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N. adds. 109 e. 552

THE
GREEN MAN:

A COMEDY,
IN THREE ACTS.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre Royal, Hay-Market,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1818.

228

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. M. D'AUBIGNY ET POUJOL,

BY

RICHARD JONES,

OF THE THEATRES ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN AND
HAY-MARKET.

London:

WILLIAM FEARMAN, LIBRARY,

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TO

GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

MY apology for dedicating this humble attempt, to the most eminent Dramatic Writer of the age, is, that it enables me publicly to acknowledge the many acts of private friendship you have from time to time conferred upon me; and the assistance which, in the course of my Profession, I have so frequently derived from your masterly pen.

To your improving hand, which has the magic power of producing verdure from an unfertile soil, I attribute, in a great degree, the very flattering reception with which the *Green Man* has been honoured by the Public.—Accept, my dear Sir, my warmest Thanks,

And believe me,
Your sincere Admirer,
Grateful Friend,
And humble Servant,

RICHARD JONES.

14, Chapel-Street, Grosvenor-Place, }
August 22d, 1818. }

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I CANNOT send this trifle to the press, without expressing my sense of the fraternal zeal evinced by my Brethren, whose names appear in the *Dramatis Personæ*; to whom, and to Mr. WINSTON (the Stage Manager), I beg to return my most grateful acknowledgments of obligation. Mr. TERRY is particularly entitled to my notice, for his excellent and *unique* performance of the principal character; but I forbear *my* praise, which would be superfluous, when followed by the Extract from the Critique in the *Times* newspaper, which, in justice to Mr TERRY, I here insert.

“ The dramatic interest which arises out of the awe
“ and mystery excited by the *Green Man*, is of a very pure
“ and effective nature. It is obvious, that to represent a
“ character of this description, whose essence is an ascen-
“ dancy, without knowing wherefore, over all with whom
“ he comes in contact, whose actions and motives are all
“ inscrutable, requires great and peculiar talents in the
“ Actor. These were supplied in an eminent degree by
“ Mr. TERRY, whose performance of the *Green Man*,
“ will establish itself, on our Stage, as a masterpiece of
“ its kind. We have seldom seen so much reality thrown
“ about a character, as on this occasion; it was distinctly
“ felt by the audience, and was answered often by loud
“ applause, but more frequently by the profound silence
“ of rivetted attention—a form of approbation of a still
“ higher species.”

R. J.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Lord Rowcroft,</i>	Mr. Foote.
<i>Sir George Squander,</i>	Mr. Barnard.
<i>Mr. Crackley,</i>	Mr. Jones.
<i>Major Dumpling,</i>	Mr. Tokeley.
<i>Captain Bibber,</i>	Mr. Connor.
<i>Mr. Green,</i>	Mr. Terry.
<i>Fungus,</i>	Mr. Russell.
<i>Closefist,</i>	Mr. Watkinson.
<i>Pinfold,</i>	Mr. Burton.
<i>Festoon,</i>	Mr. Minton.
<i>Lady Squander,</i>	Mrs. Glover.
<i>Bertha,</i>	Miss E. Blanchard.
<i>Tucket,</i>	Mrs. Gibbs.

THE
GREEN MAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Lawn before SIR GEORGE SQUANDER'S House, with steps, leading from the Grand Entrance on the right—on the left, a Pavilion.

Enter FUNGUS, followed by FESTOON.

Fung. Very well, Gentlemen—wonderfully well, upon my word—thanks to your handy-work, our Ball will make a devil of a splash in the country, and my master, Sir George Squander, will be *very much indebted to you*. You will have his best thanks—but curse me if you get any other payment (*Aside*)—Mr. Festoon, your chandeliers are quite bewitching, your draperies quite engaging, and your hangings absolutely most tastefully interesting.

Fest. Oh, Mr. Fungus—you and your master are very polite; but I am afraid Sir George has forgot my little account. This job will make no small addition to it—I don't wish to be troublesome—but—

Fung. Pray don't mention it—it will be just as easy for him to pay them both together.

Fest. Why that's all very true ; but I hear this is the only estate Sir George has, and that his income is very small.

Fung. Mr. Festoon, did you by any chance ever happen to hear of my Lord Rowcroft ?

Fest. Oh, yes—he lives in this neighbourhood, and is very proud, very rich, and a ready-money customer.

Fung. Well then, this great Lord is our uncle : he has no children, and *we* shall inherit his title, his pride, his estate, and his ready-money.

Fest. Why yes, that's all very well ; but they say his Lordship is so much displeased with his nephew, for marrying the daughter of a poor country surgeon, that he has disinherited him.

Fung. Disinherited ! Why, where the devil did you stumble upon that word ? There is a little misunderstanding between us—but we expect our uncle's forgiveness every hour : that point settled, we shall soon pop him into his coffin, jump into his estate, and your bills will be paid—so away with you, finish your job, and fancy your money already in your pocket.—(*Pushes him out*).—Bravo ! a superb entertainment, and not a shilling to pay for it. Creditors with long faces, Bailiffs with long legs ; and Attorneys with long bills. In another week my master will no longer have a house to put his nose in, and I shall coolly put my Lord Rowcroft's 300*l.* in my pocket.

TUCKET, *from the Pavilion.*

Tucket. Mr. Fungus !

Fung. Ah, Mrs. Tucket, what the devil are you doing there ?

Tucket. Keeping sentinel. My Lady expects her father, and her sister Bertha, and I am to give the signal of their arrival.

Fung. I am upon duty too, waiting for a certain money-lender, the Christian Mr. Closefist, who is a Jew in principle, if ever there was one: he is to come secretly through that door, for we don't wish to trouble my Lady with money-matters.

Tucket. Mr. Fungus, I'm not at all pleased with the prospect before me.

Fung. (*surveying himself*) Indeed, Mrs. Tucket! Well, as I am the prospect, I'm rather surpriz'd at that.

Tucket. I shall give my Lady Squander warning to-morrow.

Fung. And I shall remain.

Tucket. We shall disgrace ourselves by staying in this family any longer.

Fung. What! disgrace ourselves by making our fortunes!

Tucket. Nonsense! Our wages are not paid. But by-the-bye, I have a letter for you.

Fung. Why did you not give it me before?—Good—it's the very letter I expected.

Tucket. Oh, a letter of *great consequence*, I dare say.

Fung. Great indeed! This letter is from our master's uncle, Lord Rowcroft.

Tucket. What! are you in correspondence with our enemy?

Fung. It contains a secret which you shall know—Hush! Somebody coming—Sir George Squander and my Lady.

Enter SIR GEORGE *and* LADY SQUANDER.

Lady. S. Well, Sir George, you are really very gallant; the scarf you have brought me is so beautiful, so fashionable, but then so expensive, that you must expect to be scolded.

Sir G. Not to-day, my dear Harriet.

Lady S. Well, then, I'll scold you to-morrow, for, my dear George, you must see the necessity of curtailing our expences, of living with economy, and above all, of paying our debts.

Sir G. Paying our debts!—Oh, that's my uncle's business.

Lady S. What, then you still flatter yourself he will forgive you?

Sir G. I have no doubt of it. He has been making a thousand enquiries in the village, and appeared particularly anxious about me.

Fung. (Aside) Yes, he's more anxious about you than you imagine.

Lady S. Sir George, you wish to put me in good humour for the Ball to-night.

TUCKET, *from the Terrace.*

Tucket. Madam! Madam! A carriage has just stopp'd at the end of the avenue, and a young lady is getting out.

Lady S. It is my sister Bertha.

Tucket. There is an old gentleman with her.

Lady S. My father, I suppose.

Tucket. (Aside) Her father! I never saw such a gig in my life!—The old gentleman is dressed all in green.

Sir G. (With alarm) In green!

Tucket. A green coat, green waistcoat, green inexpress— in short, he's green all over, like a grasshopper.

Sir G. 'Tis he! The Green Man—that incomprehensible being is my torment. I wish the Green Man were at the bottom of the Red Sea.

Lady S. How! He with my sister—if any misfortune has happen'd to my father—

Sir G. Impossible—or your sister would not have left him.

Lady S. I am very much alarm'd—my dear Sir George, let us fly to meet them.

Sir G. (With hesitation) I— I'll follow you—but—my dear Harriet, let me entreat you not to allow this stranger any opportunity of inspecting my estate, questioning my people, or visiting my house. *[Exit Lady S.]*

Fung. (Comes forward) I beg pardon, Sir, but as my assistance may be required, may I ask who this strange Gentleman is, whose arrival gives you so much alarm?

Sir G. He is a perfect original—his air is modest, yet commanding—in the same breath he will say the most agreeable, and the most unpleasant things—He is so great an enemy to every kind of deceit, that no human power can prevent him from saying what he thinks—neither age, sex, nor rank, are any protection against what he calls his *plain facts*. If you are displeased, he takes no notice; if you are seriously angry, he laughs; and if you persist, he turns his back—nobody knows who he is, and he knows every body.

Fung. An inquisitor, I suppose.

Sir G. At one time he leads you to suppose his fortune is but moderate—at another, he speaks as if he possessed millions! In short, he will be gloomy and gay, choleric and compassionate, bashful and insolent, insidious and insinuating, in the same day.

Fung. And if I may be so bold, Sir, where did you pick up this precious acquaintance?

Sir G. At Mr. Wilton's, on the day of my marriage. Under the pretence of a broken carriage, he demanded our hospitality—he must have seen, that on such an occasion, he was intruding—but no—my gentleman ordered his

trunks into the house, invited himself to supper, and seem'd so much at his ease, that he might have passed for an invited relation.

Fung. Curse his impudence!

Sir G. He was to set off the next morning; but we remained a whole fortnight at Mr. Wilton's, and left him installed there, and as much at home, as if he had been in his own house.

Fung. Free and easy!

Sir G. We could not discover his name, but as either from madness or design, he is always dress'd in green, we gave him the name of the *Green Man*.

Fung. Bravo! Mr. Green Man.—Oh, he is some madman escaped from his keeper.

Sir G. But, Fungus, Mr. Closefist has not made his appearance yet. I must have that 500*l.* I have some accounts to settle to-morrow, and to-night we may have *high* play.

(CLOSEFIST coughs without).

Fung. All's right, Sir! Do you hear that short dry cough—it's the forerunner of the sweet sound of his guineas.

Enter CLOSEFIST.

Sir G. Just in time, my good friend.

Closefist. Heugh! Heugh!—Sir George, your house is only half a mile from the town, it's true, and yet that's a long walk for a poor weak old man like me.

Fung. Why didn't you take a chaise then?

Closefist. A what! a chaise?

Fung. We would have paid for it.

Closefist. Oh, if I had known that indeed.

Fung. You should never venture to walk with

so large a sum as five hundred pounds about you—Come, out with the cash!

Closefist. Out with the cash!—Heugh! heugh! Aye—but I must first get the cash.

Sir G. And haven't you got it then?—'Sdeath, man, I have a very pressing occasion for it.

Closefist. Yes, I don't doubt it, Sir George; but I have already advanc'd you a large sum: and when people disappoint me in their payments, I am sometimes forc'd to take measures, which wound my delicacy and my sensibility.

Fung. Oh, curse your sensibility; and as to your delicacy, you'll prove that, by sending your bailiffs, I suppose.

Sir G. Curse the fellow, I shall never keep my temper with him.

Fung. Leave him to me, Sir. Stand aside, and I'll make a convert of him.—(Fungus to *Closefist*) You remember the conversation we had about Lord Rowcroft—Do you know his Lordship's hand-writing?

Closefist. To be sure I do. I have done a great deal of business with him—and—

Fung. Why, then, just pop your peepers over that letter.

Sir G. How mortifying, to be obliged to have recourse to such fellows. (*Retires*).

Closefist. (*Reads*). “Try every means in your power, my dear Fungus, to make our plan succeed; for on that condition only, will I pay my nephew's debts, leave him all my property, and again bestow on him my tenderness and affection.”

Fung. Aye, never mind his tender affection—but—I'll pay his debts—What do you think of that?

Closefist. I like that.—(*Reading*) “On that

“condition *only* will I—” I don’t like that *only*—But what is the condition?

Fung. Why, Sir George married without his uncle, Lord Rowcroft’s, consent—The uncle is first to separate the parties, and at last to dissolve the marriage—This scheme brought about, Sir George will only change his wife for a large fortune.

Closefist. And a monstrous good exchange too.

Enter PINFOLD.

Pinfold. Oh, you be there, Sir, be you? Here be another bundle of bills for you to look over.

Fung. For shame, Mr. Pinfold—you ought to know better—is this a time—

Sir G. Deuce take the bills—these people tease me to death! I positively must engage a steward, or I shall be ruined!

Pinfold. Now I do think you be going to ruin quite fast enough as it be. (*Aside, and Exit.*)

Closefist. A steward! Did you say you’d take a steward, Sir George?

Sir G. Yes. I have had one strongly recommended, and I hope to engage him to-morrow.

Closefist. A steward! Oh, then he’ll be dish’d directly—then comes the uncle to pay his debts, on the condition of a separation—and then—Oh, now we are all in the right box.—Well, Mr. Fungus, I believe I can contrive to advance—

Fung. My dear fellow!

Closefist. Ah! You have found out my weak side—Well, to-morrow you shall have the money.

Fung. My sweet fellow! (*Embracing him.*)

Sir G. My good friend, you have given me new life.

Closefist. Ah! I am a weak old man—you do

what you like with me. The money I shall bring you was intended for the son of a great banker; who, to make matters tally, is always accepting, while his father is discounting.—Ha! ha! ha!

Fung. Then very early to-morrow morning—

Closefist. I shall take a coach.

Fung. Two, if you like.

Closefist. One will be enough. I shall be with you in due time, Sir George—Engage a steward! Oh, it's all right—the business is done.

[*Exit.*

Sir G. I hope Closefist won't meet that vexatious Green Man in his way. He would ask him a thousand questions, and, perhaps, worm out this money transaction. But how dare he interfere in my affairs? How dare he lecture me as he has already? And why should I dread him? It can only be because extravagance and folly are always ashamed to encounter the glance of virtue and integrity.

[*Exit.*

FUNGUS *and* TUCKET.

Tucket. Are you alone, at last? I'm dying to know the secret.—What letter is this you have received from Lord Rowcroft?

Fung. Listen: His Lordship not being able to prevent the marriage, or rather madness of his nephew, forbid him his presence. I was then in his Lordship's service, who, knowing my extraordinary talents, retained me on his side; and, for a fee of 300*l.* I am to assist his nephew's taste for extravagance, and endeavour to complete his ruin.

Tucket. He could not be in better hands.

Fung. You flatter me. When the nephew is ruined, the uncle will make his appearance, pro-

pose a deed of separation, and, by the help of two signatures, and his Lordship's credit and money, my master, Sir George, will soon be free.

Tucket. I know a great many happy couples who would be glad to free themselves the same way.

Fung. That's not all. Mark.—(*Reading the Letter*) “ You fear Sir George may be induced “ to sell his small estate—but, by the aid of some “ of his bonds, (secretly purchased), when I “ please, he shall no longer have an estate to “ sell.”—But this does not concern you.—“ As “ we are going on so well, it is not necessary “ for Closefist to advance the 500*l.*”

Tucket. His Lordship is right there—for if he got the 500*l.* he wouldn't smash quite so soon.

Fung. True; but it's quite the fashion now-a-days to take care of number one. Sir George owes me a pretty smart sum—we must have this 500*l.* Then I shall be paid by Sir George, touch his Lordship's 300*l.*, and take care to make my escape before the general blow up.

Tucket. Ah, that alters the case.

Fung. “ It is much to be desired,”—Now this *does* concern you—“ It is much to be desired, “ that the wife should be led to giddiness and “ indiscretion; and then the plan of effecting a “ divorce, after the separation, would go on “ smoothly.”

Tucket. Upon my word, our uncle has a great deal of ingenuity.

Fung. Now, Tucket, I depend upon you to bring this matter about—You shewed your talents in this way when you lived with the Hon. Mrs. Loveall.

Tucket. Oh, don't mention that shocking affair; it was so badly managed—and the husband

made such a fuss about it—but was that my fault?

Fung. By no means ; for, thanks to your skill, the lady became one of those charming women who prefer their lap-dogs to their children, their equipage to their husbands, and their diamonds to their reputation.

Tucket. Yes ; but our lady would give us a great deal more trouble.—Mrs. Loveall had been educated at a fashionable boarding-school ; and the business was half done to one's hands.

Fung. Sir George's particular friend, Mr. Crackley, is expected here this evening—he is certainly in love with *one* of our ladies, and may forward our scheme—Lord Rowcroft is generous, and you will be well rewarded.

Tucket. He is our only resource—there is no other relation.

Fung. None—we once had a Maternal Uncle, a Mr. Benmore—formerly in the friendship and confidence of Lord Rowcroft's father ; but he disappeared above twenty years ago, (died no doubt), about the time his Lordship's father expired.

Tucket. And they say the present Lord Rowcroft exercised his talents pretty profitably on that occasion.

Fung. Yes—by contriving to get his brother disinherited—Sir George's father contested the Will, but lost his cause, and died of a broken heart. Our master, Sir George, then a child, was left a very slender provision, but fortune favoured him—his Lordship's only son went post for the other world—the nephew, Sir George, was taken to supply his place, and would have been heir to his titles and estate, if he had not made

this foolish match. But mum—our Lady and her sister.

Enter LADY SQUANDER *and* BERTHA.

Bertha. What! not here: where can he have hid himself!

Lady S. Have you seen any stranger?

Fung. No, my Lady.

Bertha. That Mr. Green is such a strange man! In the middle of the avenue he stopp'd one of the labourers, entered into conversation with him, and wouldn't stir a step—I was so impatient to meet you, that I did not wait for him; and I dare say he will amuse himself by looking over Sir George's grounds, and examining the plantations.

Fung. A few minutes after your Ladyship left us, Sir George hastened, I believe, to rejoin your Ladyship.

Bertha. Then I dare say he has met our whimsical friend.

Fung. Has your Ladyship any commands for me?

Lady S. Only see if the Ball-room is finished—and do you, Tucket, wait for me in my dressing-room. [*Exeunt* Tucket *and* Fungus.]

Bertha. Why, my dear Harriet, you must lead a delightful life here—how happy you must be!

Lady S. (*Sighing*) Oh! yes, very happy! But my father—you are certain, it is only a slight fit of the gout which prevented his coming.

Bertha. Nothing more. But I have a thousand things to tell you—my mother has locked up all the novels Sir George left us—she says

your marriage has already made one romance in the family, and that is quite enough.—But I could tell her, that I, her daughter Bertha, have begun one for myself, which is drawing towards the catastrophe.

Lady S. I hope it will be fortunate, with all my heart, Bertha. But what of Mr. Green?

Bertha. Since you left us he has not said a word about his journey, and his carriage, which broke down near our house, is not even ordered to be repaired.

Lady S. It is very strange he should take so much interest in our family! And what can induce him to stay so long?

Bertha. Why, he says—my father's an excellent man—and that “my mother's an excellent housekeeper—and that I am an excellent—no—that I am a little fool. He says—you are the best wife in the world! that Sir George has some good points about him, but that he is too proud, and his taste for splendour will be his ruin—that's the plain fact.”

Lady S. Where can he learn all this?

Bertha. Oh, the man's a witch, I believe—why he knows every thing. It was only last Sunday, that my swain declared his passion, and on Monday, this conjurer repeated every word he said to me!—Now, will you tell me why he gave me this necklace, with a request that I should wear it to-day—his gift won't ruin him; these are not brilliants, and much too large to be real diamonds.

Enter GREEN.

Green. (As entering) Oh, I have seen quite enough! Here's management! Here's — Lady

Squander—Allow me to pay my respects to your Ladyship.

Lady S. You are most welcome, Sir. But at my father's you always call'd me your dear Harriet. (*Offering her hand*).

Green Well, I like that—I am happy, dear Harriet, that you give me an instance of good sense, so rarely to be found in either man or woman. You have obtained a title without increasing your vanity.

Bertha. Come, Mr. Green, no ceremony here; in my sister's house you may be as much at home, as at my father's.

Green (*To Lady S.*) You are worthy of such a father, and believe me, no one is more interested in your welfare than myself.

Enter TUCKET.

Tucket. Every thing is ready for your Ladyship to dress. Oh, Oh—there's the Green Man!

Lady S. We have time enough, there's no hurry. Wait for me in my dressing-room.

Green. So—a lady's maid, I suppose.

Lady S. Yes.

Bertha. But, sister, I understand your Ball will be magnificent—I am afraid my plain dress, and straw hat, will disgrace your Ladyship.

Lady S. We can supply you.

Tucket. Besides, Miss Bertha has got a very handsome necklace, and a *valuable* one no doubt—and that would be sufficient to—

Green. When her Ladyship has given her orders, pert Mrs. Tucket should hold her tongue, and go about her business.

Tucket. Pert indeed! So, Sir, you know my name, I perceive.

Green. Yes, and your character too.—Pray how did you leave your *worthy* mistress, the *Honourable* Mrs. Loveall?

Tucket. Sir, I— You—I don't understand you, Sir.

Green. Oh yes, you do.

Tucket. Has your Ladyship any more commands?

Lady S. I shall let you know.

Tucket. Very well, my Lady. Where could that plaguy man have learnt my secrets? (*Aside—going*).

Green. Mrs. Tucket, my Compliments to the *Honourable* Mrs. Loveall.

Tucket. Brute! [*Exit* Tucket.

Bertha. The poor girl seems quite confounded!

Lady S. Who is that Mrs. Loveall—whose name I—

Green. You shall know in due time—but place no dependance on that woman—her counsels are dangerous.

Lady S. I never liked her, and have often told Sir George that, with our limited income, I did not wish to be troubled with a lady's maid.

Green. You will not have the trouble of discharging her, she will soon take herself off.

Bertha. There, sister! I told you he was a conjurer: you see he knows a great deal better than you do what's going forward in your house.

Enter SIR GEORGE.

Sir G. My dear Sir, I am delighted to see you—I have been seeking you, and am quite distress'd that I was not fortunate enough to meet you sooner.

Green. Pray don't be too much delighted and

distress'd, Sir George—I believe I ought to beg pardon for coming uninvited—Eh!

Sir G. You must have been *convinced* that the pleasure of your company—

Green. Oh damn it, you're too polite by half—and that *convince*s me I'm not welcome.

Sir G. Oh, Sir! you are pleas'd to be merry.

Green. No, Sir George, I am perfectly serious—you know me, and you dread my censure; but don't be alarmed—so far from reproaching, I am going to commend you.

Sir G. To commend me?

Lady S. Well, since you are on such good terms, there can be no danger in leaving you together. Have I your permission, Sir?

Green. By all means—your Ladyship expects company, and can have no time for friends.

[*Exit* Lady Squander.

Bertha. (*To* Lady S.) I'll follow you. Now, my dear Sir, remember your promise, to make yourself agreeable to-day. [Exit.

Green. Go along, you coaxing baggage! Now, Sir George, that I am no longer constrained by the presence of your wife, accept my sincere congratulations. I am quite enchanted! You have shewn a delicacy—

Sir G. A delicacy!

Green. Yes, you told Mr. Wilton, when you married his daughter, that your uncle would disinherit you, and that then your fortune would be reduced to this little estate here.

Sir G. But where was the delicacy in this, Sir?

Green. Oh, mighty great. You were afraid old Wilton would think you too rich a man for his daughter; for from the dashing style in which you now live, you certainly concealed from him

the large amount of your income—that's the plain fact.

Sir G. I really, Sir, don't know what you mean by this pleasantry—the plain fact is, that I told Mr. Wilton the plain truth—that this estate is my only property.

Green. Then be so obliging as to let me into your secret. Just inform me how people of 500 a year, contrive to keep up the appearance of 5000? Many, I'm told, do it; but how the devil they honestly manage it, hang me, if I can conceive.

Sir G. I have very good friends.

Green. Friends who lend money! Preserve them carefully—they are seldom met with now-a-days.

Sir G. By those who are not worthy of friendship.

Green. Hum!—Now I *think* myself worthy of friendship—I am *sure* I am *your* friend—and yet curse me if I'd lend you a shilling and—that's the plain fact.

Sir G. I have not ask'd you, Sir.

Green. No, you're too proud! But harkye, Sir—the best way to do without the assistance of others, is to depend upon our own exertions. So you had better follow my advice.

Sir G. And plough my own fields.

Green. Yes, Sir; plough your own fields—for I have so good an opinion of your wife, that I am sure she would like you better in a fustian jacket, bought with ready money, than in a splendid and fashionable dress obtained upon credit.

Sir G. And pray, Sir, how do you know I buy upon credit?

Green. Why, it is possible; for tradesmen, now-a-days, are easily imposed upon.

Sir G. Imposed upon! Sir, you forget to whom you are speaking.

Green. I am speaking to Sir George Squander; who prefers the idle, useless life of a fine gentleman, to that of an industrious and independent farmer.

Sir G. A farmer! Sir, I must not disgrace my family. I have a name, a title to support; and my estate, though small, is productive, and will bring me—

Green. Double your income, if it were properly cultivated.

Sir G. And then my house—

Green. Is mighty showy, and splendidly uninhabitable! The lower rooms are all velvet, alabaster, or molu, and looking-glass—the first floor is not even papered—the second has neither sashes nor doors—and the rain pelts into the garrets!

Sir G. But I expect an Architect, and workmen—

Green. An Architect! You have an Attorney already, and you'll soon want a Mad Doctor!

(*CRACKLEY sings without.*)

Jamais mon Père ne m'apprit,
Comme il faut avoir de l'esprit.

Sir G. Ah! my friend Crackley!

Enter CRACKLEY, in the French Costume.

Crack. Eh! le voila! Comment vous portez vous, mon cher ami?

Sir G. If you will allow me to answer you in plain English, I will say—

Crack. Eh—c'est egal. Parlez—Parlez!

Sir G. Well then, I—

Crack. Point de ceremonie—

Sir G. Why, damn it, you seem to have left your's in Paris!—But, if you will condescend to listen, you will hear that I am heartily glad to see you.

Crack. Vous me faites beaucoup d'honneur—et Madame—

Sir G. Curse your French jabber—what do you mean?

Crack. Beg pardon, my dear boy; but I have been so much in the habit of speaking French lately, that hang me, if I hav'n't almost forgot my native tongue.

Green. And I question very much, if you ever knew it. (*Aside*).

Crack. Well, but, George, Madame, comment se porte elle? Pshaw! How does her divine Ladyship carry herself—I mean, how is she?

Sir G. Why, her divine Ladyship carries herself very well; and you will soon see her.—

Crack. I am absolutely dying to throw myself at her angelic feet. Don't be jealous, George—we are never jealous in France. Now, pray give me credit for coming so soon; for, you know, I seldom make my appearance till after the first course—but we are come early to-day—I say *we*, for I did not come alone—I have brought two devilish queer fellows with me: Major Dump-ling and Captain Bibber.

Sir G. Dumpling!—Bibber!—I don't recollect—

Crack. Ces deux hommes, donc tu fis la connoissance—D—n it—The gentlemen we met at the ball given by the great wife of the little banker, the day before her husband stopp'd payment.

Sir G. Oh, I remember.

Crack. They are quite an acquisition! In London, they would be quite the rage—for you never hear of a grand rout, without a lion—either a Turk, a new Singer, a Cossack, or a Conjuror. Every fashionable party has its lion!

Green. Aye, and its bears too, to say nothing of its monkeys.

Crack. Monsieur! (*to Green*) Very odd creature—he looks like a green parrot in a night-cap! Ha! ha! ha! *Your* lion, I suppose—but he will be eclipsed, for mine are originals, and are now investigating and giving orders—they are very obliging. But, Baronet, do you know your Ball has made quite a sensation amongst us?—I expect a fruition of delightsomeness—*Car je me sens en verve!*—Ha! ha!—

Green. This French gentleman, like most French gentlemen, seems to relish our English entertainments.

Crack. French gentleman!—What the devil, does he—Ha! ha! ha! Very vivacious; upon my veracity—Ha! ha! ha! being dress'd in the Paris costume, he takes me for a Frenchman.

Sir G. I don't wonder at his mistake—Ha! ha!

Crack. Excellent! *Le tour est impayable!*—That is, it's a devilish good joke—A Frenchman!—Ha! ha! ha!

Green. Well, but is there any thing to laugh at?

Crack. Yes, upon my soul, there's a great deal to laugh at.—Look at me again—Ha! ha!

Green. Well, now I do look at you again, there is a great deal to laugh at.

Crack. My dear Sir, where has he hid himself?—Why, my dress and conversation are quite the fashion.

Green. The fashion!

Crack. Yes, my *verdant* friend—for, in spite of my hat, my head, and my nonchalance, *Je suis en verité*, your own worthy countryman!

Green. Astonishing! Then I conclude it's the height of vulgarity, now-a-days, to dress and talk like a native of one's own country.

Crack. Eh! I hope, Sir, you don't mean to proscribe every thing that isn't English! No, no—you must go to Paris, to eat ragouts in perfection, drink wine in perfection, and see dancing in perfection!

Green. Sir, we have no objection to good French dishes, good French wine, or *modest* French dancing—but, since we have had the good fortune to be born under a British sky, let our clothes be of British manufacture; and let us endeavour to look and act like Englishmen.

Enter PINFOLD.

Pinfold. Sir George, here be the devil to pay below—There be one of your fine company i'th kitchen, and t'other i'th cellar—One be tasting the soup, and t'other be tasting the wine—One be damning the cook, and t'other be blowing up the butler.

Crack. Ah—these are our lions!

Pinfold. Why, they be roaring away at a woundy rate, to be sure.

Crack. Oh, they have a passionate ardour for the reputation of their friends—Take care how you interrupt them in their important functions.

Sir G. Oh, let them have their humour by all means. Ha! ha! ha! *Pinfold*, these gentlemen must be obeyed.

Pinfold. If our cook and I, don't pay these

rummaging chaps a trick for this, say my name
ben't Pinfeld. *[Exit Pinfeld.]*

Sir G. (Advancing) The Major must be an
odd character, truly.

Crack. Oh! the Major is quite a primitive fel-
low—he'll cook your dinner, and eat it—win your
money, and spend it—become the butt of your
jests, and join in the laugh himself.—Ha! ha!
ha!

Green. Ha! ha! ha! become your butt, and
join in the laugh himself.—Ha! ha! ha!

Sir G. Ha! ha! ha!

Crack. (Perceiving he is laughed at) Ha!
ha! ha! ha! ha!—D—nation!—Who the devil
is that quizzical personage? Where does he
come from?

Sir G. I don't know, I'm sure.

Crack. From Greenland, I suppose.

Sir G. An original, who will amuse us—a
friend of my Lady's—a very honest, but a very
tiresome fellow.

Crack. L'un ne va pas sans l'autre.

(BIBBER talking without).

Bibber. How dare you talk to me, you bracket-
faced rascal you? I'll have you discharged, you
scoundrel.

*Enter BIBBER, tasting a Glass of Wine, and
eating a Biscuit.*

Here's pretty treatment!

Crack. Mr. Commissary Bibber—Vous êtes
bien venu;

Bibber. Eh!

Crack. Oh, curse it—I mean, you are very welcome. Sir George, Voila. Pugh! Mr. Bibber, Sir George Squander—

Sir G. For Heaven's sake, my good Sir, what has happened?

Bibber. Why, Sir, your left-handed butler wanted to interfere with my acknowledged right of inspecting the wine-cellar, and while I was shewing him how to decant a bottle, the poltroon had the impudence to spill the wine over me, and damage my drapery.

Sir G. Oh, he's a very civil fellow; it must have been accidental.

Bibber. If I had him in my division, he should live upon musty rations and water'd rum for a month.

Enter DUMPLING, with a Napkin under his chin, tasting a Bowl of Soup, followed by a Servant.

Dump. Excellent! Exquisite! Another sprinkling of Cayenne, and it will be delicious! Ah! friend Crackley—our materials are but so so—and yet I have season'd a sauce, fit for a General.

Crack. Piquante! I dare say. Sir George, you recollect Major Dumpling.

Dump. Sir George, your most obedient!

Sir G. Gentlemen, I feel much indebted to Mr. Crackley, for affording me this opportunity of being better known to such agreeable, such useful friends.

Dump. Useful! Yes, at our mess they call me Useful Dumpling—for there I mix the salads, dress the lobsters, carve the geese, make the

punch, and pepper the devils!—I'm always in action—

(*Gives the Bowl to the Servant, who goes out laughing*).

Green. In the kitchen, but never in the field!

Crack. Monsieur Bibber!—On dit, que dans la derniere—Damn it, I'm always forgetting myself—They say, that in the last campaign you kept the best table in the army.

Bibber. Why yes, Sir—for the good of the Service, I flatter myself I did—whatever the distresses of war, I was never without my three courses, and dessert!

Green. So much the worse, Sir! For he must be the greatest fool in the world, to seek dangers abroad, if his fortune would enable him to keep open house at home. And he must be the greatest rascal in the world, to accept an employment, and take advantage of his situation, to supply himself with superfluities, whilst our brave fellows were in want of common comforts—that's the plain fact.

Bibber. Eh! What's that he says? A rascal! I would not bear such language from a General—D—n me, Sir!

Sir G. Oh, never mind him—he's a humourist.

Bibber. Curse his humours! Harkye, Sir! A rascal indeed!—for the honour of the Commissariat—D—n me, Sir, I—a rascal indeed!

(*SIR GEORGE hurries BIBBER off*).

Crack. Ha! ha! ha! Too severe, my good Sir.

Dump. Ha! ha! ha!—A knowing fellow

this! Come, I'll have a touch at him myself. Crackley, give me a pinch of snuff.

Crack. A votre service.

Dump. Ah, good! very good! Do you always take rappee?

Crack. No—after breakfast I take maccabau—after dinner rappee—and after supper I indulge in a little of the—

Green. Blackguard, I suppose.

Dump. Ha! ha! ha!

Crack. Diable m'emporte! Monsieur! Sir! Curse me if I'll put up with this—Sir, I—

Sir G. Oh, my good fellow—

Crack. You are very presuming—

Sir G. For my sake—

Crack. Impertinent—

Sir G. I insist—

Crack. D—nation! I'll trample that grassy scoundrel under my feet! [Exit Crackley.

Dump. Ha! ha! ha! Poor Crackley! Why, my fine fellow, you are fond of saying sharp things.

Green. Not at all—I'm only fond of stating plain facts.

Dump. Rather too plain: for such conduct a gentleman might think himself bound to resent.

Green. Then I'm in no danger from your resentment.

Dump. Death and the devil! Sir, I have 2000*l.* a year, and a Commission in the Local—

Green. Which you owe more to your money than your merit—and to judge by your bow-window, you have had more feeding than fighting.

Dump. My looks!—Why, zounds! Don't I look like a Major!

Green. Yes, like a Drum-Major!

Dump. A Drum-Major! Let me come at him.
Harkye, Sir.

Green. Well, Sir—

Dump. If ever I catch you on our parade, I'll make you dance to a calf-skin fiddle.

[*Exit* Major *Dump.*

Sir G. Ha! ha! ha! I suppose my turn will come next. But now, Sir, a truce with your raillery, and prepare to join our festive party. You have been very severe upon those gentlemen, and I ought to congratulate myself, that I am neither a Captain nor a Commissary, but live on my own estate, and—

Green. So much the better for you, as, had you to depend on your hands, or your head, you would soon die of hunger.—That's the plain fact.

Sir G. This is insufferable! Why should I submit? But I'll keep my temper. This unaccountable character seems to have a license to make himself disagreeable—Yet there is something in his manner, which inspires respect as well as fear—and time only can unravel the mystery.

[*Exit* Sir George.

Green. So, my information was correct, and Sir George is on the high road to destruction! Truly I have made some valuable acquaintances! His three worthy friends—a jumble of conceit, folly, and knavery! Mrs. Tucket, intriguing to ruin her lady's reputation, and poor old Pinfold, who is too honest for his place. Who else have I to expect? (*Reading his Notes*). Oh! Oh! In the first place, my Lord Rowcroft, the worthy uncle. Good! To-morrow he will be here—he little dreams of what's in store for him. The money-lending Mr. Closefist, with his cash in one pocket and a writ in the other!—and

lastly, Mr. Fungus, the rascally valet, devoted to my Lord Rowcroft.

Enter FUNGUS.

Fung. Oh! this is old Botherum, I suppose, the celebrated word-grubber—I am anxious to—

Green. Ah! is not that the honest valet, Mr. Fungus?

Fung. What is your pleasure, Sir? Have you any agreeable things to say, any plain facts to state, any good advice to give me? No ceremony, I beg. Pray treat me like the rest of the family.

Green. I state my plain facts to those only who understand them, and give my good advice to those only who deserve it.

Fung. I should receive it with the utmost gratitude—but pray make haste, the rooms are lighted up, the company assembled, the Ball just begun, and I wait to conduct you—

Green. Very well—let me see—(*Taking out his Watch*)—It is now ten o'clock—

Fung. Thereabouts.

Green. Why then, my *advice* is, that you should lose no time in cheating your master—for by this hour to-morrow morning you will be kicked out of doors—that's the plain fact!

Fung. Kick'd out of doors!

Green. Shew the way, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Ball-Room.

Enter FUNGUS.

Fung. So the ladies and gentlemen have exercised their activity, and the fiddlers their cat-gut, and they are all now, like hungry soldiers after a hard fight, gobbling our camp supper—a superb repast, arrang'd by the joint talents of Major Dumpling and Commissary Bibber. That cursed Green Man has kept his eye upon me the whole night: I have asked all the visitors' servants, but can't find out *who*, or *what* he is!

Enter SIR GEORGE, in haste.

Sir G. Fungus! where have you hid yourself?—you are always out of the way. Harkye, Sir—the moment day breaks, run to Closefist, and bring him to me without loss of time—we have had high play within, and I have lost three hundred pounds more than I can pay.

Fung. Is that all! Lord, Sir, you quite frightened me—three hundred pounds! It is very unlucky, to be sure—but the company will return here after supper, and perhaps keep up the Ball till day-light. It is now three o'clock, and before they break up, I will lug Closefist here, dead or alive, but in either case, with the five hundred pounds in his pocket.

Sir G. Don't fail, for your life.

Fung. Rely upon my zeal, Sir George.

Enter PINFOLD.

Pinfold. Od' rabbit it, Sir George—

Sir G. What's the matter now?

Pinfold. They be turning the house out at windows—there be a huge army of servants quarter'd themselves in the kitchen—the coachmen have forc'd the corn-bin, and the footmen have taken the cellar by storm.

Sir G. Well, it is my wish that the horses and servants of my guests should be taken care of. I must return to the company. Fungus, remember—

Fung. Make your mind perfectly easy, Sir George.

Sir G. As for you, Pinfold, don't be so very officious; and recollect, that when I invite company, I wish my establishment to have an appearance of magnificence and liberality.

[*Exit* Sir G.]

Fung. There, Sir, you hear it is our wish to be bountiful!

Pinfold. To suffer himself to be robb'd, be main bountiful, to be sure.

Enter TUCKET.

Tucket. Mr. Pinfold, this is unsufferable—didn't I tell you that some of the ladies had brought their ladies' ladies, and that it was expected that I, as my lady's lady, should give them a stylish supper—when lo! and behold! you have not even begun to decorate the table.

Fung. And I have a dozen friends, who would

have reason to think me unpolite if I did not entertain them: and no cloth laid yet! Why, we shall be the laughing-stock of the whole country.

Pinfold. That be like enough—and so, Mrs. Tucket may treat the maids, and your Honour the footmen.

Fung. Footmen! Sir, my friends are all gentlemen's gentlemen!

Pinfold. Let 'em be gentlemen, or grooms; ladies' maids, or laundry maids—take your own way, rob your own way, and go to the devil your own way—but, dang me, if I keep your company; and so good bye to you. [*Exit.*

Tucket. Upon my word, that old gentleman is tolerably impatient.

Fung. Oh!—the old boy's doating.

Tucket. It would be doing us a great service, to rid us entirely of himself and his honesty.

Fung. Faith, I think he would exactly suit old Green; and the man would be just as disagreeable as the master.

Tucket. By-the-bye, I have made a discovery about him. What do you think of his being in love—in love with my Lady?

Fung. Ha! ha!—Too ridiculous by half.

Tucket. Why, she's the only one he paid attention to during the Ball; and even at supper, he sidled up close to his dear Harriet, as he calls her.

Fung. Pooh!—he in love!—monstrous!—however, the idea is not bad—and I'll take advantage of it. Sir George is as jealous as the devil; and, if he once suspects him, by ten o'clock tomorrow, the virtuous Mr. Green may be kicked out of doors instead of me.

Tucket. Hush!—Here's our man.



Enter GREEN.

Green. The flatteries and impertinence of the guests, and the self-satisfaction and gullibility of their host, provoke me beyond bearing. 'Sdeath!—How can a man, with one grain of common sense, sacrifice his time and his fortune to such wretches?

Tucket. (*Comes forward*) You have left the supper-room very early, Sir; indeed I don't wonder at it: it could never agree with your gravity and wisdom.

Fung. Pray, Sir, can I be of any service? You told me, that I am to be kick'd out at ten o'clock; and I am dying to shew my gratitude for the friendly intelligence.

Green. Then shew your gratitude by recollecting, that your master's *house*, and the *play-house*, are the only places where scoundrel servants are allow'd to lead the conversation with their betters. Leave the room—begone!

Fung. Oh!—don't be alarmed, Sir—I'm no spoil sport; I'm going—I shall not interrupt your amorous interview.—(*Aside*) You shall pay dearly for this impertinence, old Green.—(*Going*).

Tucket. Oh!—I could beat him *black* and *blue*. [*Exit.*

Green. (*Solus*) My *amorous* interview!—What the devil, have they made a lover of me?—Truly, at my advanced age, that's an honour I have very little title to.—But I see through their stratagem; they would revenge themselves, by making Sir George believe I am in love with his Lady:—my amiable friends, you won't have time

to carry your scheme into execution. (*Sits down*).

Enter BIBBER and DUMPLING.

Bibber. Yes, yes, her Ladyship is a charming creature—quite an ornament at the head of a table:—I should like to make a campaign with her—What a pleasant companion for winter quarters!

Dump. And Sir George is a fine fellow—gives plenty to eat, but he wants taste—and has a d—n'd uncivil cook.

Bibber. He don't spare the bottle, however; and keeps his temper while he loses his money.

Dump. Yes, he loses with a good grace; but when will he pay us our two hundred pounds?

Bibber. Oh!—he's as proud as a Spaniard; and you'll find him as punctual as a paymaster.

Dump. I'm afraid though, he's a Spaniard without the Spanish—but hush!—we are not alone!—(*Seeing Mr. Green*).

Bibber. Ah!—Mr. Misanthropy, why you look as down in the mouth as a half-pay officer—

Dump. And as crabbed as if you had been dining with Duke Humphry.

Green. (*Still seated*) Go on, gentlemen!—

Bibber. Yes, being too sulky and selfish to make friends—

Dump. You are become the enemy of mankind.

Green. Hum!—"the enemy of mankind"—You are, perhaps, not very far from the mark.—I hate false friends—egotists—mischief-makers—and blacklegs; and, except Lady Squander, whose virtues I respect;—the lovely little Bertha, whose ingenuousness I love; and Sir George,

whose errors of the head I pity:—shew me a human being in this house, who is not a disgrace to the species!

Bibber. I can shew you many, Mr. Bluffman, who are disgusted with your rudeness—

Dump. And who may find a way to make you repent your impertinence—

Bibber. And give you such a lesson—

Dump. As may make you more civil for the rest of your life.

Green. Oh! Oh!—What, are you angry?
—(*Rises*).

Bibber. Yes, Sir, we are angry.

Green. Hum!—I was born with an irresistible inclination to speak truth to every one, and a decided aversion from shewing respect where none is due.—I'm not surpris'd that, by gentlemen of *your* class, I'm deem'd a very disagreeable fellow.

Dump. And you have, no doubt, been often rewarded for your frankness, and treated in a very disagreeable manner.

Green. Why, Sir, I have serv'd abroad myself formerly, and certainly did not neglect the usual precautions to guard against unpleasant accidents.—I was allowed to be one of the best fencers, and the best shots in Europe.

Dump. The devil you were, Sir!

Green. Yes. I still take the foils, and breathe myself for two hours before breakfast every morning, to keep my hand in; and amuse myself in the afternoon, by placing a flask of champagne at 25 paces distance, and driving in the cork without breaking the neck of the bottle.

Dump. What a devil of a fellow!—he'd cut a figure in the Local.

Bibber. Indeed!—Pray, Sir, have you often fought?

Green. I never refused a challenge.

Dump. I thought so.

Green. And, gentlemen, if you have any inclination that way—

Dump. Oh, Sir, I see you are not only very whimsical, but very witty; your sarcasms are pointed, and your irony delightful:—But, did you really think we were serious: didn't you see the joke?

Green. The joke!

Dump. Yes, the joke! a little in your own way, eh!—Ha! ha! ha!—I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you at our Local mess.

Bibber. Yes, and if ever you go a campaign with me, I'll take care you shall never be on short allowance

Green. Gentlemen, I'm very much oblig'd to you.

Enter CRACKLEY.

Crack. Eh bien!—mes amis, que faites vous donc ici!—What, in the name of all that's ridiculous, are you about here? How could you leave so many bright eyes, and angelic faces, to form such a melancholy trio?—has beauty no charms for you, you miserable-looking devils?

Bibber. Why, you seem to be charmed out of your senses.

Crack. “Tout au contraire, mon ami”—but love and wine have made me merry; and you must allow there are charmers within, that would enable a man of fashion to fill up the dull hours very pleasantly between dusk and dinner time.

Green. And few charmers, I suppose, in your opinion, are worthy of better employment.

Crack. Oh, there are exceptions; a trip to Paris, and a winter in London, would make my little Bertha truly fascinating.

Green. Your Bertha!—Have a care, Sir; she is under my protection.

Dump. Yes, have a care—he's the best fencer in Europe.

Bibber. And can drive a ball through the neck of a bottle, at five-and-twenty paces.

Crack. Then I wish no better protector for my favourite. Hark ye, Sir;—(to Green) You think me silly and worthless: I thought you ill-natured and mischievous, but Bertha has convinced me, you have more merit than malice; and I hope to convince you, I have more vivacity than vice.—For her sake, let us be friends.

Green. I never form friendships with cox-combs.

Crack. Now, upon my soul, I am such a tractable animal, that if the lovely Bertha will only consent to lead, while you drive, I really think I should soon become a reasonable creature.—(Goes towards the ball-room with Mr. Green).

Dump. By Phœbus!—It's broad day-light.—The company are upon the move; but must we go without our winnings?

Bibber. Oh!—the devil!—by no means!

Dump. Let us find some scheme, for delaying our departure till we can secure our cash.

[*Exeunt Bibber and Dumpling.*

GREEN and CRACKLEY advance.

Crack. Upon my soul, you are deceived in my character. In London and Paris, I thought it necessary to adopt the style, and follow the

fashions of the day; not because I approved, but because I did not wish to appear singular.

Green. And yet you do appear very singular!

Crack. Yes, in the country; and let me tell you, so must you, every where; but when you have known me a little longer, I flatter myself you will form a better opinion of me—but they are taking leave:—may I now be permitted to hope for your friendship?

Green. That will depend on your future conduct.

Crack. Then I do not despair of success.—Au revoir, mon ami.

Green. Psha!—D—n your French!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter FUNGUS and CLOSEFIST.

Fung. Stay here a moment, and I'll bring Sir George.

Closefist. Truly, Mr. Fungus, it's rather hard for a man of my years to be dragg'd out of bed, for money, at day-break!

Fung. It is never too early to make money.

[*Exit.*]

GREEN enters behind.

Closefist. To stuff me into a chaise, whether I would or no.

GREEN advances.

Truly, I must have a great friendship for Sir George, to leave home at this hour.

Green. (*Sees Closefist*) What new face is this?

Closefist. How that strange-looking man eyes me!

(Putting his hands in his Pockets).

Green. Well, friend; what has brought you here so early?

Closefist. Why, Sir, does it concern you to know?

Green. More than you imagine.

Closefist. Keep your distance, Sir,—I don't wish to—eh!—that figure—that dress—that manner—that—he seems quite at home already—I think I know you, Sir!

Green. The devil you do.—And pray, who am I?

Closefist. You must be the Steward, whom Sir George said he expected this morning.

Green. Well, now suppose I prove that I know you!—You are an usurer, and your name is Closefist.

Closefist. Ah! you are more cunning than I am,—you know my name, tho' I don't know yours; and since (with that exception) we are so well acquainted, let us endeavour to serve each other.

Green. As how, pray?

Closefist. Why, the young Baronet already owes me a tolerably large sum, and I now bring him 500*l.* more, which I find he is very anxious to receive—now, my dear friend, let us come to an understanding, and when Sir George's debts are in a state of liquidation, we may make a good thing of it.

Green. Then Sir George is about to pay his debts?

Closefist. To be sure he is.—I have been let into

the secret. Mr. Fungus has told me all about it. My Lord Rowcroft—

Green. Oh!—Oh!—My Lord Rowcroft!—

Closefist. Aye, aye—that kind uncle has undertaken to pay for all his nephew's extravagance, both principal and interest.

Green. And upon what condition?

Closefist. Oh!—a mere trifle: he is only to sign an act of separation from his wife.

Green. Of separation from his wife?—So, so; this is the result of his Lordship's secret interviews with that rascal Fungus (*aside*)—Harkye, Mr. Usurer!

Closefist. Usurer!—Money-broker, if you please!

Green. Well, then, Mr. Money-broker—Sir George deceives both you, and himself, in thinking he shall be able to pay you. He's not worth a shilling.

Closefist. Lord-a-mercy on me!

Green. That hang-dog, Fungus, with all his pretended kindness, is only laughing at you; Sir George is disinherited!—I've seen the instrument.

Closefist. You have seen it?

Green. I have seen it. Besides, Sir George would sooner remain your debtor for life, than consent to a separation.

Closefist. He would, eh!—why then I shall beg leave to introduce him to two of my friends, John Doe, and Richard Roe—

Green. What, you are already provided with a writ?

Closefist. Let me alone for that;—and it shall be put in force too.

Green. And are you really determined?

Closefist. This very morning, Sir George, fine gentleman as he is—a Baronet—and nephew to Lord Rowcroft, shall be placed between four walls, at the suit of Jeremiah Closefist, money-lender, but not money-giver.

Green. Listen then, perhaps we may be able to make some arrangement.

Closefist. I'll have my money.

Green. (*Taking out his Pocket-book, and turning over notes*) In that case—

Closefist. (*Eagerly looking at the money*) What, will you!—Why, Sir George, to be sure, has been a little extravagant;—but then he is a very civil gentleman.

Green. You see here—

Closefist. Bank bills to a large amount. The prettiest pictures in the world. They always give me a palpitation at the heart.

Green. Well, these pretty pictures are—not for you—according to Fungus's promise, Lord Rowcroft is to pay you:—Lord Rowcroft intends no such thing;—yet Lord Rowcroft shall pay you, and pay you this very day.

Closefist. Shall pay me, and this very day?—Why how should you be able to say, that my Lord!—Pooh!—you are talking nonsense.

Green. If my Lord does not pay you to-day, I must take it upon myself, that's all.

Closefist. You!—that's good! but what security?

Green. My word.

Closefist. Your word!—I can't raise money upon that security; and as a forlorn hope, I shall continue my proceedings.

Green. Who desired you to suspend them?

Closefist. (*Turning back*) Eh!—Come—Let us understand each other.

Green. I will become responsible for Sir George's debts, on the following conditions: In the first place, carry back your 500*l.*

Closefist. Aye, you need not trouble yourself about that.

Green. In the second place, make a devil of a clamour, and if you meet Sir George, or his valet, set on them open-mouth'd.

Closefist. Yes, yes, that's just in my way.

Green. In short, within this hour, let the house be seiz'd on one claim, and afterwards do you arrest Sir George on another.

Closefist. Done!—There's my hand; and as I run no risque, I'll take your word. You shall soon hear, of my bailiffs—Sir, I am your servant. If it is ever in my power to oblige you,—command me—command my purse; and Jeremiah Closefist will shew his gratitude, by advancing you money whenever you want it—upon good security—and five and twenty per cent. [*Exit.*

Green. This Usurer will hasten my plans.—So, my worthy Lord, you take advantage of your nephew's distresses.—It is you who are leading him to his ruin: but let me only whisper one word in your ear, and you will soon change your note. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Garden.

Enter BERTHA, followed by CRACKLEY.

Bertha. Why, Mr. Crackley, is this your Paris gallantry, to keep trotting after me, who wish to be alone, instead of handing those ladies to their carriage, who would perhaps be pleas'd with your attention?

Crack. It is not considered gallant in Paris, to leave wit and elegance, for affectation and vulgarity.

Bertha. Not when riches are put into the scale?

Crack. In London, it might weigh down the balance, that is, with your dissipated silly coxcombs—

Bertha. Such as Mr. Crackley.

Crack. Que voulez vous dire?

Bertha. Pray, Sir, is it polite to speak French to a Lady who has told you she does not understand it?

Crack. Je vous demande pardon!—Ah diable! —D—nation!

Bertha. Oh!—fie!—I am sure it's not polite to swear before Ladies.

Crack. Now, pray listen to me. I am most sincerely desirous of gaining your good opinion;—and am not quite so great a coxcomb as you seem to think me: but, the fact is, I feel as much difficulty in leaving off these follies as I did in acquiring them; but only give me the most distant hope, that I may one day be so fortunate as—

Bertha. I have no fortune.

Crack. You have a thousand charms.

Bertha. I can't speak French—

Crack. You speak like an angel.

Bertha. I am not short-sighted.

Crack. Your eyes are irresistible!

Bertha. I can't bear your French affectation.

Crack. I'll leave it off.

Bertha. I can't bear your French head.

Crack. I'll cut it off—No, no—that is—I'll get cropp'd immediately.

Bertha. I hate snuff, and snuff-takers.



Crack. Ma tabatiere, adieu!—There!—
(*Throws away his box*).

(*DUMPLING enters sneezing, and BIBBER, holding his hand to his eye*).

Dump. Devil take the snuff!

Bibber. And the devil take the box!

Crack. And the devil take your impertinent intrusion!

Bibber. I shall pocket the affront, however.

Enter SIR GEORGE and LADY SQUANDER.

Lady. S. My dear Bertha, we were afraid you had run away.

Crack. But, Gentlemen, I thought you had been half a dozen miles off by this time.

Dump. No, no; we are none of your everyday friends, who make their escape the moment the entertainment is over.

Sir G. Gentlemen, I feel much indebted to you—

Bibber. Sir George, (*taking his hand*) I feel so great an interest for you, that—

Dump. Come, come, a truce to sentiment, and hear me: It is near seven o'clock:—what shall we do?—If we go to bed we shan't sleep, make a bad breakfast, and a worse dinner; now, as it is a very fine morning, our wisest plan is to go and breakfast in the shrubbery.

Bibber. An excellent thought!

Sir G. Oh! delightful!

Crack. Je suis ravi—(*Bertha taps his shoulder*), that is—I am charmed!—I am pleased with the idea of remaining a little longer with

my friend, and of receiving more lessons from my fascinating, instructive—

Bertha. They'll all be thrown away upon you.

Dump. Now, if the Ladies will consent to join the corps—

Lady S. Oh, Sir, as Sir George is satisfied—

Bertha. We are all satisfied—for my part, I'm quite enchanted!—Heavens, sister, what a charming life you lead here!

Bibber. But the camp must be provisioned—that comes within my province.—I'll lead the foraging party, and take care there shall be no deficiency. *[Exit with Dumpling.]*

Enter GREEN.

Crack. My dear Sir, you must join our party: we are going to breakfast in the open air; we must expect to have some of your pointed remarks; but I would rather be the butt of your ridicule, than be deprived of the pleasure of your society.

Green. Oh, curse your flattery.

Crack. I will see all in readiness, and do you prepare to follow.—Mademoiselle, Je suis votre tres humble—*(She checks him)*—Yes, I know—but—you may depend upon it, I shall improve in time. *[Exit.]*

Enter FUNGUS.

Fung. Sir George! Sir George!—all's lost!

Lady S. What's the matter?

Green. He must have seen Closefist. *(Aside)*.

Fung. Sir, as you ordered me, I brought Mr. Closefist, and his 500*l.*—I left him in the hall,

and ran to find you—you were surrounded by your friends, and I could not interrupt you.—While I was watching for an opportunity of speaking to you, I saw our man stealing off—I ran after him, but the griping old rascal roar'd out, that he knew every thing—that you were ruined—that you were disinherited, and swore he would that instant send his myrmidons.

Sir G. Then I am lost—dishonor'd!—

Lady S. Dishonor'd!—

Sir G. I had the most pressing occasion for the money this morning, to discharge a debt of honor.

Lady S. Alas!—a debt of honor!—

Bertha. Don't be alarmed, dear sister.

Sir G. But how could Closefist learn?—Who could inform him?

Fung. I asked him that, but he would give me no answer, except that he had got his information from a kind of steward.

Sir G. A steward!—Who can he mean?

Fung. I suppose, old Pinfold:—I can think of nobody else.

Sir G. 'Twas he, without doubt;—in revenge for my not listening to his stuff about economy, and under the pretence of being a useful servant, the scoundrel has betrayed his master's secrets. Plague take him!

Green. You accuse that honest fellow wrongfully—he has not seen the money-lender.

Sir G. Who then can have dared—

Green. I!

Sir G. You?

Green. I!—and 'tis doing you a real service to prevent your contracting new debts, when you are unable to discharge your old ones.

Sir G. And what right, Sir, have you to med-

dle in my affairs? Do you know the injury you have done me?—the embarrassment you have caused?

Green. I know very well, Sir George, the great occasion you had for the usurer's five hundred pounds, and that your embarrassment proceeds from your inability to pay your friends the debt of honor you have this night contracted.

Sir G. Insufferable! Sir, I request you will leave my house.

Lady S. Compose yourself, Sir George—(To *Green*) Is it thus you shew your friendship?

Fung. Shall I call the servants, Sir, to shew him the door? (*Going*).

Lady S. Stop, Fungus!

Green. Your Ladyship is very kind, to check the honest zeal of that worthy valet.—(To *Fungus*) Before ten o'clock, the servants *may be wanted* to shew the *door*. Sir George, if I had not felt a particular friendship for you, you would not have seen me here; but as, notwithstanding your extravagance, I love you still, I will not stir a step.—No—here will I remain in spite of you, and all your train of locusts, in or out of livery.

Sir G. His coolness confounds me, his presumption astonishes me, and his friendship disarms me; he bears an ascendancy over me, for which I cannot account.

Lady S. I know not what to think of this.

Fung. The devil himself could not make him budge.

Sir G. On what shall I resolve?

Fung. If Sir George will listen to his faithful servant, an idea has just come into my head, that may put every thing to rights.

Sir G. Let us hear.

Fung. Well then, Sir, money you must have, and to apply to Bankers, Merchants, or Jews, will be useless. Now, Sir, my plan is—

Sir G. Well, Sir, what is your plan?

Green. Why, that you should apply to Lord Rowcroft—that's his plan.

Fung. The devil's in that fellow! (*Aside*).

Sir G. To Lord Rowcroft!

Fung. Certainly, Sir; you say he is exasperated against you; but only describe to him your distress, and I will venture to say, he will do much more than those who are always preaching about friendship, but who would not advance you a guinea to keep you from starving.

Sir G. Entreat my uncle's assistance?

Green. You will find this the best plan, I'll answer for it.

Sir G. You will answer for it? *You—who?* What humiliation! I feel it impossible to restrain my rage. Sir, your conduct is such, that—I will make you feel, Sir—(*Green takes a pinch of snuff*)—'Sdeath! this calmness is—Come, come, Fungus, you shall carry my letter.

[*Exit.*

Fung. Yes, and I'll give you a good account of it too.

[*Aside, and Exit.*

Lady S. My good Sir, believe me, though Sir George is quick and irritable, yet his heart is good, and on reflection, he will be much distress'd at his conduct.

Bertha. With so many good qualities, a little haughtiness may be excused.

Green. Excused! In his place, I should not have had half so much moderation; and I like him the better for it.

Enter TUCKET hastily.

Tucket. Oh my Lady, I'm almost gone—I am nearly suffocated—Ah!—I'm dying!

Lady S. In Heaven's name, what has happened?

Tucket. Ah, ah! oh, my head,—my eyes—my—oh!—

(Falls into a Chair and faints).

Bertha. Poor Girl!—She's very ill.

Green. So! it's the fashion for ladies' maids to faint!—In my time, that was left to their mistresses—Poor dear soul, she has fainted herself black in the face—I have a lancet in my pocket, and will bleed her in a moment.—*(Tucket jumps up, and pretends to recover herself).*—Come now, tell us what has caused this terrible fit!—What's the matter with you?

Tucket. The matter with me!—Why we are all lost, dead and buried!—Such a troop of ill-looking devils have taken possession of the house.

Lady S. Bailiffs!—my fears were too true.

Green. So, the Usurer has kept his word.
(Aside).

Enter DUMPLING and BIBBER.

Dump. Never met with such rudeness in my life.—An elegant cold collation, to be devoured by these shoulder-tapping rascals!

Bibber. Sorry, Ladies, for your disappointment, but the Philistines have seal'd up the wine-cellar!

Dump. Yes, and established themselves in the kitchen.

Bibber. And as we have no means of dislodging the enemy, we must beat a retreat.

Dump. We beg your Ladyship to believe we are your very humble servants—

Bibber. And that we shall be happy to attend your Ladyship upon some future occasion.

Green. Oh, doubtless, they will always feel delighted to receive such kind considerate friends.

Enter CRACKLEY.

—And here's another, anxious to take leave, his fine feelings not allowing him to remain the witness of your distress!

Crack. I trust the Ladies will do me more justice.

Tucket. Oh, Sir, we have no doubt of your politeness, and good breeding.

Dump. Come, Crackley, the game's up, and we must leave the good cheer and our winnings too, behind us.

Bibber. Perhaps, Madam, you will have the kindness to remind our dear friend—

Dump. That the trifle he lost last night, may have—

Lady S. In the course of the day, Gentlemen, you will receive your money.

Crack. *Gentlemen!*—I'm asham'd of having introduced such harpies.—Harkye, you caterpillars!—I am not yet quite so fashionable, as to desert my friends in distress; and tho' unluckily, I have not the present means, yet you have MY word for the payment of your paltry debt.

Green. I knew this fellow had a weak understanding, and I am glad to find his heart is as soft as his head.

Dump. Why, Crackley, money is always acceptable, and we shall remind you of your promise.—Ladies, Mr. Crokum, friend Crackley.

Crack. Allez vous en—

Bibber. Ladies—

Crack. Sortez!—(*He pushes them out*).

Green. Sortez!—the best scrap of French I have heard from him.

Crack. I hope; Madam, you will excuse my imprudence in bringing them here, and accept my best services.

Green. Well, Sir, why don't you follow your friends?

Crack. My friends! Damn it, Green Man, be still!—Do you think I'd leave Sir George, and these lovely creatures, at such a—

Green. I see your aim at these lovely creatures;—but notwithstanding your seeming liberality, I know too much of the world to trust to appearances; and I tell you, you will lose your time—that's the plain fact.

Bertha. Now he's too hard upon poor Crackley—he is not absolutely disagreeable, nor half so great a coxcomb as I thought him.

Enter PINFOLD.

Pinfold. Ah, Madam, it be all over now—my dear master is arrested! they be now dragging him to prison.

Lady S. To prison!—then my misery is complete.

Crack. My friend in prison!—I never felt the want of money till now.

Lady S. You, Sir, have profess'd the most sincere friendship for me;—you love Sir George;—not five minutes since you declared your regard

for him.—I do not blush to implore your generosity in his behalf—for mercy's sake do not refuse me—restore my husband to liberty, and do not—do not drive me to despair!

Green. It gives me a severe pang, Madam, to refuse;—but I cannot comply with your request. I

Lady S. (With offended pride) Sir, I shall no further solicit your aid: no—I will instantly follow the husband of my heart, and if I cannot obtain his freedom, I will at least share his captivity. *[Exit.]*

Crack. A philosopher has observed, that those who are continually using the words, benevolence and humanity, are the people who practise those virtues the least; and now, Sir, I perceive the observation is just. *[Exit.]*

Tucket. And this is the way you shew your attachment to my Lady, and your feeling for our soft sex; but I always thought you a brute, and now you have proved yourself a bear. *[Exit.]*

Pinfold. I would a laid my life, that thee was a kind-hearted soul.—I be mistaken, and I be sorry for it.—I be sorry for thee too—I do pity thee; and I be afraid poor dear master will find old Pinfold the only true friend he has left in the world. *[Exit.]*

Bertha. (Comes forward) So, the coast is clear—Yes, yes, I see how it is—you have had a little quarrel with Sir George, and so you wish to help him through a third person. I am quite charmed you have reserved that pleasure for me.

Green. Bertha!—I have no money.

Bertha. Oh, yes you have. Aye, but I am very clear-sighted, for before you left my father's, I saw the contents of your pocket-book.

Green. I mustn't now dispose of it.

Bertha. No—but you will let me dispose of it for you.

Green. It can't be.

Bertha. Sir, you have always seemed singular, but I never, till now, thought you could be cruel. I will endeavour to find Mr. Closefist, and perhaps a Usurer may shew more feeling than you.

[*Exit.*

Green. So, Crackley has a fling at me—Mrs. Tucket abuses me—old Pinfold pities me—her Ladyship is angry—and my little Bertha in a rage!—Well!—are they wrong?—But no matter—my Lord Rowcroft will soon be here.—The house is seized—Sir George gone to prison—and so—I'll—go to breakfast! [*Exit.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

FUNGUS and TUCKET discovered.

Fung. I tell you Lord Rowcroft will be here within this hour; he is highly delighted, and will be more so, when he hears that his nephew is in a jail. Closefist was in such a devil of a passion, that I thought he had taken leave of his senses.

Tucket. Yes, he's a cunning fellow, and knows what he's about—

Fung. And so, the virtue-preaching Mr. Green allowed his friend Sir George to be carried to prison.

Tucket. Oh! the monster!—he did not even move his hands towards his pockets to relieve him.

Fung. And our Lady has followed Sir George?

Tucket. Yes, with her sister, and old Pinfold.—Mr. Crackley attended the Ladies, and is more in love than ever with his adorable Bertha—I think she must be blind, for my part, for Mr. Crackley is a sweet man, and has a proper consideration for our sex.

Fung. But he must get a proper fortune, or he'll have no chance with Miss Bertha.

Tucket. Then she knows nothing of the tender passion.—My gentleman is grown very inattentive of late; I must try to rouse his jea-

lousy. (*Aside*)—Oh!—my stars!—If I had but a cottage, a cow, some pigs, some poultry, and such a dear insinuating fellow!—I should be as happy as the day is long.

Fung. And when you had eat up the cow—

Tucket. I eat a cow!—

Fung. Pigs, and the poultry, the dear insinuating fellow would find the cottage too hot to hold him. But, Mrs. Tucket, you seem to be taken with Mr. Crackley.

Tucket. Taken with him! Oh! that he was but a poor valet, that I might throw myself and fortune, the careful earnings of my honest industry, at his feet.

Fung. Yes, egad!—her little fortune is not to be sneezed at. Mrs. Tucket, do you forget our late conversation?

Tucket. No matter—but some folks are grown very careless; not that other folks care much about it.

Fung. Sweet innocence! Mrs. Tucket, the pretty little building at the entrance of the village, intended for a public-house, is now to let.

Tucket. Indeed, Mr. Fungus!

Fung. And instead of cleaning the cottage, and feeding the pigs (and the poultry), you shall draw ale, mix punch, and keep accounts.

Tucket. While you—

Fung. Smoke my pipe, and drink with my customers!

Tucket. We shall never find our account in that.

Fung. Yes we shall, at their expence, and I shall put myself in training immediately; for the landlord of a pot-house should practise drinking for the benefit of his family.—Come! say it's a

bargain, and I'll order the sign to be painted directly.

Tucket. What sign, pray?

Fung. Why, as I am fond of hunting, I have been thinking of the Horns!

Tucket. Don't bespeak them too soon—there's time enough to think of your sign when we're married. But here comes Mr. Crackley.

Enter CRACKLEY.

Crack. Ah! Je suis hors d'haleine—

Fung. Pray, Sir, where are the Ladies?

Crack. I left them with Sir George, but expected to find them here by this time.

Tucket. Here!—what, are matters settled?

Crack. Settled!—more embarrassed than ever.

Fung. (*Aside to Tucket*) So, so, all's right!

Crack. That infernal money-lender made no other answer to the entreaties of her Ladyship, and the bewitching sentiments of her lovely sister, than—"Money! I want hard cash, and not soft speeches." I offered in vain to become security for the debt. The old rogue knew my inability to discharge it, and the Ladies politely dismissed me, declining my assistance; but as I am not easily repulsed, I am come here to wait the event.

Fung. If Miss Bertha was rich, Sir, I should not wonder at your perseverance.

Crack. Rich!—Her beauty and sensibility are beyond price. In a few months I shall be five-and-twenty, and master of my estate; though small, it is enough to make her happy, and I shall be proud in laying it at her feet.

Tucket. What a generous, fascinating creature! (*Aside*). But, Sir, if you lay your fortune at Sir George's feet, you may soon have to take his place.

Enter GREEN.

Green. What, Mr. Crackley, are you there? You have brought Sir George with you, of course—you think nothing of sacrificing a few thousands for such a friend. But where is he? I long to shake him by the hand.

Crack. Sir, I would have made any sacrifice to serve Sir George; but my bail has been rejected, and my Guardian refuses—

Green. Ha! ha! ha!—your Guardian refuses! It won't do, my fine spark. I tell you once more, you are only losing your time.

Tucket. (*Pretending to weep*) My poor dear Lady! my heart bleeds for her.

Fung. My unfortunate master!—I will, yes, I will share your captivity.

Crack. My lovely Bertha; how shall I relieve your distress?

Green. (*Taking out his handkerchief*)—Such devoted friendship, and the warm attachment of these faithful servants, affect me to that degree, that—Oh, Sir, (*wiping his eyes*)—Ha! ha! ha!—Oh! you're a precious Trio!—Now, pray, Mr. Crackley, don't strain your voice into that tone of sensibility, for it sits d—n'd awkwardly upon you—that's the plain fact.

Crack. 'Sdeath!—(*Aside*) But I must keep my word with Bertha: however, his insolence shall not go unpunished. (*Retires*).

Green. Why, friend Fungus, you look quite melancholy; perhaps you are afraid my Lord

Rowcroft will forget to reward you, for the disgrace you have brought upon your master.

Fung. The devil's in this fellow!—But I shall match him yet.

Green. And my poor Tucket!—Come, come, you may dispense with your handkerchief, your eyes are quite red with *rubbing*; but all your labour can't produce one crocodile tear.

Tucket. The Green Hottentot!—Oh, I could tear his eyes out!

Enter JOHN, who whispers GREEN.

Green. Let him come in!—

Enter CLOSEFIST.

Crack. Fung. Tucket. Closefist!

Green. Well, Closefist!—What news?

Closefist. Why, Sir, a most extraordinary event has happened, and so unexpected, that I am afraid I have thrown your plans into confusion,—and yet I could not act otherwise.

Green. Hush!—You will be overheard—come into this room.

Fung. Yes, yes—There's a secret understanding between them.

Crack. What cursed scheme are they contriving?

Tucket. I think I can guess.

(*GREEN having seen CLOSEFIST into the Closet, turns round and speaks*).

Green. Mr. Crackley, be advised—leave the house instantly, or you'll expose yourself to some very unpleasant treatment. [*Exit into Closet.*

Fung. I'm struck all of a heap!

Crack. Unpleasant treatment!

Tucket. I smell a rat—I see how it is.

Fung. Now I am allowed to be pretty clear-sighted, and yet, curse me, but I am quite in the dark.

Tucket. Now mark!—Did not this kind friend, in your presence, refuse to give Sir George the least assistance?

Crack. He did.

Tucket. Then Closefist can't be here to make arrangements for Sir George's release.

Fung. That's true!

Tucket. I knew this strange mortal was over head and ears in love, and as I thought, with my Lady; but now I am convinced he has fix'd his eye upon Miss Bertha.

Crack. What, that superannuated scoundrel in love with my Bertha?

Tucket. You find he is on intimate terms with the money-lender, who caus'd Sir George to be arrested.

Crack. And what then?—

Tucket. Why, Sir, Miss Bertha has acknowledged she has a great regard for him: he has told you already, you are only losing your labour; and in playing the double hypocrite, by releasing Sir George from prison, *his* gratitude will know no bounds; my lady will throw herself at his feet; Miss Bertha will throw herself into his arms, and the business is done!

Crack. D—nation!—I'll die first.—She desired me indeed to respect her old man—but I'll—I'll poison him!—'Sdeath!—have I studied French fashions, and London accomplishments, to be ousted by this Antediluvian!—But he shan't overreach me in generosity. I'll to my

Guardian, and if he again refuses me, I'll sell the reversion of my estate, release my friend, and if all fails, I'll blow myself and the Green Man to the devil at her feet! [Exit.

Tucket. Amiable youth!—how I feel for him.

Fung. Hark!—The Ladies are returned. I must run, and give an account of my mission.

[Exit.

Tucket. And I may as well follow, and shew my tender concern for them. It will not give me much trouble—but stop—I can listen at that door, and perhaps I may find out—

(*She goes on tiptoe, and places her ear at the key-hole—Green opens the door without being perceived.*)

—Yes, yes;—now I shall know what this sly old fox is about.

Green. No, you won't—You're too late, Mrs. Flyflap.

Tucket. The disagreeable monster!—I must leave the coast clear, for his friend, Old Nick, has certainly given him eyes in his elbows. [Exit.

Green. So, she's gone!—I have had great difficulty in persuading that old rogue, Closefist, to consent—However, all is now arranged.—(Closefist half opens the door).

Closefist. Are you alone, Sir?—one must be cautious—I can't think how I could make up my mind to—You know the old Proverb, a Bird in the hand is—now I have got the Bird in hand—and—

Green. It will be your own fault if you hav'n't the two in the bush.

Closefist. Well, well, you would not wish to ruin an honest, pains-taking man; and so, I'll

follow your instructions, and wait in that room till his Lordship arrives.

Green. You remember our agreement. Silence!—the most absolute silence!—You are not to appear till I give the signal.—They come!—Away!—quick, quick!—(*Closefist retires*).

Enter, LADY SQUANDER.

Lady S. Notwithstanding your apparent desertion, Sir, so powerful is the influence you exercise over me, that I am irresistibly impelled again to request your assistance.

Green. May I venture to enquire if Sir George—

Lady S. Oh, Sir,—Closefist is inflexible, and our situation is desperate!—But Sir George has inspired me with more courage than I thought myself capable of—He supports his misfortunes with such calmness and resignation.

Green. (*With emotion*) Good—very good!—Now inform me what you have done with Crackley?

Lady S. I have requested him to withdraw: he has shewn a warmth and attachment I could not expect, and every inclination to serve us.

Green. I place no reliance on the professions of such empty-headed coxcombs.—His views are selfish.

Lady S. Indeed, Sir, you are deceived. He gave security for Sir George's gaming debt, which I have just now discharged.

Green. And I suspect he has a share of the plunder, and am glad you have quitted the obligation. I need not enquire how you contrived to—Your few jewels, I suppose—

Lady S. Pray, Sir, let us return to the bu-

siness that brought me here:—Lord Rowcroft has consented to see his nephew again—In a few minutes he may arrive, and as I am alone, will you have the kindness to be present at the interview?—The very idea of appearing before him, alarms me to that degree—

Green. Be composed, I will support you.

Enter TUCKET.

Tucket. My Lady, I wish to—

Green. Well, Mrs. Flippant, what do you wish?

Tucket. I did not address myself to you, Sir—I wish to say two words to my Lady in private.

Lady S. Have I your permission, Sir?—
(*Green bows, and retires*).

Tucket. Mr. Fungus and I, my Lady, have just discovered such a plot—Ah, my Lady!—how have you been betrayed!—

Lady S. Betray'd!—Explain yourself!—

Tucket. That wicked old Usurer is now in the house. He has had a meeting with the Green Man there; and it is in consequence of an understanding they have with each other, that my dear master has been arrested.

Lady S. Are you aware, Sir, of what has just now been said with so much mystery?—I hear we are the victims of the blackest perfidy.—You are accused of being no stranger to Sir George's misfortune; and I am even told, that Closefist, in arresting Sir George, has only follow'd your directions.

Green. That's the plain fact.

Lady S. The fact!—

Enter FUNGUS hastily.

Fung. My Lord Rowcroft is coming into this apartment immediately.

Lady S. My Lord Rowcroft!—Is it then at a moment like this I must appear before him; when I am deserted by the whole world; when I have just learned, that I have not even one friend left to protect me!

Green. I am with you.

Lady S. You!—What have I to hope from you, when Sir George has been arrested at your instigation?

Green. And it is exactly because I have put it out of *his* power to protect you, that I ought to do it myself.

Fung. Here comes my Lord—

Green. Leave us. (*To Fungus and Tucket*).

Fung. But, Sir—

Green. Leave us, I say. [*Exit Fungus.*]

Tucket. But perhaps, my Lady—

Green. Begone, Mrs. Eaves-dropper!

Tucket. Well, I'm sure— [*Exit.*]

Enter LORD ROWCROFT.

Lord R. Is it the daughter of Mr. Wilton whom I now address?

Lady S. I am Mr. Wilton's daughter, my Lord!

Lord R. And that strange-looking man; what is he?

Lady S. My Lord—he is—he is—

Green. This strange-looking man, is the friend of Mr. Wilton's family, and of Sir George Squander.

Lord R. And where is my unworthy nephew?

Lady S. Alas!—my Lord!—

Lord R. Where is he, I say?—

Green. In prison!—

Lord R. That is precisely what I anticipated; and thus will it ever be with all such hair-brain'd young fellows, who, in defiance of their relations, marry they know not whom. The husband has no fortune, the wife is pennyless, and yet they must make a figure in the world: their credit is soon exhausted; tradesmen become clamorous; and at last, the poor husband, being completely cured of his romantic passion, loses at the same time, his honor, his liberty, his friends, and not unfrequently his wife.

Green. The picture is well drawn, but here it is misplaced—My Lady Squander—

Lord R. There is not much delicacy, Sir, in giving her that title before me.

Green. My Lady Squander has so much delicacy, and such true nobility of soul, that she would scorn to justify herself, at the expence of her husband, who, if he had followed her advice, would not have been where he is.

Lord R. (*To Lady S. without replying to Green.*) I conceive, Madam, you were somewhat disappointed in your expectations.—You thought to marry the rich Sir George Squander: you find, however, he is poor, and poor he shall remain, at least for me.

Green. Family pride has been his ruin.—It was your duty not to have set him an example of such despicable weakness.

Lord R. I did not require your observations, Sir. Had my nephew possess'd that pride, of which you now accuse him; had he felt the dignity of his rank; would he have entertained

a thought of uniting himself to the Daughter of a Village Apothecary?

Green. An honest Apothecary is a more valuable member of society, than an unprincipled Nobleman.

Lord R. Sir!

Lady S. Oh, Sir, for mercy's sake!—

Green. But the time is not far distant, when I shall name the great Lord to whom I allude.

Lord R. I do not come here to reproach you, Madam. My nephew, in spite of his bad conduct, is not entirely banished from my heart.

Lady S. Oh!—my Lord! to recover your affection, Sir George will listen to any terms.

Lord R. His marriage was a species of insanity. But, Madam, it is not impossible for us to make an arrangement; some sacrifice, however, will be necessary on your part—a separation!

Lady S. A separation!—Oh! my Lord!—proceed no further.

Lord R. On that condition, only, will I pay my nephew's debts, and grant you my protection. If it be true, that you possess every virtue, you will prefer restoring Sir George to honour and society, rather than leave him to die in a prison. Reflect, Madam, on my proposal: my Solicitor is here; and I place so much dependance on the reported greatness of your mind, that I will immediately cause the Deed to be prepared, which will reconcile all our differences, and ensure our tranquillity. [*Exit.*]

Lady S. My soul revolts at the proposition!—What!—a separation!—No, no!—Sir George, I know your heart too well; you will prefer poverty and misery, with your Harriet, to riches and splendour without her.

Green. Aye, aye!—Thinking himself master of your fate, his Lordship is now priding himself on the success of his project. But come—come with me, and learn, that the very act of separation, on which he grounds all his hopes,—that very act, which you with so much justice condemn, his Lordship shall, in your presence, tear to pieces!

Lady S. Shall tear to pieces?—

Green. That's the plain fact. [Exeunt

SCENE II.

The Park.

Enter BERTHA hastily, followed by CRACKLEY.

Bertha. Now pray do oblige me, fly off to London as fast as you can, and marry some old Dowager, who may be pleas'd with your flattery. (*Going*).

Crack. Stay!—stay!—Thou bewitching, thou enchanting creature!—Nay, by Heaven, you shan't stir a step, till you have heard me.

Bertha. I have heard enough already: I have it in my power to communicate unexpected happiness to my dear sister, and won't be detained.

Crack. I have likewise unexpected happiness to communicate, and won't be denied.—I can now prove myself worthy of your love.

Bertha. Love, psha!—Don't keep me here, when I can by a single word release my sister from misery.

Crack. And as my motive for detaining you is for the purpose of releasing Sir George from confinement, will you not listen to me?

Bertha. No: had you the inclination to release

Sir George, you have not the means ; and if you have both, your efforts will be useless now. So, for mercy's sake, let me go.

Crack. No, no, I tell you, no ; I have already lost one opportunity of assisting my friend, by her Ladyship's discharging Sir George's play debt, for which I had only given security.

Bertha. I tell you, Sir George does not want your assistance.

Crack. 'Sdeath!—you won't understand me. But, by Heaven, unless you drive me away by force, here will I keep guard, and you shall not enter this house until you have listened to me for two minutes.

Bertha. For two minutes ?

Crack. Only for two minutes.

Bertha. Well, you are a most provoking creature ; and if it must be so, here will I stand like a statue, and whatever you say, not one word of answer will I make. Here's a watch ! and you must give me your solemn word, that the moment the time is up, you will leave the coast clear, and quit this house for at least an hour.

Crack. You have my promise.

Bertha. Then as you say my brother's happiness is concerned, I will hear you—but only for two minutes.

Crack. Now then!—I love you to distraction !

Bertha. Um—um—um!—(*with evident impatience*).

Crack. Aye, aye—you have sworn to hear me, and must not break your word—

(*BERTHA points to the Watch*).

—I know I have no time to spare—I meant only to speak of our friends, but you have kindly given me one minute to speak of myself—

(*BERTHA stamps her Feet with rage*).

—The first time I saw you, you won my heart; but laughed at my pretensions. I flatter'd myself, that in acquiring Parisian manners, and London ease, I should obtain your approbation; but you only ridiculed those accomplishments; and I gained nothing by my travels, except the conviction, that the world does not contain another woman so lovely, so truly fascinating!—

(BERTHA again points to her Watch, and to the Door).

—Well, well! I know my time is short—You thought my heart as vitiated as my head was empty, and both my love and friendship insincere; but, believe me, you are wrong: as a proof of the former, I here offer you my vows of eternal affection and constancy!

Bertha. Um—um—um!

Crack. And of the latter, this Paper, which my Guardian, to preserve me from despair, consented to sign, in order to restore *my* friend and *your* brother to the joys of liberty and love.—
(Kneels, and gives the Paper).

(BERTHA reads the Paper—pausés a moment, then turns to him with a smile of approbation—he runs towards her—she checks his advances, and motions him to leave her—she goes towards the House—he moves slowly to the other side—she turns round)

Bertha. Crackley! here's my hand!

Crack. Oh! joy unutterable!

(She breaks from him, but again turns round)

Bertha. Again!—

(CRACKLEY runs to her, folds her in his arms, and the Scene closes).

SCENE III.

Enter GREEN and LADY SQUANDER, meeting BERTHA.

Bertha. Sister!—My dear, dear sister, embrace me!

Lady S. Why, Bertha?—what has caused this ecstasy?

Bertha. Oh, you shall soon know all—but first, my dear *Green Man*, let me embrace you.

Green. With all my heart.

Lady S. But pray, sister, what good news do you bring us?

Green. She brings you the news of Sir George's liberation.

Lady S. Good Heavens!—Is Sir George free?

Bertha. What then, you have heard it already?—but can you guess by what means?

Green. Pray, Miss Madcap, what is become of your Necklace?

Lady S. Her Necklace!

Bertha. Ah, Sir!—It was not without a motive you gave it to me, tho', but for a lucky accident, I might never have known its value.

Green. And how did you know its value?

Bertha. Why!—we left Sir George in despair, and on quitting the prison, I heard some one say—look at that Lady's beautiful Necklace—this struck me!—I left you in haste, took Pin-fold with me, ran to old Closefist, and presented my Necklace.

Green. Well!—

Bertha. The diamonds, he said, were beauti-

ful, and of great price. "Take them, take them," I cried, "and give Sir George his liberty."

Green. So the bargain was struck, by pawning the Necklace—and if you feel inclined to pawn it again, why—here it is for you. (*Producing it*).

Bertha. My Necklace!—

Green. Yours—For after you, who is there, worthy to wear it?

Bertha. But, do you wish to deprive me of the pleasure of obliging my sister?

Green. No!—But to give you the means of being again useful to her.—(*Presenting the Necklace*).

Bertha. On that condition only, do I accept it.

Lady S. But where is Sir George?—why did not he come with you?

Green. Oh, you have no notion of their delays and formalities—it's very easy to get into prison, but a very difficult matter to get out again.

Bertha. But Sir George was so eager that you should hear the happy tidings, I was obliged to scamper on before him, and I should have been here ten minutes sooner, if I had not been detained by poor Crackley.

Green. What, is that puppy still in the house?

Bertha. Nay, now, Sir, you are for once deceived in your judgment of Crackley's character, as this Paper will prove.

(*While GREEN reads the Paper, BERTHA informs LADY S. of its contents in dumb show*).

Green. Can I believe my eyes!—What!—a fop with a feeling heart; but wonders will never cease.—Yes, yes,—I see how this matter is likely to end: I can't mistake the meaning of your roguish eyes, though I may have been deceived as to his roguish principles.

Lady S. Oh, Sir!—how culpable have I been towards you!—

Bertha. And Sir George is very sorry for his harsh treatment of you; will follow your advice, and is determined to farm his estate.

Green. Exactly what I expected.

Lady S. We will become rivals in courage and industry, and by our exertions and economy, I trust we shall soon be able to discharge our debts.

Green. (*Taking Lady S.'s hand*)—Your friend will not abandon you.

Bertha. And hav'n't I still got my Necklace?—

Lady S. My dear sister!—Hark!—I hear a carriage!—It is!—it is Sir George!—I fly to meet him. (*Going*).

Green. Stay!—stay, my love, remain here!—His Lordship is coming—and I wish him to continue ignorant of his nephew's liberation.—*Bertha*, do you go and receive Sir George—bring him secretly into that apartment, where, without being seen, he may learn his uncle's intentions; and order him, in my name, not to appear till I call him.

Bertha. You know I am always happy to do as you bid me. [*Exit.*]

Lady S. But, my dear Sir—

Green. It is for your happiness—therefore not a word of the arrival of Sir George.

Enter LORD ROWCROFT.

Lord R. Well, Madam!—Do you consent?—Your signature only is wanted, to procure Sir George his liberty, and to restore him to affluence, and the affection of his uncle.—You, Madam, will have no cause to complain of the provision, I have made for you.

Lady S. What, my Lord!—consent to my own dishonor!

Lord R. Remember, Madam, that by the same Deed, you will be entitled to an annuity of 500*l.*

Lady S. My Lord, if I could for a moment forget I am Sir George's wife, your proposal would instantly restore me to my recollection. Then let me entreat you will no longer urge a measure, which I neither can, or ought to accept.

Lord R. You are too haughty, Madam;—but I may induce you to change your tone.

Green. You would do better to change your own.

Lord R. And who are you, Sir, who dare thus address yourself to me?

Green. A man, who will find a way to bring you to your senses, which you seem to have lost.

Lord R. What!—am I threaten'd?—Do you dare, Sir, in this house too—where I have a right to command—

Green. True, true—I had forgot—You have contriv'd to make yourself a creditor.

Lady S. Take our little property, my Lord—take all we possess—you *may* do that, but to disunite us, is, thank Heaven, not in your power.

Green. In the name of your brother, of your dying brother, take pity on your unfortunate nephew, and his unhappy wife.

Lord R. I will hear no more.

Green. You are then determined?—

Lord R. I am:—and unless my nephew will consent to a separation—

(*SIR GEORGE rushes from the Closet, BERTHA following*).

Sir G. Consent to a separation from my wife!—Never!

Lady S. (*Going to, and embracing Sir G.*)—Oh! my love!

Lord R. My nephew here! Oh!—This then is a concerted scheme!—

Green. Sir George, you have heard your uncle!—If you do not consent to desert that suffering Angel, he will despoil you of your slender patrimony, drive your wife from the house of your father, and abandon you for ever.—Is it your wish, that, with a single word, I should humble that proud Lord; should strike his soul with terror, and make him blush for very shame?—Do you wish it?

Sir G. Oh, no! he cherished my infancy, supported my youth, and treated me with the fondness of a father: if you possess some secret fatal to his repose, let me entreat you—bury it in your bosom—I have many errors—but I will never be guilty of ingratitude to my benefactor.

Lady S. Oh, no—Pray let us hear no more of this.

Green. My Lord, your nephew, whom you call dishonor'd, and your niece, whose humble birth you despise, plead in your behalf!

Lord R. This is too much!—Sir, your insolence is—(*Going up to him*).

Green. (*Catching Lord R. by the arm*).—Stop,

stop, my Lord—recollect yourself—(*Drawing him apart, and speaking in an under-tone*)—Recollect past transactions; recollect, that a dying Father's Will may be garbled and mutilated:—That a Nobleman may become suborner of the Attorney who drew it; and thus may that Nobleman defraud his own Brother of his inheritance! (*Turns from him*).

Lord R. (*With astonishment and alarm*) Heavens!—We—we—we shall meet again, Sir,—we shall meet—

Green. There!—there!—you see I *know* how to touch his callous heart.

Lord R. What do you know?

Green. What you wish conceal'd from all the world, and even from yourself—that's the plain fact.

Lord R. 'Sdeath!—I will no longer remain here, to—(*Going*).

Green. You shall not budge a foot.

Lord R. You—you wish to intimidate me.

Green. No, no—I only wish you to consent to every thing I propose.

Lord R. Well, Sir!—what *is it* you propose?

Green. You shall hear.—(*Goes to the Closet, and calls*) Closefist!

Enter CLOSEFIST.

Sir. G. Closefist here!

Green. See, my Lord, the Usurer—I beg his pardon—the Money-broker—who has advanced a considerable sum to Sir George, on the strength of a promise made him by Mr. Fungus, in your Lordship's name.—But I gave the Old Boy a hint, that he was deceived; and it was at his suit your

nephew was arrested—I have pledg'd *my word*, for a strict performance of Fungus's promise, which your Lordship will have the kindness to fulfil.

Lord R. What is the amount of your claim?

Closefist. One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-five Pounds, principal and interest included.

Lord R. You shall have a draft for your money this morning.

Closefist. My Lord, I am very grateful to your Lordship.—If you will only manage all my affairs in the same manner, (*To Green*) I'll give you a commission of a quarter per cent. to put you in the way to make your fortune. [*Exit.*]

Bertha. (*To Lady S.*) Well, this is most incomprehensible!—

Green. (*Calling*) Who waits there?

Enter JOHN.

—Inform my Lord's Solicitor, we are waiting him. [*Exit John.*]

Lord R. May I beg, Sir, to know your intentions?

Green. Don't you guess, my Lord?

Lord R. I really do not.

Green. I am sorry for it, on your own account.

(*FUNGUS peeps in at the door.*)

—Aye, ah! here comes our worthy valet in the very nick.—Come in, Sir!—My Lord what recompense do you think your nephew ought to make this faithful attendant, for acting according to your Lordship's instructions?

Lord R. Discharge him instantly.

Green. (*Taking out his Watch*). Mr. Fungus, it is not yet quite ten o'clock.

Fung. Sir George, I—

(*SIR GEORGE turns away*).

—my Lady, I'm sure—

(*LADY S. turns away*).

—Miss Bertha!—

(*BERTHA goes up the Stage*).

Green. (*Points to his watch, and to the door*).

Fung. But really, Sir—

Green. (*Raising his cane*) Begone!—or I shall strike before the clock, you scoundrel.

Fung. Sir, I'll save you that trouble. [*Exit.*

Green. Oh!—here comes the Lawyer.

Enter Lawyer.

—Where is the Act of Separation, which you have drawn up by his Lordship's directions?

Law. It is here, Sir.

Green. (*Taking the Papers*) There, my Lord, is the Deed, take it—I need not inform you, how you should dispose of it—

(*LORD R. destroys the Paper*).

—Madam, I have kept my word with you—and now, my Lord, let us make an end of this business.

Lord R. It seems to me, Sir, that I have already—

Green. Not quite—you have repaired one act of injustice; but the *first*—that which caused all the others—is that repaired? (*He makes signs to the Lawyer*).

(*Lawyer places himself at a Table*).

—*Sir*—(to the *Lawyer*) write—but stay—I have forgot nothing that's necessary—I have brought a stamp—write!—(Giving him the Stamp)—Now, as his Lordship's hand at this moment may be too tremulous for more than the signature—write for my Lord Rowcroft, “I promise to pay my Niece, Lady Squander, or Bearer, the sum of Forty Thousand Pounds.”

Lady S. To me, Forty Thousand Pounds!—

Sir G. Impossible!—

Green. “The sum of Forty Thousand Pounds,” payable in—how many days after date, my Lord?—

Lord R. (Greatly agitated) In—in—ten days—

Green. Thank your Lordship.

(The *Lawyer* having written the Note, presents it to LORD ROWCROFT, who, after struggling with his feelings, signs it—GREEN takes the Paper).

[Exit *Lawyer*.

Bertha. He signs it without uttering a syllable!—

Green. (Presents the Paper to Lady S.) There, Madam!

Lady S. I feel, I ought not to accept.—No, no—I will not receive any thing, thus extorted from the uncle of Sir George.

Sir G. My love, you have expressed my sentiments.

Green. My young friends—your uncle gives you nothing—this sum of Forty Thousand Pounds, is justly your own.—Is it not, my Lord?

Lord R. I confess—

Green. Unhappy man!—you have involved yourself in guilt, to enrich your son—of whom—

as if for punishment, Heaven soon bereav'd you.—His death destroyed all your projects, and you have only committed a base action, which your heart should disavow.

Lord R. (Much affected) I made my nephew, my heir—I educated—I loved him—

Green. But the moment he began to think of his own happiness, you determined to despoil him, as you did his father.

Lord R. Who are you, Sir?—

Green. A man who would not rouse your fears, but awaken you to repentance—(*Retires, and says aside*) We shall now learn his determination.

(*LORD R. remains lost in thought, and at length throws himself into a Chair.*)

Sir G. Oh, Sir, if you could read my heart.

Lady S. Take this paper again, I conjure you.—Only leave us this small estate, and all our wishes will be gratified.

Lord R. No, no—It is your own legitimate right—you have been deprived of it for more than twenty years.

Sir G. My Lord!—

Lord R. (Rises) Induced by jealousy, and the desire of aggrandising my son, I caused my brother to be disinherited.—My father, on his death-bed, desired me to attend him—his Attorney was in the chamber with the fatal Will; the very name of which even at this moment—

Green. Hold!—Now you express contrition and remorse, in my own breast I promise to bury the secret.

Lord R. And now I no longer wish for secrecy, this avowal will perhaps give me some claim to *their* commiseration, and will relieve me from the shame of blushing, in your pre-

sence.—But, in the first place, Madam, keep that acknowledgment, which I now offer voluntarily, and with all my heart.

Lady S. This then, will only recall painful remembrances, and I read in Sir George's eyes, the use I ought to make of it.

(*She tears the Paper.*)

Lord R. This last generous act, secures you my affection: my dear niece, come to your uncle's arms!

Green. At last then, I shall be happy!—Harriet, my arrival at your father's was not accidental—I wish'd to gain some knowledge of her, for whose sake Sir George was willing to sacrifice his hopes of splendour and affluence. I saw *you*, and applauded his choice.—My Lord, your dying parent had apprised me of the act, which was to have secured to your brother (Sir George's father) forty thousand pounds; and the Attorney, intimidated by my threats, was obliged to confess the guilty arrangements you had made to conceal it.—Twenty years pass'd in a foreign climate, where I have amassed a fortune, have, no doubt, so changed my appearance, that you cannot recognize your noble father's confidential friend and Secretary.

Lord R. Is it possible!—those features—Can it be!—Francis Benmore—

Sir G. Benmore!—my long-lost—long-lamented uncle!

Lady S. and Bertha. His uncle!—

Green. Yes, my children!—That unaccountable being, your maternal uncle!

(*CRACKLEY speaks without.*)

Crack. Allez vous en—allez vous en!—I tell you, I will go in.

CRACKLEY *enters.*

—My dear Bertha, I could no longer restrain my impatience—Sir George, my friend!—My Lord, I beg pardon—I fear I have been very rude.

Green. Yes, and 'tis not the first time; but I forgive your rudeness, folly, foppery, and French, for I am not unacquainted with your generous conduct; and my little Bertha, here, shall be your reward.—Come, my Lord, let us forget the past.—I shall always appear eccentric, and perhaps, now and then, speak disagreeable truths; but you will all find a sincere friend and well-wisher in the Green Man; and should he have at last induced all present to be well-wishers to *him*, it will afford him the highest gratification, and—that's the plain fact.

THE END.







