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THE

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD;

An Original Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

T. H. LACY, 17, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,

LONDON.

906017

First Produced at

THE NEW STRAND THEATRE,

MARCH 4TH, 1850.

Dramatis Personæ.

DR. PRIMROSE (the Vicar of Wakefield) ..				MR. W. FARREN.
MOSES	}	.. his Sons ..	}	MR. W. FARREN, JUN.
DICK				MISS ELLEN TURNER.
BILL				MISS SHARPE.
BURCHELL				MR. LEIGH MURRAY.
				MR. H. BUTLER.
SQUIRE THORNHILL				MR. NORTON.
FRANK (the Chaplain)				MR. W. SHALDERS.
EPHRAIM JENKINSON				MR. HENRY FARREN.
FARMER FLAMBOROUGH				MR. C. BENDER.
SYMONDS				MR. CLIFTON.
LANDLORD				MR. HARRIS.
CLINK				MR. H. J. TURNER.
FARM SERVANT				MR. TANNER.
THORNHILL'S GROOM				MR. MASON.
1ST PRISONER				MR. GEOFFREY.
2ND PRISONER				MR. BRADY.
MRS. PRIMROSE				MRS. GLOVER.
OLIVIA	}	.. her Daughters ..	}	MRS. STIRLING.
SOPHIA				MISS ADAMS.
LADY BLARNEY				MRS. B. BARTLETT.
HON. CAROLINA WILHELMINA	}	}	MRS. LEIGH MURRAY.
AMELIA SKEGGS				
DAME FLAMBOROUGH				MISS ISABEL ADAMS
PATTY FLAMBOROUGH				MISS RAWLINGS.
LETTY FLAMBOROUGH				MISS WOOD.
MRS. SYMONDS				MRS. H. J. TURNER.

Time in Representation, Two Hours and Forty Minutes.

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Costume.

Period about 1750.

DR. PRIMROSE.—Old-fashioned black suit, white cravat, black stockings, shoes and black buckles, three-cornered hat.

2nd Dress.—Same, with top boots.

3rd Dress.—Same, shoes and buckles, ruffles.

MOSES.—Old-fashioned grey pepper-and-salt coat and breeches, chintz waistcoat, speckled stockings, shoes and buckles, black cravat, three-cornered hat.

2nd Dress.—Same, with green waistcoat and white stockings.

DICK.—Old-fashioned brown suit, grey stockings, shoes and buckles, black handkerchief.

BILL.—Old-fashioned drab suit, grey stockings, shoes and buckles, black handkerchief.

BURCHELL.—Old-fashioned light drab coat, meanly trimmed with narrow gold lace, and waistcoat, brown breeches, grey stockings, shoes and buckles, three-cornered hat, brown wig, white cravat.

2nd Dress.—Old-fashioned black coat, figured silk waistcoat, jack-boots.

3rd Dress.—Green great-coat with gilt buttons, richly trimmed with gold lace, black velvet cape and cuffs, hat trimmed with feathers and gold lace, powdered wig, jack-boots, lace ruffles.

THORNHILL.—Old-fashioned scarlet hunting-coat richly trimmed with gold lace, blue satin waistcoat trimmed with gold lace, buckskin pantaloons, top-boots, spurs, white lace cravat, hunting-cap trimmed with gold lace, lace ruffles.

2nd Dress.—Light blue velvet old-fashioned coat, richly trimmed with silver lace; hat, gold lace and feather trimming; jack-boots and spurs.

3rd Dress.—Brown great-coat, steel buttons, silver lace; black velvet cape and cuffs.

CHAPLAIN.—Old-fashioned dark blue hunting-coat trimmed with gold lace, red satin waistcoat, buckskin breeches, white cravat, top-boots, hunting-cap trimmed with gold lace, lace ruffles.

JENKINSON.—Old-fashioned red coat trimmed with lace, dark flowered waistcoat, white kerseymere breeches, three-cornered hat, jack-boots, white cravat, plain ruffles.

2nd Dress.—Long red damask dressing-gown, high bushy white wig, and beard.

3rd Dress.—Light drab countryman's coat, chintz waistcoat, white cord breeches, red speckled stockings, lace ankle boots, white countryman's hat, belt and buckle, red silk handkerchief.

4th Dress.—Long brown gown, old man's long white wig and beard, spectacles.

5th Dress.—Plum velvet coat and breeches, steel buttons, trimmed with silver lace; blue satin waistcoat, silver-laced; white lace cravat and ruffles, silk stockings, shoes and buckles, ringlet wig, hat with silver lace and feather trimming.

FLAMBOROUGH.—Old-fashioned drab coat and breeches, figured waistcoat, leather leggings, three-cornered hat, bald old man's wig, coloured neckhandkerchief.

CLINK.—Old-fashioned brown coat, cord breeches, red waistcoat grey stockings, shoes and buckles, three-cornered hat, red neck-handkerchief.

- SYMONDS.**---Brown waistcoat, black breeches, white apron, speckled stockings, shoes and buckles.
- LANDLORD.**---Green velvet coat, red waistcoat, brown breeches, white apron.
- FARM SERVANT.**---Smock frock, drab breeches, countryman's hat, white stockings, ankle boots.
- GROOM.**---Blue coat with gold lace, three-cornered hat, top-boots.
- 1st PRISONER.**---Brown ragged coat, drab breeches, figured waistcoat, red stockings, shoes and buckles.
- 2nd PRISONER.**---Red coat, drab breeches, striped waistcoat, boots.
- GAOLERS } Similar dresses to Clink.**
BAILIFF }
- JENKINSON'S MAN.**---Jack-Pudding's dress.
- COUNTRYMEN.**---Countrymen's coats and smock frocks.
- MRS. PRIMROSE.**---Black velvet dress, white neckhandkerchief and cap, white apron.
- OLIVIA.**---Cream challis tuck-up dress, blue quilted petticoat, blue handkerchief tied round head, locket round neck.
- 2nd Dress.**---Same, with blue cap.
- 3rd Dress.**---Same, with black hat trimmed with blue, and swan's-down tippet.
- 4th Dress.**---Fawn merino tuck-up dress, white petticoat, lace cap trimmed with black, black lace shawl.
- SOPHIA.**---Chintz tuck-up dress, white petticoat, lace cape, straw hat.
- 2nd Dress.**---Brown merino tuck-up dress.
- MISS SKEGGS.**---Blue brocade tuck-up dress, white muslin skirt embroidered with red, white lace shawl, black hat with black and yellow feathers, red shoes and buckles, fan.
- 2nd Dress.**---Dark brown merino dress, black apron trimmed with pink, straw hat, cotton handkerchief tied round head, red cloak and hood.
- LADY BLARNEY.**---Red and white brocade tuck-up dress, blue brocaded petticoat, scarlet hat trimmed with white satin and large feathers, green velvet shoes with buckles.
- DAME FLAMBOROUGH.**---Dark chintz dress tucked-up, green petticoat, yellow figured shawl, black bonnet, white cap, spectacles.
- PATTY and } Chintz tuck-up dresses, pink petticoats, white lace**
LETTY } capes, white aprons, straw hats.
- MRS. SYMONS.**---Chintz tuck-up dress, blue petticoat, cap, white apron.

Scenery by Mr. W. Shalders, and Assistants.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

ACT I.

SUMMER.

SCENE I.—*A hayfield—In the distance L. Squire THORNHILL'S mansion, embowered in wood, the spire of the village church R. —More in the foreground (C.) the white cottage of Dr. PRIMROSE —The hawthorn and honeysuckle bank ground piece across the stage at back, with stile in centre—a stone back and front, for steps—A rustic table and seats U. E. R. H.—The Curtain rises to pastoral music—Sheep-bells and the chirruping of birds in the distance.*

Enter EPHRAIM JENKINSON, U. C. R. H., *with a whip, cautiously, and looking off; he crosses the stile, and comes down C.*

JENKINS. There, I've marked down the covey—old cock, old hen, and cheepers (*taking letter from pocket*). Here's a note, now, for that pretty bit of plumpness, Miss Livy. She's for the Squire's own eating; but, hang me, if I don't have the picking of the old bird, and that very young cock, Master Moses, myself. I could pity the girl, poor thing! Scarce settled in the nest a week, and already (*sighs*). Hey! what's this, Ephraim Jenkinson? Snivelling? Ah! this comes of doing the devil's work on commission. Once let me get this rakehelly Squire Thornhill's job off my hands and I'll forswear all roguery on anybody's account but my own. Sola! (*Looks off L. H.*) Petticoats! Oh! two of the Squire's ladies of quality, and old friends of my own, on the same devil's errand as myself. A pair of decoy ducks, to tempt the poor little widgeon yonder into the net; and then—Oh, you Jezabels! (*Retires up C.*)

Enter Lady BLARNEY and Miss WILHELMINA SKEGGS *fanning themselves* | E. L. H.

Miss S. (L.) Ho! this 'orrid 'ot weather.

Lady B. (R.) And nothink but these nasty green fields to walk in—no Ranelagh!

Miss S. No Mall! no tea-houses!

Lady B. No Gray's Inn Gardings, with spruce templars to ogle.

Miss S. How I 'ate lambs, and 'aycocks, and hinnocence, and all that 'ere!

Lady B. But, where's this pretty lambkin of a shepherdess, that the Squire's run wild after?

Miss S. Some awkward wretch, I'll warrant, with cheeks—

JENKINS (*Coming down c.*) Of the fickle country-red that comes and goes, not the London fast colour—eh ladies? (*pointing to their faces.*)

Lady B. (*L.*) Paint, indeed? (*drawing up*) I scorn the insinuation. Address yourself to your ekals, fellow.

Miss S. (*R.*) (*Drawing up.*) And not to persons of quality!

JENKINS. Quality? there's good and bad qualities, d'ye see, Molly? (*Whispers in her ear.*)

Miss S. (*Screams.*) Ah! Why, how the dickens?

Lady B. (*Alarmed.*) Eh?

JENKINS. Oh! don't be alarmed, Jenny. (*Whispers in her ear.*)

Miss S. { Why it's—
Lady B. }

JENKINS. (*Changing his manner*) "Captain Starlight, of the great North Road," my Bona Robas; or "Dimber Jemmy of the Mint"—if you like that better; or, "Ned of the Fambles," well known at St. Giles's Round-house, the hemp-blocks in Bridewell, the cart's tail, and other places of public amusement. I've as many trades as aliases, and as many faces as names. This is my honest face,—no wonder you did not know it.

Lady B. Why, my gallant captain!

Miss S. Give us your hand, my bold boy! (*Shakes hands.*) To think of meeting a town acquaintance in this 'orrid, low, uncultivated 'ayfield.

JENKINS. Why, I'm recommended country air, for a sort of tickling in the throat, which London does not agree with just now—hem! especially about Bow-street. So as my friend, Squire Thornhill, wanted a little assistance here (*pointing over his shoulder at cottage*) in the old way—

Lady B. Have you seen her?

JENKINS. I've been watching her at romps in the hayfield, with her brothers and sisters this half-hour—and be hanged to me (*aside*) Yonder they are. (*Ret ring up, and looking L. H.*)

Miss S. Poor thing! but care killed a cat. I see we are on the same lay.

JENKINS. Excuse me, my business is to tempt her to the edge of the pit; you have the more delicate task of pushing her in. I've a letter for her here, if she'll take it, and then—

Lady B. Ah! the old plan! Honest Frank, the Squire's chaplain, was to have introduced us this morning; but he rather overdid the claret last night—which is she?

JENKINS. (*Pointing off L.*) There, that dark-haired one, who has just tumbled her venerable papa over the haycock.

Miss S. 'Ow 'orrid ungentee!

Lady B. Shall we join 'em, Capting?

JENKINS. Why, I'm not exactly the figure to attend ladies of quality, and, then, I must plant my lime twig alone (*showing letter*), or good bye to the Squire's little black bird, and my little goldfinches. (*Slapping his pocket and crosses to L.*)

Miss S. Ah! the Squire does pay 'ansum.

Lady B. Quite the man of honour, every inch of 'im!

JENKINS. (L.) Eh? as I live, here comes old Flamborough. (*Looking L. 2 E., and runs R. H.*)

Miss S. A friend of yours?

JENKINS. I sold him a horse last week.

Miss S. For a few shiners more than he was worth? Eh, Capting?

JENKINS. Au contraire, for half his value—pon honour—you see I got him cheap. (*Winks.*)

Lady B. But why run away, if you sold the horse a bargain?

JENKINS. Why the awkward fact is, I had a fit of remorse, and stole him back again yesterday.

Exit JENKINSON 1 E. R. H.

Lady B. Well, as the Capting has an engagement, we can't introduce ourselves. I should sink into my shoe 'eels.

Miss S. No, its only your real high-bred ones that 'as your genuine easy assurance. Best trapes back to the Squire's, and see if that fat 'edded parson 'ave slept off his wine yet.

Lady B. And then we can drop in on the family here, in a degagee way with the Squire, in the cool of the evening. (*Crosses to L.*) So, come along, the Honourable Miss Wilhelmina Carolina Amelia Skeggs!

Miss S. After you, the Right Honourable the Lady Blarney! Ha! ha!

Exit Miss S. and Lady B. 1 E. L. H.

Enter BURCHELL followed by DAME and FARMER FLAMBOROUGH, 2 E. L. H.—BURCHELL seats himself on the stile—The DAME crosses to R.

FARMER. (L.) Yes, its a zight too bad, Master Burchell, look, ye. Three weeks it is you're had our best chamber, and never a varden 'ave we touched of your coin.

BURCH. Oh! (*Whistling, and switching off the heads of the nettles with his stick.*)

DAME. (R.) Noa, Varmer's right, never a varden 'ave we touched of your coin.

FARMER. Wilt hold thy chatterin' tongue, Dame? What's to be done wi' un?

DAME Ah! What's to be done wi' un?

BURCH. Now, why can't you do as I do?

FARMER. How's that say'ee?

DAME. Ah! How's that, say'ee?

BURCH. You can't get any money, no more can I. I'm patient, why aren't you?

FARMER. Ecod, he'd anger a saint, Dame!

DAME. Let alone thee and me, Varmer.

FARMER. Wilt hold thy clapper, I say?—and he's a zittin there as cool as a dairy pan, and a whistlin, and a zwitchin, and a zmlin, as sweet as the stone babes a top of the Thornhill tomb.

BURCH. I've told you an unnecessary number of times, my good Farmer, that I've no money.

FARMER. What? Ecod! What do'st say to that, Dame? (*Scratching his head.*)

DAME. No money?

FARMER. And to see thee flinging half-crowns away, like potato-peelings, on gypsies, and beggars, and vagabonds.

BURCH. Ah!

FARMER. And a keeping thy lawful landlord and landlady out of their own.

DAME. It's zinfl. (*Loud.*)

FARMER. It's scandalous. (*Loud.*)

DAME. 'Tis abominable (*Louder.*)

FARMER. 'Tis—what's the Vicar's word?—'tis deuterogamous!

Enter Dr. PRIMROSE, U. E. L. H.—BURCHELL rises, and lifts his hat as he gets over the stile.

Dr. P. (C.) Holloa! Holloa! brawling in the church—Eh?

FARMER. (L.) } The church, your Reverence!

DAME (R.) }

Dr. P. Yes, church. This field, with its sweet air, its wild flowers, and its summer stillness, what is it, but a temple of the Great Being (*lifts his hat*) wherein strife, and anger, and evil speaking, are a sin and a profanation?

FARMER. (*Respectfully.*) I ask your pardon, your Reverence. I did not think—

Dr. P. How can you, when your'e always talking?

DAME. (*Aside.*) Ecod, his Reverence had Varmer there!

BURCH. (R. C.) You should lecture me, for the sin lies at my door. The fact is, I owe these honest people a couple of guineas, and I can't pay them.

FARMER. And a gave three guineas, yesterday was two days, to the beadle to spure the broken old soldier they'd ha' whipped through the village for dog stealing. (*Farmer and Dame retire up and converse at back.*)

Dr. P. Extravagant youth. (*Aside.*) Noble fellow! I love him. In future, young man, be just before you are generous; and, now, allow me to lend you what you owe this worthy

couple. (*Taking a couple of guineas from his pocket, and giving them to BURCHELL.*)

BURCHELL. (R. C.) I take it, with all my heart, Sir (*bluntly*); and I am glad of my imprudence, as it shows me there are still men like you in the world—but, I fear, I may inconvenience you.

Dr. P. Nay, Sir, 'tis true I have just exchanged affluence for poverty; but, what then—I am not so poor, but that I have a spare guinea or two for the occasion.

BURCH. You seem to take the fall from wealth to want, like a philosopher.

Dr. P. Sir, I have those supports which philosophers are often without, trust in a Higher Being, and the will to do my duty. I am blessed with sound health, a notable wife, a good and loving family; and I mean to allow of no wants in my parish, but three.

BURCH. And they?

Dr. P. Are strange wants. A parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and alehouses wanting customers. You see, I am frank with you, Sir. In return, tell me something of yourself.

BURCH. I have little to tell, Sir; except that I am a sort of well-read, well-bred vagabond; too proud to beg, too lazy to work, and who asks no more than to saunter carelessly through life, and play with the children—the only human beings I have found to be harmless. Still, I can honour learning, charity, and humility when I find them, as I did in your last Sunday's sermon.

Dr. P. Ah! then you heard me in support of that great man, Dr. Whiston? You were with me there, Sir, I hope?

(DAME and FARMER come down L. H.)

BURCH. Nay, Sir, the sermons I prefer are those preached out of the pulpit, like yours just now, by good example. (*crosses to L.*) Here, Farmer (*pays FLAMBOROUGH*), and now, I suppose, I may come back to play with the children, and be stormed at by you, as soon as I please.

DAME. (L.) That thee may, Master Burchell, and much good may it do'ee. (BURCHELL *crosses at back to R. H.*)

FARMER (L.) Good day to your Reverence.

DAME (*Makes a formal obeisance.*) Good day to your Reverence.

FARMER. Come, Dame! Is the 'oman going to stand like a cherry-clack, clatter, clatter, all day, with a wanian to thee? (*Turns DAME round to L.*) Drat thee! Wosbird, Wilt come, I say.

Dr. P. (R.) And remember, Farmer, no scolding.

FARMER. There, Dame, thee hears! no scolding!

DAME. Well I bea'n't a scolding!

Exeunt FARMER and DAME scolding, 1 E. L. H.

Dr. P. (*Crossing to L.*) Advice is like physic; everybody is glad to recommend to his neighbour, what he hates swallowing himself—but you're a stranger here, Sir.

BURCH. (R.) Stranger? hum. It's my rule to be at home everywhere, and at home nowhere, so I hardly know how to answer; but I've been familiar with this neighbourhood since I was a boy.

Dr. P. And I was going to be very wise, and tell you all about the place, though we only came hither last week; but you must be my guide instead. What think you of our Squire, Mr. Thornhill?

BURCH. Why, that he ought to be much obliged to his uncle, Sir William, who leaves his nephew a fine house and five-sixths of his income, and lives himself on the other sixth, up two pair of stairs in London.

Dr. P. They tell me, Sir William, is one of the best, and most generous men living.

BURCH. (*Pleased, but with an affectation of surliness.*) Do they? Hum!

Dr. P. But whimsical.

BURCH. Do they?

Dr. P. Some say absurd.

BURCH. (*Annoyed.*) Do they?

Dr. P. Some go as far as to say, a perfect fool!

BURCH. No, d——n it, not a fool.

Dr. P. Do you know him?

BURCH. I know his history pretty well. In his youth he loved all mankind—for fortune prevented him from knowing that there were rascals. He relieved all who asked; and found numbers disposed to solicit. His profusion gradually impaired his fortune; till, on the verge of ruin, he found that a man must give, not benefits alone; but his own heart, if he wished to gain the hearts of others. So he resolved to respect himself, and restore his shattered fortune. He travelled over Europe on foot; and, now, though he is scarce thirty, he is richer than ever; not quite such a fool as before—but still a greater fool than he is willing the world should take him for.

Dr. P. Young man, you've a smart gift of sketching character, I wish Moses had heard you;—you see the lad yonder—a young philosopher, Sir, reading Epictetus among the hay-cocks. He shall conduct you an argument in mood and figure, or draw you a parallel after the manner of Plutarch, as well as many an Oxford master. He is my pupil, Sir, and I am proud of him.

BURCH. I am afraid his light will be rather under a bushel here. (*Laughter heard outside L. H. 2 E.*)

Dr. P. And there are my girls, bless 'em, Olivia and Sophia—romantic names, but I protest I had no hand in 'em. I tried for Grizel, after their aunt; but their mother would not let me. But my Deborah must introduce them, for here she comes, with a bottle of our famous old gooseberry, and a rustic treat from our orchard, "dapes inemptas," as Horace hath it. You must stay and partake, Sir.

Enter Mrs. PRIMROSE, 2 E. L. H., with a bottle of wine and a table-cloth—BURCHELL takes the bottle and places it on table R. H.

Mrs. P. (*C. Making a ceremonious curtsy.*) I thank you, Sir, for your well-bred attention.

Dr. P. (*L.*) My dear, let me present to you, Mr.—Mr.—

BURCH. Burchell; at present a lodger with Farmer Flam-borough, and no stranger to the notable qualities of Mrs. Primrose.

Mrs. P. Sir, your most obedient. (*Aside.*) To have to lay the cloth before a strange gentleman!

Dr. P. Come, dame—bustle, bustle.

BURCH. Allow me to assist you. (*Taking cloth and spreading it on table R. H.*) Madam; laying a cloth is one of the few things I do to my own satisfaction.

Mrs. P. I hope he is not a footman out of place. (*Aside.*)

BURCH. And cutting whistles is another.

Mrs. P. Sir! (*In astonishment.*)

BURCH. And trying the merits of Mrs. Primrose's famous old gooseberry, will be a third, if she will invite me.

Enter FARM SERVANT, U. E. L. H. over stile, with a basket of wine and corkscrew, glasses, fruits, &c., which he lays out on table—BURCHELL assisting.

Mrs. P. (*C.*) Sir you are vastly polite, and kindly welcome. In the summer time, Sir, the Doctor likes these little entertainments under the honeysuckle, better than your formal lunches, with their vulgar loads of meat—they suit his simple tastes.

Dr. P. (*L.*) Fiddle-de-dee, dame—they suit his empty pockets.

Mrs. P. (*Aside to the Doctor.*) My dear! how can you let down the dignity of the family?

Dr. P. Never mind the dignity of the family, just now, my dear; but think of their appetites. I'll give them the signal for dinner, the rogues. (*Waves his handkerchief 2 E. L. H.*) Aha! a race between Livy and Sophy!

Mrs. P. And we shall have them coming up all blown about and blowsy, as rough as colts, and with faces as red as peonys.

Dr. P. (L. Looking off) Well footed, Livy, she's cleared the bridge. Sophy follows! take care, girl, you'll be down. Ha! —she slips on the plank!—she falls! The black pool! She sinks! Oh, heavens! (*Covers his face with his hands.*)

Mrs. P. (L. E. Wringing her hands.) Oh! run, run.

BURCHELL (R.) rushes off 2. E. L. H.

Dr. P. (Gazes eagerly off and follows the actions of BURCHELL) Oh! Well done!—well done! The white dress!—he plunges. My child!—my child! (*falls on his knees.*) Thank God!—she's saved! Thank God!

Mrs. P. And, now, I'll faint.

Dr. P. Don't be a fool, woman. (*Rises.*)

Mrs. P. If you have no feelings of your own, Doctor, respect mine. I insist upon fainting.

Enter OLIVIA running, 2 E. L. H.

OLIVIA. (C.) She's quite safe! She's not hurt at all! Oh, my dear father! I scarce know whether to laugh or to cry. When Mr. Burchell jumped in splash, like old Diver, the water spaniel, I'm sure I should have laughed if it had been any one but our poor Sophy, floating down the stream; and to see him come up, puffing for breath! And so now Sophy's gone to put on some dry things; and I'll run after her, for I only stayed to tell you not to be frightened. I told Mr. Burchell we could lend one of Moses' old coats, if he did not mind looking funny.

Dr. P. But you'll ask Mr. Burchell to return and taste our country fare here?

OLIVIA (C.) Yes, Papa.

Mrs. P. (R.) And you, Livy, come back when you've put Sophy to bed and given her a dish of tansey tea.

OLIVIA. Oh, please! she doesn't want to go to bed, and she hates tansey tea, and she has such an appetite for dinner—at least, I have, and it's all the same;—so, if we might both come back—do, Papa!

Dr. P. Agreed—agreed! Come, Dame, spare her the tansey tea—we'll give them ten minutes to change, and then—hey for gratitude and gooseberry!

Exit OLIVIA 2 E. L. H.

Dr. P. (Calls off 2 E. L. H.) Moses—Moses!

Enter MOSES, reading a book, 2 E. L. H.

—Come, Moses! (*slapping him on the shoulder*) Shut Epic-tetus, boy, and open the wine. (*MOSES turns up L.—crosses to R. H. table—gets a bottle of wine and the cork-screw.*) But how came you to entrust the saving of your sister to a stranger, boy?

MOSES (*coming down c.*) Why, Sir, I was meditating on a disputed passage, when I heard the scream; I proceeded to the spot, and by the time I had calculated the point to which the force of the current would carry Sophy, the strange gentleman, who did not seem to calculate at all, had jumped in and pulled her to the bank.

Mrs. P. (*R.*) For my part, my dear, I think, what with your Epictetuses and such stuff, you'll be making a gawky of the boy. (MOSES *fumbling with corkscrew.*) Is that the way to handle a corkscrew, sirrah?

MOSES The conclusion I draw—(*sententiously, and poisoning the corkscrew.*)

Mrs. P. Conclusion, quotha! Draw the cork, boy! (MOSES *retires to table R.*) Sure the lad will never cut the figure that becomes the future head of the Primroses. warrant me, now, he'd be just as awkward at a ball or an assembly—as if he'd never had father or mother!

Dr. P. Pooh, pooh! The lad's well enough—well enough!

Mrs. P. What a pity I did not know of this strange gentleman's visit, my dear! I might have put on my crimson Paduasoy.

Dr. P. Yes, and ordered thy coach, my dear!

Mrs. P. My coach?

Dr. P. If you did not wish to have the parish children hooting after you. Dame Deborah Primrose, wife of Dr. Primrose, on a living of fifteen pounds per annum, carrying the family dinner to the hay-field, in a crimson Paduasoy!

Mrs. P. Indeed, you used to say that it became me vastly. There was a time when you were proud to see your wife and daughters neat and handsome about you:

Dr. P. Finery, my love, does not become us who have barely the means of decency,—I hardly know if it becomes even the wealthy. Consider that the nakedness of the poor might often be clothed from the trimmings of the rich.

MOSES (*coming down R.H.*) Right, Sir—I've often thought that coat-tails are a vicious superfluity.

Dr. P. Ah! here comes our water party.

Enter SOPHIA, BURCHELL, OLIVIA, DICK, and BILL, 2 E. L. H. DICK and BILL assist MOSES to place table centre of Stage, with a seat at top and on each side. (Dr. P. clasps SOPHIA to his heart.)

Mrs. P. (*L. E. embracing SOPHIA*) Bless thee, my child!—bless thee! Oh, thou cruel child—to frighten thy parents to death, and spoil thy new dress!

Dr. P. (*L. Shaking BURCHELL warmly by the hand.*) May

Heaven give you the blessing, I cannot speak. (*Choked with emotion.*) Now, to table, lads and lasses.

[*Seats himself at top of table* L. H.—*Mrs. P. at top* R. H.—*BILL at her side*—BURCHELL *on* R. H.—OLIVIA L. H.—*SOPHIA is seating herself next to* OLIVIA—MOSES *places a stool* L. H. *and sits by himself.*

Mrs. P. (*To SOPHIA.*) Nay, nay, girl, next to Mr. Burchell. (*SOPHIA seats herself* R. H.). Why—I declare—thy bath hath given thee quite a complexion, child.

DICK (*R. H. Standing behind SOPHIA*) Oh! no, it wasn't the bath; it was Mr. Burchell.

SOPHIA. Dick! how can you?

DICK. Ah! Didn't I see you, as I dropped behind Livy and Bill, and didn't you lean on Mr. Burchell's arm, and didn't he speak ever so softly, and didn't you get ever so red. (*Runs to L., jumping on R. of OLIVIA.*) Didn't we see her, Livy?

OLIVIA. I saw no such sight, saucebox.

DICK. Ah! then it was because you were looking at the Squire in his laced coat (*runs to Dr. P.*) on such a fine horse, Papa! and such lots of dogs. He lifted his hat to our Livy, and she looked at him, and he looked at her (*returns to OLIVIA*), and who turned red then—eh, sister Livy?

OLIVIA. Oh, Dick! I never once looked at him, nor he at me; for it was just then—wasn't it, Sophia?—he caught the lash of his whip in the hawthorn tree, and was ever so long getting it out again, for I watched him.

Dr. P. (*Laughing.*) And never once looked at him—Livy!

Mrs. P. Well, if he did look, I'll warrant me—fine gentleman, as he is—he never saw more breeding, or a finer figure, at Ranelagh, or the Rotunda, than our Livy's; though I say it that shouldn't, Mr. Burchell.

BURCH. (*Startled out of his conversation with SOPHIA.*) Madam?

Dr. P. Deborah, Deborah, hast thou still to learn that pride must have a fall, after thy tumble from old Blackberry? They must needs ride to church last Sunday, Mr. Burchell; the girls on the wall-eyed colt, and Moses and my lady on old Blackberry—when the straps of my lady's pillion broke, and the crimson Paduasoy was landed in the mire (*all laugh*). Now, pass the gooseberry.

[*DICK gets OLIVIA'S guitar from tree, U. E. R. H., and gets round to L to Moses.*

Mrs. P. Dr. Primrose, Dr. Primrose, thou art incorrigible!

MOSES *on stool* L. (*Rising, and with much solemnity.*) We learn, from Athenæus, that it was the custom among the ancients, at their banquets, to pass round a lyre, and a branch

of laurel, when each guest contributed his scholion for the entertainment—

Mrs. P. His scullion, child?

MOSES. His scullion, mother!—No, his scholion: so called in Greek. We have no laurel, Sir, and no lyre—but here's sister Livy's guitar (*taking it from DICK*), and if you will sing a scholion, Sir (*hands BURCHELL the guitar*), —

Dr. P. Well thought of, Moses: come, Mr. Burchell.

BURCH. Nay, Mr. Moses, I don't know Greek, and I can't sing; so, like other inventors of tortures, you must fall the first victim to your own design.

OLIVIA. Do, Moses: and give us something cheerful—"Death and the Lady," or "Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night," or "The Cruelty of Barbara Allen.

[*Song by MOSES,*—They applaud—MOSES crosses to R, and puts his stool off 2 E. R.*

Mrs. P. Most of his mother's family could sing a good song. 'Twas a common saying, in our county, that the Blenkinsops could never look straight before them; nor the Higginsons blow out a candle—that there were none of the Grograms but could sing a good song, or of the Marjorams but could tell a good tale.

[*Horns without, L. H.*

DICK. } (*Running to 2 E. L. H.*) Oh! the hounds—the
BILL. } hounds!

OLIVIA. And there bounds the poor stag!—how it sobs and strains! See, the hounds are upon its haunches—it must turn at the brook—no, it plunges in; the dogs follow; it struggles up the opposite bank, under the pollard. Oh! here comes the hunters over the fallow—one, two, three—with the Squire leading. (*Clapping her hands with delight.*) Oh, brave black!—he tops the hedge like a bird—he has taken the brook in his stride. And now the stag turns—he holds the hounds at bay—look how his antlers sweep from side to side! Oh, good stag! Ah, there's a hound springing at his throat!—another, and another!—Oh! I can look no more. (*Turns away, hiding her face in her hands.*)

[*Horn sounds a mort, L. H.*

Mrs. P. Well, for a nice, noble, genteel sport, give me stag hunting!

Dr. P. The excitement of a savage, followed by the achievements of a butcher.

BURCH. But, your servant, Doctor and ladies, I have important business to attend to.

(*Crosses to L.—All rise and come forward.*)

* "Phillip the Falconer;" by E. J. LODER—Sold by Duff and Hodgson, Oxford-street.

Dr. P. (R.) Important business, indeed!

BURCH. (L.) Truly important, I have to carry a whistle to one of Farmer Flamborough's children.

Exit BURCH. 2 E. L. H.

Mrs. P. Important business, indeed! but as I am a living woman, here comes the Squire! Run into the house, Livy, and set me out a pair of lace pinnars. Nol it's too late. Come hither, child. (Turns OLIVIA and SOPHIA about, and arranges their dresses.) Now, hold up your heads, and remember your best curtesy.

Enter THORNHILL and CHAPLAIN, 1 E. L. H.

THORN. (L.—*aside*.) Now, Frank, keep thy mouth shut, or strike me dumb if I don't unfrock you.

CHAP. (L.—*aside*.) Never fear me, Squire—the Vicar's one of us; and we black sheep always keep up appearances before one another.

THORN. Mrs. Primrose, I kiss your hand—ladies, I am your slave: I must welcome you to our country side, country fashion (*Salutes them*.) Doctor, I use a neighbour's freedom. But, egad! I forgot I had a stranger to introduce. Mrs. Primrose, let me present to you the most graceless spark of these parts—Ned Thornhill—at your service: master of an old house, a good cellar, the most musical hounds, and the thirstiest chaplain in the country. (*Flicks CHAPLAIN with his whip*.) Here, Frank, make a leg and show thy breeding.

Dr. P. (R. Crosses to L.) You're welcome, Squire, and you too, Sir. The cloth is always welcome here, whatever the cut of it—(*crosses to R.—aside*) but I took him for the huntsman!

Mrs. P. (C.) This is Olivia, Squire, our eldest; and this is Sophia, our second (*Squire bows*); and this is our boy, Moses.

THORN. (L.) Mr. Moses, your most obedient.

Dr. P. A ripe scholar, Squire, bashful as he looks.

THORN. Odsso: Frank, I must turn Moses over to thee; if the ghosts of thy classics be not long ago laid in a Red Sea of claret (*Retires up L.*)

CHAP. (L.) Nay, I am his man. (*Crosses to C.*) "Arma Virumque"—hey? Mr. Moses? dost thou know thy "Ass in presenti?"

MOSES. (R. C.) Methinks I need not go far for my "Ass in presenti," in your Reverence's company.

THORN. (*Coming down L. C.*) Ha! ha! well said, Master Moses! drop him, Frank, he bites. (*They reseal themselves at table*—SQUIRE L. of OLIVIA—CHAPLAIN L. of SOPHIA—MOSES R. of SOPHIA, facing the SQUIRE.) I never made one of a more charming family party in my life.

Mrs. P. He considers himself one of the family, already!

Well, stranger things have happened (*aside*). If Squire Thornhill and this reverend gentleman, would condescend to taste our wine. (*To Olivia.*) Olivia, my child, wait upon Squire Thornhill. Excuse her awkwardness, she is but a poor country thing; and has not mixed in the polite world, as we have.

Dr. P. And can only boast her own grace, instead of the dancing-master's. (*Aside*)

OLIVIA hands THORNHILL wine.

THORN. Strike me classical; but such a Hebe is fit cup-bearer for such nectar. (*Drinks*) Filthy stuff! (*Aside.*)

CHAP. Delicious! (*Drinks.*) Gooseberry! (*Aside—with disgust.*)

THORN. Strike me stupid, Vicar, I could foreswear cards, claret, and the chase, if Miss Olivia would but condescend to turn Iphigenia to such a Cymon.

OLIVIA. Such a what Sir, please?

THORN. Cymon—you know.

OLIVIA. Oh yes! I've read about Simple Simon in the story books.

Mrs. P. Ah, you will find the girl well-read, I warrant me, Squire, I have directed her studies myself.

Dr. P. Especially with the mysteries of pickling, preserving, and pudding making.

Mrs. P. My dear, wilt thou never learn good manners?

THORN. (*Sees the Chaplain paying court to SOPHIA.*) Egad, Miss Sophia—'ware honest Frank, he is the very Love-lace of parsons. Come tell us honestly Frank, suppose your mistress, the Church, on one hand, and Miss Sophia on the other—which would you be for?

CHAP. For both, to be sure.

THORN. Right, Frank—Egad! a fine woman is worth all the priestcraft in creation.

MOSES. How, Sir? (*Eagerly.*)

THORN. And I can prove it.

MOSES. I think I should be able to prove to the contrary.

THORN. Very well Sir. (*Winks to the company.*) If you are for a cool argument on the subject, I accept your challenge. And first, are you for managing it analogically or dialogically?

MOSES. I am for managing it rationally.

THORN. Good again, and firstly of the first—I hope you will not deny that whatever is, is—If you don't grant me that, I can go no further.

MOSES. I think I can grant you that, and make the most of it.

THORN. I hope, too, that you will grant that a part is less than the whole.

MOSES. I grant that too—It is but just and reasonable.

THORN. I hope you will not deny, that three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.

MOSES. Nothing can be plainer.

THORN. (*Quickly.*) Very well, the premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe that the concatenation of self-existence, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produces a problematical dialogism, which in some measure proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable.

MOSES (*Rises.*) Hold, hold, I deny that. Do you think I can thus tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines?

THORN. (*Rises, pretending passion.*) What? not submit! Answer me one plain question. Do you think Aristotle right, when he says relatives are related?

MOSES (*R.*) Undoubtedly.

THORN. If so, then answer me directly to what I propose. Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my entheymeme deficient secundum quoad, or quoad minus? And give me your reasons, I say, directly.

MOSES I protest, I don't rightly comprehend the force of your reasoning; but, if it be reduced to one single proposition, I fancy it may then be answered.

THORN. Oh, Sir! your most humble servant—I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellect too. No, Sir; there, I protest, you are too hard for me. (*MOSES turns up R.*)

ALL. Ha—ha—ha! Poor Moses!

They rise and come forward, and FARM-SERVANT enters
2 E. R. H. and puts the table and seats backs 2 R. H.

THORN. (*L.*) But, egad! in this charming company I must not forget my serious duties. I make it a point, Dr. Primrose, always to see the dogs made comfortable after their day's work. Good day to you, Doctor. Mrs. Primrose, I shall beg to wait upon you again. Young ladies, your slave. (*Aside to OLIVIA.*) You're a divinity—I love, adore you. Good bye! Master Moses, and remember, in your next argument, that the concatenation of self-existence proceeds in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, ha—ha—ha!

Exeunt THORNHILL and CHAPLAIN bowing 1 E. L. H.

Mrs. P. (*C.*) What wit!

OLIVIA (*L.*) What humour!

SOPHIA. (*R.*) What good-breeding!

Moses. (*R.*) He thought I'd admit his quoad minus; but I was up to him there, Sir.

Mrs. P. Nay, my poor boy, he used three hard words to your one. But didst thou notice, my dear, how smitten he seemed with Livy?

Dr. P. I'm sorry for it—sorry for it.

Mrs. P. And I hope we may soon see the day, when we shall hold up our heads with any of them. Why should the Miss Wrinklers marry great fortunes, and not our Livy and Sophy? Answer me that, Doctor?

Dr. P. Nay, I see no reason, nor why Mr. Simpkins drew the £10,000 in the lottery, when we sat down with a blank.

Mrs. P. This is the way you always damp my girls and me, when we are in spirits. But what think you of the Squire, girls?

SOPHIA. We can't think so well of him, as he thinks of himself, mama!

OLIVIA. (L.) And how he can talk—the more trifling the subject, the more he has to say about it. But I can't bear him, he's so impudent and familiar—and as for his swearing, its quite shocking.

MOSES. (R.) And as for argument—I don't value him not a pin. (*Turns up R.*)

Mrs. P. (R. C.) I protest he's charming—and you Doctor?

Dr. P. (L. E.) I say nothing, my dear, except this, that there's no character more contemptible than a fortune-hunting man—except a fortune-hunting woman.

Mrs. P. Why, Dr. Primrose, what do you mean?

Dr. P. Nothing, my love, I give you the text, you can apply it. Livy, darling (*turning towards her*)—have a care!

OLIVIA. Oh, never fear, I'll keep watch and ward over my heart, never fear.

Dr. P. Thou hast more to guard than that darling—thy parents' happiness, the peace and honour of their grey hairs; bless thee, child.

OLIVIA. Father! (*Astonished, but embracing him affectionately*) Dear father.

Enter CHAPLAIN, 1 E. L. H.

CHAP. Your servant, Doctor, and ladies. Honest Ned sent me back—

Mrs. P. (*Crossing to L.*) And who may honest Ned be, Sir—of whom do you speak so familiarly?

CHAP. The Squire—'tis honest Ned, and honest Frank, with us, as you saw, Doctor, for I am highly private with him, I assure you. Honest Ned sends me back to say; that he has ordered a well-kept haunch down to the vicarage for supper, and a dozen of the yellow seal; though the gooseberry is of a delicious flavour! (*Aside.*) Heaven help me. And while 'tis roasting, we'll command the fiddlers for a dance on the green, at which, he prays the honour of Miss Olivia's fair hand for a minuet.

Mrs. P. (*Crosses to Doctor.*) There, Doctor, our Livy's hand. And who knows how it may end, Doctor? (*Crosses to CHAPLAIN*) Tell Squire Thornhill, Sir, that we are infinitely

beholden to his politeness, and that I and Doctor Primrose are bound—

Dr. P. No, you may leave out Doctor Primrose.

Mrs. P. That I and Doctor Primrose are proud of the honour he does us, and that our daughter Olivia—

OLIVIA. (*Coming down c.*) Would rather it were a roundabout, or a jig, than a minuet.

(*Retires up to SOPHIA and MOSES at back.*)

Mrs. P. Hold thy peace, thou vulgar chit—will be glad to walk a minuet with him. I have taught her as well as e'er a Bath dancing-master.

CHAP. He takes the liberty to bring with him Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, and my Lady Blarney, two ladies of quality, now on a visit to the hall, who are very desirous to be made known to Mrs. Primrose.

Mrs. P. They're vastly obliging. (*Crosses to R.*) Did I not tell you, Doctor, the family should hold up its head again?

CHAP. Ladies, your most obedient. (*Bows, is going—Returns—and earnestly to Mrs. PRIMROSE.*) Look that they fold the flap over the haunch, and see that the paste be thick enough, or it plays the devil with the gravy.

Mrs. P. (*Drawing up.*) I thank you, Sir; but it is not the first haunch I have seen cooked, by a great many.

CHAP. Assuredly (*going—returns*) and spare not for the currant jelly, as you love me.

Mrs. P. As the Doctor says "jam satis."

Exit CHAP. 1 E. L. H.

Dr. P. (R.) Oh! cassock, cassock—like charity, thou coverest a multitude of sins.

Enter BURCHELL with the Misses FLAMBOROUGH, BILL, and DICK, 2 E. L. H.

Dr. P. Ha, Patty! ha, Letty! with cheeks as bright as your top-knots. Welcome, girls.

[*Kisses them—They go up and shake hands with Mrs. PRIMROSE and the girls.*]

BURCH. (L.) The farmer insisted on my walking down with Letty and Patty, to make his peace with you for his very excusable passion this morning.

Dr. P. (c.) Pooh! pooh! that's all over. Here, girls, a glass of wine. (*He takes them to table R. H. and gives them wine.*)

DICK (L.) Oh! do come, and have a romp in the hay; it's such fun!

Dr. P. (R.) Oh! a romp! a romp! Egad I'm with you, boys!

OLIVIA (L. c.) Oh! yes a romp! Bait the bear. (*Dragging MOSES to front.*) Moses is such a capital bear.

SOPHIA (R.) Blind man's buff—you be blinded, Mr. Burchell.

OLIVIA. Oh, I know—hunt the slipper! hunt the slipper! it's such fun.

DICK. Yes! hunt the slipper—Come Moses!

MOSES (L.) Nay, I would rather read Epictetus.

Dr. P. (*Crosses to L.*) Hang thee, coxcomb; to be ever poring over books is the worst of idleness.

[OLIVIA and SOPHIA take hold of their father, and place him for the game at the top of the ring.]

Mrs. P. Nay! but my daughters romping among the hay-cocks, like dairy-maids! Think of the family prospects, girls. (*They all seat themselves, OLIVIA in the middle.*) Ah! with their father to set such an example. What can you expect? Poor dears!—they look very happy.

They play the game of hunt the slipper.

OLIVIA. There! it's with you, Patty—no, there, Papa's got it!—Mr. Burchell! Moses!—nay, one at a time. Fair play! Fair play! Sophy!

Enter the SQUIRE and Miss SKEGGS, the CHAPLAIN and Lady BLARNEY. I E. L. H.

Mrs. P. The ladies of quality! Oh! if the earth would be so kind as to open and swallow us up!

[*Turns up R.—The SQUIRE, Miss SKEGGS, CHAPLAIN, and Lady BLARNEY, cross to R. H.*]

THORN. (R.) Capital fun, egad! I'm for hunt the slipper. (*Crosses to C.*)

Miss S. Well, I'm sure.

Lady B. Why, I protest, child, thy blushes become thee vastly. Stand as thou art, and let me look at thee!

BURCH. (R.) Thornhill here! he must not see my face. (*Retires up.*)

THORN. Mrs. Primrose, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs.

[*Miss S. and Lady B. curtsy with mock dignity.*]

Mrs. P. (R. C.) I'm overwhelmed with confusion. But girls will be girls, your ladyships. (*Aside.*) It's all up with the family dignity.

Lady B. I protest they're charming. Introduce us.

Mrs. P. This is Olivia, our eldest; if your ladyship pleases; and this is Sophia our second, under your ladyship's favour.

Miss S. (R.—*Crosses to C.*) There's a shape your ladyship. (*Turning OLIVIA round.*)

Lady B. I vow and declare, they would play the devil among the sparks at Ranelagh. Lord Spindle would rave.

Miss S. And Sir Ricketts Ricketts would go distracted.

THORN. (L.—*Aside to OLIVIA.*) You're a wood-nymph, and your confusion brightens your charms.

Lady B. Hang me! if I don't doat upon Sophia.

Miss S. And hang me! if I would give my little Olivia here, for a bushel of Sophias.

Lady B. (R.—*Crosses to C.*—*Staring at OLIVIA.*) Oh! I never,—the likeness to her Grace, the Duchess of Cinquace—her very moral, by all that's "commy fo," your ladyship.

Mrs. P. (L.—*Listening, and aside to Dr. P.*) The very moral of a duchess—Doctor, did you hear?

Dr. P. (L.) None the more moral for that, my dear.

THORN. (L.) Strike me, ladies, a winter in town would turn Miss Sophy into a grace, and Miss Olivia into a divinity. (*Retires up L.*)

Miss S. (R. c.) By jingo! you've said it, Squire. Would'st like to come up to town, child (*to OLIVIA*) and see company, and learn taste, and pictures, and Shakespeare, and the musical glasses?

OLIVIA (L. c.) Oh, yes! my lady! I do so dote upon town, though I've never been there. I dream about it often, and all its sights and pleasures (*Miss S. retires up c.*) I'm tired of the hayfield and the honeysuckles, and hunt the slipper.

Dr. P. Livy!

OLIVIA. No, not of you, papa (*throwing her arms round his neck.*) I could not leave my papa, you know.

[*Mrs. P., Miss SKEGGS, and Lady BLARNEY come forward.*]

Miss S. (C.) All I know of the matter is this, that the whole rout was in amaze; his lordship turned all manner of colours; my lady fell into a swoond; but Sir Tomkyn Tomkyns, drawing his sword, swore he was her's to the last drop of his blood.

BURCH. (R. *Aside.*) Fudge!

Mrs. P. (R.—*overhearing.*) Mr. Burchell! (*Goes round to L.*)

BURCH. Madam!

Lady B. (R. E.) Well, the Duchess never told me a syllable of the matter. This you may depend on for a fact, that the next morning my Lord Duke called three times to his vally-de-sham—Jernigan! Jernigan! Jernigan!—bring me my garters.

BURCH. Fudge!

Lady B. Are you aware, my dear, my reader and companion has left to be married to Captain Roach, and I can assure you a proper person is no easy matter to find. To be sure, thirty pounds is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read, write, and behave in company; as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them.

Mrs. P. (L.—*Aside to Dr.*) Dr. Primrose—Dr. Primrose—do you hear? thirty pounds, a year, going a-begging.

Dr. P. (L.—*Aside.*) So is my wife, I can see.

Mrs. P. (*Crosses to c.*) Your ladyship will pardon my present presumption, but I will be bold to say that my two girls have had a pretty good education. They can read, write, and cast accounts; they understand their needle; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty way of telling fortunes upon the cards.

BURCH. (R.) Fudge! (*Aside.*)

Lady B. (R.) Well, we will talk with our cousin Thornhill about it.

Mrs. P. Your ladyship's vastly kind.

THORN. (C.) And now, ladies! what do you say to a dance—a dance?

CHAP. Miss Sophia? (*Offering his hand.*)

SOPHIA. (R.) Nay, Sir, here is a gentleman who has worked with me all day, and 'tis fit he should dance with me now.

BURCH. I can't dance—(*aside to SOPHIA.*) but if ever I learn, it shall be to dance with thee. And now farewell, for I am no company for these fine ladies.

Exit BURCHELL 1 E. R. H.

CHAP. (R.) Fagh, the clodpole!

Miss S. (C.—*Slapping Moses on the back.*) And now, hey for Sir Roger de Coverley.

Enter FLAMBOROUGH and DAME, and FARM-SERVANT 2 E.L.H.

Dr. P. (L.—*Taking Mrs. PRIMROSE by the hand, crosses to table R. U. E. and seat themselves.*) Come, dame, you and I will sit on one side, and watch their harmless sport.

[*Music.*

DANCE—"Roger de Coverley.

7. Dame	F. Servant.	7.
6. Letty.....	Bill.	6.
5. Patty.....	Dick.	5.
4. Lady. B.	Flamb.	4.
3. Miss S.	Moses.	3.
2. Sophia	Chaplain.	2.
1. Olivia	Thornhill.	1.

At the end of the Dance, half and whole turn, join hands, and circle—CURTAIN DESCENDS while they are dancing.

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

A U T U M N.

SCENE I.—MUSIC.—*Interior of the Vicar's Cottage.*—TABLEAU: "DRESSING MOSES FOR THE FAIR." (*After Maclise's picture.*)—Fire-place 2 H. R. H.—Pair of pistols hung over the fire-place.—Door in flat, R. H.—An opening in flat, L. H., with windows backing the principal entrance, L. of opening—R. passage opening to other apartments—A table R. on which are books, writing materials, piece of beef on dish, plates, brown jug—DR. PRIMROSE seated on chair, R. of table, teaching BILL to read—DICK leaning on front of table, looking on—Mrs. PRIMROSE behind table, with basin and spoon in her hand—MOSES seated on chair L. C.—SOPHIA seated on stage R. of MOSES, polishing his shoe-buckle with pocket-handkerchief—OLIVIA L. of MOSES, arranging his hat—A towel, comb, and brush at MOSES' feet L. H.—A chair 1 E. L. H. with OLIVIA's guitar resting against back of it—A small box with strap on MOSES's lap.

Dr. P. (*Rising.*) Come boys!

He takes DICK and BILL and Exits L. of opening—Mrs. PRIMROSE Exit R. door of flat.

OLIVIA. There! you've made his buckles as bright as your eyes, Sophy, when Mr. Burchell opens that rusty mouth of his to let out a compliment.

SOPHIA. Ah! who blushes reddest when a certain Squire—

OLIVIA. (*Interrupting her*) Is that the way to set a hat, Sophy? Why there's no more spirit in that pinch, than in the lop ears of Edward's—the Squire's—spaniel—

Enter Mrs. PRIMROSE R. D. Flat.

Mrs. P. Come—come—how long wilt thou be loitering, boy?

OLIVIA. Oh, we must send him out a credit to the family, mama—just one more touch at his hat. There Moses! and now nobody that didn't know you, would take you for a simpleton, (*Kisses him.*)

[*He rises—and SOPHIA puts chair against flat, and box on it.*

Mrs. P. (C.) Buss me, boy. [*MOSES kisses her*]

MOSES. (L. C.) Good bye, girls—good bye, mother (*going.*)

SOPHIA. (*Calling him back.*) Mind don't forget my ribbons, Moses.

MOSES. Never fear. (*Going again.*)

OLIVIA. (*Seeing box on chair.*) Bless his wits—Moses,

you're forgetting the box for the groceries—(*aside*), and my mantua trimmings, please, Moses.

MOSES. Oh, bother! (*Aside.*) I'll tell mother, if you mention them again. (*Going.*)

MRS. P. And the cordial waters, boy—and enquire at the potticary's for—let me see—some borax and pomecitron, and yes—two scruples of “fat musk”—remember, “fat musk,” Moses—the delicatest perfume, girls—mind to ask for “fat musk,” Moses.

MOSES. I'll tell you what it is, if any one reminds me of anything any more, I shall go and forget everything.

Exit opening L. in flat—The girls run to the door, looking after him.

OLIVIA. And a very pretty figure he cuts, dear fellow, in his thunder and lightning coat, and gosling green waistcoat.

MRS. P. (*c.*) And I hope he'll bring back a good price for the colt; we shall need it all to prepare you both for town my dears. There's the amber satin I was married in, I shall clean and cut it up to make thee a saque, Livy; and Sophy shall have a Joseph out of my crimson Paduasoy. A mother must make sacrifices for her children. (*Kisses them.*) And I shall see you in your coaches yet, my darlings; and then you won't be ashamed of your old mother, will you?

SOPHIA. (*R.*) Oh, no! never, mama.

OLIVIA. (*L.*) And if I am, dear mama, you have only to ask dear papa to look angry at me, if he can, and I shall be a good girl again.

MRS. P. Ah! bless you both, you're as good girls, though I say it, and as handsome as ever mother had. But thou art sadly sunburned, my Livy. These walks in Three-acre Copse, with a certain fine gentleman—

OLIVIA (*Turning her head away.*) Mamma.

MRS. P. But the wash will take it all away, so get the pipkin, Sophy. (*SOPHIA goes out R. door in flat and returns with pipkin, which she places on hob.*) And you, Livy, read me the receipt, that I may see if I have forgotten anything

OLIVIA takes book from table, and sits on side of table

MRS. PRIMROSE standing on R. of her, and reads.

OLIVIA. “To make a wash for beautifying the skin, and removeth freckles and sunburns, and maketh the old appear young”—

MRS. P. Oh, a rare wash!

OLIVIA “With other marvellous virtues. At the wane of the moon, or when she is in the sign Virgo, take the yolks of ten eggs; of maiden-hair, rosemary, and pimpernel, each one handful; an ounce of white copperas, and four and twenty red snails.” Delightful. “Let all simmer till they come to a pottle, strain, and put into a close vessel for use—It is exceeding sovereign.—Where there be no red snails to come

by, the fat of one that has been hanged, being a seventh son of a seventh son, hath as great virtue."

Mrs. P. (Making a wry face.) Nay, I doubt that.

OLIVIA. We have got snails, mamma.

Mrs. P. See that it simmers, Sophy.

[*SOPHIA goes to the fire-place—OLIVIA places book on table.*

OLIVIA. Oh, mama! here comes papa from the stable.

Mrs. P. (C.) Spread yourselves, children.

[*Mrs. P. expands before fire place.*

OLIVIA. There mamma, nobody can see a bit of the fire.

Enter VICAR, booted, L. of opening.

Mrs. P. Bless the man! Is he going hunting with the Squire?

Dr. P. I will but ride Blackberry over to the fair. (*Aside.*) And make a better bargain for him than Moses, methinks.

Mrs. P. To the fair, Charles? What hast thou to do with fairs?

Dr. P. I must buy two more reams of paper for my controversy.

Mrs. P. (R.) More paper! Hast thou not spoiled paper enough already with thy deuteronomies, and bigamies, and thingamies?

Dr. P. Nay.

Mrs. P. Would'st thou not have been in prison already, for thy printer's bill, but that the Squire kindly lent thee the forty pounds to pay it?

OLIVIA. It was like him—so good and generous.

Dr. P. Nay, Deborah, leave me controversy as I leave thee to thy goose pies. (*Crosses to table.*) But what have we here? (*Taking book from table.*)

Mrs. P. Nay, Charles, that's not one of your books, Charles—

Dr. P. (Opening and reading.) "Markham's Complete Gentlewoman," I guessed as much; doubled down at "Conceited secrets of sovereign washes for the complexion." It smells very nice—

[*Crosses to fire-place, Mrs. P., SOPHIA, and OLIVIA, keeping in front of him, and trying to prevent him.*

—but wants stirring.

[*Takes up poker and knocks pipkin over.*

Mrs. P. Ah!

SOPHIA. }
OLIVIA. } Papa!

Dr. P. (R.) It's my awkwardness; I always am awkward when I see one of those pipkins on the fire, and I'm afraid, my dears, I always shall be—so don't put any more there, that's good creatures.

Mrs. P. (Aside.) Where we are to find four and twenty red snails again, I can't think. And how you can bear to see Livy looking like a dairy-maid, when she walks with the Squire!

OLIVIA. (L.) Oh—pray—hold thy peace—do, there's a dear good mamma. [*Puts her hand over her mouth.*]

Mrs. P. Nay, never blush for it, child, 'tis no treason. Ah, you may stare, Doctor, but if our Squire be not as fond of our Livy, and she of him, say that Deborah Primrose has never had her own young days, that's all.

Dr. P. (R.—Sternly.) Silence! (*crosses to c.*) Olivia, my child (*taking her hand*), is this true? Has there been talk of love between thee and Squire Thornhill?

OLIVIA. (L.—*Turns her head away, blushing.*) A little, dear father.

Dr. P. And you have met him, and walked with him?

OLIVIA. (*In the same tone.*) Sometimes.

Dr. P. And never told me, nor thy mother, child? It was wrong, my child, silence in such a case is deception; and she who begins by deceiving her parents, may end by dishonouring them.

OLIVIA. Oh, I have been very wicked, (*bursts into tears.*) Do not hate me, father?

Miss SKEGGS, as a GYPSEY WOMAN, looks in at window, L. H.

Dr. P. Hate thee, my child—nay, let me blest thee, rather, (*lays his hand upon her head*). But take care my darling, I do not like that man. He scoffs and scorns at all religion and no child of mine shall ever marry an unbeliever.

Mrs. P. (Coming down R.) Who knows, my dear, that our Livy may not convert him?—to my knowledge, the child is well skilled in controversy.

OLIVIA. (L.) Indeed, papa, I have read a great deal of controversy; I've read all the disputes between Thack'em and Square, in Tom Jones.

Mrs. P. (R.) And the arguments between Robinson Crusoe and Friday the savage.

Dr. P. Good girl, good girl, I see you are perfectly qualified for making converts (*kisses her*). Now go and assist your mother to make the gooseberry pie.

Exit Dr. PRIMROSE, opening L. H.

Mrs. P. (C.) Gooseberry pie, indeed! I hope, my dears, you may come to spend your time in very different occupations from that; for I saw a ring in the candle last night, as plain as the nose on my face.

OLIVIA. (L.) And what do you think I dreamt of, mama?—a coffin and cross-bones; and that's the sign of a wedding all the world over.

SOPHIA. (R.) And there was a true lover's knot at the bottom of my teacup at breakfast.

Mrs. P. Ah! let me but once see my girls fairly launched in London, and I should like to know why they should not both come to be persons of quality just as much as Miss Wilhelmina Carolina Amelia Skeggs, or my Lady Blarney? And now come, Sophy, and help me with the black puddings.
[*Exeunt Mrs. P. and SOPHIA, R. door flat.*]

Enter Miss SKEGGS disguised as a Gypsy—opening L. H.

Miss S. Cross the poor Gypsy's hand with a piece of silver, my pretty lady, and let her tell your fortune by the stars, or the lines of your hand.

OLIVIA. (R.) Now go away, my good woman. Papa's very kind to the poor; but he doesn't like Gypsies. I have nothing for you.

Miss S. (L.) Ah! my pretty lady; but I've something for you—it's in your fate, my pretty lady—you shall leave home shortly. (*Seizing her hand.*) There's the line of wealth that runs straight with the line of life—and there's one that has loved many, but loves you better than all; and there is the hunter, that holds you above his horses, and his dogs, and liberty. Ah, my pretty lady! you have a great fortune before you. [*Still holding her hand.*]

OLIVIA. Let me go, you foolish woman, or I will call mamma.

Miss S. Keep your own secret, my pretty lady, and none will find it out—you have been distressed in your mind, lately; but you will soon see one who will bring you comfort, if you will only listen to love and the stars. I tell you, my pretty lady, you will leave home shortly—

OLIVIA. Leave home! Oh! no—no.

Miss S. And there will be a mad gallop, and a happy wedding, and a happy bringing home of the bride; but you must not cross the stars, for love is true, and the crooked is straight, and a bold course is a good course, my pretty lady—so cross the poor Gypsy's hand with a piece of silver, and she will tell you more that she learns from the stars.

OLIVIA. No, no—there (*gives money*). Now, go, my good woman—(*forcing a laugh*)—I have heard quite enough nonsense for to-day.

Miss S. (*Going—returns.*) Don't mock the stars, my pretty lady,—I see a gay coach—and a bold, merry gentleman—and a yielding, dark lady,—so don't cross the stars, for they bode you great fortunes.

Exit L opening in flat.

OLIVIA. What a little fool I am to listen to such jargon! She shoots her words at random; and for half the girls in the village, they would hit the mark as well as me.—A bold

gentleman—a mad gallop!—why, any one would think I was going to run away and get married!

Enter GROOM L opening.

GROOM. A letter for Mrs. Primrose. (*OLIVIA takes it.*) And are you Miss Primrose, Ma'am?

OLIVIA. Yes.

GROOM. Then here's a letter for you too, Miss. (*Gives it, and Exit L.*)

OLIVIA. Edward's hand (*going to open it.*) But I am doing wrong to open it; and yet, what harm can there be in just looking at it? I can't answer it unless I read it; and perhaps it is to tell me that he loves me, and that he intends to ask my father's consent to the avowal of it—I will open it—but I fear I am wrong. (*Pauses, and then tears it open. Reads.*) "Meet me this evening, by the Three-acre Copse—the old spot. To-night we must part, or be blessed for ever. I shall expect you at nine."—At nightfall?—and alone? That Gypsey's words come back—"You will leave home shortly." Pshaw!—what a coward I am!—and to distrust Edward thus! Yes, I will be there, and shew him how wicked we have both been. He shall come with me to my father. We will have no more of these secret meetings. Either we will love honestly, and before the world, or we will love no longer. (*Calls at door R.*) Mamma—mamma!

Enter Mrs. PRIMROSE R door flat.

Mrs. P. Well, child?

OLIVIA A letter from the Hall, mamma.

[*Gives the letter.*]

Mrs. P. No doubt to arrange for your visit to town, my child. I trust their ladyships will leave me time to make up the amber satin and the crimson Paduasoy. (*Opens the letter and reads.*) "Dearest Madam"—How respectful and affectionate at the same time—I regret much that the receipt of the enclosed letter has so alarmed my friends, Miss Skeggs and Lady Blarney, that they have not only abandoned their intention of taking your amiable daughters under their protection"—Oh, gracious!"—"but have themselves quitted my house this morning suddenly and apparently in anger. I am only anxious that the writer of the enclosed should be discovered, and punished as he deserves.

"Your devoted servant,

"EDWARD THORNHILL."

— Alack, alack!—the prospects of the family ruined and undone, and I shan't see you ladies of quality after all—and there's fifty pounds, ten shillings, a year, as good as lost to the family for ever!

OLIVIA. But the enclosed letter, mamma?

Mrs. P. Oh, read it child.

OLIVIA. (*Reads the enclosed letter.*) "To the ladies of quality at Squire Thornhill's.—The writer of this is a friend of innocence!"—

Mrs. P. Innocence, quotha!

OLIVIA. "He is informed that you have some intention of bringing to town two young ladies of his acquaintance!"—

Mrs. P. His acquaintance! Marry, come up, my dirty cousin.

OLIVIA. "In the character of companions. As he would not have simplicity imposed on, or virtue contaminated, he must offer his opinion that such a step would have dangerous consequences. So take the admonitions of a friend, against introducing infamy and vice into retreats where peace and innocence have hitherto resided."

Mrs. P. Here's a Gunpowder Plot! Oh! I shall faint!—vice and infamy?—my daughters! Oh! support me, my child.

OLIVIA. Yes, I was sure I knew the hand—why it is—

Mrs. P. Whose? Let me but find out.

OLIVIA. Mr. Burchall's, as I live, mamma!

Mrs. P. And so it is!—(*looking at the letter.*) There are his sneaking "g's" with the short tails, and his mean-spirited "i's" with no dots to 'em. The profligate!—oh, the double-distilled sinner!—Sophy, Sophy! come and see what a viper it was that pulled you out of the water.

Exit, followed by OLIVIA.—(*Opening in flat R.H.*)

SCENE II.—*The Market-place, with a fair going on—Lads and lasses in holiday dresses, farmers, &c.—A drinking-booth, R. H. U. E. with a table and forms outside—EPHRAIM JENKINSON, is discovered on a raised platform, with a speaking trumpet, selling drugs as a quack doctor, in a robe and long beard, in centre of the stage, his JACK PUDDING standing on his left, with box of medicines, bottles, pills, &c. E.—The Scene opens to music—gongs beating, shouts, laughing, &c.—JACK PUDDING blows the horn.*

JEN. (*Through speaking-trumpet.*) Hey, hey hey!—holloa! here I am—Don Waltero Von Clatterbank, High German Doctor, native of Arabia Deserta, seventh son of a seventh son; who has studied under Galen, Hippocrates, Paracelsus, and Albumezar. All persons, young or old, blind or lame, deaf or dumb, curable or incurable—come here for cure of all cephalalgias, paralytic paroxysms, palpitations of the pericardium, syncopes, vertiginous vapours, hydrocephalous dysenteries, odontalgic or podagrical inflammations, the hog-pox, the hen-pox, the chicken-pox, or the small-pox; ascites, ascarides, anasarca, or anthropophagi.—(*JACK PUDDING blows*

the horn—the crowd laugh—*Farmer and Dame FLAMBOROUGH, and their daughters, come down R. H.—JENKINSON, pointing to Dame F.*)—Now, there's an old lady suffering from an œsophagus in her outacousticon.

Dame F. Lord preserve us! I do feel queerish.

JEN. Let her buy a box of my anti-pamphustic pills, the same that cured Prester-John's Jugler's wife of a dogmatism in her elbow, of which she died. (*JACK PUDDING blows horn*) The box is only sixpence; see the effect. Here John, take a pill.

[*JACK PUDDING takes pills.*]

Dame F. Here, doctor, my good man is woundily troubled with the falling sickness after market days. [*Takes box.*]

JEN. And here is my balsamum swallosordusticum, good against all cuts and green wounds. If any honest man among you has hurt himself with sword, gun, or pitchfork, spit, jack, or gridiron, glass-bottle, or pint-pot, one application of the balsam will cure him, without sending to an illiterate surgeon.

—*JACK PUDDING blows the horn. Shouts, &c.—Enter MOSES, 1 E. L. H.*

Farmer F. Ah! them doctors does take a plaguy long time, and wonderful sight o' money. Here's for thy balsam, doctor.

[*Several buy.*]

JEN. This is the "Unguentum cataphon," which is sovereign for all strains, sprains, and bruises. It was this that prevented the old woman at Exeter from running into a wine cellar, and cured the Morocco ambassador of a lapsus linguæ.

[*JACK PUDDING blows horn, and several buy*

MOSES. (R.) Lapsus linguæ? I must protest—

JEN. (Drowning his voice.) And here's the secret of secrets, the "Tankapon Tolos," that performed the wonderful cure on Captain Nonsuch, of the Non-nomen galley, in the service of the Emperor of Terra Incognita, who had a cannon ball lodged in his little finger; likewise the carpenter of the same ship, who had accidentally swallowed a handspike.

MOSES. No! that I can't swallow.

JEN. (Getting down.) Here's a simpleton doesn't believe. If I hadn't so many patients waiting inside, I could show him the very identical—

MOSES. Carpenter?

JEN. No—handspike!

[*Exit through curtain into his booth, 2 E. L. H., followed by JACK PUDDING.*]

MOSES. That man must be an impostor! How can a cannon ball lodge in a little finger? The less cannot contain the greater. What a busy scene (*looking about him*). "Plethousc agorā" as Xenophon says. I shant have much difficulty in finding a customer for the colt, I dare say. The

sharpers shall find they've no ignoramus to deal with, but a young man who has studied the humanities.

Enter JENKINSON from his booth, having taken off his beard and gown, and looking like a young man.

JEN. (L.) A wonderful man! A wonderful man!

MOSES. (R.) Ah, a patient of that impudent quack doctor.

JEN. Quack doctor, Sir? Would there were more such! One draught of his aqua soliginus has cured me of a sweating sickness, that was on me now these six years; and carried a large imposthume off my throat, that scarce let me eat, drink, or sleep, except in an upright posture—and now it is gone as clean—saving your presence—as (*picks his pocket*) that, Sir! Oh, a wonderful man! I came here at full length in a cart, but I shall ride back as upright as a gate-post, if I can but come by a horse.

MOSES. (*Aside.*) A customer for the colt,—he seems a simple fellow. I have a horse to sell, Sir.

JEN. Oh! but I warrant me you are one of those cozening horsejockies that take-in poor honest folk. I know no more of horses than you do of Greek.

MOSES. Nay—(*aside*) but I must appear simple—I assure you, Sir, that you need not fear being cozened by me. I have a good stout colt for sale, that has been worked in the plough these two years—you can but step aside and look at him.

JEN. Well, as for that, I don't care if I do; but, Lord bless me! I was forgetting my wares.

[*Goes to his booth, 2 E. L. H., and brings box.*]

MOSES. What have you there?

JEN. (*Mysteriously.*) Ah! that's a secret. They're my wares. There's a good twelve pounds' worth under the lid of that box. But you'll not talk about it, or I might be robbed; the fair's full of rogues—perhaps you're one of 'em—you look mighty sharp.

MOSES. Nay, my good man, I am as honest as thyself—though, perhaps, not quite such a simpleton (*aside*).

JEN. Well, I don't care if I do look at thy horse—(*aside*) and you may say good bye to him, my ben cull. But you're sure he's quiet to ride and drive?

MOSES. I've driven him myself, and I am not one that driveth furiously; and you may believe he's quiet to ride, when I tell you he's carried my mother, an old lady, and never thrown her. (*Aside.*) It's true, she tumbled off once—but that was her fault, and not the colt's.

JEN. Then, I don't care if I say a bargain. How much is it to be. I don't like paying more than ten guineas.

MOSES. (*Aside*) He's not worth half the money.—You shall name your own price — (*aside*) and then nobody can say I cheated him.

JEN. What say you to nine guineas—and the odd half-guinea for saddle and bridle?

MOSES. Nay, I would not drive a hard bargain—I'm content.

JEN. Stop a bit, and I'll give the money. (*Sits on his box, and pretends to search his pockets.*) Eh?—oh, Lord!—nay, 'tis t'other pocket—No—oh, Lord! I'm a ruined man—I be robbed—thieves!—I be robbed—

MOSES. Robbed? This comes of carrying moneys; "Can-tabit vacuus coram latrone viator," as Juvenal says. But I will lend thee enough to take thee home again.

[*Going to put his hand into his pocket.*]

JEN. (*Prevents him.*) Nay, good young man—I have friends enow in this place who will do that for me. It is the loss of the horse that vexes me. Hold!—perhaps, though I can no longer buy, you may be willing to make a barter?

MOSES. Why, the practice of barter was much used amongst the ancients; and, indeed, the Lacedemonians had no coined money until after the time of Lycurgus, as you are aware.

JEN. Nan—I can't say I know the family. But will you exchange your horse against my wares? There's a good twelve pounds worth of 'em.

MOSES. What are they? Deprome—that is, bring them forth.

JEN. (*Opens his box.*) A gross of green spectacles—fine pebbles, and silver rims.

[*Taking a pair out of case,*]

MOSES. A gross of green spectacles.

[*Taking a pair.*]

JEN. A dozen—dozen.

MOSES. Let's see (*aside, calculates*)—twelve times twelve is—and twenty-one's into—go—yes, a capital bargain! I accept—you take the colt, and I'll take the spectacles.

[*Offering to take the box.*]

JEN. Nay, nay—I'll give you the box when you've given me the colt—so, come!

MOSES. A gross of green spectacles! Huzza! (*Aside.*) I'll retail them for twice the money. "Nocte pluit totâ redeunt spectacula mane"—"There come back spectacles a many." Ha, ha! the silly fellow! Well, it's not my fault—he will cheat himself—ha, ha! Oh, Moses is a simpleton, is he? Moses can't make a bargain, can't he?

Exit I E. R. H.

JEN. Of all the green spectacles ever sold, I must say you're the greenest.

Enter Miss SKEGGS, dressed as a Gypsey, I E. L. H.

Miss S. Hist, Capting! Bing back when you've nabbed the prancer.

JEN. Ah, Molly!—more devil's business afoot, that thou art here on the Roumany lay?

Miss S. Bing back, and we'll go shares.

Exit JEN. with box, 1 E. R. H.

—(To the rustics.) Cross the poor Gypsey's hand with a piece of silver, my pretty maids, and I'll tell your fortunes.

[Retires to back with PATTY and LETTY FLAMBOROUGH.]

Enter Squire THORNHILL and CHAPLAIN, 1 E. L. H.

CHAP. (R.) Not a decent nag or a pretty wench in the fair!

THORN. (L.) Hang thy horse face and sheep's eyes! Canst see the Gypsey wench I told thee to mark for me?

CHAP. (Looking and pointing to Miss SKEGGS.) Yonder she is—and a likely lass too.

THORN. Then drop thy sodden carcass into that booth (pointing R.) till I call thee—I have business here.

CHAP. Aha! You run roguish, Squire! (SQUIRE lifts his whip angrily—he bows humbly.) Nay, I trust I know my place. I will solace myself with a pipe and a pint of home-brewed, and meditate over next Sunday's sermon.

Exit into booth, U. E. R.

Miss S. (comes forward R.) Ha! honest Ned, 'tis all right! I've seen your charmer—dropped the word—and now her head's buzzing with the notion of a leap into a post-chaise and matrimony. The sixth of us, Squire. Ha, ha!—(bitterly) one down and t'other come on! (sighs and stops.) Six of us poor girls!

THORN. That will do—and now off with you by the first stage to London, and see all ready in the old place. (Miss SKEGGS stands irresolutely.) What's the woman staring at? D'ye hear me?

Miss S. Yes, yes! But, I say, Ned, must she go?—come now!

THORN. Must she? Speak out—what are you stammering at?

Miss S. Oh, Ned! she's not what we were. I was about the cottage all this morning—and her pretty ways, and that white-headed old man,—and I saw her at his knee—and he blessed her. I've had that old man's face before my eyes, and his prayer in my ears, ever since—and it frightens me, Ned!

THORN. Pooh! Molly, this is something new—you're not half old or ugly enough for psalm-singing yet. Drink a glass of brandy, and drown your new-born babe of a conscience, old girl!

Miss S. I've tried that, but it will whisper me, Ned. I

had a father myself—an old man—but he never blessed me—and I suppose he never will now (*mournfully*).

THORN. Sink the whimpering slut! Have you given my message to Jenkinson?

Miss S. Oh, Ned, Ned! drop this pursuit—it is not too late—I have not given any orders for the chaise and men yet.

THORN. Curse you! is this the way you serve me? I must do my own dirty work, must I, and be hanged to you?

Miss S. Oh, Ned! you once said you loved me!

THORN. Stand aside, you snivelling jade, I say!

Miss S. Oh, Ned—Ned! (*tries to take his hand.*)

THORN. (*thrusts her aside, and crosses to R.*) Stand aside, or I'll lash you like a hound! *Exit 1 E. R. H.*

Miss S. I will do my best to save the poor thing yet. That moody Burchell is about the fair,—I won't betray Ned—but he doesn't take his own carriage and servant for this job; and if the Captain can be laid by the heels, all may be safe yet. Yes, yes—I've done the mischief—I'll repair it. (*Running into booth, U. E. R. H.*) A glass of brandy there!

Re-enter Miss SKEGGS, following BURCHELL, 2 E. R. H.

BURCH. I tell thee, wench, I am in no humour to listen to thy fooleries.

Miss S. And I tell you, that those who are too proud to listen may be too late to learn. You know Dr. Primrose—one of his daughters is in danger.

BURCH. Ha! Sophia?

Miss S. No—the other. See that she does not leave the house at dusk to-night. Be about the lane that skirts the Three-acre Copse—and armed. You carry a sword?

BURCH. My stick will do as good service—but who—

Miss S. Ask no questions, for I cannot answer them. You see yon ill-looking fellow with the silly lad, the Vicar's son?

BURCH. My friend Moses—well?

Miss S. Do not lose sight of that man. If you see him about the spot I spoke of, seize him—knock him down if he resist—he is there for no good purpose. *Crosses to L.*

BURCH. But I must know more of this.

Miss S. Not a word. If you are a wise man, you will not need it. If you are a bold man, you will want all your courage. It's no use to follow me. If I say "Mum," neither whips, stocks, nor darbies can get a word out of me. Be alive, and good luck to you. *Exit 1 E. L. H.*

BURCH. This is strange! There is some wickedness on foot, or why my cool reception from Mrs. Primrose and Sophia? Thornhill is at the bottom of this. I'll be on the watch, as this Gypsey tells me. (*Looking R.*) So, that is the

man I've to have an eye on—as hanging a look as ever graced the Old Bailey dock. Ware hawk! Egad! I like this adventure—it stirs my phlegmatic blood. I have not felt so like old times since I leapt into the brook after my Sophia—(*feels his pulse*)—on the gallop, by all that's lively—(*poising his stick*)—and woe to the wight that comes within sweep of my old friend here! *Exit* 1 E. R. H.

Enter Dr. PRIMROSE 1 E. L. H.

Dr. P. Ha, ha, ha! Moses seems to have got a customer. Poor lad! he little thinks his old father is in the fair, selling too. I've had no offer for old Blackberry—he's not an attractive horse—his wall-eye gives an absurd expression to his countenance. I ought to get four guineas for him, I believe; but I'm no great judge. I hope the money will be turned to a good account. I shall not be sorry to get the girls away to London. Livy's fancy for that jackanapes of a Squire grieves me. He's a bad man—I feel he is—and she loves him—she loves him! (*Seats himself on form R. of table.*)

Enter JENKINSON, followed by BURCHELL cautiously, 1 E. R. H.

JEN. I've disposed of the nag to one of my pals—so now to put on a fresh face to catch a fresh cully.

Exit 2 E. L. H.

BURCH. That's my scoundrel! I'll sit down here till he comes out. (*Seats himself L. of table, and recognises the Dr.*) Ha, Doctor! in a fair, of all strange places!

Dr. P. Yes, here I am, Mr. Burchell, “to catch the manners living as they rise,” as the ingenious Mr. Pope hath it. I often think we divines mix too little with the crowd. How are we to learn the secrets of the enemy's camp, unless we come out, now and then, to reconnoitre it?

BURCH. (*aside.*) Shall I tell him? And are you here solely for philosophic observation, Doctor?

Dr. P. Nay, not altogether. I've my secret, Mr. Burchell; but I think I may trust you. You know the girls start for London?

BURCH. (*aside.*) He knows nothing of my letter, then.—Yes, Sir, I grieved to hear of it.

Dr. P. They must rub off their rust, poor things. My wife's a good, notable woman, but she's a thought rusty herself. However, to travel costs money—and so I'm here to raise the wind a little, Mr. Burchell.

BURCH. How, Sir?

Re-enter JENKINSON from his booth, dressed as an old man, with a large book, 2 E. L. H.

Dr. P. The fact is, we are selling our stud. I didn't put

much trust in poor Moses, who has it in charge to dispose of the colt; so, without his knowing it, I've come to sell old Blackberry myself. With your leave, I'll call for a pipe.

* BURCH. I will join you in one, Sir, with all my heart. Here, landlord, pipes, and a pint of your mildest ale.

Enter LANDLORD, with pipes, jug of ale, two horns, and candle, from booth B.

JEN. (*who has been listening.*) The old Doctor come out horse-dealing! Bless his venerable viridity!—Just the sort of customer I like. If the son was green, I should think the father was two shades greener at least. Your great scholars always are the easiest to cozen. I've one bit of book learning—(*crashes, and seats himself R. of Dr.*)—'tis a famous bait—so now for it. (*Opens his book, and pretends to read with great attention.*)

Dr. P. (*perceiving him.*) A venerable man that, Mr. Burchell.

BURCH. Very. (*Aside.*) My knave does not make his appearance.

Dr. P. How absorbed he is! A scholar that, Mr. Burchell, as sure as my name's Dr. Primrose.

BURCH. (*abstracted.*) I dare say. (*Aside.*) He has certainly not come out. If I could but peep into the booth—the canvass is open. Excuse me one moment, Dr. Primrose. (*Rises, and goes into booth 2 E. L. H.*)

JEN. Primrose? Did I hear aright? May I ask, with much respect, any relation of the famous Dr. Primrose, that courageous champion of the Church?

Dr. P. (*Rises L. C.*) Sir, your applause adds to the pleasure your appearance has already excited. You behold that Dr. Primrose—that courageous champion, as you are pleased to call me—though I would rather say, that unfortunate divine, who has so long fought in vain, though perhaps not without learning, against the deuterognomy of the age.

JEN. (*Rises R. C.*) I fear I have been too familiar; but you will forgive my curiosity—I beg pardon—

Dr. P. No offence, my dear Sir—no offence. I trust you will accept my friendship, Sir, as you have my esteem already. (*Aside.*) Charming person!

JEN. And do I indeed behold? that glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy?—do I indeed behold?—

Dr. P. You overpower me. Ah! Sir, the world does not share your opinions.

JEN. The world, Sir? The world is in its dotage. (*Aside.*) And now for my bit of book learning. The cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers in all ages. Sanconiathon, Manethon, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus,

have all attempted it in vain. Manethon, also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-asser—"asser" being a Syriac word usually applied as a surname to the kings of that country, as Nabon-asser, Teglad-Phael-asser—formed a conjecture equally absurd. But I ask pardon, Sir—I am straying from the question.

Dr. P. (aside.) So he is a little; but he's a most ripe scholar. Sir, I honour your learning; and if I had not business to attend to, I would sit and discuss the cosmogony all day.

JEN. What, Sir! have philosophers like you business at a fair? But it is odd enough, so have I.

Dr. P. You'll laugh when you learn I've come here to sell a horse.

JEN. And you'll smile when you hear that I have come to buy one.

Dr. P. If I could sell old Blackberry to carry such a learned rider!

JEN. You shall, Sir—what is your price?

Dr. P. I believe he is worth four guineas.

JEN. Say six, worthy Sir—I must give six.

Enter LANDLORD from booth R.

Dr. P. Nay, if you will—but I should have been content with four.

JEN. (*producing pocket-book, and taking out note.*) Six—six—here, landlord, can you give me gold for this fifty pound note?

LAND. Nay, not I—I've ne'er so much gold in the world, nor will you easily get it.

JEN. This is awkward; but hold—your cure is hard by. Do you know one Farmer Flamborough of your part of this country?

Dr. P. My next-door neighbour.

JEN. Capital! Then you shall have a draft upon him, payable at sight. (*Calls into booth.*) Pen and ink, landlord. And let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round.

Enter LANDLORD with pen and ink.

JEN. (*sits at table and writes.*) Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted many years. I remember I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop upon one leg farther than I. (*Cowes down R.*) Here is a draft.

Dr. P. And yonder stands old Blackberry, little dreaming of the learned load he is henceforth to trot under.

[*Takes draft.*]

JEN. Ah, Sir! the horse that has carried a pillar of the Church (*crosses to L.*) must be up to any weight. Heaven bless you, most reverend Sir! I trust we may meet again.

Dr. P. And finish our argument on the cosmogony, for I don't agree with Manethon myself.

JEN. (*aside.*) And now for the Squire's job. Lord! to think how far a little learning may go when turned to good account.

Exit JEN. 1 E. L. H.

Dr. P. *beckons* LANDLORD, and *pays* him at table R.

Re-enter BURCHELL from booth.

BURCH. The rogue has given me the slip. The booth is empty—and yet I watched like a ferret at a rabbit-hole. I must make a cast for the scent. Good bye, Doctor, for the present!

Exit 1 E. R. H.

Dr. P. Now for home again. I've made a famous bargain. How astonished poor Moses will be—poor lad! I dare say he has been vilely cozened—poor lad!—vilely cozened—poor lad!

Exit DR. 1 E. L. H.

Enter MOSES (1 E. R. H.) with box of spectacles.

MOSES. Ha! ha! ha! I'm afraid I've been a sad rogue to take that poor simpleton's valuable wares. But barter is barter; and I dare say the Lacedemonians always took as much as they could get. Father thought I should be cheated. How I shall crow over him, and all of them. Cheated indeed! I think after such a bargain I may indulge a little, as I have a long walk before me. Here, landlord, half a pint of your smallest ale—or say a pint—yes, a pint—and quick, do you hear.

Exit into booth R. H.

THE SCENE CLOSES.

SCENE III.—A Woodland Road by the Three-acre Copse.
[*Lights half-down.*]

Enter THORNHILL (R.) and JENKINSON (L.) meeting.

THORN. Is all ready? Your men posted to keep off intruders? (JENKINSON *nods.*)—The chaise-and-four at the Cross Roads? (JENKINSON *nods.*)—You did not tell the people at the Wheatsheaf for whom you were hiring it? (JENKINSON *shakes his head.*)—You have procured me a false license, and a rogue to play priest? (JENKINSON *nods.*)—You'll find the sorrel mare in the Copse; she'll carry you across country to the Moat-house in two hours' hard riding. Don't press her over the fallows, mind, for she's worth two hundred. (JENKINSON *nods.*) And, now, off to your hiding-place—if any one interrupts us, use your pistols; I'll bear you harmless. (JENKINSON *shrugs his shoulders.*)—Has Jack Ketch slit thy tongue as well as thine ears, man, that thou art all nods, and winks, and shrugs, instead of words?

JEN. (L.) I daren't trust my tongue, Squire, lest it should let out what I think of this business. If it were taking a purse

now, or cracking a crib—but carrying off a poor young innocent lamb——

THORN. Pshaw! are all my knaves turned canters? Curse me if I shan't be throwing up the whites of my own eyes next. To thy post rogue—and remember, if thou attempt to play me false, I have that will hang thee ten times over.

JEN. That's true. You have the advantage of me. I have offended the Law—you, Squire, have only offended the Law-giver. *Exit L.*

THORN. So, every rogue has his fling in my teeth. But who's afraid?—this is my grand coup of all. The rest were half-ruined to my hand. 'Twas but first come, first served, with them. But Olivia—young, lovely, and good—egad, 'tis that gives the smack to this adventure. Innocence—pshaw! What is it? The mask that hypocrisy puts on cowardice! She must be married, must she? She shall be married—ha, ha!—noosed with a rotten halter. And yet there are moments when I feel as I never felt yet. The thought of that old man will cross me; and sink me if I don't sometimes fancy I love the girl as well as desire her. She is here! My Olivia!

Enter OLIVIA (L.)—she rushes to THORNHILL, and flings herself in his arms.

OLIVIA. (L.) Oh, Edward, Edward! I am a lost, wicked, wretched girl.

SQUIRE. (R.) What! my own darling wretched? Who has dared——

OLIVIA. Oh, hush, hush, Edward—'tis my own fault—I should not be here. They do not know at home what I am doing: my father blessed me to-day; and when his dear hand was upon my head, and his kind eyes looked into mine—and his good old voice trembled as he called me his darling—I knew how wicked I had been, and determined to see you no more, till he knew and sanctioned our love. You will ask me of him, Edward?

SQUIRE. It is useless—he misjudges me too much. Time alone can overcome his prejudice.

OLIVIA. Then let us wait till he learns, as I have learnt, how good and kind you are, and that your rough ways and wild words are but bad habits that I can soon cure you of. You know you will not be so loud, and hard, and proud any longer, when you have your little Livy to love and care for, and chide you, Edward—for mind, I shall be a very strict schoolmistress.

SQUIRE. And so you shall, my darling, and rate me when I bolt over the ropes, as I rate one of my hounds for false chiding.

OLIVIA. Then you will wait till my father knows you better?

SQUIRE. Nay, what hope is there in that, when you know he designs you for another, that Farmer Williams?—a fit husband for one who has graces to adorn a coronet!

OLIVIA. It would break my heart to marry any but you. You know it would—so why not wait in patience?

SQUIRE. Wait! my passion for you, Olivia, cannot wait; you have made a new man of me already, by your love. Think what I shall be as your husband. Come, dearest, cannot you trust yourself with me?

OLIVIA. Trust myself? oh yes! But where, Edward? whither would you take me?

SQUIRE. Away from hence, but for a few days (*she recoils from him*)—a few hours, perhaps; only for the time required to make you my wife. All is prepared for our union, Olivia, at my seat, only a few miles from hence.

OLIVIA. No Edward, it is not thus a woman should pass from a father's arms to those of a husband. How can a blessing rest on the double life, that begins in flight and deception. I love you, I do indeed, but I love them too (*pointing L.*), and I cannot bear to think of them to-night. They are all at home now, supper is ready, my father is by the fire-side, and would be smiling, were his little Livy there to cheer him. But she comes not—my mother rises and goes to the door, and looks out upon the night, but Livy does not come; so the hours pass on, and expectation has grown into wonder, and still Livy does not come—Oh yes, she does, father, I will go back.

[*Turns to go—the SQUIRE seizes her.*]

SQUIRE. Hear me, my Olivia, I have not come here to hear pretty stories, or to see how charming you look with those pearls in your eyes, and that colour in your cheeks—I am come for my love—for my wife, if you will—and I am prepared to use force, if force is necessary; so make up your mind to submit to what you cannot prevent, so come, I say!

OLIVIA. Oh, help! Edward, Edward, I dare not! Father, father!

THORN. My wife, my wife!

[*Kisses her passionately, as he forces her off R. H.*]

Enter JENKINSON (L.)

JEN. Just in time, or that stout fellow, yonder, with the cudgel, would have been in on him. Ha, he has bowled down my two aid-de-camps like nine-pins. He comes this way—so!

[*Draws a pistol.*]

Enter BURCHELL (L.)

JEN. Not a step, or you're a dead man.

BURCH. Stand aside, scoundrel!

[JENKINSON *fires; at the same time BURCHELL strikes up the pistol with his stick, knocks JENKINSON down, jumps over him, and looks R.*

BURCH. Too late—too late. They drive off. Fire and fury!—had I not wasted time in searching the fair for this scoundrel, I should have saved her. Is he dead, I wonder? (*Examines JEN., and takes pistol from his belt.*) I hope I have not cheated the gallows.

JEN. Eh?—where?—what? I must say, Sir, you're as good a back-hand as Figg himself.

BURCH. Rascal!—whither is that chaise bound?

JEN. (*Feeling for his pistol.*) Excuse me, Sir—honour to my friend. (*Rises.*)

BURCH. (*R.*) Honour among thieves, truly. A bargain with thee. Tell me who it was carried off that young lady—whither they have gone—and what is his design. If thou make a clean breast of it, I spare thee, and use thee. If not, thou swing'st.

JEN. (*L*) Needs must when the hangman drives. The gentleman—heaven save the mark!—was Ned Thornhill; as great a rogue, saving your presence, as any here. The lady you know. They are bound for the Moat-house, a score of miles from here—and their design is to ruin her, under pretext of marriage.

BURCH. The double-dyed villain!

JEN. There is the mock license, and at the Moat-house waits the mock priest. She loves him, and will tumble into the snare as innocently as the cushat into a gin.

BURCH. Twenty miles! I shall be too late to undo this work of villany.

JEN. And no ways welcome, perhaps: besides, the house is guarded—you cannot gain admission.

BURCH. True—true!

JEN. There's the Squire's sorrel mare, in the Copse, can beat them to the Moat-house. But what then?

BURCH. Harkye! You carry word to the Vicar that his daughter is gone—say Burchell sent thee. I will take the sorrel, and do my best to prevent mischief. But give me the forged license.

JEN. (*Giving him two papers.*) And here is the pass for the mock priest.

BURCH. Does Thornhill know him?

JEN. No; he is a new hand, a friend of mine—college-bred, but has had his troubles.

BURCH. Then the false parson's gown may cover a true priest for once—'tis generally the other way,—and now, away with you!

JEN. Well! I feel a kind of a relish in helping an honest action!

Exit L.

BURCH. Let me see!—the Bishop is at Lord Carberry's only five miles off. I may save her—and if she loves this graceless dog, perhaps save him too; I'll try it; if I break Sorrel's wind, 'twill be in a better cause than fox-hunting!

Exit R.

SCENE IV.—*Interior of Vicar's Cottage, with table R. and candles.—Arm-chair L. of table.—Small table L. with guitar on it.—Pistols hanging up over fire-place.—Mrs. PRIMROSE and SOPHIA, with DICK and BILL.*

Mrs. P. (*seated in arm-chair.*) How late your father is to-night, children! I hope his wits have not gone wandering after his deuteronomies, forsooth! and that he be not now sitting on the side of a ditch, with old Blackberry kicking up his heels over Plashy Common.

SOPHY (*at door L.*) Hark! I hear papa's footstep.

Enter VICAR L. D. F.

Dr. P. (L. C.) Ha, Dame!—ha, Sophy!—ha, boys!

DICK (L.) What have you brought me for a fairing, papa?

BILL (L.) And me, papa?

Dr. P. Why, Bill, as thou art an industrious lad at thy books, I have brought thee a large bit of gingerbread without any letters. And as thou, Dick, art an idle rogue, I have brought thee thy letters without any gingerbread. But where's my Livy?

Mrs. P. (R. C.) The girl is romantic, and loves walks in the twilight—I did so myself at her age.

Dr. P. She will be here soon, bless her! Ah, Deborah! what would our cottage be without her bright face and merry laughter? I love you all—but Livy is the apple of my old eyes!

Mrs. P. I trust nothing has happened to Moses. I warrant he will bring back a good price for the colt—and good need, for I shall have a world of fine things to buy for the girls' journey to London.

SOPHY (L.) Nay, mama, you forget.

Mrs. P. Ah, bless my stupid brains! so I did. Alas! my dear, all our hopes are ruined;—our girls are not to have their Town polishing after all—the more's the pity!

Dr. P. (*aside.*) Thank our stars for it!

Mrs. P. Some evil-disposed person has aspersed them to their Ladyships—aspersed the daughters of Deborah Primrose—marry come up!—as though we had not our reputations like richer folks, though we have come down from keeping our carriage!

Dr. P. Aspersions, say'st thou, Dame? Who has been wicked enough?

Mrs. P. Who but that dangling, snarling, good-for-nothing Burchell!

SOPHY. Mama!

Dr. P. Burchell? I would have given bail for his honesty!—but “fronti nulla fides!”

Mrs. P. We have it under his own hand, Dr. Primrose—an insinuating, indirect, round-about-the-bush letter, Dr. Primrose.

Dr. P. I grieve to hear it, my dear—as I always do at everything that makes me think worse of my fellow-creatures. But never mind—we are well rid of him. Cheer up, Sophy darling!

SOPHY. Oh! I am sure I never cared for him, papa—never!—I hated him!

Dr. P. Poor child! poor child!—but a truce to gloomy thoughts! Dick, run out and look for Livy—you’ll be sure to find her on the Common, among the purple heather and golden broom.

DICK (*coming down L.*) And I’ll put Blackberry into the stable—mayn’t I, papa, as Moses isn’t here?

Exit DICK L. D. F.

Dr. P. Ha, ha! Blackberry into the stable!—that may scarce be—ha, ha!

Mrs. P. Why, my dear?

Dr. P. For a very good reason, my love—there’s no Blackberry to put into the stable.

Mrs. P. No Blackberry!—why, thou hast not gone and lost thy horse, Charles?

Dr. P. Lost him! Ha, ha! No, wife—but sold him.

Mrs. P. Sold him! Sold Blackberry? What hast thou got for him?

Dr. P. Six guineas, wife, and he was worth but four, on the authority of Farmer Flamborough (*taking draft from pocket*). Here ’tis, a draft on neighbour Flainborough. Here, Bill, run and get the money, ’tis but a step.

Exit BILL L. D. F. with draft.

SOPHY. (*at door.*) Here comes Moses, papa.

Enter MOSES, carrying deal box, L. D. F.

Mrs. P. (*R.*) Welcome, Moses, welcome! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?

MOSES. (*C.*) First and foremost, I have brought you myself.

Dr. P. But the colt, boy, the colt.

MOSES. I’ve sold him, father, and pretty well, I flatter myself. I’ve sold him, saddle, bridle, and all, for ten guineas.

Mrs. P. A great price, I protest—ten guineas!

Dr. P. Well done, indeed—the money, boy, the money.

MOSES. Why, Sir, I’ve brought back no money.

Mrs. P. Ah! a draft, doubtless, like your father.

MOSES No; but I’ve got a great bargain.

Mrs. P. Good lad! but what is this bargain? Let's see!

MOSES. A gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases. (*Opening box triumphantly.*)

Mrs. P. A gross of green spectacles! and you have parted with the colt, and brought us nothing but a gross of paltry green spectacles.

MOSES. Dear mother, why won't you listen to reason, I got them a dead bargain, I can tell you. The silver rims alone would sell for twice the money.

Mrs. P. Silver rims, indeed! they won't sell for half the money as old silver, at five shillings the ounce.

Dr. P. (*Examining them.*) Make yourself quite easy about the rims, my dear, they're only copper varnished over, and not worth sixpence.

[*MOSES turns up E. and places box at back—Puts his hand in his pocket and misses his handkerchief.*]

Mrs. P. Not silver?

Dr. P. No more silver than your saucepan.

Mrs. P. The blockhead has been cozened, he should have known his company better.

Dr. P. Excuse me, my dear, he should not have known them at all.

Mrs. P. Give me the trash, I'll throw it into the fire.

Dr. P. There again, you are wrong, my dear, for though they are copper we will keep them by us, for copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing. Ah, Moses, Moses, youth-like, thou hast trusted to appearances! I expected this, 'tis lucky I sold Blackberry myself.

Mrs. P. Thy father did not let himself be thus cozened, I warrant me.

Dr. P. Nay, Deborah, he has not my experience, thou knowest, we must allow for his years. I dealt with a scholar and a philosopher, though I did not clearly apprehend his doctrine of Cosmogony.

Mrs. P. And what had his mahogany to do with the selling of a horse?

Enter BILL, with FLAMBOROUGH. (L. D. F.)

Dr. P. (L. C.) Ah! Here comes the Farmer to pay the draft.

FARMER. (L.) Ecod! Vicar—I'm main sorry, but you may e'en use the draft to light your pipe, for all its good for.

Dr. P. How?

Mrs. P. (R. C.) Not good?

MOSES. (R.) Eh?

FARMER. A vorger of that rogue, Ephraim Jenkinson's, the greatest rascal unhung. He's zold me a horse, and he's stole me a horse; and now he's vorged my name! Never was such a play-actor in rogue's parts. He's highwayman,

vorger, coiner, burglar, juggler, and quack doctor, just as he likes.

MOSES. A quack doctor!—a young man?

Dr. P. Nay—an old venerable man.

FARMER. Ecod! he's as many ages as trades. He'd cheat Belzebub himself.

MOSES. The man who sold me the spectacles, for a hundred.

Dr. P. But he was a scholar—well read in the Cosmogony.

FARMER. Ha, ha, ha! He had thee there, Doctor—he had thee there. I know 'un. Sink me—Jonathan, and Merrythoughts, and Brosus! It's the one bit of book-learning he has got to his back, and he always brings it out to take scholars in with. Well, they do say scholars be woundy easy to take in, Doctor—but I am zorry he hath nicked thee! Good night, all—good night. But I'll hang the rascal yet.

Exit FARMER L. D. F.

Mrs. P. (C.) Dr. Primrose!

Dr. P. (L.) Deborah!

MOSES. (R.) Father!

Dr. P. Moses!—my children!—we have been all cozened together. Let the misfortunes of the day teach us humility.

Mrs. P. Our two horses gone, and nothing to show for them but these nasty green spectacles. Oh, I hate the sight of them!

Dr. P. Nay, Deborah, to grieve over the past is multiplying sorrow by two. Livy shall sing us some merry ditty or other. Where can the little minx be lingering?

Enter DICK in great consternation. (L. D. F.)

DICK. (L.) Oh, papa! Oh, mother! Oh, the man—the man!

Dr. P. } What is it? What's the matter, child?

Mrs. P. }

DICK. Oh! the man told me that sister Livy's gone—gone away.

Dr. P. } Livy!—gone?—gone?

Mrs. P. }

[MOSES runs to door L. and looks out.

DICK. She has ridden away with a gentleman in a post-chaise.

Dr. P. But who?—who?

DICK. The man said Mr. Burchell.

[Dr. P. staggers back, assisted by Mrs. P. and MOSES, to arm-chair.

Mrs. P. Moses—Moses—look to your father!

Dr. P. Oh, may Heaven's everlasting fury light on him and his! To rob me of the child I was leading up to hea-

ven! But go, wife!—go, children!—go!—all is over!—my heart is broken within me!

MOSES. (L.) Father—father! is this your fortitude?

Dr. P. (*rises.*) Fortitude?—yes, he shall see I have fortitude. Boy, reach me my pistols! I'll follow him all over the world! Old as I am, he shall find I can sting him yet, the villain! (*Sinks into chair.*)

Mrs. P. (R.) Husband! dearest husband!—Here (*pointing to the Bible*) is the only weapon fit for thy old hands now. Patience—patience!

MOSES. Sir, your rage is too violent—villain as he is, you should not have cursed him.

Dr. P. Did I curse him, boy?—did I?

MOSES. Indeed, Sir, you did.

Dr. P. Then may Heaven forgive me and him! But my child!—to undo my child—the light of my eyes—my treasure! Had she but died!—but she is dishonoured! Oh! may a curse—

Mrs. P. Husband!

SOPHY. } (R.) Father!

MOSES. }

Dr. P. Heaven forgive me! what was I going to say? Poor thing!—poor thing!

Mrs. P. We shall never call her daughter more! She may bring us to shame, but she shall never darken these doors again!

Dr. P. (*rises.*) Woman—woman! I will go forth and find her. If I may not save her from shame, I may bring back a lost lamb to the fold of a father's heart—where she shall be welcome, were she ten thousand times a sinner!—Boy, give me my hat and staff.

[MUSIC.—MOSES gives him hat and stick from table L.H.
Curtain slowly descends on group.

BILL.

DICK.

SOPHIA. Mrs. P. Dr. P. MOSES.

END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—SLOW MUSIC.—*A mean room in a Village Ale-house.—A table R. H., and arm chair L. of table.—SYMONDS the Landlord, and Dr. PRIMROSE.—A bottle and glass on table.*

SYM. (R.) Nay, Sir, another glass will hearten you up after your fever. Your reverence had very nigh given the doctors the slip.

Dr. P. (In an arm-chair L. of table.) A fortnight here, and not strength to travel yet; but I will start to-day, if I die. I must find her.

SYM. Your reverence will not be strong enough to leave the Harrow for this month--(*aside*) when we do get a good customer, it's the least we can do to keep him.

Dr. P. Nay, it's not the body, Master Symonds (*puts his hand to his breast*), 'tis here I suffer. I must start to-day. I must find her, if I die.

Enter Mrs. SYMONDS, L. D. flat.

Mrs. S. (L.) Mr. Symonds, you use me very ill, and I'll bear it no longer. Here's three parts of the business left for me to do, and the fourth left undone, while you do nothing but soak with the guests all day long; whereby, if a spoonful of liquor were to cure me of a fever, I never touch a drop.

Dr. P. Nay, dame, you must not be angry. Take a glass to my health, and your husband's. [*Pours one out.*]

Mrs. S. Sir, your health (*drinks*). 'Tis not the value of the liquor, I mind, but one must fret when the house is going out of the windows. If there's a customer to be dunned, 'tis I am called in. He'd as lief eat that glass as budge himself.

SYM. (Crosses to L.) Mrs. S., Mrs. S., remember you're the weaker vessel, and should put up with the disagreeables,

Mrs. S. (L. E.) There, now, we've a young woman lodging up stairs, and I don't believe she's got a rap, by her over civility. She's mighty slow of asking for her bill.

SYM. (L.) Never mind, if she's slow, she's sure.

Mrs. S. Sure, quotha! There's one thing sure, that she's been here close on a fortnight, and we've never seen the cross of her money.

SYM. Consider, wife, she's a gentlewoman.

Mrs. S. Gentle or simple, she pays to-day, or out she shall pack, with a sassarara. Gentry may be fine things, where they take; but for my part, I never saw much good of them at the sign of the Harrow.

Exit Mrs. SYMONDS L. D. F.

Dr. P. Poor creature! Alas, for the helplessness that falls into the hands of thy better half, Mr. Symonds.

SYM. Ah, women will be women, your reverence, but Mrs. Symonds' is a strong case.

Mrs. S. (Outside.) Out, I say, hussey! tramp this moment, or I'll mark thee for a three months. Out, I say.

Enter Mrs. SYMONDS, driving in OLIVIA. L. D. F.

OLIVIA. (L.) Oh! dear madam, pity me, a poor abandoned creature; but for one night, and death will soon do the rest.

Dr. P. (Springing up from his chair.) Stand off there, fiend. (*Seizing OLIVIA in his arms.*) My child!—my—

[*Choked with his emotions.*]

OLIVIA Oh! my own, dear——

SYM. We are not wanted here, wife; come. This comes of not knowing a gentlewoman.

Exeunt SYMONDS and Mrs. S. L. D. F.

Dr. P. (R. C.) Welcome! any way welcome; my dearest lost one, my treasure, to your poor old father's bosom. Though the vicious forsake thee, there is one in the world that will never forsake thee; though thou hast ten thousand crimes to answer, he will forgive them all.

OLIVIA. (L. C.) Oh, my dearest, best, papa! I do not deserve this. You cannot forgive me—I know you cannot.

Dr. P. I do—I do—from my heart—only repent, and we shall see many happy days yet.

OLIVIA. Never, never, my life, henceforth, must be infamy abroad, and shame at home. (*Faintly.*) I shall die.

Dr. P. Thou shalt not die my lamb. (*Leads her to table R.*) No, no. Drink—drink. (*Gives her wine.*)

OLIVIA. But you look so thin and pale, papa. It was not for me, papa? You did not grieve over your poor Livy. You are too good—too wise.

Dr. P. Too wise, young woman. (*Sternly.*)

OLIVIA. Oh! no, no, papa; you never called me by so cold a name before.

Dr. P. Forgive me, darling; but we are fools the wisest of us, and bad the best. But how cam'st thou here, dear, and in this sad plight?

OLIVIA. Oh! I will tell you all—all. That villain from the first day he professed love for me, made me honourable though private proposals.

Dr. P. Villain, indeed—who would have thought that a man of Mr. Burchell's seeming good sense and honesty could step into our family to undo it.

OLIVIA. Mr. Burchell! Nay, papa, he was ever my friend, and warned me often against the arts of him I loved too well—alas!—of Mr. Thornhill.

Dr. P. Thornhill!

OLIVIA. Yes, it was he seduced me from you under promise of marriage. I loved him then, and believed him. The ceremony was performed—for a while he was kind. I urged him to come back to you, with me; or to send me back and acknowledge our marriage; weary at last of my prayers and tears, he told me the shameful truth, that license and priest were false, and that I was his mistress and not his wife.

Dr. P. Heaven pardon him and comfort thee.

OLIVIA. I think I was mad for some days after that. But so soon as I was myself again, I fled from him, I so longed father, to creep back near you all—not home, father—I durst not come home; but I thought if I could get to the villiage perhaps, and die there, I should die happier.

Dr. P. Thou shalt not die, my own lamb—thou shalt come home with me, and their hearts will leap for joy at the poor prodigal's return, as mine doth now.

OLIVIA. It is too much joy—father—dear father, I feel so faint—so happy.

Dr. P. Come, darling, thou shalt lie down awhile, and I will watch thee (*leading her in.*) *Music.—Exit L. D. F.*

SCENE II.—*Interior of the Vicar's Cottage.—Table R.—Arm-chair R. of fire-place, chair R. of table, and chair L. of table.—Small table L., with guitar and needlework on it, and chair L.—Mrs. PRIMROSE, MOSES, SOPHIA.—MUSIC.*

Mrs. P. (*In arm-chair.*) Sophy, child, shut the door—(*L. of table. SOPHIA goes out L. and returns.*)—'Tis very cold—and I'm so nervous, and low, and wretched, in thy father's absence, that I have no natural warmth in me. Moses, what dost thou mean by always poring over thy books, instead of comforting thy mother?

MOSES (*R. of table.*) 'Tis Epictetus, mother—a book that teaches patience under misfortunes.

Mrs. P. Drat the boy! Thou dost not see thy mother learning patience out of books. But I've none to comfort me since our Livy—since thy sister left us.

MOSES. Why make our regret bitterer by always harping on it?

SOPHIA (*L. of table.*) You judge her too severely, mamma.

Mrs. P. Judge?—you cannot judge a mother's feelings; and now thy father's left us, too, a fortnight, and no news of him.

SOPHIA. Perhaps he has been ill, mother.

Mrs. P. (*Shrieks.*) Why, thou unnatural child, dost thou wish to frighten me to death? How canst thou be so cruel, Sophy? (*A knock at door L.*) Some of the neighbours, I dare say; but they sha'n't see us downhearted (*dries her eyes and rises*)—we will shew a spirit, child, as becomes the Primroses. Open the door.

Enter CLINK and BAILIFF L. D. F.

CLINK. (*L.*) Is Parson Primrose within, an't please you?

MOSES. (*L. c.*) My father is not at home—he has been absent for these three weeks. Did you want him?

CLINK. Hum! yes—that is, the law wants him, young man.

Mrs. P. (*R.*) And here's the law come upon us, as if we hadn't misery enough already!

CLINK. We've a writ against him.

MOSES. A writ against my father!—at whose suit?

CLINK. Squire Thornhill's, for forty pounds.

Mrs. P. The Squire? Squire Thornhill, who wanted to marry into the family—the best friend we have in the world? Why, he lent him the money to pay his printer's bill!

CLINK. And now he wants it back again. The best of friends must be paid, ma'am.

Mrs. P. Why, all we have in the house isn't worth the money; but we are honest, Sir, and proud, though we are poor—take it all, and we'll live like Robinson Crusoe on a desolate island.

CLINK. I'm afeard you won't have much left in the house when the law has had its share.

Mrs. P. The law again, man? Isn't the law satisfied with taking all we have in the world?

CLINK. The law's never satisfied, ma'am. We've a distress warrant for the rent due at Michaelmas to Squire Thornhill.

Mrs. P. Squire Thornhill again—and distraining for his rent? Oh! if ever there was a serpent in a red coat and laced hat, 'tis this Squire Thornhill!

MOSES. The unfeeling scoundrel!

Mrs. P. But there must be some mistake.

CLINK. The law never makes mistakes, ma'am; or if it do, it never owns 'em—and 'tis all one. Take your inventory, Jonathan—the Squire must be paid.

MOSES. He is a hard-hearted scoundrel!—tell him so from me; and if I had him here, I'd thrash him as soundly with my fists as I ever did with my arguments!

SOPHIA. (R.) Cheer up, dear mamma!

Mrs. P. (R. c.) And just now, when your wicked sister has left us, and your father has gone in search of her, and we have had no news of him for a fortnight—Oh! it's too much—too much!

CLINK. We must seize the sticks, ma'am, now we've taken the inventory. (*Going to small table L.*)

MOSES (*seizing chair L. of table.*) Touch a chair or a table, and I'll annihilate you!

Mrs. P. Oh! Moses—Moses! if you go and get yourself hanged, I shall have nobody to protect me!

SOPHIA. Be calm, dear brother.

[*Crosses to MOSES, and clinging to him.*]

CLINK. (L.) Come, be reasonable, young man—we're two to one, without counting the majesty of the law.

MOSES. (C.) Stand back, I say.

Enter VICAR L. D. F.—*He appears pale and enfeebled by long sickness.*

Dr. P. What means this?

[*MOSES gets round to R.*]

Mrs. P. (*Rushes into his arms.*) My husband! How thin and pa'e thou art.

SOPHIA. Dear, papa.

MOSES. (R.) Father!

Dr. P. I have been ill, but I am strong again, my loves. And now explain, what is going on here? Who are these men? Why do I find thee in tears? And why this passion, boy?

CLINK. (L.) You're our prisoner (*tapping him on shoulder*), begging your reverence's pardon, at the suit of Edward Thornhill, Esq., for forty pounds. And here's a distress warrant for the half year's rent, due to the Squire at Michaelmas.

Dr. P. (*To the bailiffs.*) You know me friends, and can trust my word; leave us together for a few minutes, I promise you not to attempt escape.

Exit CLINK and BAILIFF, touching their hats respectfully
L. D. F.

Mrs. P. (R. C.) Oh, Charles, Charles, this is a' sorry return for thee. And thou hast been ill, my poor husband, and among strangers—not in thy home—home, alas, alas! it is no home now, for she we loved most of all, is gone; there stands her empty chair, and her work, and her guitar, as she left it. What does it do here, reminding us of her? (*Going to remove them.*) No, no, I cannot—I have not the heart to touch them—for I loved her—oh! how I loved her!

Dr. P. (L.) Nay, my love, let us acknowledge the goodness that blesses with one hand, while it chastens with the other. What is all we lose here—what is a prison compared to the comfort I bring with me? Our lost lamb is found—our Olivia is come back.

Mrs. P. Come back! my Livy! my darling! But no—this may be the scene of ruin; but still it is the abode of innocence—we know no daughter Olivia, now. [*Sinks into chair L. of table.*]

Dr. P. (L.) Woman, woman! What mercy can they look for, that show none? For shame—hearken to the mother's heart that is working in thee even now, and not to the devil of pride that plucks it down.

[*He goes to the door, and returns bringing in OLIVIA.—*
Tableau.]

SOPHIA. (R. *crosses to her.*) Livy, dear sister! Forgive her, mother.

MOSES. (R.) Forgive her, mother.

Mrs. P. (*In chair L. of table.*) So madam, this is but a poor place you are returned to. Look around you, girl, you left a happy home—a home of comfort, and love, and happiness. You come back to a scene of ruin, of sadness, and shame, and broken hearts—'tis your making. Yes, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you.

OLIVIA. (*Kneeling on her L.*) Oh! mother, mother, if you but knew all I have suffered. How, from the day I left you, lured by the falsehoods of a villain, your grief has been in my thoughts by day and my dreams by night. How I have prayed and prayed for strength to return and ask forgiveness—forgiveness for your poor Livy, that you loved so, and made so much of, and who has been so wretched. Oh! if you knew all, you would not—you would not look so cold,

and proud, and stern upon me—you could not dear, kind, mother—you could not.

Mrs. P. Oh! Livy! Livy! my poor, lost girl, how wan and wasted thou art, child—and thy poor eyes heavy and red with crying; and there is the locket still round thy neck, that I hung there when thou wert an innocent babe in thy cradle—and now—I forgive thee. Bless thee, poor child! bless thee! *[Rises and brings her down.]*

Dr. P. (r.) And now let the worst come—strong in our love and faith—we will meet it with resignation——

Enter THORNHILL, L. D. F.—comes down L.

—Oh, villain!

MOSES. (R.—*Springing towards him.*) Curse him!

Dr. P. (L. c.—*Stopping him.*) Do not lift thy hand, boy. See there, your victim, Sir. Do you come to gloat over the misery you have made? *[THORNHILL approaches.]*

Mrs. P. (R. c.) Stand back! I am her mother. Think of your own, and respect her grey hairs in mine. Leave this house. You did your worst when you brought her to shame. What terrors has a prison for broken hearts like ours?

THORNHILL (L.) I told her what would come of leaving me; but it is not yet too late. I love her still, let her return to me and you are a free man.

Dr. P. (*Stepping towards him—but checks himself.*) Age has cooled my passions, and my calling restrains them—I loathe and scorn you!

THORN. So, you reject my offer, the worst has not yet come upon you. We shall soon see which is the fittest object for scorn; you or I. *Exit L. D. F.*

Re-enter BAILIFF and CLINK, L. D. F.

Dr. P. My friends this is severe weather to take me to prison. I am not yet well recovered of a fever, and I am too weak and old to walk far through the snow. But, if it must be so, get together the little that is ours, my love (*to Mrs. P.*) and let us quit this place. You will come with me?

OLIVIA (*In chair R.*) My work—my work.

[She falls into a swoon.]

Dr. P. Look to your poor sister, Sophy; let her but come to herself, and then, Sirs, we are ready.

[The door is suddenly burst open violently, and the VILLAGERS enter, headed by FLAMBOROUGH.]

FLAM. (L.) Where are the rogues that would take our good pastor from us. Seize them, lads—duck 'em—hang 'em. Sheep-faced rascals.

Dr. P. What, my friends, is this the way you love me? Is this what I have taught you, to fly in the face of justice—to bring ruin on yourselves and me? Alas! my dear friends, return to the duty you owe to your God, your country, and to me. Go, go. Good bye—good bye.

[MUSIC—FLAMBOROUGH and VILLAGERS crowd round him, kissing his hand.]

SCENE CLOSES.

SCENE III.—*An outer Ward in a Prison.*

Enter EPHRAIM JENKINSON, with fetters on (humming a song).

Then I goes up Holborn-hill,

In a cart,

At St. Giles's drinks my fill,

And at Tyburn makes my will—

—Caged at last—and with Flamborough's indictment for forgery against me at the next Assizes. Yes, 'tis the nab cheat this time. No more cantering across commons for Ephraim Jenkinson! The only horse I shall ever ride again will be the colt foaled of an acorn, and he is ridden in a halter—But hang care; our host here keeps a mighty pretty Nantz. So, ho! Clink, my boy!

Enter CLINK L. H.

—A pint of brandy, d'ye hear, burnt, a clean pipe with Virginia, and the Bow-street Gazetteer—I want to study the last fashions for Tyburn.

CLINK. Nay, you must wait, Captain—here's fresh company come, and we have to get their rooms ready—'tis a clergyman, and I know what is due to the cloth—ask our chaplain else, he hath ever the longest score in the prison tap-room.

[*Loud laughing L. H.*]

Enter Dr. PRIMROSE L.

JEN. (*aside.*) The old parson, by all that's unsophisticated!

Dr. P. (*crosses to R.*) What a scene! Instead of weeping, and wailing, and repentance—riot, and laughter, and profanity!—a hell upon earth!

Enter PRISONERS L. H.

PRIS. (L.) Garnish!—garnish!

Dr. P. (R.) Eh?

1st PRIS. Twig the parson!

2nd PRIS. Smoke his reverence! } (*advancing towards him*)

CLINK. (L.) Ha, ha, ha!

JEN. (*coming forward c.*) Stand back, you queer cuffs, or I'll put some of your glims into mourning! This gentry cove is a friend of mine. (*To Dr. P.*) Give them what small money you may have about you. (*Dr. P. gives it.*) And now be off to your bouse, and leave gentlemen to themselves!

1st PRIS. Here, Clink, a gallon of rum bouse, into the parlour—and pipes for the party, you rogue!

CLINK. Ay, ay, gentlemen!

Exeunt CLINK and PRISONERS L. H.

JEN. (L.) Have you provided yourself with a bed, Sir?

Dr. P. (R.) Nay, I knew not—

JEN. That's unfortunate, for they allow nothing but straw—and 'tis cold lying on the flags at this time of year. But

you're a gentleman, and so am I—so, between gentlemen, half my bed is at your service.

Dr. P. Sir, you are very kind—sweet is company in affliction! If we are alone, the world is but a prison.

JEN. The world, Sir?—the world, Sir, is in its dotage. The cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers—Sanconiathon, Manetho—

Dr. P. Eh?—why, surely I have heard those opinions before! Had I not once the pleasure of seeing you at Welbridge Fair?—and is not your name Ephraim Jenkinson? I sold you a horse there.

JEN. Yes, and I remember I forgot to pay for him. And there was that draft on your neighbour Flamborough. Curse my taste for letters! He intends to swear against me for a forger, at the next Assizes, before the harman beak—the judge, Sir, I mean—and then—(*imitates the action of hanging.*)

Dr. P. Nay, your kindness in offering to assist me shall be rewarded. I think I can soften or suppress Flamborough's evidence, and you need not fear me; but one thing you must promise.

JEN. Sir, I am a man of my word—I promise anything.

Dr. P. Repent of your past sins, and leave this life for an honest.

JEN. 'Tis easy said, Sir; but who will give me the chance? No, I've the gaol brand upon me, and must carry it to the gallows, I fear—but I'll do my best.

Dr. P. Surely, with your ingenuity —

JEN. Ah, Sir, had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade, that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this day; but rogue as I am, I may be your friend when you least expect it. Heaven bless and prosper you, Sir.

[Retires up c.

Re-enter CLINK, L. H.

CLINK. (L.) This way, old gentleman, we must put you in the common ward for the present. 'Tis a little rough at first; but you'll soon get used to it.

Dr. P. (R.) I may have my wife and children with me?

CLINK. Why, it's against the rules; but one might do it (*holding out his hand*) out of humanity—Sir—only out of humanity.

JEN. (*Coming forward c., gives him money, unperceived by Doctor.*) There—

CLINK. I'll show 'em into you, Sir, directly.

Dr. P. (*Crosses to L.*) I thank thee, friend—thou art too good for this trade.

CLINK. Nay, Sir, one has one's feelings, like another.

Exit CLINK and Dr. PRIMROSE, L. H.

JENK. Yes, if I could find the gentleman with the crab-tick, who broke my head, when the Squire carried off his

daughter. The girl has left him, I know, and if I could but prove it, I should live for the future on better terms with myself. *Exit L.*

SCENE IV.—*The common Ward of the Prison.—C. door.—*

On the right, seated on a Bench, are Dr. P., Mrs. P., OLIVIA, SOPHIA, DICK and BILL.—On the left are PRISONERS beating hemp on blocks, and some playing on the ground.

CLINK. (L.) And, now, away with these blocks, till after dinner. we expect company, and I'd have the ward tidy. Come, bustle, or I'll smarten some of you with my rattan; and see that you hide your brandy bottles. I'll shew them a well-ordered prison, I warrant.

[They carry the blocks off L.—Exit L.]

Exit CLINK, C. D.

Mrs. P. And how dost thou feel now, my poor love?

Dr. P. The damp of these walls chills me to the bone. But cold, and wet, and hunger, are nothing to the wretchedness and wickedness round about us. Still, cheer up, my little ones. We should have light hearts, for our consciences are clear.

OLIVIA. (*Aside.*) Not mine, not mine.

DICK. I wish I was big enough to fight the wicked man that put you in this nasty plice—I'd like to kill him.

Mrs. P. What—and is this the way thou rememberest thy father's lesson. What should we do to our enemies, sirrah?

DICK. Thresh 'em.

Mrs. P. Ah, nature is stronger than preaching, in the little wretches; but my heart migives me about Moses.

Dr. P. Not so mine—he is a good, brave boy—and come what will, he will do his duty. Perhaps he is seeking succour for us.

Mrs. P. Oh, that abominable Squire! and how you have wronged poor Mr. Burchell—

SOPHIA. I told you so, mamma—for my heart assured me he was honest from the first.

Mrs. P. Nay, I ever said so.

CLINK. (*Without.*) This way with the murdering villain—and see that he hath the forty pound irons—a blood-thirsty ruffian!

Mrs. P. Oh, pray, Mr. Gaoler, do not bring any murdering villain, or blood-thirsty ruffian here.

[They get up and come forward.]

CLINK enters C. D.

CLINK. Them as can't afford private apartments, ma'am, must take up with such company as we chooses, saving your presence.

Enter TURNKEYS dragging in MOSES bleeding, and in irons, C. D.

Mrs. P. (L. C.) Moses!

Dr. P. (R. C.) My boy!

OLIVIA. (R.) Brother!

SOPHIA. (R.) Dear brother!

Mrs. P. My boy! bleeding! oh, thou art hurt! And in fetters! Oh, why is this, Sir? (To CLINK). He is innocent—I am his mother—I tell you he is innocent.

CLINK. (L.) Innocent, quotha! A bloodthirsty highwayman!

Dr. P. What hast thou done, unhappy boy?

CLINK. Done? Why he stopped and nearly murdered a gentleman on the King's highway, a rascally footpad, as he is. Done, indeed! But, I'll go and have our Little Ease got ready for him. 'Tis ankle deep in snow, and his hot spirit needs a cooling. *Exit CLINK and TURNKEYS, C. D.*

Dr. P. A robber—my boy a robber? Speak, and say it is not true.

MOSES. It is a lie, Sir. Almost mad with grief and rage at the misery that this villain has brought upon my poor sister, and his cruelty to you, Sir, I followed him. I scarcely knew what I meant to do. I had no weapon. I came up with him, and told him the truth—that he was a coward, a liar, and a villain. He drew upon me. I wrested his sword from his hand, and broke it. We were both wounded in the scuffle, and his people, by his desire, seized me, and brought me hither, on a charge of having attempted to rob their master.

Mrs. P. Ah! my poor Moses!

[MOSES turns up and crosses to R.]

Dr. P. But this was wanted to fill the cup of our sorrows. The wicked shall not always triumph.

Enter JENKINSON, L. H.

JEN. Your servant, ladies. I have spoken with honest Clink, Doctor, for a more suitable room for you and your family. These children are too handsome and too good for a place like this.

Dr. P. (R.) Bless them all! you are very kind.

JEN. I see one here that I have injured, in my late way of business, and by whom I wish to be forgiven.

[Offering his hand to MOSES.]

MOSES. (R.) Nay, I protest, I never saw you before, Sir.

JEN. You remember a certain gross of green spectacles.

[MOSES turns up, and comes down L.]

Mrs. P. (R. C.) It was a vile trick to play on an innocent lad.

JEN. It was his white stockings and the black ribbon in his hair, that were fatal to him. I may say, for your comfort, Sir, that I never, in a long experience of the greener sort—for I have been quite a pigeon fancier—saw an honest face, or a simpler. But how came you by that broken pate, and these darbies? Oh! Egad, they do you honour, Sir. They put you ten pounds above me. [Pointing to *hers*.]

Mrs. P. Ah! we may thank Squire Thornhill for this.

JEN. Oh! if the law would but let me loose a little to do justice, I'd gibbet Ned Thornhill to scorn, like a kite on a barn-gable.

[*Retires up L.*]

Enter CLINK shewing in BURCHELL, C. D.

SOPHIA. (R.) Burchell!

DICK. (R.) Ah, Mr. Burchell.

BURCH. (C.) My dear friends, this is a sad sight; but how—

Mrs. P. (R.) Ah, you may well say "How?" Mr. Burchell. How indeed, but by the arts of a villain—that Squire Thornhill, who, not satisfied with undoing the daughter, must throw the father into this horrid prison, and accuse this dear inoffensive lad here of highway robbery, that never had courage to fire off our old blunderbuss at the sparrows!

BURCH. Remove those irons—(*to CLINK L.*) Poor boy! poor boy!

[*CLINK takes MOSES off L. H.*]

Dr. P. But we owe you a reparation, Mr. Burchell; we have injured you by our suspicions—forgive us all!

BURCH. What! Sophia too? But all that is over now. I bring you comfort. Cheer up, my sweet Olivia!—heartless as your husband is—

OLIVIA (Seated at back R.) Husband? Alas! Sir, do not mock me!

Enter THORNHILL C. D.—Advancing, he recognises his Uncle.

THORN. Ha, my dear Sir! what lucky chance brings you here?

BURCH. (Sternly.) No fawning, Sir! The way to my heart is by the road of honour. I have watched your conduct, Sir, and find in it but falsehood, cowardice, and oppression.

THORN. (Angrily.) Another than yourself, Sir, would not dare to use this language.

BURCH. Some reparation you may yet make. (*Taking OLIVIA by the hand.*) Do you acknowledge this much-injured lady for your wife?

THORN. There has been no binding ceremony between us. I love her, and will take her to my heart—but my wife she is not.

JEN. (Coming forward L. C., lays his hand on THORNHILL'S shoulder.) That's a lie! saving your presence, Doctor.

THORN. Ha! Jenkinson?

JEN. (L. C.) Yes, Jenkinson! who is about quitting the devil's service, in which his wages for some time past have been—a mouthful of oaths, an empty belly, and a promissory note for the gallows. Here stands Ephraim Jenkinson, who, rogue as he is, dares to look without blushing in the face of Ned Thornhill!

THORN. This fellow comes just in time to convince you and all here that the license was a forgery, and the priest a

suborned sot of his own kidney, and no true clergyman. Nay, do not think that I glory in this now. Since she left me, and this good man was brought hither by my means, I have had no peace. I admit my villany, and I deplore it.

JEN. Comfort yourself as to that, Squire—'twas a true license and a true priest, or the sorrel mare dropped for it.

THORN. Neither the world nor the law will take this rogue's word for it—and what other witness is there?

BURCH. Sir William Thornhill, Sir.

ALL. Sir William Thornhill!

Sir W. Burchell no longer; but Sir William Thornhill, your friend. Yes, Sir, informed of your design by one of your own instruments, I reached your place of meeting too late to rescue this lady from your hands; but not too late to overpower your agent here—

JENK. Then the crab-stick cudgel?—

[*Feels his head and retires up.*]

Sir W.—(*Holding it up*) To outstrip you at the Moat-house and, by his information, to substitute a genuine license, and a true priest for the false ones. This lady, Sir, is your wife in the eye of the law, as in honour and in conscience.

Mrs. P. (R.) Come to my arms,—my child—my darling—thou wilt be a credit to thy family yet, as I ever said thou wouldst.

THORN. Sir, you have foiled me at my own weapons. Perhaps you will hardly credit my assurance now, that I came here to undo part of the misery I had caused, by releasing Dr. Primrose and his son from this place; to which, in my first flush of anger at Olivia's flight, I had consigned them. As for Olivia here, my wife, I dare not ask her to return to me.

Sir W. We will give you time, Sir, to test the sincerity of your repentance. I will continue to you, Sir, one sixth of the allowance you now receive of me, on condition that you leave this lady unmolested, till she choose to recall you to her affections.

OLIVIA. Much as you have wronged me, my heart still pleads for you; but my better judgment tells me that after so long a course of cruelty and deceit, you should be tested by something more than the hasty repentance of a moment. If the end of a year should find you, indeed, changed in your habits, you will find Olivia still unchanged in her love.

THORN. Your sentence is just, and if I may indeed hope by the efforts of a year, to blot out the crimes and follies of a life, I shall return to you changed in all things, dear Olivia, but my affection for thee.

Exit L. H.

Sir W. He promises well, and I think we may trust him. But, where is this honest rogue, who has set the fashion of repentance? Come, thou hast done enough of good to day to make up for all thy sins in the way of robbing and cozening,

JEN. (*Coming down L. H.*) Indeed, Sir William, I would fain hope so; your kindness gives me pride in my new trade of honesty—to say nothing of a certain easiness about the throat, which I have long been a stranger to. And I trust this deed will be a little item on the creditors' side, to set off against the heavy per contra of Ephraim Jenkinson's last account.

Bows, and exit, L. H. 1 E.

Re-enter MOSES, L. 2 E.

Sir W. (C.—*Taking SOPHIA by the hand.*) And now, my good friends—here is a dear girl for whom we must find a husband—what say you, Mrs. Primrose?

Mrs. P. (R.) Nay, Sir William, nobody takes my advice, so I'll offer none. But if I were to make a choice, methinks I know where the child's inclinations point.

Dr. P. (R.) And said I not truly, my love, that the wicked would not always prosper?

Mrs. P. (R. E.) True, my dear, and have I not always supported thee in thy becoming sentiments?

Dr. P. (R.—*Drawing OLIVIA to his bosom.*) Time will heal thy wounds, my darling, and then I have nothing this side of the grave to wish for. And may all those who suffer, when they feel disposed to repine at their lot, draw consolation from the source where we have found it.

[*Crosses to C.*

EPILOGUE.

VICAR (R. C.) Thus, with his children, spare a father's pride,
And her, his old companion, by his side.
Friend of the young, and cherish'd by the old,
Wakefield's poor Vicar on the scene behold.
To venture here, he quits dear Goldsmith's page—
Must he go back, or may he keep the stage?

OLIVIA (R.) Let poor Olivia, who your hearts, erewhile,
Hath tried to wring, now crave one little smile.
Wife, and no wife, give me time for relenting,
And my sad Squire a few nights for repenting.

Mrs. P. (L. C.) Take my advice for once, in rhyme and reason;
[*Looking round the house.*

I may advise, I hope, and yet no treason?
Poor Deborah's counsels sure should be worth prizing;
Remember! 'tis her last year of advising.
'Tis fitting she should linger latest here,
With this old friend and faithful helpmate near.

[*Taking Doctor's hand.*
Yes, hand in hand, through triumphs and through trials,
We've hail'd your plaudits, bow'd to your denials.
For the brief season that I here delay,
Let your old servant plead for this new Play!

SOPHIA, BURCHELL, DICK, OLIVIA, Dr. P., Mrs. P., BILL, MOSES.
R. H. *Curtain.* L. H.