

THE  
IRISH TUTOR;  
OR,  
NEW LIGHTS.

A Farce,  
IN ONE ACT.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH, BY

LORD GLENGALL,

AUTHOR OF

*"Follies of Fashion," "The Cook and Housekeeper," &c. &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(*Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market*),

LONDON.

# THE IRISH TUTOR.

*First performed at the Cheltenham Theatre, July 12th, and at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Monday, October 28th, 1822.*

7098/2

## Characters.

	Original, July 12, 1822.	Covent Garden, Oct. 28, 1822.	Broadway, N. Y., 1857.	Adelphi, 1858.
Mr. TILLWELL .....	{ Mr. Powell. Mr. Kenneth. }	Mr. Chapman.	Mr. Henry.	Mr. Selby.
CHARLES ( <i>his son</i> ).....		Mr. Hunt.	Mr. Grosvenor.	Mr. F. Hall.
Dr. FLAIL ( <i>a Schoolmaster</i> ).....	Mr. Hunt	Mr. Blanchard.	Mr. Whiting.	Mr. Garden.
TERRY O'ROURKE } (DOCTOR O'TOOLE) }	Mr. Connor.	Mr. Connor.	{ Mr. R. Williams. Mr. France.	Mr. Williams.
ROSA ( <i>Neice to Tillwell</i> ) .....	Mrs. Montgomery	Miss J. Scott.	Mrs. Nagle.	Mrs. Laidlaw.
MARY ( <i>her maid</i> ) .....	Mrs. Woulds.	Miss Love.	Mrs. Seymour.	Miss Kelly.

## Costumes.

TERRY O'ROURKE. (*Doctor O'Toole.*)—A black body coat and waistcoat, white stock—black satin breeches—speckled stockings—and shoes.

FLAIL—Brown clerical coat—black waistcoat—black velvet breeches—stockings—and shoes.

CHARLES.—Modern walking suit.


TILLWELL.—Green cloth coat and waistcoat—nankeen breeches and gaiters—white cravat—grey hair—and shoes.

BEADLE.—Beadle's blue coat, trimmed with lace, and yellow cuffs—large red waistcoat and belly.

ROSA.—White muslin frock—and blue ribbon

MARY.—Neat coloured muslin gown—apron—cap.

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 *There is no charge for the performance of this Farce.*

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## THE IRISH TUTOR.

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SCENE I.—*A Garden—Tillwell's House R. in flat, with door to open.*

MARY. (*seated at work, R.*) Heigho! how I hate working! I wish I was a fine lady, and had nothing to do but to look out of the window all the morning, and then ring the bell to know what sort of a day it is, or to make the servant pick up my pocket handkerchief, which I dropped on purpose.

*Enter ROSA, on tiptoe, from the House, R. U. E.*

ROSA. Mary, Mary, is my uncle gone?

MARY. Yes, miss, he is gone; but what can bring you out again so soon? It is not ten minutes since you were sent to your room to study your lessons.

ROSA. That is true; but one cannot study all day, Mary:—ah me! I am so desperately in love, I do not know what to do. Heigho!

MARY. So am I, miss—heigho!

ROSA. But I never was so much in love before, Mary—oh dear!

MARY. I am very poorly, too! oh lord!—but, Miss Rosa, how does it happen that your uncle is so desirous to keep you and your cousin, Mr. Charles, from seeing each other? Ever since the dear young man came back from Westminster School he has done nothing but watch you both.

ROSA. That's of no use, though, if Charles and I take it into our heads to meet.

*Enter CHARLES, L.*

CHARLES. Rosa, Rosa! it's only me—only your cousin.

MARY. Only you! oh, oh! I suppose you have both been studying the same book on each side of the wall, and now are going to compare notes.

CHARLES. Very likely. Egad! I believe my father wishes me to become a second Solomon, he teases me so about reading; studying Homer, Horace, and Virgil, and half a dozen more of such like old humbugs.

ROSA. I think you have been quite long enough at school.

CHARLES. Yes, to learn that you are beautiful; that you love me; and that I never shall love another but your dear self.

ROSA. You have learned quite enough, I think.

MARY. Yes I heard my uncle, Dr. Flail, tell your father, that the young men nowadays know a great deal too much, too soon: do they?

CHARLES. Why, I believe they do know a thing or two; but my knowledge consists in knowing that I love Rosa; so to the devil with books, say I! one cannot read when one's in love.

ROSA. But, when one is married, they say one can.

CHARLES. True; but then we may study together. But here's poor Mary, who knows nothing of all this.

MARY. But indeed I do: I am as much in love as anybody else; it's very hard if an innocent girl like me cannot fall in love as well as my betters, particularly as I have nothing but my character to depend upon. I have never done any work since I went to London with my aunt; I have'n't even hemmed this apron, though I have been at it these two months.

ROSA. (*crossing to c.*) do tell us all about it; is he handsome—young? does he keep good company.

MARY. (R.) He has always lived with gentlemen; he is a charming man, not like our village folks; such a fine coat, all covered with gold lace!

ROSA. (C.) A gold-laced coat?



MARY. Yes, and a gold-laced hat, too, and such a cockade!

CHARLES. (L.) I understand he is either a parish beadle, a twopenny postboy, or some gentleman's servant.

MARY. He is; but he told me that his master, before he made his fortune, was no better than himself; so why should not he become a rich man?—but, heigho! I have not heard from him these six months. Oh dear! I shall die!

CHARLES. Poor Mary! but when we are married, we will endeavour to find him out for you. I suspect, however, there is some plot forming against us.

MARY. How so?

CHARLES. Your uncle the schoolmaster, and my father, are always in close consultation.

MARY. No good can come of that.

ROSA. Do they suspect that we mean to go to the ball in the village to-night?

MARY. No, no; for I heard your uncle order his carriage at four o'clock, as he dined at Parson Scrapall's; it must be something else.

CHARLES. Then we must out-manœuvre them; but here comes my father; be off! run! (*Exeunt ROSA and MARY, R. into the house.*) I shall follow you in a moment. Now to escape this way, if I can, unperceived.

(*endeavours to creep off slyly at back*)

*Enter TILLWELL, L.*

TILLWELL. Stop, sir, stop, what are you at? Do you call this reading? I thought you were studying—instead of which I catch you creeping about the garden like a caterpillar.

CHARLES. I have been studying, sir—getting some beautiful flights of fancy by heart.

TILLWELL. Let me hear them, sir—if you have got them by heart.

CHARLES. Your sudden appearance, sir, has driven them away; they will return presently, sir.

TILLWELL. Nonsense, sir; 'twas not that way I made my fortune—no, but by close application. Up at six, and never stirred from my desk until I had dotted up

every variation of the funds, looked over the bulls and bears, and scratched out the lame ducks. I regret, certainly, that business prevented me from reading and studying the classics; however, sir, I have made up my mind with regard to you.

CHARLES. May I ask the result?

TILLWELL. You shall know soon enough, perhaps to-day; in the meantime you are at liberty.

CHARLES. (*aside.*) Then I am off to Rosa—a plot, by Jupiter!

(*Exit CHARLES into the house*)

TILLWELL. Yes, I every hour feel my want of education—he shall, however, be well informed.

(*going towards the house*)

*Enter DR. FLAIL, L.*

FLAIL. They say she is here, Mary—oh! Mr. Tillwell, your most obedient very humble servant—I was seeking for my niece. You look extremely flourishing to-day, sir—charming weather, *sine die*, no rain, as Horace says.

TILLWELL. You are welcome, Dr. Flail, always welcome; how does it happen that your school is over so early to-day?

FLAIL. In consequence of the ever-to-be-lamented decease of the much-respected Mrs. Shandy, Mrs. Flail's grand aunt, who died of indigestion; I have given the boys a half-holiday on the melancholy occasion.—Have you considered of that business, sir, we last talked upon?

TILLWELL. Yes, I shall follow your advice.

FLAIL. Recte, Domine—*fiat lux!* right, sir; depend upon it, sir, severity, rigid severity, is the only system of education to pursue, if you mean to do a boy real good; I make it a rule, whenever the head is slow in answering, immediately to apply to the tail for further information, and that pretty briskly,—its effects are astounding. Oh! sir, you might among a thousand know a boy who has passed through my hands; but your son is too old to be treated like a boy, too old.

TILLWELL. I agree with you.

FLAIL. Therefore you want a most impressive, powerful-minded tutor for him, one who would live in your house.

TILLWELL. Certainly, right.

FLAIL. It hits. (*aside*)—Who would dine at your table daily.

TILLWELL. To be sure; besides, I mean to give this tutor two hundred pounds a year—no man of genius should receive less.

FLAIL. (*aside*) I am a made man—two hundred pounds a year! oh, sir, you are too——

TILLWELL. Yes, two hundred pounds a year, and the gentleman I have pitched upon is a person of the most exquisite talent, whose erudition is alone to be equalled by his polite breeding; that gentleman is—is coming to-day——

FLAIL. (*delighted*) Coming to-day, sir? (*walking up to TILLWELL*) Is he not already come, sir?

(*TILLWELL appears astonished, and looks round to see if any one is arrived; and, as he does so, FLAIL walks round him, to force himself into his notice.*)

TILLWELL. I have lost no time in finding one since you gave me the idea,—I shall always remember that it is to you alone I owe it. Good morrow, Dr. Flail.

*Exit TILLWELL into his house, R. U. E.*

FLAIL. But, my dear sir, my great anxiety, my affection—Oh! curse your remembrance, since you have forgotten me now—an ignorant, stockjobbing, rat-catching, old quilldriver.

*Enter MARY from house.*

MARY. Dear uncle, what's the matter?

FLAIL. (*L.*) Lodge in this house, too!

MARY. What can have happened?

FLAIL. Dine at his table, too!

MARY. (*R.*) Oh! uncle Flail—how is this?

FLAIL. I have lost all this, and two hundred pounds a year into the bargain; my whole school is not worth half the money—I'll flog every boy in it before dinner. Oh, that I had old Tillwell for a pupil! I'd discipline him smartly, I would!

MARY. Discipline old Mr. Tillwell?

FLAIL. Or old Mr. Methusalem either. Oh, dear! only think—old Tillwell has sent to London for a tutor for

Charles—for some stupid numskull, or inflated pedantic booby, as if I was not on the spot, the very man to suit him.

MARY. Very true—what an oversight!

FLAIL. But we will conspire against this tutor—set the parish against him—invent lies against him—make mischief between him and the servants; we will root him out; only let me know when he arrives. In the meantime, I'll go home, and flog every boy in the school.

*Exit, furiously, L.*

MARY. So this is the plot against Charles; I shall tell him all this directly. (TERRY O'ROURKE speaks outside, L.) Who have we here? (*retires up a little*)

TERRY. By your lave, sir, by your lave; I have neither thrunks, portmantils, or vallases;—

*Enter TERRY O'ROURKE as DR. O'TOOLE, L.*

Them saddle-bags only is mine—I always lave my luggage behind me at home when I thravel, that I may have it handy, if I want to clane myself when I am dirty; I make a mighty daisint appearance. So now for ould Tillwell—halloo, there! is there no one to presint me?

MARY, (*advancing on, R.*) Who can this be?

TERRY. (L., *hardly looking at her*) Oh, young woman inform Mr. Tillwell that the larned master of arts he expected to-day, is just dropped at his door by the short coach. Hurry, now, hurry!

MARY. (R.) Bless me! it must be him—yes, though likenesses are so deceptive, still—

*Exit slowly into the house, R. U. E.*

TERRY. How the crature stares! does she take me for a bonassus, or the American sea-sarpint?—I should be mightily surprised if any one recognised me, as I hardly recognise myself in my master's clothes; who, having accepted the situation of tutor to ould Tillwell's child, but, being too ill to undertake it, writes ould Tillwell a letter to turn him off; which letter I don't put into the post, as he tould me, but into this pocket-book;—so, taking my wages, and his clothes, I came here as Dr. O'Toole himself—two hundred a year ateing and thrinking too!—That will do for a while; but the larning—I



have a choice smattering of Latin, picked up by waiting behind parsons, dissinting prachers, attorneys, and the like—och! it will do—as for Greek, och, I'm bothered!—och! instead, I'll teach young Tillwell elegant Irish in the mother tongue, and give him the raal accint, too. Here he comes.

*Enter TILLWELL, from the house, R. U. E.*

TILLWELL. (*advances, R., and takes DOCTOR's hand*) Dr. O'Toole, I am proud to see you—delighted, sir, to have a gentleman of your refined talents an inmate of my house.

TERRY. (L.) So am I, sir. You flatther me, sir.

TILLWELL. You are modest, sir.

TERRY. I am, sir; yes, I am.

TILLWELL. I admire talent so much, sir, though I have never studied myself, that, instead of remunerating those who possess it, I could almost wish to change places with them.

TERRY. With the greatest pleasure imaginable, sir; people of our profession are very apt to change places. But I'm dying to see my little pupil: I'll sarve him willingly—instruct him, I mane, with all my heart, teach him all I know; which, if he follows my system, will not take him long to larn.

TILLWELL. But he's not so young as you appear to think—he's twenty-one——

TERRY. Twenty-one! (*aside*) Oh, months!

TILLWELL. And already much advanced.

TERRY. Oh, houly Paul! I thought he was an urchin!

TILLWELL. No, no; he is a perfect master of Latin.

TERRY. Then I need not larn him that same.

TILLWELL. He understands mathematics, algebra, metaphysics, and logic.

TERRY. By your lave then, sir, if he knows so much already, what am I to teach him?

TILLWELL. I wish you to finish his education, to—to form his manners, to——

TERRY. I have it, honey—och! you mane me to give him the finishing brush—the complete polish. I'm the boy for that. (*as if cleaning a boot—recovers himself*) In the boot-hole again. (*aside*)

TILLWELL. Exactly; you are right—to fit him for society—for the best company.

TERRY. Say no more about it: I'll teach him not to swear at the sarvints, not to sind them of messages, nor to make too free with the housemaids, ather.

TILLWELL. Yes, yes, of course, but that's not all.

TERRY. (L.) No, not at all; but we think a dale of that—it's part of my system.

TILLWELL. (R.) Very good, sir; I must, however, inform you of one thing—he is in love with his cousin, my niece; I intend they should marry, but not yet—you understand me.

TERRY. Sartinly; not till he has the polish complate.

TILLWELL. (*aside*) This is the very man I wanted. I hope, sir, your residence here will be agreeable to you; you will find a very delightful acquaintance in the village, a brother instructor, Dr. Flail, a great scholar,—but you will puzzle him, no doubt; I will introduce him to you. (*going towards the door*)

TERRY. (*aside*) I'll be blown before I'm warm in the house. (*TILLWELL rings the bell at the door of the house; TERRY turns suddenly*) Coming?

TILLWELL. (*surprised*) What!

TERRY. Oh, I mane some one is coming. (*aside*) In the pantry again.

*Enter MARY, with a bunch of keys, from the house, R. U. E.*

TILLWELL. Oh, Mary, follow us, and show Dr. O'Toole to his apartment. I will send my son, to you, sir. (*shows TERRY ceremoniously into the house, R. U. E.*)

MARY. I am quite positive that is him.

*Exit into house, R. U. E.*

SCENE II.—*A Drawing Room; two chairs—on one is a clothes brush.*

*Enter MARY, showing in DOCTOR O'TOOLE.*

MARY. This way, sir, this way—it is him!

TERRY. This Dr. Flail bothers me, but the father is a common fool, I see; therefore, I shall be sinse-carrier

to the family, and have a sinecure place of it in the bargain.

MARY. I can bear it no longer.—Terry O'Rourke, I say, Terry!

TERRY. Who's calling? Oh, murther! I'll be confounded, now!

MARY. 'Tis he, 'tis he!

TERRY. (*looking at her*) Och! upon my conscience it's the little girl I promised to make a man of, by making her Mrs. O'Rourke. (*resuming his impudence*) I'll thank you to lade me to my apartment. I'll swear her out honestly. (*aside*)

MARY. How dare you behave so, you brute? do you pretend not to know me?

TERRY. (*aside*) I'd have been a happy man, if I never had been born. Upon my credit, I never saw you before; the crature's comprehension is disorthered!

MARY. (*crying*) You'll break my heart!

TERRY. Now she has began to cry, there's no reason why she should ever stop; no, no, my dear, you are wrong—indeed you are—I'm not him—you mistake me very naturally for some other blackguard that has ill-trated you. (*aside*) Oh, kill me! but the girls were always the ruin of the O'Rourkes and O'Tooles.

MARY. (*crying*) I—I—will unmask your villainy, I will!

TERRY. Och, then, we are both bothered entirely; think of your own interest; I am your own dear Terry O'Rourke, but at presint I'm my master, Doctor O'Toole. (*kneels—she cries*) There, there, honey, jewel, dry your winkers, dry them! (*sees TILLWELL, who enters, L.*) Oh, murther, murther!

MARY runs off, R., dropping her key at the DOCTOR's feet.

TILLWELL. (*starting back, L.*) What! What do I see, eh?

TERRY. Ould Tillwell, by all that's houly! (*aside—after a pause*) I dare say, sir, that you are after thinking that I was on my knees—not at all, not in the laste.

TILLWELL. But you are still, Doctor.

TERRY. (*picks up the keys*) Why, I believe, sir, it had rather the appearance of it. (*rises*) The—the little child dropped them kayes, which I picked up—rather awkwardly, I'll allow.

TILLWELL. Oh, oh, Doctor, you are gallant.

TERRY. By no manes,—civility is part of my system.

TILLWELL. An odd system your's, Doctor, I think.

TERRY. (*with great pomposity*) You think—then, I presume, you pretend to think you have more sense than I—that you know better than I do—do you pretend to doubt my system?

TILLWELL. No, no, sir, I pretend to no such thing.

TERRY. (R.) Then I'm azy; for if you thought yourself a more sensible man than me, I ought to give you the ateing and thrinking, and two hundred pounds a year, you give me. (*aside*) Which would not be quite convenient at this present—that's mathematics.

TILLWELL. What you say is true enough, though somewhat curiously expressed; but you Irish gentlemen of talent have extraordinary methods of communicating information. I came to announce Dr. Flail and my Charles—here they are.

*Enter FLAIL and CHARLES, L., who goes behind to R.*

TILLWELL. Doctor Flail, Doctor O'Toole.

TERRY. (*to FLAIL*) I am extremely proud at the honour you intend me, sir, by making my well-known acquaintance.

FLAIL. (L.) Sir, your most obedient. (*coldly turning his back on him*)

TILLWELL. (L. C.) This is my son Charles, Doctor.

TERRY. (R. C.) A very choice young gentleman, by my faith!

CHARLES. (*aside*) Oh, Mary is right!

FLAIL. (*aside, L.*) Now to attack this pantheon of erudition. (*goes up to the DOCTOR*) Sir, if I may be so bold, may I request some insight into your system of education?

TERRY. Oh, you are heartily welcome,—mine is the ould, tye-wig, orthodox system.

TILLWELL. Listen, Charles; this conversation will be instructive. (*TILLWELL and CHARLES go up and sit to listen*)

FLAIL. Oh, orthodox, hem? Then, sir, you do not belong to any of those new lights.

DOCTOR. (*aside*) Belong to the new lights! What does he mane? Och, he manes the gas. No, sir, I do



not belong to any of them new light companies, I wish I did, I think them very useful things; particularly when one is in the dark; though, to be sure, they are not very nice for the nose.

FLAIL. (*aside*) What can he mean, the new lights not nice for the nose? Egad, I don't like him! I'll try him again, however. I understand you, sir; as you are so orthodox, sir, may I ask your opinion of that new Lancaster system?

TERRY. Lancaster system, sir? I never was at Lancaster, sir, in all my life—I know nothing about it, sir, don't know a street in it. I came from Ballyragget, in the County of Kilkenny, all the way, now, sir?

FLAIL. He is an ignoramus, I'll pulverize him. (*aside*) Then, sir, since you know nothing about Lancaster, what say you to that system of Bell's?

TERRY. Och, now I'll answer you in a crack! You have just hit it; that's my subject; I'll answer bells against any man in Europe, upstairs or down stairs—I've been at it all my life—nothing has ever given me so much trouble—I know every note, from the parlour—(*aside*) Oh, blood and turf, I'll be in the pantry again! (*resuming*) Yes, sir, upon bells, as Ramulus and Ramus says, in his first book upon—in his second chapter of—where he proves, according to the Morrewogher system, that this, and that, and the other is the other and this and that—oh, it's beautifully written! If I change a word of the text, tell me—it is just where he decides that true philosophy is the raal Chiropodiston; now, sir, after what I have said, there is nothing more to be said, so I'd be glad to hear what you have got to say.

FLAIL. I am astonished, he's a genius! (*aside*) Say, sir, why I say, sir—

TERRY. (*interrupting him*) I differ with you there, sir.

FLAIL. I say, that any man, who would put such a book as Romulus and Remus into a child's hand, would put the—the Heathen Conchology—

TERRY. So I would, sir.

FLAIL. There's a fellow—there—there!

TERRY. Yes, I would—no, no, no, not unless the child could not read,—then it could not do any great dale of harm—you'll allow that, I suppose?

FLAIL. Oh, sir, you are exposed—own it, it's plain,—oh, you are beat, beat.

TERRY. *Bate, bate*,—och! by all the powers, if it's *bating* you've come to, that's another part of my system—so here's at you, you sop—his—ter!

*Flies at FLAIL—TILWELL and CHARLES rise, and push*

*FLAIL off, &c., to save him.—Exit FLAIL, L.*

TERRY. (*strutting about*) Go to the devil, you booby, with your Lancasters and Bells,—give me ould Day and Martin; however, sir, I've proved that fellow a fool. Och, sir, he tried to hide his ignorance by getting into a passion—a common trick!

TILWELL. Very true, Doctor, I knew you would puzzle him—right, right; however as I fear his temper must be a little ruffled, I will see after him,—in the meantime, do you and my son converse a little—become acquainted.

*Exit TILWELL, L.*

CHARLES. (R.) Better acquainted than he thinks.

TERRY. (L.) Huzza! I've gained the day, Ballyragget for ever; thank the pigs I've elegant lungs! Erin ghu bragh!

CHARLES. Halloo, you sir, bawling there!

TERRY. Halloo, sir! hoy, hoy! I must tache you condescension and polite breeding, I see!

CHARLES. Oh, nonsense, nonsense! Mary has told me all—all about it.

TERRY. And, I dare say will tell you a dale more, if you listen to her.

CHARLES. Pooh, pooh! I know you, Terry O'Rourke, who used to play the fiddle for us so well, at Lord Blarney's, in Connaught Place.

TERRY. Och, I'm blown! Och, Mary! Well, sir, since you have found me out, I'll be candid, and own myself Mr. O'Rourke.

CHARLES. Egad! you have the impudence of the devil to attempt this trick.

TERRY. Why, sir, they have tould me that I had impudence enough to set up an assurance-office.

CHARLES. And, if you failed, 'would not be for want of capital,—but keep our secret, and we will keep yours.

TERRY. And will I keep the two hundred a-year, ate-ing and thrinking?

CHARLES. Certainly. Now, Terry, that we understand each other, I'll explain: my father goes out to dinner to-day; when he is off, we mean to go to the dance in the village; if we should be found out there, you must swear through thick and thin, we did not stir from the house; I've a visit to make before starting,—so brush my coat, while I put on another neckcloth. (*taking off his coat*)

DOCTOR. Oh, sir, a master of arts, like me, to brush a coat!

CHARLES. Terry O'Rourke!

(*throws him his coat, and exits, R.*)

TERRY. If I must, I must, there's no choice left—it's a great sinking in poetry, this—(*hangs the coat over a chair, which he brings forward and brushes*) but two hundred a-year! ate-ing and thrinking. (*singing, to the tune of "The Groves of Blarney"*)

*Enter TILWELL, L.*

TILWELL. Before I go, doctor, (*sees him brushing*) Halloo! how now? what, brushing my son's coat!

TERRY. Oh, murther! murther! what, what'll I do? (*aside*) Yes, sir, yes, sir; but be asy, say nothing about it; hould your noise, it's aqually a part of my system.

TILWELL. This is most astonishing: one moment on your knees to the housemaid; at another, brushing my son's coat;—it's beyond my comprehension.

TERRY. That it might asily be! But wait, and you shall have a diluted elucidation of my maning.

CHARLES. (*outside, R.*) Bring me my coat—look sharp.

TERRY. There, there, he's waiting for it: just let me hurry with it to him—I tould you so.

TILWELL. (*L.*) No, sir, I insist upon it, that you do not: let him wait, and learn respect to his superiors.

TERRY. (*aside, R.*) I'll be killed immadiately. (*pushes the chair back, C.*)

*Enter CHARLES quickly, R.*

CHARLES. (*R.*) The devil take you, why don't you bring me my coat: I've a great mind to—(*he sees his father, and appears abashed*)

TERRY. (C.) Strike me, I dare say—what hinders you? (to TILWELL) Now, sir, I'll give my pupil a lesson of the first quality and description. (to CHARLES) Hark'ye sirrah, hem—(aside to him.) It's all Betty Martin. I have demaned myself by brushing your coat, to tache you modesty,—like the Romans and Thabans, I practise what I preach; I, however, shall never dust your jacket again (if I can help it).—Take your coat, and larn that insolence to superiors lades youth into the pantry of iniquity and boot-hole of corruption. (CHARLES affects to be much abashed) Look at him, Mr. Tilwell, there's repentance!

TILWELL. (L.) I am quite astonished indeed.

DOCTOR. (to CHARLES) Remember, sir, that you don't forget.

TILWELL. Your plan is admirable, and quite original—oh! he's a great man. I had forgotten my business, however: I returned to tell you a principal thing: there are sports in the village this evening; upon no account let him go, but come with me as far as my carriage, and I will explain myself fully.

TERRY. He is not recovered yet, sir: oh! he repints! Remember, sir, that you don't forget. (*significantly*)

*Exeunt TILWELL and TERRY, L.*

CHARLES. Ha, ha, ha! what luck I am in to have Terry O'Rourke for a tutor; what good fortune, ha, ha!

*Enter ROSA, L.*

ROSA. My uncle is just going, so we shall have the house to ourselves in a minute,—shall we throw it out of window, or what?

CHARLES. Have mercy on the staircase; we will be off to the village the moment the coast is clear.

ROSA. With all my heart; Mary has just told me that her old sweetheart, Terry O'Rourke, is come down as your tutor. (*both laugh*)

*Enter MARY, L.*

MARY. Mr. Tilwell is gone to dinner—but just as he got into his carriage, one of my uncle's schoolboys gave



him a letter—it seemed to annoy him very much, but he is gone.

CHARLES. What could it be! Oh, perhaps nothing—never mind it.

MARY. But that's not all: when he drove off Dr. O'Toole came to me, and said, "Mary, my dear, I've something tinder to say to you: which is your room, my darling?"

ROSA. You, of course, did not tell him.

MARY. Oh, no! I did not tell him: I only pointed to the window, so—so——

CHARLES. Oh, you innocent little angel! But come, let's away to the village gaities, and set fun and frolic going.

*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE III.—*The Village Green.—The BEADLE and GROUPS of COUNTRY PEOPLE, Booths erected, &c.—A large tub on the R.*

FIRST COUNTRYMAN. Well, boys, but where can Mr. Charles be—we shall be all alive when he comes.

SECOND COUNTRYMAN. He be'ant a'gone to dine wi' parson Scrapeall, be he?

THIRD COUNTRYMAN. No—he be'ant. Here 'em is, howsomever, hurra!

*Enter CHARLES, ROSA, and MARY, L.*

ALL. Welcome Mr. Charles, Miss Rosa.

CHARLES. Thank ye kindly, good folks,—now for jollity.

ROSA. A dance, I say, a dance.

ALL. A dance, a dance!

BEADLE. Yes, let us dance and be merry. (*seriously*)

CHARLES. Here are lots of pretty girls: I hope they will soon have partners—for life, eh?

BEADLE. So do they, I dare say.

MARY. But where's the music?

FIRST COUNTRYMAN. Old Rosin, the fiddler, has got a little beside hisself, you see—can't stand no how—here is his fiddle, however.

CHARLES. This is unlucky, indeed—oh, dear!

*Enter TERRY O'ROURKE, in a hurry, his dress disordered,*  
L. U. E.

TERRY. I'm kilt, I'm kilt, I'm murdered! Oh, my back! my back is bruck!

CHARLES. What's the matter? halloo!

TERRY. Oh, Mr. Charles, you here, oh, the throullest advintur in the world: I'll tell you all about it. Oeh! here you are at the village sports, just where your father tould you not to be.

CHARLES. That's just why I came; hold your prate, pick out a pretty girl, and give us an Irish jig.

TERRY. Oh, consider the dignity of my station! not but, if I chose, I could cut it over the buckle with any man in Munster.

CHARLES. I have it, then: since you won't dance you shall play: give him the fiddle—my tutor is the best fiddler in Europe—places, boys, places.

TERRY. Oh, by no manes! consider the delicacy of my situation—your tutor, you would not debase me so much.

CHARLES. No, I'll elevate you; here, jump up on that barrel, or I'll knock you down; it will make a capital orchestra.

TERRY. Oeh! my dignity is complatly bothered. (*Villagers place TERRY O'ROURKE on the barrel, c.*) If I must I must, so here goes. (*the VILLAGERS range themselves*)

CHARLES. I dance with Rosa.

BEADLE. And I with Miss Tabitha Jenkins.

TERRY. Now, then, what'll you have? Paddy O'Rafferty, Murphy de Lany, Cover the Buckle, or Kiss my Lady? All's one to Terry O'Rourke.

TERRY plays—the dance goes on spiritedly—the BEADLE dances ridiculously—TERRY gets very animated, and foots it on the barrel, &c.—towards the close, jumps off and gets among them, and is dancing and playing in the middle of them when

*Enter TILWELL and FLAIL, R.*

TILWELL. Charles and Dr. O'Toole, too!

(*they break off the dance—TERRY stops suddenly, seeing them, and tries so conceal the fiddle*)

TERRY. Bothered to perdition! I'm ruined entirely!

TILWELL. Doctor O'Toole, this is beyond bearing.

TERRY. Why, sir, you see me here, I believe; I am here, I think, sir, but don't lay it at my door—when I left you, I found Mr. Charles here, so I came after him to take him off,—it's as plain as a pikestaff.

TILWELL. But why, then, sir, should you be the person to play the fiddle for them, to stand on that tub.

TERRY. From a feeling I had, that if I did not play for them, these good people would show me the short-cut to the horse-pond; and, as to the tub, 'tis a philosopher's place—didn't one Thady Diogenes live in one?

TILWELL. I'll believe you no longer.

FLAIL. I nearly broke his back with the broomstick—I wish I'd broke his head.

TERRY. That's not so asy, 'tis thicker than you think; but, upon my honour and conscience, my intintions were those of a gentleman.

TILWELL. Do you mean by that, sir, that you, a person in your high situation, would marry my niece's maid?

TERRY. A man of my dignity can afford to overlook little inequalities of rank. What fortune, Dr. Flail, has she?

FLAIL. Four hundred pounds—if she chooses she may marry you, I am only her guardian.

TERRY. Then, Mary, my jewel, you are mine; consider yourself as Mrs. O'Rourke for the rest of your born days.

BEADLE. (*advances, c.*) I'll set the bells ringing.

TERRY. Oh, to the devil with your bells,—I hate the sound of them—stop till you are tould to ring; but as Mr. Charles and Miss Rosa are going to be married, you can ring for us altogether.

TILWELL. What do you mean, sir? Who told you they were going to be married?

DOCTOR. I'm not quite sartin.

TILWELL. I can tell you that I have discovered you to be an impostor; for this letter informs me that the real Doctor O'Toole's bad state of health prevents his accepting my situation; and so, sir, you are come in this disguise to cheat me. Who are you, sir?

CHARLES. Stop, I know him well; he is an honest good fellow, though this trick may be rather against him: still I will pledge myself that he shall make Mary a good husband,—we will take them into our service.

TERRY. Never fear but I'll do that thing. And now, ladies and gentlemen, that I lave the parlour for the pantry again, I beg to assure you that whenever you call at this house, I shall always feel the greatest pleasure in opening the door to receive your commands.

CHARLES. ROSA. MARY. TERRY. TILWELL. FLAIL.

R.

L.

**Curtain.**





MR. CONNOR,  
as  
DOCTOR O'TOOLE.

Engraved by Kennerley from an Original Drawing.