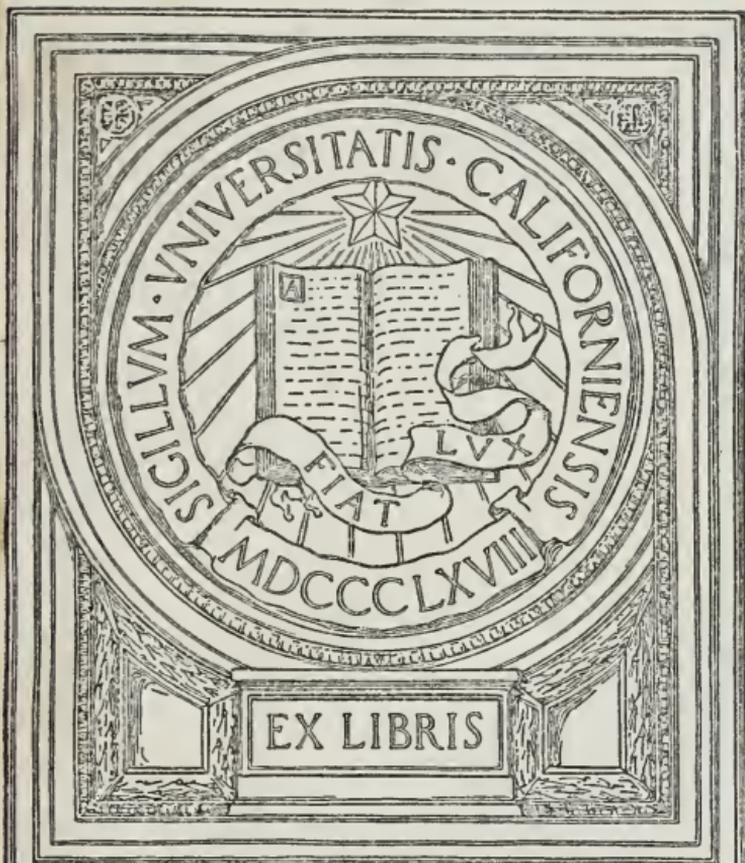


UC-NRLF



B 4 110 207

10



EX LIBRIS

Ways! 87

Ways + ...

157

THE
HEIR AT LAW.

A Comedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

GEORGE COLEMAN, THE YOUNGER,

AUTHOR OF

*John Bull, Mountaineers, Iron Chest, Sylvester Daggerwood
Who Wants a Guinea? Blue Beard, Inkle and Yarico,
X. Y. Z., The Poor Gentleman, The Review, The
Battle of Hexham, Love Laughs at Locksmiths,
Law of Java, &c. &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(*Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market*)

LONDON.

REMARKS.

The Heir at Law.

Mrs. INCHBALD remarks, that taste seems wanting in this comedy—"seems, madam!"—and that, compared to Mr. Colman's "Surrender of Calais," and "Inkle and Yarico," it is but his "night-gown and slippers."

Truly, it might be want of taste to exhibit an illiterate, but right-minded plebeian, obstinately clinging to his old customs and phrases, after being elevated to the dignity of a peer;—a pedant, pliant in disposition and poverty-struck in purse, dancing a jig to the magical tune of an annual nine hundred;—a country serving man and a village maiden emulating their superiors in the sweet graces of humanity;—and a bedizened beldam, bloated with pride and brown-stout, tearing "My Lady" to tatters: and hacking all tongues, from Gosport to Cockayne, with ludicrous polyglottery. It might be want of taste, truly, to write an entire comedy without introducing a titled rascalion, and a nymph of damaged quality from Almack's; with the accompanying farrago of intrigue and small-talk that pass in polite circles, for invention and wit. "The finer colours (quotha!) of more polished mankind!" Polished brass! polished Day and Martin! that every fool of fashion may see his face in!

The Heir at Law is a good-humoured laugh at low life, suddenly raised to rank and riches; and pedantry, stooping to the meanest offices, for Mammon and a meal. It has also a higher object: it shows that purity, disinterestedness, and truth, may belong, in an eminent degree, to the lowly in fortune; and that happiness, when built upon injustice, totters to its fall.

It stands forth as the sturdy, unflinching advocate of Virtue; to minister to her strength, promote her efficacy, and constitute to her peace.

The character of Daniel Dowlas is comical, without being caricatured. The chandler, from Gosport, transmogrified into a baron, naturally enough demands, in what consists the mighty difference between drinking his tea out of a cup, or a saucer? Unlike many mushrooms, to whom gold has given "title, knee, and approbation," he has the good sense to feel his insufficiency; and, aspiring to shine as an orator, engages as professor to teach him figures that Cocker never taught. Instead of sinking the shop, in which tea, tripe, red her-ring, bacon, and brick-dust vied with each other in cajoling a

customer, it is ever floating in his imagination. To him, sugar and treacle are sweet reminiscences of the past—soap, nothing can wash away from his memory—candles are but the lights of other days!—He wishes his fat friends “a bone repos;” promises to be with a visitor in “the twinkling of a bed-pest;” offers him “a morsel summut,” and a “sneaker of punch;” sends for his “carrot,” to rattle Dick Dowlas into his august presence; and informs him of his unexpected accession to his “tittle,” because the late lord died without “hair”—and sorely is Dick puzzled to guess why his dad should be next kin to a “pear,” because the said patrician died bald!

Bull-faced, bustling, and opposed to my lord, stands my lady; a full-blown holly-hock of the aristocracy of Mammon. She affects to amend her spouse’s “cakelology;” admits that an oath may now and then be suffered to garnish polite discourse, but then, it must be pronounced with an air to one’s equals, and with a kind of careless condescension to menials. Her cub, Dickey, too, must learn to caper; and his “tutorer” is appointed to that honourable task.—This is all natural and laughable; but surely my lady’s starved fortunes, (a ci-devant clear-starcher!) and rubbishing ancestry, might have taught her consideration for poor Cicely Homespun.

“Oh! never will we deign to hold
Communion with the heart that’s cold
To human weal or woe!”

The racketty, half-price apprentice, Dick Dowlas, exhibits some of the good and bad qualities of human nature. As plain Dick, he is frank, affectionate, and sincere—the friend of Zekiel, the lover of Cicely;—but when Wealth casts its glare upon his humble fortunes, he becomes proud and selfish; a sad example of the blighting influence of prosperity on a mind, not duly fortified by experience and virtue. His better disposition at length prevails; and, ere Fortune hurls him from the giddy height to which she had temporarily raised him, to sound his heart, and try his integrity, he expiates his errors, and finds happiness at the pure altar of friendship and love.

The pedant Gradus suggested to Mr. Colman the prig Pangloss.—Gradus, the solemn son of Brazen-nose, is placed in farcical situations, that give ludicrous effect to his soap-bubblish eloquence and ponderous gravity;—Pangloss is a peripatetic farce—an A double S of Aberdeen; and those who can estimate the value of a Scotch diploma—(spirits of Brodum, Solomon, the Hygeist! cum multis aliis, to you we appeal!)—will say he does credit to his college. Doctor Johnson, when offered a Caledonian degree, said, that if he took Aberdeen, he must resign Oxford. Mr. Colman, in early life, studied at a northern college, and knew their stuff their pundits are made of. Hence Peter is a pungent pasquinade on particular professors. In England, a diploma implies character and capability—in Scotland, thirty-five shillings and threepence; throwing off, for dis-

REMARKS.

count, the farthings three! At Oxford they write L.L.D.—at Aberdeen, L.S.D.! In the south, morals and philosophy are indispensable to their professor—in the north, they are quite optional! Mr. Colman has hit off Caledonian cupidity very cleverly. Pangloss is alternately pedant, spouting Latin and Greek, and light porter, carrying out small parcels! He is an fait at all sorts of odd jobs—long-stop at cricket, laughter at jokes, drawer of corks, lemon squeezer, riding with a little terrier between his legs in a tandem, and walking out with my lady's lap-dogs to give them an airing!

Zekiel and Cicely, brother and sister, are pleasing specimens of homely worth and mutual attachment. Spirit, integrity, and a kind heart, belong to the one; sensibility and naivete to the other.

The plot partakes of character and humour;—wit had been wholly out of place, where the persons are selected from the lower ranks of life. Exception has been taken to the Greek and Latin of Pangloss, as being above the ken of the million. But the million roared heartily at the Scotch A double S—whether at his wit or wig, it matters not. The “greasy rogues” screamed with delight; while the judicious minority rewarded the dramatist with an approving smile, for the compliment paid to their understandings.

Pangloss was admirably played by two great actors—Fawcett and Bannister. Fawcett was more of the pedant—Bannister more of the prig. Fawcett stood bolt upright with starch and buckram—Bannister glistened with the oil of gladness, and the garland of good will. Fawcett looked the frost-bitten, blue-nosed, starved nibbler of a Scotch kail-yard—Bannister the jolly epicure of mutton-cutlets and Oxford ale. Both gave the classical quotations with perfect accuracy and precision.

D.—G.

*First Performed at the Theatre Royal Haymarket,
July 15, 1797.*

Characters.

DANIEL DOWLAS (<i>alias Baron Duberly</i>)	... MR. SUETT.
DICK DOWLAS MR. PALMER.
DOCTOR PANGLOSS MR. FAWCETT.
HENRY MORLAND MR. C. KEMBLE.
STEDFAST MR. AIKIN.
ZEKIEL HOMESPUN MR. MUNDEN.
KENRICK MR. JOHNSTONE.
JOHN MR. ABBOT.
WAITER (<i>at the Hotel</i>) MR. CHIPPENDALE.
WAITER (<i>at the Blue Boar</i>) MR. WALDRON jun.
DEBORAH DOWLAS (<i>alias Lady Duberly</i>)	MRS. DAVENPORT.
CAROLINE DORMER MISS DE CAMP.
CICELY HOMESPUN MRS. GIBBS.

SCENE.—LONDON.

Costumes.

LORD DUBERLY.—Old fashioned puce coloured cloth suit, lace ruffles and cravat, white silk stockings, shoes and silver buckles, white curled wig, and three-cornered hat.

DICK DOWLAS.—*First Dress*: Brown coat, white waistcoat, grey worsted tight pantaloons, short black gaiters, white cravat, round hat. *Second Dress*: Blue dress coat, lined with white satin, white waistcoat, pink or blue under-waistcoat, white kerseymere breeches, white silk stockings, opera hat, &c.

DR. PANGLOSS.—Black cloth square-cut coat, black waistcoat and breeches, dark grey stockings, shoes and silver buckles. ruffles. cravat, bushy white wig. three-cornered hat.

HENRY MORLAND.—Blue frock, buff waistcoat, white pantaloons, boots, black cravat, and round hat.

STEDFAST.—Dark grey coat, black coat and waistcoat, leather pantaloons, Hessian boots, clerical hat, and grey hair.

ZEKIEL HOMESPUN.—White coat with large white buttons, flowered chintz waistcoat, leather breeches, blue striped stockings, short leather gaiters, red wig, and little hat.

KENRICK.—Old-fashioned iron-grey suit, camlet upper coat, dark grey stockings, shoes and buckles, and three-cornered hat.

JOHN.—Blue livery.

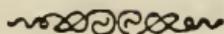
WAITERS.—Plain walking suits.

LADY DUBERLY.—Old-fashioned striped crimson satin dress, lace ruffles and apron, cap, and high-heeled shoes.

CAROLINE DORMER.—Black crape morning dress.

CICELY HOMESPUN.—Half-mourning gown and petticoat, white muslin apron, neckerchief and cap, black gipsy bonnet, red cloak.

THE HEIR AT LAW.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Lord Duberly's House. A table and two chairs, c.*

LORD DUBERLY, L., and LADY DUBERLY, R., *discovered seated at breakfast.*

DUB. But what does it matter, my lady, whether I drink my tea out of a cup or a sarcer?

LADY D. A great deal in the polite circles, my lord. We have been raised by a strange freak of fortune from nothing, as a body may say, and——

DUB. Nothing! As reputable a trade as any in all Gosport! You hold a merchant as cheap as if he trotted about with all his property in a pack, like a pedlar.

LADY D. A merchant, indeed! Curious merchandize you dealt in, truly!

DUB. A large assortment of articles—coals, cloth, herrings, linen, candles, eggs, sugar, treacle, tea, bacon, and brick-dust; with many more, too tedious to mention in this here advertisement.

LADY D. Well, praise the bridge that carried you safe over; but you must now drop the tradesman, and learn life. Consider, by the strangest accident, you have been raised to neither more nor less than a peer of the realm.

DUB. Oh, 'twas the strangest accident, my lady, that ever happened on the face of the universal yearth!

LADY D. True, 'twas indeed a windfall; and you must now walk, talk, eat, and drink, as becomes your station. 'Tis befitting a nobleman should behave as sich, and know summut of breeding.

DUB. Well, but I han't been a nobleman more nor a

week, and my throat isn't noble enough yet to be proof against scalding. Hand over the milk, my lady.

LADY D. Hand over! Ah! what's bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh, my lord.

DUB. Psha! here's a fuss, indeed! When I was plain Daniel Dowlas, of Gosport, I was reckoned as 'cute a dab at discourse as any in our town; nobody found fault with me then.

LADY D. But why so loud? I declare the servants will hear!

DUB. Hear! And what will they hear but what they know? Our story a secret! Lord help you! tell 'em Queen Anne's dead, my lady! Don't everybody know that old Lord Duberly was supposed to die without any hair to his estate—as the doctors say, of an implication of disorders, and that his son, Henry Morland, was lost some time ago in the salt sea?

LADY D. Well, there's no occasion to——

DUB. Don't everybody know that Lawyer Ferret, of Furnival's Inn, owed the legatees a grudge, and popped a bit of an advertisement into the news? "Whereas, the heir at law, if there be any reviving, of the late Baron Duberly, will apply—so and so—he'll hear of summut greatly to his advantage."

LADY D. But why bawl it to the——

DUB. Didn't he hunt me out, to prove my title, and lug me from the counter, to clap me into a coach? A house here in Hanover Square, and an estate in the country, worth fifteen thousand per annum! Why, bless you, my lady, every little black devil, with a soot-bag, cries it about the streets, as often as he says sweep!

LADY D. 'Tis a pity but my lord had left you some manners with his money.

DUB. He! what, my cousin twenty thousand times removed? He must have left them by word of mouth. Never spoke to him but once in all my born life—upon an electioneering matter: that's a time when most of your proud folks make no bones of tipping with a tallow-chandler, in his back room, on a melting-day! But he—except calling me cousin, and buying a lot of damaged huckaback, to cut into kitchen towels—he was as cold

and stiff as he is now, though he has been dead and buried these nine months, rot him!

LADY D. There again, now—rot him!

DUB. Why, blood and thunder! what is a man to say when he wants to consecrate his old stiff-rumped relations? (*rings the hand bell*)

LADY D. Why, an oath now and then may slip in, to garnish genteel conversation; but then it should be done with an air to one's equals, and with a kind of careless condescension to menials.

DUB. Should it?—Well, then—(*calling off*) Here, John!

Enter JOHN, L.

My good man, take away the tea, and be d—d to you!

JOHN. Yes, my lord.

Exit, with the breakfast things, L.

LADY D. (*rising*) And now, my lord, I must leave you for the concerns of the day: we elegant people are as full of business as an egg's full of meat.

DUB. (*coming forward*) Yes, we elegant people find the trade of the tone, as they call it, plaguy fatiguing.—What, are you for the wis-a-wis this morning? Much good may it do you, my lady! D—me! it makes me sit stuck up and squeezed, like a bear in a bathing-tub!

LADY D. I have a hundred places to call at; folks are so civil since we came to take possession! There's dear Lady Littlefigure, Lord Sponge, Mrs. Holdbank, Lady Betty Pillory, the Honourable Mrs. Cheatwell, and——

DUB. Aye, aye; you may always find plenty in this here town to be civil to fifteen thousand a-year, my lady.

LADY D. Well, there's no learning you life;—I'm sure they are as kind and friendly——The supper Lady Betty gave to us, and a hundred friends, must have cost her fifty good pounds, if it cost her a brass farden; and she does the same thing, I'm told, three times a week. If she isn't monstrous rich, I wonder, for my part, how she can afford it.

DUB. Why, ecod, my lady, that would have puzzled me, too, if they hadn't hooked me into a cursed game of cocking and punting, I think they call it; where I lost as

much in half an hour, as would keep her and her company in fricassees and whip-syllabubs for a fortnight! But I may be even with her some o' these a'ternoons; only let me catch her at Put, that's all.

Re-enter JOHN, L.

JOHN. Doctor Pangloss is below, my lord.

DUB. Odsbobs! my lady, that's the man as larns me to talk English,

LADY D. Hush! (*pointing to JOHN*) Consider!

DUB. Hum! I forgot. (*to JOHN*) Curse me! my honest fellow, show him upstairs—d'ye hear? (*Exit JOHN, L.*) There, was that easy?

LADY D. Tolerable.

DUB. Well, now, get along, my lady; the doctor and I must be snug.

LADY D. Then I bid you a good morning, my lord; as Lady Betty says, I wish you a bon repos!

Exit, R.

DUB. A bone repos! I don't know how it is, but the women are more 'cuter at these here matters nor the men. My wife, as everybody may see, is as genteel already as if she had been born a duchess. This Doctor Pangloss will do me a deal of good in the way of fashioning my discourse. So—here he is.

Enter DOCTOR PANGLOSS, L.

Doctor, good morning—I wish you a bone repos! Take a chair, doctor.

PAN. Pardon me, my lord; I am not inclined to be sedentary. I wish, with permission, “*Erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*” Ovid.—Hem!

DUB. Tollory vultures! I suppose that means you had rather stand?

PAN. Fie! This is a locomotive morning with me: just hurried, my lord, from the Society of Arts, whence, I may say, “I have borne my blushing honours thick upon me.” Shakspeare.—Hem!

DUB. And what has put your honours to the blush this morning, doctor?

PAN. To the blush! A ludicrous perversion of the

author's meaning. (*laughing*) He! he! he!—Hem! you shall hear, my lord—"Lend me your ears." Shakspeare again.—Hem! 'Tis not unknawn to your lordship, and the no less literary world, that the Caledonian University of Aberdeen long since conferred upon me the dignity of LL.D.; and, as I never beheld that erudite body, I may safely say they dubbed me with a degree from sheer consideration of my celebrity.

DUB. True.

PAN. For nothing, my lord, but my own innate modesty, could suppose the Scotch college to be swayed by one pound fifteen shillings and threepence threefarthings, paid on receiving my diploma, as a handsome compliment to the numerous and learned heads of that seminary.

DUB. Oh, hang it! no; it wasn't for the matter of money.

PAN. I do not think it was altogether the "*auri sacra fames*." Virgil.—Hem! But this very day, my lord, at eleven o'clock, A.M., the Society of Arts, in consequence, as they were pleased to say, of my merits—(*laughing*) He! he! he!—My merits, my lord—have admitted me an unworthy member; and I have henceforward the privilege of adding to my name the honourable title of A double S.

DUB. And I make no doubt, doctor, but you have richly deserved it. I warrant a man doesn't get A double S tacked to his name for nothing.

PAN. Decidedly not, my lord. Yes, I am now *Artium Societatis Socius*. My two last publications did that business. "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*." Horace.—Hem!

DUB. And what might them there two books be about, doctor?

PAN. The first, my lord, was a plan to lull the restless to sleep, by an infusion of opium into their ears. The efficacy of this method originally struck me in St. Stephen's Chapel, while listening to the oratory of a worthy country gentleman.

DUB. I wonder it warn't hit upon before by the doctors.

PAN. Physicians, my lord, put their patients to sleep in another manner. (*laughing*) He! he! he! "To die—to sleep; no more!" Shakspeare.—Hem! My second treatise was a proposal for erecting dove-houses, on a principle tending to increase the propagation of pigeons. This, I may affirm, has received considerable countenance from many who move in the circles of fashion. "Nec gemere cessabit turtur." Virgil.—Hem! I am about to publish a third edition by subscription: may I have the honour to pop your lordship down among the pigeons?

DUB. Aye, aye; down with me, doctor.

PAN. My lord, I am grateful. I ever insert names and titles at full length. (*taking out his pocket-book*) What may be your lordship's sponsorial and patronymic appellations?

DUB. My what?

PAN. I mean, my lord, the designations given to you by your lordship's godfathers and parents.

DUB. Oh! what, my Christian and surname? I was baptized Daniel.

PAN. "Abolens baptismate labem." I forget where—no matter.—Hem! (*writing*) The Right Honourable Daniel——

DUB. Dowlas.

PAN. Dowlas!—"Filthy Dow——." Hem!—Shakspeare. (*writing*) The Right Honourable Daniel Dowlas, Baron Duberly. And now, **my** lord, to your lesson for the day. (*they sit*)

DUB. Now for it, doctor.

PAN. The process which we are now upon is to eradicate that blemish in your lordship's language, which the learned denominate cacalogy, and which the vulgar call slip-slop.

DUB. I'm afraid, doctor, my cakelology will give you a tolerable tight job on't.

PAN. "Nil desperandum" Horace.—Hem! We'll begin in the old way, my lord. Talk on: when you stumble, I check. Where was your lordship yesterday evening?

DUB. At a consort.

PAN. Umph!—Tête-à-tête with Lady Duberly, I presume?

DUB. Tête-à-tête with five hundred people, hearing of music.

PAN. Oh, I conceive! your lordship would say a concert. Mark the distinction: a concert, my lord, is an entertainment visited by fashionable lovers of harmony.—Now, a consort is a wife; little conducive to harmony in the present day, and seldom visited by a man of fashion, unless she happens to be his friend's or his neighbour's.

DUB. A devil of a difference, indeed! Between you and I, doctor, (now my lady's out of hearing) a wife is the devil!

PAN. (*laughing*) He! he! he! There are plenty of Jobs in the world, my lord.

DUB. And a precious sight of Jezabels, too, doctor! But patience, as you say; for I never gives my lady no bad language. Whenever she gets in her tantrums, and talks high, I always sits mum-chance.

PAN. "So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard." Milton.—Hem! Silence is most secure, my lord, in these cases; for if once your lordship opened your mouth, 'tis twenty to one but bad language would follow.

DUB. Oh, that's a sure thing; and I never liked to disperse the women.

PAN. As-perse.

DUB. Umph! there's another stumble! Arter all, doctor, I shall make but a poor progress in my vermicular tongue.

PAN. Your knowledge of our native, or vernacular language, my lord, time and industry may meliorate. Vermicular is an epithet seldom applied to tongues, but in the case of puppies who want to be wormed.

DUB. Ecod! then I an't so much out, doctor: I've met plenty of puppies since I came to town, whose tongues are so troublesome, that worming might chance to be of service. But, doctor, I've a bit of a proposal to make to you concerning of my own family.

PAN. Diselose, my lord.

DUB. Why, you must know I expect my son Dicky is

town this here very morning. Now, doctor, if you would but mend his cakelology, mayhap it might be better worth while than the mending of mine.

PAN. (*aside*) I smell a pupil! (*aloud*) Whence, my lord, does the young gentleman come?

DUB. You shall hear all about it. You know, doctor, though I'm of a good family distraction——

PAN. Ex.

DUB. Though I'm of a good family extraction, 'twas but t'other day I kept a shop at Gosport.

PAN. The rumour has reached me. "Fama volat, viresque"——

DUB. Don't put me out.

PAN. Virgil.—Hem! Proceed.

DUB. A tradesman, you know, must mind the main chance; so when Dick began to grow as big as a porpuss, I got an old friend of mine, who lives in Derbyshire, close to the Devil's—Umph! close to the Peak, to take Dick 'prentice at half-price. He's just now out of his time, and, I warrant him, as wild and rough as a rock. Now if you, doctor—if you would but take him in hand, and soften him a bit——

PAN. Pray, my lord—"To soften rocks."—Congreve. Hem! Pray, my lord, what profession may the Honourable Mr. Dowlas have followed?

DUB. Who—Dick? He has served his clerkship to an attorney at Castleton.

PAN. An attorney! Gentlemen of his profession, my lord, are very difficult to soften.

DUB. Yes, but the pay may make it worth while. I'm told that my Lord Spindle gives his eldest son, Master Drumstick's tutorer, three hundred a year; and, besides learning his pupil, he has to read my lord to sleep of an afternoon, and walk out with the lap-dogs and children. Now, if three hundred a-year, doctor, will do the business for Dick, I shan't begrudge it you.

PAN. Three hundred a-year! Say no more, my lord! LL.D., A double S, and three hundred a-year! I accept the office. "Verbum sat." Horace.—Hem! I'll run to my lodgings—settle with Mrs. Sudds—put my wardrobe into a—No, I've got it all on—and—— (*going*)

DUB. Hold! hold! not so hasty, doctor; I must first send you for Dick to the Blue Boar.

PAN. The Honourable Mr. Dowlas, my pupil, at the Blue Boar!

DUB. Aye, in Holborn. As I an't fond of telling people good news beforehand, for fear they may be baulked, Dick knows nothing of my being made a lord.

PAN. Three hundred a-year!

"I've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six—" (No—three!) "three hundred—"

DUB. I wrote him just afore I left Gosport to tell him to meet me in London with——

PAN. "Three hundred pounds a-year." Swift.—Hem!

DUB. With all speed upon business; d'ye mind me?

PAN. Doctor Pangloss with an income of——No lap-dogs, my lord?

DUB. Nay, but listen, doctor: and as I didn't know where old Ferret was to make me live in London, I told Dick to be at the Blue Boar this morning by the stage-coach. Why, you don't hear what I'm talking about, doctor.

PAN. Oh, perfectly, my lord. (*aside*) Three hundred—Blue Boars—in a stage-coach!

DUB. Well, step into my room, doctor, and I'll give you a letter which you shall carry to the inn, and bring Dick away with you. I warrant the boy will be ready to jump out of his skin.

PAN. Skin! jump!—Zounds! I'm ready to jump out of mine! I follow your lordship. Oh, Doctor Pangloss! where is your philosophy now? I attend you, my lord. "Æquam memento—" Horace! "Servare mentum—" Hem! Bless me, I'm all in a fluster! LL.D., A double S, and three hundred a——I attend your lordship!

Exeunt, R.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Blue Boar Inn, Holborn—table and chairs.—A bell rings, L.*

Enter WAITER, L. showing in ZEKIEL HOMESPUN, carrying a portmanteau, and CICELY HOMESPUN.

WAIT. This way, if you please, sir.

ZEK. So, here we be, at last, in Lunnun, at the—what be your sign, young man?

WAIT. The Blue Boar, sir; one of the oldest houses in London.

ZEK. Oldest!—why, as you do say, young man, it do seem in a tumble-downish kind of a condition, indeed.

WAIT. Shall I put your portmanteau on the table, sir?
(offers to take it)

ZEK. (*jerking it from him*) No, but you don't, though, I ha' heard o' the tricks o' Lunnun, though I ne'er sat foot in't afore. Master Blue Boar, you ha' gotten the wrong sow by the ear, I can tell ye.

CIC. La, brother Zekiel! I dare say the young man is honest.

ZEK. Haply he may be, Cicely; but the honest chaps o' this town, as I be told, do need a deal o' looking a'ter. Where can Dick Dowlas now be a loitering so long in the yard?

WAIT. The gentlemen that came in the coach with you, sir?

ZEK. Yes, yes; the gentlemen wi' all his clothes in his hand, tied up in a little blue-and-white pocket handkerchief.

WAIT. Shall I bid him come up, sir?

ZEK. Aye, be so kind, will ye?

WAIT. I shall, sir.

Exit, L.

ZEK. I ha' nothing left but this portmanteau and you, Cicely; if I was to lose either of you, what would become of poor Zekiel Homespun?

CIC. Dear, now! this was the cry all along upon the road. Don't be down-hearted, brother; there be plenty of ways of getting bread in Lunnun.

ZEK. Oh, plenty, plenty; but many of the ways, they do say, be so foul, and the bread be so dirty, it would turn a nice stomach to eat on't.

CIC. Well, I do declare, it seems a pure place, with a power of rich gentlefolks, for certain; for I saw number nine hundred and forty-five upon one of their coach-doors as we came along, and no doubt there be more of them still. I do so like it, Zekiel!

ZEK. Don't ye, now—don't ye, Cicely—pray don't ye

be so merry! You scare me out o' my senses! Think what a charge I have of ye, Cicely! Father and mother dead; no kin to help us; both thrown a top of the wide world to seek our fortunes; and only I to take care of ye. Indeed, indeed, I do love you, Cicely! You would break your poor brother's heart if any harm was to befall you. You wouldn't do that, would you, Cicely?

CIC. I, Zekiel! I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head, if I was to be made my lord mayor's lady for it. You have been a kind brother to me, Zekiel; and if I have the luck to get a service first, I'd work my fingers to the bone to maintain you.

ZEK. Buss me, Cicely. Od rabbit it, girl! I be only chicken-hearted on your account.

CIC. Well, but let us hope for the best, Zekiel. Poor father has follow'd mother to the cold grave, sure enough; and the squire, out of the spite he owed us, has turn'd us out of the Castleton farm; but —

ZEK. That were bad enough '—though I could ha' stomach'd that; but he spoke ill o' father's memory. I'd as big a mind to lick squire as ever I had in my life; and then, as you do say, to turn us adrift!

CIC. But we are young and strong, brother Zekiel, and able to get our living.

ZEK. Why, that be true enough, Cicely.

CIC. Well then, come now, pluck up a spirit! be light-some and jovial a bit, Zekiel—do now!

ZEK. Well, I—I'll do my best. Dang it! if we had but a friend now!

CIC. Why haven't we?

ZEK. None that I do know of, bating Dick Dowlas, who be come up wi' us in the Castleton coach.

CIC. Well, brother, I'm sure he'd go through fire and water to serve us. He has told me so, Zekiel, fifty good times, by the side of Old Dobbins's pond, by moonlight.

ZEK. Aye, I do know he ha' kept you company, Cicely. I told him, when father died, that I was agreeable to his having of you, provided matters got a little more smoothish with you.

CIC. Did you? La, Zekiel!

ZEK. Dick be an honest fellow.

CIC. (*eagerly*) That he is, indeed, brother!

ZEK. I ha' known him now, seven good years, since first he came to Castleton; and we ha' been for all the world like brothers. Dick be a little rantipolish, but as generous a lad—

DICK DOWLAS. (*singing and talking without, L.*)

“Oh, London is a fine town,
A very famous city—”

Take care of my bundle—d'ye hear?

Enter DICK DOWLAS, singing, L.

DICK. “Where all the streets paved with gold,
And all the maidens pretty.”

(*crossing to c.*) Well, shan't we have a bit of something to eat—just a snack, Zekiel, eh? (*calling off, L.*) Here, you waiter! (*turning to CICELY*) What, Cis, my girl!—

Re-enter WAITER, with a bundle, L.

(*to the WAITER*) Come, get some cold beef, you. (*to CICELY*) How dost do after the journey? (*to the WAITER*) Aye, cold beef;—put down the bundle;—mustard, vinegar, and all that, you know; Cis likes a relish.

WAIT. Directly, sir.

(*places DICK's bundle on the table, and exits, R.*)

DICK. Aye, jump about, my tight fellow! Zounds! how the rumbling of the old coach keeps whirling in my head.

ZEK. I do think, Dick, your head be always a little upon the whirligig order.

DICK. If I hadn't got out to take the reins in hand now and then, I should have been as muzzy as a methodist parson. Didn't I knock the tits along nicely, Cis?

CIC. Aye, indeed, Dick; except bumping us up against the turnpike-gates, we went as pure and pleasant—

DICK. Psha! that was an accident. Well, old Domine hasn't called for me here yet. Can't think what the old boy wants with me in London; bad news, I'm afraid.

CIC. No, don't you say so, Dick!

ZEK. Hap what will, Dick, I'll stand by ye. I be as

poor as Job, but I'll share with my friend in distress to the last guinea.

DICK. Tip us your daddle, Zekiel; you've as tender a heart as ever got into the tough carcase of a Castleton farmer. Yes, the old boy's last letter but one told me that things were going on but badly. Confound that chandler's shop! Bacon, eggs, coals, and candles, have laid him low. A bankruptcy, I warrant; and he is come up to town to whitewash.

ZEK. And to consult wi' you, mayhap, as you be in the laa, about the business.

DICK. Gad, then, it will be like consulting most people in the law—he'll get nothing from me that's satisfactory. Old Latitat had as little business as I had inclination in the practice.

ZEK. Well, but Dick, sure you can do somewhat in your calling: you can draw up a will, or a lease of a farm, now.

DICK. I can shoot a wild duck with any lawyer's clerk in the country;—I can fling a bar—play at cricket—

ZEK. That you can; I used to notch for you, you do know.

DICK. I can make a bowl of punch—

ZEK. That you can; I used to drink it wi' you, you do know.

DICK. I can make love—

CIC. (*eagerly*) That you can, Dick!

ICK. I can catch gudgeons—

K. Ay, ay, that be part o' your trade.—Catching o' eons be a lawyer's chiefest employment, they do say.

ICK. Well, now to business. Here's a newspaper I ed up at the bar; there is something in it, I think, will suit Cis. (*handing the paper to ZEKIEL*) Read it.

ZEK. (*crossing to c., and reading*) ["Wanted, a maid—"

DICK. That's a difficult thing to be found in London, I take it.

ZEK. So far 'twill do for our Cicely.

CIC. Yes: I'd better make haste and get the place, for fear anything should happen, you know.

ZEK. Let's read it, Cicely.] "Wanted a maid-servant, by a young lady—"

Lines between [] often omitted.

CIC. Dear!—a young lady?

ZEK. "Who lives very retired at the west end of the town;—must be clean in her person." Cicely be very clean.

DICK. As any lass in Derbyshire.

ZEK. "And good-natured—" Cicely be as good-natured a girl as ever—Umph! Well, let's see. "And willing to do what is required."

CIC. Well, I am very willing, you know, Dick, an't I?

DICK. That you are, Cis. Kiss me.

CIC. La, Dick! this will just do!—I'm so pleased.

ZEK. (*reading*) "If from the country, the better." Rabbit it, Cicely, this be the very thing! Tol de rol lol! "or if any farmer, in difficulties from a numerous family, wishes to put his daughter to a service—" Oh, my poor old father! this be the thing! "she will meet the tenderest care from the lady, who has herself known what it is to be unfortunate." (*capering about and singing*) Tol de rol lol! Buss me, Cicely! hug me, Dick Dowlas! I shall provide for sister—the care next my very heart! Tol de rol lol! Rabbit it! I be ready to choke for joy!

CIC. Dear, now! this is the rarest luck! Live with a young lady! I shall be so great and grand—

DICK. And grow giddy with good fortune, and forget your poor friends, Cis.

ZEK. No, no; Cicely be too good for that. Forget a poor friend! When such giddy folks do chance to get a tumble, they may e'en thank themselves if nobody be ready to help them up.

CIC. Now, I wouldn't have said such words to you, Dick. You know, so you do, if I was to be made a queen, it would be my pride, Dick, to share all my gold with brother and you.

DICK. (*crossing to c.*) My dear Cis! Well, I'm sorry—faith, I am; and if ever I or my family should come to fortune—But, psha! hang it! my father keeps a chandler's shop without custom.

Re-enter WAITER, R.

WAIT. The cloth is laid for you in the other room, gentlemen; for you can't dine here.

DICK. Why so?

WAIT. The churchwardens come to eat a great dinner here once a month, for the good of the poor! this is their day.

ZEK. That's as they do down wi' us; but I could never find out why stuffing a churchwarden's belly was for the good of the poor o' the parish.

DICK. Nor I, neither; unless he got a surfeit that carried him off, Come, Zekiel, you shall go presently after the place; but first let us refresh: what we eat will be for the good of the poor, I'm certain. Cis, your arm. (*to the WAITER*) Take my bundle, you dog! and don't drop anything out, for I've no linen to spare. Come, Cis!

Exeunt DICK, CICELY, and ZEKIEL, R., the WAITER follows.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Lodgings of Miss Dormer. A table and two chairs; a door, R.; a draft in the table drawer.*

CAROLINE DORMER *discovered.*

CAR. I wish Kenrick were come back; my last hope hangs upon the answer he will bring me. World! world! when affluence points the telescope, how closely does it attract thy venal inhabitants! how magnified are all their smiles! Let poverty reverse the glass, far distant does it cast them from us, and the features of friendship are dwindled into nothing! I hear him coming.

Enter KENRICK, R.

Well, Kenrick, you have carried the letter?

KEN. Indeed and I have, Miss Caroline.

CAR. And what answer from my father's old friend, Kenrick?

KEN. Faith, now, your father's old friend, begging your pardon, answered like a big blackguard.

CAR. Surely, Kenrick, he could not look surprised at my application?

KEN. Faith, he looked for all the world as if he had swallowed a bottle of vinegar. When I was his honour's (your poor deceased father's) butler, and helped this dear old friend to good bumpers of Madeira, and he hanged to him! he made clean another sort of a face of it.

CAR. And has he sent no letter in answer?

KEN. Not a syllable at this present writing; it was all by varbal word of dirty mouth.

CAR. Insulting!

KEN. "Give my compliments to Miss Caroline Dormer," says he, "and tell her I'm sorry for her misfortunes." Bless you! says I. "But I cannot be of the smallest service to her." The devil fly away with you! thinks I.

[CAR. Did he assign no reason?

KEN. Och! to be sure an ould Skinflint doesn't always give you plenty of reasons for being hard-hearted? 'Tis fitting he should, miss, because the case requires it; but compassion is compassion, and that's rason enough for showing it in all conscience.

CAR. But what said he, Kenrick?

KEN. "Her father, Mr. Dormer's bankruptcy," says he, "has made a terrible deal of noise in the world."—Ay, and a terrible deal of work, too, says I; for you know, Miss Caroline, my poor old master, rest his soul! was one of the biggest merchants in the City of London.

CAR. True, Kenrick; but died almost one of its poorest inhabitants.

KEN. That's what the ould fellow said. "Her father has died so involved," says he, "that no prudent man can concern himself for the daughter, or run the risk of meddling with his affairs." And so he ended, with his respects, and a parcel of palaver, to you, and an offer of half a crown to your humble servant, as an ould acquaintance.

CAR. And yet, had my father's prudence been of his complexion, I doubt, Kenrick, whether this man would now have had half a crown to offer you.

KEN. Och! now, if I had but minded to tell him that! But I made the half crown tell it him as plain as it could speak; for I threw it upon the ould miser's table with a great big whack, and, by my soul, he never jumped so high at two-and-sixpence before in all his beggarly born days!

[Sometimes omitted.]

CAR. Then there is no hope from that quarter, Kenrick?

KEN. No more hope than there is in a dead coach-horse.

CAR. I would wish to be alone, Kenrick; pray leave me!

KEN. Leave you, and in grief, Miss Caroline?

CAR. I would not have you, my good old man, a witness to my affliction.

KEN. What! and wasn't my poor, dear, departed wife, Judith, your own nurse, wet and dry, for many a good year?—And isn't myself, Felix Kenrick, your own foster-father, that have dandled you in these ould arms, when you were the size of a dumpling?—And will I leave you to take on after this fashion, all alone by yourself?

[CAR. Pray—pray be silent, Kenrick! Oh, Nature! spite of the inequalities which birth or education have placed between thy children,—still, Nature, with all thy softness, I own thee! The tear of an old and faithful servant, which bedews the ruins of his shelter, is an honest drop that penetrates the heart. (*sits and weeps*)

KEN. Ay, cry away, my poor Miss Caroline! cry away! I shared the sunshine of your family, and it is but fair that I should go halves in the ruin.

CAR. A poor two hundred pounds, Kenrick, are now all that remain to me.

KEN. Well, come, two hundred pounds, now-a-days, are not to be sneezed at. Consider how consoling it is, my dear miss, to think that, with good management, it may be a matter of two years before you are left without a penny in the whole wide world; and that's four-and-twenty calendar months, you know.

CAR. Had this hollow friend of my father's exerted himself in the wreck of our house's fortune, he might probably have averted the penury which threatens me.

KEN. Och! if I could but beat humanity into his heart, through his carcass, I'd make him as tender as a sucking-pig!]

CAR. Lord Duberly's death, too, in the moment of my difficulties! In him I might still have found a protector.

KEN. Aye, and his brave son, too, the Honourable Mr. Henry Morland, that was to have married you. Well, be of good heart, now; for he's dead, the poor drowned youth!

CAR. Desist, Kenrick, I beseech you !

KEN. Ah ! well, now, you are unhappy ; but you see I'm after making you easy. Just as the two families had popped down the man of your heart for your husband, faith, he popped himself into his decent watery grave ; and I am left the only tender friend you have in the world to remind you of it.

CAR. Remind me no more, Kenrick ;—your intention is good, but this is torment to me, instead of——

ZEKIEL HOMESPUN. (*without, R.*) Above stairs ? Oh, very well, ma'am—thank'ee, ma'am.

CAR. Hark ! I hear somebody enquiring for me on the stairs.

KEN. Now, that's the worst of these lodgings. Faith, the people come into your house before you have opened the door. (*a knock at the door, R.*)

CAR. Come in.

Enter ZEKIEL and CICELY HOMESPUN, R. D.

Have you any business with me, friend ?

ZEK. Why, yes, madam ; it be a smallish bit of business, as a body may say.

CAR. Well, young man ?

ZEK. Why, madam, I be come to——Pray, if I may may make so bold, isn't your name A. B. ?

CAR. Oh ! I understand : you come in consequence of an advertisement. I believe you may leave us, Kenrick. It was I who advertised for a maid-servant.

ZEK. And wi' submission, madam, I be come to offer for the please.

KEN. (*aside—going*) This is the first time I ever saw a servant-maid in a pair of leathern breeches in all my life !

Exit, L.

CAR. You, honest friend, as a maid-servant !

ZEK. Ees—for Cicely. Curt'sey, Cicely !

CIC. I do, brother Zekiel.

ZEK. This be my sister, madam. We be newly come from Derbyshire ; and lighting at the Blue Boar, the great inn—in—Holbourn, that——But perhaps you may frequent it, madam.

CAR. (*smiling*) Well, friend ?

ZEK. Why, we stumbled upon your notice in the newspaper, madam; and so—and so, here we be, madam.

CAR. (to CICELY) Have you ever been in service before, child?

CIC. No, never, if you please, madam: I was always with father, and minded the dairy.

CAR. And why did you quit your father, pray?

CIC. He died, if you please, madam; it was a sad day for brother and I! 'Tis a cruel thing, madam, to lose a good father.

CAR. It is, indeed, child; I can well feel it!

CIC. And when he dies in distress, too, madam—

CAR. Did your father die so, child?

ZEK. All along o' that wicked squire. Mother ware gone long ago; and when children be left destitute, it be hard to find a friend to compassionate 'em.

CAR. I—I will be that friend. My power is little—almost nothing; but as far as it can go, you shall find a protection.

CIC. Oh, the gracious! what a pure lady!

CAR. But can you refer me to any one for a character?

ZEK. I ha' gotten a character in my pocket, madam: they tell me that be the way they do take most characters in Lunnun. (*giving a paper*) Here be a certificate from Parson Brock, of our parish.

CAR. I see. What can you do to be useful, Cicely?

CIC. Oh, a power of things! I can churn, and feed ducks,—milk cows, and fatten a pig, madam.

ZEK. Yes, yes; you will find sister Cicely handy enough, I warrant her.

CAR. All this will be of little service in London.

ZEK. Od rabbit it! madam, she will soon learn here to put her hand to anything—won't you, Cicely?

CIC. If I don't, it shan't be for want of inclination, so so please you, my lady.

CAR. Well, child, come in the evening, and you shall begin your service. We shall not disagree about wages; and you will be treated more like a humble friend than a servant. (*calling off, L.*) Kenrick! I shall have only yourself and a poor faithful Irishman. (*goes up to the table*)

ZEK. (*aside*) An Irishman! dang it, these Irishmen, as I be told, be devils among the girls. My mind do misgive me; for Cicely be young and thoughtless.

Re-enter KENRICK, L.

CAR. (*coming forward with the draft*) Show these good people down, Kenrick; and take this bill to Lombard Street.

KEN. I shall do that thing, Miss Caroline.

ZEK. (*aside*) Oh! this, then, be the Irishman! He be a plaguy old one, indeed. Come, there be nothing to fear about he! (*to* CAROLINE) A good day to ye, madam. Curt'sey, Cicely.

KEN. Come, you two go first; for I must be after showing you the way, you know.

Exeunt ZEKIEL and CICELY, R. D., followed by KENRICK.

CAR. This simple girl's story approaches so near to my own, that it touches me. Poor innocence! mine is a sorry shelter in your wanderings, yet it may be warmer than one more splendid; for opulence relieves, sometimes with coldness, sometimes with ostentation, sometimes with levity; but sympathy kindles the brightest spark that shines on the altar of compassion, and tenderness pours on it the sweetest balm that charity produces, when the afflicted administer to the afflicted.

Exit, L.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Blue Boar Inn. Table and chairs—a bundle in a blue and white pocket handkerchief on the table.*

Enter DOCTOR PANGLOSS and WAITER, L.

PAN. Let the chariot turn about. Doctor Pangloss in lord's chariot! "Curru portatur eodem." Juvenal.—em! Waiter!

WAIT. Sir.

PAN. Have you any gentleman here who arrived this morning?

WAIT. There's one in the house now, sir.

PAN. Is he juvenile?

WAIT. No, sir; he's Derbyshire.

PAN. (*laughing*) He, he, he! Of what appearance is the gentleman?

WAIT. Why, plaguy poor, sir.

PAN. "I hold him rich, al had he not a sherte."—Chaucer.—Hem! Denominated the Honourable Mr. Dowlas?

WAIT. Honourable! He left his name plain Dowlas at the bar, sir.

PAN. Plain Dowlas, did he? That will do: "For all the rest is leather——"

WAIT. Leather, sir?

PAN. "And prunello." Pope.—Hem! Tell Mr. Dowlas a gentleman requests the honour of an interview.

WAIT. This is his room, sir. He has but just stepped into our parcel warehouse; he'll be with you directly.

Exit, R.

PAN. Never before did honour and affluence let fall such a shower on the head of Doctor Pangloss! Fortune, I thank thee! Propitious goddess, I am grateful! I, thy favoured child, who commenced his career in the loftiest apartment of a muffin-maker, in Milk Alley! Little did I think—"good easy man!"—Shakspeare.—Hem!—of the riches and literary dignities which now——

Enter DICK DOWLAS, R.

My pupil!

DICK. (*entering*) Well, where is the man that wants—(*seeing PANGLOSS*) Oh! you are he, I suppose.

PAN. I *am* the man, young gentleman. "Homo sum." Terence.—Hem! Sir, the person who now presumes to address you, is Peter Pangloss; to whose name, in the College of Aberdeen, is subjoined LL. D., signifying Doctor of Laws; to which has been recently added the distinction of A double S—the Roman initials for a Fellow of the Society of Arts.

DICK. Sir, I am your most obedient, Richard Dowlas; to whose name, in his tailor's bill, is subjoined D. R., signifying Debtor; to which are added, L.S.D.—the Roman initials for pounds, shillings, and pence.

PAN. (*aside*) Ha! this youth was doubtless designed

by destiny to move in the circles of fashion; for he's dipped in debt, and makes a merit of telling it.

DICK. But what are your commands with me, doctor?

PAN. I have the honour, young gentleman, of being deputed an ambassador to you, from your father.

DICK. Then you have the honour to be ambassador of as good-natured an old fellow as ever sold a ha'porth of cheese in a chandler's shop!

PAN. Pardon me, if, on the subject of your father's cheese, I advise you to be as mute as a mouse in one for the future. "Twere better to keep that "altâ mente repostum." Virgil.—Hem!

DICK. Why, what's the matter?—Any misfortune?—Broke, I fear.

PAN. No, not broke; but his name, as 'tis customary in these cases, has appear'd in the Gazette.

DICK. Not broke, but gazetted! Why, zounds and the devil!—

PAN. Check your passions—learn philosophy. When the wife of the great Socrates threw a—hem!—threw a *tea* pot at his erudite head, he was as cool as a cucumber. When Plato—

DICK. Hang Plato! What of my father?

PAN. Don't hang Plato! the bees swarmed round his mellifluous mouth as soon as he was swaddled. "Cum in cunis apes in labellis consedisent.." Cicero. Hem!

DICK. I wish you had a swarm round yours, with all my heart. Come to the point.

PAN. In due time. But calm your choler. "Ira furor brevis est." Horace.—Hem! (*producing a letter*) Read this.

DICK. (*snatches the letter, breaking it open, and reading*) "Dear Dick.—This comes to inform you I am in a perfect state of health, hoping you are the same." Ah, that's the old beginning. "It was my lot last week to be made—" Ay, a bankrupt, I suppose! "To be made a—" What? "To be made a—(*spelling*)—p, e, a, r."—A pear!—to be made a pear! What the devil does he mean by that?

PAN. A peer—a peer of the realm. His lordship's orthography is a little loose, but several of his equals countenance the custom—Lord Loggerhead always spells physician with an F.

DICK. A peer! what, my father? I'm electrified!—Old Daniel Dowlas made a peer! But let me see. (*reading*) "A peer of the realm—Lawyer Ferret got me a tittle—" titt—oh, title! "and an estate of fifteen thousand per ann., by making me out next of kin to old Lord Duberly, because he died without—without hair." 'Tis an odd reason, by the bye, to be next of kin to a nobleman because he died bald.

PAN. His lordship means heir—*heir* to his estate. We shall meliorate his style speedily. "Reform it altogether." Shakspeare.—Hem!

DICK. (*reading*) "I send my carrot—" Carrot!

PAN. (*laughing*) He, he, he! Chariot, his lordship means. "Chariot—a little coach." Johnson.—Hem!

DICK. "With Doctor Panglos in it."

PAN. That's me.

DICK. "Respect him, for he's an L.L.D. and moreover an A double S." (*they bow*)

PAN. His lordship kindly condescended to insert that, at my request.

DICK. "And I have made him your tutorer, to mend your cakelology."

PAN. Cacalogy—from *KAKOS* "malus," and *ΛΟΓΟΣ* "verbum." Vide Lexicon.—Hem!

DICK. "Come with the Doctor to my house in Hanover Square." Hanover Square! "I remain, your affectionate father to command.—Duberly."

PAN. That's his lordship's title.

DICK. It is?

PAN. It is.

DICK. Say *Sir* to a lord's son. You have no more manners than a bear.

PAN. Bear! Under favour, young gentleman, I am the bear-leader, being appointed your tutor.

DICK. And what can you teach me?

PAN. Prudence: don't forget yourself in sudden success. "Tecum habita." Persius.—Hem!

DICK. Prudence to a nobleman's son, with fifteen thousand a year!

PAN. Don't give way to your passions.

DICK. Give way! Zounds! I'm wild—mad! You

teach me! Pooh! I have been in London before, and know it requires no teaching to be a modern fine gentleman. Why, it all lies in a nut-shell. Sport a curricule—walk Bond Street—play at Faro—get drunk—dance reels—go to the Opera—cut off your tail—pull on your pantaloons, and there's a buck of the first fashion in town for you. Dem'me! d'ye think I don't know what's going? (*crosses*)

PAN. Mercy on me! I shall have a very refractory pupil!

DICK. Not at all: we'll be hand and glove together, my little doctor. I'll drive you down to all the races, with my little terrier between your legs, in a tandem.

PAN. Doctor Pangloss, the philosopher, with a terrier between his legs, in a tandem!

DICK. I'll tell you what, doctor—I'll make you my long-stop at cricket—you shall draw corks when I'm president—laugh at my jokes before company—squeeze lemons for punch—cast up the reckoning—and woe betide you, if you don't keep sober enough to see me safe home after a jollification.

PAN. Make me a long-stop, and a squeezer of lemons! Zounds! this is more fatiguing than walking out with the lap-dogs! And are these the qualifications for a tutor, young gentleman?

DICK. To be sure they are! 'Tis the way that half the prig parsons, who educate us Honourables, jump into fat livings.

PAN. 'Tis well they jump into something fat, at last, for they must wear all the flesh off their bones in the process.

DICK. Come now, tutor, go you and call the waiter.

PAN. Go and call! Sir, sir!—I'd have you to understand, Mr. Dowlas——

DICK. Aye, let us understand one another, doctor. My father, I take it, comes down handsomely to you, for your management of me.

PAN. My lord has been liberal.

DICK. But 'tis *I* must manage *you*, doctor. Acknowledge this, and, between ourselves, I'll find means to double your pay.

PAN. Double my——

DICK. Do you hesitate? Why, man, you have set up for a modern tutor without knowing your trade!

PAN. Double my pay!—say no more—done! “Actum est.” Terence—Hem! (*calling off*) Waiter! Gad! I’ve reach’d the right reading at last:

“I’ve often wish’d that I had clear,
For life, *six* hundred pounds a-year.”

Swift—Hem! (*calling* Waiter!)

DICK. That’s right; tell him to pop my clothes and linen into the carriage; they are in that bundle.

Enter WAITER, L.

PAN. Waiter, here, put all the Honourable Mr. Dowlas’s clothes and linen into his father’s, Lord Duberly’s, chariot.

WAIT. Where are they all, sir?

PAN. All wrapped up in the Honourable Mr. Dowlas’s pocket handkerchief. *Exit* WAITER *with the bundle*, L.

DICK. See ’em safe in, doctor, and I’ll be with you directly.

PAN. I go, most worthy pupil. (*aside*) Six hundred pounds a-year! However deficient in the classics, his knowledge of arithmetic is admirable.

“I’ve often wish’d that I had clear,
For life——”

DICK. Nay, nay, don’t be so slow.

PAN. Swift—Hem! I’m gone! *Exit*, L.

DICK. What am I to do with Zekiel and Cis? When a poor man has grown great, his old acquaintance, generally, begin to be troublesome.

Enter ZEKIEL HOMESPUN, L.

ZEK. Well, I han’t been long.

DICK. (*coolly*) No, you are come time enough, in all conscience.

ZEK. Cicely ha’ gotten the pleace. I be e’en almost stark wild wi’ joy. Such a good-natured young madam. Why, you don’t seem pleased, man. Sure and sure, you be glad of our good fortune, Dick?

DICK. Dick! Why, what do you—— (*aside*) Oh! but he doesn’t know yet that I am a lord’s son. (*aloud*) I rejoice to hear of your success, friend Zekiel.

ZEK. Why, now, that’s hearty! But—— eh! why,

you look mortal heavy and lumpish, Dick. No bad tidings since we ha' been out, I hope?

DICK. Oh no.

ZEK. Eh? Let's ha' a squint at you. Od rabbit it! but summut have happened. You ha' seen your father, and things ha' gone crossish. Who have been here, Dick?

DICK. Only a gentleman, who had the honour of being deputed ambassador from my father.

ZEK. What a dickens!—an ambassador! Pish! now you be a queering a body. An ambassador, sent from an old chandler to Dick Dowlas, lawyer Latitat's clerk? Come, that be a good one, fegs!

DICK. Dick Dowlas! and lawyer's clerk! Sir, the gentleman came to inform me that my father, by being proved next of kin to the late lord, is now Lord Duberly; by which means I am now the Honourable Mr. Dowlas.

ZEK. Ods flesh! gi' us your fist, Dick! I ne'er shook the fist of an honourable afore, in all my born days. Old Daniel made a lord! I be main glad to hear it. This be news, indeed! But, Dick, I hope he ha' gotten some ready along wi' his title; for a lord without money be but a foolish, wishy-washy kind of a thing, a'ter all.

DICK. My father's estate is fifteen thousand a year.

ZEK. Mercy on us! you ha' ta'en away my breath!

DICK. (*crossing to L.*) Well, Zekiel, Cis and you shall hear from me soon.

ZEK. Why, you ben't a going, Dick?

DICK. I must pay my duty to his lordship; his chariot waits for me below. We have been some time acquainted, Zekiel, and you may depend upon my good offices.

ZEK. You do seem a little frustrated with these tidings.

DICK. I—I should be loth to think our kindness was a cooling.

DICK. Oh, no;—rely on my protection.

ZEK. Why, look ye, Dick Dowlas: as to protection, and all that, we ha' been old friends; and, if I should need it from you, it be no more nor my right to expect it, and your business to give it me. But Cicely ha' gotten a place, and I ha' hands and health, to get a livelihood. Fortune, good or bad, tries the man, they do say; and if I should hap to be made a lord to-morrow, (as who

can say what may betide, sin' they ha' made one out of an old chandler?)—

DICK. Well, sir, and what then?

ZEK. Why, then, the finest feather in my lordship's cap would be, to show that there would be as much sheame in slighting an old friend, because he be poor, as there be pleasure in owning him, when it be in our power to do him service.

DICK. You mistake me, Zekiel. I—I— (*aside*) 'Sdeath! I'm quite confounded! I'm trying to be as fashionable, here, as my neighbours, but nature comes in and knocks it all on the head. (*aloud*) Zekiel, give me your hand.

ZEK. Then there be a hearty Castleton slap for ye. The grasp of an honest man can't disgrace the hand of a duke, Dick.

DICK. You're a kind soul, Zekiel. I regard you sincerely; I love Cicely, and— (*aside*) Hang it! I'm going too far now, for a lord's son! Pride and old friendship are fighting in me, till I am almost bewildered. (*aloud*) You shall hear from me in a few hours. Good bye, Zekiel—good bye! *Exit, L.*

ZEK. I don't know what ails me, but I be almost ready to cry. Dick be a high-mettled youth, and this news ha' put him a little beside himself.—I should make a bit of allowance:—his heart, I do think, be in the right road; and when that be the case, he be a hard judge that won't pardon an old friend's spirits, when they do carry him a little way out on't. *Exit, L.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*London—A Room in a Hotel.*

Enter WAITER, R., *ushering in* HENRY MORLAND *and*
STEDFAST.

WAIT. These are the apartments, gentlemen.

Exit WAITER, R.

STED. Welcome at last, Mr. Morland, to London! After wandering over foreign lands, with what joy an Englishman sets his foot on British ground. His heart swells with pleasure as he drives through his fat, native soil, which ruddy Labour has cultivated, till he reaches this grand reservoir of opulence,—an opulence which may well make him proud, for its honourable source is his countrymen's industry.

MOR. To you, Stedfast, who have no private fears—no anxieties for your family, the satisfaction must be exquisite.

STED. Why, I am an old bachelor, 'tis true, and without relations; but the whole country is my family. I could not help thinking as we posted to town, that each jolly peasant, and each cherry-cheeked lass, was a kind of humble brother and sister to me,—and they called forth my affections accordingly. Rich or poor, great or small, we all form one chain, Henry. May the larger and lesser links hold kindly together, till times slides into eternity.

MOR. Truce to these reflections, now, my dear Stedfast; they do your heart honour; but mine is filled with a thousand apprehensions. My father! Caroline!

STED. A father and a mistress! Duty and love! That's a slow fire, and a fierce blaze; and, doubt blowing the bellows upon them, 'tis enough to scorch a young soul to a cinder.

MOR. 'Tis strange I have never heard from either of them. After escaping the perils of shipwreck—after the sufferings which followed—a father—and a mistress, soon to be made my wife—might surely have sent one line to testify their pleasure at my preservation.

STED. Aye, now make yourself miserable. A young mind is too soon sanguine, and, therefore, too soon depressed.

MOR. Why, what can be the reason that they have never noticed my letters?

STED. Um! There is one reason, indeed, that—

MOR. You alarm me! What can that be?

STED. That they have never received them.

MOR. Impossible!

STED. Nothing more likely. Consider, your last letter

from Quebec told your father, Lord Duberly, that you had arranged all the business which had called you there, and that in three days you should embark for England.

MOR. Well, that he never answered.

STED. I can't tell—probably not. Most people think it somewhat superfluous to write to a correspondent at Quebec after he has left the place.

MOR. Psha!—I'm bewildered. But since——

STED. Why, since—the chances have been against you. Wrecked on our passage—thrown upon the uninhabited part of the island of Cape Breton——

MOR. I shall never think of it without horror, nor without gratitude, Stedfast. To your friendly care—(strangers as we then were to each other)—on that frozen shore of desolation, I owe my life.

STED. Psha! nonsense!—we both met as fellow-passengers, and were fellow-sufferers; and I happened to be the toughest, that's all. To do as we would be done by is merely a part of our duty; but there is so much fuss made about it now, that I am afraid the duty is too often neglected. I suppose we shall thank our shoe-black for brushing our boots, though we reward him for his business.

MOR. Yet humanity, Stedfast——

STED. Is every man's business; and the reward he will ultimately receive for it, is far above human calculation.—But come,—thank Providence, and not me. To survive at the end of two months, when most of the small parcel of our comrades were dead, or dying about us, with cold and hunger, is no common escape.

MOR. And, then, in a desperate hope, to launch our shattered boat, in quest of an inhabited country; and to toss about, for two months more, till, benumbed and perishing, we were discovered by the native and friendly Indians. All this, Stedfast, was, indeed, a stout trial.

STED. Then away with trifling fears now. Since our deliverance, we have changed our ground, daily, on our return to England. The time—the distance—your letters—their's—all may have miscarried.

MOR. May it prove so! (*crossing to R.*) But let me hasten to my father's, and clear my doubts.

STED. Stay, stay, stay! You know 'twas at my request you drove to this hotel: now, pray, at my request, let *me* wait on Lord Duberly, to prepare him for your appearance.

MOR. But for what purpose?

STED. A very evident one. The wreck of our ship has, doubtless, been long public in London; and as the crew and passengers are, probably, all supposed to have perished, your abrupt entrance at your father's might be too much for him.

MOR. You are perfectly right. In the moment when our passions are afloat, how beneficial is the cool judgment of a friend to direct us! But shouldn't I give you a line of introduction to my father?

STED. Umph!—Why, according to usual form, indeed; but I was never good at forms, and in this case, it may be better to let me introduce myself in my own way. I hope Lord Duberly is no stickler for ceremonies.

MOR. He has the manliest virtue, and the warmest heart in the world, my friend; but, I confess, to those who are unacquainted with him, these qualities, at first, are a little concealed by a coldness in manner that——

STED. Oh! I understand: a little stately, or so.

MOR. Only a little of the *vielle cour* about him. A long habit of haranguing in parliament, gives a man a kind of dignity of deportment, and an elevation of style not met with every day, you know. But gentleman is written legibly on his brow; erudition shines through every polished period of his language; and he is the best of men, and of fathers, believe me.

STED. Aye, aye; I see, I see! Grand and stiff, but of sterling value, like an old-fashioned silver candlestick.—
(*crossing to R.*) Well, I'll soon bring you an account of my embassy.

MOR. And while you are at my father's, I will walk to Mr. Dormer's. My suspense about Caroline is intolerable. I must see the good old gentleman, and he will break my arrival to his daughter.

STED. Meet me, then, here in a couple of hours.

MOR. Be it so. A thousand thanks, my dear Stedfast!

STED. A thousand fiddlesticks! I hate to be thanked,

a thousand times, for a trifle. I know 'tis the language of the day; but complimentary cant is the coinage of dishonesty, for the profession exceeds the feeling;—and nine men in ten who give it under their hands that they are your most devoted humble servants, pledge themselves to you for much more than they ever mean to perform.

Exeunt, R.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Lord Duberly's House—richly furnished.*

LADY DUBERLY, R., and DOCTOR PANGLOSS, L., *discovered, seated.*

LADY D. And, how does my lord come on in his learning, doctor?

PAN. Apt—very apt, indeed, for his age. Defective in nothing, now, but words, phrases, and grammar.

LADY D. I wish you could learn him to follow my example, and be a little genteel. But there is no making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, they say.

PAN. Time may do much. But, as to my lord, everybody hasn't your ladyship's exquisite elegance. (*aside*) "Upon my soul, a lie!" Shakspeare.—Hem!

LADY D. A mighty pretty-spoken man! And you are made tutorer, I'm told, doctor, to my Dicky.

PAN. That honour has accrued to your obsequious servant, Peter Pangloss. I have now the felicity of superintending your ladyship's Dicky.

LADY D. I must not have my son thwarted, doctor; for, when he has his way in everything, he's the sweetest-tempered youth in Christendom.

PAN. An extraordinary instance of mildness.

LADY D. Oh! as mild as mother's milk, I assure you. And what is he to learn, doctor?

PAN. Our readings will be various. Logic, Ethics, and Mathematics; History,—Foreign and Domestic; Geography,—Ancient and Modern; Voyages and Travels; Antiquities,—British and Foreign; Natural History; Natural

and Moral Philosophy; Classics; Arts and Sciences; Belles Lettres, and Miscellanies.

LADY D. Bless me! 'tis enough to batter the poor boy's brains to a mummy!

PAN. "A little learning——"

LADY D. Little!—A load!

PAN. "Is a dangerous thing." Pope.—Hem!

LADY D. And you have left out the main article.

PAN. What may your ladyship mean?

LADY D. Mean!—Why, dancing, to be sure!

PAN. Dancing! Doctor Pangloss, the philosopher, teach dancing!

LADY D. Between whiles, you might give Dick a lesson or two in the hall: as my lord's valet plays on the fiddle, it will be quite handy to have you both in the house, you know.

PAN. (*aside*) This is a d—d barbarous old woman!— (*aloud*) With submission to your ladyship, my business is with the head, and not the heels, of my pupil.

LADY D. Fiddle faddle! Lady Betty tells me, that the heads of young men of fashion, now-a-days, are by no means overloaded. They are all left to the barber and dentist.

PAN. 'Twould be daring to dispute so self-evident an axiom. But if your ladyship——

LADY D. Look ye, doctor: he must learn to dance and jabber French; and I wouldn't give a brass farden for anything else. I know what's elegance; and you'll find the gray mare the better horse in this house, I promise you.

PAN. (*aside*) Her ladyship, I perceive, is paramount. "DUX foemina facti." Virgil.—Hem!

LADY D. What's your pay here, Mr. Tutorer?

PAN. Three hundred pounds per annum; that is—six—no, three—no—ay—no matter; the rest is between me and Mr. Dowlas. (*aside*)

LADY D. Do as I direct you, in private, and, to prevent words, I'll double it.

PAN. Double it! (*aside*) What, again? Nine hundred per annum! (*aloud*) I'll take it! "Your hand; a cove-

nant." Shakspeare.—Hem! Zounds! I've got beyond the reading at last!

"I've often wished that I had clear,
For life——"

LORD DUBERLY *is heard speaking without.*

I hear my lord!—"Nine hundred pounds a-year."—Swift.—Hem!

Enter LORD DUBERLY and DICK DOWLAS, L.

DUB. Come along, Dick. Here he is again, my lady.—Twist, the tailor happened to come in promiscuously, as I may say, and——

PAN. Accidentally, my lord, would be better.

DUB. Aye, accidentally,—with a suit of my Lord Dock-tail's under his arm; and, as we was in a bit of a rumpus to rig out Dick, why——

PAN. Dress,—not rig,—unless metaphorically.

DUB. Well, to dress out—why, we—umph! Doctor, don't bother. In short, we popped Dick into 'em; and Twist says, they hit to a hair.

DICK. Yes, they are quite the dandy—arn't they, mother? This is all the go, they say! Cut straight—that's the thing;—square waist—wrapt over the knee, and all that. Slouch is the word now, you know.

LADY D. Exceeding genteel, I declare! Turn about, Dick; they don't pinch, do they?

DICK. Oh, no; just as if I'd been measured.

DUB. Pinch!—Lord love you my lady! they sit like a sack. But why don't you stand up? The boy rolls about like a porpus in a storm.

DICK. That's the fashion, father; that's modern ease. Young Vats, the beau brewer from the Borough, brought it down last Christmas to Castleton. A young fellow is nothing now without the Bond Street roll, a tooth-pick between his teeth, and his knuckles crammed into his coat-pocket. Then away you go, lounging lazily along.—(*strutting about*) "Ah, Tom!—What, Will!—Rolling away, you see!—How are you, Jack?—What, my little Dolly!" That's the way, isn't it, mother? (*crossing, R.*)

LADY D. The very air and grace of our young nobility!

DUB. Is it? Grace must have got plaguy limber and lopt of late. There's the last Lord Duberly's father done in our dining room, with a wig as wide as a wash-tub, and stuck up as stiff as a poker. He was one of your tip-tops too, in his time, they tell me;—he carried a gold stick before George the First.

LADY D. Yes: and looks, for all the world, as straight as if he had swallowed it.

DUB. No matter for that, my lady. What signifies dignity without its crackeristick? A man should know how to bemean himself when he is as rich as Pluto.

PAN. Plutus, if you please, my lord. Pluto, no doubt, has disciples, and followers of fashion; Plutus is the ruler of riches. “*Δημήτηρ μὲν Πλοῦτον ἐγένεαλο.*” Hesiod. — Hem!

DUB. There, Dick! D'ye hear how the tutorer talks? Od rabbit it! he can ladle you out Latin by the quart, and grunts Greek like a pig! I've gin him three hundred a-year, and settled all he's to larn you—han't I, doctor?

PAN. Certainly, my lord. (*aside*) “Thrice to thine—”

DICK. Yes, we know all about that—don't we, doctor?

PAN. Decidedly. (*aside*) “And thrice to thine—”

LADY D. Ay, ay; clearly understood — isn't it, doctor?

PAN. Undoubtedly. (*aside*) “And thrice again to make up nine.” Shakspeare.—Hem!

Enter JOHN, R.,

JOHN. A card, my lord. (*handing it*) The gentleman waits in the eating room, and wishes to see your lordship, on particular business.

DUB. Muster Stedfast! Never heard of the name.—Curse me! my lad, tell him I'll be with him in the twinkling of a bed-post.

Exit JOHN, R.

LADY D. I shall go with your lordship through the gallery; for I must dress, to attend Lady Betty.

DUB. Come along then, my lady. Dick, go with the tutorer; he'll give you a lesson in my library. Plenty of

learning there, I promise you. I was looking at it, all of a row, this here very morning. There's all Horace's Operas, Doctor, and such a sight of French books! But I see, by the backs, they are all written by Tom. Come along, my lady.

Exeunt LORD and LADY DUBERLY, R.

PAN. On what subject, Mr. Dowlas, shall we commence our researches, this evening?

DICK. Tell 'em to light up the billiard-room; we'll knock about the balls a little.

PAN. Knock about the balls! An admirable entrance upon a course of studies!

DICK. Do you know anything of the game?

PAN. I know how to pocket, young gentleman.

DICK. So do most tutors, doctor.

PAN. If I could but persuade you to peep into a classic——

DICK. Peep! Why, you prig of a fellow! don't I pay you, because I won't peep? Talk of this again, and I'm off our contract.

PAN. Are you?—I'm dumb! "Mammon leads me on." Milton.—Hem! I follow!

Exeunt, R.

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in Lord Duberly's House.*
Two chairs.

Enter STEDFAST, L.

STED. A noble house, faith! and bespeaks some of that stately dignity in the owner, which my friend Harry hinted to me. His lordship, I warrant, is as stiff as buckram, with a pompous display of language, that puzzles a plain man to keep pace with him.

Enter JOHN, R.

JOHN. My lord's compliments, sir, and he'll be with you in the twinkling of a bed post.

Exit, L.

STED. Zounds! that's the oddest phrase for a fine-spoken peer, I ever met with! The ignorance of the servant, I suppose. These blockheads never know how to deliver a message. Oh, here he comes.

Enter LORD DUBERLY, R.

Your lordship's most obedient servant. (*bows*)

DUB. (*bowing vulgarly*) Sir, you're kindly welcome.

STED. (*aside*) Kindly welcome! Condescending at least; but not quite so dignified as I expected. (*aloud*) I am a rough traveller, my lord, ungifted with your lordship's flow of diction; and having real business, I trust, that without further preface, it may plead my apology.

DUB. Ay, ay—business is business; and fine words, you know, butter no parsnips.

STED. (*aside*) Butter no parsnips! Why, he's sneering at my plainness; or I have the person—or—(*aloud*) I have the honour, I think, of addressing Lord Duberly?

DUB. To be sure you have; as sure as eggs is eggs. Come, take a chair, muster. Mayhap you may choose a morsel of summut? (*they sit*)

STED. Not anything; I—

DUB. Don't say no. A drop of wine, now; or a sneaker of punch; or—

STED. Nothing, my lord. (*aside*) I am thunderstruck!

DUB. Well, now then, for this here bit of business.

STED. I have had some fears, my lord, that I might be too abrupt in the disclosure; but since this introduction—

DUB. Oh, rot it! I was never for no long rigmaroles, not I! An honest man's meaning needs no flourishes. Honesty is like a good piece of English roast beef, Muster Stedfast: it lacks little garnish, and the more plainer, the more palatable. That's my sentiment.

STED. I admire your sentiment, my lord; (*aside*) but I can't say much for your language! (*aloud*) I must inform your lordship, that no great length of time has elapsed since I left—do not be agitated—Quebec, in America.

DUB. A Yankee doodle, mayhap?

STED. A Yankee doo—(*rising*) I am not an American, my lord.

DUB. (*rising*) No offence to you; but, seeing you have got a tawnyish tinge, I thought you might be a little outlandish.

STED. I shall ever be proud, my lord, in being able to

say that I am an Englishman; but I should suppose any person, recently arrived from the country I have named, must sensibly interest your feelings.

DUB. Interest my——(*aside*) Why, what's he at? If I seem not to understand now, I shall make some plaguy hole in my manners, I warrant.

STED. I perceive, by your silence, that your lordship is affected. A person in your situation cannot naturally be otherwise.

DUB. (*aside*) Then it's the fashion, I find, for a peer to be in a pucker, when anybody comes from Quebec, in America.

STED. Pray inform me, my lord, have you received any letter from your son, since he wrote to advise you, that he had finished the business which induced you to send him from home, and that he was immediately preparing to meet you in London?

DUB. Since that? No, to be sure. Why, lord love you! he set out directly a'ter it, on purpose to come.

STED. And your lordship has heard no news from any of his fellow-passengers?

DUB. Fellow-passengers? No, not I; neither inside nor out.

STED. (*aside*) Inside nor out! 'Tis plain, however, that we are all supposed to have gone to the bottom. (*aloud*) Know then, my lord,—I was his fellow-passenger.

DUB. Was you? You are just come up, then, it seems.

STED. (*aside*) Come up! This is an easy way of talking to a man supposed to be drowned. (*aloud*) I am here, you see, my lord; but, Providence be praised! it was never my fate to go down.

DUB. Well, well, that's no matter of mine. Your fate may have laid another way, to be sure, as you say.

STED. (*aside*) Another way! Zounds! he can't dare to insinuate that I was born to be hanged! He appears the most ignorant, unfeeling——(*aloud*) Hear me, my lord. Has your son ever been dear to you?

DUB. Plaguy dear, indeed, Muster Stedfast. Only ax Doctor Pangloss.

STED. An intimate, I suppose, to whom your lordship has unburdened you mind in private.

DUB. Yes; he mends my cakelology every morning—and is, moreover, a great philosopher.

STED. On such an occasion, a father might well call in philosophy to his assistance.

DUB. I hired him on purpose.

STED. Hired him! (*aside*) Hired a philosopher to console him for the death of his son? Delicacy is superfluous here, I see. (*aloud*) In short, my lord, I come to inform you, that your son, lost as he has been to the world, has newly and unexpectedly entered into life.

DUB. Well, and what then?

STED. What then? (*aside*) The brutal apathy in this post of a peer makes me ready to beat him. (*aloud*) Why then, he has this day arrived in town—here,—in this very metropolis.

DUB. Why, what signifies a cock-and-a-bull story, about what I know already?

STED. Know it! It must then be by inspiration. By what supernatural sign have you discovered his arrival?

DUB. What sign? Why, d—me! a Blue Boar.

STED. Mylord, mylord! Ignorance—little, indeed, from the account I received from a blindly affectionate youth, did I expect to find it here! Ignorance may palliate meanness and buffoonery, and merely meet contempt; but want of feeling excites indignation. You have shocked me, and I leave you. From exalted rank like yours, my lord, men look for exalted virtue; and when these are coupled, they command respect, and grace each other; but the coronet which gives and receives splendour, when fixed on the brow of merit, glitters on the worthless head, like a mark of disgrace, to render vice, folly, and inhumanity conspicuous.

Exit, L.

DUB. That there chap's mad. He has put me all of a twitter. If my lady had happened to be here, I'm sure she'd have perspired with fear. (*calling off*) John!

Enter JOHN, L.

JOHN. My lord.

DUB. Has the porter let out that there man?

JOHN. Yes, my lord.

DUB. Never let him clap his ugly mug into these here

doors again!—He's as mad as any poor soul under a statue of lunacy. Shut the doors—d'ye hear?

Exit JOHN, L.

Od rabbit it! if peers are to be frightened in this here-fashion, I'd rather serve soap and candles again in comfort at Gosport.

Exit, R.

SCENE IV.—*Another Apartment in Lord Duberly's House.*

Enter DICK DOWLAS and ZEKIEL HOMESPUN, L.

DICK. Well, but at this unseasonable time, to——

ZEK. I couldn't help it, Dick.

DICK. 'Tisn't the fashion to pay a visit at this time in the evening. Who let you in?

ZEK. Why, a fat man in the hall, that popp'd out of a leather chair, that comes all over his head like a tub.

DICK. The porter, I suppose?

ZEK. Belike it was: he has tassels a top of his shoulders; and a sight of binding, that looks like parsley and butter, about his waistcoat.

DICK. But why did you come now?

ZEK. Why, I do tell ye, I was uneasy about ye, Dick; I couldn't ha' stayed away if I was to be hanged for't. You'did promise to meet us this a'ternoon.

DICK. I have been prevented. We young fellows of fashion can't answer for our hours.

ZEK. Ah, Dick! Lunnun fashions and friendship, I do fear, do seldom long go cheek by jowl. I ha' just left Cicely at the please.

DICK. Well, and what of her, Zekiel?

ZEK. Poor soul! she ha' been sobbing ready to burst her heart.

DICK. Cicely in tears!—For what?

ZEK. All along 'o you, man. You did promise to come; and she do tell me, she ne'er know'd you break your word till you were made a gentleman. I said all I could think of to comfort her.

DICK. Well, and what did you say?

ZEK. Why, I told her that you had always dealt fair and open with her till now; and if you could be honest to her

when you were a lawyer, there might be some hope of your being so now, even though you be made an Honourable.

DICK. Well, well; I shall see her to-morrow, and s you, too, Zekiel!—and settle some plan for her, and—

ZEK. Plan!—Why, the plan be settled already, you know:—she be in pleece, and—

DICK. Psha!—In place will never do. I have a lik for her, you know; and when—

ZEK. A liking?

DICK. Yes—that's a love, you know; and a regard for you, Zekiel; and—In short, a girl on whom Lord Durbly's son has fixed his affections must not remain in service; it would disgrace one of "us."

ZEK. It can't disgrace one of us, Dick. A good girl, who ha' lost her parents' support, and do get her bread in honest industry, be a pride, instead of a disgrace, to any that loves her, you do know.

DICK. I didn't mean that; I—

ZEK. Noa, noa; bless you, 'tware only your good heart run away wi' you. You do wish us well, Dick; you do wish to serve us, and overshot yourself a little in what you said—that be all.

DICK. Why, look you, Zekiel; you are a well-meaning lad—

ZEK. Ay, and so be you, Dick. I ware getting a bit tiffish wi' you at the Blue Boar: I did think sudden pride ware going to turn you topsy-turvy. I wur angry at myself a'terwards; but I do beg your pardon—heartily, my good friend—faith, heartily.

DICK. Nay, hear me;—'tis fit we should understand one another, which we do not seem to do at present.

ZEK. Don't us?—Ecod! I should be grieved at that, Dick.

DICK. Listen to me. My situation, you see, is much altered.

ZEK. Woundily, indeed! Here be a house! and what a brave coat you ha' gotton on, Dick!

DICK. No matter—but there are situations in the world, Zekiel, that do not always tally. Chance may remove one man so far from another, in the rank of life, that, though their good-will may continue the same, custom requires

that they should not live exactly—mind, I say, not *exactly*—on the same footing.

ZEK. I see what you be a driving at, Dick; I see it—I did fear it all along. Well, well; I—I do know I ben't company for a lord's son; but when a lord was once a chandler, I thought, indeed—no matter. Bless thee, Dick! I shall always wish thee well. (*going*)

DICK. Nay, nay, I don't mean that we should separate: on the contrary, I wish we may be closer in friendship than ever.

ZEK. Ah, Dick! I ha' loved thee; I'd ha' parted wi' my last farthing to—— No matter!

DICK. There is no occasion to take it in this manner. We may both be rich—both happy, Zekiel;—but you know how impossible it is for the son of a peer to marry your sister.

ZEK. Ay, ay, I do see it;—it be all over.

DICK. No reason for that on earth; for, though the world places a distance between Cis and me as to matrimony,—yet it makes an allowance for everything else.

ZEK. I don't understand ye, Dick.

DICK. Why, my rank not permitting the usual forms between us, which my regard for her happiness makes me wish could take place, all I can now do, is to raise her from future fear of poverty; and we may be man and wife in everything, but the ceremony.

ZEK. Oh! now I do understand ye. You be a rascal: Odsflesh! I shall choke! A damned rascal! Keep out o' my way, or I may do ye a mischief!

DICK. Nay, out——

ZEK. Dick! Dick!—had a stranger done this, I'd ha' knocked him down; but for a dear friend to turn traitor—(*bursting into tears*) It's too much—I can't stand it!

DICK. Well, but only hear me.

ZEK. I ha' heard too much already. Rot it! I be asheamed to be such a blubberer;—but the greatest sheame do light upon you.

DICK. (*abashed*) I begin to feel that it does, Zekiel.

ZEK. And well you may. If it be the part of a lord's son to stab his friend to the heart, by robbing his sister of her honesty, much good may it do you wi' your grandeur!

—But let me tell your grandeur this, Mr. Dowlas: you do know summut (little enow, to be sure) o' the law; and the law of the land do make no difference 'twixt a peer and a ploughman. If you do dare to hurt Cicely, the law shall lay you flat in the first pleace, and my ploughman's fist will lay you flat in the second—and so my service to ye!

Exit, L.

DICK. My heart upbraids me: I have wounded, at one blow, an honest man and an innocent girl—whom reason and inclination tell me to love. Now, I am so mere a beginner, that whether this is or is not fashion, curse me if I know; but I have been told it is. I must go deeper into its mysteries, or abstain from it altogether; and I feel so much pain already, that, in this same career of fashion,—where feeling, they say, is banished—I shall make a very awkward figure.

Exit, L.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Lodgings of Caroline Dormer. A table and chairs; a door, R.*

ZEKIEL, R., and CICELY HOMESPUN, L., discovered seated—
CICELY crying, and leaning on ZEKIEL.

ZEK. Do ye—do ye cheer up a bit, sister Cicely! Don't ye take on so—don't ye, now!

CIC. Oh, Zekiel!—for certain my poor heart will break!

ZEK. Don't ye say so, Cicely; for that would go nigh to break mine.

CIC. I never will give ear to a lovyer's vows again as long as I do breathe!

ZEK. Ah, that be what all the girls do say over and over.

CIC. A base, perjury man!

ZEK. That he be; he ha' stung me to the quick—a viper! And to offer to abuse *you*! Curse him! (*they rise*)

CIC. Oh! don't you say that of him, Zekiel; I can't bear that, though he has been so cruel to me!

ZEK. Then pluck up a bit of a spirit, now—pray you do! You ha' gotten a good pleace, you do know; and things will go well enough, I warrant us. How dost like madam—eh, Cicely?

CIC. Purely; she is so tender and kind to me, Zekiel. Heigho!

ZEK. Come, dry your eyes now, Cicely. I be main glad to hear madam be so good to you. What did you do a'ter I left you last night?

CIC. Why, I was but poorly, Zekiel; I had been crying, you know.

ZEK. Yes, yes; but don't ye cry any more, Cicely.

CIC. And when Miss Dormer saw it, she was so kind and so comfortable to me.

ZEK. Was she? Good soul!

CIC. And she bid me go to rest, and spoke as sweet, and took as much care of me, as poor mother used to do.

ZEK. Bless her for it! If I ever be able to make a return, I'll——

CIC. Dear! I hear her in the next room. She is up, and if she should catch us here——

Enter CAROLINE DORMER, L.

There, now!

CAR. Cicely, child; I thought you had not risen. I didn't wish you to attend if you were unwell, my poor girl.

CIC. Thank you, madam.

ZEK. Thank you very kindly, madam.

CAR. Oh, your brother, I see.

ZEK. At your humble service, madam. I made bold to call, to see how sister wur, and to make my humble duty to you, madam. (*crosses*) Cicely do tell me you ha' been main kind to her. We be poor, madam, but I do hope you will be pleased to take our thanks without offence.

CAR. Offence, honest friend! To merit and receive the thanks of the poor is one of the heart's best gratifications.

ZEK. (*apart to CICELY*) She be main good-natured, indeed! (*to CAROLINE*) I—I had a—a little bit of a favour to ask, madam.

CAR. What is it, friend?

ZEK. Why, here be a scrap of paper—it were poor father's : if you would be pleased to tell me if it be worth anything now it be so old. (*handing it*)

CAR. (*looking at the paper*) It is worth inquiring after : 'tis an old lottery ticket. (*returning it to ZEKIEL*)

ZEK. Rot it! then it be of little good. Father had no luck that way; but, for all mother could say, he was always a dabbling and a dabbling. I'll seek about it at shop, though. I do wish you a dutiful good morning, madam.

CAR. A good day, friend.

ZEK. (*apart to CICELY*) Pluck up a spirit, do ye now, Cicely. Gi' us a buss. (*kisses her*) There, now, let that comfort ye a bit; I'll call by an' bye. (*to CAROLINE, bowing*) A good day to you, madam.

Exit, R. D.

CAR. You do not look recovered yet, Cicely.

CIC. I shall be better in time, if you please, madam.

CAR. Come, child, you must not give way to low spirits. Your situation is new to you, indeed; but this fickle world is full of changes, Cicely.

CIC. (*weeping*) Oh, dear me! sure enough this world is full of fickleness and change!

CAR. Well, but do not cry thus, child.

CIC. I *must* cry, if you please, madam; I can't help it—indeed I can't!

CAR. Poor girl! Does anything press heavily on your mind, Cicely?

CIC. Ye—yes, madam.

CAR. What is it? Is it in my ability to relieve you?

CIC. Oh, no, madam; 'tis quite out of your power to give me what I have lost.

CAR. Lost, child! Have you lost anything since you came to London?

CIC. Yes, madam.

CAR. Your clothes?—or a parcel?—or——

CIC. No, madam.

CAR. What then, child?

CIC. A young man, madam.

CAR. Lost a young man, Cicely!

CIC. He was once the truest-hearted youth—Lawyer

Latitat's clerk, of our town, if you please, madam. We were to be married—brother was agreeable to it; and now he has basely left me, and all because he has grown rich and great.

CAR. What, since last night? That is somewhat sudden, indeed.

CIC. Aye; I should as soon have looked to be queen, as to think my Dick would be made a lord's son.

CAR. Made a lord's son! How, Cicely?

CIC. I don't know how they make lords' sons, madam; but his father has had a good fortune by a death, and so Dick is now son to Lord Duberly.

CAR. Lord Duberly! (*aside*) Good heaven! how that name agitates me! (*aloud*) The—the present Lord Duberly, you mean, Cicely?

CIC. Yes, if you please, madam. The last lord—Zekiel heard it all from the porter—the last lord's son was drowned at sea, they say. Perhaps you may have heard on't, madam?

CAR. (*much agitated*) I have—I have, indeed, Cicely!

CIC. Oh, dear! an't you well, madam?

CAR. Yes; I—I—'tis nothing, Cicely! And so your lover, my poor girl, has deserted you?

CIC. Oh, worse than that, madam. Brother is almost out of his wits about it; for he said—a base, cruel man!—he would make my fortune, by ruining me!

CAR. Poor simplicity! Dry your tears, my good girl; and rather rejoice, that you have escaped the snares of a profligate. You shall not want protection while I can give it you.

CIC. Heaven bless you! You are very—very kind, madam!

Enter KENRICK, hastily, R. D.

KEN. Och, Miss Caroline!

CAR. Well, Kenrick?

KEN. Och! why didn't I die before I was born to see this ill-looking day!

CAR. Why, what's the matter?

KEN. The matter! And haven't I trotted into Lombard Street to get your draught turned into money?

CAR. To be sure; for there lies the little which I now possess, Kenrick.

KEN. Faith, and it lies there like my ould uncle Dennis, in Carrickfergus church-yard; for we shall never see it again as long as we live.

CAR. Good heaven! you alarm me! Surely, the house has not failed?

KEN. No, faith!—the house stands plump and upright, just where it did; but the ould thief of a banker hasn't a thirteen left, to cross his rogue's hand with.

CAR. Broke?

KEN. By my soul, all to shivers; and so bad, they say, that all the devils can't mend him.

CAR. (*sinking on a chair*) Then, indeed, I am completely ruined!

CIC. (*running to her*) No, don't you say so, madam!

KEN. Don't grieve, my sweet Miss Caroline—don't grieve! Och, bedad! my ould heart is as full as a basket of eggs! Pray, now, keep a good spirit; for you have lost every farthing you have in the world.

CIC. Oh, the gracious! is that it? Pray, if you please, madam, don't take on so then, for I have money.

KEN. What! have you money?

CIC. Aye, that I have; and while I have ten good pounds that poor mother left me, in my box, and a silver watch, it shall never be said that I kept it from one in distress, who has been so kind to me.

KEN. Bless your pretty little soul! What a pity it is, now, that a generous heart hasn't always a heavy purse to keep it company.

CAR. My poor girl! your grateful attachment touches me. I must retire, and think of— Do not follow me, Cicely. I must consult on measures to— Oh! Providence! for what misery am I ordained? *Exit, L.*

CIC. Dear! I hope I haven't given madam offence by what I said?

KEN. No, my sweet one! You're a little angel in a mob-cap! What will I do now? Faith, I haven't brother, nor a nephew, nor a cousin-german, nor a fath nor any little bit of a kinsman left, to assist in botheration. Come, little one! There's my watch,

my buckles, and my—— By my soul! I'll pledge *myself*, if the pawnbroker would lend me anything upon me!

Exeunt, D. R.

SCENE II.—*A Street. Door in flat, to open.*

Enter DICK DOWLAS and DOCTOR PANGLOSS, L.

DICK. It don't signify, doctor; I can't rest till I have seen Cicely.

PAN. What's a tutor's power over a pupil in love?—Annihilated! True, though trite, that "Omnia vincit amor." Ovid.—Hem! Is she pretty?

DICK. What's that to you?

PAN. Nothing, I'm dead to the fascinations of beauty, since that unguarded day of dalliance, when, being full of Bacchus—"Bacchi plenus."—Horace.—Hem!—my pocket was picked of a metal watch, at the sign of the Sceptre, in Shoe Lane.

DICK. This is the house. I've told you my story; and, as you value my three hundred a-year, doctor, be ready to assist me, either by message, letter, or——But what a confounded gig you look like!

PAN. A gig!—Umph! that's an Eton phrase: the Westminsters call it quiz.

DICK. And you are the greatest, sure, that ever was despatched on Love's embassies from the court of Cupid.

PAN. I'm not proud of the post. Take my counsel, and drop the pursuit: "Refrain—desist—*Desine!*" Terence.—Hem!

DICK. Why, look ye, doctor: I've done an injury to two worthy souls, and I can't rest till I've made reparation. We are all of us wrong at times, doctor; but a man doubles his ill conduct, when he is too proud to make an apology for it.

PAN. Yet, confessing our faults, Mr. Dowlas——

DICK. Is only saying, in other words, doctor, "that we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday."

PAN. Swift.—Hem! Plenty of precedents, however for your conduct. "At lovers' perjuries, they say——"

DICK. Well, what do they say?

PAN. "They say Jove laughs." Shakspeare.—Hem!

Phaon left Sappho ; Theseus, Ariadne ; Demophoon, Phyllis ; Æneas, Dido——

DICK. Oh, damn Dido!

PAN. Damn Dido!—Well, damn Dido, with all my heart! She was the daughter to King Belus, of Tyre; but as very a virago——

DICK. Well, we need not go so far for examples. Now, knock at that door.

PAN. Double?

DICK. Zounds! no; you'll spoil all. A sneaking, single tap, like a dun, doctor.

PAN. Like a dun? I know the knock well, Mr. Dowlas.

DICK. And when 'tis given, get out of the way for awhile.

PAN. My constant custom on such an occasion. (*knocking at the door, L.*) There's the thorough thump of a creditor! "I never heard it but I ran away upon instinct." Shakspeare.—Hem! *Exit, hastily, L. U. E.*

Enter CICELY HOMESPUN from the house, L.—DICK stands with his back towards her, R.

CIC. Dear! sure somebody knocked. I see nobody but that gentleman neither. It could not be he; for if footmen thump so loud, for certain your gentlefolks must always beat the door down. (*crossing to DICK*) Was it you that knocked, pray, sir? (*he turns round, and CICELY screams*) Don't come near me!

DICK. My dear Cicely, I——

CIC. Oh, Dick! Dick! (*weeps, and falls into his arms*)

DICK. I cannot bear this; your tears go to my very soul, Cicely!

CIC. 'Tis you have been the cause of them; you have almost cut my poor heart in two!

DICK. My own suffers for it, sufficiently, believe me.

CIC. How could you be so barbarous to me? But indeed, indeed, I forgive you!—Your cruelty will cost me many a tear;—but this is the last time I shall ever upbraid you.

DICK. Oh! I deserve all your reproaches.

CIC. If *I* had come to fortune, and *you* had been poor, Dick, I would have flown to you, and cheered you in your

poverty;—I would have poured my gold at your feet; I would have shared all my joys with you, and told you, that riches could never change my heart.

DICK. And I come now to share all mine with you, Cicely.

CIC. Oh, no, Dick! my lot is very humble, but I scorn the gold that would buy my honesty. We must never meet any more; but, indeed, indeed, I do truly wish you may be prosperous, though you sought my ruin! Bless you, Dick! and if ever poor Cicely comes into your mind, think that she prays to Heaven to forgive you, for trying to harm *her* innocence, whose greatest blessing would have been to make *you* happy! (*going L.*)

DICK. Stay—stay, and hear me, I entreat you! I come to sue for pardon—I come in repentance, Cicely!

CIC. And *do* you repent?

DICK. I do, most earnestly!

CIC. That is some comfort to me; for your own heart will be easier; and I shall bear my hard lot better now; for I know your great friends will never let you stoop to one in my station. Ah! times are much changed with us, Dick.

DICK. However changed, they shall not now alter my purpose, Cicely. I have been dazzled, and I have wounded you. I have covered myself, too, with shame and confusion; but if they can make atonement, my fortune, my heart, and my hand are all at your service.

CIC. Your hand? (*sobbing and resting on his shoulder*) I—I shall be able to speak more soon. Oh, Dick!

DICK. My dear, dear Cicely! I rose strangely to rank, and shall now, perhaps, in the eyes of the great world, strangely support it; for I am afraid, Cis, that half your young fellows of fashion would rather seem wicked than ridiculous;—but I shall never, for the future, think that marrying a worthy woman, whom chance has placed beneath us in life, can be any disgrace, while seducing her is reckoned, among profligate fops, a matter of triumph.—Dry your tears, Cicely.

CIC. These are not like the tears I shed awhile ago: they are tears of joy, Dick. (*bell rings in the house, L.*) Hark! I am called.

DICK. One moment. Tell me you forgive me.

CIC. Forgive you! Oh, Dick! you have made me happy. How this will comfort my poor Zekiel!

DICK. I shall be ashamed to meet him again, Cicely.

CIC. Oh! I will tell him all, and—(*the bell rings again, L.*) Hark! I am called again.

DICK. Adieu!—I will see you very, very soon. Farewell!

CIC. Good bye! and—

DICK. One kiss, and—(*embracing her*) Good bye!—(*the bell again rings, and CICELY exits hastily into the house, L.*) That one kiss of lovely virtue is worth a million times more than all the blandishments that wealth and luxury can purchase. Where the devil, now is the doctor? I am brimful of joy, and I have nobody to communicate my—

Re-enter DOCTOR PANGLOSS, L. U. E., he crosses behind to R.

Oh! you are returned. Embrace me, doctor.

PAN. Embrace you!

DICK. Open wide thy arms in friendly congratulation, and embrace, you prig of a tutor, the happiest fellow in Christendom! (*he runs to, and embraces the DOCTOR*)

PAN. Bless me! why, we're in the middle of the street! Decorum, Mr. Dowlas—

DICK. Hang decorum!—I'm out of my senses!

PAN. Heaven forbid! (*aside*) for it would be as clear a nine hundred pounds a-year out of my pocket, as ever man lost in his life! (*aloud*) What's the news?

DICK. The news? Why, that I am going to be married.

PAN. Married! (*aside*) Mercy on me! then he is mad indeed! "Tribus Anticyris caput insanabile." Horace.—Hem! (*aloud*) Consider the—

DICK. Psha! I have no time to—Come, come with me to my father's. (*crosses*) I'll explain all to him, and—

PAN. Only reflect on—

DICK. Reflect!—Look ye, you grave mustard-pot of a philosopher! you shall dance a jig down the street with me, to show your sympathy in my happiness.

PAN. A doctor of laws dance a jig in the open street, at noon-day!

DICK. Come, foot it! (*singing*) "Over the hills and far away!"

PAN. I wish I *were* far away, with all my heart!

DICK. Dance! dance! or, curse me! I'll cut off your three hundred a-year in a twinkling!

PAN. Will you? Oh, then—"A flourish of trumpets!" Shakspeare.—Hem! "Over the hills and far away!"

Exeunt, hand in hand, dancing and singing, L.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

* SCENE I.—*A Street. Steps to door, R. U. E.*

Enter KENRICK, L.

KEN. To be sure, misfortune isn't a neat touchstone to try friendship upon. Faith, now, all my loving friends deserve a decent kicking; and, by my soul! I believe they expect it from my hands; for I no sooner said the word "Lend," but they all turned their backs to me! Och, my poor Miss Caroline! what will I do, now you are a-ground, to keep your pretty little chin above water? If we could have kept the brave Mr. Henry Morland's chin above water, now? But he's gone—he's gone! and twenty Humane Societies couldn't bring him back. How my poor ould bones ache! and, sure, the biggest bone about me is in my heart, for that aches more than all the other half of my body! I'll make bold just to rest me a bit at this door. Don't be frightened, good gentlemen within; for I an't coming to borrow of you! (*sitting down on the steps of a door, R.*) Faith, this step is like my dear friends' hearts; for, by St. Patrick! 'tis as cold and as hard as a hailstone!

Enter HENRY MORLAND and STEDFAST, L.

STED. Nay, nay—be patient, Henry.

MOR. My dear friend, 'tis impossible—the blow is too great. So good, so kind a father, lost! and his death so

* This Scene is often omitted.

strangely explained to me. Indeed, indeed, Stedfast, my spirit is now almost broken! (*walks about much agitated*)

KEN. (*aside, on the step*) I can't see their faces now; but, sure, these two must be a rich man, that won't lend, and a borrower; for one is trotting about in great distress, and t'other stands as cool as a cucumber!

STED. Come, come, Henry: the encounter has been a strange one, 'tis true, and the shock sudden. When you entered a father's house, and prepared to leap into a father's arms, to meet that low fellow, who has caused all our mistakes, was, indeed—Come, let us get back to our hotel, you may there compose yourself.

KEN. (*rising from the step*) So, having taken a rest, I'll go home, with my bad news, to console poor Miss Caroline. (*comes forward, R.*)

MOR. I cannot be mistaken in that face. Kenrick!

KEN. Eh? Why, sure, it can't be? Sure, my ould eyes are so bad, that I see what's invisible!

MOR. It is he! (*running to him*) Oh, Kenrick! my good old man! tell me, where—where is my Caroline?

KEN. (*capering with joy*) Och! faith, 'tis himself! 'tis himself! 'tis himself!—safe, sound, and dry, without a wet rag about him!

MOR. But inform me, my honest Kenrick, of—

KEN. Hubbaboo! hubbaboo! hubbaboo! Och, I'll go wild! I'll go mad! Don't spake to me yet, my dear, sweet Mr. Henry! Och! good luck to the day when your honour walked ashore after you were drowned!

MOR. But tell me, Kenrick, of—

KEN. Yes, I'll tell you—I'll tell you of—Och! upon my soul, you must wait a bit! I believe I've been drowned myself; for the salt-water runs out of my eyes by pails-full!

STED. Poor fellow! An old servant of Mr. Dormer's, I perceive.

MOR. Well, now, speak—speak, Kenrick: only tell me, is Caroline safe?

KEN. Indeed, now, and she is.

MOR. Thank heaven! And in London?

KEN. Yes, in this wide, dirty town; and, big as it is,

there isn't a thirteen to be had, for love nor money, to help her out of her distress.

MOR. Her distress!—but I feared it. Let me fly to her, and—— You are surely with her still, Kenrick?

KEN. With her! And is it yourself, Mr. Henry, that can ask Kenrick that question? Could I leave my sweet young mistress? or would I leave any friends in their need, that supported me in their prosperity? Och! the devil fly away with him that would, I say!

STED. Honest fellow!

MOR. Pardon me, my good Kenrick; I know not what I say. Conduct me to her, and you shall explain all by the way.

KEN. Conduct you! Faith, ould as I am, I'll go hopping over all the kennels home with you as nimble as a jackdaw!

MOR. Come, then, Stedfast.

Exeunt, R.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Lord Duberly's House.*

Enter LORD, following LADY DUBERLY, R.

DUB. But listen, my lady, to reason.

LADY D. Then I mustn't listen to you, my lord.

DUB. Um! Why, I've been almost scared out of my seven senses! The old madman, who was here last night, rushed in, with another young one with him, this morning. I can't make head nor tail of what he wants, for my part— But as to Dick, my lady, he'll certainly break his heart, if he doesn't marry this here wench.

LADY D. I wonder, my lord, you can think on such a thing. A peer's son marry a maid-servant!

DUB. Od rabbit it! my lady, now don't be so obstrepulous. You know, when his father married you, you was but a clear-starcher.

LADY D. That's quite another sort of an affair; and you might have more manners than to mention it now. But as to learning you elegance—ah! we may lead the horse to the water, my lord, but there's no making him drink.

DUB. Nay, I'm sure, my lady, I didn't mean no disparagement to you; for you was counted, on all hands, the

best getter-up of small linen in our town. (*looking off, R.*) Here's the Doctor—let's ax his advice in this here business.

Enter DOCTOR PANGLOSS, R.

Pray now, doctor—you must know we're in a bit of a quandary, doctor.

PAN. Your lordship had better be in an *uncertainty*.

DUB. Why, lord love you, so I am, mun! Pray, didn't you never hear of no great man as was married to a farmer's daughter?

PAN. Walter, a Marquis of Lombardy.

DUB. There, my lady—the Marquis of Lombardy! That's the place where all the poplars come from. He's a tip-top, I warrant him. Mayhap you may have lit on him in your visits, my lady?

LADY D. Frequently.

PAN. (*aside*) "'Tis false!" Rowe.—Hem!

LADY D. But you have heard nothing yet of the high Ton, my lord.

DUB. High tone!—Rot it! I hear nothing else but the high tone when you're in the house, my lady. And who did he marry, doctor?

PAN. Grizzle, a perfect pattern of patience; daughter to his tenant, Jacolina; and—"This markis hath here spoused with a ring." Chaucer.—Hem!

DUB. There, my lady! what do you think of that?—hang it! if the marquis spoused Grizzle, Dick may marry the maid-servant.

PAN. (*aside*) My pupil! Zounds—my salary!—"Tremor occupat artus." Virgil.—Hem! My income totters.

DUB. And in that there case, doctor, your three hundred a-year must go to the mending of my cakelology.

PAN. Yes, but I shall lose—No, nothing; a lapsus linguæ. (*aside*) One annuity gone with my pupil! Then I've only clear for life, "six hundred——"

LADY D. Doctor—

PAN. "Pounds a-year." Swift.—Hem! Madam!

LADY D. (*apart to* PANGLOSS) You know, doctor, my three hundred stops the moment my son marries.

PAN. What, stop your three? "Thrice the brinded cat has mew'd." Shakspeare.—Hem! Here he comes.

Enter DICK DOWLAS, R.

DICK. Well, father, has my mother made up her mind?

DUB. Well, I can't tell, Dick; my lady seems betwixt and betweenish, as a body may say. But it all depends upon her vardick. (*DICK takes LADY DUBERLY apart*)

PAN. Does it? (*aside, L.*) Oh, Jupiter! if ever contradiction crept into the bosom of a beauteous woman—"Mulier formosa." Horace.—Hem!—stuff a double dose into that terrible old woman, and save the fortunes of Peter Pangloss.

LADY D. (*to* DICK) Well, but she is only a farmer's daughter, they say; and what's a farmer, my dear?

DICK. Why, an English farmer, mother, is one who supports his family, and serves his country, by his own industry. In this land of commerce, mother, such a character will be always respectable.

DUB. That's right, Dick—father's own son to a hair! When I kept my shop at Gosport, I——

LADY D. Hush, my lord! (*to* DICK) Well, you—you were always my darling, you know, Dick, and I can't find it in my heart to give you a denial.

PAN. Can't you? (*aside*) I wish you could find it in your tongue. Six hundred a-year blown away by the breath of that sibyl!

DICK. That's my good mother! you've made me so happy! I—zounds! I shall run mad!

PAN. (*aside*) Zounds! and so shall I!

DICK. A thousand thanks, my dear mother! and my dear father, too! Wish me joy, Doctor—wish me joy! wish me joy a hundred times!

PAN. A hundred times! I feel, Mr. Dowlas, on this occasion, six hundred times more than I know how to express!——

DICK. (*to* LORD and LADY DUBERLY) And if you would but indulge me, now, in letting me conduct you to Cicely——

DUB. Od rot it! my lady, let's humour Dick for once. The young ones loves to be building and cooing, you know.

LADY. Why, the coach, I believe, is at the door, my lord.

DUB. Is it?—'Sbobs! then, my lady, let's bundle!——

DICK—come, Doctor. Now you musn't make me ride backwards, my lady; for you know I han't been used to a coach, and I shall certainly be qualmish if you do. Come, my lady.

Exeunt LORD and LADY DUBERLY, R.

DICK. Come, Doctor, we lose time.

PAN. Time! lose! I've lost as pretty a pair of snug annuities as—Let me see: take six from nine—

DICK. Why, Doctor?

PAN. "And three remain." Cocker.—Hem!

DICK. Come, come; 'tis late.

PAN. Only three!

DICK. Only three?—why, 'tis only twelve, man. But come; if you don't attend to my father better, I can tell you, he'll kick you and your three hundred a-year to the devil!

PAN. Will he? "Oh, for a horse with wings!" Shakespeare.—Hem! I fly, Mr. Dowlas!

Exeunt, R.

SCENE III.—*Caroline Dormer's Lodgings. A table and chairs; a door, R.*

CAROLINE and CICELY, *discovered*.

CIC. Indeed, I truly hope you are better, madam.

CAR. I have little reason to be so, Cicely.

CIC. Oh, but I hope you have; and if the worst comes to the worst—But I am almost ashamed to tell you, madam.

CAR. Innocence like yours, my good girl, can know nothing it should fear to reveal.

CIC. Why, I needn't be much afraid, neither; for 'tis what a power of folks, both rich and poor, do all come to at last.

CAR. What is that, Cicely?

CIC. Wedlock, madam.

CAR. Indeed!—This is unexpected, after what you told me this morning.

CIC. Ah, but you know, madam, as to wedlock, and all that, many things fall out between the cup and the lip, as they say.

CAR. (*sighing*) 'Tis too true, indeed, Cicely.

CIC. And so my Dick came to our door, madam—'tis

but a little while a gone; and his dear eyes were as full of tears!—and you know that was a pity, madam; for his eyes are so fine, and so bright, 'tis a shame anything should spoil 'em.

CAR. Well, Cicely?

CIC. And so we soon brought matters to bear, madam.

CAR. How, Cicely?

CIC. Why, he looked so sorry, that it made my heart bleed to see him; and when I love him so dearly, it would be cruel not to marry him when he asked me. Don't you think so, madam?

CAR. May you be very very happy, Cicely! 'Tis an ease to my mind, in the midst of my misfortunes, to know that you will be provided for. I was on the point of telling you, Cicely, that my reduced circumstances would not permit me to keep you with me any longer.

CIC. Oh dear!—And was you going to be so unkind to me, madam?

CAR. Unkind to you, my good girl!—Oh, no!—It would have touched me sensibly to have sent forth simplicity, like yours, unprotected;—but hard necessity! I rejoice, my good Cicely, rejoice sincerely in your good fortune!

CIC. Ah, madam! I should rejoice more at my good fortune, if you would but let me do what I have been thinking on.

CAR. What is that, Cicely?

CIC. I hope you won't be angry at what I'm going to say, madam.

CAR. Oh, impossible! Speak freely.

CIC. Why, you know, madam, Dick's a lord's son, and when I'm his wife, I may do just what I please; for rich folks' wives I have heard say, do just what they please in London. Now, if you would but be so good, when I'm married, as to let me serve you for nothing——

CAR. No more—no more, Cicely! I——

CIC. And when my husband gives me any money, if you would be so kind as to borrow it of me, I should be very much obliged to you indeed, madam.

CAR. Oh! you have overpowered me! (*falls on CICELY'S neck*) Oh, Heaven!—how pure are all thy creatures, endowed with reason, till worldly habits corrupt them!

ZEKIEL. (*singing without, R.*) Tol, lol de rol lol!

CAR. What is that?

CIC. 'Twas brother Zekiel's voice. Sure he can't think, to make such a noise here.

Enter ZEKIEL HOMESPUN, capering and singing, R. D.

ZEK. Tol, lol, de rol, lol!—Tol, lol, de rol, lol!

CIC. Why Zekiel!—why, you must be crazy, sure!

ZEK. Zooks! and so I be, sister! Tol, lol, de rol, lol!

CIC. Think where you are, brother;—there's madam!

ZEK. Rabbit it! madam, I do humbly crave pardon; but I in such a frustration! I ha' got—Tol, lol, de rol, lol!—I ha' got twenty thousand pounds!

CIC. My gracious!—Twenty thousand pounds!

ZEK. Tol, lol, de rol, lol!

CIC. But stand still now, brother Zekiel. Where did you get such a sight of money?

ZEK. I' the lottery, lass—i' the lottery! Let me take a bit of breath. I do crave pardon, madam. Feyther's ticket—let me take a bit of—ha' come up a prize of—a bit of breath—of—Dear, dear! Heaven send this luck do not set my simple brain a madding!

CAR. Compose yourself, honest friend.

ZEK. I do humbly thank you, madam. I ha' run all the way from lottery-office, and—

CIC. Well, and what will you do with all this money, Zekiel?

ZEK. What will I do wi' it, sister Cicely? Why, what *should* a man do wi' his riches? I will first provide for such as I do love, and then lend a helping hand to them as be poor about me.

CIC. Dear brother, that's just the thing. (*drawing him aside*) Come here, Zekiel. Poor madam has fallen into great trouble.

ZEK. Has she?—How?

CIC. Why, all her friends are dead, it seems.

ZEK. Poor soul!

CIC. And her banker stole all the money she had, this very morning; and—

ZEK. Don't you say any more, sister Cicely. (*turning*

to CAROLINE) Hum!—Madam, I—I be main glad to hear you be tumbled into misfortunes, madam.

CAR. Glad, friend!

ZEK. Main glad, indeed; because you ha' been so kind to sister, and I be able now to return you the favour.

CAR. Oh! no more of that, Zekiel;—you distress me.

ZEK. With submission, madam, I do want to take away your distress. (*pulling out bank notes*) Here, madam—here be a hundred, and there be a five hundred, and here be a——Rabbit it! my hand do shake too much to stand a counting;—I will spread 'em all upon the table here.—(*placing the notes upon the table in a great flurry*) Take what you do want, and welcome; and thank you, too, madam.

CAR. I cannot—I cannot think friend, of——

ZEK. & CIC. (*bowing and curtsying*) Pray ye do, now, madam! pray do!

Enter LORD and LADY DUBERLY, R. D.

DUB. Beg pardon, ma'am; but the landlady bid us bundle up.

CAR. (L.) Your commands with me, sir?

DUB. Why, the whole preamble of this here affair is, that my lady and I——Speak to the gentlewoman, my lady.

LADY D. Ah! you have a head, and so has a pin! (*to CAROLINE*) We make bold to pay our respects, madam, having a little business concerning a female of your family.

DUB. Yes, and——

CAR. To whom have I the honour of speaking, sir?

DUB. Why, you've the honour of speaking to Lord Duberly, madam.

ZEK. (*gathering up the notes hastily, and coming forward*) What!

CAR. To Lord Duberly!

DUB. But Dick's coming up, with Doctor Pangloss hard at his heels; and they'll tell you the long and the short on't.

ZEK. (L.) What! Dick Dowlas? Then you be the old chandler they ha' made a lord on.

DUB. Old chandler, indeed!

ZEK. Look ye, now, my Lord Soap and Candles——

LADY D. Soap and candles!

ZEK. Your son had better keep clear o' me, I can tell him that! (LORD and LADY DUBERLY and CAROLINE retire up stage)

Enter DICK DOWLAS and DOCTOR PANGLOSS, R. D.

DICK. (*advancing towards CICELY*) Cicely, let me——

ZEK. (*interposing*) Stand off, Mr. Dowlas! stand off! To think to come here to—— Od rabbit it! my fingers do itch to be at you! Keep you behind me, sister Cicely.

DICK. (R. C.) My dear Zekiel, I——

ZEK. (L. C.) Don't you dear me! I put little trust in fair words with foul actions.

CIC. (L.) Dear, now! you are so hasty, Zekiel!

ZEK. Hold your peace, Cicely! The best he that wears a head had better be hanged than venture to harm you!

DICK. Cicely, I find, has not explained. I am here, Zekiel, to make reparation.

ZEK. You ha' stung me to the quick—you do know you have!

DICK. I share with you in all the pain, Zekiel, which I have so wantonly inflicted. My heart smote me, even before you left me; and very little reflection convinced me that, in the vanity of sudden fortune, I had offered you, and the woman of my heart, a bitter injury. I am thoughtless, Zekiel, but not deliberately base; and if you can once more take to your bosom a guilty, but repentant friend——

ZEK. (*running to him and embracing him*) Oh, Dick! Dick! my dear—my old companion! Ah, Dick! that be a stony bosom that can shut out an old friend, who be truly grieved for his faults, and do sue for mercy! It be more than I can do.

CIC. Dear! I am so happy!

ZEK. You ha' made my heart many and many a pound the lighter, Dick.

DICK. And my own too, Zekiel; and; to prove my sincerity, my father and mother here are come with an offer of my hand to Cicely. Father—— (LORD and LADY DUBERLY advance, R.)

DUB. Why, my lady here is a little upon the grumpy order for his calling us chandlers; but, for my part, I don't value that not a button. A man needn't take no affront to be told he was born low, when he has got better in the world without no dishonesty. There, children, be happy together.

ZEK. Why, now, that's hearty; and as luck be apt to turn wi' us all—why I ha' gotten twenty thousand pounds—

DUB. & LADY D. How?

ZEK. And I warrant sister Cicely shall ha' summut handsome tossed in at the wedding.

CIC. Aye, all in the lottery. I'll tell you. (*all retire up but PANGLOSS and ZEKIEL*)

PAN. (*aside, R.*) Twenty thousand pounds! (*crossing to ZEKIEL*) Sir, as you will now need a tutor to usher you into life, three hundred per annum are the trifling terms of your obedient servant, Peter Pangloss, LL.D., and A double S. (*bows*)

Enter KENRICK, R. D.—pushing PANGLOSS aside.

KEN. Stand out of the way! He's coming, my dear Miss Caroline—he's coming!

CAR. (L.) Who, Kenrick?

KEN. 'Tis himself—'tis himself! He's alive, and leaping up stairs, like a young salmon out of the water!

CAR. Who do you mean?

KEN. My dear, young, lost master! 'Tis Mr. Henry himself, madam!

CAR. My Henry! Oh, support me!

Enter HENRY MORLAND, R. D.

MOR. (*running to CAROLINE*) My Caroline! Oh! let me clasp you to my heart, and shelter you there for ever!

DUB. (R.) Why, zounds! that's the young sucking madman as scared me out of my senses, with the old one, this morning.

CAR. Oh, Henry! do we once more meet, and after such— By what miracle have you escaped?

KEN. (C.) Be satisfied, ma'am, for he's too much bothered now to talk; but you see he's here, and that's enough the true, long-lost Mr. Henry Morland.

DUB. Eh?—what?—Henry Morland! Why, zounds! the late Lord Duberly's lost *hair*?

MOR. Son and heir to that revered and respectable man, be assured, sir. You have done me the favour to be my *locum tenens* in my absence; and I am now returned, to relieve you from further trouble.

DUB. Why, what the devil! have I only been a kind of pecc's warming-pan, after all—just popped in, to keep his place from getting cold, till he jumped into it?

MOR. Nothing more, believe me. I have witnesses sufficient, should it be necessary, to identify my person in a minute.

DUB. Od rabbit it! then, old Daniel Dowlas is no longer a lord!

LADY D. Nor Deborah Dowlas a lady!

DICK. Nor Dick Dowlas an honourable!

PAN. Nor Peter Pangloss a tutor! Now, thank heaven!—

DUB. Thank heaven! For what?

PAN. "That I am not worth a ducat." Otway.—Hem!

ZEK. Then it do seem, at last, Dick, that I be the rich man, and you be the poor. Od rabbit it! I be glad on't, for I can now please myself, wi' serving my friends.

MOR. Who is this, Caroline?

CAR. An honest creature, Henry; brother to this simple girl. Their affection to me in my distress has been most piercing.

MOR. Then it shall not go unrewarded, my Caroline.

ZEK. Wi' humble submission, sir, kindness to a fellow-creature in distress, do reward itself. Thanks to the lottery, we be rich enow. But as Dick Dowlas be to marry sister Cicely, if you would just lend me a helping hand for his father and mother here—

MOR. Oh! rest contented, honest friend; I shall not dispossess them without making a proper provision.

PAN. My lord—(*they advance*)—hem!—if a boy should bless your nuptials, which I conjecture are about to take place, he will, doubtless, need a tutor. Three hundred pounds per annum are the terms of your lordship's obsequious servant, Peter Pangloss, LL.D., and A double S.

MOR. You are not one of those, it seems, sir, who lose an appointment for want of an early application.

PAN. The human mind, my lord, naturally looks forward, "Animus prævidet futura." Cicero.—Hem!

MOR. If I should need such a person, sir, depend upon it I should be very particular in my choice; for I suspect there are some, among those to whom youth is entrusted, who bring the character of tutor into disrepute, and draw ridicule upon a respectable situation, in which many men of learning and probity are placed. (*rejoins the others up stage*)

PAN. (*aside*) This man will never do for me! Again must I retire to Milk Alley, and spin my brains for a subsistence. "Pangloss's occupation's gone." Shakspeare.—Hem! (CHARACTERS *advance*)

R. MOR. CAR. DUB. LADY D. DICK. CIC. ZEK. KEN. PAN. L.

MOR. In calmer moments, my Caroline, I will explain the circumstances of my preservation; and, when I have paid the mournful tribute due to a much-lamented father, let me call you mine, and place you above the reach of future sorrow.

CAR. Little sorrow can reach me when you are safe, Henry.

ZEK. And we'll get into the country, take a bit of a farm, and all be as merry as grigs, Dick.

DICK. Agreed, Zekiel! Come, Cicely; I have seen enough already of splendour, to seek for happiness in quieter scenes; and I have learned, Zekiel, that in spite of all the allurements which riches and titles may boast the most solid and valuable possession, is a true friend.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the Characters, each person advancing a little, while speaking.

DICK. Custom exacts (and who denies her sway?)
An Epilogue to ev'ry five-act play.

PAN. You speak it, then, and do not mouth it; come!
But "be not too tame, neither." Shakspeare.—
Hum!

DUB. Od rabbit it! best let these 'logs alone.

PAN. Epi——

DUB. Well, *Epilogs*.

LADY D. They're all the 'f on.

ZEK. What be the Epilogue you be talking on?

PAN. "Επι ετ Λογος." Vide, Lexicon!

KEN. I'll tell you, honey:—Epilogues, they say,
Are what are always spoke before the play,
By some good-looking gentleman, well dress'd.

CIC. Oh, then I'm sure my Dick will speak it best.

MOR. To win the town the Epilogue intends,
And, the play over, please our best of friends.

ZEK. Please our best friends? Aye, that be right: I spy
A power, here, we fain would please. Who'll try?

MOR. I!

CAR. I!

DUB. I!

LADY D. I!

ZEK. I!

CIC. I!

DICK. I!

KEN. I!

PAN. —And I!

KEN. Och! faith, we're of one mind, had we been twenty.
'Tis carried——

PAN. Nemine dissentiente!

DICK. Thus to begin, then:

If, here, some thoughtless youngster may be found,
In Fashion's giddy vortex whirling round.

May he to-night, from Dick's example, see,
That Honour's real pomp is Honesty!

May Reformation's pledge his cheek o'er cast,—
The self-accusing blush, for errors past!

CIC. If there's a lass in love here—yes, I've spied her,
(ZEKIEL goes to her side, saying "where!")
Sitting, quite snug, with that young man beside
her!— (pointing to the pit)

Let her, like Cicely, to this maxim cling,—
Love slights all gold, except a wedding-ring.

DUB. Pray is there ne'er a chandler here? Because
Old Daniel Dowlas axes his applause.

LADY D. Hush,—hold your tongue!

DUB. Why, zounds!—

LADY D. 'Twill never stop!

DUB. I'm only begging custom for the shop!

MOR. While filial duty animates our youth,—
While virtuous passion warms the breast of truth,
With qualities like these, to Britons dear,
Henry may surely hope for favour here.

CAR. And may not Caroline applause secure,
Who, to all these, adds feeling for the poor?

KEN. Och, bother!—you have so many virtues here,
There won't be any left for me, I fear.
Burn him, who leaves, I can't say more or less,
A patron, friend, or female, in distress!

ZEK. Flesh! gies your fist! That's hearty, now, and
fair:

You be of Zekiel's kidney to a hair!

PAN. Hem! On my virtues I shall lay no stress;
I'm an LL.D. and an A. S. S.
If anybody wants a tutor here,
My terms are just three hundred pounds a year.
On their own merits modest men are dumb:
"Plaudite et valete." Terence.—Hem!

Curtain.

When performed in Three Acts.

The First Act includes First and Second.
,, Second Act includes Third and Fourth.
,, Third Act includes The Fifth.

Explanation of the Stage Directions.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
<i>Right</i>	<i>Right Centre.</i>	<i>Centre.</i>	<i>Left Centre.</i>	<i>Left.</i>

FACING THE AUDIENCE.

11

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C006766283

