading.*) “If you don't marry her, your “legacy, namely, ‘a nice *new shilling,*’ now lies before “me; the lawyer is in the house, and your answer to “this will be his instructions for the last testament of your “dying uncle, *Mark Chase.*—P. S. If I am *dead* when “you arrive, don't be *uncomfortable*—you'll find well- “aired linen—venison that has hung a fortnight—fresh “*trout*—the last new novel, and Hock quite alive—tho' “a year older than your departed uncle.” Was there ever such an extraordinary letter? Need I say how *unhappy* it has made me?

Maria. And need I say how *hungry* it has made *me*? Well and what was your answer?

Mr. Sel. Oh! I replied that I married you yesterday.

Maria. Married *me*! Partridges, and all!

Mr. Sel. And that, according to his orders, we should be here to-day, and here we are!

Maria. Yes—here we are! (*imitating,*) Well, my dear Hubby, what's next? (*taking his arm, and hugging it.*)

Mr. Sel. I'm sure, *Maria*, you would have consented to our supposed marriage for a day or two, but, as my uncle is well, the situation will be intolerable!

Mrs. Sel. Oh, quite intolerable!

Maria. Ahem!

Mr. Sel. To *you*—of course I mean—intolerable to *you*.

Maria. Of course—ha! ha!—Well—and what's to be done?

Mr. Sel. Run away as fast as we can.

Maria. Run away! I'm glad I an't your wife.

Sir Mark. (*without.*) My nephew and his bride arrived—set the bells ringing—pile up the bonfires—tap the October!

Maria. Besides, 'tis too late; you hear we have been announced.

Mrs. Sel. Let us fall at his feet, and implore pardon.

Maria. What, finish the farce in the first scene—that would, I think, be a pity! Let me consider our characters—you are my husband.

Mr. Sel. Yes. (*sighing.*)

Maria. Civil and natural—I'm the happy bride; and pray, Miss, who are *you*?

Mrs. Sel. Who am I.

Maria. Yes, who are you? Be so good as to give an account of yourself.

Mrs. Sel. Oh, I'm your bridemaid, madam.

Maria. Very well—now mind: *your* task is to do all in your power to *please* the old gentleman—I to *torment* him. I'll make myself so disagreeable—

Mr. Sel. That you'll find very difficult.

Maria. There you are *complimenting*—you forget I'm

your wife—stick to your character, if you please—*your* efforts and *mine* (to Mrs. S.) will soon make Sir Mark wish you had been his nephew's wife—when he *does so*, then fall at his feet and own it. Hush! he's here!

Enter SIR MARK. L.H.

Sir Mark. (Speaking as he enters.) Where are they?—my darlings—my children—my heirs—Oh! George, right welcome to the manor of Warrender! I hope I shall show you some sport. (*Laying his gun down.*)

Maria. We hope to return the compliment. (*aside.*)

Sir Mark. Let me kiss your bride!—(Selborne, forgetting himself, presents Mrs. Selborne.) Heyday! this—

Mr. Sel. (with quickness.) No, sir—this—this is Miss Tiverton, sir—the bridemaids, sir—My bride you are already acquainted with—this lady being a stranger, sir.

Sir Mark. (saluting her.) No longer so. Miss Tiverton, I know your father well. Joy! joy, my Maria! (*hugs her.*) Aye, now all my wishes are accomplished—and I have now only to pull off my shooting gaiters, and lie me down and die.

Mr. Sel. Your letter alarmed me exceedingly.—But you are not—

Sir Mark. Quite dead—no, George, not quite.

Mr. Sel. And how is your health, sir?

Sir Mark. Bad, very bad—the least thing fatigues me.

Mrs. Sel. Pray be seated, Sir.

Sir Mark. Thank you, my pretty love. (*chucking her under the chin.*) I seldom sit down but at meals.

Mr. Sel. How far may you have walked to-day?

Sir Mark. (shaking his head, and speaking plaintively.) About eighteen miles, not a yard more!

Maria. Indeed! and the *fatigue* has made you faint.

Sir Mark. No, I feel faint from *hunger*, my dear.

Mr. Sel. Your appetite, then, is pretty good?

Sir Mark. Yes; I eat well, and I drink well, and I sleep well—but that's all.

All. Poor man!

Sir Mark. But let's be merry while we may.—Egad!

we'll have a day on't. Let's dress for dinner; there, George—there's the room I've prepared for you and your wife—this, Miss Tiverton, shall be yours—get you in—get you in!

Maria. (*embarrassed.*) I wish to be with my friend.

Mrs. Sel. Yes, Sir, she wishes to be with me.

Sir Mark. Nonsense! Eh, George, you know better than that—there, go along with you, and help your wife to dress.—What are you shilly-shallying about?—Why don't you go?

Maria. We're going, Sir—yes, Sir, we're going.

Sir Mark. Well, then, go, Sir—for I've a thousand things to do. (*He pushes Selborne and Miss Darlington into the room at the back, R.H. Mrs. Selborne, exit. into hers. L.H.*) (*Faintly.*) Oh, dear! oh, dear! How the least thing shakes my poor weak frame, my pulse is low, and I feel ready to faint—I must try to support exhausted nature as well as I can. (*In the voice of a Stentor.*) Fixture! put the venison pasty on the side-table, and a tankard of ale—I can touch nothing else before dinner. [*Exit. R.H.*

(*Selborne leaves the room he entered on tip-toe, and goes to his wife's apartment, taps at the door, and listens.*)

Re-enter SIR MARK. R.H.

Sir Mark. I forgot my gun.—Eh! what's George about? (*steps aside.*)

Mr. Sel. (*taps again.*) Fanny! Fanny!

Sir Mark. Oh! oh! I suspect poaching here. (*apart.*)

Mrs. Sel. (*from the room.*) Who's there?

Mr. Sel. 'Tis I!

Enter MRS. SELBORNE, from room. L.H.

Mrs. Sel. My dear George!

Mr. Sel. My sweet Fanny—I may not have another opportunity of telling you, that I shall contrive to deceive the old boy, and in the evening come secretly to your apartment.

Mrs. Sel. (*fondly pouting.*) But I don't like your being with your *wife* there, I assure you.

Mr. Sel. My soul! can you doubt 'tis you alone I adore? Let this embrace—

Sir Mark. Ahem! (*advances.*)

Mr. Sel. My uncle! undone!

Sir Mark. Oh! you profligate! Oh! you—what only two days married? Oh! you Don Juan! I'll expose you to your injured wife. Maria!—Mrs. Selborne! (*calls at the door, R.H.*)

Enter MARIA, R.H.D.

Maria. What's the matter?

Sir Mark. The matter is—I caught your bridegroom in your bridemaid's arms, planning an assignation—and sorry I am to shock you, my dear, with such heart-breaking intelligence.

Maria. Oh, fie, George! I'm ashamed of you—you naughty man—you naughty man! (*playfully slapping his hands, which he returns.*)

Sir Mark. (*imitating.*) “You naughty man!” The world's at an end!—Oh! this is my precious match.

Mrs. Sel. What an indelicate situation I am placed in. (*Hides her face.*)

Sir Mark. Ah! Miss Tiverton, *you* have some modesty, and I hope, my dear child, my interference has been opportune enough to save you from the arts of a libertine—from the seductions of that “naughty man.” (*imitating.*) Don't weep, he shan't annoy you again—we'll dine by *ourselves*, and hob and nob together. (*taking her arm.*)

Mr. Sel. Hob and nob! Sir, I—

Sir Mark. Keep off, Sir! (*to Mrs. Sel.*) and to-morrow morning, my love, I'll take you home to your friends.—Fixture!

Mr. Sel. (*in agony.*) Then I shall lose my wife. (*aside to Maria.*)

Maria. Be quiet!

Enter FIXTURE, R.H.

Sir Mark. Run to the Talbot, and order post-horses to be here at day-light, and furbish up the old coach.

Fix. Sir, the turkey hen is hatching a brood of chicks in it.

Sir Mark. Out with her! [*Exit* Fixture, M.D.
Come, we'll take a walk in the garden, and you shall never see him again—there now!—(Selborne *can hardly be restrained by* Maria.) And to-night you shall sleep in a room where nobody can come to you but old Deborah, the housekeeper—there now!

[*Exeunt* Sir Mark, and Mrs. Selborne, *he patting and kissing her hand*, M.D.]

Mr. Sel. Sleep where nobody can come to her but old Deborah.—Curse old Deborah! and, to-morrow, he takes her to her offended family, and I shall see her no more. I'll go and own my marriage.

Maria. (*stopping him.*) And triumphantly march off with your new shilling! No, that will never do. Have not we all the day to counterplot? (*Going to the window.*) Ha! ha! how lovingly they walk together! George, come here—quick! quick! whose equipage is that passing the gates—there—see!

Mr. Sel. Oh! I know—'tis—'tis—pshaw! Oh! the Hon. Mr. Highflyer.

Maria. I thought so—then this is no place for *me*.—I suppose he's coming here—therefore I go—

Mr. Sel. Coming here! no such thing! neither my uncle nor I are acquainted with him. His place is near Newmarket, far away from—

Maria. Newmarket—yes, yes, I know. (*peevishly.*)

Mr. Sel. Have you had a little quarrel lately?

Maria. Lately! Sir, I fortunately have not seen that gentleman for eleven months and seventeen days, for I have counted them. I own I was at first a little uneasy at our breaking off, but time has, as you see, entirely removed both regret and resentment.—Obstinate wretch!

Mr. Sel. Oh! I see it has.

Maria. I now make it a rule never to talk about him—never.—Could you believe this of him, Mr. Selborne?—I had perfected myself *à merveille* in a piece of music of his recommendation—had the concert fixed—sent him a card—instead of his presence, I was honored with a letter from Newmarket—shocked—*en desespoir*, and a parcel of trash, that he could not be present—but that business must be minded—I returned his letter in a blank cover—he wrote another, I returned it—another, I returned that—and would you think it possible—he wrote no more.

Mr. Sel. Tho' you had only sent back three letters.

Maria. Only three!

Mr. Sel. And you have not sought a reconciliation?

Maria. Reconciliation, Sir!—Rivers may climb mountains—doves become the nestlings of kites—man become faithful—any monstrous thing is more probable than that I should be reconciled to Alfred!

Mr. Sel. (Apart.) I wish I had an opportunity to try that—I see she loves him.

Enter FIXTURE, with a card in one hand, and a guinea in the other, M.D.

Fix. (Looking at the guinea.) Very much of a gentleman indeed.—Sir, would you believe it—I've been at the public house, and—

Mr. Sel. I can very easily believe it.

Fix. There's a great stranger come—a mortal sensible man.

Mr. Sel. How do you know that?

Fix. He gave me a guinea.—Says he—“I wish to examine the inside of the interior of that wise insane establishment”—next door, you know, Sir; master's a governor, thinks I—so, I'll get a ticket for *him*—and mayhap another guinea for myself. (*reading the card.*) The Hon. Alfred Highflyer.—(*walking slowly out, and looking alternately at card and guinea.*)

Maria. (Overlooking.) "Of Racket Hall"—'tis my detestable lover—who is—

Fix. Very much of a gentleman indeed! [*Exit.*]

Maria. I wont stay!

Mr. Sel. He's not coming here—so, why agitate yourself?

Maria. Agitate myself! ridiculous! To prove I'm not concerned about him, I shall go and amuse myself at the window. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Mr. Sel. For the chance of seeing him.—They shall meet, that's fixed—Eh! I have it—Fixture, come back—I want you—come back, I say! (*Maria appears at the door.*)

Maria. Come back! what can Selborne want with him—thank heaven, I've no curiosity—only one may as well listen.

Mr. Sel. Ha! ha! 'tis a bold thought, but I owe Maria a good turn, so here goes! [*Enter Fixture.*] Come hither! I'll tell you, my old boy, how you may make that *one guinea five.* (*taking out his purse.*)

Fix. By coining—?

Mr. Sel. Only a little *falsehood*, my old friend.—You must assist my plans, and share my confidence.—Know, then, I am married to Miss Tiverton; but, fearing Sir Mark's disinheriting threats, have deceived him by a pretended alliance with his favorite, Miss Darlington.—*That Mr. Highflyer* is her lover. (*pointing to the card.*) They have quarrelled, and I wish to bring about a meeting; therefore, instead of taking him to the next house, you shall introduce him to *this*, as the Lunatic Asylum, and to *me*, as the managing *director!*

Fix. This house as the Lunatic—He! he! oh, you're joking!

Mr. Sel. If you *think* so, I'll put my purse in my pocket.

Fix. No, don't—there would be no *joke* in that.

Mr. Sel. The governor's compliments to Mr. Highflyer—shall be happy in receiving the honour of his visit—you hear?

Fix. Tolerably.

Mr. Sel. (*Chinking the purse.*) You understand?

Fix. Perfectly!—I'm to say, this is a Lunacy House.—Ecod! it is not very much unlike one.

Mr. Sel. Mind you repeat—

Fix. Never fear—I'll repeat all the lies you've told me, you may depend on't.—Ha! ha!—The Governor's compliments. [*Exit, repeating his lesson behind.*]

Maria. (*Advances.*) Upon my word, a very pretty scheme! and I am, I suppose, to be out of my senses—I must be so to join in it!

Enter SIR MARK and MRS. SELBORNE, M.D.

Mr. Sel. Nay, but Maria—now hear me—ought you to be angry—here am I taking pains to bring a lover to your feet, and you are not satisfied.

Sir Mark. How unreasonable!—Well said, husband!

Maria. You are very kind, Sir—but I am vain enough to think I can provide lovers for myself.

Sir Mark. I dare say you can!—Well said, wife! (*advancing.*) What will this world come to?

Mr. Sel. What the devil shall I do now?

Maria. *Do!*—why run away with your wife, to be sure! [*Exit, taking his arm, R.H.*]

Mrs. Sel. Oh, George! run away with your wife.—(*Going to follow them.*)

Sir Mark. (*Getting hold of her.*) No, no, Miss Tiverton, you shall have nothing to say to the profligate!—Go into that room 'till I find my old housekeeper! (*Puts her into the room, L.H.*) They are all out of their senses!—To be sure, this union I promised to Maria Darlington's departed father, poor Charles, when we were youngers!—Ha! ha!—well, well! youth and age have both their tantarums!

SONG.—SIR MARK.

AIR “La Zephyre” or “Tivoli bien joli.”

*Love in season,
Like sneezing,
Is pleasing,
Not teasing;*

It prickles,
And tickles,
 With fanciful joys,
While toying,
Enjoying,
She sighs out,
And cries out—
“ You devil,
Be civil,
 And don't make a noise !”

Then pressing,
Caressing,
And ranting,
And chanting,
They rhyme away,
Time away,
 In a love song ;
Then dance it,
And prance it,
And thump it,
And stump it,
And bump it,
And rump it,
 All the night long !
 Love in season, &c.

II.

Youth over,
In clover
We muzzle,
And guzzle,
And toast it,
And roast it,
 Like jolly old boys !
Break glasses,
Kiss lasses,
And pick up,
And hiccup ;

*And swaggering,
Staggering,
Finish our joys!*

*Then phthisic,
And physic,
Blue devils
Us levels,
'Till doctor
And proctor
Bespeak us a grave;*

*Then weepers,
And peepers,
And moaners,
And groaners,
And gay men
Cry "Amen!"*

*And chant out a Stave!
Youth over, &c.*

[*Exit. M.D.*]

SCENE II.

A pleasure ground: an angle of the scene displaying a handsome aviary, with a macaw and other birds.—The aviary fronted with brass wire-work, and partially concealed by flowering shrubs.—The rest of the scene arranged in a tasteful display of wood, water, and the agréments that form a handsome domain.

Enter MARIA and Mr. SELBORNE, R.H.

Maria. And do you think I will ever be reconciled to Alfred?

Mr. Sel. Certainly I do. (*aside.*)—Certainly I do not! If I thought so I would prevent your meeting;—my object is to punish him, and bring him to your feet.

Maria. Yes, I own I should like to see him at my feet.

Mr. Sel. And then to consign him to utter despair.

Maria. Yes, to utter despair.—Well then, I consent to see him.

Mr. Sel. Throw your hair into a little disorder, and that, with a veil, will do very well for a desponding witless maiden; and when I clap my hands three times thus, (*clapping his hands.*) then begin a Mad Bess kind of air—he's coming!

Maria. (*lifting herself on her toes.*) I would rather not see him.

Mr. Sel. I know that; but go and mind the signal.

Maria. (*on her toes.*) I think I ought to be sure 'tis he.

Mr. Sel. There can be no doubt of it—there are not two such.

Maria. (*with earnest affection.*) No—that there are not.

Mr. Sel. Then don't let curiosity mar our plan.

Maria. I've no curiosity, I assure you.

[*Exit, raising herself, and looking for Alfred, R.H.*]

Mr. Sel. Poor Maria! how she detests him, ha! ha—He's here;—now for my assumed character of director. (*Retires up the stage.*)

Enter FIXTURE, introducing ALFRED, L.H.

Fix. This way, Sir, I can show you all the grounds.

Alf. A noble mansion—strong and capacious—and the grounds handsome and varied. I understand they practise here the soothing system with their unhappy patients, which is certainly the most humane, if not the most sanative plan.

Fix. (*Pointing to Sel.*) My master, Sir

Alf. Oh!—rather young!

Mr. Sel. (*Apart to Fixture.*) Keep my uncle out of the way. (*aloud.*) You need not wait. (*to Alf.*)—A careful steady servant, Sir, and seldom forgets any thing.

Fix. The five guineas for instance. (*aside to Sel.*)

Mr. Sel. There, confound you! (*gives purse to Fixture.*) The object of your visit reflects the highest honor on your humanity and patriotism.

Alf. Yes, Sir, disgusted with the insane creation, that

take the privilege of roaming about this world, I wish to devote my time and wealth to those unfortunates, who are under salutary control.

Mr. Sel. I regret I cannot, consistently with the rules of this establishment, admit you at this hour into the interior.

Alf. I beg you will not infract any regulation on my account.

Mr. Sel. Many of the patients enjoy the salubrity of the garden, and, perhaps, the grounds may afford you some amusement. Favor me with your company.

[*Exeunt Mr. Selborne and Alfred, R.H.*]

Enter MRS. FIXTURE, L.H.

Fix. I must keep the secret safe from my wife. She has a ravenous curiosity, and particularly about young men.

Mrs. Fix. I a curiosity about young men! If I had, I should not have been content with such a curiosity of an old one.—No, Sir, I defy your words—so tell me directly who the young man is, that you so falsely say I've a curiosity about?

Fix. Well, I will—he's a Mr. Highflyer, a dasher on the turf.

Mrs. Fix. Keeps race-horses? Oh! how I do love Taunton races.

Fix. Oh, those cursed Taunton races! you never cleared up your privately going—

Mrs. Fix. Don't trouble your head about it, my dear.

Fix. But, my dear, it does trouble my head, I never think of it, but I feel much shooting pains—

Mrs. Fix. Who are those? I'm sure that's the young dasher in green.

Fix. As she deceived me about Taunton races, I'll deceive her.—No, he in green is Sir Mark's nephew, Mr. Selborne, a sensible, discreet married man, like me. Come away.—I say, look! here's a pretty present! (*showing a purse.*) and I'll tell you a great secret—so, come away, [Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Fixture, L.H.]

Re-enter SELBORNE and ALFRED, R.H.

Sel. So, Sir, you have quarrelled with the world—you are a young misanthrope.

Alf. Yes, Sir; as Hamlet says, man delights not me—nor woman neither.—Woman! Oh! (*spitefully*) Sir, I don't mean to annoy you with the lacerations of my wounded spirit, but—woman!—Oh! (*recovering*) I really ask your pardon. Pray, Sir, what do you consider the most effective agent in soothing the irritation of the mind.

Sel. Music; but, perhaps, you are not an admirer?

Alf. Sir, to music I owe all my happiness, all my misery. I love it to distraction.

Sel. Distraction! Ah, Sir, I have under my care an angel. Oh! such a voice! (*clapping his hands.*) Oh! such a voice! (*clapping his hands.*) Oh! such a voice! (*clapping again.*) [Maria sings, R.H.
That's she!

Alf. Her voice recalls—

Sel. Hush!

SONG.—MARIA.

ORIGINAL AIR.

*Hush thy vain sighs, fair maiden,
Tears flow no more in vain,
Heart cease thy fond upbraiding,
Lips no more breathe his name.
“ He's gone! aye, gone for ever,
“ Far, far away from me,
“ Fond maidens then endeavor
“ To shun credulity!”*

Alf. That song I well remember—it caused my quarrel with Maria. (*To Selborne.*) And has reason fled that form, which breathes such enchanting melody?

Sel. Alas! 'tis even so.—Poor Maria!

Alf. Maria, did he say!—May I, Sir, presume to ask the name of the lovely sufferer?

Sel. Maria Darlington.

Alf. Horror! let me conceal my agitation! Oh! where's my resentment now? Know you the cause of her malady?

Sel. Unrequited love.

Alf. And I! I the cause! I the destroyer of the proudest spirit that heaven ever breathed into a human form!—Might I be permitted to speak—(*Selborne shakes his head.*) Only to look on her?

Sel. That may be permitted.—You see that bubbling brook, (*points off.*) its murmurs often invite her to wander near its margin; there we may look on her, and join our petitions for her recovery, and our *curse*s on the wretch who could desolate such a paradise of sweets.

Alf. Yes, as you say, Sir, curses on the wretch—(*embarrassed*) that—you are very good, Sir—Come!

Sir Mark, R.H. (without.) Why, George! nephew!

Sel. Zounds! my uncle! what the devil shall I do now? he must not see me.

Alf. Who is that, Sir?

Sel. An unhappy gentleman, resident here, you understand (*pointing to the head*), harmless—perfectly harmless—fancies himself proprietor of this house and manor. You see he's in a shooting costume, and we indulge him with a little unloaded pop-gun—seem to fall into his fancies.—'Tis our plan of treatment.

Alf. Rely on me. But that angel—

Mr. Sel. I'll lead her to you, weeping willow.—(*Sir Mark sings without.*)—Zounds! he's here! (*Sir Mark sings louder.*) Don't be alarmed, he is quite harmless.

Exit. L.H.

Alf. How unfit to humour the insanities of others, while I am scarcely on the verge of sanity myself.—Oh! Maria.

Enter Sir Mark with his gun, calling to one of his dogs
—“*Doll—Doll—Doll,*” very loud.

Sir Mark. This precious nephew of mine has thrown me into such a fever, I can't stay in the house.—I must just brush the home covers to cool and tranquilize my

poor nerves.—Eh! what strange gentleman have we here?—(Alfred *nods.*) Strange gentleman! no—he seems a very familiar one.—Your servant, Sir—pray! Sir, to what may I attribute the honor of your presence in my grounds?

Alf. My grounds! poor fellow! I must indulge him. Sir, the beautiful disposition of hill, dale, wood, and water, has tempted me to intrude.

Sir Mark. Intrude! Sir, you are welcome—your hand.—

Alf. My hand—(*hesitates.*) Oh! he's harmless. (*shaking hands.*) Sir, the charms of the scenery joined to your good manners.—

Sir Mark. Sir I flatter myself my manors are as good as any gentleman's in the county; though last winter I had the misfortune to lose all my Hares.

Alf. (*aside, sighing.*) Had his head shaved, poor fellow!

Sir Mark. So, Sir, if you're fond of sport, this is the place.

Alf. (*aside.*) The place for sport—melancholy idea!

Sir Mark. What do you think of this piece?

(*giving him his gun*)

Alf. very handsome!

Sir Mark. And generally fatal; should you like to take a shot this morning?

Alf. If you please, Sir. I must humour him. (*aside.*) Egad, I'll pretend to kill that Macaw.

Sir Mark. I suppose you are pretty sure?

Alf. You shall see. (*aside.*)

(*Fires—the Macaw drops from the perch. R.H*)
Zounds! 'tis loaded!

Sir Mark. Damn the fellow! he has killed my Macaw!

Alf. To trust a loaded gun in such hands, was madness.

Sir Mark. It was indeed: so give it me instantly.

Alf. It has another barrel; I shall be shot here!—I won't give it you.

Sir Mark. Not give me my gun? Why, you damn'd impudent scoundrel!

Alf. Be quiet—be quiet—you know you have keepers here.

Sir Mark. Keepers! to be sure I have.

Alf. (aside.) Come he's not so mad, but he knows he has keepers! Be composed, or I'll call them.

Sir Mark. (furiously.) You call my keepers—you!

Alf. Oh! I must, I see—here, keepers, do your duty.

[*Exit. L.H.*]

Sir Mark. He's gone off with my gun! Here, Bob! Thomas! Gregory! Fixture!—Stop that fellow with my gun.

Enter Selborne, Gamekeepers and Servants. L.H.

Mr. Sel. My dear sir Mark, what's the matter?

Sir Mark. That damn'd swaggering rascal has killed my Macaw, and marched off with my gun!

Mr. Sel. (stifling a laugh.) A stranger make such a disturbance! What could he aim at?

Sir Mark. Why, at my Macaw, I tell you!

Mr. Sel. Sir; I shall instantly demand of him an account of his conduct.

Sir Mark. Do, George.

Enter Fixture, coming down from centre.

Fix. Here's your Worship's gun. (*apart to Selborne.*) What a pretty commence! (*aloud.*)—But, I can't find the gentleman.

Mr. Sel. But I'll find him—at least I hope so. (*aside.*)

Sir Mark. Do. But, George, where's your wife?

Mr. Sel. That's a good question!—Why, Sir, did not you take her away from me! Did not—

Sir Mark. I take—why, zounds, you're thinking of Miss Tiverton again!

Mr. Sel. No, Sir—yes, Sir—no, Sir—yes, Sir—

Sir Mark. No, Sir—yes, Sir—you'll drive me mad, Sir.

Mr. Sel. Sir!—

Sir Mark. I won't hear a word, Sir—leave my presence, you profligate, or I'll—

(*Exit. Selborne. L.H.*)

Was there ever such a Tarquin—A Blue-beard? And was ever poor gentleman brought to such an untimely grave? Ah! they'll soon have their will—now I have made mine.—Bob! here load my gun—and just to raise my spirits, let's have a jolly Song and Chorus, my old boy! (*slapping Fixture on the back.*) and then for the merry Spaniels!

SONG AND CHORUS.

SIR MARK CHASE, GAMEKEEPER, SERVANTS, &c.

AIR, “*Je suis un Petit Tambour, &c.*”

SIR MARK CHASE.

*When the Southern breezes play—
The uplands let us gain,
Where ruddy health with smiles invites,
To join her sporting train!*

CHORUS. (*Omnes.*)

When the Southern, &c.

SOLO.

GAMEKEEPER.

*Unleash the merry pack—
See—see—they scent the gale!
Their chuckling throats
Repeat the notes,
Our sport it will not fail!
When the sun his course has run,
We trim the evening fire,*

*And gaily troll
The cheering bowl
To the health of wife and 'squire !*

*Then the song and joke prevail,
'Till the turret bell-strikes—One !
And the parting cup of ale
Proclaims our day is done !
When the Southern, &c.*

CHORUS.

When the Southern, &c.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

One half of the Stage is employed in displaying a deep-shaded grove—A marble urn is seen near the banks of a river—In the front is a weeping willow—The other half of the Stage shows the boundaries of a park, and an extensive country beyond it.

Enter Alfred. L.H.

Alf. There is the brook poor Maria augments with her tears—here, the willow she ruffles with her sighs—there dwell the echoes that respond to her plaintive minstrelsy—and this is thy work, thou unfeeling, but too bewitching man.—I really had no idea that my person and manners would have been so fatal.—In future, I shall mind what I'm about, and by an acrid severity, neutralize the horrid poison of this foolish tongue, and prevent further mischief to the soft, fond, believing sex.

Enter Selborne, motioning to Maria. R.H.

Well, Sir, where is she?

Mr. Sel. You may observe her in that grove.

Alf. I don't see—Yes, there I caught a glimpse—how my heart beats!

Mr. Sel. Sing to her, that will attract her.

Alf. Sing ! Sir, 'tis with shame and sorrow I own, that I can't sing.

Mr. Sel. Not sing ! poor man, I pity you.

Alf. Thank you, Sir—I've done mischief enough, without singing.—Oh ! if I could but have sung.—

Mr. Sel. See ! she advances.

(*Maria walks down the grove, and seats herself under the willow.*)

Maria. Alfred !

Mr. Sel. That's the name she always pronounces.

Alf. I don't wonder at it ! 'tis a very pretty name—
Maria !

Mr. Sel. Hush !

Alf. (*aside.*) He won't let me speak to her, I wish I could get rid of him.

Enter Fixture. L.H.

Fix. Sir your uncle is asking—

(*To Selborne, who stops his mouth.*)

Alf. (*To Fixture.*) Get your master away, and there's another guinea.

Mr. Sel. How provoking, that my presence should be required elsewhere—I'm very sorry—

Alf. So am I, Sir ; but, business, you know, Sir—
(*shouldering him.*)

Fix. (*pulling his coat.*) Yes, business, Sir.

Mr. Sel. 'Tis unlucky !

Alf. Very true ; but, in your situation, ceremony would be highly improper. (*pushing him.*)

Fix. Oh ! very improper. (*pulling him by the coat.*)
(*Exeunt, Selborne and Fixture. L.H.*)

Maria. Heigho !

Alf. She sighs, and parts the branches of the weeping willow, with her long, interesting, melancholy fingers.

Maria. (*advancing.*) Alfred !

Alf. Again, my name !

Maria. What proofs did I not give you of my love ?
—Did I not engross your time, exhaust your patience

—did I not prefer tormenting you to any other of your sex ?

Alf. Kind soul ! she did !

Maria. And what was my return ?—You smiled in my absence—went to sleep in my presence—preferred the Spring Meeting at the course of *Newmarket*, to meeting with me in the Theatre of the *Haymarket*.

Alf. I was that wretch.

Maria. And while my heart fluttered with the hope that you were arranging our marriage with Mr. Buckle, the Proctor, you were settling a race with Mr. Buckle, the jockey—then I lost my senses.

Alf. And I my match—I'll venture to speak to her—
Maria !

Maria. Who calls Maria ?

Alf. One who loves her. Have you forgotten Alfred ?

Maria. Oh no ; but he forsook me : yet even then, when rivals asked my hand, my heart—at the concert—in the waltz—mark how I answered them.

SONG. MARIA.

AIR. “Emma of Feydeau !”

*When harmony awakens each bosom to joy,
Gay, artful lovers those moments employ
In dulcet notes sighing,
In cadences dying
Each whispers, “Ah! can you these raptures destroy?”
I only reply—la, le, lal, &c. (dances.)*

II.

*The maze of the waltz to the lover has charms,
It animates hope, it prudence disarms—
Pursuing, then pressing,
Encircling, caressing.
I only reply—la, le, lal, &c. (dances.)
(After the song, she sinks into dejection.)*

Alf. How she waltzes! What an invaluable wife I have lost! (*addresses her.*) But if Maria remembered Alfred, she would look kindly on him.

Maria. (*smiling.*) Does she now look angry?

Alf. She would offer Alfred her hand.

Maria. Does she now refuse it?

(*he takes her hand.*)

Alf. She would find an asylum in his arms.

(*she sinks into his arms.*)

Enter Sir Mark. L.H.

Sir Mark. In a gallant's arms! Mercy on us! mercy on us! Aye, you may well hide your face.

(*Maria faintly shrieks, covers her face with her veil, and runs off. R.H.*)

Alf. Confound this vexatious, unfortunate!—and at such a moment. Yet what can I say to him. (*In a pathetic tone.*) Why, unhappy old gentleman, will you intrude yourself?

Sir Mark. (*in the same tone.*) Why, impertinent young jackanapes, will you intrude yourself?

Alf. (*irritated.*) 'Sdeath! you have wounded my feelings.

Sir Mark. (*with the same irritation.*) 'Sdeath, Sir, you have killed my Macaw. Who the devil are you, and how dare you take liberties with a married lady?

Alf. (*apart.*) Married! Maria married! But I must not irritate him; I must pursue the soothing system. Hush! be quiet; you'll bring on the fever.

Sir Mark. (*alarmed.*) The fever! shall I? Oh dear! I hope not.

Alf. How he looks—'tis quite afflicting to see such a desolation.

Sir Mark. Do I look ill?

Alf. I pronounce him incurable.

Sir Mark. Incurable! I hope not. Don't shake your head—they tell me here I am getting better.

Alf. (*sighs, and smiles.*) Aye, I dare say they do.

Sir Mark. I've had a consultation of London doctors.

Alf. No doubt, no doubt.

Sir Mark. (*fumbling for a letter, which he produces.*) You see they give me hopes—look, pray look! (*gives the letter to Alfred, and begins counting his pulse rapidly.*) One, two, three, four, five, six, &c.

Alf. What's this? "To Sir Mark Chase, Warrender Hall—free—Alfred Highflyer." My own frank! Warrender Hall! (*looks about.*)—Sir! (*with energy.*)

Sir Mark. (*alarmed.*) What's the matter?

Alf. Warrender Hall!—it must be so. Sir, I am compelled to ask a delicate question—but the asylum for— (*touching his head.*)—

Sir Mark. I know what you mean—'tis the very next house—here, you may see the high wall.

Alf. (*jumps up.*) I see the high wall—*that's* the house I ought to have been taken to.

Sir Mark. Yes, I rather think it is—Oh! this accounts for his killing my Macaw.

(*A lute is heard. R.H.*)

Alf. A harp! Aye, aye, they are following up their sport; but if I don't mar it—(*to Sir Mark.*) I'll pretend to be deceived—I'll turn the tables on them: Egad! I'll give them a Roland for their Oliver.—R.H. Hark! what heavenly music! it comes from the azure canopy of—

Sir Mark. (*soothing him.*) No, no, it comes from the blue parlour.

Alf. 'Tis the muse, Euterpe.

Sir Mark. No, 'tis Fanny Tiverton.

Alf. It whispers, 'tis a celestial lyre.

Sir Mark. 'Tis an infernal liar, if it whispers any such thing, because—

Alf. Divine music! What threw down the walls of Jericho? Music! What drew Eurydice from the shades? Music! How did Apollo build the Theban Wall? By Music!

Sir Mark. (*to himself.*) Music, quotha! I wonder what tune Apollo fiddled when he turned mason?

Alf. What tune? Stoneybatter—Tol de rol—(*dances up the stage.*)

Sir Mark. 'Tis a clear case; I'll steal away, and give information at the next door, to secure him.—

(*Exit. Sir Mark. L.H.*)

Alf. Now, if I can find my *grooms*, and give them their *cue*. (*Going, sees Mrs. Fixture, who enters, R.H.*) I shall be revenged on them all, for the trick they have play'd me.

Mrs. Fix. Well—I've got the secret from my husband at last. Oh! here's the gentleman in the green coat—Pity such a handsome man as Mr. Selborne should be married—I hope your honour's well, and your spouse. (*courtsies.*)

Alf. (aside.) Spouse!

Mrs. Fix. Yes, Mr. Selborne, your *real* spouse.

Alf. Selborne! real spouse! (*aside.*)

Mrs. Fix. Ah! you are surprised at my knowing the secret! but my husband has told me all.

Alf. Your husband?

Mrs. Fix. Is Fixture, the butler—don't be angry with him for telling me.

Alf. Not at all! on the contrary, I'm quite delighted.

Mrs. Fix. I say! what a trick you played that Mr. Highflyer—how like a fool he must look, ha! ha!

Alf. I dare say he does, ha! ha! (*aside.*) Remarkably pleasant this,

Mrs. Fix. And has Sir Mark no suspicion of the trick you played *him*!

Alf. Oh! of the trick we played Sir Mark? Oh, no; and so your husband told you all—what, all about—eh?

Mrs. Fix. Yes, all about your private marriage with Miss Tiverton, and pretending to Sir Mark, you had married Miss Darlington, and—

Alf. What do I hear! (*aside.*) Maria unmarried! I shall betray myself—What a lucky fellow Fixture is, to have so discreet, and yet so blooming, and bewitching a wife?

Mrs. Fix. (simpering and courtseying.) Oh, dear Sir! but he's so jealous—

Alf. 'Tis always the case—those husbands are sure to be most jealous whose wives give them the least reason.—(*He puts his arm round her waist, and toys with her hand.*)

Mrs. Fix. Very true, Sir.

Alf. They are sure to misconstrue the most innocent freedoms. (*Kisses her.*)

Mrs. Fix. So they do, Sir—now, I only went to Taunton Races with a friend, and he has made such a worrit ever since, to find out who it was.

Alf. Taunton Races!—there's a rod in pickle for Mr. Fixture, who introduced me to this labyrinth of riddles. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Fix. Here comes my old man—pray, don't say a word about the secret, or the races.

Exit. Mrs. Fixture. R.H.

Alf. Oh, no!—

Enter Fixture. L.H.

Fix. (*Placing his hand above his eyes, to assist his sight.*) Why, yes,—it is her!

Alf. (*Kissing his hand to her.*) Good buy, you sly rogue—I shall see you again at Taunton Races?

Fix. Taunton races! (*with solemn trepidation.*) What do you know of Taunton races?

Alf. That my *Filly* bolted, and—

Fix. Don't talk of *your* bolting *Filly*, but tell me about mine. What do you know of that young person?

Alf. Don't be agitated, there's no cause for alarm—I certainly had the pleasure of seeing her there; but she was under the protection of an elderly gentleman.

Fix. (*breathless.*) Who?

Alf. A Sir Mark Chase, as I understood.

Fix. My master! oh, the hoary villain!

Alf. Therefore, your daughter—

Fix. Daughter! she's my wife! (*in agony.*) If

there be poison—or, what's more deadly—law, in the land, I'll—

(*Rushes out.* L.H.)

Alf. Ha! ha! here comes the seducer—ha! ha!—I must avoid him, and give my grooms their instructions—I'll teach them to make me the victim of their plots.

(*Exit.* R.H.)

Enter Sir Mark. L.H.

Sir Mark. I've procured two persons to secure him; but where has the poor creature wandered?

Enter Mrs. Fixture. R.H.

Mrs. Fix. I saw my old man *scuttling* along!

Sir Mark. Hannah! Have you seen Mr. High-flyer?

Mrs. Fix. No, Sir; but I've seen Mr. *Selborne*—What a fine, easy, graceless gentleman!

Sir Mark. Very.

Mrs. Fix. But I've a notion he's a wild one; he began rumpling me about.

Sir Mark. Rumpling her about! was there ever such a devil of a fellow!

Enter Fixture, behind, starts at seeing them.

You must not listen to these young fellows—Fixture is disposed to be jealous—therefore, my dear Hannah, be prudent, and you know, I'll always be your friend.—

(*Fixture, with dishevelled hair, and ghastly looks, rushes in between them.*)

Fix. I dare say you will.

Sir Mark. Fixture! what's the matter with the man?

Mrs. Fix. He seems in pain—where's your complaint?

Fix. In my head, in my heart—Taunton races! Oh, you young viper!—Oh, you old dragon?

Sir Mark. Old dragon! I see how it is—every soul in my family have lost their senses—and I shall soon be in the family way myself.

Fix. Oh, you old poacher! There's your service—(*snapping his fingers.*)—there's your livery—(*throwing it off.*)—there's your baggage—(*handing his wife over to Sir Mark*)—I'll have law, and poison—an attorney, and an apothecary. (*Rushes out. R.H.*)

Sir Mark. Baggage!—old poacher!—no constitution can stand this! (*Faintly.*)

Mrs. Fix. Oh dear! oh dear!

Sir Mark. (*angry.*) What's the matter *with* you?

Mrs. Fix. Indeed, I'm innocent of all such naughty doings, and I dare say, so are you, Sir; at least, I'm sure you look innocent.

Sir Mark. Nonsense! now must I be tormented with her mewlings. (*Mrs. Fixture sobs violently*) Zounds! don't go into a fit.

(*Runs and supports her in his arms.*)

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Selborne, and Maria. R.H.

Come, come. don't take it so to heart, and I'll try to persuade Fixture, that he has no cause to be jealous of us—There, there!

(*Mr. and Mrs. Selborne, and Maria advance round Sir Mark.*)

Mr. Sel. The world's at an end!

Maria. Oh, you naughty man, you naughty man! ha! ha!

Sir Mark. Confound you all! what do you mean? Go along, you hussy! (*Exit. Mrs. Fixture. R.H.*)

Maria. Oh, Sir Mark!

Mr. Sel. Oh, uncle!

Sir Mark. Oh nephew! you think by this ridiculous laugh to cover your own profligacy—she says you have been *rumpling* her about—she charges you with taking improper liberties.

Mrs. Sel. (*apart to Mr. Selborne.*) Is that true George?

Mr. Sel. (to her.) Upon my soul, I never saw her till this moment, I solemnly assure you, my dear Fanny.

(They go up the stage disputing.)

Maria. But now, to find Alfred, to clear the mystery to him, I assure you Sir Mark, your seeing Mr. High-flyer at my feet was the most innocent jest—

Sir Mark. I dare say it was *(incredulously.)* but poor fellow, he's past jesting with now.

Maria. What do you mean?

Sir Mark. Mean!—that he's gone—

Mr. Sel. Gone!

Sir Mark. Out of his senses.

Mr. Sel. Ha! ha!

Sir Mark. Come, come, 'tis no laughing matter—The poor creature owned he ought to have been taken to the next house—and when I told him you were married—

Maria. You told him I was married?

Sir Mark. To be sure,

Maria. Aye, then he stormed—

Sir Mark. No, he did not; he began dancing to the tune of Stoneybatter.

Maria. Dancing! then he is lost indeed.

Mr. Sel. Don't be alarmed—'tis some mistake of Sir Mark's,

Enter two Grooms (running.) L.H.

1st Groom. You run that way, Sam—Stop—I've got him *(clasping Mr. Selborne.)*

Mr. Sel. (shaking him off.) What in the devil's name are you about?

1st Groom. Beg ten thousand pardons, Sir—Oh, my poor master!—Ladies you have not got him about you?

Maria. What do you mean? what master?

1st Groom. Mr, Highflyer, ma'am.

Maria. What of him?

1st Groom. Escaped, ma'am.

Sir Mark. Did not I say so?

1st Groom. Yes, ma'am, escaped from us, ma'am, and he gave us the slip, ma'am.—He'll do some mischief! eh, my poor—eh! there he is—I see him—follow. *(Exit Grooms. R.H.)*

Sir Mark. There, did not I tell you? *(a great noise of breaking glass. R.H.)* Confound him! he has got into the green-house—Here, Gardener—Fixture, Gregory! *(R.H.)*

Mr. Sel. Courage, Maria!

Maria. I shall never recover the shock to assume derangement—to—an unfortunate, that was its victim. Dreadful idea! Oh, Alfred! and have I only found you faithful to lose you for ever!

Mr. Sel. Nay, I alone was to blame, let us seek him.

Maria. Music had always the greatest power over him. Sing my dear Frances, try, by its influence, to attract him hither. Come, Sir,—poor lost Alfred!

(Exeunt. R.H)

Enter Alfred, his dress a little deranged. R.H.

Alf. Ha! ha! I have escaped the Baronet,—now, if I can find the bride, I'll give Mr. Selborne a pleasant half hour.—Who have we here? by heaven's, a Hebe! *(retires.)*

SONG.

Mrs. Selborne.

ORIGINAL AIR.

*Sweet soothing lyre,
Thy mystic power prevailing
And my weak song,
To calm the troubled breast;
Lull by thy strains—
The anguished heart,*

*Hush by thy spell,
The troubled soul to rest.
Ah, pleasing power,
Hush every grove ;
And harmonize the soul
To peace and love.*

Alfred advances. Mrs. Selborne utters a loud scream.

Alf. 'Tis just, that the breast, which causes such emotions, should, in its turn, be agitated.

Mrs. Sel. Oh ! he's quite temperate, I'm glad I have such influence over him—I must practise the soothing system.

Alf. Your voice, fair creature, wrapt my soul in sweet oblivion—but your animated beauties wake me to admiration, to delight.

Mrs. Sel. (apart.) There's nothing flighty in that ; on the contrary, I think he talks very sensibly, Sir, if my humble powers of pleasing can contribute to your happiness.

Alf. Oh lady, at first your eyes dazzled by their lustre ; but the beams of kindness they now emit, kindle a flame, pure as the ray that vivified it.

Mrs. Sel. How rationally he expresses himself ! but, Sir, were you not attached to Miss Darlington ?

Alf. Formerly ; but she's now married, and, indeed, so happy, that I rejoice in their union—even now I saw the happy pair reclining on a mossy bank.

Mrs. Sel. (alarmed.) On a mossy bank !

Alf. The grove echoed with their kisses.

Mrs. Sel. Kisses ! where are they ? (*going.*)

Alf. (restraining her) 'Tis a retreat hallowed by wedded love—we must not profane it.

Enter Mr. Selborne and Maria, (observed by Alfred.)

Maria. There they are.

Mr. Sel. But what are they about ?

Alf. Instead of interrupting, let us emulate their happiness. May I not be allowed to approach the shrine of my adoration ?

Mrs. Sel. I must not irritate him. (*aside.*)

Alf. May I not be permitted to enfold the object of my idolatory ; to offer an oblation of ten thousand kisses.) *Takes her round the waist, and kisses her hand rapturously.*)

(*Mr. Selborne and Maria rush in between them.*

Alfred throws himself into a garden chair, amuses himself in blowing the leaves off a flower, or some idiotic trifle.

Mr. Sel. Fanny ! what are you about, Fanny ?

Maria. My dear friend, what are you about ?

Mrs. Sel. Practising the soothing system.

Mr. Sel. The soothing system ! Zounds, ma'am, the irritating system.

Maria. Is this your friendship ? this your return for my—

Mrs. Sel. Acting to perfection,—the character of a loving wife.

Mr. Sel. To be found in a man's arms !

Mrs. Sel. To recline on a mossy bank,—to make a grove echo with kisses !

Mr. Sel. Madam, the evidence of my eyes—

Mrs. Sel. Sir, the evidence of my ears—

Maria. Hush ! hush ! you forget the unhappy object who sits there, unconscious of the misery he occasions—Selborne, be composed—depend ont', he mistook your wife for me.

Mr. Sel. Possibly ; but I'll take care he don't make the same mistake again.

(*Taking his wife under his arm, and wiping the hand Alfred has kissed,*)

Maria. Mention my name to him—say I'm near, but with caution.

Mr. Sel. (*to Alfred.*) Sir, I believe you are acquainted with Miss Darlington ?

Alf. Oh, yes, Sir,—I knew Miss Darlington.

Mr. Sel. She is here.

Alf. Is she?—Ah! how do you do? Give you joy—nice weather, is not it—Been at Brighton lately?

Maria. Oh! quite lost—quite irrational!

Mrs. Sel. I own, I cannot perceive it.

Alf. Ladies, won't you walk, and enjoy this smiling landscape? How lovely nature has here distributed her charms. (*between the ladies.*) I've just come from Brighton. Bow, wow, wow, (*barks like a dog.*)—been bathing there—the doctors call it being *dipt*—Damn the fellows! they almost drowned me.

Maria. But—but—why—did—did—they order you to be *dipt*?

Alf. Why? Ask me not the cause—it strikes upon my brain. 'Tis here! and here! and there and every where! Ha! ha! ha!—Oh! oh! (*seems convulsed.*)

Maria. What's the matter?

Alf. Spasms! spasms!—Ha! ha! ha!

(*Rises up, seems more convulsed, and falls into Maria's arms, exhausted.*)

Maria. Oh! that he could know my feelings—that he could hear my vow, that I will never be another's.

Alf. (*starting up.*) But will you be mine? Are you not married?

Maria. Are you not out of your senses?

Alf. Yes, with joy! Oh! Maria, how we have trifled with our happiness. But explain.

Mr. Sel. Suffice it, my pretended marriage with this lady, was to prevent my uncle disinheriting me.

Alf. And your real wife—

Mr. Sel. Is here—let this embrace vouch for my veracity and my happiness. (*Embraces Mrs. Selborne.*)

Alf. And this for mine. (*Embracing Maria.*)

Enter Sir Mark and domestics. L.H.

Sir Mark. There they are, all hugging again, madman and all. You audacious devils! what are you laughing at? But you shall be divorced—you shall be divorced if it cost me ten thousand pounds.

Mr. Sel. Sir, it shan't cost you a penny.

Maria. Not a penny, Sir.

Sir Mark. Why, ar'n't you married, George?

Mr. Sel. Yes, Sir—to this lady.

Sir Mark. And you are——(to *Maria.*)

Maria. Going to be married to this gentleman.

(*Bowing.*)

Sir Mark. But, George, to deceive your uncle.

Mr. Sel. Sir, that horrid new shilling you threatened me with.

Sir Mark. What, my favourite *Maria* to plot against me! Well, well, come here, you pretty rogue, and kiss your uncle (*kisses Mrs. Selborne.*) Well, now, I have only to alter my will, and perhaps the day after to-morrow you may be in possession; at present, I'm as well as any man in England.

Maria. Then, dear Sir Mark, let well alone.

Sir Mark. And don't you want to dance over my grave?

Mrs. Sel. No, Sir; we want you to dance at our wedding.

Sir Mark. Do you? Ecod! here goes—let's have the fiddles. *Maria* you shan't want a dower.

FINALE. (*Omnes.*)

ORIGINAL AIR.

MR. AND MRS. SELBORNE, MARIA, AND ALFRED.

*Heart with heart uniting,
Village bells inviting,
Marriage vows delighting,
If you allow the banns.*

CHORUS. (*Omnes.*)

Heart with heart, &c.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

SECOND SOLO.

SIR MARK CHASE.

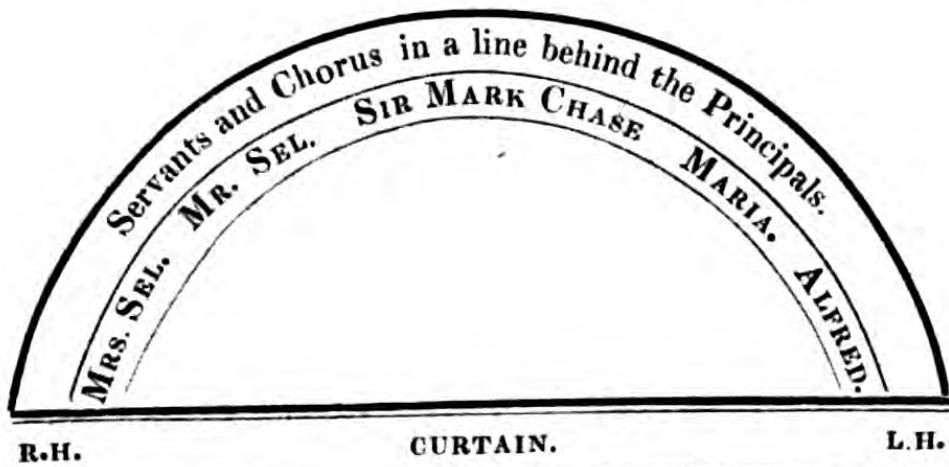
*I your presence courting,
Ask your kind resorting,
To protect your sporting,
O'er our fairy lands.*

CHORUS.

Heart with heart, &c.



DISPOSITION OF THE STAGE
AT THE
CLOSE OF THE PIECE.



F I N I S.