

AN ORGANIC AFFECTION.

A FARCE,

IN ONE ACT.

BY MRS. ALFRED PHILLIPS.

*Author of "Caught in his own Trap," "The King's Choice,"
"A Bachelor's Vow," "Katty from Connaught,"
&c. &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

909355

*First Performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre,
On Thursday, January 15, 1852.*

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Doublequill Bun.	Mr. COMPTON.
Doctor Cureheart	Mr. G. COOKE.
Mr. Bookem Longwind	Mr. NORTON.
Mr. Fleecemraw	Mr. KINLOCH.
Mr. Soppy	Mr. SPHINX.
Mr. Fawn	Mr. CLIFTON.
Tom	Mr. HARRIS.
Mademoiselle Joliejambe	Mrs. ALFRED PHILLIPS.
Penelope Ashton	Miss JULIA GLOVER.

Time in Representation, Fifty Minutes.

COSTUME.

BUN.—*First Dress*—Tightly-fitting black suit, much worn.

Second Dress—The extreme of fashion.

LONGWIND.—Fashionable modern suit.

CUREHEART.—Modern suit of black, white cravat.

FLEECEMRW.—Black suit.

SOPPY. } Fashionable suits.
FAWN. }

JOLIEJAMBE.—Elegant morning dress, bonnet and gloves.

PBNELOPE.—Plain cotton dress, straw bonnet.

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SCENE.—*A well furnished Apartment in LONGWIND'S House—Folding-doors in C.—Chimney-piece 3 E.L.H.—Sofas and Chairs on either side—A Table L.C., with writing materials and several manuscripts lying about—MDLE. JOLIEJAMBE discovered seated on Sofa, R.—FAWN and SOPPY watching her—CURE-HEART stands near the Fire-place, reading a Newspaper—LONGWIND at Table, L.C., busy writing.*

MDLE. JOL. De audience last night vas ver moche charming. I vas whistle on, two, tree times!

FAWN. Called on, charmer!

MDLE. JOL. Ha, ha, ha! de English call ver moche like de French whistle.

FAWN. Delightful woman!

MDLE. JOL. I make von grande—vat you call—tump!

FAWN. Hit, fascinator!

MDLE. JOL. Dat is it—von grande hit!—I did tumble myself all into de part.

FAWN. Abandoned yourself, adorable!

MDLE. JOL. Vat you tink of my dress?

FAWN. Beautiful!

SOP. Immense!

CURE. (*aside*) Humbug!

FAWN. You played divinely.

SOP. Sung celestially.

FAWN. And looked heavenly.

MDLE. JOL. Ah, Monsieur, you are ver good nice judge; you comprenez everything dat is great and large.

FAWN. (*showing his hands*) Yes, I suffered in your cause.

MDLE. JOL. Mon pauvre garçon!

LONG. Let me thank you, Mademoiselle, for the success which your splendid exertions secured for my little piece.

CURE. (*looking over paper*) Here is an account of it.

LONG. (*eagerly*) Indeed!

MDLE. JOL. Vat does it say to me?

LONG. Pray read it, Doctor.

CURE. (*reading*) "The little drama announced as the production of Mr. Bookem Longwind, is replete with wit and situation,"—

MDLE. JOL. (*impatiently*) That will do—come to me.

CURE. (*approaching her*) I am here, Madam.

MDLE. JOL. No, no, I mean you vas to come to me in dat paper.

LONG. Read the whole of the paragraph, Doctor.

CURE. (*reading*) "At the fall of the curtain, the author was vociferously called for."

LONG. At last they'll do me justice.

MDLE. JOL. (*piqued*) Did they say not noting to me?

CURE. (*reading*) "Our limits will scarcely allow individual criticism, still we cannot conclude without honourably mentioning Mademoiselle Joliejambe—her broken English, always piquant and graceful, was most happily rendered, while her costume, elegantly light, displayed to great advantage the perfections of her figure. Her legs appeared"——

MDLE. JOL. Oh, nonsense! as if my legs could come widout my body. Quel bête! Dese newspapers is de devils. (*they all laugh*) De English devkeys!

CURE. Don't be offended, we were laughing at the stupidity of the writer.

Enter TOM, C.D.

TOM. The young woman, Sir, whom you ordered to call for the needle-work——

LONG. Oh, I have no time to attend to these matters now—yet, stay—let her come up. (*TOM goes to door and beckons*) Give her the handkerchiefs and linen you will find in my room.

Enter PENELOPE ASHTON, C.D., poorly, but neatly clad, and having a black patch over one eye.

MDLE. JOL. (*eyeing her through glass*) Mon Dieu! what a fright!

CURE. Penelope!

PEN. Doctor!

LONG. Tom, did you send for that copyist—that Doublequill Bun?

TOM. He will be here directly, Sir. (*crosses to L. I E.*) Now, young woman, follow me, and I'll give you the work.

PEN. (*going out*) I shall see you again, Doctor.

Exit L. I E.

Exit L. I E.

CURE. (*looking after her*) Poor girl, poor girl!

MDLE. JOL. I nevare see such an ugly ting.

FAWN. Abominable!

SOP. Monstrous!

FAWN. Positively, vulgar!

CURE. Abominable, because pretty; monstrous, because virtuous; and vulgar, because honest.

MDLE. JOL. Ha, ha, ha! Monsieur Longwind, did you invite me to hear dis gentlehome preach de sermon before de breakfast!

CURE. (*taking snuff impatiently*) If a sermon would do you any good, Madame.

LONG. Be careful, Mademoiselle—the Doctor has taken out his snuff-box.

PAWN. Ah, yes!—at every pinch he sneezes out a cardinal virtue.

CURE. Don't be apprehensive, Sir; I have no wish to throw even a sneeze away. (to JOLIEJAMBE) That young girl, whose humility excited your ridicule, is the possessor of charms you never saw portrayed in your own glass, Madam. Happy in her innocence, she was one night brutally insulted by some things, in the guise of men. She struggled with her assailants, until one of them, more courageous than the rest, struck her, and she fell bleeding and insensible upon the pavement. I reached the spot in time to witness, not prevent, the dastardly act. While I raised the bleeding victim, an humble friend raised a mob; and between him and them her cowardly assailants were pretty well pummelled. (*takes snuff rapidly.*)

LONG. A capital subject for a domestic drama, Doctor. You, Mademoiselle, could play the heroine. To be sure it would be a little out of your line, but then it would be so interesting to have your eye put out, and make you tell your story in broken English.

MDLE. JOL. Ha, ha! I would not go wid my eye out for noting.

DOUBLEQUILL BUN *heard without.*

BUN. (*without*) Mr. Longwind is here, is he?

He appears at the folding-doors, dressed in a suit of tightly-fitting black clothes, patched and darned to denote extreme poverty, but scrupulously clean.

CURE. What, Bun, my boy! I am glad to see you. Let me introduce to you the *champion* of the poor needlewoman.

BUN. Thank'ee, doctor. I couldn't prevent her being disfigured by those blackguards, but it was you who saved her life. I was told you wanted to speak to me. (to LONGWIND.) Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient. (*bowing*) Gracious goodness! Oh, Mr. Longwind, it's her! (*gazing at JOLIEJAMBE.*)

LONG. What's the matter with the fellow?

BUN. The—the—beautiful legs—I mean actress, who played in your piece last night.

LONG. Ha, ha, ha! Mademoiselle, let me introduce an admirer of yours—Mr. Bun. He was present last night in support of my piece, but it appears he saw only your charming face.

BUN. No; her legs!—I saw nothing else.

MDLE. JOL. (*rising and curtseying*) Monsieur has taste.

BUN. Yes, Miss—thank'ee, Miss. Didn't I applaud? Ah, Miss, you have a calf!

MDLE. JOL. Monsieur, you flattare my pauvre petite jambe!

BUN. (to CUREHEART) What on earth does she mean by her jam?

CURE. That is French for leg.

BUN. What, jam? Then I can only say, English jam is nothing to French jam.

MDLE. JOL. Monsieur Longwind, am I to become insulted?

LONG. (*who has been engaged in writing*) Insulted! Who has dared?

BUN. Insult her! I was praising her to the skies; her and her jam—that is, her two jams.

LONG. (*laughing*) A mistake, Mademoiselle. Poor Bun wouldn't insult a fly. The fact is, the rare combination of loveliness and talent, which met his gaze last night, has put him a little beside himself. (*to BUN*) Here is a manuscript which you must make a fair copy of. You understand my writing.

BUN. Sometimes, Mr. Longwind, sometimes. (*aside, and gazing earnestly at JOLIEJAMBE*) How beautiful! Jam, jam! Ah, well, what's in a jam? (*sits at table and commences writing*)

CURE. Why, sometimes a kick, so attend to your business, and don't make an ass of yourself.

LONG. (*to JOLIEJAMBE*) Oblige me by shewing your friends the picture gallery; I will join you in a minute.

Exit, R. 1 E.

MDLE. JOL. Wid ver moche pleasure. I shall be moste glad to see de pretty pictures. Allons, allons.

Exit JOLIEJAMBE, SOPPY, and FAWN, C. D.

CURE. (*aside*) Now to administer a dose to this poor fellow that will cure him of his fancy for jam.

BUN. (*at table, abstractedly*) What a lucky fellow Mr. Longwind must be, to have the *entrée* to all the theatres, be master of such a fine house, sit down to such meals, pass his days and nights eating, drinking, and romping with beautiful women. Oh, what happiness!

CURE. Are you sure of that?

BUN. (*coming forward*) I should like to try it. Fifteen hours a day I do nothing but scratch paper, and eat a solitary mutton chop. Never even dream of the felicity of a supper, except on Saturdays, when I treat myself to two ounces of ham. My life's a frightful monologue of scribbling, mutton chops, and ham.

CURE. We all think our own privations greater than other people's; but 'tis mere fancy.

BUN. Fancy, is it!—don't I pass my existence in one solitary chair?

CURE. Why don't you sit in another?

BUN. Why don't I? Because I haven't another to sit in. I have a heart bursting with noble, capacious, exalted aspirations. Yes, I feel here (*placing his hand upon his heart*) that I want a fine, handsome, open room like this, that I may lounge on the sofas with my legs anywhere and everywhere, and that I may indulge in the society of the most lovely creatures in existence—I feel here (*hand on heart*) that I could drink port, burgundy, champagne, that I could eat turkey and sausages, roast-beef and plum-pudding; to sum up all—I feel here, in my inmost heart, that I could kiss every young and pretty woman that came in my way—my heart tells me all this, Doctor, and—damn it, how it thumps!

CURE. Poor fellow!

BUN. These are my feelings, Doctor; and isn't it a burning shame that I can't indulge them?

CURE. I see—you are one of those unfortunates who sigh for an equal division of the good things of this world.

BUN. Nothing of the sort. I don't want equality and fraternity, and all that sort of stuff. Equality wouldn't satisfy my wants. Where's the use of giving venison to a fellow who would as soon dine off mutton? Where the good of pouring claret down a throat that would prefer a swig of Barclay and Perkins' ? What sense in placing a Venus before a man who——oh!

CURE. What's the matter?

BUN. My heart swells with compressed desire! I am choking! (*with vehemence*) Where's the use of life, if one can't enjoy oneself?

CURE. Unhappy man!

BUN. Oh! don't alarm yourself. Limited as my enjoyments are, I cling to life with frantic tenacity. (*a pause—CUREHEART looks earnestly at BUN*) What are you looking at?

CURE. You!—your heart!

BUN. Goodness gracious! Can you see my heart through my waistcoat?

CURE. Our truest enjoyments are to be found in bare competence.

BUN. I should like to know the misery of luxury, for all that. I long for a fit of indigestion!—oh that I had the means of purchasing the delicacies that would produce it! What silks, what satins I would buy to deck the lovely Jolly Jam! Curse it—how my heart beats!

CURE. (*aside*) I must cure this fellow, even if I frighten him to death.

BUN. (*looking off*) She is returning—I hear the rustle of her petticoats! Jam, Jam, you will drive me mad! (*rushes down R. as PENELOPE ASHTON re-enters*)

PEN. Doublequill?

BUN. Fright! (*goes to table L.C., and writes.*)

CURE. You must bear with him, Penelope. The poor fellow is not in good health, (*BUN looks up*) and the surprise of seeing you here——

PEN. Oh, Sir! it is your goodness that excuses him. You are the preserver of my honor, of my life. But for your watchful care, I should never have recovered the blessing of sight.

BUN. (*looking up*) Half a sight, you mean.

CURE. There, there, that will do; I am sufficiently recompensed by your recovery.

PEN. Oh, doctor! when I think—what should I have been without my sight?

BUN. (*aside*) Why, blind, you stupid.

PEN. Unable to distinguish even my kind benefactor—such generosity to a poor friendless orphan——

CURE. You are a good girl, Penelope, and worthy the respect of every honest man.

BUN. (*jumping from his seat*) The doctor is right. Yes, Penny, I feel an affection for you—an overflowing affection. It isn't the number of your eyes that attracts me.

PEN. (*not regarding BUN*) Is it true, Doctor, that poor Mr. Longwind is obliged to sell his house?

BUN. Sell his house! What, this house?

CURE. It is too true.

BUN. Sell such a place as this!

CURE. Yes, not content with comfort, he must dabble in the Stocks; and, now, he is obliged to sell at a time when neither house nor furniture will realise half their value. (BUN groans heavily.) What is the matter?

BUN. (*striking his forehead.*) I have two pounds in the Savings Bank, but, I must give a week's notice. Oh, no, it will be too late. Let me not think of it. Hence, horrible shadows, hence, hence!

PEN. Oh, Doublequill, don't sigh for things so much beyond your reach. If you were as rich as the great Railway King, I am sure I shouldn't love you a bit better than I do at this moment. But I must hasten home, for I've some things to prepare for Mr. Longwind.

CURE. I am going too; so take my arm, I will leave you safely at your lodgings.

PEN. (*hesitating*) Your arm, Sir! I am only a poor girl; you are a gentleman; and—

CURE. The best prop a woman can lean upon. Come—if you are not ashamed of my fine clothes, I am not ashamed of your poor honesty. (*draws her arm within his own.*)

PEN. Good bye, Doublequill.—(*to CUREHEART*) Oh, Sir, I wish you'd let me do your washing and mending for nothing. Good bye!

Exit DOCTOR and PENELOPE, C.D.

BUN. That's not a bad-looking girl, though she has got a game eye—but what are her eyes to Jolly Jam's legs? (*much excited*) Damn it, how these authors live. Mr. Longwind, must be a happy man. He gives a grand breakfast to celebrate his farce—then sells his house to celebrate his ruin. Two feasts in one day, enough to drive him mad with joy.

He writes away in a state of excitement, as FLEECERAW enters, C.D.

— There, Mr. Longwind—now, I have little more to copy.

FLEECE. (R.) I'm glad to hear it. (*drawing papers from pocket.*)

BUN. Mr. Fleecemraw!

FLEECE. Yes, it's me—I want you. Here are some important papers I want copied immediately.

BUN. How did you know where to find me?

FLEECE. Ha, ha, ha! Find you!—am I not a lawyer?

BUN. Your clients could answer that question best.

FLEECE. Come, come, be quick. Next of kin wanted—a magnificent vacancy for some poor devil to pop into.

BUN. Next of kin?

FLEECE. Forty thousand pounds. I must have these papers copied immediately.

BUN. I am busy. Mr. Longwind pays three halfpence a short folio.

FLEECE. Commence at once, and I'll give you twopence.

BUN. Will you? Give me the papers—I work like a nigger, when there's a prospect.

Commences writing rapidly, as LONGWIND enters.

LONG. Fleece-mraw, have you brought the deed?

FLEECE. I regret to say, the proposed purchaser has changed his mind.

LONG. Changed his mind? The man's a fool! What am I to do for money?

BUN. (*starting up, paper in hand*) Eh? what? can it be?

LONG.

and

FLEECE.

} What's the matter?

BUN. (*rubs his eyes, and, with a look of bewilderment, walks about the stage, occasionally stopping to read; then throws himself upon a sofa, exclaiming*) I choke! A weight here (*placing his hand upon his heart*) will kill me! I am—I am——

LONG. What?

BUN. A Bath Bun!

LONG. More fool you—eating such spongy trash! Quite new, I suppose?

BUN. No, no—very old; eighty-four years at least.

LONG. Ha, ha, ha! stale for a cake.

BUN. Don't laugh at me—I'm descended from——

LONG. What?

BUN. The Bath Bun!

FLEECE. (*starting*) Ha! a light breaks in upon me. Are you a Bun?—from Bath?

BUN. I am, on the male side. Father's father was Timothy Bun, whose son, Jemmy Bun, took to whale-fishing and blubber,—he was my uncle—I am his nephew.

FLEECE. Can this be? (*takes paper and reads*) Yes, all here as you state. I remember your telling me this story before.

BUN. (*starting up theatrically*) My uncle never lent me anything, but he has left me forty thousand pounds!

LONG. Is it possible?

BUN. (*with great excitement*) I am his heir! I—I—I——

FLEECE. (*very obsequiously*) Calm yourself, my very dear and much-respected friend.

BUN. Calm! How can I be calm, with forty thousand pounds? Ha, ha, ha! (*he laughs hysterically*) I'll never be calm again!

LONG. What luck some people have! I can't even get a purchaser for my house, at a sixth of its value.

BUN. Your house?—this house? I fancy it—it's mine!

LONG. You'll buy it?

BUN. On one condition—immediate possession.

LONG. As it stands?

BUN. Not a footstool shall be removed!

LONG. My dear fellow, let me congratulate you on your good fortune. Come, breakfast is prepared.

BUN. I'll buy the breakfast!

LONG. But I have some guests.

BUN. I'll buy the guests—Jolly Jam and all—you'll be my banker. (*to FLEECE-MRAW.*)

FLEECE. With pleasure!

BUN. (*pompously*) I admire talent, and intend to patronise it—

perhaps you will favour me with your company to breakfast? (to LONGWIND.)

LONG. With much pleasure. But if you should be mistaken—there are more Buns than one.

BUN. Yes, but I am the last of this particular batch—my pedigree and title are at home.

FLEECE. I trust, Sir, you will allow me to manage this business for you—no efforts shall be spared to place you in the undisputed possession of this magnificent property.

BUN. I'll consider your proposition, and—and—ah—that is—you can stay and breakfast with us.

FLEECE. You do me honour, Sir.

BUN. You may be useful. I don't exactly understand how I ought to—to—the fact is, Mr. Longwind's friends are at present unknown to me, therefore—(aside to LONGWIND) Did I do right to ask him?

LONG. (aside to BUN) He's a lawyer.

BUN. True, and lawyers do a deal of mischief sometimes; but come, let me at once examine my title to this property. Mr. Fleece—raw, be good enough to attend me. (FLEECE bows, and gives place to BUN) That's right, follow me, I'm a rich Bun, now.

Exit, 1 E.L.H.

LONG. Oh, fortune, fortune, what a capricious old jade thou art—I have nothing—my copyist, forty thousand pounds.

Re-enter JOLIEJAMBE, FAWN, and SOPPY, C.D.

MDLE. JOL. Monsieur Longwind, de breakfast is ver long time.

LONG. I have such news for you. What do you think?

MDLE. JOL. I no tink noting till I have my eat and my drink.

SOP. We are hungry.

FAWN. Insupportably!

Re-enter CUREHEART, C.D.

LONG. You must hear it. My copyist has gained an immense fortune.

CURE. What is that you say?

LONG. Bun has succeeded to forty thousand pounds. He has just purchased this house, and all that's in it. He wanted to buy you. (to JOLIEJAMBE.)

MDLE. JOL. He must have ver moche money to buy such grande luxury.

CURE. (aside) Doublequill rich. Then I must keep an eye upon him.

MDLE. JOL. And you to sell votre maison—all vat make you amiable. I always was to tink you von great stupid.

LONG. Henceforward, I must depend upon my friends.

MDLE. JOL. I nevare give noting to encourage extravagance. I am ver moche sorry.

LONG. The past I will not recal. The present is my punishment, but the future shall atone for all—so *nil desperandum*. I have an opera and three farces yet.

MDLE. JOL. They moste fail, for I vill not play in them.

LONG. Won't you. Then somebody else will.

CURE. Bravo! Put a good face on it, my boy.

LONG. Ha, ha, ha! Upon my life, I think I am much happier. One hardly knows what one gains by losing everything. Doctor, you shall find me worthy of your friendship yet. Bye the bye, here is the medical dictionary I borrowed of you. To-morrow, Bun may claim it, for he seems disposed to claim everything here; he's even struck with the charms of Mademoiselle, but then he's an original.

MDLE. JOL. Vat for you call him original. I see noting in him being vat you call struck. He is ver handsome gentlehome, and I am ver moche delighted with his *tout ensemble*.

CURE. He has very much altered, then, within the half-hour. Next, I suppose, you'll say you love him.

MDLE. JOL. Ver moche—too moche for my poor heart!

CURE. What will you do with Fleecemraw? He has taken some pains to please you, and been at some expense, too.

MDLE. JOL. Bah! He vas always von grate fool!

Enter BUN and FLEECEMRAW, I E.L.H.—BUN is stylishly dressed, and affects great dignity of manner.

BUN. (*strutting about*) I'm the Bun—the true Bun—all correct, Mr. Longwind. My right is indisputable—eh, Fleecemraw? (*FLEECEMRAW bows*) What, Doctor! You were my friend in poverty—I'll be your friend in riches—ha, ha, ha! (*shakes CUREHEART's hand*) Damn it, why don't you laugh? (*DOCTOR shakes his head*) Miss Jolly Jam, I'll talk to you bye-and-bye. Longwind, I'm happy to see you under my roof—happy to see you all—oh, ah, yes! I've forty thousand pounds! So eat what you like—drink what you like—call for what you like—I pay the piper. Ha, ha, ha!

CURE. (*to BUN.*) You conquered indigence—triumph, now, over the temptations of fortune.

BUN. No, I can't Doctor—must be tempted a little—never had a chance before. My dreams of magnificence shall all be realized. I'll have mirrors that the eye will wink to look at—carpets up to my knees—and sofas so soft, that I shall always be sinking. Then my table—but no, I won't make your mouth water. And as for sweethearts—the Turks are happy men!

CURE. (*aside*) Mad!—quite gone already!

The SERVANTS bring in table, with the breakfast laid upon it.

MDLE. JOL. De breakfast at last—I am almost starve.

FAWN. Capital!

SOP. Delicious!

BUN. (*walking about*) Be seated. No ceremony, no ceremony, I beg.

BUN takes a small casket from his pocket, and, having examined the contents, he slips it beneath MADEMOISELLE JOLIEJAMBE's plate. They all sit, except DR. CUREHEART. BUN shewing extravagance of manner while attending to the guests.

CURE. (*aside*) Poor fellow! How shall I save him? Fortune has ruined many a worthy man—enslaved many an honest heart. What shall I do? This book—I have it. (*seats himself opposite BUN, and occasionally writes, then attracts his attention by ominous shakes of the head.*)

MDLE. JOL. (*having discovered the casket*) Mon Dieu! What for dis stupid ting find his way here?

BUN. (*aside to MDLE. JOLIEJAMBE*) I'm on fire!

MDLE. JOL. (*screams*) Where, Monsieur?

BUN. Here. (*placing his hand on his heart*) I burn for you!

MDLE. JOL. For me? Oh, you are too much ver kind.

BUN. (*watching DR. CUREHEART*) I wish that Doctor wouldn't look at me. It makes me quite uncomfortable.

FLEECE. (*aside to MDLE. JOLIEJAMBE, while looking at the contents of the casket*) I chose them for you—we must humour the idiot.

MDLE. JOL. Dat vas vise—das vas ver goode.

LONG. (*at table*) Doctor, shall I send you a chop?

CURE. (*pointing to BUN*) Pass it to Bun.

BUN. Hang chops! I've fed on them all my life. I want a change now.

CURE. They are nutritious—and, better still, not exciting.

BUN. But I want excitement—I mean to live upon it.

CURE. (*very solemnly*) To die upon it! (*BUN seems alarmed*)

LONG. (*to BUN*) Champagne?

BUN. Yes, I adore it.

LONGWIND *pours out a glass for BUN, which CUREHEART seizes and drinks.*

BUN. Well, if that isn't the coolest thing I ever saw in my life! What are you about?

CURE. Doing you good. (*to SERVANT*) Give Mr. Bun half a glass of sherry in a tumbler of cold water.

BUN. Oh, damn it, Doctor, I can't stand that! I'll breakfast by myself in future. (*takes the glass*) Now for a toast! (*stands*) Miss Jolly Jam! and may she soon love another woman's son better than her own!

MDLE. JOL. Ha, ha, ha! Vat you mean, you English calf of de bull?

BUN. Let us hob-and-nob together. (*touching her glass*)

MDLE. JOL. Me no understand de hob and de nob.

BUN. (*aside to her*) I'll explain when we're alone. (*aloud*) Doctor, I'll shew you that I understand good breeding. Here's the health of Mr. Bookem Longwind, late proprietor of this establishment; and though he couldn't afford to keep it up, I can. Longwind's health, and the health of all the world! (*very excited. He is about to drink a glass of wine, when CUREHEART seizes the glass*)

CURE. Enough!

BUN. Enough? Damn it, I've had none yet!

CURE. (*pointing to the book*) You mustn't drink.

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MDLE. JOL. Dat doctor vill no let him have noting—what for he so moche look at dis book. (*she takes it.*)

BUN. (*coming forward, examining it*) It's a medical dictionary. (*reads*) "Aneurism," what the devil's that—(*reads*) "Disease of the heart." (*rushes forward very much alarmed, and places his hand upon his heart.*)

MDLE. JOL. You devil of a doctor, vat for you so frighten my ver good friend—why you no let him drink?

CURE. If he does, it will be at his peril.

MDLE. JOL. But he is no ill.

BUN. (*starting, and turning quickly round*) Ill, no!

LONG. (*filling a glass*) Here, a glass of champagne can hurt no one.

BUN. I should think not. (*he is about to drink.*)

CURE. (*aside to BUN*) Rash man, forbear!

BUN. (*groaning heavily, and sinks into a chair*) Oh!

LONG. Come, my friends, and join me with a cigar. Bun, you and Mademoiselle will follow. Ha, ha, ha!

Exit with FAWN and SOPPY, 1 E.R.H.

BUN. (*to JOLIEJAMBE*) Go, I'll follow you.

MDLE. JOL. Ver vell. I vill not smile till I see you again.

Exit 1 E.R.H.

BUN. (*seizing CUREHEART's arm*) Doctor, a word!

CURE. Be quick, then, for I'm in a hurry.

BUN. Is there—anything the matter with me? (*CUREHEART feels his pulse—greatly alarmed*) You are feeling my pulse—what is the matter?

CURE. (*places a stethoscope on BUN's chest, then puts his ear to it*) As I suspected!

BUN. (*alarmed*) What do you suspect?

CURE. Calm yourself—there is no immediate danger.

BUN. Danger! Oh, Lord!

CURE. Avoid all excitement, and you may live.

BUN. Live! Dear me, how nervous I am.

CURE. There lies your danger.

BUN. Danger!

CURE. If you are wise, you will follow my advice.

BUN. What must I do?

CURE. Avoid feasting!

BUN. Oh! (*groans.*)

CURE. Avoid excess of any kind.

BUN. Of any kind? Oh? (*groans.*)

CURE. Attend to this, and you are saved—disregard it, and you are lost.

Exit, c.d.

BUN. What can be the matter with me? (*reads.*) "Aneurism, a disease of the heart!" What's this in the margin?—the Doctor's writing—"The malady poor Bun is afflicted with—excess or excitement of any kind may produce instant death!" (*he drops the book,*

and sinks into a chair.) Why did my uncle leave me forty thousand pounds? (*feeling his pulse*) I shall become a martyr.

Enter JOLIEJAMBE, 1 E.R.H.

MDLE. JOL. Oh, Monsieur, you did promise to fetch von little valk in the garden—vat for you no come? I moche vish to tell you your kindness (*shewing casket*) touch me pauvre heart.

BUN. (*languidly, and with evident restraint*) I'm glad the trifle pleases you—keep it as a mark of my—of my—of my—(*he gradually becomes animated, then, as if recollecting, checks himself.*)

MDLE. JOL. Your vat, Monsieur?

BUN. My consideration.

MDLE. JOL. Oh, dat is ver cold word for me, ven I feel so moche. You no turn your bright eyes away—am I so ver ugly?

BUN. Ugly! (*forgetting himself*) No, you are beautiful; but then I—avoid me—I—squint.

MDLE. JOL. What you call squint?

BUN. My eye has a trick of looking at nothing but the end of my nose. Nature has her caprices.

MDLE. JOL. Nevare mind. I do ver moche like you for all your squint. (*BUN groans, and hides his face*) Will you no look to me?

BUN. (*turns quickly round*) I will look at you, adorable! (*she appears as if about to rush into his arms, he feels his pulse*) Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, why its calm enough. Bewitching creature, I love you with all my heart. (*suddenly checks himself, and places his hand upon his heart, then changing his voice*) Retire—go!

MDLE. JOL. No, no Monsieur, no go away ven you love me so moche—I vill never leave you—do you love me?

BUN. No, no, no! Go away! Lovely Jam, go away!

MDLE. JOL. (*affecting to cry*) You drive me away—oh, oh! dis is too moche.

BUN. I can't stand this. (*approaching her*) Dry your tears, my angel.

MDLE. JOL. Then you do love me?

BUN. Yes—stop (*feels his pulse*) No, no! (*aside*) I'm on the brink of a precipice. (*aloud*) Begone!

MDLE. JOL. I vill not go, if you, no tell me for why you have changed your mind.

BUN. I haven't changed—I love you (*he is about to kiss her, but stops*) No, I daren't, I should never survive it. Ha!—that'll do—anything to be rid of her. (*he seizes her by the hand and drags her to the front.*) Learn!

MDLE. JOL. What?

BUN. A great—an important secret. You had a mother!

MDLE. JOL. I know.

BUN. But who was your father?

MDLE. JOL. I not know.

BUN. But I do. Listen—oh, unhappy!—you are my sister! (*aside*) 'Tis the only way.

MAD. JOL. C'est possible? Vell, I do not moche regret. You vill be my brother—and I vill share dis nice house, mon chere frere. Dis money is now for de both of us.

BUN. (*aside*) The devil!—I never thought of that. (*aloud*) Ahem! I will consider your claims.

MDLE. JOL. You vill consider—

BUN. Yes—a—yes I will consider them, and—ahem!—(*aside*) I'll take a damned long time about it.

Exit R. 1 E.

MDLE. JOL. Ha, ha, ha!—I am his sister! How could he know what I did not know myself?

Enter LONGWIND and FLEECEMRAW, R. 1 E.

LONG. What's the matter with him?

MDLE. JOL. He is ver moche excited—made von ver grande discovery—I am his sister.

FLEECE. His sister?

LONG. Is it possible?

MDLE. JOL. He tell me so himself. Half de money is for me. He is gone to consider my claims.

FLEECE. Oh, very likely. His consideration is all you are likely to get.

Enter PENELOPE ASHTON, C.D.—she remains behind.

MDLE. JOL. Ha!—by gar, you want to cheat me. I vill have one terrible revenge.

Exit, C.D., followed by FLEECEMRAW.

PEN. Mr. Longwind, I have brought the linen.

LONG. Hang the linen! I've something else to think about.

Exit C.D.

PEN. What can be the matter. I am sure there's some plot against Doublequill—against the man who perilled his life for me—the man whom I love so dearly, though he seldom thinks of poor Penelope. Heigho!

Enter BUN, 1 E.R.H.

BUN. I'll be bolted, padlocked in—I'll flee to some desolate island—I'll become a second Robinson Crusoe, and I won't have even a man Friday. (*crosses to L.*) Nobody shall come near me—

PEN. (*timidly*) Not even me, Doublequill?

BUN. (*aside*) Little one-eye—with her, at least, I shall feel no emotion. Heigho!

PEN. (R.C.) You are unhappy?

BUN. (L.C.) I am—very unhappy.

PEN. Are you in danger?

BUN. Eh? oh! (*feeling his pulse*) Yes, I'm going to leave London. What do I owe you?

PEN. Nothing,—I was too happy to do you a service, in return for your kindness to me.

BUN. (*aside*) What a kind, ugly little soul it is! (*aloud*) I'm going to Paris—then to Rome—then to a monastery, to be a monk. (*aside*) Damned if I don't be a monk!

PEN. You?

BUN. Yes; I've no relish for the world—I'm too happy! I want to be wretched—miserable—lonely!

PEN. Poor fellow!—his brain must be turned.

BUN. I'll go to Switzerland—Greenland—Iceland—or some other cold country!

PEN. Alone?

BUN. No—I'll have a companion.

PEN. (*innocently*) A female companion? Do take me! I will be your servant—attend to all your wishes, all your wants—wants that a woman alone can guess.

BUN. Take you? Well, I might do worse. You are ugly enough, and quiet enough. Will you marry me?

PEN. (*joyfully*) You do not mean that?

BUN. I do; you are just the person I want,—quiet, patient, and—ugly. (PENELOPE *sighs*) Now, none of that, you know. I'll marry you, if that'll satisfy you.

PEN. Oh yes, that it will!

BUN. Mind, we'll have no foolery—no damned nonsense; but as soon as the ceremony is over, start for Switzerland.

PEN. To make you happy will be the dearest wish of my heart.

BUN. That will do. Go and find a clergyman, and then come to me again (*aside*) Once married, I shall be quiet enough.

PEN. Doublequill, I've a secret for you—but no, I won't tell you yet. (*aside*) He has offered me his hand, but he does not know how dearly I will love him. (*aloud*) Good bye!—I will soon return.

Exit C.D.

BUN. (*feeling his pulse*) All right! She's too ugly to cause any emotion, and too gentle to put me out of the way. I'm glad the wedding is arranged. I'll write and tell the Doctor. (*goes to table*) Penny's a great favourite with him, and he has often hinted that I ought to marry her—of course he knew what would suit me. (*writes*) "Dear Doctor,—I'm going to marry Penny Ashton. You, I know, will be satisfied with this arrangement, for you have frequently told me she would make an excellent wife; so I take her on your recommendation. I wish you to give the bride away, therefore come to me immediately." There! (*rings*) Tom!

Enter Tom.

— Take this letter to Doctor Cureheart immediately.

Exit Tom, C.

PENELOPE heard without.—*She enters C.D., followed by*

FLEECEMRAW.

PEN. (*the bandage removed from her eye.*) Leave me, Sir, this instant—such conduct is ungentlemanly—unmanly.

FLEECE. Nonsense, my angel! (*seeing BUN.*) Bun, the devil! (*rushes out C.D.*)

BUN. (*feeling his pulse, but without turning*) You can't come in—don't you see I'm engaged.

PEN. It's only me, Doublequill.

BUN. Oh, I don't mind you! (*turns, and seeing the bandage removed from her eye.*) Ha! two eyes! I didn't bargain for that. Two lovely ravishing eyes. What does this mean?

PEN. Simply this:—After that dreadful night, when you so generously defended me, the good Doctor, fearing the light might retard

my recovery, bandaged my face, and when perfectly cured, by his advice, I continued the bandage to protect my beauty, as he said, from the gaze of libertine eyes.

BUN. The Doctor was right, for you are beautiful. (*placing his hand on his heart.*) Holloa! It's beginning again!

PEN. What is the matter?

BUN. Matter enough. You have deceived me.

PEN. Deceived you.

BUN. Obtained a promise of marriage under false pretences. I thought you ugly, game-eyed, wall-eyed, and all that. I find you lovely, graceful, fascinating. Breach of promise me, and I'll pay the damages.

PEN. Won't you marry me?

BUN. Of course I won't.

PEN. You'll break my heart if you don't.

BUN. I shall break my own if I do.

PEV. You say this only to frighten me. I am sure you cannot be so cruel as to mean it. I'll do everything to make you happy.

BUN. I don't want to be made happy. Do you want to be the death of me?

PEN. (*taking his hand*) You have some secret—I know it—I see it—confide in me, and though you refuse to make me your wife, I will never forsake, but tend on you—toil for you—die for you!

BUN. Let me go! (*struggles to get away*) I am a barrel of gunpowder, and you are the touchwood that'll set me in a blaze. (*breaks from her—aside*) What, shall I do?—how escape? Ha! it saved me from Jolly Jam—I'll try it. (*aloud, and very mysteriously taking PENELOPE'S hand*) I have a secret—an awful one—you are—

PEN. What?

BUN. My daughter! (*staggers to a chair.*)

PEN. Your daughter!

BUN. My child—with shame I confess it—in youth I made a false step—you are my daughter! (*aside*) Now, I'm easy.

PEN. And you are my father, then I shall always be near to comfort and console you. My duty will still be my happiness. (*she approaches him, but he turns from her*) Come, dear father, your cares, your sorrows, I will soften with my caresses.

BUN. (*aside*) I feel like anything but a parent.

PEN. (*putting her arm round his neck*) Dear, dear father, little did I think it was a parent's arm that saved me on that dreadful night. Nature must have whispered the secret to my heart, for instantly arose that deep strong love I have since felt for you. We shall never more be separated. (*kisses his hand.*)

BUN. (*starting in apparent agony*) Let me alone!

PEN. Don't look so crossly at me, dear father.

BUN. (*feeling his pulse, and counting*) Twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, four, five, six—

PEN. (*playfully patting his chest*) I may love you now, father.

BUN. (*utters a cry of horror, and rushes to the other side of the stage*) I shall be dead in a minute. Things are coming to a climax—keep off! Respect your venerable parent.

PEN. Respect—I adore you! (*she throws herself into his arms.*)

BUN. Do you want to see me expire at your feet? (*frees himself from her embrace, and she sinks weeping into a chair.*) It's all over with me. What a fool I have been. (*feeling his pulse*) A red-hot furnace is nothing to it. Oh, that somebody would insult me!—give me a good thrashing—anything to chase the horrible feeling away.

PEN. I am sure, if Mr. Fleece-mraw knew how much you repelled my affection, he wouldn't be slow to insult me again.

BUN. Insult you! What, Fleece-mraw?

PEN. Indeed he did.

BUN. Did he dare? (*buttons up his coat, and walks about as if to work himself into a passion—PENELOPE attempts to soothe him*) What did he say?

PEN. First, he caught hold of me—

BUN. (*passionately*) Stop there—

PEN. No, he didn't stop there—he tried to kiss me.

BUN. Degenerate offspring!—Did he?

PEN. No, I wouldn't let him—I loved you too much: but he said he would see me at my lodgings, and that I should do his washing and mending.

BUN. Do his washing and mending? I'll wash and mend him, too. Insult you—you, whom I love in a way that—

PEN. In what way?

BUN. In a way that—every father ought to love his daughter. I'll murder the villain! (*rushing towards the door, she stops him.*)

PEN. Father, dear father! be calm, I entreat.

BUN. Let me go!

PEN. But, dear father!

BUN. Let me go!

PEN. Help, help!

LONGWIND, JOLIEJAMBE, and FLEECEMRAW, appear at the door, c., BUN seizes FLEECEMRAW.

BUN. Villain!

FLEECE. (R.) Mur—der!

LONG. You'll kill him.

BUN. That's what I want to do.

LONG. Murder a man in your own house. What has he done?

BUN. Done! Dared to insult my daughter!

LONG. (*significantly*.) Mad as a March hare!

PEN. Dear Sir, calm yourself.

MDLE. JOL. (R.C.) What for does this mean?

BUN. The villain dared offer his washing and mending to my daughter—but I'll have satisfaction—satisfaction, Sir—do you understand the meaning of that?

FLEECE. (*significantly*) Poor fellow!

BUN. Poor! I was never yet so poor as to be without the feelings of a man, when I saw virtue insulted. Longwind, you'll be my second?

LONG. (*aside to BUN.*) He never misses his man.

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BUN. Glad of it. I want to be finished at once.

PEN. (*seizing his hand*) Father, dear father! for my sake—

OMNES. Her father!

MDLE. JOL. Den she will be my neice—vat for his relations spring up like de mushroom?

BUN. Look to this poor girl, Longwind—before these witnesses, I leave her all that I die possessed of.

MDLE. JOL. Ver is de share for me?

PEN. Father, you shall not fight. Mr. Longwind, will you see them butcher him in cold blood?

BUN. Cold? I'm as hot as a salamander!

Enter DR. CUREHEART, C.D.—PENELOPE runs to him.

PEN. Doctor, you will not let him be killed?

CURE. Killed! Whom? What do you mean?

PEN. Mr. Fleecemraw insulted me, and *he* has challenged him.

CURE. Bun, we must fight Fleecemraw with his own weapon—the law. I received your letter, my friend, and cheerfully assent to your marriage, for you are now completely cured.

BUN. Cured? Don't trifle with me, Doctor!

CURE. You never had a malady.

BUN. Not a diseased heart?

CURE. No, my boy, your heart is as sound as your principles. Fearful your sudden accession to wealth might lead you into folly, if not crime, I hit upon a plan to save you, and do justice to her who I knew loved you. Are you angry with me?

BUN. Angry? You have been my guardian angel, and I love you next to—

PEL. Me, father?

BUN. Even my forty thousand pounds do not make me so happy as the knowledge of this little girl's affection.

PEN. Forty thousand pounds?

LONG. Sir, I love your daughter—the affection she has displayed for her father assures me she will make an invaluable wife, and I'll marry her.

BUN. Marry her? Look at her, and I'll kill you! I love her—adore her—and mean to marry her myself.

OMNES. Marry his daughter?

MDLE. JOL. Von ver great scandal!

PEN. Recollect yourself, father.

BUN. I'm not your father—never was. When we are married, I'll explain. The Doctor knows the secret.

CURE. At least, I can guess it. Come, Penelope; I am satisfied with Doublequill—take him for your husband—I will be your father.

PEN. Oh yes, that will be much better!

MDLE. JOL. (*to BUN.*) Am I no your sistare?

BUN. No more than I'm your grandmother!

MDLE. JOL. Den you is von ver grande swindle!

CURE. Let us put an end to all ill feeling. (*to JOLIEJAMBE*) Fleecemraw, I know, is attached to you, and you have a liking for him,—my friend here will do something to make the pot boil.

BUN. That I will! (*taking PENELOPE's hand*)
And, though my name as daughter you have lost,
Your fortune by this plot shall not be cross'd;
If you'll consent to be a loving wife,
I'll take you as my Penny Bun for life!
That is, (*to AUDIENCE*)
If these good friends will act a kindly part,
And smile on my Affection of the Heart!

Curtain.

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