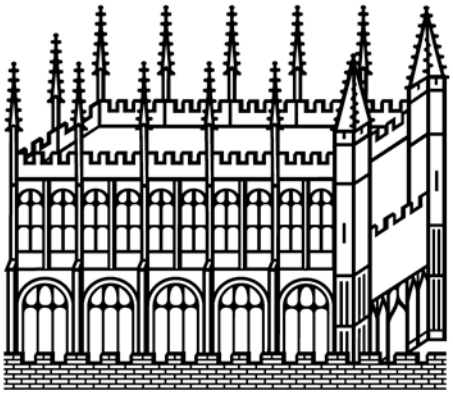

Lucas Birch

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JOHN BULL;

OR,

AN ENGLISHMAN's FIRE-SIDE.

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN

DUBLIN.

By GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

DUBLIN.

PRINTED FOR P. BYRNE, GRAFTON-STREET.

1803.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Peregrine, - -	Mr. Holman.
Sir Simon Rochdale, -	Mr. Fullam.
Lord Fitz-Braymore, -	Mr.
Frank Rochdale, - -	Mr. Talbot.
Hon. Tom Shuffleton, -	Mr. R. Jones.
Job Thornberry, - -	Mr. Williams.
Dennis Brulgruddery -	Mr. Davis.
Dan, - - -	Mr. Johnston.

WOMEN.

Lady Caroline Braymore, -	Mrs. Williams.
Mrs. Brugrulddery, -	Mr. Hitchcock.
Mary Thornberry, - -	Miss

JOHN BULL;

OR

AN ENGLISHMAN's FIRE-SIDE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Public house on the Heath—over the door, the sign of the Red-cow, and the name of* Dennis Brulgruddery.

Enter Dennis *and* Dan.

Dennis.

A Pretty blusterous night have we had, and the sun peeps thro' the fog this morning, like the copper-pot in my kitchen—devil a traveller do I see coming to the Red-cow.

Dan. Noa master! noat do pass here, I do think, but the carrion crows——

Den. Dan, think you I'll be ruin'd?

Dan. Ees, past all condemption; we're the undonest family in Cornwall. Your ale be as dead as my grandmother—mistress do sit by the fire, and splater like an apple a roastings—the pigs ha' gotten the meazles, and thou hast drank up all the spirity liquors.

Den. By my soul, I believe my setting up the Red-cow a week ago, a bit of a Bull—but that's no odds—Havn't I been married these three months, and who did I marry?

Dan. Why, a waddling woman, wi' a mulberry face.

Den. Have done with your blarney, Mr. Dan, think of the high blood in her veins, you bog-trotter.

Dan. Ees! I always do, when I look on her nose.

Den. Never you mind Mrs. Brulgruddery's nose; was'nt she a fat widow of Mr. Skinnygauge, the lame Exciseman of Lestwithiel? and didn't her uncle, who is 15th cousin to a cornish Baronet, say he'd leave her no money, if ever he happen'd to have any, because she had disgraced her family by marrying herself to a Tax-man—Botheration, man! and don't you think he'll keep us out of the mud, now her second husband is a Irish jontleman bred and born?

Dan. He, he!—the best a rum gentleman!

Den. Troth! and myself Mr. Dennis Brulgruddery was brought up to the church.

Dan. Why, zure!

Den. You may say that; I open'd all the pew-doors at Belfast.

Dan. And what made 'em turn you out of your trade?

Den. I snor'd at sarmon time. Dr. Snufflebags, the preacher, said I woke the rest of the congregation—Arrah, Dan, don't I see a tall customer stretching out his arms in the fog.

Dan. Noa! that be the road-post.

Dan. Faith, and so it is—Och when I was turn'd out of my snug birth, the tears ran down my eighteen years old cheek like butter-milk.

Dan. Pshaw! man, thes't never got another livelihood by crying.

Den. Yes, I did, I cry'd oysters, then I pluck'd up—what's that, a customer. [*looking out.*

Dan. Noa, a donkey.

Den. Well then, I pluck'd up a parcel of my courage, and took up arms.

Dan. Wauns—what, a mosquet?

Den No, a raping hook; I eat my way half through England, till a German learn'd me physick in Devonshire.

Dan. What—Potacary's stuff!

Den. I studied it in Dr. Von Quoletrigronoho's booth at Plympton. He cured the yellow glanders, and restored prolifications to families who wanted an heir: I was of mighty use to him as an assistant.

Dan.

Dan. Was you indeed ?

Den. But some how, the Doctor and I had a quarrel, so I gave him something and parted.

Dan. And what did'st thee give him, pray ?

Den. I gave him a black eye, and set up for myself at Lestwithiel, where Mr. Skinnygauge the Exciseman was in his honey moon, poor soul; he was my patient, and died one day, but his widow had such a neat notion of my prescriptions, that in three weeks she was Mrs. Brulgruddery.

Dan. He, he, he! so you jump'd into the old man's money.

Den. Only a dirty hundred pounds—then his Brother in-law, bad luck to him—kept the Red-cow upon Muckslush heath, till his tooth chatter'd him out of this world in an ague.

Dan. Why, that be this very house.

Den. Ould Nick fly away with the roof of it. I took the remainder of the lease, by the advice of my wife Mrs. Brulgruddery, laid out her good-looking hundred pounds for furniture, bought three pigs that are going into a consumption—I then took a sarving man,

Dan. That be I, and I think I be going into a consumption too, since you hir'd me.

Den. And the devil a soul has darken'd my doors for a pot of beer, since I have been a publican.

Dan. See man see ! Yon's a traveller, as sure as eggs, and coming this road.

Den. Och, hubbaboo !—a customer at las—St. Patrick send he may be a dry one—be alive, Dan, be alive! run and tell him there's elegant refreshments at the Red-cow.

Dan. I will—Oh dang it, I doesn't mind a bit of a lye, you know.

Den. And hearke ! say there's an accomplish'd landlord.

Dan. Ees, and a genteel waiter; but he'll see that.

Den. And Dan, sink that bit of a thunder storm, that has soured all the beer, you know.

Dan. What ! does't take me for an oaf? dang me, if he has'nt heen us'd to drink vinegar, he'll find that out himself, I'se warrant him. [*Exit.*

Den. Wife ! I must tell her the joyful news—Mrs. Brul-

gruddery—my dear—devil choak my wife—my dear—she's as deaf as a trunk-maker,—Mrs. Brulgruddery—

Enter Mrs. Brulgruddery.

Mrs. B. And what do you want with Mrs. Brulgruddery? what's to become of us, I shou'd like to know.

Den. Mighty like a mile-stone! standing still at this present writing.

Mrs. B. A pretty situation we are in, truly.

Den. Yes, upon Muckslush heath, and be damn'd to it.

Mrs. B. And where's the fortune I brought you?

Den. All swallow'd up by the Red-cow.

Mrs. B. Oh! had you follow'd my advice, we never should have been in such a quandary.

Den. Thunder and turf!—did'nt yourself advise me to take this public-house?

Mrs. B. No matter for that, I had a relation who kept it. But who advis'd you to drink all the brandy?

Den. No matter for that, I had a relation who always drank brandy.

Mrs. B. Oh! my poor dear Mr. Skinnygauge never brought tears into my eyes as you do. [*crying*]

Den. I know that; I saw you at his funeral.

Mrs. B. You are a monster!

Den. Am I then! kept it to yourself, my darling.

Mrs. B. You'll be the death of me, you know you will.

Den. Look up, my sweet Mrs. Brulgruddery, while I give you a small morsel of consolation.

Mrs. B. Consolation, indeed!

Den. Yes, there's a customer coming. [*pleased*]

Mrs. B. What?

Den. A customer; turn your neat jolly face over the heath at Dan, bringing him along as snug as a cock salmon in a fish basket.

Mrs. B. Jemmeny! and so there is; oh my dear Dennis! But I knew how it would be, if you had but a little patience—remember it was by my advice you took the Red-cow.

Dan.

Den. Och, was it.

Mrs. B. I'll run and spruce myself up a bit, aye aye! I havn't prophesied a customer to-day for nothing.

[*Exit into the house.*

Den. Faith, and its prophecying on the sure side for to tell a thing after it has happened.

Enter Dan *conducting* Peregrine—*carrying a small trunk under his arm.*

Pere. I am indifferent about accommodation.

Dan. Our n be a comfortable parlour; you'll find it clean, for I wash un down myself wringing wet five minutes, ago.

Pere. You have told me so twenty times.

Dan. This be the Red-cow—Zure as you may see by the picture! and here be master—he'll treat you in a horse-pitable manner, zure, and show you a deal of contention.

Den. I'll be bound you'll get good entertainment, whether you are a man or a horse.

Pere. You may lodge me in either, friend; I can sleep as well in a stable, as a bed chamber for travel has season'd me since I have preserved this. [*half aside, and pointing to the trunk under his arm*] I can lay my head on it with tranquility and repose any where.

Den. Faith it seems a mighty decent hard bolster; what is it stuffed with, I wonder.

Pere. That which keeps a miser awake, money.

Dan. Wauns, all that money!

Den. I'll be proud, Sir, to know your upholsterer, he would make me a feather bed gratis, stuffed of the same pretty materials. If that was all mine, I'd sleep like a pig, tho' I'm married to Mrs. Brulgruddery.

Pere. I shall sleep the better, because its not my own.

Den. Your own then is in a snugger place, safe from the Sharks of this dirty world, and be hanged to 'em.

Pere. Except a purse in my pocket, 'tis now, I believe, in a place most frequented by the sharks of this world.

Den. London, I suppose!

Pere. The bottom of the sea.

Den.

Den. By my soul that's a watering place! and you'll find sharks there, sure enough of all conscience.

Enter Mrs. Brulgruddery.

Mrs. B. What would you chuse to take, Sir, this raw morning? we have any thing you desire.

Den. Yes, Sir, we have any thing; but they say any thing is nothing.

Mrs. B. Bustle about, Dan, and see the room be ready —Do you hear?

Dan. I will.

Mrs. B. What would you like to drink, Sir?

Pere. O mine is an accommodating hostess; I have swallow'd Burgundy with the French, hollands with the Dutch, sherbet with a Turk, sloe juice with an Englishman, and water with a simple Gentoo.

Dan. Dang me, but he's a rum customer! its my opinion he'll take a fancy to our sour small beer.

[*Exit into house.*

Pere. Is your house far from the sea shore?

Mrs. B. About three miles, Sir.

Pere. So! and I have been wandering about since day break.

Mrs. B. Lack a day! has any misfortune happen'd to you, Sir?

Pere. Shipwreck'd! that's all.

Mrs. B. Mercy on us! cast away!

Pere. Upon your coast here.

Den. Then compliments apart, Sir, you take a ducking as if you had been used to it.

Pere. Life's a lottery, friend, and man should make up his mind to the blanks; on what part of Cornwall am I cast?

Mrs. B. We are two miles from Penzance, Sir.

Pere. Ha! From Penzance, that's lucky.

Mrs. B. [*to* Dennis] Lucky—then he'll go on without drinking at our house.

Den. Ahem!—Sir, there has been a great big thunder-

storm,

storm at Penzance, and all the beer in the town is as thick as mustard.

Pere. I feel chill'd; give me a glass of brandy.

Den. Oh the devil! [*aside*] bring the brandy for the jontleman, my jewel.

Mrs. B. Don't you know, you have emptied it, you sot you?

Den. Draw him a mug of beer, I'll palaver him.

Mrs. B. [*apart and going*] Oh! if you would but follow my advice! [*Exit into house.*

Den. You see that woman! that woman that's gone, Sir, she's my wife, poor soul; she has but one fault, and that's a wapper.

Pere. What's that?

Den. We had as neat a big brandy bottle a week ago, and damn'd a drop's left; but I say nothing—she's my wife, poor creature, and she can't tell who drank it—wou'dn't you like a cup of sour—I mean our strong beer?

Pere. Pshaw! no matter what—tell me, is a person of the name of Thornberry living at Penzance?

Den. Is it one Mr. Thornberry you are asking after?

Pere. Yes; when I first saw him indeed it was the first; time and the last, he had just began to enter himself in trade, his stock was very slender, but his neighbours accounted him a kindly man, and I know they spoke the truth thirty years ago; after half an hour's intercourse with him, which proved to me his benevolence, I squeezed his hand and we parted.

Den. Thirty years, faith! after half an hour's dish of chat, that's a seasonable long time to remember.

Pere. Not at all; for he did me a generous service, and gratitude writes her records in the heart, that till it ceases to beat they may live in the memory.

Enter Mrs. Brulgruddery, *with a mug of beer.*

Mrs. B. (*aside to Dennis*) What have you said about the brandy bottle?

Dennis. (*aside*). I told him you broke it one day.

Mrs. B. Am I always to be the shelter of your sins?

Dennis. Hush! (*to Pere*) You know, sir, I mentioned

tioned ——— Hem, I mentioned Mrs. Brulgruddery's misfortune.

Pere. You did, indeed. Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. B. I am very ——, sir, but ———

Den. Be easy, my lambkin; the jontleman excuses it; you are not the first that has crack'd a bottle, you know.—There's your beer, sir, (*taking it from his wife*). I'm not of a blushing nature, or I'd be shame-faced to give it him (*aside*). My jewel, the jontleman was asking after one Mr. Thornberry, (*delaying to give him the beer.*)

Mrs. B. What! Old Job Thornberry of Penzance, sir?

Pere. The very same; you know him then?

Mrs. B. Very well by hear-say, for he has lived upwards of 30 years ———. A very thriving man now, and well to do, as others might be too, if they wou'd take my advice.—(*To Dennis.*)

Pere. I rejoice to hear it; give me the beer, landlord; I'll drink his health in humble malt, then hasten to visit him.

Den. By St. Patrick then you'll make wry faces on the road. [*Gives him the mug—as Peregrine is about to drink, a shriek is heard at a small distance.*

Pere. Ha! the voice of a female in distress; then 'tis man's business to fly to her protection. [*Dashes the mug on the ground, and exit.*

Mrs. B. What a whirligig is here! why, Dennis, the man's mad.

Den. I think that thing.

Mrs. B. He has thrown down all the beer before he has tasted a drop.

Den. That's it: if he had chuck'd it away afterwards, I shou'dn't have wonder'd.

Mrs. B. Here he comes again, and I declare a young woman leaning on his shoulder.

Den. A young woman. Let me have a peep at her (*looking out*). Och, the sweet cratar! Och, the

---

Mrs. B. Hey day; I shou'dn't have thought of your looking after a young woman, indeed.

Den.

Den. Be aisy, Mrs. Brulgruddery, it's a way we have in Ireland. There's a face!

Mrs. B. Well, and hav'n't I a face?

Den. That you have, my lambkin; you have had one these 30 years, I'll be bound for you.

Mrs. B. You are the greatest brute that ever dug potatoes.

Enter Peregrine *supporting* Mary.

Pere. This way; cheer up your spirits. The ruffian with whom I found you struggling has fled across the heath, but his speed prevented my saving your property. Was your money too in the parcel with your clothes?

Mary. All I possess'd in the world, sir—and he has so frightened me. I thank you, sir, indeed I do.

Pere. Come, come, compose yourself; whither are you going, my pretty one?

Mary. I must not tell, sir.

Pere. Then whither do you come from?

Mary. Nobody must know, sir.

Pere. Umph! then your proceedings, child, are a secret?

Mary. Yes, sir.

Pere. Yet you appear to need a friend to direct 'em: a heath is a rare place to find one; in the absence of a better, confide in me.

Mary. You forget you are a stranger, sir.

Pere. I always do when the defenceless want my assistance.

Mary. But, perhaps, you might betray me, sir.

Pere. Never; by the honour of a man.

Mary. Pray do not swear by that, sir; for then you'll betray me sure.

Pere. Have you ever suffer'd from treachery then, poor innocence?

Mary. Yes, Sir.

Pere. And may not one of your own sex be treacherous to you?

Mary. No, Sir, I'm sure he was a man.

Den. Oh, the blackguard.

Mrs. B.

Mrs. B. Hold your tongue, do.

Pere. Listen to me, child; I would proffer you friendship for your own sake, for the sake of benevolence. When ages indeed are nearly equal, nature is prone to breath so warmly on the bosoms a friendship between the sexes, that the fruit is divine; but time's fair sun is scattering snow on my temple, while Hebe waves her freshest ringlet on your's; rely then on one who has numbered years sufficient to correct his passions, who has encounter'd difficultes enough to teach him sympathy; and who would stretch forth his hand to a wandering female and shelter her like a father.

Mary. (Weeps) Oh Sir, I do want protection sadly; indeed I am very miserable.

Pere. Come, do not droop; the cause of your distress perhaps it is trifling, but light gales of adversity will make a woman weep; a woman's tear falls like dew that zephyrs shake from roses, you' may confide in me.

Mary. I will, Sir, but (*Looking round.*)

Pere. Leave us a little, honest friends.

Den. Ahem! come, Mrs. Brulgruddery, let you and I pair off, my lambkin.

Mrs. B. (going) Ah! she's no better then she should be, I warrant her.

Den. By the powers she's well enough, tho' for all that.

(Exit DENNIS *and* WIFE.*)*

Pere. Now, sweet one, your name.

Mary. Mary, Sir.

Pere. What else?

Mary. Don't ask me that, sir; my poor father might be sorry if it was mentioned now.

Pere. Have you quitted your father then?

Mary. I left his house at day-break this morning, sir.

Pere. What is he?

Mary. A tradesman in the neighbouring town, sir.

Pere. Is he aware of your departure?

Mary. No, Sir.

Pere. And your mother?

Mary. I was very little when she died, sir.

Pere. Has your father since her death treated you with cruelty?

Mary. Oh, no; bless him, he is the kindest of fathers, sir, that ever breathed sir.

Pere

Pere. How must such a father be agonized by the loss of his child!

Mary. Pray, sir, don't talk of that.

Pere. Why did you fly from him?

Mary. Sir—I, I, I—but that's my story, sir.

Pere. Relate it then.

Mary. Yes, sir, You mus't know, sir, that there was a young gentleman in this neighbourhood that——O dear, sir, I am quite asham'd.

Pere. Come, child, I will release you from the embarrassment of narration; in a single word——love.

Mary. That's the beginning of it, sir; but a great deal happen'd after that.

Pere. And who is the hero of your story, my poor girl

Mary. The hero of——oh, I understand: he is much above me, in fortune, sir; to be sure I should have thought of that before he got such power over my heart, to make me so wretched, now he's deserted me.

Pere. He would have thought of that, had his own heart been generous.

Mary. He is reckon'd very generous, sir; he can afford to be so; when the old gentleman dies, he will have all the great family estate. I am going to the house now, sir.

Pere. For what purpose?

Mary. To try if I can see him for the last time, Sir; to tell him, I shall always pray for his happiness when I am far away from a place he has made it misery for me to abide in and beg him to give me a little supply of money now I am pennyless from home, to help me to London, where I may get into service, and where nobody will know me.

Pere. And what is his reason's child, for thus deserting you?

Mary. He sent me his reason's yesterday by letter, Sir; he is to be married next week to a lady of high fortune, his father, he says, insists on it; I know I am born below him. But after the oath's we plighted, heaven knows the news was a sad shock to me, I did not close my eyes all last night. My poor brain was burning, and as soon as day broke, I left the house of my dear father, whom I should tremble to look at, when he discovered my story, which I could not long conceal from him.

Pere. Poor lovely, heart broken innocent. O, wealthy despoilers of humble innocence! splendid murderers of virtue, who make your vices your boast, and fancy female ruin a feather in your cap of vanity, single out a victim you have abandoned and in your hours of death contemplate her, view her care worn, friendless and pennyless; hear her tale of sorrow, fraught with remorse; her want a hard world's scoffs, her parents anguish, then, if ye dare—look inward on your own bosoms, and see if they be conscience proof by your own thoughts—who is his father?

Mary. Sir Francis Rochdale, of the manor house hard by.

Pere. (*Surprised*) Indeed!

Mary. Perhaps you know him then, Sir.

Pere. I have heard of him, and on your account, shall visit him.

Mary. Oh, pray, Sir, take care what you do; if you should bring his son ill by mentioning me, I should never forgive myself.

Pere. Trust to my caution; promise only to remain in this house till I return from business, which calls me immediately, twelve miles hence; I will hasten back for your welfare, with more hope of success than your own weak means, poor simplicity, are like to effect: What say you?

Mary. I hardly know what to do, Sir; you seem good, and I am little able to help myself.

Pere. You consent then?

Mary. Yes, Sir.

Pere. (*Calling*) Landlord.

Enter Dennis *from the house,* Mrs B. *following:*

Den. Did you, call Sir? arrah, Mrs. Brulgruddery, you are peeping after the young woman yourself.

Mrs. B. I chuse it.

Pere. Prepare your room, good folks, and get the best accommodation you can for this young person.

Den. That I will, with all my heart and soul.

Mrs. B. (*Sulky*) I don't know as we have got any room at all, for my part.

Den. Whew! she's in her tantrums.

Mrs. B.

Mrs. B. People of repute can't let in young women found wandring on a heath, without knowing who's who, Sir. I have larn't the ways of the world.

Pere. So it seems, which too often teach you to overrate the little good you can do it, and to shut the door, when the distress'd intreat you to hold it open; but I have learnt the ways of the world too, (*taking out his purse*). I shall return in a few hours—provide all comforts you can; and here are a couple of guineas to send for any refreshments you have not in the house (*giving the money*).

Dennis. Mighty pretty handsel for the Red-cow!

Mrs. B. Lord, sir! if I thought you had been such a gentleman. Pray, Miss, walk in; your poor little feet must be quite wet and tired with our nasty roads. I beg pardon, sir; character is every thing, and I never lose sight of my credit.

Dennis. That you don't, till you see other people's money.

Pere. Go in, child; I shall soon be back again.

Mary. You will return then, sir?

Pere. Speedily, rely on me.

Mary. I will, I know I may; heaven bless you, sir.

Mrs. B. This way, Miss, this way. [*Exit Mrs. B. and Mary into house.*

Dennis. Long life to your honor for protecting that sweet crature; I'd like to do it myself by bushels.

Pere. Can you get me a guide to Penzance?

Dennis. Get you a guide! there's Dan, my servant, shall skip before you over the bogs like a grasshopper. Oh, by the power, my heart's full to see your generosity, and I owe you a favour in return: never do you call for any of my beer until I get a fresh tap. [*Exit into house.*

Pere. Now to my friend Thornberry, and to hasten back to interest myself in the cause of this unfortunate girl, for which many would call me inquisitive—many cry out shame. But fear not for the slacks nor the puritans; genuine nature and unsophisticated morality, that turn disgusted from the cooled adept in vice, have ever a reclaiming tear to shed on the children of error: then let sterner virtues, that allow no place for human frailty, stack on to paradise without me. The mild

associate of my journey thither shall be charity, and my pilgrimage to the shrine of mercy, will not, I trust, be the worst performed, for having assisted the weak in my way, who have stumbled in their progress.

Enter Dan.

Dau. I be ready, zur.

Pere. For what, friend?

Dan. Master says you be going to Penzance. If you be agreed, I'll keep you company.

Pere. Oh! the guide; you belong to the house.

Dan. Ee's zur, I'se enow to do; I be head ostler too, only we never had no horses nor customers.

Pere. The path, I fancy, is difficult to find; do you never deviate?

Dan. Na, zur, I always whistle.

Pere. Come on, friend; it seems a dreary rout—but how chearly the eye glances over the sterile tract, when the habitation of a benefactor, whom we are approaching to, lies in the perspective! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A library in the house of* Sir Simon Rochdale—*Books scattered on a writing-table—chairs, &c.*

Enter Tom Shuffleton.

Shuff. Nobody up yet! [*Enter* Servant] John, is it you; how do you do, John?

John. Thank your honour—I——

Shuff. Yes, you look so; Sir Simon Rochdale in bed! Mr. Rochdale not risen!—Well, no matter—I have travelled all night, tho', to be with them; how are they?

John. Sir—they are both——

Shuff. I'm glad to hear it; pay the post-boy for me.

John. Yes, Sir. I beg pardon, Sir, but when your honour left us——

Shuff. Owed you three pound five—I remember—have you

you down in my memorandums ; honourable Tom Shuffleton Dr. to—what's your name?

John. My christian, Sir, is——

Shuff. Muggins—I recollect. Pay the post-boy, Muggins, and hark'ye, take particular care of the chaise—I borrow'd it of my friend, Bobby Fungus, who sprung up a Peer in the last bundle of Barons; if a single knob is knocked out of his new coronet, he'll make me a sharper speech than ever he'll produce in Parliament——and, John——

John. Sir.

Shuff. What was I going to say?

John. Indeed, sir, I can't tell.

Shuff. No more can I; 'tis the fashion to be absent—that's the way I forgot your little bill; there, run along.

[*Exit* John.

I've the whirl of Bobby's chaise in my head still; cursed fatiguing, posting all night thro' Cornish roads, to obey the summons of friendship; convenient, in some respects, for all that. If all loungers, of slender revenues like mine, cou'd command a constant succession of invitations from men of estates in the country, how amazingly it would tend to the thinning of Bond-street! [*Throws himself into a chair, near the writing-table*] Let me see! what has Sir Simon been reading? "Burn's Justice"—True, the old man's reckoned the ablest magistrate in the county. He hasn't cut open the leaves, I see. "Chesterfield's Letters" Pooh! his system of education is extinct—Belcher the butcher's has superseded it. "Clarendon's history of"——

Enter Sir Simon Rochdale.

Sir Sim. Ah! my dear Tom Shuffleton!

Shuff. Baronet! how are you?

Sir Sim. Such expedition is kind now; you got my letter at Bath.

Shuff. Saw it was pressing, here I am—cut all engagements for you and came off like a shot.

Sir Sim. Thank you, thank you heartily.

Shuff. Left every thing at sixes and sevens.

Sir Sim. Gad! I'm sorry if——

Shuff. Don't apologize—nobody does now—left all my bills in the place unpaid.

Sir Sim. Bless me, I've made it monstrous inconvenient.

Shuff. Not a bit. I give you my honour I didn't find it inconvenient at all. How is Frank Rochdale?

Sir Sim. Why, my son isn't up yet, and, before he's stirring, do let me talk to you, my dear Tom Shuffleton. I have something near my heart, that———

Shuff. Don't talk about your heart, Baronet; feeling's quite out of fashion.

Sir Sim. Well then, I'm interested in———

Shuff. Aye, stick to that, we make a joke of the heart, now-a-day; but when a man mentions his interest, we know he is in earnest.

Sir Sim. Zounds! I am in earnest; let me spaek, and call my motives what you will.

Shuff. Speak, but don't be in a passion; we are always cool at the clubs; the constant habit of ruining one another teaches us temper. Explain—

Sir Sim. Well, I will. You know, my dear Tom, how much I admire your proficiency in the *new school* of breeding; you are what I call, one of the highest finished fellows of the present day.

Shuff. Pshaw! Baronet, you flatter.

Sir Sim. No, I don't only in extolling the newest fashion'd manners and morals, I'm sometimes puzzled by the plain gentleman, who listened to me, here in the country, most consumedly,

Shuff. I don't doubt it.

Sir Sim. Why 'twas but t'other morning I was harranguing all Sir Noah Starchington in my library, and explaining to him the shining qualities of a dasher for the year 1803, and what do you think he did?

Shuff. Fell asleep.

Sir Sim. No; he pull'd down an English Dictionary, when (if you believe me he found my definition of stylish living under the word "Involvency," a fighting crop turned out a "dock'd bull-dog" and modern gallantry, "adultery and seduction."

Shuff. Noah Starchington is a damn'd old twaddler, but the

the fact is, Baronet, we improve; we have voted many qualities to be virtues now, that we never thought of calling virtues formerly. The rising generation want a new dictionary damnably.

Sir Sim. Deplorably, indeed! you can't think my dear Tom, what a scurvy figure you and the dashing fellows of your kidney, made in the old ones: but you have great influence over my son Frank, and I want you to exert it; you are his intimate, you come here, and pass two or three months at a time, you know.

Shuff. Yes, this is a pleasant house.

Sir Sim. You ride his horses, as if they were your own.

Shuff. Yes, he keeps a good stable.

Sir Sim. You drink our claret with him, till his head aches.

Shuff. Your's is famous claret, Baronet.

Sir Sim. You worm out his secrets; you win his money; you—in short—you are——

Shuff. His friend, according to the next new dictionary, that's what you mean, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. Exactly! but let me explain. Frank, if he does'nt play the fool, and spoil all, he is going to be married,

Shuff. To how much?——

Sir Sim. Damn it, now, how like a modern man of the world that is! formerly they would have ask'd, to *who*?

Shuff. We never do, now; fortune's every thing; we say a good match at the west end of the town, as they say "a good man" in the city—the phrase refers merely to money; is she rich.

Sir Sim. Four thousand a year.

Shuff. What a devilish desirable woman! Frank's a happy dog!

Sir Sim. He's a miserable puppy! he has no more notion, my dear Tom, of a modern "good match," than Eve had of pin money.

Shuff. What are his objections to it?

Sir Sim. I have smoked 'em; but he doesn't know that, a silly sly amour in another quarter.

Shuff. An amour! that's a very unfashionable reason for declining matrimony.

Sir Sim. You know his romantic flights; the blockhead, I believe,

believe, is so attached, I shou'dn't wonder if he flew off at a tangent, and married the girl that's bewitched him.

Shuff. Who is she?

Sir Sim. She—hem—she lives with her father in Penzance.

Shuff. And who is he?

Sir Sim. He! upon my soul I am ashamed to tell you.

Shuff. Don't be ashamed—we never blush at any thing in the new school.

Sir Sim. Damn me, my dear Tom, if he is'nt a brazier!

Shuff. The devil!

Sir Sim. A dealer in kitchen candlesticks, coal-skuttles, coppers, and cauldrons.

Shuff. And is the girl pretty?

Sir Sim. So they tell me—a plump little devil, as round as a tea-kettle.

Shuff. I'll be after the brazier's daughter to-morrow.

Sir Sim. You have weight with him; talk to him, my dear Tom; reason with him; try your power, Tom, do.

Shuff. I don't much like plotting with the father against the son—that's reversing the *new school*, Baronet.

Sir Sim. But it will serve Frank, it will serve *me*, who wish to serve *you*; and to prove that I do wish it, I have been keeping something in embryo for you, my dear Tom Shuffleton, against your arrival.

Shuff. For me?

Sir Sim. When you were last leaving us, if you recollect, you mentioned in a kind of way a—a sort of an intimation of an odd five hundred.

Shuff. Did I? I believe I might.—When I intend to raise money, I always give my friends the preference.

Sir Sim. I told you, I was out of cash then, I remember.

Shuff. Yes, that's just what I told you, I remember.

Sir Sim. I have the sum floating by me now, and much at your service [*presenting it*]

Shuff. Why, as it's laying idle, Baronet, I, I don't much care if I employ it. [*taking it.*]

Sir Sim. Use your interest with Frank, now.

Shuff. Rely on me; shall I give you my note?

Sir Sim.

Sir Sim. No, my dear Tom, that's an unnecessary trouble.

Shuff. Why, that's true—with one who knows me so well as you.

Sir Sim. Your verbal promise to pay is quite as good.

Shuff. I'll see if Frank's stirring. [*Going.*

Sir Sim. And I must talk to my steward.

Shuff. Baronet.

Sir Sim. Eh!

Shuff. Pray, do you employ the phrase, "Verbal promise to pay," according to the reading of old dictionaries, or, as it's the fashion to use it at present?

Sir Sim. Oh, damn it, choose your own reading, and I'm content. [*Exeunt* Shuffleton *and* Sir Simon.

SCENE II.—*A Dressing Room.*

Frank Rochdale *writing*, Valet *attending.*

Frank. (*Throwing down the pen*) It don't signify, I cannot write—I blot and tear, and tear and blot—come here, Williams, do; let me hear you, once more—why the devil don't you come here.

Valt. I *am* here, sir.

Frank. Well, well, my good fellow, tell me—you found means to deliver her the letter yesterday?

Valet. Yes, sir.

Frank. And she read it, and—did you say, she—was very much affected, when she read it.

Valet. I told you last night, sir, she looked quite death struck, as I may say.

Frank. (*much affected*) Did—did she weep—Williams?

Valet. No, sir; but I did afterwards; I don't know what ail'd me, but when I got out of the house, I'll be hanged if I didn't cry like a child.

Frank. You are an honest fellow, Williams—(*a knock at the door*)—See who is at the door. [Williams *opens the door,* a Servant *enters.*

Valet. Well, what's the matter?

Servant. There's a man in the porter's lodge says he won't go away without speaking to Mr. Francis.

Frank.

Frank. See who it is, Williams; send him to me, if necessary, but don't let me be teazed without occasion.

Valet. I'll take care, sir. [*Exit* Williams *and* Servant.

Frank. Must I marry this woman, whom my father has chosen for me, whom I expect here to-morrow: and must I, then, be told 'tis criminal to love my poor deserted Mary, because our hearts are illicitly attached? illicit for the heart—fine phraseology! Nature disown the restriction. I cannot smother her dictates with the policy of governments, or fall in or out of love, as the law directs——

Enter Dennis Brulgruddery.

Well, friend, who do you come from?

Den. I came from the Red-cow, sir.

Frank. The Red-cow.

Den. Yes, sir, upon Mucklush Heath, hard by your honor's father's house, here. I'll be proud of your custom, and all the good looking family's.

Frank. (impatiently) Well, well, your business?

Den. That's what the porter ax'd me; "tell me your business, honest man," says he. "I'll see you damn'd first, sir," says I. "I'll tell your betters, and that's Mr. Francis Rochdale, esquire."

Frank. Zounds, then, why don't you tell it: I am Mr. Francis Rochdale; who the devil sent you here?

Den. Troth, sir, it was good nature whispered me to come to your honor—but, I believe, I've disremembered her directions, for damn the bit do you seem acquainted with her.

Frank. Well, my good friend, I don't mean to be violent; only be so good as to explain your business.

Den. Och, with all the pleasure in life; give me good words, and I'm as aisy as an ould glove; but, bite off my nose with mustard, and have at you with pepper, that's my way—there's a crature at my house—she's crying her eyes out—and she won't get such another pair at the Red-cow; for I've left nobody with her but Mrs. Brulgruddery.

Frank. With her, with who! who are you talking of?

Den. I'd like to know her name myself, sir, but I have heard but half of it—and that's Mary.

Frank.

Frank. Mary! can it be she? wandering on a heath! seeking refuge in a wretched hovel.

Den. A hovel! oh, fye, for shame of yourself, to misbecall a genteel tavern! I'd have you to know, my parlour is clean sanded once a week.

Frank. Tell me directly, what brought her to your house?

Den. By my shoul, it was Adam's own carriage! a ten-toed machine, the hay-makers keep in Ireland.

Frank. Damn it, fellow, don't trifle, but tell your story, and if you can, intelligibly.

Dennis. Don't be bothering my brains, then, or you'll get it as clear as mud; shure the young crature can't fly away from the Red-cow, while I'm explaining you the rights on't; didn't she promise the gentleman to stay till he came back.

Frank. Promis'd a gentleman! who is that gentleman?

Dennis. Arrah, now, where did you larn manners? wou'd you ax a customer his birth, parentage, and education—— "Heaven bless you, sir, you'll come back again," says she, "That's what I will; before you can say parsnips, my "darling," says he.

Frank. Damnation! what does this mean; explain your errand clearly, you scoundrel, or———

Dennis. Scoundrel! don't be after affronting a housekeeper: hav'n't I a sign at my door, three pigs, a wife, and a man servant!

Frank. Well, go on.

Dennis. Damn the word more will I tell you.

Frank. Why, you infernal———

Dennis. Och, be aisy! see what you get now, by affronting Mr. Dennis Brulgruddery (*searching his pockets*) I'd have talked for an hour, if you had kept a civil tongue in your head; but, now, you may read the letter.

Frank. A letter! stupid booby! why didn't you give it me at first. Yes; it is her hand. [*Kisses the letter and opens it.*

Dennis. Stupid! if you're so fond of letters, you might larn to behave yourself to the postman.

Frank.

Frank. (*Reading and agitated*) "Not going to upbraid you"—"cou'dn't rest at my father's"—"trifling assistance"—oh, heavens, does she want sssistance—"the gentleman who has befriended me"—damnation! the gentleman,—"your unhappy Mary." Scoundrel that I am! what is she suffering? But who—who is this gentleman? no matter, she is distress'd, heart breaking! and I, who have been the cause——I who——here, (*running to the writing table, and opening a drawer*) run, fly, dispatch.

Dennis. He's mad.

Frank. Say I will be at your house myself; remember, positively come, or send, in the course of the day. In the mean time take this, and give it to the person who sent you. [*Giving a purse, which he has taken from the drawer.*

Dennis. A purse, faith! I'll take it; do you know how much is in the inside?

Frank. Pshaw; no matter.

Dennis. Troth, now, if I had trusted a big purse to a stranger, they'd have called it a bit of a bull—but let you and I count it between us—(*pouring the money on the table*)—For, damn him, says I, who wou'd cheat a poor girl in distress, of the value of a rap—one, two, three, &c. [*Counting.*

Frank. Worthy, honest fellow.

Dennis. (*Counting*) Eleven, twelve, thirteen.

Frank. I'll be the making of your house, my good fellow.

Dennis. Damn the Red-cow—Sir, you put me out—— Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen—Nineteen fat yellow boys, and a seven shilling piece; tell 'em yourself, sir, then chalk them up over the chimney-piece, else you'll forget, you know.

Frank. O friend, when honesty, so palpably natural as yours, keeps the account, I care not for my arithmetic; fly, now; bid the servants give you any refreshments you choose; then hasten to execute your commission.

Dennis. Thank your honour; good luck to you; I'll taste the beer—but, by my soul, if the butler comes the Red-cow over me, I'll tell him I know sweet from sour. [*Exit Dennis.*

Frank. Let me read her letter once more—*(reads)*—"I am not going to upbraid you; but after I got your "letter, I cou'dn't rest at my father's, where once I "knew happiness and innocence. I wished to have "taken a last leave of you, and to beg a trifling assist-"ance—but the gentleman who has befriended me in "my wanderings, wou'd not suffer me to do so; yet, I "cou'd not help writing, to tell you, I am quitting this "neighbourhood for ever. That you may never know a "moment's sorrow, will always be the prayer of your "unhappy Mary." My mind is hell to me! Love, sorrow, remorse, and—yes, and jealousy, all distract me—and no counsellor to advise with! no friend to whom I may say———

Enter Tom Shuffleton.

Tom Shuffleton, you never ent'red more apropos in your life.

Shuff. That's what the women always say to me. I've rumbled on the road, all night, Frank; my bones ache, my head's muzzy, and we'll drink two bottles of claret a-piece, after dinner, to enliven us.

Frank. You seem in spirits, Tom, I think, now.

Shuff. Yes; I have had a windfall—five hundred pounds.

Frank. A legacy?

Shuff. No; the patient survives, who was sick of his money: 'tis a loan from a friend.

Frank. 'Twou'd be a pity, then, Tom, if the patient experienced improper treatment.

Shuff. Why, that's true; but his case is so rare, that it isn't well understood, I believe; curse me, my dear Frank, if the disease of lending is epidemic.

Frank. But the disease of trying to borrow, my dear Tom, I am afraid, is——

Shuff. Very prevalent, indeed, at the West end of the town.

Frank. And as dangerous, Tom, as the small pox; they shou'd inoculate for it.

Shuff. That wou'dn't be a bad scheme; but I took it naturally—Pshaw! damn it, don't shake your head——

mine's but a mere *façon de parler*, just as we talk to one another about our coats—we never say, "who's your taylor?" we always ask, "who suffers?"—what ails you? you look low.

Frank. Because I *am* low: and I cannot assume ease, when my mind is oppress'd.

Shuff. Your father tells me you are going to be married. I give you joy.

Frank. Joy! I have known nothing but torment and misery, since this cursed marriage has been in agitation.

Shuff. Umph!—marriage was a weighty affair, formerly, so was a family coach; but domestic duties now, are like town chariots—they must be made light to be fashionable.

Frank. Oh, do not trifle; by acceding to this match, in obedience to my father, I leave to all the pangs of remorse and disappointed love, a helpless humble girl, and rend the fibres of a generous, but too credulous heart, by cancelling, like a villain, the oaths with which I won it.

Shuff. I understand; a snug thing in the country: your wife, they tell me, will have four thousand a year.

Frank. What has that to do with sentiment?

Shuff. I don't know what you may think, but if a man said to me plump, "Sir, I am very fond of four thousand a year," I should say, "Sir, I applaud your sentiment highly."

Frank. But how does he act, who offers his hand to one woman, at the very time his heart is engaged to another?

Shuff. He offers a great sacrifice.

Frank. And where is the reparation to the unfortunate he has deserted.

Shuff. An annuity; a great many unfortunates sport a stilish carriage, up and down St. James's-street, upon such a provision.

Frank. An annuity flowing from the fortune, I suppose, of the woman I marry: is that delicate?

Shuff. It's convenient—we liquidate debts of play and usury from the same resource.

Frank. And call a crowd of Jews and gentlemen gamesters

sters together, to be settled with, during the debtors honey moon.

Shuff. No, damn it, it wou'dn't be fair to jumble the Jews into the same room with our gaming acquaintance.

Frank. Why so?

Shuff. Because, twenty to one, the first half creditors would begin dunning the other.

Frank. Nay, for once in your life, be serious; read this, which has wrung my heart, and repose it as a secret, in your own.

Shuff. (*glancing it over*) A pretty little crow quill kind of a hand—"*happiness*"—"*innocence*"—"*trifling assistance*"—"*gentleman befriended me*"—"*unhappy Mary.*" Yes, I see (*returning it*) she wants money, but has got a new friend — the style neat, but the subject isn't original.

Frank. Will you serve me at this crisis?

Shuff. Certainly.

Frank. I wish you to see my poor Mary in the course of the day; will you talk to her?

Shuff. Oh, yes, I'll talk to her. Where is she to be seen?

Frank. She writes, you see, that she has abruptly left her father—and I learn, by the messenger, that she is now in a miserable, retired house on the neighbouring heath—that mus'n't deter you from going.

Shuff. Me, oh dear, no—I'm used to it; I don't care how retired the house is.

Frank. Come down to my father, to breakfast. I will tell you afterwards all I wish you to execute. Oh, Tom, this business has unhinged me for society. Rigid morality, after all, is the best coat of mail for the conscience.

Shuff. Our ancestors, who wore mail, admired it amazingly; but to mix in the gay world, with their rigid morality, wou'd be as singular as stalking into a dining room in their armour; for dissipation is now the fashionable habit, with which, like a brown coat, a man goes into company, to avoid being stared at. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An apartment in* Job Thornberry's—*table and chairs—his coat and waistcoat across a chair.*

Enter Job *in a night-gown, and* Bur.

Bur. Don't take on so, don't you now; pray listen to reason.

Job. I won't.

Bur. Pray do.

Job. I won't; reason bids me love my child and help my friend—what's the consequence? my friend has run one way, and broke my trade, my daughter has run another, and broke my————no, she shall never have it to say she broke my heart; if I hang myself for grief, she sha'n't know she made me.

Bur. Well, but master——

Job. And reason told me to take you into my shop, when the fat church-wardens starved you at the work-house; damn their want of feeling for it! and you were thumped about, a poor unoffending ragged-rumped boy as you were. I wonder you hav'n't run away from me too.

Bur. That's the first real unkind word you ever said to me——I have sprinkled your shop two and twenty years, and never miss'd a morning.

Job. The bailiffs are below, clearing the goods: you won't have the trouble any longer.

Bur. Trouble——look'ye, old Job Thornberry.

Job. Well, what, are you going to be saucy to me, now I am ruined?

Bur. Don't say one cutting thing after another; you have been as noted all round our town for being a kind man, as being a blunt one——

Job. Blunt or sharp, I've been honest; let them look at my ledger, they'll find it right; I began upon a little—I made that little great by industry; I never cringed to a customer, to get him into my books, that I might hamper him with an overcharged bill for long credit; I earned my fair profits, I paid my fair way, I break by the treachery of a friend, and my first dividend will be seventeen shillings

lings in the pound—I wish ev'ry tradesman in England may clap his hand on his heart, and say as much, when he asks a creditor to sign his certificate.

Bur. 'Twas I kept your ledger at the time.

Job. I know you did.

Bur. From the time you took me out of the work-house.

Job. Pshaw, rot the work-house.

Bur. You never mentioned it yourself till to-day.

Job. I said it in a hurry.

Bur. And I have always remembered it at leisure: I don't want to brag, but hope I have been found faithful: it's rather hard to tell poor John Bur, the work-house boy, after cloathing, feeding, and making him your man of trust for two and twenty years, that you wonder he don't run away from you, now you're in trouble.

Job. (affected) John, I beg your pardon. [*stretching out his hand.*

Bur. Don't say a word more about it.

Job. I——

Bur. Pray now, master, don't say any more: come, be a man, get on your things, and face the bailiffs that are rumaging the goods.

Job. I can't, John, I can't; my heart's heavier than all the brass and iron in my shop.

Bur. Pray, consider what confusion—pluck up a spirit, do, now.

Job. Well, I'll try.

Bur. Aye, that's right——here's your cloaths; they'll play the devil with all the pots and pans, if you ar'nt bye; why, I'll warrant you'll do: bless you, what should ail you?

Job. Ail me! do you go and get a daughter, John Bur, then let her run away from you, and you'll know what ails me.

Bur. Come, here's your coat and waistcoat—*(going to help him on with it)*—this is the waistcoat young mistress worked with her own hands for your birth-day four years ago; come, get into it as quick as you can.

Job. (throwing it on the floor violently) I'd as leave

get into my coffin:—she'll have me there soon—Pshaw, rot it, I'm going to snivel. Bur, go get me another.

Bur. Are you sure you won't put it on?

Job. No, I won't—*(Bur pauses)*—no, I tell you——

[*Exit* Bur.

How proud I was of that waistcoat five years ago—I little thought what wou'd happen now—when I sat in it at the top of my table, with all my neighbours to celebrate the day—there was Collop on one side of me, and his wife on the other; and my daughter Mary sat at the further end, smiling so sweetly, like an artful—good—for—nothing——I shou'dn't like to throw away a waistcoat neither. I may as well put it on; yes, it wou'd be poor spite not to put it on—*(putting his arm into it)*—she's breaking my heart, but I'll wear it; I'll wear it—*(buttoning as he speaks, and crying involuntarily)*—it's my child's——she's undutiful—ungrateful—barbarous——but she's my child, and she will never work me another.

Re-enter Bur.

Bur. Here's another waistcoat, but it has laid so long, I think it damp.

Job. I was thinking so myself, Bur, and so——

Bur. Eh! what, you've got on the old one—well, now I declare I'm glad of that—here's your coat—'sbobs, this waistcoat feels a little damp about the top of the bosom.

Job. (confused) Never mind, Bur, never mind, a little water has dropt on it, but it won't give me cold, I believe. [*Voices behind.*

Bur. They are playing up old Harry below; I'll run and see what's the matter—make haste after me, do now.

[*Exit* Bur.

Job. I don't care for my bankruptcy now; I can face my creditors, like an honest man, and I can crawl to my grave afterwards, as poor as a church mouse; what does it signify! Job Thornberry has no reason now to wish himself worth a groat—the old ironmonger and brazier has nobody to hoard his money for now: I was only saving for my daughter, and she has run away from her doating, foolish father, and struck down my heart flat—flat——

Enter Peregrine.

Well, who are you?

Pere. A friend.

Job. Then I'm sorry to see you; I have just been ruined by a friend, and never wish to have another friend again as long as I live; no, nor any ungrateful—undutiful———Poh—I don't recollect your face.

Pere. Climate and years have been at work upon it. While Europeans are scorching under an Indian sun, time is doubly busy in fanning their features with his wings—But, do you remember no trace of me?

Job. No, I tell you; if you have any thing to say, say it; I have something to settle below with my daughter—I mean, with the people in the shop; they are impatient, and the morning has run half away before she knew I shou'd be up—I mean, before I had time to put on my coat and waistcoat—she gave me—I mean—I mean—if you have any business, tell it at once.

Pere. I will tell it at once—you seem agitated—the harpies, whom I passed in your shop, informed me of your sudden misfortune; but do not despond yet.

Job. Aye, I'm going to be a bankrupt—but that don't signify—go on, it isn't that—they'll find all fair, but, go on.

Pere. I will, 'tis just 30 years ago since I left England.

Job. That's a little after the time I set up in the hardware business.

Pere. About that time, a lad of fifteen years entered your shop, he had the appearance of a gentleman's son, and told you, he had heard, by accident, as he was wandering through the streets of Penzance, some of your neighbours speak of Job Thornberry's goodness to persons in distress.

Job. I believe he told a lie there.

Pere. Not in that instance, though he did in another.

Job. I remember him, he was a fine bluff boy.

Pere. He had lost his parents, he said, and destitute of friends, money, and food, was making his way to the next port, to offer himself to any vessel that wou'd take him on board, that he might work his way, and seek a livelihood.

Job.

Job. Yes, yes, he did; I remember it.

Pere. You may remember too, when the boy had finished his tale of distress, you put ten guineas in his hand; they were the first earnings of your trade, you told him, they cou'd not be laid out to better advantage than in relieving a helpless orphan—and giving him a letter of recommendation to a sea captain at Falmouth, you wished him good spirits and prosperity—he left you, with a promise, that if fortune ever smiled upon him, you shou'd one day hear news of Peregrine.

Job. Ah, poor fellow, poor Peregrine: he was a pretty boy; I shou'd like to hear of him, I own.

Pere. I am that Peregrine.

Job. Eh! what! you are—No, let me look at you again—are you that pretty boy, that——bless us, how you're altered!

Pere. I have endured many hardships since I saw you, many turns of fortune; but I deceived you; it was the cunning of a truant lad, when I told you, I had lost my parents; from a romantic folly, the growth of boyish years, I had fixed my fancy on being a sailor, and had run away from my father.

Job. (with great emotion) Run away from your father! If I had known that, I'd have horsewhipt you within an inch of your life.

Pere. Had you known it, you had done right, perhaps.

Job. Right! Ah, you don't know what it is for a child to run away from a father; rot me if I wou'dn't have sent you back to him, tied neck and heels, in the basket of the stage coach.

Pere. I have had my compunctions; have express'd them by letter to my father; but I fear my penitence had no effect.

Job. Serv'd you right.

Pere Having no answers from him, he died, I fear, without forgiving me. *[sighing.*

Job. (starting) What, died, without forgiving his child! come, that's too much; I wou'dn't have done that, neither: but, go on—I hope you have been prosperous—but you shou'dn't—you shou'dn't have quitted your father.

Pere. I acknowledge it; yet I have seen prosperity, though

though I have traversed many countries, on my outset, in pain and poverty; chance, at length, raised me a friend in India, by whose interest, and my own industry, I raised considerable wealth, in the factory at Calcutta.

Job. And have just landed it, I suppose, in England.

Pere. I landed one hundred pounds, last night, in my purse, as I swam from the Indiaman, which was splitting on a rock, half a league from the neighbouring shore: as for the rest of my property, bills, bonds, cash, jewels, the whole amount of my toil and application, are, by this time, I doubt not, gone to the bottom; and Peregrine is returned, after thirty years, to pay his debt to you, almost as poor as he left you.

Job. I won't touch a penny of your hundred pounds, not a penny.

Pere. I do not desire you, I only desire you to take your own.

Job. My own!

Pere. Yes. I plunged with this box into the waves; you see it has your name on it.

Job. "Job Thornberry," sure enough—and what's in it?

Pere. The harvest of a kind man's charity; the produce of your bounty to one whom you thought an orphan; I have traded these twenty years on ten guineas, which, from the first, I had set apart as yours, till they have become ten thousand. Take it; I could not, I find, come more opportunely: your honest heart gratified itself in administering to my need; and I experience that burst of pleasure a grateful man enjoys in relieving my reliever.

[*giving him the box.*

Job. (*Squeezes Peregrine's hand, returns the box, and seems almost unable to utter*) Take it again.

Pere. Why do you reject it?

Job. I'll tell you as soon as I am able—'T'other day I lent a friend——Pshaw, rot it: I'm an old fool—(*wiping his eyes*)—I lent a friend t'other day, the whole profits of my trade, to save him from sinking; he walked off with them, and made me a bankrupt—don't you think he's a rascal?

Pere. Decidedly so.

Job. And what shou'd I be, if I took all you have saved in the world, and left you to shift for yourself.

Pere. But the case is different; this money is, in fact, your own; I am inured to hardships, better able to bear them, and am younger than you—perhaps, too, I have ——shall have prospects of——

Job. I won't take it; I am as thankful to you as if I left you to starve, but I won't take it.

Pere. Remember too, you have claims upon you, which I have not—my guide, as I came hither, said you had married in my absence: 'tis true, he told me you were now a widower; but it seems, you have a daughter to provide for.

Job. I have no daughter to provide for now.

Pere. Then he misinformed me.

Job. No, he didn't; I had one last night, but she's gone.

Pere. Gone!

Job. Yes, gone to sea, for what I know, as you did; run away from a good father, as you did; this is a morning to remember; my daughter has run out, and the bailiffs have run in; I sha'nt soon forget the day of the month.

Pere. This morning, did you say?

Job. Aye, before day-break—a hard-hearted, base——

Pere. And could she leave you, during the derangement of your affairs?

Job. She didn't know what was going to happen, poor soul: I wish she had now. I don't think my Mary wou'd have left her old father in the midst of his misfortunes.

Pere. (aside) Mary—it must be she! What is the demands upon you?

Job. Six thousand—but I don't mind that; the goods nearly cover it: let them take them; damn the gridirons and warming-pans! I could begin again, but now Mary's gone, I hav'n't the heart; but I shall hit upon something.

Pere. Let me make a proposal to you, my old friend—permit me to settle with the officers, and to clear all demands upon you; make it a debt, if you please—I will have a hold, if it must be so, on your future profits in trade; but do this, and I promise to restore your daughter to you.

Job. What, bring back my child! do you know where she is? is she safe, is she far off—is——

Pere. Will you receive the money?

Job. Yes, yes, on those terms, on those conditions—but where is Mary?

Pere. Patience, I must not tell you yet; but in four-and-twenty hours, I pledge myself to bring her back to you.

Job. What, here! to her father's house, and safe: oh, 'sbud, when I see her safe, what a thund'ring passion I'll be in with her; but you are not deceiving me; you know, the first time you came into my shop, what a bouncer you told me, when you were a boy.

Pere. Believe me, I wou'd not trifle with you, now; come, come down to your shop, that we may rid it of its present visitants.

Job. I believe you drop'd from the clouds, all on a sudden, to comfort an old broken-hearted brazier.

Pere. I rejoice, my honest friend, that I arrived at so critical a juncture; and if the hand of Providence be in it, 'tis because heaven ordains, that benevolent actions, like yours, sooner or later, must ever meet their recompence.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Sir Simon Rochdale's *Library.*

Enter Sir Simon *and* Lord Fitzbraymore.

Sir. Sim. Believe me, my lord, the man I wished most to meet in my library this morning was the Earl of Fitzbarymore.

L. Fitz. Thank you, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. Your arrival a day before your promise gives us such convenient leisure to talk over the arrangements relative to the marriage of Lady Caroline Braymore, your lordship's daughter, with my son.

L. Fitz. True, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. Then, while my Lady Caroline is at her toilet, we'll dash into business at once—for I know your lordship is a man of few words: they tell me, my lord, you have

sat

sat in the Upper House, and said nothing but aye and no, there, for these 30 years.

L. Fitz. I spoke for more than a minute, in the year of the influenza.

Sir Sim. Bless me! the epidemic, perhaps, raging among the Members at the moment?

L. Fitz. Yes, they cough'd so loud, I left off in the middle.

Sir Sim. And you never attempted again?

L. *Fitz.* I hate to talk much, Sir Simon, 'tis my way, tho' several don't like it.

Sir Sim. I do consider it as a mark of your lordship's discretion—the less you say, my lord, in my mind, the wiser you are; and, I have often thought it a pity, that some noble orators hav'n't followed your example. But, here are the writings—*(sitting down with* Lord Fitzbraymore, *and taking them from the table)*—We must wave ceremony, my Lord; for all this pile of parchment, on the independent four thousand a year of your daughter Lady Caroline Braymore on one hand, and your lordship's incumbrances on the other.

L. Fitz. I have saddles on my property, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. Which saddles, your lordship's property being uncommonly small, look something like sixteen stone upon a poney—the Fitzbraymore's estate for an Earl is deplorably narrow.

L. Fitz. Yet it has given security for a large debt.

Sir Sim. Large, indeed; I can't think how you have contrived it—'tis the Archbishop of Brobdignag thrust into Tom Thumb's pantaloons.

L. Fitz. Mine is the oldest estate in England, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. If we may judge of age by decay, my Lord, it must be very ancient, indeed—But this goes to something in the shape of supplies—*(untying the papers)*—"Covenant between Augustus Julius Braymore, Earl of Fitzbraymore, of Cullendar Castle, in the county of Cumberland, and Simon Rochdale, Baronet, of Holly-hock-House, in the county of Cornwall"——By the bye, my Lord, considering what an expence attends that castle, which is at your own disposal—and that, if the Auctioneer,

don't

don't knock it down, the weather soon will, I wonder what has prevented your lordship's bringing it to the hammer.

L. Fitz. The dignity of my ancestors, Sir Simon—I have noble blood in my family. [*proudly.*

Sir Sim. A deal of excellent blood, my Lord: but, from the butler down to the house dog, curse me if ever I saw so little flesh in a family before—by this covenant—

L. Fitz. You clear off the largest mortgage.

Sir Sim. Right: for which purpose, on the day of the young folks marriage——

L. Fitz. You pay me down forty thousand pounds.

Sir Sim. Right again: Your lordship speaks but little, but 'tis terribly plump to the point: indeed, my Lord, here is the covenant—and now will your lordship look over the marriage articles?

L. Fitz. My attorney will be here to-morrow, Sir Simon. I prefer reading by deputy—[*Both rise*]—many people of rank, Sir Simon, read the same way.

Sir Sim. And your lordship will receive the forty thousand pounds I am to pay your lordship, the same way.

L. Fitz. I seldom swear, Sir Simon, but dam'me if I do.

Sir Sim. I believe you are right; yet, there are two reasons for not trusting an Attorney with your money; one is, when you don't know him, and the other is, when you do—and now, since the marriage articles are concluded, I may say, in the families, may I take the liberty of asking, my Lord, what sort of a wife my son Frank is to expect in Lady Caroline? Frank is rather of a grave domestic turn: Lady Caroline, it seems, has past the three last winters in London; did her ladyship enter into ALL the spirit of the first circles?

L. Fitz. She was as gay as a lark, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. Was she like a lark in her hours, my Lord?

L. Fitz. A great deal more like the owl, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. I thought so; then Frank's mornings, in London, will begin where her ladyship's nights finish. But this case won't be very singular—many couples make the marriage bed a kind of cold matrimonial well, and the two family buckets dip in it alternately.

Enter Lady Caroline Braymore.

Lady C. Do I interrupt business?

Sir Sim. Not in the least; pray, Lady Caroline, come in; his Lordship and I have just concluded.

L. Fitz. And I must go and take my three miles walk, this morning.

Sir Sim. Must you, my Lord?

L. Fitz. Yes, my physician prescribed, when I told him I was apt to be dull after dinner.

Sir Sim. I would attend you, my Lord, but, since Lady Caroline favours me with———

Lady C. No, no, don't mind me; I assure you I had much rather you would go.

Sir Sim. Had you, hum! but the petticoats have their new school of manners too, they tell me—*(aside)*—Well, we are gone; we have been glancing over the writings, Lady Caroline, that form the basis of my son's happiness: tho' his Lordship isn't inclined to read—

Lady C. But I am: I came here to study deeply, before dinner.

Sir Sim. What, would your Ladyship then wish to——

[*shews the parchment.*

Lady C. To read that, my dear Sir Simon! all that Hebrew, upon parchment as thick as a board—I came to see if you had any of the last new Novels in your book-room.

Sir Sim. "The last Novels!"—most of the female new school are ghost-bitten, they tell me—*(aside)*—There's Fielding's Works: and you'll find Tom Jones, you know.

Lady C. Pshaw, that's such a hack.

Sir Sim. A hack, Lady Caroline, that the knowing one's have warranted sound.

Lady C. But what do you think of those that have had such a run lately?

Sir Sim. Why, I think most of them have run too much, and want firing—Come, my Lord, I attend you.

[*Exit* Sir Simon *and* Lord Fitzbraymore.

Lady C. I shall die of *ennui* in this moping Manor House! Shall I read to-day? no, I'll walk—no, I'll——

yes,

yes, I'll read first, and walk afterwards——Pope—[*rings a bell, and takes a book*]——Come, as there are no Novels, this may be tolerable; this is the most TRISTE House I ever was in——[*sits and reads*]—

"In these deep solitudes, and awful cells,
"Where heavenly pensive——"

Enter Servant.

Serv. Did you ring, my Lady?

Lady C. ——"Contemplation dwells,"——Sir; oh, yes, I should like to walk—is it damp under foot?

"And ever musing"——

Serv. There has been a good deal of rain to-day, my Lady.

Lady C. ——"Melancholy reigns."

Serv. My Lady.

Lady C. Pray, sir, run out, and bring me word, if it's wet or dry?

Serv. Yes, my Lady. [*Exit.*

Lady C. This settling of marriage is a strange business!

"What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins."

Tom Shuffleton *without.*

Bid the groom lead the horse in the avenue, and I'll come to him—I left my hat in the library.

Lady C. Company in the house—some Cornish 'squire, I suppose. [*reads*]

Enter Tom Shuffleton, *speaking while entering.*

Lady C.—[*Reading, with her back to* Shuffleton]——

"Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose."

Serv. What horse will you have saddled, Sir?

Shuff. Sly boots. [*Exit* Servant.

Lady C. "That well-known name awakens all my "woes."

Shuff. Lady Caroline Braymore!

Lady C. Mr. Shuffleton! Lard! What can bring you into Cornwall?

Shuff. Sympathy, which generally brought me near your Ladyship in London, at least for these three Winters.

Lady C. Pshaw, but seriously.

Shuff. I was summoned by friendship—I am consulted on all essential points in this family—and Frank Rochdale is going to be married.

Lady C. Then you know to whom?

Shuff. No; not thinking that an essential point, I forgot to ask. He kneels at the pedestal of a rich shrine, and I didn't enquire about the statue. But, my dear Lady Caroline, what has brought you into Cornwall?

Lady C. Me! I'm the statue.

Shuff. You!

Lady C. Yes; I've walk'd off my pedestal, to be worshipped at the Land's End.

Shuff. You to be married to Frank Rochdale!—oh, Lady Caroline, what then is to become of me?

Lady C. Oh, Mr. Shuffleton, not thinking that an essential point, I forgot to ask.

Shuff. Pshaw! now you are laughing at me, but upon my soul, I shall turn traitor—take advantage of the confidence reposed in me by my friend, and endeavour to supplant him.

Lady C. What do you think he would say to such duplicity of conduct?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Very dirty, indeed, my Lady. [*Exit.*

Shuff. That infernal footman has been listening; I'll kick him round his master's park.

Lady C. 'Tis lucky then you're booted, for you hear, he says, 'tis very dirty there.

Shuff. Was that the meaning of———Pooh! but you see, the———the surprize——the—the—agitation, has made me ridiculous.

Lady C. I see something has made you ridiculous, but you never told me what it was before.

Shuff. Lady Caroline, this is a crisis that——my attentions———that is—the——In short, Lady Caroline, you know the world has given me to you.

Lady C. Why, what a shabby world it is!

Shuff. How so?

Lady C. To make me a present of something it sets no value on itself.

Shuff.

Shuff. I flatter'd myself I might not be altogether invaluable to your Ladyship.

Lady C. To me! now, I can't conceive any use I cou'd make of you—no, positively; you are neither useful or ornamental.

Shuff. Yet your Ladyship never was at an Opera without me at your elbow—Never at Kensington Gardens, that my horse Crop, by the bye, given to me by Lord Collarbone, wasn't constantly in leading at the gate—Hav'n't you danced with me at ev'ry ball? and hav'n't I, unkind, forgetful Lady Caroline, cut the Newmarket Meetings, when you were in London?

Lady C. Bless me! these charges are brought in like a bill!—To attending your Ladyship at such a time—To dancing down twenty couple at another—and, pray, to what do these amount?

Shuff. To the full declaration.

Lady C. Lard, Mr. Shuffleton! that, to be sure, look'd a—a—a—little foolish; but, you—you never spoke any thing to———that is, to justify such a————

Shuff. That's as much as to say, speak now—*(aside)*—to be plain, Lady Caroline, my friend does not know your value; he has an excellent heart, but that heart is—*(coughs)*—is unavoidably given to another———But, mine, by this sweet hand, I swear——[*kneeling, and kissing her hand.*

Enter Servant.

[*Rising hastily*]—Well, Sir.

Serv. Sly Boots, Sir, has been down upon his knees, and the groom says, he can't go out.

Shuff. Let him saddle another.

Serv. What horse, Sir?

Shuff. Pshaw! any: what do you call Mr. Rochdale's favourite, now?

Serv. Traitor, Sir.

Shuff. When Traitor's in the avenue, I shall be there.

[*Exit* Servant.

Lady C. Answer me one question candidly, and, perhaps, I may entrust you with a secret—is Mr. Rochdale seriously attached?

Shuff. Very seriously.

Lady C. Then I won't marry him.

Shuff. That's spirited—now your secret.

Lady C. Why, perhaps you may have heard, that my father, Lord Fitzbraymore, is somewhat so much in debt, that——but no matter.

Shuff. Oh, not at all! his case is fashionable, with both Lords and Commons.

Lady C. But an old Maiden Aunt, whom, Heaven rest her soul, I never saw, for family pride's sake, bequeathed me an independence. To obviate his Lordship's difficulties, I meant to——to marry in this humdrum Cornish family.

Shuff. I see, a sacrifice! filial piety, and all that, to disembarrass his Lordship—but hadn't your Ladyship better——

Lady C. Marry, to disembarrass you.

Shuff. By my honour, I'm disinterested.

Lady C. By my honour, I'm sadly piqued—and so vex'd, that I can't read this morning, nor talk, nor—I'll walk.

Shuff. Shall I attend you?

Lady C. No, don't fidgit at my elbow, as you do at the Opera. But you shall tell me more of this, by and bye.

Shuff. When? Where? [*taking her by the hand.*

Lady C. Don't torment me—this evening, or—to-morrow—perhaps in the park, or——pshaw! we shall meet at dinner—do let me go now, for I shall be very bad company.

Shuff. [*Kissing her hand*] Adieu, Lady Caroline.

Lady C. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Shuff. My friend, Frank, here, I think, is very much obliged to me—I am putting matters pretty well *en train*, to disencumber him of a wife—and now I'll canter over the heath, and see what I can do for him with the brazier's daughter. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A mean parlour at the Red-cow—a table, pen and ink.*

Mary *and* Mrs. Brulgruddery.

Mrs. B. Aye, he might have been there and back, over

over and over again; but my husband's slow enough in his motions, as I tell him, till I'm tired on't.

Mary. I hope he'll be here soon.

Mrs. B. Odd's, my little heart, Miss, why so impatient? hav'n't you as genteel a parlour as any lady in the land cou'd wish to sit down in—the bed's turn'd up in a chest-of-drawers, that's stain'd to look like mahogany—here's two poets, and a Poll parrot, the best image the Jew had over his head, over the mantle-piece—and was I to leave you all alone by yourself, is not there an eight-day clock in the corner, that when one's waiting lonesome-like, for any body, keeps going tick tack, and is quite company?

Mary. Indeed I do not mean to complain.

Mrs. B. Complain! no, I think not, indeed: When, besides having a handsome house over your head, the strange gentleman has left two guineas—tho' one seems light, and the other looks a little brummish—to be laid out for you, as I see occasion. I don't say it for the lure of any thing I'm to make out of the money, but I'm sure you can't want to eat yet.

Mary. Not if it gives trouble; but I was up before sun rise, and have tasted nothing to-day.

Mrs. B. Eh, child, ar'n't you well?

Mary. I feel very faint.

Mrs. B. Aye; it's a faintish time o'th' year; but I must give you something, I suppose—I'll open the window, and give you a little air.

Dennis Brulgruddery, *singing without.*

They handed the whiskey about,
Till it smoked thro' the jaws of the piper;
The bride got a fine copper snout,
And the clergyman's pimples grew riper.
Whack, dooly bob, sing pip.

Mary. There's your husband.

Mrs. B. There's a hog: for he's as drunk as one, I know, by his beastly bawlings.

Enter Dennis Brulgruddery.

Den. Whack, dooly bob, sing pip.

Mrs. B.

Mrs. B. Sing pip, indeed! sing sot; and that's your old tune.

Mary. Hav'n't you got an answer?

Mrs. B. Hav'n't you got drunk?

Den. Be aisy, and you'll see what I've got, in a minute. [*pulls a bottle from his pocket.*

Mrs. B. What's that?

Den. Good Madeira; it was, when the butler at the big house gave it to me. It jolted so over the heath, if I hadn't held it to my mouth, I'd have wasted half—(*puts it on the table*)—There, Miss, I have brought it for you: and I'll get a glass from the cupboard; and a plate for this paper of sweet cakes, that the gentlefolks eat after dinner, in the deserts.

Mary. But tell me, if———

Den. (*Running to the cupboard*) Eat and drink, my jewel; and my discourse shall serve you for the seasoning. Drink now, my pretty one, (*fills a glass*) for you've had nothing, I'll be bound. Oh! by the powers, I know the ways of ould mother Brulgruddery! she'd starve a saint.

Mrs. B. I—starve a saint!

Den. Let him stop at the Red cow, as plump as a porker, and you'll send him away in a week, as thin as a weasel—Bite a macarony, my darling. [*offers the plate.*

Mary. I thank you.

Den. Faith, no merit of mine; 'twas the butler who stole it—take some—(*let's the plate fall*)—slips, by St. Patrick.

Mrs. B. [*Screaming*] Our best china plate broke all to shivers.

Den. Delf, you deceiver, delf; the cat's dining dish rivetted.

Mary. Pray now, let me hear your news?

Den. That I will—Mrs. Brulgruddery, my darling, I take the small liberty of begging you to get out, my lambkin.

Mrs. B. I sha'n't budge an inch—she needn't be asham'd of any thing that's to be told, if she's what she shou'd be.

Mary.

Mary. I know what I should be, if I were in your place.

Mrs. B. Marry come up, indeed! and what should you be then?

Mary. More compassionate to one of my own sex, or to any one in misfortune. Had you come to me, almost broken-hearted—not looking like one quite abandoned to wickedness, I should have thought on your misery, and forgot that it might have been brought on by faults——

Den. At her again, my little crature—by the pow'rs she'll bother the old one—faith, the Madeira has done her a deal of service.

Mrs. B. What's to be said, is said before me, and that's flat.

Mary. Do tell it then—*(to Dennis)*—but for other's sake, don't mention names. I wish to hide nothing now, not on my own account—tho' the money that was paid down for me, before you wou'd offer me a shelter, I thought, might have given me a little more title to hear a private message.

Mrs. B. I've a character for virtue—loose young women.

Den. When that's gone, you'll get another—that of a damn'd impertinent landlady—shure she has a right to her parlour; and hav'n't I brought her cash enough to swallow up the Red-cow's rent for these three years?

Mrs. B. Have you? well, I always thought the—— tho' the young lady misunderstands me—I always endeavour to be respectful to gentlefolks.

Den. Och, boderation to the respect that's brought in an inn, by knocking one shilling against another! let the heart keep open house, I say; and if Charity isn't seated inside of it, like a beautiful bar-maid, it's all a humbug to stick up the sign of the christian.

Mrs. B. I am sure, Miss shall have any thing she likes, poor dear thing—there's one chicken, though that's all our poultry.

Den. A chicken! fie on your double barbarity; would you murder the tough dunghill cock, to choak a customer? —a certain person, who shall be nameless, will come to you

you in the course of the day, either by himself, or by friend, or by hand-writing.

Mary. And not one word, not one letter now?

Den. Be aisy; won't he be here soon? in the mean time, here's nineteen guineas, and a seven shilling piece, as a bit of a postscript.

Mrs. B. Nineteen guineas, and———

Den. Hold your gab, woman—count them, darling.

[*Putting them on the table—Mary counts them.*

Mrs. B. [*Drawing Dennis aside*] What have you done with the rest?

Den. The rest!

Mrs. B. Why, you have not given her all?

Den. I'll tell you what, Mrs. Brulgruddery, in summing up your last accounts, when you begin to dot, old Nick will carry one—and that's yourself, my lambkin.

Mrs. B. Pshaw! you'll never follow my advice.

Shuffleton, *without.*

Holloa! Red-cow.

Den. You are called, Mrs. Brulgruddery.

Mrs. B. I—you Irish bear! go, and—[*looking out*]—Jemmeny! a traveller on horseback; and as handsome a gentleman as ever I saw in my life. [*Running out.*

Mary. O, then it must be he.

Den. No, faith, it isn't the young 'squire.

Mary. [*mournfully*] No!

Den. There, he's got off the outside of his horse—it's that flashy spark I saw, crossing the park at the big house—here he is.

Enter Tom Shuffleton.

Shuff. [*looking at Mary*] Devilish good looking girl, upon my soul! [*sees Dennis*] Who's that fellow?

Den. Welcome to Mucklush Heath, Sir.

Shuff. Pray, Sir, have you any business here?

Den. Very little, this last week, your honour.

Shuff. Oh, the landlord. Leave the room.

Den. [*aside*] Manners! but he's my customer—if he don't behave himself, I'll come in and thump him blue.

[*Exit.*

Shuff.

Shuff. [*looking at Mary*] Shy, but stilish—much elegance, and no brass—the most extraordinary that ever belonged to a brazier——[*Addressing her*]—Don't be alarmed, my dear; perhaps you didn't expect a stranger?

Mary. No, Sir.

Shuff. But you expected somebody, I believe, didn't you?

Mary. Yes, Sir.

Shuff. I come from him—here are my credentials—read that, my dear little girl, and you'll see how far I'm authorised. [*Gives a letter.*

Mary. 'Tis his hand! [*Kisses the superscription.*

Shuff. [*as she is opening the letter*] Fine blue eyes, and very like my Fanny's. Yes, I see how it will be, she'll be a sixteenth Mrs. Shuffleton.

Mary. [*reading*] "When the conflicts of my mind have subsided, and as soon as opportunity will permit, I will write to you *fully*. My friend is instructed from me to make every arrangement for your welfare;—with heart-felt grief I add, family circumstances have torn me from you for ever!" [*drops the letter, and is falling.*

Shuff. [*supports her*] Ha! damn it, this looks like earnest! they do it very differently in London.

Mary. [*recovering*] I beg pardon, Sir, but I expected *this*: but I——I——I——

Shuff. Oh, come, we are getting into the old train—after the shower it will be clear—my dear girl, don't flurry yourself; these are things of course, you know. To be sure you must feel a little resentment at first, but——

Mary. Resentment! When I am never—never to see him again! morning and night, my voice will be raised to heaven in anguish for his prosperity! and tell him—pray, Sir, tell him, I think the many, many bitter tears I shall shed, will atone for my faults: then, you know, as it isn't himself, but his station, that sunders us, if news should reach him that I have died, it can't bring any trouble to his conscience.

Shuff. Mr. Rochdale, my love, you'll find, will behave very handsome.

Mary. I always found him so, Sir.

Shuff. He has sent you a hundred pound Bank note—

[*giving*

[*giving it to her*]—'till matters are managed—just to set you a going.

Mary. I was going, Sir, out of this country for ever. Sure, he cou'dn't think it necessary to send me this, for fear I should trouble him.

Shuff. Pshaw! my love, you mistake, the intention is to give you a settlement.

Mary. I intend to get one for myself, Sir.

Shuff. Did you?

Mary. Yes, Sir, in London—I shall take a place in the coach to-morrow morning; and I hope, the people of the inn where it puts up, at the end of the journey, will have the charity to recommend me to an honest service!

Shuff. Service, nonsense! you—you must think differently. I'll put you into a situation in town.

Mary. Will you be so humane, Sir?

Shuff. Shou'd you like Marybone parish, my love?

Mary. All parishes are alike to me, now I am to quit my own.

Shuff. I'll write a line for you to a lady in that quarter, and—oh, here's pen and ink—[*writes—talks as he is writing*]—I shall be in London myself in about ten days, and then I'll visit you, to see how you go on.

Mary. Oh, Sir, you are indeed a friend!

Shuff. I mean to be your friend, my love; there—[*gives the letter*]—Mrs. Brown, of Howland-street; and an old acquaintance of mine—a very good-natured discreet elderly lady, I assure you.

Mary. You are very good, Sir, but I shall be ashamed to look so discreet a person in the face, if she hears my story.

Shuff. No, you needn't; she has a large stock of charity for the indiscretions of others; believe me.

Mary. I don't know how to thank you, Sir—the unfortunate must look up to such a lady, sure, as a mother.

Shuff. She has acquired that appellation—you'll be very comfortable, and when I arrive in town, I'll——who have

Enter Peregrine.

we here? oh, ha! ha! this must be the gentleman she mention'd to Frank in her letter—rather an ancient *ami!*

Pere.

Pere. So, I suspected this might be the case—[*aside*]—you are Mr. Rochdale, I presume, Sir?

Shuff. Yes, Sir, you do presume: but I am not Mr. Rochdale.

Pere. I beg your pardon, for mistaking you for so bad a character.

Shuff. Mr. Rochdale, Sir, is my most intimate friend—if you mean to recommend yourself in this quarter—[*points to Mary*]—good breeding will suggest to you, that it mus'n't be done by abusing him before me.

Pere. I have not acquired that sort of good breeding, Sir, which isn't founded upon good sense; and when I call the betrayer of female innocence a bad character, the term, I think, is too true to be abusive.

Shuff. 'Tis a pity, then, you hav'n't been taught a little better, what is due to polished society,

Pere. I am always willing to improve.

Shuff. I hope, Sir, you won't urge me to become your tutor?

Pere. You are unequal to the task; if you quarrel with me in the cause of a seducer, you are unfit to teach me the duties of a citizen.

Shuff. You may make, Sir, a very good citizen; but, curse me, if you will do for the west end of the town!

Pere. I make no distinction in the ends of the towns, Sir—the ends of integrity are always uniform, and 'tis only where those ends are most promoted, that the inhabitants of a town, let them live east or west, most preponderate in rational estimation.

Shuff. Pray, Sir, are you a methodist preacher, in want of a congregation?

Pere. Perhaps I am a quack doctor, in want of a Jack Pudding—will you engage with me, Sir?

Shuff. Damn me if this is to be borne, Sir! the correction I must give you will————

Pere. [*with coolness*] Desist, young man, in time; or you may repent your petulance.

Mary. [*going between them*] Oh, gentlemen! pray, pray don't! I am so frightened! indeed, Sir, you mistake! [*to Peregrine*] this gentleman has been so good to me. [*pointing to Shuffle.*

Pere. Prove it, child, and I shall honor him.

Mary. Indeed, indeed, he has; pray, pray don't quarrel; when two such generous people meet, it would be a pity to———Sir, [*to Peregrine*] he has recommended me to a place in London—here's the letter to the good lady; an elderly lady in Marybone parish; and so kind, Sir, every body that knows her calls her mother!

Pere. [*looking at the superscription*] Infamous! sit down, and compose yourself, my love; the gentleman and I shall soon come to an understanding; one word, Sir—

[*Mary sits in the back of the scene.*

I have lived long in India, but the flies that gad thither buz in our ears, till we learn what they have blown upon in England—I have heard of the wretch, in whose house you meant to place that unfortunate.

Shuff. Well! and you meant to place her in snugger lodgings, I suppose.

Pere. I meant to place her where———

Shuff. No, my dear fellow, you don't, unless you answer it to me.

Pere. I understand you—in an hour then, I shall be at the Manor-house, where I suppose you'll come; here we are both unarm'd, and there is one waiting at the door, who, perhaps, might interrupt us.

Shuff. Who is he?

Pere. Her father, her agonized father, to whose intreaties I have yielded, and brought him here prematurely—he is a tradesman, beneath your notice—a vulgar brazier—but has some sort of a feeling for his child, whom, now your friend has lured to the precipice of despair, you would hurry down the gulph of infamy—for your own conscience, Sir, I would advise you to avoid him.

Shuff. Your advice now begins to be a little sensible; and if you turn out a gentleman, tho' I only suspect you to be one of the braziers' company, I shall talk to you at Sir Simon's. [*Exit.*

Mary. Is the gentleman gone, Sir?

Pere. Let him go, child; and be thankful you have escaped from a villain!

Mary. A villain, Sir!

Pere. The basest—for nothing can be baser, than manly strength

strength, in the specious form of protection, injuring an unhappy woman: when we should be props to the lilly in a storm, 'tis damnable to spring up, like vigorous weeds, and twine about a flower, 'till we destroy it.

Mary. Then, where are friends to be found, Sir? he seemed honest, so do you; but, perhaps, you may be as bad.

Pere. Do not confide in me—I have brought you a friend, child, in whom nature tells us we should ever confide.

Mary. What, here, Sir?

Pere. Yes; when he hurts you, he must hurt himself: and so suspicious is the human heart become from the treachery of society, that it wants that security—I will send him to you. [*Exit.*

Mary. Who can it be? What does he mean? I know nobody—but Mr. Rochdale, I think, that would come to me: for my poor father, when he knows all my crime, will abandon me as I deserve.

Enter Job Thornberry—Mary *shrieks and falls—he runs to her.*

Job. Mary, my dear, speak to me—Mary, speak to me, my———

Mary. Don't look on me, my dear father, leave me; I left you, but I was almost mad.

Job. I'll never leave you, 'till I drop down dead by your side. How could you run away from me, Mary? [*she sinks*] Come, come, kiss me; and we'll talk of that another time.

Mary. You hav'n't heard half my story, or I'm sure you'd never forgive me.

Job. Never mind the story now, Mary;—'tis a true story, that you're my child, and that's enough for the present. I hear you have met with a rascal; I hav'n't been told who—yet some folks don't forgive, braziers do—kiss me again, and we'll talk on't by and bye—but, why would you run away, Mary?

Mary. I cou'dn't stay and be deceitful, and it has often cut me to the heart, to see you shew me that affection which I knew I didn't deserve.

Job. Ah! you jade! I ought to be angry, but I can't—look here, don't you remember this waistcoat? you work'd it for me, you know.

Mary. I know I did. [*kisses him.*

Job. I had a hard struggle to put it on this morning; but I squeezed myself into it, a few hours after you ran away—If I cou'd do that, you might have told me the worst, without fearing my anger—how have they behav'd to you, Mary?

Mary. The landlord is very humane, but the landlady———

Job. Cruel to you! I'll blow her up like gunpowder in a copper—we must stay here 'till he comes back from a little way off, he says.

Mary. He that brought you here?

Job. Aye, he; I don't know what he intends, but I trust all to him, and when he returns, we'll have such a merry-making! holloa! house! oh, damn it! I'll be good to the landlord, but I'll play hell with his wife—Come with me, and let us call about us a bit. Holloa! house! come, Mary—odd's bobs, I'm so happy to see you again—House, I say! come Mary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Outside of the Red-cow.*

Dennis Brulgruddery *before the door.*

Den. I've stretched my neck half a yard longer, looking out after that rapscallion Dan: och, and is it you yourself I see, at last? there he comes, in a snail's trot, with a basket behind him like a stage coach———

Enter Dan, *with a basket at his back.*

Dan, you divel, ar'n't you a beast of a waiter?

Dan. For what?

Den. To stay out so, the first day of company.

Dan. Come, that be a good un! I ha' waited for the company

company a week, and I defy you to say, I ever left the house till they com'd.

Den. Well, and that's true—pacify me with a good reason, and you'll find me a dutiful master—Arrah, Dan, what's that lump grown out of your back on the road?

Dan Plenty of meat and drink; I ha'n't had such a lump o' late at my stomach. [*puts the basket on the ground.*

Den. And who harness'd you, Dan, with all that kitchen stuff?

Dan. He as were rack'd, and took I wi' un to Penzance for a companion: he order'd I, as I said things were a little famish'd here, to buy this for the young woman and the old man he ha' brought back wi' un.

Den. Then you've been gabbling your ill-looking stories about my larder, you stone-eater.

Dan. Larder! I told un you had three live pigs, as were dying.

Den. O fie! think you, won't any master discharge a man servant that shames him? thank your luck, I can't blush. But is the old fellow, our customer has brought, his intimate friend he never saw but once—thirty years ago?

Dan. Ees, that be old Job Thornberry, the brazier; and as sure as you stand there, when we got to his shop, they were going to make him a banker.

Den. A banker! I never saw one made—how do they do it?

Dan. Why, the bumbailiffs do come into his house, and claw away all his goods and furniture.

Den. By the powers, but that's one way of setting a man a-going in business!

Dan. When we got into the shop, there they ware, as grum as thunder—you ha' seen a bumbaily?

Den. I am not curious that way. I might have seen one once or twice, but I was walking mighty fast, and had no time to look behind me.

Dan. My companion, our customer, he went up stairs, and I bided below—and then they began knocking about the goods and chapels: but that ware no business of mine.

Den. Sure it was not.

Dan. No, for sartin—so I axed 'em what they ware doing, and they told I, wi' a broad grin, taking an invention of the misfortunate man's defects.

Den. Choak their grinning! the law of the land's a good doctor: but, bad luck to those that gorge upon such a fine physician's poor patients—sure, we know now and then it's mighty wholesome to bleed, but no body falls in love with the leeches.

Dan. They com'd down stairs, our customer and the brazier—and the head baily, he began a bullocking at the old man, in my mind, just as one christian shou'dn't do to another: I had nothing to do wi' that.

Den. Damn the bit.

Dan. No, nothing at all—and so my blood began to rise. He made the poor old man almost fit to cry.

Den. That wasn't your concern, you know.

Dan. Bless your soul! 'twould have looked busy like in me, to say a word; so I took up a warming pan, and I bang'd bumbaily, with the broad end on't, till he fell on the floor, as flat as twopence.

Den. Oh, hubbaboo! lodge in my heart, and I'll never ax you for rent—you re a friend in need. Remember I've a warming pan—you know where it hangs, and that's enough.

Dan. They had like to ha' warmed I finely, I do know—I w re nigh being hauled to prison, 'cause, as well as I could make out their cant, it do seem I had rescued myself, and broke a statue.

Den. O, the Philistines!

Dan. But our traveller—I do think he be the devil—he settled all in a jiffy, for he paid the old man's debts, and the baily's broken head ware chuck'd into the bargain.

Den. And what did he pay?

Dan. Guess now?

Den. A hundred pounds.

Dan. Six thousand, by gum!

Den. What! on the nail?

Dan. Na, on the counter.

Den. Wnew! six thousand pounds! oh, by the pow'rs, Dan, this man must be the philosopher's stone.

Dan.

Dan. Hush! here he be.

Enter Peregrine, *from the house.*

Pere. [*to* Dan] So, friend, you've brought provision, I perceive.

Dan. Ees, Sir: three boil'd fowls, three roast, two chicken pies, and a capon.

Pere. You have considered abundance more than variety—and the wine?

Dan. A dozen of capital red port, Sir: I ax'd for the newest they had in the cellar.

Den. [*to himself*] Six thousand pounds upon a counter!

Pere. [*to* Dan] Carry the hamper in doors, then return to me instantly; you must accompany me on another excursion.

Dan. What, now?

Pere. Yes, to Sir Simon Rochdale's—you are not tir'd, my honest fellow?

Dan. Na, not awalking wi' you—but dang me, when you die, if all the shoe-makers shou'dn't go into mourning.

[*Takes the hamper into the house.*

Den. [*ruminating*] Six thousand pounds, by St. Patrick, it's a sum!

Pere. How many miles from hence to the Manor-house?

Den. Six thousand.

Pere. Six thousand! yards, you mean, I suppose, friend?

Den. Sir! eh!—yes, Sir; I——I mean yards—— all upon a counter.

Pere. Six thousand yards upon a counter—mine host here seems a little bewildered; but he has been anxious, I find, for poor Mary, and 'tis national in him to blend eccentricity with kindness——John Bull exhibits a plain undecorated dish of solid benevolence; but Pat has a gay garnish of whim around his good-nature, and if now and then 'tis sprinkled in a little confusion, they must have vitiated stomachs who are not pleased with the embellishment.

Re-enter Dan *booted.*

Dan. Now, Sir, you and I'll stump it.

Pere. Is the way we are to go now so much worse, that you have cased yourself in those boots?

Dan. Quite clean; that's why I put 'em on—I shou'd have dirted 'em in t'other job.

Pere. Set forward then.

Dan. Na, Sir, axing your pardon, I be but the guide, and 'tisn't for I to go first.

Pere. Ha! ha! then we must march abreast, boy, like lusty soldiers, and I shall be side by side with honesty; 'tis the best way of travelling thro' life's journey, and why not over a heath? come, my lad.

Dan. Cheek by jowl! by gum!

[*Exeunt* Peregrine *and* Dan.

Den. That walking philosopher, perhaps, he'll give me a big bag of money—then, to be sure, I won't lay out some of it, to make me aisy for life, for I'll settle a separate maintenance upon ould mother Brulgruddery.

Job Thornberry *peeps out of the house.*

Job. Landlord!

Den. Coming, your honour.

Job. [*comes forward*] Hush! don't bawl—Mary has fallen asleep, and your walls are as thin as a shaving-pot.

Den. Fallen asleep! you've been talking to her a good deal, I suppose.

Job. Yes, about you—you have behaved like an emperor to her, she says—give me your hand, landlord.

Den. Behaved! arrah now, get away with your blarney.

[*refusing it.*

Job. Well, let it alone—I am an old fool, perhaps: but, as you comforted my poor girl in her trouble, I thought a squeeze from her father's hand, as much as to say, "thank you," for my child, might not have come amiss to you.

Den. And is it you yourelf, who are that crater's father?

Job.

Job. Her mother said so, and I always believed her. You have heard some'at of what has happened, I suppose; it's all over our town, I take it, by this time—Scandal is an ugly trumpetting devil, they say, and has wings, and he flies fast with 'em, sure enough.

Den. You may say that; and good-nature is an angel—what a pity it is the angel flies over the town the slowest.

Job. Well, no matter; but let 'em talk. A man loses little by parting with a herd of neighbours, who are busiest in publishing his family misfortunes; for they are just the sort of cattle who would never stir over the threshold to prevent 'em.

Den. Troth, and that's true; and some will only sarve you because you're convenient to 'em for the time present, just as my customers come to the Red-cow.

Job. I'll come to the Red-cow, hail, rain, or shine, to help the house, as long as you are landlord; tho' I must say, that your wife———

Den. [*puts his hand before* Job's *mouth*] Decency—remember your own honour and my feelings—I must not hear any thing *bad*, you know, of Mrs. Brulgruddery; and you'll say nothing good of her, without telling damn'd lies, so be aisy.

Job. Well, I've done. But we mus'n't be speaking ill of all the world neither; there are always some sound hearts to be found among the hollow ones. Now, he that has just gone over the heath———

Den. What, the walking philosopher?

Job. I don't know any thing of his philosophy; but if I live for these thousand years, I shall never forget his goodness. Then there's another—I was thinking just now if I had tried him, I might have found a friend in my need, this morning.

Den. Who is he?

Job. A monstrous good young man, and as modest and as affable as if he had been bred a 'prentice instead of a gentleman.

Den. And what is his name?

Job. Oh, every body knows him in this neighbourhood; he lives hard by—Mr. Francis Rochdale, the young 'squire at the Manor-house.

Den.

Den. Mr. Francis Rochdale!

Job. Yes; he's as condescending, and took quite a friendship for me and mine. He told me t'other day he'd recommend me in trade, to all the great families twenty miles round; and said he'd do, I don't know what—all for Marv.

Den. He did! Well, faith, you mayn't know what, but by my soul, he has kept his word.

Job. Kept his word! what do you mean?

Den. Hark'e! if scandal is blowing about your little fireside accident, 'twas Mr. Francis Rochdale recommended him to your shop, to *buy* his brass trumpet.

Job. Eh! what?—no—yes—I see it at once—young Rochdale's a rascal——Mary. [*bawling.*

Den. Hush! you'll wake her, you know.

Job. I intend it—I'll——a glossy, oily, smooth rascal: warming me in his favour like an unwholesome February sun! shining upon my poor cottage, and drawing forth my child, my tender blossom, to suffer blight and mildew! Marv—I'll go directly to the Manor-house—his father's in the commission—I mayn't find justice, but I shall find a justice of peace.

Den. Fye, now—and can't you listen to reason?

Job. Reason! tell me a reason why a father should not be almost mad, when his patron has ruined his child—— damn his protection—tell me a reason why a man of birth's seducing my daughter, does not almost double his rascality? yes, double it—for my fine gentleman, at the very time he is laying his plans to make her infamous, would think himself disgraced in making her the honest reparation she might find from one of her equals.

Den. Arrah, be aisy now, Mr. Thornberry.

Job. And this spark, forsooth, is now canvassing the county! but if I don't give him his own at the hustings! how dare a man set himself up for a guardian of his neighbour's rights, who has robbed his neighbour of his dearest comforts? How dare a seducer to come to a Freeholder's house, and have the impudence to say, send me up to London as your representative——Mary. [*calling.*

Den. That's all very true. But if the voters are under petticoat

petticoat government, he has a mighty good chance of his election.

Enter Mary.

Mary. Did you call, my dear father?

Job. [*passionately*] Yes, I did call.

Den. Don't you frighten that poor young crater.

Mary. Oh, dear! what has happened—you are angry! I hope it is'n't with me; if it is, I have no reason to complain.

Job. [*softened, and folding her in his arms*] My poor, dear child! I forgive you twenty times more now than I did before.

Mary. Do you, my dear father?

Job. Yes; for there's twenty times more excuse for you, when rank and education have helped a swindler to dazzle you—come—— [*taking her hand.*

Mary. Come where?

Job. [*impatiently*] To the Manor-house with me directly.

Mary. To the Manor-house! oh, my dear father, think of what you are doing! think of me.

Job. Of you! I think of nothing else. I'll see you righted; don't be terrified, child—Damn it, you know I doat upon you—but we are all equals in the eye of the law, and rot me if I won't make a baronet's son shake in his shoes for betraying a brazier's daughter. Come love, come. [*Exeunt* Job *and* Mary.

Den. There'll be a big botheration at the Manor-house. My customers are all gone that I was to entertain; nobody's left but my lambkin, who don't entertain me—Sir Simon's butler gives good Madeira, so I'm off after the rest—and the Red-cow and mother Brulgruddery may take care of one another. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Simon *and* Frank.

Sir Sim. Why, Frank, I thought you were walking with Lady Caroline?

Frank.

Frank. No, Sir.

Sir Sim. Ha! I wish you would learn some of the gallantries of the present day from your friend, Tom Shuffleton; but, from being careless of coming up to the fashion, damn it, you go beyond it; for you neglect a woman three days before marriage, as much as half the Tom Shuffletons, three weeks after it.

Frank. As by entering into this marriage, Sir, I shall perform the duties of a son, I hope you will do me the justice to suppose I shall not be basely negligent as a husband.

Sir Sim. Frank, you're a fool, and———

Enter Servant.

Well, Sir.

Servant. A person, Sir Simon, says he wishes to see you on very urgent business.

Sir Sim. And I have very urgent business just now with my steward—Who is the person? how did he come?

Servant. On foot, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. Oh, let him wait—[*Exit* Servant]—At all events I can't see this person these two hours—I wish you would see him for me.

Frank. Certainly, Sir—any thing is refuge for me now from the subject of matrimony. [*aside and going.*

Sir Sim. But a word before you go—Damn it, my dear lad, why can't you perceive I am labouring this marriage for your good? We shall ennoble the Rochdales: for, tho' my father, your grandfather, did some service in elections, (that made him a Baronet) amassed property, and bought lands, and so on, yet your great grandfather was a miller.

Frank. [*smiling*] I shall not respect his memory less, Sir, for knowing his occupation.

Sir Sim. But the world will, you blockhead—and for your sake, for the sake of posterity, I would cross the cart breed as much as possible, by blood.

Frank. Is that of consequence, Sir?

Sir Sim. Isn't it the common policy? and the necessities of your boasters of pedigree, to produce a thousand intermarriages with people of no pedigree at all; 'till at

last

last, we so jumble a genealogy, that, if the devil himself would pluck knowledge from the family tree, he could hardly find out the original fruit. And hence it comes, that the descendants of a man who has ground rather too much wheat, may be the son-in-law of a nobleman, who has rather too little bread. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Tom Shuffleton, *from the Park, following* Lady Caroline Braymore.

Shuff. "The time is come, for Iphigene to find
"The miracle she wrought upon my mind."

Lady C. Don't talk to me.

Shuff. "For now by love, by force, she shall be mine;
"Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my
"design."

Lady C. I wish you would finish your nonsense.

Shuff. Nonsense! 'tis poetry—somebody told me 'twas written by Dryden.

Lady C. Perhaps so; but all poetry is nonsense. I have subjected myself to very ill treatment in this pretty family; and begin to perceive I am a very weak woman.

Shuff. [*aside*] Pretty well for that matter.

Lady C. To find myself so absolutely avoided by the gentleman I meant to honour with my hand—so pointedly neglected——!

Shuff. I must confess it looks like a complete cut.

Lady C. And what you told me of the low attachment that————

Shuff. Nay, my dear Lady Caroline, don't say that I told you more than————

Lady C. I won't have it denied; and I'm sure it's all true—see here—here's an odious parchment, Lord Fitz-braymore put into my hand in the park—a marriage licence, I think he calls it, but if I don't scatter it in a thousand pieces.

Shuff. [*prevents her*] Softly, my dear Lady Caroline, that's a licence of marriage, you know—the names are inserted of course—some of them may be rubbed a little in the carriage, but they may be filled up at pleasure, you know. Frank's my friend; and if he has been negligent,

I say nothing—but the parson of the parish is as blind as a beetle.

Lady C. Now don't you think, Mr. Shuffleton, I am a very ill used person?

Shuff. I feel inwardly for you, Lady Caroline; but, my friend makes the subject delicate; let us change it—did you observe the steeple upon the hill at the end of the park pales?

Lady C. Pshaw! no.

Shuff. It belongs to one of the prettiest little village churches you ever saw in your life—let me shew you the inside of the church, Lady Caroline?

Lady C. I'm almost afraid; for, if I should make a rash vow there, what is to become of my Lord Fitzbraymore?

Shuff. Oh, that's true; I had forgot his Lordship: but, as the exigencies of the times demand it, let us hurry the question through the Commons, and when it has passed with such strong independent interest on our side, it will hardly be thrown out by the peerage.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another apartment in* Sir Simon's *house.*

Enter Peregrine.

Pere. Sir Simon does not hurry himself—but 'tis a custom with the great, to make the little and the unknown, dance attendance. When I left Cornwall a boy, this house, I remember, was tenanted by strangers, and the Rochdales inhabited another on the estate seven miles off. I have lived to see some changes in the family, and may live, perhaps, to see more.

Enter Frank Rochdale.

Frank. You expected, I believe, Sir Simon Rochdale, Sir? but he will be occupied with particular business for some time: can I receive your commands, Sir?

Pere. Are you Sir Simon Rochdale's son, Sir?

Frank. I am.

Pere. It was my wish, Sir, to have seen your father. I come unintroduced, and scurvily enough accoutred; but

as

as I have urgent matters to communicate, and have suffered shipwreck upon your coast this morning, business will excuse my obtrusion, and the sea must apologize for my wardrobe.

Frank. Shipwreck! that calamity is sufficient introduction to every roof, I trust, in a civilized country. What can we do, immediately to serve you?

Pere. Nothing, Sir. I am here to perform service, Sir, not to require it—I come from a wretched hut on the heath, within the ken of this affluent mansion, where I have witnessed calamity in the extreme.

Frank. I do not understand you.

Pere. Mary.

Frank. Ha! now you have made me understand you. I perceive now, on what subject you have presented yourself here, to harangue—'tis a subject on which my own remorse would have taught me to bend to a just man's castigation; but the reproof that retorts on the reprover, who is known to be a hypocrite—My friend, Sir, has taught me to know you.

Pere. He, whom I encountered at the house on the heath?

Frank. The same.

Pere. And what may he have taught you?

Frank. To discover that your aim is to torture me, for relinquishing a beloved object, whom you are at this moment attaching to yourself—To know that a diabolical disposition, for which I cannot account, prompts you to come here—without the probability of benefiting any party, to injure me, and throw a whole family into confusion at the eve of a marriage. But in tearing myself from the poor wronged Mary, I almost tear my very heart by its fibres from the seat—but, 'tis a sacrifice to a father's repose—and———

Pere. Hold, Sir! when you betrayed the poor wronged Mary, how came you to forget, that *every* father's repose may be broken for ever, by his child's conduct?

Frank. By my honour! by my soul! it was my intention to have placed her far—far above the reach of want: but you, my hollow monitor, are frustrating that intention—You, who come here to preach virtue, are

tempting *her*, to be a confirmed votary of vice; whom I, in penitence, would rescue as the victim of unguarded sensibility.

Pere. Are you then jealous of me?

Frank. Jealous!

Pere. Aye; if so, I can give you ease—return with me to the injured innocent on the heath; marry her, and I will give you away.

Frank. Marry her! I am bound in honour to another.

Pere. Modern honour is a coercive argument; but when you have seduced virtue, whose injuries you will not solidly repair, you must be slightly bound in old-fashioned honesty.

Frank. I know not what to say; your manner almost awes me, and there is a mystery in———

Pere. I am mysterious, Sir. I may have other business, perhaps, with your father; and I will tell you, the very fate of your family may hang on my conference with him. Come, come, Mr. Rochdale, bring me to Sir Simon.

Frank. My father cannot be seen yet. Will you, for a short time, remain in my apartment?

Pere. Willingly: and depend on this, Sir, I have seen enough of the world's weakness, to forgive the faults of youthful indiscretion—but I have a detestation of systematic vice; and tho' as a general censor, MY last may be feeble, circumstances have put a scourge into my hand, which may fall heavy on this family, should any of its branches force me to wield it——I attend you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An apartment at* Sir Simon Rochdale's—*a hall.*

Job Thornberry *and* Servant *behind.*

Job. I will come in.

Servant. You can't come in.

They enter with Mary.

Job. I tell you, I come upon justice business.

Servant. My master be a gentleman justice.

Job. If the justice allows all the servants to be as saucy as you, I can't say much for the gentleman.

Servant. These bean't his hours.

Job. Hours for justice! I thought one of the blessings of an Englishman was to find justice at any time.

Mary. Dear father, don't be so———

Job. Hold your tongue, child. What are his hours?

Servant. From twelve till two.

Job. Two hours out of the four-and-twenty! I hope all that belong to law are a little quicker than his worship; if not, when a case wants an immediate remedy, its just eleven to one against us.—Do you know me?

Servant. Noah.

Job. I'm sure I have seen your face in Penzance?

Servant. Ees; my wife keeps a chandler's-shop there.

Job. Hav'n't you heard we've a fire-engine in the church?

Servant. What of that?

Job. Suppose your wife's shop was in flames, and all her bacon and farthing candles frying———

Servant. And what then?

Job. Why then, while the house was burning, you'd run to the church for the engine—shou'dn't you think it plaguy hard if the sexton said, "call for it to-morrow, between twelve and two."

Servant. This be neither here nor there.

Job Isn't it? then do you see this stick? [*menacing.*

Servant. Ah, you be a foolish old man.

Job. Why, that's true—every now and then, a jack in office like you, provokes a man to forget his years. The cudgel is a stout one, and some'at like your master's justice; 'tis a good weapon in weak hands: and that's the way many a rogue escapes a dressing——What are you laughing?

Servant. Ees.

Job. Ees, you Cornish baboon in a laced livery——

here's something to make you grin more; here's half-a crown. [*holds it up between his thumb and fingers.*

Servant. Hee! hee! hee!

Job. Hee! hee! damn your Lands-end chops: 'tis to get me to your master; but before you have it, tho' he keeps a gentleman justice-shop, I shall make free to ring it on his counter—(*throws it on the floor*)—there, pick it up—(*servant takes it up*)—I am afraid you are not the first underling that has stoop'd to pocket a bribe, before he'd do his duty—now tell the gentleman justice I want to see him.

Servant. I'll see what I can do for you. [*Exit.*

Job. Why do you tremble so, Mary?

Mary. I can't help it; I wish I could persuade you to go back again.

Job. I'll stay till the roof falls, but I'll see some of them.

Mary. Indeed, you don't know how you do terrify me; but if you go to Sir Simon's, you'll leave me here in the hall; you won't make me go with you, father?

Job. Not take you with me! I'll go with my wrongs in my hands, and make him blush for his son.

Mary. I hope you will think better of it.

Job. Why?

Mary. Because when you come to talk, I should sink with shame if he should say any thing to you that might ——that——.

Job. Might what?

Mary. Make you blush for your daughter.

Job. I won't have you waiting like a petitioner, in this hall, when you come to be righted—no, no.

Mary. You wou'dn't have refused me any thing once, but I know I have lost your esteem.

Job. Lost! forgive is forgive, all the world over; you know, Mary, I have forgiven you—and making it up by halves, is making myself a brass tea-kettle, warm one minute and cold the next; smooth without, and hollow within.

Mary. Then pray don't deny me, I'm sure you wou'dn't if you knew half I'm suffering.

Job. Do as you like, Mary; only never tell me again

you

you have lost my esteem; it looks like suspicion on both sides; never say that, and I can deny you nothing in reason, or, perhaps a little beyond it———

Re-enter Servant.

Well, will the justice do a man the favour to do his duty, will he see me?

Servant. Ees, I'll take you to the library, he's there—a stranger has been waiting some time, but I'll get you in first.

Job. I don't know that's quite fair to the other.

Servant. Ees it be. he didn't give I half-a-crown.

Job. Then stay till I come back, Mary—I see, my man, when you take a bribe you are scrupulous enough to do your work for it; for which, I hope, somebody may duck you with one hand and rub you dry with the other, for kindness and honesty's sake, in the true coin—but many a one like you is content to be a passable Birmingham halfpenny. [*Exit* Job *and* Servant.

Mary. I wished to come to this house this morning, and now I cou'd give the world to be out of it—hark! 'twas somebody—oh, mercy on me, 'tis he himself! what will become of me? [*retires.*

Enter Frank Rochdale.

Frank. My father then shall see this visitor, whatever be the event. I will prepare him for the interview, and—(*sees* Mary)—good Heaven! why—why are you here?

Mary. [*eagerly advancing*] I don't come willingly to trouble you, I *don't indeed.*

Frank. What motive, Mary, has brought you to this house? and who is the stranger, under whose protection you have placed yourself at the house on the heath?

Mary. He saved my life this morning, when I was struggling with the robber, who threatened to kill me.

Frank. And had you taken no guide with you, Mary, no protector?

Mary. I was thinking too much of one who promised to be my protector always, to think of any other.

Frank. Mary, I—I——'twas I then, it seems, that brought your life into such great hazard?

Mary.

Mary. I hope I hav'n't said any thing to make you unhappy?

Frank. Nothing, my dearest Mary, nothing: I know it isn't in your nature to whisper a reproof; yet I sent a friend, with full power from me, to give you the amplest protection.

Mary. I know you did, and he gave me a letter that I might be protected when I got to London.

Frank. Why then commit yourself to the care of a stranger?

Mary. Because he read the direction of the letter—here it is, and found your friend was treacherous.

Frank. Villain!

Mary. Did he intend to lead me into a snare then?

Frank. Let me keep this letter—I may have been deceived in the person I sent to you, but———damn his rascality *(aside)*—but cou'd you think me base enough to leave me unsheltered? I had torn you from your home, with anguish I confess it; but I would have provided you another home, which want should not have assailed; would this stranger bring you better comfort?

Mary. Oh yes, he has brought me to my father.

Frank. Your father! from whom I made you fly?

Mary. Yes, he has brought a father to his child, that she might kiss off the tears her disobedience had caused, and restore me to the only home which cou'd give me any comfort now——And my father is here.

Frank. Here!

Mary. Indeed I cou'dn't help his coming, and making me come with him.

Frank. I—I am almost glad, Mary, that it has happened.

Mary. Are you?

Frank. Yes; when a weight of concealment is on the mind, remorse is relieved by the very discovery which it has dreaded—but you must not be waiting here, Mary; there is one in the house to whose care I will intrust you.

Mary. I hope it isn't the person you sent to me to-day?

Frank. He! I would sooner cradle infamy with serpents; yet this is my friend! I will now confide in a stranger; the stranger, Mary, who saved your life.

Mary.

Mary. Is he here?

Frank. He is, and to his care alone I will intrust you.

[*Exit with* Mary.

SCENE II.—Sir Simon Rochdale's *library—table, arm-chair, papers, &c. &c.*

Sir Simon *discovered with* Job Thornberry, *and* Mr. Pennyman.

Sir. Sim. Remember the money must be ready to-morrow, Mr. Pennyman.

Penny. I shall, Sir.

Sir Sim. [*to* Job] So, friend, your business, you say, is————and Mr. Pennyman, give Robin Ruddy notice to quit his cottage directly.

Penny. If he does, Sir Simon, I fear it will be his ruin.

Sir Sim. He shou'd have recollected that, before he ruined his neighbour's daughter.

Job. [*starting*] Eh!

Sir Sim. What's the matter with the man?——his offence is attended with great aggravations—why don't he marry her?

Job. Aye. [*emphatically.*

Sir Sim. Pray, friend, be quiet.

Penny. That wou'd only distress her more; he's not able even to support the living consequences of his indiscretion.

Sir Sim. That doubles his crime to the girl—he must quit—I am a magistrate, you know, Mr. Pennyman, and 'tis my duty to discourage all such immorality

Penny. Your orders shall be obeyed, Sir Simon.

[*Exit.*

Sir Sim. Now, your's is justice business, you say—you come at an irregular time, and I have somebody else waiting for me, so be quick—what brings you here?

Job. My daughter's seduction, Sir Simon; and it has done my heart good, to hear your worship say, 'tis your business to discourage all immorality.

Sir Sim. To be sure it is—but men like you shou'dn't be too apt to lay hold of ev'ry sentiment justice drops,

least

least you misapply it: 'tis like an officious footman snatching up his mistress's perriwig, and clapping it on again, the hind part before—what are you?

Job. A tradesman, Sir Simon; I have been a freeholder in this district for many years.

Sir Sim. A freeholder! zounds, one of Frank's voters, perhaps, and of consequence at his election—*(aside)*—won't you, my good friend, take a chair?

Job. Thank you, Sir Simon, I know my proper place; I didn't come here to sit down with Sir Simon Rochdale because I am a freeholder; I came to demand my right, because you are a justice.

Sir Sim. A man of respectability, a tradesman, and a freeholder—in such a case as yours, had better have recourse to a court of law.

Job. I am not rich now, Sir Simon, whatever I may have been.

Sir Sim. A magistrate, honest friend, can't give you damages; you must fee counsel.

Job. I can't afford an expensive law suit, Sir Simon; and begging your pardon, I think the law never intended that an injured man, in middling circumstances, shou'd either go without redress, or starve himself to obtain it.

Sir Sim. Whatever advice I can give you, you shall have it for nothing; but I can't jump over justice, hedges and ditches. Courts of law are broad high roads, made for national convenience; if your way lay through them, 'tis but fair you should pay the turnpike—Who is the offender?

Job. He lives on your estate, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. Ah! a tenant? then I may carry you through your journey by a short cut; let him marry your daughter, my honest friend.

Job. He won't.

Sir Sim. Why not?

Job. He is going to marry another.

Sir Sim. Then he turns out—the rascal sha'n't disgrace my estate four-and-twenty hours longer—injure a reputable tradesman—my neighbour—a freeholder—and refuse to————did you say he was poor?

Job.

Job. No, Sir Simon; and, by the bye, if you don't stand in his way, he may be very rich.

Sir Sim. Rich! eh; why zounds, is he a gentleman?

Job. I have answered that question already, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. Not that I remember.

Job. I thought I had been telling you his behaviour.

Sir Sim. Umph!

Job. I reckon many of my neighbours honest men, tho' I cannot call them gentlemen; but I reckon no man a gentleman that I can't call an honest man.

Sir Sim. Hark'e neighbour, if he's a gentleman (and I have several giddy young tenants with more money than thought) let him give you a good round sum, and there's an end.

Job. A good round sum! dam'me I shall choak—*(aside)* a ruffian with a crape puts a pistol to my breast, and robs me of forty shillings—a scoundrel with a smiling face creeps to my fire-side, and robs my daughter of her innocence—the judge can't allow restitution to spare the highwayman; then pray, Sir Simon, I wish to speak humbly, pray don't insult the father, by calling money a reparation for the seducer.

Sir Sim. This fellow must be dealt with quietly, I see. Justice, my honest friend, is———is justice———as a magistrate, I make no distinction of persons. Seduction is a heinous offence, and whatever is in my power, I——

Job. The offender *is* in your power, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. Well, well, don't be hasty, and I'll take cognizance of him—we must do things in form—but you mus'n't be passionate—*(goes to the table and takes a pen)*—come, give me his christian and surname, and I'll see what's to be done for you—now, what name must I write?

Job. Francis Rochdale.

Sir Sim. [*drops the pen and looks at* Job, *and starts up*] Dam'me if it isn't the brazier!

Job. Justice is justice, Sir Simon. I am a respectable tradesman, your neighbour, and a freeholder—seduction is a heinous offence—a magistrate knows no distinction of persons—and a rascal mus'n't disgrace your estate four-and-twenty hours longer.

Sir Sim.

Sir Sim. I believe your name is Thornberry?

Job. It is, Sir Simon; I never blushed at my name, 'till your son made me blush for yours.

Sir Sim. Mr. Thornberry—I heard something of my sons——a——little indiscretions some mornings ago.

Job. Did you, Sir Simon. You never sent to me about it, so, I suppose, the news reached you at one of the hours you didn't set apart for *justice.*

Sir Sim. This is a——a very aukward business, Mr. Thornberry, something like a hunch-back—we can never set it quite straight, so we must bolster it.

Job. How do you mean, Sir Simon?

Sir Sim. Why, 'tis a——disagreeable affair, and—— we must hush it up.

Job. Hush it up! a justice compound with a father to wink at his child's injuries! if you and I hush it up, Sir Simon, how shall we hush it up here?—*(striking his breast)*—In one word, will your son marry my daughter?

Sir Sim. What! my son marry the daughter of a brazier!

Job. He has ruined the daughter of a brazier—if the best lord in the land degrades himself by a crime, you can't call his atonement for it a condescension.

Sir Sim. Honest friend, I don't know in what quantities you may sell brass at your shop, but when you come abroad, and ask a baronet to marry his son to your daughter—dam'me if you ar'n't a wholesale dealer!

Job. And I can't tell, Sir Simon, how you may please to retail justice, but when a customer comes to deal largely with you, dam'me if you don't shut up the shop windows.

Sir Sim. You are growing saucy: leave the room, or I shall commit you.

Job. Commit me! you will please to observe, Sir Simon, I remembered my duty till you forgot yours—you asked me at first to sit down in your presence; I knew better than to do so before a baronet and a justice of peace; but I loose my respect for my superior in rank, when he is so much below my equals in fair dealing. And since the magistrate has left the chair—*(slams the chair into the middle of the room)*—I'll set down in it—*(sits down)*—There, 'tis fit it shou'd be filled by somebody—and dam'me

if

if I leave the house till you redress my daughter, or I shame you all over the country.

Sir Sim. Why, you impudent mechanic—I shou'dn't wonder if the scoundrel called for my clerk, and signed my mittimus—*(rings the bell)*—fellow, get out of that chair.

Enter Servant.

Job. I shan't stir; if you want to sit down, take another; this is the chair of justice—its the most uneasy for you of any in the house.

Sir Sim. Tell Mr. Rochdale to come to me directly.

Serv. Yes, Sir Simon————hee, hee, hee——

[*Exit.*

Sir Sim. Don't stand grinning, you booby, but go.

Job. [*reaching a book from the table*] "Burn's "Justice."

Sir Sim. And how dare you take it up?

Job. Because you have laid it down. Read it a little better, and then I may respect you more—there it is.

[*throws it on the floor.*

Enter Frank.

Sir Sim. So, Sir, prettily I am insulted on your account.

Frank. Good heavens, Sir, what is the matter?

Sir Sim. The matter—*(points to* Job*)*—lug that old bundle of brass out of my chair directly.

Job. He dare as soon jump into one of your tin mines. Brass——there's no baser metal than hypocrisy, he came with that false coin to my shop, and it passed, but see how conscience nails him to the spot now.

Frank. [*to* Sir Simon] Sir, I came to explain all.

Sir Sim. Sir, you must be aware that all is explained already. You provoke a brazier almost to knock me down, and bring me the news of it, when he is fixed as tight in my study as a copper in my kitchen.

Frank. [*advancing to* Job] Mr. Thornberry.

Job. Keep your distance—I'm an old fellow, but if my daughters seducer comes near me, I'll beat him as flat as a stew-pan.

Frank. [*still advancing*] Suffer me to speak——— and———

Job. [*rising from his chair, ond holding up his cane*] Come an inch nearer, and I'll be as good as my word.

Enter Peregrine.

Pere. [*advancing*] Hold!

Job. Eh, you here! then I have some chance, perhaps, of getting righted at last.

Pere. Do not permit passion to weaken that chance——

Job. Oh, plague——you don't know———I wasn't violent till———

Pere. Nay, nay, cease to grasp that cane while we are so conspicuously blessed with laws to chastise a culprit; the mace of justice is the only proper weapon for the injured—let me talk with you. [*takes* Thornberry *aside.*

Sir Sim. [*to* Frank] Well, Sir, who may this last person be, whom you have thought proper to visit me?

Frank. A stranger in this country——and——

Sir Sim. And a friend, I perceive, of that old ruffian.

Frank. I have reason to think, Sir—*he is* a friend to Mr. Thornberry.

Sir Sim. Sir, I am very much obliged to you—you send a brazier to challenge me, and now, I suppose, you have brought a travelling tinker for his second—Where does he come from?

Frank. India; he leap'd from the vessel that was foundering on the rocks this morning, and swam a-shore.

Sir Sim. Did he! I wish he had taken a jump with the brazier tied to his neck.

Peregrine *and* Job *comes forward.*

Pere. [*apart to* Job] I can discuss it better in your absence—be near with Mary—shou'd the issue be favourable I will call you.

Job. Well, well, I will—you have a better head at it than I—justice—oh, dam'me, if I was Lord Chancellor I'd knock all the family down with the mace in a minute.

[*apart and exit.*

Pere.

Pere. Suffer me to say a few words, Sir Simon Rochdale, in behalf of that unhappy man.

[*pointing to where* Job *exits.*

Sir Sim. And pray, Sir, what privilege have you to interfere in my domestic concerns?

Pere. None—as it appears abstractedly—old Thornberry has just deputed me to accommodate *his* domestic concerns with you. I would willingly not touch upon yours.

Sir Sim. Pooh! pooh! you can't touch upon one, without being impertinent upon the other.

Pere. Have the candour to suppose, Sir Simon, that I mean no disrespect to your house—although I may stickle lustily with you in the cause of an aggrieved man, believe me, early habits have taught me to be anxious for the prosperity of the Rochdales.

Sir Sim. Early habits!

Pere. I happened to be born on your estate, Sir Simon, and have obligations to some part of your family.

Sir Sim. Then, upon my soul, you have chosen a pretty way to repay them.

Pere. I know no better way of repaying them, than by consulting your family honour—in my boyhood, it seemed as if nature had dropt me a kind of infant, subject on your father's cornish territory, and the whole pedigree of your house is familiar to me.

Sir Sim. Is it? confound him, he has heard of the miller—*(aside)*—Sir, you may talk that tolerable well; but, 'tis my hope—my opinion, I mean, you can't who was my grandfather?

Pere. Whisper the secret to yourself, Sir Sim*forward.*
let reason also whisper to you, that when honest i*married*
raises a family to opulence and honour, its very c
lowness sheds lustre on its elevation; but all its glor*make you*
when it has given a wound and denies the bals
man as humble, and as honest, as your own ances*fails, and*

Sir Sim. But I hav'n't given the wound—*th you.*
Sir, won't you be pleased to speak? give up ev'ry

Frank. The first is obedience to my father
if I must proceed, I own, that nothing in m*rthy of your*
sed the indig-
nation

the amplest atonement, can extinguish true remorse for cruelty.

Sir Sim. Ha; in other words, you can't clap an extinguisher upon your feelings without a father-in-law, who can sell you one. But Lady Caroline Braymore is your wife, or I am no longer your father.

Enter Shuffleton *and* Lady C. Braymore.

Shuff. How do you do, good folks, how do you do?

Sir Sim. Ah, Lady Caroline!—Tom! I have had a little business—the last dinner bell has rung, Lady Caroline, but I'll attend you directly.

Shuff. Baronet, I'm afraid we sha'n't be able to dine with you to-day.

Sir Sim. Not dine with me?

Lady C. No, we are just married.

Sir Sim. Hell and the devil—— married!

Shuff. Yes, we are married, and can't come.

Pere. [*aside*] Married! then it is time to speak to old Thornberry. [*Exit.*

Sir Simon. Lady Caroline———

Lady C. I lost my appetite in your family this morning, Sir Simon—I have no relish for any thing you can have the goodness to offer me.

Shuff. Don't press us, baronet—that's quite out in the new school.

Sir Sim. Oh, damn the new school—Who will explain all this mystery?

deri*rank.* Mr. Shuffleton *shall* explain it, Sir, and other *Sir* ies too.

brazie*ff.* My dear Frank, I have something to say to you, ere comes my papa—I've been talking to him, Sir , and he'll talk to you—He does very well to explain

Pere. benefit of a country gentleman.

absence-

able I will *Enter* Lord Fitzbraymore.

Job. We My Lord, it is painful to be referred to you, than I—such is to be said—What is it all?

I'd knock. You are disappointed, Sir Simon, and I am

Sir Sim.

Sir Sim. But, my Lord—— [*they go up the stage.*

[Lady Caroline *throws herself carelessly into a chair*—— Shuffleton *advances to* Frank.]

Shuff. My dear Frank, I—I have had a devilish deal of trouble in getting this business off your hands, but you see I've done my best for you?

Frank. For yourself, you mean.

Shuff. Come, damn it, my good fellow, don't be ungrateful to a friend.

Frank. Take back this letter of recommendation you wrote for Mary, as a friend—when you assume that name with me, Mr. Shuffleton, for myself, I laugh; for you, I blush; but for sacred friendships' profanation, I grieve. [*turns from him.*

Shuff. That all happens from being so much out of town.

Enter Peregrine, Job Thornberry, *and* Mary.

Pere. Now, Sir Simon, as accident seems to have thwarted a design which probity could never applaud, you may, perhaps, be inclined to do justice here?

Job. Justice is all I come for—damn the favours—cheer up, Mary.

Sir Sim. [*to* Peregrine] I was in hopes I had got rid of you—you are an orator from the sea-shore, but you must put more pebbles in your mouth before you harangue me into a tea-kettle connection.

Shuff. That's my friend at the Red-cow—he is the new old *chere ami* to honest tea-kettle's daughter.

Frank. Your insinuation is false, Sir.

Shuff. False! [*stepping forward.*

Lady C. Hush, don't quarrel—we were only married to-day.

Shuff. That's true; I won't do any thing to make you unhappy for these three weeks.

Pere. Sir Simon Rochdale—if my oratory fails, and which indeed is weak, may interest prevail with you.

Sir Sim. No; rather than consent, I'd give up ev'ry acre of my estate.

Pere. Your conduct proves you unworthy of your estate, and unluckily for you, you have roused the indig-

nation

nation of an elder brother, who now stands before you, and claims it.

Sir Sim. Eh! zounds! Peregrine?

Pere. I can make my title too good in an instant, for you to dispute it; my agent, in London, has long had documents on the secret he has kept; and several old inhabitants here, I know, are prepared to identify me.

Sir Sim. I had a run-away brother, a boy, that every body thought dead—how came you not to claim it till now?

Pere. Because, knowing he had given deep cause of offence, he would not have asserted his abandoned right, had he not found a brother neglecting what no Englishman shou'd neglect—humanity to his inferiors.

Enter Dennis Brulgruddery.

Den. Stand aisy, all of you, for I have big news for my half-drowned customer—och, bless your mug; and is it there you are?

Sir Sim. What's the matter now?

Den. Hauld your tongue, you little man! there's a great post just come to your Manor-house, and the Indiaman's work'd into port.

Job. What the vessel with all your property? [*to* Peregrine.

Den. By all that's amazing, they say you have a hundred thousand pounds in that ship.

Pere. My losses might have been somewhat more without this recovery—I have entered into a sort of partnership with you, my friend, this morning; how can we dissolve it?

Job. You are an honest man, so am I, so settle that account as you like.

Pere. Come forth then injured simplicity, of your own cause, you shall now be auditress.

Mary. Do not make me speak, Sir, I am so humbled, so abashed.

Job. Nonsense: we are sticking up for right.

Pere. Will you then speak, Mr. Rochdale?

Frank.

Frank. My father is bereft of a fortune, Sir, but I must hesitate till his *fiat* is obtained, as much as if he possessed it.

Sir Sim. Nay, nay; follow your own inclinations now.

Frank. May I, Sir—oh then, let the libertine now make reparation, and claim a wife.

[*turns to* Mary *and embraces her.*

Den. His wife! och, what a big dinner we'll have at the Red-cow.

Pere. What am I to say, Sir? [*to* Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. Oh! you are to say what you please.

Pere. Then bless you both! though I have passed so much of my life abroad, brother, English equity is dear to my heart—respect the right of honest John Bull, and our family concerns may be easily managed.

Job. That's upright. I forgive you, young man, for what has passed, but no one deserves forgiveness, who refuses to make amends, when he has disturb'd the happiness of an Englishman's fire-side.

FINIS.

Printed by P. Byrne, Grafton-street.

EPILOGUE.

SINCE Epilogue speaking to me is quite new,
Pray lend me the help of a fiddle or two;
I'm as strange to this job as the man in the moon,
But I think if I sing, I shall speak to some tune.

Fal lal la.

Now touching this comedy, Critics may say,
'Tis trumpery Bartelmy-fair kind of play;——
It smells, faith, of Smithfield, we all must allow;
For 'tis all about Bull, and the scene's a Red-cow.

Yet not without moral the author indites,
For he points to the blessings of Englishmen's rights;
Let a Duke wrong a Brazier, the barristers all
Know that brass can do wonders at Westminster-hall.

But was ever a tale so improbably told,
As Peregrine swimming with huge bags of gold?
Shou'd a man who sinks cash, with his cash wish to swim,
For a pound to a shilling his cash will sink him.

Let us find some excuse for this strange oversight,
Let's suppose that his guineas were most of 'em light;
Nay the guineas for grappling the shore he must thank,
'Tis amazing of late how they stick in the Bank.

Now in art, if not nature, Tom Shuffleton's found,
He's one of those puppies who better were drown'd;
Of the worst Bond-street litter, such whelps none admire,
Chuck 'em all in the Thames, they won't set it on fire.

Now I've touch'd at the principal points of the play,
Shall it run a few nights, or to-night run away;
Your votes, friends and Critics we now rest upon,
The Ayes have it I think, though it mayn't be *nem. con.*

Oh! Mr. Dennis Bru'gruddery lives with his dear,
They're in style, and agree just like thunder and beer;
An Irishman's blunder are pretty well hack'd,
But how charmingly sure Mr. Johnstone did act.

Then success to John Bull, let this be his pride,
Bless the king of John Bull, and John Bull's fire-side;
At John Bull's fire-side shou'd a foe dare to frown,
May John ne'er want a poker to knock the foe down.