A CRITICAL EDITION OF THE HEIR AT LAW,
BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER

With an Introduction and Notes

By

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May 31, 1932.
The manuscript of The Heir at Law, dated July 7, 1797, is in the collection once owned by John Larpent, Examiner of Plays preceding George Colman, the younger. It is to be found in the Larpent Collection in cabinet thirty-two among the small-sized manuscripts. The play was first printed in 12° at Dublin, 1800. In 1806, it was again printed in the same form at Dublin. These two editions were pirated. The comedy was later printed from the prompt-book at London, 1808, in octavo. Mrs. Inchbald's British Theatre edition of the play was supposedly taken from the prompt-book and printed in octavo at London, 1808. It may be the previously mentioned octavo edition or taken from it. The present text is copied from Mrs. Inchbald's edition. The editor has attempted to put the drama into a more usable text by the addition of an extensive and critical introduction and helpful notes.

Acknowledgment is gratefully made to Dr. J.H. Nelson, Professor of English at the University of Kansas, whose instructive advice and kind encouragement have been of indispensable importance.

University of Kansas, May 31, 1932. E.P. Mannen.

1. Nicoll's History of Late 18th Century Drama, p. 248.
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INTRODUCTION.

I.

GEORGE COLMAN, the YOUNGER.

George Colman, the younger, is important to the Georgian period not only as a successful dramatist, but as a theatrical manager and a miscellaneous writer. Since his character is so unusual, the study of its development becomes fascinating.

George Colman was the son of George Colman, known as the elder, who was himself a famous dramatist and theatre manager contemporary with Garrick, Sheridan, and Goldsmith. Young George was born October 21, 1762, in London. His mother was an actress whose last name was Ford, who had been intimate with the actor Mossop before she entered into a similar relation with Colman, whom she later married.

The son was sent to a fashionable school situated on Marylebone Road and conducted by Dr. Fountain. When his mother died on March 29, 1771, he left the school to remain a short time with his father in Richmond. In 1772, he was sent to Westminster. About all that is known of his life there was that he suffered a narrow escape from drowning while bathing in the Thames. During this period he met many celebrities at his father's home in Soho Square. Samuel Foote, then manager of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket,
usually greeted him with: "Blow your nose, child!" Dr.
Johnson saw him but took as little notice of him as of other
children. Goldsmith initiated him into the sacred mysteries
of trap-ball, a ball game played with a wooden instrument shaped somewhat like a shoe. The young Roscius, Master
William Henry West Betty, diverted and dazzled young George,
but did not win his affection. Horace Walpole was another
of his earlier acquaintances. In his youth, Colman "was
literally surrounded by 'somebodies'.\"\(^1\)

When he was yet a boy, he acted for three years in pri-
vate theatricals at Wynnstay, the seat of Sir Watkins Wil-
liam Fynn. Although, like his father, he was destined for
the bar, this theatrical experience gave him a taste for
the theatre and made the study of law tedious.

In January, 1779, George matriculated at Christ Church,
Oxford. His life at Oxford soon became so very irregular,
that his father sent him to King's College, Aberdeen, in
the autumn of 1781. While there, he was in the charge of
Mr. Jewell, treasurer of the Haymarket Theatre. In ABER-
deen, he wrote his first publication, The Man of the People,
a satirical poem on Charles James Fox. Colman himself call-
ed it a schoolboy tract. His first play, The Female Drama-
tist, was also written at Aberdeen and produced anonymous-
ly for Jewell's benefit at the Haymarket in 1782. It was
not well received.

On June 19, 1784, he had his first successful piece
produced at the Haymarket by his father, who had been man-

\(^1\) Maude's Haymarket Theatre, p.53.
ager of the theatre since 1776. The young man's temporary exile in Aberdeen was suspended in order that he might see the play performed. His father wrote a prologue to the play, in which he called his son "a chip from the old block".

George, the elder, seems at last to have consented to his son's entering upon a theatrical career. Perhaps the immediate success of the play gave the young Colman too much confidence. At any rate, it gave him favor with Miss Clara Morris, one of the Haymarket company. To break this attachment, his father sent him to Paris for two months. Upon his return, however, he secretly married Miss Morris at Grotna Green, on October 3, 1784. His father knew nothing of the marriage for four years.

About this time young Colman entered Lincoln's Inn at London for a few terms as a student of law, living in rooms at the King's Bench Walk. Upon being called to the bar, his law career ended. When his father, in 1785, was stricken with paralysis and threatened with mental derangement, George quietly took over part of the management of the Haymarket.

When his father finally consented to a marriage of his son with Clara Morris, the couple were remarried at Chelsea Church, November 10, 1788. Within the next year his father gave him a larger share of the theatrical management. About this time he began the feud with critics that lasted throughout the remaining years of his life. He opened the battle with more spirit than judgment in the epilogue to his Days and Noons.

From September, 1793, to March, 1794, the Haymarket
was used by the Drury Lane company during the rebuilding of their theatre. The death of the older Colman in 1794 gave the son an opportunity to buy the Haymarket Theatre. From that time on, the younger Colman was successful and prosperous until a series of disputes with other producers and with his business partners caused him to sell all of his shares in the theatre. However, even during his earlier and prosperous management, he suffered a number of bitter experiences. The first disaster during his management occurred on February 3, 1794. The King and Queen had commanded the performance of three pieces by Prince Hoare—My Grandmother, and No Song, No Supper, and Prison. A crowd gathered to enjoy the show with Royalty. As the little green doors were opened to the loyal and eager mob, fifteen were killed in the rush down the old pit-stairs. Their Majesties knew nothing of the tragedy till near the end of the play, although their two heralds, York and Somerset, were crushed to death.

Another disappointment was the failure of his Iron Chest, first performed at the Drury Lane on March 12, 1796. John Kemble, in the leading role of Sir Edward Mortimer, was not in good form. It seems that rehearsals had been poor—at no one time were all of the principal characters there together; and Kemble was ill—so ill that he had been taking opium tablets before he went on the stage. Colman was dreadfully angry because of the failure of his play, and he wrote a Prologue for the first published edition that

was extremely bitter and in which he blamed Kemble for that failure. In it he remarked:

Frogs in a marsh, flies in a bottle, wind in a crevice, a preacher in a field, the drone of a bagpipe, all—all yielded to the inimitable and soporific monotony of Mr. Kemble! 3.

Later Colman produced the play at his own theatre with Elliston as Mortimer, and it was well received.

During Colman's management, his own plays were usually first performed at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. He received what were at that time enormous sums for most of his five-act comedies netted him five hundred and fifty pounds, and his John Bull enriched him by twelve hundred pounds. In spite of his income, he was always financially embarrassed. He was extravagant and lived beyond his means. At the theatre, however, he put away his false front and swagger. Because of his quarrelsome nature, many people disliked him; but he was very popular with the members of his company. He was often a real friend to struggling young actors, and a playwright of promise could always count upon his help and advice.

While manager of the Haymarket, he founded a "Property Club," a theatrical group which held its meetings backstage among the scenery and properties of the theatre. These gatherings began at the end of the second act of any play and continued until the curtain fell. The chair was taken by a different member each night. The ladies were admitted, and jolly evenings were spent. The club was finally broken up by a woman of the company who had an unpleasant reputation.

tion and who was for that reason refused admission to the meetings. To gain her revenge, she wrote newspaper items about the club.

Colman did not like two things: one, a successful rival-dramatist, the most important of whom in his time were Mrs. Inchbald, Richard Cumberland, Thomas Horton, and Thomas Holcroft; and the other, a person who would not laugh uproariously at his jokes. He was fond of posing as an extremely witty person. He particularly liked to make jokes in the theatre. At one time an unusually bad actor had to say: "I shall weep soon, and then I shall be better." The enraged Colman remarked: "I'm damned if you will, even if you cry your eyes out."

In 1800, Colman had a quarrel with Henry Lee, who charged him with plagiarism. It seems that Lee had offered him the revision of Lee's Caleb Quotom to be produced, but Colman refused it. Later he produced a farce, The Review; or, the Wars of Windsor, in which he deliberately used a character from Lee's play. After Lee accused him of purloining material, Colman printed The Review, in an edition that in some respects, as Lee said, was different from what it always represented. This induced Lee to publish his farce under this title:

Caleb Quotom and His Wife! or Paint, Poetry, and Putty! An opera in three acts. To which is added a Postscript, including the scene always play'd in the Review; or Wars of Windsor, but omitted in the edition lately published by G. Colman. With prefatory remarks, etc. London: Barnstaple, 1809.

About this time Colman refused O'Keefe permission to

5. I bid, p.60.
7. I bid.
print five of O'Keefe's plays for which Colman had the copyright, although it was more than fourteen years after any of them had been produced. A couple of years later, he wrote to O'Keefe: "I am eager for an opportunity of doing all in my power on your account who have done so much on mine." This inconsistency was a part of his peculiar character.

In 1802, Colman wrote to Charles Mathews, the elder, at York and engaged him to act in his company for ten pounds a week. In 1803, he went to see his new recruit, and they became fast friends. He gave Mrs. Mathews an engagement, too. While at York, Colman enjoyed the hospitality of Tate Wilkinson, manager of the theatre.

One evening Colman asked his host what play was to be given that night. "The School for Scandal," replied Wilkinson. "Ah, and what sort of Charles have you?" inquired Colman, ever on the look out for new talent. Wilkinson pointed to a gentleman of sixty

"Mers with few teeth and many wrinkles. "Mr. Cummins is the Charles," he replied. Colman gave an unnatural smile, and applied himself to his snuff-box, but not wanting to appear surprised, went on to question the manager as to the ladies of the theatre. "You are to play Paul and Virginia; I believe? Tell me who is to be Virginia?" Wilkinson directed his attention to a matron of whom "fat, fair, and forty" would be a polite description. Colman was fairly staggered. [Turning to Mathews—] "Fore God, Mathews," he whispered, "yours is a superannuated company!"

Mathews was not the only recruit who brought fame to Colman's theatre. During Colman's dynasty, the following were at some time connected with the Haymarket: Edmund Kean, John Liston, John Emery, John Kemble, Miss De Camp, Charles Mayne Young, Robert Elliotton, and Dickey Suet, Colman's great actor of low comedy.

Gilliland prints a picture of Colman as he must have been about 1802. The engraving portrays him with an impish-appearing face. Dark, curly hair falls over his high forehead, rather large ears lie close to his head, highly-arched eyebrows over large inquiring eyes, and a long, slender nose guards a small, smiling mouth. He is clothed in the day-dress of the early nineteenth century—a somewhat drab-colored coat trying to cover much white, high collar and a fluffed shirt-front.

During this period of his managership, his disastrous controversy with rival producers began. The same year that Colman engaged Mathews, 1802, Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres, the only houses patented by the Royalty, were irritating him by giving performances during the producing time specified for the Haymarket in its annual license, granted by the Lord Chamberlain. In this year, the winter theatres extended their season so far into the summer that the Haymarket was unable to open until June 26. Colman decided to do his best to ignore the patent theatres altogether and to open his theatre in the future on time. Before the close of the summer season of 1802, he posted a notice in the green-room (the congregating place for actors and celebrities between the acts of a play) at the Haymarket, informing the actors that none of them need consider themselves as subject to engagement for the ensuing season, unless they could be in readiness to act for the period authorized by the theatre license, that is, from May fifteenth—


The effort proved successful; and in 1803, for the first time in years, the season coincided with the limits of the license. In 1804, again the Haymarket opened on time, but the Drury Lane did not close until June twelfth. The summer season at the Haymarket was most successful, but the audience showed some dissatisfaction on the closing night when the actor, De Camp, had to leave before the play was ended in order to attend an engagement at Drury Lane. Early in the season a similar difficulty arose when Bannister and R. Palmer continued at Drury Lane, thereby crippling the Haymarket company for nearly two weeks. Coleman's sturdy efforts to open the Haymarket during its regular season, as allowed in the license, were checked at the beginning. He secured the provinces for new recruits, but his best actors were soon transferred to Covent Garden or Drury Lane, for every actor wanted an engagement at one or the other of the two winter houses.

Gradually, his income decreased. Because of his disputes and the loss of his actors, his expenses were enormous. During these troubles, he was compelled to live in an obscure chamber at the back of the Haymarket. Afterwards, under the name of Campbell, he lived in a cottage a few miles from London. At the end of the 1804 season, his financial condition was so bad that he had to offer the Haymarket for sale. In 1805, he sold certain shares to Morris.


his wife's brother, to Mr. Winston, and to a lawyer, Tahourdin, who turned over his shares to Morris contrary to the agreement. Colman received eight thousand pounds from the sale.

The next year, 1806, two quarrels occurred at the Haymarket, causing Colman more worry and expense. The first was between two of Colman's company, Mathews and Elliston, over the acting in a new comedy called The Village. The argument became a fight, and Mathews finally quelled Elliston. Not long afterwards, the Dowton riot took place. Dowton, an actor at the Haymarket, announced for his benefit Foote's Tailors. The London tailors resented the play and threatened to break up the show. When Dowton first appeared on the stage, someone threw a huge pair of shears at him. They missed the actor, and he offered a twenty-pound reward for the capture of the offender. Police and dragoons from the Horse Guards were necessary to clear the mob. Sixteen tailors were taken into custody. Supposedly, the performance proceeded.

Perhaps the worst trouble of all resulted from the disputes among the partners. Almost continuous litigation took place between Morris and the other two, Colman and Winston. Besides, the winter theatres were still harming the Haymarket's season. Colman petitioned the Prince Regent in 1810 to oblige the winter theatres to close earlier or to allow the performances at the Haymarket to be extended. Colman was granted an extension of time to October fifteenth. The concession was useless, however, for the Covent Gar-
den Theatre opened on September 10, and Colman's actors were forced to leave the Haymarket in order to renew their contracts at the patent houses. In 1812, he received a license to hold performances seven months at the Haymarket. This was renewed until 1822, when the theatre was reduced to the original term of four months.

The series of disgraceful rows among the partners and the encroachment of the winter theatres eventually ruined Colman's prospects. In consequence, by the end of the 1811 season, Colman was unable to pay the salaries of the principal actors or to cancel other debts. These monetary difficulties put him in the King's Bench prison. From there he managed the Haymarket business. With or without leave he often left his confinement.

At one time the Duke of York came to escort him to meet George IV, then the Prince Regent, at the Carlton House. There, it is said, he displayed his lack of good manners by acting boorishly and unreservedly. As the Duke led him through the apartments, Colman remarked, "What capital lodgings. I have nothing like them in the King's Bench." While seated next to the Duke at dinner, Colman rather loudly inquired, "Who is that fine-looking fellow at the head of the table?" The Duke urged him to be silent, but Colman continued boldly, "No, no! I want to know who that fine square-shouldered, magnificent-looking, agreeable fellow is at the end of the table!" The Duke remonstrated by saying, "You know it is the Prince." "Why, then," said Colman, "he is your elder brother! I declare he doesn't look half your age. Well! I remember the time when he sang a good song, and as
I'm out for a lark, for one day only, he will not refuse an old playfellow, if he is the same good fellow he used to be." The Prince, with more condescension than usual, laughed and then sang a song, which, being done, Colman roared out applause at the magnificent voice, and with a round oath, expressed his determination to engage the singer for the next season at his own theatre. Apparently, the Prince was not offended, for he later showed Colman more favors. An excuse may be found in the probability that he was hardly sober. He loved wine and suffered often from the after effects of his excesses. He would often lie in bed more than half the day after a spree.

The Haymarket suffered from the lack of Colman's personal attention. All the summer season of 1813, it was closed. In 1814, it was opened for only a short time. During 1815, plays were given there for two months. By 1818, Colman was practically out of the management of the theatre. He disposed of all his shares before 1820, when the Little Theatre in the Haymarket was rebuilt.

In the year of Colman's retirement, George IV made him a Lieutenant of His Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard. This position was usually sold, but Colman received it only because he was a great favorite with Royalty. Colman was no courtier himself. When he appeared at Court in full dress, the King went up to him, and said, "George, your uniform is so well made that I don't see the hooks and eyes."

"Sire," replied Colman, unhooking his coat, "here are my eyes, where are yours?" 15.

15. Mauder's Haymarket Theatre, p. 58.
One polite remark is recorded in connection with Colman's Royal encounters. "Why, Colman," the Prince Regent said to him one day, "you are older than I am." "Oh no, Sire," was the answer, "I could not take the liberty of coming into the world before your Royal Highness." 16.

The worst side of Colman's character came out at the death of John Larpent on January 19, 1824, when the King appointed him "Examiner of all Plays, Tragedies, Comedies, Operas, Farces, and Interludes, and any other entertainment of the stage of what denomination soever." At first he was a more or less genial censor. When James H. Hackett, the American actor, made an alteration in Colman's Who Wants a Guinea? the play had to go to the Examiner. Colman good-naturedly let it pass, although he termed the alteration "the rubbish". 17. Later, he was severe and conventional.

About the year 1825, he found occasion to strike out of a one-act farce at Covent Garden a topical joke relative to macadamized roads, just then coming into public notice. The line read: "They call the road muck-Adamed, but I call them damn'd muck." The lines are insipid, but hardly to be condemned for immorality. It is said that some wag commented at the time that Colman always said: "Isee--'s" roads, as he could never bring himself to pronounce the last syllable. 18.

The meticulous George must have achieved the height of seemliness when he affirmed, in answer to a question, that

18. Sawyer's Comedy of Manners, p.23.
that if The Merchant of Venice had never been acted and being suddenly brought to light, should be submitted to censorship, he would have to omit "It is an attribute of God himself" as a derogatory reference to the Deity upon the stage. He seems to have been worse than hypercritical of new plays, but he had stepped as near the fire as possible himself. His earlier plays are plentifully sprinkled with oaths which he later termed "profane" in others.

As Examiner of Plays, Colman was allowed to charge a fee of two guineas each for any French play produced in England or for any song, gloo, or overture included in any drama. This was robbery, but he was successful in enforcing payment until one actor was too clever for him. This actor strung together a whole list of songs, recitations, imitations, and other extras and sent them to Colman as one piece. They were licensed, and the actor saved at least a ten-pound note. In 1832, Colman was examined before a committee from the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the state of dramatic literature. He defended his preposterous severity with apparent seriousness.

P oncet, in his Hemoirs of the Colman Family, states that Colman, probably about 1820, secretly married Mrs. Gibbs, a pretty and accomplished actress. It is supposed that his first wife was dead, although there is no definite statement as to the date. Mrs. Gibbs played successfully the heroines in many of his plays. Often the character was especially designed for her. The legitimacy of the

19. Sawyer's Comedy of Manners, p. 433.
union is called in question by many theatrical publications of the day. All publications seem to have admitted that Mrs. Gibbs was a woman of generally good character who was generous and noble in nature. She had been known as a Miss Logan, who had made her debut at the Haymarket on June 18, 1783, as Sally in the older Colman's Man and Life. She first appeared as Mrs. Gibbs during Palmer's tenure of the Royal Theatres in 1787.21

Like his father, Colman, the younger, suffered much from gout. A severe attack in November, 1830, disabled him. He died in October, 1836, at Brompton Square, London. The doctor who attended him said that he had never witnessed in the death-hour "so much serenity of mind, such perfect philosophy, or resignation more complete". 22 He was buried under the vaults of Kensington Church beside his father.

Although Colman was disorderly, if not profligate, in his writings and life, he has an important place in the eighteenth century drama. He lacked the trustworthiness and stability of his father, but his daring and cleverness make his character and his works entertaining. A contemporary of Colman, Mr. Gilliland, wrote of him:

In private life Mr. Colman is social, convivial and intelligent. Perhaps there is nobody who is more expert in the playful contentsions of wit and humor, and more ready at what is termed repartee than himself. Amidst the general skirmish of raillery, he has never been perceived to be a moment at a loss for some spirited retort. 23

Thorndike in his Tragedy states:

Toward the end of the eighteenth century the rage for dumb show and musical additions invaded the regular drama. Even Kotzebue had to be decked out with songs and choruses. ...This species seems

to have been mainly due to the ingenuity of George Colman. 24.

Schelling remarks:

In this dilution and amplification of the drama, so to call it, Colman the younger was a leader, as clever as he was unabashed and daring. In the process he achieved a new and preposterous species of dramatic entertainment made up of tragedy, comedy, opera and farce; the tragedy is blank-verse of a Shakespearean sound, whatever its sense, the rest concocted of farce in prose, dance, and song, effect of light, scene, concourse on the stage and what not. 25.

Hazlitt wrote:

Mr. Colman's serious style, which is in some measure an imitation of Shakespeare's, is natural and flowing; and there is a constant intermixture as in our elder drama, a melange of the tragic and comic; but there is rather a want of force and depth in the impassioned parts of his tragedies, and what there is of the kind, is impeded in its effect by the comic.... 26.

II.

COLLIER'S WORKS.

A. Dramas:

1. Female Dramatist. Musical farce. Produced anonymously at the Haymarket, August 16, 1782, for the benefit of Mr. Jewell. Adapted from Roderick Random. Unsuccessful.

2. Two to One. Comic opera. Produced at the Haymarket, Saturday, June 19, 1784. Music by Samuel Arnold.

3. **A Turk and No Turk.** Comic opera. Produced at the Haymarket, Saturday, July 9, 1785.

4. **Wavs and Mouns. or, a Trip to Dover.** Comedy. Produced at the Haymarket, Thursday, July 10, 1785. Contains epilogue against newspaper critics.

5. **Inkle and Yarico.** Comic opera. First produced at the Haymarket, Saturday, August 4, 1787. Music by S. Arnold. Very successful. Story from Spectator, no. 111, which Addison founded on Ligon's History of the Barbadoes. Colman made his name with the play. Inkle, the respectable, city-bred youth, is conveying his betrothed Narcissa back to her father, the wealthy governor of Barbadoes. On the voyage, he and his comic attendant Trudge are accidentally left on an island where they are saved from cannibals by two native women, with whom they severally fall in love. Eventually, they reach Barbadoes, accompanied by their savage preservers. Inkle is now faced with the alternative of losing his profitable match with Narcissa or of abandoning the faithful native girl, Yarico. To guide him in this ethical problem, he has only the maxims of Threadneedle Street (Act III, sc. 3). Inkle becomes humiliated at the thought of his ingratitude to Yarico and remains faithful to her. The play has touches of romantic imagination.

6. **Battle of Hotham; or, Days of Old.** Comic musical drama. Produced at the Haymarket, Tuesday, August 11, 1789. Music by S. Arnold. Story takes place during the War of the Roses and involves a love plot thrust into a chronological play. Later a burletta was taken from this play and called The Battle of Hotham; or, Days of Yore. August 17, 1812, at Haymarket(?).


8. **Poor Old Haymarket; or, Two Eidos of the Gutter.** Prelude. Played at the Haymarket, Friday, June 15, 1792.

9. **Mountaineers.** Musical drama. Produced at the Haymarket, Saturday, August 3, 1793. Music by S. Arnold. Adapted from Don Quixote. Scenes laid during Moorish Wars in Spain and are enlivened by a humorous Irishman. The play is written in good blank verse. It tells
how Count Virlet, a slave in Granada, wins the love of Zorayda. Along with Kilmallock, the ever-popular man, Agnes, the duchess, and Sadi, a converted Moor, they fly for safety and are not by Florantie, Virlet's sister, who has come to seek for her hermit lover, Cevanian. All the characters of pure melodrama are present but the villain.

10. New Hay at the Old Market: an Occasional Dram. Prelude. Played at the Haymarket, Tuesday, June 9, 1795. Altered later: Salvestor Dogwood; or, New Hay at the Old Market, prelude, 1795. Printed in octavo, 1803. The play admits the eighteenth century weakness for spectacles: "Damne," says Fustian, "I'll go home, turn my play into a pageant, put a triumphal procession at the end on't, and bring it out at one of the Winter Theatres." Many dramatists probably accepted this advice. The prelude was written for the opening of the Haymarket, June 9, 1795. It is partly satirical and contains much burlesque.

11. Iron Chest. Musical Drama. Played at the Hay Lane, Saturday, March 12, 1796. Contains Proface and Reuero. Containing Kemble's Sir Edward Mortimer. Music by S. Storeace. Colman's bitter Proface probably prompted the publishing (London: 1796, octavo, 6d.) of a satirical poem, Proface to "The Iron Chest, written by Thoughts-to-myself-May it was principally an attack on Colman, but Kemble is treated with little courtesy. Some Remarks on Colman's Pro. face to the "Iron Chest" appeared in the Monthly Mirror, 1796-7. Were reprinted in octavo, 1796. The scenes are in an old English mansion of the time of Charles I. It has the same theme as William Godwin's Caleb Williams. Mortimer, a headkeeper of the New Forest, has been acquitted on a charge of murder some years previously. Wilford, his secretary, learns of his real guilt through documents in an old iron chest. Mortimer accuses him of robbery and drives him away. A successful melodramatic type.


13. Blue Bead: or, Female Curiosity. Musical drama. Produced at Drury Lane, Tuesday, January 16, 1798. Music by M. Kelly. Adapted from a popular Persian success, Parva Ilone. Scene in "A Turkish Village—a Romantic, Mountainous Country beyond it." It is spectacular and thrilling. The play depends upon effects, not characters. "In Act I, we see "A Large Apartment with a large door in the middle of the Plate," and "over the door, a Picture of Abomaliq, Kneeling in amorous supplication to a beautiful Woman. Shemabah unlocks the door, and "The Door instantly sinks with a tremen-
dous crash, and the Blue Chamber appears streaked with livid streams of Blood. The figures in the Picture, over the door, change their positions, and Abomelique is represented in the action of beheading the Beauty he was, before, supplicating. The Pictures, and Devices of Love, change to subjects of Horror and Death. The interior apartment (which the sinking of the door discovers) exhibits various Tombs, in a sepulchral building; in the midst of which ghastly and supernatural forms are seen; —some in motion, some fixed—. In the centre, is a large Skeleton, seated on a Tomb, (with a Dart in his hand) and, over his head, in characters of Blood, is written—"The Punishment of Curiosity!". 27.

14. Blue Devils. Farce. Played at Covent Garden, Tuesday, April 24, 1798.


17. The Reviewer; or, the Ways of Windsor. Operatic farce. Produced at the Haymarket, Tuesday, September 2, 1800. Written under pseudonym of Arthur Griffinhoofs of Turfman-green (so stated by Gilliland and National Biograpy.) Music by Arnold. Character of Caleb Quotem also used under title of Thro' Physic to the Dogs. (States National Biograpy under Colman).

18. Poor Gentlemen. Comedy. Produced at Covent Garden, Wednesday, February 11, 1801. "The comedies of Colman abound in witty and ludicrous delineations of character, interspersed with bursts of tenderness and feeling, somewhat in the style of Sterne, whom, indeed, he has closely copied in his Poor Gentlemen. The whimsical character of Oliphant...is one of Colman's most original and laughable conceptions;" 28

It is a melodramatic comedy with the immaculate hero, Frederick, succeeding in rescuing the distressed heroine, Emily, from the clutches of the would-be-seducer, Sir Charles Cropland.

19. John Bull; or, The Gentleman's Fireside. Comedy. Played at Covent Garden, Saturday, March 5, 1803. The scene takes place in English country. Job Thornberry is a sentimental character, which, notwithstanding, lives. George Frederick Cooke told Mr. Dun-
lap, the American dramatist:  

"We got John Bull from Colman act by act, as he wanted money, but the last act did not come, and Harris refused to make any further advances. At last the necessity drove Colman to make a finish, and he wrote the fifth act, in one night, on separate pieces of paper. As he filled one piece after another, he threw them on the floor, and finishing his liquors, went to bed. Harris, who impatiently expected the disposal of the play, according to promise, sent Fawcett to Colman, whom he found in bed. By his direction Fawcett picked up the scraps, and brought them to the theatre." 29.

The play was Colman's most profitable; he received 1200 pounds for it. Dunlap in his Memoirs of George Frederick Cooke (1813, i, 229) says:

"A fair stage Irishman, Dennis Bruckwald, is all that saves John Bull from sheer inanity, and this in spite of high contemporary praise and considerable theatrical success." However, Sir Walter Scott commended the play highly.


22. Who Wants a Guinea? Comedy. Produced at the Covent Garden, Thursday, April 13, 1805. This play was later altered by James H. Hackett, the American actor. He changed Colman's Solomon Gundy, a French coakney, into Solomon Swip, a Yankee, in his Jonathan in England.

23. To Fly by Night; or, Long Stories: Operatic Farce. Played at Covent Garden, Tuesday, January 23, 1806. Written under name of A. Griffenhoofe (As stated by National Biography).


26. X. Y. Z. Farce. Produced at Covent Garden, Tuesday, December 11, 1810.

27. The Quadrupod of Queleinburgh; or, The Fovors of Wei-
gar. Extravaganza. Played at the Haymarket, Friday, July 26, 1811. Described as a "Tragic-Comico-Anglo-
Germancico-Hippo-dramatico-Romance". Altered from
The Recruit, or, the Double Arrangement, which was
reprinted in Dramatic Magazine, V. 2 and 3 (1800-31)
from the Anti-Jacobin, 1797, as a burlesque by George
Canning and George Colman. The Quadrupod has a famous
song on the University of Gottingen.

28. Dr. Roogle Roleg; or, Harlequin Faded White. Pantomime.
Produced at the Haymarket, Friday, August 8, 1814.
Mentioned only by Nicoll. (18th Century Drama, V. 1, p. 272).

29. The Actor of All Works; or, First and Second Floor. Farce.
Produced at the Haymarket, Wednesday, August 13, 1817.
The stage show two rooms simultaneously. The play
was written particularly for Charles Mathews, the
elder, just as other plays were written with a cer-
tain actor in mind.

30. The Law of Jews. Musical drama. Played at Covent Garden,
Saturday, May 11, 1822. Music by Bishop.

31. Stella and Leathorings; or, A Star and a Stroller, Inter-
lude. Played at Drury Lane, Wednesday, October 1,
1823. Ascribed to Colman.

B. Miscellaneous.


Reprinted London: 1802, crown octavo; and 1839, 12mo.,
with additional tales under title of Dream Grin.

3. The Young Roscius. An admonitory poem. Well-seasoned
with Attic salt, sum notis variorium, by Peter Fang-
loose, Esq. LL.D. and A.S.A. London: 1805. Sm. 4to.
pr. 35 including title. Probably is by Colman, since
he knew Easter Henry West Batty, the young actor of
tragic roles who was known as the Young Roscius.
Colman admitted that the actor dazed him, so George
probably disdained the boy. Peter Fanglese, the sup-
posed author, is the chief comic character in Colman's
Thecroft at Law. This poem is mentioned only by
Low in his bibliography of English Theatre Liter-
ature. p. 23.

4. Proctical Versaries. Collection of poems, 1812, 4 to. His
indecent poems and comic tales, which were written
in imitation of "Peter Pindar" (Dr. John Wolcott)
and are very humorous and some extravagantly indecent,
had severe reprimands, especially by the Quarterly Review, VIII, 144. He answered the article with—

9. Vexatious Vindicated, or Hypocritical Hypocrisy. A poem addressed to Reviewers, 1873, 4 to. This received further castigation in IX, 246, of Quarterly Review.


7. Circle of Anecdotes and Fru. (?) . Went through several editions with Colman's name, but he disowned it.


9. Posthumous Letters from Various Celebrated Men addressed to Francis and George Colman, the elder. Edited by Colman, the younger, London: 1820, 4 to.


11. Many prologues and epilogues to occasional pieces, including an epilogue for The Storm to Conquer used at Liston's benefit, Covent Garden, June 9, 1818. The epilogue has Liston in the character of Lord Grizzle, riding across the stage on an ass. The ass was quite unmanly during the second act, encore. (Connoist's Home Magazine of Arts, Store, p.662-63.)

12. Many songs, principally, Comic. Best-known are Hynde and Unfortunate Miss Bailey.

13. Occasional Addresses, among which is British Loyalty, or a Speech at St. Paul's—spoken by Mr. J. Emmet at the Haymarket, 1782.

Colman's poems were frequently reprinted and collected under the title, The Poems of George Colman, London, no date, octavo. His plays have not been collected in England, although a collection in four volumes, 1690, has been issued in Paris: 1827, with an original life of the author by J. W. Lake. Some of the plays have never been printed, of others only the songs exist. Manuscript copies of some, including one or two which Colman claimed to have
destroyed as worthless, were in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, to whom they were presented by Mrs. Colman, supposedly the former Mrs. Gibbs. Many of his works are included in the collections of Duncombe, Cumberland, Lacy, and The London Stage. Several of his plays are to be found in Mrs. Inchbald's British Theatre, 1808; Modern Theatre, 1811; and Forces, 1815.

III.

THE HEIR AT LAW AS AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PRODUCTION.

During the latter part of the eighteenth century, drama of the more ambitious type suffered a period of decline. It was rivalled, and in parts supplanted, in popular esteem by lighter, more spectacular, but less literary and thoughtful dramatic productions. Apparently, a change in tastes explains this decline—a change that is suggested by the popularity of the novel, of late dining, and of club-life in London. Another contributing element was the improvement in the mechanical stage equipment of the stage. Producers found it easier to give pantomimes, farces, musical dramas, and burlettas, which attracted the theatregoers. Sentimentality and spectacle were combined in serious forms. As Professor Bornbaum says, the sentimental writers:
...tried to enliven their comedies with some laughable situations and one or two humorous personages. But it was their sentimental conception of life that determined the main action of their plays and the motives of their chief characters. 1.

As a final contributing cause, one could cite the vanity of the actors, who, more than ever, sacrificed the play in order to appear in a role which showed them to the best advantage.

To all these changes, Colman responded. The Heir at Law is better than most plays of the period, but it shows the influence of the eighteenth century tastes. Sentimentality and spectacle are combined in the play. Dr. Fangloss may be hardly surpassed as a humorous character, but Colman made many situations almost farcical. Mr. Chambers states:

A tendency to farce is indeed the besetting sin of Colman's comedies. 2.

The play was written with certain actors in mind. Fangloss was created for the interpretative ability of John Fawcett, and Cicely was invented for Mrs. Gibbs. The role of Daniel Dowlas was suited to Dickey Suett, Colman's low comedian.

The Heir at Law is perhaps classed best as a comedy of manners, since it reflects "the life, thought, and manners of upper-class society faithful to its traditions and philosophy." 3. However, the upper society references are gained usually through stupid, unprincipled Lord and Lady Duborly, who are really lower-class types. Henry Morland and Caroline Dormer, the true aristocrats, are only minor char-

1. Drama of Sensibility, p. 267.
3. Sawyer's Com. of Manners, p. 3.
actors in the comedy. Dick, who is a little more educated than his parents, is hardly an upper-class character. As a whole, however, the sentimental decorum of the play makes it seem very similar in spirit to the sentimental comedies of the earlier eighteenth century. This is more strongly proved when the influence of Sheridan upon Colman is shown.

In the first place, Colman, following the prevalent fashion so definitely and consistently carried out by Sheridan, names many of his persons according to their main characteristics. The country Zekiel and Cicely are called Homespun ("Their names are almost a synonym for rustic worth and simplicity." 4.); Pangloss has a name which means "all tongue" 5.; and Lady Littlefigure, Lord Sponge, Mrs. Holdbank, the Hon. Mrs. Cheatwell are mentioned. 6. Colman also follows Sheridan when he develops the character of Lord Duberry, who misuses words as did Mrs. Malaprop of The Rivals. Colman shows some originality, however, in having Pangloss near Lord Duberry to correct the mistakes.

Besides the influence of Sheridan, the influence of the poet Dr. John Wolcot, caused Colman to use coarse and careless, farcical humor. As "Peter Pinder", Dr. Wolcot, a former preacher to a congregation of negroes in Jamaica and later a physician in London, made his appearance in his Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians for 1782. His proper successor, Craik believes, is Colman, the younger. 7.

The sentimental and farcical elements are curiously mingled in the comedy—a play which, because of its upper-

6. Text, Act I, sc.1, p.4.
class allusions, may be called a comedy of manners.

IV.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CUSTOMS.

The Heir at Law contains ample references to customs and modes of thought peculiar to the eighteenth century. Especially enlightening are the various speeches of Dick Doulas, the lawyer's clerk who suddenly discovers he is an Honorable and wealthy. He parades his new clothes and the manners of a young nobleman before the spectator. His lounging walk, which Dick tells his father is the fashionable Bond-Street roll, and his straight-out suit are distinguishing marks of the eighteenth century dandy. In Act II, sc. 2, Dick tells Pangloss that to be a modern fine gentleman one must: "... sport a curricle--walk Bond Street--play at Faro--get drunk--dance reels--go to the opera, etc." 1 Apparently, it was popular in the eighteenth century for a lawyer's clerk to know more about hunting ducks, flinging a bar, playing at cricket, making a bowl of punch, and catching gudgeons than about drawing up a will or leasing a farm. 2

Eighteenth century articles of dress are mentioned in connection with Cicoly, who wears a mob-cap, a type of head-dress then fashionable, and Kendrick, the servant who men-

tions his buckles. Dick speaks of his arriving at the Blue Bear Inn by stage-coach, and he promises Pangloss to drive him to the races in a tandem.

In the person of Pangloss, Colman satirizes the profession of the tutor. Perhaps at one time he had an instructor whom he disliked; at any rate, he seems to take pleasure in mocking the poor pedant. Dick tells the doctor:

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

Colman makes clear that class distinctions were definite in the eighteenth century. Noblemen were above merchants; tradesmen were higher than servants; farmers and pedlars were lowest of all. Dick, as a young Honorable, cannot associate with a farmer and milservant—even if they are his former companions. Lord Dubery defends his former occupation as a merchant against the deprecatings of his wife. He puts himself on a higher level than a pedlar carrying his wares in a pack. His merchandize included such common household articles as: candles, eggs, bacon, sugar, linen, soap, and cheese.

The immorality of the young titled males was tolerated with a sort of speculative amusement in Colman's time. Dick follows the fashion of obtaining a mistress by offering to support Cicely with out matrimony. Zekeiel is the indignant protector of his sister, and warns Dick that the law makes no difference between a ploughman and a nobleman when the

love of a girl is forced.

An ironic remark in the play about the church wardens eating a big dinner for the good of the poor might be applied in speaking of clerical conduct during any period of history.

Oaths are freely used in the comedy—typical eighteenth-century exclamations with little meaning, including "odsbobs," "sounds," "fie," "od rabbit it," "pshaw," "pish," "ods flesh," "sdeath," "hfaith," "rot it," "fega," "ood," and "zooks". Many expressions, such as "damn," "Providence," "thank Heaven," and "upon my soul" are similar to the oaths Colman ruthlessly eliminated from later dramas when he became Examiner of Plays. The fact that he had used such exclamations plentifully in his own plays made no difference later in his arrogant attitude.

Although references to eighteenth century customs in The Hair at Law cannot be considered of the same value as those found in Sheridan's plays, still they have an importance that should not be disregarded.

V.

THE CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY.

Of all the dramatic personae, Doctor Pangloss, LL.D. and A.S.S., is decidedly the most original, humorous, and
alive. He represents the type of a commercially-minded tutor; but, in spite of his foibles, he is likeable. His pride in his titles and his affected "he, ho, ho" are amusing. His constant characteristic is the use of quotations, all of which are altered to suit his speech, and some of which are wrongly ascribed to authors. Whether Colman was careless or whether he meant the slips in knowledge to bring out Pangloss' inherent love of "show" is unknown. Either alternative is possible, and Colman might have been influenced a little both by his carelessness and by his idea of the character he wished to portray. Dr. Pangloss always finishes his quotations with a satisfied "Hem!" His character has been best interpreted, perhaps, by Joseph Jefferson, III, America's foremost comedian. A typogravure of Jefferson in this, one of his most celebrated parts, may be found in Brewer's Character Sketches. 1 It shows Pangloss dressed in a black coat and knee breeches. His long, thick, white hair falls below a black tricorn hat. Ruffles decorate the neck and cuffs of his white shirt. Three buttons at each knee fasten the breeches above his long black hose. Buckled slippers and a cane complete his outfit.

After Dr. Pangloss, the most important characters are Lord and Lady Duberly, country people who suddenly become titled and rich. Lord Duberly's misuse of words is similar to that of Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop. Lady Duberly is affected and easily influenced by the fashions of the nobility.

Since her acquaintances speak French, she feels compelled

to attempt it, although she shows her ignorance in so doing. If the aristocracy is dressing a certain way, she feels the need to imitate the style. In spite of his vulgarity, Lord Duborly is more likeable than his lady.

Their son, Dick, is a lawyer's clerk who attempts to become the typical young nobleman on short notice. He is usually too forward, but he has boyish traits that save him from absolute offensiveness. He tries hard to be fashionable and yet to do nothing he thinks is wrong. He believes that young noblemen never associate with members of the lower classes; so he tries to break his friendship with Cis and Zek, although his conscience makes him want to excuse his cool manner.

Cicely Nonespun is the innocent, kind-hearted, lovable country girl. Her brother, Zekiel, is an ignorant but generous and well-meaning farmer. He shows his joy by singing "Tol, tol do rol, tol!" Kendrick, Caroline's servant, is a country Irishman. He is typical of Colman's stage Irishmen, of whom Dennis Bruigruddery of John Bull and Kilmaclack in The Mountaineers are further examples. His dialect seems to be a more matter of spelling. His fondness for Caroline, whom he has known and served since she was a child, is his best characteristic.

Caroline Dormor is not strongly developed as a character. She is the sheltered daughter who is suddenly thrown into difficulties with no knowledge of how to help herself out of them. Henry Morland, her fiancé, returns at the op-
portune time to save her from poverty. He is abrupt in claiming his estate from the Dowlas family, but he is generous enough to say he will make provisions for their welfare.

Steadfast, the elderly friend who saved Henry from shipwreck, is even-tempered and able to advise Henry wisely. The other characters include John, who is Duborly's servant, and the two waiters who appear in the inn and hotel scenes.

The best developed characters are Dr. Pangloss, Daniel, Deborah, and Dick Dowlas, and Zediel. The remainder seem hardly more than puppets who help to carry out the story.

VI.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PLOT.

The action in The Heir at Law extends through fourteen scenes in five acts, and finally has its dénouement in the last scene of the fifth act. The incidents are smoothly connected and easily understood. The device here used—that, namely, of showing the characters mystified by what is clear to the audience—has, of course, been employed by many dramatists; but it rarely fails to be effective, as it is in Colman's play.

In The Heir at Law are three separate plots. The main story concerns Daniel Dowlas, who has been proved the law-
ful heir of the last Lord Duberly; Deborah Dowlas, who believes her gentility has been well received by the parasitic nobility; Dick, their son, who is finishing his apprenticeship as a lawyer's clerk; and Doctor Pangloss, the tutor who coaches Lord Duberly's speech and becomes the companion to Dick's frivolities. One of the sub-plots deals with the love story of Caroline Dormer, recently left an orphan by a bankrupt father, and Henry Morland, the supposedly drowned son of the late Lord Duberly. Stedfast, who has saved Henry from perishing by shipwreck, helps Henry to locate Caroline, who has moved from her old home. The third action revolves around Cicely Home spun, the innocent, country sweetheart of Dick Dowlas, and Zediel, her brother.

The dramatist has evenly and logically intermingled the three plots into a satisfying comedy. The Lord Duberly and Home spun plots are linked by Dick Dowlas's being a part of both. The disputed Duberly estate connects the Morland-Dormer plot and the main story. Cicely becomes the maid-servant to Caroline Dormer and thus relates the two sub-plots.

The denouement is placed in the last scene of the play. Lord and Lady Duberly come to Caroline's house to tell Cicely that they approve of her marriage with Dick. Dr. Pangloss, brought against his will by Dick, arrives to worry about his loss of a pupil by marriage and to attempt to gain a new position with Caroline and Henry or with Zediel. Henry Morland, who is guided to Caroline's home by her servant, Kendrick, returns to claim his father's estate and to
protect his fiancée from threatened poverty.

The astonishment and disappointment of the Doulas family on learning that Mr. Horland is the rightful heir to the Dukery title and riches; the happiness of Dick, Cis, and Zok when they are reunited in love and friendship; the relief of Caroline on recovering her lover; and the unmitigated conceit of Doctor Pangloss as he tries to find a new place as tutor—all make the end of the play highly entertaining.

By Colman's frequent use of asides, the plot is more rapidly developed. The characters of Dr. Pangloss, of Dick and Zokiel, are aided by the comments spoken apart. The Cambridge History of English Literature states that the abundant use of asides by the later eighteenth century dramatists was developed when the interest of the audience became centered in the actors rather than in the play itself. Asides gave the actors more chances for poses and characterization. However, that may be pardonable if, by these asides, the actors better portray the characters and strengthen the development of the plot.

VII.

LINGUISTIC CONSIDERATIONS.

A number of matters concerning Colman's use of language

1. Vol.11, Chap.12, p.236.
suggest themselves for consideration. On the whole, Colman's language in the play is superior to that of other late eighteenth century plays by its directness, its vigorous expression, its appropriateness to the character, and its free use of colloquialisms. It contains some of the pompousness associated with the times, to be sure, but on the whole it may be said that Colman was successful in taking liberties with the English language.

In the first place, he followed the example of Sheridan and others in making a dramatic use of slang. Dick, the youthful imitator of the "bucks of fashion", speaks slang frequently. He tells Dr. Pangloss to have the billiard-room lighted: "We'll knock about the balls a little." 1. Lord Duberly often uses colloquialism. In his important scene with Stedfast, he remarks: "...a peer to be in a pucker"; "...a cock and bull story"; 3...words, you know, butter no parsnips"; 2. "He has put me all of a twitter"; and "... hard at his heels." 3. Even Zekiel asks Cicely for a "buss". 3.

The nearest approach to a dialect in The Heir at Law is found in the speech of the country people—that of Zekiel and Cicely, and at times in that of Daniel and Deborah Dawlas. There are suggestions of a true dialect, also, in the speech of the Irishman, Kendrick. Not that this is, strictly speaking, a dialect, but a number of dialectal words are used. The most pronounced characteristic in the speech of Zekiel is the employment of abbreviated words, as: " ha'" for " had" or " have"; " wi'" for "with"; "o'" for "of";

and "hap" for "happen". Cicely, in Act I, sc.2, remarks: "I'd better make haste and get the place, for fear anything should happen, you know." 4. The "make haste", "for fear anything should happen", and "you know" sound idiomatic. She often says: "you know, so you do." The Dowler's show their lower-class training by using "gin" for "again", and "larn" for "learn". Kendrick has a type of speech different from the others mentioned. His usual exclamation is "Och!" or "Ay!" "Culd" is his favorite adjective. His expression may be illustrated by the following: "...Well, be of good heart, now", and "...you see I'm after making you easy." 5. The "be" and "after" are spoken in that manner by none of the other characters.

Colman has been particularly successful with his figures of speech in the play. Many similes, a few metaphors, and three or four allusions to mythological characters may be found in the comedy. All are characteristic of the persons who use them. The first noticeable simile is in the third speech of Act I when Lord Duberly says: "...You hold a merchant as cheap as if he trotted about with all his property in a pack, like a pedlar." 6. Later Lady Duberly boasts: "...We elegant people are as full of business as an egg's full of meat." 7. Kendrick tells Caroline of a friend's refusal to lend her money, and ends: "No more hope than there is in a dead coach-horse." 8. Stedfast characterizes Henry Morland's father as "grand and stiff, but of sterling value, like an old-fashioned silver candle-
Pangloss is complimented by Lord Duberly, who tells Dick that the doctor: "...grunts Greek like a pig." 10. The metaphors are illustrated by Stedfast's remark: "A father, a mistress! Duty and love. ...That's a slow fire, and a fierce blaze;..." 11. Lady Duberly assures Pangloss: "...and you'll find the grey mare the better horse, in this house...." 12. Dick says to Pangloss: "...you grave mustard-pot of a philosopher." 13. The allusions include the following:

Dick-- ...on Love's embasies, from the court of Cupid. 14.

Pangloss-- ...Phaon left Sappho; Theseus, Ariadne; Demophoon, Phyllis; Aeneas, Dido. 15.

The linguistic elements in the play are worth considerable attention, for by the peculiarities of language, Colman has made his characters individual and real.

VIII.

THE AUTHOR'S THOUGHT AS REFLECTED IN THE PLAY.

In The Heir at Law Colman is satirical throughout. He was obviously in a mood to point out the faults of the human family in no mild terms. Why he should have been in this humor is a matter of conjecture. Possibly personal troubles had something to do with it; but more likely the dramatist

saw only too clearly the weaknesses of the age and honestly
wanted to protest against some of them. However, he did not
allow himself to become unpleasant. He is sarcastic, but
he makes his sarcasm, on the whole, contribute to the enter-
tainment.

The prevailing thought in The Heir at Law bears on the
whims of friendship. If a moral needs to be found, it may
be best discovered in the last speech of the play, in which
Dick exclaims that "the most solid, and valuable possession,
is a true friend." 1 Dick was qualified to make such a re-
mark, in that it was he who forgot the meaning of friend-
ship at the time he learned his father was of the nobility.
Colman is quite painted in his denouncement of "fair weath-
er" friendship. The old friend of the Dormer family refus-
es to aid Caroline when she is nearly destitute. This, of
course, resulted from a business attitude which made him
shun a poor financial connection. Dick's actions toward
Zekiel and Cicely are social in that they amount to saying:
"Do not harm yourself by a poor or lower-class companion."
But Zekiel, the ignorant country lad, offers Caroline part
of his sudden wealth because of his goodness and gratitude.

Colman delivers other sarcastic blows at the faults of
the age. Although he was a friend of the nobility, he makes
many remarks concerning their follies. He praises the poor-
classes and makes the nobility parasitic, conceited, self-

ish, and unpleasant. Contemporary fashions and the law pro-

fession, of which Colman was a practitioner, are often dea-

1. Text, p.95.
cribed mockingly. In short, he makes clear that the eighteenth century world was not an ideal one, and that intelligent men had reason to be discontented.

IX.

BRITISH STAGE HISTORY OF THE HEIR AT LAW.

The stage history of the Heir at Law in England has been attempted here, and is briefly indicated in a listed form.


First performance, acted twenty-eight times (supposedly in one run). 

Cast:

- Pangloss—Fawcett.
- Dick—Palmer.
- Moreland—C. Kemble.
- Kendrick—Johnstone.
- Deborah—Mrs. Davenport.

- Daniel—Sutt.
- Zekiel—Hunden.
- Stedfast—J. Aiken.
- Cicely—Mrs. Gibbs.
- Caroline—Miss De Camp.

2. Haymarket—September 1, 1797.

Combined with Sylvester Davenport (by Colman) and the first performance of Poor Soldier, for Fawcett's benefit.

3. Covent Garden Theatre—December 12, 1797.

Cast:

- Pangloss—Fawcett.
- Daniel—Quick.
Dick--Knight.     Zekiel--Hunden.
Moreland--Tomo.     Steadfast--Murray.
Rendrick--Johnstone.     Cicely--Mrs. Gibbs.
Deborah--Mrs. Davenport.     Caroline--Miss Mansel.

4. Covent Garden- April 24, 1798.
      Played with Colman’s Blue Devils, which was
never acted before, for Fawcett’s benefit.

      Played with a new farce, Bozzeration, or A Ten
Years’ Blunder, for Johnstone’s benefit.

      For Mrs. Gibbs’ benefit with Sylvester Dogger-
      wood and Farmer.

7. Haymarket- August 9, 1798.
      For benefit of four youngest orphans of the
      late Mr. Palmer.

8. Bath Theatre- November 9, 1797.
      Cast:
      Steadfast--Harley.     Cicely--Mrs. Edwin.
      Deborah--Mrs. Didier.     Caroline--Miss Allingham.

      Daniel--Waddy.

      Played with Lying Valet: Dick--S. Johnston,
      for the first time in the role.

      Played with Gander Hall, which was acted this
once but not printed. For Mrs. Gibbs' benefit. Fawcett, Scott, and Mrs. Gibbs were in the cast.


With Castle of Sorrento (Colman a co-author) for Fawcett's benefit. Daniel--Emery. Cicely--Mrs. Gibbs (first appearance this season). Caroline--Miss Murray (first time in the role).


For benefit of Mrs. Gibbs.

15. Haymarket- June 19, 1801.

Second performance of the season. With Prisoner or at Large.


Opened the season. Steady (Stedfast) -- Murray (first appearance here).


Dick--C. Kemble, for his benefit.

19. Haymarket- September 8, 1802.

Zekiel--Emery.
20. Covent- May 9, 1803.
Johnstone's benefit.

By command of their Majesties, played with Hy.
Grandmother. Zekiel--Chas. Matthews, the elder. Pang-
loss--Elliston.

Fifth performance of the season.

23. Covent- October 29, 1803.
With Tale of Mystery.

24. Haymarket- June 14, 1805.
Pangloss--Dowton(first time in the role).

Pangloss--Lovegrove. Cicely--Miss Smith.

with Reeping Tom. Pangloss--Fawcett. Second per-
formance of the season.

27. Haymarket- June 13, 1804.
With Children in the Wood. Pangloss--Bannister,
Jr.(first time in the role and first appearance this
season). Daniel--Matthews. Dick -- Elliston(first

Last performance of season. Pangloss--Lovegrove
(first time in the role). Daniel--Misset.

29. Covent- January 3 to 6 and 8(?), 1805.

Opened the season.
31. Drury Lane Theatre—May 2, 1808.

First time given at this theatre. With Sylvesterdagger Food and Minor (not acted for twelve years).

Dick—Russell. Zeke—De Camp. (first
Deborah—Mrs. Sparks. Caroline—Mrs. R. Siddons.

For Bannister's benefit.

32. Drury Lane—May 26, 1808.

Miss Pope's last benefit. Made first appearance in the role of Deborah; this was her last time on stage.

Friends blamed her for leaving the stage in so poor a character. In her Farewell Address she made an unsatisfactory excuse.

Miss Pope asked me about the dress.
I answered, "It should be black bombasteen...."
I proved to her that not only "Deborah Dow-
las", but all the rest of the dramatic personage ought to be in mourning..... The three "Dowlas" as relatives of the deceased Lord D aberly; "Henry Morland" as the heir-at-law; "Dr. Pangloss" as a clergy-
man; "Caroline Dornor" for the loss of her father; and "Kendrick" as a servant of the Dornor family. —James Smith. 1.

33. Covent—November 14, 1807.

Daniel—Oxberry.

34. Haymarket—July 22, 1808.

35. Drury Lane—March 20, 1809.

With Three Weeks After Marriage.

36. Covent—May 12, 1809.


37. Covent -- October 11, 1810.
    With Padlock.

38. Haymarket -- June 14, 1810.
    Fourth performance of season. With Peeping Tom.
    Pangloss -- Bannister. Dick -- Jones (first time in the role).
    Zekiel -- Liston.

39. Lyceum (with Drury Lane Company) -- October 30, 1810.
    Combined with Devil to Pay. Pangloss -- Lovegrove (first time here).
    Zekiel -- Knight (first time in the role).

40. Lyceum (with Drury Company) -- September 29, 1810.
    Sixth performance of season. Cioely -- Mrs. Horn, late Miss Ray.

41. Covent -- September 16, 1810.
    with Bridal Ring (never acted before).

42. Haymarket -- May 17, 1811.
    Second performance of season. With Children in the Wood.
    Zekiel -- Mallinson. Deborah -- Mrs. Grove.

43. Bath -- November 22, 1810.
    With Perouse. Pangloss -- Bannister.

46. Lyceum (with Drury Company) -- December 18, 1811.
    With Poor Soldier. Dick -- Wrench (first time in the role).

47. Haymarket -- June 6, 1812.
    Pangloss -- Terry. Dick -- Jones.

48. Drury Lane -- May 8, 1813.
    Pangloss -- Bannister. Daniel -- Dowton (first time in the role).
    Dick -- Wrench. Zekiel -- Knight.
49. Haymarket- August 5, 1814.
   Pangloss--Terry. Dick--Jones.

50. Haymarket- September 12, 1815.
   For benefit of Tokely and Mrs. Haywood. Last night of season. Pangloss--Terry. Zekiel--Tokely.
   Cicely--Mrs. Haywood.

51. Drury Lane- September 23, 1815.

52. Haymarket- July 9, 1816.
   Sixth performance of season. Daniel--Watkinson.

53. Drury Lane- November 2, 1816.
   Pangloss--Harley.

54. Drury Lane--April 4, 1818.

55. Drury Lane--November 4, 1818.
   Daniel--Williams.

56. Haymarket- August 14, 1819.
   Daniel--Liston (first time in the role).

57. Haymarket- October 10, 1820.
   Pangloss--Terry.

58. Drury Lane- February 9, 1821.
   Pangloss--Harley. Cicely--Miss Kelly.

59. Drury Lane- June 15, 1821.
   Pangloss--Elliston. Theatre was shut (for plays) until 22nd. Although the play was announced for the 15th, there was no performance of it until 27th.

60. Haymarket- July 29, 1822.

Deborah--Mrs. Peareo.

2. Genest's Some Account of Eng Stage, V. 9, p. 93.
61. Drury Lane—February 6, 1823.


63. Bath—June 9(?), 1823.

Miss Clara Fisher as Pangloss.

64. Drury Lane—October 2, 1823.


65. Haymarket—July 29, 1824.

Cicely—Miss Love (first time in the role).

66. Bath—November 1, 1823.


Pangloss—Harley (first appearance in any role this season). Cicely—Mrs. Humby.

68. Bath Theatre—May 16, 1825.

With Old and Young, for Miss Fisher's benefit. Fisher as Pangloss.

69. Drury Lane—October 1, 1825.

Fourth performance of season. With Son in Law.

Dubonny—Mrs. Harlowe.

70. Covent Garden—June 13, 1826.
   With Clark, for benefit of Connor and Hayner.
   Pangloss—Fawsett. Daniel—W. Farren(first time).
   Dick—Jones. Zekiel—Hayner(first time in the role).
   Kendrick—Connor. Deborah—Mrs. Davenport.
   Cicely—Mrs. Hayner(first and only appearance in the role).

71. Drury Lane—October 7, 1826.
   Dick—Hooper. Zekiel—Edwin, from Nottingham
   (first appearance in any role here). Kendrick—Burke.
   Cicely—Mrs. Humby.

72. Drury Lane—October 26, 1827.

73. Haymarket—June 22, 1829.
   With Dresser's Opera. Pangloss—Webster(first time in the role).
   Cicely—Mrs. Humby. Deborah—Mrs. Glover(first time in the role).

74. Haymarket—July 30, 1830.
   Same cast as June 22, 1829.

John Sleeper Clarke acted Pangloss at the Strand, Haymarket, Adelphi, and Olympic in London during his career, probably about 1867, when he also appeared at the St. James Theatre. He acted Zekiel at the Strand in dual impersonation with Pangloss, a procedure that he began on his tour in the English provinces. The illness of the actor who played Zekiel caused Clarke to double the parts. The experiment was successful, and he continued it when he returned.

4. Scott's Drama of Yesterday and Today, V.2, pp.18-19.
to London. Clarke payed Pangloss in Edinburgh many times and in the provinces of England some hundreds of times.

The same Benjamin Webster who appeared at the Haymarket in 1829 as Pangloss had, at the beginning of his career, played Henry Morland in Beverley's theatre in Tottenham Street (called King's Concert Rooms, Regency, West London, Queen's and Prince of Wales's Theatre). The comedy was then called The Lord's Warming Pan instead of The Heir at Law because of some legal proceedings. Probably this occurred about 1820.

No doubt The Heir at Law has been performed numerous times of which there is no record. The productions listed in this section were compiled from inadequate sources. However, the fact that the comedy has been acted on the times stated shows that it was popular with its English audiences.

X.

THE AMERICAN STAGE HISTORY OF THE HEIR AT LAW.

Likewise, in listed form, is given the American stage history.


William B. Wood, a failure in tragic roles, made

5. Ibid.
6. Ibid.
a decided hit as Dick Dawns.

2. Park Theatre- New York- November 18 and 19(?), 1799.
   Opened the season after Washington's death.
   Combined with the farce, Old Maid. Incidentally,
   Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkinson received $100 a week, the
   highest salary up to that time.

   Thomas Burke appeared as Dr. Pangloss.

   Combined with The Spoiled Child. Mr. and Mrs.
   Burke as Zekiel and Cicely.

5. Park- New York- October 3, 1817.
   Mrs. H. A. Williams made debut at the theatre
   as Cicely.

6. Park- New York- September 2, 1823.
   Henry Placido made first appearance at the theatre
   as Zekiel. May have inspired the Yankee character in
   Woodworth's The Forest Rose, and American play. Com-
   bined with A Budget of Blunders.

   Summer season with Louisa Lane playing Pangloss.
   A woman in a man's role was a novelty introduced in
   England about the beginning of the nineteenth century.

   John and Jane Marchant Fisher and George Vernon
   made their American debut as Zekiel, Cicely, and
   Lord Duborly.

   William Conway--Lord Duborly.
   Tho. Flynn first acted in New York as Dick.

   Tho. Walton first acted here as Zekiel.

   Fangloss—E. S. Connor.

   Thomas H. Hind made American debut in The Fair at Law as Sir Charles Cropland.
   (However, this character is found only in Colman's Poor Gentlemen).

   Combined with Serious Family.

   First time play was acted here.
   Daniel—Blake.
   Dick—Lester.
   Fangloss—Vache.
   Henry Moreland—Mc Donald. John—Callot.
   Deborah—Mrs. Winstanley. Cicely—Miss Telbin.

   Lord Duberly—Blake. Moreland—Floyd.
   Dr. Fangloss—Young. Cicely—Mrs. Hoey.
   Dick—Walcot. Lady Duberly—Mrs. Vernon.
   Zekiel—Norton. Caroline—Miss Reeves.
   Steadfast—Reynolds.

   Combined with The Day After the Wedding, for benefit of Laura Keono, who played Cicely.


Combined with A Ghost in Spite of Himself to
open the season.

Moroland--Carlton Howard. Cicely--Laura Keene.


Virginia C. Howard made debut here as Caroline.

20. Laura Keene's Varieties- New York- April 1, 1859.

Play revived.

Lady Duberly--Mrs. W. R. Blake. Dick--Elines Levick.
Cicely--Laura Keene. Kendrick--Chas. Peters.
Lord Duberly--W. R. Blake. James--F. Evans (a new
character in the play).


Old comedies resumed with The Heir at Law as
the opening production.


Mrs. Wm. Winter made her first appearance here
as Caroline.
   Combined with Toddlog.

   Revived with this cast:
   Zekiel- W.J. Florence.
   Daniel- Edwin Varrey.
   Dick--Frederick Paulding.

29. Willis Opera House- Kansas City, Mo.- Week of December 2, 1891.
   The Rivals and The Heir at Law were alternately given by a company including: Jos. Jefferson, III;
   Louis James; Mrs. John Drew; Viola Allen; and Frederick Paulding. Mr. James had just succeeded W.J.
   Florence, who had died on the tour.

   The play ran four weeks under the Jefferson-
   Florence Company.
   Zekiel- W.J. Florence.
   Deborah- Ima Ponisi.
   Cicely- Viola Allen.

   October 19, 20--Matinee.
   Engagement of Jefferson- Florence combination.

32. Chestnut Street Theatre- Philadelphia- 1829(?).
Miss Louisa Lane (Mrs. John Drew) played Pangloss to the elder Jos. Jefferson's Zekiel. She was then nine years old. This Jefferson was the grandfather of the last.


The last regular season of the theatre opened with *The Heir at Law*.

Pangloss -- H. J. Finn.
Stedfast -- Young.
Homespun -- Andrews.
Dorothy Doulass (meaning Deborah Dowla?) -- Mrs. Barnes.

It was Mr. Faulkner's first appearance in Boston.

34. Tremont Theatre - Boston - February (?), 1831.

Master Burke, the "Irish Roscius", played Pangloss to Mrs. W. H. Smith's Cicely.

35. Tremont - Boston - August 23, 1840.

Season opened with *Heir at Law*, *John Street*, and *Lottery Ticket* as one program. Company included:

Hackett, Forrest, Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, Hanners, Elesler, Sam. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Field, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Miss Fisher, Mrs. Cramer, W. F. Johnson, Fenno, Mr. and Mrs. Creswick.

36. New National Theatre - Boston - Monday, November 1, 1852.

Combined with an original address by W. O. Eaton, spoken by W. M. Leman; Polish Dance by M'dlle Falser act and John Hobbs; new drop, "Byron's Dream" painted by Hayes. The company: W. M. Fleming and wife, W. H. Curtin, Douglass Stewart, who made his debut as Pangloss and was a failure, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Prior, J. Munroe, Mr. and Mrs. Burton, S. D. Johnson, Aiken.
Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mrs. Archbold, W. F. Johnson, Fanny Howard, Cornelia Jefferson, Bertha Lewis, Julia Belby, Mrs. Vickery.


E. A. Sothern first appeared in Boston, as Pangloss.

38. Howard Athenaeum- Boston- January 21, 1850.

Pangloss--H. W. Finn (first appearance in Boston).

39. Louisville Theatre- Louisville, Kentucky- March 1850.

Opened season with Spirits of Laurel, a comic opera.

Pangloss--Ellisot; Kendrick--Ludlow.

Duberly--Drake; Lady D.--Mrs. Lewis.

Dick--Sam. Drake; Cooey--Miss Denny.

Zekiel--Alcock Drake; Caroline--Miss Martha Drake.

40. Bath Theatre- Mobile, Ala.- 1834.

Ludlow played Pangloss at times during the season.

41. -------- --Cincinnati- February 1832.

Master Joe Burke played Pangloss. He was only twelve years old.

42. Mobile Theatre- Mobile, Ala.- April 1835.

Combined with a farce,; two songs; and No Song, No Supper, a comic opera, for benefit of Mr. Richard Jones, a scenic artist. Pangloss--Ludlow. Duberly--Mr. Herbert.

43. St. Louis Theatre- St. Louis, Mo.- September 25, 1836.

For benefit of Ludlow, combined with Gilderoy, a melodrama.

Pangloss--Ludlow; Lady D.--Mrs. Ludlow.
Duberly--C. Green.  Caroline--Mrs. Hubbard.

44. New St. Louis Theatre--St. Louis, Mo. --July 20, 1837.

Fourth performance in new structure. With the farce, One Hour, of the Carnival Ball, and "pas de deux" by Mr. and Mrs. Bennie.

Duberly--Mr. De Camp.  Waiter--Anderton.
Zekiel--Tho. Placide.  Lady D.--Mrs. Salsman.
Steadfast--M.C. Field.  Cicely--Miss Elisa Riddle.


Opened the season with 'Tis She, farce. First night's receipts were $400, which was a big house in those days.

Duberly--Farren.  Steadfast--Webb.
Dick--De Bar.  Lady D.--Mrs. Russell.

Caroline--Miss Petrie.


Fifth night in the new theatre. With Curiosities of Literature, farce; and dancing by Miss Lee. Receipts not equal to first night at the new theatre, but better than other nights.

Dick--Ben De Bar. Cicely--Miss C. Chapman.

47. Mobile Theatre- Mobile, Ala.- February 26, 1844.

With The Swiss Cottage, a vaudeville. Hon.

Henry Clay, the great American senator, was Ludlow's guest. Pangloss--Ludlow.

48. New St. Louis Theatre- St. Louis, Mo.- April 18, 1845.

The stock company presented the play. Ludlow was Pangloss.

49. Mobile Theatre- Mobile, Ala.- March 1844.

Lady Duberly-- Mrs. Jane M. Vernon (Mrs. George Vernon).


Ludlow began his few nights' engagement, as Pangloss.

A more complete stage history might have been compiled if O'Dell's History of the New York Stage had been available.

XI.

ACTORS WHO HAVE TAKEN ROLES IN THE HEIR AT LAW.

The popularity of the play with both English and American performers is astonishingly evidenced by the great number of actors and actresses who were famed for their interpretations of the comedy. Among the English are:
1. John Fawcett--The original Dr. Pangloss who "carried away the town."

2. Mrs. Gibbs (Miss Logan)--The original Cicely, by which, with other characters, she obtained a "reputation as a second Mrs. Jordan." 2

3. Miss De Camp (Mrs. Chas. Kemble)--The original Caroline Dormer.

4. Charles Kemble--The original Henry Morland; later played Dick Dowlas.

5. Dickey Suett--The original Daniel Dowlas, alias Lord Duberly. It was "his great original part." 3

6. John Palmer--Of his numerous parts, that as the original Dick Dowlas stands "prominently forth." 4


8. Mrs. Stephen Kemble (Miss Elizabeth Satchell)--Played many diverse characters, among them Cicely Home-spun.

9. Thomas Knight--One of his important characters was Dick Dowlas.


12. Mrs. Davenport--The original Lady Duberly.


14. Charles Mathews, the elder--Zekiel and Duberly.

15. John Emory--Duberly and Zekiel.

16. Mrs. H. Siddons (Miss Kemble)--Caroline.

2. Ibid, V.21, p.266. 5. Ibid, V.30, p.368.
3. Ibid, V.55, p.150.
17. Miss Clara Fisher--Dr. Pangloss.

18. Frances Elisset--Daniel was "one of his best parts." 6.

19. Miss Pope--Acted Lady Duberly at her farewell benefit.

20. John Sleeper Clarke--Doubled the parts of Zekei and Pangloss. "His conception of Pangloss is original.
... His Zekei furnished a wide contrast to the artifi-
cial demeanour of the tutor." 7.

21. Miss Jane Marchant Fisher (Mrs. George Vernon)--Made
her American debut as Cicely. She later played Lady
Duberly.

22. Master Joseph Burke (The "Irish Roscius")--Played
Pangloss in Boston. "His reception was immense." 8.

23. E.A. Southern--Zekei and Pangloss.

The American performers are no less important:

1. William D. Wood--As Dick, "made a hit in this role when
he failed in others." 9.

2. Charlotte Cushman--"... left the stage a memory which
it can never part with, and the name of Charlotte
Cushman will rank always with the great women of the
past--as pride and an incentive." 10.


4. Joseph Jefferson III--Pangloss was one of his celebrated
parts. "As Dr. Pangloss... he won his way still further
into the affections of the American theatregoers." 11.

5. Henry Placide--He made "his New York debut at the Park
(Theatre) in the character of Zekei Homespun. This

7. Scott’s Drama of Yesterday and Today, pp.18-19. 11. Hornblow’s
9. Hornblow’s Hist. of Theatre in Am., V.1, p.249.
performance at once ranked him as a comedian of marked originality and irresistible humor." 12.

6. Miss Louise Lane (Mrs. John Drew)--Played Pangloss when she was nine years old.

7. William Rufus Blake--Was a great favorite with American theatregoers; "his Lord Duberly...always attracted large audiences.... He was the first actor ever called before the curtain in this country, which occurred at Boston in 1827." 13.

8. Lysander Thompson-- "There was a truthfulness, a delicacy, a pathos about [his] acting of Zekiel Homespun...which no actor on the American boards could equal, much less excel." 14.

9. Miss Laura Keene--Played Cicely at her benefit, 1855.


11. H.J. Finn--"...played Dr. Pangloss...in which he had no equal in his day." 15.


13. Noah M. Ludlow--"The character of Dr. Pangloss, in which I appeared on this occasion [St. Louis, July 1837], was one I performed only occasionally, being somewhat out of the way of my regular line of genteel comedy. The play was admirably cast in most of its characters, and gave great satisfaction." 16.

14. Mrs. Skerret--"...hit off the innocent simplicity of...

Cicely Homespun, with telling effect...." 17.

15. Clapp's Boston Stage, p.236.
16. Frederick Paulding--Dick.

These are only a few of the stage stars who won part of their reputation as interpreters of Colman's characterizations. The list is, however, overwhelmingly distinctive.

XII.
CRITICAL COMMENTS.

The estimate of Colman by his contemporaries is, on the whole, favorable. Apparently, he was regarded as a successful and entertaining dramatist. The attitude of the critics of a hundred years ago is suggested by Thomas Gilliland, who says of Colman:

In taking a view of our English dramatic writers, no one stands more prominent or deserves to rank higher than this gentleman. His works contain great beauties of thought, neatness of diction, and a potent share of morality. 1.

One exception to this favorable criticism may be found in the comments of Mrs. Inchbald. Perhaps, being a pioneer woman critic, she had too many limitations and prejudices. Littlewood says of her criticism:

A good play, with her, was not a play which was true in every character and gripped the audience by what is now called "sincerity". It was far more important that the moral should be "just"--that it

should coincide with a certain scheme of desirability which no one of that period ever dreamed of living up to—and that the manners, at any rate of all except the confessed "low comedy" scenes, should be "elegant". If these credentials were fulfilled, the play was a good one. 2.

Of Colman's play, Mrs. Inchbald remarks:

Invention, observation, good intention, and all the powers of a complete dramatist, are perhaps in this comedy displayed, except one—taste seems wanting;—but this failure is evidently not an error in judgment, but an escape from labour. 3.

During the nineteenth century, the comments on Colman were still those of approval. The Dictionary of National Biography makes the following remark:

The Heir at Law...still retaining possession of the stage.... Colman's plays are often briskly written, and certain characters, such as Dr. Pangloss...remain to this day test characters for comedians. 4.

Mr. Lowe calls Colman "a very successful dramatist; his Heir at Law... still holding the stage." 5.

In the twentieth century, Mr. Baker wrote: "The Heir at Law was a favorite for five-and-twenty years." 6. In reality, the time was much longer, for it still was being played in 1891-1892. A late edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica prints this comment on Colman:

...his most successful piece, The Heir at Law, which enriched the stage with one immortal character, Dr. Pangloss. 7.

Mr. Littlewood calls the play an "excellent comedy...which is still celebrated for the comic pedant, Dr. Pangloss." 8. Of the play Sawyer states that it "held the boards consistently with [its] ample effusions of humor and sympathetic treatment of every day people." 9.

These comments seem a just estimate of the worth of the comedy. The play has much genuine humor and many pleasant situations. It is somewhat sentimental, but that element may be excused by remembering that such was the eighteenth century fashion. As a whole, the play is logical and admirable.
TEXT.

Pp. 1 to 95,—plus 2.
The Heir at Law;

A Comedy

In five acts;

by George Colman, the Younger; as performed at the Theatre Royal, Hay-Market.

Printed under the authority of the managers from the Prompt Book.

With Remarks by Mrs. Inchbald.

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London:
Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown,
Paternoster-Row.

Edinburgh:
Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.
Dramatis Personae.

Daniel Dowlas, alias Baron Duberly—Mr. Sustt.
Dick Dowlas-----------------------------Mr. Palmer.
Doctor Pangloss------------------------Mr. Fawcett.
Henry Morland--------------------------Mr. C. Kemble.
Steadfast-----------------------------Mr. Alickin.
Zekiel Homespun------------------------Mr. Hunden.
Kendrick-----------------------------Mr. Johnstone.
Waiter (at the Hotel)-------------------Mr. Chippendale.
Waiter (at the Blue Boar)---------------Mr. Walron, jun.
John-----------------------------------Mr. Abbot.

Deborah Dowlas, alias Lady Duberly—Mrs. Davenport.
Caroline Dormor------------------------Miss De Camp.
Cissy Homespun------------------------Mrs. Gibbs.

Scene — London.
The
Heir at Law.

Act the First.

Scene I.

An Apartment in Lord Duberly's House.

Lord and Lady Duberly discovered at Breakfast.

Lord D. But what does it matter, my lady, whether I drink my tea out of a cup or a saucer?

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

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

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

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

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

Lord D. Oh! 'twas the strangest accident, my lady, that ever happened on the face of the universal yearth.
Lady D. True, 'twas indeed a windfall; and you must now walk, talk, eat, and drink, as becomes your station. 'Tis befitting a nobleman should behave as such, and know summat of breeding.

Lord D. Well, but I haven't been a nobleman more nor a week; and my throat isn't noble enough yet to be proof against scalding. Hand over the milk, my lady.

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

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

Lady D. But, why so loud? I declare the servants will hear.

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

Lady D. Well, there's no occasion to--

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

Lady D. But, why bawl it to the--

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

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

Lord D. He! what my cousin twenty thousand times removed? He must have left them by word of mouth. Never spoke to him, but once, in all my born life--upon an electioneering matter;--that's a time when most of your proud folks make no bones of tippling with a tallow-chandler, in his back-room, on a melting day! but he!--except calling me cousin, and buying a lot of damaged huckaback, to cut into kitchen towels, he was as cold and stiff, as he is now, though he has been dead and buried these nine months, rot him!

Lady D. There, again, now!--Rot him!

Lord D. Why, blood and thunder! what is a man to say, when he wants to consecrate his old stiff-rumped relations?

( Ringes the Bell).

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

Lord D. Should it?—well, then—here, John!—

Enter John.

My good man, take away the tea, and be damn'd to you.


Lady D. And now, my lord, I must leave you for the concerns of the day. We elegant people are as full of business as an egg's full of meat.

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

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

Lord D. Ay, ay; you may always find plenty in this here town, to be civil to fifteen thousand a-year, my lady.

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

Lord D. Why, good, my lady, that would have puzzled me too;—if they hadn't hooked me into a damned game of cock-
ing and punting, I think they call it; where I lost as much,
in half an hour, as would keep her and her company in frie-
ases and whip sullibubs for a fortnight. But I may be even
with her some of these afternoons. Only let me catch her at
Put; --that's all.

Enter John.

John. Doctor Pangloss is below, my lord.

Lord D. Odsbobs, my lady! that's the man as learns me
to talk English.

Lady D. Hush! consider— (Pointing to the Servant).

Lord D. Hum! I forgot—Curse me, my honest fellow, show
him up stairs, d'ye hear? (Exit John).

There, was that easy?

Lady D. Tolerable.

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

Lady D. Then I bid you a good morning, my lord. As Lady
Betty says. I wish you a bon repos. (Exit).

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

Enter Pangloss.

Doctor, good morning--I wish you a bon repos!—Take a chair,
doctor.
Pang. Pardon me, my lord; I am not inclined to be sedentary; I wish, with permission, "erectos ad sidera tollere vultus"—Ovid.—Hem!

Lord D. Tollory vultures!—I suppose that means you had rather stand?

Pang. Fie, this is a locomotive morning with me. Just hurried, my lord, from the Society of Arts; whence, I may say, "I have borne my blushing honours thick upon me"—Shakespeare.—Hem!

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

Pang. To the blush!—A ludicrous perversion of the author's meaning.—He, he, he!—Hem!—you shall hear, my lord,—"Lend me your ears"—Shakespeare, again—Hem!—'Tis not unknown to your lordship, and the no less literary world, that the Caledonian University of Aberdeen long since conferred upon me the dignity of L.L.D; and, as I never behold that erudite body, I may safely say they dubbed me with a degree from sheer consideration for my celebrity.—

Lord D. True.

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

Lord D. Oh, damn it, no, it wasn't for the matter of money.
Pang. I do not think it was altogether the "auri sacra
fames." --Virgil.-- Hem!--But this very day, my lord, at elev-
en o'clock a.m. the Society of Arts, in consequence, as they
were pleased to say, of my merits,--He, he, he!--my merits,
my lord--have admitted me as an unworthy member; and I have,
henceforward, the privilege of adding to my name the honour-
able title of A double S.

Lord D. And I make no doubt, doctor, but you have rich-
ly deserved it. I warrant a man doesn't get A double S
stuck to his name for nothing.

Pang. Decidedly not, my lord. --Yes, I am now Artium So-
cietatis Socius.--My two last publications did that business.

---"Exaudi monumentum aere perennius."--Horace.-- Hem!

Lord D. And what might then those two books be about,
doctor?

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

Lord D. I wonder it wasn't hit upon before by the doc-
tors.

Pang. Physicians, my lord, put their patients to sleep
in another manner. He, he, he!-- "To die--to sleep; no more!"
Shakespeare. -- Hem! My second treatise was a Proposal for
erecting Dove-houses, on a Principle tending to increase
the Propagation of Pigeons. This, I may affirm, has receiv-
ed considerable countenance from many who move in the cir-
cles of fashion.-- "Nec gomere cessabit turtur." --Virgil.
Hem!—I am about to publish a third edition, by subscription. May I have the honour to pop your lordship down, among the pigeons?

Lord D. Ay, ay; down with me, doctor. names and

Pang. My lord, I am grateful. I ever insert titles at full length. What may be your lordship's sponsorials and patronymic appellations? (Taking out his pocket-book).

Lord D. My what?

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

Lord D. Ch! what my christian and surname? —I was baptized Daniel.


Lord D. Dowlas.

Pang. (Writing). Dowlas! "Filthy Dow—" Hem!—Shakes-peare. —The Right Honourable Daniel Dowlas, Baron Duborly.—And now, my lord, to your lesson, for the day.

Lord D. Now for it, doctor.

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

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

Pang. "Nil desperandum."—Horace.—Hem! We'll begin in the old way, my lord. Talk on;—when you stumble, I check. Where was your lordship yesterday evening?
Lord D. At a consort.

Pang. Umph! Tete-a-tete with Lady Dukerly, I presume?

Lord D. Tete-a-tete with five hundred people, hearing of music.

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

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

Pang. Ho, ho, ho!--There are plenty of jobs in the world, my lord.

Lord D. And a damned sight of Jezebels, too, doctor. But patience, as you say, for I never gives my lady no bad language. Whenever she gets in her tantrums, and talks high, I always sit mumchance.

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

Lord D. C's a sure thing; and I never liked to disperse the woman.

Pang. As-perse.

Lord D. Humph!--There's another stumble!--After all,
doctor, I shall make but a poor progress in my vernacular tongue.

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

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

Pang. Disclose, my lord.

Lord D. Why, you must know, I expect my son, Dicky, in town this here very morning. Now, doctor, if you would but mend his cackleology, mayhap, it might be better worth while than the mending of mine.

Pang. I smell a pupil. (Aside.) Whence, my lord, does the young gentleman come?

Lord D. You shall hear all about it. You know, doctor, though I'm of a good family extraction——

Pang. Ex.

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

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

Lord D. Don't put me out.


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

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

Lord D. Who, Dick? He has served his clerkship to an attorney, at Castleton.

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

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

Pang. Three hundred a-year!—say no more, my lord. L.

L.D. A double S, and three hundred a-year!—I accept the office.—"Vobum sat."—Horace.—Hem!—I'll run to my lodg—
ings—sotle with Mrs. Sudds—put my wardrobe into a—no, I've got it all on, and—

Lord D. Hold! hold! not so hasty, doctor; I must first send you for Dick, to the Blue Boar.
Pang. The Honourable Mr. Dowland, my pupil, at the Blue Bear!

Lord D. Ay, in Holborn. As I am't fond of telling people good news before hand; for fear they may be balked, Dick knows nothing of my being made a lord.

Pang. Three hundred a-year!

"I've often wish'd that I had, clear,
For life, sir"—no; three--

"Three hundred--"

Lord D.
I wrote him just afore I left Conport, to tell him to meet me in London with--

Pang. "Three hundred a-year!"—Swift.—Nem!

Lord D. With all speed upon business, d'ye mind me?

Pang. Dr. Pangloss, with an income of!—no lap-dogs, my lord?

Lord D. Nay, but listen, doctor;—and as I didn't know where old Forrot was to make me live in London, I told Dick to be at the Blue Bear this morning, by the stage-coach.—Thy, you don't hear what I'm talking about, doctor.

Pang. O, perfectly, my lord—three hundred—Blue Beards—in a stage-coach!

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

Pang. Skin! jump!—zounds, I'm ready to jump out of mine! I follow your lordship—Oh, Doctor Pangloss! where is your
philosophy now?—I attend you, my lord.—"Aequan mementο—"—Horace.—"Servare mentem—"—Hem! Bless me, I'm all a
in a fluster.—L.L.D., A double S, and three hundred a—
I attend your lordship. (Exeunt.)

Scene 2.

A Room in the Blue Boar Inn, Holborn.

Enter Walter, showing in Zekiel Homespun, and Cicely
Homespun; Zekiel carrying a Portmanteau.

Walter. This way, if you please, sir.

Zek. So here we be, at last, in London, at the— What
be your sign, young man?

Walter. The Blue Boar, sir; one of the oldest houses
in Holborn.

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

Walter. Shall I put your portmanteau on the table, sir?

(Offering to take it.)

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

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

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

Waiter. The gentleman that came in the coach with you,
sir?

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

Waiter. Shall I bid him come up, sir?

zek. Ay, be so kind, will ye?

Waiter. I shall, sir. (Exit).

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

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

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

Cicely. Well, I do declare, it seems a pure place! with
a power of rich gentle-folks, for certain; for I saw No.945
upon one of their coach-doors, as we came along; and, no
doubt, there be more of them still. I do so like it, Zekiel!

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

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

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

Cicely. Well, but let us hope for the best, Zekiel. Poor father has followed mother to the cold grave, sure enough; and the squire, out of the spite he owed us, has turned us out of the Castleton farm; but--

Zek. That were bad enough!--though I could ha' stomached that--but damn him! (Heaven forgive us) he spoke ill o' father's memory. I'd as big a mind to lick 'Squire, as ever I had i' my life;--and then, as you do say, to turn us adrift!

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

Zek. Why that be true enough, Cicely.

Cicely. Well then, come now, pluck up the spirit! Be lightsome and jovial a bit, Zekiel,--do now!

Zek. Well I--I'll do my best. Damn it, if we had but a friend, now!

Cicely. Why, haven't we?
Zek. None that I know of, bating Dick Dowlas, who be come up wi' us in the Castleton coach.

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

Zek. Ay, I do know he ha' kep you company, Cicely, I told him, when father died, that I was agreeable to his hav- ing of you, provided matters got a little more smoothish with you.

Cicely. Did you?—La, Zekiel!

Zek. Dick be an honest fellow.

Cicely. That he is, indeed, brother! (Eagerly.)

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

Dick Dowlas (singing and talking without.)

"O London is a fine town,
A very famous city!"

Take care of my bundle, d'ye hear?

Enter Dick (singing.)

"Where all the streets are paved with gold,
And all the maidens pretty."

Well, sha'n't we have a bit of something to eat?—just a snack, Zekiel, eh?—Here, you Waiter! (Enter Waiter, with a bundle.) What, Cic, my girl?—Come, got some cold beef, you.—How dost do, after the journey?—Ay, cold beef—put
down the bundle;—mustard, vinegar, and all that, you know;—Cis likes a relish.

Waiter. Directly, sir. (Puts Dick's Bundle down, and exit.)

Dick. Ay, jump about, my little fellow.—Sounds! how the rumbling of the old coach keeps whirling in my head!

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

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

Cicely. Ay, indeed, Dick;—except bumping us up against the turnpike gates, we went as pure and pleasant!

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

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

Zek. May what will, Dick, I'll stand by yo. I be as poor as Job, but—

Dick. Tip up your daddie, Zekiel; you've as tender a heart as ever got into the tough carcase of a Castleton farrier—Yes, the old boy's last letter but one told me that things were going on but badly. Dam that Chandler's shop! bacon, eggs, coals, and candles have laid him low. A bankrupt, I warrant; and he is come up to town to whitewash.

Zek. And to consult wi' you, mayhap, as you be in the law, about the business.

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

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

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

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

Dick. I can make a bowl of punch—

Zek. That you can;— I used to drink it wi’ you, you do know.

Dick. I can make love—

Cicely. That you can, Dick.

Dick. I can catch gudgeons—

Zek. Ay, ay, that be part o’ your trade. Catching o’ gudgeons be a lawyer’s chiefest employment, they do say.

Dick. Well, now to business:— here’s a newspaper I picked up at the bar;— there is something in it, I think, that will suit Cic. Read it.

Zek. (Reading.) ”Wanted—a maid—

Dick. That’s a difficult thing to be found in London, I take it.

Zek. So far ‘twill do for our Cicely.

Cicely. Yes;— I’d better make haste and get the place, for fear of any thing should happen, you know.

Zek. Let’s read it, Cicely. ”Wanted a maid-servant, by a young lady—"

Cicely. Dear!— a young lady—

Zek. ” Who lives a very retired at the west-end of the
clean town—must be in her person;"—Cicely be very clean. Dick. As any lass in Derbyshire.

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

Cicely. Well, I am very willing, you know, Dick, ain't I? Dick. That you are, Cis. Kiss me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dick. My dear Cis!—well, I'm sorry; 'faith I am; and if ever I, or my family, should come to fortune,—but, pshaw!—damn it, my father keeps a chandler's shop, without custom.

Enter Waiter.

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

Dick. Why so?

Waiter. The church-wardens come to eat a great dinner here, once a month, for the good of the poor.—This is their day.

Zek. That's as they do down wi' us;—but I could never find out why stuffing a church-warden's guts was for the good of the poor o' the parish.

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

(Exeunt.)
Act the Second.

Scene 1.

An Apartment.

Enter Caroline Dormer.

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

Enter Kendrick.

Well, Kendrick, you have carried my letter?

Kon. Indeed, and I have, Miss Caroline.

Car. And what answer from my father's old friend, Kendrick?

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

Car. Surely, Kendrick, he could not look surprised at my application?

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

Car. And has he sent no letter in answer?

Kon. Not a syllable at this present writing; it was all by verbal word of dirty mouth.
Car. Insulting!

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

Car. Did he assign no reason?

Ken. Och! to be sure, an old Skinflint doesn't always give you plenty of reasons for being hardhearted!—'Tis fitting he should, Miss, because the case requires it;—but compassion is compassion; and that's reason enough for showing it, in all conscience.

Car. But, what said he, Kendrick?

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

Car. True, Kendrick; but died, almost, one of its poorest inhabitants.

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

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

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

Car. Then there is no hope from that quarter, Kendrick?

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

Car. I would wish to be alone, Kendrick:--pray leave me.

Ken. Leave you! and in grief, Miss Caroline!

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

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

Car. Pray, pray be silent, Kendrick!--Oh, nature!--spite of the inequalities which birth or education have placed between thy children,--still, nature, with all thy softness, I own thee!--The tear of an old and faithful servant, which bedows the ruins of his shelter, is an honest drop, that penetrates the heart.

Ken. Ay, cry away, my poor Miss Caroline! cry away!--I shared the sunshine of your family, and it is but fair that I should go halves in the rain.
Car. A poor two hundred pounds, Kendrick, are, now, all that remain to me.

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

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

Ken. Ooh! if I could but beat humanity into his heart, through his carcass, I'd make him as tender as a sucking pig.

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

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

Car. Desist, Kendrick, I beseech you!

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

Car. Remind me no more, Kendrick. Your intention is good, but this is torment to me, instead of—very

Zek. (Without.) Above stairs!—Oh, well, ma'am!—thank you, ma'am!
Car. Hark!—I hear somebody inquiring for me, on the stairs.
Ken. Now, that's the worst of these lodgings. 'Faith, the people come into your house before you have opened the door.

(A Knock at the Door of the Room.)

Car. Come in.

Enter Zekiel and Cicely Homespun.

Have you any business with me, friend?

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

Car. Well, young man?

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

Car. Oh! I understand;—you come in consequence of an advertisement.—I believe you may leave us, Kendrick.—It was I who advertised for a maid-servant.

Zek. And, with submission, madam, I be come to offer for the place.

Ken. This is the first time I ever saw a servant-maid
in a pair of leathern breeches, in all my life. (Exit Kendrick.)

Car. You, honest friend, as a maid-servant!
Zek. Yes, for Cicely,—Curt'sey, Cicely.

Cicely. I do, brother Zekiel.

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

Car. Well, friend?

Zek. Why, we stumbled upon your notice in the news, ma—
dam; and so—and so here we be, madam.

Car. (To Cicely.) Have you ever been in service before, child?

Cicely. No, never, if you please, madam.—It was always with father, and minded the dairy.

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

Cicely. He died, if you please, madam.—It was a sad day for brother and I.—'Tis a cruel thing, madam, to lose a good father.

Car. It is, indeed, child.—I can well feel it.

Cicely. And when he died in distress, too, madam—

Car. And did your father die so, child?

Zek. All along o' that damned 'squire.—Mother were gone long ago;—and when children be left destitute, it be hard to find a friend to compassionate them.

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

Cicely. Oh, the gracious!—What a pure lady!

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

Zek. I ha' gotten a character in my pocket, madam.—They tell me that be the way they do take most characters in London.—Here be a certificate, from Parson Brock, of our parish.

(Giving it.)

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

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

Zek. Yes, yes,—you will find sister Cicely handy enough,
I warrant her.

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

Zek. Od rabbit it, madam, she will soon learn here to put her hand to any thing.--Won't you, Cicely?

Cicely. If I don't, it sha'n't be for want of inclination, so please you, my lady.

Car. Well, child, come in this evening, and you shall begin your service. We shall not disagree about wages; and you will be treated more like an humble friend than a servant.--Kendrick! --I shall have only yourself and a poor faithful Irishman.

Zek. (Aside.) An Irishman!--dang it, those Irishmen, as I be told, be devils among the girls.--My mind do misgave me; for Cicely be young, and thoughtless.

Enter Kendrick.

Car. Show these good people down, Kendrick; and take this bill to Lombard Street.

Ken. I shall do that thing, Miss Caroline.

Zek. Oh! then this be the Irishman. He be a plaguy old one, indeed! Come, there be nothing to fear about he. (Aside.) A good day to you, madam.--Cas'tsey, Cicely.

Ken. Come, you two go first; for I must be after showing you the way, you know. (Exit, following Zehiel and Cicely.)

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

(Exit.)

Scene 2.

A Room in the Blue Boar Inn.

Enter Dr. Pangloss and Walter.

Pang. Let the chariot turn about.—Dr. Pangloss in a lord’s chariot!—"Curru portat unr cader."—Juvenal.—Hem! —Walter! Walter. Sir.

Pang. Have you any gentlemen here who arrived this morning?

Walter. There’s one in the house now, sir.

Pang. Is he juvenile?

Walter. No, sir; he’s Derbyshire.

Pang. He! he! he! —Of what appearance is the gentleman?

Walter. Why, plague poor, sir.

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

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

Pang. Plain Dowlas, did he? —That will do. —"For all the rest is leather."
Waiter. Leather, sir!

Pang. —"and prunello." —Pope. —Hem! —Tell Mr. Dowlas, a gentleman requests the honour of an interview.

Waiter. This is his room, sir.—He is but just stept into our parcel warehouse;—he'll be with you directly. (Exit.)

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

Enter Dick Dowlas.

My pupil!

Dick. (Speaking while entering.) Well, where is the man that wants— Oh, you are he, I suppose—

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

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

Pang. Ha! — this youth was doubtless design'd by destiny
to move in the circles of fashion; for he's dipt in debt, and makes a merit of telling it.

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

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

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

Pang. Pardon me, if, on the subject of your father's cheese, I advise you to be as mute as a mouse in one, for the future. 'Twere better to keep that "alta mente repetendum." --Virgil.--Hem.

Dick. Why, what's the matter!--Any misfortune?--Broke, I fear!

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

Dick. Not broke, but gazetted!--Why, zounds, and the devil!

Pang. Check your passions;--learn philosophy,--When the wife of the great Socrates throw a --hum!--threw a tea-pot at his erudite head, he was as cool as a cucumber.--When Plato--

Dick. Damn Plato!--What of my father?

Pang. Don't damn Plato!--The bees swarmed round his mol- lificous mouth as soon as he was swaddled.--"Gum in omnis apes in labellis consedissent," --Cicero.--Hem!

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

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

Dick. (Snatches the letter, breaks it open, and reads.)

"Dear Dick,—This comes to inform you I am in a perfect state of health, hoping you are the same."—Ay, that's the old beginning.—"It was my lot, last week, to be made "—ay, a bankrupt, I suppose—"to be made a"—what?—"to be made a P.E.A.R."—a pear!—to be made a pear!—what the devil does he mean by that?

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

Dick. A peer!—what, my father!—I'm electrified!—Old Daniel Dowlan made a peer!—But let me see.—(Reads on.) "A pear of the realm.—Lawyer Ferret got me my tittle—"—Zitt—Oh, title!—"and an estate of fifteen thousand per ann.—by making me out next of kin to old Lord Duberly, because he died without—without hair."—(Tis an odd reason, by the by, to be next of kin to a nobleman, because he died bald.

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

Dick. "I send my carrot"—Carrot!

Pang. He! he! he!—Chariot, his lordship means.

Dick. "With Dr. Pangloss in it."
Pang. That's me.

Dick. "Respect him, for he's an LL.D., and moreover an A double S." (They bow.)

Pang. His lordship kindly condescended in insert that at my request:

Dick. "And I have him your tutorer, to mend your cakeology."

Pang. Cacology;—from ἀκός, "Malus", and ἄγος, "Verbum."—Vide Lexicon.—Hem! the Dick. "Come with the doctor to my house in Hanover Square."

—Hanover Square!—"I remain your affectionate father, to command, Duberly."

Pang. That's his lordship's title.

Dick. It is?

Pang. It is.

Dick. Say sir, to a lord's son.—You have no more manners than a bear!

Pang. Bear!—under favour, young gentleman, I am the bear-leader;—being appointed your tutor.

Dick. And what can you teach me?

Pang. Prudence.—Don't forget yourself in sudden success.

—"Teenum habita."—Persius.—Hem!

Dick. Prudence, to a nobleman's son, with fifteen thou-

sand a year!

Pang. Don't give way to your passions.

Dick. Give way!—Zounds!—I'm wild;—mad!—You teach me!—Pooh!—I have been in London before, and know it requires
no teaching to be a modern fine gentleman. Why, it all lies
on a nut-shell:—sport a curricle—walk Bond Street—play
at Faro—get drunk—dance reels—go to the opera—cut off
your tail—pull on your pantaloons—and there's a buck of
the first fashion in town for you.—Damme! d'ye think I do-
n't know what's going?

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

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

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

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

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

Dick. To be sure they are. 'Tis the way that half the
prig parsons, who educate us Honourables, jump into fat liv-
ings.

Fang. 'Tis well they jump into something fat, at last,
for they must wear all the flesh off their bones in the pro-
cess.
Dick. Come, now, tutor, go you and call the waiter.

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

Dick. Ay, let us understand one another, doctor.—My father, I take it, comes down handsomely to you, for your management of me?

Pang. My lord has been liberal.

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

Pang. Double my—

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

Pang. Double my pay!—say no more—Done. "Actum est."—Terence.—Hem!—Waiter! (Bawling.) God, I've reached the right reading at last!

"I've often wish'd that I had, clear,

For life, six hundred pounds a year—"

Swift.—Hem! —Waiter!

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

Enter Waiter.

Pang. Waiter!—Here, put all the Honourable Mr. Dowlas's clothes and linen into his father's, Lord Duberly's chariot.

Waiter. Where are they all, sir?

Pang. All wrapt up in the Honourable Mr. Dowlas's pocket handkerchief. (Exit Waiter with Bundle.)
Dick. See 'em safe in, doctor, and I'll be with you directly.

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

"I've often wish'd that I had, clear,
For life,----"

Dick. Nay, nay, don't be so slow.

Pang. Swift.--Hem!--I'm gone. (Exit.)

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

Enter Zekiel.

Zek. Well, I hasn't been long.

Dick. No, you are come in time enough, in all conscience.

(Coolly.)

Zek. Cicely ha' gotten the place.--I be e'on almost stark wild wi' joy.--Such a good-natured young madam!--'Why, you don't seem pleased, man:--sure, and sure, you be glad of our good fortune, Dick?

Dick. --Dick!--'Why, what do you--Oh! but he doesn't know, yet, that I am a lord's son. --I rejoice to hear of your success, friend Zekiel.

Zek. Why, now, that's hearty. -- But, oh!--'Why, you look mortal heavy and lumpish, Dick. No bad tidings, since we ha' been out, I hope?

Dick. Oh, no!
Zek. Eh?—Let's ha' a squint at you. Cd rabbit it, but summut have happened.—You have seen your father, and things ha' gone crooseish.—Who have been here, Dick?

Dick. Only a gentleman, who had the honour of being deput-ed ambassador from my father.

Zek. What a dickens, an ambassador!—Fish, now you be a queering body.—An ambassador, sent from an old chandler, to Dick Dowles, Lawyer Laltit's clerk?—Come, that be a good one, pegs!

Dick. Dick Dowles! and Lawyer's clerk!—Sir, the gentle-man came to inform me that my father, by being proved next of kin to the late lord, is now Lord Duberly; by which means I am now the Honourable Mr. Dowles.

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

Dick. My father's estate is fifteen thousand a-year.

Zek. Mercy on us!—you ha' tal'en away my breath!

Dick. Well, Zekiel, Cis and you shall hear from me soon.

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

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

Zek. You do seem a little flustrated with these tidings,
Dick.--I--I should be loth to think our kindness was a-cooling.

Dick. Oh, no!--rely on my protection.

Zek. Why, look ye, Dick Douglas:--as to protection, and all that, we ha' been old friends; and, if I should need it from you, it be no more nor my right to expect it, and your business to give it me:--but, Cicely ha' gotten a place, and I ha' hands and health, to get a livelihood. Fortune, good or bad, tries the man, they do say; and, if I should hap to be made a lord to-morrow, (as who can say what may betide, since they ha' made one out of an old Chandler)--

Dick. Well, sir, and what then?

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

Dick. You mistake me, Zekiel. I--I--I'd death! I'm quite confounded!--I'm trying to be as fashionable, here, as my neighbours, but nature comes in, and knocks it all on the head. (Aside.) Zekiel, give me your hand.

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

Dick. You're a kind soul, Zekiel. I regard you sincerely; I love Cicely, and--damn it, I'm going too far, now, for a lord's son. Pride and old friendship are, now, fighting in me, till I am almost bewildered. (Aside.) You shall hear from me in a few hours.--Good by'e, Zekiel;--good by'e! (Exit.)
Zek. I don't know what ails me, but I be almost ready to cry.--Dick be a high-mentbled youth, and this news ha' put him a little beside himself.--I shou'd make a bit of allowance. His heart, I do think, be in the right road; and when that be the case, he be a hard judge that won't pardon an old friend's spirits, when they do carry him a little way out on't. 

(Exit.)
Act the Third.

Scene 1.

An Hotel.

Enter Henry Morland, Stedfast, and a Waiter r.

Waiter. These are the apartments, gentleman.

Henry. They will do. Leave us.

Waiter. Would you choose any refreshment, gentleman?--Our hotel provides dinners.

Sted. No chattering:--we have business--(Exit Waiter.)

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

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

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

Henry. Truce to the so reflections, now, my dear Stedfast; --they do your heart honour; but mine is filled with a thousand apprehensions. My father.--Caroline--

Sted. A father, a mistress! Duty and love.--That's a slow fire, and a fierce blaze; --and, doubt burning the bellows upon them, --'tis enough to sear a young soul to cinders.

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

Sted. Ay, now make yourself miserable.--A young mind is too soon sanguine, and, therefore, too soon depressed.

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

Sted. Eh!—there is one reason, indeed, that--

Henry. You alarm me!—What can that be?

Sted. That they have never received them.

Henry. Impossible!

Sted. Nothing more likely. Consider, your last letter, from Quebec, told your father, Lord Duberly, that you had arranged all the business which had called you there, and that, in three days, you should embark for England.

Henry. Well, then he never angered.

Sted. That I can't tell.--Perhaps not. Most people
think it somewhat superfluous to write to a correspondent at Quebec, after he has left the place.

Henry. Pshaw!—I'm bewildered.—But, since—

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

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

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

Henry. Yet humanity, Stedfast—

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

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

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

Henry. May it prove so!—But, let me hasten to my father’s, and clear my doubts.

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

Henry. But for what purpose?

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

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

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

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

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

Sted. Ay, ay! I see, I see!—Grand and stiff, but of sterling value, like an old-fashioned silver candle-stick.—Well, I'll soon bring you an account of my embassy.

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

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

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

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

(Exeunt.)
Scene 2.

An Apartment in Lord Duberly's House.

Lady Duberly and Dr. Pangloss, discovered.

Lady D. And, how does my lord come on with his learning, doctor?

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

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

Pang. Time may do much.—But, as to my lord, every body hasn't your ladyship's exquisite elegance. —"Upon my soul, a lie."—Shakespeare.—Hem! (Aside.)

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

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

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

Pang. An extraordinary instance of mildness!

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

Pang. Our readings will be various.—Logic, Ethics, and Mathematics; History, Foreign and Domestic; Geography, Ancient
Lady D. Bless me!—'tis enough to batter the poor boy's brains to a mummy.

Pang. "A little learning—"

Lady D. Little!—a load!

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

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

Pang. What may your ladyship mean?

Lady D. Mean?—Why, dancing, to be sure.

Pang. Dancing?—Dr. Pangloss, the philosopher, teach to dance?

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

Pang. This is a damned barbarous old woman! (Aside.) With submission to your ladyship, my business is with the head, and not the heels, of my pupil.

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

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

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

Pang. Her ladyship, I perceive, is paramount.--"Dux foemina
facti."--Virgil.--[Aside.] (Aside.)

Lady D. What's your pay hero, Mr. Twister?

Pang. Three hundred pounds per annum;--that is--six--no,
three--no--say--no matter;--the rest is between me and Mr. Dow-
las. (Aside.)

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

Pang. Double it!--What, again!--Nine hundred per annum!
(Aside.) I'll take it.--"Your hand; a covenant."--Shakespeare.
--Hem!--Zounds!--I've got beyond the reading at last!

"I've often wish'd that I had, clear,
for life,"-- (Lord D. speaks without.)

--I hear, my lord--

"--Nine hundred pounds a-year."

Swift.--Hem!

Enter Lord Duberly, and Dick Dowlas.

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

Pang. Accidentally, my lord, would be better.

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

Pang. Dress,--not rig--unless metaphorically.

Lord D.--Tell,--to dress out--why, wo--humph! Doctor, don't
bother.—In short, we popped Dick into ’em; and, Twist says, they hit to a hair.

Dick. Yes, they are quite the dandy:—aren’t they, mother? This is all the go, they say!—cut straight, that’s the thing: --square waist—wrap over the knee—and all that.—Slouch is the word, now, you know.

Lady D. Exceedingly genteel, I declare! Turn about, Dick;—they don’t pinch, do they?

Dick. Oh, no!—just as if I’d been measured.

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

Dick. That’s the fashion, father;—that’s modern ease.—Young Vats, the beau brewer, from the Borrough, brought it down last Christmas, to Castleton. A young fellow is nothing, now, without the Rond-Street roll, a tooth-pick between his teeth, and his knuckles cram’d into his coat-pocket.—Then, away you go, lounging lazily along—Ah, Tom!—What, Will;—rolling away, you see!—How are you, Jack?—What, my little belly!—That’s the way, isn’t it, mother?

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

Lord D. Is it?—Grace must have got plaguey limber, and lopt, of late,—There’s the last Lord Daberley’s father, done in our dining-room, with a wig as wide as a wash-tub, and stuck up stiff as a poker. He was one of your tip-tops, too, in his time, they tell me;—he carried a gold stick before George the First.
Lady D. Yes; and looks, for all the world, as straight as if he had swallowed it.

Lord D. No matter for that, my lady. What signifies dignity without its crackerishick? A man should know how to demean himself when he is as rich as Pluto.

Pang. Plutus, if you please, my lord.--Pluto, no doubt, has disciples, and followers of fashion; Plutus is the ruler of riches:—"Διδυμος μενελαυρ ευσάρε,"--Isaac. --Hem!

Lord D. There, Dick!--d'ye hear how the tutor talks?--od rabbit it!--he can indite you out Latin by the quart; and grunts Greek like a pig.--I've gin him three hundred a-year, and settled all he's to larn you. --Ha'nt I, doctor?

Pang. Certainly, my lord. --"Thrice to thine"--

Dick. Yes, we know all about that. Don't we, doctor?

Pang. Decidedly,--"and thrice to thine"--

Lady D. Ay, ay;--clearly understood. Isn't it, doctor?

Pang. Undoubtedly. --"And thrice again to wake up nine."--Shakespeare. --Hem! (These three quotations aside.)

Enter John.

John. A card, my lord. The gentleman waits in the eating-room, and wishes to see your lordship, on particular business.

(Gives a card.)

Lord D. Hunter Stedfast!--never heard of the name. --Curses no, my lad, tell him, I'll be with him in the twinkling of a bed-post. (Exit John.)

Lady D. I shall go with your lordship through the gallery; for I must dress, to attend Lady Betty.
Lord D. Come along, then, my lady. --Dick, go with the tutorer; he'll give you a lesson in my library. Plenty of learning there. I promise you, I was looking at it, all of a row, this here very morning. There's all Horace's Operas, doctor, --and such a sight of French books! --but, I see by the backs, they are all written by Tom.--Come along, my lady.

(Exeunt Lord and Lady Duberly.)

Pang. On what subject, Mr. Dowlas, shall we commence our reconnaissances this evening?

Dick. Tell 'em to light up the billiard-room.--We'll knock about the balls a little.

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

Dick. Do you know any thing of the game?

Pang. I know how to pocket, young gentleman.

Dick. So do most tutors, doctor.

Pang. If I could but persuade you to peep into a classic--

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

Pang. Are you? --I'm dumb. --"Mannon leads me on." --Hilton.

--Hem! --I follow. (Exeunt.)

Scene 3.

Another Apartment in Lord Duberly's House.

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

Enter John.

John. My lord's compliments, sir, and he'll be with you
in the twinkling of a bed-post. (Exit.)

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

Enter Lord Duberly.

Your lordship's most obedient servant. (Bows.)

Lord D. (Bow'ing vulgarly.) Sir, you're kindly welcome.

Sted. Kindly welcome!—Condescending, at least; but not
quite so dignified as I expected. (Aside.) I am a rough trav-
eller, my lord, ungifted with your lordship's flow of diction;
and, having real business, I trust, that, without further pre-
face, it may plead my apology.

Lord D. Ay, ay, business is business;—and words, you know,
butter no parsnips.

Sted. Butter no parsnips!—Why, he's sneering at my plain-
ness;—or, I have mistaken the person—or—I have the honour,
I think, of addressing Lord Duberly?

Lord D. To be sure you have; as sure as eggs is eggs.—
Come, take a chair, muster. —M'emayhap you may choose a morsel
of summit?

Stod. Not a thing; I--

Lord D. Don't say no.--A drop of wine, now.--or a sneaker

of punch, or--

Stod. Nothing, my lord--I am thunderstruck! (Aside.)

Lord D. Well, now then, for this here bit of business.

Stod. I have had some fears, my lord, that I might be too

abrupt in the disclosure; but since this introduction--

Lord D. Oh, rot it! I was never for no long rigmaroles,

not I!--An honest man's meaning needs no flourishes. Honesty

is like a piece of English roast-bee2, Muster Stedfast; it

lacks little garnish; and, the plainer, the more palatable.

--That's my sentiment.

Stod. I admire your sentiment, my lord;--but I can't say

much for your language. (Aside.) --I must inform your lord-

ship, that no great length of time has elapsed since I left--

do not be agitated--Quebec, in America.

Lord D. A Yankee Doodle, mayhap?

Stod. A Yankee doo---! --I am not an American, my lord.

(Rises.)

Lord D. No offence to you;--but seeing you have got a

tawnyish tinge, (Rises.) I thought you might be a little out-

landish.

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

say that I am an Englishman; but I should suppose any person,

recently arriving from the country I have named, must sensibly

interest your feelings.
Lord D. Interest me—Why, what's he at?—If I seem not to understand, now, I shall make some plaguy hole in my manners, I warrant. (Aside.)

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

Lord D. Then it's the fashion, I find, for a peer to be in a pucker when any body comes from Quebec, in America. (Aside.)

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

Lord D. Since that?—No, to be sure.—Why, Lord love you, he set out directly after it, on purpose to come.

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

Lord D. Fellow-passengers?—No, not I,—neither inside nor out.

Sted. Inside or out?—'Tis plain, however, that we are all supposed to have gone to the bottom. (Aside.)—Know then, my lord,—I was his fellow-passenger.

Lord D. Was you?—You are just come up, then, it seems.

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

Lord D. Well, well, that's no matter of mine.—Your fate may have laid another way, to be sure, as you say.
Sted. Another way!—Zounds! he can't dare to insinuate that I was born to be hanged. (Aside.)—He appears the most ignorant, unfeeling—Hear me, my lord—Has your son ever been dear to you?

Lord D. Blaguy dear, indeed, Master Stedfast.—Only ask Dr. Fangloss.

Sted. An intimate, I suppose, to whom your lordship has unburdened your mind in private?

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

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

Lord D. I hired him o' purpose.

Sted. Hired him!—Hired a philosopher to console him for the death of his son! Delicacy is superfluous here, I see.

(Aside.)—In short, my lord, I come to inform you that your son, lost as he has been to the world, has newly and unexpectedly entered into life.

Lord D. Well, and what then?

Sted. What then!—The brutal apathy, in this post of a peer, makes me ready to beat him. (Aside.)—Why, then, he has this day arrived in town:—here, —in this very metropolis.

Lord D. Why, what signifies a cock and a bull story about what I know already?

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

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

Lord D. That there chap's mad.—He has put me all of a twitter. If my lady had happened to be here, I'm sure she'd have perspired with fear.—John!

Enter John.

John. My lord!

Lord D. Has the porter let out that there man?

John. Yes, my lord.

Lord D. Never let him clap his damned ugly mug into these here doors again.—He's as mad as any poor soul under a statue of lunacy.—Shut the doors, d'ye hear.-(Exit Servant.)

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

Scene 4.

Another Apartment in Lord Duberly’s House.

Enter Dick Dowlas and Zekiel Homespun.
Dick. Well, but at this unseasonable time, to--
Zek. I cou'dn't help it, Dick.
Dick. 'Tisn't the fashion to pay a visit at this time in
the evening.--Who let you in?
Zek. Why, a fat man in the hall, that popped out of a
leather chair that comes all over his head like a tub.
Dick. The porter, I suppose.
Zek. Belike it was.--He has tassels a'top of his shoulders;
and a sight of binding that looks like parsley and butter,
about his waistcoat.
Dick. But why did you come now?
Zek. Why, I do tell ye, I was uneasy about ye, Dick.--I
cou'dn't ha' staid away, if I was to be hanged for it. You
did promise to meet us this afternoon.
Dick. I have been prevented. We young fellows of fashion
can't answer for our hours.
Zek. Ah! Dick, London fashions and friendship, I do fear,
do seldom long go cheek by jowl.--I ha' just left Cicely at
the place.
Dick. Well, and what of her, Zekiel?
Zek. Poor soul! she ha' been sobbing ready to burst her
heart.
Dick. Cicely in tears!--for what?
Zek. All along o' you, man. You did promise to come; and
she do tell me she ne'er know'd you break your word till you
were made a gentleman. I said all I cou'd think of to comfort
her.
Dick. Well, and what did you say?

Zek. Why, I told her that you had always dealt fair and open with her till now; --and, if you could be honest to her when you were a lawyer, there might be some hope of your being so now, even though you be made an honourable.

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

Zek. Plan! --why, the plan be settled already, you do know. She be in place, and--

Dick. Psha!--In place will never do. I have a liking for her, you know; and, when--

Zek. A liking!

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

Zek. It can't disgrace one of us, Dick.--A good girl, who have lost her parent's support, and do get her bread in honest industry, be a pride, instead of a disgrace, to any that loves her, you so know.

Dick. I didn't mean that--I--

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

Dick. Why, look you, Zekiel. You are a well-meaning lad--

Zek. Ay, and so be you, Dick. I ware getting a bit tiffish wi' you at the Blue Bear. I did think sudden pride were
going to turn you topsey-turvy. --I was angry at myself a'\textit{ter}-
wards;--but I do beg your pardon--heartily, my good friend,
--faith, heartily.

Dick. May, hear me;--'tis fit we should understand one
another; which we do not seem to do at present.

Zek. Don't us!--Good! I should be grieved at that, Dick.

Dick. Listen to me;--My situation, you see, is much alter-
ed.

Zek. Woundily, indeed! Here be a house!--and what a brave
coot you ha' gotten on, Dick.

Dick. No matter;--but there are situations in the world,
Zekiel, that do not always tally. Chance may remove one man
so far from another, in the rank of life, that, though their
good\-will may continue the same, custom requires that they
should not live exactly--mind, I say,--not exactly,--on the
same footing.

Zek. I see what you be a\-driving at, Dick:--I see it;--
I did fear it all along. Well, well, I--I do know I ben't
company for a lord's son;--but, when a lord was once a chand-
ler, I thought, indeed--no matter. Bless me, Dick;--I shall
always wish thee well!

Dick. Nay, nay, I don't mean that we should separate. On
the contrary, I wish we may be closer in friendship than e\textit{ver}.

Zek. Ah, Dick! I have loved thee--I'd ha' parted with my
last farthing to--no matter.

Dick. There is no occasion to take it in this manner. We
may both be rich--both happy, Zekiel:--but you know how impos-
ible it is for the son of a peer to marry your sister.
Zek. Ay, ay, I do see it;--it be all over.

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

Zek. I don't understand ye, Dick.

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

Zek. Oh, now I do understand ye. You be a rascal.--Ods flesh!--I shall choke.--A damned rascal!--Keep out o' my way, or I may do ye a mischief.

Dick. Nay, but--

Zek. Dick, Dick!--Had a stranger done this, I'd ha' knock'd him down: but, for a dear friend to turn traitor---(Bursts into Tears.)----Damme, it's too much;--I can't stand it!

Dick. Well, but only hear me--

Zek. I ha' heard too much already. Rot it! I be ashamed to be such a blubberer;--but the greatest shame do light upon you.

Dick. I begin to feel that it does, Zekiel. (Abashed.)

Zek. And well you may. If it be the part of a lord's son to stab his friend to the heart by robbing his sister of her honesty, much good may do you wi' your grandeur. But let me tell your grandeur this, Mr. Dowlas:--You do not know some'at (little onew to be sure) of the law; --and the law of the
do make no difference 'twixt a peer and a ploughman.--If you
do dare to hurt Cicely, the law shall lay you flat in the first
place, and my ploughman's flat will lay you flat in the second:
and so, my service to you. 

(Exit.)

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

(Exit.)
Act the Fourth.

Scene 1.

Caroline's Lodgings.

Zekiel and Cicely Homespun, discovered, seated.

(Cicely crying, and leaning on Zekiel.)

Zek. Do ye, do ye cheer up a bit, sister Cicely! Don't ye take on so;--don't ye, now!
Cicely. O, Zekiel!--For certain my poor heart will break.
Zek. Don't ye say so, Cicely; for that would go nigh to break mine.
Cicely. I never will give ear to a lover's vows again, as long as I do breathe.
Zek. Ay, that be what all the girls do say, over and over.
Cicely. A base, perjury man!
Zek. That he be.--He ha' stung me to the quick.--A viper!--and to offer to abuse you!--Damn him!--

(Rises.)

Cicely. Oh! don't you say that of him, Zekiel. I can't bear that, though he has been so cruel to me.
Zek. Then pluck up a bit of a spirit now:--pray you do. You ha' gotten a good place, you do know; and things will go well enough, I warrant us. How dost like madam; eh, Cicely?
Cicely. Purely!--she is so tender and kind to me, Zekiel.--Heigho!
Zek. Come, dry your eyes, now, Cicely. I be main glad to hear madam be so good to you. What did you do after I left
you last night?

Cicely. Why, I was but poorly, Zekiel.--I had been crying, you know.

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

Cicely. And when Madam Caroline saw it, she was so kind and so comfortable to me!

Zek. Was she?--good soul!

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

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

Cicely. Dear, I hear her in next room!--She is up; and if she should catch us here--There now!

Enter Caroline.

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

Cicely. Thank you, madam.

Zek. Thank you, very kindly, madam.

Car. Oh! your brother, I see.

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

Car. Offence; honest friend. To merit and receive the thanks of the poor is one of the heart's best gratifications.

Zek. She be main good-natured, indeed! I--I had a --a
little bit of a favour to ask, madam.

Car. What is it, friend?

Zek. Why, here be a scrap of paper, here; --it ware poor father's. If you would be pleased to tell me if it be worth any thing now it be so old. (Giving it.)

Car. It is worth inquiring after. -- 'Tis an old lottery ticket. (Returning it.)

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

Car. A good-day, friend.

Zek. (Apart to Cicely.) Fluck up a spirit, do ye now, Cicely. -- Gi' me a buss. -- There now, let that comfort ye, a bit. -- I'll call by an bye. -- A good day to you, madam. (Exit.)

Car. You do not look recovered yet, Cicely.

Cicely. I shall be better in time, if you please, madam. Car. Come, child, you must not give way to low spirits. Your situation is new to you, indeed; but this is fickle world is full of changes, Cicely.

Cicely. (Crying.) Oh, dear me! -- Sure enough this world is full of fickleness and change!

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

Cicely. I must cry, if you please, madam. -- I can't help it! -- Indeed, I can't.

Car. Poor girl! -- Does any thing press heavy on your mind, Cicely?

Cicely. Ye--yes, madam.

Car. What is it? -- Is it in my ability to relieve you?
Cicely. Oh, no, madam.—'Tis quite out of your power to
give me what I have lost.
Car. Lost, child!—Have you lost any thing since you
came to London?
Cicely. Yes, madam.
Car. Your clothes?—or a parcel?—or—
Cicely. No, madam.
Car. What then, child?
Cicely. A young man, madam.
Car. Lost a young man, Cicely!
Cicely. He was once the truest hearted youth! Lawyer
Latitat's clerk, of our town, if you please, madam.—We were
to be married,—brother was agreeable to it,—and now he has
bassely left me:—and all because he has grown rich and great.
Car. What, since last night?—that is somewhat sudden,
indeed!
Cicely. Ay, I should as soon have looked to be queen, as
to think my Dick would be made a lord's son.
Car. Made a lord's son!—How, Cicely?
Cicely. I don't know how they make lord's sons, madam;—
but his father has had a good fortune by a death; and so Dick
is now son to Lord Duberly.
Car. Lord Duberly!—Good Heaven!—how that name agitates
me!—The—-the present Lord Duberly, you mean, Cicely?
Cicely. Yes, if you please, madam.—The last lord—Zekiel
heard it all from the porter—the last lord's son was drown-
ed at sea, they say.—Perhaps you may have heard on't, madam?
Car. I have—-I have, indeed, Cicely! (Agitated.)
Cicely. Oh, dear!—aren't you well, madam?

Car. Yes—'tis nothing, Cicely.—And so your lover, my poor wench, has deserted you?

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

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

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

Enter Kendrick, hastily.

Ken. Och, Miss Caroline!

Car. Well, Kendrick!

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

Car. Why, what's the matter?

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

Car. To be sure:—for there lies the little which I now possess, Kendrick.

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

Car. Good Heaven!—you alarm me! — Surely the house has not failed?

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

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

Car. Then, indeed, I am completely ruined!

Cicely. (Running up to her.) No, don't you say so, madam!

(Caroline sinks on a chair.)

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

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

Ken. What, have you money?

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

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

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

Ken. Oh, oh, oh!

Cicely. Dear, I hope, I haven't given madam offence, by what I said.

Ken. No, my sweet one!—you're a little cherubim, in a
mob-cap.--What will I do now?--'Faith, I haven't a brother, nor a nephew, nor a cousin-german, nor a father, nor any little bit of a kinsman left, to assist in this botheration.--Come, little one!--There's my watch, and my buckles, and my--By my soul, I'd pledge myself, if the pawn-broker would lend me any thing upon me. (Exit.)

Scene 2.

The Hotel.

Enter Henry Morland and Stedfast.

Sted. Be more yourself, Henry.--Firmness, in the moment of disappointment--

Henry. Disappointment!--'Tis torture; --it racks me.--Caroline fled, no one knows whither;--unprotected!--perhaps, exposed to want, too!--to biting penury!--The account, though confused, whichI gathered, last night, from the unfeeling wretch in possession of the late Mr. Dormer's house----Why not have gone to my father's?--Caroline might, there, have relied on an asylum.

Sted. Umph!--perhaps not.

Henry. Oh, Stedfast! how little you know of my worthy father's heart!

Sted. Yet, I have had a specimen.

Henry. Why did you prevent me from going to him, last night?

Sted. After the ill news you had just received at the late--
Sted. After the ill news you had just received at the late Mr. Dormer's, your mind was too much agitated for such an encounter.

Henry. Well, well,--you see I followed your commands. You rule me as a child, Stedfast.--I went to bed--but not to rest!--Why wouldn't you, then, explain any thing?

Sted. You were unfit to hear any thing:--you were almost distracted. 'Twas sufficient, that I sent word to Lord Duberly, that you would pay your duty to him to-day, after breakfast.

Henry. Well, but, you saw my father?

Sted. I did.

Henry. And he received you with that complacency so friendly a messenger deserved?

Sted. Why, to say the truth, I found none of that stately dignity about him which you led me to expect.

Henry. To you, of course, when you explained the purpose of your visit, he would throw that aside. The tenderness of the father softened the austerity of his habits; and his language came warm from the heart.

Sted. Upon my soul, 'Twould puzzle me to tell where his language came from:--but, to do him justice, (notwithstanding his harangues in the House of Peers, which you talked of,) his language was as little parliamentary, as any language I ever heard in my life.

Henry. Oh, yours was no meeting of formality!--Business, like yours, called for no pomp of words on either side.

Sted. Words!--no;--so his lordship seemed to think, when
he told me they buttered no parsnips.

Henry. My father!--you jest, sure.

Sted. Indeed, I do not:--and, I am afraid, my dear young friend, your ardent feelings have painted the parental affection of Lord Duberly in warmer colours than it merits.

Henry. Good Heaven!—What do you mean?

Sted. To be plain,—he received the account of his lost son's arrival, with more than coldness.

Henry. Oh! you mistook my dear father's manner.

Sted. Nothing could be less equivocal. He treated me with—but that doesn't signify. When I introduced myself, by informing him that I came from Quebec—

Henry. Ay, that must have excited his attention—. He made a thousand enquiries?

Sted. No, 'faith, only one.

Henry. What was that?

Sted. Pshaw!—trivial—more ribaldry.—Damn it, I'm ashamed, for his sake, and yours, to mention it.

Henry. Nay, nay,—I entreat you, tell me.

Sted. Why, he asked if—pshaw!—if I was a Yankee Doodle, if you must have it.

Henry. You astonish me!

Sted. Not more than I was astonished.—In short, instead of finding the fond, anxious, agitated father, I met a man, reckless of his child's fate; and treating the friend, who brought the news of his son's preservation, with levity and insult.
Henry. Impossible! 'tis not in his nature.

Sted. Nay, even with buffoonery.

Henry. Take care, Stedfast!—you may have misconceived;—but I must not have my father's character made an ill-timed sport.

Sted. Nay, 'tis sportive enough in itself, for that matter.

Henry. Sportive!

Sted. Yes,—beyond comprehension. He deals in witchcraft, it seems;—for, he was even jocular enough to tell me, that he had a familiar, in the shape of a Blue Boar, who had given him intelligence of your arrival.—I confess, I was shocked.

Henry. As I am, Mr. Stedfast; shocked at your attempt, in a moment like this, to trifle with the feelings of a friend, and endeavor to sully a venerable character, too well established to be tainted by the breath of misrepresentation.

Sted. Why,—zounds!—I tell you that Lord Duberly—

Henry. Lord Duberly, sir, is as incapable of the conduct and language you have described, as I am incapable of hearing you, without resentment.

Sted. Resentment!—You are warm, Mr. Morland.

Henry. I have reason, sir.—Look at the man;—look at Lord Duberly;—his very countenance contradicts the assertion.

Sted. Why, I don't know. I believe, since you say it, that gentleman was once written legibly on his brow; but, damme if time has not scratched out the writing, as thoroughly as ever writing was scratched out in the world.

Henry. This conduct of yours shall not go unpunished, Mr.
Stedfast.

Sted. Unpunished, young man!

Henry. No, by Heaven!—Such a gross aspersion of my good and worthy father shall be answered with the life of that man—

Sted. Who lately saved yours, Henry!

Henry. Mr. Stedfast, I—I—

Sted. Young man, 'tis well for us that winters enough have passed over my head to make my blood flow in a temperate current. Did it run riot, like yours, we might now be cutting one another's throats.—Would it please you, think you, to have done me that office?

Henry. Please me!—it makes me shudder.

Sted. Yet, this, now, is what the world calls satisfaction. —I trust, I am as little daunted with the big words, and a stern look, as most men; but the truest courage, Henry, is founded on reason;—and, were the head oftener permitted to check the passions of the heart, there would be fewer fatal encounters, on foolish causes, and the peace of many a parent, wife, and child, might remain unbroken.

Henry. Oh, Stedfast!—the man who reasons thus, could, surely, never mean to sport with my anxieties.—There must be some mistake.—Pray, pardon me,—and accompany me to my father's.—Assist me in unravelling this mystery, which confounds me.—Can you forgive my heat?

Sted. From the very bottom of my heart, Henry; for, however rash in itself, the impulse was filial piety; and that, with me, will amply excuse it.

(Exeunt.)
Scene 3.

The Street.

Enter Dick Dowlas and Dr. Pangloss.

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

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

Dick. What's that to you?

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

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

Pang. A gig!--Umph;--that's an Eton phrase:--the West-ministers call it, quiz.

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

Pang. I'm not proud of the post.--Take my counsel, and drop the pursuit. "Refrain, desist,--Desine."--Terence.--Hem!

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

Pang. Yet, confessing our faults, Mr. Dowlas--

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

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

Dick. Well, what do they say?

Pang. "They say Jove laughs."--Shakespeare.--Hem!--Phaon left Sappho; Theseus, Ariadne; Demophoon, Phyllis; Aeneas, Dido;--

Dick. Oh, damn Dido!

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

Dick. Well, we need not go so far for examples.--Now, knock at the door.

Pang. Double?

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

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

Dick. And, when 'tis given, get out of the way for a while.

Pang. My constant custom, on such an occasion. (Knocks at the door.) There's the thorough thump of a creditor.

"I never heard it but I ran away upon instinct." --Shakespeare.

--Hem!

(.Exit.)

Enter Cicely at the Door.--Dick is with his Back towards her.

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

Dick. My dear Cicely, I—

Cicely. Oh, Dick! Dick!— (Cries, and falls into his arms.)

Dick. I cannot bear this. Your tears go to my very soul,

Cicely.

Cicely. 'Tis you have been the cause of them. You have almost cut my poor heart in two.

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

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

Dick. Oh! I deserve all your reproaches.

Cicely. If I had come to fortune, and you had been poor, Dick, I would have flown to you, and cheered you in your poverty; --I would have shared all my joys with you, and told you, that riches could never change my heart.

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

Cicely. Oh, no, Dick!—My lot is very humble, but I scorn the gold that would buy my honesty. We must never meet any more:—but, indeed, indeed, I do truly wish you may be prosperous, though you sought my ruin. Bless you, Dick!—and, if ever poor Cicely comes into your mind, think, that she prays to Heaven to forgive you, for trying to harm her innocence, whose greatest blessing would have been to make you happy. (Going.)
Dick. Stay—stay, and hear me, I entreat you! I come to sue for pardon;—I come in repentance, Cicely.

Cicely.—And do you repent?

Dick. I do, most eagnostly.

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

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

Cicely. Your hand?—I shall be able to speak soon.—Oh, Dick!

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

Cicely. These are not like the tears I shed a while ago. They are tears of joy, Dick.——(Bell rings.) Hark! I am called.

Dick. One moment!—Tell me you forgive me.

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

Dick. I shall be ashamed to meet him again, Cicely.
Cicely. Oh! I will tell him all;--and--(Bell rings again)
---Hark! I am called again.
Dick. Adieu!--I will see you very, very soon.--Farewell.
Cicely. Good b'ye, and--
Dick. One kiss, and--Good b'ye! (Exit Cicely.)--That one kiss of lovely virtue is worth a million times more than all the blandishments that wealth and luxury can purchase. Where the devil now is the doctor?--I am brimful of joy, and I have nobody to communicate my--

Enter Pangloss.

Oh! you are returned. Embrace me, doctor!

Pang. Embrace you!
Dick. Open wide thy arms, in friendly congratulation, and embrace, you prig of a tutor, the happiest fellow in Christendom!

(They embrace.)

Pang. Bless me!--Why, we're in the middle of the street. Decorum, Mr. Dowlas,--

Dick. Damn decorum!--I'm out of my senses.

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

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

Pang. Married!--Mercy on me!--Then he is mad, indeed;--"Tribus Antiocyris caput insanabile."--Horace. --Hem!--Consider the--
Dick. Pshaw!—I have no time to—Come,—come with me to my father's, I'll explain all to him, and—

Pang. Only reflect on—

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

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

Dick. Foot it.—"Over the hills and far away." (Singing.)

Pang. I wish I were far away, with all my heart.

Dick. Dance—dance! or, damme, I cut off your three hundred a-year in a twinkling.

Pang. Will you? Oh, then—"A flourish of trumpets."—

Shakespeare.—Hem!—"Over the hills and far away!"

(Exeunt, Hand in Hand, dancing and singing.)
Act the Fifth.

Scene 1.

A Street.

Enter Kendrick.

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

(Enter Henry Morland and Stedfast.)

Sted. Nay, nay, be patient, Henry!

Henry. My dear friend, 'tis impossible!—The blow is too great.—So good, so kind a father, lost!—and his death so strangely explained to me!—Indeed, indeed, Stedfast, my spirit is now almost broken.
Ken. I can't see their faces now; but, sure, these two must be a rich man, that won't lend, and a borrower; for one is trotting about in great distress, and 't'other stands as cool as a cucumber.

Sted. Come, come, Henry; --the encounter has been a strange one, 'tis true; and the shock sudden; when you entered a father's house, and prepared to leap into a father's arms, to meet that low wretch, who has caused all our mistakes, was, indeed--

Henry. Oh, it distracts me!--So many things are floating in my disordered mind, I---

Sted. But, 'tis necessary you should be collected, now; --absolutely necessary. You must do speedy justice to yourself;--to the memory of your departed father. How come you not to discover yourself to that lump of ignorance, who has jumped into your inheritance?

Henry. I was staggered.--I heard enough from him to unravel all; and 'tis well, perhaps, we withdrew so abruptly. I might have done something rash at the moment. Oh, Stedfast, I shall sink under it!

Sted. For shame, Henry!--Die on this weakness!--Sink under it!--Decent sorrow for a near loss is amiable;--and modest Nature never looks more lovely than when the filial tear steals gently on the tomb of a parent:--but desparate grief outrages manhood and religion;--for, in the trials which we are all born to undergo, Henry, the man, and the Christian, forgets his duty to Providence, and to himself, when he loses his resignation, and his fortitude.
Henry. You are an able and a kind counsellor, my friend!

—I will endeavor to be more firm.

Sted. Come, let us get back to our hotel.—You may, there,

compose yourself.

Ken. (Gets up.) So, having taken a rest, I'll go home,

with my bad news, to console poor Miss Caroline.

(Coming forward.)

Henry. I cannot be mistaken in that face.—Kendrick!

Ken. Eh?—Why sure it can't be!—Sure, my old eyes are

so bad, that I see what's invisible!

Henry. It is he. —(Running to him.)—Oh, Kendrick, my

good old man!—tell me, where, where is my Caroline?

Ken. Och, 'Faith, 'tis himself!—'tis himself!—'tis him-

self!—safe, sound, and dry, without a wet rag about him!

Henry. But, inform me, my honest Kendrick, of—

Ken. Hubbaboo! hubbaboo! hubbaboo! Och, I'll go wild!—

I'll go mad!—Don't speak to me yet, my dear, sweet, Mr. Hen-

ry!—Och, good luck to the day when your honour walked ashore,

after you were drowned!

Henry. But tell me, Kendrick, of—

Ken. Yes, I'll tell you—I'll tell you of—Och! upon my

soul, you must wait a bit.—I believe I've been drowned my-

self, for the salt-water runs out of my eyes by pails-full.

Sted. Poor fellow!—An old servant of Mr. Dormer's, I

perceive.

Henry. Well, now, speak, speak, Kendrick.—Only tell me,

—is Caroline safe?
Ken. Indeed, now, and she is.

Henry. Thank Heaven!—and, in London?

Ken. Yes, in this wide dirty town; and, big as it is, there isn't a thirteenth to be had, for love nor money, to help her out of her distress.

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

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

Sted. Honest fellow!

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

Ken. Conduct you?—'Faith, old as I am, I'll go hopping over all the kennels home, with you, as nimble as a jackdaw.

Henry. Come then, Stedfast!

Sted. Come, Henry; I'll see you to the door of Miss Dormer, and then I'll leave you:—and on this occasion, my dear friend, let me heartily congratulate you. Such an event as this comes most opportunely; and it may prove to you, Henry, that, in this chequered life of joy and sorrow, Providence has over some balm in store, to pour into the wounds which it inflicts; and that the worst of griefs may be assuaged, by the pitying Power who chastens us. (Exeunt.)
Scene 2.

An Apartment in Lord Duberly's House.

Enter Lord and Lady Duberly.

Lord D. But listen, my lady, to reason.

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

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

Lady D. I wonder, my lord, you can think of such a thing!—a peer's son marry a maid-servant!

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

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

Lord D. Nay, I'm sure, my lady, I didn't mean no disparagement to you;—for you was counted, on all hands, the best getter-up of small linen in our town.—Here's the doctor. —Let's ask his advice, in this here business.

Enter Doctor Pangloss.

Pray now, doctor—You must know we're in a bit of a quandary, doctor.
Pang. You lordship had better be in an uncertainty.

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

Pang. Walter; a Marquis of Lombardy.

Lord D. There, my lady!--The Marquis of Lombardy!--That's the place where all the poplars come from. He's a tip-top, I war'n't him. Mayhap you may have lit on him, in your visits, my lady?

Lady D. Frequently.

Pang. 'Tis false."--Rowe.--Hem! (Aside.)

Lady D. But you have heard nothing yet of the high tone, my lord.

Lord D. High tone!--Not it, I hear nothing else, but the high tone, when you're in the house, my lady.--And who did he marry, doctor?

Pang. Grizzle; a perfect pattern of patience;--daughter to his tenant, Jocelina; and--"This markis hath here espoused with a ring."--Chaucer.--Hem!

Lord D. There, my lady! What do you think of that?--Damn it, if the marquis espoused Grizzle, Dick may marry the maidservant.

Pang. My pupil!--Zounds, my salary!!--"Trenor occupat artus,"--Virgil.--Hem!--My income totters! (Aside.)

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

Pang. Yes, but I shall lose--.No, nothing:-- a lapsus
lingue.—One annuity gone with my pupil!—Then I've only clear, for life, "six hundred—"

Lady D. Doctor—

Pang. "Pounds a-year." —Swift.—Hem!—Hem!—Hem!

Lady D. (Apart to Pangloss.) You know, doctor, my three hundred stops the moment my son marries.

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

Enter Dick Doulas.

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

Lord D. Why, I can't tell, Dick. My lady seems betwixt and betweenish, as a body may say. But, it all depends upon her vouched.

(Dick takes his mother apart.)

Pang. Does it!—Oh, Jupiter, if ever contradiction crept into the bosom of a beauteous w oran, — "Mulier formosa."— —Horace.—Hem!—Stuff a double dose into that terrible old woman, and save the fortunes of Peter Pangloss!

Lady D. Well, but she is only a farmer's daughter, they say.—And what's a farmer, my dear?

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

Lord D. That's right, Dick.—Father's own son, to a hair.

—When I kep shop at Gosport, I—

Lady D. Rush, my lord!—Well, you—you were always my darling, you know, Dick; and I can't find in my heart to give
you a denial.

Fang. Can't you?--I wish you could find it in your tongue.
Six hundred a-year blown away by the breath of that sybil! 1/8.

(Aside.)

Dick. That's my good mother! you've made me so happy!--
--Zounds, I shall run mad!
Fang. Zounds! and so shall I.
Dick. A thousand thanks, my dear mother!--and my dear
father too!--I'll get as drunk, to-night, as--wish me joy,
docto'--wish me joy;--wish me joy a hundred times!
Fang. A hundred times! I feel, Mr. Dowlas, on this occa-
sion, six hundred times more than I know how to express.
Dick. And, if you would but indulge me, now, in letting
me conduct you to Ciculty--

Lor D D. Od rot it, my lady! let's humour Dick for once.
--The young ones loves to be cooing and building, you know.
Lady D. Why, the coach, I believe, is at the door, my
lord.

Lord D. Is it?--Shobs; then, my lady, let's bundle. 20.
Dick!--Come, doctor. Now, you mustn't make me ride backwards,
my lady; for, you know, I ha'n't been used to a coach, and
I shall certainly be qualmish if you do.--Come, my lady.

(Encount Lord and Lady Duberly.)

Dick. Come, doctor, we lose time.
Fang. Time? lose!--I've lost as pretty a pair of snug
annuities, as--Let me see,--take six from nine--
Dick. Why, doctor?
Pang. "And three remain," --Cocker.--Hem!
Dick. Come, come--'Tis late.
Pang. Only three.
Dick. Only three! Why, 'tis only twelve, man. But, come; if you don't attend to my father better, I can tell you he'll kick you and your three hundred a-year to the devil.
Pang. Will he? "O, for a horse with wings!" --Shakespeare.--Hem! --I fly, Mr. Dowlas. (Exeunt.)

Scene 3.

Caroline's Lodging.

Caroline and Cicely.

Cicely. Indeed, I truly hope you are better, madam.
Car. I have little reason to be so, Cicely.
Cicely. Oh, but I hope you have! --And, if the worst comes to the worst--But, I am almost ashamed to tell you, madam.
Car. Innocence, like yours, my good girl, can know nothing it should fear to reveal.
Cicely. Why, I needn't be much afraid, neither; for 'tis what a power of folks, both rich and poor, do all come to, at last.
Car. What is that, Cicely?
Cicely. Wedlock, madam.
Car. Indeed! --This is unexpected, after what you told me this morning.
Cicely. Ay, but you know, madam, as to wedlock, and all that, many things fall out between the cup and the lip, as they say.

Car. (Sighing.) 'Tis too true, indeed, Cicely!

Cicely. And, so, my Dick came to our door, madam;--'tis but a little while agone;--and his dear eyes were as full of tears!--and, you know, that was a pity, madam; for his eyes are so fine, and so blue, 'tis a shame any thing should spoil 'em.

Car. Well, Cicely?

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

Car. How, Cicely?

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

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

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

Car. Unkind to you, my good girl!--Oh, no! It would have touched me, sensibly, to have sent forth simplicity, like yours, unprotected. --But, hard necessity!--I rejoice, my good Cicely, rejoice sincerely, in your good fortunes.

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

Car. What is that? Cicely?

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

Car. Oh, impossible!—Speak freely.

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

Car. No more,—no more, Cicely!—I—

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

Car. Oh!—You have overpowered me! (Falls on Cicely's neck.) Oh, Heaven!—how pure are all thy creatures, endowed with reason, till worldly habits corrupt them!

Zekiel. (Without.) Tol, lol de rol, lol!

Car. What is that?

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

Enter Zekiel, capering and singing.

Zek. Tol, lol de rol, lol! Tol, lol de rol, lol!

Cicely. Why, Zekiel?—Why, you must be crazy, sure?

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

Cicely. Think where you are, brother. There's madam!

Zek. Rabbit it, madam, I do humbly crave your pardon;—but I
be in such a flurry--I ha' got--Tol, lol de rol, lol!

I ha' got twenty thousand pounds!

Cicely. My gracious!--Twenty thousand pounds!

Zek. Tol, lol de rol, lol!

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

Zek. I' the lottery, lass!--I' the lottery.--Let me take a bit of breath. --I do crave pardon, madam!--father's ticket--let me take a bit of--have some a prize of--a bit of breath--of--Dear, dear! Heaven send this luck do not set my simple brain a maddening.

Car. Compose yourself, honest friend.

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

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

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

Cicely. Dear brother, that's just the thing. Come here, Zekiel.--Poor madam has fallen into great trouble.

Zek. Has she?--How?

Cicely. Why, all her friends are dead, it seems;--

Zek. Poor soul!

Cicely. And her banker stole all the money she had, this very morning; and--
Zek. Don't you say any more, sister Cicely.—Hun!—Ma-
dan, I—I'm glad to hear you be tumbled into misfortunes,
madam.

Car. Glad, friend!

Zek. Main glad, indeed!—because you ha' been so kind to
sister; and I be able now to return you the favour.
Car. Oh! no more of that. Zekiel:—you distress me.
Zek. With submission, madam, I do want to take away your
distress; Here, madam,—(Pulling out Notes.)—here be a
hundred—and there be a five hundred—and here be a —Rabbit
it, my hand do shake too much to stand a counting. I will
spread 'em all upon table, here. Take what you do want, and
welcome; and thank you too, madam. —(Spreading all on the
table, in a great flurry.)

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

Zek. and Cicely. Fray ye do, now, madam!—Fray ye do!

(Dowering and courtesying.)

Enter Lord and Lady Ruberly.

Car. Bless me!—Who's this?

Lord D. Dog pardon, ma'am; but the landlady bid us bundle
up.

Car. Your commands with me, sir?

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

Lady D. Ah! you have a head, and so has a pin!—We made
bold to pay our respects, madam, having a little business,
concerning a female of your family.
Lord D. Yes, and--

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

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

Zek. What? (Gathers up the Notes hastily, and comes forward.)

Car. To Lord Duberly!

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

Zek. What, Dick Dowlas!--Then you be the old Chandler they ha' made a lord on'?

Lady D. Old Chandler, indeed!

Zek. Look ye, now, my Lord Soap and Candles--

Lady D. Soap and candles!

Zek. Your son had better keep clear o' me, I can tell him that.

Enter Dick Dowlas and Pangloss.

Dick. Cicely, let me--(Running towards Cicely.)

Zek. (Interposing.) Stand off, Mr. Dowlas!--Stand off!--to think to come here to--od rabbit it! my fingers do itch to be at you. Keep you behind me, sister Cicely.

Dick. My dear Zekiel, I--

Zek. Don't you dear me, I put little trust in fair words, with foul actions.

Cicely. Dear, now, you are so hasty, Zekiel.

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

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

Zek. You have stung me to the quick. You do know you have.

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

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

Cicely. Dear, I am so happy!

Zek. You have made my heart, many and many a pound, the lighter, Dick.

Dick. And my own too, Zekiel.—And, to prove my sincerity, my father and mother, here, are come with an offer of my hand to Cicely.—Father—

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

Zek. Why, now, that's hearty. And, as luck be apt to turn wi' us all,—why, I ha' now gotten twenty thousand pounds—
Lord and Lady D. How!

Zek. And I warrant sister Cicely shall be summut handsome toos'd in at the wedding.

Cicely. Ay, all in the lottery.--I'll tell you.

(They go apart.)

Pang. Twenty thousand pounds! (Goes forward to Zekiel.)

--Sir:--as you will now need a tutor to usher you into life, three hundred per annum are the trifling terms of your obedient servant, Peter Pangloss, LL.D. and A. Doubles.

Enter Kendrick.

Ken. Stand out of the way!--He's coming, my dear Miss Caroline! He's coming!

Car. Who, Kendrick?

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

Car. Who do you mean?

Ken. My dear, young, lost master.--'Tis Mr. Henry himself, madam.

Car. My Henry!--Oh, support me!

Enter Henry Moreland.

Henry. My Caroline--Oh, let me clasp you to my heart, and shelter you there, for ever. (Caroline faints in his Arms.)

Lord D. Why, sounds! that's the young swooning madam, as soared me out of my senses, with the old one, this morning.

Car. (Recovering.) This is too much!--Oh, Henry! do we once more meet!--and after such--By what miracle have you escaped?
Ken. Be satisfied, ma'am; for he's too much bothered, now, to talk.—But you see he's here, and that's enough.—The true, long-lost Mr. Henry Morland.

Lord D. Eh!—What!—Henry Morland!—Why, sounds!—the late Lord Duberly's lost hair!

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

Lord D. Why, what the devil!—Have I only been a kind of a peer's warming-pan, after all!—Just popp'd in, to keep his place from getting cold, till he jumped into it!

Henry. Nothing more, believe me. I have witnesses sufficient, should it be necessary, to identify my person in a minute.

Lord D. Od rabbit it! then old Daniel Dowlas is no long—
or a lord—

Lady D. Nor Deborah Dowlas a lady—

Dick. Nor Dick Dowlas an honourable—

Pang. Nor Peter Pangloss a tutor.—Now, thank Heaven!

Lord D. Thank Heaven, for what?

Pang. "That I am not worth a ducat." —Ctway.—Hem!

Zek. Then it do seem, at last, Dick, that I be the rich man, and you be the poor.—Od rabbit it, I be glad on't; for I can now please myself, wi' serving my friends.

Henry. Who is this, Caroline?

Car. An honest creature, Henry;—brother to this simple
girl. Their affection to me, in my distress, has been most piercing.

Henry. Then it shall not go unrewarded, my Caroline.

Zek. Wi! humble submission, sir, kindness to a fellow creature, in distress, do reward itself. Thanks to the lottery, we be rich enow. But, as Dick Dowlas be to marry sister Cicely, if you would just lend me a helping hand, for his father and mother, here---

Henry. Oh! rest contented, honest friend; I shall not dispossess them, without making proper provision.

Pang. My lord:--hem!--If a boy should bless your nuptials, which, I conjecture, are about to take place, he will, doubtless, need a tutor. --Three hundred per annum are the terms of your lordship's obsequious servant, Peter Pangloss, LL.D. and A double S.

Henry. You are not one of those, it seems, sir, who lose an appointment for want of an early application.

Pang. The human mind, my lord, naturally looks forward.

--"Animus praevidet futura."--Cicero.--Hem!

Henry. If I should need such a person, sir, depend upon it, I should be very particular in my choice; for I suspect there are some among those to whom youth is entrusted, who bring the character of tutor into disrepute; and draw ridicule upon a respectable situation, in which many men of learning, and probity, are placed.

Pang. This man will never do for me. Again must I retire to Milk Alley, and spin my brains for a subsistence.--"Pangloss
Henry. In calmer moments, my Caroline, I will explain the circumstances of my preservation;—and, when I have paid the mournful tribute due to a much-lamented father, let me call you mine, and place you above the reach of future sorrow.

Car. Little sorrow can reach me when you are safe, Henry,

Zek. And we'll get into the country, take a bit farm, and all be as merry as grigs, Dick.

Dick. Agreed, Zekiel.——Come, Cicely! I have seen enough, already, of splendour, to seek happiness in quieter scenes; and I have learnt, Zekiel, that, in spite of all the allurements which riches or titles may boast, the most solid, and valuable possession, is a true friend.

The End.
NOTES.

Act I--

1. Tresacle--a common name in England for molasses.
2. Summut--something.
4. Dab--colloquial for "expert".
5. Hair--heir.
6. Implication--complication.
7. Furnival's Inn--Charles Dickens moved into lodgings here after he was first married to Katherine Hogarth.
8. Vis a vis--vis-a-vis (F.) meaning opposite, face to face.
9. Brass farden--slang for "counterfeit farthing".
10. Cooking and punting--gambling at cards, similar to modern faro. Very popular in 18th century; then called "basset".
11. Fricassee--meat cut into pieces and stewed in gravy.
12. Put--a game at cards.
13. Bon repos--(F.) meaning good rest.
14. "I have borne my blushing honours thick upon me."--Shakespeare. "This is the state of man; today he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; tomorrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick

15. "Lend me your ears"--Shakespeare.---"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;"--Julius Caesar, Act III, sc.2. See: Bartlett, p.113.

16. Caledonian--adjective for Caledonia, a poetical name for Scotland; Scottish; Scotch.

17. "auri sacra fames"--Virgil.---("The accursed thirst for gold")--by Horace. See: Jones, p.15.

18. A. double s.--Artium Societatis Socius.

19. "Exegi monumentum aere perennius"--Horace.---("I have raised a monument more enduring than one of brass.")--Conclusion to Third Book of Odes. It was his proud prophecy of permanent quality of his work. He thought it was his last word as a poet. Later he added the Fourth Book to the Odes. See: Jones, p.39.


21. "To die—to sleep; no more."--Shakespeare.---Hamlet, Act I, sc.2.

22. "Filthy Dow"--Shakespeare.---1 Henry IV, Act III, sc.3.


25. Jezoebel--the infamous wife of Ahab, King of Israel. Her name became a term of reproach. See: 2 Kings IX,30.
26. "So spoke our mother Eve, and Adam heard."—Hilton.——
   Paradise Lost, Bk. XII, 1.624.
27. "Fama volat, viresque"—Virgil.——("Rumor flies, quick-
   ly." ) from " Fama volat parvam subito vulgata per
   urban."—(" The rumour forthwith flies abroad dispersed
   throughout the small town.")—Virgil. Aeneid, Bk. VIII,
   1.554. See: Benham, p.530b.
29. "To soften rocks!"—Congreve.——
   "Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,
   To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak."—The Mourning
   Bridge (L697), Act I, sc.1. See: Benham, p.
30. " Verbum sat."—Horace.——"Verbum sat sapienti."—(A
   word is enough for a wise man. ) See: Jones, p.123.
31. Blue Boar Inn—Dickens, in David Copperfield, Chap.5,
   speaks of a Blue Boar Inn at Whitechapel, a poverty-
   stricken district.
32. Holborn—a city borough of London. Population, about
   430 in 1929.
33. "I've often wished that I had, clear,
   For life, six hundred a-year;"—Swift.——
   A handsome house to lodge a friend;
   A river at my garden's end."—Imitation of Horace, (1714).
   See: Benham, p.349b.
34. "Aequam memento."—Horace. ..." Serveo mentem"
   "Aequam memento rebus in ardula
   Serveo mentem, non secus in bonis
Ad inscienti temperatam

Lactita."--Horace. ("In times of adversity remember to preserve equanimity, and equally in prosperous moments restrain excessive joy.") Odess I, 1. 3. See: Jones, p. 6.

35. Buss me--kiss me.

36. Bating--excepting.

37. Rant-polish--politely or elegantly extravagant or bombastic in talk.

38. Huzzy--colloquial adjective meaning intoxicated. See:

p. 280.

39. Tite--a small or poor horse.

40. "as poor as Job."--Gower, Confesso Amantis (about 1390), Bk. 5. See: Bonham, p. 738a.

41. "Tip us your daddle"--slang for "stop your talk".

42. Fling a bar--perhaps similar to our javelin throw.

43. Play at cricket--an outdoor game played with bat, ball, and wickets.

44. Gudgeons--a small European fresh-water fish of the carp family. In America, a minnow.

Act II--

1. Verbal--verbal.

2. Fareol of palaver--a pieceof profuse or idle talk.

3. Half-a-crown--worth about 2½ shillings, or nearly 61 cents.

4. Two-and-sixpence--probably about 61 cents.

5. Lombard Street--A London street famous for banks and note
brokers; the Wall Street of London.

6. "I hold him rich, al hadde he not a sherte." --Chaucer.--
   "I hold him riche, al hadde he not a sherte." --Tale

7. "For all the rest is leather and prunello." --Pope.--
   "Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
   The rest is all but leather or prunello." --Essay on


9. "Homo sum." --Terence.--" Homo sum; humani nihil a me
   alienum puto." --("I am a man; and do nothing that
   relates to man foreign to my feelings.") See: Jones, p.52.

10. Ha' porth--probably means "halfpennyworth".

11. Gazette--an official journal containing lists of honors,
    bankrupts, etc.

12. Socrates--Grecian sage (469-399 B.C.)

13. Plato--Grecian philosopher (427-347 B.C.)

14. "Ira furor brevis est..."--Horace.--("Anger is brief
    madness.") by Martial. See: Jones, p.61.

15. " Reform it altogether." --Shakesp.--
    Player-- We have reformed it indifferently with us, sir.
    Mar. -- O, reform it altogether. --Hamlet, Act III, sc.2.
    See: Bartlett, p.137.

16. Cacology--bad speaking or pronunciation; bad diction.
    From French cacologie. See: Webster's Internat'l Dict.

17. "Tocum habit." --Persius.--("Dwell with yourself";
    " study to be quiet").--Satires IV, 52. See: Benham, p.669a.

19. Walk Bond Street—a rolling, lounging motion.

20. Faro—a gambling game with cards, in which all the other players oppose the dealer.

21. Tandem—a team of horses harnessed one before the other.

22. "Actum est."—Terence.—"Actum est de republica." ("It is all over with the commonwealth.")—Virgil. See: Jones, p.3.

Act III—

1. Choose—obsolete spelling for "choose".

2. Cape Breton—N.S. part of Nova Scotia; population now about 1310.

3. Native and friendly Indians—suggests that they were later wrecked on the mainland of the United States.


5. "...there is no making a silk purse out of a sow's ear...."— "You cannot make, my lord, I fear,


8. Kit—a small violin.

9. "...you'll find the grey mare the better horse...."— "The grey mare is the better horse."—Raywood's Proverbs, Part II, Chap. 4. See: Bartlett, p.17.

10. "Dux femina facti."— Virgil.—"Dux femina facti."—
"There's a woman at the bottom of it." — "Cherchez la femme," by Ennius, a Latin poet (239-169 B.C.). See Jones, p. 35.

Also:

Pfmda and Abuse of Women—1550.
Marriage of True Wit and Science.
Musibros—Butler, Part II, Canto I, 1.693.
The Grub Street Opera—Fielding, Act II, sc. 4.
Epilogue to Lucius—Prior.

11. "Your hand; a covenant."—Shakespeare—Cymbeline, Act I, sc. 5.
14. "Thrice to thine, and thrice to thine (mine),
And thrice again to make ye nine."—Shakespeare—
Macbeth, Act I, sc. 3.
15. Horace's Odes—probably Latin "opera," i.e. his works.
16. "Mammon leads me on."—Milton—"...Mammon led them on."—Paradise Lost, Bk. I, 1.673.
17. Duckram—a coarse stiffened cloth of linen, hemp, or cotton.
18. Muster—mister.
20. Palatable—more palatable.
21. Yankee Doodle—a nickname, among foreigners, for an inhabitant of the United States. In America it means a New Englander, except in the South where it means any one from North of the Mason-Dixon Line.
22. Tawny—tawny.
23. Ask.
24. "... a cock and bull story" -- an idle, extravagant, or rambling story.
25. "Isn't the fashion..." -- visiting hours then began about two in the afternoon and lasted until about five.
26. Cheek by Jowl -- slang for "close together". Jowl is the lower jaw but is often interchanged for "cheek".
27. Farthing -- a small bronze British coin worth a fourth of a penny, or half a cent in U.S.

Act IV--

1. Lottery ticket -- sold in schemes for distributing prizes.
2. Heavy -- Adverbial form should be "heavily". The grammatical errors in the play may be the result of Colman's carelessness or of his desire to keep the more ignorant characters true to their lack of knowledge. However, even Pangloss says, "That's me." -- in Act II, sc.2, p.32.
3. Wench -- in good usage then as a term for a girl.
4. Carrickfergus -- a seaport in Northern Ireland with about 90 in population now.
5. Mob-cap -- a kind of indoor cap or headdress for women.
7. "Omnis vincit amor." -- Ovid. -- "Omnis vincit amor; nos et sedamus amor." -- "Love conquers all things; let us yield to its power." -- by Virgil. See: Jones, p.26. This sentence was engraved on the brooch worn by the Prioress of Chaucer's Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.
8. Gig—an odd person, a grotesque or laughable thing.
10. Westminster—metropolitan borough in London; population about 1420 now.
11. "Refrain, desist,—Desist."—Terence. —"Desire" is a Latin word meaning "Desist". It needs no author.
12. "...that we are wiser today than we were yesterday." —Swift. —"A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday." —Thoughts on Various Subjects. (Ascribed to Pope but in Swift's Works.) See: Benham, p. 350a.
13. "At lovers' perjuries, they say Jove laughs."—Shakespeare. —"...At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs." —Romeo and Juliet, Act IX, sc.2. See: Bartlett, p. 106.
Also:
Tibullus, III, 6, 49.
"Fool, not to know that love endures no more,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury." —Psalmon
and Aranita by Dryden. Bk. II, 175б. Repeated in Dryden's Ampeltryon, Act 1, sc. 2.
14. Phaon left Sappho;—In Greek legend, Phaon was a boatman of Styx, Sappho is fabled to have leaped from the Lousadian (now Cape Ducato, Ionian Isles) rock because her love for him was not requited. He is said to have been originally an ugly old man given youth and beauty.
by Aphrodite when he did not accept pay for carrying her across the sea. Sappho was a Greek poetess (c. 600 B.C.) of Lesbos, famous for her beautiful love lyrics.

15. Theseus, Ariadne—Theseus was an Attic hero, son of Aegus, King of Athens. He rid Attica of Procrustes and other wild doers. After killing the Minotaur, he carried off Minos' daughter, Ariadne. He abandoned her on the island of Naxos, where Bacchus found her, wooed and won her.

16. Demophoon, Phyllis—Demophoon, son of Theseus, was betrothed to Phyllis. When he failed to return from Athens at the time set, she hanged herself, thinking she was deserted.

17. Aeneas, Dido—Dido was a Tyrian princess, reputed foundress and Queen of Carthage. Aeneas lived with her until the gods sent him on to found Rome. When he left, Dido, stabbed herself on a funeral pyre. The story is told in Virgil's Aeneid.

All of the above four pairs of lovers are treated at length in Ovid's Heroides.

18. "I never heard it but I ran upon instinct."—Shaksp.
Act V——

1. "...as cool as a cucumber."—"As cold as cumbors."—
   Sec: Roberts', p.639-10.

2. A threec--en English shilling used 1689-1825. Was worth
   13 pence Irish.

3. Obstropulous—obstroperous.

4. Clear-starcher—one who stiffens clothing with a clear
   or colorless starch.

5. "...we may lead the horse to water...."—"You may take
   a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink."—
   About 1175, Old English Families, First sermon, p.9.
   Sec: Apperson, p.314.

6. Disparagement—one word that Lord Duderly uses correct-
   ly. It means dishonor, disgrace, or derogation.


11. "This markis hath here (hir) spoused with a ring?—
    Chaucer.——The Clerk's Tale, 1.386.


14. "Thrice the brinded cat has mew'd."—Shakespeare——Macbeth.

   Act IV, sc.1.

15. Verdick—verdict.

16. Jupiter—the Latin name for the Greek Zeus, god of the
   heavens.
17. "Amier formosa."—Horace.—("Charming woman.")
18. Sybil—a mythological person with prophetic power; now meaning a seeress, prophetess.
20. Bundle—to prepare for departure; hurry.
21. Qualmish—feeling ill or nauseated; faintness.
22. "O, for a horse with wings!"—Shakespeare.—Cymbeline.  
   Act I, sc. 7.
23. "...many things fall out between the cup and the lip" —  
   "There's many a slip  
   'Twixt the cup and the lip."—John Ray’s Proverbs,  
24. Maddening—mad, raving, wild, raging.
25. Locus tenens—(L.) a substitute, or deputy.
26. "...a peer’s warming-pan."—similar to the title Lever-  
   ley gave The Bail at Law when he wished to escape legal  
   proceedings.
27. "...who lose an appointment for want of an early appli-  
   cation."—"The early bird catcheth the worm."—Ray’s  
   Complete Collection of English Proverbs.  See: Benham,  
   p. 843a.
28. "Animus praevidet futura."—Cicero.—("The mind sees  
   the future.")
29. "Pangloss’s occupation’s gone."—Shakespeare.—"Othello’s  
   occupation’s gone."—Othello, Act III, sc. 3.  See:  
   Bartlett, p. 154.
30. Grigs—in English dialect, a grasshopper or cricket. Used  
   with "merry", it means "a lively person".
31. "...the most solid, and valuable possession, is a true friend."—the moral of the play.

The editor has omitted a few fragmentary quotations of which the source could not be located.
As the following Address, by Mr. Colman, the younger, was written purposely to appear with "The Heir at Law", in this weekly publication of Plays, though accidental circumstances affixed it first to that Comedy published singly, it is now reprinted here, both in compliance with the original design of the author, and to render intelligible the Reply which follows it.

To

Mrs. Inchbald.

Madam,

When I, lately, sold the copy-right of "The Heir at Law", (with two or three other dramatic manuscripts,) I required permission to publish any prefatory matter, which might appear eligible to me, in the first genuine impression of the plays in question. I had reason to suppose that they would be put forth in a series of dramas, with Critical Remarks, by Mrs. Inchbald. (Note: The publishers had, certainly, expressed their intention to publish these pieces in their British Theatre; but have been induced by circumstances, with which Mr. Colman has no concern, to alter their determination, and print them in octavo.

L. & Co.

* The above note is my due;--but, I should not have troubled my readers, nor Mrs. Inchbald, had I not addressed her in consequence of the intentions originally expressed by the booksellers.--Having written the letter, before they altered their minds, o' on let it go to press. G. C. )
On this account I more particularly urged my postulation.—I make no apology for writing Latin to you, madam; for, as a scholiast, you, doubtless, understand it, like the learned Madame Dacier, your predecessor.

Did not the opportunity, thus, occur, of addressing you;—did it not, absolutely, fall in my way;—I should have been silent;—but, as your critique on the present play will, probably, go hand in hand with this letter, I would say a little relative to those dramatics mine which have, already, had the honour of be somewhat singed, in passing the fiery ordeal of feminine fingers:—fingers, which it grieves me to see destined to a rough task, from which your manly contemporaries in the drama would naturally shrink, Achilles, when he went into petticoats, must have made an awkward figure among the females;—but the delicate Beldamia never yielded a battle-axe, to slay and maim the gentlemen.

My writings (if they deserve the name) are replete with error;—but, dear madam! why would you not apply to me?—I should have been zealous to save you trouble, as a beau to pick up your fan.—I could have, easily, pointed to twenty of my blots, in the right places, which have escaped you, in the labour of discovering one, in the wrong.

But, madam, I tire you.—A word or two, first, for my late Father;—then, for myself,—and I have done. In your criticism upon "The Jealous Wife," (a sterling comedy, which must live on the English stage till taste and morality expire,) you say, that, after this play, "it appears Mr. Colman's
talents for dramatic writing failed; or AT LEAST, his ardour abated!--Fy, on these bitters, madam, which you sprinkle with honey!--Whether his talent did or did not fail, (I presume to say not,) is no point in question; but you have gone out of the way to assert it; mixing, ad libitum, the biographer with the critic.--Oh, madam!--is this grateful?--is it grateful, from an ingenious lady, who was originally encouraged, and brought forward, as an authoress, by that very man, on whose tomb she idly plants this poisonous weed of remark, to choke the laurels which justly grace his memory?

As to the history of my father's writing "The Clandestine Marriage", jointly, with Mr. Garrick, it is a pity, (since you chose to enter into it,) that you had not proceeded to all the enquiry within your reach, instead of trusting to vague report, or your own conjecture. I should have been gratified, madam, in giving you every information on that subject, which I received from my father's lips; and you have no reason, I trust, to suspect that I should depart from his known veracity.---How happened, madam, this omission of duty, to your publishers, and the public?

As to my own trifling plays, which you have done me the honour to notice, allow me, merely, to ask a few questions;

"Inkle and Yarico".---Pray, madam, why is it an "important fault" to bring Yarico from America, instead of Africa; when Ligon, (whence the story in the Spectator is taken,) records the circumstance as a fact? " (Note: Yarico is not a solitary evidence, to clear me from this important fault of re-
sorting to the Main of America for a slave.—"As for the In-
dians, we have but few, and those fetched from other countries;
some from the neighboring islands, some from the Main, which
we make slaves," &c, &c.

Ligon's "History of Barbadoes".

After this, it would be well for Mrs. Inchbald to reflect
that it may, sometimes, be necessary for a Critic on one book
to have read another!

G. C. )

---Pray, madam, why
did you not, rather, observe, that it is a worse fault (ex-
cusable only in the carelessness of youth) to put lions and
tigers in the woods of America, and to give Wowsiki a Polish
denomination?

"Mountaineers".—Pray, madam, why should you kill the
"Mountaineers" with Mr. Kemble? —Pray, madam, has not Octavian
been acted repeatedly (though, certainly, never so excellent-
ly as by Mr. Kemble), to very full houses without him?—Pray,
madam, did you ever ask the Treasurer of the Haymarket Theatre
this question?

"Poor Gentleman".—Pray, madam, do you mean a compliment,
or rebuke, when you say this comedy exacts rigid criticism?
—"not from its want of INGENUITY OR POWERS OF AMUSEMENT,
but that both those requisites fall INFINITELY, here, below
the talents of the author."—Pray, do not the subjects, which
present themselves to all authors, make all authors, some-
times, appear unequal?—And when you, madam, as an author,
have shown ingenuity, and powers of amusement, to "auditors
and readers," have they not been content,—and have not you been content, too?

"John Bull".—You have taken him only by the tip of his horns, madam:—but is Irish bog-trotters, and Yorkshire clowns, were (according to your prescription) to talk like gentlemen, pray, madam, might not a lady invite them, very innocently, some afternoon, to a ball and supper?

You, really, clothe your Remarks, madam, in very smooth language.—Permit me to take my leave in a quotation from them, with some little alteration:—

"Beauty, with all its charms, will not constitute a good Remarker. A very inferior Dramatic Critique may be, in the highest degree, pointed."

I have the honour to be,

madam,

(with due limitation,)

your admirer, and obedient servant,

GEORGE COLMAN;

January, 1868. The Younger.
To

George Colman, the Younger.

My dear Sir,

As I have offended you, I take it kind that you have publicly told me so, because it gives me an opportunity thus openly to avow my regret, and, at the same time, to offer you all the atonement which is now in my power.

In one of those unfortunate moments, which leaves us years of repentance, I accepted an overture, to write from two to four pages, in the manner of preface, to be introduced before a certain number of plays, for the perusal, or information, of such persons as have not access to any diffuse compositions, either in biography or criticism, but who are yet very liberal contributors to the treasury of a theatre.——Even for so humble a task I did not conceive myself competent, till I submitted my own opinion to that of the proprietors of the plays in question.

To you, as an author, I have no occasion to describe the force of those commendations which come from the lips of our best patrons, the purchasers of our labour. Dr. Johnson has declared——"An author is always sure to hear truth from a bookseller; at least, as far as his judgment goes, there is no flattery."——The judgment on which I placed my reliance on this occasion was——that many readers might be amused and informed, whilst no one dramatist could possibly be offended, by the cursory remarks of a female observer, upon works which had gone through various editions, had received the unanimous
applause of every British theatre, and the final approbation or censure of all our learned Reviews;—and that, any injudicious critique of such female might involve her own reputation, (as far as a woman's reputation depends on being a critic,) but could not deprecate the worth of the writings upon which she gave her brief intelligence, and random comments.

One of the points of my agreement was, that I should have no controll over the time or the order in which these prefaces were to be printed or published, but that I should merely produce them as they were called for, and resign all other interference to the proprietor or editor of the work.--You ask me, "Do not the subjects, which present themselves to all authors, make all authors, sometimes, appear unequal?" —I answer, yes; and add—that here, in the capacity of a periodical writer, I claim indulgence upon these your interrogation, far more than you. Confined to a stated time of publication, such writers may be compelled, occasionally, to write in haste; in ill health; under depressed spirits; with thoughts alienated by various cares, or revolting from the subject before them. The Remarks on your "Mountaineers" were written beneath the weight of almost all those misfortunes combined. The play was sent to the press, whilst not a sentence could my fancy suggest, which my judgment approved to send after it.--In this perplexity, recollection came to my aid, and I called to mind, and borrowed in my necessity, your own reported words to Mr. Kemble, upon the representation of this identical drama.—As I speak only of report, should your memory
supply no evidence in proof of what I advance, ask yourself, whether it was not probable, that, on some occasion, during a season of more than hoped-for success, such acknowledgments, or nearly such, as I have intimated, might not have escaped you, towards the evident promoter of your good fortune?--or if, at any period of a later date, you can bring to your remembrance the having lavished unwary compliments even on minor actors, and upon minor events, do not once doubt but that you actually declared your sentiments, to the original performer of Octavian, in eulogiums even more fervid than those which I took the liberty to repeat.

The admiration I have for "Inkle and Yarico", rendered my task here much lighter. Yet that very admiration warned me against unqualified praise, as the mere substitute for ridicule; and to beware, lest suspicions of a hired pana-gyrikt should bring disgrace upon that production, which required no such nefarious help for its support.---Guided by cautions such as these, I deemed it requisite to discover one fault in this excellent opera. You charge me with having invented that one which never existed, and of passing over others which blemish the work--yet you give me no credit for this tenderness;--though, believe me, dear sir, had I exposed any faults but such as you could easily argue away, (and this, in my Preface, I acknowledged would be the case,) you would have been too much offended to have addressed the present letter to me; your anger would not have been united with pleasantry, nor should I have possessed that consciousness
which I now enjoy—of never having intended to give you a moment's displeasure.

Humility, and not vanity, I know to be the cause of that sensation which my slight animadversions have excited; but this is cherishing a degree of self-contempt, which I may be pardoned for never having supposed, that any one of my "manly contemporaries in the drama" could have indulged.

Of your respected father, I have said nothing that he would not approve were he living. He had too high an opinion of his own talents, to have repined under criticisms such as mine; and too much respected for other pursuits, to have blushed at being cloyed with the drama. —Yet you did me justice, when you imagined that the more supposition of my ingratitude to him would give me pain. This was the design meditated in your accusation; for, had I either wronged or slighted his memory, you would have spared your reproach, and not have aimed it at a heart too callous to have received the impression.—But, in thus acknowledging my obligations to Mr. Colman, the elder, let it be understood, that they amounted to no more than those usual attentions which every-manager of a theatre is supposed to confer, when he first selects a novice in dramatic writing, as worthy of being introduced, on his stage, to the public.

I should thank you for reminding me of my duty to my employers, but that it has been the object of my care, even to the most anxious desire of minutely fulfilling the contract between us; in which, as you were not a party consulted, you
cannot tell but that I might stipulate, to give no other information in those prefaces, but such as was furnished me from their extensive repository of recorded facts. Nor did the time or space allotted me for both observations and biography, (for biography of the deceased was part of my duty, and not introduced at my discretion,) admit of any farther than an abridgment, or slight sketch, of each.--Your attention, and wishes of having been applied to on this subject, however, give a value to these trifles, I never set on them before. The novelty of the attempt was their only hoped-for recommendation. The learned had for ages written criticisms—the illiterate were now to make a trial—and this is the era of dramatic prodigies!—Adventurers, sufficiently modest, can be easily enticed into that field of speculation, where singularity may procure wealth, and incapacity obtain fame.

Permit me, notwithstanding the acquiescence in your contempt for my literary acquirements, to apprise you—that, in comparing me, as a critic, with Madame Dacier, you have, inadvertently, placed yourself, as an author, in the rank with Homer. I might as well aspire to write remarks on "The Iliad", as Dacier condescend to give comments on "The Mountaineers".—Be that as it may, I willingly subscribe myself an unlettered woman; and as willingly yield to you, all those scholastic honours, which you have so excellently described in the following play.

I am,

Dear Sir,

(with too much pride at having been admitted

a dramatist along with the two Colmans, father
and son, to wish to diminish the reputation
of either,)

Yours,
Most truly and sincerely,

ELIZABETH INCIDALD.

March, 1808.
REMARKS.

This comedy will be found highly entertaining, both on
the stage and in the closet; yet, compared with some of Mr.
Colman's former works—"Surrender of Calais", "Inkle and
Yarico," et cetera—it is but his "Night-gown and Slippers",
opposed to their full dress of original thought, elevated
sentiment, and natural occurrence.

Pangloss is, however, so happy a satire upon pedantry,
that it is impossible not to pardon him the caricature which
he gives of real pedants; and to suffer his distortion of
mind and manners to overwhelm, with farcical humour, the more
chaste and natural habits of the persons with whom he keeps
company.

This humourous extravagance is, perhaps, the very best
method by which the follies and vices of the times can be
reformed:—for, when solemn sentences and sprightly wit are
found ineffectual, the ludicrous will often prove of import;
—and laudable design, with skilful execution, on the part
of the author, have here placed this laughable and immoral
scholar, by exciting the derision of an audience, among the
most genuine moral characters of the drama.

The remainder of the characters are true pictures of com-
mon life; but, except two or three of them, (who have little
character at all,) their language is too much deformed by
dialect, to produce that literary entertainment, which is
always to be expected and desired from the perusal of a book.
An intended translator and foreigner might be compelled, in consequence, to cast the present work aside in despair;--and, though it is proper that such persons as the author has introduced should speak in exactly such provincial style as they do, yet, surely, a paucity of ill-taught rustics would render their ignorance less burthensome, and more conducive to mirth, than when a continual round of bad spelling or uncooth sounds pervade, without mercy, the eye or the ear.

Invention, observation, good intention, and all the powers of a complete dramatist, are perhaps in this comedy display-ed, except one--taste seems wanting;--but this failure is evidently not an error in judgment, but an escape from labour. --The finer colours for more polished mankind, would demand the artist's more laborious skill.
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