



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

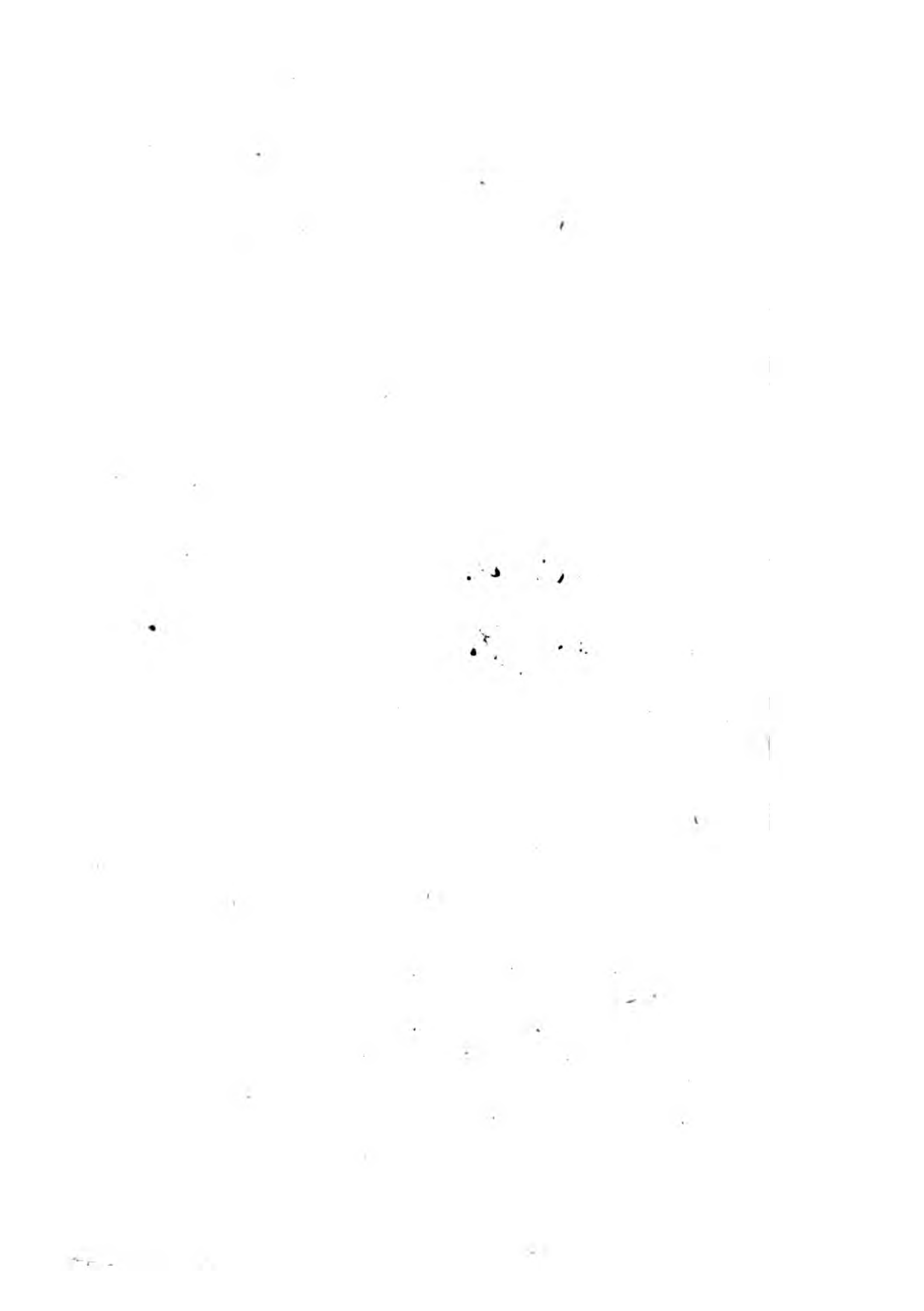
<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



800
B. S.
L. J.



Continued throughout

A
COLLECTION
OF
FARCES

AND OTHER
AFTERPIECES,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT
THE THEATRES-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, COVENT-GARDEN,
AND HAY-MARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS
FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK :

SELECTED BY
MRS INCHBALD.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

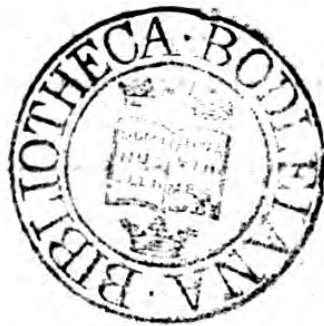
VOL. II.

THE BIRTH-DAY. THE POOR SOLDIER.
THE JEW AND THE DOCTOR. THE FARMER.
THE IRISHMAN IN LONDON. THE HIGHLAND REEL.
THE PRISONER AT LARGE. TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.
THE DESERTER.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1815.



EDINBURGH :
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

THE
BIRTH-DAY;

A
COMEDY,
IN THREE ACTS.

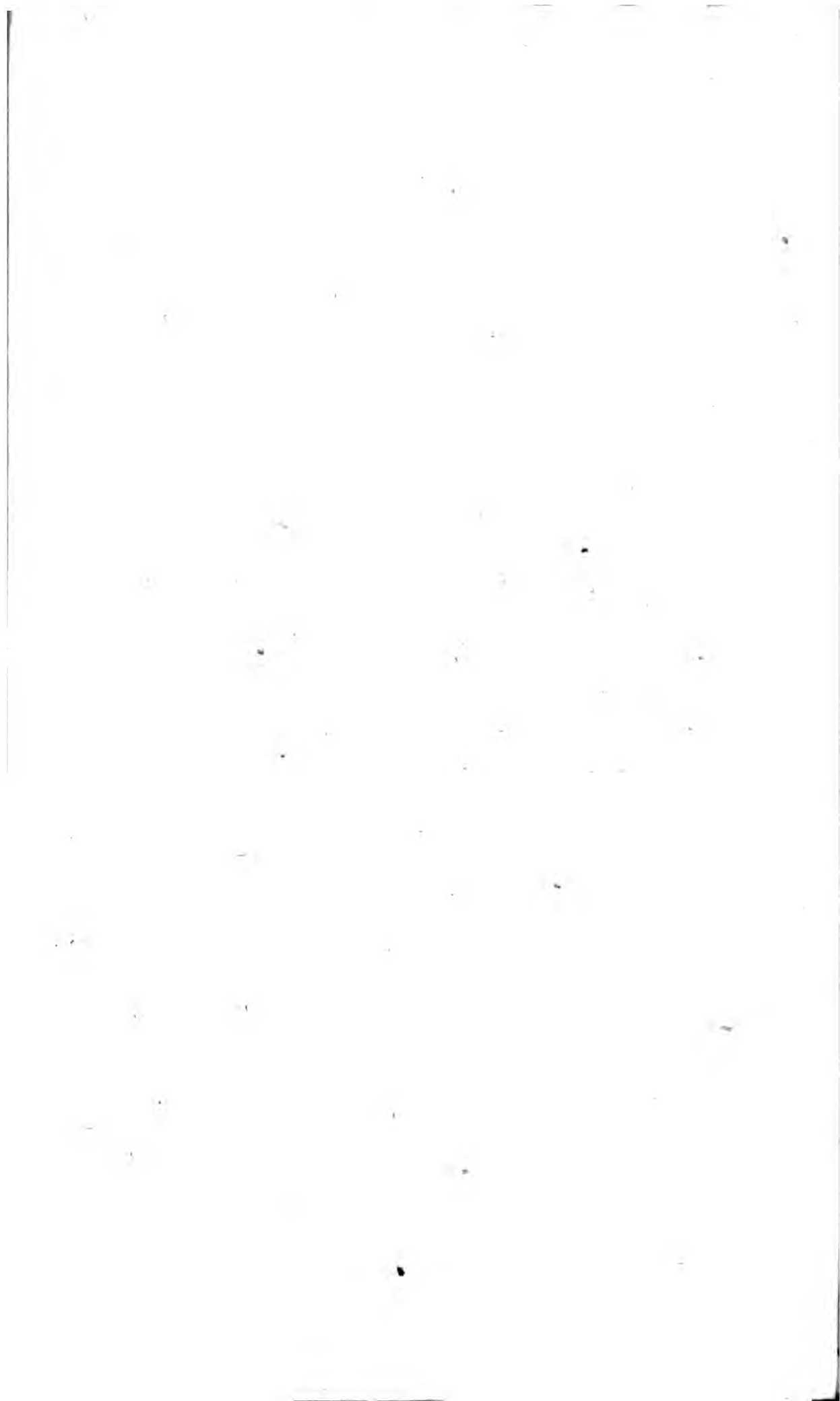
AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

ALTERED FROM THE GERMAN OF KOTZEBUE,
AND ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE,

BY
THOMAS DIBDIN.

VOL. II.

A



DRAMAMIS PERSONÆ.

CAPTAIN BERTRAM,
MR BERTRAM,
HARRY BERTRAM,
JACK JUNK,
LAWYER CIRCUIT,
WILLIAM,

Mr Munden.
Mr Murray.
Mr Claremont.
Mr Fawcett.
Mr Waddy.
Mr Abbot.

EMMA,
MRS MORAL,
ANN,

Miss Waddy.
Mrs Davenport.
Mrs Whitmore.



THE
BIRTH-DAY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Outside of BERTRAM'S House, a neat Cottage Building, with a Barn near it.*

Enter WILLIAM; ANN enters from the House.

Wil. Good morrow, Mrs Ann. Well, how does veyther's lodger, your master?

Ann. He has slept well, William; he mends every day.

Wil. I'm main glad, for Miss Emma's sake; and, ecod, for your sake, Mrs Ann. But I be afraid he is not quite so tightish yet; I often do hear un cough.

Ann. Ay, ay; but the doctor says, if the heart is sound, never mind the lungs.

Wil. Ecod, and zo do I zay. Better lose all the lungs than only have half a heart.

Ann. I'm sure my poor master has heart enough; I was his nurse from a child. He was always good-natured; and if Providence has denied him riches, it was to keep him from being a miser, like his brother.

Wil. They do zay that the captain and your master ha' gotten into a law-suit.

Ann. Ay, it has lasted fifteen years; and for what, I trow?—why, a shabby little garden. It's a shame for so rich a body——

Wil. I thinks an Miss Emma were to go to him—

Ann. She ha'nt seen him since she were a year old. She go! What, to be scoffed and jeered, I warrant, by the madam that governs him:—No, no, she's too good for that. The captain's son has been turned out of doors already, through her and that lawyer Circuit; and you may be sure she'll prevent any one else from coming into favour.

Wil. Here comes Miss Emma and the old gentleman. I do love the very sight of her: and, ecod, if the old housekeeper, or any one else, were to jeer at her, as you call it, I should like to have the pummeling o' un, that's all. [Exit into Burn.

Enter Mr BERTRAM and EMMA from House.

Bert. Here let me walk: Here the air is pleasant.

Enter HARRY.

Harry. Ah! charming to see you for the first time breathing the fresh air.

Bert. Welcome, my good sir; give me your hand.

Emma. Good morning, dear Mr Danvers.

Bert. How happy must a man feel, whose liberality saved the life of a father, and restored to a helpless orphan her only protector!

Harry. Were our profession always in unison with our wishes, we should be happy indeed.

Bert. Is it therefore less noble when you do your utmost endeavour? I knew you not, when poverty and the loss of my cause appeared inevitable; but you came day and night; you gave consolation and confidence, two things absolutely necessary for a sick man.

Harry. Why have I permitted you to say so much?

Bert. To-day I celebrate my sixty-third birth-day; for that I am to thank you. My child is not an orphan; for that also I thank you, my dear friend.

Harry. I must absolutely forbid this kind of conversation. I have done my duty, and I wish I could always succeed so well. When we spoke last night of your birth-day, I hoped that I should this morning be enabled to give you the welcome news, that your law-suit with your brother was at an end.

Bert. That would indeed be a delightful present to me.

Harry. And I have not yet lost my hopes. There is every reason to suppose my endeavours will be at last successful.

Bert. And what reason have I to suppose I shall ever be able to reward exertions so perfectly disinterested?

Harry. Not so disinterested as you may imagine.

Enter ANN from House.

Ann. Breakfast is ready, sir.

Bert. Will you, sir, partake with me?

Harry. I have a friend in the neighbourhood, whom I must visit.

Bert. Good morning, sir.

[Exit, led by ANN, into House.]

Emma. What will you think of me, my dear sir, that I was so silent when my father returned you his thanks? But I don't know how it happens, when I wish to speak, tears interrupt my words. Don't you think that my father will live to be very old now?

Harry. If he is careful not to exert himself too much.

Emma. That shall be my care.

Harry. And will you always remain with him?

Emma. Always, always.

Harry. But if other duties should call upon you?—

Emma. Other duties! What duties can be more sacred?

Harry. The duties of a wife, of a mother.

Emma. No—I never intend to marry.

Harry. Never marry?

Emma. Not if I should be obliged to leave my father.

Harry. Your husband would supply the place of a son.

Emma. And the son would take the daughter from the father.

Harry. But if a man could be found, who would bestow on your father a quiet old age, free from every sorrow; who, far from robbing the father of a good daughter, would weave the garland of love round three hearts, who would live under his roof, and multiply your joys, by reconciling your father and your uncle——

Emma. Such a one, indeed, if I could meet him.

Harry. Could you love him?

Emma. Could you do otherwise?

Harry. And if your father should bid you give your heart and hand to that man?——

Emma. I would do it with pleasure. But that is all I could give him, because we are poor.

Harry. Oh! you know not how rich you are! There are men yet in the world, who know the value of goodness. Adieu! But remember our conversation. A time may come when I shall remind you of it.

[*Leads her to the Cottage, and returns.*]

So far, so well. Were I to disclose to my friend Bertram, that I am the son of that brother with whom he is at variance, all my hopes of happiness would be quickly overturned: but if I can, undiscovered, pass a day longer as his friendly agent, my scheme will certainly be successful. And if, by means of it, I obtain my Emma, finish a law-suit, and reconcile a divided family, I shall have the satisfaction of doing

a good office to my fellow-creatures, while, at the same time, I am laying up felicity for myself. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room at Captain BERTRAM'S.*

JACK JUNK *discovered drinking.*

Junk. My master's birth-day! [*Drinks.*—Sixty-three years!—May he live—no matter how long, so he outlives me.—There's his son Harry, a dog! playing his masquerade tricks within hail;—but I've sent him a shot that will bring him to, I warrant.—Soh!—here comes our hypocritical housekeeper:—what a devil of a thing for an old tar, who has passed half his life at sea, to be plagued on shore by a purser in petticoats.

Enter Mrs MORAL.

Mrs Moral. What, drinking again! I tell you it's both immoral and ungenteel.

Junk. And I tell you it's damned good. It goes down, you see; for it's my master's health.

Mrs Moral. Psha! drinking healths makes people sick; and I dare say made our master's brother so ill.

Junk. Or who knows but he came alongside of a troublesome housekeeper? Your health, Mrs Moral; Psha! the toast sticks in my throat. Will you drink, Mrs Moral? It's fine grog.

Mrs Moral. Grog! how ungenteel! [*Drinks hearty.*] What shocking stuff!

Junk. You drink as if you cou'dn't bear the sight of it. Well, how is the captain's gout? I hope he'll live.

Mrs Moral. Under my care, a couple of months at least.

Junk. What?

Mrs Moral. Till autumn; but when the leaves begin to fall——

Junk. Avast! No, no.—[*Moved, and then angry.*] The leaves fall! No, no, I say.

Mrs Moral. What immorality! If you say *no* till you're tired, and death says *yes* once, it's all over.

Junk. When the leaves begin to fall! has the doctor said so?

Mrs Moral. The doctor! nonsense! I warrant I know as much as the doctor. The captain has the gout, and if once it gets into his stomach he's gone.

Junk. I had better go too, or I shall lose my temper. The gout in his stomach—Well, well! only to think the captain should have taken so many prizes of all nations, to be run down by a Tartar at last.

[*Looking at Mrs MORAL. Exit.*]

Mrs Moral. The fellow! how ungenteel! and what a contrast to my dear friend Mr Circuit! Oh, here he comes.

Enter CIRCUIT.

Ah! Mr Circuit, so soon to see you——

Circ. So soon—so late, you mean. The lawsuit's ended, and so are our profits; for the brothers have just signed a bond of arbitration.

Mrs Moral. Arbitration! Without consulting you, or asking my advice?

Circ. It's true as I'm an honest man.

Mrs Moral. How vastly ungenteel! but what shall we do, Mr Circuit?

Circ. Defeat their projects: Create suspicions, and renew the quarrel.

Mrs Moral. But if we should not succeed in keeping them at variance——

Circ. Why, then, they must make it up. A fine theatrical scene will follow; the two old fools will fall a-crying, Miss will wheedle her uncle out of a good legacy, and we shall be nonsuited,

Mrs Moral. And have I been so careful of the captain for this? Ah! Mr Circuit, 'tis for you I have played my cards—'tis for you I have got Mr Harry turned out of the house. The thousand pounds I have amassed, and the legacy I expected, were destined to accompany a heart which—but no will is made yet, and none shall be made, but of your drawing up; and for the contents of it——

Circ. Trust to my honesty. Though I can't see the probability of the captain's disinheriting his son, after all.

Mrs Moral. Were his son in want, 'tis probable the old man's heart might relent; but the independence his godfather has left him, has only irritated the captain more; for I have made him believe, that that very independence has been the cause of his disrespect.

Circ. But that may one day or other be explained away, Mrs Moral.

Mrs Moral. My dear sir, impossible! how very ungentle to doubt my skill and foresight! And should we even fail, we have yet enough to secure a cottage, which, free from the immorality of the world, and sweetened by love and affection——

Circ. Better sweeten it with a rich legacy. But mum! Here comes the captain: Don't forget your morality.

Mrs Moral. How ungentle to remind me of it!

Enter Captain BERTRAM. Mrs MORAL runs to get a Chair.

Capt. Good morning—good morning. I have slept rather too long: but for that I may thank my last night's late visitor.

Circ. Have you had company, sir?

Capt. Only one guest, only one; and the devil may take him—the gout, my friend, the gout. Take a seat, sir, if you like; or if you prefer standing, it's

all the same to me. As for me, I am fit for nothing but to be nailed to a chair.

Circ. The gout, sir, is a complaint which often knocks at the door of the rich.

Capt. Knocks at the door! Zounds, it breaks into the house.

Circ. Hem!—Pardon me, captain; but I am told you have signed a bond of arbitration?

Capt. Yes, I have; and what of that?

Circ. And that you mean to settle your law-suit with your brother?

Capt. Yes, I will; and what of that?

Circ. Astonishing! And how came you to have such an idea after fifteen years?

Capt. There you are right; it should have been done fifteen years ago.

Circ. Now the business rests so well?

Capt. That is my reason; because it rests, and never advances.

Circ. The great point would have come on to-day.

Capt. And what should I have gained?

Circ. You would have known in what court of justice the action ought to have been brought.

Capt. And then I should have the pleasure of beginning the law-suit over again. A mighty matter indeed! that, after fifteen years quarrelling, I should at last know to which court of justice the action belongs.

Circ. That is not my fault: I am an honest man.

Capt. I know that.

Circ. Your brother's chicaneries——

Capt. That's my reason again. He had no desire to bring the action to an end till I was dead. But, now I have driven him from the ocean of law into the harbour of arbitration, I will blockade him there, and take care he shall not escape me.

Circ. He'll be the gainer by it.

Capt. And if he should?—the whole nonsense is

not worth a hundred pounds. The law-suit has already cost me five times that sum.

Circ. But I should be very sorry so bad a man should gain his point against your honour.

Capt. Let him keep the garden; his injustice will never let him enjoy it.

Mrs Moral. Your father made *you* the heir of it.

Capt. He did so.

Circ. And while you were on the boisterous seas, fighting the waves and the enemies of your country—

Mrs Moral. Comes this wicked wretch—(I beg pardon, as he is your honour's brother)—and takes possession of the garden.

Capt. So he did,—a dog!

Mrs Moral. And if you settle the law-suit, a formal reconciliation will take place.

Capt. Never, no, never! Psha! It is not for my brother's sake I wish the law-suit finished—I do it only for my own repose. Fifteen years ago I would not have shrunk an inch from my right: But now I grow old—I am plagued with an ungrateful son—tormented with the gout:—and I should like to leave this world in peace.

Circ. Most humanely said.

Mrs Moral. And like a Christian.

Circ. Perhaps, my dear sir, you would wish to make your will.

Mrs Moral. Make his will! For heaven's sake don't talk of his honour's will. You break my heart at the idea.

Capt. Mrs Moral, you're a good soul! I have here a present for you. You have watched me in my illness with tenderness and anxiety. In return, I give you——

Mrs Moral. (*Suppressing her eager expectation.*) Give me!—O, dear sir, what?

Capt. This book. You love to read books of mo-

rality; and that contains something worth your attention. 'Tis an "Essay on Patience."

Mrs Moral. (Aside.) 'Tis a trial of patience, I'm sure, to be fobbed off with a book after all.—My dear sir, I shall never forget your liberality.

Capt. Stay till you peruse it, before you thank me.

Mrs Moral. A book, indeed!—how ungenteel!

[*Puts it in her Pocket.*]

Enter JACK JUNK.

Junk. Good morrow, captain.

Capt. Good day, Junk.

Junk. To-day is your birth-day.

Capt. I know it.

Junk. I am glad of it.

Capt. Well, I know that too.

Circ. Your birth-day, captain!

Mrs Moral. Gracious heaven! and nobody thought of it. How ungenteel!

Capt. Nonsense.

Circ. Hem! I beg, captain, you would accept the congratulations of an honest man, on the return of this day.

Capt. Thank you—thank you.

Mrs Moral. May heaven preserve you to a good old age, and bestow on you its richest blessings, health and prosperity!

Capt. Belay! it is enough.

Mrs Moral. But, bless me! why do I stand here, when every thing should be arranged in honour of this day? The present you have done me the honour to make me, sir, is doubly valuable, on the anniversary of your birth.—Oh! how I long to throw patience behind the fire! (*Aside.*) [Exit.]

Circ. Captain, good day. Should your arbitration be unsuccessful, I hope you will command my services. In the mean time, I see no rule to shew cause

why I shou'dn't be your most obedient humble servant. [Exit.

Junk. You broke your tobacco-box yesterday.

Capt. Well, Junk, why do you remind me of that? it was stupid enough—I had a horrid pain in my feet—the salt-bath would not help me—I took the box, threw it on the ground, and broke it into a thousand pieces. To be sure that gave me no ease—but don't tell me of it again, Junk.

Junk. I meant no harm, captain;—only I have bought a box—if it is not too ordinary, and you would accept of it from the hand of your old servant and brother seaman, I should be vastly pleased.

Capt. Let me see it.

Junk. To be sure it is not gold; but it is what I could best afford.

Capt. Give it to me, honest Junk. I thank you.

Junk. And will you use it too?

Capt. Surely, surely. [Feels in his Pocket.

Junk. But I hope, captain, you won't attempt to pay for it.

Capt. No, no; you are right.

Junk. Huzza! huzza!—now will I have a jolly day;—and as for Mrs Moral, under favour, captain, the old girl is good for nothing.

Capt. Avast!—slacken sail there, my lad. If I had a wife, perhaps she might think,—“Aye, there he sits with his gout, grumble, grumble, grumble—always a plague to me, and I must bear with him.”—Now, I like Mrs Moral; she does every thing with so much good-will. She's fond of reading good books too. I have just given her one, in which I have inclosed a bank note: when she opens the book, she'll think of me, and find I have not forgot her kindness.

Junk. You are too good to her;—she carries all fair to your face; but when your back's turned, she's for stowing the gout in your honour's stomach, and sending you in a gale to old Davy.

Capt. Silence, I say—'tis no such thing.

Junk. I told her so, shiver me if I didn't. But she said, "Death had laid down your hull, and that your honour would be launched at the fall of the leaf:"—and then the stories she has told you of your son Harry——

Capt. Hold your tongue, Junk—you are a libellous rascal. You, and your box too, may go to the devil.

[*Throws the Box away—a pause.*]

Junk. (*Looking sometimes at the Box, sometimes on his Master with much feeling.*) I a libellous rascal?

Capt. Yes.

Junk. You won't have the box?

Capt. Not I; I will take nothing from a man who thinks himself the only good one. (*JUNK takes up the Box, and throws it out of the Window.*)—Junk, what are you about?

Junk. The box may go to the devil, though I don't choose to follow it just yet.

Capt. Are you mad?

Junk. What should I do with the box? You won't accept it, and I cou'd'nt keep it myself. Whenever it came in my sight, I should think—Thou art a miserable wretch, Junk: a man, whom thou hast served thirty years honestly and faithfully, has called thee—damn it! I can scarce speak the words—"a libellous rascal." This would draw tears from me every day; but now the box is gone, all the rest is forgotten. (*With much feeling.*)—I will think my dear master was sick and in pain; and that, however harsh his words were, he never meant to hurt me.

Capt. (*Much moved—after a pause.*) Junk, come here—(*Gives him his hand*) I didn't mean to hurt you.

Junk. I knew that:—For my part I meant honestly. But, when I see you abused by that hypocrite, and cheated by the lawyer——

Capt. Why, Junk, I fancy the devil's in you. What,

Mr Circuit, too, my attorney, the honestest man in the world! But time will show:—And mind, Junk, if I find you tell me a lie, I'll turn you out of the house the next instant.

Junk. Turn me out of my berth! I don't think, captain, you would do that.

Capt. The devil I wou'dn't!—But I say, yes! I shall and will do it: And if you contradict me another word, I will do it this instant.

Junk. (*Very indifferently.*) Well, then, old Junk will go into the hospital.

Capt. In the hospital! What, what should you do there?

Junk. Die, to be sure.

Capt. Die in the hospital! Zounds! do you think I can give you no other place but the hospital to die in, when you are turned out of my house?

Junk. Oh yes, no doubt you might; but damn me, I would rather go a-begging than live upon a man who thought fit to turn me out of doors,

Capt. This fellow's pride is enough to give me a fit of the gout. Twenty years ago, when we fell into the hands of pirates—when they took every thing from me, you had concealed some guineas with which we got back to Old England. When a mutiny broke out in my ship, you discovered it to me, and helped to quell it at the hazard of your life; and now, damn it! you will die in the hospital!

Junk. (*Moved.*) Why, captain! *

Capt. (*With rising enthusiasm.*) And once, when we had two Frenchmen on board, and one of them had just hove up his arm to split my skull, you fell upon them both, and saved my life; and yet (*Turning at once to JUNK, weeps.*)—I am to let you die in an hospital; take with me into the grave such ingratitude towards you! (*Weeps.*)—Speak instantly, you dog, and say you will die with me. Come, boy, give me your hand.—(*Shake hands.*)

Junk. Ah, my good master! I only wish you to close my eyes when I am dead!

Capt. Go, go, Junk—fetch me the tobacco-box again.

Junk. With pleasure, captain.—And now if I could but see you and your brother reconciled——

Capt. I doubt if that will ever be, Jack.

Junk. But I'm sure your honour wishes it.

Capt. Why ay, if I could but undo some things which have passed.

Junk. But who knows whether any thing is true that has been said? There are folks in the world, captain, who would sooner——

Capt. Yes, yes, Junk, you may be right.

Junk. Dear captain, do play the lawyer a trick: put your hand to sincere reconciliation—meet him half way—he is still your brother—you are twins—this is your birth-day. I remember the time when you celebrated it together with brotherly affection.

Capt. Yes, yes, those were better times indeed.

Junk. Your mother was always glad on that day.

Capt. Ay, so she was—she was, Junk.

Junk. On that day she always took you both in her arms, and requested you to love each other like brothers.

Capt. She did so—Oh! I remember it well.

Junk. In the last year of her life, she said,—“When I am dead, always remember that day; nothing must disturb your mutual harmony.”—And if your brother was to come now, with a friendly smile——

Capt. Come! What, come here!

Junk. Yes; and if he stretched out his arms——

Capt. (*With anxiety*) What, stretch out his arms! (*He stretches out his arms involuntarily, and draws them back.*)

Junk. And should he say,—“Brother Lewis, our mother sees us!”

Capt. Should he say that—(*Agitated.*)

Junk. And if he flew into your arms——

Capt. (*Stretching out his arms.*) O brother! brother!
 (*Falls on JUNK's arm.*) That would indeed be too much!
 Junk, you have made a lubber of me.

Junk. And no disgrace, I hope, captain. A seaman never need blush at the tear of sorrow he sheds for a fallen enemy, or the tear of joy at making peace with him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Outside of BERTRAM'S House.*

HARRY enters, reading a Letter.

“Your honour,

“When the commanding officer is disabled, it is the duty of every seaman to keep a good look-out ahead. And if so be, as you know, that the captain's timbers are ready to start, why it might become you more to take the helm at home, than to be sculking within sight of a ship in distress, without heaving to, as in duty bound. Seeing your father's gout will soon get possession of his upper works, and give him sailing orders for old Davy, why, if you wasn't my young master, I should like to put you in mind of your duty with a good round dozen; being all at present from

“JOHN JUNK, + his mark.”

“P. S. Not being able to write myself, this letter was wrote by me, his honour's coachman; who am your honour's humble servant to command.”

(*As he is reading, JACK enters behind.*)

So, so,—honest Jack has discovered me,—and, it seems, joins in the general prejudice.

Junk. Avast there!—give Junk your fist.—I know all your plots and plans—to-day must finish them—

knock up old mother Moral, and reconcile your father to your uncle.

Harry. My dear Jack, forward my intentions, and I'll be for ever obliged to you.

Junk. Then tell your uncle the garden is his; invite him to pass the afternoon in it, and leave the rest to me.

Harry. This must hasten my intentions.—Retire, Jack; my uncle, as well as my father, is so warm in his resentment, that if he discovered me, by seeing you, before we effect the reconciliation——

Junk. It might never happen at all: So I'll go, and keep a good look-out at the castle. [Exit.

Enter BERTRAM and EMMA from the House.

Bert. My dear sir, I am glad to see you. You are here in time to help me out of a strange perplexity. Would you think it, I hold in my hand two bills which have both been paid this morning without costing me a penny.

Harry. Pray, how may that be?

Bert. By some unknown benefactor.—Cannot you assist me in guessing?

Harry. I should think there is but one man likely to do such an action.

Bert. Ah! who is that?

Harry. Your brother.

Bert. What, my brother pay bills, who for fifteen years has put me to such expence, and made such bitter allegations against me in the courts of justice!

Harry. Those allegations were drawn by his attorney:—but your bills he has paid himself.

Bert. Do you really think so?

Harry. I have every reason at least to believe so. He enquired respecting your concerns.

Bert. Alas! you make my heart ache.

Harry. Should a brother's love, my dear sir, make your heart ache?

Bert. Benefactions from the hand of an enemy—

Harry. Are the first steps into the field of friendship.

Emma. (*With a Sigh.*) O that I were only permitted to love my uncle!

Harry. I hope, Miss Emma, you will soon be allowed to do so.—Dear Mr Bertram, I am, at length, the herald of peace. The law-suit is at an end.

Bert. To-day only I regret that poverty which prevents my rewarding this worthy benefactor.

Harry. Poverty! Can you be poor while in possession of such a daughter?

Bert. And what more can she do than mingle tears of gratitude with mine?

Harry. Perhaps she *could* do something more.

Bert. How, Mr Danvers?

Harry. Would you think the worse of me, if I were interested in all that I have done?

Bert. I do not comprehend you.

Harry. Do you not comprehend me, Emma? You blush!

Emma. I feel my cheeks burn; but I know not why.

Harry. Did not you tell me this morning you could love the man who would make your father's age free from care?

Emma. I did so, indeed, Mr Danvers.

Harry. And that you would give him your heart and hand!—(*Pause: EMMA looks down.*)—Did not you say that too?

Emma. I remember I did.

Harry. And will you shrink from your word?

Emma. No.

Harry. What, not if I were the man? (*Pause.*) Look at me, Miss Emma.

Emma. I cannot.

Harry. He can never be deceived in his choice of female excellence, who for seven months has obser-

ved a daughter at the bedside of her sick father. Your heart and hand are a greater treasure than monarchs could bestow ; for these I solicit, not as a reward, but as an encouragement of my wishes to do well.

Emma. (*Overpowered, flies into her father's arms.*)
My father!

Bert. Emma, my child, you have a father's blessing : Take him. With that embrace you have relieved me from years of sorrow. I shall leave no orphan unprotected in the world. The fortune of my child is truth and virtue ; and these are now in the hands of a good man.

Harry. In your increased circle of domestic joys, your heart will play with greater freedom. Only one is now wanting to complete our felicity—your brother.

Bert. He will not make the first step, and I cannot.

Harry. Why not?

Bert. Because my brother is rich.

Harry. I honour that sentiment. You shall not make the first step. But allow me to request, that Miss Emma will go to her uncle, and congratulate him on his birth-day.

Emma. With all my heart.

Bert. Consider, how deeply hurt we shall all be, should she return without obtaining her wish.

Harry. There is no fear—I know your brother, and I know my Emma.

Bert. Well, I leave the event to providence.

Harry. And after that we will spend a happy evening. We will meet in your garden.

Bert. In my garden?

Harry. You must see how the garden looks which has disunited the hearts of two brothers for fifteen years : we and a couple more sincere friends—only a few of us ; but in every breast a heart. I have arranged my plan, and you mustn't disappoint me.

Bert. Well, well!—my old nurse Ann shall go with us.—Ann! Ann! [Exit into the House.

Harry. Go then, my Emma; and may the angel of peace aid the persuasions of your tongue!

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room at Captain BERTRAM'S.

Enter Mrs MORAL (with Papers.)

Mrs Moral. Nine hundred and fifty pounds! Come, that's very genteel; and then in the will—let me see——

Enter EMMA, anxiously looking round.

Emma. I think the whole house is empty.

Mrs Moral. (Not seeing her.) Ay, ay; no fear of the will, unless that Miss Emma should unluckily make her appearance; and—Eh! why bless me! (Seeing EMMA, and putting up her Pocket-book, &c. hastily.)—How ungenteel to interrupt people in this manner!

Emma. Your servant, madam.

Mrs Moral. Your servant, miss.—Pray who are you, child, and what do you want?

Emma. I wish to see the captain.

Mrs Moral. And what business can you have with the captain?

Emma. I come to congratulate him on his birthday.

Mrs Moral. O, vastly fine! poor people might have a dozen birth-days in a year, and nobody would congratulate them. And pray now, young woman, what have you to do with the captain's birthday?

Emma. That, madam, I wish to tell him myself.

Mrs Moral. Ay, ay, no doubt to tell him yourself. Yes, if you could but see him. But, child, I would

have you to know I am mistress in this house—and so, any secrets you have must first be told to me.

Emma. I didn't know my uncle was married.

Mrs Moral. Your uncle? Why, I cannot suppose—Yes, yes, the face is nearly—What, you are one of Captain Bertram's poor relations, I suppose?

Emma. I am one of his relations, madam.

Mrs Moral. (*Looks at her contemptuously.*) Why, I think, young woman, you have some distant resemblance of your mother.

Emma. Did you know my late dear mother?

Mrs Moral. By sight, child—But, good heaven, what do you do here? Don't you know that the captain won't see nor hear any thing of any part of the family?

Emma. That was formerly; but now the law-suit is ended.

Mrs Moral. What, is it finished?—And have they at last cheated my poor master?

Emma. We are all rejoiced that it is at an end.

Mrs Moral. O, I have not the least doubt of it; and now you think to build your nest here.

Emma. No, madam, we think no such thing, I assure you: we only think that it is both handsome and honourable that two brothers should love each other.

Mrs Moral. I suppose your father taught you that fine sentence. I dare say you have all your lessons by heart—And you are come with your smooth speeches to soften the captain: but go back, in the name of heaven—The captain is ill—he is asleep—he has forbidden all visitors; and particularly those from your father's house.

Emma. May I not see him then?

Mrs Moral. Lord, child, it would be of no use—you would only see an ill-natured old grumbler.

Emma. But may I come again in the evening?

Mrs Moral. No, to be sure—I dare not even say

you have been here—He'd be so angry, it would bring on a fit of the gout immediately.

Emma. My poor father will be very sorry to hear this.

Mrs Moral. He must support it with Christian fortitude. I dare say he has bowed and cringed enough to procure a reconciliation: but you can have no idea, child, what sort of a man the captain is—he does nothing but swear and thunder all day, and for nothing—I have plague enough with him, I am sure.—Go, get you gone, young woman, I advise you for your good; for, if he's once in a passion, he is the most ungentle being upon earth.

Emma. And yet my father always says, he has a good and honest heart.

Mrs Moral. Yes, yes, he may have an honest heart, but it is a grumbling one. Tell your father, child, that I, Mrs Moral, have for fifteen years tried all in my power to bring about a reconciliation; but my endeavours have been entirely fruitless.

Emma. My poor father!

Mrs Moral. Poor—Yes, I hear he is poor—Good heaven, every body cannot be rich: but I really feel compassion for both you and your father. I am much affected—And to alleviate your distress, I'll—yes, I will—a generous action never goes unrewarded, so I'll instantly—

Emma. (*With expression of hope.*) What, my dear madam!

Mrs Moral. Give you this little book—It's an Essay on Patience—it will teach your father resignation, and you morality. Nay, you need not look so scornful at it; it was the captain's own book, I assure you.

Emma. (*Takes the Book.*) Was it my uncle's? Then will I give it to my father. Alas, how cruel the tidings which must accompany it! [Exit.

Mrs Moral. Aye, good bye to you, child!—I'm

glad she's gone. It would be a pretty thing, indeed, to let people get in here, whom I have been employed in keeping out for these fifteen years.

Enter JUNK, bringing back EMMA.

Junk. What! the captain's niece and not see him! —Who's officer of the watch here, I wonder? When such a neat-rigg'd vessel brings a flag of truce, who shall lay an embargo?

Emma. Would to heaven I could bring peace!

Junk. And who has forbidden you?

Mrs Moral. I have forbidden her.

Junk. And by whose orders?

Mrs Moral. I warrant, Mr Boatswain, I know my business without orders from you. Let the young woman go her ways.—My master is asleep.

Junk. The captain asleep! Whew! Why I left him but this moment to fetch something for him to read. Miss, if you will but stop a moment, I'll pilot you to the captain in the turn of a handspike.

Emma. I'll wait with pleasure.

Mrs Moral. (*Places herself at the Door.*) I say, she shall not enter these doors, Mr John.

Junk. And I say, make a clear ship, or I shall fall foul of your morality. And let me tell you, mess-mate, that whoever would stand in the way of a treaty of peace, deserves to have no share in the blessings it produces.—Follow me, miss. [*Exit.*

Mrs Moral. Well, miss, I congratulate you—I hope you are perfect in your part. Turn me from the door indeed! And for what? for at best but an honest beggar. It's very ungenteel, indeed! [*Exit.*

Emma. How cruel is this woman!—Should my uncle be so harsh as she represents—but, perhaps, it was only to frighten me. Yet, if he should be so, I make the sacrifice for a father. Be courageous, Emma! the most wretched quarter of an hour is over in

fifteen minutes, and the fraternal enmity has lasted fifteen years. [Exit at the Door.

SCENE III.—*The Captain's Apartment. The Captain in his Arm-chair, JOHN by his side, EMMA is seen just entering at the Door in the flat behind the Captain.*

Capt. My niece! and what does she want with me?

Junk. I don't know; but she looks so sweetly, that I'll lay a wager she comes to bring you some good news.

Capt. (After a pause.) Well, where is she?

Junk. There she stands, behind your chair.

Capt. And how am I to get at her with my gouty legs?

Junk. Come nearer, my dear miss.—(EMMA stops and hesitates.)

Capt. (Listening.) I don't hear any body stir.

Junk. She trembles so, she can scarcely walk.

Capt. Tremble! What the deuce does she tremble for?

Junk. She weeps.

Capt. The devil! what does she weep for?

Emma. (Coming forward.) I come, dear uncle, to congratulate you.

Capt. (Rather quick.) To congratulate me—on what?

Emma. On your birth-day.

Capt. Oh! I am much obliged to you. I suppose you have only just learned to walk, since you come to-day for the first time.

Emma. Ever since I have been able to think and to feel, my heart has drawn me towards you.

Capt. So! so!—How old may you be?

Emma. Seventeen, sir.

Capt. Yes, yes, it is about fifteen years since I came home. I remember you were then a little thing, not as high as my knee.

Emma. And then my good uncle took me up in his arms, and kissed his little darling, as he used to call her. So my nurse has often told me.

Capt. Ay, your good uncle was then a good fool.

Emma. I lost my dear mother too soon.

Capt. Your mother! ay, she was a good woman indeed! Yes, very good!

Emma. Had she been living, many things would not have happened.

Capt. That is very likely:—she prevented your father from doing many foolish things.

Emma. Dear sir, my father may be in the wrong. Malicious people may have led him astray; but his affection for his brother they could never erase from his heart.

Capt. He has given me a great many proofs of his affection for the last fifteen years.

Emma. All *that* is passed: Friendly decision has thrown a veil over what has happened.—“Go to my brother,” said my father, “be thou the herald of peace.—He will not turn thee away.—Thou art innocent:—he loved you when you were a little child:—he loved your mother:—for her sake, perhaps, he will reach out his hand towards you, and you shall then press it with filial affection.” (*Much agitated.*)

Capt. (*Without looking at her.*) Why, to be sure, you are not the cause of my displeasure. You must do what your father bids you. I am not angry with you. But, now go, in the name of heaven.—What is your name?

Emma. Emma.

Capt. Emma!—Yes, yes, I believe I stood godfather to you.

Emma. And will my godfather—will he who first introduced me into Christian society, who promised me love when I could not prattle, let me go without one friendly look?

Capt. (*Turns his face quick towards her without rest-*

ing his eyes upon her.) There! there then! Now get you gone—You shall be remembered in my will. (*A pause.*)

Emma. Oh, that is very hard!

Capt. Very hard! What do you mean by hard?

Emma. My dearest uncle, I wish to stand in your heart, not in your will.

Capt. Why, aye, that's very well said, to be sure. But I must remember you in my will, because I am your godfather, and because you have given yourself the trouble to come here.

Emma. Trouble!

Capt. Here, take this little present. (*Gives her a Purse without looking at her.*)

Emma. (*Taking his hand with emotion, the Purse falls on the floor.*) I see only the hand you offer me, not the present. This hand I will keep—mingle tears with your present, and beseech you to take it back.

Capt. Why, girl, you are proud!

Emma. I will be proud if you give me your love. Here kneels the proud one by your side, and begs for a single look. My dear mother could leave me nothing but her features:—these features might remind you of the friend of your youth, who is now no more; they will soften your heart, and give me another father.

Capt. Junk, she has every line of her mother's face, has not she? O the deuce, Junk, I can't stand this! Take her away.

Junk. (*Crying.*) If I do I'll be damned!

Capt. What does the fellow cry for? Junk, I tell you take her from me.

[*JUNK takes up EMMA, and places her in the Captain's arms.*]

Emma. My good—my dearest uncle!

Capt. Stop—Stop!—this is running foul of a man by night, and in a fog.

Emma. I see a tear in your eye, that is worth more than all the guineas you offered me.

Capt. Well, well, I own myself overpowered. Go to your mother's grave, and thank her for this. After you were christened, I stood by her bed-side, and gave her my hand. She took mine with both hers, and looked—just as you do now.—“My dear brother,” said she, “this child I commit to your kindness. When I am dead”—(*Pauses, much affected.*) Poor soul! In four weeks after she died. Come, my child—come to my heart! (*EMMA sinks on his bosom. A pause.*)—Only look, Jack, this cunning gypsey has softened my heart, and made me cry like a woman. Emma! you hussey, get out of my sight. (*Embracing her closely.*)

Emma. Ah! now I know my uncle's heart, every fear is vanished.

Capt. What, you were afraid of me? Perhaps people told you I was a great sea-bear.

Emma. The lady here in the house quite frightened me.

Capt. Lady? What lady?

Junk. O! who but the sweet Mrs Moral, captain?

Capt. Ay, ay, Mrs Moral's name is like water to the mill of your clack.

Junk. Why, then, the devil may hold his tongue. When I came in, I found this dear, lovely girl, just going away with a tear in her eye:—the drop was but small—but I wou'dn't have it upon my conscience;—so, I asked Miss her business here.—Ah! said she, I dare not see my uncle.—Why not? said I. Every one dare go to him, particularly with a tear in their eye.—But Mrs Moral truly posted herself before the door; and, setting her fat arms a-kimbo, pretended to prevent my entering—*Me, Jack Junk,* that have served my good master these thirty years, she had the impudence to tell me I should not go, for my master was asleep.—I believe, however, I gave her such a shove, as we are apt to do to any

lazy land-lubber that stands in the way aboard ship in a storm.

Capt. But look ye, Junk,—you are apt to take things the wrong way; perhaps she thought I was asleep: she meant well, no doubt.

Junk. Well, captain,—Miss Emma will best be able to tell how she was received.

Emma. I am so glad now, that I have forgot all.

Capt. Forgot!—Why, then there was something to forget.—Come, let us hear!

Emma. One thing only hurt me much—she said I came a-begging.

Capt. Stop—stop!—that was not good.

Junk. Good! Captain, I say it was damn'd bad.

Capt. Bad!—You are right, it was bad:—that must have escaped her in a hurry.

Emma. Besides, she gave me a present for my father,—a book which was once yours:—I now value it more than ever.

Capt. A what?—a book?

Emma. This, my dear uncle—(*Shews it him.*)

Capt. Why, Jack, only look.—Let's see—it's the same—and, egad, the same bank-note for five hundred pounds doubled down between the leaves.

Emma. How unjust have I been to her!—was this her present?

Capt. Ay, what say you now, John, to Mrs Moral?

Junk. Say!—Why, that she was guilty of a good action without knowing it;—five hundred pounds!—why, an English ship of fifty guns would as soon strike to a French frigate of fifteen.

Capt. No matter; do you keep it, Emma; if she meant it for you, I'll double the sum to her, and if she did *not*, she deserves to lose it for her hypocrisy.

Junk. But come! there should be no clouds to spoil a day in which two brothers hoist the flag of friendship.

Capt. Nay, nay, Junk, belay there. The girl has never injured me: She is my godchild, and her mother's virtues are reflected in her face. As to my brother, he may walk the streets, but we must not meet.

Junk. Dear captain, in the end of our voyage, where all streets join, we must meet.

Capt. And then let him, whose conscience reproaches him, cast his eyes to the ground, I say!

Emma. Dearest uncle, you must be my father's friend.

Capt. No—no such thing!—Only see, Junk, I have hardly given the girl a little corner in my heart, but she wants to order about as if the whole belonged to her.

Junk. But only think, captain, how different this house would look:—You need not then smoke your evening pipe alone—You would talk over your school tricks, and the pleasures of your youth, with your brother, who would sit by your side, and the great cat would be turned off the sofa.

Capt. I won't hear any thing said against my cat: She never brought an action against me.

Emma. Well, I must go to my father, he expects me; but may I come again, my dear uncle?

Capt. Come again!—There's a stupid question. You may come again—you must come again! do you hear? (*Very tenderly.*)

Emma. With pleasure.

Capt. Well, now, and when will you return?

Emma. To-morrow—every day.

Capt. Well, then, go: and when you return, do you hear, leave your pride at home—Do you understand?—there lies something on the floor—I suppose you won't stoop to take it up.

Emma. Does disinterested love look so much like pride?

Capt. Yes, yes—you'll not take it up because you know it would give your good uncle pleasure.

Emma. (*Takes up the Purse.*) I thank you, dear uncle. I will lay it out in a present for my father—You will permit me to do that, won't you?

Capt. O, do what you like with your own money.

Emma. But surely one kind word from you would do him more good than any other present.

Capt. Well, zounds! speak as many kind words as you like to him—(*Quick, but good-natured.*)

Emma. (*Kisses him affectionately.*) Dear uncle!

[*Exit.*

Junk. Well, captain, what do you think of your niece?

Capt. Why, I think the little witch knows how to cure my gout better than the doctor. As long as she was present, my rebellious legs and feet were quiet; but now they begin to plague me again—gnaw, gnaw—pull, pull, pull.

Junk. What a wife she would make for your son Harry, captain! but you wou'dn't let him have her.

Capt. Yes, yes, but I would—But her father will never resign her. What can I do?

Junk. I think you had better take both of them.

Capt. Both of them! Stop, stop, Jack, that will never suit me.

Junk. Your lawyer has been to tell you the award is made.

Capt. Is it? Thank heaven a thousand times!—I don't care in whose favour the award is; it is all the same to me.

Junk. The garden is yours for life.

Capt. I give it to my niece, now, this instant. Zounds! why did not the sweet wench come sooner?

Junk. You have been agitated to-day. Suppose you enjoy the open air this afternoon?

Capt. That I will most willingly. An old seaman is fond of a breeze.

Junk. 'Tis a delightful evening. Suppose, captain, you pass it for the first time in your garden? I have already been to see it.

Capt. My garden! I shall feel strangely at the sight of that same garden. Does the old door remain still? When I was a boy, ten years old, I cut a ship upon it with my penknife.

Junk. The ship is visible yet, I assure you.

Capt. Is it indeed? That's curious!—Since then many of my old friends have died. Yes, yes, we will go there—And, d'ye hear? bid that baggage Emma attend me there. Send directly.

Junk. And her father——

Capt. No, not a word on that subject, or I'll keel-haul you, you dog. (*JUNK is going.*) But stay, Jack, you forget my gout. (*JUNK returns to assist him.*)—Thank ye! thank ye! So, the old ship remains where I left it. Well, well; if she had weathered as many tight gales as I have, 'tis a question if the hand of time would have left her legible. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at the Captain's. Two Doors in the Flat, near it an Arm-Chair with Castors, in which the Captain is discovered.*

Capt. Now, if my boy was but good enough to become a match for his cousin Emma, what a harbour of content should I sail into in my old age! But it won't do: The man who is disobedient to the orders of his commander, should never be trusted with a command himself. Why, where's this Junk? Why, Jack, I say——

Enter Junk.

Order the carriage, that we may go to my garden.

Junk. But, before you go, as you value your old servant, John, do grant him one favour.

Capt. Well, make haste. What is it?

Junk. Just permit me to lock you into that closet.

Capt. Lock me up!

Junk. You shall lock yourself up, only permit me to wheel you in:—Nay, it's a satisfaction you owe me. You said, to-day, I was a libellous rascal. You have now an opportunity of doing yourself and me justice; and, though you are my commanding officer, yet you have also a commander.

Capt. I! who?

Junk. Honour! who will not permit you, whilst you fight under his flag, to refuse an honest man a hearing.

Capt. Well, but Jack, this is the first time I ever heard that locking a captain in a cupboard was the way to give anybody a hearing.

Junk. In short, sir, the lawyer and his agent, that she-devil of a housekeeper, are coming here to balance accounts. You will have an opportunity of hearing all their cursed contrivances against your son, yourself, your brother, and your niece.

Capt. I tell you, I don't like to take anybody by surprise. I like to——

Junk. Sir, she is coming, and here's the key.—Now, pray, my dear master, if you have any regard for every body belonging to you—(*Puts the Captain into the Closet, entreating all he time; the Captain making a feeble resistance: at length he shuts him in*)—So, the ship's cleared, and here comes the enemy.

Enter Mrs MORAL.

Ah, Mrs Moral, I come to make friends with you. Messmates shou'dn't disagree; and if I was on the

wrong look-out, and happened to be deceived in your bearings, why I ax pardon, and there's no harm done, you know.

Mrs Moral. Bearings indeed! I'm sure there's no bearing your ungentility.

Junk. Why, as to ungentility, that's neither here nor there. And if some folks hav'n't so much gentility and morality as others, why, what's the odds,—we be'n't all born to be boatswains, you know. So let's shake hands. I like you for your care of the captain, and the captain has given you good proof that he likes you too.

Mrs Moral. Proofs! What, in grumbling and swearing?

Junk. No; in hard cash, or soft paper: It's all one, you know.

Mrs Moral. Me! Pay more regard to truth. Your immorality astonishes me!

Junk. What, then mayhap the captain didn't give you five hundred pounds this very day?

Mrs Moral. Five hundred pounds!—The captain give me five hundred pounds!

Junk. I say the captain gave you five hundred pounds, which you now have about you without knowing it. He gave you a book, that book contained a folded leaf, which leaf contained——

Mrs Moral. What!

Junk. Five hundred pounds.

Mrs Moral. Impossible! It can't be—I'll ask the captain myself.

Junk. You needn't go to the captain—Ask the book.

Mrs Moral. Tormentor, I have given it away!—
(*Enraged.*)

Junk. Given it away!

Mrs Moral. To think that whining girl should——

Junk. What, Miss Emma? O! you good creature, if you have given it to her, I will have a kiss.

Mrs Moral. Stand off, wretch!—To be so cheated!

Junk. Patience.

Mrs Moral. Patience! I have given it away. Had I known the value of it, I'd sooner have—Oh, I shall never have patience again as long as I live!—(*Enraged.*)

Enter CIRCUIT.

Mr Junk, this apartment is one of mine. I have some business with my worthy friend Mr Circuit, and I beg you'll quit it directly.

Junk. What, you wou'dn't like a third person, mayhap?

Mrs Moral. Immoral wretch! There is One out of sight who hears all, and will testify the purity of our intentions.

Junk. You are right—There is One out of sight who hears all: if you steer by your proper bearings, he will reward you; but if you come here to plot against my poor master, or his son, or his niece, he'll be sure to find out all your tricks, and bring you to the gangway at last. So, keep a good look-out, and thank Jack Junk for his advice, that's all. [*Exit.*]

Mrs Moral. Impudent sea-bear! But I'll see that he is out of sight, and out of hearing too. (*Looks after him.*)—Ah! there he goes, grumbling and grunting like a beast as he is.

Circ. But, my dear Mrs Moral, suppose there should be any one to overhear?

Mrs Moral. There is no entrance to the room but this, which we'll lock, and keep away from as far as possible. Sit down, my dear Mr Circuit; and while we compare notes, oblige me by participating in a glass of delightful cordial from the captain's best liquor-chest.—(*Unlocks a small Closet, and produces Wines and Refreshments.*)

Circ. You also have your strong-box there, Mrs Moral.

Mrs Moral. All for you, Mr Circuit: pray use no ceremony. How discouraging to find our plans succeed so ill! The law-suit is certainly over.

Circ. The paltry garden I wou'dn't mind; but the whole family will be reconciled, and the captain persuaded to alter his will.

Mrs Moral. What's to be done, my dear sir?

Circ. Every thing to prevent visits from the other party. As for that Miss Emma——

Mrs Moral. But she has seen the captain; nay perhaps is with him now.

Circ. Who! Miss Bertram?

Mrs Moral. She; that hussey that has robbed me of all patience. She wished (*Mimicking*) to congratulate her dear uncle on his birth-day.

Circ. And you left them together?

Mrs Moral. Was it not to meet my dear Mr Circuit?

Circ. However flattering that may be to me, 'tis a great pity, a great pity. I know the girl—she has a tongue—such a tongue!

Mrs Moral. And do you think she has a tongue to overturn the labour of sixteen years? Why, sir, in addition to the anger I have created in the captain against his son, by intercepting letters, and giving it the appearance of Harry's neglect, I can now even prove this Emma to be the cause of it; for he visits her: that I have proof of, and that is more than sufficient to ruin all my opposers.

Circ. Indeed!

Mrs Moral. Besides, hav'n't I been for years a slave to him? Hav'n't I watched his gout with patience, in hopes, every day, it would pay me for my trouble, by sending him to a better world? Hav'n't I——

[Captain gives an impatient exclamation in the Closet.]

Circ. Eh! what's that?

Mrs Moral. That!—nothing. Have we not locked the door? And look, sir, in case of the worst, here is my darling, my favourite, my chest, the contents of which will always provide against calamity. That bag is full of silver, and this of gold. (*Puts two upon the Table.*)—A'n't they charming creatures?

Circ. Charming indeed! One is quite overpowered with sympathetic affection.

Mrs Moral. All this is destined for our intended marriage. You must insert in the will a small provision for the son and niece, to give us an appearance of disinterestedness. To-morrow I'll get Junk out of the way, and with tears, insinuations, and entreaties, persuade the captain to send for you; and if all succeeds, he may bid us good-night as soon as he pleases.

Capt. (*Vociferates in the Closet.*) Thunder and lightning!

Mrs Moral. O, undone! ruined! it was the captain's voice.

[*JUNK knocking at the Chamber-door.*]

Circ. He's at the door!—He mustn't find me here. (*Runs to it, the Doors fly open, and discover the Captain.*)

Mrs Moral. O, I faint! my dear friend, support me. (*Pretends to faint.*)

Circ. I cannot support a wife without a legacy. I had better remove this action out of court.—(*Takes a Bag from the Table, unlocks the Door, and is immediately seized by JACK, who enters.*)

Capt. At length I have breath. Here's a crew of pirates for you!

Circ. Gentlemen, I take my leave.

Junk. Yes; but you don't take this. (*Taking the Bag from him.*)

Circ. What do you mean, friend? I am an honest man, that all the world knows.

Capt. You're a rascal, sir, that's what I know. Get out of my house, and thank my gouty foot that I do not avenge the deceived world on a scoundrel.

Junk. (*Clenching his Fist.*) Captain, shall I——

Capt. No; let him sheer off,—and if ever his conscience calls him to a court-martial, we needn't doubt his punishment.

Circ. Conscience!—Sir, I'm a lawyer, and deny the authority of that court. Besides, I could relate the whole of this affair to your disadvantage; for, as I am known to be an honest man, my word would first be taken. But I will act liberally, and not mention a syllable. [*Exit.*

Capt. So, so, he's right. Impudence is the best weapon in the hands of a rogue against an honest man.

Junk. And what must we do with the old puss, here?

Capt. When I am gone, let her go a-drift. Don't suffer her to heave in sight again.

Junk. That's a commission I have longed for these sixteen years.

Capt. Help me into my coach, and her out of my house, then make your report to us in the garden.—(*JACK helps him to the Door, he stops and looks back at Mrs MORAL.*)—'Tis strange. But would you think it? I'm sorry to discharge that woman. Habit reconciles us to every thing; and I do think that to get fond of the devil himself, one need only for a length of time be in the same mess with him. [*JOHN leads him off.*

Mrs Moral. (*Immediately looks up.*) So, so! so, so! All that my honest industry has acquired will be at the mercy of that brute.—Here he is again.—(*Pretends to faint again.*)

Re-enter JUNK.

Junk. What, not recovered! Oh, we'll soon rouse her.—This money I shall take away.

Mrs Moral. (*Starting up.*) Where am I?

Junk. Where you have already been too long. So, pack up your ill-got property, and clear the decks as fast as possible.

Mrs Moral. You are an ungentle brute, and I shall not be commanded by you.

Junk. But the captain commands.—So secure your ill-gotten property, and call to-morrow.—I must go to my master.

Mrs Moral. (*Locks the Box.*) Nay, but till to-morrow—

Junk. I say, weigh anchor, and get out of the harbour.

Mrs Moral. Then, I say, I won't stir.—(*Sits in the Arm-chair.*)

Junk. No!

Mrs Moral. Not a step.

Junk. Then I must take the helm myself. (*Begins to wheel her off.*)—So, my dear Mrs Moral, a pleasant voyage; and if any body asks who steer'd you out of port, tell them it was your old friend Jack Junk, who hauled down your false colours, and sent you a cruising on your own bottom.

Mrs Moral. (*Speaking at the same time.*) My dear Jack, I'll share my profits with you—I entreat of you—I'll do any thing—I'll tear your eyes out!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Garden; an Arbour on each side.*

On one side a Door with a Slip cut on it.

Enter Mr BERTRAM and ANN.

Bert. Every step in this garden recalls the happy days of my youth to my remembrance. For years I have hated the very thoughts of this place—and why? because fraternal enmity hung over it like a cloud. At length, in the evening of my life, the sky clears, I breathe more freely, I feel my love for my brother return.

Ann. I hear, sir, he received Miss Bertram very

kindly. I begin to love him again myself, and still hope to find the good-natured Lewis that I remember him when a boy.

Bert. O, he is naturally good. Bad men easily do mischiefs, which the hand of love with difficulty cures. Look at this tree. Do you see the letters of P and I on the bark? Thirty years ago I cut them there, and the tree is yet green and beautiful.

Ann. How often have I sat in this garden, sir, while you and your brother Lewis played together!

Bert. Let us sit down in this arbour, where oft I've conn'd my youthful lessons. (*They go into the Arbour.*) Who shall say age has no pleasures, when it can call up the ideas of past happiness? Youth enjoys present delight much less than age does the memory of those long passed.

Enter Captain BERTRAM, led by a Servant.

Capt. Stop here. (*He looks round with much emotion—after a pause.*) Go! leave me here! (*The Servant hesitates.*) Go, my good fellow; but stay at the gate till Junk comes; I can help myself till then.

[*Exit Servant.*

I would not let the man see my tears. Such people are apt to laugh when they see an old seaman weep; and yet we have hearts like other folks. (*Leans on his Crutch, and looks round the Garden.*)

Bert. (*To ANN.*) My spirits revive, and I feel my health renewed.

Capt. Ah! there's the old chesnut-tree standing yet, and full of bloom. How often have I climbed up it with my brother! O! curse this gout! I should like to sit on the top bough of that tree:—and there too—ah! there it is—the old door and the ship on it. Why, I didn't think I could have drawn so well; for though it's not quite right as to the rigging, yet there's the British ensign at the top-gallant mast head. Well, there's no wonder at that having remained;

for where is the enemy that has ever been able to pull it down?—Was not this my mother's flower-bed?—How wild and full of weeds the place looks now!—What do I see?—a toad creeping—that reptile would never have been here but for the law-suit:—what a damn'd thing it is for two brothers to quarrel!—I'll hobble into this arbour.—Eh! who can that sick gentleman be?—he looks ill indeed.

Bert. I have surely seen that face somewhere.

Enter EMMA—Runs to her Father. •

For heaven's sake, my dear Emma, tell me who that is?

Emma. A gentleman, sir, who is of our party, because it is his birth-day.

Bert. His birth-day! (*Astonished.*)

Capt. Emma, come hither, child.—Do you know that gentleman there?

Emma. Oh yes, sir, very well.

Capt. Who is he?

Emma. Fifteen years ago, my dear uncle, you would not have asked me such a question.

Capt. Zounds, I suspect!—Who is it?—Tell me.

Emma. (*Runs to the other Arbour and embraces BERTRAM.*) He is my father.

[*A pause—the Brothers look at each other.*

Capt. (*Aside.*) How ill he looks!—Ah, he has had his sorrows. Zounds! he is coming this way.

Emma. (*Standing in the middle of the Stage, and looking alternately at both.*) Dear uncle, come nearer.

Capt. Well, there, then. (*Hobbles on one pace.*)

Emma. Nearer, my father.

Bert. My daughter!

Emma. Your hands—your hands:—nearer, nearer. (*She draws both together. The Captain throws away his Crutch, and the Brothers embrace.*)

Capt. (*Taking his Head with both his Hands, in the greatest emotion.*) Look at me, brother! Eye to eye—

Let me see whether there yet exists on your brow one spark of discord.

Bert. This tear, Lewis, obliterates the remembrance of all that has passed.

Capt. (*Pointing to ANN.*) Who is that old woman snivelling yonder?

Bert. Poor creature!—she weeps for joy.

Capt. Zounds!—I really believe I know her too.—What, old Ann!

Bert. Yes, indeed;—our old nurse Ann.

Capt. Give me your hand, Ann:—how goes it, my old lass?

Ann. I cannot speak, sir.

Capt. Then hold your tongue by all means. Every one can see the tears spring from your heart.—But, the devil! what is become of my gout?—I believe I threw that away with my crutch.

Bert. I have promised my Emma in marriage to the worthy man to whose exertions I owe this happy moment.

Capt. Did you not know that I have a son, that I expect here, and with regard to whom I have been villainously imposed on?—I designed to unite us all more closely by matching him with Emma.

Bert. How unfortunate!—But, brother, my word is pledged: I have given my promise to an honest man, and should forfeit all claim to that title myself were I now to recal it.

Capt. Plague on it! I have been as hasty in my resentment towards my son, as towards you. Here was a method which at once presented itself to make him amends, and you also; but I no sooner behold the prospect than it vanishes.

Bert. I share in your regret most sincerely, my dear brother. But the youth of whom I speak has been a friend beyond example: He assisted me with money, professional aid, and advice. I could see that his regard for Emma was partly the occasion; but

virtuous love is a source from which the most brilliant of our actions need not blush to owe their origin.

Capt. He assisted you with money in your distress, while I—(*Agitated.*)——

Bert. Nay, my dear Lewis, notwithstanding our disunion, you assisted me kindly.

Capt. What!—what, would you mock me?

Bert. Have not you paid my debts?

Capt. Heaven knows, not I. What debts?

Bert. The rent—the apothecary :—The very friend of whom we speak assured me it was you.

Capt. Alas! he has, then, himself done what was *my* duty. 'Tis a severe stroke, but I deserve it, and submit. The man who knew so well how to supply the place of a brother, ought to become a son to you.

Enter HARRY.

My dear Harry, you have been wronged. I hoped to have made you amends by the hand and heart of a good girl, but I am born to be disappointed.

Harry. Ah, sir, I have already made my election, would you but approve it.

Capt. I won't approve any thing. You're all leagued against me.

Harry. This lady, sir, must plead my excuse. She is my choice.

Capt. So much the worse. Your uncle says you can't have her.

Harry. Sir, he has promised her to me as his friend, and the arbitrator of your law-suit. I however have power to release him from all promises, in favour of the captain's son.

Bert. This your son!—This was our arbitrator too.

Capt. He!—What, Harry?

Harry. I am, notwithstanding, your nephew; and I will clear all by your fire-side. Permit me, then,

in either character, to join my Emma in asking both your blessings. (*They kneel.*)

Capt. My children! (*They form a Picture.*)

Enter JUNK.

Junk. Joy! joy! I see how it all is. Don't take it amiss, old lady; but I'm so happy, that if I don't embrace somebody, I shall break my heart. (*Embraces ANN.*)

Capt. We'll have no hearts broke on such a day as this.—Sacred to the reconciliation of a divided family, it shall henceforth be a double anniversary; and who will refuse to hail the period which terminates a state of warfare by the smiles of returning peace?

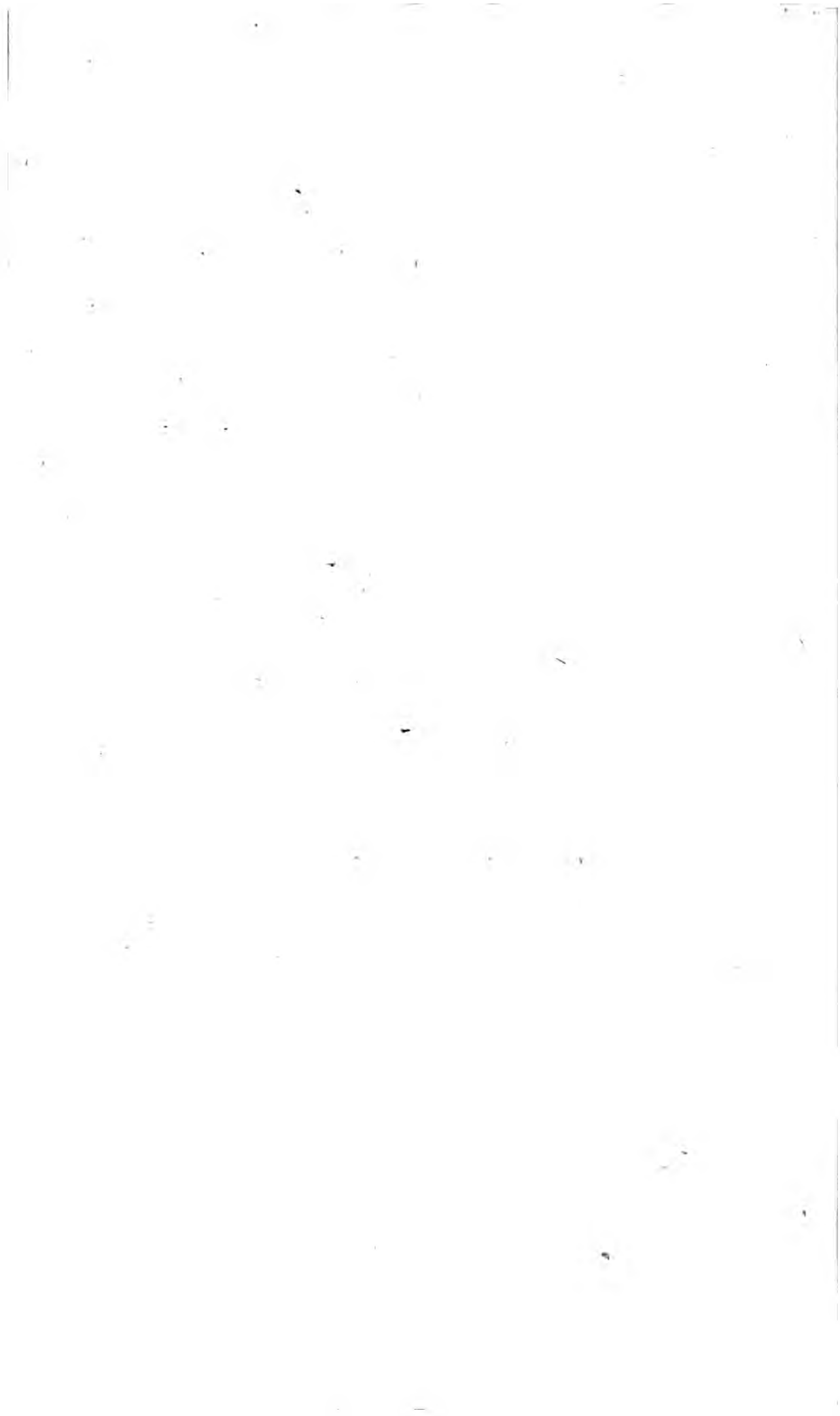
[Exeunt.]

THE
JEW AND THE DOCTOR;

A
FARCE,
IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

BY
THOMAS DIBDIN.

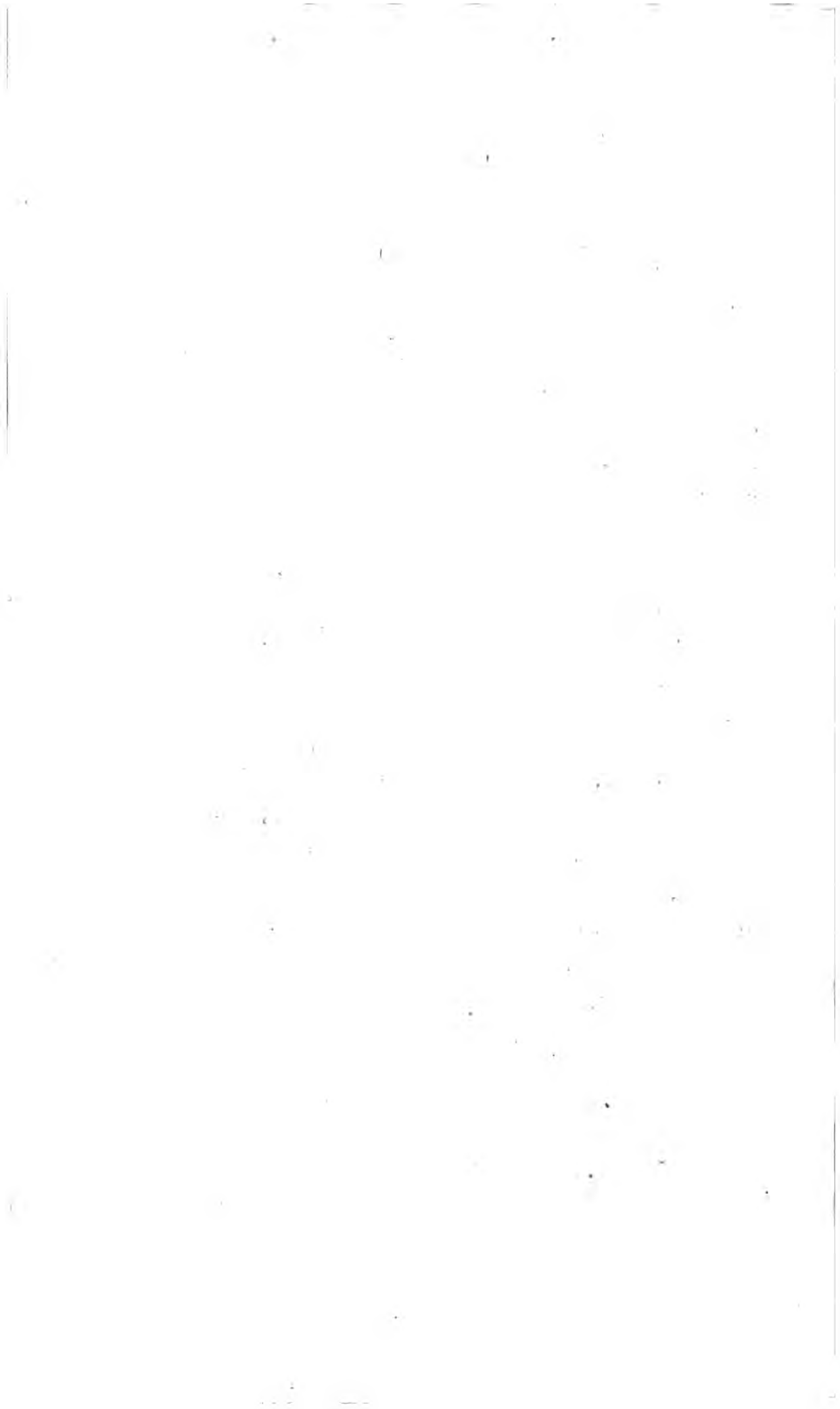


ADVERTISEMENT.

The *Jew and Doctor* was first performed at the Maidstone Theatre ; this public opportunity is eagerly embraced of acknowledging the politeness of Mr Bicknell, of Norfolk-street, who, from being a casual spectator, unsolicited, recommended the Farce to Mr Harris.

The same combination of great talents and friendly exertions on the parts of the Performers and Proprietors, which has accompanied the Author's subsequent attempts, may principally account for the success of the present one, which, though not produced in that order, is his *first*.

It is respectfully submitted to the public, that at the time of writing this Farce, the author had never read the popular Comedy of the Jew ; that Mr Cumberland honoured the Piece with a perusal, prior to its representation, and kindly pointed out those passages which came too near his own production, and which were consequently omitted.



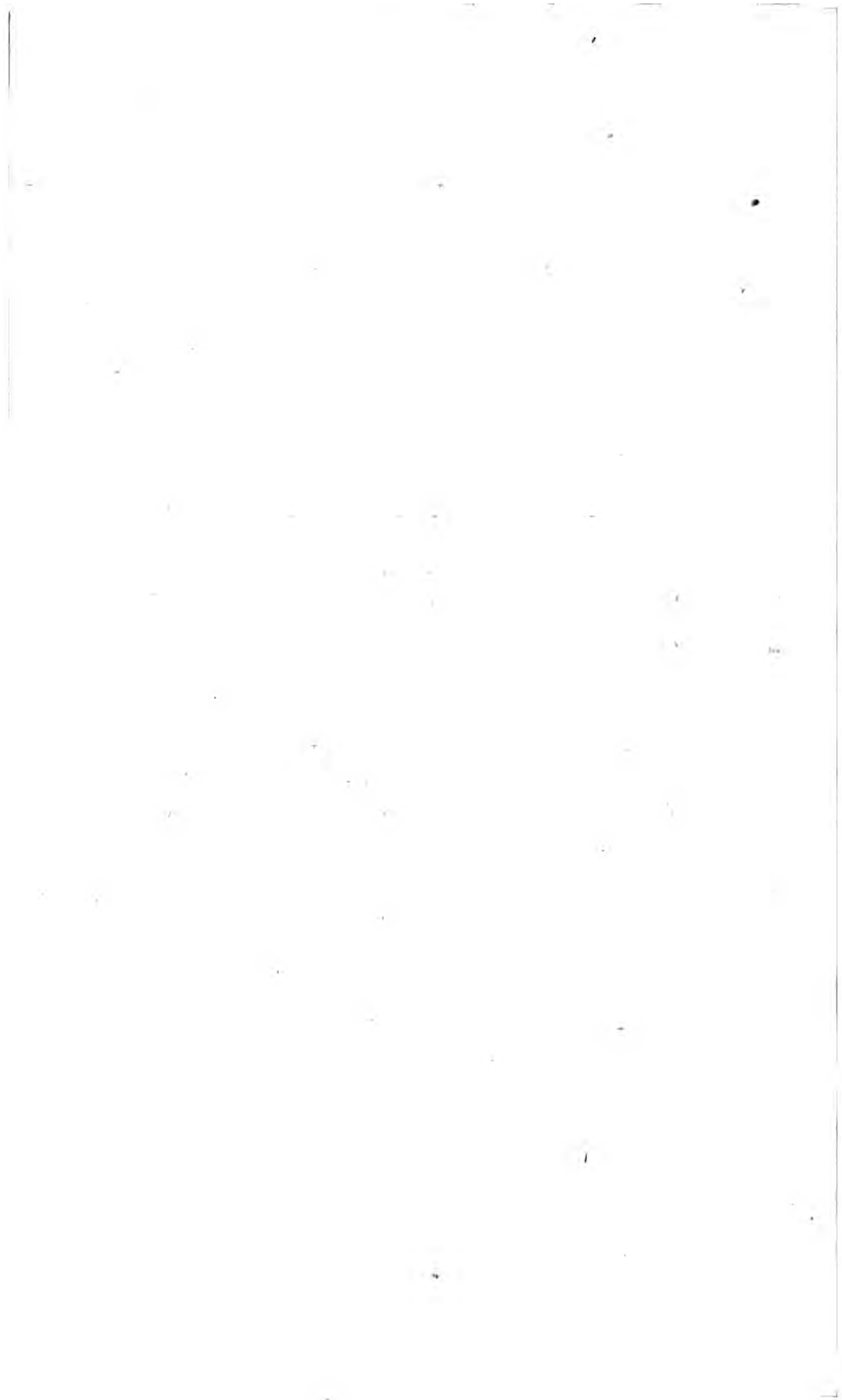
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BROMLEY,
SPECIFIC,
ABEDNEGO,
CHANGEABLE,
CHARLES,
WILLIAM,

Mr Emery.
Mr Murray.
Mr Fawcett.
Mr Farley.
Mr Klanert.
Mr Claremont.

EMILY,
Mrs CHANGEABLE,
BETTY,

Mrs Fawcett.
Mrs Dibdin.
Miss Leserve.



THE
JEW AND THE DOCTOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber at Old BROMLEY'S.*

Enter Old BROMLEY and CHARLES.

Brom. Bless my soul, that it should fall to my lot to have an obstinate son! I tell you, Charles, I've a wife in my eye, rich, fair, fashionable—In short, a wife—

Char. Whom, I fear, sir, I should never like; I have frankly told you my heart is engaged to another.

Brom. Come, I like that: Why, you young dog, I knew how to choose a wife before you was born.

Char. For yourself, I own, sir. But does not the example of my sister prove how little you are calculated to choose for others? Her husband and she lead lives the most wretched.

Brom. Well, and I would make amends by doing better by you.

Char. Ay, sir; but your way of thinking and mine on this point differ so widely, that—

Brom. Don't I always think for your good? But I

know the seducer of your heart—the young girl at the old Jew's—the foundling, the daughter of nobody.

Char. My dear sir, forgive me : I wou'dn't offend you for the universe. But, perhaps, a time may come when my arguments in favour of Emily may be better received.

Brom. They must be *golden* arguments then, and a great many of them. Go, young man, mend *your* way of thinking, and value women properly, not by fashion, but by weight.—You understand me.

Char. Perfectly. And were the riches of my Emily equal to her virtues, the Indies would not purchase her. [Exit.

Brom. Was ever an old fellow so plagued with undutiful children ! My son wants to marry against my wish, and my daughter wants to *un*-marry. Plague on't, here she is.

Enter Mrs CHANGEABLE.

Mrs Chan. My dear father, it does not signify—Mr Changeable is such a brute—

Brom. A brute !—Come, I like that : he wasn't one when you married him.

Mrs Chan. Nay, sir, this is no joking matter. In short, we are determined to part, and I have insisted the terms of our separation should be left to you. Mr Changeable will soon be here, and the matter must, by all means, be settled immediately.

Brom. What the deuce is the reason you can't be happy together ?—Here he comes.

Mrs Chan. And as he does nothing, you know, without accounting for it, let him give his own reasons.

Enter CHANGEABLE.

So, my dear, I'm here first you see, though I only promised to follow you.

Chan. Humph!—that accounts for it. Had you promised to be here first, I should have waited an hour for you.

Brom. Plague on't, why can't you agree?

Mrs Chan. Why, sir, because—because—we fall out.

Chan. Aye, that accounts for it.

Brom. Bless my soul, that it should fall to my lot to have children that can't agree because they fall out!—what can I do in the business?—I wish you both happy.

Mrs Chan. Then permit us, sir, to part. Agree in an amicable way with my husband what settlement is to be made on me, and then we shall be happy.

Brom. Have you ever tried to be happy together?

Mrs Chan. I'm sure, papa, I have.

Chan. But I don't like her way, and she dislikes mine.

Brom. And that, as you say, son-in-law, accounts for it. Pray, sir, were you ever in Switzerland?

Chan. Sir!

Brom. Because there are some excellent laws in Switzerland relative to this very point; and if I could prevail on you to abide by one of them which now strikes me, I think it would settle this matter very well.

Mrs Chan. Dear sir, haven't we laws enough of our own?

Brom. Why, I'm no advocate for innovation; but the good old laws of Switzerland have all been sent packing—and if they're willing to be useful, there can be no harm in taking one of them upon trial.

Chan. Well, sir, and what must we do by virtue of this law?

Brom. I'll tell you—If married people in the Canton of Zurich, in spite of remonstrance, persist in a desire to separate, they are confined together some weeks in a room, in which there is only one small

bed, one seat, and one table : their food is served on one dish, with one knife, one fork, and one spoon ; and all these unities generally end in their forming one opinion.

Mrs Chan. What is that, papa ?

Brom. That both have been mistaken in wishing to part, when they are so well qualified to assist each other. Now, if you'll try this scheme, I'll consent to what you determine at the end of three days. If you refuse the trial, and can't make up your minds to my will, why, I shall not make my will to your minds.

Chan. I bow, sir, to your judgment—though, as to the proposal, I cannot say I like it.

Mrs Chan. Now I do of all things.

Chan. Ay, that accounts for it. Well, sir, when and where must our quarantine be performed ?

Brom. In my house—I'll give the necessary orders : but this little agreement of ours must be kept a secret. I'll manage it all myself. So, come both of you here this evening. Dear me ! only to think, that I should part man and wife by locking them up together ! Come, I like that. [*Exit.*

Mrs Chan. Well, my dear, are you going home ?

Chan. Not immediately.

Mrs Chan. Then I am. [*Exit.*

Chan. That accounts for it. Egad, this scheme of my good father-in-law may do very well in Switzerland ; but it don't at all square with my ideas. Part man and wife by locking them up together ! Must form some counter-plot.—Eh ! who have we here ? Why, Doctor Specific.

Enter Doctor SPECIFIC.

How goes it, Doctor ? Are you on a professional visit here ? All my father-in-law's family, I fancy, are in very good health.

Doctor. Perhaps so—I hav'n't been here this many a day.

Chan. That accounts for it.

Doctor. Sir, I have forsaken the practice of physic for the body, and now prescribe only for the mind. I pursue, however, a similar system; I have purgatives for pride, probes for probity, correctives for curiosity, and pills for poverty. (*Shaking a Purse.*)

Chan. Then, my dear prescriber of morals, I stand in need of your advice. I suppose you have heard of that abominable evil called a scolding wife?

Doctor. I'll tell you the exact composition.—A heart full of suspicion, a tongue full of the spirit of contradiction, and an occasional dram of any other spirit you please.

Chan. In some points, sir, you have described exactly the causes which occasion the approaching separation of Mrs Changeable and myself. The grand obstacle is, that we disagree about the manner.

Doctor. Consult the civilians; they can best prescribe.

Chan. Aye, sir; but there's no accounting for the expense—besides, modern lawyers, you know—

Doctor. Are too often formed of the following ingredients.—To a face full of brass, add a brain full of quibbles, a handful of business, a pocket full of papers, and a client full of folly; mix them together without one scruple of conscience, and place them under a black coat.

Chan. Doctor, you are too severe.

Doctor. It may be so; the law has among its professors some of the first ornaments of society; and the wisdom of our ancestors has provided a remedy for the mistakes of mal-practitioners in that essence of our constitution, an English jury.

Chan. My father-in-law has offered a plan for our separation; but I beg pardon, you have business here, which I am, perhaps, delaying.

Doctor. I wished to feel your father-in-law's pulse relative to his son Charles. I have no other view but to serve both; and if I can serve you, or him, or any one else, I desire no other fee than the gratification of doing it.

Chan. Doctor, I thank you, and may profit by your efforts: but don't mistake me; it is I who want to part with a wife, and my brother who wishes to be comfortably situated with one.

Doctor. My dear sir, domestic, wedded happiness is the acmé of human bliss—it is made up as follows: to affection on both sides, add a moderate quantity of Abraham Newland's specific—a mutual allowance for failings, and a determination not to be laughed out of real propriety by the rest of the world—mix them together in the compass of a wedding-ring, adding a few words from the parson of the parish, and be sure to take the prescription before going to bed. [*Exit.*]

Chan. A mighty pleasant one truly. I wonder the doctor don't take it himself; but it's his own prescription, and, egad, that accounts for it. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber at ABEDNEGO'S.*

Enter EMILY and ABEDNEGO.

Abed. I tell you, ma dear, it's all true, every word of it. Pless my heart, I'm so happy! I was always happy; and now I don't know whether I stand upon ma head or ma heels.

Emily. But, my dear sir, pray be explicit—inform me more particularly by what means—

Abed. Sit down, my dear, sit down. You know I vas always mighty fond to take care of de main chance.

Emily. But, sir, the suspense I am in—

Abed. Don't mention the expense, my dear; but

hear the story. You know, Miss Emily, dat I always did every kindness vat I could for you.

Emily. Indeed, sir, you have always been a *father* to me.

Abed. No, ma dear, not always; for I never saw your mother in all ma life. So, ma dear, I vent to day to make some pargains, mit ma friend Shadrach vat lives o' top of Duke's-Place, and dere I pought this peautiful ring. Vat you tink it cost me, ma tear?

Emily. A great sum, without doubt. But the story, sir.

Abed. Vell, ma tear—I'll tell you—It is a fine tiscovery I have made—it cost me twenty-five guineas, as I am an honest man, every varthing of the money. (*Looking at the Ring.*)

Emily. No doubt, sir; but this is cruel.—

Abed. I told him so, ma tear; but he wou'dn't take a farthing less. So I vas determined to puy it; because it matches exactly mit this jewel, vat I found upon you when you vas left at my door.

Emily. Ah, sir, how fortunate! Do you not think that by means of this you may probably trace who were my parents?

Abed. Yes, ma dear; I tink myself dat—pless ma heart, it's a creat pity they hadn't always been together—they'd have sold, my dear, for twenty per cent. more, as I'm an honest man.

Emily. But, sir, didn't your friend inform you of whom he bought the jewel—can't it be traced? But you have taken already so much trouble on my account, that—

Abed. I cou'dn't take less, upon ma vord. I'll tell you now, Miss Emily, all vat I know about it. Ven I was in Amstertam, I took ma lodgings in a creat house vat had just been left by a rich merchant. How much you tink I paid a week for ma lodging?

Emily. Dear sir!

Abed. O, more dear as people would tink. Vel, ma tear, I vas vaken one morning out of ma sleep wit de cry of a shild in de passage of ma lodging; and ven I saw it, it looked for all de vorld so it was an angel—

Emily. Ah, sir!

Abed. So I took it up, and ax'd all over de place whose little shild it vas—all de people he laugh at me, and said vat it vas my own, and I wanted to sheat 'em, and dat I vas a Jew, and wou'd take in te devil; but I told dem I vould take in noting but de shild. So I took pity upon you, ma tear, for I remembered ven I vas a poor little poy myself, and sold rollers a top o' the street.

Emily. Was there any thing besides the jewel with me?

Abed. There vas some paper mit your name upon it, which said, this shild is christened Emily. And as for the clothes vat vas mit you, I suppose they would fetch about five guineas, and the basket I sold myself for a rattle out of the toyman's shop for you—for I always minded the main chance—so I prought you to England, and put you to a Christian school; for as your father and mother made you a Christian, for vat I should make you a Jew, ma tear?

Emily. How, sir, shall I ever repay your goodness? Alas! the debt of gratitude commenced with my birth.

Abed. (*With reverence.*) Ma dear, I always minds de main chance. The panker, on whom I draw for payment, is Provitence; he placed you in ma hands as a pledge of his favour, and the security is unexceptionable. This jewel, ma tear, is for yourself—it pelongs to the other, the value of which I laid out in merchandises for you, which have prospered. I kept the jewel in ma own hands, to lead to a discovery of your parents; and I expect ma friend Shadrach every moment mit intelligence—den Charles,

you know, ma tear, vat loves you so, I expect him too—he tink vat you hav'n't got a penny in all de world—but I've taken care of de main chance.

Emily. And may those spirits of benevolence, who prompt the generous feelings in your heart, preserve in mine, till it shall cease to beat, the warmest glow of endless gratitude! [*Exit.*]

Abed. Pless ma heart, vat is de matter mid me— (*Wiping his eyes.*)—Well, well, I must mind ma pusiness— I must take care of de main chance— (*Knocking.*) Open the toor there, and see vat it is the people vants, I tell you.

Enter Old BROMLEY.

Brom. A fine piece of business, that my son's disobedience should send me dancing after a Jew!—O, your servant, sir!

Abed. Sir, your servant. Any ting in my vay, sir—any pills to be discounted—any ting vat I can serve you in? (*Offers a chair, which BROMLEY refuses.*)

Brom. Come, I like that. Sir—I—called to—pray, sir, do you know me?

Abed. No, sir; but I can make de proper enquiries; and if you are a coot man—

Brom. I a good man!—Sir, I come to ask you how you dare suffer my son to pay his addresses to a girl without a halfpenny?—a foundling, who, having been educated upon speculation, I suppose, at your expense, is to be provided with a husband, from whom you doubtless expect a swinging bill for board and lodging.—(*Is going to take a chair, when ABED. angrily pulls it away.*)

Abed. Sir, you may say vat you please about me; but if you come to apuse Miss Emily, I tell you, you have got de wrong sow in your ear; she is a coot girl and de delight of ma heart.

Brom. Money-lenders with hearts!—come, I like that.

Abed. I pelieve if they had hearts as the world goes, they vould soon preak. I tell you, sir, ma poor shild is a match for any pody.

Brom. She!—come, I like that. Why you yourself was once no more than a little pedling boy, then a ragman, then a bailiff's follower.

Abed. 'Tis petter I follow de pailiff, as te pailiff follow me;—any ting more vat you vant mit me?

Brom. Don't suffer my son to enter your doors.

Abed. I vont suffer none of de family—vill dat please you?—dere now—so go from ma house—I must go to Change.

Brom. I tell you, if the girl wasn't poor, I wou'dn't mind—but, damn it, only think what an estate my son will have.

Abed. How much you ax for it?—I'll puy it, if you like it—every pit of it.

Brom. Buy my estate!—come, I like that. Why, you dealer in discount—you dabbler in dirty water—you old—old Jew, you!

Abed. Any ting more vat you can call ma? Can you trow noting in my face but my religion?—I wish wid all my heart I could return the compliment.

Brom. Give me your hand—I beg your pardon—I do, upon my honour. Ha, ha, ha! Come now—I—I'm very sorry—I forgot myself—I—Bless my soul, that it should fall to my lot to behave so unlike a gentleman!

Abed. You hurt ma very much. You apuse Miss Emily, you come to ma house, you call ma names, and for vat? You hurt ma very much.

Brom. Well, don't I beg your pardon? There, take my cane, and if you a'n't satisfied, lay it about my back—for the man who can forget the feelings of a fellow-creature, cannot be more degraded than in *doing so*.

Abed. I take it in my hand to shew you, that if

Christians *profess* forgiveness of injuries, Jews can sometimes practise it: but I confess it hurt ma very much. How much you ax for the gold top of dis walking-stick?—[*In this speech the Jew is returning the cane without looking at it, and while he is repeating, "You hurt ma very much," the top of it suddenly catches his eye as he is giving it back to BROMLEY; his face of course changes from serious to comic.*]

Brom. Well, good bye. I dare say, if you see my son, you'll give him good advice. Tell him, that though Miss Emily is very pretty, yet you can't give her a fortune; and if he marries her without, he can't expect me to give her one. In short, tell him—

Abed. Tell him all yourself—tell him Emily vill be worth five thousand pounds, and if he can petter himself, let him go to another market.

Brom. Five thousand pounds! Come, I like that vastly. Why, you sly old rogue you!—Bless my soul, that it should fall to Miss Emily's lot to have five thousand pounds!

Abed. I tell you she vill, ma friend; I shall give to her maself, on the day of her marriage, five thousand pounds in pank notes, besides three shillings and sixpence vat de pocket-book cost me to put it in. Vat you say now? Vill you out-bid me?

Brom. Guinea for guinea, and more at my death. Come to my house this evening—Bring the writings in your pocket—Let me see—[*Looks at his Watch.*]—Come at six—I'm so happy!

Abed. I can sell you a better vatch as dat. I'll pring it in ma pocket mit me.

Brom. Bring whatever you please—I could dance for joy. Ah, I'm so happy.

Abed. And I could cry myself—I cried for trouble just now, and now I cry midout no trouble at all.

Brom. You're a good fellow!—I've heard of the worth of a Jew's eye; but I don't think it can ever

be half so rich as when impearled with an honest tear!

[*Exit.*

Abed. Pless ma heart—I shall be merry again. I never told Mr Charles that Emily would have money, dat I might be sure vat his love was good; for love is the only priucipal vat should be midout interest.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in Old BROMLEY'S House; two Doors in the flats.*

Old BROMLEY enters from the Door, as having been preparing the Apartment.

Brom. One seat, one bed, one table, all ready; and the parties will soon be here. If I do but make them friends again, I'll have a patent for my plan—and reconciled couples shall chaunt my praises to the tune of the downfall of Doctors Commons.—Come, I like that.

Enter Doctor SPECIFIC.

Oh, doctor, here I am, providing *à la Suisse* for the reconciliation of my son and daughter.

Doctor. What, by locking them up together?—You want to marry your son Charles *à la Suisse*, and make him a mere mercenary votary of Hymen.

Brom. Why, isn't money a desirable thing?—it can do, Doctor, it can do—Dam'me, what can it not do?

Doctor. True: 'tis a strange mixture, and stranger in effect. To the properties of Proteus, it adds the magic of a Harlequin's sword—to the moderate man, means of content—and to the benevolent, the

certainty of happiness in heaven, by the simple plan of making others happy on earth.

Brom. Don't I endeavour to make every body happy on earth?—I came into the world for no other purpose—I was born to please my father;—married to please my mother;—and had children to please my wife—who, in turn, would have died to please *me*.

Doctor. I thought she did.

Brom. And wouldn't I now please my son by marrying him well in the world—and my daughter by separating her from a husband she don't like?

Doctor. Her husband is a mere man of fashion—a blood and a buck.

Brom. Well, he's not the only man of fashion that's a buck. But, doctor, you don't seem in a good humour to-day.

Doctor. To the disappointments of life, we should always apply a cataplasm of patience. I am, however, vexed—I have lost a ring more valuable from circumstances than its intrinsic worth.

Brom. The gift of a friend, perhaps?

Doctor. Of a dear one; and the counterpart of another ring given by that friend to me. I have before told you of my marriage with the daughter of a merchant at Amsterdam.

Brom. Who was averse to your alliance.

Doctor. From the day of my union with his daughter, he refused to see her. My duty, as surgeon on board an Indiaman, tore me from my wife, who, in giving birth to a daughter during my absence, found an early grave.

Brom. Did the infant survive?

Doctor. It did. A stranger, whom I have never been able to trace, adopted it;—and the ring I have lost was the only remaining memorial of wife or child.

Brom. Have you made any enquiry for your ring?

Doctor. I took the liberty to employ your William, who is a clever active fellow, to look into the affair, as I suspect a servant who lately left me, and with whom William was acquainted.

Brom. William's a sharp lad; but then he has such an eternal knack at talking—Yet, he's the only servant I can trust with any thing material. [WILLIAM talks without.] Why, here he comes. One cannot, you see, even talk about him but he comes in for his share of the conversation.

Enter WILLIAM.

Doctor. Well, William, what success?

Wil. [With rapidity.] Wonderful, sir!—My agents had scarcely been at work six hours, when the ring was traced into as many different hands; when, all of a sudden, we lost scent, till it was luckily seen on the finger of a young lady in company with a Jew. This suspicious circumstance induced me to take steps for securing her; and, as my master is a magistrate, she will be brought here, in order that the affair may be accommodated without those circumstances of unpleasant publicity which frequently attend matters of this kind.

Brom. Psha!—Damn it, I shall be talked out of my senses.

Doctor. I have a little business to transact, and will return to wait the lady's arrival. In the mean time, I wish your schemes may answer, particularly the *locking-up* one.

Brom. There's little fear: My daughter, I'm sure, won't be obstinate.

Doctor. There's no guessing the mind of a woman. It has as many variations as a nervous disorder—it's composition being as follows: To the stability of a weathercock, add the changes of the moon, the colour of a cameleon, and the whirl of a wind-mill.

[Exit,

Brom. What a pity that a woman should be such a whirligig?—But I had forgot—William?

Wil. Sir.

Brom. Do you think you could positively and absolutely keep a secret, if I was to tell you one?

Wil. I couldn't keep it without your telling me at any rate, you know, sir.

Brom. Come, I like that. But you are so plaguy fond of talking.

Wil. On this occasion, sir, I won't even talk to myself.

Brom. Well, here's half-a-guinea for you.—Now you're sure you can keep it?

Wil. O yes, sir—I'll keep it, I warrant. [*Pockets the Money.*]

Brom. Aye, do, William.—Now you must know that—that—that is my study. (*Pointing to the Door.*)

Wil. Lud, sir, that's no secret.

Brom. Hold your confounded tongue, and mind what I say:—I expect my daughter here presently, and if I am not in the way, do you shew her into that room, and then lock the door. Her husband will come shortly after, and then you must lock him up with her. Give me the key at my return; and if you say a word to man, woman, or child, I'll strip you of your character, and turn you out of doors without a livery. [*Exit.*]

Wil. Half-a-guinea for locking up a man and his wife together, and nobody to know it! Ay, that's because fashionable couples are ashamed to be seen in each other's company.

Enter CHARLES (with a Letter).

Char. William, go immediately and leave this letter for Emily. I have called twice, and she has been each time denied to me.—Go! What does the fellow stand for?

Wil. Sir, I beg pardon; but my master has just

now given me the key of a secret which must not be unlocked, and which makes my presence here absolutely necessary.

Char. Plague on your secret! how long must you wait?

Wil. Abut half-a-crown, sir—I beg pardon; I meant half an hour, and not half-a-crown, upon my honour.

Char. I understand your hint.—There, sir. (*Gives Money.*)—Now fly, and entrust one of your fellow servants with your commission.

Wil. I dare not, sir :—I dare no more trust them with the secret, than with the half-guinea I got for keeping it—No, sir—I'll run the risk of running the errand; and, perhaps may be back again before Mrs Changeable comes. No, here she is. Please, sir, to shew her into that room, and give the key to Betty, to whom I will impart the necessary instructions. Betty and I, sir, you must know, have that kind of mutual interest, that I haven't the least diffidence in entrusting her with a secret; which, if told to any one else, might——

Char. Fly, sir! while you are prating, you might be there. [*Exit WILLIAM.*]

Enter Mrs CHANGEABLE.

Mrs Chan. Lord, Charles, how d'ye do?—Well, here I am, prepared for papa's frolic. Do you think he seriously means to keep Hubby and I locked up together for three whole days?

Char. It's a whim of his, and he generally perseveres pretty strongly in his whims. At present I am to be your gaoler.

Mrs Chan. Well, then, you may lock me up, and when Changeable comes you may lock him up; and if locking us up together is the only means of our parting, I wish we had been locked up when the parson waited in church for us. [*Exit into the Room.*]

Char. (*Locking the Door.*) Well, so much for my important commission; and now Mrs Betty shall have the key. Three days! Why, if my father would take a whim of locking me up with my Emily, I shouldn't complain, though the key were to be lost for three centuries. *[Exit.*

Enter Doctor SPECIFIC, BROMLEY, and EMILY.

Doctor. Madam, I am sorry you should be detained a moment on this account;—you have had this ring, you say, from infancy?

Emily. I have, sir; and but that your questions lead to a very interesting subject, I should not thus patiently bear the slightest hint of the accusation they imply. I can boast nothing of my own, but the integrity of an heart which never meant ill to others, and which, though beating in an orphan's bosom, can as proudly repel the suspicion of guilt, as it would honestly shun the reality.

Brom. Now, only to think that I should have so fair a young lady brought here on so foul a charge!—Madam, be so good as to step in here til the gentleman you have sent for arrives. (*Pointing to the Door of another Apartment.*)—Doctor, there must be some mistake in this; those agents of William's looked only to the reward.

Doctor. Have the goodness to pass a few moments in that chamber; and, till your friend arrives, I'll leave you to recollect yourself.

Emily. I obey, you, sir—because, in spite of the resentment I ought to feel, I have an indescribable wish to appear to you as I am—too grateful to Providence to repay its blessings with meanness or injustice. *[Exit, led by the Doctor through the Door.*

Brom. Come, I like that girl. I wish Charles's choice may be half as beautiful. But what a block-head I must be to be caught in my old age by a

pretty face. Except my poor deceased Biddy Bromley's, I never saw any thing at all like it.

Re-enter Doctor SPECIFIC.

Doctor. Though I would repress my emotions before that lady, for fear of raising hopes I might afterwards disappoint, yet I'm overjoyed.—Blessings on the hour I lost my ring! [*Exit.*]

Brom. Come, I like that; he is quite happy that he has lost his ring, and out of his senses with joy because the poor girl has no father. Bless my soul, I hope it will be a long time before it falls to the lot of my children to rejoice on the like occasion.

[*Exit.*]

Enter ABEDNEGO and BETTY.

Abed. Let ma see her, I tell you—Let ma see her.

Betty. You mean the lady that's locked up, I suppose, sir?

Abed. Vat, is she locked up then? Well, well, I shall take de law o'top of your master, ma dear, that is all—so let me see her directly.

Betty. Why, sir, I've got the key on purpose. My master left word with our William, who desired Squire Charles to tell me to let you into the room the moment you came.

Abed. Vell, dat is enough—make haste, I tell you—take care you don't break de lock—I dare say it cost a matter of fifteen shillans at least. Dear me! Bless ma heart!—Let me see her, I tell you.

Betty. Lud, sir, there. (*Opens the Door where Mrs CHANGEABLE is.*)

Abed. Ah, ma poor girl!—But I'll take de law upon every soul in de house. (*Goes in—BETTY locks the Door.*)

Enter WILLIAM.

Wil. So, so, I've got back at last. Ah, Betty!—
Well, are they both come?

Betty. Yes; and both locked in too. But, if I was the lady, before I'd have any thing to say to such an ugly old frump—

Wil. Old frump! Why, my dear Betty, you are certainly cracked.—Old! Why, he's as young, and very near as smart as I am. Eh! run out of the way, for here comes old master. [*Exit BETTY.*

Abed. (*Within.*) Let ma come out, I tell you—
let ma come out.

Wil. Bless me, how a little confinement has changed his note!—his voice seems to be quite altered.

Enter Old BROMLEY.

Brom. Well, William, are they both caged?

Wil. Yes, sir; but the gentleman wants his liberty already.

Brom. Well, go, William—I'll attend them myself. [*Exit WILLIAM.*] His liberty already! Come, I like that. No, no; (*Goes to the Door and calls.*) make yourself easy, I'll wait on you myself, and bring you some refreshment. I know you're vastly fond of a delicate piece of pork griskin.—Though, by wishing to part with your wife, you seem to have a spare-rib already.—Bless my soul, that it should fall to my lot to pun upon pork-chops! [*Exit.*

Enter CHANGEABLE (drunk.)

Chan. Ha, ha, ha!—Going to be locked up with my own wife!—As my father-in-law says, “Bless my soul, that it should fall to my lot to do such a foolish thing;”—but I'm drunk, and that accounts for it:—no man in his sober senses would dream of such a thing. (*Staggers up the Stage.*)

Enter WILLIAM.

Wil. While master is giving cooky orders, I'll have a peep through the key-hole. (*Sees CHANGEABLE.*)—Eh!—What? why, sir, how the deuce did you get out of the room?

Chan. Room? (*Hiccups*)—What room?

Wil. Your lady's room, sir.—Oh! what, you don't like it?

Chan. O yes, I do, William; I like her room much better than her company.

Wil. Well, I should have thought it impossible you could ever get out.

Chan. Quite impossible—Couldn't get out of the room, because (*Hiccups*) I never was in it—so, that accounts for it;—I'm only just come—I'm before my time, I believe—or does the watch stop, I wonder:—it's one o'clock, isn't it?

Wil. No, sir—it's about six.

Chan. I'm sure it's one—can't be mistaken—for I heard the clock strike one half a dozen times;—so, as it's to please old dad, open the door—I'll go in (*Goes to the Door where EMILY is.*)

Wil. I beg pardon, sir; but *this* is the door. (*Pointing to the other Door.*)

Chan. (*Just peeping in.*) Ay, but this is the room:—for I swear I see a petticoat—so, lock us in, William, lock us in. Mum, you sly dog!—This is better than bargain—I shall not only lose one wife, but get another.

Wil. But, sir, your wife is in that room.

Chan. And if I chuse to go into this, why, you know that accounts for it.

[*Exit into the Room where EMILY is.*]

Wil. What the devil shall I do now?—Who can the man be in *this* room?—and who can the woman be in *that*?—Perhaps the lady about the ring:—Egad, if I have caused any mistake here, the best

thing I can possibly do, will be to keep out of the way till somebody else sets it to rights. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*A Chamber: one Bed, one Chair, one Table.*

[ABEDNEGO and Mrs CHANGEABLE discovered: Mrs CHANGEABLE seated on the Chair, and the Jew leaning in a melancholy posture against the Door.]

Abed. *[After a pause.]* Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, what a wicked and apominable world it is to live in! It's no more use as noting at all to mind de main chance. I pegin ma life a poor little boy what sells rollers a top of de street. I go to Amsterdam, and bring up a little shild vat is put upon ma door—I give her the pest education vat is to be had—It cost ma more as two hundred guineas; and because she's a good girl, she's taken up for shtealing the only property she can call her own.—She sends me a letter—I come—They lock me up mit a mad oman vat calls me all de names she can tink of—and ven I wants to come out, dey tell me vat I shall have a pork griskin for ma supper. It's a bad world; but I'll take de law upon dem for all dat.

Mrs Chan. *[Rising.]* Well, sir, if you have sufficiently amused yourself with what you, doubtless, conceive to be a most excellent piece of humour, I shall be highly obliged by your absence; and you may tell those who employed you to insult an unprotected woman, that they have carried the joke rather too far.

Abed. I tink so maself. But de joke won't stop here. I shall take de law upon 'em. I shall get a matter of sixty pounds damages.

Mrs Chan. It's no use talking to the savage. I

must e'en sit down till it's their pleasure to release me. [*Sits down.*]

Abed. And where de devil shall *I* sit down?—There's never anoder chair in de room. Vell, vat den—I must sit upon de table. [*Sits on the Table, swinging his Legs and leaning his Chin upon his Cane. Mrs CHANGEABLE contemplates, in silence, her wedding Ring, and at length speaks.*]

Mrs Chan. To what perplexity, thou poultry bauble, hast thou brought me!—I wish there had never been such a thing as a ring in the world.

Abed. I wish so too, mit all my heart.

Mrs Chan. What trouble and anxiety we put ourselves to, to obtain this trifle, and, after all, what is it worth?

Abed. Not above six shillans at most.

Mrs Chan. And now, because I want to part with it——

Abed. Well, I'll puy it, if you like.

Mrs Chan. That an insignificant hoop of gold should have power to confine a couple who detest each other! 'Tis abominably provoking!

Abed. I tink so maself. 'Tis damn'd provoking sure enough! What, have you been taking up for shtealing a ring too, madam?

Mrs Chan. Sir!—but anger is of no avail.—If I could but persuade him to let me escape.—My dear sir, do the laws of Switzerland decree no end to my captivity?

Abed. She talks all de vorld so she vas out of her senses.

Mrs Chan. Ah, sir, if you knew how much you could oblige, and how grateful I could be——

Abed. Go avay mit you. I see de whole plot—you vant to ruin ma—to seduce de innocence of ma heart, and make ma pocket pay for it; but it von't do, I tell you—dere now.

Mrs Chan. How shall I find my way out of this dilemma?

Abed. I vish I could find my vay out of de room. [*Goes to the Door.*] Let ma come out, I tell you!

Enter Old BROMLEY with Lights : speaks as he enters.

I've brought you a candle, and the supper will be ready presently. But I can't stop, for I expect every moment a visit from old Abednego, about his ward's marriage.

Abed. Vell, here I am, vat d'ye vant mit me?

Brom. Eh! oh dear! Why, poor Mr Changeable! sooner than turn to his wife, has turned to a Jew.

Abed. Well, I know I'm a Jew! And a Jew is a man vat in this country can take de law upon any body vat forgets the duties of a Christian.—Vere is Miss Emily, I tell you? For vat have you first locked her up, and den locked up me into a room along mit a mad lady that is out of her senses? You take Miss Emily for a tief, and me for a fool. You treat her like a robber, vat shteals atop of de shtreets, and wanted to treat me mit a pork griskin.

Brom. Ha! ha! only to think that I have locked my daughter up with a Jew; and that that Jew should be my new daughter-in-law's guardian; and that——

[*EMILY screams without.*

Abed. Pless ma heart! it is Miss Emily's voice!—If you don't come out of my vay, I shall knock you down, I tell you. Ven Miss Emily is in danger, I feel all de world so I vas a lion. Let ma come by, I say, [*Struggling with Old BROMLEY,*] or I shall preak ma stick upon you, though it's worth more as four shillans.

Enter EMILY, pursued by CHANGEABLE.

Emily. [*Running to ABED.*] Oh, sir, are you here! Save me, protect me!

Abed. Come to me, ma dear.—Go away mit you, you scoundrel!—Never mind, ma dear—I shall fight for you all de world so I was Daniel Mendoza.

Mrs Chan. Why, where have you been, Mr Changeable, and what is the reason of all this?

Chan. Why, I have been tipsey, and the reason is because I have been drinking—that accounts for it.

Mrs Chan. You see, sir, how it is.—How dare you, Mr Changeable, run after another woman?

Chan. Because the other woman ran away from me—that accounts for it.—And if you was to do me the same favour, I'd be very much obliged to you.

Mrs Chan. Mr Changeable, I will not put up with this treatment any longer; and unless you atone for your brutality, I shall find a better method of parting, than that of our being locked up together.

[*Exit.*

Chan. Quite of your opinion; and the best part of your speech was your going away at the end of it.—And now stand out of the way, Mordecai.

Abed. I'm not Mordecai, and won't shtand out of the way—dere now.

Chan. Why then I'm Sampson; and dam'me, I'll—

Abed. It's all talk, I tell you. And if Sampson hadn't made a petter use of the jaw-bone of an ass as you do, he'd never killed de Philistines.

Brom. Come, I like that.—Follow your wife, and if you won't be locked up yourselves, lock up your quarrels, and don't let my house be made the scene of your impertinence.

Chan. Sir, I take my leave.—A queer quiz, but very rich. Has his will here by virtue of the will he makes hereafter—that accounts for it. [Exit.

Enter the Doctor.

Doctor. Why, good folks, what's the matter?—

I've been seeking you, young lady. Your friend, I see, is arrived.

Emily. Ah, sir, to what trouble have you exposed me!—This, my dear guardian, is the person who claims my ring.

Abed. Give it ma, my dear. [*Pretends to take it, but shews the other.*]—Is dis de ring vat you say is yours? [*To the Doctor.*]

Doctor. It is, sir;—and I must tell you——

Abed. And vat I shall tell you? I shall tell you your vord is vorth so much as noting at all. I don't pelieve that you can shwear to it.

Brom. Why, I have seen the doctor wear it an hundred times.

Abed. Den vy, sir, did you trouble ma ward for wearing dis ring, [*Producing her Hand,*] when you know that [*Shewing the former*] to be yours?

Doctor. Good heaven! the likeness!

Abed. Vat signifies de likeness? If dat ring makes a rogue of de wearer, the owner ought to have worn it all his life-time.

Doctor. Sir, both those rings were mine. Each has a secret spring, concealing the initials of a name, the one of my own, the other of a wife once dearer to me than all the world.

Abed. [*With agitation.*] Was you ever at Amsterdam—did you know the house of Winterfeldt, the great Dutch merchant?

Doctor. Good heavens! too well I know——

Abed. Then if de secret spring had been transferred from dis ring to your heart, it might have told you vat you had a daughter.

Emily. [*Rushing to him.*] My father! My dear father!

Enter CHARLES.

Char. My Emily I heard you had been insulted.

Doctor. And you came, I suppose, to protect her?

Char. No one, I hope, sir, will dispute that right with me.

Doctor. I might dispute it; but as it's an office you are so fond of, take it for life. Emily shall explain all to you.—Mr Bromley, the fortune you expected shall be doubled.—I must settle too with my worthy benefactor, here, for——

Abed. It was very well settled before you sent de constable to take us all up.

Doctor. My generous friend, instruct me how to thank you for this blessing!

Abed. I'll tell you how to *pay* me. If ever you see a helpless creature vat needs your assistance, give it for ma sake :—And if de object should even not be a Christian, remember that humanity knows no difference of opinion; and that you can never make your own religion look so well, as when you shew mercy to de religion of others.

[*Exeunt.*

THE
IRISHMAN IN LONDON ;

OR,

THE HAPPY AFRICAN :

A

FARCE,
with a new ending
IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain SEYMOUR,	<i>Mr Claremont.</i>
Mr COLLOONY,	<i>Mr Waddy.</i>
Mr FROST,	<i>Mr Munden.</i>
MURTOCH DELANY,	<i>Mr Rock.</i>
EDWARD,	<i>Mr Farley.</i>
CYMON,	<i>Mr Simmons.</i>
LOUISA,	<i>Mrs Beverly.</i>
CAROLINE,	<i>Miss Chapman.</i>
CUBBA,	<i>Mrs Findlay.</i>

SCENE—*London.*

THE
IRISHMAN IN LONDON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter SEYMOUR.

Seym. Welcome, once more, my native country !
Being immured three long months on board a ship,
makes land appear more delightful than even our
fancy can paint it. Yet, am I almost insensible to
the pleasure, from being at so great a distance from
my beloved Caroline.—Oh Jamaica, happy place !
which contains all that is dear to me on earth. Her
cruel father must have intercepted the letters I wrote
from America, or she would have contrived to let
her Seymour know, she still retained the same tender
affection for him.—Good heaven ! is it possible ?
Ha ! reason contradicts my sense of seeing, and tells
my eyes they are deceived—'Tis he !

Enter Mr FROST.

Dear sir, my joy at seeing the parent of my Caroline
so unexpectedly—

Frost. This assurance is past bearing! Damn it, I never am to be happy—I left the West Indies to live in quiet; and here, one of the first things that presents itself, is the person of all others I wish to avoid.—But my daughter is in my power, and shall marry the man I have selected for her directly—I'll take care of her happiness.

Seym. Great care, indeed, to sacrifice her against her inclinations to some wretch!—But who is he? Let me know where——

Frost. No matter who he is, or what he is; or where he lives, or where I live: you know but little of my family at present, and I am determined you shall know less.

Seym. Will you listen to common sense or reason?

Frost. Yes: who have you brought that can speak them?

Seym. Come, come, sir: what objection can you make to me? my family is unexceptionable.

Frost. That may be—but you are a younger brother.

Seym. Then, sir, my character and principles are, I hope——

Frost. Such as most of our modern youths, who launch into all the luxury and excesses of the town, and then are obliged to fly the country; while the honest tradesman and industrious mechanic sink into penury and wretchedness.

Seym. I am acquainted with none such, nor do I ever cordially reckon a man in the list of my friends, who could turn away from the cries of the needy, or shut the open hand of mercy from the poor.

Frost. Gad, I believe he is not so bad as I thought him:—But Liny is engaged, my word given to a young fellow with a fine fortune, and I always retain that principle of honour, to serve my friends, when, in so doing, I doubly serve myself. [*Exit.*]

Seym. Astonishing! 'Tis some comfort, however,

to know she is in England—I would follow him, but it is now the precise time Mr Wilson appointed to meet me, as second to the gentleman who has challenged my friend, Lieutenant Corbett; and here must I continue, though at the expence of happiness, or, perhaps, be disgraced, for a violation of the most pernicious custom ever regarded in a civilized nation.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. Oh, sir, such news! Miss Caroline is in town, has been here these two months—I found it out by the greatest chance.

Seym. How, how?

Edw. Why, sir, I met Cymon, pretended to him that I had left you in America, and he told me they were all come; and that there was great doings preparing for an elegant young fellow from Ireland, who was to marry Miss Caroline immediately.

Seym. By heavens! no such circumstance ever shall take place; and how to prevent it? Edward, you, in general, have a happy invention, and I am certain, if you exert it, you might gain me an interview, or, at all events, some further intelligence.

Edw. [*Sings.*] “The perquisite softens us into consent.”—Ah! my invention and genius are at present employed, contriving how I shall avoid the civilities of my tailor, shoemaker, washerwoman, and a few other friends, whom I left rather abruptly—Now they’ll renew their former mode of paying their respects to me; and though I never return one visit, they’ll still continue their kind enquiries—If I had but a few guineas to satisfy those gentry, my mind would be easy, my person free; and, thus disencumbered, I should most certainly devise means to deliver from my master a letter to his dear Caroline, before she consults her downy pillow this night.

Seym. My honest fellow, make good your words, and twenty guineas shall be your reward.

Edw. Twenty guineas! twenty! She has—or I mean she shall have the letter. Write it, sir, write it—Let me have it.

Seym. While I stop to write, be very particular in observing any gentleman that may be hereabouts; and if he should seem at a loss, direct him to me, or come directly for me.

Edw. Oh Lord! Oh sir, yonder I see my tailor—I told you these people would impede my march, if I was not prepared for them. Dear me, how shall I avoid him?

Seym. Avoid him. Who is he? What's his name?

Edw. His name is a—the—oh damn it, 'tis very odd I never can remember the name of a man I owe money to—that is, when I am poor; for then I am always dejected at the sight of them. But when I have money, and can pay them, I face them as bold as a lion. How do you do? says I, how do you do?

Seym. With those principles, 'tis a pity you should ever want. Here, take this, and observe my directions while I write the letter. *[Exit.*

Edw. I will, sir.—What's here? ten guineas! Mr Snip?—Oh, he's off some other way, and I'll be damn'd if I call him back.—Let me see; ten guineas! my master is a noble fellow—I wish he was a general, then his pocket might keep pace with his heart—At present, the one is always a day's march behind the other. But how shall I contrive to deliver my master's letter? No matter; I'll trust to chance, and convince him, with all his despair,

That English wit, howe'er despised by some,
Like English valour, still shall overcome.

[Exit.

Enter COLLOONY.

Coll. Oh London, London, dear London, as Ercher says, had I millions, I'd spend it all there—it's the *mert* for enjoyment—the leedies so bewitching, the squeers so elegant, the theatres so enchanting, the players so greet, and, in short, every thing so captivating, that I wish from my heart I may never leave it.—Where is this servant of mine? I decleer there is no bearing his inattention. I desired him to meet me here at this time precisely: 'pon my honour I must no longer neglect visiting Mr Frost and the leedies.

MURTOCH, singing without.

“ We Irishmen both high and low, we are both neat and handy,
The ladies every where we go, allows we are the dandy ;
To be sure we are, and indeed we are.”

Enters.

Coll. Indeed I'll break your thick head if you don't hold your tongue, and *till* me, did you find the *plece*, and bring me the money?

Murt. Well, well ; I will sir—The—a—och, sir, I wish we were at home again—This is the devil of a place.

Coll. I say, sirrah, have you found the banker's?

Murt. No, in troth, sir.

Coll. No! pray thin, where's the chick I gave you?

Murt. Where! why sure, sir, you did not bid me keep it?

Coll. I bid you give it to the banker, and bring me the money: where is it?

Murt. Why, I'll tell you, sir—The truth is, I did not give him the chick—Nor the divil a farthing he gave me—for I didn't see him at all, at all.

Coll. Was there *iver* such a provoking scoundrel? Tell me this moment, where, and what you have been about.

Murt. Och! faith! and I have been tumbled about bravely; for the people here walk the streets as if they couldn't see—for one parson gave me a drive on one side, and when I only turned to ax him what he done that for, another gave me a shoulder with his elbow on the t'other side—So, upon my soul, sir, I was going backward every step I went forward.—But at last, I saw a crowd staring up; so myself ax'd decently what was the matter—Stop, and luck up, says the man, and you'll see: myself did so, and there was two black pictures of men, with shillelys in their fists, thumping at one another, because the clock was striking—When it had done, they had done, and I was done; for I found they picked my pocket of the *chick* that I held fast in my hand, and every thing I had in the world; and the hat off my head into the bargain.

Coll. The rascal has been gaping about, *instid* of minding his business.—I will most certainly send you home, Dill.

Murt. Och! worrow do, sir, send me home; but mind, I won't go to *sea*, I got enough of that; if once I got to sweet Balinrobe, the devil burn me if ever I wish to see foreign parts again, or any, but our netrel parts at home—to be sure, it is the sweetest little place in the world, Ireland is.

Coll. Why, you scoundrel, do you want to bring a mob about us? hold your tongue about Ireland, I say—Go wait at home for me, and don't be exposing—

Murt. Exposing to talk of Ireland! Faith, sir, begging your pardon, I think a man does not deserve to belong to any country, that's ashamed to own it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber.*

CAROLINE, LOUISA, and CUBBA, *discovered.*

Louisa. Well, Caroline, I vow you are almost ridiculous—fretting to such a degree about a man, that, in all human probability, has been in love with twenty women since you parted, and may be happily married for aught you know.

Car. No, no; my Seymour is too honourable. So true and faithful is he, that a blister would appear on his lips should falsehood touch 'em.

Louisa. Very pathetic indeed! But for all his truth and tender lips, many a good fib has he swallowed in his life, that was in no danger of choking him.—Nay, no tears; you know how sincerely I feel for you.

Car. Oh, Louisa! where is the soul that can conceive my sufferings? The sun, that cheers the whole creation, affords no comfort to the unfortunate Caroline.

Cubba. Missa, you frettee so, you make a de rain come in poor Cubba yies.

Louisa. Oh dear! I wish with all my heart Seymour would come and run away with you. We lead a most painful life; for if your father suffers us to go into the Park, we are obliged to walk stately and look directly before us, like a pair of coach horses newly harness'd for a state day; yet, though I rally you, I can't bear the thoughts of your having this young Irishman, whom you have never seen, and perhaps can never like; and, indeed, he may not like you; but to please two old fools, you reluctantly take each other for better for worse—when you'd rather let it alone.

Car. Take him! Never. Were he the most ac-

complished of men, I could be inspired with no sentiment but pity for him.

Cubba. Misse, you pity great man? he no good—Me pity poor black, he no do good—run away—he get whip and chain—Why every body no be happy like me?

Louisa. You only say so, Cubba—You are not happy—you don't love your mistress.

Cubba. Deeree me, my mout no big enough for me to say how much me love my missa.

Louisa. Honest creature! What a pity it is all your country a'n't as good as you.

Cubba. Good, bad, all colours—Bochro read great big book, tell him how he can be good—for all dat, some do very bad—Poor black no understand read—How they know good from bad, when them massa no show them good zample?

Louisa. But, Cubba, what will you do when your mistress marries Mr Colloony, and goes to Ireland?

Cubba. Me go too—Me leave my country and friend for sake of my missa—Me follow her all the world over—Missa be every ting to poor Cubba.

Car. How can you, Louisa, mention such a circumstance, even in jest, when you know my sentiments?

Louisa. Perhaps your sentiments and mine may be so congenial, that the old gentleman's schemes may be defeated, and you be happy with your Seymour; for however he may rove, a good soldier will always return to his head-quarters.

Enter FROST.

Frost. Come, cheer up, Liny—Your lover certainly will be here to-day—The knot shall be tied to-morrow.

Car. Dear sir, don't expose your Caroline to the misery of refusing, when nature powerfully informs

her, 'tis her duty to obey you—Indeed, indeed, I never can love this Mr Colloony.

Frost. How do you know? You have never seen him—Why, he is young, handsome, rich—

Car. Mention not his qualifications, sir, for my heart is engaged.

Frost. Yes, and my word is engaged—The young fellow coming all the way from Ireland on purpose—A fine settlement made on you—Is not that better than starving with your Seymour?

Car. Poverty with him, sir, is preferable to a palace without him. He loves me.

Frost. You're mistaken, it's my money he loves—but he'll never touch a shilling of it, that I am resolved.

Car. I don't know what your resolution may be, but mine is unalterably fixed—Dear sir, I have only to entreat you will give up the idea of plunging me in wretchedness—Remember that you're a father, sir, and that indulgence should ever unite with that name. [Exit.

Cubba. Ah! poor missee, she be so good—Still she cry great deal—Bochro do wrong, laugh and be happy—nobody ought to be merry when missee frettee. [Exit.

Frost. Ay, follow her, you—you—whenever I am vext, or in trouble, that angel of darkness is sure to come in my way—I tell her every hour that she is in a blessed land of liberty, that she's her own mistress, free as air, in hopes I shall get rid of her; but she won't stir—no, she sticks like birdlime. Then, that curst Cymon comes with his similies—There was neighbour Diggins robbed last night by mistake; for I'm sure 'twas my house they meant to attack. Oh dear! oh dear! I shall have my throat cut! They'll be with me to-night. Was there ever such a little, wretched, unfortunate old man!

Louisa. La, sir, you frighten yourself with shadows—Why should the thieves mean to rob you?

Frost. I know they did—I know it—I am miserable—No, no, I am happy—you make me happy—you are to me, a—a—a—sun without a spot—a heaven without a cloud!

Louisa. This is a change indeed! You were but this moment declaring you were a wretched, unfortunate, little old man.

Frost. No, I am not old—Fifty or so, no age for a man. And if you would take compassion on me, and do yourself justice—

Louisa. Oh, sir! If I take compassion on you, I hope you'll do me justice—

Frost. That I will—You know in the West Indies I administered justice—I was there a justice of peace.

Louisa. Yes: but not *just* now.

Frost. Oh! no, not in office—But the settlement you shall have can be equalled by nothing but my love—I do love you beyond—

Louisa. Don't say so, you wish to deceive me; a true lover would hang or drown himself, break his neck, poison or stab himself in a fit of despair: Would you do any of these?

Frost. Eh! if you'll marry me, perhaps I may; who knows what good things time may bring about?

Louisa. Ah! there's little good to be expected from him—I never knew the old gentleman with his scythe and his glass bring any thing but grey hairs, thin cheeks, wrinkles, and loss of teeth.

Frost. That's true; and you don't know what a terrible thing it is to be an old maid.

Louisa. No—nor I hope I never shall. [*Knock.*]

Frost. Hark! there's somebody coming—Will you promise me an interview?—I have something very particular to say to you—We'll be quite private—Nay, do now, now—

Louisa. Well, sir, you may expect me.

Frost. Oh, my charmer! I'm distracted—Oh!
[*Kisses her hand.*] Adieu!

Louisa. Adieu!—I'm much mistaken, if I don't cure the gentleman of his love fits, before I have done with him. [Exit.]

Frost. Oh! she loves me, it's too plain—I have long suspected it. What a very engaging, agreeable, nice, handsome, little fellow I must be, to captivate so sweet a girl!

Enter CYMON.

What do you want? Who was that knocked at the door?

Cymon. A man, sir: he gave me this as nimble as a fencing-master, and stepped away like a dancing-master.

Frost. Oh curse your similies! Let me see, from Mr Colloony—That's delightful! [*Reads.*] "Sir, my anxiety to take you by the hand, can only be equalled by my passionate desire to see your amiable daughter, and with the speedy assistance of Hymen, shall glory in the liberty of being her slave—The earliest moment possible I hope to make acceptable to Mr Frost the devoirs of his truly devoted and most assured humble servant, William Patrick O'Brien Colloony." Oh! he's a fine ardent lover. They shall be married to-morrow morning—D'ye hear, Cymon? take care every thing is ready for the reception of your new master. How does my purchase come on, the coach horses?

Cymon. Troth, sir, bad enough—They are only fit for the crows. One of them, the sorrel horse, puts me woundily in mind of a lawyer.

Frost. A lawyer! How now, how can that be?

Cymon. Why, sir, he is well paid for every journey he goes; and the other is downright game, for he'd sooner die than run.

Frost. Have done, sir, or I'll brain you—This fellow makes me as melancholy—

Cymon. As an owl at noon-day—Now, your honour, I'm as merry as a mouse at mid-night.

Frost. That's always the case—I am never out of humour; but you are pleased as—

Cymon. As a peasant with a plumb-cake at Christmas, or an old lady on her wedding-day.

Frost. Will any body take this fellow from me? I'll change your tune; I'll make you as sorrowful as—

Cymon. As a young bride with an old husband.

Frost. Oh! you damn'd dog, where did you get that? that's the worst of all—[*Knock.*] Go to the door, I say.

Cymon. Yes, sir—I think I am as whimsical to-day, as a merry-Andrew's coat. [Exit.

Frost. That fellow's as bad to me as the gout—I can find no cure for him.

Enter CYMON.

Cymon. Sir, sir—here's a grand gentleman dressed like a peacock, and talks like a magpie.

Frost. Was there ever such an affronting scoundrel! show him in. [Exit CYMON.] It must be Mr Colloony—I say, Cubba, send your mistress to me immediately—Oh dear, this is lucky.

Enter CAROLINE.

Car. Did you send for me, sir?

Frost. Yes, yes; here's Mr Colloony—it can be nobody else.

Enter EDWARD, dressed in a tawdry manner.

Sir, I rejoice to see you—how do you? so is my daughter, indeed, sir, though she says nothing—Why the devil don't you speak?

Car. Sir, I—I—

Edw. I have got into the house at all events, and must trust to impudence for the rest. [*Aside.*]

Frost. Sir, she's excessively fond of you; but she naturally expects you to speak first.

Edw. Certainly, my dear sir—Fond of me! Oh, ho! then I must be in love—Here goes! [*Aside.*] Oh, Madam, you're such a beauty, so full of charms, so all over engaging, such a hand, such symmetry, such eyes, such lips, such smiles, such frowns, such love, such—Oh! I'm quite out of breath.

Frost. Well, dam'me, but he's a comical fellow! How he has galloped over the poor girl! I don't think he has much of the brogue—But, sir, I say, my—

Edw. Then, her foot, sir—do but look at her foot, sir—A foot proportioned to the body; the body suited to the face, the face suited to the soul, the soul to the heart, the heart to the mind, the mind to—as my friend Hamlet says, in his *device* to the actors, “the action to the word;” and then she has so much—Oh dear, oh dear, I can go no further—Now to try to give her the letter. [*Aside.*]

Frost. How his tongue does run! I am afraid Liny will never have him, he's such a fool. But, sir, you confound her with your compliments.

Edw. You wrong me, sir; I can't flatter—I truly love, I adore, I live for you—I—I can't find the letter. [*Aside.*]—Oh, madam! say that you'll marry me, or I shall curse my stars, go mad, and die!

Frost. Die and be damn'd, for you're the strangest fish I ever met. Sir, I'll speak to my daughter, and if—

Edw. Oh! that *if* has driven me to despair, for— [*Aside.*] I have lost the letter—My peace of mind is—dam'me, but it's gone! [*Aside.*] It has undone my quiet, ruined me, blasted all my hopes—Fare—

well, board-wages, laced liveries, all joy, peace, happiness! Oh!

Frost. Sir, I'll withdraw a little to order some refreshment, and—

Car. Dear sir, don't leave me with this wretch, this fool!

Frost. Don't abuse him, Liny; 'tis your charms have made him a little flighty—I wish they had cut his wings before they had let him away, for he's the wildest Irishman I ever saw. [*Exit.*

Car. Sir, I say—

Edw. Stop, madam, for heaven's sake!—I am Edward—my master, Captain Seymour, is in town.

Car. Ha! can it be! My Seymour in England!

Edw. Yes, ma'am, and has sent you—

[*Searching for the Letter.*

Enter FROST.

Frost. I don't like leaving my child with this wild Irishman. Eh! egad they seem very quiet! I'll listen.

Edw. Dear, dear, I have certainly left it in my other clothes—But the circumstance is this, ma'am—My master, this morning, saw your father; and, on finding you were in town, wrote a letter, which I undertook to deliver to you.

[*FROST comes between them, pushes CAROLINE off: EDWARD continues telling her of the Letter.*]

But I have unfortunately mislaid it—I can assure you he loves you as much as ever; and if you would but write a few lines, to say that you love him, he'll run away with you, in spite of that cruel curmudgeon your father, and—[*Turning about, meets Mr FROST face to face*] Oh! murder!

Frost. Thieves! Cymon! Thieves! Knock him down!

Edw. Yes, sir.—[Knocks CYMON down as he enters, and exit.]

Frost. Oh! Murder! Thieves!—Cymon! Where are you?

Cymon. Here, sir; as flat as a flounder.

Frost. My poor fellow!—Go shut the door, and be sure to bolt, lock, and chain it—But see that impostor out of my house.

Cymon. Yes, sir—I'll see every thing as safe as a guinea in a miser's purse.

Frost. Oh! curse your similes!—I must go myself, and see every thing secure, [Exeunt,

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter LOUISA and CAROLINE.

Car. Thank Heaven! I know my Seymour is in England—I have heard enough to convince me he still loves me; and constancy's the only proof of true affection—I hope he may devise some means to free me.

Louisa. If he did not, I am sure he should not have me. A soldier! and in love! and to be afraid of such a little old fellow as your father!

Enter CYMON in haste.

Cymon. Ma'am, he's come; Mr Colloony—Lord, I am as much out of breath as a trumpeter.

Frost. [Without.] Walk'in—walk in, sir.

Enters with COLLOONY.

I am overjoyed to see you—Walk in, sir, walk in, ladies—Ladies, this is Mr Colloony: Sir, my daughter and her friend Miss Bellmont.

Coll. Ladies, your most obedient—[*Salutes them.*] This warm and kind reception is truly flattering, and impresses me strongly with the idea of my future happiness.

Frost. Oh! I'm sure you'll be very happy— There's a husband for you, Liny! Is he to be compared to your captain?

Car. No, indeed, sir, I don't think he is—

Frost. That's a good girl—Well, sir—You shall be married this morning—Oh dear—And how is my old friend, your worthy father, and all your family? What sort of a passage had you? I suppose you were very much fatigued after your journey? Will you have some refreshment? Oh! I'm so happy, come tell me all.

Coll. *All!* Upon my honour, he asks all, and will hear nothing—Sir, I left my father and all the family very well, as his letters will acquaint you—I say, Dill! bring up that parcel, Dill.

Enter MURTOCH with a Portmanteau.

Murt. Here, sir, here; Arrah, Maister Pat, don't be calling me Dill, myself can't bear it; it's making so little of one. My name, ladies, saving your presence, is *Murtoch Delany*; and though Maister Pat's my maister, I don't know who the divil made him my god-mother.

Coll. Get away, sirrah!—Sir, you will find by these peepers the liberality of my father—He gives me his whole estate while he lives; and makes me heir to all the rest when he dies.

Murt. Oh, the divil burn the blade of grass, horse, cow, servant, or any other fixture upon the estate, even to the value of a sucking-pig, but will be all his own.

Frost. Oh! I'm too happy: you shall be united directly.

Coll. I should think myself unworthy, indeed, if

words could express how much I feel indebted to your goodness, before I had the felicity of seeing the lady, I could think of nothing else; and such an effect had the description of her on my mind, I declare I could not sleep a wink for dreeming of her.

Frost. Here, here's all the settlement; I am so overjoyed I scarcely know what I say or do; but you did not tell me what sort of a passage you had.

Coll. Why, sir, they said it was a good one, but I was sick of it.

Murt. Sick! Arrah, ladies, we were kilt, myself was quite 'dead, I was all—a—I called to the captain to stop; stop and put me out, says I; nonsince, man, says he; if I put you out, it will be in the water, and then you'll go to Davy Jones. Oh thank'e, Loursee, says I, it's time enough for me to go and live with that gentleman when I am dead in earnest.

Louisa. Then you are not fond of the sea, Mr Colloony?

Coll. No, indeed, ma'am; if they'd give me the finest estate upon earth, I could not live in it with any enjoyment on board of ship.

Frost. But come, are not the towns through which you came worthy of observation?

Coll. Certainly, sir; your manufactories are so astonishingly greet, they prove at once the wonderful industry and wealth of your nation.

Murt. Ax your pardon, ladies; I'll tell you: I could see three times as much as Maister Pat, for I slept all the way on the outside of the coach, and the devil a manufactory I saw equal to our own. Och! if you could only look at the oyster-beds in Poolbeg, the Foundling or the Lying-in-Hospital at Dublin, they are the right sort of manufactories.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Murt. Faith you may laugh, but I am sure there can't be better *manufactorys* in the world than those

that provides comfortable lodgings, and every other sort of bread and meat, for poor craters that can't provide for themselves.

Coll. Hold your preeting, sirrah; leedies, I hope you'll excuse him.

Frost. They are getting into conversation; I'll try to keep them engaged; but, Mr Colloony, do now favour us with your opinion of our country, and an account of your journey.

Coll. 'Twas a very pleasant journey; travelling here is much better than in Ireland.

Murt. [*Aside.*] Oh! murther, murther!

Coll. The roads are so very excellent, the inns so large, and the mile-stones so regular—

Murt. Och! Maister Pat, don't be running down our country; myself can't bear it; you know the roads are a thousand times better in Ireland. Ladies, the miles there are three times as long as they are here; and then the devil a half mile can you go, but there's a beautiful wooden mile-stone; I'm sure from the time we left the hill of Houth, till we got to that spalpeen place they call Holyhead, the devil a bit of land I saw but what was all covered over with water; pretty travelling indeed!

Coll. Begone, you scoundrel; lave the room, I say.

Murt. Sir!

Coll. Lave the room, I say, sir.

Murt. Lave the room, you say, sir? Oh, mighty well; there's more o' the yarn!—*Bad travelling!* I'll say nothing before the company, but if ever I forgive this—Ladies, your most engaging conversation—[*Goes off muttering.*] I never can forgive this.

[*Exit, singing.*]

Frost. Your father, in this letter, seems particularly anxious that the marriage ceremony should be performed as soon as possible; now I'm desirous it should be so too; what do you say, sir?

Coll. What do I say, sir? why I say, ask the lady; I deem it the happiest moment of my life! He must be covetous indeed, that could form a wish beyond what is here to be found. [*Bowing to LOUISA.*]

Frost. Liny, thank him—Isn't he an elegant, polite, well-bred man? An't you surprised and rejoiced?—The licence is ready—I'll go to the parson; it must be done before twelve; we have but an hour and a half. [*Exeunt FROST and COLLOONY.*]

Louisa. Caroline, how could you treat Mr Colloony in such a manner? you scarce looked at him. Are not you on the very brink of matrimony? To disappoint him now, what would the world say?

Car. Yet disappointed he *shall be*, and I am in no dread of what people may say—The truly virtuous mind makes itself judge, and, satisfied within, smiles at that common enemy, the world.

Enter FROST.

Frost. Come, girls, prepare; Louisa, you shall go to—You shall be bride's maid. Hadn't you rather be a bride?

Louisa. Why, sir, I can't say I should have any objection.

Frost. Oh, charming! you make me young again—Egad, I begin to think—Oh dear—go and prepare, for Mr Colloony will return directly. [*Exit. LOUISA.*] Oh the lovely sweet—

Enter EDWARD, singing.

Frost. Well, sir, what do you want?

Edw. Sir, I—a—beg pardon, sir, I believe I am come to the wrong house—

Frost. Then pray, sir, go to the right house.

Edw. Yes, sir. [*Exit, singing.*]

Frost. Do, sir. Cymon, who is that fellow? He had but an ill look, methought—Shut the door there. Now, Liny my love, be a good girl; I'm so pleased,

that I shall give you an additional hundred pounds, for you to——

Enter EDWARD.

He here again ! I thought you were gone to the right house !

Edw. This is it, sir. Pray did not a gentleman of the name of Colloony—I got that from the Irish servant [*Aside.*]—go out of this house a little time ago ?

Frost. Yes, sir ; but if you want him, he'll be back directly.

Edw. No, sir, he will not—A sad accident has happened to him.

Frost. Mercy on me ! I hope not.

Edw. Truth indeed, sir—I'll tell you the particulars—At the corner of the next street a gentleman attacked him—Sir, says he, you are a villain, then drew his sword, and pushed violently at him—thus, sir, thus, madam—thus [*Pushes the Letter over FROST'S shoulder, which she does not notice.*] Oh, the blind creature !

Frost. Dear me, how unlucky ! I wish he was returned, I hope he is not hurt.

Edw. He is, sir ; yes, he is—It's rather an odd place.

Frost. Where, where ?—Is it in a mortal part ?

Edw. It's in the back, sir—In the back, ma'am, in the back—Dam'me but she'll die a maid. [*He turns his back to her, and the Letter is fastened to it ; she takes no notice of it.*] And so Captain Seymour, ma'am——

Frost. Oh ! that curst captain !

Car. Captain ! What was it my —— ?

Frost. No, no, it was not.

Edw. Yes, yes, ma'am, it was—a——

Frost. [*Stopping his mouth.*] No, no, she must not know he is so near her. I don't think, at least, I hope it was not Mr Colloony.

Edw. Yes, it was, sir.

Frost. Why, how was the gentleman dressed?

Edw. Why, sir, he had a scarlet coat on, a riding-habit, sir; he was in boots; and had a cockade in his hat. [*Fixes the Letter over the Cockade, and pushes it towards her, which she takes.*]

Frost. And how is Mr Colloony? tell me.

Edw. Why, sir, as soon as Captain Seymour saw the blood trickle from his antagonist, he jumped to him, took him in his arms, thus, and carried him to Dr Julep's this way.

Car. Blessed contrivance, 'tis from my Henry; but how to send an answer? If I go to my room, Edward may be gone before I can write—What shall I do? Invention assist me. [*Writes with her Pencil on the Letter.*]

Frost. But what did the doctor say? Did he think him in danger?

Edw. Why, sir, we hope not—He probed the wound, and after muttering a great many gallipot phrases, that none but the brethren of the pill-box understand, he pronounced him out of danger, and ordered him to be put to bed, his stomach to be fomented with a—a—bason of soup, and—

Car. If this does but succeed—[*Aside.*] Sir, sir, this fellow's an impostor—I'll let my honoured father know your villainy—Sir, while you were listening to his story, he forced this letter into my hand; but to show how I regard the writer, there, take his impertinent scrawl back again. [*Throws it on the ground.*]

Edw. The art of man won't prevent her being an old maid.—Ma'am—

Frost. Oh, you damn'd dog! Let me see it, my dear—We'll throw it into the fire, and this fellow out of the window.

Car. No, sir, I cannot wish him a greater punishment than to return his letter just in that manner.

Edw. Here's usage for my poor master—but, Ma'am, is there nothing for—or by way of—a—

Frost. Oh, you want something, do you? I'll pay you; there's wood upon wood—Come along, Liny, and if ever I catch you in this house again, I'll leave you no more brains than a fiddler. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter MURTOCH, singing.

Och, whiskey, it's you that's my darling,
It's you that keeps me on my feet,
And often you cause me to stagger,
Whenever we chance for to meet.

Murt. Maister Pat, I'm come to desire that you will—a—Oh, he's gone! It's well for him—I was just going to discharge him—he vexes me so when he speaks congrumshously about the sod—I won't, for I can't bear it—I have made Cymon blind drunk in love with Ireland—I was telling him all about it, and he supp'd up my intelligence like a gentleman; to be sure he mixt it a little, for he emptied the best part of two bottles of port, that Miss gave to make much of me, and there he lies stretched on the floor, snoring as quiet as a stone in a wall. I'm quite up—I'm almost corn'd, faith, with lucking at him drinking it.—To be sure I'm not the naaty—I wish I had something to do—that somebody would affront me, or a fine young lady fall in love with me—or any divarting accident of that nater.

Enter CUBBA.

Cubba. You want to speak a wi me?

Murt. Och, honey, what's this? Sure the crater wou'dn't be in love with me—She is, she is! And I am sorry for her—but she can't help it—Honey, it won't do—Now don't think of it—a vurneen.

Cubba. Me no understand you.

Murt. She does not understand me—What a misfortune it is to want larning—If your schoolmistress

had been a gentleman, she'd teach you the manners to say you did, whether or not. I'll larn you to spake good English when my master marries your young lady.

Cubba. Me hop me not live till den—Me sure missee break her heart, and me rader die den see it.

Murt. Oh faith, if you die, you won't see it to be sure—May be you'll hear of it, and that will be the same thing—Miss A—troth I forget your name.

Cubba. Me name Cubba : my fader great king.

Murt. Poooh, poooh, be asy, Miss Cubbagh!—That's being too agreeable—Your father a king!

Cubba. Iss.

Murt. Oh! it's king of the Morice-dancers she manes; ay, ay, that fellow had a black face—I saw him yesterday.

Cubba. No, no; him live at de Gold-Coast.

Murt. Where?

Cubba. At de Gold-Coast—Now nobody here, you shut your eye, me tell you something dat make my heart open in two. But you look so good—You not be angry with Cubba?

Murt. Oh! the devil an angry I'll be—I never was angry with one of the fair sex in my life—There, honey, my eyes are shut—go on—now the devil a word I can hear.

Cubba. Me love a you dearly—but me no want you love me—dat be very wrong—Your face white, me poor negro—me only tell you make me easy, den me pray for you be happy.

Murt. I knew it—I knew it—Black, brown, green, or yellow, I bother them all—Oh, Murtoch, you murderer of beauty—What are you about—but the milk of compassion rises within me for poor Cubbagh—I wish she was not sooty—Who knows—may be the journey will bleach her—Troth, it's a shame your mistress never found out that fellow, that advertises to whiten ladies' hands and faces, the limping Jew,

he'd make you fair as a daisy. Och! if you had even a bit of the violent soap, honey.

Cubba. No matter, my color, if me do right—Good black face be happier den bad white.

Murt. Troth and I believe she may be the daughter of a king, for she has the mind of a prince—If her face was but as white as her heart, she'd be a wife for a pope.

Cubba. You tell a *Syman* fine story about your country, me like to hear.

Murt. Och honey! she likes my history, she—sweet crater, she's choaking with sense; then you shall have it—You know I left off at the Exchange—the next the Parliament House, but I suppose you heard of the chimneys setting the walls afire and burning every stick of them—the live pillars all run away, but the dead ones stood there, as if they were determined to support it as long as they lived—I must go to my master immediately—But I'll tell you all in a bit of a Planxty.

SONG.

Murtoch:

If you'd travel the wide world all over,
 And sail across quite round the globe,
 You must set out on horseback from Dover,
 And sail unto sweet Balinrobe.
 'Tis there you'll see Ireland so famous,
 That was built before Adam was breech'd,
 Who lived in the reign of King Shamus,
 Ere he was at Boyne over-reach'd.

CHORUS.

With my whack fal de ral, &c. &c. &c.
 O, the Land of Shillelah for me.

There you'll see Ulster, and Munster, and Leinster,
 Connaught, and sweet Kilkenny likewise,

That city where first, as a spinster,
 I open'd these pair of black eyes ;
 In this town there is fire without smoking,
 For a penny you'd buy fifty eggs,
 And then there's such wit without joking,
 And rabbits without any legs.
 With my whack, &c.

There you'll see my ancestors glorious,
 The sons of the brave O's and Mac's,
 Who died whene'er they were victorious,
 And after that ne'er turn'd their backs.
 Our heads are stout and full of valour,
 Our hearts are wise and full of brains,
 In love we ne'er blush nor change colour,
 And the ladies reward all our pains.
 With my whack, &c.

Saint Patrick is still our protector,
 He made us an island of saints,
 Drove out snakes and toads like an Hector,
 And ne'er shut his eyes to complaints.
 Then if you would live and be frisky,
 And never die when you're in bed,
 Come to Ireland and tipple the whiskey,
 And drink ten years after you're dead.

CHORUS.

With my whack fal de ral, &c. &c. &c.
 The Land of Shillelah for me.

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter SEYMOUR and EDWARD.

Edw. There's your letter again—That's all the answer I could get.

Seym. My letter! 'sdeath, you rascal, is this your boasted cleverness? Did you see my Caroline?

Edw. Yes, sir; and after many efforts, at last I gave the letter into her own hand, and her father in the room. But she returned it just as you see, and is positively to be married this morning.

Seym. Unlucky scoundrel! 'tis to you I owe all my misfortunes; by listening to your wretched paltry schemes, I have lost all that was dear to me on earth; but you shall injure me no more—all the punishment I can at present inflict is, to divest you of my property, and discard you—so strip, sir, and never let me see your face again.

Edw. Sir?

Seym. Call a coach, sir, throw the clothes into it, and begone—Strip, I say.

Edw. What, sir, in the street? I shall catch cold, sir.

Seym. Do as I desire you, rascal, or——

Edw. Yes, sir, yes—coach—co—Lord, sir, you are joking.

Seym. I am serious, sirrah—Do as I order you;—no words—but—

Edw. Yes, sir, yes—Here's gratitude! who the devil would be a footman now, I wonder.—There, sir, there's your coat, all the rest is my own.

Seym. Quit my sight—and here, sir, take this letter as your reward.

Edw. Oh! sir, virtue is its own reward—I look for none. Eh! what's this? Ha! kind fortune, you never deserted me.

Seym. What is the fellow loitering about? I wish he'd ask for his coat again. [*Aside.*]

Edw. Sir, I have one favour to beg before I go; will you be so kind, as just to look at the outside of that letter.

Seym. Look at! [*Taking the letter.*] Ha! what's here? [*Reads.*] “This is the only method I have to acquaint my dear Seymour, that I am still the same; my heart is wholly his.” Transport! [*Kisses the letter.*] My charming!——

Edw. A hem! A hem!

Seym. My dear Edward, what shall I say to you?

Edw. Nothing, sir; you've said enough—'Tis to me you owe all your misfortunes.

Seym. Nay, nay, put on your coat.

Edw. No, no, sir; get another servant. I'll never—

Seym. Nay, for Heaven's sake, Edward—I own I have been rash.

Edw. Rash! to make me strip here in the open street, and expose me to all the world——[*Walking about.*]

Seym. [*Following him.*] But, Edward, do put on your coat.

Edw. Not I, sir, I despise a coat—when there's no money in the pockets.

Seym. [*Gives money.*] Now, my dear fellow, have done.

Edw. Lord, sir, I have done. Money and a good place have stopt greater men's mouths than mine.

Seym. Take your coat, and put it on.

Edw. Yes, sir—A little of your assistance, if you please.

Seym. My assistance!

Edw. Yes, sir; dam'me if I put it on without it—[*SEYMOUR helps him on with his coat.*] I have often assisted you on a similar occasion.

Seym. Well, come, only think of my anxiety!

Edw. Who would not be a footman now? It's well you're a gentleman, sir.

Seym. Why?

Edw. You make a very good master, but you'd be a damn'd bad servant.

Enter CUBBA.

Cubba. Massa bring a my dear good Missee to make her marry great man. She send a me to look for you. Hee a shee come—O dear Missee!

Seym. Why, there's no man but her father.

Cubba. No; chum chum meet her at de church.

Scym. Never—let the consequence——

Edw. Here they come, sir. Let's retire a little—
Come, Cubba, and mind what I say—[*They retire.*]

Enter FROST and Ladies, one on each side.

Frost. Dear me, the time is getting rapidly over, and I dread that fellow's having any more schemes to bamboozle and cheat me; but I think if he does now, he must be cunning—Come on, Liny.

Car. Why, sir, how very ridiculous you'll make yourself and me in this business—You see plainly Mr Colloony won't be here—Pray, sir, put it off till to-morrow.

Frost. No, no; I am certain he will be here—Egad, yonder he comes—Louisa, your turn shall be next—To-morrow, we'll—Oh dear!

Enter COLLOONY and MURTOCH.

Coll. I hope, sir, I hav'n't kipt you weeting: Madam, I take—[*Addressing himself to LOUISA.*]

EDWARD takes CUBBA's hand, slips CAROLINE's gently away, and puts CUBBA's in its place, under FROST's arm.]

Frost. Mr Colloony, don't be ashamed to be seen with your wife before marriage—here she—Oh the devil!

Murt. Arrah, is it my own little daffy-down-dilly you want, Maister Pat, to bring home? Oh thunder! Arrah be asy!

Frost. Oh thunder indeed! What hocus pocus is this?

Coll. Sir, I take your daughter as the greetest gift this world can be—

Frost. Take her! where will you find her?

Coll. Here, sir—This lady—

Frost. That lady! No, no, no; she is no daughter of mine—She is engaged—She is—Oh, Liny! Why

don't you pursue and bring back your wife that is to be? This poor girl has no fortune.

Coll. Why, then, it is very lucky I have enough for us both; and if this lady will make it more by sharing it with me, it's all at her service.

Frost. Oh dear! Oh! Was there ever such a wretched little old man!

Enter SEYMOUR, CAROLINE, and EDWARD.

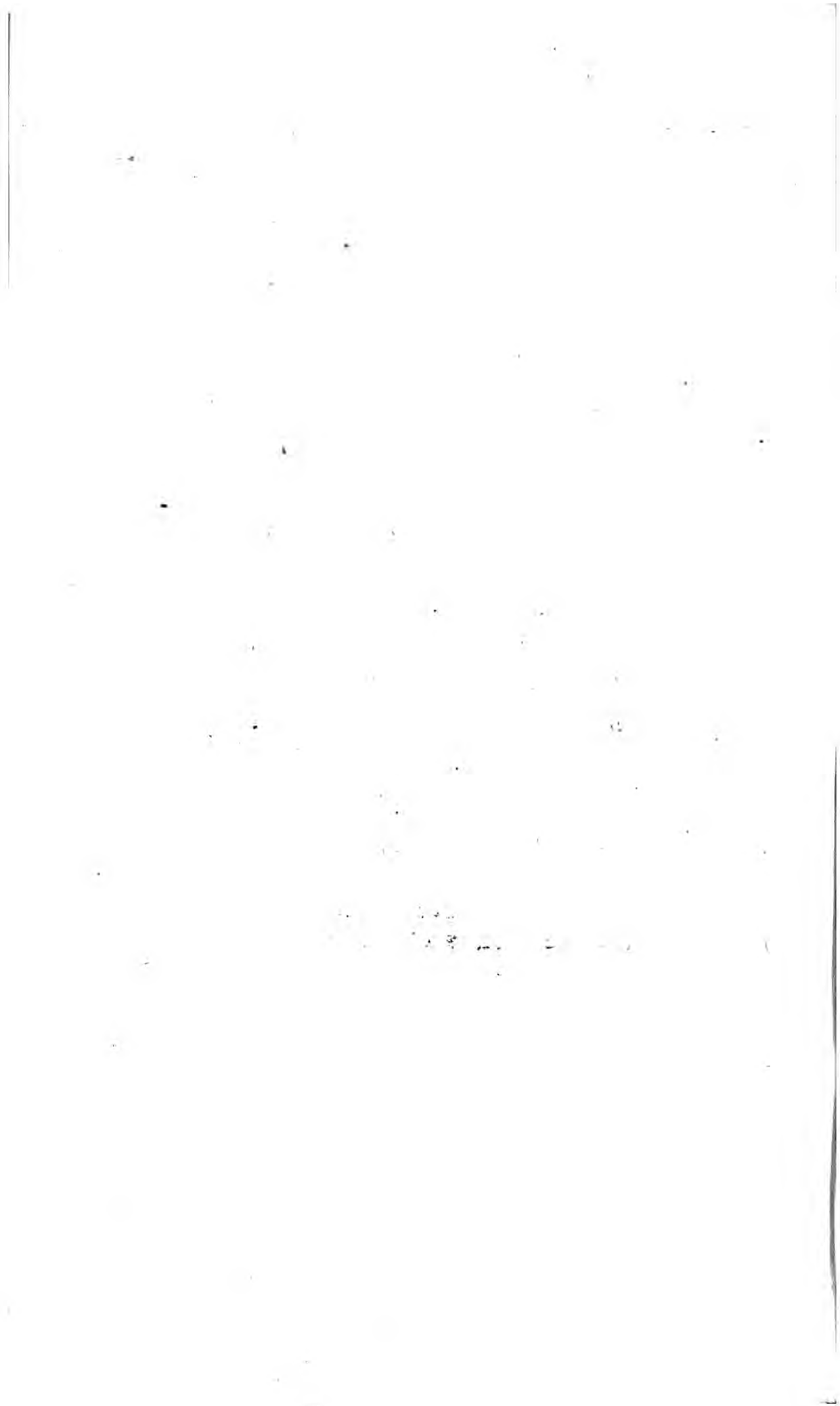
Car. Dear sir, I can't bear to see you so miserable—Be reconciled; and our future conduct shall prove, that to make you happy is all we wish.

Frost. Ah, confound you all! I'll never—yet stop; since Providence has so far interfered—'twould be presumptuous any longer to oppose your happiness. She is yours, sir, with a good fortune, and the blessing of an affectionate father.

Louisa. Ay; now you look like the good-natured little man I always considered you. Let us be friends.

Frost. With all my soul—I must love you—Give me your hand—At my time of life, I think it's much better to be a good friend, than an indifferent—

Murt. Faith, you're right, old gentleman—But all our great joy and happiness, will be nothing but downright grief and misery, if the hands of all our friends do not loudly whisper in our ears, they have no objection to the "IRISHMAN IN LONDON."



THE
PRISONER AT LARGE;

A
COMEDY,
IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, IN THE HAY-MARKET,
WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE.

WRITTEN BY
JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD ESMOND,	<i>Mr Claremont.</i>
OLD DOWDLE,	<i>Mr Munden.</i>
COUNT FRIPON,	<i>Mr Wilde.</i>
JACK CONNOR,	<i>Mr Farley.</i>
FRILL,	<i>Mr Beverly.</i>
FATHER FRANK,	<i>Mr Waddy.</i>
TOUGH,	<i>Mr Atkins.</i>
LANDLORD	<i>Mr Abbot.</i>
PHELIM,	<i>Mr Sarjant.</i>
TRAP,	<i>Mr Davenport.</i>
MUNS,	<i>Mr Fawcett.</i>
ADELAIDE,	<i>Miss Logan.</i>
RACHEL,	<i>Miss Waddy.</i>
MARY,	<i>Mrs Gibbs.</i>

Servants, Peasants, &c.

SCENE—*In the West of Ireland,*

Time—*A Night and Morning.*

THE
PRISONER AT LARGE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Garden to Lord ESMOND'S House, a Gate in the back leading to the Road.*

Enter FRILL and MUNS, quarrelling; MARY interposing.

Muns. Conceited fop!

Frill. Impertinent savage!

Mary. Gentlemen——

Frill. 'Pon my honour I shall pink you.

Muns. And by my fist, I'll thump you.

Mary. But, my dear rival lovers, my town fop, and my country beau; silly to quarrel about me; for when one gets thump'd, and t'other pink'd, as you call it, probably I may have neither of you.

Frill. Didn't you confess my little Spanish guitar tickled your heart? [*Shewing it.*

Muns. And, my sweet, didn't you own that my great French horn roused your soul?

[*Shewing his Horn hung,*

Mary. Yes; but 'pon my reputation, gents, I have not yet determined whether I ever was roused or tickled.

Rachel. [*Calls without.*] *Mary!*

Mary. My mistress!—Coming, madam.

Count. [*Calls without.*] *Frill!*

Frill. My master!—Yes, sir.

Old Dowdle. [*Without.*] You Muns! Why, Muns!

Muns. My master! zounds!—Sir, I'm here—I'm there.—*Mary*, don't stay with that fellow.—Coming, sir. [*All run confused.*]

Frill. I can't bear to leave 'em together.—Coming, sir.

Enter RACHEL.

Rachel. *Mary*, see where's Miss Adelaide.

Mary. Yes, ma'am. [*Runs off.*]

Enter Count FRIPON.

Count. My riding hat and switch cane.

[*Exit FRILL.*]

Enter Old DOWDLE.

Dowd. Here, Muns! you loitering cursed vagabond, what are you at? Call, call, call!—Desire Yemon to get the horses ready. [*Exit MUNS.*]—Ay, count, since my master, the lord of this house, has been so unlucky as to lose his estate, and you and your friends in Paris have been lucky enough to win it, now I am your steward; and as they sent you over here to Ireland, to collect the rents, to pay his lordship's bonds to them, I'll go now about and make the tenants pay them into your hands, on condition you marry my daughter *Rachel* here.

Count. I will.

Rachel. You will not. [*Aside.*]

Count. But all de clown of tenant, when I did go to gather in de l'argent, did throw de mud and stone at my head, spoil my curl, knock o' my hair out of

my buckle; ma foi, call me Jack Frog. Now, mademoiselle, am I like dat Jacky de Frog?

Rachel. Ha, ha, ha!

Dowd. Fools! they never saw their landlord, Lord Esmond, since he was a boy. No, he spent his time and money flying over Italy and Germany, like a wild-goose, till he's got himself now cooped up in a prison at Paris! Ha, ha, ha! Come, count, I hope to bring all the tenants to reason—but that sneering rascal Jack Connor—Daughter, I insist you'll never speak to him.

Rachel. Not I, sir—till you go out. [*Aside.*]

Dowd. Here, you Muns! [*Calling.*]

Count. Frill!

Enter FRILL, who whispers the Count.

Frill. A servant without from one Mr Nugent, from Paris.

Count. Nugent! one of our club—I come. Monsieur, excuse moi pour un moment. [*Exit with FRILL.*]

Enter MUNS.

Muns. Sir, the horses are ready.

Dowd. Rachel, as 'tis late, we sha'n't be home to-night; the count and I'll take a bed where we can—some of the tenants——

Rachel. This is charming! [*Aside.*—Dear papa, sure you won't sleep out all night!

Dowd. Business.—You Muns. [*Apart.*]

Muns. Sir.

Dowd. You'll let me know if Jack Connor meets my daughter, whilst I am away. There's a retaining fee, you dog.

Muns. [*Looking at it.*] I will, sir. [*Apart.*]

Rachel. [*Apart.*] Muns, run and tell Jack Connor to come here to me as soon as my father's out of sight. There's something to drink our health by the way. [*Gives h. m. money.*]

Muns. [*Looking at it.*] I will, miss.

Dowd. Now you'll be on the watch; I may depend on you? [*Apart to MUNS.*]

Muns. You may, sir. [*Apart.*]

Rachel. You won't fail?

Muns. I won't.

Dowd. Mind, don't stir out.

[*To MUNS apart, and exit.*]

Muns. [*Looking at the money.*] Not a leg.

Rachel. You'll run now to Jack Connor? [*Apart to MUNS.*]

Muns. [*Looks at her money.*] Every foot. [*Exit.*]

Rachel. My dear Jack Connor, I love him more than ever for his fidelity to my lord; and surely the man of honour and integrity can never prove a faithless lover.

Enter ADELAIDE.

Ah, you sly one! you come down here to the country on a visit to me, yet prefer birds and groves to all we can invent to amuse you. Now isn't it love?

Adel. My dear Rachel, I'd make you my confidante, but you're such a giddy creature.

Rachel. I! Me? Ha, ha, ha? What would I give that you had a lover!

Adel. I had.

Rachel. O precious! Who is he?

Adel. Let these tears tell you my lover is no more.

Rachel. Dear me!

Adel. 'Tis now ten years since I saw my Nugent at Montpellier.

Rachel. Ten years! You constant soul!

Adel. I was scarce fifteen: his fortune was doubtful; my father forbid our intercourse—my Nugent was seized by ruffians, (I could never find the cause,) and carried up to Paris; but have since been assured, by my father, of his death.

Rachel. Lord! had I known, I should not have re,

vived a painful idea. Come, I must keep up your spirits. My father won't be home all night, and I've sent for my dear Jack Connor to sup with us. Come, now, I wish I dare be angry with my father, for joining this sharpening count against his own master, Lord Esmond: no wonder, for his mother, the old lady, not to rest in her grave. Adelaide, as sure as I live, I heard the ghost sing last night in the Belvedere room—the sweetest voice!

Adel. Very strange!—I've now sat up purposely three nights, but I have neither seen nor heard this wonder.

Rachel. Oh, but my dear, the poor dead lady is certainly disturbed by the misfortunes of her son, Lord Esmond:—it must be she, for the apparition is dressed exactly like her picture that hangs in the room where it walks.

Adel. All fancy. Ah! if the dead were suffered to revisit us, I should be comforted by my Nugent.

Rachel. Come, we must have no more thoughts of dead lovers:—you shall hear my living lover rattle, court, and sing at our little party; we'll be so jolly! Come along. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A fine Country. Sun going down. Lord EDMOND'S House at a Distance; at the side JACK CONNOR'S House.*

Enter Lord ESMOND, plainly dressed, TRAP, and Servant.

Lord Esm. Then the count will meet me?

Serv. Yes, my lord.

Lord Esm. You called me Nugent?

Serv. I did, my lord.

Lord Esm. Very well, take the horses back to the inn. Well, Trap, I've been your prisoner ten years,

and your suffering me to come here from Paris is a stretch of good nature. Yonder's my house: here am I in the centre of my own estate, and, thanks to fortune, not master of one foot of land.

Trap. Night's coming on, and not a roof here will shelter us. In view of your house, I can't get a mug of beer. [*Music and laughing without.*] Country people leaving off work: I'll see if I can't get a drop amongst 'em.—But, my lord, don't run away, for if I hav'n't you to bring back with me to jail, I shall get hanged.—Hollo! neighbours. [*Exit.*]

Lord Esm. Somewhere here stood [*Looking*] the cottage of poor old Connor—a good house; he thrives; I'm glad on't. His son Jack was my little play-fellow. [*Laughing and Music without.*]

Enter JACK CONNOR.

Jack Con. Ay, merry be your hearts. Good-night, neighbours.—All going to their comfortable homes; whilst I—this bachelor's life is plaguy stupid—I will marry my little Rachel. [*Going to his own House.*]

Lord Esm. Hollo! Friend, d'ye know where I can get a bed?

Jack Con. I've two or three spare beds in my house here.

Lord Esm. One will do for me.

Jack Con. Then one you shall have, on one condition though—that you drink one jug of ale with me after supper.

Lord Esm. Supper and a jug of ale! Your terms are rather severe to a hungry, thirsty, weary traveller.

Jack Con. Thirsty! Oh! [*Aside.*] Phelim. [*Calls at his Door.*]

Enter PHELM, to whom JACK CONNOR whispers.

Jack Con. You shall have a traveller's welcome to the house of Jack Connor. [*To Lord ESMOND.*]

[*Exit PHELM.*]

Lord Esm. 'Tis he! the companion of my youth.

Re-enter PHELM, with a Jug of Ale and drinking Horn.

Jack Con. I'll fill for you, sir—Come——

Lord Esm. The good-natured boy ripened into the benevolent man. [*Aside.*]

Jack Con. My first toast, always a bumper;—Here's freedom to my landlord, Lord Esmond.

Lord Esm. Pray, where is my lord now?

Jack Con. In prison, near ten years; and I fear for life. [*Wipes his eyes.*]

Lord Esm. What's the matter?

Jack Con. I beg your pardon, sir; but when I toast my friend in distress, I mix my drink with water.

Lord Esm. Affectionate fellow! [*Aside.*] But I've heard say, my lord is rather a dissipated worthless sort of character.

Jack Con. What's that? [*Fiercely.*] You're welcome to what my house affords, but sup by yourself; for I'll never sit at one board with him who could slander the man I esteem and honour.

Enter MUNS, and whispers JACK CONNOR.

Jack Con. Her father out? and sent for me? My kind Rachel! If I had but Father Frank, now—he might—Muns, how go on the count's affairs? [*Apart.*]

Muns. A mystery there.—But [*Takes a horn of Ale.*] Ill get to the bottom on't. [*Drinks.*] Now I'm primed for love or war; if Frill dare but look crooked, or Mary but frown—oh! how I'll bang him, and touzle her. [*Exit.*]

Lord Esm. As I find all here have lost every remembrance of my person, I'll venture up to the castle, and see the count, in my character of Nugent.

[*Aside.*]

Jack Con. Phelim, let this gentleman wait for nothing till I come home.—Your hand, sir; I was angry, but you're a stranger; perhaps in necessity—

and my doors shall never be shut against the weary traveller. [Exit.]

Lord Esm. You are an honest fellow, that I'll be sworn for. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Lord ESMOND'S House.*

Enter FRILL.

Frill. I suspect here's something going forward against my master.—Here comes Muns and Mary.—See—kiss—oh the traitress! [Retires.]

Enter MUNS and MARY.

Muns. True. Ha, ha, ha! But Mary, my dear, how could you listen to such a cur as Frill?

Frill. [*Aside.*] I'm a cur! Oh you puppy.

Mary. Frill is a creature—but really since this ghost has appeared, the house is so frightful that any company is acceptable.

Muns. That for the ghost! To-night we are to have a jolly little party.—Hush, my dear, [*With joy.*] Jack Connor's coming to Miss Rachel, I'm with you, and cook is preparing a nice bit of supper for us all, tol, lol!

Mary. A supper! delightful!

Muns. Old master don't come home to-night, and we'll be so merry, tol, lol.

Mary. Charming! Then I'll go superintend supper.

Muns. And I'll make Tooten the black, my pupil, prepare his horn. Oh, how sweetly we played on the water yesterday! They may talk of fine views, and vistas, and beauties of nature; but 'tis to hear the divine echoes of my horn, that brings the gentlefolks all the way from Cork, and even Dublin, down here to the lake of Killarney. But now for supper.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall.*

MUNS and MARY placing Tables, and a Screen between.

Muns. There ! the lovers sha'n't be overlooked by us, ha, ha, ha ! Here Tooten and I'll sit and take our pleasure—while they mingle lips we'll jingle glasses. Oh, how I love to see good cheer going forward !

[Exeunt.]

FRILL advances.

Frill. So, here's rare doings in the old gentleman's absence ; master and I bubbled by such clowns as Muns and Jack Connor—oh revenge !

Old Dowd. *[Without.]* Who is here ?

Frill. Oh choice luck ! Here comes the old codger home unexpectedly. Such a hobble as I'll bring 'em into ! Ha, ha, ha !

Enter Old DOWDLE.

Dowd. Oh my bones ! Who's that I see there ? What, are they all gone to bed ? Well I'll go too, and not disturb any body.

Frill. What, sir, go to bed without your supper, the nice supper that Miss Rachel has prepared for you ?

Dowd. *[Seeing the Table laid.]* Hey ! what is all this ?

Frill. The table laid for your supper, sir.

Dowd. Why who knew I was coming home

Frill. Miss Racnel, sir.

Dowd. Eh ! then she knows I had a fall from my horse ?

Frill. The devil a word of it. *[Aside.]*—Oh yes, sir, Mary told her that.

Dowd. Mary ! who told Mary ?

Frill. Oh sir—she saw you, sir, as she was taking a walk.

Dowd. She took a devil of a long walk then; for I fell six miles off.

Frill. That was a great fall indeed, sir.

Dowd. Eh?

Frill. Walk—yes, sir—ride—Sir—Mary was riding too—the evening being fine, Miss Rachel gave her leave to go see her brother.

Dowd. Mary?

Frill. Yes, sir; Muns rode before her.

Dowd. After my orders to stay at home on the watch!—Before Mary? Then I suppose the rascal took my chesnut pad?

Frill. Don't say I told you—but I fancy he did—they would not wish you to know it, sir—they'll all deny it to you.

Dowd. Mary!—he—indeed I heard a woman squall.

Frill. Yes, sir, she said she squalled.

Dowd. Then perhaps 'twas she sent the 'pothecary to me.

Frill. It was, sir.—One lie has drawn me into a dozen. [*Aside.*]

Dowd. A busy slut! He was a farrier—called himself a surgeon, though he was a farrier; for the fellow out with a fleam, up with my leg, and swore he'd bleed me in the fetlock.—Where's your master?

Frill. Lord, sir, didn't he come home with you?

Dowd. No, he said somebody from France was to meet him at an inn three miles off, he, he!—But I'm glad my daughter had so much thought as to provide a morsel for me. Oh what happiness, after all one's crosses abroad, to come to one's own home, when one's children and servants are so attentive to render it agreeable!—Muns! [*Calls.*] Where's this cursed fellow, with his galloping my horses about the country?—Frill, shall I trouble you to help me on

with my gown, and then I can come and sit down to my supper in comfort. [Exit.

Frill. Yes, sir.—Oh what a rare hobble I shall bring them into, ha, ha, ha! [Exit.

Enter RACHEL, ADELAIDE, and JACK CONNOR.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Rachel. And there now is my old papa, trotting from cottage to barn, like a cunning little exciseman, with his green book under his arm, and his pen stuck in his wig.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Jack Con. But why won't Miss Adelaide give us her company?

Rachel. You must.

Adel. My dear, suffer me to go to rest, if I can rest. The death of my Nugent, the misfortunes of Lord Esmond—though I never saw him—it may seem an affectation of sensibility—I can't account for it, but I feel something inexpressibly horrid hanging over me, ever since you shewed me the old lady's clothes.

Rachel. Sure?

Adel. Not a night I don't dream I'm rummaging her clothes-press in the haunted-room, as you call it.

Rachel. Well, my dear, if you will retire, suffer Jack to see you across the gallery.

Jack Con. Ay, miss, under my guard, show me the ghost that dare affront you.

[Exit with ADELAIDE.

Enter MARY with Supper, which she puts on the Table.

Mary. There, miss.—Let's see, I must bring another bottle; for your lover is a good fellow, and a good fellow deserves a good bottle. [Exit.

Rachel. [Sits down.] I wish Jack Connor would make haste. [Begins to carve.] Ha, ha, ha! my little dad, if he knew what we were at here now!

Enter DOWDLE, in an undress. RACHEL carves with her back to him as he enters.

Rachel. Yes, my poor father's fast asleep by this, in some peaceful cottage. Ha, ha, ha! I would not care if he had a taste of this turkey; I know the old lad likes a bit o' the merry-thought—How long my deeree stays!—Is that you?—*[Speaks without looking round.]* Eh! you've been giving her a kiss, I suppose—come, whilst it's hot; sit down, you foolish fellow.

[DOWDLE comes round, and sits down opposite to her.]

Ah! *[Screams.]*

Dowd. What's the matter with you?

Rachel. Sir, I—I—I thought it was the ghost.

Dowd. Why, did you invite the *ghost* to supper?

Rachel. If Jack returns we're undone. *[Aside.]*—Lord, sir, who expected you?

Dowd. Indeed I should not have been home to-night, but for the tumble.

Rachel. What tumble, sir?

Dowd. Sure you—oh true, I wa'n't to know she let Muns gallop my horses about the road. *[Aside.]* Well, ha, ha, ha! I forgive you and him, since it has procured me so good a supper. Ha, ha!

Rachel. Forgive us! Then, sir, you know all?

Dowd. Yes, yes, I'm not angry—call the fellow.

Rachel. O precious! Then, sir, you'll let him sup with us?

Dowd. Sup! What, your servant?

Rachel. True, sir, I am his mistress, and he loves me dearly.

Dowd. Who, Muns?

Rachel. Muns!

Dowd. If your Muns dare to sit down at a table with me, I'll knock the scoundrel to the devil.

Enter MUNS and Black, who sit at the other Table.

Muns. Now, Tooten, don't look towards the lovers; here we'll sit, play, and take our glasses. [*They drink.*] Now up with Black Sloven.

[*TOOTEN and MUNS play the Horns.*

Dowd. Hey! [*Lays down his Fork.*]

Muns. How d'ye like that, my lad o' wax?

Dowd. What's that?

Muns. Eh! [*Surprised; softly rises, and peeps over the Screen, which he had placed between the two Tables; at the same time DOWDLE turns up his face.*]

Enter MARY with Wine.

Mary. Here's two bottles for the jolly dog.

[*Sets them on the Table where MUNS sits.*]

Muns. [*In a smothered laugh.*] Ha, ha, ha! Go give it to the jolly dog yourself.

Mary. [*Goes round the Screen, and seeing DOWDLE, screams.*] Ah!

Dowd. Curse your squalling! I believe it was you that frightened my horse.

Mary. Me!

Dowd. Where the devil did you pick up such an apothecary?

Mary. I pick up an apothecary! Sir, I'd have you to know——

Dowd. He was a farrier [*Enraged*]; and, sirrah, the next time you take the road——

Muns. I take the road!

Dowd. So you must go on the pad?

Muns. I go on the pad! oh Lord!

Dowd. You scoundrel! cantering about.—Where's the pillion?

Muns. Mary, fetch my master the pillow.

Dowd. So, sirrah, she's in love with you?

Muns. Yes, sir—eh, Mary? ha, ha, ha!

Dowd. And you must sit down and sup with me?

Muns. Eh! well—thank ye, sir.

Dowd. Fine! Hadn't you better ask the black-a-moor? [*Ironically.*]

Muns. Tooten, sit down, boy. [*Black sits down.*]

Dowd. Get along, you infernal impudent son of a—
[*Beats him.*]

Muns. Oh Lord, he's mad!

Dowd. Where's my saddle, you villain?

Muns. His saddle! Going to ride this time o' night—yes, the devil's got into him.

Dowd. I'll beat him out of you, you damn'd rogue.

Muns. The ghost has bit him—Oh!

[*MUNS and MARY run off.*]

Dowd. A knave!

Enter JACK CONNOR.

Jack Con. This old mansion has so many windings I thought I should never have found my way back again.—Come, sit down, my dear—Zounds!

[*Seeing Old DOWDLE, runs off.*]

Dowd. Stop the fellow—thieves!

[*Runs out after him.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Apartment.*

Enter MARY.

Mary. I wonder if Miss Rachel's gone to bed.—Jack Connor must have slipped out when he heard master scolding us—Yes, I hear him locking the great gate.—Near one o'clock—I wish I were in my own room—I dread crossing that dismal gallery: if I meet any thing, I should die, I'm so frightened.

Enter MUNS.

O Lord, what's that?

Muns. 'Tis I, my dear.—D'ye think master saw Jack Connor?

Mary. I hope not; but I can't conceive how he got off.

Muns. No matter, as he wa'n't seen we're safe.—But here's a strange gentleman, I saw him just now at Jack Connor's, knock'd at the postern, and ask'd for a bed, as he's benighted, and——

Mary. The deuce! Were you mad, to let a stranger in at this time of night? He may be a white boy.

Muns. Lookee, Mary, I let him in out of good-nature—let those that are ill-natured turn him out.

Mary. Why, 'twould be cruel indeed! only master's so cross.—Stop—I've a thought—the finest opportunity!—Let's put him to sleep in the haunted room; as he don't know on't he won't be afraid, and if the ghost walks he'll certainly speak to it, and then——

Muns. Why yes, if it is our dead lady, she may tell him what disturbs her, then may be she'll vanish, and trouble the house no more—I like it hugely.

Mary. Where have you left the gentleman?

Muns. In the lodge. Come—[*Going.*]

Mary. You needn't run away from a body. [*Takes him under her arm.*]

Muns. Ah! how loving these women are, when they stand in need of our protection. Hem! [*Swaggers.*] Eh! bless me! tol, lol, lol. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*An antique Apartment. A Lady's Picture hanging over the Chimney.*

Enter MUNS and MARY, with lights, introducing LORD ESMOND.

Mary. This is the room, sir.

Muns. [*In terror, yet trying to conceal it.*] Yes, sir, this is the room, sir.

Lord Esm. I'm very much obliged to you.

Mary. The bed's in the alcove, sir. [*Points to it.*]

Muns. Well Mary, put on the sheets, and air it well for the gentleman.

Mary. Can't you?

Muns. Psha! [*Apart—each urging the other to go in.*]

Mary. Sir, the bed is very well air'd.

Muns. Yes, sir, it has been laid in, not above—eight years ago. [*Aside.* Go—[*To MARY, who with much hesitation and terror goes into the alcove.*]

Lord Esm. The gentleman of the house is gone to rest?

Muns. Yes, sir, the gentleman of the house has rested in prison these ten years—

Lord Esm. Indeed! Poor gentleman.

Muns. Ay, sir, he's a lord; the cards and dice have left him a very poor gentleman—but my master, his steward, is now quietly snoring.

Lord Esm. Then I shall return him thanks in the morning.

Muns. Oh, sir, you may as well not thank him, sir.

Lord Esm. Oh then 'tis entirely to you I'm obliged?

Muns. Yes, sir.

Lord Esm. As I was left by the man of the house, when you saw me, but for your humanity, I must have lain in the fields all night—Here.

[*Offers money.*]

Muns. As I didn't buy my humanity, I never will sell it. [*Refuses the money.*]

Re-enter MARY.

Mary. There, sir, the bed's ready—Lord!—so frighten'd!—thought I should never get done.—[*Apart to MUNS.*]

Muns. Hush! hush! [*Apart.*] Sir, we'll leave you

a light, sir, and you may leave it burning—that he may see the ghost. [*Apart.*]

Mary. Wish you a good night, sir.

Muns. A good night's rest, sir. O what a clawing will be here by and by! [*Exeunt MUNS and MARY.*]

Lord Esm. For the first time indeed, since my infancy, I shall sleep under my own roof. Since I find this Count not here, I shall, if possible, get out early and meet him at the inn where I appointed. The dead of night seems very awful in these antique mansions. This room was, I think, my dear mother's—yes, there's her picture—my fond parent—
[*Clock strikes one.*]

Enter ADELAIDE, from a door which opens in the wainscot—walks as in her sleep.

Who's here? a lady! Heav'n's, she's asleep! [*He stands fixed with wonder, ADELAIDE crosses, opens a clothes-press, takes from her head a hood, scarf, and night-rail, somewhat resembling the picture in the room, and puts them into the press; then to return to the door where she entered, walks with her face towards Lord ESMOND.*]

Lord Esm. Is it possible?—'tis my Adelaide!—Hold! to wake her—the sudden fright may—yes, this ring, her last pledge of affection when we parted—[*Puts a ring upon her finger, which he had taken from his own.*] This ring may afford her comfort, without discovering that it is I that have been here.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Open Country, before a public Inn, sign of the Shoulder of Mutton.*

Enter MUNS, his Horn round his neck, and Box under his arm.

Muns. Oh that wicked old master, to turn me off for only letting in that strange man!—a strange man he was, for none could tell how he got out this morning. Master swears he was a thief, and threatens to prosecute me for an accomplice, if I even ask for my wages—and then I've left my sweet Mary-gold all to Frill. Here have I tramped two miles, as hungry—and not a shilling in my pocket. Now here's a house of entertainment—yet I'm afraid even to sit down on the bench, lest I should be ask'd to pay for it. I'm so hungry—House! [*Calls faintly.*] Oh! what an effect an empty pocket has upon a man's voice at the door of a public-house!

Enter Landlord.

Landlord. What wou'd you be pleased to have?

Muns. Any thing, sir.

Enter Landlady.

Landlady. What do you want?

Muns. Every thing, ma'am.

Landlord. Who are you?

Muns. A poor servant out of place.

Landlady. We want a waiter, husband.

Landlord. Did your master give you a character?

Muns. No, sir, he had none for himself.

Landlord. What can you do?

Muns. Sir, I don't know what to do.

Landlord. What are you capable of?

Muns. Oh, sir—I can play a duet upon the horn.

Landlord. I want no horn.

Landlady. No, that you don't, husband.

Landlord. You understand horses?

Muns. Yes, sir, and cookery.

Landlord. I want one in my stable.

Muns. A horse?

Landlord. Psha! my stable.

Muns. Yes, sir, but I'm best in the kitchen—Ma'am, I'll do any thing for bread—only employ me—I'll be humble as a spaniel—secret as a fish—watchful as a cat—I'll sleep like a cock, upon one leg, with the other ready to pop down to run on a message.

Landlord. Come in, my lad, you're the very man for the Shoulder of Mutton.

Muns. That I am, sir, either baked or roasted.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Inn.*

Enter Lord ESMOND and LANDLORD.

Lord Esm. Only if Count Fripon enquires for Mr Nugent, shew him in.

Landlord. Yes, sir. [Exit.

Lord Esm. Luckily, in the time of my distress at Montpelier, I took the name of one of their confederates, who, from being stationed in a distant quarter, probably the Count has never seen. They supposing me one of their rascally club, I may get at their secret schemes, and so be prepared to counteract them.

Enter COUNT.

Count. Fal, lal, lal! Ha, Monsieur Nugent, I never ave de honeur of seeing you, but know you are of our club in Paris: Sir, I am rejoice at your coming.

Lord Esm. Thank ye, Count—I'm sent—deputed by our friends, to see how you go on with my Lord's affairs.

Count. Ah! malheureux! very bad—no money—been out now all last night, and got but abuse—no—dey will pay none but my Lord himself—One Jack Connor will not let 'em.

Lord Esm. Rascal!—My friendly school-fellow.

[*Aside.*

Count. Monsier Nugent—eh—I have de thought—has Monsieur Dowdle, de steward, ever see you?

Lord Esm. I think not.

Count. Bon! It vil do—since de tenant vil pay none but my Lor himself, I vil pass you on dem for Lor Esmond, and I warrant in tumble de money, ma foi, ha, ha!

Lord Esm. Excellent! You'll say I'm his lordship, ha ha! they pay me, and we return to Paris, and share it with our club, ha, ha! admirable!

Count. Dat is it, ha, ha, ha! But hold—if dey even believe you are he, how will dey tink how you got out of prison in Paris? Ah! ah! dat is to be consider.

Lord Esm. What do you think of my making my valet pass for my jailor, whom I'll say, I prevail'd upon for a bribe to accompany me on this ramble to see my estate?

Trap. [*Without.*] Ay, I'll have him.

Lord Esm. Ha, ha, ha! d'ye hear him?

Count. Diable! dat is he!

Lord Esm. Why, to tell you the truth, I had adopt-ed this very scheme of yours, and already tutor'd my valet to play his part of my jailor.—Now Trap will help me without knowing. [*Aside.*]

Count. Oh den dis is your valet?—ha, ha, ha! admirable! ha, ha, ha!

Lord Esm. Now only observe how he'll keep up his character.

Enter TRAP, looking surly.

Trap. Oh you're there—I'm glad I've found you.

Lord Esm. Well, Trap—I call him Trap—

[Apart to COUNT.]

Trap. I thought you'd run away from me; but you frighten me so no more, as back you come to prison directly.

Count. Ha, ha, ha! bravo! Oh he does it capitally!

Lord Esm. Now I'll give you a specimen how I can act the lord. *[Apart to COUNT.]* But, my honest jailor, indulge me in this little frolic—I paid you well for it.

Count. Bravo, my Lor; now, jailor.

Trap. Yes, but what's your pay if I get hang'd for letting you out?

Count. Ah, ah, ah! dat is capital. Ha, ha!

Lord Esm. But I am now going to my castle.

Trap. But first, my lord, you'll come back to *my* castle!

Count. Oh charmante! ha, ha, ha! to *my* castle—Oh dat is admirable—ha, ha!

Trap. Yes, damme, what do you laugh at? If I had you peeping through the bars of my castle, then you might grin like a baboon.

Count. Yes, but as dere is nobody by, you may now as well drop the jailor.

Trap. But I won't drop the jailor. Nobody by?—Damme, do you want to rescue my prisoner, eh?

Count. Begar, if I was not told you was valet, you almost make me tremble.

Trap. Valet! what do you mean?

Count. O I warrant he is de careful diligent; I wish such to ave de care of my clothes.

Trap. Your clothes! ha, ha, ha! I'd desire only one suit and your body in it, I warrant I'd take care of it.

Count. You will drink my health?

[*Gives him Money.*]

Trap. Why, as for your health that's no business of mine, but I'll drink your wine—My lord, I'll have an eye upon you—can he drop from this window? No, no.

[*Exit.*]

Count. Ha, ha, ha!

Lord Esm. Well, don't you think we are safe in our jailor? Ha, ha!

Count. Ay, I hope you'll play de Lor half so vel, and we touch de cash. Ha, ha!

Enter MUNS as a Waiter.

Muns. Do you call, gentlemen?

Count. Ventre bleu! more acting! diable! You Muns, vat bring you here?

Muns. Master turn'd me off for letting in, and giving a bed in the haunted room, to a half-starved poor devil, that—[*Sees Lord Esmond.*] Oh! how d'ye do, sir? La, sir, did you see master, coming away?

Count. Den you vere at de house, eh?

Lord Esm. Last night to look for you. [*Apart.*]

Count. Oh!—vel, my Lor Esmond, ven you return to your castle as yourself—

Lord Esm. Immediately.

Muns. This my Lord Esmond! huzza! my fortune's made!

Enter Landlord.

Landlord. Hey! What, have you got lazy already, sirrah? [*To Muns.*]

Muns. Eh! fellow! who do you talk to? my lord, hadn't we best quit? No accommodation for your lordship in these paltry inns.

Count. Hey, fellow, you must dispatch all your servants and horses round the country, dat all my lord's vassals and domestics may show their duty and respect in his welcome home.

Muns. And since you did entertain me, to show my gratitude, I open your house.

Lord Esm. Well said, honest Muns; and for your disinterested generosity in receiving me last night, you may change places with your old master.

Muns. Make me steward! Oh, my lord, I shall grow mad with joy! Clear the way there for his lordship.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—JACK CONNOR'S *House.*

Enter JACK CONNOR and PHELIM.

Jack Con. The stranger gone! I shou'd have stay'd to entertain him, but for his reflections on my lord—and the call of love.

Phelim. Yes, and here has been old Tough, the grazier, making such a riot about a lamb, he insists has been taken out of his field.

Jack Con. Psha! the fool! never mind him—if my darling will but comè, and Father Frank will but marry us—Oh! here comes his reverence.

Enter FATHER FRANK.

F. Frank. Well, Jack Connor, what is this business?

Jack Con. The first is, that your reverence will breakfast with me.

F. Frank. Well, that's a business of no harm, if it be a good breakfast.

Jack Con. The next, that you marry me to my dear Rachel, who designs to slip out to me this morning.

Tough. [*Without.*] I will have it.

Jack Con. Now here's that litigious blockhead, old Tough, the grazier, come wrangling about—

Enter TOUGH.

Tough. So, Jack Connor, now that Father Frank is here, I'll make my complaint, if you don't restore my lamb.

Jack Con. She's not your's—you know my shepherd saw you t'other night sneak into my field, and brand two of my sheep with your own name.

F. Frank. Oh! that was a grievous sin, neighbour Tough.

Tough. Ah, Father Frank, I see which way your opinion goes where good eating is to be had; but I'll lay my case before my lord's steward, that I will. *[Exit.*

Enter RACHEL hastily.

Jack Con. My love!

Rachel. Well, here I've run to you. Oh! I'm so frighten'd. Now if you have not brought Father Frank here to marry us!

Jack Con. Ha, ha, ha! guess'd it. Ah, sly one!

F. Frank. But have you her father's consent?

Jack Con. I've her own, which is worth fifty fathers—eh, Rachel?

Rachel. You have. *[Gives her hand.]*

F. Frank. I will not marry you without her father's consent.

Enter PHELM.

Phelim. Here's the steward.

Rachel. Lud, my father!

Phelim. And yonder comes old Tough again, swearing he'll complain to him.

Jack Con. Will he? 'Gad I've a thought—Ha! *[Aside]* Father Frank, only step in; Rachel will make breakfast for you—suffer me to say a few words to her father, and I promise you he consents to our marriage—Hush! step in.

F. Frank. Your hot cakes and your eggs are good, and that that's good is the delight of a churchman.

[*Exit with RACHEL.*]

Enter DOWDLE.

Dowd. Jack, I am come again to demand your rent, to pay off my Lord's debts to the Count.

Jack Con. Well, you shall have it, if you'll oblige me.

Dowd. Oblige you, that's doing all manner of rogueries to thwart and perplex me!

Jack Con. Well, my frolics are all over—for as I lost every hope of your giving me Rachel—

Dowd. You've no hope, indeed—this evening I give her to the Count.

Jack Con. Well, I knew you would; so I struck up to the daughter of old Tough, the grazier; unknown to him she has scamper'd off here to me, and is this moment in that room.

Dowd. No! Well you're a devil of a —

Jack Con. I am—and how can I help it?

Dowd. You can't.

Jack Con. We've Father Frank here ready to marry us, but he's afraid of your anger.

Dowd. My anger! What is it to me who he marries?

Jack Con. Why yes, as 'twas all about my courting your daughter, he will not marry me to this girl without you are willing.

Dowd. What! you knave, do you think I'll connive at your running away with any man's daughter? 'Gad, I might be served so myself.

Jack Con. And you shall—for by all the beard on your chin, if you don't call to Father Frank, to marry me to the girl within,—there, [*Points to the Room.*] as I lose her through you, I'll again tack about, and run away with Rachel in spite of your teeth. I tell

you, you'll never be able to hold your daughter till I'm tied up.

Dowd. Then I wish you were tied up. Damn the fellow, he's as dangerous in the village as a fox. Well, I consent; so call Father Frank.

Jack Con. Call a priest from his breakfast! are you mad?

Dowd. Call the wench hither.

Jack Con. I will, thank ye—[*Going, returns.* But I think you'd as good not be present.

Dowd. No?

Jack Con. No.—Old Tough will owe you a sad spite.

Dowd. Well, I'm obliged to you.—Indeed her father is a wicked old rogue.

Jack Con. So he is, sir; he's a wicked old rogue: why I told him so just now.

Dowd. Did you? What! to his face?

Jack Con. To his face, as I talk to you this moment.—Says I, you old knave, I'll marry your daughter.

Dowd. Do—go in and do it; ha, ha, ha!

Jack Con. I will—I'll do it.

Dowd. Ha, ha, ha! I like to see a crabbed old numskull bamboozled, ha, ha, ha!

Jack Con. So do I, ha, ha, ha!

Tough. [*Within.*] I'll have her.

Dowd. Eh! here he is.

Jack Con. Yes, he has missed her. Now only mind the sordid fellow's manner of talking of his family—all in the grazier's style. Why, sir, his wife he calls his ewe.

Dowd. Then I suppose he'll call his daughter here within, his lamb, ha, ha!

Jack Con. Eh! why no; I think he'll scarce do that.

Dowd. I'll bet you half-a-crown he does.

Jack Con. Done! he won't.

Dowd. He will. Zounds, don't I know the fellow's mode of phrase? a mere savage!

Jack Con. Well, but do you call to the friar.

Dowd. I will.—Here, Father Frank, marry the couple directly; go in and do it. [*Pushing him in.*] Oh! this will make a rare laugh against the old fellow, ha, ha, ha! Here he comes.—Father Frank, make haste and marry them.

Enter TOUGH.

Tough. He shall restore her. Mr Dowdle, do you authorise these doings?

Dowd. What doings? ha, ha, ha! [*Smothering a laugh.*]

Tough. What doings! Jack Connor to take away my lamb?

Dowd. His lamb! ha, ha, ha! by the Lord I have won my half-crown—I knew the grazier would come out, ha, ha! She's Jack Connor's lamb by this, ha, ha, ha!

Tough. His! For ten guineas she carries my name.

Dowd. Ha, ha, ha! For twenty guineas by this she carries Jack Connor's, ha, ha, ha!

Tough. Why, zounds! he's not tarring her over again!

Dowd. Tarr'd, yes; and she'll be soon feather'd.

Tough. Feather'd!

Dowd. Yes; when she's dressed; 'tis all the fashion, you know.

Tough. Zounds! Then he intends her for his own table?

Dowd. Yes, certainly, she'll head his table, ha, ha, ha!

Tough. He's plaguy dainty.

Dowd. Yes, he's a dainty fellow.

Tough. He's a thief.—I thought to have sent her to market to-morrow.

Dowd Father Frank, if the job's over, let the lamb come out here, and ask the old ram's blessing. [*Calls out.*]

Enter RACHEL, handed in by JACK CONNOR and Father FRANK.

Rachel. [*Kneels to DOWDLE.*] Father, your blessing.

Dowd. Eh! zounds! if this should be the lamb!

Tough. Egad, and I believe you are the old ram, ha, ha, ha!

Dowd. Father Frank, what the devil's this you've been doing?

F. Frank. Fie, fie! this is unseemly.—I've been joining this pair in holy wedlock, as you desired me.

Tough. As you desired him, ha, ha, ha! Egad, 'tis my turn to laugh now.

Jack Con. Father-in-law, to keep the laugh from yourself, you'd best join in it.

Rachel. Father, don't be angry, for upon the word of a bride, I had no notion of marriage,—but as you desired it, I complied, to show my obedience.

Dowd. Oh, plague of your obedience! [*Going in a rage.*]

Jack Con. Sir, father-in-law, here's the half-crown you won.

[*Old DOWDLE breaks from him, and exit in a fury.*]

Tough. Ha, ha, ha! I'm so pleased. Jack, if you even have my lamb, keep it, and let your lamb carve it for the wedding-day supper. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Lord ESMOND'S House, Gothic Chamber.*

Enter ADELAIDE.

Adel. It must have been my Nugent; every circumstance confirms it; and this ghost must have

been I that walked in my sleep. I shudder to think of the dangers I've escaped, but my Nugent lives, and danger vanishes. *[Aside.]*

Enter DOWDLE.

Dowd. Ah, jade! Pray, miss, did you know of my daughter's elopement?

Adel. Dear sir, did you see the gentleman?

Dowd. The devil's in the women! I ask about my daughter, and a gentleman is slapp'd in my teeth! Hussey, were you her confidante? *[To Mary.]*

Mary. Pray, sir, can you think where Muns is gone?

Dowd. Get along, you jade, you and your Muns; the rascal, I suppose, is starving in a ditch by this—*[A loud knocking.]* Hey! what great man is this!

Enter MUNS, in a rich Livery.

Muns. Hey! nobody to throw open the gates for us—Hey! *[Swaggering.]*

Dowd. You! you scoundrel, how dare you show your saucy face here?

Muns. *[Without attending to DOWDLE.]* Come, we must have the rooms now in some order. This table—chairs—sopha—*[With great haste, and very consequentially, he moves the Furniture.]*—We must have a total change here—by'r leave—

Dowd. Hey! Turn out.

Muns. Stop—we shall soon see which of us is to turn out. *[Shouting without.]*

Enter Lord ESMOND, (richly dressed,) and the Count.

Lord Esm. My beloved Adelaide! *[Embracing.]*

Muns. My darling Mary! *[Embracing.]*

Adel. 'Tis my Nugent!

Count. Nugent! Oh! she vill spoil all. *[Aside.]*—

De lady is mistake ; dis, Mr Dowdle, is your master.

Dowd. Eh !

Count. [*Apart to ADELAIDE.*] Miss, say with us, and you shall ave de much money.

Adel. And does Mr Nugent come here an impostor ? Lord Esmond has been already too much wronged—deprived of liberty and fortune ; and, though I never saw him, and once dearly loved you, [*To LORD ESMOND.*] could I suppose you one of his unprincipled oppressors, I'd banish you for ever from my heart.

Lord Esm. My Adelaide ! what joy to prove your probity unshaken, as your innocence is spotless ! I should scarce wish to recover my fortune, but to render myself more worthy of your love.

Count. He does act de Lord charmant ! I must help him on. [*Aside.*] Monsieur Dowdle, I have received lettres from my friends in Paris ; to shew dere generosité, dey desire me to deliver him up his bonds—Dere, my lor. [*Gives LORD ESMOND Papers.*] Now as we have no claim on his lordship, I hope de tenants will now pay dere rents.

Lord Esm. I am sure, Count, I am vastly obliged to you for this. [*Noise without.*]

Enter JACK CONNOR and RACHEL ; he with a large stick stands before LORD ESMOND.

Jack Con. I'll die before they take my lord again to a gaol.

Enter TRAP, and Officers.

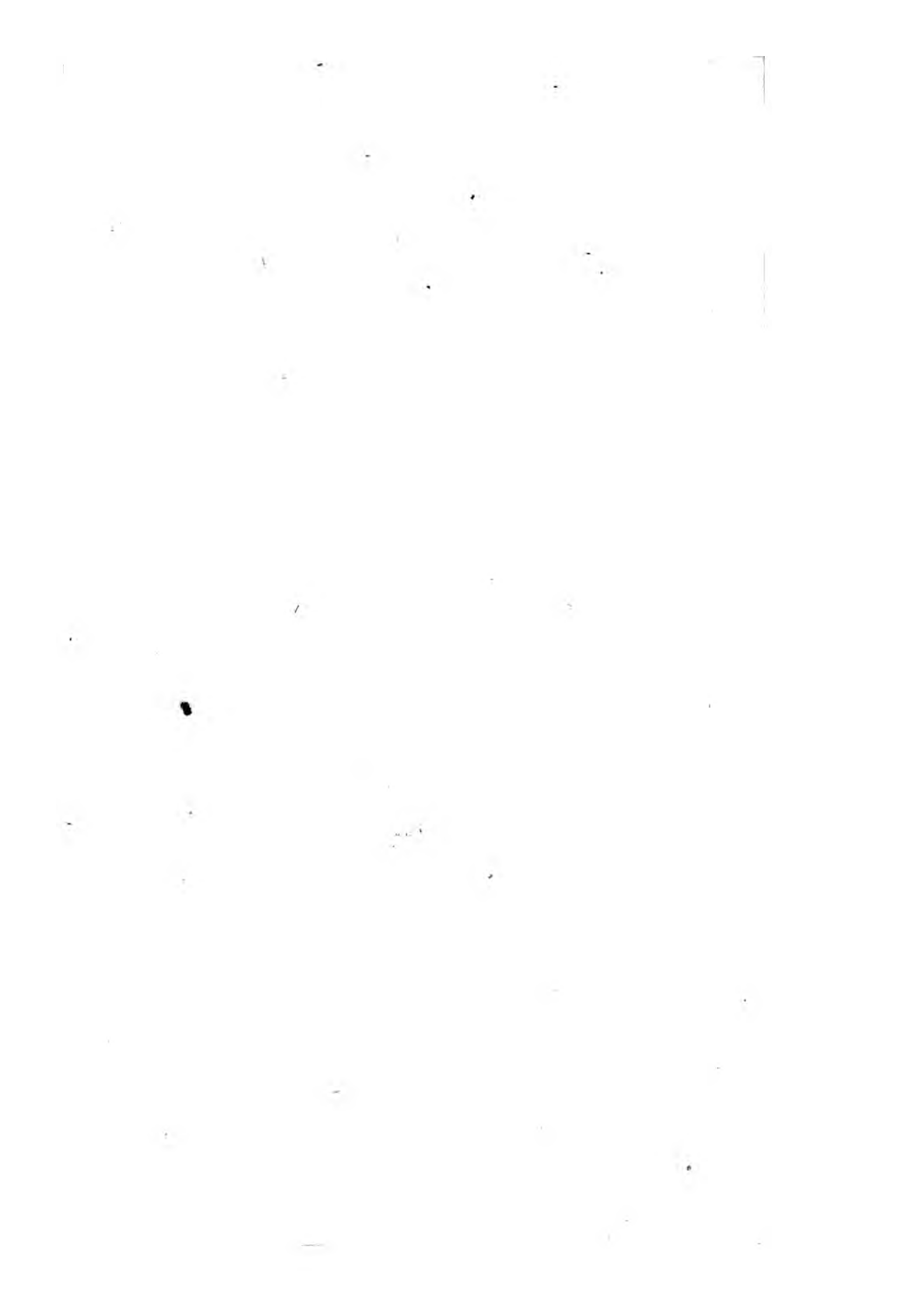
Lord Esm. So, Connor, you'll die for me, and not return to sup with me ? ha, ha !

Jack Con. [*Looking at LORD ESMOND.*] And was it you, my lord, I affronted at my house ?

Count. Diable ! Are you really my Lord Esmond ? Oh, I am ruined !

Lord Esm. My ruin, I hope, will teach our nobility, instead of travelling to become the dupes of foreign sharpers, to stay at home and spend their fortunes amongst their honest tenants, who support their splendour.

[*Exeunt.*



THE
POOR SOLDIER;

A
COMIC OPERA,
IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

BY
JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FITZROY,	<i>Mr Bellamy.</i>
PATRICK,	<i>Mr Taylor.</i>
DERMOT,	<i>Mr Incledon.</i>
DARBY,	<i>Mr Munden.</i>
FATHER LUKE,	<i>Mr Waddy.</i>
BAGATELLE,	<i>Mr Finlay.</i>
NORAH,	<i>Miss Bolton.</i>
KATHLANE,	<i>Mrs Liston.</i>

THE
POOR SOLDIER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Country—Sun-rise—a large Mansion at some distance—near the front, on one side, a small House; on the other a Cottage.*

DARBY, *without.*

Nay, nay, what harm?

Dermot. [*Without.*] Why, I tell you there is harm.

Enter DERMOT and DARBY.

Dar. Why, sure, I'll only stand by.

Der. I tell you it's not proper for any one to be by when one's along with one's sweetheart.

Dar. I always like to be by when I'm along with my sweetheart—She's asleep—I'll call her up—Hal-loo! Kathlane!

Der. Will you be quiet, Darby? Can't you go make a noise there, under Father Luke's window?

Dar. Ecod, if I do, he'll put me in the Bishop's Court.

Der. If I wasn't so fond of Kathlane, I should think Norah, his niece there, a very handsome girl.

Dar. Why, so she is; but since her own sweetheart, Patrick, full of ale and vexation, went for a soldier, she don't care a pin for the prettiest of us; by the Lord, she even turns up her nose at me!

Der. Well, well, you'll see how it will be; somebody, I know——

Dar. Ay, you mean the foreign serving-man to the strange officer that's above at my lord's. Eh! why, faith, Dermot, it would indeed be a shame to let a black-muzzled mounseer of a Frenchman carry off a pretty girl from a parcel of tight Irish boys like us.

Der. So it would, Darby; but my sweet Kathlane is fast asleep, and never dreams that her poor Dermot is here under her window.

Dar. Ay, never dreams that poor Darby's under her window; but I'll have her up—Kathlane!—Kath——

Der. Hush!

[*Pushes DARBY off.*]

AIR.

Dermot.

Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathlane dear,
 May peace possess thy breast;
 Yet dost thou dream thy true love's here,
 Deprived of peace and rest.

The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,
 These joys are none to me;
 Though sleep is fled, poor Dermot wakes,
 To none but love and thee.

[*Exit.*]

Enter DARBY.

Dar. What a dull dog that is!—Ah, poor Dermot! ha, ha! why, such a song couldn't wake an

owl out of his sleep, let alone a pretty girl, that's dreaming of I.—Kathlane! upon my conscience I'll—yes, I'll rouse her.

AIR.

Darby.

Dear Kathlane, you, no doubt,
Find sleep how very sweet 'tis,
Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out,
You never dream how late 'tis;
This morning gay,
I post away,
To have with you a bit of play,
On two legs rid
Along to bid
Good morrow to your night-cap.

Last night a little bowsy
With whiskey, ale, and cyder,
I ask'd young Betty Blowsy
To let me sit beside her;
Her anger rose,
And, sour as sloes,
The little gypsey cock'd her nose,
Yet here I've rid
Along to bid
Good morrow to your night-cap.

[KATHLANE opens the Cottage Window.]

Dar. Ay, there she is: oh, I'm the boy for it.

Kath. Is that Dermot?

Dar. [*Hiding under the Penthouse.*] O dear, she takes me for Dermot, he, he, he!

Kath. Who's there?

Dar. Sure it's only I.

Kath. What, Dermot?

Dar. Yes, I am—Darby. [*Aside.*]

Kath. I'm coming down. [*Retires.*]

Dar. I thought I'd bring her down; I'm a sure marksman.

Enter KATHLANE from the Cottage.

Kath. Where are you, my dear Dermot?

Dar. [*Comes forward.*] "Good morrow to your night-cap." [*Sings.*]

Kath. [*Starting.*] Darby! Now hang you for an impudent fellow.

Dar. Then hang me about your neck, my sweet Kathlane.

Kath. It's a fine thing that people can't take their rest of a morning, but you must come roaring under their windows.

Dar. Now, what need you be so cross with a body, when you know I love you?

Kath. Well, let me alone, Darby: once for all, I will not have you.

Dar. No!

Kath. No, as I hope for a man, I won't.

Dar. Ha, ha, ha! hope for a man, and yet won't have me!

Kath. Yes, but I'll tell you what sort of a man; then look into the river, and see if you're he.

Dar. And if not—I'll pop in head foremost.

Kath. Do, Darby; and then you may whistle for me.

AIR:

Kathlane.

Since love is the plan,
I'll love if I can,
But first let me tell you what sort of a man:
In address how complete,
And in dress spruce and neat,
No matter how tall, so he's over five feet;
Nor dull nor too witty,
His eyes I'll think pretty,
If sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet.

Though gentle he be,
His man he should see,
Yet never be conquer'd by any but me ;
In a song bear a bob,
In a glass a hob nob,
Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob :
This is my fancy,
If such a man can see,
I'm his, if he's mine, until then I am free.

Dar. So then you won't have me ?

Kath. No, that I won't.

Dar. Why, I'm a better match for you than Dermot.

Kath. No.

Dar. No! Hav'n't I every thing comfortable about me? cows, sheep, geese, and turkies for you to look after in the week days, and a pretty pad for you to ride to chapel on a Sunday; a nice little cabin for you to live in, and a neat bit of a potatoe garden for you to walk in; and for a husband, I'm as pretty a lad as you'd meet with of a long summer's day.

Kath. Get along: don't talk to me of your geese and your turkies, man, with your conceit and your nonsense. You know, Darby, I am an heiress, and so take your answer—You're no match for me.

Dar. An heiress! Why, though your father, old Jorum, that kept the Harp and Crown, left you well enough in the world, as a body may say—

Kath. Well enough, you disparaging fellow! Didn't my father leave me a fortune of eleven pounds, a barrel of ale upon draught, the dappled mare, besides the furniture of the whole house, which 'praised to the matter of thirty-eight shillings? Well enough, indeed!

Dar. [*Soothingly.*] Nay, but Kathlane—

Kath. Well enough! and didn't he leave me the bald filly, you puppy?

Dar. Oh! now she's got upon the bald filly, the devil wouldn't take her down,

DUET.

Kath. Out of my sight, or I'll box your ears.

Dar. I'll fit you soon for your gibes and jeers.

Kath. I'll set my cap at a smart young man.

Dar. Another I'll wed this day if I can.

Kath. In courtship funny.

Dar. Once sweet as honey.

Kath. You drone.

Dar. No, Kate, I'm your humble bee.

Kath. Go dance your dogs with your fiddle de dee,
For a sprightly lad is the man for me.

Kath. Like sweet milk turn'd now to me seems love.

Dar. The fragrant rose does a nettle prove.

Kath. Sour curds I taste, though sweet cream I chose.

Dar. And with a flower I sting my nose.

Kath. In courtship funny, &c.

[Exeunt severally.]

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. Ay, here's Father Luke's house: I doubt if his charming niece is up yet. *[Looks at his Watch.]* I shall be back before the family are stirring; the beauty and freshness of the morning exhilarates and delights.

AIR.—*Seldom sung.*

Fitzroy.

The twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,
Arise to partake of the chace,
And Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,
And a smile to the smiles of her face.

For the sport I delight in, the bright queen of love
 With myrtles my brow shall adorn,
 While Pan breaks his chaunter, and skulks in the grove,
 Excell'd by the sound of the horn.

The dogs are uncoupled, and sweet is their cry ;
 Yet sweeter the notes of sweet echo's reply :
 Hark forward, my honies ! the game is in view,
 But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

The stag from his chamber of woodbine peeps out,
 His sentence he hears in the gale ;
 Yet flies, till entangled in fear and in doubt,
 His courage and constancy fail.
 Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the 'fray,
 Despair taking place of his fear,
 With antlers erected, awhile stands at bay,
 Then surrenders his life with a tear.

The dogs, &c.

'Tis she ; I fear to speak to her, lest I should be observed by some of the villagers. [*Retires.*]

Enter NORAH from the House.

AIR.

Norah.

The meadows look cheerful, the birds sweetly sing,
 So gaily they carol the praises of spring ;
 Though nature rejoices, poor Norah shall mourn,
 Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye lasses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms !
 Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms ;
 Though sattins and ribbons and laces are fine,
 They hide not a heart with such feelings as mine.

If the grass is not too wet, perhaps Kathlane will take a walk with me.—Ah ! she's gone to walk with her sweetheart Dermot.—Well, if Patrick hadn't forsok me, I shouldn't now want a companion.—Oh

dear! here's the gentleman that my uncle is always teasing me about.

Fitz. A fine morning, madam; but your presence gives an additional lustre to the beauties of this charming scene.

Nor. Sir! [*Curtsies.*]

Fitz. [*Taking her hand.*] Nay, do not avert those lovely eyes—look kindly on me.

Bag. [*Without.*] Oh, maitre! maitre!

Nor. Do, sir, permit me to withdraw; our village is very censorious; and a gentleman being seen with me, will neither add to your honour, nor my reputation.

[*Exit into the House.*]

Bag. [*Without.*] Ah, mon maitre!

Fitz. What does this blockhead want?

Enter BAGATELLE hastily.

Bag. Ah, monsieur! Ah! ah! [*Puffing.*]

Fitz. Well, what's the matter?

Bag. Ah, Monsieur! I'm come—I'm come—to tell you—that—I'm out of breath——

Fitz. What's the matter?

Bag. It is all blown——

Fitz. I suppose my love affair here is discovered.

[*Half aside.*]

Bag. Oui, monsieur, I have discover dat all your Mareschal poudre is blown out of de vinde, and I must go to town for more.

Fitz. What! And is this the discovery that has made you run after me?

Bag. Non, monsieur; but I did like to forget to tell you dat my Lord Lofty, and all de fine ladies, wait for your honour's company in de breakfast parlour.

Fitz. Damn your impertinence, sirrah! why didn't you tell me this at first?—Follow me, and be in the way.

[*Exit.*]

Bag. Ah! mon maitre! Je vous remercie tres humblement. Jemeraire!—Ah, ah, ah! begar dis is de priest's house, and I did meet him in de vil-lage. Fort bien—ah, 'tis bon oppor-tunité to make de love to his niece; I vil finish de affair with the coup d'eclat—Somebody come—Now for Mademoi-selle Norah! [*Exit into Father LUKE's House.*]

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Well, here I am after all the dangers of war, returned to my native village, two years older than I went—not much wiser—up to the heart in love, and not a sixpence in my pocket! [*DARBY sings with-out.*] Isn't that Darby? 'tis indeed, and as foolish as ever.

Enter DARBY *singing, stops short, looks with surprize at* PATRICK.

Dar. Is it—Pat? [*Runs to him.*] My dear boy, you're welcome—you're welcome, my dear boy.

Pat. Thank you, Darby—How are all friends since I left them?

Dar. Finely; except a cow of mine that died last Michaelmas.

Pat. But how is my dear Norah?

Dar. As pretty as ever.—I must not tell him of the Mounseer that's about her house. [*Aside.*]—'Twas a shame for you to turn soldier, and run away from her.

Pat. Could I help it, when her ill-natured uncle refused me his consent, and she wouldn't marry me without it?

Dar. Why, Father Luke's very cross indeed to us young lovers. Eh, Pat, but let's look at you. Egad! you make a tight little soldier enough.

Pat. Ay, Darby, a soldier's the finest thing in the world.

AIR.

Patrick.

How happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
 And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day !
 Yet fears neither justices, warrants, or bums,
 But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums,
 With a row de dow, &c.

He cares not a marvedie how the world goes,
 His king finds him quarters, and money, and clothes,
 He laughs at all sorrow, whenever it comes,
 And rattles away with the roll of the drums,
 With a row de dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy, and delight ;
 It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight ;
 No girl when she hears it, though ever so glum,
 But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum,
 With a row de dow, &c.

[DARBY joins awkwardly in the song.]

Dar. Ah, you'll have Norah with your row de dow !
 Od ! if I thought I could get Kathlane by turning
 soldier, I'd list to-morrow morning.

Pat. Well, I'll introduce you to the serjeant.

Dar. Ay, do, if you please. I think I'd look very
 pretty in a red coat, ha, ha, ha ! [*Seems delighted
 with PATRICK's dress.*] Let's see how the hat and
 feather becomes me. [*Takes off PATRICK's hat, and
 discovers a large scar on his forehead.*] What's that ?

Pat. Only a wound I got in battle.

Dar. Hem ! take your hat—I don't think regi-
 mentals would become me at all.

Pat. Ha, ha, ha ! What ! terrified at a scar, eh,
 Darby ?

Dar. Me terrified ! not I, I don't mind twenty
 scars ; only it looks so conceited for a man to have

a black patch upon his face; but how did you get that beauty spot?

Pat. In my attempt to save the life of an officer, I fell, and the bayonet of an American grenadier left me for dead, bleeding in my country's cause.

Dar. Left for dead! [*Confused.*]

Pat. There was glory for you, my boy!

Dar. Hem! and so they found you bleeding in your glory?

Pat. Come now, I'll introduce you to the serjeant.

Dar. [*Looks out.*] Hem! yes, I'm coming, sir! [*Seems as if answering somebody without.*]

Pat. Oh, yonder is the serjeant. [*Looking out.*] Where are you going?

Dar. To meet him. [*Going the contrary way.*] I'll be with you presently, sir. [*Looks at PATRICK.*] Hem—glory—row de dow. [*Exit.*]

Pat. Ha, ha, ha! the sight of a wound is enough for poor Darby—but now to see my sweet Norah, and then for a pitcher of friendship with my old companions.

AIR.

Patrick.

The wealthy fool with gold in store
Will still desire to grow richer;
Give me but health, I'll ask no more,
My little girl, my friend, and pitcher.

My friend so rare,
My girl so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer?
Possess'd of these, a fig for care,
My little girl, my friend, and pitcher.

Though fortune ever shuns my door,
(I know not what can thus bewitch her,)

With all my heart can I be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
 My friend, &c.

[*Exit into House.*]

SCENE II.—*Inside of Father LUKE's House.*

BAGATELLE *discovered speaking at a chamber door.*

Bag. I would only speak von vord vit you. Ouvrez la porte, ma chere; do open de door, si vous plait, Mademoiselle Norah.

Nor. [*Within.*] I request, sir, that you'll go away.

Bag. First give me de von little kiss for dat.

Nor. [*Within.*] Upon my word this is exceeding rude behaviour, and if my uncle finds you there, see what he'll say to you.

Bag. [*Aside.*] Oh de Father Lake; begar he may be enragé—vel, I am going—Bon matin, Mademoiselle Norah, I am going.

Pat. [*Without.*] Where is my charming girl?

Bag. Ah, mal peste! Begar, I am all take—I vill hide—[*Goes into a Closet.*]

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Eh! all the doors open, and nobody at home. [*Knocks at the chamber door.*] Who's here?

Nor. [*Within.*] You're a very rude man, and I desire you'll leave the house.

Pat. Leave the house! a kind reception after two years' absence.

Nor. [*Entering.*] Sure I know that voice.

Enter NORAH

My Patrick!

Pat. My dear, dear Norah!

Nor. If I was dear to you, ah Patrick, how could you leave me?

Pat. And were you sorry for my going?

Nor. Ah, my Patrick! judge of my sorrow at your absence by these tears of joy for your return. *[Weeps.]*

Pat. My sweet girl! this precious moment makes amends for all the dangers and fatigues I've suffered since our parting.

Bag. Ah, pauvre Bagatelle! *[Aside.]*

Pat. I heard a noise!

Nor. Oh heavens! if it should be my uncle—what shall I do! he's more averse to our union than ever. Hold, I'll run to the door.

Pat. And if you hear Father Luke coming up stairs, I'll step in here. *[Opens Door, and discovers BAGATELLE.]* Is this your sorrow for my absence, and tears of joy for my return?

Bag. Begar, Monsieur, I am sorry for your return.

Nor. How unlucky!

Pat. Shut up here with a rascally hair-dresser!

Bag. Hair-dresser! Monsieur, you shall give me de satisfaction; I vill challenge you, and I vill meet you vid—

Pat. With your curling irons?

Bag. Curling irons! Ah, sacre Dieu!

Pat. Hold your tongue, except you like to walk out of a window.

Bag. Monsieur, to oblige you I vill valk out of de vindre, but I vould rather valk down stairs; I'm not particular in dat point.

Pat. March, sirrah! or I'll cudgel you while I can hold a splinter of shelelah. *[Exit BAGATELLE.]*
—Ah, Norah! could I have believed this of you?

Nor. Could I have believed Patrick would have harboured a thought to my disadvantage?

Pat. Ah, no matter!

Nor. And can you think me false?

Pat. If I do, Norah, my heart is the only sufferer.

DUET.

Patrick.

A rose tree full in bearing,
 Had sweet flowers fair to see ;
 One rose beyond comparing,
 For beauty attracted me.
 Though eager once to win it,
 Lovely, blooming, fresh, and gay ;
 I find a canker in it,
 And now throw it far away.

Norah.

How fine this morning early,
 All sun-shiny, clear, and bright ;
 So late I loved you dearly,
 Though lost now each fond delight.
 The clouds seem big with showers,
 Sunny beams no more are seen ;
 Farewell, ye happy hours,
 Your falsehood has changed the scene.

[Exeunt severally.]

ACT II.

SCENE I—*The Country.*

Enter DARBY.

Dar. Heigho! I must fall in love! I'd better have
 fell in the river—Oh dear! *[Sighs.]*

Bag. *[Without.]* Oh, Monsieur Darby!

Dar. Lord, this is Mr Bag and Tail the Mounseer.

Enter BAGATELLE, with a Letter.

Bag. Ah, ha! Monsieur Darby; begar I did look all about, and I could not find you.

Dar. That's because I'm so wrap'd in love.

Bag. Monsieur Pat shall fight a me.

Dar. Oh, you're going to fight Pat?

Bag. Oui; and dis is de challenge, de lettre de mort.

Dar. Oh, what, you'll leather him more?

Bag. Diable! vat is dat leather a more? Attendez! Dis soldier Patrick did affront me; and I vil have de satisfaction.

Dar. But why kill Pat?

Bag. Ce Monsieur Pat, quel barbare?

Dar. Oh, because you're a barber.

Bag. Ah sacre Dieu! Vou'd you affront me?

Dar. Not I.

Bag. Taisez vous—You vil be my friend, if you vil give dis challenge to Monsieur Patrick.

Dar. Give it me; by the Lord Harry, man, he shall have it.

Bag. I vil not trust dat Lord Harry's man—Give it yourself.

Dar. Well, I will.

Bag. My Lor Lofty's coachy did write it for me as he is Englis.

Dar. Let's see. [*Opens it and reads.*]—"Sir, this comes hopping,"—Hopping! I'll run all the way if that will do—"that you're in good health, as I am at this present writing—I tell you what, friend, though you think yourself a great officer, you don't make me walk out of a window; and this comes to let you know I'll have Norah in spite of you, I'll be damned if I don't; and moreover than that, meet me in the Elm Grove at seven in the evening, when you must give

me satisfaction, but not with curling irons; till then I'm yours, as in duty bound."

Bag. Oui; dat is de etiquette of de challenge; I put no name for fear of de law.

Dar. It is not directed; but Pat shall have it.

Bag. Dat is it—You must come to de fight vid me—I have de pistols.

Dar. Pistols!

Bag. Oui; you sall be my seconde.

Dar. Pistols!—Second!—Eh, couldn't I be third or fourth?

Bag. Ah, Monsieur! you are wrong: toute autre chose.

Dar. Oh, I must get two other shoes. [*Looking at his feet.*]

Bag. Non—Vel, Monsieur Darby, serviteur; now I have sent my challenge, I am ready in de duel to decide de point d'honneur; and so I vil go—brush my master's coat. [*Exit.*]

Dar. Pistols!—I don't much like giving this challenge to Pat—he's a devil of a fellow since he turned soldier; as he bid Monsieur walk out of a window, he may desire me to walk up the chimney. Ecod! the boy at the alehouse shall give it him. [*Exit.*]

Enter NORAH.

Nor. No where can I find him; and I fear my uncle will miss me from home. My letter must have convinced him how he wronged me by his suspicions. Unkind Patrick! if I could but once see him, a convent then is welcome; for I am determined never to give my hand to another. But here he comes.—My Patrick!

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. My dear Norah, excuse my delay; but so many old acquaintances in the village.

Nor. You had my letter?

Pat. Yes; and I'm ashamed of my folly—to be jealous of such a baboon too!

Nor. Aye, he'd be soon discharged if his master, Captain Fitzroy, knew of his presumption.

Pat. Ah, Norah, I feel more terror at that one Captain's name, than I did at the sight of a whole army of enemies, drawn up in battle array against me.

Nor. My dearest Patrick, only be constant, love me as I think you do, and mine is fixt on such a basis of permanent affection as never to be shaken.

Pat. And can you prefer a poor foot-soldier to a captain, my sweet Norah?

Nor. Ah, my Patrick, you may be only a private soldier in the army, but you're a field officer here. [*Lays her hand to her heart.*]

Pat. Charming, generous girl!

Enter FITZROY behind, in a plain scarlet frock, and round hat.

Fitz. [*Aside.*] My little country wife in company with a common soldier!

Nor. Don't fail to come to our house as you promised, for at that time my uncle will be down at Dermot's.—I've a notion 'twill be a match between him and Kathlane; my uncle's her guardian—Adieu, my Patrick! You'll come early. [*Parting tenderly.*]

[*Exit NORAH.*]

Pat. Happy Dermot! his Kathlane had not charms to attract the attention of this gentleman; but because Norah is most beautiful, Patrick is most unhappy.

Fitz. [*Aside.*] This is a timely and fortunate discovery—If I had married her, I should have been in a hopeful way. [*Advancing.*] A pretty girl you've got there, brother soldier!

Pat. [*Looks earnestly at him.*] She's handsome, sir.

Fitz. You seem to be well with her, eh?

Pat. [*Sighs.*] But without her—

Fitz. Oh, then, you think you shall be without her?

Pat. Yes, sir.

Fitz. What parts you?

Pat. My poverty.

Fitz. Why, she don't seem to be rich.

Pat. No, sir; but my rival is.

Fitz. Oh, you've a rival?

Pat. I have, sir.

Fitz. Now for a character of myself. [*Aside.*] Some rich rascal, I suppose?

Pat. Sir, I envy his riches only because they give him a superior claim to my Norah; and for your other epithet, I am sure he don't deserve it.

Fitz. How so?

Pat. Because he's an officer, and therefore a man of honour.

Fitz. It's a pity, my friend, that you're not an officer, you seem to know so well what an officer should be—Pray, have you been in any action?

Pat. I have seen some service.

Fitz. Carolina?

Pat. Yes, sir; I was at the crossing of Beattie's Ford.

Fitz. [*With emotion.*] Indeed!—Were you in the action at Beattie's Ford?

Pat. Here's my witness, sir. [*Takes off his hat.*] I received this wound in the rescue of an officer.

Fitz. By heaven!—the very soldier that saved my life! [*Aside.*]—Then I suppose he rewarded you handsomely?

Pat. I looked for no reward, sir. I fought—it was my duty as a soldier; to protect a fallen man

was but an office of humanity. Good morning to your honour.—

Fitz. Where are you going now, my friend?

Pat. To abandon my country for ever.

Fitz. [*Aside.*] Poor fellow!—But, my lad, I think you'd best keep the field; for if the girl likes you, she'll certainly prefer you to your wealthy rival.

Pat. And for that reason I'll resign her to him. As I love her, I'll leave her to the good fortune she merits; it would be only love to myself, should I involve her in my indigence.

Fitz. Well, but my lad, take my advice, and see the girl once again before you go.

Pat. Sir, I'm obliged to you—you must be a good-natured gentleman, and I'll take your advice.—Then I will venture to see my Norah once more. [*Exit.*]

Fitz. What a noble spirit!—There let the embroidered epaulet take a cheap lesson of bravery, honour, and generosity, from sixpence a day, and worsted lace.

Enter Boy with a Letter.

Boy. Pray, sir, are you the man in the red coat?

Fitz. Ha, ha, ha!—Why, yes, my little hero, I think I am the man in the red coat.

Boy. Then Darby desired me to give you that.

[*Exit unperceived.*]

Fitz. [*Opening the Letter.*] Darby! a new correspondent—[*Reads.*] “This comes hopping—h—m—h—m—“duty bound.”—A curious challenge.—And pray, my little friend, where is this Mr Darby? [*Looks round.*] Eh! why the herald is off—My Norah seems to have plenty of lovers here—but how has my attachment transpired?—Seven o'clock in the Elm Grove—Well, we shall see what sort of stuff Mr Darby is made of. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Outside of DERMOT'S Cottage.**Enter Father LUKE and DERMOT.*

F. Luke. Well now, Dermot, I've come to your house with you—what is this business?

Der. Oh, sir, I'll tell you.

F. Luke. Unburthen your conscience to me, child—speak freely—you know I'm your spiritual confessor.—Have you tapped the barrel of ale yet?

Der. That I have, sir, and you shall taste it.

[Exit into the House]

F. Luke. Aye, he wants to come round me for my ward Kathlane;—a wheedling son of a——

Re-enter DERMOT with Ale.

My dear child, what's that?

Der. Only your favourite brown jug, sir.

F. Luke. *[Taking it.]* Now, child, why will you do these things? *[Drinks.]*

Der. I'll prime him well before I mention Kathlane. It's a hard heart that a sup can't soften.

[Aside.]

F. Luke. I think, Dermot, that jug and I are old acquaintance.

Der. That you are indeed, sir.

AIR.

Dermot.

Dear sir, this brown jug, that now foams with mild ale,
 Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of the vale,
 Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul,
 As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;
 In boozing about, 'twas his praise to excel,
 And amongst jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had resolved it again,
 A potter found out in his covert so snug,
 And with part of old Toby he form'd this brown jug.
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,
 So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale.

[*Exit DERMOT into House.*]

Enter DARBY.

Dar. How do you do, Father Luke?

F. Luke. Go away, Darby; you're a rogue.

Dar. Father Luke, consent that I shall marry
 Kathlane.

F. Luke. You marry Kathlane, you reprobate!

Dar. Give her to me, and I'll give your reverence
 a sheep.

F. Luke. Oh, well; I always thought you were a
 boy that would come to good—A sheep!—You shall
 have Kathlane—You've been very wicked.

Dar. Not I, sir.

F. Luke. What! an't I your priest, and know what
 wickedness is—but repent it, and marry.

Dar. Yes, sir, I'll marry, and repent it.

AIR.

Father Luke.

You know I'm your priest, and your conscience is mine,
 But if you grow wicked, it's not a good sign;
 So leave off your raking, and marry a wife,
 And then, my dear Darby, you're settled for life:
 Sing ballynomona ora,
 A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being published, to chapel we go,
 The bride and the bridegroom in coats white as snow;
 So modest her hair, and so sheepish your look,
 You out with your ring, and I pull out my book:
 Sing ballynomona ora,
 A good merry wedding for me.

F. Luke. Eh, what! you marry her! no such thing—put it out of your head.

Der. If that's the case, Father Luke, the two sheep that I intended as a present for you, I'll drive to the fair to-morrow, and get drunk with the money.

F. Luke. [*Pauses.*] Hey, two sheep! [*Aside.*]—Come back here; it's a sin to get drunk.—Darby, if you've nothing to do, get about your business.

Dar. Sir!

F. Luke. Dermot—child! isn't it this evening I am to marry you to Kathlane?

Dar. Him! why, lord, sir, it's me that you're to marry to her.

F. Luke. You, you ordinary fellow!

Dar. Yes, sir; you know I'm to give you—

F. Luke. [*Apart to DERMOT.*] Two sheep?—[*Loud to DARBY.*] You don't marry Kathlane.

Dar. No!

F. Luke. No; it is two to one against you—So get away, Darby.

Kath. and Der. Aye, get away, Darby.

F. Luke. [*To KATHLANE and DERMOT.*] Children, I expect Captain Fitzroy at my house for my niece Norah, and I'll couple you all as soon as I clap my thumb upon matrimony.

QUARTETTO.

Father LUKE, DERMOT, DARBY, and KATHLANE.

Kathlane to Dermot.

You the point may carry
If a while you tarry;

To Darby.

But for you,
I tell you true,
No, you I'll never marry.

Chorus.

You the point, &c.

Dermot.

Care our souls disowning,
 Punch our sorrows drowning,
 Laugh and love
 And ever prove
 Joys, joys, our wishes crowning.

Chorus.

Care our, &c.

Darby.

To the church I'll hand her,
 [Offers to take her hand, she refuses.]
 Then through the world I'll wander,
 I'll sob and sigh
 Until I die,
 A poor forsaken gander.

Chorus.

To the church, &c.

Father Luke.

Each pious priest since Moses
 One mighty truth discloses,
 You're never vext,
 If this the text,
 Go fuddle all your noses.

Chorus.

Each pious, &c.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Grove.**Enter FITZROY.*

Fitz. Who can this challenger be? Some hay-maker perhaps, to meet me with a reaping hook, ha, ha!

Bag. *[Without.]* Venez ici.

Fitz. *[Looking out.]* Eh! my man Bagatelle.—

Ah, the officious puppy, I suppose, has heard of the affair, and is come to prevent mischief.

Bag. [*Without.*] Come along, Monsieur Darby.

Fitz. Darby! the name the boy mentioned—Let's see. [*Retires.*]

Enter DARBY with a Pistol, and BAGATELLE with a Sword.

Dar. Mr Bag and Tail!

Bag. Well?

Dar. When I fall, as to be sure I shall—that is, if Pat's second is as wicked as I am—bring my body to Dermot and Kathlane's wedding.

Bag. I vil, Monsieur Darby.

Fitz. [*Aside.*] Can Bagatelle be the challenger?

Dar. When Pat shoots, I get behind you. [*Stands at his back.*]—You're cursed thin, one might as well stand behind a pitch-fork; I wish you were fatter.

Bag. Ah, diable! would you have me Dutchman?

Dar. Indeed I would, upon this occasion—I'd rather fight behind a Dutch weaver than a French churchwarden.

Fitz. [*Advances.*] Servant, gentlemen.

Bag. Mon maitre!

Fitz. So you send challenges, you rascal! [*Shews Letter to DARBY.*]

Dar. Me, sir! Not I, sir—Oh! yes, sir, I—No, sir, I got it from Monsieur Bag and Tail. [*Frightened.*]

Bag. [*Aside.*] Ah diantre!

Fitz. [*To BAGATELLE.*] Had you the impudence to write such a letter as this?

Bag. Non, monsieur—Lor Lofty's coachman.

Fitz. Coachman, sirrah!

Bag. Oui, monsieur—I vil tell your honour all touchant cet affaire—Sir, I vas—

Dar. Hold your jabbering! I'll tell the whole story in three words—Sir, you must know, Pat the soldier—No—Monsieur Bag and Tail—was—Father Luke's house—come up stairs—No—Norah bid him—says Pat, says he—[*To BAGATELLE.*] What did he say?—Oh, she shut the door—out of the window; and before Pat could—no—after—how was it? [*To BAGATELLE.*]

Bag. Oui, dat vas de whole affair.

Dar. Yes, sir, that was the whole affair.

Fitz. Upon my word, very clearly explained.

Dar. Yes, I didn't go to school for nothing.

Fitz. I find my little Norah is the object of universal gallantry. [*Aside.*]

Bag. Ah, monsieur, pardonnez moi!

Fitz. Get to your business, sirrah!

Bag. Ah malheureux!

[*Exit.*]

Dar. [*Calling after him.*] Yes, monsieur, you'd better stick to the curling-irons.

Fitz. Yes, my friend, and you had better stick to your flail and spade, than middle with sword and pistol. None but gentlemen should have privilege to murder one another in an honourable way. [*Going.*]

Dar. One word, sir, if you please.

Fitz. [*Returning.*] Well, my honest friend!

Dar. Now, sir, Kathlane's quite lost; and I'll leave it to you, which of the two, Dermot or I, is the prettiest boy for it?

Fitz. Ha, ha, ha! Stupid scoundrel!

[*Exit.*]

Dar. Stupid scoundrel! You a captain!—Halloo, corporal! [*Calls after FITZROY.*]

Re-enter FITZROY.

Fitz. [*Threatening.*] How!

Dar. [*Turning and calling to the other side.*] I say you, corporal. [*Exit FITZROY.*]

Dar. Such a swaggerer! Aye, I must go to town and learn to talk to these people.

AIR:

Darby.

Since Kathlane has proved so untrue,
 Poor Darby, ah! what can you do?
 No longer I'll stay here a clown,
 But sell off and gallop to town;
 I'll dress and I'll strut with an air,
 The barber shall frizzle my hair.

In Dublin I'll cut a great dash;
 But how for to compass the cash?
 At gaming, perhaps, I may win,
 With cards I can take the flats in;
 Or trundle false dice, and their nick'd;
 If found out I shall only be kick'd.

But first for to get a great name,
 A duel establish my fame;
 To my man then a challenge I'll write,
 But first I'll take care he won't fight;
 We'll swear not to part till we fall,
 Then shoot without powder and—the devil a ball.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *and last.*—*Inside of Father LUKE's House.*

F. Luke. [*Within.*] Aye, I'll teach you to run after soldiers.

Nor. [*Within.*] Dear sir!

Enter Father LUKE and NORAH.

F. Luke. Come along! If you won't have Captain Fitzroy, you go to Boulogne. Pat the soldier, in-

deed! I'll send you to a convent—I will, by my function!

Nor. Sir, I am contented.

F. Luke. Contented! Very fine. So you put me into a passion, and now you're contented—Go—get in there, Mrs Knapsack! [*Puts her in, and locks the Door—taps at the Door with the Key.*] Consent to marry Captain Fitzroy, or there you stay till I ship you for France.

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. Eh, Father Luke! Who's going to France?

F. Luke. Only a young lady here, within, sir, that's a little refractory—she won't marry you, sir.

Fitz. Refuse my hand! Well, that I did not expect. But do you resign her to me, sir?

F. Luke. There, with that key I deliver up my authority. [*Gives Key.*] And now, if I can find Mr Patrick her soldier, he goes to the county gaol for a vagabond. A jade! to lose the opportunity of making herself a lady. [*Exit.*]

Fitz. Oh! here is her soldier.

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Well, sir, by your advice I have ventured here, like a spy into an enemy's camp.

Fitz. [*Sternly.*] Pray, my friend, were you ever brought to the halberts?

Pat. Sir!

Fitz. How came you absent from your regiment? Have you a furlough?

Pat. [*Confused.*] Not about me, sir.

Fitz. Because you must know I have the honour to bear the king's commission, and am obliged to take you up for a deserter.

Pat. Sir, it was a reliance on your honour and good-nature that trepanned me here; therefore, sir—

Fitz. No talk, sir; it was for the good of the service I trepanned you hither, as you call it. I've a proper person prepared here, into whose custody I shall deliver you. [*Unlocks the Door.*]

Pat. What a cruel piece of treachery! [*Aside.*]

Fitz. [*Presenting NORAH.*] Since you reject me, madam, here's one that will know how to deal with you. [*Joins their Hands.*]

Nor. My Patrick!

Pat. Oh, Norah! if this is real, let's kneel and thank our benefactor.

Fitz. No, Patrick; you were my deliverer. I am that very officer whose life you saved at Beattie's Ford. Is it possible that, seeing me now without my uniform, you should not recollect me? Take from me the reward of your generosity, valour, and constancy.

F. Luke. [*Without.*] No, I can't find the run-away rascal.

Pat. Your uncle!

Nor. Oh, heavens!

Fitz. Don't be alarmed.

Enter Father LUKE, DERMOT, DARBY, and KATH-LANE.

F. Luke. What's here? Patrick!—Dermot and Darby, lay hold of him.

Der. Not I.

Dar. I'm no constable.

F. Luke. I say, take him. The serjeant shall lay hold of him.

Dar. Why, sir, the white serjeant has laid hold of him.

Fitz. Dear sir, don't be so violent against a young man that you'll presently marry to your niece.

F. Luke. Me! Bring a foot-soldier into my family!

Fitz. He's no longer so; I have a commission to dispose of, and I cannot set a higher value on it than by bestowing it on one so worthy.

F. Luke. An officer! Oh, that's another thing.

Dar. Pat an officer! I'll list to-morrow in spite of the black patch.

Kath. [*To NORAH.*] My dear Norah, I wish you joy.

Dar. [*Apart to KATHLANE.*] How dare you make so free with an officer's lady?

F. Luke. But, captain, why do you give up my niece?

Fitz. Sir, the captain thought himself unworthy of her, when he found superior merit in the Poor Soldier!

FINALE.

Fitzroy.

More true felicity I shall find
 When these are joined, [*To PAT. and NOR.*
 By fortune kind;
 How pleasing to me,
 So happy to see
 Such merit and virtue united.

Norah.

No future sorrows can grieve us,
 If you will please to forgive us;
 To each kind friend
 We lowly bend [*Curtseys*]
 Your pardon—with joy we're delighted.

Patrick.

With my commission, yet, dearest life!
 My charming wife!
 When drum and fife
 Shall beat up to arms,
 The plunder your charms,
 In love your Poor Soldier you'll find me.

Kathlane.

Love my petition has granted,
I get the dear lad that I wanted ;
 Less pleased with a duke,
 When good Father Luke
To my own little Dermot has joined me.

Darby.

You impudent hussy, at a pretty rate
 Of love you prate,
 But harkee, Kate,
 Your dear little lad
 Will find that his pad
Has got a nice—kick in her gallop.

Father Luke.

Now, Darby, upon my salvation,
You merit excommunication ;
 In love but agree,
 And shortly you'll see,
In marriage I'll soon tie you all up.

Dermot.

The devil a bit o' me cares a bean,
 For neat and clean
 We'll both be seen,
 Myself and my lass,
 Next Sunday at mass,
And there will be coupled for ever.

Patrick.

The laurel I've won in the field, sirs,
Yet now in a garden I yield, sirs,
 Nor think it a shame
 Your mercy to claim—
Your mercy's my sword and my shield, sirs.

[*Exeunt.*]



THE
FARMER.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALENTINE,	<i>Mr Incledon.</i>
FAIRLY,	<i>Mr Waddy.</i>
TOTAL,	<i>Mr Davenport.</i>
Farmer BLACKBERRY,	<i>Mr Taylor.</i>
JEMMY JUMPS,	<i>Mr Munden.</i>
Counsellor FLUMMERY,	<i>Mr Wilde.</i>
RUNDY,	<i>Mr Simmons.</i>
Farmer STUBBLE,	<i>Mr Atkins.</i>

LOUISA,	<i>Miss Bolton.</i>
BETTY BLACKBERRY,	<i>Mrs Liston.</i>
MOLLY MAYBUSH,	<i>Miss Meadows.</i>
Landlady,	<i>Mrs Whitmore.</i>

Waiters, Tradesmen, Peasants, &c.

SCENE—Kent and London:

THE
FARMER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Rural Prospect.—VALENTINE'S House
at a Distance.*

Enter FAIRLY and TOTAL:

Fair. Your master's a rascal!—unknown to me marrying my daughter, then leaving her behind him at Canada, and here stepping into all the vices of London. A single gentleman forsooth! Deny his marriage!—but I'll strip him of his new-got wealth.

Total. Hush! that's likely to happen without your help. You know that old humourist his uncle, Colonel Dormont, wishing to avoid the bustle and etiquette of rank, gave my master here the enjoyment of his fortune; but of which hearing he makes so ill a use, he has absolutely advertised in the newspapers, to find if he has not some other relations living to transfer it to.

Fair. Then he has another relation hereabouts too, and to find him is what brought me now into Kent.

Total. What's his name?

Fair. I won't tell.

Total. Me you may! I'm Captain Valentine's steward to be sure; but I was placed here by his uncle merely as a guard over him; and harkee, Mr Fairly, you know the Colonel, from being so long abroad, hasn't seen him since the height of a pen-case; I told him though of his deserting your daughter, and all his profligate exploits! He's so much incensed that—here's a letter in his own hand, commanding my master to resign every shilling's worth belonging to him, without beat of drum this very evening to march out of his house yonder, and for the first time appear before him on the parade, St James's Park, to-morrow morning.

Fair. [*With joy.*] Then he's ruin'd! ha, ha, ha! good Captain Valentine! Isn't that he [*Looking out.*] cajoling some simple country girl? And his wife—my poor child, Louisa! Oh! how I should like to break his bones! but no sword or pistol work for me; no, I'll find the honest farmer that's to supersede him: I'll teach a captain to wrong a lawyer!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter VALENTINE and BETTY BLACKBERRY.

AIR.

Valentine.

Charming village maid!
 If thou wilt be mine,
 In gold and pearls array'd,
 All my wealth is thine.
 If not shared with thee,
 E'en nature's beauties fade;
 Sweetest, do but love me,
 Charming village maid!

Had I yon shepherd's care,
 You lambs to feed and fold,

The Dog-star heat I'd bear,
 And winter's piercing cold :
 Well pleased I'd toil for thee,
 At harrow, flail, or spade ;
 Sweetest, do but love me,
 Charming village maid !

This morn at early dawn
 I had a hedge-rose wild,
 (Its sweets perfumed the lawn,
 'Twas sportive nature's child,)
 My lovely fair for thee,
 Transplanted from the glade ;
 Sweetest, do but love me,
 Charming village maid !

Enter Farmer BLACKBERRY with a Milking Pail.

Farmer B. Where is this daughter of mine ? Ah !
 hey !

Betty. I vow, your honour, all these fine things
 should make me vastly conceited.

Farmer B. Ah ! ha ! he won't have much trouble
 to do that. [*Aside.*]

Val. My adorable angel !

Farmer B. I've heard say fairies are good at it, but
 now I'll see an angel milk my cow.

Betty. La, father, talk of a cow to a gentleman !

Farmer B. Yes, and I'll keep my heifer from a
 gentleman. [*Gives her the Pail, and puts her off.*]

Val. Stop, farmer ! Yes, I'll propose—he dare not
 refuse his landlord. [*Aside.*] Blackberry, I shall
 deal with you fair and open : your daughter Betty
 pleases me ; name any settlement, or I'll sign a carte
 blanche. You know the world, and I dare say under-
 stand me.

Farmer B. Why, yes, sir, I think I do understand
 you.

Val. I'm inclined to be your friend—I've company
 waiting at home, so your answer will oblige.

Farmer B. Pray, sir, did you ever feel the weight of an English cudgel?

Val. A what!

Farmer B. Only a twig of oak like this, laid on with an old tough arm, pretty strong from labour, and a heart stung by honest resentment.

Val. Why, fellow! I fancy you forget who you're talking to.

Farmer B. Sir, you may yet be a parent; then you'll be capable of a father's feelings, at the cruel offer to make him a party in the prostitution of his child.

AIR.

Farmer Blackberry.

Ere around the huge oak that o'ershadows yon mill,
The fond ivy had dared to entwine,
Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
Or a rook built her nest in the pine.

Could I trace back the time, a much earlier date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in this field;
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate
Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He dying bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which unsullied descended to me;
For my child I've preserved it, unblemish'd with shame,
And it still from a spot shall go free.

[*Exit.*

Val. Cudgel! A reptile sting! A weed dare to raise its insolent head, and wag defiance in my face!

Total. [*Advancing.*] My good sir, hear your poor steward: instead of ill-will to the farmer, as a gentleman you should cherish his spirit of a yeoman.

Val. I hadn't a thought clowns had any feeling.

Total. Clown!—he's a man, and a father. For the

affront you offered, your honour wouldn't at all suffer by making him an apology.

Val. Apology! Dem'd impertinent this! [*Aside.*] Total, will you take it.

Total. That I will, sir, and, as an atonement, I suppose present him from you an acquittance for his rent, as this is quarter day.

Val. A pretty proposal! but ha, ha, ha! fit my busy steward. [*Aside.*] Come, I'll write a few lines of apology, you draw out a receipt, I'll inclose it, and you shall take it to him immediately—but his daughter, my bonny Bet!—Total, can you blame me?

AIR.

Valentine.

No more I'd court the town-bred fair,
Who shine in artificial beauty;
Her native charms, without compare,
Claim all my love, respect, and duty.

O my bonny, bonny Bet, sweet blossom!
Were I a king, so proud to wear thee,
From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
To grace thy faithful lover's bosom.

Yet ask me where those beauties lie,
I cannot say in smile or dimple,
In blooming cheek or radiant eye,
'Tis happy nature, wild and simple,
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
And sigh in numbers trite and common;
Ye gods! one darling wish be mine,
And all I ask is, lovely woman!
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
Like thy bright eye, with pleasure dancing:

My heaven art thou, so take my soul,
 With rapture every sense entrancing.
 O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Farmer BLACKBERRY'S House.*

Enter Farmer BLACKBERRY and BETTY.

Farmer B. There—stay within doors, since you can't walk out without having gentlemen after you.

Betty. La! Father, the gentlemen are so tempting, ha, ha, ha!

Farmer B. I command you not to let him speak to you.

Betty. If a gentleman's going to speak, wouldn't it be very rude in me to stop his mouth?

Farmer B. Then always get out of his way.

Betty. That I certainly shall, if he's on horseback.

Farmer B. Hussy! couldn't you turn and walk from him?

Betty. So I did, and he turn'd and walk'd from me; but both walking on all round the field till we came to the opposite side, there we met face to face you know, and then—ha, ha, ha! oh precious!

AIR.

Betty.

To hear a sweet goldfinch's sonnet,
 This morning I put on my bonnet,
 But scarce in the meadow, pies on it!
 When the captain appear'd in my view.
 I felt an odd sort of sensation,
 My heart beat a strange palpitation,
 I blush'd like a pink or carnation,
 When, says he, "My dear, how do you do?"
 The dickens thinks I here has popp'd him,
 I thought to slip by, but I stopp'd him,

So my very best curtsey I dropt him ;
 With an air then he took off his hat :
 He seem'd with my person enchanted,
 He squeez'd my hand—how my heart panted,
 He ask'd for a kiss, and I granted,
 And pray now what harm was in that ?

Says I, sir, for what do you take me,
 He swore a fine lady he'd make me,
 " No, dem him, he'd never forsake me,"
 And then on his knee he flopp'd down.
 His handkerchief, la ! smelt so sweetly,
 His white teeth he shew'd so completely,
 He managed the matter so neatly,
 I ne'er can be kiss'd by a clown.

Enter Farmer STUBBLE.

Stubble. Hey ! Betty ! my step-son your sweet-heart Jemmy's without.

Farmer B. What, Jemmy Jumps ! ecod now I'm happy.

Betty. Pray has London made him very like a gentleman ?

Stubble. Wasn't it for that, merely to please you, that I sent him there ? [*JEMMY sings without.*]

Farmer B. Here he comes, gay as a lark, fine as a butterfly, and merry as a cricket.

Betty. Ay, here comes the London beau !

Enter JEMMY JUMPS, dressed in the extravagance of Fashion.

Jemmy. Gemmen, I'm yours ! Mem, I'm your most—Dad, [*Apart to STUBBLE,*] hope you didn't tell them you had me 'prentice to a stay-maker in London ?

Betty. Lud ! he looks quite rakish. [*Admiring him.*]

Jemmy. Betty Blackberry, my dear, I kiss your hand.

Farmer B. Ecod, if you go no nigher, your dear must stretch a long arm.

Betty. Why that was only compliment, what they say in London.

Farmer B. Oh, then, in London saying and doing are two things.

Stubble. But, Jemmy, here's neighbour Blackberry.

Jemmy. Eh! ah! [*Looking at Farmer B. through a flat eye-glass.*]

Farmer B. Oh, ho! [*Takes out a large Key, and looks at JEMMY.*]

Betty. Oh, Jemmy, you can tell us all the new fashions in town!

Farmer B. Ah, what price does corn bring at the London market?

Jemmy. Corn!

Farmer B. How are oats?

Jemmy. Ask my ponies. Oats! think I'm from Bear quay? I'm a gentleman of—ha, ha, ha!—Cannaille!

Betty. Indeed, father, you ask such uncouth questions.—Pray, Jemmy, what makes you a gentleman?

Jemmy. My share in a Pharaoh bank, my boots to fling over the benches in the play-houses; a glass to squint at a face not six inches from mine; my nag to kick up a dust in Rotten-row; short waistcoat, long breeches, two watches, twenty-inch cane, umbrella-hat, chin beau-dash, and shoe-string.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

AIR.

Jemmy Jumps.

Look, dear Ma'am, I'm quite the thing,
 Natibus hey, tipity ho,
 In my shoe I wear a string,
 Tied in a black bow, so;
 Cards and dice I've monstrous luck,
 I'm no drake, yet keep a duck,
 Though not married I'm a buck,
 Lantherum swash qui vi.

Sometimes I mount a smart cockade,
 Puppydum hey, struttledom ho,
 From Hyde Park to the Parade,
 Cockymacary key;
 As I pass a sentry-box,
 Soldiers rest their bright firelocks,
 Each about his musket knocks,
 Rattledum slap to me.

Rotten Row, my Sunday ride,
 Trottedum hey, tumble off O!
 Poney, eighteen pence a-side,
 Windgall, glanderum ho!
 Cricket I famed Lumpey nick,
 Daddles smouch Mendoza lick,
 Up to all I'm just the kick,
 Allemande caperum toe.

Betty. Oh, Lord! he's quite rakish! [*Enraptured.*]

Stubble. Then, Jemmy, I warrant on your going to London you soon got up stairs into gentlemen's company?

Farmer B. Ay, and I warrant you he soon got down stairs out of gentlemen's company, ha, ha, ha!

[*Making a motion with his Foot.*]

Jemmy. Sir, I belonged to a coterie.

Betty. La! what's a coterie?

Jemmy. Ma'am, it's a club, a thing we establish'd—fitted up a house in style—select—to be by ourselves for the purpose of play.

Farmer B. Oh, then there was a gang of you?

Jemmy. Gang! What, do you call——? Party—Men of fashion—deep play—Egad the rouleaus flew about like shuttle-cocks.

Betty. And what's a rouleau?

Jemmy. A parcel of—shillings—neatly rolled up like—a—

Farmer B. Ay, like a pennyworth of tobacco, I suppose?

Jemmy. Tobacco! 'gad, sir, you suppose the strangest—what—eh?

Stubble. And, Jemmy, who was of your party?

Jemmy. I and Sir Bruin Vickery, Marquis Delpini, Colonel Pimlico, and my Lord Piccadilly.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Jemmy. [*Apart to STUBBLE.*] Must bounce a little; Betty's so uppish—likely wouldn't have me else.

Farmer B. Right, neighbour; we'll have Betty and Jemmy married this very night—then she'll be out of the way of this wicked devil of a landlord. [*Aside.*] [*Pipe and Tabor without.*]—True, we have won our cricket-match to-day, the lads and lasses are all in such high glee, so your wedding shall add to the joy of the day, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt all but JEMMY JUMFS.*]

Enter MOLLY MAYBUSH.

Molly. Jemmy, you sha'n't marry Betty Blackberry—you know afore you went up to London, you was book-sworn to me.

Jemmy. I went a clown, and I'm come home a gentleman.

Molly. I'm sure all the difference I see is, that going you had brown hair, a round face, and an honest heart; and you've come home with a white head, lank cheeks, and an ill-natured soul.

Jemmy. As to the hair and face—and head—I'm just the—tippy; and as to soul—that is with us gents, like our honour, a thing we know nothing about, only to swear by; as "'pon my soul, sir!"—"'pon my honour, mem!"—just as you country folks say, "oddsbodikins!"—"gadzookers!" and "by the living jingo!"

Molly. For sartin my father can't leave me quite so well as Betty; we ha'n't so much corn in our granary, but I've ten times as much love in my heart, Jemmy.

Jemmy. Piping for me, Molly, is—I'm not come-at-able.

Molly. But your promise——

Jemmy. Keep a promise! What do you take me for?

Molly. Did I think you ever could forget the day you left our village? Don't you remember as you were stepping on the coach-roof, as I stood crying, you with one foot on the little wheel, and t'other just on the boot; your right hand you stretched to the coachman, and your left as I held in mine, washing it with my tears, the postman at that moment sounding his horn: Gee! up! says the coachman, and I soon lost sight of my Jemmy!

Jemmy. I protest I've such an absence of mind—that—

Molly. You must remember your promise to marry me—you can't forget the horn!

Jemmy. Horn? A damn'd odd marriage memorandum you've hit upon, Molly. [Exit.

Molly. Oh, Jemmy!

AIR.

Molly Maybush.

My daddy, O, was very good,
To make me fine he spared no pelf,
And scrape up money all he could,
He'd give it to my bonny self.

My handsome cap from Dover came,
Some thought from France, so gay to see,
Though sigh'd for by each maid and dame,
'Twas not my cap was dear to me.

So softly, O, to yonder grove,
The moon so kind the while did blink,
I stole to meet my own true love,
Yet on false love I fell to think.

The rustling leaves increase my fears,
A footstep falls! who can it be?
Oh joy, my Jemmy now appears,
And he alone was dear to me.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—*A Green before Farmer BLACKBERRY'S House.—Music without.*

Enter Farmer BLACKBERRY and JEMMY JUMPS.

Farmer B. Ah! ha! featly done! Jemmy, why don't you take a dance?

Jemmy. Me sport a toe among such clodhoppers! Ah! ha! dance away my Vestris and Vetcheli's!

Farmer B. Well, my boy, you shall have Betty;—then no fear of our Squire. [*Aside.*—Hey! what can his steward want? [*Looking out.*]

Enter TOTAL.

Total. My master is now sorry, Farmer, for the affront he offered you, and requests you'll accept here enclosed a receipt and full acquittance for your quarter's rent.

Jemmy. Something towards Betty's portion!—
[*Aside.*]

Enter RUNDY.

Rundy. Why, Lord! Farmer, the 'Squire's men are got driving your cattle away, and they say it's for your rent.

Total. What!

Farmer B. On quarter-day—this his receipt!

Total. Oh! some mistake of that scoundrel the bailiff!—Farmer, open that—or here, you young fellow, [*To JEMMY*] read aloud that paper, if your scholarship reaches so far.

[*Gives the Letter exultingly.*]

Jemmy. Scholarship!

[*Conceitedly—opens and reads.*]

“For golden grain I bring you chaff,

“So, neighbours, at the bearer laugh!”

Ha, ha, ha! [*Looking at TOTAL,*] how d'ye like my scholarship? [*Reads.*]

“ If this for quarter’s rent won’t pass,

“ Why then the reader is—

Rundy. [*Who had been looking over him, reads.*]

“ An Ass”—ha, ha, ha! [*Looking at JEMMY.*]

Farmer B. Does he make a jest of his cruelty?

Total. And me the tool—be assured, Farmer, his uncle will do you justice; the captain won’t be long a landlord. [*Walks up.*]

Enter BETTY BLACKBERRY.

Betty. Oh, father! father! yonder they are, driving away all our cattle.

Farmer B. Jemmy, I must borrow this rent from the portion I thought to pay down with Betty.

Jemmy. Eh!

Farmer B. I say, Jemmy, I must borrow this rent from the portion I thought to pay you down with Betty.

Jemmy. Borrow! eh! ’odso!—it happens so unlucky, but I now remember I promised to marry Molly Maybush, and dinner’s ready. [*Exit singing.*]

Betty. There now, if Jemmy ha’n’t gone from me!

Farmer B. And a good riddance of such a sordid rascal: but there’s your London gentleman!

Enter FAIRLY.

Fair. Ay, this should be the house, and you the master; let’s see my instructions. [*Peruses a Paper.*]—Blackberry—mother’s name—yes—I hope here my search is at an end.—Your name is Blackberry, your mother was niece to Edward Timbertop, Esq.

Betty. Yes, sir, we have had ’squires in our family. [*Curtseys.*]

Farmer B. Ay, but I never knew any good on’t, but to make you conceited.

Fair. I have authority to inform you, that by this descent, you’re likely soon to be master of those very lands from whence your cattle were drove by your worthless landlord,

Total. Eh! what! Mr Fairly, is this true? Farmer, are you really related to Colonel Dormont?

Farmer B. Why, I did hear of some relation that made a huge fortune in America by army contracts, or so, but I know nought about'n.

Fair. To prove your affinity to the Colonel, and hear what he intends, you must go to London; ay, and appear in splendour as his adopted heir; I'll have such a triumphant revenge on that puppy your master for his usage to my poor Louisa. [To TOTAL.]

Total. But had we not better first apprize the Colonel?

Fair. What d'ye talk? I'm a person of property, and if he disapproves of what I've done, let my pocket answer.

Total. Well, since you're resolved, I'll instantly deliver to my master the Colonel's letter of dismissal—take charge of every thing yonder, and if you'll undertake to get the farmer and his family to town, I transfer to them my duty of steward, and shall be there in time to have lodgings prepared for their reception.

Fair. My good fellow!

Farmer B. I live in town, 'mongst smoke, noise, and back-bitings! no, no, no.

Fair. And instead of Blackberry, you must take the name of Timbertop!

Total. But, Farmer, why didn't you acquaint the Colonel with your distress?

Farmer B. Distress I never knew before to-day; so I never thought of brushing up a grand relationship for sake of a dinner or so, while here I could enjoy my homely meal with the sweet sauce of independence; but come in and take a bit of mutton over a glass of my home-brewed—we'll hear this story, and before I turn a gentleman, you shall see what a jolly fellow is an English farmer. [Exeunt.]

Betty. To London!—yes—instead of Betty Blackberry, I shall be Miss Eliza Timbertop.

Enter JEMMY JUMPS.

Jemmy. [*Aside.*] Old Blackberry fall'n into this house! and great fortune! Oh, I must tack about.

Betty. Yes, we shall have a coach.

Jemmy. A coach! [*Aside.*]

Betty. Precious! I shall be so tasty this summer; round my neck I'll have a charming thick barcelona handkerchief, with a beautiful double gauze one over it; a marsella quilted petticoat, stout and white as a counterpane; over that a rich paduasoy gown that shall stand an end; and over that again, my choice long sattin cardinal, furr'd with cat's skin.

Jemmy. [*Aside.*] A cool summer's dress!

Betty. In my calimanco shoes, I'll have such a thumping pair of silver buckles, and in my pink hat, a bunch of cherry-colour'd ribbon!

Jemmy. Ha! my Betty—I'm come to wish you joy!

Betty. Joy? oh, the bellman.

Jemmy. Bellman! my dear, your own Jemmy Jumps.

Betty. Jumps! now what is this person talking about?

Jemmy. Hem! Mem! may I presume to beg—

Betty. Beg! I havn't got no small change!

[*Exit stately and affected.*]

Jemmy. [*Whistles.*] Beg!—small change! take me for a beggarman! Yes, I must tack about again—Molly Maybush—she's a hundred pounder—that, and a little credit at Manchester, open a smart shop—yes, get to town and buckle to business—Eh, here's Molly: how rejoiced she'll be at my coming back to her!

Scene changes.—Enter MOLLY MAYBUSH and RUNDY.

Rundy. And, Molly, ben't you ashamed to leave such a true loving boy as I be?

Molly. Yes, I now see Jemmy courted me all along only for the lucre of gain: Yonder he is, let's laugh at him—I'll pretend not to see him.

Jemmy. Your most devoted, lovely Molly! [*Bows.*]
Rundy, what brings you here? [*Fiercely.*]

Rundy. To see a little fun, sir.

Jemmy. Fun!

Molly. Ha, ha, ha!

Rundy. Ha, ha, ha!

[*They stand on each side of him.*]

Jemmy. Molly, I left you crying. Methinks I find you wondrous frisky.

Molly. Yes, sir. [*Curtsies.*]

Rundy. Yes, sir. [*Bows.*]

Jemmy. Amazing civil!

Molly. Rundy, sure this is a gentleman!

Rundy. Is it, indeed?

Molly. Oh, yes, for his soul is only a thing to swear by, as, "'pon my soul, sir!"—" 'pon my honour, mem!"—just as us country folks might say "oddsbodikins!"—and "by the living jingo!" Ha, ha, ha!

Rundy. Ha, ha, ha!

Jemmy. [*Disconcerted.*] Ha, ha, ha! again, if that's what you're both for; indeed, Molly, as second thoughts are best, I'll return to my first design, and have you.

Molly. No, sir; sure you wou'dn't be so good?

[*Ironically.*]

Jemmy. Do you think I'd break my engagement!
Molly, I claim your promise.

Molly. "I keep a promise! what d'ye take me for?"

Rundy. What d'ye take us for?

Molly. Jemmy, my father has engaged me to Rundy here, so, "I am not come-at-able."

Jemmy. Have I figured in London for this? the tulip of Kensington Gardens to be ousted by a cabbage stalk! Oh, ye gods and goddesses, tags, laces, whalebone, busks, and boddices!

TRIO.

Jemmy, Molly, Rundy.

Jemmy.

Dear madam, how you clack away
King George's English hack-away:
Go press your cheese,
And feed your geese,
Tuck up your duds and pack away.

Molly.

Go hop, my pretty pet, along;

Rundy.

And down the dance lead Bet along;

Molly.

But Rundy's stick,

Rundy.

Your back shall lick,

Molly.

You saucy monkey, get along!

Jemmy.

Ma chere ami tout autre chose,
Though gentleman, of bully knows.

Lord, nothing yet,

Before my Bet,

I'd kick a shin or pull a nose.

Dans votre lit, sweet Moll, adieu,

Rundy.

And if so be, what's that to you?

Jemmy.

If e'er we meet
In London street,
I'll honour you with, how d'ye do.

Rundy.

A fig for you and your how d'ye do.

Molly.

That for you and your how dy'e do.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—LOUISA'S Lodgings in London.

Enter TOTAL and LANDLADY.

Total. The apartments, ma'am, are for a family from the country.

Land. Well, sir, the lady here moves to-day to her own house in Kent;—will you please to see the other rooms, sir?

Total. Ma'am. [*Exit, following Landlady.*

Enter LOUISA.

AIR.

Louisa.

Winds, softly tell my love
You have brought home his dove,
Say poor Louisa flies to her mate;
Smooth was the ocean,
And swift was our motion,
He was my haven, and absence my fate.

Yet the lambs straying,
Through the meads playing,
Cropping wild flowers on the precipice' brink;

Joys surrounding,
Sporting, bounding,
Nor on fond hills the wanton will think.
Winds, softly tell, &c.

Total. [*Without.*] They'll do exceedingly well, ma'am; but—[*Enters.*] I must apologise to this lady for my intrusion before she had given up her apartments. [*Bows.*]

Louisa. Sir. [*Curtsies.*]

[*A loud knocking without.*]

Total. Hey! they are here! 'Squire Timbertop and his whole family!

Fair. [*Without.*] Then Mr Total is here?

Louisa. Heavens! my father!

Total. What! Mr Fairly, madam!

Louisa. Oh, sir! shut the door! I'm lost if he sees me.

Total. Then, madam, I presume you are Mrs Valentine?

Louisa. Sir, since you know me—Dear sir, I dare not see my father until acknowledged by my husband.

Total. You're just from Canada, madam? And is this the amiable woman he has deserted! Don't be alarmed at my discovering you, I'm your steward.

Louisa. Perhaps my husband's, sir! Oh! bring me to him!

Total. He's now in disgrace with his uncle, Colonel Dormont, who is one of your very odd sort of persons; means well, but always doing something that nobody else would think of; and I'm convinced he wouldn't have you see your husband before he tries the success of a scheme he has plann'd for his reformation.

Re-enter Landlady.

Land. Sir, here's your country family arrived;

ma'am, won't you make use of my parlour till your chaise comes—Jenny! [Calls, and exit.]

Total. Madam, you had better remain here, if you can keep out of your father's sight; in the evening I'll give you convincing reasons for postponing your journey to Kent. The colonel, madam, has heard of your wrongs, and is determined to punish his nephew: he'll teach him, in the school of poverty, the use of riches. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*St James's Park.*

Enter TOTAL.

Total. Follow you to the Park! but where—
[Looking round.]—Eh! Isn't this the young fellow that read the curious receipt for me?

Enter JEMMY JUMPS with a Parcel.

Jemmy. Eh! it is—Master steward, who thought to have met you in London! Well, how have you left Ploughman Blackberry and his clumsy family?

Total. True, I thought you were to have had his daughter and her clumsy fortune.

Jemmy. Have me! certainly they were all upon the scramble for me, as if I was a tit bit for a city feast—I was such a neat—tol lol! hey! Betty dressed at me—Jenny skimm'd the cream—Molly robbed the hen-roost, and Susan baked the round little hot loaves for my breakfast—Becky sung to me—Sal hopp'd, and Pol bobb'd at me; but, poor things! it wasn't on the cards—couldn't be—

AIR.

Jemmy Jumps.

Gad a-mercy! devil's in me,
All the damsels wish to win me;

Like a maypole round me cluster,
Hanging garlands fuss and fluster.

Jilting, capering, grinning, smirking,
P'outing, bobbing, winking, jerking,
Cocking bills up, chins up perking.

Kates and Betties,
Polls and Letties,

All were doating, gentle creatures,
On these features ;

Pretty damsels,
Ugly damsels,
Black-hair'd damsels,
Red-hair'd damsels,
Six-feet damsels,
Three-feet damsels,
Pale-faced damsels,
Plump-faced damsels,
Small-legg'd damsels,
Thick-legg'd damsels,
Dainty damsels,
Dowdy damsels,

Pretty, ugly, black-hair'd, red-hair'd,
Six-feet, three-feet, pale-faced, plump-faced,
Small-legg'd, thick-legg'd, dainty, dowdy,

All run after me, sir, me ;
For when pretty fellows we,
Pretty maids are frank and free.

Gad-a-mercy ! devil's in me,
All the ladies wish to win me :

For their stays, taking measure
Of the ladies, oh the pleasure !

Oh, such tempting looks they gi'me,
Wishing of my heart to nim me !
Pat, and cry, you devil Jemmy !

Pretty ladies,
Ugly ladies,
Black-hair'd ladies,
Red-hair'd ladies,
Six-feet ladies,
Three-feet ladies,
Pale-faced ladies,
Plump-faced ladies,
Small-legg'd ladies,
Thick-legg'd ladies,

Dainty ladies,
 Dowdy ladies,
 Pretty, ugly, black-hair'd, red-hair'd,
 Six-feet, three-feet, pale-faced, plump-faced,
 Small-legg'd, thick-legg'd, dainty, dowdy,
 All run after me, sir, me :
 For when pretty fellows we,
 Ladies all are frank and free.

Old one, in the country I was a gentleman—In town I'm a staymaker. [*Points to the Parcel.*]

Total. A staymaker!

Jemmy. I never saw 'Squire Valentine—but hear he is a fine flashy fellow! one of us—ha, ha! I'm about setting up in business—want only a partner with a little ready—Molly's penny would have been apropos—raising capital is difficult—I'm going now after a person who advances money—but, my old steward, you're among the monied men, you could put a body in the way of raising a little cash—I can give undeniable security.

Total. [*Pausing.*] I'll try it—yonder he comes—it may bring him into great embarrassment; and if any thing can reclaim him, extreme necessity must be the means. [*Aside.*] Why—I do know a gentleman that does these things.

Jemmy. [*With joy.*] Where does he live?

Total. This happens lucky enough—See that gentleman coming strait from Storey's Gate.

Jemmy. What! he in the brown coat?

Total. No.

Jemmy. Oh! in the smart little buckled wig.

Total. Psha! what think you of that red coat?

Jemmy. That officer! ha! ha! ha! a captain lend money! a good joke!

Total. He is agent to fifteen regiments.

Jemmy. Is he? then he can lend me the king's money.

Total. There—you see with what authority he leans against the Treasury wall.

Jemmy. Like a prop to the Treasury; a rich fellow, I'll warrant: If you know him, my dear boy, will you propose it?

Total. Well, I'll speak to him.

Jemmy. Much obliged to you—here he is!

Total. Be you in the way.

Jemmy. I've only to drop this in Fludyer-street—two hundred will just fit me—I'll do the handsome thing—Housekeeper's security—Premium to you, and the neatest pair of dimity jumps for your girl—mum!

[*Exit.*]

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Total, when did you get to town? Whose house was that I saw you lounging in, in Suffolk-street?

Total. Then he hasn't seen his wife. [*Aside.*]

Val. Here have I been parading this half hour, and no uncle, as his letter appointed.

Total. You don't know his person, sir; perhaps he has been parading too, and surveying you.

Val. I'll wait no longer—I discard him—talk of me! he's made up of caprice and uncertainty.

Total. Why, faith, he is a little queerish, sir; but no caprice—no, no; cursed inflexible in what he thinks right—yes, he'll certainly settle his fortune on this new-found relation—your conduct to your wife—that affair of distraining Farmer Blackberry—

Val. Give me a taste of life, and now turn me adrift, only for a few fashionable gallantries! I got a dinner party to pass dice too before I left home—havn't one guinea in my pocket—If I could but raise a little money just for an outset.

Total. Couldn't some be raised on your commission?

Val. Eh—but I don't know any of those money-brokers.

Re-enter JEMMY JUMPS, smiles at TOTAL, then walks up.

Total. Sir, d'ye see that gentleman?

Val. That fellow that nodded to you?

Total. Fellow! You've seen an advertisement of a person that has twenty thousand lying at his banker's; that's he! X. Y. the most liberal money-lender in town.

Val. Why, he gave you a very familiar nod, Total; see if he'll advance the cash to me.

Total. I'll try—about two hundred will do?

Val. Capital!

Total. Sir, [*Goes over to JEMMY, and speaks apart to him.*] he'll do't.

Jemmy. My dear friend! does he know the sum I want, and the security I can give?

Total. All: step to any tavern hard-by, and I'll bring him to you.

Jemmy. Eh—the Rummer—the landlady is a customer of mine—Do you think he'll have the money about him?

Total. Isn't Drummond's over the way? Have you a purse or good strong pocket for the cash when you get it; for he always lends in cash.

Jemmy. I've a good pocket, but no purse.

Total. Take my glove—it is stout ramskin—the guineas will lie there so snug in the fingers.

Jemmy. And the half-guineas drop so pat in the little one.

Total. You'll have your cash between finger and thumb.

Jemmy. Snug as a pinch o' snuff.

Total. [*Aloud to VALENTINE.*] Sir, the gentleman will see you at the Rummer over the way.

Val. [*Bowing to JEMMY.*] Sir, I shall attend you.

Jemmy. Sir—Oh, sir!—[*Apart to TOTAL.*] A country family just come to town, over in Suffolk-street,

must step and take measure of a young lady—new customer—be with you in five minutes.

[*Exit, bowing to VALENTINE.*]

Total. Yes, he'll lend you the money.

Val. You're a devilish good fellow, Total.

Total. But then he's so cursed fond of the table : nothing to be done with him without giving him a dinner ; and he drinks Burgundy, I assure you.

Val. I'll give him a bottle and a bird with all my soul. Yonder's Supple and Captain Palaver ! they must have heard of my misfortune, for they seem to avoid me. My friends !

Total. Ah ! my good sir, the civility of the world hangs on the success of the moment : and let your empty pocket now convince you, that distress is the touchstone of friendship. Suppose, to cut a flash, I ask 'em to the dinner you'll be obliged to give this gentleman ; ha, ha ! sir, to carry it on, I'll desire Mr X. Y. before them to seem as if you were the lender.

Val. Ha, ha, ha ! well done, Total ! ha, ha, ha ! Hey ! Counsellor Flummery, too ! [*Looking out.*]—True : I owe him twenty guineas.

Total. Well, sir, you'll now be able to pay him ! 'Gad, sir, he can draw up the necessary writings between you and the gentleman. I'll invite him too.

Val. Run—bespeak a good room, and order dinner for six. [*Pushes TOTAL off.*] This supply will set me going—I'll let uncle see I can shine without his dirty acres. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Farmer BLACKBERRY's Lodgings.*

Enter FAIRLY.

Fair. What accommodation has old Total provided for the farmer and his family here ?

Enter RUNDY in a Livery.

So, Rundy, you've got to London.

Rundy. Yes, sir.

Fair. Well, and how d'ye like it?

Rundy. Oh, hugely, sir; I think it's a deadly fine place. Master thought I should not come with him, but he was so good to me, that, to shew my kindness and gratitude, I comed up here to town with him, because I know'd I could'nt better myself.

Fair. Well, and you're preferred from the plough to the coach.

Rundy. Ay, sir; Miss Bett would make master and she go all round the town in chairs. I walked afore, he, he, he! Master's so grand, and Miss Betty's quite my lady: my Molly is her maid, and I am my own gentleman.

Fair. Tell your master I am here.

Rundy. Tell! why in London one can tell a body from the top of the house to the bottom, and from bottom to top, without opening one's mouth. [*Rings the bell.*—That does it.

Fair. Ha, ha, ha! why sure you don't ring for your master?

Rundy. Why, sir, he rings for me, and one good turn deserves another: Lord! you can't think what a beau I intend to be here in London!

AIR.

Rundy.

A flaxen-headed cow-boy, as simple as may be,
 And next a merry plough-boy, I whistled o'er the lea;
 But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,
 And soon I'll be a butler, and wag my jolly face;
 When steward I'm promoted, I'll snip a tradesman's bill,
 My master's coffers empty, my pockets for μ fill;
 When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,
 You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the pelf,
I'll stand poll for the parliament, and then vote in myself ;
Whatever's good for me, sir, I never will oppose,
When all my ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell my noes ;
I'll joke, harangue, and paragraph, with speeches charm the
ear,

And when I'm tired on my legs, I'll then sit down a peer ;
In court or city honour, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er the lea.

[*Exit.*

Enter Farmer BLACKBERRY and BETTY, dressed.

Fair. Ah, ha ! who comes here ?

Betty. Sir, I have the honour to be monstrous proud to see you.

Farmer B. Yes, sir, you see she has the honour to be monstrous——

Fair. She's fashionable !

Farmer B. What, with her coal-black hair full of brown dust, and her hat all on one side, as if she'd got fuddled !

Betty. Fuddled ! oh, fashion ; ay, sir, and Mrs Fallal the milliner says I shall soon set the fashions ; she'll be asked for the Eliza cap, the Timbertop bonnet.

Enter Landlady.

Land. A person from Tavistock-street, miss.

Betty. Oh, la ! it's the stay-maker Mrs Fallal promised to send me. Do send him in, Mrs What's your name ?

Land. You may walk up, Mr What dy'e call it !

[*Exit.*

Jemmy. I'm coming, Mrs Thing-em-bob.

Enter JEMMY JUMPS.

Jemmy. Hem ! Mem ! please your ladyship, Mrs Fallal of Tavistock-street sent me to take measure of

your ladyship for your ladyship's new stays: I'll fit your ladyship with a waist neat as a topsy-turvy sugar-loaf.

Betty. Turn me topsy-turvy! la! is that the fashion?

Jemmy. [*Preparing his measure.*] Now, ma'am! [*Advances.*] Betty Blackberry!

Betty. Jemmy Jumps! What, our London gentleman only a stay-maker!

Jemmy. I protest this is the most immensely strange! I came to one Miss Timbertop.

Betty. Then I am she, Master Timbertop. [*Patting him on the head with her fan.*]

Farmer B. So this is your rouleaus and your coterries! a stay-maker! oh, you make no stay here.

Jemmy. Then I'll go—hey! my—Mr Jumps's carriage—lal, lal, lal! [*Exit singing.*]

Betty. La! what an impudent fellow!

Enter TOTAL.

Total. Farmer, the colonel desires me to conduct you to him. He has sent his coach.

Betty. Coach! Oh, if Jemmy Jumps was but to see us now!

Fair. And pray what has become of his hopeful nephew, my good son-in-law?

Farmer B. Ay, where's the squire?

Total. Now at the Rummer Tavern, and soon in the hands of the bailiffs. Madam, give me leave to have the honour of conducting you to the carriage.

[*Takes BETTY'S hand, and exeunt.*]

Fair. Now, Farmer, you and I will have a complete revenge.

Farmer B. Ah, sir, I want no revenge. I am something of the humour of my countrymen, willing to shake hands, but prepared for a blow, if the enemy design to give it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room at the Rummer Tavern, Charing-cross.—(Loud laughing without.)*

Enter JEMMY JUMPS, and Waiter with Wine.

Jemmy. Very well. Oh, the gentleman desired you'd call me out from the company, and he'd settle the affair with me here?

Wait. Yes.

Jemmy. Now I shall pocket the cash—Oh! and, Jack, if your mistress sends me up her stays, I'll take them home with me, and alter them to her liking. [*Exit Waiter.*] That will shew this gentleman I'm a man of business, then he won't be afraid to lend the cash. I hope he has it about him, though I should like he'd send me over to Drummond's—it's so pretty to see those bankers' clerks shovel up the gold with a back paw, slide a handful of guineas along the counter, then tip, tip, tip! reckon so nimble. [*Mimicks.*] With this money such a smart shop I shall open!

Val. [*Without.*] Push about, lads! the gentleman and I will return to you instantly.

Jemmy. Oh, here he is?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Well, sir, are not my friends jolly fellows?

Jemmy. Very jolly, sir, and we'd a choice fine dinner! but there will be a monstrous great bill to pay!

Val. A vulgar fellow this; I'll touch his cash, and then get rid of him. [*Aside.*] Won't you please to sit, sir?

Jemmy. Now, if he isn't as condescending as if he wasn't worth a guinea. [*Aside.*]

Val. True, Total said he loved his bottle. [*Aside.*]

Waiter enters.

Wait. Sir?

Val. A batch of Burgundy here!

Jemmy. More Burgundy! my shot will make a vast hole in the money I'm to get. [*Aside.*]

Val. Sir, I esteem myself so much obliged!

Jemmy. Sir. [*Bows and smiles.*] What genteelness to me that's going to borrow his cash from him! [*Aside.*] Sir, it's what I never shall forget the longest day I have to live.

Val. The civillest money-lender I ever met with. [*Aside.*]—Though I flatter myself the security is unexceptionable.

Jemmy. Security! Sir, I'll have two of the warmest housekeepers in Norton Falgate.

Val. Norton Falgate! really, sir, I don't know anybody in that quarter of the town.

Jemmy. Lord, sir, it's one of the most substantialist and the most opulentist places—

Val. I hav'n't a doubt, sir—but had hopes of giving you up a lieutenant's commission.

Jemmy. Give me a commission, ah, ah, ah!

Val. Oh, well, sir; since that is not agreeable—if Mr Total joins in a bond—

Jemmy. Sir, I've no objection to a bond, if you think that requisite; asking Mr Total to join in it is a liberty that I cannot expect, oh, no!

Val. My dear sir, if he dare refuse, I'd break every bone in his body.

Jemmy. Oh, Lord! what force him to join? Oh, sir, by no means. He's almost a stranger to me, though he has so kindly brought about this business.

Val. Oh, well, sir, if you think it can be done between ourselves.

Jemmy. Sir. [*Bows.*] How good! the sum I suppose you understand is—

Val. Two hundred pounds?

Jemmy. Just.

Val. Sir, won't you take a glass of wine? [*Fills.*]

Jemmy. Sir, won't you take another? [*Fills.*]

Val. Sir.

Jemmy. Sir. [*They touch glasses.*]

Val. Here is X. Y. against the whole alphabet.

Jemmy. A new toast amongst the money-lenders.

[*Aside.*] Sir, here is X. Y. in the alphabet. [*Drinks.*]

Val. Now, if you please, I'll call in my friend the lawyer, and we'll settle the affair at once.

Jemmy. Sir—now I shall touch—that for Molly Maybush's fortune. [*Aside and snapping his fingers.*]

Val. This two hundred will make a man of me. [*Aside.*] Counsellor Flummery, come into court.

Enter Counsellor FLUMMERY.

Flum. Well, gentlemen, if you're quite agreed—

Val. and Jemmy. Oh, yes, we're quite agreed.—

[*FLUMMERY takes out a bond and begins to read.*]

Val. Psha! [*Snatching it.*] We both know the sum and terms, so here goes to sign and seal, and all settled. [*Writes and gives the bond to JEMMY.*]

Jemmy. [*Signs.*] I deliver that as my hand and pen.

Flum. Your hand and pen! Oh, my dear sir, it's your act and deed you mean. Valentine, I've drawn out a bill and receipt for that twenty guineas. [*Apart.*]

Val. My dear fellow, I'll pay you this moment.— [*Apart.*]

Flum. Then, now, gentlemen, nothing's to be done but down with the gold. [*VALENTINE and JEMMY stand sometime looking at each other with expectation.*]

Val. Here's a repository for the two hundred.— [*Takes out a purse.*]

Jemmy. And here's my ramskin budget. [*Show the glove.*]

Val. What's that for, sir?

Jemmy. To put the money in ; or if you'll give me a draft, I'll step over to Drummond's ?

Val. What draft, sir ?

Jemmy. To receive the cash !

Val. To receive ! True, Total told me he had always twenty thousand at his banker's. [*Aside*]—Then, sir, I'll wait here till you bring the money.

Jemmy. Then you'll wait a long while. [*Aside.*] Lord, sir, Drummond wouldn't give his daddy money without your order.

Val. Really, sir, I know nothing about Drummond or his daddy ; I wait for the money that you——

Jemmy. Sir !

Val. The two hundred pounds you're going to lend me.

Jemmy. I going to lend you !

Val. Why, sir, you know that's what brought you here.

Jemmy. Oh, Lord ! no sir ; no, no. I came here for you to lend me two hundred pounds.

Flum. Ha, ha, ha ! 'Pon my honour here's a fine Irish bargain ; all borrowers and no lenders. But who's to pay costs ? As you don't want the receipt—John Doe and Richard Roe.

[*Apart to VALENTINE, and exit.*]

Enter Waiter.

Val. Sir ! who are you ? [*To JEMMY.*]

Wait. [*Giving stays to JEMMY.*] Here, my mistress desires that you'll add two bones to her stays, and bring them against to-morrow.

Val. Stays and bones ! Pray, friend, do you know this gentleman ?

Wait. Oh, yes, sir ; that gentleman is Mr Jemmy Jumps the stay-maker. [*Exit.*]

Jemmy. Yes, sir ; and if your lady should want me, I have the neatest stitch——

Val. Pray, sir, are not you X. Y. ?

Jemmy. No, sir; nor P. Q. Pray, sir, do you prop the Treasury? Oh, I suspect here has been a hum!

Val. Total has either played me a trick, or made some cursed blunder here! (*Aside.*) Retire!

Jemmy. Retire!

Val. Withdraw, you rascal!

Enter Waiter.

Wait. The other gentlemen are stepped out, and desired me to bring the bill up to you, gentlemen. (*Offers it to JEMMY.*)

Jemmy. Bill! Lord, a bill to me! I'm no gentleman!

Val. (*To JEMMY.*) Withdraw, you rascal!

Wait. It's twenty-two pounds ten—

Jemmy. Twenty-two pounds ten? (*Looking at it in the Waiter's hand.*) "Withdraw, you rascal!"

Val. This infernal old badger to draw me into a tavern bill, and not a guinea in my pocket! (*Aside.*) Is Counsellor Flummery gone too?

Wait. Yes, sir, but he has left a bailiff below.

Val. A bailiff!

Jemmy. A bailiff! oh Lord!

Wait. You won't go, I hope, sir, till the bill is settled.

Jemmy. But I will if I can though. (*Runs off.*)

Val. Confusion! Now I am punished for my cruelty to my amiable wife—is it possible, my Louisa in England!

Enter LOUISA.

Louisa. Here, Valentine; (*Gives him a pocket-book.*) nor blush to receive liberty from your affectionate Louisa.

Val. My kind! my generous love!

Enter FAIRLY and TOTAL.

Louisa. My father!

Val. Mr Fairly, I have wronged you, but shall make atonement here. (*To LOUISA.*)

Fair. Do, sir.

Val. Total! ha, you old humming good-natured fellow! but now all's forgiveness—love and liberty! here! (*Calls.*)

Enter Waiter.

Send up Counsellor Flummery's bailiff.

Wait. Sir, he's gone; the country gentleman that came with you, sir, (*To TOTAL,*) paid the debt and costs, and discharged the bill of the house. [*Exit.*

Total. Old Blackberry do this!

Enter Farmer BLACKBERRY and BETTY.

Farmer B. There, 'squire, is a different sort of receipt from what you sent me for my rent. (*Gives a Paper.*) Mr Fairly, you're a wise lawyer; but a simple farmer thinks good for evil is the most complete revenge!

Total. Ah, ha! what say you to Colonel Dormont's heir?

Val. What, was the farmer my successor to the colonel's estate? Blackberry—you're the king of spades! Total, now where's my uncle? (*Slapping TOTAL on the shoulder.*)

Total. You needn't hit your uncle quite so hard, Valentine.

Val. How! Total, Colonel Dormont! it must be—a thousand circumstances crowd upon my recollection—Oh, sir! have you been all along the witness of my follies—

Colonel D. Follies! vices! and by corrosives I attempted a cure—

Louisa. Which I hope by lenitives to perform.

Farmer B. If you are the colonel, sir, thank ye; but take your grandeur from me again. I find my

hands are too hard, and my head too soft, for a gentleman.

Colonel D. Well, my honest kinsman, if you can enjoy more happiness in your farm, I'll take care your stock shall never again be seized by a landlord.

Farmer B. Then, come, child, from our little sample of fashion we shall return with a double relish for peace, happiness, and Blackberry farm.

Betty. I don't love peace and happiness, I won't leave London—I won't go home again—I won't leave London without a beau!

Enter JEMMY JUMPS.

Jemmy. And here's one for you, miss. 'Squire Timberhead, a gentleman would ask a thousand with miss; I'll take her with half the money, and set up a smart shop without the help of your money-lender. (*To Colonel D.*) and I hope your friends will drop their guineas into my ramskin budget.

FINALE.

Farmer Blackberry.

Welcome joy, and hence with sorrow,
Laugh to-day and cry to-morrow;
Smiles succeeding fortune's frowns,
All the world is ups and downs.

Louisa.

Blooming maid, and sprightly belle,
All charms preferred to mine;
Yet, none loved you half so well,
My Valentine.

Valentine.

Joy and truth in generous wine,
Friends sooth the cares of life,

Joy, friend, truth, in you combine,
My faithful wife.

Betty.

Four in hand I'll spank away,
Harp tinkle, twang my bow,
To a circle read a play—
When I know how.

Rundy.

Sweet to kiss upon the grass,
'Gadzooks! I can't in town
Give my merry willing lass
A neat green gown.

Molly.

Farewell fields and sweet hay-mow,
No more my lambs I'll see,
Rundy says I must be now—
A gay lady.

Jemmy.

Pretty girls, who fine things lack,
All come and deal with me,
I'm myself a nice nick knack,
Your own Jemmy.

Chorus.

Welcome joy and hence with sorrow,
Laugh to-day and cry to-morrow;
Smiles succeeding fortune's frowns,
All the world is ups and downs.

[Exeunt.]

THE
HIGHLAND REEL.

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY
JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

'DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**M'GILPIN,
SANDY,
SHELTY,
CHARLEY,
Captain DASH,
Serjeant JACK,
Laird of RAASEY,
CROUDY,
APIE,
BENIN,**

**MOGGY,
JENNY,**

*Mr Quick.
Mr Inledon.
Mr Munden.
Mr Townsend:
Mr Claremont.
Mr Clarke.
Mr Thompson.
Mr Cubitt.
Mr Rees.
Mr Simmons.*

*Mrs Martyr.
Miss Mitchell.*

THE
THE HIGHLAND REEL,

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A small Court-yard before M'GILPIN'S House, inclosed with a low Paling and a small Gate.*

Time—Morning Twilight.

CHARLEY and MOGGY appear at different Windows.

DUET.

Char. The lamb and the heifer are taking their rest,

Mog. The lark and the sparrow lie snug in their nest;

Char. Pussy dozes;

Mog. And so does my doggy.

Char. All are snoring but Charley,

Mog. And Moggy!

We wake to love before it is day.

Char. Come, my dearest!

Mog. I come, my dear!

Both. We must be tripping away.

Mog. No portion, dear Charley, if I marry thee,

My little old Dad will give unto me!

Will love cool if you take me so barely?

Char. Mog in her smickit is welcome to Charley!

Mog. We wake to love before it is day, &c.

Char. Come, my dearest, &c.

[*They retire.*]

Enter M'GILPIN from the House.

M'Gil. I will believe in witchcrafts, in wizards, and warlocks—Though I did pack Goody Commins out of the island, yet I am certain her elves have been about my house this night—No noise in Jenny's room, nor in my daughter Moggy's, nor in Charley's, nor in Benin's—yet, noises I most assuredly heard.—*[Moggy from her Window, lowers a Box on his feet.]* Eh!

Mog. Have you got it?

M'Gil. Yes. *[Feels his Foot as if hurt.]* What! my daughter! Oh ho! *[Aside.]*

Mog. I thought I heard my father. *[Softly.]*

M'Gil. So did I. *[In an under tone.]*

Mog. Do you think he's got up?

M'Gil. No.

Mog. Now you'll catch me?

M'Gil. Yes, I'll catch you—you jade! *[Aside.]*

Mog. Now for it.

M'Gil. The devil! she won't jump out of the window! *[Aside.]*

Mog. Now, my fine fellow—Here goes—

M'Gil. Oh, Lord! My child will break her bones! *[Aside.]*—Stop! Can't you come out at the street door? it's open.

Mog. Psha! why didn't you tell me so before? Upon my word, I don't like such jokes. *[Retires and goes down.]*

M'Gil. *[Aside.]* Nor I, upon my soul! *[SHELTY sings.]* If I could carry on her mistake, I may find out who her seducer is—I think it's scarce light enough for her to know me now.

Enter SHELTY, singing.

Shel. If Sandy and Jenny are to be married to-day, it's time to rouse the boys and girls.

M'Gil. I think I know that voice.—Oh! this is her fine fellow, I suppose. [*Aside.*]

Enter MoggY from the House. (CHARLEY steals in.)

Mog. Come, now I'm for you, my dilding! [*Takes M'GILPIN under the Arm.*]

M'Gil. And I'm for you, my dilding! [*In his own voice, laying hold of her.—MoggY screams.*] And pray, my dear, where were you going so early? Eh!

Mog. Going!—Sir!—I—I—was going—

M'Gil. I know you was going, sir—but where, sir?

Mog. To—to—church, sir.

M'Gil. Jump out of the window to go to church!

Enter CHARLEY from the House, half undressed, and pretending to be scarce awake.

Char. Aw! aw!—What's the matter here? Ah!
[*Yawning.*]

M'Gil. Where have you been, sirrah?

Char. Sir—I—I was—aw—aw—fast asleep!

M'Gil. You stupid—Where's Jenny?

Char. Sir—she's—aw—aw—fast asleep!

M'Gil. You lazy lubber! snoring in bed, and robbers and ravishers running away with my daughter! [*To SHELTY.*] Sirrah! What do you want with my daughter?

Shel. I! [*Looking simple.*]

Char. Eh! Shelty!—Moggy!—Oh ho! [*Looking at them.*] Well, hang me if I didn't long suspect this!—[*To MoggY.*] Turn it upon him, and we are safe.

Mog. Go, my dear Shelty!

Shel. Eh!

Mog. Don't attempt to seduce my innocence any more.

Shel. I—seduce!

Mog. Your wanting me to jump out of the window to you——

Shel. I—jump?

M'Gil. To make a girl perhaps break her bones!

Mog. Ay, my poor little bones!—you cruel lad!

Shel. Why, is the devil in you all?

M'Gil. Don't name the devil, you profligate!—You're as wicked as the witch your grand-mother, and the smuggling thief your father!

Shel. My granny was an innocent old woman, and so is my daddy!

M'Gil. Charley, I commit her to your care.

Mog. Oh, cruel father! [*CHARLEY takes hold of her.*]

M'Gil. Take her, Charley! you marry, you jade! you sha'n't be even present at a wedding—I'll have Sandy's and Jenny's celebrated to-day, and, oh, not a peep at it—up to your malepardis—go!

Char. Come, miss; I'll take care you don't marry anybody—but myself. [*Apart to her.*]

[*CHARLEY takes MOGGY into the House.*]

M'Gil. That's right, Charley! [*Follows them.*]

Shel. [*Solus—looking out.*] As well as I can distinguish, yonder seems a boat put off from that ship that couldn't get in last night—I may pick up customers among the passengers: they can't come to a neater house than mine. Every body says, ha, ha, ha! that Shelty's a queer fellow: I believe I am—but I don't know how—I get on—I do—I will!

AIR.

Shelty.

When I've money I am merry,
 When I've none I'm very sad;
 When I'm sober I am civil,
 When I'm drunk I'm roaring mad.
 With my fal, lal, tiddle, tum,
 Likewise toodle, teedle tum,
 Not forgetting titherin I,
 And also folderoodle um.

When disputing with a puppy,
 I convince him with a rap,
 And when romping with a girl,
 By accident I—tear a cap.
 With my fal, lal, &c.

Gadzooks, I'll never marry,
 I'm a lad that's bold and free,
 Yet I love a pretty girl,
 A pretty girl is fond of me:
 With my fal, lal, &c.

There's a maiden in a corner,
 Round and sound, and plump and fat,
 She and I drink tea together,
 But no matter, sir, for that.
 With my fal, lal, &c.

If this maiden be with bairn,
 As I do suppose she be,
 Like good pappy I must learn
 To dandle Jacky on my knee.
 With my fal, lal, &c.

[*Exit.*]

Enter M'GILPIN and CHARLEY.

M'Gil. Oh, my daughter is a most degenerate girl!
 Well, you've locked her up?

Char. Yes, sir. [*Shews a Key.*]

M'Gil. Keep her from Shelty.

Char. I'll keep her from Shelty, don't fear, sir.

M'Gil. My good boy, how much I'm obliged to
 you—how shall I reward you?

Char. I shall want cash for our frolic—a choice
 opportunity to coax him out of a little, [*Aside.*]

M'Gil. Only let me know what I should do for
 you.

Char. Why, sir, last Christmas you promised me a
 Christmas-box; now didn't you?

M'Gil. I did so, my faithful Charley; keep but a
 strict watch upon Moggy, and—Maybe you have

thoughts of some little blossom yourself; only let me know the girl that can make you happy, and you shall have her by my authority.

Char. Ah, sir! there is a girl—

DUET.

M'GILPIN and CHARLEY.

M'Gil. Thy secrets to thy kind master tell.

Char. I love a maid—

M'Gil. Is she full of play?

Char. No kid more gamesome—

M'Gil. Where does she dwell?

Char. Lang twango dillo
Twang, lango dillo day.

M'Gil. If you're in love, boy, you're not to blame.

Char. As much, kind sir, I have heard you say;
I love my charming—

M'Gil. Ay, what's her name?

Char. Lang twango dillo
Twang, lango dillo day.

Char. My Christmas-box—

M'Gil. Oh, I understand!

Thy faithful services I'll repay;
Here's five bright shillings— [*Takes out Money.*]

Char. Here's my hand.

M'Gil. Lang twango dillo
Twang, lango dillo day.

[*Exit CHARLEY.*]

M'Gil. Here comes the simple Sawney, that prefers love to money.

Enter SANDY.

Ha, Sandy! welcome home, my boy!

Sandy. [*Joyful.*] Here, sir, I have got all our wedding geer in the newest Edinbro' taste.

M'Gil. But when comes the parson?

Sandy. He's gone over to Raasey so I desired Jamy M'Kenzie to send us their new curate—But, sir, is my Jenny awake? [*Going*] Oh, yonder she comes, bright as the morn which gives the flowers their beauty! welcome as the gale which wafts its sweetness!

AIR.

Sandy.

Oh, had I Allan Ramsay's art
To sing my passion tender!
In every verse she'd read my heart,
Such soothing strains I'd send her;
Nor his, nor gentle Rizio's aid,
To shew is all a folly,
How much I love the charming maid,
Sweet Jane of Grisipoly.

She makes me know what all desire
With such bewitching glances;
Her modest air then checks my fire,
And stops my bold advances:
Meek as the lamb on yonder lawn,
Yet by her conquer'd wholly;
For sometimes sprightly as the fawn,
Sweet Jane of Grisipoly.

My senses she's bewilder'd quite,
I seem an amorous ninny;
A letter to a friend I write,
For Sandy I sign Jenny:
Last Sunday, when from church I came,
With looks demure and holy,
I cried, when asked the text to name,
'Twas Jane of Grisipoly.

My Jenny is no fortune great,
And I am poor and lowly;
A straw for power and grand estate,
Her person I love solely:

From every sordid, selfish view,
So free my heart is wholly ;
And she is kind as I am true,
Sweet Jane of Grisipoly.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. Welcome home, my Sandy !

Sandy. [*Embrace.*] My love !

M'Gil. Ah ! ha ! Egad, my Highland lad and Lowland lassie, you'll make a neat couple, ha, ha, ha !

Jenny. [*To M'GILPIN.*] Dear sir, take the only return in my power—my thanks, my gratitude for your unmerited goodness.

M'Gil. Ah, Jeany ! was I the man that boasted of his goodness, I'd remind you that I gave you an asylum when you was but a squalling bairn—though I didn't, nor suppose I ever shall, know what family you are of. Your mother coming here to Col to lie in privately, and dying in my house—yet my astonishing benevolence—Oh !—

Sandy. Your benevolence would be astonishing indeed ! [*Aside.*]

M'Gil. I say, my amazing charity and——

Sandy. Well, sir, we have often heard that story.

M'Gil. To be sure. Would you have me put my candle under a bushel ? Speak, Jenny—did not I bring you up equal to my own daughter, Miss Moggy M'Gilpin ? Sent you to the tip-top boarding school in Inverness, kept by Miss Caroline Killcoobery ?

Jenny. You did, dear sir.

M'Gil. I did—I did—Though your forlorn mother didn't leave you a bawbee——but 500*l.* which you shall never see. [*Aside.*]—So, out of pure friendship, Sandy—there, take her——off my hands. [*Aside.*]

Jenny. Dear sir——

M'Gil. Aye, I'm a kind friend, Jenny ; an't I a gay old fellow ? Why, I'm a second Robin Gray !

Jenny. Oh, sir! this last proof of your kindness leaves me not a wish, but to know my parents.

AIR.

Jenny.

Such pure delight my bosom knows,
 My thanks are due to heaven and thee;
 With gratitude my heart o'erflows,
 Kind agent of its clemency!
 Humanity! thou good supreme
 To chase the orphan's tear away,
 Alike the bright all-cheering beam
 Brings comfort from the god of day.

M'Gil. Hey! yonder's a boat put in from that ship in the offing—Some great strangers landed.

[*Exit.*

Sandy. I must gather all the lads to make a handsome wedding procession to the kirk, Jenny.

Jenny. And I to assemble the lasses. Oh, Sandy—here, as the packet's in, will you see if there's any letter for me, as I desired the lottery-man to send me notice if this chance should be drawn a prize. [*Gives it to him.*]

Sandy. Ha, ha, ha! you never told me you had bought a lottery chance: but it must, it shall be a prize; I'll keep it safe for you—this day proves I'm a favourite of fortune, and she shall smile upon my Jenny.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*An open Country—SHELTY'S House.*

Captain DASH and Serjeant JACK discovered.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

Serj. Yes; the letter you'll send by little Tom the drummer, will prepare the old taxman.—Ha, ha, ha!

He won't have a doubt that you're the real captain in the army, ha, ha, ha!

Capt. Ha, ha, ha! and my sole commission only the promise of a pair of colours in the East India service, on condition I can raise an hundred men, ha, ha, ha!

Serj. Ha, ha, ha! Ay, by this sham of pretending their young laird is our colonel, from the affection of a Scotch Highlander, I warrant they'll flock to our standard—we know our ground, and the character of old M'Gilpin—flatter his eloquence, and promise him an agency, and we have every man in the island.

Capt. Dam'me, I'd rather have one pretty woman I saw just now, than the honour of planting my standard on the walls of Belgrade.

[A loud laugh of Peasants.]

Serj. Some country gambols going forward.

Capt. The time to recruit—introduce yourself to them: coax, wheedle, drink, swear—Zounds! make 'em——

Serj. As wicked as ourselves. *[Exit Captain.]*

Enter SHELTY, playing the Pipes before some Country Lads.

Shel. Ay, lads, I think we'll honour Sandy's wedding; but the lassies mus'n't set out for kirk before us.

Serj. Ha, my hearties! My honest lad, shake hands. *[To SHELTY.]*

Shel. Every man shake his own hand.

Serj. Why, you all seem very merry to-day.

Shel. Yes; and we'll all be merry to-morrow, ha, ha, ha! and we were merry yesterday, ha, ha, ha!

Serj. Ha, ha, ha! why, you're a pleasant fellow.

Shel. Ha, ha, ha! yes, I am—ha, ha, ha! I was born laughing, ha, ha, ha! instead of crying, my

mother laughed out, ha, ha, ha!—My daddy liked to have dropt me out of his arms on the floor laughing at me, ha, ha, ha!—What's the child's name, said the parson that christened me? Shelty, says my god-daddy; ha, ha, ha! then the parson laughed, ha, ha, ha!—Amen, says the clerk, ha, ha, ha! Since that moment every body has laughed at me, ha, ha, ha! and I laugh at every body, ha, ha, ha!

Serj. Ha, ha, ha! I should like to enlist such a pleasant fellow—Your good-humour would keep us in such spirits; you'd be the drum of the corps.

Shel. Yes; and your rattan would be the drum-stick of the corps, to beat the travally on my back—row-dy-dow! Good morning to you.

Serj. I tell you, you'd make a devilish good soldier.

Shel. That's more than my daddy could.

Serj. Ha, ha, ha! you're an odd fish.

Shel. Yes; but I won't be a red herring.

Serj. No; but you're a pickled one though:—But pray what are you?

Shel. Me! I'm a merchant, and a brogue-maker—I sells a horn of malt—moreover I am a famous piper. My father, Mr Croudy, is a famous necromancer; he's the gift of second sight; and Mrs Commins, my granny, was banished for a witch. Now I must tune my chaunter.

Serj. Any particular festival to-day?

Shel. A wedding; and there's the lads assembled to honour the wedding of Sandy and Jenny. Come, lads, quick! march two and two till we join Miss Jenny.

Serj. Eh! well said, my lad! you deserve encouragement—I've a rough guinea here, and, egad, I'll make one at this wedding, to drink my king's health, and success to the young couple.

AIR.

Serjeant and Chorus.

For soldiers the feast prepare,
 Who friends protect and foes annoy,
 What war has won let's now enjoy,
 Good cheer bright mirth bestowing,
 Old Sirloin first we'll nobly dare,
 Our host looks round his table,
 His breast with friendship glowing,
 We jovial lads whilst able,
 Resolved to do all honour
 To the donor,
 With courage charge
 His boil'd and roast,
 In goblets large
 Each loyal toast,
 With sparkling bumpers flowing.

Let drums beat, and fifes sound shrill,
 Ye clarions, lend your sweetest notes,
 Now, trumpets, rend your silver throats,
 Proclaim in warlike measure,
 When the racy bowl we fill
 The fair shall do their duty,
 And sip its balmy treasure.
 Touch'd by the lip of beauty,
 'Tis now a draught for Hector;
 'Tis nectar,
 The gods' delight—here's wine and love,
 Like Mars who fight, should kiss like Jove,
 By turns the soldier's pleasure.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*As before.**Enter CHARLEY.*

Char. Ha, ha, ha! My master goes to seize his own goods that I stole out of his stores, and hid in

the rocks for him to seek out, whilst I run off with his daughter.

Enter MOGGY unperceived.

I must run and let her out. [*Going.*]

Mog. Dear sir, won't you wait for company?

Char. Moggy! how the plague did you get out?

Mog. No matter, here I am, and take me while you can.

Char. Hey!—Ecod, this is doing things!—Ha, ha, ha! Charming! I've cut out work for your father on the opposite side of the island; so I'll run down to the pier and get the boat ready, and off we skim like curlews. [*Exit.*]

Mog. Make haste, Charley!—Oh, my bonny Charley!—Eh! yon's a boat put in—here's some of the passengers [*Looking*].—By the description, it must be the strange parson that's expected from Mull to marry Jenny and Sandy.

Enter Laird of RAASEY as a Parson, and Servant.

Laird. That dwelling [*Points to SHELTY'S*] looks like a public house.

Servant. Yes, sir, it is.

Laird. Then engage a room, and leave my baggage. Here—my great coat was comfortable on the water, but on land 'tis cumbrous. [*Takes it off and gives it to Servant.*].—And lay out my best periwig, that I may look decent,

Servant. Yes, sir. [*Exit with things into SHELTY'S.*]

Parson. Here, pretty maiden!

Mog. Sir—what a civil gentleman! [*Aside.*]

Parson. Do you know one Sandy Frazer?

Mog. Eh! Sandy?

Parson. Whom I am to marry to one Jenny.

Mog. He, he! Lord! if I could persuade him Charley and I are they! may be he'd marry us. [*Aside.*].—Oh, sir; dear sir! reverend sir! you're

heartily welcome, sir! [*Curtsying.*] My Charley, I dare say, sir—my Sandy is just gone yonder to the pier, to look out for you, sir.

Parson. Oh, then you are Jenny?

Mog. Yes, sir; [*Curtsy.*] I am Jenny, sir—I hope he won't find me out. [*Aside.* *The Parson views her with attention.*] Lord! I believe he suspects me. [*Aside and confused.*] Oh, sir! here comes my Sandy!—Now, sir, you'll—Oh, heavens! my father! [*Aside.*] Good b'ye, sir. [*Going.*

Parson. But lassie, stop—

Mog. Yes, sir; I'll stop when I'm out of your sight. [*Exit running into SHELTY'S.*

Parson. A whimsical sort of a young lady.

[*Exit after MEGGY.*

Enter CHARLEY.

Char. The boat's ready, and—Hey! where has she scampered! This giddy tit just to kick up her heels at the starting post!—Her father!—Zounds! it's well she has missed him!

Enter M'GILPIN in a rage.

M'Gil. Fine police, if the king's officers are to be assaulted in the execution of their duty.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! [*Aside.*]—Oh then, sir, you've beat old Croudy?

M'Gil. No, damn him! but he beat me! But I'll let the ruffian know nobody shall cheat the king in this island, but myself. He's a poacher too, goes fowling, growsing, and cocking; but I'll growse and cock him! I'll shew him, that in Col I'm grand fowler, prowler, and comptroller. His son Shelly have a child of mine! My dear Charley, take care of Moggy.

Char. She's safe, I'll answer, sir.

M'Gil. Have you seen the captain? I mean to

give Jenny to him, and break my promise with Sandy—'tis more for my interest.

Char. I'll set him another hunt whilst I look for Moggy. [*Aside.*—Sir, have an eye to Jenny: the parson's come; and if Sandy gets a hint of your intention to give her to the captain, they'll be coupled unknown to you.

M'Gil. Oddsfish! but where is Jenny?

Char. This instant gone into Shelty's.

M'Gil. Run you in, boy, and secure her, whilst I raise the posse after Croudy.

Char. Lord! sir, Jenny'd never stay with me; you'd best in and secure her yourself, and I'll bring the constables for Croudy.

[*Exit M'GILPIN into the House.*

SCENE II.—SHELTY'S House.

Enter SHELTY with a Jug. Servant with a Coat and Wig.

Shel. Yes, sir—I am here, sir—I am there, sir—Coming, sir. [*Drinks.*] Lord! what nice ale do I sell! Yes, sir;—my house is so full—Oh, what a mortal fine chance have I to make money! besides, I'm your only lad in the island for harmonious jollifications! But father's wrangling with M'Gilpin will kick down all!—Here he comes; now if he hasn't been in some new combustifications.

Enter CROUDY.

Croudy. Ha! [*Takes the Mug from SHELTY and drinks.*] Ho! A scoundrel! tell me I rob the king! The custom-house officer takes his pay and smuggles, and he's a damn'd bad servant indeed that robs his master. Boy, M'Gilpin would have seized my boat,

though he only last week claw'd up my other [*Drinks.*]
—Lost my poor swallow!

Shel. I shouldn't have thought as much. [*Turning the Mug.*]

Croudy. This taxman—Oh, zounds! I'll—

Shel. Lord! father! how you do put me out of all sorts! here's my house full—There's the Serjeant, Sandy, and all the lads playing cards; and here's Sandy's marriage—

Croudy. Go froth your ale and score double, boy; I've thresh'd M'Gilpin.

Shel. You ha'n't.

Croudy. I've bang'd him, sirrah!

Enter APIE.

Apie. Oh, mercy! Master Croudy, here's the constables! And here's Mr M'Gilpin!

Shel. Lord! Lord! you'll be taken! Go you, and let nobody come up. [*Puts APIE off. See Clothes.*] Eh! this is the luckiest—Here, step into this great coat, hat, and wig, the parson's servant left here—No time for thinking—do take a fool's advice!

Croudy. Eh!

Shel. If you're taken, to jail you go—Do you want to make a riot in my house, and give him a pretence to take away my licence. No? do things easy—here, quick, quick! [*Helps him on with the Clothes.*] There—the devil a one of them cau know you now—I'll run and get the boat ready. You're so nicely disguised, you may easily get to it—Huh! Oh dear!
[*Exit.*]

Croudy. Oh, you cowardly cur! you're no son of mine. My cudgel is but a—If I had only—Zounds! Isn't that my broad sword yonder? I made a present of it to this pigeon, but he never had spirit to use it! [*Takes it from over the Chimney.*] If they take me, they must first take this—no disguise now

—It never shall be said a Highlander sneaked out like a poltroon, with his broad-sword in his hand—
No, no! [*Flings Clothes off.*] [*Exit.*]

Enter MoggY frightened.

Mog. Oh, Lud! Where shall I hide from father? If I could stand behind the door and slip out as he comes in—but what could bewitch Charley to send him after me? If I could but get down to the pier! What's this? [*Looks at Clothes, &c.*] Ha! the parson's!—Ecod! I've a great mind to try now if I can't hide myself in it—ha, ha, ha! On they go. [*Puts them on.*]—Ha, ha, ha!—and wig—ha, ha, ha!

M'GILPIN and SHELTY without.

M'Gil. She is here.

Mog. O Lord! there's father!

Shel. She is not.

M'Gil. Sirrah! Charley told me she came in just now.

Mog. Did he indeed?

Enter M'GILPIN and SHELTY.

Shel. She is not, I tell you—You've done like a wise man! [*Apart to MoggY.*]

M'Gil. I'll have the house searched.

Shel. Don't speak, and I'll get you out.

M'Gil. Where's Jenny? You're of a stamp with the rascal your father.

Shel. Father, keep your temper.

M'Gil. Deliver up Jenny, you scoundrel!

Shel. Keep your cudgel quiet—Oh, Jenny! You think I'm a devil amongst the girls. This morning I was running away with MoggY—now, it's Mr Shelty, sir, you've been kissing Jenny.

M'Gil. What old fellow's that? [*To MoggY.*]

Shel. Fellow! This? Oh, sir, this gentleman is the parson from Raasey.

M'Gil. Od! I beg his pardon—How do you do, doctor? Oh true, you're come to marry Sandy and Jenny—Ah! that's all up, sir.

Shel. Don't speak to him, sir.

M'Gil. Damn your busy—Sirrah! you are the cause of my child's present distresses, you miscreant! I'll—Ecod! I'll revenge all upon the rogue your father! Doctor—Oh, here Charley has brought the constables!

Shel. Father, you see you must fight your way.

Enter CHARLEY and two Constables.

Char. Sir, I saw Croudy enter here.

M'Gil. We'll have him! There, Charley, you shew the Doctor here to my house, whilst the constables and I search this for Croudy.

Shel. [*Apart to CHARLEY*] Do, Charley, take the Doctor—it's my father—get him off.

Char. What! I help the escape of smugglers! Sir, that's Croudy in disguise.

Mog. [*Apart to him.*] It's me, you blockhead!

Char. Moggy again! [*Aside.*] Ay, come along, Doctor.

M'Gil. No, you old rogue! no collusion with my clerk—I know you, Croudy—I see the tip of his nose—constables, lay hold of him.

[*The Constables lay hold of MOGGY.—SHELTY takes the stick from one, and beats the other.—MOGGY throws off her disguise, and kneels before her Father.*]

Shel. Keep off; I'll defend my father with my life.

Mog. Oh, save my dearest father!

M'Gil. My daughter!

Shel. This my daddy!

M'Gil. My dear child!

Char. I've done this well! [*Aside.*]

M'Gil. Before I lock'd—but now I'll double-lock you. No, I'll take care of you myself, my dutiful, affectionate—But, you jade, who got you out?

Mog. Who but my dear Shelty?

Shel. I? Me?

M'Gil. Ay; what are locks and brick walls against such an Algerine family as Shelty's? Even the old water-thief his father would rob a bishop of his butter-boats. *[Exeunt, dragging out Moggie.]*

Shel. But where the devil can old Croudy be? E-gad! as I found Miss Moggie under a great coat, perhaps I may find my daddy under a petticoat!

SONG.

Boys, when I play, cry, oh crimini,
Shelty's chaunter, squeakerimlai;
In love tunes I'm so emphatical,
Fingers shaking, quiveratical,
 With agility,
 Grace, gentility,
Girls shake heel and toe;
Pipes I tickle so,
 My jiggs fill a pate,
 Tittilate
 Pretty mate,
My hops love mirth, young blood circulate.

Oh my chaunters sound so prettily,
Sweeter far than pipes from Italy;
Cross the Tweed I'll bring my Tweedle dum,
Striking foreign flute and fiddle dumb!
 Modern Rizzi's so,
 Pleases ma'ams, misses though,
 Peers can marry strum,
 Act plays, very rum,
 I'll puff at Square Hanover,
 Can over,
 Man over,
All the puny pipes from Italy.

I'm in talk a pedant musical,
In fine terms I lug intrusical,

Slap bravuras, alt, the rage about,
 Haydn, Mara, Opera, stage about;
 Oratorios,
 Cramers, Florios :
 Things at Jubilee,
 Neither he or she,
 Dye at Syren's note,
 Tiny throat,
 Petticoat,
 This is amateur high musica'.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—*A Street in a Country Town.*

Enter SANDY and JENNY.

Jenny. My dear Sandy, don't grieve; why should ill-fortune disturb our tranquillity, unless it could lessen our affection!

Sandy. M'Gilpin's design of giving you to Captain Dash distracts me.

Jenny. But he sha'n't—my obligations to him are great; yet this tyrannous attempt to fetter my inclinations, and a suspicion that his motives were not quite disinterested, have somewhat abated my debt of gratitude.

Sandy. And he won't let me continue in my farm without this fine of fifty pounds, so I must give it up—but he laid it on to ruin me.

Jenny. Well, and even so, ar'n't there other farms—or no farm—could you not be happy with poor Jenny?

Sandy. My dear Jenny!

AIR.

Sandy.

At dawn I rose with jocund glee,
 For joyful was the day
 That could this blessing give to me,
 Now Joy is fled away—Jenny!

No flocks, nor herds, nor stores of gold,
Nor house, nor home have I;
If beauty must be bought and sold,
Alas! I cannot buy—Jenny!

Yet I am rich, if thou art kind,
So prized a smile from thee,
True love alone our hearts shall bind,
Thou'rt all the world to me—Jenny!

Sweet, gentle maid, though patient, meek,
My lily drops a tear,
Ah! raise thy drooping head and seek
Soft peace and comfort here—Jenny!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—M'GILPIN'S *House.*

Enter BENIN with a Bundle, meeting MOGGY.

Moggy. Well, Benin, have you—Shew, my good—

Ben. Yes, Missy; and I tink dey vil fit you.

Mog. My best creature!

Ben. Ah, Missy; but Massa lick á me as I vas vorse creature—Missy, if you run away I vill run too—Massa kill a me if know I help you.

Mog. Psha! you fool, I'm not going to run away.

Ben. Missy, dere be Miss Jenny write letter in parlour below—want me fetch it, Missy—Now don't tell Massa I brought your clothes. [*Exit.*]

Mog. Let's see what you have brought. [*Opens Bundle.*] Jacket, kilt, bonnet, complete—I won't even tell Charley of my design till I'm equipt, ha, ha, ha! I'll surprise him—There, I'll lay all soug. [*Puts them in the Press.*] Now if Charley could borrow cash to carry us up to Edinbro', father could never find us

out there—let's see—Lud! I havn't above half-a-guinea left of my own pocket-money. Oh, poor Charley, and I——

Enter BENIN.

Ben. Miss Moggy, Jenny desire me give you dis.

[Gives a Letter.]

Mog. Very well. *[Exit BENIN.]* What's this? *[Opens Letter and takes out a Bill.]* An Edinbro' bank-note for 40l. Let's see. *[Reads.]* "My dear
"Moggy, Sandy in a fit of despair has enlisted him-
"self among the soldiers; I have sold my lottery-
"chance for the inclosed 40l. For certain, the
"captain will never part with such a soldier as my
"Sandy, therefore I shall take your hint and follow
"the drum—as I shall not want the money, accept it,
"my dear friend, for travelling charges—besides, a
"supply of cash you will find necessary till you can
"obtain your father's pardon for the step you are
"about to take—in which be happier than your Jen-
"ny." My generous friend! No—I will not enjoy
happiness whilst you feel sorrow!—with the assist-
ance of my Highland dress here in my cupboard, if
I can once more elope, the first use I make of my li-
berty is to procure it for you, Sandy! Ay, though
father catches me the next moment.

Enter M'GILPIN.

M'Gil. I'll first catch you this moment. *[Takes her by the arm, and takes a key out of his pocket.]* Go in there.

Mog. No, sir.

M'Gil. Go in.

Enter CHARLEY.

Char. What's the matter, sir?

M'Gil. Here's a young lady won't be lock'd up.

Char. Oh fye, Miss! refuse to be locked up!—that's so unreasonable of you.

M'Gil. So it is. Isn't it a proof what a high value I set upon you, hussey? Don't I lock up my guineas? You young brazen-face, go in there. [*He puts her into a Room.*] If I should be obliged to go out, Charley, you'll have a watch here, and I'll certainly give you——

[*As M'GILPIN turns his Head to speak to CHARLEY, MOGGY, unseen by either, slips again out of the room, pulls CHARLEY by the Ear, and runs into the Press in flatt, where she had before put the Clothes.*]

Char. Now, sir, what's that for? [*Puts his Hand to his Ear.*]

M'Gil. Charley, don't say a word against it—I shall do as I like with my family.

Char. Yes, sir; but when you count ears, pray don't consider me one of your family.

M'Gil. Ay, true, my lad—However, [*Turns to the Room-door, where he thinks MOGGY is.*] stay you there, the plague of my family! [*Locks the Door.*] I think I have you fast now, my deeree!

Char. My poor girl. [*Aside.*]

M'Gil. Charley, boy—though I have the key, yet I scarce think I'm sure of her even now; she's full of hocus pocus! So, d'ye hear, now and then throw an eye to the door. That rogue Shelty must have been assisted by his grandmother the old witch I banished, to have got her out before.

Char. Eh! I'll encourage this thought! [*Aside.*]

M'Gil. Charley, I'm now going into my study to practise oratory—Don't let any body interrupt me, boy!—Hem!

[*Exit, with much self-sufficiency.*]

Char. I find he don't know yet that old Laird Donald is come—Ha, ha, ha! this ridiculous idea of

Shelty's grandmother being a witch—Ha, ha, ha! I'm strangely tickled with the thought.

Shel. [*Without.*] Suppose he is busy?

Benin. [*Without.*] Well, I'll tell my Massere.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! And here comes Shelty in the nick, to help my project! Ha, ha, ha! I'll try it however.

M'Gil. [*Without.*] I'll break your bones!

Benin. [*Without.*] Me don't care—Oh! [*Crying.*]

Char. Hey! what now.

M'Gil. [*Without.*] An impudent scoundrel! I'll—

Char. Here he comes, and in as rare a humour for my purpose—If I can but make him give her up to Shelty! Once she's out of these doors, I have my dear girl.

Enter M'GILPIN in a violent rage, and BENIN crying.

M'Gil. You villain! you shouldn't have interrupted me at study—No, not for the Lord Advocate of Scotland!

Benin. [*Crying.*] Why, Massere, I did tought—

M'Gil. Will you prate? Interrupted for Shelty?

[*Looks in a Paper.*]

Char. Ha, ha, ha!

Benin. [*Apart to CHARLEY.*] You may laugh! Massere never beats you—Oh! Eh, do, he did tumpa me!

Char. [*Aside.*] This may give a lift to my scheme. [*Apart to BENIN*] No, Benin, master never beats me, because when I find he's in a passion I never answer him.

Benin. He! if it saves me a beating I will not make him no answer.

Char. Don't you know he's an orator, and likes to have all the talk to himself?

Benin. Ha, ha, ha! then he shall—Thank ye, Charley—Ha, ha, ha! when I find he raise his voice, I will no answer him—Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*]

M'Gil. I wonder he dares thrust his saucy face into my house!

Char. Now for it—If I can but work upon his fancy [*Aside.*—Ay, sir, Shelty would make you believe he has the power to bring you to terms.

M'Gil. Power and terms! What do you mean?

Char. And yet, I assure you, sir, I put little or no faith in these sort of old women's stories. I see Shelty's intent—as he said——

M'Gil. Why, what did he say?

Char. Says he, just now: "Charley, I have your master under my thumb; I know that the clue to his fame and fortune is his tongue; therefore," says he, "with my scissars of fate I'm determined to cut"——

M'Gil. What! to cut my tongue with his scissars! Oh, the bloody-minded——

Char. No, sir, to cut the thread of your discourse! to deprive you of——

M'Gil. Of what, Charley?

Char. Your power of——

M'Gil. Of what, boy?

Char. Of voice.

M'Gil. What, make me not speak! impossible! I will talk, though there were three women in company.

Char. I tell you, sir, it's his wicked determination, if you don't give him Miss Moggy, to take from your speech all sound! Look, sir, here he comes—and look, see the very talisman in his hand.

M'Gil. Eh!—what, that crabstick?

Char. Stick! I know it's cut from the yew-tree in the church-yard; and he told me he had it from the witch his grandmother.

M'Gil. Charley, don't talk wicked—now I—I don't think the fellow looks like a conjurer.

Enter SHELTY with great consequence.

Shel. Where's M'Gilpin ?

Char. You don't mean my master, Shelty ?

Shel. The master now has a master.

M'Gil. What's that, sirrah ?

Shel. Only the kicker shall be kicked—Laird Donald's come ; fine overhauling of accounts, master Steward ! Now the eagle's pounced, you'll have something else to do than brooding over your tender chick, my old cock.

M'Gil. Ay, though you'd take the chick from the roost ; ay, from under my wing, you most caitiff hawk ! yet you shall never prevent me from—Ay, spite of your arts, the old cock will crow.

Shel. Let's hear you.

Char. [*Apart to M'GILPIN.*] You see by his insolence he's conscious of his power.

M'Gil. I do.

Char. Forbear ! [*To SHELTY.*]

Shel. Forbear !

Char. You know I know your business.

Shel. Business ! True ; you know I'm a piper.

M'Gil. Keep off—if you dare use your infernal scissars !

Shel. I've no scissars ; but I have—look here—I know you'll be hatching up a story to Laird Donald ; but if you dare open your lips to the prejudice of me, or my daddy—see—let this keep you silent.—[*Shews his Stick.*] I'll—Oh ! by the——

Char. He says that [*Pointing to SHELTY's Stick.*] shall make you silent. [*Apart to M'GILPIN.*]

M'Gil. Keep off your baleful yew—

Shel. I'm as good as you.

M'Gil. Silver'd in the moon's eclipse !

Shel. Moon's eclipse !—he's touched.

M'Gil. Am I ? Has he ?

Char. Hark'ee, Shelty, dare to come near my mas-

ter with your damned twig there, and I'll kick you and it to the devil.

Shel. Kick me, you little pick-thank! I'll—[*Strikes CHARLEY with his Stick, as he endeavours to put him off.*]

M'Gil. To him! out with him, my hero!

[*CHARLEY wrests the Stick from SHELTY, and thrusts him off.*]

You are a clever boy, faith!

[*CHARLEY throws SHELTY'S Stick down, struts about, uses much action, and moves his lips as if talking.*]

Gad, Charley can't speak, he's so very angry—I never saw him in a passion before—Is he gone? He is—the knave! So, let's come to ourselves and consider—Call Benin. [*CHARLEY moves his lips as if calling.*] Why don't you call him when I bid you? Zounds, sirrah! call him—Benin! [*Calls very loud, looks at CHARLEY, who moves his lips.*] Damn the fellow, what is he at? Is Benin coming, eh?—What, an't I worthy of an answer? Dam'me, I'll knock you down if you stand making mouths at me, you rascal! Eh—why—he can't—Can't you speak, eh?—Aye, indeed, I saw Shelty strike him with that fatal stick—but it's impossible!—it can't be—Speak, I won't believe but you can—Eh!—come, none of your capers upon me—Come, speak this moment—this instant say in plain, audible English, “How do you do, Mr M'Gilpin”—or down you go as flat as a fluke. Eh, poor Charley! faith, he has really lost his voice—I won't believe it—I'm strongly tempted to try it on myself; but then, when I get into parliament—if I lose my voice, I should be fit only to be the Speaker—I'll venture—You, Charley, sirrah! take up that stick and touch me with it—Very gently, boy. [*CHARLEY hits him very forcibly.*] Zounds! that is enough to knock a man speechless!

Char. Oh, if I never recover my voice, I am a miserable being!

M'Gil. Why, you have, you rogue—I heard you speak then very plain.

Char. Eh! now my master's lips move as if he was talking.

M'Gil. Ha, ha, ha! why I am talking, you fool!

Char. Yes, they still move, but no sound—Eh! perhaps I may now have recovered my voice by the stick touching my master—Oh true, Shelty told me the dumbness was transferable.

M'Gil. Transferable! the dumbness—What's that you say, boy?

Char. Yes, by the motion of his lips, the poor gentleman thinks he's speaking.

M'Gil. Speaking! Zounds, I'm bawling! I won't believe but I'm heard—Sirrah! I'll—

Enter BENIN.

Now I'll see if [*Aside.*]—Here, you scoundrel! do you hear me? [*Very loud.*]

Ben. Tank you, Charley!

[*Exit without looking at M'GILPIN.*]

M'Gil. Ay—it's plain—I can't make myself be heard—Oh! I've lost my voice! [*Very loud.*] But, zounds! it can't be! This may be a confederacy—but hold—if so—my daughter can't be in the plot, as nobody could have spoke to her since I locked her up here within—True, and even the window is nailed down—I'll see if she can hear me. [*Unlocks the door and goes in.*]

Char. Oh the plague! now Moggy'll answer him, and overthrow all my magic.

Mog. [*Peeps out of the Press.*] Charley!

Char. You there! Oh—the—Why, I believe the black gentleman has been at work in earnest. How the deuce got you there?

Mog. Psha! you fool—Hush! I'm dressing here,

ha, ha, ha! why, you're humming him nicely! But only get him out of the way, and off we go.

Char. Pop in—here he comes.

[*MOGGY takes in her head.*]

Now, if I can but get him out!

Re-enter M'GILPIN in a great rage and astonishment.

M'Gil. She's gone!—I shall go mad! He has got her out; but how? No other way but the chimney or the key-hole—How the devil!—Bless us! Yes, if Shelty could carry her off when here—I found the door locked—I can no longer doubt his power to take my speech—Oh! I'm a most miserable old gentleman! I'm in grief, and nobody to pity me—I complain, and none can hear my lamentations! [*Weeps.*] Eh! But—hold!—As Charley recovered by my getting the dumbness, I can as easily transfer it to somebody else, and so recover my own voice, ha, ha, ha! Pshaw! except his taking Moggy, if this is the *worst*, a fig for his power! ha, ha, ha! I've a great mind to return it again to Charley, ha, ha, ha! But his voice will be necessary to explain my accounts to Laird Donald.

Char. Well, sir, what does Miss Moggy say to her lover's tricks?

M'Gil. Pshaw! This fool tantalizing me with questions, when he knows I can't make him hear my answers! Who shall I confer this favour on?—Eh!—Ay!—Stupid Benin; the blackamoor has little occasion for his guttural sounds.

Enter BENIN.

Benin. Sir, here's Laird Donald. [*Very submissively.*]

M'Gil. Oh dear! I must recover my tongue to talk him over! Yes, I'll give my dumbness to Benin—Dam'me, I'll bang you into silence, my double-dyed, swarthy acquaintance. [*Takes the Stick from the ground.*]

Benin. Tank ye, Charley.

[*Exit.*

M'Gil. He has hopp'd off like a blackbird—
Wouldn't even wait till I'd shake salt upon his tail.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE II.—*Landscape.*

Enter Captain DASH and Serjeant JACK.

Capt. Ha, ha, ha! Well, Jack, our success is e'en beyond my expectation.

Serj. I've done my best, because I undertook the thing; but under a false hope trepanning the poor fellows from their homes and families—Excuse me, but I can't enjoy the prosperity that's built on the distresses of another.

Capt. Psha! damn your nonsense! What the devil is come to you? This Sandy is—Oh, have you seen his Jenny?

Serj. Yes! I've seen her, and I wish she was his.

Capt. Wish she was his! Very civil, when you know I love her to distraction—Hey—what's here?

Enter MOGGY, dressed as a Highlander.

Mog. I beg your honour's pardon; but hasn't your honour listed one Sandy Frazer?

Capt. Yes, my lad; and I'll list you too.

Serj. Yes; we'll list you if you're willing.

Mog. It's for that I'm come, if you'll take me in my brother's place?

Serj. Why, is Sandy your brother?

Mog. Yes, sir, he is; and the eldest of eight little brothers and sisters, not one of 'em but me able to earn a morsel of bread for themselves—Oh, merciful, good captain! take me and discharge br'er Sandy!
Oh! [*Cries,*]

Capt. Ha, ha, ha! you young dog! do you think

I'll exchange an effective man for such a little whipper-snapper as you? Get along, you little monkey!

Mog. I am a little monkey—Oh! I shall never be able to maintain the family! Oh! [*Cries.*]

Capt. Ha, ha, ha! Why, Jack, [*To Serjeant,*] here's another opportunity for your sentiment, ha, ha, ha!

Serj. Yes; and for your humanity, if you have any. [*Walks up.*]

Capt. Humanity!—Eh!—go home, my boy. [*To MOGGY.*]

Mog. Sir, I've raised a little bit of money here, by selling some of our stock; if this could make up for my deficiency till I grow bigger?

Serj. [*Advancing.*] Hey, money!

Capt. Money! [*Draws her to him.*]

Mog. Yes, sir; if you will accept this forty pounds and me, in the place of my brother Sandy—Oh, worthy, noble gentleman! you'll see what a good fine soldier I'll make in time.

Capt. Eh—in—time—[*Looks at her*] forty pounds—

Serj. And this youngster will grow taller.

Mog. Oh yes, sir, I intend to grow a deal taller.

SONG.

Moggy.

Though I am now a very little lad,
 If fighting men cannot be had,
 For want of a better I may do
 To follow the boys with the rat-tat-too.
 I may seem tender, yet I'm tough,
 And though not much of me, I'm right good stuff;
 Of this I'll boast, say more who can,
 I never was afraid to see my man.
 I'm a chicka-biddy—see
 Take me now, now, now,
 A merry little he
 For your row, dow, dow,
 Brown Bees I'll knock about, oh, there's my joy!
 With my knapsack at my back like a roving boy.

In my tartan plaid a young soldier view,
 My philabeg, and dirk, and bonnet blue;
 Give the word, and I'll march where you command,
 Noble serjeant, with a shilling then strike my hand.
 My captain, when he takes his glass,
 May like to toy with a pretty lass,
 For such a one I've a roguish eye,
 He'll ne'er want a girl when I am by.
 I'm a chicka-biddy, &c.

Though a barber has never yet mowed my chin,
 With my great broad sword I long to begin,
 Cut, slash, ram, dam, oh, glorious fun!
 For a gun pip pop change my little pop-gun,
 The foes should fly like geese in flocks,
 Even Turks I'd drive like turkey-cocks,
 Wherever quartered I shall be,
 Oh zounds! how I'll kiss my landlady.
 I'm a chicka-biddy, &c.

Capt. Ha, ha, ha!—Well, my little—tall boy—
 [*Writes in his pocket-book, and tears a Leaf out, which he gives to MOGGY.*] Ha, ha, ha! There's your brother Sandy's discharge—I take your forty pounds—There's a shilling.

Mog. A shilling! generous captain! Thank ye, sir—this paper—What a present for my poor Jenny!
 [*Aside with joy.*]

Serj. Sir, we're lucky rogues! This forty pounds comes o us most àpropos. [*Apart to Captain.*]

Cap What do you mean, fellow? *We, and us!* In profit I am solus.—[*To MOGGY.*] Now you are the king's man.

Mog. And Sandy is his own.

Enter SHELTY, and SANDY as a Recruit.

Mog. [*Giving SANDY the Paper she received from the Captain.*] There's your discharge, Sandy; no more the king's, you're now only Jenny's man.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. Ah, Sandy! how could you forsake me?

Capt. Hey, the devil! What's all this about? Here, you little busy rascal! [*To MOGGY.*]—True, my lad, [*To SANDY,*] as he says, you're free; but I'll order your pert young brother here up to the halberts. [*Points to MOGGY.*]

Sand. Me—I've no brother!

Capt. Why, dam'me, you little son of a gun!—

Mog. No, sir; but I happen to be *daughter* to an old great gun.

Enter CHARLEY.

Here's my match! [*Takes him by the Hand.*] And, hey! I'm off like a sky-rocket.

[*Runs off with CHARLEY.*]

Jenny. Sandy, didn't you know her?

Capt. Oh ho! I see it now—You have been a confederate in this imposition. [*To SANDY.*]

Sandy. Totally innocent!

Enter Laird of RAASEY and M'GILPIN.

Laird. [*To Captain.*] Pray, sir, by whose authority do you list men in this island?

Capt. The king, and my colonel.

Laird. Who is your colonel?

Capt. The owner of this island, my friend, young Bob M'Donald.

Laird. Well, this is rather odd; my son a colonel! The first time I ever heard he was even in the army.

Capt. Son!—Jack! [*To Serjeant.*] Zounds! if—can this be the old laird?

Laird. [*Seeing SANDY.*] Eh! Is't possible? Bob!

Capt. Why, sir, do you know this Sandy?

Laird. What d'ye mean by Sandy? This is my son Robert. Ha, ha, ha! Your friend, young Bob M'Donald.

Capt. This young Donald!—Confusion! Jack, we are undone! Yes; they'll hang us. [*Apart.*]

Serj. [Aloud.] *Us!*—What do you mean, fellow? In hanging you are solus. [*Mimics the Captain's former manner.*]

Laird. But, Bob, your whole conduct to *me* wears a face of mystery: your turning common soldier—How? Come, sir, I insist on a full and clear explanation.

Sandy. Sir, my motives for enlisting were to secure this gentleman's conviction for his very impudent fraud, founded on a forgery of my name; and by fabricating *imaginary* distresses, I have proved how far true love would go to alleviate a real one.

Shelty. Hard now that I can't turn out to be somebody else.

M'Gil. Justice, my laird, on this cursed juggling, conjuring piper, who has struck me dumb as a fish, and without my consent run away with and married my daughter.

Enter CHARLEY, leading in MOGGY, in her Highland Dress.

Char. [To M'GILPIN.] Sir, give me leave to introduce Captain M'Gilpin! [*Presenting MOGGY.*]

M'Gil. Moggy! Oh, you brazen-face! Hey, turned soldier?

Mog. I am, sir; under the command of General Charley. The parson, who is now below at the door, gave the word—'twas love, honour, and obey.

Laird. [To JENNY.] Your affections have been proved, and you must both be happy.

Shelty. So, I'm a conjurer! These are comical conjurations:—The tenant is the landlord—the poor orphan is the lady of the land—the captain is no soldier—the soldier is a woman—the 'prentice is a master—the master is—nobody—the poor parson is a laird of much land [*Looking at them by turns.*]

—and,

poor Shelty the Scotch piper, still your humble servant to command. (*Bows to them.*) And whether I tap the barrel or tune my chaunter—Hey ! neighbours, neighbours ! Come, let's all be merry.

FINALE.

Sandy.

Come, sprightly Lowland lass,

Shelty.

And Highland
Lad, trip here in jovial glee ;

Sandy.

Gentle winds, from every island
Waft hearts merry, blithe, and free ;

Shelty.

At Shelty's house
In gay carouse
Your hours employ,

M'Gilpin.

Oh, well said, boy !

Serjeant.

To wish the young folks love and joy.

Chorus.

Whiskey,
Frisky,
Prancing,
Dancing !

Sorrow kick to nick the de'il,
Care or trouble who can feel,
Lilting up the Highland Reel ?

Moggy.

Mind, dearest lad, I tell you fairly,
Married, I must have my way ;

Charley.

I'm sure, dear lass, you'll govern rarely,
Love and honour I'll obey.

Sandy.

Nor marriage chain.

Shelty.

Nor bit nor rein.

Moggy.

The deuce a bit.

M'Gilpin.

A gamesome tit.

Shelty.

Gadzooks! poor hen-peck'd Charley!

M'Gilpin.

A wise man I, my child's a wit.

Whiskey, &c.

Sandy.

The torch of love by cupid lighted,
Never shall extinguished lie;

Jenny.

True vows at Hymen's altar plighted
Rosy hours the knot shall tie,

Sandy.

Earnest this.

Jenny.

Of heavenly bliss.

Both.

My only love:

M'Gilpin.

Well said, by Jove!

Sandy.

Sweet blossom, ne'er be blighted !

M'Gilpin.

She'll coo like any turtle dove.

Whiskey, &c.

Serjeant.

Old Neptune's arms the globe embracing,

In his grasp can kingdoms hem,

Great Jove upon his finger placing

Albion's isle, a radiant gem ;

Oh, ever shine,

In rays divine

Shed lustre round,

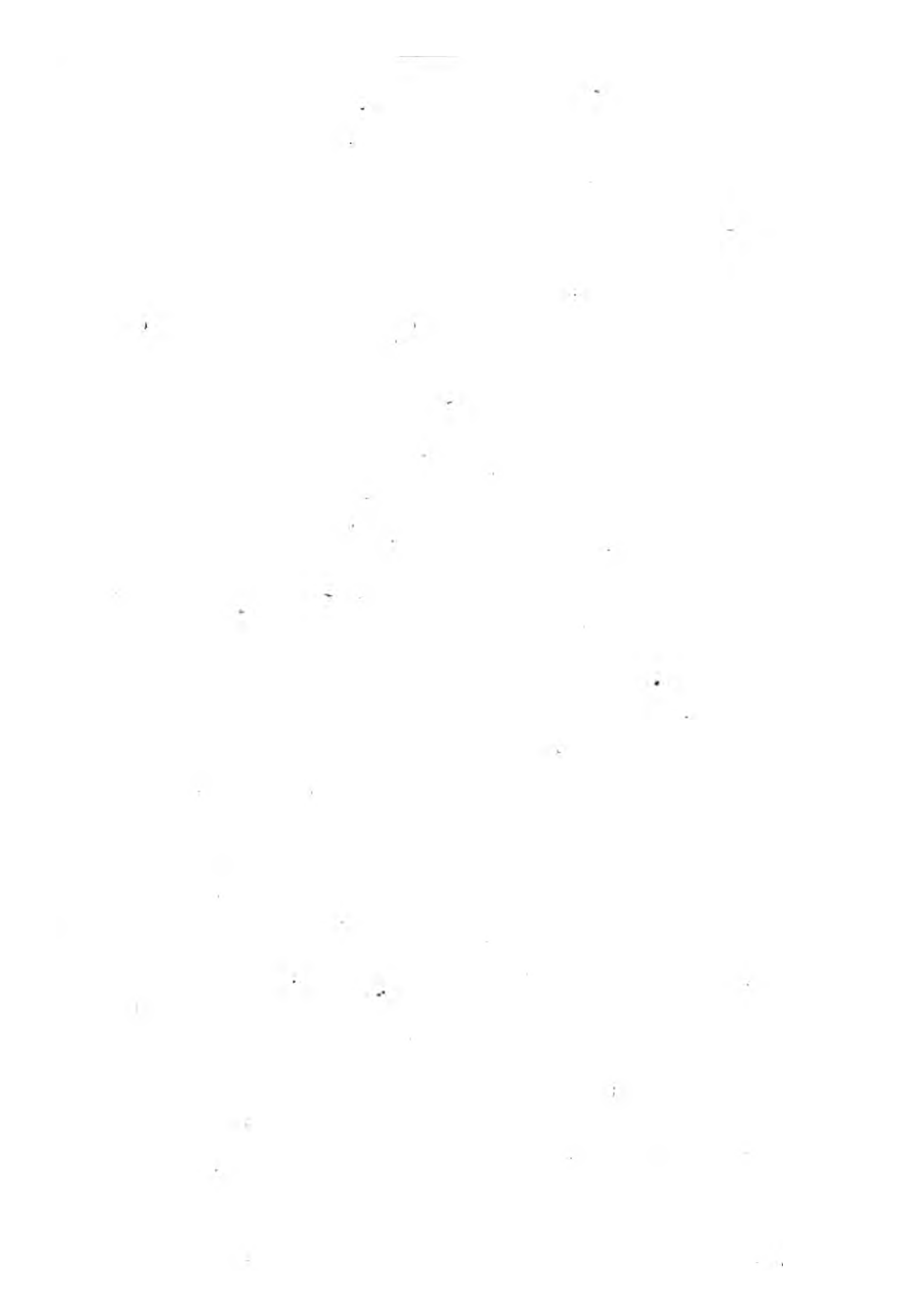
And thus enthroned,

Royal George with years increasing,

With each blessing ever crown'd.

Whiskey, &c.

[Exeunt.]



TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW ;

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY

ROBERT JEPHSON, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PEDRO,
DON SANCHO,
OCTAVIO,
FERDINAND,
BORACHIO,
LAZARILLO,
Porter,
1 Waiter,
2 Waiter.

DONNA CLARA,
LEONORA,
Maid,

Mr Waddy.
Mr Atkins.
Mr Farley.
Mr Claremont.
Mr Davenport.
Mr Munden.
Mr Platt.
Mr Abbot.
Mr Truman.

Mrs St Leger
Miss Searle.
Miss Leserve.

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—DON PEDRO'S *House.*

Enter DON SANCHO, DON PEDRO, and BORACHIO.

Don S. Here's my hand. Is it a bargain?

Don P. Certainly—we'll have the wedding to-night. The young couple are so much in love, they will be glad to dispense with ceremony—it really looks as if heaven had a hand in this match, for if young Felix had not died so commodiously at Salamanca, we could never have been brothers-in-law.

Bora. Bless me, your honour! is poor Don Felix dead then? he was a merry young gentleman—I'm sorry for it with all my soul.

Don P. Ay, he is as dead as King Philip the Second—but did you know Don Felix?

Bora. As well as any hogshead in my cellar—I have kept a tavern three years at Salamanca, and he was my constant customer. I knew his sister too, a brave mettled damsel, that made no more of clapping on a pair of breeches, and straddling a horse—

back, than if she had never been laced in stays, or encumbered with a petticoat.

Don P. Well, now she may give a more free scope to her frolics, for she has no brother left to restrain her. We sent for you, Borachio, to provide the wedding dinner. Let things be as they should be.

Bora. Never trouble your head about it. I'll set you out such a repast—the first course shall be as substantial as the bridegroom, and the second as delicate as the bride—then for wines and a desert! I don't care if you ask all the Benedictines to sit in judgment upon their flavour and freshness.

Enter a Servant Maid.

Maid. Sir, there's a servant of a strange gentleman, who has a message for you.

Don P. What does he want with me

Maid. He will not tell his business to any one but your worship. He has been fooling with me till I am tired with him.

Don P. Bid him come in. [*Exit Maid.*

Don S. Can you guess what business a stranger can have with you?

Don P. Ay, I suppose the old business—some needy spendthrift, who has lost his purse at the gaming-table, and wants to try if I am fool enough to take a liking to him, and lend him as much more upon his no security.

Enter LAZARILLO and Maid.

Lazar. I have the honour to be, gentlemen, with the most profound respect, your honour's most faithful, obsequious, and obedient humble servant.

Don S. This fellow begins his speech like the conclusion of a letter.

Don P. Have you any business with me, friend?

Lazar. May I take the liberty to ask your honour a question?

Don P. Ay, what is it?

Lazar. Pray, who may that pretty, plump, cherry-cheeked, round-hipped, buxom, genteel, light-pastern'd, black-eyed damsel be?

Don P. What business is it of your's? she's my daughter's maid.

Lazar. I wish your honour much joy of her.

Don P. What does the fellow mean? to your business, friend—who are you? what do you want with me? who do you belong to?

Lazar. Softly, softly, sir: three questions in a breath are too much for a poor man like me to answer all at once.

Don P. [*To Don S.*] I don't know what to make of this fellow—I believe he is none of the wisest.

Don S. I should rather suspect he was none of the honestest.

Lazar. Are you married, my pretty lass?

Don P. What would the fellow be at? what's your business, I say?

Lazar. Sir, to answer your questions—in the first place, I am my master's servant. [*To the Maid.*] And my pretty one, as I was going to tell you, if the Don had not interrupted me—

Don P. Who the devil is your master?

Lazar. He's a strange gentleman, sir, who has a strong inclination to pay your worship a visit. [*To the Maid.*] And now as to the little affair between us—

Don P. Who is this strange gentleman? what business has he with me?

Lazar. Sir, he is the noble Don Felix de Silva, of Salamanca, who waits below to have the supreme felicity of kissing your honour's hand, and has sent me before to make his compliments to you. [*To the Maid.*] Well, my dear, have you thought of the proposal? do you think me shocking?

Don P. Mind me, fellow—what is this you say?

Lazar. Sir, if you are curious to know particulars about me, I am Lazarillo, of Valencia, as honest a little fellow, though I say it, that should not say it, as ever rode before a portmanteau. [*To the Maid.*] What I pride myself for, more than any other good quality, is, that I am the adorer, and faithful slave of your divine and insurmountable beauty.

Don P. Turn this way, booby—you are either drunk or mad—why, Don Felix, of Salamanca, is dead.

[*Exit Maid.*]

Lazar. Dead!

Don S. You may get another master, honest friend, for poor Don Felix has no occasion for you.

Lazar. This is strange news. It must be a very sudden death—perhaps it was only his ghost that hired me, but I never saw any thing so like a living creature; he gave me a rap over the shoulders just now, that I thought felt very natural. If he is really a ghost, he won't dare to pretend he's alive, and tell a lie before so much good company. [*Exit.*]

Don P. What do you think of this rascal? Is he a knave, or a fool?

Bora. To my thinking, he's a brewing of both.

Don S. To my poor thinking, he's crazy.

Don P. 'Fore heaven, brother-in-law that is to be, if Don Felix should be alive, we two should make but a silly figure.

Re-enter LAZARILLO.

Lazar. Truly, gentlemen, this is but indifferent treatment for a stranger, to tell a poor servant like me that his master was dead.

Don P. So he is, I say.

Lazar. And I say that he is not only alive, but in good health, sound as a biscuit, and sprightly as champagne—and at this moment is ready to come in, and give you proof positive by your own eyesight.

Don S. What, Don Felix?

Lazar. Ay, Don Felix.

Don P. De Silva?

Lazar. Ay, De Silva.

Don S. Of Salamanca?

Lazar. Ay, of Salamanca.

Don P. I would recommend to you, friend, to lose a little blood, and have your head shaved—you are mad.

Lazar. This is enough to make me so: I say he is below at this moment waiting in the parlour.

Don P. I'll break your head, you rascal.

Don S. Keep your temper. Stay, let us see this impostor, who calls himself Don Felix. Bid him walk up stairs.

Don P. Ay, ay, you're right—let's see this resurrection.

Lazar. In a twinkling. [Exit LAZAR.]

Don S. This is some sham, some cheat; but I think we sha'n't be easily imposed upon.

Don P. Let me alone, let me alone, he must rise early, brother, who makes a fool of Don Pedro.

Enter DONNA CLARA, in Men's Clothes.

Clara. Signior Don Pedro, after the many polite letters I have received from you, I could little expect such extraordinary treatment, to be kept half an hour cooling my heels among muleteers and lacquies.

Don P. Sir, I humbly ask your pardon. But may I take the liberty to crave your name, or title?

Clara. My name, sir, is Don Felix de Silva.

Don P. Of Salamanca?

Clara. The same.

Bora. [Aside.] Ha, what's this? why this is Donna Clara, the sister of Felix: let's see what will be the end of this.

Don P. I'm struck dumb with amazement; sir, I

rejoice to see you safe and sound, which, indeed, is a little extraordinary, considering we had heard you was dead and buried. [*Aside to DON SAN.*] I wish, with all my heart, he was under ground.

Clara. It was reported, I know, that I was dead; but in fact, I only received a flesh wound in a quarrel; a fainting fit succeeded the loss of blood, and gave occasion to the report of my death: but the moment I recovered strength enough to travel, I mounted my horse, and set out to pay my respects, and keep my engagement.

Don P. I really don't know what to say to it: you have the appearance of a gentleman; but I have had such assurances that Don Felix was dead, that, unless I have some strong proofs to the contrary—you'll pardon me, sir,—I mean no harm—but, truly, in a matter of this consequence, a little caution, you know—

Clara. Sir, you're perfectly right; but here are proofs—here are no less than four letters. This is from the governor of the Bank—you know the hand and seal, I suppose.

Bora. [*To CLARA*] Sir, will you permit me to congratulate you upon your recovery, and your arrival in Granada?

Clara. [*Aside.*] Ha! confusion! my old host of Salamanca—he'll certainly know and will discover me. I think I recollect you, friend.

Bora. I believe you may, your honour; my face is no stranger at Salamanca; Joseph Borachio is as well known as the high road to Madrid.

Clara. True, true, I knew I was acquainted with you—hark! a word—don't betray me, and this purse has a twin brother as like it—

[*Aside to BORACHIO.*]

Bora. Never fear, madam: there's something so engaging in your countenance, and so persuasive in your manner, that I would as soon pull down my

sign as discover you. [*Aside to CLARA.*] *Aloud.* I am, for want of a better, the master of the Eagle, hard by: and will be bold to say, that, for good treatment, soft beds, wholesome food, and old wine, Joseph Borachio will not give the wall to any publican in Granada.

Clara. Get your best apartments ready, and I'll order my baggage there.

Don P. Why, certainly these letters are addressed to Don Felix; but there are ways, you know, of getting another man's letters—at the same time, sir—

Clara. Nay, sir, if you still doubt, here's my old acquaintance, Joseph Borachio, he knows me; I suppose you'll take his word, though you seem a little suspicious of mine.

Bora. Lord, sir, I'll give my oath to him. [*Aside.*] I'll tell twenty lies every bill I bring up for half a dollar, and the devil's in my conscience if I can't tell one for a purse of doubloons. [*Exit.*]

Don P. Sir, I ask a thousand pardons: my doubts are vanished; you certainly are Don Felix. [*To DON SAN.*] What do you think of this, brother-in-law that was to be?

Don S. Why I think it is a little unlucky, that the dead should get out of their graves to prevent our being relations.

Enter FERDINAND and LEONORA.

Leon. Did you send for me, father?

Don P. I did send for you, my dear; but matters are a little changed within this half-hour.

Clara. Is that young lady your daughter, Don Pedro?

Don P. Ay, sir, that is my daughter.

Clara. This then is the young lady I must pay my addresses to—I hope, madam, the consent of our families to my happiness, has made no unfavourable impression against the person of your humble servant.

Leon. What can I say to him—yes, sir—no, sir—

Clara. An odd reception!—yes, sir—no, sir—pray, sir, [*To DON PEDRO.*] how am I to understand the lady?

Don P. She's a little bashful at present—she'll be more intelligible by and by—she is not much acquainted with you yet—she'll come to presently.

Clara. I hope so—this gentleman [*To FERDINAND.*] I suppose, is a friend of the family—a near relation.

Fer. A friend of the family certainly; but no other way a relation, than as I am to call this lady my wife.

Don S. Right! stick to that—don't give up your pretensions—my boy has spirit—that young coxcomb won't carry it so swimmingly. [*Aside.*]

Clara. How's this? I don't understand you, sir,—your wife?—what, does that lady intend to have two husbands?

Don P. Young gentleman, pray come with me; here has been a small mistake. Your supposed death—but I'll explain every thing to you within—depend upon it I shall fulfil my engagements.

Fer. But hark'ee, sir, I suppose you are a cavalier of honour, and don't imagine that the affections of a young lady are thrown into the bargain when the old folks are pleased to strike up a contract—you'll ask Donna Leonora's consent, I hope.

Clara. I don't know that. People of fashion never embarrass themselves with such vulgar ideas. Lawyers do all that's necessary on such occasions; if the conveyances are right, affection and that old stuff, follow of course, you know.

Don S. I suppose he'd marry a mermaid if there was a good fishing bank entailed upon her.

Clara. Sir, I have not been so unsuccessful in galantry, as to apprehend that the lady will object to me.

Fer. Sir, I perceive you have a very favourable

opinion of yourself; but it would be more to the purpose if you could persuade the lady to have the same partiality. But, sir, a word in your ear. You and I must talk of this matter in another place; you understand me. *[Touches his Sword, and exit.*

Don S. Bravo! well said—he's a chip of the old block—Don Pedro, or brother-in-law that was to be, you and I must talk of this matter in another place—you understand me.

[Touches his Sword, and Exit.

Don P. Oh Lord! oh Lord!

Clara. But, charming Leonora, these gallants are so warm, they have not allowed you an opportunity to speak for yourself. What do you say to me, fair creature?

Leon. I say that I look at you with horror, and that my evil genius sent you here to destroy my happiness. *[Exit.*

Don P. What will become of me! I shall have a quarrel with that old ruffian in spite of me. I'll after him, and try what can be done with my daughter by coaxing: if that fails, I must even have recourse to the old fatherly expedients of locking up, and a diet of bread and water.

Clara. Hold a moment—for heaven's sake no harshness. Leave your daughter to me a little time, and my attention may, perhaps, bring her to reason. But in the interim, sir, as I have occasion for some ready cash, and my letters of credit are upon you, I must trouble you for two hundred pistoles.

Don P. With pleasure, sir. I have not so much cash about me, but if you will take the trouble just to step into the next street—

Clara. I am much obliged to you, and will take the liberty to send my servant. I can depend upon his honesty. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Changes to the Hotel.*

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. Well, I know not how this will end for other folks, but it has had a very promising beginning for me already—a hundred pistoles for keeping a secret, which I could not get a maravedi for discovering. Then there can be no fault found with my charges or my entertainment, though I serve up crows for partridges, and a delicate ram-cat for a fricasee of rabbits. But here comes my adventurer.

Enter to him CLARA.

Clara. Borachio! a word with you! As you know who I am, 'tis to no purpose to make a secret of any part of my history: my brother, you know, is dead, died at Salamanca; but you don't yet understand why I have assumed his sex and character.

Bora. I shall be glad to learn it, my sweet young lady; especially if I can be of any service to you.

Clara. My poor brother made too free with some choice wine at a vento near Salamanca. Octavio, my lover, happened to be of the party; a quarrel ensued between my brother's company and a set of strangers, who had just arrived at the same place; in the fray my brother was run through the body, and left dead on the spot; the officers of justice had orders to search for, and seize all who were present as principals in the murder; to avoid the pursuit, Octavio, as I was informed, fled hither; and with the wardrobe, credentials, and the name of my brother, here I have followed him.

Bora. Ay, madam, you was always a young lady of spirit, and 'egad! I love spirit: and though I was never to touch a pistole of the other purse you was pleased to promise me, I would no more tell your secret than I would tell my guests my own secret, how

I turn Alicant into Burgundy, and sour cyder into Champagne of the first growth of France.

Clara. I rely upon you. But I wish to see my apartment; pray enquire for my servant, and bid him come to me immediately. I ordered him to wait for me near the Prado.

Bora. May I ask where you picked up that fellow?

Clara. I found him on my journey. He's an odd mixture of simplicity and cunning; but I have no reason to suspect his honesty, and that's the quality for which at present I have most occasion. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Hotel.*

LAZARILLO *alone.*

Lazar. My master desired me to wait for him in the street, but I see no sign of him—'tis twelve by the clock, but by my guts at least four. There is no watch, clock, or pendulum in the city, that points to the dining hour with more certainty than the mechanism of my bowels: I feel a craving that must be satisfied. Odzooks! what a delicate flavour of roast, boiled, and baked, issues from these purlieus! the very smell is enough to create an appetite. Ay, that way lies the kitchen—I know it by the attraction of the odour. I'll down—but hold, not a sous, by Fortune; my purse is as empty as my belly.

Enter OCTAVIO, a drunken Porter following with a Portmanteau.

Octa. Come along, you drunken rascal!

Por. Not a step further without payment.

Octa. Why, scoundrel! would you have your hire before you earn it?

Por. Ay, that I would—as I'd like to make sure of my straw before I was to sleep on it—pay me directly, or here I stick as fast as a mule up to the girths in the mire.

Octa. Carry in the portmanteau—there's the door, carry in the portmanteau—'tis not three yards, you sot you.

Por. Sot in your teeth—pay me.

[*Throws down the portmanteau.*]

Lazar. What's this! egad, I may get something by it—it has an omen of dinner—I smell beef in it. [*Goes up to the Porter.*] Why, you drunken, staggering, sputtering beast of burden, with two legs and no conscience, how dare you prate so saucily to a gentleman? reel off, or I'll teach you manners.

[*Beats off the Porter, and then carries in the portmanteau.*]

Octa. A good smart fellow—that looks like a servant; if he has no master, I'll hire him.

Re-enter LAZARILLO.

Come hither, friend—do you know me?

Lazar. No, sir, I only know that you are a gentleman—that is, I don't know you are a gentleman, but I have a strong suspicion of it. You look for all the world as if you would not let a man who wanted his dinner, and had an excellent stomach, go without it.

Octa. Are you acquainted with the tavern?

Lazar. I think I am very well acquainted with it. The cellars are full of old wine, the larder full of butcher's meat and poultry—'twould make a man's mouth water but to look at them. Sir, does your honour smell nothing?

Octa. Smell!—no.

Lazar. Lord bless me, sir! why, there are such steams from savoury pies, such a fumette from plump partridges, and roasting pigs, that I think I can distinguish them as easily as I know a rose from a pink, or jonquil from a cauliflower.

Octa. Are you at present in service? have you any master?

Lazar. [*Aside.*] I'll tell a bouncing lie, and disown my master.—No, sir.

Octa. You seem to be a ready intelligent fellow—will you be my servant?

Lazar. Will I eat when I'm hungry? will I sleep when I'm weary? can your honour doubt it? command me, sir, from one extremity of the kingdom to the other; give me but as much as will keep cold air out of my stomach, and I can never tire in your service. Then, as for wages, to be sure my last master was a very princely sort of a gentleman—he gave me, sir—

Octa. No matter what—I sha'n't be more difficult to please, or less generous to reward, than he was. What's your name?

Lazar. Lazarillo, sir.

Octa. I will employ you immediately. Go to the post-house—take this pistole—enquire if there are any letters for Don Octavio, of Salamanca, and bring them here to me. [OCTAVIO goes in.

LAZARILLO *alone.*

Well done, Lazarillo; between two stools they say a certain part of a man comes to the ground; but 'tis hard, indeed, if I don't take care of myself between two masters.

Enter to him CLARA and BORACHIO.

Clara. So, my gentleman, this is your attention to my commands? I ordered you to wait for me at the Prado: I might have looked for you, it seems, till morning, if by mere accident I had not found you here.

Lazar. By your honour's leave, I waited for you till my very bowels began to yearn; such a craving came upon me, that had pikes, pistols, and petteraroes opposed my passage, I could not avoid entering the house in hopes of—

Clara. No prating. Go directly, order my baggage to be brought hither, then run to the post, and enquire

if there are any letters for Don Felix, or Donna Clara, of Salamanca, and bring them to me directly.

Lazar. Here, sir?

Clara. Yes, here to this hotel. [*Exit.*

Lazar. [*Aside.*] Zounds! what shall I do with my other master

Bora. The post-office is but in the next street; if you should miss your way returning, enquire for me.

Lazar. For you! and pray, who are you, sir?

Bora. Joseph Borachio, the master of the Eagle: every body knows me.

Lazar. So, sir, you are master of this house?

Bora. I am.

Lazar. Then you are a happy man. I had a respect for the roundness of your belly, and the illumination of your nose, the first glimpse I had of you; but now my respect is increased to adoration. If you leave money for masses for your soul, take my advice, get the fathers, instead of praying you out of purgatory into Paradise, to pray you back into your own kitchen. In my opinion, no Paradise can be superior to it. [*Exit.*

Enter OCTAVIO, at an opposite Door to BORACHIO.

Octa. If this be true that Felix is still alive, I need conceal myself no longer: you say you saw him?

Bora. Saw him! yes, sir; saw him and conversed with him.

Octa. A very sudden recovery! but since 'tis so, I have no business here; I'll just send for my letters, and then back to Salamanca. Borachio!

Bora. Sir!

Octa. Let me have horses ready, I shall set out this evening.

Bora. This evening! why your honour has had no time to refresh yourself. Our roads of late are none of the safest after sun-set. Why, sir, not above a week ago, a calash of mine with a young cavalier and

his new-married bride, were attacked on the road by six of the most desperate banditti that ever cried stand to a traveller.

Octa. Indeed !

Bora. Too true, sir. Two of my best mules were shot dead at the first discharge of their carbines ; they wounded the gentleman, stunned my drivers, and rifled the poor young lady in a terrible manner. In truth, your honour had better not think of venturing till morning, when you have the day fairly before you.

Octa. No, hang it ! such fellows seldom attack a single traveller ; besides, if your horses are good, I think I could out-gallop them.

Bora. I'll answer for the horses, better never came out of Andalusia : they have straw up to their withers, and barley they may bury their ears in : poor dumb beasts, I take as much care of them, and love them as well, as if they were my fellow Christians.

Octa. What noise is that ? away, landlord, and order the horses. [*Exit.*

Enter LAZARILLO, with Porters following him.

Lazar. This way, this way, my lads—what the deuce, my last master's here still ! [*To the Porters.*] Fall back, rascals, and wait for me in the passage.

[*Exeunt Porters.*

Octa. Lazarillo !

Lazar. Sir !

Octa. I shall set out for Salamanca presently.

Lazar. Before dinner, sir ?

Octa. Yes, directly.

Lazar. Mercy on me ! no pity on my stomach. Truly, sir, I am but a bad traveller on an empty belly ; I get such whims and vertigoes, the wind plays such vagaries in the hollow crannies of my entrails, that you would have more trouble with me than if I were a sick baboon.

Octa. I sent you to the post ; where are my letters ? quick, quick—what are you fumbling about ?

Lazar. Patience, sir, a little patience. I thought I put them into this pocket—no, they are not there—then they must be in the other pocket. [*Aside.*] The letters are so unwilling to come out for fear they should be obliged to bear witness against me ; I have mixed the letters of both my masters, and curse me if I know which I ought to give him.

Octa. You tedious booby ! where are my letters ?

Lazar. Here, sir, here are three of them ; but they are not all for your honour. I'll tell you, sir, how I came by them. As I was going to the post, I met an old fellow-servant, who happened to be in a great hurry upon another errand, and he desired me to ask for his master's letters, and keep them for him. One of them belongs to him, but which I don't know, for to tell you the truth, sir, my parents found I had such fine natural parts, they would not throw away money in having me taught any thing, so reading was left out among some other accomplishments in my education.

Octa. Let me see them. I'll take my own, and give you back what belongs to your friend's master. [*Takes the Letters.*] What's this ? to Donna Clara—in Granada !

Lazar. Have you found the letter, sir, that belongs to my comrade ?

Octa. Who is your comrade ?

Lazar. An old fellow-servant of mine ; a very honest fellow, I have known him from a boy, when he was not this high, please your honour.

Octa. His name, puppy ?

Lazar. His name, sir—his name—Lopez, sir—

Octa. Where does this Lopez live ?

Lazar. Starve me if I can tell, sir.

Octa. How then could you know where to carry him the letter ?

Lazar. Oh, for that matter, sir, I'll tell your honour that in a moment.

Octa. Well, out with it.

Lazar. [*Putting his hand to his cheek.*] Deuce take it! I am stung to the bone I believe.

Octa. What's the matter?

Lazar. A muskito, sir, a little peevish, whizzing, blood-sucking vermin!

Octa. Where, I say, were you to meet Lopez?

Lazar. I ask pardon, sir—in the Piazza.

Octa. What am I to think of this?

Lazar. Dear Fortune—get me out of this puzzle—
[*Aside.*] Won't your honour give me my comrade's letter?

Octa. No, I have occasion for it; I must open it.

Lazar. Open another gentleman's letter! why, sir, 'tis reckoned one of the most unmannerly pieces of friendship a gentleman can be guilty of.

Octa. Peace, I say—I am too much interested to mind forms at present. [*Reads.*

“ Madam,

“ Your sudden departure from Salamanca has occasioned the greatest consternation among your friends. They have made all possible enquiries, and have discovered that you left this town in your brother's clothes, and the general opinion is, that you are gone in pursuit of Octavio, who was known to pay his addresses to you at Salamanca. I shall not fail to communicate any further intelligence of your affairs which comes to my knowledge, and I remain with great respect,
Manuel.”

Lazar. He little cares what may happen to me from his curiosity. [*Aside.*

Octa. Clara fled from Salamanca, and in pursuit of me! find this Lopez instantly, bring him here, and I'll reward him for his intelligence.

Lazar. Yes, sir, give me the letter that belongs to him. But how am *I* to account for its being opened? This may bring an imputation upon my honour, about which I am amazingly punctilious.

Octa. Your honour, mongrel! say the letter was opened by mistake, and instantly find Lopez. [*Exit.*]

LAZARILLO alone.

Lazar. Find Lopez! 'gad if I do I shall be a lucky fellow, for I know no such person. Lazarillo, thou hast a head-piece never fails thee at a pinch: if I could but read and write, I'd turn author, and invent tales and story-books. But what the deuce shall I say about opening the letter? let me see! is there no way to disguise it? I remember my mother used to make wafers with bread and water. I have a few crumbs in my pocket, and with a little mouth-moistening—I don't see why it should not answer; here goes for an experiment. [*Takes bread out of his Pocket, and chews it.*] Gadzooks! it has slipped down my throat—it would not go against nature. My mouth's like the hole of a till, whatever goes in falls to the bottom. I'll take more care this time. There it is—[*Seals the Letter*]. I think it will do. After all, what signifies how a letter's sealed, provided he likes the contents of it.

Enter CLARA.

Clara. Was you at the post? did you get my letter?

Lazar. Yes, sir, there it is. [*Gives the Letter.*]

Clara. Why this letter has been opened.

Lazar. Impossible.

Clara. I say it has, and here it has been patched up again with a piece of bread.

Lazar. Egad, that's very extraordinary.

Clara. Confess, villain, what-trick has been played with my letter—the truth instantly, or—

[*Seizing him.*]

Lazar. Hold, sir, have a little patience, and I'll tell the truth: if you frighten me, I shall never be able to tell it.

Clara. Quick then, this moment.

Lazar. Then, sir, it was I opened it.

Clara. Impudent varlet! for what purpose?

Lazar. A mistake, nothing but a mistake, as I am a Christian: I thought it was directed to me, and I opened it.

Clara. And read it?

Lazar. No, sir, no, upon my veracity, I read nothing but the first word, and finding it was not for me, I clapped in a wafer directly just as your honour sees it.

Clara. You are sure no other person saw it?

Lazar. Sure of it! I'll take my oath. As I am an honest man, as I hope to die in my bed—if your honour has a book about you, I'll swear by it. Any other person! no, no,—lord, sir, I never was so much grieved in my life as when it was opened, I gave myself a great knock in the head for vexation. I believe you may see the mark of it here just over my left eye-brow.

[*CLARA reads the Letter.*]

Lazar. There's something in that letter does not please him. I shall have enough to do to manage my two masters.

Clara. There are the keys of my baggage, get my things ready for dressing.

[*Exit.*]

Enter DON PEDRO, at an opposite Door.

Don P. Is your master at home?

Lazar. No, sir.

Don P. Do you expect him back to dinner?

Lazar. O yes, by all means, sir.

Don P. Give him this purse when he returns, with my compliments—there are two hundred pistoles in it.—I shall wait upon him myself in the evening.

[*Gives a Purse to LAZARILLO, and exit.*]

Lazar. Yes, sir—but curse me if I know which of my masters 'tis intended for. I'll offer it to the first of them I see, and if it does not belong to him, I suppose he won't take it.

Enter OCTAVIO.

Octa. Have you found Lopez?

Lazar. No, sir, not yet, but I have found a better thing for you.

Octa. A better thing! what's that?

Lazar. Only a purse—full of money. I believe there are two hundred pistoles in it.

Octa. I suppose it was left by my banker.

Lazar. You expected money, sir?

Octa. Yes, I left a letter of credit with him.

Lazar. Oh, then there can be no doubt it was left for you, sir. Give it to your master, says he—yes, sir, says I; so there's the money.

Octa. Hold! lock up this money till I want it—take care—put it up safely, for I shall soon have occasion for it. But go find Lopez, and bring him to me immediately. [*Exit.*]

Lazar. [*Alone.*] Go find Lopez, and bring him to me immediately—but where I shall find him, is another matter—I'll go look for what I am sure of finding, a good dinner. What a fortunate fellow was I not to make any mistake about the money!—if a man takes care in great matters, small matters will take care of themselves—or if they should go wrong, if the gusts of ill-luck should make his vessel drive a little, honesty is a sheet-anchor, and always brings him up to his birth again. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—DON PEDRO'S *House*.

Enter CLARA and LEONORA.

Clara. I have told you my story ; I rely upon your honour, you will not discover me.

Leon. Don't fear me. You have relieved me from such anxiety by your friendly confidence, that I would rather die than betray you ; nay, what is still more, I would rather lose my lover.

Clara. Of that there can be no danger ; let matters proceed to the utmost, the discovery of my sex puts an end, at once, to any impediment from my claim to you.

Leon. But may I not tell Ferdinand ?

Clara. No. Pray indulge me ; a secret burns in a single breast ; it is just possible that two may keep it, but if 'tis known to a third, I might as well tell it to the crier, and have it proclaimed at the great door of every church in Granada.

Leon. Well, you shall be obeyed ; depend upon it I will be faithful to you. Men give themselves strange airs about our sex : we are so unaccustomed, they say, to be trusted, that our vanity of a confidence shews we are unworthy of it.

Clara. No matter what they say ; I think half of their superiority lies in their beards and their doublets.

Don P. [*Within.*] Leonora !

Leon. My father calls me ; farewell, dear Clara ! should you want my assistance, you know you may command me. *Exit.*

Enter FERDINAND.

Fer. So, sir, I have found you. Do you know me, sir?

Clara. I have so many acquaintance whom I should wish *not* to know, that I don't like to answer that question suddenly.

Fer. Do you take me for a sharper, youngster?

Clara. Sharpers wear good clothes.

Fer. And puppies wear long swords.—What means that piece of steel dangling there by thy effeminate side? Is thy soft hand too weak to touch it? Death! to be rivalled by a puppet, by a thing made of cream! Why, thou compound of fringe, lace, and powder, darrest thou pretend to win a lady's affections? answer, stripling, can'st thou fight for a lady?

Clara. [*Aside.*] He's a terrible fellow! I quake every inch of me; but I must put a good face upon it—I'll try what speaking big will do—[*Advancing to him.*] Why, yes, Captain Terrible; do you suppose I am to be daunted by your blustering? Bless me! if a long stride, a fierce brow, and a loud voice, were mortal, which of us should live to twenty? I'd have you to know, damn me——

Fer. Draw your sword, draw your sword, thou amphibious thing! If you have the spirit of a man, let me see how you will prove it— [Draws.]

Clara. Oh, Lord! what will become of me! hold, hold, for heaven's sake! what, will nothing but fighting satisfy you?—I'll do any thing in reason—don't be so hasty.

Fer. Oh, thou egregious dastard! you won't fight, then?

Clara. No, by no means. I'll settle this matter in another way.—[*Aside.*] What will become of me?

Fer. Thy hand shakes so, thou wilt not be able to sign a paper, though it were ready for thee; therefore, observe what I say to you.

Clara. Yes, sir.

Fer. And if thou darest to disobey, or murmur at the smallest article—

Clara. Yes, sir.

Fer. First then, own thou art a coward.

Clara. Yes, sir.

Fer. Unworthy of Leonora.

Clara. Yes, sir.

Fer. Return instantly to Salamanca.

Clara. [*Seeing LEONORA.*] Ha, Leonora! not till I have chastised you for your insolence. [*Draws,*

Enter LEONORA, and runs between them.

Leon. Heavens! what do I see! fighting! for shame, Ferdinand! draw your sword on a—stranger!
[*She holds FERDINAND.*

Fer. Don't hold me.

Clara. Hold him fast, madam—you can't do him a greater kindness.

Fer. [*Struggling.*] Dear Leonora!

Clara. Thou miserable coward! thou egregious dastard! thou poltroon! by what name shall I call thee?

Fer. Do you hear him, Leonora?

Clara. Hold him fast, madam—I am quite in a fever with my rage at him. Madam, that fellow never should pretend to you: he was just ready to sign a paper I had prepared for him, renouncing all right and title to you.

Fer. [*To LEONORA.*] By heaven you injure me!

Clara. He had just consented to leave this city, and was actually upon his knees to me for mercy.

Fer. Can I bear this?

Leon. Patience, dear Ferdinand.

Clara. When seeing you coming, he plucked up a little spirit, because he knew you would prevent us, and drawing out his unwilling sword, which hung dangling like a dead weight by his side there, he began to flourish it about just as I do now, madam.

Fer. Nothing shall restrain me—loose me, or by

my wrongs, I shall think you are confederate with him. Now, madam, I see why you were so anxious to prevent me from chastising that coxcomb. It was not your love of me, but your fears for him—ungrateful woman!

Leon. Dear Ferdinand, rely upon it you are mistaken—don't trust appearances.

Fer. Incomparable sex! we are their fools so often, they think nothing too gross to pass upon us—'sdeath! weathercocks, wind, and feathers, are nothing. Woman, woman, is the true type of mutability—and to be false to me for such a thing as that—I could cut such a man out of a sugared cake—I believe a confectioner made him.

Leon. Have you done yet?

Fer. No, nor ever shall till you satisfy me. Then adieu—you shall see me no more, but you shall hear of me. I'll find your Narcissus, that precious flower-pot. I'll make him an example. All the wrongs I have suffered from you shall be revenged on him. My name shall be as terrible to all future coxcombs, as broad day-light to a decayed beauty, or a wet Sunday to a powdered citizen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Changes to the Hotel.*

Two Doors are placed obliquely, at opposite Sides of the Stage, as entrances to different Chambers. Table and Chairs.

Enter LAZARILLO.

Lazar. I have often heard that gentlemen, that is fine gentlemen, had no conscience; but I believe the truth is, they have no stomachs: they seem to think of every thing but eating, and, for my part, I think of nothing else. But here comes one of my masters.

Enter CLARA, with a Paper.

Clara. Has Don Pedro been here to enquire for me?

Lazar. Truly, sir, I can't tell.

Clara. Was he here?

Lazar. Ay, that he was certainly.

Clara. Did he leave nothing with you for me?

Lazar. Not that I know of.

Clara. What, no money?

Lazar. Money!

Clara. Ay, money. I expected a purse with two hundred pistoles.

Lazar. I believe I have made a small mistake. The purse belongs to this master, and I gave it to the other. [*Aside.*] Are you certain you expected a purse with two hundred pistoles?

Clara. Certain—yes—what does the fellow stare at?

Lazar. You are sure they were not for another gentleman that shall be nameless?

Clara. Is the booby drunk?

Lazar. It must be with wind then. Why, sir, I did receive a purse with the sum you mention, and from Don Pedro, but whether it was intended for you is a point that requires some consideration.

Clara. What did Don Pedro say to you?

Lazar. I'll tell you, sir. Friend, says Don Pedro, there are two hundred pistoles for your master.

Clara. Well, dolt-head! and who is your master?

Lazar. There's the point now—there's the puzzle. Ah, sir, there are many things you would not find it easy to explain, though you was educated at Salamanca, and are no doubt a great scholar.

Clara. Give me the money, fool; and no more of your impertinence.

Lazar. There it is, sir. Heaven do you good with it: I think I know some people who would be glad of just that sum, especially if they thought they had a right to it.

Clara. No more—I expect Don Pedro. Bid Borachio get a good dinner; and here, take this letter of credit, lock it up carefully, I shall have occasion for

a good deal of cash, and this way 'tis most portable : be careful of it, and make no mistakes ; I expect dinner to be ready as soon as I return. *[Exit.]*

LAZARILLO, alone.

You shall not wait a moment. This is the pleasantest order I have yet received from either of my masters. Here comes Borachio—I'll try if my host understands any thing of a table.

Enter BORACHIO.

Signior Borachio, or Master Borachio, or Don Joseph de Borachio, you come most opportunely. We must have a dinner immediately.

Bora. Name your hour. I am always prepared ; two hours hence, an hour, half an hour ;—my cooks are the readiest fellows—

Lazar. Ay, but this must not be one of your everyday dinners, the first thing comes to hand, tossed up and warmed over again, neither hot nor cold, like a day in the beginning of April—that's villainous.

Bora. Do you think I have kept the first tavern in the city so long, not to know how to please a gentleman ?

Lazar. Some gentlemen are easily pleased ; other gentlemen are hard to be pleased ; now I'm of the latter order.

Bora. Gentleman, forsooth !

Lazar. A gentleman's gentleman : that is, my master's master in most things, but in the business of his eating, absolute and uncontrolable : but come, Master Borachio, let us have your idea of a dinner.

Bora. Two courses, to be sure.

Lazar. Two courses and a desert.

Bora. Five in the first, and seven in the second.

Lazar. Good.

Bora. Why, in the middle I would have a rich savoury soup.

Lazar. Made with craw-fish—good!

Bora. At the top, two delicate white trout, just fresh from the river.

Lazar. Good! excellent! go on, go on.

Bora. At the bottom, a roast duck

Lazar. A duck! a scavenger! an unclean bird! a waddling glutton; his bill is a shovel, and his body but a dirt cart: away with your duck—let me have a roast turkey, plump and full-breasted, his craw full with marrow.

Bora. You shall have it.

Lazar. Now for the side dishes.

Bora. At one side stewed venison, at the other an English plum-pudding.

Lazar. An English plum-pudding! that's a dish I am a stranger to. Now, Signior Borachio, to your second course.

Bora. Roast lamb at the top, partridge at the bottom, jelly and omlette on one side, pig and ham at the other, and Olla Podrida in the middle.

Lazar. All wrong, all wrong,—what should be at the top you put at the bottom, and two dishes of pork at the same side. It won't do—it will never do, I tell you.

Bora. How would you have it? I can order it no better.

Lazar. It will never do. Mind, I don't find fault with the things; the things are good enough, very good, but half the merit of a service consists in the manner in which you put it on the table. Pig and ham at the same side! why you might as well put a Hebrew Jew into the same stall at church with the Grand Inquisitor. Mind me, do but mind me; see now, suppose this floor was the table. [*Goes upon one Knee, and tears the Paper left him by his Master.*] Here's the top, and there's the bottom—put your partridge here, [*Places a piece of the Paper.*] your lamb there, [*Another piece of the Paper.*] there's top and bot-

tom—Your jelly in the middle [*Another piece of the Paper.*] Olla Podrida and pig at this side together, [*Two pieces of the Paper.*] and the omlette and ham at this —[*two pieces more of the Paper.*] There's a table laid out for you as it should be—

[*Looking at it with great satisfaction.*]

Enter CLARA and DON PEDRO.

Clara. Hey-day! what are you about on your knees there?

Lazar. Shewing mine host how to lay out your honour's dinner: I'm no novice at these matters—I'll venture a wager—there are the dishes.

Clara. Get up, puppy—what's this? as I live, the letter of credit I left with him to put up for me, all torn to pieces!

Lazar. Oh the devil! I was so full of the dinner, every thing else slipped out of my memory. [*Aside.*] Upon my soul, sir, I quite forgot it. I was so taken up about the main chance, I quite forgot the value of the paper.

Clara. Dolt! idiot! a letter of credit for no less than four hundred pistoles—what amends can you make for such unconceivable stupidity?

Bora. [*To LAZARILLO.*] The merit of a dinner consists, you know, in the manner in which you put the things on the table. This is a confounded dear dinner, truly.

Lazar. Plague upon it, it was your fault, and not mine; it never would have happened if you had served up the course properly—pig and ham at the same side! Such a blunder was never heard of. [*Exit BORA.*]

Clara. [*To DON PEDRO.*] What can I do with this fellow?

Don P. The mischief is not without remedy. You must take up the pieces, join them, and paste them on a sheet of paper. Your bankers won't refuse it.

Clara. Hear you—do you understand Don Pedro?

Lazar. Perfectly. But in truth, sir, Borachio's stupidity was enough to drive every thing out of one's memory. He wanted, sir—

Clara. Silence! take these fragments, and join them as Don Pedro directed you. Make haste, and attend at dinner.

Lazar. Yes, sir. They'll make twenty mistakes if I am not present to direct them. [Exit.

Don P. Really, young gentleman, nothing could be more à-propos than your arrival. A day's delay longer had lost you your mistress, and a good portion into the bargain. Have you seen any thing of Ferdinand, your rival, since?

Clara. Yes, and was upon the point of a most desperate combat; but your daughter stepped in, and he ran to her for protection: but I frightened him soundly.

Don P. Indeed!

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. Gentlemen, your dinner will be ready in less than half an hour.

Don P. Half an hour! can't you get it sooner? to say the truth, I'm a little hungry.

Bora. What was ordered for you can't be ready sooner.

Clara. Let us have any thing that's ready. Appetite's the best sauce. What say you, Don Pedro?

Don P. Ay, ay—better than all the cooks in France. [Exeunt.

Enter LAZARILLO with a Nakpin under his Arm.

Lazar. Here, waiters! waiters! what, are the fellows deaf? I knew nothing would be done till I got among them.

Enter First Waiter, with a Dish.

1 Wait. Who calls? here——

Lazar. What have you got there? where are you going?

1 Wait. To carry it to your master.

Lazar. What is it?

1 Wait. I don't know, the cook made it, not I.

Lazar. Put it down, I'll carry it myself.

[Exit 1 Waiter.

It smells well—what is it? I'll try. *[Takes a spoon out of his Pocket.]* Like a good soldier, or good surgeon, I never go without my arms and my instruments. *[Tastes the Dish.]* Excellent, faith—I'll try it again—better and better—but here it goes for master.

OCTAVIO meets him as he is carrying in the Dish.

Lazar. Cursed ill luck, here's my other master.

Octa. Where are you going?

Lazar. Going, sir—sir, I was going—I was going to carry this in for your honour's dinner.

Octa. Carry in my dinner, before you knew I was come home!

Lazar. Lord! sir, I knew you was coming home. I happened just now to pop my head out of the window, and saw you walking down the street, so I thought you would like to have your dinner on the table the moment you came in.

Octa. What have you got there?

Lazar. 'Tis a kind of a fricasee, very good, I promise you.

Octa. Let me have soup—what, do you bring meat before soup, you blockhead!

Lazar. Lord, sir, nothing so common. In some parts of the world soup is the very last thing brought to the table.

Octa. That's not my custom—carry that back, and order some soup immediately.

Lazar. Yes, sir.

Octa. How unfortunate! to have searched so much, and to have heard nothing of Clara. *[Exit.*

LAZARILLO, pretending to go down, returns.

Now I may carry this to my first master.

[Goes into CLARA'S Chamber.

Enter Second Waiter with a Dish.

2 Wait. Where is this man? Lazarillo!

Lazar. *[Running out.]* Who calls? here I am.

2 Wait. Carry this to your master. *[Exit Waiter.*

Lazar. That I will—give it to me. I'll carry it to the first. *[Going towards CLARA'S Chamber, is called to OCTAVIO'S.]* What do you want? here I am.

Enter First Waiter with a Dish.

1 Wait. Here's a dish for your master.

Lazar. You're an honest fellow. Come, stir, stir, get the soup as fast as possible. *[Exit Waiter.]* If I can have the good fortune to serve them both without being discovered—

[Going towards CLARA'S Chamber, is called from OCTAVIO'S.

Octa. *[Within.]* Lazarillo!

Lazar. Coming! Coming!

Enter Second Waiter with a Dish.

2 Wait. Where is this strange fellow, Lazarillo?

Lazar. Who calls? here I am.

2 Wait. Do you attend one table, and we'll take care of the other.

Lazar. Not at all, not at all, I'll take care of them both. *[Exit Waiter.*

Clara. *[From within.]* Lazarillo!

Lazar. Here.

Octa. *[Within.]* Lazarillo!

Lazar. Patience, a little patience. Coming!

Enter First Waiter with a Dish.

1 *Wait.* Master—what's your name, here's a pudding

Lazar. A pudding! What pudding?

1 *Wait.* An English plum-pudding.

Lazar. Lay it down, lay it down. [*Exit Waiter.*]

This is a stranger, I must be civil to him. He looks like a Mulatto in the small-pox. Let's try how he tastes. [*Takes out his Spoon.*] Excellent! Admirable! rich as marrow, and strong as brandy. [*Eats again.*] This is meat and drink, no trusting outsides. This leopard-like pudding is most divine, I can't part with it, [*Eats again, and sits down.*]

Enter CLARA with a Cane.

Clara. I must get another servant. This fellow minds nothing. Where are you, rascal? [*Sees him.*] There he is cramming himself instead of attending me.

Octa. [*Within.*] Lazarillo!

Lazar. [*Speaking with his mouth full.*] In a moment, in a moment.

Clara. What are you about there? don't you see me?

Lazar. I was just—tasting this pudding for you—I promise you, sir—you'll like it.

Clara. Why, 'tis all gone.

Lazar. It slips down so fast, sir, you can't tell the taste of it till you eat a good deal.

Clara. [*Beats him.*] Taste that, and that, and that—

Lazar. Hold, hold, sir, for heaven's sake! take care, sir! you have no right to more than one half of me, t'other belongs to another gentleman—oh! oh! oh!

Enter OCTAVIO.

Octa. What's this! beating my servant! Loose

your hold, sir! what right have you to strike my servant? a blow to the fellow who receives my wages, is an affront to me. You must account with me for this.

Clara. [*Seeing OCTAVIO.*] By all my hopes, Octavio!

Lazar. [*Aside.*] If this comes to a duel, and one of them falls, I am for the survivor.

Octa. You look surprised, sir! what, is this doctrine new to you?

Clara. I am not much accustomed to menaces from those lips; do you not know me, Octavio?

Octa. Know you!

Clara. Is my voice a stranger to you? must you have stronger proofs that I am Clara—if so, let this convince you.

Octa. O unexpected happiness! Art thou, indeed, my Clara? the same sincere, faithful, generous Clara, I knew and loved at Salamanca?

Clara. The same, the very same. Don Pedro's in the next room; I'll step and explain what has happened, and send immediately for Leonora and Ferdinand. [*Exit.*]

Lazar. May I take the liberty of offering my poor congratulations on this joyful occasion? Will you believe it, sir, I had a sort of an inkling, a divining, that something of this kind would happen; for I dreamt all last night of cats and dogs and a spread eagle.

Octa. Your dreams, I hope, go by contraries; and you shall be a witness of our harmony, for I intend to keep you in my service.

Enter CLARA, PEDRO, LEONORA, SANCHE, and FERDINAND.

Don P. Joy, joy, I give you joy, this discovery has saved us all a great deal of perplexity. Our only strife now shall be, who will fill the greatest quan-

tity of bumpers to the felicity of this double gemini of turtles.

Don S. Brother-in-law that is to be, give me your hand : we will presently drown all animosities in a bottle of honest Borachio's Burgundy.

LAZARILLO steps forward.

Lazar. To serve two masters long I strove in vain,
Hard words or blows were all my toils could gain;
But their displeasure now no more can move,
If you [*To the Audience,*] my kinder masters, but approve.

[Exeunt.]

THE DESERTER,

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

BY

MR CHARLES DIBDIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ!

HENRY,	<i>Mr Inledon.</i>
RUSSET,	<i>Mr Darley.</i>
SIMKIN,	<i>Mr Simmons.</i>
SKIRMISH,	<i>Mr Munden.</i>
FLINT,	<i>Mr Davenport.</i>

Soldiers, Abbot, Dubois, Lee, Curties, King, and Street.

LOUISA,	<i>Miss Mortimer.</i>
JENNY,	<i>Miss Martyr.</i>
MARGARET,	<i>Mrs Whitmore.</i>

THE
D E S E R T E R.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Cottage, with a View of the French Camp at a distance.*

MARGARET *knitting*, and JENNY *spinning at the door of the Cottage*: SIMKIN and other Villagers come on with Baskets of Fruit.

AIR I.

Sim. I can't for my life guess the cause of this fuss,
Why there's pipers and fiddlers; while Robin and
Harry,
And Clodpole and Roger, and ten more of us,
Have pull'd as much fruit as we are able to carry.

Marg. Why, numskull, that's nothing; her ladyship's wine,
All over the village, runs just like a fountain;
And I heard the folks say, every dish, when they dine,
Will be swimming in claret, madeira, and mountain.

Jen. Then for poultry, and such like—good lord, what a
store!
I saw Goodman Gander six baskets full cramming;
Then such comfits and jellies! why one such feast
more,
Would certainly breed in the village a famine.

Chorus. What the meaning can be
We shall presently see,
For yonder's old Russet, who certainly knows ;
Be what it will,
Our wish shall be still,
Joy and health to the Duchess wherever she goes !

Sim. What can all this feasting be for ?

Jen. I'll give you while I wind up this bottom and another, and you sha'n't find it out.

Sim. Why then, if you know so well, why don't you tell us what it is ?

Jen. Ah, I thought you would none of you guess it : this grand feasting at the duchess's is because the king's coming to the camp.

Marg. Who told you so ?

Jen. I had it from Gaffer Russet himself.

Sim. Does the king come to the camp to-day ?

Marg. Why, yes, I knew that.

Sim. Then as sure as can be, I know what will happen.

Jen. Why, what will happen ?

Sim. There will be two weddings in the village before to-morrow night.

Marg. How so ?

Sim. Why, is not Henry, the young soldier, to marry Louisa, Gaffer Russet's daughter, as soon as the review's over ?

Jen. Not if I can prevent it. [*Aside.*

Marg. Well, that's but one wedding !

Sim. Yes ; but Jenny can tell you whose wedding t'other's to be.

Jen. How should I know ?

Sim. Ah, you won't say any thing before folks, because you're ashamed.

Jen. What do you mean ?

Sim. As if you did not know——

Jen. Not I, indeed.

Sim. Why, did not you promise me, that when Henry married Louisa, you'd marry me ?

Jen. Yes, yes, and I'll keep my word ; whenever Henry marries Louisa, I'll marry you.

Enter RUSSET and LOUISA.

AIR II.

Lou. Why must I appear so deceitful ?
I cannot, dear father, comply :
Ah ! could I think him so ungrateful,
With anguish I surely should die.
What so tender, at parting, he told me,
Which such joy to my bosom convey'd ;
When next he was doom'd to behold me,
Could I think would be this way repaid ?

Rus. Well, well : but, child——

Lou. Indeed, father, 'tis impossible ; I never can consent to such a thing.

Rus. Odds heart, Louisa, there's no harm in it. Neighbours, come round here, I'll tell you the whole affair ; you know what a dear good lady the duchess is.

Marg. Ah ! she's a dear good lady indeed, and we all of us ought to do every thing she orders us.

Rus. I and my family in particular ought, for many's the good thing she has given me and my old dame ; then how kind she was to all my poor children ; she stood godmother to this, and had her christened after her own name.

Sim. Louisa.

Rus. Well, now we come to the point : Henry, you know, who was bred up with my girl, and intended from his infancy for her husband, is a soldier.

Sim. So he is.

Rus. And because she has a value for every thing that belongs to me, this good lady, about three weeks ago, sent to the colonel for his discharge, that the young folks may live at home at their ease, and be as happy as the day is long.

Marg. That will be charming and comfortable for you, neighbour.

Rus. Yes: but now comes the mischief of it; what has occasioned it, I don't know; I never saw any harm of the lad, but there are always busy tongues in this village, doing people ill offices; and such reports, within these few days, have reached the duchess's ears, that she is determined to see farther into this business, before she gives Louisa the portion she promised her.

Jen. You may thank me for that. [Aside.

Lou. But he'll be here to-day; and so well I know his heart, that I'm sure he'll clear himself, to their confusion who could so vilely traduce him.

Jen. Perhaps not. [Aside.

Rus. Well, child, I am sure you can't wish it more than I do; nothing has ever pleased me so much as the thought of your coming together: I wish to see you married with all my heart. But, as I was telling you, the duchess, hearing of these reports, is determined that we shall make a trial of his affections.

Lou. Indeed, father, there's no necessity for it; he loves me most sincerely.

Rus. Nay, nay, child, I really think your love carries you too much away in this affair; it can do no harm; 'tis only an innocent frolic: you are to make believe as if you were a bride: and let me see who—oh, you shall be the bridegroom.

Sim. Shall I! I'cod I'm glad of that.

Rus. But above all, I must instruct you, Jenny, in your part; you are to sit here, and tell Henry, when he comes, that Louisa and Simkin were married yesterday.

Jen. The very thing I wished. [Aside.

Lou. I'm vexed to death that this trick should be played him; I can judge by myself what he'll feel! if I was told such a thing of him, how miserable I should be!

Rus. But he'll be so much the happier when he finds out the deceit, child.

AIR III.

Louisa.

Though prudence may press me,
 And duty distress me,
 Against inclination, O what can they do!
 No longer a rover,
 His follies are over;
 My heart, my fond heart, says, my Henry is true.
 The bee, thus, as changing,
 From sweet to sweet ranging,
 A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to stray;
 With rapture possessing
 In one every blessing,
 Till torn from her bosom, he flies far away.

Rus. Well, well, don't make yourself uneasy; I dare say he loves you as sincerely as he thinks he does; if so, he'll soon be undeceived, and we shall finish the day as happily as we could wish. In the mean time, let us think of what we have to do; we are to pretend we came from the church; the fiddles and bag-pipes are to go first, then the lads and lasses follow; after which, mind this now, we are to go to the duchess's mansion in grand procession, and there to be feasted like so many princes and princesses.

Sim. I'cod that will suit me nicely.—But, Gaffer Russet, Jenny says you told her the feasting was to be for the king.

Rus. For us and the king; yes, yes, the king, after he and his courtiers have had an entertainment at the duchess's, goes to review the camp, where the soldiers are all to appear under arms—ah, girls! that's what none of you know any thing about; when the king goes to the camp, then's the time—the drums beat—the fifes play—the colours are flying—and—and—Lord—Lord! what a charming thing war is!

Sim. It must be then when one comes home again, and it's all over.

Rus. 'There's no life like the life of a soldier; and then for love! let the girls take care of their hearts; I remember I won my Dorothy just after I came from such a review now as there may be to-day.

Marg. Ah, indeed, the soldiers make sad work with young women's hearts, sure enough.

Rus. And how can it be otherwise?

AIR IV.

One conducts for
Both love and war,
The point's to gain possession;
For this we watch
The enemy's coast,
Till we sleeping catch
Them on their post:
Then good bye, form;
The fort we storm,
Make towns or hearts
Surrender at discretion.
In love the only battery,
Which with success we play
To conquer hearts, is flattery:
No fortress can it's power withstand;
Neither cannons, mortars, sword in hand,
Can make such way.
As 'tis in love, so 'tis in war,
We make believe,
Mislead, deceive;
Pray, what serve drums and trumpets for,
Cannons, and all our force of arms,
But with their thund'ring alarms,
To tell, not cover, our designs?
Can these no trenches, breaches, mines,
Blockades, or ambuscades compare?
No, all agree
That policy
Is the true art militaire.

But, come, come, we must go and prepare ourselves; you have not much time to spare, and see

where he comes hurrying along there ; there, now, he clammers up yonder hill—well done, faith ! ah, your lovers have no gout to stop them. Come, child—neighbours, come along.

Lou. Cruel father !

[*Exeunt.*

Enter HENRY. Afterwards, in the wedding procession, RUSSET, SIMKIN, LOUISA, MARGARET, JENNY, and Villagers.

AIR V.

Henry.

The nymph who in my bosom reigns,
With such full force my heart enchains,
That nothing ever can impair
The empire she possesses there.
Who digs for stones of radiant ray,
Finds baser matter in his way :
The worthless load he may contemn,
But prizes still, and seeks the gem.

But I hear music ! what can this be ? all the villagers are coming this way—it seems like a wedding—I'll retire—How I envy this couple !

Rus. Charming ! he has hid himself—pretend not to see him—don't turn your head that way—he's looking at you now !

Lou. How cruel not to let me have one look !

Sim. No, you must look at nobody but me now : I am the bridegroom, you know.

Rus. Jenny, be sure you play your part well.

Jen. Never fear me—my part's a much more difficult one than they imagine. [Aside.

JENNY, who sits down to spinning, and HENRY, who comes forward during her Song.

AIR VI.

Jenny.

Somehow my spindle I mislaid,
 And lost it underneath the grass :
 Damon, advancing, bowed his head,
 And said, what seek you, pretty lass ?
 A little love, but urged with care,
 Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.

'Twas passing nigh yon spreading oak,
 That I my spindle lost just now :
 His knife then kindly Damon took,
 And from the tree he cut a bough.
 A little love, &c. &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
 While me he tenderly beheld :
 He talked of love ; I leaped for joy ;
 For, ah ! my heart did fondly yield.
 A little love, &c. &c.

Hen. Good day, young woman.

Jen. [*Sings.*] 'Twas passing nigh, &c.

Hen. Young woman !

Jen. [*Sings.*] 'Twas passing nigh, &c.

Hen. Pray, tell me, what wedding that is ?

Jen. What ! that wedding ?

Hen. Yes.

Jen. Do you want to know whose wedding it is ?

Hen. Ay, ay.

Jen. What, that wedding that went past ?

Hen. Yes, yes.

Jen. Why, 'tis a wedding in the village here.

Hen. But whose, I ask you ?

Jen. [*Sings.*]

Hen. Are you making a jest of me ? answer me, I beg of you.

Jen. Why, I do answer you, don't I ? [*Sings.*]

Hen. What, again ! whose is this wedding ? whose is it ? speak, or I'll—did I not see amongst them—distraction !—will you answer, you ?

Jen. Lord, you are so impatient! why, then, the wedding is Louisa's, old Russet's daughter, the invalid soldier.

Hen. Louisa's wedding!

Jen. Yes; she was married yesterday.

Hen. Married! good heavens! are you sure of what you say? do you know Russet?

Jen. Do I know him? to be sure, I do; why, he is bailiff to the duchess. What makes you so uneasy? you seem as if you had an interest in it.

Hen. An interest in it! oh!

Jen. Dear me, if I remember right, you are the young man that every body thought she'd be married to. O la! what wickedness there is in the world! I am sure I very sincerely pity you.

Hen. I am obliged to you for your concern.

Jen. Nay, it is not more on your own account than my own, that I am uneasy.

Hen. How so?

Jen. Why, she was not content with making you miserable, but she must make me so too: the vile wretch she's married to, has perjured himself; for he has sworn a thousand and a thousand times to marry me.

Hen. What falsehood and treachery!

Jen. If I was you, I could not bear it quietly: not but she'd brazen it all out, for I taxed her with it myself; and she only laughed in my face, and told me that you and I might go mourn together, like two turtles, the loss of our mates.

Hen. Insulting creature!

Jen. Yes; and for my part, I said to myself, says I, 'twould be a good joke to take her at her word: but then again I thought, that though revenge is sweet, yet people have their likings and their dislikings; and as for me, to be sure, I can't pretend to such a good young man as you.

Hen. [*Not regarding her.*] Infamous wretch ! Well might she keep her eyes fixed upon the ground ; but I'll see her, upbraid her with her infidelity, and leave her to the guilty reproaches of her own ungrateful heart.

Jen. Young man——

Hen. [*Returning.*] Well, what do you say ?

Jen. I believe you did not rightly hear what I said.

Hen. Oh, I have no time for trifling. [*Exit.*]

Jen. Poor soul, how he takes it to heart ! But I must follow him ; for if I lose this opportunity, I may not find it easy to get another. But stay, upon second thoughts, if I can but make a tool of Simkin, and by that means alarm Louisa, I shall every way gain my ends ; for if she once believes him capable of slighting her, I am sure she has too much spirit ever to see him again.

Enter SIMKIN.

Sim. Oh, Jenny, I am glad I have found you ; what do you think brought me away from Louisa and them ?

Jen. I neither know nor care.

Sim. Why, I was afraid you'd be jealous.

Jen. I jealous !

Sim. Why, yes, you know, because I pretended to be Louisa's husband.

Jen. No ; I'd have you to know I am not jealous ! I am only vexed to think I have been such a fool to listen to you so long, you base creature you.

Sim. If I did not think there was something the matter, by your looking so cross.

Jen. And enough to make one ; you know I can't help loving you ; and this is the way you return my affection.

Sim. Why you know 'twas only in play.

Jen. In play ! I could see plain enough how your eyes sparkled upon the bare mention of being the bridegroom.

Sim. Now, Jenny, if you would but hear me speak—

Jen. Speak! get out of my sight, you perjured wretch! I was fool enough not to credit what I heard of you; but I dare say 'tis all true.

Sim. Why, what did you hear of me?

Jen. That it was you who invented all the reports about Henry.

Sim. Me! as I am a living Christian, Jenny—

Jen. Don't say a word to me; you have made me miserable, and now you want to insult me.

Sim. Indeed I don't; you can't think now how happy I could make you, if you would only hear me three words—

Jen. Don't talk to me of happiness, for I never shall be happy as long as I live.

Sim. How dearly she loves me! what a pity it is she won't let me clear up this affair. [*To himself.*]

Jen. And then that demure little minx; oh! I could tear her eyes out! I was always afraid of it; and now I am convinced, that her pretended love for Henry was nothing but a contrivance to blind me the easier.

Sim. Dear, dear—

Jen. But, however, you have both missed your aim; for Henry behaves as he ought to do, and holds her arts in contempt; nay, he told me himself he had fixed his affections on a more worthy object.

Sim. He did!

Jen. Yes, he did; and you may go and tell her so: and as for me,

AIR VII.

Mr Simkin, I'd have you to know,
That for all your fine airs,
I'm not at my last prayers,
Nor put to it so,
That of course I must take up with you;
For I really, sir, think, that though husbands are few,
I need not go far off to seek,
For a better than you any day of the week.

To be sure, I must own, I was foolish enough,
 To believe all the tenderness, nonsense, and stuff,
 Which for ever you dinn'd in my ears ;
 And when for a while you've been out of my sight,
 The day has been comfortless, dreary at night,
 And my only companions my tears :
 But now that's all o'er ;
 I hate you, despise you, will see you no more.
[Exit JENNY.]

Sim. Why, what the deuce has got hold of her ! for my share, I believe all the folks in our village are gone mad—mad ! I'cod, I'll be hanged if any bedlamites are half so mad as folks in love. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter a Party of Soldiers, afterwards HENRY.

1 *Sol.* I'll tell you, my boys, how the matter stands ; if we can but catch hold of him, the *summum bonum* of the thing is this, he'll be first tried, and then shot.

2 *Sol.* Yes ; but suppose we don't catch hold of him ?

3 *Sol.* Why then he'll neither be tried nor shot.

4 *Sol.* No more he won't.

2 *Sol.* But I have been thinking how we shall do to know him.

1 *Sol.* Ay, you are a fool in these matters ; I'll tell you how you'll know him ; here ! here ! I've got his name and his marks. [*Reading.*] "Hannibald Firebrand, six foot and an inch high, of an orange tawny complexion, a Roman nose, and the letters R. T. burnt in the palm of his hand ;" the devil's in it if we can miss him.

3 *Sol.* Well, but you need not have taken all this pains, for you know he was your pot-companion.

1 *Sol.* Faith, I forgot that.

2 *Sol.* And would you go lift your hand against your friend ?

1 Sol. Against my friend ! ay, against my father, if he was to desert : but stay, stand by, perhaps this is he !
[*They draw back.*]

Hen. Where shall I fly ! the unhappy have no friends ! all I meet make a scoff of my sufferings.

2 Sol. It must be him.

1 Sol. Keep back.

Hen. Are the inhabitants of this place turned brutes, have they no compassion ?

1 Sol. There, you see how it is ! none of the people will screen him, they are honest, and refuse to do it ; I'll take care the king shall know what good subjects he has.

Hen. At my home, where I expected to receive so kind a welcome, I am surrounded with enemies.

1 Sol. There ! there ! he says he expected to receive a kind welcome from the enemy.

2 Sol. So he does.

Hen. To desert one so kind !

1 Sol. Ah, 'twas an infamous thing of you, sure enough.

Hen. Life is not worth keeping upon such terms, and this instant could I lay it down with pleasure.

1 Sol. Mark that !

Hen. I'll go directly, and—

1 Sol. [*Stopping him.*] Not so fast, if you please : —Hey ! why, this is not the deserter that's my friend. But no matter, one deserter's as good as another.

Hen. Do you suspect me for a deserter ?

1 Sol. No, we don't suspect you ; we know you for one.

Hen. Me ?

1 Sol. Me ? yes, you. How strange you make of this matter ! why, did we not hear you confess, that you expected a kind welcome from the enemy ?—I'll tell you what, I am not fond of making people uneasy,

but every word you have uttered will be a bullet in your guts.

Hen. What if I favour this, and so get rid of all my woes at once—Oh, Louisa, you have broke my heart!

1 Sol. What are you talking to yourself about?—Come, come, you are a deserter, and must go with us.

Hen. Shall I or not?—by heaven, I will!—I own it, I am a deserter, lead me where you please.

1 Sol. There! he confesses it, and we shall have the reward.

AIR VIII.

Henry.

I'll fly these groves, this hated shade;
 Each sound I hear, each thing I see,
 Reminds me, thou perfidious maid!
 Of vows so often made by thee.
 Blush, blush, Louisa! and look there;
 Where's now thy truth! oh, tell me where?
 Thy constancy's no more;
 And like a wretch by tempest tost,
 My peace is gone, nay, hope is lost,
 I sink in sight of shore!

1 & 2 Sol. Come, brother, come.

3 & 4 Sol. We must be gone.

Hen. Yes, yes; I'll fly to death—lead on.

1, 2, 3, & 4 Sol. Come then.

Hen. And yet, O cruel fate!

1, 2, 3, & 4 Sol. He's devilish loth.

Hen. A minute stay.

One instant, ere I'm dragged away.

1, 2, 3, & 4 Sol. You have confessed—'tis now too late.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Prison, a Table, and some old Chairs ; FLINT, who, while he speaks, puts the Stage in order ; HENRY walks about disturbed ; and afterwards SKIRMISH, who comes on as FLINT goes off the Stage.*

Flint. There's some water for you to drink ; a table and a chair, and yonder's your bed ; but if you go on at the rate you have begun, there will be no great trouble in making it—"I am a deserter, I have deserted !" I believe you'll find you had better not have confessed quite so soon:—why, what a devil of a fellow you must be ! but, come, as I said before, there's some water for you ;—and if you choose to have any thing better—money, d'ye see—you understand me right—for money—and, faith, if you have any, you have no great reason to be sparing of it ; for I believe your business will soon be settled—do you choose any wine ?

Hen. No, no.

Flint. Well, very well ; if you won't have wine, you must drink water.

Hen. False, false Louisa !—oh heaven !

Flint. But you seem a little down in the mouth about this business ; never mind it, 'twill soon be over ;—you are to suffer at five : in the mean time I'll send a lodger of mine to you ; he'll put you in spirits, by that you have drank a glass together ; his name is Skirmish ; he's a devilish hearty fellow.

[*Goes off.*

Hen. That a few hours should sink me from the expectation of so much happiness to this abyss of misery ! perfidious woman !

Skir. Here, my boy ; who wants me ? who calls for Skirmish ? Comrade, did you want me ?

Hen. Me ! no.

Skir. Why, yes, you did.—Ho, ho, house ! here, house ! we'll have a glass together ; as we never saw one another before, we'll now begin to renew our acquaintance.

Hen. Can you tell me if I could get a sheet of writing paper ?

Skir. Yes, surely, you shall have that : here, house ! house, I say ! where the devil are you all ? but, hark ye, friend ! what a confounded mistake have you made here ?—a mistake ! damme, you have made two mistakes ! I can prove it : in the first place, to desert at all, was a mistake ; then to confess it ; oh, damn it, that was a mistake indeed !—I am but a silly ignorant fellow ; but had I been in your place, had he been my serjeant, my general, nay, my corporal, I would have said, no, I am no deserter. No, no, my lad, Skirmish scorns to desert.

AIR IX.

Though to have a bout at drinking,
When I hear the glasses chinking,
There's nothing but I'd do or say,
Yet Skirmish shall ne'er run away.

For here is his motto, and so there's an end :

He's none of your flatt'ers, who fawn, and are civil ;
But for country, his bottle, his king, and his friend,
Little Skirmish would go half-way to the devil.

Soldiers often fickle prove,

Who can know his mind for ever ?

We forgive you false in love,

But deserters never, never.

Enter FLINT with Wine.

Flint. There's a young woman without, asking for a soldier. [*To SKIRMISH.*] I suppose it must be you she wants.

Skir. Yes, yes, 'tis me, I warrant you : let her come in. [*Exit FLINT.*] But give me the wine. [*Sets the*

Bottle down on seeing her.] Enter LOUISA. Ah, ha, a smart wench, faith!

Hen. Good heavens! what do I see! you here!

Lou. Me, Henry!

Hen. Is it possible!

Skir. Oh, ho, I smoke this business.—Comrade, I'm off, I'm off; she's your sister, I suppose, or your cousin; but that's no business of mine. Madam, no offence, I hope; my name is Skirmish, I understand what good-breeding is; I'm off, brother soldier.—Faith, she's a fine girl! I'll go and walk a little in the court-yard—d'ye mind me, I'm off——mum.

Hen. This insult, Louisa, is beyond enduring! is it not enough—but I will not upbraid you.

Lou. Hear me but a moment.

Hen. Away! don't I know you false?—barbarous, faithless wretch!

Skir. [*Coming on.*] Don't mind me; don't let me disturb you: I only come to fetch the wine, for I believe you don't care to drink; will you take a sup? no—well, your servant—I'm off again. [*Exit.*]

Hen. It is not from your hands, but from your father's that I shall expect—

Lou. 'Tis true, my father—

Hen. That infamous old man! but go—I have no more to say. O Louisa! I doat upon you still; is it possible you can have entirely forgot me?

Lou. Believe me, Henry!—

Hen. But with what assurance—what composure—

Lou. What I tell you is true:—some reports to your disadvantage having reached the duchess, which I then knew, and we have since found to be false, she ordered this mock-wedding, for such only it was, to prove your affections; so that every thing you saw and heard was contrived on purpose to deceive you, and the whole affair was but a joke.

Hen. [*Sitting down in the Chair, rests his Hands on the Table.*] Was but a joke!

Lou. What means this grief, my love? do you still doubt the truth of what I say?

Hen. No, Louisa; 'tis because I believe you.

Lou. Here's my father.—Oh, sir! I am glad you are come. Ask him what's the matter: make him tell the cause of his distress.

Enter RUSSET.

Rus. Henry, my dear boy, good day to you; I am overjoyed to see you. Well, all matters are cleared up, and you may take Louisa for your pains; whenever you will, I give her to you.

Hen. I beseech you, desire your daughter to step into the court-yard for a minute or two.

Rus. Why so?

Hen. Oblige me only; desire she will.

Rus. Louisa, we have something to say to each other: step out for a minute or two; I'll call you back presently.

Hen. [*Taking her Hand as she goes out.*] Louisa, 'tis an age since I saw you last.

Lou. And yet you send me away from you already.
[*Exit.*]

Hen. You shall come back again immediately.

Rus. I was surprised to hear you was put in prison, though they tell me 'tis but for a trifle. I am overjoyed to see you; the duchess will soon get you released, and then—but you seem thoughtful.

Hen. Have you command enough of yourself not to betray any thing to your daughter of what I am going to tell you?

Rus. To be sure, I have.

Hen. I am afraid she'll return before—

Rus. [*Looking out.*] No, no, we are very safe.

Hen. This wedding trick—

Rus. Yes; 'twas I managed it.

Hen. It threw me into despair—

Rus. Good, very good ! I knew it would.

Hen. And in my fury—

Rus. Ha, ha, ha ! what, you was furious then ? delightful !

Lou. [*Running in.*] O cruel father ! O unfortunate accident ! this wedding has undone us all ; he has confessed himself a deserter, and is condemned to suffer death.

Rus. What's this I hear ?

Hen. She knows it all—O torture !

Rus. A deserter ! condemned ! Henry, can this be as she says ?

Hen. 'Tis but too true.

Rus. Good heavens !

Enter FLINT.

Flint. You are wanted without.

Hen. Me !

Flint. You—you must go directly.

Hen. Adieu, Louisa !

AIR X

Hen. Adieu ! adieu ! my heart will break ;
This torment's beyond bearing.

Lou. Adieu ! ah why, my love ? oh speak,
And banish this despairing !

Hen. Give thy Louisa's pangs relief.
I cannot speak : oh love ! oh grief !

Hen. Lou. & Rus. Ye pitying powers, some comfort send !
When will our sorrows have an end ?

[*Exit HENRY.*]

Lou. For heaven's sake, sir, where is he gone ? who wants him ?

Flint. Only some friends.

Lou. Surely it can't be to—

Flint. Oh, no ! it is not for that yet—'tis too soon

yet awhile; about five or six—perhaps it may be seven first.

Lou. Oh! support me, sir!

Rus. No, child, we may yet prevent it. I'll go to the duchess, and tell her the whole affair.

Lou. She has brought me into this trouble.

Rus. I'll seek her this instant; do you follow me.

[*Goes off.*]

Lou. Oh sir! on my knees, I beseech you.

Flint. There's no occasion for kneeling to me: what would you have?

Lou. Is not the king to be at the camp to-day?

Flint. Yes; and what then?

Lou. Tell me, sir; in such a case, 'tis an act of justice: the king surely will do justice.

Flint. Certainly; he never does otherwise.

Lou. Alas, sir! I am poor, so very poor.

Flint. That won't hinder it a bit; the king's too good to despise folks because they are poor.

Lou. But 'tis for you I mean.

Flint. For me?

Lou. To thank you with, to entreat you: here is a small ornament, of no great value indeed; I give you this, sir; I wish I had more to give; 'tis silver: delay it but till to-morrow.

Flint. Do what? delay it:—[*Looking at the Trinket.*] Hey! it seems to be hollow: are you sure 'tis silver?

Lou. This suspence is dreadful. [Goes off.]

Flint. Why, I'll tell you; I can't absolutely delay his execution, but I'll let him have as much wine as ever he can drink.—What, gone!—gad, this girl has a generous spirit.

Enter SKIRMISH, who holds a Bottle and Glass in one Hand, a Sheet of Paper under his Arm, and with the other drags in SIMKIN.

Skir. Come along, what the devil are you afraid of?

Here's a young man who wants to see this soldier, and the girl that was here : where are they ? [To FLINT.

Flint. She's gone away.

Skir. But where's he ?

Flint. He was sent for out to some friends ; he'll be here again. [Exit.

Sim. If you please, sir, I will follow the gentleman.

Skir. You and I must take a glass together.—So this soldier is your cousin, is he ?

Sim. Yes, sir——

Skir. Sit yourself down, then—and he was here yesterday ?

Sim. Yes, sir.

Skir. Well then, sit down, I tell you.

Sim. But, sir!—

Skir. Sit down, I say : sit down there—hell and fury ! will you sit down when I bid you ?—there !—now we'll take a glass together ; he'll soon be here : come, fill.

Sim. Sir, I thank you, but I am not dry ; besides, I don't care much for drinking without knowing my company.

Skir. Without knowing your company ! why, you little, starved, snivelling—an't you in company with a gentleman ? but drink this minute, or I'll—

Sim. I will, sir, if you won't be angry.

Skir. Not I ; I won't be angry. So you say that—

Sim. I, sir ? I did not say any thing.

Skir. Well then, if you did not say any thing, sing :—sing me a song.

Sim. I am not in spirits for singing.

Skir. Spirits ! why, a song will raise your spirits ; come, sing away.

Sim. But, sir, I can't sing.

Skir. Ever while you live, sing.

Sim. Indeed, sir, I can't.

Skir. You can't ?—why then, I will.

Sim. Well ; but, sir——

Skir. Sit still, I tell you.

Sim. But—I wish my cousin—

Skir. He can't be long now; hear my song.

AIR XI.

Women and wine compare so well,
They run in a perfect parallel;
For women bewitch us when they will;
And so does wine.

They make the statesman lose his skill,
The soldier, lawyer, and divine;
They put strange whims in the gravest skull,
And send their wits to gather wool.
Then since the world thus runs away,
And women and wine
Are alike divine,
Let's love all night, and drink all day.

There's something like a song for you! now we'll sing together.

Sim. Together?

Skir. Ay, both together.

Sim. But, sir, I don't know your song.

Skir. Why, who the devil wants you to sing my song?

Sim. I never saw such a man in my life: how shall I get away from him?—sir!

Skir. Well, what d'ye say?

Sim. I believe there's somebody looking for you yonder!

Skir. Is there?

[While SKIRMISH looks round, SIMKIN takes an opportunity of running off.]

Skir. O you young dog! I'll be after you: but stay, here comes the poor unfortunate young man, his cousin.

Enter HENRY.

Skir. How are your spirits? take a sip of this : oh, here's your writing paper.

Hen. Thank you, friend—oh, my heart ! I wish I could have seen Louisa once more.

[Sits down to write.

Skir. Ah, you're a happy man, you can write!—
[Loud.] Oh, my cursed stars, what a wretched fellow I am !

Hen. Why, what's the matter ! *[Looking round.*

Skir. The matter?—confusion !—I blush to say it ; but since it must out, what will you say to such a poor miserable—and, but for this one misfortune, fit to be a general : if I had known how to write, I might have had a regiment five years ago ;—but company is the ruin of us all ; drinking with one, and drinking with another : why, now here, I was in hopes here I should be able to study a little ; but the devil a bit ; no such thing as getting the bottle out of one's hand :—ah, if I could hold the pen as I have held the bottle, what a charming hand I should have wrote by this time !

Hen. Skirmish, do me one favour.

Skir. What is it ?

Hen. May I depend upon you ?

Skir. To the last drop of my blood.

Hen. Promise me to deliver this letter.

Skir. I'll go directly.

Hen. You can't go with it now ;—you are a prisoner, you know.

Skir. Damn it, so I am ; I forgot that :—well, but to-morrow I shall have my liberty ; and then—

Hen. A person, whose name is Russet, will be here to enquire after me ; deliver it to him.

Skir. May I perish if I fail.

Hen. Let me speak to you. *[They talk apart.*

Enter MARGARET, JENNY, and SIMKIN.

Mar. Yes, yes, you vile hussey, 'twas all your fault.

Jen. Well, have I not confessed it?

Mar. Confessed it indeed! is not the poor young man going to lose his life; and all upon your account?

Jen. I own it, I own it! I never shall joy myself again as long as I live; I shall see his ghost every night.

Sim. And it serves you right; and I'll tell you more news for your comfort; I would not marry you, now you have been so wicked, if you was worth your weight in gold.

Mar. Ah, you need not talk: for you know well enough you was told to run after him to call him back, and you never once offered to move.

Sim. Why, how could I? I was the bridegroom, you know.

Jen. See! there he is!

Mar. Bless us, how altered he looks!

Hen. Good day, aunt;—good day, [*To the others.*] give us leave, brother soldier.

Skir. Yes, yes, I'll go! I won't disturb you; I'll go and see what they are doing;—I'm afraid no good, for the time draws near.

Mar. Ah, my poor boy! can you forgive us? 'twas all our doing.

Jen. No, 'twas my doing.

Hen. Let us say no more about it; 'twas an unfortunate affair. Where's Louisa and her father?

Mar. Ah, poor man, her father came running into the village like one distracted: flung himself on the ground, tore his hair; we could not get him to speak to us.

Hen. And Louisa, who has seen her?

Sim. We none of us can tell where she is.

Enter FLINT and SKIRMISH.

Skir. Comrade, I am sorry to bring you bad news, but you must now behave yourself like a man; the hell-hounds are coming for you.

Hen. Already?

Skir. They are indeed:—here, here, you've occasion enough for it; drink some of this.

Hen. I am obliged to you—none. Aunt, adieu! tell my Louisa, I thought on her to my last moment; and—oh, my heart! bear up a little, and I shall be rid of this insupportable misery.

AIR XII.

To die, is nothing; it is our end, we know;
 But 'tis a sure release from all our woe:
 'Tis from the mind to set the body free,
 And rid the world of wretched things like me.
 A thousand ways our troubles here increase;
 Whilst cares succeeding cares destroy our peace;
 Why fly we then? what can such comfort give?
 We cease to suffer when we cease to live.

[*During the Song, a Messenger comes on, and talks with FLINT.*

Enter RUSSET.

Rus. Where is he? where's my boy, my son? Louisa, Henry, has done it all! Louisa has saved your life!

Hen. Charming angel!—tell me how, dear sir!

Rus. As the army were returning to the camp, assisted in her resolution by her love for you, to the astonishment of all who saw her, she rushed like lightning through the ranks, made her way to the king himself, fell at his feet—and, after modestly relating the circumstances of thy innocence and her own distress, vowed never to rise till she obtained the life of her lover. The king having heard her story, with that

clemency which always accompanies a noble mind, granted thy life to her intercession: and the pomp passed on amidst the acclamations of the people.

Hen. Charming, generous creature!

Skir. Death and damnation!

Flint. Why, what ails thee, Skirmish?

Skir. The king at the camp, and I not there!

Sim. I shall love my cousin Louisa for it as long as I live.

Rus. The king wept, and the nobles filled her lap with money; which she threw to the ground, lest it should retard her in her way to you.

Hen. How can I reward such tenderness!

Rus. See, see, here she comes.

Enter LOUISA.

Lou. My Henry! [*Falling into his Arms.*]

Hen. My Louisa!

AIR XIII.

Hen. My kind preserver! fain I'd speak,
Fain would I what I feel express;
But language is too poor, too weak,
To thank this goodness to excess.
Brothers, companions, age, and youth,
Oh, tell to all the world her fame!
And when they ask for faith and truth,
Repeat my dear Louisa's name.

Lou. And have I saved my Henry's life?—
Dear father, in my joy take part;
I now indeed shall be a wife,
Wife to the idol of my heart.
Thus when the storm, dispersing, flies,
Through which the sailor's forced to steer;
No more he dreads inclement skies,
But with the tempest leaves his fear.

Rus. Why, why, I pray you, this delay?
Children, your hands in wedlock join,
That I may pass my hours away
In ease and peace through life's decline.

This joy's too great ; my pride, my boast !
Both, both in my affection share ;
May who delights the other most,
Henceforward be your only care !

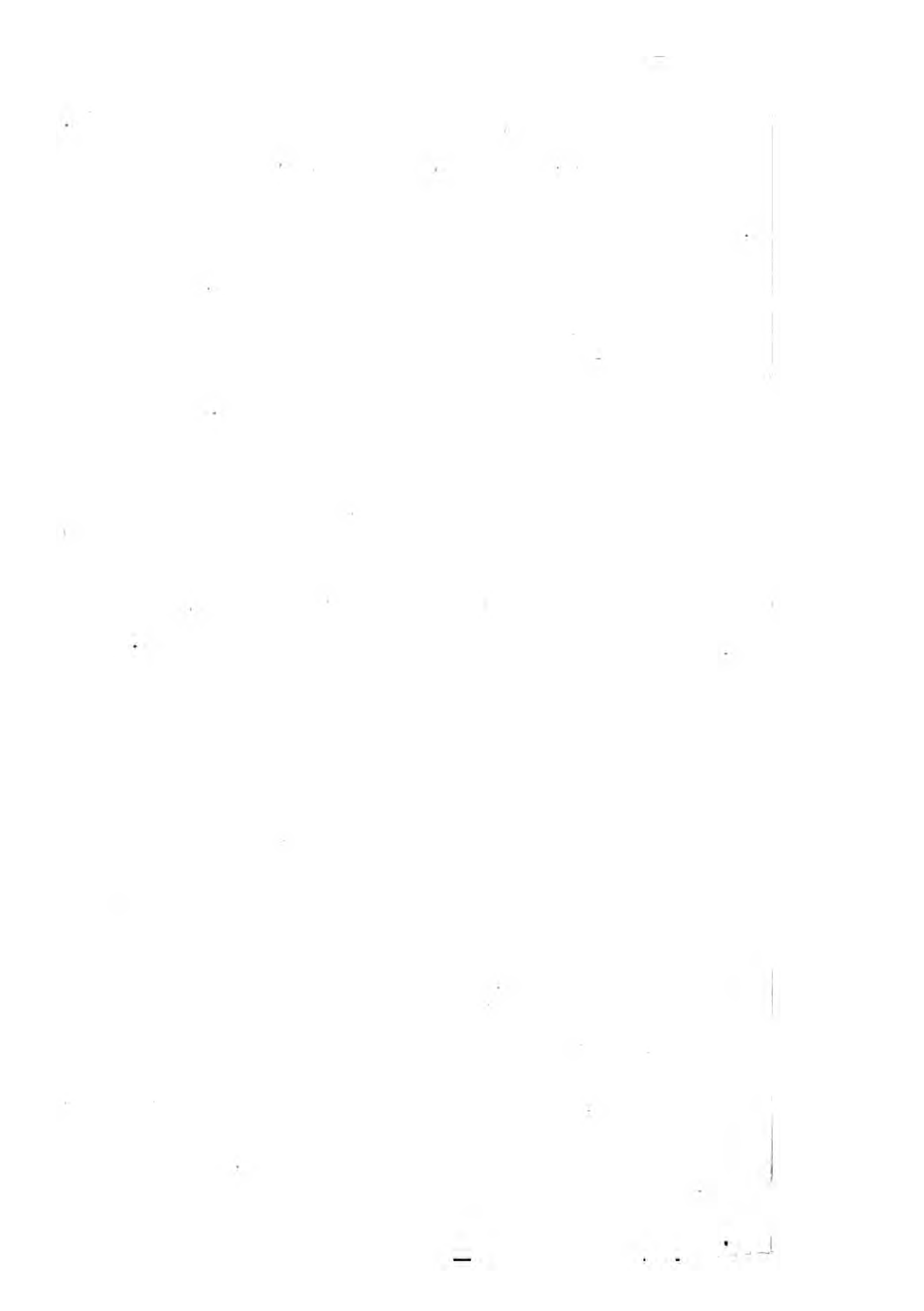
Skir. I wish your joy may hold you long ;
But yet I am not such a sot,
As not to see you all are wrong ;
Why is the king to be forgot ?
You had been wretched but for him :
Then follow Skirmish, dance and sing ;
Raise every voice, strain every limb,
Huzza ! and cry, Long live the King !

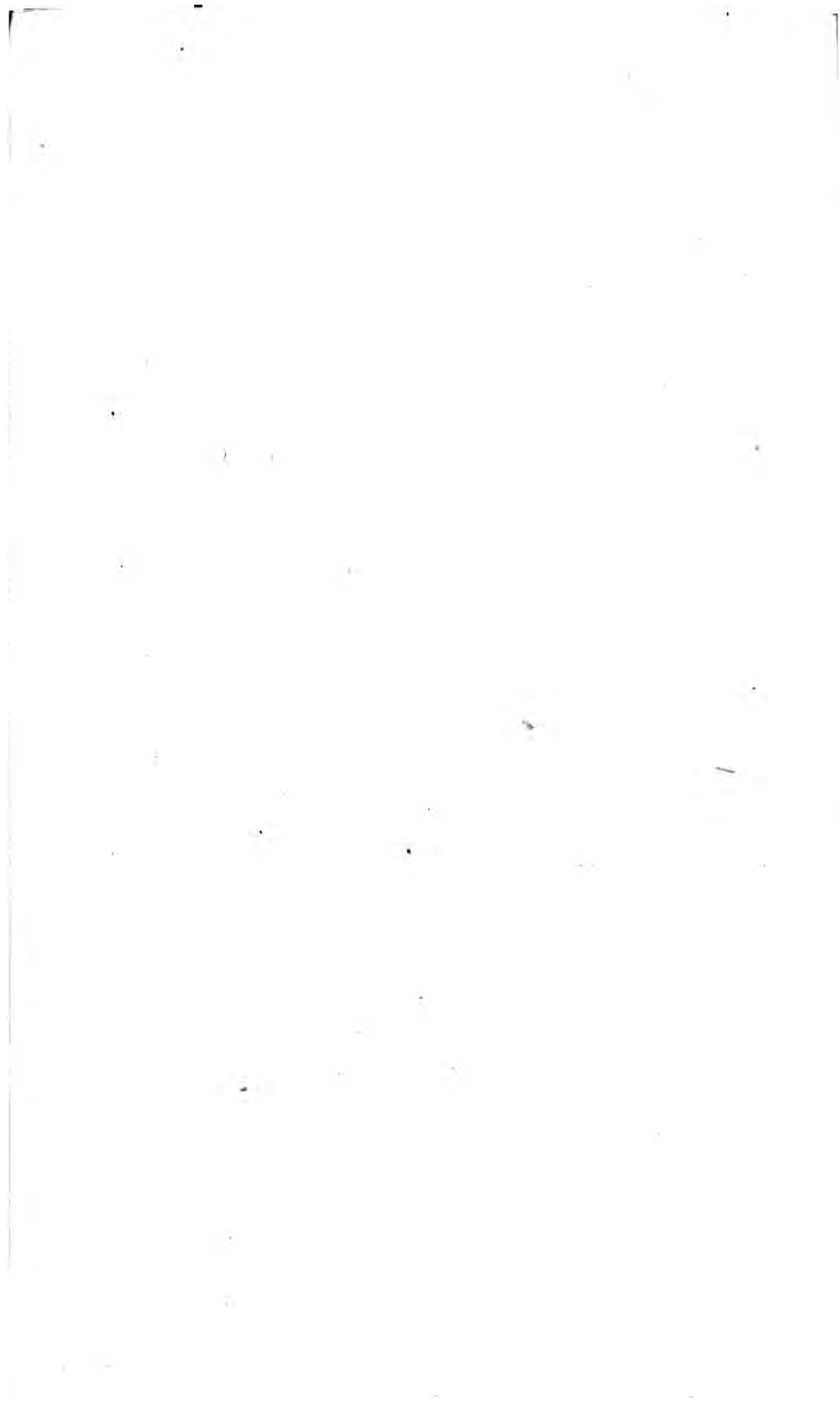
[*Exeunt*]

END OF VOLUME SECOND

EDINBURGH :

Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.





Vertical line on the left margin.

Small rectangular mark at the top right.

Faint mark in the upper left quadrant.

Faint mark in the upper middle area.

Faint mark in the upper right area.

Faint mark in the middle right area.

Faint mark in the middle left area.

Faint mark in the middle right area.

Faint mark in the lower left area.

Faint mark in the lower middle area.

Faint mark in the lower middle area.

Faint mark in the lower right area.

Faint mark in the lower middle area.

Faint mark in the lower middle area.

Faint mark in the lower middle area.

Faint mark in the lower left area.

Faint mark in the lower middle area.

Faint mark in the lower right area.

Faint mark in the lower middle area.

Faint mark in the lower middle area.

Faint mark in the lower right area.

Faint mark in the lower middle area.

Faint mark in the bottom left area.

Faint mark in the bottom middle area.

Faint mark in the bottom middle area.

Faint horizontal mark at the bottom left.

Faint horizontal mark at the bottom middle.

Faint horizontal mark at the bottom right.

